

FOREST AND STREAM
ROD AND GUN
THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

A Journal of Field and Aquatic Sports,

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

Fish Culture, Protection of Game,

AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

— IN —

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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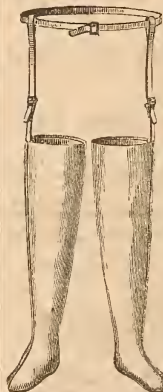
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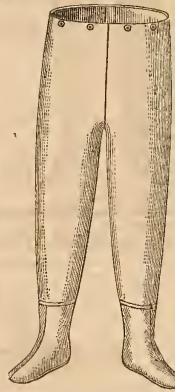
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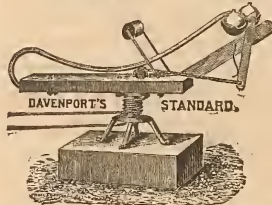
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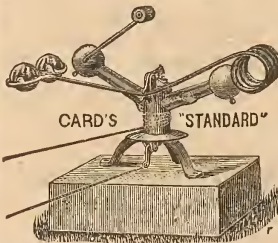
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Advertisements.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 4.

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

JORDAN'S MANUAL OF THE VERTEBRATES.

A THIRD edition of this valuable work has been issued, and those who wish to identify beasts, birds, reptiles or fishes which may be found in the district east of the Mississippi River and north of North Carolina and Tennessee, exclusive of marine species, cannot afford to be without it. It has been enlarged and improved, and all species which have been added to the fauna since the former editions appear here.

The fishes include forms found beyond the lines mentioned and include the Salmonidae of the Pacific coast and many Southern forms. Professor Jordan is too well known to our readers to need any introduction and his work needs no praise. Former editions have been thoroughly reviewed in our columns, and we have said that we use it constantly as a book of reference, especially in the department of fishes. Each edition improves upon the former ones and is therefore welcome. The author is a constant worker and embodies the results of his recent labors in a new edition of his "Manual." It is published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price, \$2.50.

THE NOVA SCOTIA LICENSE FEE for non-residents has been reduced from \$50 to \$30.

HOW FISH EGGS DIFFER.

THE communication from Mr. John A. Ryder, Embryologist of the United States Fish Commission, which we publish to-day, will be found to be of interest to the general reader as well as to fishculturists and zoologists. It will give the general reader who has no knowledge of fish-culture an idea of the troubles that may beset the fish-culturist when he attempts to hatch a fish whose embryology is new to him.

That fishes differ in their modes of reproduction as widely as birds and mammals do is not generally known outside of those who have given special attention to it. The facts are that the treatment which will hatch a trout egg will not do at all for the egg of the shad, and each family of fishes, and sometimes each species in a family, require to be studied and special devices discovered whereby they may be hatched. To bring this forcibly to the mind of those who may have supposed that the eggs of fishes were as nearly alike as those of birds, and might therefore receive the same general attention, we will say that young shad placed in a trough where trout are reared would probably not live an hour, or longer than a young cod would if it were placed under ground where the fox is reared.

Mr. Ryder's investigations are very valuable to the student of embryology and to naturalists in general, and his notes on viviparity of the cyprinodonts (the common "killy-fishes" of brackish water) are of a nature to stimulate our anxiety to learn more of these curious fishes.

BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS.

DOCTOR HENSHALL has given the angler a book which, as the oystermen say, is "full measure and solid meat."

It is a large 12 mo. of 460 pages, all of which are filled with both scientific and practical information, and none are given to fancy writing or the poetry of the art. Part I. includes the terminology, morphology and physiology of the species; part II., tools, tackle and implements, and part III., angling and fly-fishing. In the first part a change is made in the nomenclature. The small-mouthed bass is called *Micropterus dolomieu*, instead of *M. salmoides*, and the latter name is applied to the big mouth, which has been recently called *paludis*. This raises questions of priority which we had hoped were definitely settled, but it need not affect the angler in the least. The names of "big mouth" and "small mouth," which are so descriptive, will stand for ages, while the learned men wrangle about which fish Lacepede, Cuvier and Valenciennes intended the name for half a century and more ago. The reasons for these changes are too long to give here, and we will carefully watch to see what naturalists say on this subject and who are inclined to follow the Doctor.

This book will have a large sale in all parts of the country and will help to kill off those abominable local misnomers which obtain in some parts for these fishes, as "trout," "club," "Oswego bass," etc., as well as that other notion that one is a "true" black bass and the other a false or fraudulent one. These things are dying out among the better informed anglers, but still feebly live in isolated sections. Two original figures are given by which any observant angler can distinguish which species he has caught, if he will notice the relative extension of the mouth to or beyond a line dropped from the posterior portion of the eye. As an angler Dr. Henshall is enthusiastic on the subject of his favorite fishes, and regards them as the great fresh water game fishes of the future, after the trout streams are depopulated, which he thinks will be before long. He gives as a reason for the black bass having been ignored so long the fact that we have derived our notions of game fish and fishing from British writers who, not having the subject of our story in their land, naturally class the salmon and the trout as the best of game. Dr. Henshall boldly proclaims the bass to be the peer of any fish for game qualities, and whether one agree with him or not he cannot help admiring the manner of his entering the lists as a champion of the one on whom he pins his faith.

* Book of the Black Bass (comprising its complete Scientific and Life History) together with a practical treatise on Angling and Fly Fishing; and a full description of Tools, Tackle and Implements by James A. Henshall, M. D. 1—1 1/2 am. 81r, a brother of the Angler.—Frank Walton 1—1 Fully Illustrated (Cincinnati) Robert Clarke & Co. 1881

The angling portion of the book is without doubt the best thing ever written upon these fishes, for there are two distinct fishes, although the Doctor usually speaks of them as "black bass" without distinguishing them. It is clear and covers the whole ground of the different modes of fishing, and is accompanied by cuts of the manner of holding the rod, casting, and diagrams of the mode of throwing the fly, that it seems to us as if the merest tyro could soon become an expert by carefully reading this book and following its instructions. Not only is it a book for the beginner, but it is one that no angler can afford to do without. It fills a place too long vacant and one that we would not allow to remain vacant long on our own shelves.

The Book of the Black Bass will be found to contain much that is new and original on these fishes, and we have long believed with Dr. Henshall that the big mouth, when under three pounds weight, is just as gamy and as hard a fighter as his brother, although popular prejudice declares that this is not so. A great charm in the book is the author's freedom from conventionality and from the echoing of sentiments which have become in sort orthodox opinions of angling writers. Taking it as a whole we cannot speak too highly of it.

THE SALMONIDÆ OF THE UPPER COLUMBIA.

FROM advance sheets of "Proceedings of the United States National Museum" we learn that our correspondent, Capt. Chas. Bendire, U. S. A., has published notes on the salmon family of the Upper Columbia.

Our readers will remember that Capt. Bendire was foremost in working up the so-called "red fish" of Idaho, figures of which we published. He has recently sent the National Museum a fine series of fish from the neighborhood of Fort Walla Walla, which is pronounced by Prof. Jordan to be by far the most valuable collection of fishes ever made in the waters of the Upper Columbia. The series shows that the blue-backed salmon or "red fish," which was supposed to be a land-locked species and described as *Oncorhynchus kennerlyi*, is merely the young breeding male or grilse of the *Oncorhynchus nerka*, a fact not before suspected, according to Jordan.

Capt. Bendire says that every one out there now concedes that the red fish is not a resident of the lakes wherein it is found, and he is perfectly satisfied that they are anadromous and not land-locked. How they get rid of the hump and hooked nose, after going back to salt water, troubles him, as he thinks they can't all die after spawning, for many of them are of ten pounds weight and must have made more than one trip to sea. A cut of the male fish accompanies the report and shows a moderate lump and an enormous hooking of the jaws.

THE WARWICK CLUB.

A LARGE party of gentlemen left Jersey City on Saturday morning last to attend the flag raising at the new club house of the Warwick Club, in the Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake. The officers of the club are: C. Olcott, M. D., Brooklyn, President; Mr. A. S. Roe, of Chamberlin, Roe & Co., New York, Vice-President; Mr. H. C. Cooke, of Cooke Bros., New York, Treasurer; Mr. Wm. O. McDowell, of McDowell Bros. & Co., bankers, New York, Secretary. Prominent among the numerous members are Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Hon. Frederick A. Potts, of New Jersey; Hon. Gennett A. Hobart, of New Jersey; Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems, of New York; Hon. John W. Taylor, Newark, N. J.; Mr. P. W. Millsbaugh, New York; Mr. Bird W. Spencer, Treasurer Erie Railway, N. Y.; Mr. C. N. Jordan, Treasurer New York, Ontario and Western Railroad; Mr. E. V. W. Taylor, the well known architect, Newark, N. J., and Dr. J. A. Osborn, of Newark, N. J.

The club house is a very handsome Gothic structure, situated on a rocky bluff about fifty feet above the lake, and about one-eighth of a mile north of the landing. The dimensions of the two-story building are 64x42 feet, with handsome piazzas and projections, which give it a froutage of 80 feet on the lake with a depth of 48 feet.

The party upon their arrival scattered through the rough timbered grounds of the famous Warwick Woodland to ad-

mire the scenery and the model structures in process of erection. Dinner was served in the large tent of the hotel which has a seating capacity for 300, the President at the head of the centre table with the Secretary opposite. It certainly was a rare sight to see such a number of talented gentlemen of mature years, many of them gray-haired veterans, but all bearing a healthy and substantial look. The bill of fare was carried out to the letter.

DINNER.

Saturday, July 30, 1881.

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| SOUP. | |
| Mock Turtle. | Couscous. |
| FISH. | |
| Greenwood Lake Bass. | |
| BOILED. | |
| Mutton (caper sauce.) | Chicken (paraley sauco.) |
| ROAST. | |
| Spring Chicken. | Ham (champagne sauco.) |
| GAME. | |
| Caracas-back Duck. | |
| COLD. | |
| Pickled Lamb Tongues. | |
| ENTREES. | |
| Filet de Boef (braized). | Lamb Chops (breaded, Italian sauco.) |
| Macaroni (au gratin.) | Calves' Head (brain sauco.) |
| VEGETABLES. | |
| Plain Potatoes. | Beets. |
| Green Corn. | Mashed Potatoes. |
| | Stewed Tomatoes. |
| RELISHES. | |
| Mixed Pickles. | Worcestershire Sauco. |
| | Raw Tomatoes. |
| | Cucumbers. |
| PASTRY AND DESSERT. | |
| | Snow Pudding. |
| Pineapple Pie. | Fruit Pudding. |
| Plum Pie. | Cabinet Pudding. |
| Castard Pie. | Lemon Pudding. |
| Almonds. | Laver Raisins. |
| | Pecan Nuts. |
| | Cheese. |
| | Milk. |
| | Tea. |
| | Coffee. |
| ICE CREAM. | |
| Chocolato. | Strawberry. |
| | Vanilla. |

The after-dinner speeches in response to the following toasts were as happy, witty and brilliant as might have been expected from the gentlemen present. The following toasts were responded to as called for by the President: "Wm. Henry Herbert, better known as 'Frank Forester.'" Dr. J. D. Osborn, in response to this, recalled his acquaintance with "Forester," and gave many incidents of his worth as well as of his amusing escapades. Judge D. L. Tiltzworth was next called with the toast "Greenwood Lake." He gave the history and many interesting reminiscences of that locality. Next, "Gentlemen sportsmen," T. C. Banks, followed with "Warwick Woodlands," by Mr. McDowell; "Literature and sport, twin sisters," by Mr. J. A. Beecher; "Long life and success to the club," by Mr. E. L. Joy; "New York and New Jersey linked together by Greenwood Lake and the membership of the Greenwood Lake Association," by the Hon. Wm. A. Righter.

This closed the pleasing ceremonies, which consumed about three hours, after which the party repaired to the boat and sailed for the Brandon House, where they were well entertained for half an hour in the dining-room. The first toast was to the "Brandon House," which was responded to by Mr. Braidout and afterward by the present proprietors. "The Press" received a hearty response from Col. Edwards, of Orange County. The boat whistled for a return, and nearly the whole party took the train for home in the best of spirits.

THE ENCAMPMENT HOTEL.

The hotel of canvas at the Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, is a new and novel feature of camp life. Upon nearing the landing, on a recent visit, we noticed a large number of pure white tents and supposed that a camp meeting was in progress. The office of the hotel is a tent, with all the paraphernalia of an ordinary hotel office. Upon inquiry as to where the hotel was the answer was that those tents were the rooms of the house and could accommodate two hundred guests. The idea was new and novel. We were assigned to room 10, a cosy tent on the margin of the lake, which was so very comfortable that our stay was prolonged an extra day. The hotel has up and down fifty tents 14x14, with a fly over each one to keep out the rain and the heat of the sun. They are all furnished with clean beds, and are neatly kept. The dining pavilion is a large striped tent near the office, with a seating capacity for three hundred persons. The kitchen is over 40 feet long, and a marvel of neatness; it has a very large hotel range, with an abundant corps of cooks, who understand their business, as the meals served bore ample evidence.

The proprietor and manager of the hotel, Mr. L. Y. Jenness, is a veteran in that line and has done a large business in Florida during the winter for the past four years. We urged him to take all his tents to Florida and start a hotel there on the same principle, which he may do, as this is an assured success. Families get the full benefit of camp life, with the table d'hôte attendance of a first-class hotel at less expense than in the usual hotel.

The Warwick Woodlands are owned by the Greenwood Lake Improvement Company and consist of 1,000 acres of rough timber land. They were first brought into notice by Frank Forester's book, the "Warwick Woodlands," published in 1846, in which he says:

"This is the Greenwood Lake, called by the monsters here Long Pond; in my mind prettier than Lake George by far, though, known to few except chance sportsmen like myself. Full of fish, perch of a pound in weight, and yellow bass in the deep waters and a good sprinkling of trout toward one end! Ellis Ketchum killed a five-pounder there this spring! and heaps of summer-dick, the loveliest in plumage of the genus, and the best, too, me Ju-

dice, excepting only the inimitable canvas-back. There are a few deer, too, in the hills, though they are getting scarce of late years. There, from that headland, I killed one three summers since: I was placed at a stand by the lake's edge, and the dogs drove him right down to me: but I got too eager, and he heard or saw me and so fetched a turn; but they were close upon him, and the day was hot, and he was forced to soil. I never saw him till he was in the act of leaping from a bluff of ten or twelve feet into the deep lake, but I pitched up my rifle at him, a snap shot! as I would my gun at a cock in a summer brake, and by good luck sent my ball through his heart."

Mr. James R. Boyd, the Manager, gave us much more information about present and future arrangements. Suffice it to say that the tract is in the hands of capitalists who intend making it one of the finest resorts in the State, regardless of cost. The elevation is 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is only forty-two miles from Jersey City. They have already constructed an auditorium which will comfortably seat five hundred people. The building is about sixty-five feet square and forty feet high, built in the Queen Anne style. The timbers are of yellow pine, stained, and the windows in either end are of fine stained glass, and the sides will be covered by elegant lattice work so as to give plenty of air. The finish will be polychromic style, and the large roof supported by four trusses, leaving the main floor entirely clear. The first concert given there this season brought nearly five hundred persons from New York and New Jersey combined, and some two hundred who remained over night were carefully provided for at the Encampment Hotel. With the lavish expenditures now being made it certainly must become a favorite resort.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SECOND PAPER.

NO one can pass through Echo and Webber Cañons, on the Union Pacific Railroad without being greatly impressed by their grand beauty, but I think that to fully appreciate their magnificence one must have seen them a number of times. Like most scenes of great natural beauty the first view gives one only a general impression, and subsequent study is needed for any just appreciation of the grandeur of these cañons. To satisfactorily take in all the details of these natural wonders it would be necessary to travel through them on horseback or by wagon, and examine them at leisure as one passes slowly along under the overhanging cliffs. As one flies through them by train many of the most fascinating bits of scenery escape the eye, and others are passed so quickly that the mind fails to receive more than a blurred and indistinct impression of something beautiful, missed now and to be looked for more carefully on a succeeding journey.

I shall not attempt to give any description of the beauties of the ride, which have been so often detailed in the exuberant language of guide-books. I may, however, say a few words in this spot where they are shown very clearly what our Western country—no matter how barren it now appears—may become whenever it shall have been supplied with water. I do not mean to say that the Salt Lake Basin furnishes the only instance of this kind, for there are certainly many others, but nowhere else in the sage "deserts"—so far as I know—has the raising of large crops been so extensively carried on as here.

The Basin of the Great Salt Lake was, when first settled, nothing more than a sage plain. In some places it is flat, in others gently rolling, and its level is approximately the same up to the benches of the mountains by which it is surrounded. In many respects it reminds one of the "parks" of the Rocky Mountains, these being in fact nothing more than extensive plains surrounded by a wall of mountains.

The Salt Lake Basin, of which the Great Salt Lake now occupies but a comparatively small portion, is simply the bed of that older and grander sheet of water, called by geologists Lake Bonneville; and the terraces, which show the level at different periods of the waters of that ancient inland sea, can still be seen, by whoever cares to look for them, running along the mountain sides, hundreds of feet above the level of the plain. Lake Bonneville was far larger than any body of water now existing on this continent. Its outlet was in Idaho, toward Snake River, and it extended southward for several hundred miles.

The plain of the Salt Lake Basin, as I have said, was formerly, and is still, in some places, a mere sage desert. At some points, where the land is but slightly higher than the lake, the low flats are covered with saline and alkaline incrustations, which whiten the ground, and of course render it wholly infertile. But a large portion of the soil which is not subject to overflow by the lake has been so thoroughly irrigated by water brought down from the surrounding hills, that it produces crops which the most highly cultivated farms of the East might be proud to acknowledge. Far-extending fields of wheat, rye, barley and oats, bright green stretches of graceful corn, and long rows of potatoes, now just commencing to blossom, carry one back, in imagination at least, to the well-tilled prairies of Iowa or Illinois. Every farm has its orchard of thrifty fruit trees, and its hay and pasture fields, where the clover and the timothy grow thick and high. The air is filled with the fragrance of the new-mown hay and the scent of the clover. One hears the familiar song of many of the birds of the timber, and sees their graceful forms and bright colors as they move among the trees. The clear, fresh

water which hurries down from the snow-clad peaks to make a garden of the parched prairies, shines and glistens, and its murmur and rush as it dashes onward make music delightful to the ear. Sights and sounds such as these are inexpressibly grateful to the weary traveler, and he cannot fail to wonder at and admire the indomitable industry and perseverance which have built up in the desert an oasis. The most careless observer can gain—by comparing this region with the country through which he has just passed—some slight conception of the change which has been brought about in the Salt Lake Basin. To fully appreciate it, however, one must be an old mountain man; must have spent days, weeks and months in riding over prairies such as this one was, have been parched by the hot winds and scorched by the blazing sun of summer, have looked longingly at the eternal snows of the loftier peaks of the mountains, which, visible but unattainable, told him their story of cool airs and icy waters. To one who has been through these experiences Salt Lake City and its environs tell their own story, and for such a one they have an unspeakable charm.

Every one who stops here goes to the Tabernacle, the Temple and the Museum. The two former are both very wonderful in their way, but of the Museum perhaps the less said the better. It is by no means so interesting now as it was some years ago, though it contains some very interesting specimens of ores from various Utah mines. A visit to the Warm Springs ought by all means to be made, and then, after a dip in the lake, one feels ready to resume his journey. A little narrow-gauge railway—the Utah Western—runs bathing trains daily to Black Rock and Lane Point, which wait for a couple of hours, affording ample time for a bath and the lounge one feels like indulging in after his immersion in these extremely buoyant waters, which are so dense that it is almost impossible to sink in them. One can float without any effort with the whole head out of water, and diving to any considerable depth is almost an impossibility. Most bathers avoid submerging the head, as, if the water reaches the mucous membrane, the effects are extremely unpleasant for the time being. It is necessary after leaving the lake to take a *douche* of fresh water, otherwise one finds one's self coated with a crust of salt. During our excursion to the lake a number of interesting birds were observed, some of which were new to the Eastern eyes of our party. High in the air and rosy in the light of the setting sun a number of great white pelicans were slowly fanning their way southward, directing their course, no doubt, to some distant breeding place. In the marshes which border the lake we saw long-billed curlews, willets and great blue herons, while on the mountain, at whose base the track runs, were various magpies and a number of hawks.

I made some inquiries while in this place with regard to the California quail, liberated here some years ago, but was unable to obtain any very definite information as to how they are doing. I was told, however, that they were numerous to the south of the city, and they seemed to be well known to the inhabitants, some of whom did not seem to be aware that the birds had been introduced, but regarded them as indigenous.

If one desires, during the overland journey from New York to San Francisco, to stop off and visit the famous Comstock mines of Nevada, he should stop at Reno. From there the Virginia and Truckee Railroad will take him to Carson City, Gold Hill and Virginia, all of which places are worth a visit. We chose the last-mentioned town, and, through the kindness of Mr. W. H. Patton and Mr. Lanman, of the Consolidated Virginia, were enabled to make a most interesting tour through the mills and mine. The process of reducing the ore is so well known that I will not go into it, but the descent into the mine afforded me a novel experience.

It is not every day that one has an opportunity to spend an hour in a temperature not far from 120 deg. Fahrenheit, and knowing that the mines in question are unquestionably the hottest places "on or about" the surface of the earth, we were all anxious to go through them. The lowest level yet worked in the C. and C. V. mine is 2,550 feet below the surface of the earth. The temperature varies greatly in different parts of the same level, but it may be safely asserted that everywhere it is hot. At these great depths the men can only work for a few minutes at a time, and are then obliged to retire to the cooling rooms. They drink great quantities of ice water, and pour it over their bodies continually. Of course they perspire enormously. The water which trickles from the roofs and walls of the tunnels is hot, so hot that one cannot bear the hand in it; the air is full of steam given off by this almost boiling water, and every object that one touches feels warm or hot. We were told that the hottest place through which we passed had a temperature of 120 deg., but there is said to be a place in the 2,200 feet level where it is 155 deg. No one who has not been through something of this kind can quite appreciate what such a temperature means, and what it means to be surrounded by air so hot as this. It is one thing to stand for a moment at the door of a blast furnace and feel the glow of the molten metal on your unprotected face and hands, and quite another to be enveloped in and to breathe air at 120 deg. The heat is intense and all pervading; at first it is difficult to breathe, and one feels suffocated; the perspiration pours down like rain. I heard one of my companions, as we passed along, express his sincere commiseration for Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Now that he was going through what they had experienced he could understand what their feelings must have

been and sympathize with them. The cold bath which immediately followed our return to the regions of day was delightful and refreshing, but the debilitating effects of the great heat did not pass away until the following day.

Returning to Carson City we took the stage for Glenbrook, a little settlement on the shores of Lake Tahoe, from which a steamer crosses the lake to Tahoe City, eleven miles from Truckee. The stage ride from Carson to the lake was hot and dusty, and the sight of the mountains, absolutely stripped of timber, was to me a very sad one. From miles and miles of mountain the timber has all been cut off, until now there is nothing left standing but a few dead and rotting tree-trunks. Springs have dried up and brooks gone dry, still the work goes on, and unless some steps are at once taken to check this wholesale destruction of our forests, the day will surely come when the water supply of the region, now none too large, will be materially decreased. It is not as if the timber were cut with judgment, the older sticks being taken and the younger left to increase in size, and in the meantime to shade the earth and diminish evaporation: everything is cut down and in the most wasteful manner. Let us hope that this will not continue.

Lake Tahoe has been well called the "Gem of the Sierras." It is indeed a beautiful lake with beautiful surroundings, but already they have commenced to strip the mountains of their timber, and to defile these pure mountain waters with sawdust and the refuse of the lumber mills. Nevertheless, as a whole, the spot is still most lovely. The waters, long famous for their wonderful purity, reflect the blue of the clear sky above or mirror the dark-green hills and snow-capped mountains which on all sides surround them. Near the shore, where the water is forty, fifty, or sixty feet deep, one can distinguish very minute objects on the bottom, and can see the trout swimming or resting quietly near the bottom. These fish are caught for the most part either by trolling or by hand lines, using minnows for bait. They are said to run up to twenty-nine pounds in size, and captures of fish of over seventeen pounds seem to be well authenticated. I was unable, owing to engagements in San Francisco, to try the fish with a fly.

The ride from Tahoe to Truckee is a delightful one and, being taken in the evening when the sun is low and the shadows long, we enjoyed to the full the lovely scenery through which we passed. The road follows the Truckee River and runs for the whole distance through a beautiful pine forest. The destruction of timber, so noticeable on the other side of the lake, has begun here also, and before long the magnificent forests through which we now pass will give place to an arid waste, on which no green thing larger than a manzanita hush will have been left standing.

From Truckee to San Francisco is only about twelve hours and, unfortunately, the most beautiful scenery on the ride is passed during the night. We thus lose many of the most interesting features of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and find ourselves, when daylight breaks, on the level plains of the Sacramento Valley, in a country which, though fertile and in many respects interesting, presents to the eye no striking beauties.

Our stay in San Francisco is short. There are certain things, of course, that one feels bound to do. A visit to the Cliff House, taking by the way the beautiful Golden Gate Park, should be made at once, and there are, near the city, a number of places which should be seen. But San Francisco in summer is not nearly so attractive as at some other seasons, and besides, we have seen all this before, so taking steamer we sail swiftly out of the Golden Gate and are fairly on our way to the North.
Victoria, B. C.

THE DOG ON THE ISLAND in the rapids at Niagara has been joined by three other unfortunate curs, which, it is claimed, have been purposely put there as an advertising dodge by enterprising hotel proprietors. It is reported that a recent attempt to rescue the unhappy dogs, which would have been entirely successful, was frustrated by the interference of a gang of roughs, who openly blustered that the dogs should not be released, as they were a good lure for the curiosity-seekers. An indignant visitor to the Falls writes to the *Buffalo Courier*: "As a member of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, I have to ask you, sir, whether it is allowable that these helpless animals should be imprisoned on a barren heap, bereft of all the liberty and domesticity to which they have been accustomed and brought to the verge of madness in order that a set of showmen, guides and hack-drivers may reap benefit from the credulity of a defrauded public?" If this is the truth in the case the sooner the yelping canine castaways are released the better it will be for all concerned in the cruel fraud.

PERSONAL.—Mr. T. B. Mills, of the firm of Wm. Mills & Son, sailed last Saturday in the *Baltic* for Europe. He will remain abroad several weeks and proposes to try some of the famous salmon streams on the other side.

Among those who called at the office of the FOREST AND STREAM during the past week were Messrs. J. B. Graham, Secretary of the Toronto Gun Club; A. McGregor, R. Morrison, G. A. Burns, John Dill and S. Staneland, all of the Toronto Gun Club and enthusiastic devotees of the sports of field and flood. We are always glad to welcome our old friends and the latchstring of this office is always out; in fact, the door is wide open for visitors from out of town. Give us a call.

THE SAVAGE BLOODHOUNDS of the playbills, in the "only original Uncle Tom's Cabin" are inoffensive beasts on the stage. Just now we are reading of a hunt for human prey in the northwestern forests of Wisconsin, where the genuine article of bloodhound is employed to track the game. This is savage hushness, although the exigencies of the case appear to call for rough measures. But imagine the predicament of an unsuspecting sportsman in those forests, mistaken by the dogs for the outlaws. We shall take our turn for game in some other section of the country if Wisconsin woods are to be overrun with bloodhounds. Let us hope that the outlawed wretches may be cleared out, and the dogs with them, before the deer season opens.

THAT 'POSSUM promises to be perennial. The interest is still alive, and when it shall have decreased we shall for a long time lie in uncertainty as to whether it is really dead or only pretending to be. We had no thought when we broached this culinary query that the topic would prove so fruitful of tracny and entertaining writing. The lawyers especially appear to have taken kindly to the argument of 'possum hot and 'possum cold. Two-thirds of the letters on the subject have come to us from the legal fraternity. It speaks well for the disciples of Blackstone that a large part of our general correspondence is with them. We will trust our case every time with a lawyer who has an intelligent appreciation of the dignity and value of field sports.

Dr. J. H. HENSHALL and our correspondent, Mr. C. L. Jordan, of Texas, are contemplating a Florida angling campaign next winter, when the latter, we understand, will take lessons in the art of fly-fishing for the black bass. He is the enthusiast referred to, if we mistake not, by Dr. Henshall in his "Book of the Black Bass," who dubbed a bass-fly "a fish-hook poetized," and thought the fish "should take it through a loop of the beautiful, if not thing else."

THE LEONBERG DOG has gained much esteem among the residents of St. John, Newfoundland. In our issue of July 21 we published a warm commendation of the breed, written by our correspondent at that place; and the high opinion expressed by the writer of that article is shared by other owners of the huge animals.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING is the sport toward which many scores of shooters are now turning their eyes. The season opens shortly in the West and the reports of the game supply are very encouraging. Elsewhere will be found notes of some good centres for the sport. We shall be pleased to receive regarding other resorts any information which will be of practical benefit to our readers.

THE CAR "CITY OF WORCESTER" starts West on a shooting trip the sixth of next month, Mr. Jerome Marble, of Worcester, accompanying the party. There is room, we understand, for four more in the company, and those desiring to join the car should make early application to Mr. Marble, at Worcester, Mass.

ILLUSTRATIONS of many of the localities mentioned by Mr. Fay, in his itinerary of a trip from Mooshead Lake to the Main St. John, are to be found in Mr. Steele's book, "Canoe and Camera." A map of the country is also contained in that volume.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.—A correspondent wishes to secure, or hotel in the first of next September, board in farmhouse or hotel in Iowa, where prairie chickens are numerous and of easy access from the house. Address A. P. V., this office.

THE ILLINOIS STATE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION is holding its tournament at Kiehman Park this week. A report of the proceedings will be given in a succeeding issue.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY's lecture on "The Herring," which we print to-day, is worthy of careful study.

THE WOODCOCK SEASON in this State opened last Monday.

We are obliged to defer the sparrow poem until next week.

AN INDOREMENT WE VALUE.

THAT we have the approval and good will of the seafaring and nautical portion of the community in our efforts to have the sailing machine displaced by a healthier style of craft and yachting elevated from baby's play on a mill-pond to the same manly standard of amateur seamanship which the sport occupies in British waters, we have been convinced from the start. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we give space to the following indorsement coming from one of the most experienced and able men who ever sailed a fisherman out of the port of Gloucester, Massachusetts. To draw from a practical seaman such lines of fellow-feeling is enough to counterbalance a hundred adverse opinions from sources far less qualified. Man who "has been there" is earnest we have never known to hesitate in the choice between a ship and a sham:

Editor Forest and Stream: I have a great desire to write something for your yachting columns. I would like to "shake the rudder's hand" which writes those articles in favor of deep boats, whoever he may be, and assure him that his efforts to have vessels substituted for shabs are appreciated by one who has had the unpleasant experience of seeing his vessel spraved out on her beam ends more than once in a gale and who feels that there is as much need for a change of model in our fishing vessels as there is in our yachts. A GLoucester CAPTAIN.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PROSPECTOR'S DINNER.

IN CAMP ON JAMES' PRAIRIE.
By JEROME BURNETT.

WAIT, pard, until I load my pipe an'nu
And stir the fire. The cold's a niftie winaer
It 'tis the tenth of June; I'll tell you, then,
What old Bill Joo and I had once for dinner.

The lay-out wasn't big, but all the same
We had a meal, and more'n we intended—
A dozen eggs without toast, and game
And trout, the grub that makes a man feel splendid.

And we was hungry for it, Bill and me;
Prospect'n the appetite a f'ctin',
And when we find such truck as that, you see,
'The way it kind o' fades is just surpri'in'.

Here's how it was: We'd come across the range
And took the trail that leads you down to Boulder,
For we was off to tackle, just for change,
The carbonat's before we'd got much older.

'Bout twelve o'clock Bill d'ush'd a mountain quail,
And found a set with eggs, as I'm a slunner;
And then we caught some trout, and near the trail
Corralled a grouse! You bet we had a dinner!

You oughter seen Bill play his fork and dirk,
A-flirt' up his engine like a sucker,
Until, to keep along, I had to work,
And draw to fill, as players do at poker.

We worked the lead as long as color showed;
Cashed every egg, and all the meat and fitters;
Then ambled on to strike the Boulder road,
And stopped at Jake McCall's to get some bitters.

For on the search we never drink a drop;
It doesn't help in this yer-kind o' tracing;
But back among the ranches, then we stop
And smile a little, 'cause it's kind o' bracing.

Jake took our measures, then he hustled round
To get up what we wanted, strong and pleasant,
The while we told about the eggs we found
And had for dinner, 'long with fish and pheasant.

A tenderfoot was snoozing in a chair,
And when he heard us talk of eggs it raised him;
He seemed to think we had 'em then and there,
'Tween me and you the racket kind o' dazed him.

"Beg pardon, men," he said, and stopped a spell;
'T'pears to me, sirs, if I undersand you,
You have some mountain quail's' eggs leze to sell;
If so, I've got the ready cash to hand you.

"These quails, the partridge, are scarce, you know,
And scintille men down East, who rate 'em
As very curious birds, they want to show
That by some care they may domesticate 'em.

"And now, if you've the eggs, here's what I say:
I'll give you—well, ten dollars each to set 'em,
For that's the price I'm authorized to pay,"
Then put in Bill: "Why, darn it mate, we've 'em!"

"Taint any use to tell you how we sware,
Nor how we laughed, al-though it wasn't funny;
Then Bill declared he'd go and get some more,
But, sirs, he's never c-elled to get the money.

In fact, we haven't seen him since that day,
And though at Chubbie's he was no beginner,
It's my opinion, pard, he's gone to stray,
And all because we had them eggs for dinner.

A JOPLY FISHING PARTY ON KEUKA LAKE.

THE true time to go to a "summer resort" is when nobody else is summer resorting, and therefore it is the knowing ones junker "all in the mawrie mouth of May" or saunter in September. Curled cozily up in home hammocks during the fiercely heating heat of July and August, they can placidly smile at the antics of the "madding crowd" who wildly tear from place to place, sweating in steam-boats, baking in Pullman cars or huddled in hotels, making half-brut offerings of themselves on the red-hot altar of the insubstiable sun! There is a monarch-of-all-I-survey feeling, too, in being the first or last guest at a country hotel, a certain distinction in being the only one. You have a disolately grand sensation as you kick your heels through marble corridors haunted by the rustling ghosts of last season's Worth gowns and the phantoms of dead flirtations. The exquisite flavor of this feeling is intensified if you arrive a few days ahead of your own small and select party who are coming to fish with you, and you get well acquainted with the clever captain of the smart little steamer which runs upon the lake, and you find out just where the best fishing is, and you learn the first name of all the boys on the dock, and get all the local fish stories pat on the end of your tongue, and "know the ropes" generally, and have a heapin' store of shiny bait in an old starch box with lumps of ice to keep it dead and dainty for that twenty-pound salmon-trout you're going to haul in sure as fate to-morrow, when the best and jolliest fish commissioner in the world arrives, with his spectacles and his tackle and his jovial comradery.

The first guest is like the first swallow, the first baby, the first flower. He is a conquering hero. He doesn't know exactly whether he feels more like Christopher Columbus stopping ashore on Adam I. in the garden. Unconsciously he takes the pose he has seen Christy adopt in the drop curtain of the Grand Opera House where he is "shooting" the Indians into the proscenium boxes and planting the flag in the sand. The first guest is as the long-lost brother of the cheery landlord, and the pretty hostess smiles kindly and even graciously passes at his table to see that he is well served. On him the waiter beams and widely grins; on the bar a shiner polly comes upon the burnished glass; in his honor the shy chambermaid crimpeth her long tucks by candle-light in the silent watches of the night; and as with lordly tread he leads the way to the dining-room through the echoing halls, his now newly arrived friends patterning meekly after him, why, for the moment he is "a bigger man than Old Gray."

The first week of fragrant May last saw Seth Green the

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Ruffed Grouse, Pinnated Grouse (Prairie Chicken), Wild-fowl, Wild Turkey. Rows list various states and their corresponding hunting seasons.

tion of one granger member, that if the crow was driven away the country would be visited by a small white worm that would reduce the State to a howling desert.

This season promises to be a good one for the sportsman in this vicinity. Quail are very numerous, comparatively few being killed last year.

The chicken makes its home on the high prairie during the summer months, and parties in from those sections report them very numerous.

When the season fairly opens I shall give you some further notes. Just now there is nothing to hunt except squirrels, and they are not very numerous.

THE PROSPECTS IN IOWA.

MORNING STAR, Iowa, July 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The chickens are here in fair numbers, and as the law is off the 15th of August, we expect some sport in that line soon.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 27.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is good plover shooting in the vicinity of the city. Two of us went out the other afternoon and bagged between thirty and forty.

The shooting season opens Aug. 15. I fear the game laws here are not very strictly observed.

THE MINNESOTA SEASON.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 28, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The open season on prairie chicken in Minnesota commences Sept. 1. The Legislature changed the date to Sept. 1 at its last session, 1880-81.

Prairie chicken are reported quite plenty in this vicinity, and we anticipate good sport, if the coveys are not broken by farmers' boys and unprincipled gunners who style themselves sportsmen.

I saw a party from the Rice Lakes (about fifteen miles or less) here, and famous for its grand "pass" shooting, who says there is more rice in the lakes this year than there has been for fifteen years.

MORRIS, Minn., July 28, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Chickens are more plentiful than before for years. Ducks also in large numbers.

OUR DETROIT LETTER.

THERE is consternation in the camp of the pigeon shooters. The place where the Michigan State Medical Association does its shooting is a part of the Hamtramck race track inclosure called Hurlingham Park.

Mr. Voorhees yesterday received from James Forsyth, Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, a letter notifying him that the Society had finally resolved to enforce the law with respect to pigeon shooting.

Mr. Voorhees is not anxious to go into a wrangle with the law, and some of them are more than half inclined to think that after all they deserve the appellation "pigeon murderers," which has frequently been applied to them heretofore.

It is not quite know how this will strike the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, but if facts are what they want, they may possibly thank me for writing and this journal for publishing the naked truth.

The law in relation to woodcock shooting takes effect in this State August 1, but in the meantime the pot-luckers are baying away, and woodcock are selling at \$4 to \$4.50 a dozen.

That bear, which two hunters of Rogers' Lake presented to E. H. Gillman a few months ago, and which was sent over to Belle Isle by the latter, escaped soon after its arrival.

The fourth annual tournament of the Howell Gun Club will be held at Howell, Mich., on the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Railroad, August 9, 10 and 11.

My Dear Fellow: Of course not; you will not own up that you were ever what you now style a "greenhorn."

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At Point Monille Marsh, President Colburn informs me, mallard, blue-winged teal, and woodcock are breeding lively, and the promise for September 1 is uncommonly gorgeous.

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HINTS IN THE ART OF DUCK SHOOTING.

BEING A FAMILIAR LETTER TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN A GREENHORN.

My Dear Fellow: Of course not; you will not own up that you were ever what you now style a "greenhorn."

How many seasons did it take you to learn that the best places were saved by these punters for just such good fellows as Old Smith, and that Old Smith gave the said punter that cheep single-breeled breech-loader, with which he kills cripples for Old Smith and ducks for the market.

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And you don't remember getting vexed at a man because he called you "Mark" when your name is George.

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In those States there are special county laws. a Deer law applies to sale or possession. b Wildfowl not protected on the coast. c In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15.

THE MINNESOTA PRAIRIE CHICKEN SEASON does not open until Sept. 1.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.

THE reports which have come to us of the pinnated grouse, or prairie chicken, shooting in the West this season are very promising.

REPORTS have come to us during the past week as follows, and we hope that our friends at the West may supplement these letters with news of the game supply in other localities.

POINTS OF THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY, THE CHICAGO AND NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY CO., CHICAGO, Ill., July 25.

I am advised that the chickens are plentiful on our Winona and Nicollet River line, west of Rochester, and on our Iowa Division, west of Da Witt.

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A LARGE ADIRONDACK TROUT.—Mr. Edward Everett Emmons, of the firm of B. B. Claffin & Co., caught in Lake Mechouen, in the Adirondacks, on June 26, a trout weighing two and one-half pounds, and safely landed him. His guide was Al. Burr. This is the largest trout caught there this season.—A.L.

TROUT KILLED BY A CLOUD BURST.—On July 24 a cloud burst in the head of Mill Creek Cañon, San Bernardino County, Cal. It tore trees up by the roots and moved huge boulders from their beds, sending them crashing down the cañon. An innumerable quantity of trout was killed.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

THE HERRING.

BY PROFESSOR T. H. HUXLEY.

[Abridged from "Nature."]

LIKE most fishes, the herring is propelled mainly by the sculling action of the tail-fin, the rest serving chiefly to preserve the balance of the body, and to keep it from turning over, as it would do if left to itself, the back being the heaviest part of the fish.

The mouth of the herring is not very large, the gape extending back only to beneath the middle of the eye, and reaching to the upper and lower jaws as small as to be hardly visible. Moreover, when a live herring opens its mouth, or when the lower jaw of a dead herring is depressed artificially, the upper jaw, instead of remaining fixed and stationary, travels downward and forward in such a manner as to guard the sides of the gape. This movement is the result of a curious mechanical arrangement by which the lower jaw pulls upon the upper, and I suspect that it is useful in guarding the sides of the gape when the fish gulps the small living prey upon which it feeds.

The only conspicuous teeth, and they are very small, are disposed in an elongated patch upon the tongue, and in another such patch, opposite to these, on the forepart of the roof of the mouth. But, if the mouth of a herring is opened widely, there will be seen, on each side, a great number of fine, long, bristle-like processes, the pointed ends of which project forward. These are what are termed the gill-rakers, inasmuch as they are fixed, like the teeth of a rake, to the inner sides of those arches or bones on the sides of the head which are called the gill-arches. The sides of the throat of a herring, in fact, are, as it were, cut by four deep and wide clefts, which are separated by these gill arches, and the water which the fish constantly gulps in by the mouth flows through these clefts, over the gills and out beneath the gill-covers, aerating the blood, and thus effecting respiration, as it goes. But, since it would be highly inconvenient, and indeed injurious, were the food to slip out in the same way, these gill-rakers play the part of a fine sieve, which lets the water strain off, as when it keeps a sieve full of food. The gill-rakers of the front side are much longer than those of the hinder arches, and as each is stiffened by a thread of bone developed in its interior, while, at the same time, its sides are beset with fine, sharp teeth, like thorns on a briar, I suspect that they play some part in crushing the life out of the small animals on which the herrings prey.

Between these arches there is, in the middle line, an opening which leads into the gullet. This passes back into a curious conical sac which is commonly termed the stomach, which has more the appearance of a crop. On a certain extent from the under side of the sac and communicating with it by a narrow opening, there is an elongated tubular organ, the walls of which are so thick and muscular that it might almost be compared to a gizzard. It is directed forward, and opens by a narrow prominent aperture into the intestine, which runs straight back to the vent.

The chief food of the herring consists of minute crustacea, some of them allied to the shrimps and prawns, but the majority belonging to the same division as the common *Cyclops* of our fresh waters.

Everybody must have noticed the silvery air-bladder of the herring, which lies immediately under the backbone, and stretches from close to the head to very near the vent, being wide in the middle and tapering off to each end. In its natural state it is distended with air; and, if it is pricked, the elastic wall shrinks and drives the air out, as if it were an india-rubber ball. When the contents of this air-bladder are fully explored, it turns out to be one of the most curious pieces of mechanism of which the whole animal is composed.

In the first place, the perforated end of the sac or crop into which the gullet is continued runs back into a very slender duct which turns upward and eventually opens into the middle of the air-bladder. The canal of this duct is so very small and irregularly twisted, that, even if the air-bladder is squeezed, the air does not escape into the sac. But, if air is forced into the sac by means of a blowpipe, the air passes without much difficulty the other way, and the air-bladder becomes fully distended. When the pressure is removed, however, the air-bladder diminishes in size to a certain extent, showing that the air ceases somewhere. And, if the blowing up of the air-bladder is performed while the fish is under water, a fine stream of air-bubbles may be seen to escape close to the vent. Careful anatomical investigation, in fact, shows that the air-bladder does not really end at the point where its silvery coat finishes, but that a delicate tube is continued thence to the left side of the vent, and there ends by an opening of its own.

Now, if the air-bladder of all fishes is, to begin with, an outgrowth from the front part of the alimentary canal, and there are a great many fishes in which, as in the herring, it remains throughout life in permanent communication with the gullet. But it is rare to find the duct so far back as in the herring; and, at present, I am not aware that the air-bladder opens externally in any fishes except the herring and a few of its allies.

There is a general agreement among fishermen that herrings sometimes make a squeaking noise when they are first taken out of the water. I have never heard this sound myself, but there is so much concurrent testimony to the fact that I do not doubt it; and it occurs to me that it may be produced, when the herrings are quickly brought up from some depth, by means of this arrangement. For under these circumstances the air which the air-bladder contains expands to such a degree, on being relieved from the pressure of the water, that deep-sea fishes with a closed air-bladder which is brought to the surface rapidly are sometimes fairly burst inside of their thin muscular coats, or even bursting of the air-bladder. If the same thing should happen to the herring, the like misfortune would not befall it, for the air would be forced out of the opening in question, and

might readily enough produce the squeak which is reported.

At the opposite end of the air-bladder there is an even more curious arrangement. The silvery coat of the air-bladder ends in front just behind the head. But the air-bladder itself does not terminate here. Two very fine canals, each of which is not more than one-twentieth of an inch in diameter, however, are surrounded by a relatively thick wall of cartilage, pass forward, one on each side, from the air-bladder to the back of the skull. The canals enter the walls of the skull, and then each divides into two branches. Finally, each of these two dilates into a bag which lies in a spheroidal chamber of corresponding size and form; and, in consequence of the air which they contain, these bags may be seen readily enough shining through the side-walls of the skull, the bone of which has a peculiar structure over it surrounds them. Now, these two bags, which constitute the termination of the air-bladder on each side, are in close relation with the organ of hearing. Indeed, a process of that organ projects into the front chamber on each side, and is separated by only a very delicate partition from the terminal sac of the air-bladder. Any vibrations of the air in these sacs, or any change in the pressure of the air in them, must thus tell upon the hearing apparatus.

There is no doubt about the existence of these structures, which, together with the posterior opening of the air-bladder, were most accurately described by me, more than sixty years ago, by the use of the microscope. Whether they are of use was not much valued regarding their meaning then we were when they were first made known. In fishes in general there can be little doubt that the chief use of the air-bladder is to diminish the specific gravity of the fish, and by rendering its body of nearly the same weight as so much water, to render the business of swimming easier. In those fishes in which the passage of communication between the air-bladder and the alimentary canal is closed, the air is no doubt secreted into the air-bladder by the vessels, which are often very abundant. In the herring the vessels of the air-bladder are very scanty; and it seems probable that the air is swallowed and forced into the air-bladder just as the loach swallows air and drives it into its intestine. And, as I have already suggested, it may be that the narrow posterior canal which leads from the air-bladder to the exterior is a sort of safety-valve allowing the air to escape, when the fish, rapidly ascending or descending, alters the pressure of the water upon the contained air.

The hypothesis may be put forward with some show of probability, that I can only find it difficult to suggest anything with respect to the physiological meaning of the connection between the air bladder and the ear. Nevertheless such an elaborate apparatus must have some physiological importance; and this conclusion is strengthened by the well-known fact that there are a great many fishes in which the air-bladder and the ear become connected in one way or another. In the earp tribe, for example, the front end of the air-bladder is connected by a series of little bones with the organ of hearing, which is, as it were, prolonged backward to meet these bones in the hinder end of the skull. But here the air-bladder, which is very large, may act as a resonator; while in the herring the extreme narrowness of the passages which connect the air-bladder with the ear renders it difficult to suppose that the organ can have any such function.

In addition to the singular connection of the ear with the exterior by the roundabout way of the air-bladder, there are membranous spaces in the walls of the skull by which vibrations can more directly reach the herring's ear. And there are good reasons to think that these vibrations are often heard in a dark night, when the water is phosphorescent, or, as the fishermen say, there is plenty of "merveire," it is a curious spectacle to watch the effect of sharply tapping the side of the boat as it passes over a shoal. The herrings scatter in all directions, leaving streaks of light behind them, like shooting-stars.

Probably 10,000 is an under-estimate of the number of ripe eggs shed in spawning by a moderate-sized female herring. But I think it is safer than the 30,000 of some estimates, which appear to me to be made in forgetfulness of the very simple anatomical considerations that the roe consists of an extensive vascular framework as well as of eggs; and, moreover, that a vast number of the eggs which it contains remain immature, and are not shed at the time of spawning.

Herrings which have attained maturity, and are distended by the greatly enlarged milk or roe, are ready to shed the contents of these organs, or, as it is said, to spawn. In 1862 we found a great diversity of opinion prevailed as to the time at which this operation takes place, and we took a general view of the question. The question, with the result which is thus stated in our report:

"We have obtained a very large body of valuable evidence on this subject, derived partly from the examination of fishermen and of others conversant with the herring-fishery; partly from the inspection of the accurater records kept by the fishery officers at different stations, and partly from other sources; and our clear conclusion from all this evidence is, that the herring spawns at two seasons of the year. In the spring and in the autumn. We have hitherto met with no case of full spawning herrings being found in any locality, during what may be termed the solstitial months—namely, June and December; and it would appear that such herrings are never (or very rarely) taken in May, or the early part of July, in the latter part of November or the early part of January. But a spring spawning certainly occurs in the latter part of January, in February, in March and in April; and an autumn spawning in the latter part of July, in August, September, October, and even as late as November. The spring months, therefore, are February and March are the great months for the spring spawning, and August and September for the autumn spawning. It is not at all likely that the same fish spawn twice in the year; on the contrary, the spring and the autumn shoals are probably perfectly distinct; and if the herring, according to the hypothesis advanced above, come to maturity in a year, the shoals of each spawning season would be the fry of the twelve-month before. However, no direct evidence can be adduced in favor of this supposition, and it would be extremely difficult to obtain such evidence."

I believe that these conclusions, confirmatory of those of previous careful observers, are fully supported by all the evidence which has been collected, and the fact that this species of fish has two spawning-seasons, one in the hottest and one in the coldest months of the year, is very curious.

Another singular circumstance connected with the spawning of the herring is the great variety of the conditions, apart from temperature, to which the fish adapts itself in performing this act. It is known to spawn in the most shallow waters, in water of ten to twenty fathoms, and even at greater depths, and in a sea of full oceanic saltiness. Nevertheless, herrings spawn just as freely not only in the narrowest of

Baltic, such as the Great Belt, in which the water is not half as salt as it is in the North Sea and in the Atlantic, but even in such long inlets as the Scheldt in Schleswig, the water of which is quite drinkable, and is furnished by fresh-water fish from the herrings deposit their eggs in two or three feet of water, and there are found, along with the eggs of fresh-water fish, sticking in abundance to such fresh-water plants as *Polypogon*.

Nature seems thus to offer us a hint as to the way in which a fish like the shad, which is so closely allied to the herring, has acquired the habit of ascending rivers to deposit its eggs in purely fresh water.

If a full female herring is gently squeezed over a vessel of sea-water, the eggs will rapidly pour out and sink to the bottom, to which they immediately adhere with so much tenacity that, in half an hour, the vessel may be inverted without their dropping out. When spawning takes place naturally, the eggs fall to the bottom and attach themselves in a similar fashion, but at this time the assembled fish dart wildly about, and the water becomes cloudy with the shed fluid of the milk. The eggs thus become fecundated as they fall, and the development of the young within the ovum sticking to the bottom commences at once.

The first definite and conclusive evidence as to the manner in which herring-spawn is attached and becomes developed that I know of was obtained by Professor Allman and Dr. MacBain in 1862, in the Firth of Forth. By dredging in localities in which spent herring were observed on the 1st of March, Professor Allman brought up spawn in abundance at a depth of fourteen to twenty-one fathoms. It was deposited on the surface of the stone, shingle and gravel, and on old shells and coarse shell-sand, and even on the shells of small living crabs and other crustacea, adhering tenaciously to whatever it had fallen on. No spawn was found to be abundant on both the east and the west sides of the Isle of May up to the 13th of March, at which time the incubation of the ovum was found to be completed in a great portion of the spawn, and the embryos had become free. On the 25th scarcely a trace of spawn could be detected, and nearly the whole of the adult fish had left the Forth.

Within the last few years a clear light has been thrown upon this question by the labors of the West Baltic Fishery Commission, to which I have now often had occasion to refer. It is well known that artificial fecundation is easily practiced, and that the young fish may be kept in aquaria for as long as five months. Thus a great body of accurate information, some of it of a very unexpected character, has been obtained respecting the development of the eggs and the early condition of the young herring.

It turns out that, as is the case with other fishes, the period of incubation is closely dependent upon warmth. When the water has a temperature of 53 deg. Fahr., the eggs of the herring hatch in from six to eight days, the average being seven days. And this is a very interesting fact when we bear in mind the conclusion to which the inquiries of the Dutch meteorologists, and, more lately, those of the Scottish Meteorological Society appear to tend—namely, that the shoals prefer water of about 55 deg. At 50 deg. Fahr., the period of incubation is lengthened to eleven days, at 46 deg. to fifteen days, and at 38 deg. it lasts forty days. As the Forth is usually tolerably cool in the month of March, it is probable that Professor Allman's estimate comes very near the truth for the particular case which he investigated.

The well-known "whitebait" of the Thames consists, so far as I have seen, almost exclusively of herrings under six months old, and as the average size of whitebait increases, from March and April onward, until they become suspiciously like sprats in the late summer, it may be concluded that they are the progeny of herrings which spawned early in the year in the neighborhood of the estuary of the Thames, up which these tiny little fish have wandered. Whether it is the general habit of young herring, even of those which are spawned deep water, to migrate into the shallow parts of the sea, or even into completely fresh waters, when such are accessible, is unknown.

Fishermen distinguish four states of the herring. Fry or sile, when not larger than sprats; maties, when larger than this, with undeveloped roe or milk; full fish, with largely developed roe or milk; and spent or shotten fish which have recently spawned.

Herring-fry of the size of sprats are distinguished from full fish not merely by their size, but, in addition, by the development of the gills, the milk or roe, and by the accumulation of fat in the abdominal cavity. Bands of fat are found in the mesentery alongside the intestine, and filling up the interspaces between the pyloric ceca.

Maties (the name of which is a corruption of the Dutch word for a maiden) resemble the fry in these particulars; but, if they are well fed, the deposit of fatty and other nutritive matter takes place, not only about the abdominal viscera, but also beneath the skin and in the interstices of the flesh.

As the fish passes from the matie to the full condition, the milk and roe begin to grow at the expense of the nutriment thus stored up, and as these organs become larger and occupy more and more space in the abdominal cavity the excess of nutritious substance is transferred to them. The fatty deposit about the intestine and pyloric ceca gradually disappears and the flesh becomes poorer. It would appear that by degrees the fish cease to feed at all. At any rate there is usually no food in the stomach of a herring which approaches maturity. In all these respects there is a close resemblance between the history of the herring and that of other fishes, such as the salmon—the part corresponding to the herring-fry or sile, the grise under the "clean fish" of larger size to the maties.

At length spawning takes place, the accumulated nutriment, transformed into eggs or spermatid fluid, is expelled, and the fish is left in that lean and depauperated state which makes a "shotten herring" proverbial. In this condition it answers to the term "lean" in the "lean and fat" of an unknown depth, and faecid and can be blown up with air like empty bags. If the spent fish escapes its myriad enemies, it doubtless begins to feed again and once more passes into the matie state in preparation for the next breeding season. But the nature of this process of recuperation has yet to be investigated.

When they have reached the matie stage, the herrings, which are at all times gregarious, associate together in conspicuous assemblages, which are called shoals. These are sometimes of prodigious extent—indeed, eight or nine miles in length, two or three leagues wide, with an unknown depth, are dimensions which are credibly asserted to be sometimes attained. In these shoals the fish are closely packed, like a flock of sheep straying slowly along a pasture, and it is probably quite safe to assume that there is at least one fish for every cubic foot of water occupied by the shoal. If this be

A FINE SEA BOAT.—It is notoriously a fact that every yacht ever built, no matter of what form and rig, is, in the builder's and owner's opinion, invariably "a fine sea boat." Here is one of them. The well-known racing sloop Fanny, some 70 odd ft. long—big enough, goodness knows, to cruise around the world, if of proper model—strikes into a little squall of Mountauk, July 18, carries away spars, has boats stove in, and is wrecked generally, whereupon it is immediately up helm, cut and run for the nearest life shelter, which was found at New London, where repairs were undertaken. Yet if one were to tell the builder, Richmond, of Mystic, that Fanny is a machine and a violent, dangerous craft at sea, he would have laughed outright and held a sermon upon the value of light draft and beam to make a fine, safe sea boat. So thoroughly have most builders become divorced from the sense of practice, and so completely are they under the spell of hearsay theories, that we hardly expect Fanny's recent exploit in a little bit of a sea will have any effect in removing the scales from the eyes of her huller. He will continue to inform his customers, as of yore, that the yacht is "the finest sea boat imaginable," until some half dozen of dupes are split some today and drowned like so many flies. The Fanny has no business outside of a mill pond.

A NARROW BEAM.—This is the impression the Viola, a sloop of reasonable beam, made upon one capable of judging, who observed her during the recent Atlantic Y. C. cruise. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Speaking of narrow boats you should have seen the Viola on the A. Y. C. cruise. She is one of the best boats I have seen. Of moderate beam with very small rig she sails with the best hull of her length. It is the finest sea boat imaginable I have been re-built you should take a look at her. I do not know what her draft is, but if she is deep she is about as near my idea of a comfortable, speedy boat, as anything we have. For a smaller boat give me the Kangaroo or Elephant any time. But objections to this latter type become apparent when as large as the Etna, for both spars and sails make them very heavy to handle. The Fautia is, however, the natural product of our length measurement just as I think the very narrow cutters in England over their small beam solely to their own peculiar rule which penalizes beam as to length.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—A race open to the club was sailed under the rules of the American Canoe Association, July 23. S. L. Ticks won the paddling race of one mile in a canoe of his own build; H. W. Kent, second; both using double blades. In the best hull of her length. It is the finest sea boat imaginable I have been re-built you should take a look at her. I do not know what her draft is, but if she is deep she is about as near my idea of a comfortable, speedy boat, as anything we have. For a smaller boat give me the Kangaroo or Elephant any time. But objections to this latter type become apparent when as large as the Etna, for both spars and sails make them very heavy to handle. The Fautia is, however, the natural product of our length measurement just as I think the very narrow cutters in England over their small beam solely to their own peculiar rule which penalizes beam as to length.

HULL YACHT CLUB.—The second annual regatta was sailed July 23. Eighteen started, but the wind being very light, only five and a half miles were sailed. The boats were: Volante, a cutter, 35 ft. beam, Walter Arnold, won with a slight wind. Teletone, Hugh Nelson, 28 ft. beam, was second, and Sadie N. F. M. Nicholson, third. The Bishop broke her rudder gear, and the Fairy gave up. Another race is fixed for a month hence.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—Mr. C. J. Osborn has presented the club with a cup to be sailed for in a sloop of a handicap during the cruise. Open to N. Y. Y. C. E. Y. C. and N. H. Y. C. The squadron sailed from New London, Aug. 3, for the annual cruise, under the command of Judge J. H. Donald, P. E. Patterson, A. Howe, C. B. Otterhell, Peleg Ahorn, C. B. Southard and C. A. Merrill. Next regatta is the club July 30, and the Union Regatta Aug. 13, when about \$500 will be given in prizes.

THOSE HARD NAMES.—We hold ichthyologists in some measure to blame for the hard names it has pleased them to bestow on the objects of their study. The practice, we believe, is mainly due to Cuvier. In the range for words of Greek or Latin origin, which was so curious a feature of the great Revolution, it was rather a merit than not that a term, especially a scientific term, should have a classical or semi-classical derivation. Cuvier followed the prevailing fashion, and hence extraordinary compounds, which scarcely any grammarian would have countenanced, were introduced by him into this science, and *Chondrosteus*, *Scomberoides*, *Leptobrama* and *Cyphocharax* seem to have issued glibly from French mouths in a way that ours find impossible. As a nomenclaturist, Cuvier was immeasurably inferior to Linnaeus, who was nearly always careful to continue, if practicable, an ancient name, and would rather misapply an old appellation to a new discovery than invent for it one of his own composition. Yet Cuvier's names, for the most part stand, and are hardly to be found, despite the difficulty of pronouncing them; and his successors have continued to tread in his footsteps, till ichthyological nomenclature has become, what it certainly is, an intolerable jargon—a dialect hard to be uttered by an articulately speaking man—a language that is forbidden.—*The Spectator.*

NOTICE!
Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.
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SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.
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THE OLD WANDERER.—Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the desired information to the following inquiries:
Editor Forest and Stream:
May I ask for some particulars of the famous schooner yacht Wanderer? If I remember rightly she was built at S-tauket, L. I., about the year 1837 for a member of the N. Y. Y. C., afterward becoming notorious as a slave. During the war she came into possession of the U. S. Government, serving for a time as tender to a steamer of the E. O. B. Squadron. But the lumber was much the faster vessel, and she is to be a splendid sea boat, and many stories were told of her wonderful performances. The navy officials shortened her spars ten feet—presumably to reduce her speed—and she became at last only a powder boat at Key West, and at the close of the war, being very rotten, was sold and taken to New York.

The Wanderer was of peculiar appearance, with good rake to her masts, low in the waist and aft, and remarkably high foreward. Can you give her builder's name, dimensions, spars, tonnage, etc., and do you know if her model was preserved? STEVEL.

RUSHTON'S PRIZE CANOE.—The canoe offered by Rushton as a prize for the Lake George contest will be the finest ever turned out by an establishment noted for its excellent work. It will be nearly like the American travelling canoe, but will be one and a half inches deeper on the bow and a little change made in the rake of stems and gunwale line. These changes, though trifling, improve the looks of the canoe—before it was called the handsonest canoe afloat—and it is expected will make it a dryer boat in heavy water. To Mr. Linden of the C. C. C., and the builder being the credit for whatever improvement there is. This canoe has Spanish cedar top streak and deck, with hack wale, trimmings and white cedar siding—a beautiful piece of workmanship. Those going to Lake George will see many fine canoes there and will have a chance to learn more of canoes and canoeing in three days than in a whole year in most any other way. The conditions of the contest for this canoe will be made known at the meeting. They will be broad enough to give to all an equal chance to win it.

WALKER HILL YACHT CLUB.—The thirteenth annual regatta was sailed July 30 in a brisk northeast wind. Classes for boats over and under 24 ft. E. G. came to the line and finished a very spirited race as under:

| Name and Owner. | FIRST CLASS. | | SECOND CLASS. | |
|--|--------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| | Length. | Actual Time. | Length. | Actual Time. |
| Grace M. J. C. Musgrave..... | 25 00 | 4 07 | 30 00 | 8 20 |
| Edith, Hodgkins & Rich..... | 36 00 | 4 35 | 60 00 | 8 50 |
| Thibic, N. A. Kendall..... | 23 06 | 1 51 | 60 00 | 23 20 |
| Clyde, E. Cool..... | 19 06 | 2 16 | 60 00 | 14 40 |
| Judges—George B. Thomas, G. M. Abbott, B. F. Underhill, Jr., and W. B. Corcoran. | | | | |

POCAHONTAS.—The *Bellville Intelligencer* questions the accuracy of the dimensions of the new "flag officer's sloop," building by Kirby, as given in the *World* recently. The dimensions were copied from a report drew upon his imagination, never having been near Kirby's yard. The delay in finishing the Atlanta has been explained by its obtaining ship-carpeters at reasonable rates. The Atlanta is to be about by the end of August. She is to carry 250 sq. ft. of canvas in lower sail, gut and jib aloft. Many persons interested have seen the photo of the new sloop in our office, and their opinions have been unanimous as to her beauty of model as far as it can be judged from a perspective.

CAPIZING RIGS.—Mr. John McLeod has just fitted his capizing rig to Mr. Whitlock's canoe Cloche in an improved form. The pressure under which the mast spines is regulated by a nut and spring, which can be varied at will. It is proposed to have one of the rigs at the Lake George meet, where it will be put to a thorough test, and we will report more fully. In the meantime Mr. McLeod's address will be 79 W. Horatio street, N. Y., where letters will reach him.

VALKYR.—The trial sails of Dr. Dawson's fine cutter, Valkyr, have proved very satisfactory, realizing the expectations of both owner and designer. She carries iron inside besides the six tons lead on keel. When her owner returns from Europe, seven tons of lead will be substituted for the iron, and Valkyr will be tried for speed when the chance offers. She is a long way ahead of the flat-bottom tribe, being safe, easy and able, and will not "go back" on her crew in dirty weather.

More health, sunshine and joy in Hop Bitters, than in all other remedies.

Answers to Correspondents.

C. C. Mass.—Write to Drey, book publisher, Jacksonville, Fla.
F. P. J. Plattburgh, N. Y.—The Governor has not yet signed the bill. We are not aware of any bill in the State.
M. S. C. Fairbairn, Minn.—The grade of gun is a fair article and of good reputation. It ought to be safe and serviceable.
E. H. Brooklyn, N. Y.—Where can I obtain a purely bred Newfoundland bitch puppy? Where can I purchase a good second-hand Ossage canvas boat? Ans. I. We do not know at this time; perhaps some of our readers can inform you. 2. Advertise for one—you will get plenty of answers.

W. H. H. Aurora, Ill.—Does the fish called tarpon, or tarpon, ever range as far north as New York and Boston? Ans. Yes, occasionally, but they are accidental. The fish is essentially a southern one, but many fish-owners whose home is on the Gulf stream stray out of it in summer and visit our northern coast.

E. A. M., Toledo, Ohio.—From your description we presume your dog is afflicted with the mange. We suggest that you rub him with the mixture recommended to H. T. W. in last issue, giving one quart of Epsom salts once a week and a teaspoonful of sulphur and magnesia in food every morning. Avoid feeding meat. As the disease is contagious you must quarantine him. Write result after sufficient trial.

A. G. G. New Brighton.—Boll down linned out of the best quality until it becomes thick and glutinous. Boll to earthen pot in open air, for two or three hours, and be sure that the coat of the pot fits tightly, so that the oil will not catch fire. When boiled, set away in tin vessels with tight-fitting covers. To use it: Select small, dry sticks, as thick as a straw, and eight inches long. Sharpen the edges, smear them with the linc, and fasten the sticks into grooves cut in a stake stuck into the ground. Place a "call card" as a lure. When the birds alight upon the sticks they pull them out from the mat, awake, and when flying, the wings, coming in contact with the linc, are plucked to the sides.

C. F. P. Brooklyn, N. Y.—My red setter pup has had for the last two weeks what I should call distemper. He is about nine weeks old, and first his eyes began to mature, then his nose became dry, and then running. I gave him two grains of quinine daily and broths with no solid food. Bathed his eyes with an eye wash. Since your last issue I have tried egg and boiled milk, which have not stopped the diarrhea, which is quite bad, and consequently he is very weak. Saturday he was quite chipper, but Sunday after eating well of broth he began to vomit and was very sick. Previous to that I gave him egg and brandy, which did not help him much; then tried strong coffee and milk. To-day he is a shade heavier, but won't eat broth with tapeworm in it, but seems inclined for solid food, meat only, which I hesitate to give him. Can you give me any remedy, or to whom can I send him to be cured at a reasonable charge? His left ear seems to have swollen and is very itchy. Ans. Give two grains of quinine three times a day until his strength returns, and control his diarrhea by giving injections of lincumum and starch water. A teaspoonful of the former in a tablespoonful of the latter. The dog is out of condition, resulting from a want of proper care. The condition of his ear points to cancer. See answer to M. O. S., February 23, 1881.

M. W. Ridgewood, N. Y.—My pointer, six months old, has had five fits in which he runs zigzag and in circles, usually about a mile, partly barking and yelping. It does not know when a approach him, but runs from me and cannot get near him. He does not try to bite. The fits occurred July 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th and 9th. I have noticed him scratching his ears and shaking his head a great deal. Even when barking or following me he will frequently stop to scratch his ears, but I have examined them inside thoroughly several times and have failed to discover inflammation or anything wrong. I allow him to run loose. I see nothing in Srouthenge's case, and I rather doubt that America is to answer his case. Can you tell me what to do for him through your paper or by note? Will "Homo" who remarks breeding grounds of woodcock at Kresgeville, Pa., in your July 7th number, please inform me if a railroad runs from Weisport to Kresgeville and in what part of the county does the railroad terminate? I should also be pleased to hear if there are any other new railroads in Monroe or Pike counties leading to a good trout stream? By so doing he will confer a great favor on a novice desirous of making a trip there and knowing the localities where game is the most abundant. Ans. Keep his towels open and feed and exercise him regularly, and he will soon grow out of the fits, to which young dogs are very subject.

BLACK BASS TACKLE.

We are making a Specialty of all sorts of HIGH GRADE TACKLE for taking this splendid fish
The Latest and Most Approved Kinds For Fly, Minnow, Bait and Trotting.

Anglers will protect themselves by insisting that our Trade-Mark shall be on all goods claimed to be our manufacture.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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TARRANT'S SELTZER
No one should travel without a bottle of Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.
Changes of temperature, irregularity of rest and eating, and exposures to drafts, are great and active agents in deranging the secretions of the body. A dose of this aperient will prevent the evils resulting from such causes, and save many inconveniences and dangers.
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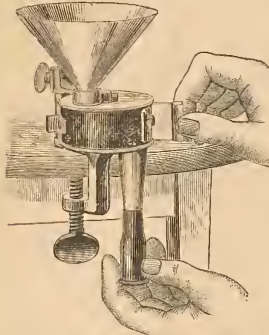
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COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

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Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prices: First, \$100; second, \$50, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to ill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

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Open to all setters or pointers. Prices: First, \$250; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to ill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

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Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.] "This light so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits."



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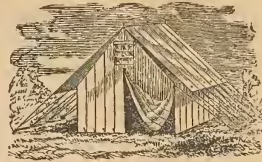
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First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 16 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 47 1/2 ft. Our Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 13 1/2 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

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TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champion Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louie, Leicester, Linnet, Liona, Launceston, Lena, Lydia, Bob, Young Beauty, Scott & son or Parker Bros. preferred; chance for breeders; dog and his get can be seen at 160th street and 10th ave., New York city, or address E. T. WOODWARD, Station M, N. Y. city. Aug 4, 81

SKYE TERRIER—I have a pure-bred Skye terrier dog, imported from Glasgow, 2 1/2 years old, heavy coated, steel blue, cost \$60. Exchange for a breed-leading double gun, 12 gauge; Scott & son or Parker Bros. preferred; chance for breeders; dog and his get can be seen at 160th street and 10th ave., New York city, or address E. T. WOODWARD, Station M, N. Y. city. Aug 4, 81

FOR SALE, a very handsome and the bred of orange and white setter bitch, 4 1/2 years old; thoroughly broken on all game. A magnificent brood bitch, and always throws a majority of dog pups. Sold for no fault. Price low if taken at once. For full particulars and pedigree, address G. E. OSBORN or R. B. PENN, New Haven, Conn. Aug 4, 81

LEWELLYN SETTER DOG, by Dash Hill, 1 1/2 years, broken, open to quail, \$150 Irish setter dog by Elcho, 3 years, broken and a bench winner, \$100.

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THE OWNER of a fairly broken setter, light color preferred, can find a purchaser at a moderate price by addressing G. E. T., office of FOREST AND STREAM; animal to be under three years old. Aug 4, 81

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The Kennel.

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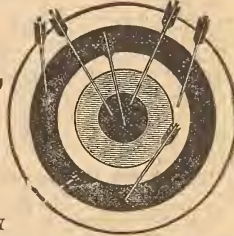
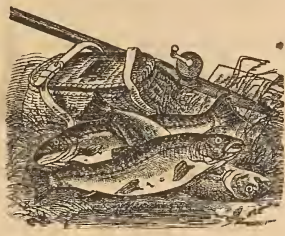
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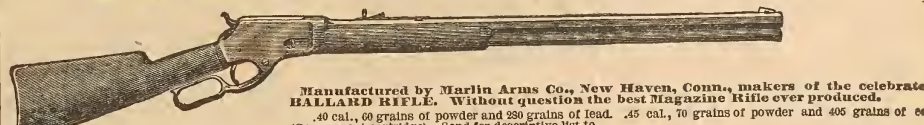


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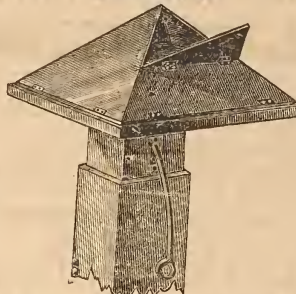
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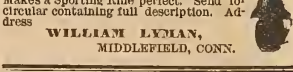
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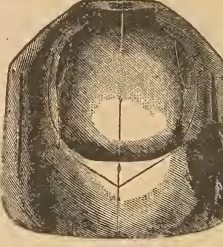
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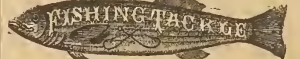
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 11.

THE SNAKE CLIMBING QUESTION.

THE original question broached in FOREST AND STREAM was whether our venomous serpents could climb perpendicular trees. It is well known that all constrictors do so. None of our correspondents in relating their experiences say whether the black snake circled around the tree, went up it with the same serpentine motion which it uses on land, or whether it adopted a vermicular movement and pushed itself straight up by contraction and expansion, its abdominal plates holding into the roughness of the tree.

We have seen the water snake nearly helpless on a platform of henlock boards used to cover the resecway of a trout pond. It wriggled with an eel-like motion, but the slivers of the boards pointed the wrong way for it to get hold. On turning it around it went off rapidly, the plates of the abdomen holding in the wood enough to give it a point to push against.

We have seen the black snake ascend a sapling by twining about the trunk and going up with a spiral motion, but we have never seen them climb large tree trunks, although we have seen them in the trees. Will our Washington correspondent describe the motion of the snake he saw climb up a perpendicular wall? and will our Eldred correspondent tell us how the snake descended from the tree?

A MATTER OF MORALS.

MESSRS. WM. B. MERSHON, the Secretary of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, and A. H. Mershon, the President of the East Saginaw Game Protection Club, recently attempted, by due process of law, to punish three men, Amos Coon, Charles Cary and John Hatfield, of Harrison, Mich., for having killed and had in possession venison out of season. It was positively proved in the trial that the deer had been killed out of season, and the ease was a clear one, but the jury, after a short deliberation, brought in a verdict of "not guilty," and afterward explained that "it might have been a tame deer; didn't prove it was wild."

The game clubs are naturally disgusted with such a farcical administration of justice, and are taking pains to report abroad the laxity of local morals in the county where men can kill tame deer all the year round in the woods. It seems that for one of the most brutal and outrageous of indecent crimes in the calendar the Clare County penalty is, as fixed by a jury recently, a fine of twenty-five dollars. This is clearly a matter of morals. Before the sportsmen of Michigan can hope to secure any respect for the game laws among these people they must mend the morals of the community, and instill into it some more healthy regard for the ordinary decencies of life than the verdicts of their juries indicate that they now possess.

A POT-LUCK DINNER.

THE "POT-LUCK CLUB" dined in honor of the birthday of its President. Its President is Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt. The name is familiar to our readers. He is suspected of being a Fish Commissioner of New York. He is accused of belonging to the fish-eating club with the jaw-breaking name. It is whispered that he presides at the Fish-cultural Association. And he is guilty of writing on the lateral motion of crabs. See our last issue. Therefore we are not going to tell you who he is. The Pot-Luckers are literary. They boil over with wit. Its Secretary is a gifted *Uteratense*. She gave the spread. She is called the Queen of the Pot-Luckers. The pot was in luck on August 6. It was a full pot. All had full hands. No one was high.

The President was a year older than he was ever known to be before. His age was announced. We won't tell it. We don't think him as old as he claims. He wants to overawe us by a claim of priority. Appearance is deceitful and we judge by acts. By this standard he is twenty-one.

Journalists, poets, and artists comprise the Pot-Luckers. Essays and clams. Poems and lobster salads. Pictures and chowders. Speeches and chicken fixings. Songs and green seal. This is the impression left by a pot-luck dinner. A President who don't preside too much. A hostess who entertains royally. These are the after-thoughts.

FISHCULTURE FOR LONG ISLAND.

AT a meeting of the New York Fish Commission, on the 4th inst., at the office of Mr. R. B. Roosevelt, it was decided to establish the long-talked-of station on Long Island. Our readers may remember that Mr. Blackford was added to the Commission because he favored the placing of a station for both fresh and salt water work on the island.

It is much to be regretted that the Legislature did not make a special appropriation for this purpose, but, as it did not do so, the Commissioners set apart \$3,000 to begin the work. This is a small amount to establish new works with, but it shows a disposition to begin. There is much that might be done on the island in the way of breeding and observation of the habits of our sea fishes. It is the best place in the State of New York to establish a carp pond, from whence young could be distributed to those fishless portions of the State where only little turtles and pollywogs grow. It is the home of the trout, which can be bred in most of its streams, and its bays formerly swarmed with valuable food fishes.

We hope that the Commission will take up the oyster, the scallop, the clam, lobster and crab and do for them what it has been done for the fishes—increase them and stily their habits. In fact Long Island offers many facilities for fish-

culture and for investigations, which have been neglected. A site for operations will soon be selected, and we invite those having knowledge of suitable locations to send them to this office. The Commissioners want a stream of good trout water, which never falls, near where it comes into clear salt water. They cannot buy such a place and must depend upon leasing it; or, better still, upon the offer of it by some public-spirited citizen, or of some village which would like such an institution near it. They would like to begin work next month, if possible.

TRANSPORTATION OF SHAD EGGS.

MANY of our readers will recollect that there have been several attempts to transport the eggs of shad, and to keep them at a low temperature in order to retard their hatching for a period long enough to get the fry across the Atlantic before they starved to death. The first attempt was made in 1874, by Mr. Mather, who lost his fish from starvation on the tenth day, just as the steamer reached Southampton. The impossibility of feeding shad fry and the lack of natural food in water which has been stored in the dark tanks of ships, renders a sea voyage much more difficult than one on land, where fresh supplies of river water containing infusoria can be obtained daily.

There has been great difficulty in handling shad eggs with a view to their transportation and the can designed for carrying them in water and securing aeration by motion of the ear, planned by Mr. Mather and tried by Prof. Milner the above mentioned year, did not work. Since then but little has been done in this direction except to experiment to determine how long the fry could live without food. This year, however, one of the most important results of the shad work has been an improved method of transporting the delicate shad egg, which cannot bear the rough treatment to which the ova of salmon and trout can be subjected, and which will certainly lead to great economy in the production of this valuable fish.

Heretofore the usual method has been to keep them in pans or buckets of water, which is frequently changed, after they are impregnated and have passed through the stage which fish culturists technically call "coming up"—*i. e.*, a hardening from an absorption of milt and water. The quantity of water required to be changed necessitated not only much labor but constant watchfulness, especially if, as often happened in the work of the U. S. Fish Commission, they had to be so kept from eight to twelve hours in this way before reaching the hatching station.

Col. McDonald, who has had charge of this work on the Virginia rivers, often found that there was a serious loss of eggs during this time, and set about to remedy it. He took one of the ordinary salmon egg trays, with a wire cloth bottom, such as is in general use, and on this placed a sheet of wet muslin. On the latter he put from one to two layers of shad eggs after they had remained long enough in the pans to "come up." A dozen of these trays were then placed in a stack and crated up, after which they were transported at convenience by the Launch to the Washington Navy Yard, a distance of twenty-one miles, during which time they received no attention whatever, only being kept out of the sunshine. They uniformly reached the hatching house in first-rate condition and sometimes were not placed in the hatching cones until twelve hours, and in one case seventeen hours, after impregnation. This would allow plenty of time to place them on ship board just before sailing, thereby making a gain of several days over those which started across the ocean in 1874 which were hatched at Holyoke, Mass., on Friday, and were delivered at Hoboken on the ship next morning. Eggs so treated could be hatched on the ship the fourth or fifth day out and might reach England before they suffered for want of food.

Under this plan the work under Col. McDonald was conducted upon a new principle. Instead of taking the stations to the eggs, as has been done, he now, and in future will, bring the eggs to the stations. These stations may now be placed at points convenient for the distribution of the fry instead of in inaccessible locations. For example; all the eggs taken on the Potomac River can be brought to Washington and hatched in the old Armory building, at no extra cost for engineers or machinery, and the young fish can then

be loaded on the cars almost at the door, which are to carry them to their destination.

Now that it is known that shad eggs can be so simply and cheaply transported it will greatly simplify the work of hatching, which can be done at a central point convenient to railroad, or other transportation.

A LOBSTER LAW NEEDED.

NEW JERSEY and Rhode Island need a law prohibiting the sale of lobsters under a certain size. The lobsters are getting smaller year by year, and the catching of them when young cannot be stopped as long as there are markets open to the violators of the laws whose catch is not seen until thrown upon the market.

In former years, lobsters of five and six pounds weight were plenty, but now are rare. Maine, Massachusetts and New York have laws forbidding the sale of them when less than ten and one-half inches in length. This is very well in its way, but the catchers sort out the smaller ones and send them to other States. The Newark, N. J., *Advertiser* sent a reporter to the market for information, and he learned from a large dealer there "that the great demand for this fish has induced fishermen to take, within the last two years, too many young ones from their pots, and as a consequence this has produced a depopulation of the lobster fishing grounds." The fact is that New Jersey gets those that dare not be offered in New York.

The Rhode Island Fish Commissioners say in their report:

The capture of small lobsters has gone on in Rhode Island since the first lobster pot was put in Rhode Island waters, the larger ones sent to market, and the smaller ones used for bait for black-fish. Now, our lobster fishery is a very valuable one. Very many men make out a living with their lobster pots, and all know the luxury of an abundance of fresh and cheap lobsters in our cities. For a number of years past the catch of lobsters has been steadily decreasing, not as to numbers but as to size. "All is fish that comes to the net" is the rule with lobster catchers. Those that are of a fit size to send to market, from half a pound upward, are sent, the balance, from five to six or seven inches in length, are sold for bait for tautog fishing, save a few that go to those most delicate palates that delight in chicken lobsters.

The Commissioners recommend the passage of a law forbidding the sale of lobsters less than twelve inches in length, and suggest that it would be admirable if a provision could be made forbidding the sale of female lobsters loaded with spawn. So far as the limit of size is concerned, the Commissioners are assured the law will be most popular.

The State of Rhode Island is at present the market for undersized lobsters from Massachusetts. They are sent here in barrels, the catchers on the Massachusetts coast and dealers in Boston, knowing that it would be unsafe to offer them for sale in Massachusetts, send them to us, and we get the full benefit of such poor and illegal supply.

It would be for the general welfare if all the inland States would pass a law regulating the sale of lobsters, for certainly Western cities are as much interested in this source of food supply as those on the sea coast.

OTAGO ACCLIMATIZATION SOCIETY.

WE have received the report of this New Zealand Society for 1881, and are pleased to note that it is upon a sound financial basis from money received from sporting licenses, particularly from fishing licenses, which have increased. The society has recommended a gun tax to the Government, but no reply to it has been received. They err in saying that such a tax exists in the United States.

The society not only introduces and protects beasts, birds and fish, but extends its protection to native species. Among the birds and animals introduced were "black game," four cocks and six hens; pheasants and partridges bred well, but are becoming scarce where shot. The poisoning of the rabbits, which had become a pest to agriculture, has proved fatal to many pheasants. California quail are reported numerous about Queenstown and Goodwood. Last April eighty Australian quins were purchased and liberated. Starlings are now numerous, as well as blackbirds. Thrushes are not plentiful, but are occasionally seen, and many other imported birds, as goldfinches, greenfinches, house sparrows, hedge sparrows, yellow hamsters and chaffinches, are numerous. Deer, both the red, fallow and axis, continue to thrive, while hares are plenty enough for coursing.

Of fish, the English and Californian salmon, introduced from 1876 to 1878, there is no reliable information, although there are reports of their being seen. American whitefish, *Coregonus albus*, were introduced, but it is too soon to look for results. Sea trout are illegally taken before they have become firmly established, but the brown trout are increasing, and English perch and tench are thriving.

We have also received from the Secretary of the Society, Mr. W. Arthur, his "No es on Some Species of Migratory Salmonidae," read before the Otago Institute. In this paper he quotes Professor Hind, in *FOREST AND STREAM*, on the use of the hook on the male salmon's jaw in breaking the hymen and thereby forcing the eggs, and suggests that the milt might also be liberated through the fighting of the males. Mr. Arthur gives plates showing the forms of the different species, and also the shape of the operculum.

Another paper, "On the Brown Trout Introduced into Otago," by the same author, is at hand, wherein he says: "In no river of Otago have these fish grown so rapidly, are so fat, or have become so heavy as in the Sheg, some in-

dividuals having been seen in Mr. Rich's property supposed to be 20 lbs. in weight."

A SENSIBLE EXPRESSION of sentiment was embodied in the resolution of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association at Chicago, last week, to the effect that trap-shooting should hold its place as an incident only of the annual conventions. Let other associations follow the example. All true sportsmen will agree that the pigeon-shooting contests absorb so much time and attention at the meetings of some of our "game protective" societies that there is no opportunity nor inclination to attend to the legitimate purposes of the conventions. The time has come for a change of programme. It ought not to happen again, as it did at Concy Island, that such valuable and suggestive papers as were prepared to be read and discussed in the meetings of the sportsmen should go without a hearing because there was no time to attend to such matters. At one meeting Mr. Ira Wood, of Syracuse, moved that these papers be brought before the convention. The gentleman was ruled out of order. If the gentlemen who have control of the next convention of the New York Association will follow the spirit of this Illinois resolution, and act upon it, we can assure them of the cordial support of all the best sportsmen of the State, in the Association and out of it. Now is a good time to begin.

SOME SOUTHERN SCENERY.—It is our opinion, after a somewhat extensive series of travels over this big country, that in the mountain regions of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee is to be found some of the finest mountain scenery in the country. It is a great pity that more Americans do not travel through their own land instead of running off to Europe; it is a shame that so many Northern people are strangers to the charms of the natural scenery at the South. Some of the Southern railroad managers are making praiseworthy efforts to make known the attractions of their land; and while we are not inclined to puff the railroad, we are very earnest in our hope that travel may set in that direction more than at present. Sportsmen who go to the States named invariably return with glowing reports of both land and people. The "Associated Railways of Virginia and the Carolinas" have published a handsomely illustrated hand-book, giving needed information about routes, distances, fares, etc. This may be had on application at the office of the Piedmont Air Line, 229 Broadway, this city.

MR. HENRY BERGH might with reason devote his attention to the museum at the corner of Broadway and Ninth street, this city. In a cage in the basement of that institution are confined three monkeys, two pigeons, a bob-tailed hen and two rabbits, with a pair of young. The monkeys vary the usual indecent antics, which are common to their kind in captivity, by worrying and tormenting the other inmates of the cage. They pull the feathers out of the pigeons, gouge the eyes of the old rabbits and pinch and claw the young ones. The old hen has no tail feathers, knows how to use her beak and appears to be unmolested by the monkeys. A number of tortoises stolidly hold the fort within their shells, the monkeys evidently thinking them too hard nuts to crack. The small boy—outside the cage—enjoys the mimic wild beast show; and an eagle perched in a wire coop near by gazes fiercely at the sea lion and longs to take a hand in the fun. Six days in the week Mr. Bergh, or one of his agents, may find this show in progress, the monkeys gonging, the eagle glaring, the sea lion growling and the small boy grinning.

THE YELLOW DOG, which followed President Garfield's carriage in the inauguration procession last March, has come to the front again; this time, too, in a sensational way. According to the Alexandria, Va., *Gazette* the dog went to that city after the inauguration, where he remained until the Thursday before the President was shot, when he disappeared from Alexandria, to return one week later with a bullet wound in his back. The course of the ball, says the *Gazette*, was distinctly marked, and an examination has revealed the fact that the animal still carries the bullet. All the circumstances point to the bullet as the first one shot by the assassin at President Garfield, and of which all trace has been lost. The Washington papers chronicled the yellow dog's appearance at Washington just before the world-be assassin's assault on President Garfield. The famous and mysterious animal now wears a brass collar and enjoys immunity from the wiles of the Alexandria dog-catchers, Miss W. A. Penn, of that city, having paid his license fee.

THE NIAGARA DOGS.—In a letter published elsewhere our Suspension Bridge correspondent tells us how "Old Bull" was out to welcome his new companions on the island in the Niagara, and how the two castaways fought it out over their Sunday dinner. In a later note Mr. Lewis says that there is no truth in the report, to which we referred last week, that the dogs were purposely placed on the island, nor that attempts to rescue them have been interfered with by interested parties; but any one who wishes to capture them is at perfect liberty to do so. Well, a New York dog-catcher would have those dogs off the island and into his wagon before a crowd could collect to see the fun; and he would yank them up in much quicker time if he could be induced to believe that he was stealing them. The dog-catcher works quickly when he is also conscious of being a dog-thief.

THE PARADISE FISH.—We give this week a life-like cut of this Chinese fish. In Guenther's Catalogue of the Fishes of the British Museum we find it described as inhabiting the fresh waters of China and Cochinchina, with a note saying, "This may prove to be a domestic variety of a species of *Polyacanthus*." It is described by Lacepede under the name of *Macropodus viridi-auratus*. Mr. Mulert has reared this fish and gives a most interesting account of their habits in the department of fish culture. From his long acquaintance with pet fish he is naturally observant of the habits of them, and he regards the paradise fish as a great addition to our ornamental fishes. The plant which accompanies the fish in the drawing is claimed by Mr. M. to be superior to *Valisneria spiralis* as an aquarium plant.

THEY NAILED HIM.—A correspondent writes to us of the exploit of two country boys which deserves a niche in our columns: In the fall of '45 or '46, near Mr. Robertson's, twenty-two miles west of Catskill, two lads saw a bear in the woods and shot him with fine shot, of which he took no notice; and when they came to load again, they found that they had lost the shot bag. Having been to the store, they had bought a paper of heel nails (country boys had to, then), and after putting in a good charge of this novel shot, one of them blazed away and bagged the bear. This recalls the story told in these columns some months ago of the buck, in whose head were found some copper and silver coins, evidently having served as ammunition.

A RARE SPORTSMAN'S VOLUME was shown to us the other day. It was a book made up of the papers on sporting topics which have appeared in *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and *Lippincott's*; the series extending back for many years to the time when Mr. Charles Hallock wrote his famous sketches from Canada and Labrador—examples of tourist sketches which are perfect in their way. The papers collected and bound in this novel book cover a wide variety of subjects, and are written by many different authors, most of them illustrated, and all readable. Why cannot the publishers of *Scribner's*—or the *Century*—give us such a volume from their magazine?

THE SKETCH OF A SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA DEER DRIVE, published in another column, the writer tells us is a transcript from life, a faithful picture of just the experience narrated. Into it is woven some of the quaint superstition and some of the slang of the Southern backwoods hunter, and many of the phrases will be recognized as more firmly fixed in the common vocabulary of the people than are the more scientific terms affected by the sportsmen of some other localities. The story is thus something more than a mere recital of sport—it is a study of peculiar idioms and of some peculiar notions.

PLAYED 'POSTUM.—It will be conceded that one particular "postum" has been played—to use a slangy expression—for all it is worth. The original seeker after truth on the subject expresses himself as fully satisfied, and returns thanks to us; we are satisfied, and also return thanks to those of our friends who have so acceptably responded to our call. One or two communications on the subject are still unpublished, but they will be given in due time—

When the "postum" is in blossom.

OLD FORT McPHERSON, Neb., was sold at auction the other day, and so passes away another landmark. Many of our readers will remember the fort, and many a romantic story is connected with its history since it was built fifteen years ago. The town of McPherson will still preserve the name and memory of the gallant officer who fell before Atlanta in 1866. There is much of romance and of local history in the names of our towns in America, and an inquiry into the origin and meaning of such names will almost always repay the study.

In last week's issue we published in our kennel columns a paper from an old and esteemed correspondent relative to the castration of dogs. Since the first article of this writer appeared in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, June 6, 1878, he has never lost an opportunity of observing the effects of castration on the dog. He now says that he is fully persuaded that what he then presented is a truth, which, if put in practice by those interested and influential, would save for the country thousands of dollars annually.

RIFLES AND GLASS BALLS.—A correspondent suggests that when a club has become so expert at shooting glass balls with a shot gun that there is no longer much excitement about the sport, they take up a 22 calibre rifle and try the balls with that. Rifle shooting at the trap has been practiced to some extent, and many of the Boston marksmen are experts. It is an excellent form of practice for quick shooting. We endorse the suggestion of our correspondent.

"THE MAGIC NORTHLAND" is the title of a manual of information about the health, pleasure and game resorts of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Dakota. It is handsomely illustrated, and is full of practical directions for the sportsman tourist. Published by Hoppin, Palmer and Dimond, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Why," answered Whitteu for him, "a deer's claws are much more pointed, spread more, and its dew lumps are sharper and go into the ground. And," continued the graduate in woodcraft, "you ask why it got among the sheep. It is something in their nature that always makes them go among any kind of stock, when dodging, which sometimes loses a dog completely."

"Look here, Melton," said Pat, imitating, "you've bin outen this stand," when to the mortification of the Cold Spring hero, the dogs trailed in ten feet of him.

"Well," said Melton, "I did grow restless about an hour ago, and left this stand for just five minutes by my watch."

"Thunder and Tom Walker!" said the irate Pat, "hain't you got a grain of sense? Don't you know that's just long enough to let a deer pass? Just like you town fellers—the standers! I told you not to go back after your confounded old dog this morning, that you'd have had luck."

"Look here, Bowman, you are a little too personal; take care you don't make a donkey of yourself before this hunt ends."

The hounds passed to a slope facing the east, which was moist, and they became more eager. "Boys," said Whitteu, "is lying just over the cedar point."

"Well," said Melton, with the sharpness of ill humor, "I'll kill that dog yet and redeem myself or break my own or my horse's neck."

"Yes," said Pat, "you'll play thunder!" Such a roar! "Look yonder, boys, see that deer?" said Saurer. "Now Malney, Kendall, herd's to the slayer," and he cocked his double barrel and fairly rose from his saddle.

M-lon seemed no madder than his stormy hack, whose nostrils spread and showed his heated blood. Malney dashed to Melton as if to banter, and then the reckless rided out or deer! Dash over the rail fence, which flew right and left—sprang into the broad field. All took fire, for Kendall was close along with Saurer's careful eye, as Pat came thundering by on his now unmanageable horse. The froth flies from the mouth of the screaming tan pup as he leads out, stretching like a rubber string, fat on the heels of the poor distracted deer. One dash and Malney's steed has the letter of him and passes the deer. Poor Bowman's horse was now far off at a tangent, and with crazy fury approaching a precipice, and as he reached his edge turned short and over it hurled poor old Pat, and was out of sight. "My heavens!" cried Kendall, "poor Bowman's killed," and in a flash he turned from the chase to his rescue. With a vicious sharp crack from Melton's trusty gun the deer, without a struggle, fell amid gathered rustics, drivers, hounds and horses, and Melton had reclaimed himself.

But poor old Bowman! Where was he? With one accord all bounded to his relief. And where was he, sure enough? Below the cliff, where he was hurled, grew a luxuriant and bushy hornbeam, with its like branches, entwined in which was the thick growth of wild grape vines. Pat had fortunately struck this tree in his fall, and his legs were thrust up to his crotch among the tops. Melton's eyes were from some cause moist when he heard of his old friend's fall, but as he peered through the vines at Kendall exhorting the fallen hero with his knife he greeted him with "Hello, rooster, why don't you crow? we've got the deer." "Goodness!" Melton, there's no fun in this. I'm nearly split open. All I want is to get over this, and get out of sight. He then sent me over Pat," and Bow, was extricated with only such injuries as skinned knees and shins, and a stiff spine from the sudden jar.

A week passed off with hunts more or less varied in their results and excitement. The evening before the day fixed for our departure, Melton, Kendall and Saurer had spent in bagging pheasants. The day closed with a sleety rain, chilling the bird hunters severely, and on their entering the cheery sitting room they were confronted with a glowing wood fire. "Pat," said Saurer, "brush up the hearth and put a dozen good ripe apples before the fire to roast, and let's give Kendall a farewell with an old-fashioned Virginia today." "Enough said," chimed Pat, "maybe it will warm up my stove-pan," Melton, said Saurer, "have you any of that old peach brandy left?" "Yes, look in my valise, in a morocco covered quart flask, and you will find it full of brandy Bill Wallace made four years ago out of fine peaches, from which he extracted the seed before stilling." "Don't take the apples up yet, Pat; let them scorch a little," said Saurer. "Do you want anything else to make the stuff with," said Pat; "any other flavor?" "Get me a tea-kettle full of clean water and heat it hot, and some loaf sugar. I would like to know how you could improve the flavor of the peach and apple mixed?" said Saurer. "That's a mess, hot water, apples, sugar and liquor all mixed," said Pat. "You old scrub, take this glass and take back what you said about it or I'll throttle you in a minute," said Melton. A short interim passed and the moisture came on Bow's brow, and he said sprily, "Boys, it's better nor I tho't—let's have another," and he turned and tipped Kendall's glass. "Kindle," said he, "here's to all such Yankees as you; here's to them and their numerous children you talk of; come to my house every year, it shan't cost you a rod." "Yes, may he live to see you agin next fall, old coon," said Melton. "Yes, cuss you, you'd laugh if I broke my neck next fall; you've got no feelin' no how!" The cups were drained.

"Pat, do you know I'm the man who let you loose when wounded at Buchanan at the bridge burning you spoke of the other night?" said Kendall. "By golly, Kindle, I believe it. I believe you were bent to stay my life. I thought I've been you a time, but if you shot me that day and was a Yankee, all right." "I was a soldier, Bow; I have found men like you in the South do not harbor malice at us, and I shall always remember you with kindness and return to see you again." Pat mopped his brow, went weaving to the door with "Good night, boys."

The whip cracked over our teams by daylight next morning, and we went sailing homeward. Thus did the hunters of the Gray and Blue mix.

CARP IN TEXAS.—Kosse, Texas, July 23.—I now have a fine, never-failing carp pond, or two of them, and intend spending more time and money so that I can care for the young fishes. I have some beautiful carp, sent from the Government points here, before last, measuring about eighteen inches, and weighing six or seven pounds. I am in hopes that my pond is full of young carp, but so far have not been able to catch any.—S. B.

LAKE TROUT FISHING.—Fishing at Lake Keuka is good; it is said that a lake trout weighing 17lbs. was caught one day last week.—J. O. F.

TO MY SETTER, "SCOUT."

BY FRANK H. SELDEN.

YOU are a tried and loyal friend.

The end
Of life will find you here, unwary
Of tested bonds that naught can rend,
And even if years be sad and dreary
Our plighted friendship will extend.

A truer friend man never had.

That naught all earthly friends the fewest
Unfaithful ones should be, thus clad
In canine loveliness; yet, trust
They, by their treatment good or bad.

Within your eyes methinks I find

A kind
And thoughtful look of speechless feeling
That Meltry's loosened cords unbind,
And lend's the dreamy past come stealing
Through your dumb, reflective mind.

Scout, my trusty friend, can it be

You see
Again, in retrospective dreaming,
The run, the woodland and the sea,
With past Autumnal sunshine streaming
O'er every frost-dyed field and tree?

Or do you see now and again

The glen
And fern, the highland and the thistle?
And do you still remember when
We heard the orient-cry woodcock whistle
Down by the rippling shrub-edged fen?

I see you turn a listening ear

To hear
The quail upon the drowsy-plumed heather;
But, doubtless, wait till uplands pierce
And then the Autumn's waning weather
Will bring the sport we hold so dear.

Then we will hunt the loamy swale,

And trail
The snipe, their cunning wiles o'ercoming;
And oft will flush the bevil quail,
And hear the partridge slowly drumming
Dull echoes in the leaf-strewn dale.

When wooded hills with crimson light

Are bright,
We'll stroll where trees and vines are growing
And see birds warp their southern flight
At sundown, when the Day-king's throwing
Sly kisses to the Queen of Night.

But when the leaves of Life's fair dell

Have fell,
And Death comes with the Autumn's even
And separates us, who can tell
But that, within the realm of Heaven,
We both together there will dwell?

Modius, Conn., 1881.

A WEEK OF FRAGRANT MEMORIES.

IT was a quiet afternoon just at the close of June. In a boat on a little lake in Pennsylvania (no matter where) a man of middle age and two boys were seated; say, rather, three boys, for on such occasions the man becomes a boy; or, as one of the boys prettily said: "It is only a difference in years; we have much the same kind of hearts in us after all." In that boat three hearts beat fast—two with anticipation of the coming sport and one with anxiety that the others should not be disappointed in their expectations.

The boys were enthusiastic Waltonians, but hitherto their efforts had been confined to the smaller sorts of fish, and they were anxious to try their hands on black bass. The boys had seen some fine specimens, they had heard and read much of the gallant fight for life made by the fish, of the skill needed to take them with light tackle, and with the ardent nature of boys they were anxious to begin the sport. The trip had been long planned, in fact it was arranged last summer, and when the warm weather and lengthening spring days came and told of the approach of the fishing season, tackle shops were visited, questions asked, purchases made, and some dreams dreamed in which fish of unheard of size were taken only after inconceivable effort. And now at length the last recitations in school had been made, the examinations passed, and the boys were free.

Saturday night brought them to the place of rendezvous, where they were to join their older companion. The hour at which they rose on Monday morning no one knows. Certainly it was long before any one else in the family was astir. An early breakfast over, our traps were placed in the carriage which took us to the station, and never did a railway train carry a happier party than did the train that day. A few hours in the cars and one in a stage brought us to our destination. A hurried meal was taken, and a more hurried tramp to the water. A boat was secured for the entire stay. And now the three boys are in it, and off we go, one gallant little fellow managing the oars admirably. There is a thrill of pleasure as we push off, and the bright color mounts the cheeks of all the party. The senior boy is full of happiness; it is high pleasure for him to see the brightness and buoyancy of his young companions.

I had been at the lake before. I knew the easy manner and fastidious tastes of the bass there. Sometimes the wriggling worm is greedily taken, sometimes the minnow is the food they most want, while again grasshoppers are a tempting lure; and there are other lures when they will none of these, but greedily rush for black crickets; to the fly they never rise. Hence there must be some experimenting. Supplied with worms and crickets (the two most easily procured baits) we tried our luck, but crickets and worms alike proved failures, and the result of the afternoon's fishing was disappointing.

Next morning arrangements were made for a supply of minnows, and till they could be procured we determined to try grasshoppers and trolling spoons. Again disappointment attended our efforts. Some others, meeting with a similar lack of success, became discouraged and were preparing to leave. As we wound up for dinner, I said, "Boys, shall we follow their example and go too?" "No, sir," came the prompt reply; "not a bit of it; we came to fish, and we will not give it up so easily, No, sir; we will stay." And then we all

shook hands, and I said something about "the right spirit." Our minnows secured, we proceeded to try them. They proved to be just the needed bait. It was not long before I began a fight with a large bass. The whole performance was new to the boys, and their excitement can better be imagined than described. They fairly yelled when the fish gave his characteristic leap. At last he was secured in the landing net, and hence transferred to the boat. He was handled and admired, his size and weight speculated upon, and then came most naturally from both boys, "I wish I could take you out just like him." They had not long to wait for the fulfillment of their wish. Harry soon felt the peculiar tug at his line, and with a shout, "I've got him," stood up to begin the struggle. Breathless with excitement as the fish leaped wildly from the water, he almost forgot his part of the work; the line was allowed to run loose; the top of the rod was not kept up; again, he grasped the rod. He flue with both hands, so that the line could not run out. You wonder, kind reader? Do you remember the work you made with your first bass? And you were a man, too. Have seen men, more than one, break their rods with their first heavy fish. A word or two from his senior recalled Harry to his work, and right well he did it. Five minutes of battle and another fine fish lay in the boat. It would have been difficult to say which showed most signs of excitement, the captor or the captive; but, I know certainly I have not often seen a happier or a prouder boy, and he had a right to be; he acquitted himself most creditably. There were handshaking and congratulations.

And then came John's turn. John is usually a quiet boy, but under the quiet outside is hidden away a deal of force—force that will tell when he reaches man's years and enters his life work. But just then the quiet outside suddenly vanished, and with a shout like a war-whoop, John sprang to his feet; and then he grew pale as the color was forced out, and he trembled as the fish sprang from the water trying to shake the stinging hook from his mouth. But with some directions and a little aid he landed his fish, and the third fine bass graced our boat. Then came reverse, for Harry lost two—one just as it seemed ready for the landing net—John lost one and I lost two. There were some long and not very happy looking faces just then. But we did not lose courage; we kept right on, and when our fourth and last fish was carried to our hotel a goodly string of fish. I do not think any of the three happier hearts anywhere than the three hearts that night in the little country inn beside S—lake; two because of their first experience in bass fishing, and one in the enjoyment of the others.

Day by day for a week we repeated the work of this one afternoon. Nice strings were taken; boxes of fish packed in ice were sent to father and grandfather at home.

And we not only had the pleasure and comfort of innocent amusement, recreation and sport; we enjoyed to the full the beautiful country, with its high hills, its fields of ripening grain and its grand old forests. The mountains in the blue distance lent their charm. Light and shade followed each other over the lake and the peaceful fields as sunlight and cloud alternated in the sky. One night a grand thunder storm awed and yet thrilled us with its terror and magnificence.

We used to take supper with us and eat it in the boat in the quiet hush of the evening, amid the glories of the fading day as the sun went down behind the surrounding hills. What a delight was that quiet hour, spent in the midst of the waning splendors of the sinking sun.

But the end of that happy week came. Our lines were reeled up for the last time, our rods unjointed, traps packed and good-byes said to the kind people of the inn who had done so much for our enjoyment. We could not but be glad that our pleasure there was at an end, but we were glad and thankful that we had been allowed to have so much of it. We turned our faces homeward; the boys to finish their vacation in a beautiful country town; I to work. But there is in my life to-day a strain of music and a bit of brightness that was made there by a week with two bright, kindly, pure, affectionate boys. Dear young hearts, I wonder whether you know what a place you have made for yourselves in the older world, and whether you know how much of the joy of intercourse and constant association has endeared you to your companion. May we live to have many such "good times" together; and when I shall have unjointed my rod for the last time, may you, in the midst of your enjoyment, think of him who gave you your first lessons, and say in the words of dear old Walton, "May the blessing of St. Peter's Master rest upon mine." M.

August 4, 1881.

THE MAGALLOWAY COUNTRY.

MAGALLOWAY RIVER, Maine, July 26. AS I have been in different countries and in many parts for the past eight years I think I can safely say I have discovered a gold mine this season in the way of hunting and fishing. Large game is very plenty, embracing moose, caribou and deer, and small game is abundant. With a good fly-rod and landing-net you can have all the fun with the speckled beauties you desire. Our friend Eaton has just returned from Sunday pond with four fine trout, weighing respectively, 23, 34, 35 and 43 pounds. This little pond is in full view of our house, and is about an acre in extent. It is very shallow, either inlet or outlet, but is fed by springs and is kept well stocked by our landlord for the exclusive use of his patrons.

There are five or six ponds within a short distance, well stocked with trout, and up the river four miles is the large and beautiful sheet of water called Parnachewe Lake, to which the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM need no introduction. Deer can be seen nearly every day at sunset on the edge of the pond opposite our camp, and in June two moose came regularly down to the water to drink, but as the season advanced, fearing the guns about the pond, they left for some safer place in which to quench their thirst. Last Tuesday our guide, Flint and myself went to Upper Metallic Lake fly-fishing and on returning saw before us a large moose in the water. As I did not wish to try him with my fly-rod we had the pleasure of paddling up within about three rods of him before he knew of our presence, but when he saw us he gave me a mighty leap and away he went into the forest. In this section during the fall months one can have all the sport he desires in the way of hunting or fishing. If it were in the season for still hunting I could give your readers some of my experience in that line, but as it is out of season I will forebear. However, I can assure them if they will come to Flint Camp they can have all the sport they wish for.

For the benefit of those, if any there be, who may wish to come to this place, I will give full directions for getting here from Boston. Start from the Boston and Lowell depot with

an excursion ticket to Colebrook, N. H., and return via Concord, Boston & Montreal R. R.; take the stage at Colebrook through Dixville Notch to Errol Dam, Bragg's Hotel; thence by steamer up the Magalloway River to Brown's farm; from there by private conveyance to Fred Flint's camp at the head of Eschsch Falls. There you will find guide F. L. Mason, who will take you by boat up the stream, twenty-five miles, to Flint's Landing on the "Island" or "Islet," and after thirty minutes' walk you will be here where I now sit, and you will, in season, find a good, hot supper of moose or deer steak awaiting you, which I have no doubt you will enjoy.

S. H. B.

FROM MOOSEHEAD LAKE TO THE MAIN ST. JOHN.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.

ON the morning of June 4th we bade adieu to our log camp and hastened on our journey. A pull of thirteen miles took us to

DEPOT FARM.

before described. Here we tarried for an hour with a veritable Robinson Crusoe with his little dog, although he answered to the name of John Harvey. He and his dog are the sole occupants of the forest hereabouts. In a little log hut he lives, and since last fall he had seen no human face till the day before we came, when a party of three came across from "Soren Island" or "Islet," and after thirty minutes' walk you will be here where I now sit, and you will, in season, find a good, hot supper of moose or deer steak awaiting you, which I have no doubt you will enjoy.

SQUARE LAKE.

and two more through it, into the third section of the Allegash.

From here (the foot of Square Lake) it is three miles to a good log camp. (As log camps are very important to a sportsman in his journeyings I have been very particular to locate all I am familiar with.) It is a comfortable camp, except the roof has been removed from one side to furnish material to build an oat-bin hard by; the remaining roof, however, is tight and in good condition. It is on the left bank, about fifteen rods from the shore, at the foot of the second pitch of water after leaving Square Lake, opposite a big eddy, and may be seen from the river if you look sharp. During the night, while sleeping here, I was awakened by Newt's melodious voice, shouting, "Sam! Sam! Sam!" each time louder. I thought at first he had the night-hoarse. Then I heard Alf mutter, "Dod butter it!" What ails him? Sam, however, awoke finally (but I declare I thought he never would), and grunted out, "What you want?" "What's that, gnawing?" answered Newt. By this time we were all awake, and distinctly heard a loud gnawing outside the door. "Something trying to get our stores," shouted Ned, as he grabbed the rifle, and "Dod butter it!" lighted a match. As the match was struck a large rabbit slipped lively away, but he was not the disturber of our peace; outside was a big hedgehog, trying to get at our salt; but before Ned could get a bead on him he got!

The next morning, June 5, was lowery, with occasional light rain, which continued in light showers till the middle of the afternoon. We, however, broke camp at an early hour. About a mile and a half below, on the right bank, we passed

MESQUAGOC STREAM.

which affords fine trout fishing, and some three miles below this is

FIVE FINGER BROOK.

which empties in on the left. The latter stream I have never seen on any published map. It deserves attention as furnishing fine fishing ground in the summer and fall. From our camp of last night it is about twelve miles to the border of civilization, which announces itself by a little log hut on the left bank, occupied by Joseph Gilbane. We were advised this is not the most promising place to stop at, but

FINLEY McCLellan's.

whose house is somewhat larger and whose possessor is rich! which means here from two to three thousand dollars. McC's is a few rods below on the same bank.

From this point to Allegash Falls it is about three miles, and if a few scattered log houses along the bank of a river constitute civilization, then indeed we are out of the wilderness. But I confess it hardly seems so to me. Between here and the Falls are four log houses, three on the left and one on the right bank. The water hereabouts is quiet, with occasionally quick water, but after leaving McCellan's it is mostly quick till you reach Allegash Carry. We tarried at McC's for half an hour or so and chatted with the old folks while we warmed our shins before a huge cooking stove, for it was quite cold in the humid atmosphere outside. About noon we continued our journey, and made the run of three miles to

ALLEGASH CARRY.

in thirty-three minutes. At the head of the carry we got up a fine dinner of corned beef hash, and then dragged our luggage over the carry (a fair road) some forty rods, on a wooden sled or skid which is kept there for that purpose.

"THE FALLS OF THE ALLEGASH"

are decidedly picturesque and impressive. The river narrows up at this point and discharges a large volume of water through a very narrow gorge cut through a solid ledge. The falls is directly precipitous only some thirty or forty feet, but it has a final fall of some seventy feet, covering a space of some fifteen rods in its whole decline, reminding one strongly of Trenton Falls.

Below the falls we again embarked. There are several pitches of water between the fall and the St. John, but none dangerous, only a little lively. There is much shoal water also, and we scraped and bumped along at times, but got over them without much trouble. About 5 P. M. we made our junction with the

MAIN ST. JOHN.

where the whole feature of the country changes. The banks of the St. John from here down are mostly cleared, and from scattered huts you come to small settlements and extensive farms, with fenced lots, growing crops and waving grain.

Before leaving the Allegash I must note two or three scenes that impressed us all strikingly, which was the sudden falling off of the river bed at times when a long, straight gorge of a quarter of a mile presented itself before us. Sometimes it would appear we were riding down a steep hill on the face, as apparently was the current. This was especially noticeable at the mouth of the Allegash. At

first we thought it an optical illusion, but we found it not to be so. At this point the decline of the bed of the river is very great, and the water runs with exceeding swiftness, yet the surface is almost unbroken, and from the upper point you look down the incline as you would if you were sliding down hill, and the sensation of running this quiet water is a peculiar but pleasant one. About half a mile below the junction of the Allegash—the on the St. John—is the worst pitch of water we encountered on the river. It is a long, low, rocky ledge, quite sharp and choked with rocks on every side so there is hardly a channel anywhere.

The birches went ahead and chose the south shore, which happened to be the proper channel, hard in shore.

Expecting to find the best water, we took the very middle. We had just entered the seething current when a native shouted to us from the shore, "You can't get through there, the channel is on this shore." This was indeed pleasant to contemplate, dashing as we were rapidly toward rocks which threatened destruction. "What shall we do, John?" said Sam. John passed for a second only, for time was indeed precious, when he replied, "I guess he's right; I don't see any way through here."

"Shove her across, then, with all your might, if you get a chance, and try for the channel," shouted Sam.

And a moment after John headed her for the south shore, but, alas! it was of no use, we were lemmued in. "It's no use," ejaculated John, "we must go through straight, somehow." At the same moment, Thump!—and we brought up on top of our rock; for an instant our staunch bateau shivered and trembled, while the maddest waters piled up around us; but, thanks! they proved our salvation, for they finally got under us and lifted us off the rock, and we took a new start and ran safely out of the vortex.

I learned that evening that a boatman was drowned on that pitch last spring. As an Irishman would remark, "The next time I run that pitch I'll go around it."

A mile lower down and you reach

JOHN CASBY'S.

where sportsmen always tie up if they delay here, and where we tied up for the night. His house is on the left bank.

They make no pretensions to accommodations, and we found them poorly off in the way of provisions. Could give us pork and potatoes, but ham, eggs, bread—no. We might borrow their stove, and they could furnish a little milk and some butter. So Ned pulled off his coat, and while talking honey to a pretty French servant girl, he got up a good supper; but, O! such biscuit as he made with milk.

"O, I'm what you call him, that rises on top the milk," he replied, when we praised those puffy biscuits.

But patient reader, will you excuse my patience much longer? I have been willing to know, but have endeavored to give an accurate history of this trip in detail, that you might profit by it if you should ever desire to make it. The distances and other statements of facts are as true as my poor ability can furnish.

In a few words I will take you to the end of our trip.

June 6 we resumed our journey down the St. John, reaching

ST. FRANCIS PLANTATION.

ten and a half miles from Casby's below and a half hour, passing through two or three strong roads, but plenty of water, and drew our boat ashore at Martin Savage's, opposite St. Francis River, where we hoped to get dinner. It is a large farm, with a large and pretentious house and inviting surroundings and where formerly travelers were heartily received and provided for, but Mr. Savage was away and the lady of the house said they had not entertained of late, as they had a large family of workmen to care for, so we re-embarked and stopped off at

NEEDHAM CASBY'S.

three miles below, on the left bank. They did not keep public house, but would get us a dinner; and they did—a good one—but would make no charge. We, however, remembered the servants.

Mr. Connor is quite well off and very hospitable, it is said, but he was away on a "drive." He is building quite an elegant house here, for these parts, and may live long to enjoy it.

Leaving Connor's, log-houses a more frequent and small settlements appear. Seven or eight miles below we arrived upon the left bank attracted our attention, so picturesque was it, nestled among the rude habitations about, with green fields setting it off to good advantage. From Red Church to

PORT KENT

is five miles and mostly quick, but good water. We made the distance in a little less than one hour. Fort Kent is on the right bank and consequently in Maine. On the opposite bank is Miraflo St. Francis, a Canadian settlement. We stopped at Sumner's Store hotel in Fort Kent, a jolly place to tie up to, with comfortable beds and a good table. Fort Kent is very prettily situated at the confluence of Fish River, which makes in from the south, and the St. John. It is quite a thrifty little village, with a store, post-office and Catholic church. We found the church open and entered. It was a rustic affair, but somehow impressed us wonderfully. In the body of the church were rude wooden seats, without cushions, paint or ornament of any kind. A rough stairway, without railing, led to the gallery, which we mounted, and a primitive bell-rung hung idly by, but we refused to touch the tongue of the little bell a-awing, but we profaned not the solemn stillness that reigned within. Descending the stairs we approached the altar, around which imitation wax candles stood ready for lighting. Here and there hung cheap prints of the Saviour nailed to the cross, Mary and the saints. With noiseless step we retreated from this hallowed precinct, closing carefully the heavy door behind us, that we might not disturb the holy silence that prevailed. We next visited the Block House, hardly, which plays an important part in the history of Fort Kent. It was built some forty years ago as a fort, in anticipation of a war with Great Britain, over the boundary line between Maine and Canada, but the matter was finally settled by treaty in 1842 without bloodshed. It is built of heavy timber, with loopholes for rifle and cannon, and is situated on an eminence overlooking the St. John and Fish rivers and near their junction. At Fort Kent we sold our bateau, agreeing to deliver it at Edmundston.

At five the next morning, June 7, we resumed our journey in order to reach Edmundston, the terminus of the New Brunswick R. R., in time for the train, which we were told left at 10:30, as we were also advised it would require five hours to reach there—twenty miles. We, however, did some good pulling, and reached there in three and one-half hours—viz., at 8:30, and were there informed the train would leave at 11:30, thus giving us three hours to spare. The ride from Fort Kent to Edmundston comprises one of the most

interesting sections of the whole trip. The wilderness has now disappeared from the banks of the river, and log huts have given place to more modern structures, although many rude affairs are still frequent. The soil along its borders, however, is rich and fertile and picturesque in appearance, and I was more than once reminded of the Rhine of Fatherland as I saw it ten years ago. Much of the way, on either side, the land is level for a distance back from the borders of the river, when it gradually slopes upward till it rises with a graceful incline several hundred feet above the bed of the river. In many places along it is entirely cleared of wood and subdued into fillage, pasture and mowing lands.

The most charming scene which engaged my attention along this section was at a point on the south bank of the river called

FRENCHVILLE.

where near the bank is a small settlement, a rustic village with a neat little church and open spire. In the background is a long, high range entirely subdued, and mostly devoted to grass and grain, thus presenting different shades of green to the eye. From the summit of the range to the village, long stretches of fences appear, running mostly one way only—i. e., from the top down, as is chiefly the case on the Rhine.

A solemn quiet prevailed as we passed this secluded spot, giving the whole picture a dreamy aspect, which was at once charming and impressive. There are but few rapids between Fort Kent and Edmundston, and in this respect the trip grows so exciting and more monotonous, although the scenery all along is inviting to the lover of nature.

We encountered some logs *en route*, but got through without difficulty.

EDMUNDSTON.

Little Falls, or Madawaska, as you please, are one and the same place, and is situated on the left bank of the St. John and right bank of the Madawaska at the confluence of the Madawaska River, which comes in from the north, and the St. John. The railroad station is on the same side of the St. John, but the left bank of the Madawaska. The village is small, with a hotel which is passable—i. e., you had better pass it. At Edmundston we bade good-bye to the river, delivered our bateau, got our canoes and luggage to the station, and at 11:30 started for Grand Falls, thirty-nine miles distant. The road is a very rude affair, and slow time a necessity. We made the distance in three and one-half hours, or about twelve miles an hour.

GRAND FALLS, N. B.

are two hotels, the Grand Falls Hotel and the American. We found the former, which is the better, and which we stopped exceedingly good, considering their facilities. Grand Falls is quite a romantic place, with a population of some 500, on elevated ground overlooking the falls, which are some seventy-five feet high and quite picturesque. Below the falls is a suspension bridge for ordinary travel, from which you get a fine view of the falls and river below. Below the falls is a deep chasm with beetling cliffs on either side. On the west side is a rustic stairway leading to a small ledge overlooking the river. In the summer season Grand Falls is a favorite resort of summer boarders. A great drawback to an American would be the want of facilities for reaching it, for, while they have a railroad, they make short runs and long stops. From Edmundston they run to Aroostook, twenty miles below here, fifty-nine miles in all, returning as far Grand Falls the same day. You reach Aroostook at 4:20, and must remain here over night. At 9:30 next morning you leave Aroostook and reach Woodstock about 2 P. M., where you must remain until the next morning, when you leave at 9 A. M., and thus reach Bangor in time to take the evening train for Boston, hence three days from Grand Falls to Bangor, 253 miles! So tedious are they that even the Government sends its mails by a one-horse wagon, which runs night and day, and thus beats the railroad one day out of three!

In our haste to get along we took a wagon at 6 A. M., June 8, from Grand Falls to Aroostook, eighteen miles for \$10, reaching there at 9 A. M. in time for the train, and arrived at Woodstock that night, stopping at the Gibson House, which is the best in the place.

On June 9, we left Woodstock, reaching McAdam Junction on the E. N. A. R. R. at noon. At the station we got a miserable dinner. At 6:15 we reached Bangor and took a coach to "Bangor House," where we got a first-rate supper. At 7:45 we took a sleeper for Boston, arriving there at 6:30 the next morning.

GENERAL REMARKS.

And now, patient reader, after the manner of a minister toward the end of a long-winded sermon, I will draw my discourse to a close.

Regarding the best time to make this trip: If the objective feature is hunting and fishing, decidedly September and October are the better months, as there are few or no flies; fly-fishing is in its prime and both lake and feather game is more readily found. Partridges are very plentiful at this season. Running the rivers is not as easy then as in the spring, unless the fall rains have raised the streams; yet there will be no great difficulty in that direction. As to the place to rendezvous for the best hunting for large game, Eagle, Churchill and Long Lakes stand pre-eminently, although there is not a mile of territory between Chamberlain Lake and the mouth of the Allegash that does not abound in game. Deer, which a few years ago were almost extinct in this State, have lately been increasing rapidly and now are quite plenty. Trout, it is hardly necessary to add, are abundant, at the mouths of nearly every stream that flows into the main river, as also in the still waters about the falls and rapids.

As to provisions it is better to take some kinds with you as can get a better quality and variety at home than on the lakes. This we found notably so regarding salt pork, an almost indispensable article in the woods. There is plenty there, but not nearly so choice as we carried in. The same is true of meal, hardback, coffee, and so on. Onions are sometimes difficult to get *en route*, and they play no mean part at one's dinner; in chowder they are a *sine qua non*; while cut up in vinegar they are a great appetizer (although perhaps a superfluous in that respect). Potatoes, good butter, flour, sugar, etc., can be procured readily at Greenville, but after leaving there they are more uncertain—especially butter, make sure of that at Greenville. Sugar should always be taken in the lump, as it never wastes in this shape. If you get them at Bangor, where you can also if you wish get everything.

After leaving Greenville we got short of butter and were placed on short rations with that article for several days. Potatoes, pork, etc., however, we found at Suncook and Chamberlain farm. As to the quantity of provisions to take, that is a conundrum, as appetites are so uncertain, and while

gorge a trout seven inches long. I am quite sure the fish was dead when he took him, as I saw two dead ones that morning...

HOW DID THE FISH GET THERE?

I HAVE for four or five months been making a carp pond by digging out a piece of ground below two small springs...

The springs run some fifteen feet before they get to the pond, and do not run a stream large enough for a minnow to go in...

ALBINO SWALLOW—SIOUX LAKEVILLE, N. Y., Aug. 5.—Seeing mention of an albino swallow at Newport, in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM...

WRIGHT OF WOODCOCKS.—Horseshoekville, N. Y.—A perfectly black, full-grown woodcock was killed here last week...

Hotbird Shooting Suits. Uplandgrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind. Bad Dreams, Disturbed Sleep, Indigestion, Stomach Gas, all vanishes before Hot Birds.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE ILLINOIS SPORTSMEN.

THE annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association was held at the Palmer House, Chicago, last week...

Mr. Abner Price, the Secretary, presided to the Convention a report of the Magnus case...

Resolved, That it is the sense of this association that trap-shooting is not an incident connected with our annual convention...

The following are the new officers for the coming year: President, Dr. F. B. Norcom...

The following are the new officers for the coming year: President, Dr. F. B. Norcom, South End Gun Club, Chicago...

It gives me to see this whole class insulted and maligned solely for the wickedness of one of their number.

These noble fellows have hard work and none too much pay for their services.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Ruffed Grouse, Pinnace Grouse (Prairie Chickens), Wild Fowl, Wild Turkey. Rows list various states and territories with their respective seasons.

Antelope—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1. B. G. C. Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1. Ducks—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; N. D., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Pa., Sept. 1; S. C., Sept. 1; Tex., Aug. 1; Va., Sept. 1; W. Va., Sept. 1; Wis., Sept. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.

In these States there are special county laws. a The deer law applies to sale or possession. b Wildfowl not protected on the coast. c In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. d California quail prohibited to 1888. e In Cook County deer season opens Aug. 1; in other parts of the State, Sept. 1. f In Illinois, deer season opens July 1; in Wisconsin, Aug. 1. g Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. h Wildfowl season in Lake Michigan waters opens Oct. 1. i Woodcock shooting in Dutchess County prohibited during August. j Deer law relates to female deer only.

NEBRASKA GAME GROUNDS.

IN THE Birchwood Creek country, twenty-three miles from here, reached by wagon or horseback ride, sportsmen can find deer, elk, and an abundance of ducks and grouse.

After staying here a few days the hunters can pull up and go to Cody's ranch, and to North's ranch on the Dismal River, sixty miles from North Platte. They will find an abundance and variety of game there...

It costs little to hunt here. They may think the boys a little rough; but we are big-hearted and always do all in our power to make our friends enjoy their stay.

A GOOD WORD FOR ADIRONDAK GUIDES.

I have lately seen paragraphs in the daily papers which speak harshly in a general way of the Adirondack guides. The Evening Mail said: "Adirondack guides would seem to be a class of men to be let severely alone."

Now, from all that I have been able to learn, the only act that has been committed by a guide that would give any cause for this paragraph was the atrocious assault by a guide named Parker upon a lady he was guiding from Forked Lake to Long Lake...

But because one man has sinned, are they all to be put under the ban?

In my wanderings through the Adirondacks, which have extended through a good many years, I have met and become intimate with many of these guides and, while there are great differences between them as to talents and ability, I do not know of one in all my circle of acquaintance that I would hesitate to tramp the woods or paddle upon the lakes with at any time or under any circumstances.

These noble fellows have hard work and none too much pay for their services. Don't let anything be said or done that will hurt our customers to look upon them with distrust or suspicion.

POT-HUNTING BLACKBIRDS.

A LONG the Delaware River below Chester the market hunters are killing blackbirds by the hundreds, having adopted a new and most deceptive method for their destruction. A blind is built in the course of the morning and evening flights of the bird, and the gunner patiently waits its appearance.

We are having a long spell of dry weather here. All the small streams are dried up, and the woodcock, in order to exist, has taken up his quarters in the river bank cripples, where the ground is kept moist and in boring condition by the rise and fall of the tide.

Grass plover have appeared in the fields around Philadelphia, and their note is heard every evening as they wing their way over our city.

SHOOTING AT PORT JEFFERSON.

WHILE roaming around the fields and through the woods surrounding this growing country resort I came to this conclusion: that quail shooting is going to be grand this fall.

While conversing with Mr. W. H. Raynor, of the firm of B. R. & W. H. Raynor, proprietors of the Port Jefferson Hotel, or in other words, the Sportsman's Retreat, he informed me that they have spared no pains to set up every thing first-class for the accommodation of city sportsmen.

Adjoining the hotel is a shady lawn for playing croquet and lawn tennis, and their terms are very reasonable—only \$7 to \$12 per week, with any guests who may favor them with a call, whether it be of long or short duration, and there are no mosquitoes to trouble you, and the evenings are delightfully cool.

Wild ducks are in abundance, and no one need go two or three hundred miles to find good duck shooting. It is an every-day occurrence to see a quail, come up with the bag with the early ducks, on a morning's shoot during the fall of the year.

A BRACE OF WOODCOCK.

FOUR of us had been settling in the latter part of July, and had found some "patches" which promised excellent shooting. In fact, as late as July 25 in one patch the dogs would put them up on every side.

A counsel of war is held, and we determine to try another patch, but our high hopes are "petering out." By chance I happen to cast my eye on the old dog a few rods away in the grass; he is as stiff as a saw horse. I step that way and give him the word and we have two.

A counsel of war is held, and we determine to try another patch, but our high hopes are "petering out." By chance I happen to cast my eye on the old dog a few rods away in the grass; he is as stiff as a saw horse.

shower; but we had the birds—who cares for weather? Crossing the N. Y. C. R. R., we discovered a hunter, from Syracuse, worn and weary, and with empty bag. His forlorn condition aroused our sympathies, and we handed him a brace to keep him from suiciding.

This letter may be lacking in quantity of game when compared with those which appear in your columns from week to week, nevertheless I believe it excels them in truth, and that is desirable.

I believe the man who approves of August 1 as an open season for woodcock is just a month too late for this section of the country.

I hear of many woodcock being shot the last week in July, and kept on ice for Monday, the 1st of August, but don't know of any. I believe the law is very generally respected. Yours for earlier season, NOVOIE.

WILD CELERY.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM of July 7, 1881, inquiry was made concerning the cultivation, sowing or transplanting of wild celery (*Valeriana spiralis*) in waters to serve as food for wild fowl.

Although I am not prepared now (others may be) to give all the information solicited, yet in a cause of so much interest to sportsmen in the food attractions of wild fowls in your locality, I should be glad to see the experiment of transplanting tried and will cheerfully give all the information and aid I can.

It grows in enormous quantities on the grounds of the Winous Point Shooting Club, in Sandusky Bay, where the canvas-back, red-head, wiggon and other water fowls resort in great numbers to live and fatten on its nutritious roots. The seed blossom is produced upon a small spiral stem and floats upon the surface of the water; but I think seeds could not be gathered in condition or quantity for sowing. But as it grows annually from its roots these can be gathered in any quantity desired, and no doubt would readily grow and spread if transplanted in suitable grounds. The water may be from six inches to six feet deep over a mud deposit of at least two inches deep above the clay or hard bottom where the plant is made.

I think it should be planted in the fall, after the bulbs are matured and before ice is formed—somewhere between Oct. 15 and Nov. 15; and if any one desirous of trying the experiment will address a letter on the subject before the 15th of November I will endeavor to have the roots gathered, packed in moss and forwarded. There will be no expense out of boxing and transportation. D. W. Cross.

488 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O.

PRAIRIE CHICKEN SHOOTING.

OSAKA, MINN., August 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think the law prohibiting the killing of prairie chickens before Sept. 1 is a good one, although many object to it. From my observation (and I have shot in this State several seasons) I have found many coveys not full grown on Sept. 1, especially when their nests had been destroyed by burning prairies, or other causes. But in many sections of the State, I am sorry to say, the law is a "dead letter," and many chickens are killed in the early part of August. Indeed, some have been killed in this section already. And what is one, who is here seeking his health, an ardent sportsman, desirous of getting all the exercise and pure air possible, to do under the circumstances? Would you advise him to passively abide his time till Sept. 1 and then go out to find no chickens, or to endeavor to enforce the law and get kicked out of town?

But enough of this. I did not expect you to answer these questions, but as I had frequently thought over my position here and what I should do, the same thoughts come into my mind now. The prospect for chickens is good throughout the State and some are two-thirds grown already. The writer is from St. Louis, seeking health, and will be in the State till about Nov. 1. About Sept. 1 he will probably go to Kandigohi, in the county bearing that name, where there is said to be an abundance of game and few hunters. In fact, one can find game plentiful away from any of the larger towns. Geo. G. Cole.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE fall season of the Germantown Hare and Hounds Club will open in September with a drag hunt. Mr. Wall's packs of imported English fox-hounds will make their first American appearance on this occasion. Much is expected from these dogs, as they came from some of the finest kennels abroad. A better lot than a drag hunt would be the participation of Reynard himself, but it is not always a live fox can be had so near Philadelphia.

Philadelphians at Atlantic City say the fishing there has never been better for many years. This is the effect of the prohibition by law of early seine fishing. It is likewise felt at Great and Little Egg Harbors and at Barnegat, N. J. Our friend Kinzey labored arduously for the passage of this law, and deserves the thanks of all lovers of "the gentele art" of angling.

The Philadelphia schooner-rigged yacht Vega is in the Gulf of St. Lawrence with a party of Philadelphians on board.

The extreme dry weather for twenty miles around Philadelphia during the two past weeks has driven the woodcock to the river creeks and drifts, and quite a number have been killed along shore by market shooters. As all the wet feeding places inland have become parched and dry the birds are obliged to seek the thickets bordering tide-water streams, as the only ones remaining where food can be had. By-the-by, speaking of woodcock, we noticed in last week's Forest and Stream a letter from a correspondent, in which it was stated that one of these birds was seen in company with some sparrows in your Reservoir Park "pecking about." Can it be that a woodcock was seen pecking as sparrows do? Surely your correspondent, if he was acquainted with the woodcock at all, must have known that their bill can only be used for boring, and then only in soft ground. Perhaps the bird he saw was woodpecker.

On the 2nd last week a son of Mr. John L. Bullock, of our city, while endeavoring to throw a ground nut into the monkey cage was caught by the finger by one of the monkeys and the first joint bitten entirely off. There should be a close wire screen at the bottom of the cage to protect children from just such accidents as this, or the monkeys should not be allowed to be fed by visitors at all, and the peanut

vendors deprived from offering their stock in trade for sale within the enclosure. A suit for damages might result from just such accidents as this, and the management should attend to the matter.

Last week a resident of Trout Run, north of Williamsport, Pa., while out berrying, accompanied by his dog, was attacked by a huge bear and two cubs. With nothing but a pine-knot, hastily picked up, the bear was kept off until the dog in the rear, snapping at her heels, attracted her attention and the frightened countryman made tracks for a tree and saved himself. It has been many years since a bear has been seen so near Williamsport.

The woodcock shooting in the neighborhood of Philadelphia has been very poor this July. Few have been shot. On Tinicum Island during the first week of the month the market shooters bagged a respectable number; but since that time, I learn, "it has hardly been worth while to go after them, besides, it is too hot." Grass plover have shown themselves over our meadows, and every night their mellow whistle is heard as they wing their way over the city. This is early for the field plover to appear. We hardly look for him here until August 1, and therefore is not the fat, plump bird he is about the last of the month. Home.

OSAKA, MINN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to your inquiry as to a good point to camp, etc., I would recommend Osakis, Minn. It is a town of about 300 inhabitants, on the St. P. M. & M. R. R., 130 miles from St. Paul. It is situated on the south end of a lake fourteen miles long, abounding in fish. On the south is a boundless prairie and on the north heavy timber. The prairie furnishes chicken and duck shooting and the timber deer and ruffed grouse. There were 2,000 deer killed within fifteen miles of this place last fall, with an occasional bear. The prospect this fall is just as good. The duck and chicken shooting never looked more favorable than for this season.

I have spent fourteen years in Minnesota in different locations, and, taking all things together, I like this point the best. Should any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM want to visit Minnesota this fall, I can recommend it for good fishing, shooting and a good hotel. Any letter of inquiry directed to me will be cheerfully answered.

S. W. SCOTT, Osakis, Minn.

DUCK SHOOTING RESORTS.

CHILLICOTHE, Peoria County, Ill.

IN your issue of July 28 is a letter from J. W. B. desiring to be put in communication with some one who is a professional duck shooter in the West. Should our location suit him (on the Illinois River, 140 miles south of Chicago) I shall be pleased to enlighten him in regard to Western duck shooting. He may address Box K, Chillicothe, Peoria County, Ill.

Our prospects for shooting are better than usual this season. The lakes are full of rice and other feed for ducks. Prairie fowl have done well, and quail, notwithstanding the last severe winter, are seemingly as numerous as ever. I have hunted for the last twenty years, am well acquainted with all the duck country for 400 miles below this place, and think that Chillicothe is the best point for ducks I ever saw.—LEOY.

CLEAN GUNS.—The gun cleaner devised by Dr. T. Yardley Brown, of Reading, Pa., is attracting much attention. The doctor has a large practice and confides his killing to game only, sparing his patients. He has sent out a great number of the cleaners, which consist of a brush with one end and patch for oiling and loosening the dirt in the barrel, and a rubber cone with patch called the cleaner to remove it. The cones on cleaners are nicely fitted to the caliber of the gun, and are readily covered with circular flannel patches, which are removed when dirty and clean ones substituted. The cleaner is ceased in a neat leather pocket book, four and one-half inches long and two and one-half inches wide, containing patches and a couple of cleaners.

On Wednesday, the 8th, Dr. Brown—who has in his possession a large number of testimonials from such men as Gen. George Crook, the Indian fighter, and poor Major Thornburgh, who was killed several years since, and who purchased fully a dozen of them for his friends—took advantage of the opportunity afforded to display the merits of the article and went to the Potstown encampment. He secured an audience with Adjutant General Latta, Major General Hartman, Brigadier General Snowden, Major Ryan and quite a number of other notable old soldiers and exhibited the appliance. The doctor shot a blank, showed the foul gun to Gen. Hartman, made two draws with his cleaner, and then exhibited the inside of the rifle as bright as a dollar. When the report for the day was made the gun cleaner was incorporated among the recommendations, and it is likely the Pennsylvania Guard will be fitted out with them before long, each man being supplied. At present but three companies in Potstown commands—and they would not part with them on any pretense. The invention would prove invaluable in keeping the State Arms in trim.

The cleaners are made for all styles of shotgun and rifles of all the various calibers.

EAGLES AND DEER.—Until within a year or two I have tried to protect that "noble bird" from all attempts on his life by my "breathing" of the gun, but I've been converted, and he may number me now among his enemies. I have had many talks with a Florida ship-lumber man, and found him thoroughly posted. He informed me that great numbers of deer were killed by wild animals and human hunters, but that the destruction by man and beast combined was nothing compared to the bloody work of the eagles. He says they will sit on a tree in the swamp for hours watching a doe and fawn, and when they find them separated a few feet swoop down on the fawn, and its fate is sealed.—DIXIEY.

AMMUNITION WITH A RECORD.—ROCHESTER, Mich., Aug. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I would like to see and find a quantity of the best of the best proof gun caps, the history of which is this: They were bought by Wm. Billingshurst, of Rochester, N. Y., in the year 1856, by Dr. F. M. Wilcox, and carried by him on a trip of several months into the northern Canadian wilderness. By chance part of a box of these caps have been retained by the Doctor until now; and have been taken by him on numerous trips, so that they

have seen more than a year of camp life altogether. In 1873 they were, by a railway accident, submerged in a trunk in the Walland Canal, lying in the water twenty-two hours. They were then taken on to New York State, and with the other contents of the trunk unpacked and dried. The caps were completely melted, the box not being waterproof. Now please examine these caps, which have been exposed in long camping trips besides the submerging they got in the canal, and are at least a quarter of a century old, and see if they are good. We find here that every one goes.—G. F. WILCOX.

We have tried the caps and find them all right.

A WEEK AT GOOD GROUND.—On Monday, August 1, I started for a week's cruise after the bay birds at Shinnecock Bay, Long Island. I boarded the 3:20 P. M. train on the Long Island Railroad, and, after a ride of two hours, arrived at Good Ground, where I was met by Mr. Lane's son John, who conveyed me to that haven for sportsmen, William N. Lane's. Bill was as jolly as ever, and informed me that the prospects for shooting were good. Although there were several foggy days during the week, the average bag was about twenty-five birds, and if the weather had been favorable I would have done much better. I had for a guide St. Foster, better known as the "Baby." He weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds and is one of the oldest and best guides on the bay. The flight of willet are expected every day, and when they come you will hear of some big bags. The prospect for ducks and quail were never better, and good shooting may be expected this fall. Any sportsman who wants good shooting within a hundred miles of New York cannot do better than to go to Lane's.—THAT OFFICE BOY.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN have always had a good name, not only in Massachusetts but through all New England. Just now the clubs there are making themselves known in an energetic manner, and we shall take great pleasure in recording the fact, whenever they run their quarry to earth. The papers of Worcester contain the following advertisement:

ATTENTION, SPORTSMEN!

Information Wanted—\$50 Reward.

The above reward will be paid for information that will lead to the conviction of the party that is known to have shot Partridges on Bailey Hill, Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 2.

One of said party was a short, thick man, drove a gray horse and Concord buggy.

Also, a liberal reward will be paid by the undersigned for information which will lead to the conviction of any violation of the Game Law of the present season.

J. S. F. KINNEY, Pres't. Wor. Gun Club.

E. S. KNOWLES, Pres't. Wor. Sportsmen's Club.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

- Salmon, *Salmo salar*.
- Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*.
- Rainbow Trout, *Salmo trutta*.
- Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma*.
- Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. melanurus*.
- Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. paludis*.
- Mud-puppy, *Amblystoma*.
- Pickering, *Esox nubilior*.
- Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
- Pike-perch (wall-eyed).
- Stizostedion americanum*, S. prairie.
- Yellow Perch, *Percus flavescens*.
- Striped Bass, *Morone lineata*.
- White Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
- Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species).
- War-mouth, *Channobryllus gulosus*.
- Crayfish, *Panosteo vittatum*.
- Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*.
- Chub, *Semotilus corporalis*.
- Sibid, *Aloa sapidissima*.

SALT WATER.

- Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarum*.
- Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone lineata*.
- White Perch, *Morone americana*.
- Bludfish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
- Seep or Forgie, *Semotilus argenteus*.
- Pollack, *Polydora carolinensis*.
- Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
- Striped Mackerel, *Chargulus maculatus*.
- Wenfish or Squetague, *Cynoscion regalis*.
- LA FAYETTE or SPOT, *Leiostomus xanthurus*.
- Chum Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Seriolenus scotus*.
- Sheepshead, *Achoerodus protuberans*.
- Kingfish or Barb, *Menticirrhus nebulosus*.

AND now I leave you, with this injunction; and, though I have mentioned it before, I do so at parting that it may be the more impressive:

ALWAYS KILL YOUR FISH AS SOON AS TAKEN FROM THE WATER, AND NEVER BE SATISFIED WITH A MODERATE CREEP.

By so doing your angling days will be happy, and your sleep undisturbed, and you and I, and the fish we may catch, can say, with the sweet singer of Israel: "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places," DR. J. A. HENSBALL, "Book of the Black Bass."

AN INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION.

WE have announced that it was proposed to hold an international fishery exhibition in Edinburgh in 1882. Those interested in fishery matters in England are now asking Scotland to hold off and to unite and have a grand one in England the year following. It is claimed that if one is held in the United Kingdom that England is the proper place for it and London the proper city.

We can say that we do not believe that the United States would care to exhibit as soon as next year. Congress does not meet until winter, and an appropriation could not be made in time. It is doubtful if our country would care to make an exhibit at all. We know that the U. S. Fish Commission did not wish to at Berlin, and that Prof. Baird never would have asked for a cent for that purpose. It so happened that the Berlin Exhibition was gotten up by the German Fishery Association, an enthusiastic body of fishculturists, many of whom are members of the German Parliament, and that our Secretary of State at that time, Hon. Carl Schurz, was a German. The Prime Minister of Germany daily telegraphed Mr. Schurz on the subject until he got a bill before Congress making an appropriation for the purpose. Then Professor Baird was appointed Commissioner and deputized Professor Goode to go and represent him.

We know that neither of these gentlemen care to make

The Kennel.

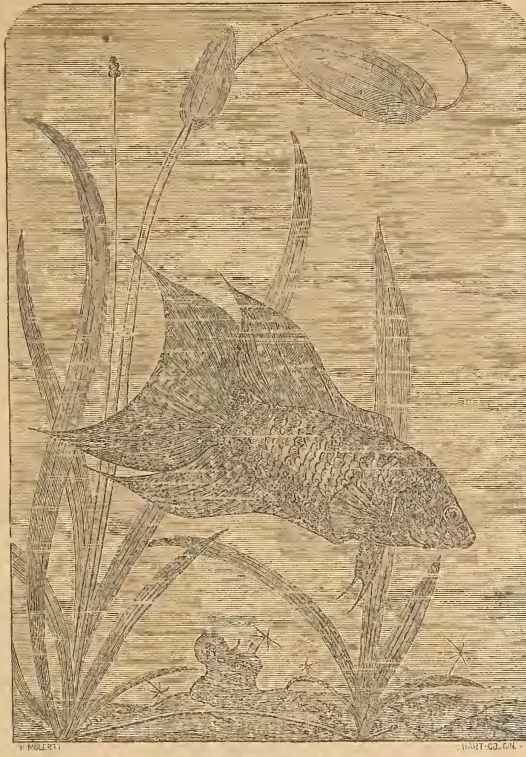
FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Fran-ko, Pa., Franklin Spornsen's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Frankston, Pa.

THE DOG GASTAWAYS.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., Aug. 2. THERE are now three dogs on Taylor Island. First is the original old bull dog (he was thrown from the bridge). Next is a large-sized water spaniel that undertook to retrieve a stick from the water at the mouth of the West Landing, in the Suspension Bridge. He got too far out into the current and seemed determined to secure the stick, and I believe did secure it, but could not, owing to the strong current, reach the shore; so down he went and landed on the island. Several lads were on shore watching him, and soon as he here was lost they ran on to the bridge to see him reach the island. "Old Bull" was out to meet him, and gave him a hearty welcome.



CHINESE PARADISE FISH (Macropodus).

WATER-PLANT (Sagittaria natans)—BOTH NATURAL SIZE.

THE PARADISE FISH.

MACROPODUS VENUSTUS.

THE paradise fish, like the German canary bird, is a product of cultivation, as there is no place known where it is found in a wild state. It is a native of China. There they are cultivated and kept in aquaria as ornamental fish only. The male, the larger of the two sexes, measures when full grown, from the month to the end of the caudal-fin, three and a half inches. The body is shaped very much like that of the pumpkin-seed or sunfish. Its colors surpass in brilliancy any fish heretofore ontivated for the aquarium. The head is ash gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azurine blue, bordered with brilliant crimson. The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent-shaped caudal-fin are deep crimson, the former having ten or twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The under surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray or black. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence the generic name of the fish—macro, large; podus, the foot or fin. Both fins are shaped alike. They are striped and dotted with brown and white and bordered with blue. The dull-colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet-colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the fins. The pectorals, situated directly above the ventral fins, are well shaped, but being transparent, show no color. All these colors above described are most brilliant when the fish is excited. For instance, when engaged in combat for the possession of a female, or when courting, he shows the most brilliant colors in order to attract the attention of his lady-love, she being specially fond of bright colors.

On such occasions he expands all of his fins to their greatest extent; the caudal-fin appears then to be covered with little pearls, like the eyes on a peacock's tail, and the under surface of the fin becomes jet black. The colors of the dorsal-fin change constantly from brilliant green to indigo blue, now and then showing white spots; and the whole body is in a tremulous motion, radiating colors of every conceivable hue. The entire body of the paradise fish, from the mouth to the beginning of the caudal-fin, is covered with small round scales.

Their mode of living, when compared to American fishes, resembles that of the marbled dace and the rainbow darter. Like the former, they go to the surface for air. They are also fully as inquisitive as the dace, and like to stay near the glass side of the aquarium, and observe what is going on outside of the water. Like the rainbow darter they are fond of resting on rocks, or on the branches of water plants. In fact I have frequently seen them lie down, as a person would on a lounge, with their head upright and their body resting sideways on the bottom. They are graceful swimmers and peaceable and agree well with other fishes. Their food is the same as that used for goldfish, but it should be given to them oftener. I imported a few pairs of these interesting fish last fall, and having succeeded in breeding them, I am enabled to add to the above description of the fish their mode of reproduction.

The Paradise fish is a nest builder, to a certain extent. Its nest is not so complicated as that of the stickleback, nevertheless it is a receptacle on which it places the eggs to be hatched. As soon as the warm weather approaches the males commence fighting with each other for the possession of the females. The victor leads off his female to a suitable corner in the aquarium, and here their family life begins. The nest is constructed by the male, in building it he takes a position about an inch below the surface, and frequently takes air into his mouth, which he ejects in shape of little bubbles. These bubbles seem to be covered with some viscid substance, which makes them last for several hours. He keeps this up until a little floating platform is formed of about six inches in circumference and one-fourth of an inch in thickness. When the nest has reached the sufficient size, the female approaches and swims around him several times until he notices her. He follows her now round in a circle, immediately under the bubble platform, and all at once, with a very graceful motion, he seizes her by folding his entire body and his around her, at the same time treading himself with her in the middle of the water, so that the ventral parts point toward the nest. Now he presses against her and causes the eggs to flow, which in passing, he becomes fertilized and rise to the surface. This act being over, the male's attention is occupied by gathering the eggs with his mouth and placing them on the platform. Should one accidentally fall to the bottom, he carries it up again immediately. When

all the eggs are eared for the female makes her appearance and repeats the operation until about a thousand eggs are laid. The eggs are of the size of a period used in ordinary type, and of creamy-yellow color. Thirty-six hours after the eggs are laid the young fish make their appearance. They are very small and have the shape of tadpoles. The father takes special care of them by keeping away all enemies—he even attempted to attack my hand when on the side of the aquarium, looking upon it as a enemy coming to devour his little ones. During the first three days his object seems to be to keep his young near the surface, where he can see them all; after that he scatters them by blowing among them. He is now seen very busy everywhere in the tank, and often gathers some weak ones with his mouth and spits them to the surface. This may be to instruct them how to breathe. (?)

As the young increase in size his duty is to teach them how to find their food. For that purpose he takes a mouthful of young ones from a freshly scalded place and carries them to an unfrequented spot where food is more likely to be found. In short, he has a system about raising a crop of children. During all this time the female is kept in a far-off corner. He does not allow her to go near the nest, although I have never seen a female injure any of the young, which were sometimes close around her, some even nibbling at her nose. When they are ten or twelve days old the young have the shape of the old ones and can support themselves. They are then one-sixteenth of an inch in length. Now, while I am writing this, my first crop of young paradise fish are six weeks old, and some measure as much as one inch in length and show some of the brilliant colors of their parents.

Hugo Mulzarrt, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A GERMAN BOOK ON GENERAL FISHCULTURE.

Mr. von dem Borne has given the public a new edition of his valuable book, which is rendered more valuable by his experience at the late International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin. We wish for the benefit of our readers who do not read German, that it be printed in English. This is a volume, of 74 pages, with 61 illustrations of apparatus and fish. The fact that it is written by one of the leading fish culturists of Germany is a guarantee that the author has a practical knowledge of his subject.

Here von dem Borne compresses much valuable information in a small compass, and shows his familiarity with fishculture in all lands by giving the prominent inventions in use in them. He covers the whole ground of pond building, spawning, rearing and the general care of fishes, as well as giving some space to the literature of the subject. The only thing which we were disappointed in is the absence of an account of the breeding of our favorite grayling. This fish has a place among our author's descriptions of fishes, but we miss it among the directions for spawning and rearing. We have watched carefully in all European accounts of this fish for differences in habit from our American species. Here von dem Borne tells us that it lives in large brooks and rivers, with strong streams and stony or gravelly bottoms; and that it does not love spring water. "Therefore," he says, "it does not go so high in the spring brook as the trout does, although it lives in some portions of the stream with that fish. It grows considerably big, but not so fast as the trout, and grows to only 3 lbs. weight. It spawns in March and April. The eggs can be taken by hand, but the fish do not ripen them in confinement, and therefore they must be obtained near their natural spawning places."

This account tallies with our observations on the grayling, except that portion which says that they do not ascend brooks as high as the trout do, and on this point observations have been incomplete in America, owing to their restricted and distant habitat. The culture of the grayling is not carried on to a great extent in Germany, but a few of the fish culturists have propagated them. The price of the book is 25 marks, about 60 cents, in cloth.

* Die Fischzucht | von Max von dem Borne, | Rittbergratsbesitzer in der Neumarkt. | — | Zweite, um bearbeitete Auflage. (Seroll) | mit 61 in den Text gedruckten Holzschnitten. | Berlin. | Verlag von Paul Parey, | Verlagshandlung für Landwirthschaft, Gartenbau und Forstwesen | 1881 | (Wiegand Hempel & Parey.)

Far, far better for you than Beer, Ale or Porter, and free from the intoxicating effects is Hop Bitters.

PREVENTIVES OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream: PHILADELPHIA, July, 1881. The following article appeared in one of our daily papers some years ago, and I believe was copied by only one journal, and that a daily in the Southern States. The writer of the article, deeming it his duty to make known this remedy widely as possible, has determined to publish it in the form I send it you. He is a very highly respected citizen of our city, and a doer as to the veracity of his statements cannot for one moment be entertained. Since the publication of this remedy for hydrophobia many cures have been effected by it. Although the remedy has been used for a long time, and most of their time in wandering about. Last Sunday a terrible battle took place on the island between the spaniel and bull dog. The little dog acted as referee. They fought for some time in plain sight, but finally got too far under the cliff and could not be seen. They were fighting over the top of the cliff. I saw them both the next day, and they appeared to be as good friends as ever, so I presume it was a draw.

Two young men of this place are building a large box trap to be lowered to the island. They intend to put it down there at 11 P. M. I will report their success. C. E. LEWIS.

PREVENTING HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Editor: My attention was called to a pamphlet many years since as a preventive of hydrophobia. The active medicinal principle of this plant is found in the root, and is called Eucampia. From my experience I believe this is the only true remedy for hydrophobia. Allow me to give a few instances where this remedy has been used. My own nephew, when a small boy, was bitten badly in the face by a dog unmistakably mad. This occurred within a few miles of this city. The father of the lad came immediately to town to obtain medical advice. We called on an eminent physician (now deceased), who at once recommended the Eucampia root. One of the men nearby, after directed. No symptom of hydrophobia appeared, and the lad, now a hale, hearty farmer in Montgomery County, lives to show the scar of the wound in the face.

The physician above referred to related to me a number of instances in which the remedy had been used, and always with success. He, in fact, remarked, "I never knew it to fail when properly administered." I will give but two cases: First—Two men living near this city were bitten in the hand, by the same dog, and those who had heard of the case, at once removed the dog, and drove it away. They were secured and imprisoned to await an owner. The next day he showed unmistakable signs of madness, and finally died with hydrophobia. Alarmed for their safety, both men came to the city and waited on the physician quoted above. He prescribed the Eucampia root. One of the men remarked, "That is an old woman's remedy," and refused to take it. This man, returning to his home, placed himself under the care of his own doctor, who cauterized the wound and administered medicine to soothe him. On the ninth day he was seized with spasms, and died in agony. The other used more of the Eucampia root. The Eucampia was prescribed, and never suffered in the least degree from the dreaded disease.

Second—A number of cows feeding in a pasture were all bitten by a mad dog. The owner, by the coming to the knowledge of those who had heard of this Eucampia remedy, thought it a good opportunity to give it a trial. The cows were accordingly separated. To one-half the number the root was administered (in form of decoction), and not one of the cows suffered from hydrophobia, which is all that could be asked for. The remaining half, who were effects or were shot. In quite a number of cases coming under my own observation of persons bitten by dogs supposed to be mad I have recommended the use of Eucampia, and have yet to learn that the root was not used. I have good reason to have confidence in the remedy as a preventive.

Whether, after a manifestation of the disease, it would have a good effect, or any effect at all, I am unable to say; I doubt whether it would. But the remedy is simple and so readily obtained that it would be almost criminal not to employ it. Having said this much, allow me to give the mode of using the remedy. To one and one-half ounces of good, sound Eucampia root, bruised in a mortar, add one pint of new milk; boil to half pint, strain off, and when cold, add the following: One ounce of No. 60. The root should be taken for from three to five hours after being kept the dose on the third morning, following one morning to intervene, and again on the fifth morning. The above quantity is for an adult; for children, given in proportionate doses, say to one of twelve years, half the quantity. R. S.

DETOIR, Mich, July 16, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: My attention being called to the article in the FOREST AND STREAM relating to the fearful death by hydrophobia of a little

shooters had but little to contend with, and succeeded in rinning up excellent records. The following scores were made in the regular match at 20 balls, 15 yards rise, Hudson trap: Grubb, 20, Brookings 12, Brewster 12, Keating 12, Eaton 10, Wilcox 10, Stewart 10, Sawyer 14, Smith 14, Maylen 14, Gately 14, The honors of the match and hand-pump were gathered in by Ray, Wilbert and Kirkwood, in the order named.

SACRAMENTO ASSOCIATION. Bath, Me., Aug. 2.—The Sacramento Association held their 25th annual meeting at the Revolving Arms Hotel. The gold badge was again won by Chas. H. Venable of this city. The second prize for the year, a silver cup, was won by H. A. Stetson of Portland, Me. The third prize, silver cup, was won by A. Q. Goad of Portland. The following are the scores, fifteen balls thrown from a double revolving trap at 15 yards: Goad, Keys and Venable handicapped to 15; Venable, 11; Goad, 11; Keys, 15; B. Maylin, 12; M. C. Hill, 12; A. Q. Goad, 12; Keys, 15; W. Williams, 11.

FALL BATTLES, MASS., AUG. 4.—The Fall River Gun Club held its regular semi-monthly shoot for gold badge, 20 balls, hand-pump, etc. The following were the winners:

Table with names and scores for Fall River Gun Club shoot.

Three-Match—Kills and out, 21 yards: Hull, 10; ... Three-Match—9 balls, 21 yards, 3 kills: ...

Programs and particulars sent on application to T. S. Hill, secretary.

NEW DOCK, SLIP ISLAND, JULY 21.—First New York German Gun Club.

Table with names and scores for New York German Gun Club.

CAUSKILL vs. HEPBURN.—Catskill, N. Y., Aug. 8.—The following is the score made in a 25-ball match at Prospect Park Hotel Club:

Table with names and scores for Catskill vs. Hepburn match.

BARCLAY, C. W., CAPT.—Hudson Team. ... BARCLAY, C. W., CAPT.—Hudson Team. ...

NEWARK, N. J.—Match under following conditions: 4 traps, 10 birds each, 25 shots, five balls, three barrels. Prizes, a gun valued at \$50; \$15, \$10 and \$5, and score:

Table with names and scores for Newark match.

CATAWISSA, PENN., AUG. 6.—Weekly score for badge:

Table with names and scores for Catawissa badge.

YOUTHS' AND FRIENDS are cordially invited to attend the third grand glass ball shoot of the Kirtland Shooting Club, of Cleveland, to be held on the grounds of the Howard Hotel, Cleveland, on August 15, 1881. It is the invitation, and all communications addressed to Geo. Handerson, Jr., Detroit street, Cleveland, Ohio, will receive prompt attention.

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING. LOUISVILLE, KY., AUG. 1.

The clay pigeon was tested here in a sweepstakes match on Thursday. The following are the names of the winners: Mr. SMITH's Club, of Louisville, who took the leading prize today. ...

EDITOR FOREST AND STREAM: CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 4.

The following score was made at a sweepstakes match, Kilmarnock Park, Ill. State Association tournament, today, where the clay pigeon was most enthusiastically received. 5 single birds, 10 yds. H. Highland, 3; ...

Any gentleman desiring to purchase a first-class gun at a low price should consult the dealer, this week of J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., who have a clearance sale of Wm. Greener's celebrated guns. They offer to send the O'Neil & Co. with a free trial.

Oh, how refreshing, palatable and verting is a draught of cool water with fresh BITTERS in it to a fever patient.

Yachting and Canoeing.

FIXTURES

Table listing various regatta and club events with dates and locations.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

LOWLY but surely we are extending the limits of our cruising, and with it we are glad to see a gradual improvement in model and in man's equipment. There was a time, not so many years ago, when New London was considered purely well east, and a cruise to such a far off place was taken as a novelty and was highly regarded.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The New York Yacht Club is now in the midst of its season, and the members are busy preparing for the same. The club has a large number of yachts, and the members are busy preparing for the same.

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chances of a shake-up and failure, rather wisely preferred the sheltered waters of the harbor, and to make the passage with the rest of the fleet. The steam launch, the New York Yacht Club, was the first to start. ...

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The New York Yacht Club is now in the midst of its season, and the members are busy preparing for the same. The club has a large number of yachts, and the members are busy preparing for the same.

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FLY BOOK.

Table with columns for fly patterns (REGULAR, BEST MOROCCO, RUSSIA, SLIDING INTO LEATHER CASE, NEW STYLE) and rows for various sizes (1 to 9) and prices.

TACKLE BOOKS:—Regular Quality, \$1.75; "The Perfection," large and fine, \$6.

A CAMEL RIDE.—A traveler says that if he were asked to describe the first sensation of a camel ride he would say: "Take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it would go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

FRENCH CAB DRIVERS AND THEIR HORSES.—An English lady in Paris, who forwards her name and address, asks the Daily News to invite the attention of the French authorities to the needless amount of cruelty practiced by the French cab drivers upon their horses. They do not, we are assured, simply flog, but lash the horses till they stagger under the blows from their heavy whips. Is there, asks our correspondent, no institution in France corresponding to our own Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.

86 Pine St., New York.

MOSQUITO-TOINE.—A boon to suffering humanity. Only remedy that absolutely prevents bites of mosquitoes, black flies, fleas, bugs and all poisonous insects.

Send postal for circular.

JOHN R. WOOD, 9 Cortlandt street, near Broadway, New York.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Rangleley lakes. It treats of "campfire," "indoors" and out, is amusing, instructive and interesting; 92 pages, 12 illustrations. Price 25 cents.

For Sale.

FOR SALE.—Fine Parker gun, complete in case, with metal shells; also, handsome black and white setter dog, seven months old, partly house broken.

FOR SALE.—Pair finest English Dalmatian Central line shot gun; barrels made by Trulock Bros., Dublin; will readily fit any Central line action.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished. KEEP'S KID GLOVES, none better \$1 per pair. KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best. KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest. KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plate. KEEP'S CLOTHING, latest novelties. KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9. KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50. KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union. KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST. Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.



The safe medicine to have about the house at all times is

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.

It will harm no one. It will benefit any who may have occasional attacks of headache, vertigo, low spirits, or other ailments resulting from irregular action of the bowels. Keep a bottle always in the house, and there is a family physician near that will save many dollars and much suffering.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HOLABIRD

Shooting Suits.



Write for circular to

DEPTERGROVE & MELLEANS,

VALPARAISO, IND.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

Ecol. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

FROM THE

Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to

JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE NEW EUTEBROUK HAMMER GUN.



I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrouk guns for flush, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REHOING A SPECIALTY.

C. H. EUTEBROUK,

27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

Clearance Sale

OF

W. W. GREENER'S HAMMERLESS GUNS.

Having decided to discontinue the sale of W. W. Greener's guns, we desire to close out our entire line of his make; and to that end we offer them at the following greatly reduced prices. All these guns were built to our special order, and are of Greener's latest and most improved production. Any of these guns will be sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination and trial, on receipt of remittance sufficient to pay express charges to your place and return. This remittance will be required, without exception, from every purchaser.

- No. 1 G.—W. W. Greener, treble-wedge fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, fine laminated steel barrels, horn-beel plate, 10 gauge, 30 inch, 9 3/8 lbs.; drop of stock, 2 1/2 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; handseam engraved and finished; full choke-bore; reduced to.....\$165

- No. 5 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip stock, patent fore end, horn-beel plate, extra handseam curly stock, highest engraving, best gun throughout; left barrel full choke, right barrel modified choke; drop of stock, 2 1/2 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; an exceptionally handsome gun; 12, 20; 7 lbs. 7 oz.; reduced to.....\$200

We also have a few Treble Wedge-Fast Greener Guns with hammers, 10 and 12 gauge, which we will sell at a very close figure, and a few side-snap action, 14 bore, 4 1/2 to 1 lbs., at \$50 each.

J. PALMER O'NEIL & CO., 68 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY. Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

OPEN TO ALL SETTERS OR POINTERS. PRIZES: First, \$200; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$10, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

JACOB PEREZ, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City. Special prices to follow others according to their value.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR.

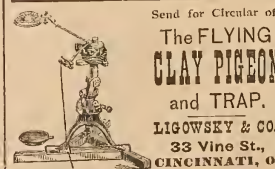
THREE KINGS.

NEW VANITY FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.

8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

W. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.



The FLYING CLAY PIGEON and TRAP. LIGOWSEY & CO., 33 Vine St., CINCINNATI, O.

GREATLY IMPROVED.

NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 100 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 148.] " * * * This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits."

B. F. NICHOLS & CO., 25 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 2 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 2 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 1/2 ft. Our Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 11 1/2 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

The Kennel.

GRAND International Dog Show,

TO BE HELD AT LONDON, ONT.,

SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y,

OR CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt. Office, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned.

Area Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, 65 Fulton St., N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Corlandt street, N. Y. WRIGHT & DITSON, 289 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL QUERIES,"

exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS."

Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for information solicited.

BRANDYING KENNEL.

DASHING LION IN THE STUD. The imported dog Dashion Lion will serve a limited number of approved bitches. Fee, \$25.

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881. Imported black field spaniel at the stud. Fee, \$25.

PINE LODGE KENNELS.

Prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction.

BARONET IN THE STUD.

Imported black field spaniel at the stud. Fee, \$25. Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass' Devon; brother in blood to Kafir and Zulu.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

Three foxhound pups, three months old, strong and healthy; ears come an inch over end of nose. F. H. WALKER, Elmira, N. Y. Aug 11, 81

FOR SALE.

Four prize-bred Irish terrier pups, whelped July 1, 1881, out of imported North, Home Kuler. For price, etc., apply to DR. NIVEN, London, Ont. Aug 4

DULL TERRIER PUPS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Bred from imported stock; six weeks old. Address E. LEVIER, 306 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. Aug 11, 81

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.

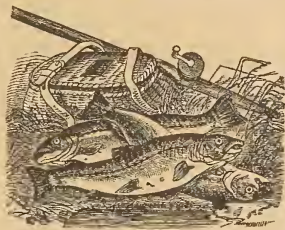


No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1875). This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose.

No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 2, 1878). This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod.

No. 3 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE WHIPPED WITH SILK AS IT APPEARS ON THE ROD. EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

SOLE AGENTS, WILLIAM MILLS & SON, 7 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.



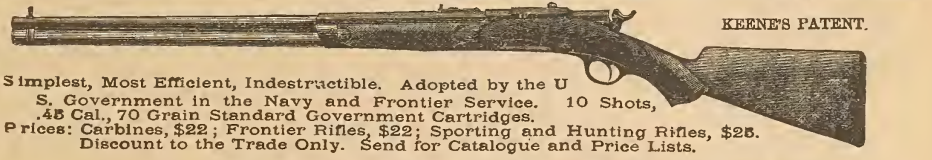
J. B. CROOK & CO., MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE, ARCHERY, GUNS, AND ALL KINDS OF SPORTING GOODS, 50 Fulton Street, N. Y. SPECIALTIES FOR 1881.

ALDRED'S YEW BOWS: Gents, \$19 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP SCREW, \$1.50 set; Plain, \$1; Quivers, \$2; Bow Strings, 75c. each.



The Daly Gun, HAS FINER BARRELS, THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR To any other Gun COSTING TWICE THE MONEY. Shooting Unsurpassed. Lists furnished on application. SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, Or W. R. SCHAEFER, 61 Elm St., Boston. Or THOS. L. GOLDBER, 118 Girard Ave., Philadelphia.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists. E. REMINGTON & SONS., 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

The Kennel.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE CURE.

A sure cure for all SKIN DISEASES. For sale by druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods. Price 50c per bottle. H. CLAY GLOVER, SOLE PROPRIETOR, Imperial Kennels, Toms River, N. J.

PEDIGREE PRINTING AND COMPILING.

CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA. which does first-class work and guarantees satisfaction. Also, VON CULIN PATENT SPIKE COLLAR AND BOOK. By mail, for \$3. E. & C. VON CULIN, P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria, Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Bachelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limerick, Libba, Laurence, Lena, Lyndie, Bebb, Young Bebb, Bessie, L. J. Barones, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vere Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has in his books a number of grand specimens; deposit stamp. Mar 11, 81

ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigrees and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass. July 26, 81

The Kennel.

In the Stud.

THE IRISH RED SETTER DOG "LARRY."

CHAMPION ELCHO, EX-CHAMPION ROSE. Dr. Jarvis calls Larry one of the best he ever bred; is all red, no white; a large grand dog with a most superb head; has thus far been used exclusively as a field dog and never shown; will make a winner; is thoroughly trained; has an admirable nose and perfectly staunch before and behind. Fee very low. Address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y.

A Pure White Bull Terrier Puppies on sale, whelped May 2, 1881, comprising the blood of the celebrated champions, Violet, Magnet, White Prince, etc. Weight of sire, 40 lbs.; sire bitch. Weight of dam, 40 lbs.; dam Lude. Pedigree—Dutch by Old Victor-Countess; Countess by Young Gambler-Old Bassie (Countess dam of Champion Magnet); Lude by Champion White Prince-Puss (dam of champion Violet, Mr. Fumstone's Kennel). For price apply to BEACON CORNER, 23 Myrtle Street, Boston. Bull Dogs and Bull Terriers at Stud. Aug 11, 81

FOR SALE, a very handsome and fine bred orange and white setter bitch, 4 1/2 years old; thoroughly broken on all game. A magnificent blood bitch, and always throws a majority of dog pups—old for no fault. Price low if taken at once. For full particulars and pedigree, address G. E. OSBORN or R. B. PENN, New Haven, Conn. Aug 9, 81

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Beautiful brace of young cocker spaniel's of choice stock. LOCK BOX 207, suspension Bridge, N. Y. Aug 4, 81

The Kennel.

FOR SALE.—The orange and white English setter bitch Nellie; 5 years old; broken on woodcock, quail and partridge; good, busy worker, with keen nose and very staunch on point; retrieves from land and water; she is from the best of native strains, and has an excellent pedigree. Price, \$30. Also some native English setter pups very cheap. Address W. H. PIERCE, Peekskill, N. Y. Aug 11, 81

FOR SALE.—Three liver, white and tan dog puppies; five months old; healthy, good size and handsomely marked. Sire, Pierston's Banker (Belton-Verner's Rose; dam, my Bess (Stevenson's Mack-Connell's Nello). Price only \$10. L. H. LILABRANDT, Johnstown, N. Y. Aug 11, 81

FOR SALE.—A few choice black and black and white cocker spaniels, broken and unbroken; also a good pedigree-rearing dog, three years old. For price and full pedigree address CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Aug 11, 81

ROBY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Roby O'More out of North O'More, Magnet and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, 81

FOR SALE, fine bred young foxhounds of different ages, English, Virginia and New England stock. A. D. NOICROSS, Monson, Mass. Aug 11, 81

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR SMALL DOAT.—My liver colored cocker spaniel dog bitch; 1 1/2 years old; good worker. C. RICHARDSON, Turner's Falls, Mass. Aug 11, 81

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT "FBRINE" DOG CAKES.

"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "FBRINE" Cakes are used at the Dog's Home, London, Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 30 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals; receiving the highest award for Dog Biscuits at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Dog Medal, Hanover Dog Show, 1879; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X."



Packed in Cases of 112 pounds each. SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS, FRANCIS O. de LUZE & CO., 18 South William Street, NEW YORK.

To be had in smaller quantities! Grocers and the Sporting Goods Trade Generally.

Fishing Tackle. MANN'S Trolling Spoons.



Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States. Our Perfect Revolving Spoon is undoubtedly the best general spoon for taking fish ever offered to the public. Three sizes made—No. 30 for bass, pike, pickerel, or any fish under five pounds weight; No. 21 for large fish, and the best spoon ever made for salmon trout; No. 32 excellent for deep water fishing. Beware of imitations. None genuine except JOHN H. MANN'S name stamped on every spoon. Sole wholesale and retail by the principal dealers in Fishing Tackle.

JOHN H. MANN & CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Sportsmen's Goods.

HODGMAN & CO., 425 BROADWAY AND 27 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, ARE OFFERING THE LARGEST STOCK OF

RUBBER FISHING OUTFITS, COMPRISING FISHING PANTS, FISHING BOOTS, BLANKETS, Light, Black, White or Tan Color Coats, AND COMPLETE RUBBER SPORTING OUTFITS.

Fishing Pants. [ESTABLISHED 1838.] Send for Catalogue.

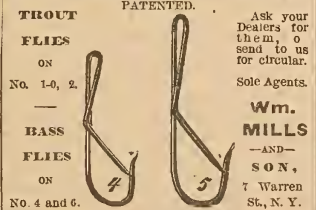
Philadelphia Fishing Tackle HOUSE.

A. B. SHIPLEY & SON, Manufacturers of Fine Fishing Tackle of Every Description.

503 COMMERCE ST., PHILA. Shipley's Looped and Plain Mist Color Leaders, Shipley's Improved Adjustable Floats. Reversed Wing, Trout, Bass and Salmon Flies in stock, and also tied to pattern. A full assortment of common and insect Rods, Lines, Reels, etc. Our Bethabara Fly and Bait Rods and Split Bamboo Fly Rods received the first premiums at the Centennial, Franklin Institute and Penna. State Fairs.

A specialty of the celebrated Bethabara Wood for Fish Rods and Archery Bows. Stronger than split bamboo and as tough and elastic as steel. Good mountings of all descriptions on hand and to order. Price list of wood and rod mountings free. Our 64-page new illustrated Catalogue of Fishing Tackle sent, post-paid, on receipt of ten cents stamps.

The Edgar Barbless Hook.



SPORTSMEN'S DEPOT. [ESTABLISHED 1839.]

First premium at World's Fair at New York, and Centennial Exhibition.

JOHN KRIDER N. E. Cor. Second and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia. GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Figure Tackle, Rods, Hooks, Lines, Hooks, Fishing Leaders, Snoods, Artificial Bait, Fly Books, Reels, Etc. "Krider's" Celebrated Center Enamel Split and Birds' Eggs and Hiras' Skins in Great Varieties. Taxidermy in all its branches. Spratt's Patent Dog Biscuits. Repairing of all kinds.

FARRAR'S POCKET MAP OF THE RICHARDSON-RANGELEY LAKES REGION, including all the lakes, ponds and rivers of that famous country, as well as the head waters of the Connecticut River, Connecticut and Massachusetts Lakes, etc., cloth bound. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ORVIS FLY BOOK.

Full length, with waterproof and mildewproof leavers. N-w style clips which will not come off, neatly and strongly made.

- 4 Oz. Book \$1.50
- 6 " " 2.00
- 8 " " 3.00
- 10 " " 4.00
- 2 " " extra the leather 5.00

Send for catalogue. Mention F. AN S. CHAS. F. ORVIS, Manchester, Vt.

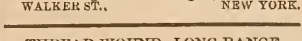
BIRDS' EYES.

Birds' Skins, Taxidermists' and Naturalists' Supplies. Send for New Price List. Reduced Rates.

W. J. KNOWLTON'S Natural History Store, 105 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Birds and animals preserved by superior French and American workmen.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of glass work done to order. Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail. WALKER ST., NEW YORK.

SHOT CARTRIDGE CASES

For muzzle and breech-loading, cylindrical and choke-bore shot-guns. Made to open just short of 3/4 to an 1/2 grains, giving close pattern and great penetration. 20 and 32 gauge. Send for circular. 20 Sent, Post-paid, for 5¢. H. H. SCHLEBER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

KRUG & CO'S CHAMPAGNE!

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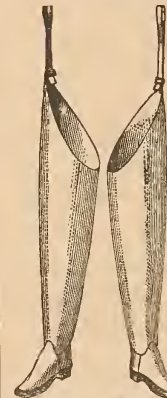
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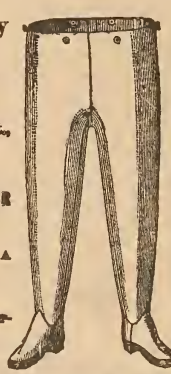
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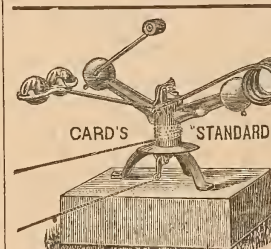
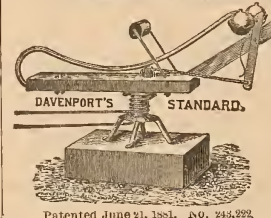
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 3. Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, August 18,

Specimen copies of this paper will be sent free upon application. We will esteem it a favor if our readers will call the attention of their friends to the merits of the FOREST AND STREAM.

HISTORICAL.—A correspondent is informed that the first number of the AMERICAN SPORTSMAN was published by the Parker Brothers at West Meriden, Conn., in October, 1871. It was a monthly until October 1873, when it was changed to a weekly. The publication office was removed to this city and the name changed to "ROD AND GUN" in 1875.

The first number of the FOREST AND STREAM was issued from No. 103 Fulton street, Aug. 14, 1873. The ROD AND GUN and the FOREST AND STREAM were consolidated in 1877, the first number of the new form appearing May 3d of that year. Our inquirer is further informed that the words "Forest" and "Stream" are not the names of individuals who have been connected with the paper.

TWO OF THE NIAGARA CASTAWAYS have been rescued, as related by our correspondent elsewhere, and "Old Bull" it is hoped, will be present at the London, Ont., Bench Show. "Old Bull" ought to join a circus.

MALARIA IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

THAT the residence of the President of the United States is an unwholesome place in summer is well known. Now that he is lying on a sick bed from an assassin's bullet, various newspapers have called attention to the pestilential flats which have poisoned the air so that several of his attendants have been stricken down with those complaints called malarial. These flats have been complained of for years and various projects have been broached to mitigate their evils.

Other Presidents have been able to escape. One made his summer home at Long Branch and another on the heights of the Soldiers' Home Park, but President Garfield is obliged to stay.

Former Presidents have complained, but the District of Columbia is not a Congressional district, and, having no member of Congress, has no one to urge the members to make an appropriation for this purpose. A short time ago it was reported that the Potomac flats were to be raised from their marshy condition by covering them with a deposit dredged from the river channel. This was claimed to be no remedy at all by Washington physicians, who declared that the deposit from the river bottom contained matters which would decay and prove as vicious as the swamps. This would no doubt be the case, for the river bottom is covered with a deposit from the sewers of the city.

We would call the attention of those interested in this matter to the fact that the old canal and swamp near the Monument, which for years bred malaria and mosquitoes, is now a beautiful carp pond. There is much of the swampy flat in question which might also be made to produce carp instead of miasma, not to mention the beauty of a sheet of water in place of muddy flats.

THE ST. LAWRENCE GAME CLUB.

A STRONG society, of which the membership numbers nearly one hundred, has been formed at Ogdensburg, N. Y., under the name of the St. Lawrence Game Club. Its objects are to stock the St. Lawrence River and the lakes, streams and ponds of St. Lawrence county with food fishes, and to protect the fish and game for the public good. The membership of the club is open to all citizens of the county, the annual fee being but a trifle; and it is hoped to enlist the cordial support of the land owners.

Game protective associations have been so long established in this country, and methods of work have been so fully tested that newly formed societies may readily avail themselves of the experience thus gained by workers in the cause; and there can be no excuse for the adoption by a new society of impracticable or inefficient ways of work. The St. Lawrence Club has started right; and we hope to chronicle its entire success.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB EXCURSION.—The Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, are going on an excursion to Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, next Thursday. This beautiful lake, famous as a health resort and well known to anglers because of its fine bass fishing, is up among the Schooley's range of mountains, and a more attractive spot for such an excursion as our Brooklyn friends propose it were hard to find. It usually takes two and one-half hours to reach the lake from this city, but the Washington Club and guests are to go by a special train in much shorter time. There is to be a bountiful repast—we have had a peep at the bill of fare—rowing and rifle prize contests, fishing and the various diversions always in order in such a pleasure trip. All the Brooklyn sportsmen are invited by the Washingtons to join the party and share the pleasure. Tickets (\$5 each) are to be had of Mr. Henry Altendbrand, the president of the club, Mr. H. H. Deinan, corner of Division avenue and Sixth street, Brooklyn, E. D., and at the headquarters of the Brooklyn Gun Club, Harry Miller's, Flatbush avenue. The special train which is to convey the party on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad leaves at 8:15 Thursday morning, August 25.

BRYANT'S SPARROW POEM is printed in another column. We should like to supplement it at once with a poetical obituary of the last bird of that race in America.

FROG CULTURE.

DOUBTLESS our readers have seen the item which has appeared in the local papers, from Maine to California, for the past year, on frog culture. One paper has copied it from another, and it has been sent us by a dozen correspondents. It tells how a thrifty agriculturist near Elgin, Illinois, has bred frogs for market and thereby accumulated much lucre. We have explained the impossibility of feeding large numbers of froglets, in ponds or in brooklets, and how the large frog had accommodations in his interior for the smaller ones, which he usually kept full.

We do not want a reader of FOREST AND STREAM to spend time or money in the culture of anything which is neither profitable nor ornamental, and we have pronounced frog culture a delusion and a snare. But the aforesaid article still goes the rounds of the rural papers. To pin down the Elgin "frogist" we wrote to Dr. Pratt, a former fish commissioner residing at Elgin, and, inclosing the slip, asked for information. What he gives us we lay before our readers in the following note:

ELGIN, Ill., Aug. 4.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The man who started that frog-breeding story and gave it to a reporter is a "dead beat." I understand that he is now in State prison in Michigan. It is singular that it was not inquired into before, so many papers copied the article.—W. A. PRATT.

We trust that every paper which has been imposed on by the frog story will do its readers the justice to publish Mr. Pratt's letter, and not let any simple-minded person invest in a frog pond as a source of revenue. An adult bull frog is a cannibal, and a given piece of water will only yield a certain number of adult frogs, no matter how many tadpoles are hatched.

The Toy Pistol is just now a frequent cause of coroners' inquests. The latest case is that of a little boy in Newark, N. J., who was "playing forfeits" with a number of children, and when it came his turn to pay a forfeit, handed over a toy pistol to a little girl. He "thought it wasn't loaded," but it went off and killed the girl. The jury returned a verdict of accidental killing, censuring the boy's carelessness, and adding: "We further feel that we cannot too strongly condemn the reckless use of all kinds of weapons of this character by children and youth, and we suggest that the sale thereof be discontinued by the public and suppressed by proper authority." Perhaps it was out of the jury's sphere to have ascertained the name of the toy-dealer who sold this deadly firearm to the unhappy boy and to ensure him too; but the sooner parents and guardians of youth hold the toy-dealers personally responsible for all the woe caused by these infernal machines, the sooner will the nuisance be abated. The sale of toy-pistols must be put down by law.

"BIRD-NESTING" is a more heinous offense in England than in this country. A man who robbed a nest at Wadsworth, Eng., was fined the other day 4s, and in default was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. A heavy enough penalty, but light compared to the trouble which followed the robbing of a mocking-bird's nest in Alexandria Co., Virginia, not long ago. It seems that a Justice of the Peace had had his eye on these particular birds, and had the capture of them all planned out so soon as they should be ripe. Some other bird catcher stole a march on him, whereupon the disappointed J. P. straightaway made out a warrant, and the sheriff arrested the bird thief. The trial, we are told, resulted in a verdict of guilty, carrying with it a fine of \$10 and the costs of the case. The costs were immediately paid, but the fine was not. When the attempt was made by a colored constable to arrest the capturer of the bird's nest, who is deaf and otherwise afflicted, he declined to go with him, and the wife of the accused seeing her husband dragged along by the constable rescued him from the hands of his captor. They were then arrested on the charge of assault and battery, waived an examination, paid the costs, and removed the case to the County Court. "A neighbor who defended the accused in very strong words was fined \$5 for contempt of court. He refused to pay the fine, stating that he was in the Post Office Department and did not recognize the authority of the Justice. The Justice then made out a

mittimus committing him to jail for the non-payment of the fine, and placed it in the hands of the sheriff, who attempted to make the arrest. The sheriff, being resisted, called on several gentlemen to assist him, who refused to interfere. He then called in his son to assist him, who responded, and a scuffle ensued, in which the sheriff's son had two of his teeth knocked loose and received a severe laceration in the eye. The difficulty ended by a third neighbor making his appearance and paying the fine." We are not told what became of the mocking-birds.

PLASTER CASTS OF DOGS.—Mr. Palmer, the modeler of the United States Natural History Museum, has succeeded in making some excellent plaster casts of dogs, and the Museum proposes to have a series of such casts prepared to show the characteristics of the various breeds. Skeletons of typical dogs will be mounted for the Museum and these, with the painted casts, will make the collection a most valuable one. It is hardly to be presumed that any of our prominent fanciers are such devotees to the science of dog-breeding that they will be willing to sacrifice their animals to the cause; but it will certainly be a most sensible and satisfactory disposition of a dead dog to forward him to Washington, where his points may be permanently preserved. For modeling purposes, at least, a dead dog is better than a living lion; and the Smithsonian Institution offers to pay the express charges on such finely-bred dogs as may be sent to them.

ADIRONDACK GUIDES are much exercised lest the odium of "Parker's" crime should attach to themselves as a class. Visitors to the North Woods will bear us into the assertion that the guides there have a record for honorable conduct, which should relieve them from any such unjust imputations. Before the Parker affair transpired, the Adirondack guide was thought to be worthy of the confidence of parties of ladies and gentlemen. To-day he is no worth different. The New York daily paper paragraphs, who dub the Adirondack guides as fellows to be severely let alone, probably never saw an Adirondack guide in their lives, and don't know what they are talking about.

SKYLARKS ON LONG ISLAND.—Those who have been interested in the importation of the English skylark into this country will be glad to know that the experiment made some years ago on Long Island has proved a success. A number of birds were put out at Flatlands, Long Island, near the County Houses, some years ago, before the war we believe, and these birds and their progeny have been seen almost every year since. Mr. Edmund Orgill has frequently seen them there and heard them sing. One remarkable thing about their annual return is that they have always come back to the exact locality where they were at first put out.

WE BEG YOUR PARDON, Mr. Wm. Gale, English pedestrian, for failing to note your performance of walking 6,000 quarter-miles in as many consecutive ten-minute in a Boverly Lager-beer saloon, this city. To tell the truth, we think the feat a stupid and useless one. Now we propose that all the long-distance walking idiots and all the fasting lunatics join hands and start off after the fellow who set out a year or two ago to walk around the world in six years. And there are the crazy fellows, too, who sail for Europe in dorées—we can spare each and all of these deluded seekers after notoriety and shekels.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?—Our correspondent "Didymus," in a late issue, called attention to the fact that many of the most favored game localities of this country are coming into the possession of clubs, and it was suggested that such clubs were in a sense monopolies. We are much mistaken if a great deal of argument cannot be adduced on each side of this question. In a letter published elsewhere to-day it is shown that at least one club has found exclusiveness essential to the protection of its game. Perhaps there is yet a golden mean yet attained. We invite expressions of experience and opinion on the subject.

THE FRANK FORESTER CLUB.—At a meeting of the Greenwood Lake Association, Frank Forester Club, held at the office of Messrs. McDowell & Co., this city last Friday, Mr. J. B. Wortendyke, of Midland Park, N. J., and Hon. John J. Blair, of Blairstown, N. J., who is eighty years old, and says he has twenty years more of fishing in him yet, were elected members. Mr. T. C. Banks, of the FOREST AND STREAM, was elected an honorary member, this being the first such election on the records of the club. The annual meeting and presidential dinner will be held at the new club house, Warwick Woodlands, on the first Tuesday in September.

A FOX HUNT was on the programme of sports at Cottage City, Mass., last week, but the S. F. P. C. A. told the projectors of the entertainment that the society would chaso them if they ran the fox, whereupon a drag hunt was substituted. We are of opinion that the fox chasers had the strong side of the case, and it is to be regretted that they should have yielded to the officers of the Society.

WANTED.—A file of the "Old Sport" and of "Porter's Spirit." We shall esteem it a favor if any one knowing of such a file which is procurable will inform the editor of this paper.

GREY-EYED MEN, it is often claimed, are the best marksmen. At the Chicago shooting tournament the other day it was noticed that among the most expert shots grey eyes predominated.

LAKE GEORGE MEET.

THE annual meeting of canoeists on Lake George, Aug. 11, 12 and 13, was an event in the history of the paddle in America of which we may well be proud. It brought together a larger number of men devoted to this fascinating sport than had ever before assembled on American waters. The success of the meet places the American Canoe Association upon a sound, permanent footing, and henceforth the camp fires will glow every year on the charming islets reserved for the knights of the double blade and their friends. The meeting gave evidence enough of the rapid strides in popularity the sport is making, and shows that it has taken root all over the land. Many new clubs sent delegations from the West and from Canada, while the older organizations from the East were on hand in force. New York was represented by the parent institution, the N. Y. C. C., and its youngest sister, the Knickerbocker C. C., while the ranks were filled with many sturdy veterans whose names are borne on the books of the Ottawa C. C., Toronto C. C., Cincinnati C. C., Cleveland C. C., Peterborough C. C., Whitehall C. C., Lake George C. C., and others with "poor L.," who may be said to have invented the first canoe, likewise on hand in black barks of native make, which they propelled after the aboriginal plan with a single roughly cut blade. If they and their craft were fair samples of the genus and the genus of the red man, his pale-face brother has got a long lead on the copper skias, and can discount him in the canoe business badly. The old romance about no one being able to improve upon the Indian canoe was forever dispelled upon actual comparison of the work of both races. After the seventy odd canoes had been heached, tents raised and duflie unpacked, a meeting was called in the evening and the election of officers taken in hand. The old board, so long the head and front of the sport, declined re-election, and after some canvassing the following were chosen to serve as officers of the American Canoe Association for the year: Commodore, Judge Nicholas Longworth, of the Cincinnati C. C.; Vice-Commodore, J. Edwards, of the Peterborough C. C., Ontario; Rear-Commodore, Arthur Brentano, Knickerbocker C. C., and Dr. C. A. Neide, of the Lake George C. C., for Secretary and Treasurer. The various races were well contested, Cincinnati carrying the palm through the water starting representatives, Dr. Helgway, whose victories were well celebrated upon the club island "Cincinnati" in a joyous manner, which left no doubt as to where the honors rested. A banquet on the third day at the Crosskeys brought the meeting to a close, the canoeists being bound on cruises, single and in company, many spending their summer vacation swinging the paddle, returning to their desks and toll with nut-brown tan and freshly invigorated constitutions. Concerning the racing and the details of the three days' meet, we prefer to let our special correspondent speak at greater length next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A STORY OF THE JUNIPER SWAMPS.

WHILE stopping for a rest at the "Hygee Hotel" at Old Point, on my way from Florida last summer, I met an old gentleman named Nixon, from Perquimans Co., N. C., who informed me that before the war slave owners were always very anxious to hire their hands to the shingle cutters in the juniper and cypress swamps, as they always came home at the end of the year in "good condition," and while at work in the swamps always enjoyed perfect health. An officer of the Navy who was present said that the juniper water was always used by United States vessels going out from the Navy Yard at Norfolk on a long foreign cruise, because it kept clear and fresh for years, and the officers and men who used it usually enjoyed good health. Soon afterward I took a trip out on the Dismal Swamp Canal from Norfolk and visited Lake Drummond in the Dismal Swamp. I was surprised to find it a clear, dark lake, margined by a thick forest of beautiful green juniper, and the contrast between the claret-colored water and the evergreen foliage makes a beautiful picture. The lake is deep and full of fish which are peculiar to these waters, and the robin, perch and chub grow to a very large size and are as sweet as any fish I ever ate. A few days' use of the water satisfied me that it was good for me. I drank freely of it and bathed in it. It seemed to have a tonic effect and was very pleasant and agreeable to drink. I think the time is not far distant when the health-giving quality of the water and the pure atmosphere, with an entire freedom from insects of all kinds, and the advantages for bathing, sailing and fishing, will make this a very popular place of resort for invalids.

One would imagine that these swamps were a dismal charnal house. On the contrary, they are the healthiest places on the American Continent. There is no decomposed wood—juniper timber never rots. The trees fall to the ground, but they do not decompose but turn to peat and lie, indistinguishable by air and water, for ages. There is no miasma in these swamps to create miasma—the rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetation, no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun; all is fresh and pure, and the air is laden with sweet odors. I afterward visited the swamps in Dare County and found them like the Dismal Swamps. East Lake, near the mouth of the Alligator River, about ten miles west of here, and the waters of the Alligator River are identical with Lake Drummond in their natural features.

The country between here and there is a perfect wilderness, excepting a few small clearings on the Croatan Sound. I have visited different portions of it, and found many things to interest one. The woods are full of game. Bear and deer go in herds. The bear feeds on the gum and huckleberries in their season, and their paths to their feeding grounds are as well defined as cattle paths through the woods in the North. I saw on one occasion seven bears—a family led by an old she bear, so my guide said. She would occasionally stand against a tree and tear the bark, leaving a blaze similar to the marks made by woodmen to mark roads through the wilderness. The young bears would do this by the old bear's nose, and my guide declared that he had seen some feeding ground to another. I had nothing with me but small shot, and did not waste that on such big game. The natives hunt them at night, paddling silently through the bayous and

creaks and listening for the noise of the bears in the gum trees, as they feed on tender gum nuts; and my guide, a regular Leather Stocking named Bill Basnight, and a man named Grant killed seven in two nights last year, and also a deer.

Basnight is the Nimrod of North Carolina, and his experience would make an interesting volume. He has had numerous hawk-to-hand fights with hawks, and he has even had a very ordinary affair to settle one of them with his hunting knife. He has a great respect, however, for the swamp panther, or "painter," as he calls them. This seems to be a cross between the wildcat and the American panther, judging from the skin of one I saw at Basnight's. They are very fierce. Basnight has shot several, and seldom "saved one" without damage to his dogs. About two years ago, while hunting for deer near his home on Roper's tract, his dogs attacked a painter. One of the dogs had been dismembered and another scalped, and Basnight thought it about time to interfere. He fired at the painter, which fell behind an old log cypress. He was in the act of climbing over the log, when he was confronted by the fierce whiskered face of the animal as it climbed up the opposite side of the log, apparently none the worse for the shot. He had just time to draw his double-bladed heavy hunting knife, and brought it down on the skull of the animal with all his strength, and was fortunate enough to cleave its head open; but he still bears the scars of a sharp claw that plowed his shoulder as the painter struck him in its dying struggle.

It was told that Basnight was the man to go to for information about the famous pitcher plant, which is said to be a powerful diuretic and good to use with the juniper water. I found him in his fish camp near East Lake, on the Little Alligator River. We left the sloop and took a small skiff and went up a narrow "gut" about half a mile long and not over eight feet wide at any point, but deep. The gut opened out into a lake of dark juniper water about five acres in extent, at the head of which we found Basnight in his fish camp. The hounds bayed out as we approached the landing and he came out with lightwood torch in hand and invited us into his camp. It was a small, low-pitched building, about sixteen feet square, with bunks from floor to ceiling on three sides, a big fire-place and the door occupying the other. We found Basnight to be a sturdy, native-looking man with an honest, weatherbeaten countenance and his blue eye and light hair indicated pure Anglo-Saxon descent. He gave us a hearty welcome, and now the air was filled with the fragrant odors of broiling venison, frying club, corn bread and coffee.

After a hearty supper we reclined on the rushes in one of the bunks and smoked a new corn-cob pipe while we listened to the hunter's yarns. The other bunks were filled with shoe-headed men and boys who belonged to Basnight's fish crew. A two-foot snapping turtle lay on the floor on its back vainly reaching out its claws for a purchase to turn over. Two hounds lay on the floor quietly watching the turtle's struggles. Basnight sat in his arm-chair, smoking his pipe, with his bare feet to the fire. He told me of many hairbreadth escapes from bear, "cat" and moccasin, and wound up with a rather interesting account about the Basnight fish pound.

The Basnight family came into possession, during the last century, by purchase from the Indians, of all the land about this fish pond or lake, and for many generations it had been zealously guarded from interlopers. About forty years ago, in an evil hour, it came temporarily under the control of a member of the family known as a "Wild Ben" who was a pisen hater, a "bluffer" and an "improvident cuss." One spring, when the pond was full of herring, which had come there to spawn, as they had been in the habit of doing for "no man can tell how long," this foolish "Wild Ben," while the pound was so full of fish that one could stand on shore and shovel them out by the cart-load, stopped up the "gut" and started for home for some of the "niggers" to save the fish. He fell by the wayside into evil company and forgot, in the sweet delights of applejack and straight huff, enjoyed in the company of some good fellows, the poor little captives imprisoned in the dark waters of the Basnight herring pond. After a few days' good time he awoke one morning sober and suddenly remembered his forgotten business and the crop of ungathered fish.

But it was too late. When he hastened to the lake with "the boys" it was a stinking, hideous nuisance.

From that day spring after spring came round and none of the finny tribe could be found in the dark waters of Basnight's herring pond. "Wild Ben" went to the bad. He died more fiercely than ever on applejack and bluff. His negro slave after negro slave went to the block to keep him out of the jaws of Banterpity, but at last the last pinning had been sold, and the ill-fated "Wild Ben," his birthright squandered, died like Lord Banister—

He took a pistol from his belt,
All loaded with powder and ball,
An' he blew a hole thru' his head
An' on the floor did fall.

About five years ago the present head of the Basnight family, "Hunter Bill," brought some fish garbage from some point below, where they had been cutting fish, and threw it into the lake, and, baited in this rough way, the lake was restocked and once more the house of Basnight "has come to its own again."

Basnight told me some remarkable stories of the wild cranberries that are found all over the ground on thousands of acres in the Roper tract, and of alligators, big snakes, and immense oysters on the rafters of the log huts, in deep waters about the swamps; and he told me of a black and white brant that "placed" on the shoals on Panlico—and I mean to examine them all at my leisure. JOHN BROOKER.

Nags Head Hotel, N. C.

TEXAS ATTRACTIONS.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, July, 1891.

AS a resort for camping, hunting and fishing I feel sure sportsmen, especially those seeking health as well as pleasure, would enjoy our climate, which is so pure, mild and breezy that I hardly know which season most to recommend. Many of our ladies and gentlemen of leisure have, of late gone to the mountains, coast, or to the bayous, big snakes, of immense size, and in each Texas is noted. We hardly feel the necessity for a change, as with an elevation of over six hundred feet we have the purity of the mountain air, and the beautiful San Antonio River, with its continuous line of bath-houses, in a measure furnishes a substitute for surf bathing. And why should we seek other waters when our own springs are marvelous to all tourists? Four miles

above this city one can stand upon the bank of the San Antonio River, and see crystal waters as they well up twelve feet below the surface from a rocky cavern in the bank. The stream flows swiftly, and widens until just a few rods below this immense spring. Its width is one hundred feet, while its depth is only two. Its course through the city forms the letter S, and it is spanned by many fine bridges.

Just one mile above the city is San Pedro Park, enclosing a large spring of the same name, and numerous smaller ones, which send forth little sparkling streams that finally unite and form the San Pedro Creek that also flows through the city.

Attempts have been made to introduce new fish into these waters, with what success I hardly know. At the head of the river is a fish hatchery for stocking the river with salmon, while carp have been put in the lakes in the park. I have caught different kinds of fish from the streams that flow from these lakes. One was so large that several guests enjoyed it with us, and while we did not take up twelve baskets full yet all were bountifully supplied.

I will not make a pen-picture to you of the strangely wonderful old missions in and near this place of which so much has already been written, and volumes might be.

If travelers fail to see these and other interesting surroundings of San Antonio they will miss the Mecca of their pilgrimage.

A. G. S.

DREAMING UNDER THE PINE.

By XL YORKER.

We are such stuff as dreams are made of, And our little life is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE father of Vivian St. Clair lives near the banks of Cheat River, where it flows through a broad, beautiful valley near the base of the mountains. He is a graduate of our college history and botany in the university of his native State, he suddenly acquired a princely fortune by the sale of mountain lands, a little time before he considered comparatively worthless. He would come out to this wilderness during the summer vacations to angle for the speckled trout and study the wild flora of the mountains. The estate consisted only of barren sands covered with dark pine forests. Great cliffs, moss-covered and pierced with caverns—the home of the lynx and the rattlesnake—were piled up on the river banks, their bases hidden by the rhododendron and azaleas. But he found flooding on the waters of spring and pool, for under these rugged rocks, barren sands and dark pine wood was a great platinum lake. So the place was sold, the chair in the university given up, a beautiful farm purchased on the banks of the Cheat and an elegant villa erected by the crystal river at the foot of the great mountains.

Prof. St. Clair was a lover of nature, and everywhere about his farm and home were objects curious, beautiful and rare. On a table under a great bell glass were two little trees of coral, one white and the other red as blood. Around them were shells that had been dyed in the colors of the rainbow, and staisued with the glories of the sunset. They were filled with the music of the sea, and murmured all day long the songs of the ocean in voices sweet and low. Over a bookcase were the antlers of deer, and on them was sitting, with half-opened wings, a great Virginia owl, whose big eyes seemed always watching one. When Vivian was a little child he would forget that they were only glass and something that he would creep from his perch upon the beautiful canaries that sang for him every day from their cage in the ivied windows. In warden cases were growing miniature forests, feathery ferns, silver green and gold, waved their delicate fronds over little mountains and grotesques formed of mingled moss and crystals, mirrors half-hidden among vines looked like the lakes on the mountains fringed with the rhododendron, and white pebbles were built up like the river eggs. In aquaria were banded sunfish, silver dace and graceful eels; and little islands of cork, cased with ocean shells and studded with aquatic plants, floated about on the water beautiful as the river gardens of the East. Birds of brilliant plumage from the far Southlands were grouped in their houses of glass, some looking as if they were about to warble a love song, others seemingly ready to mount on beautiful wings to heaven. Showcases were filled with their nests, some simple and coarse, others wonderfully wrought, and with eggs white as snow, blue as the sky, or painted like the autumn leaves, and polished like the ocean pearl. In preserved minerals from all quarters of every land; the Amazon stone and the ruby, silvers gleaming among masses of opal, amethyst and beryl. On the lawn were growing the rarest trees and the most beautiful flowers. The evergreens and lilies of Japan, the shrubs and roses of China, were mingled with the bulbs of Holland and the ivies of England, and down by the river the balsam fir and the holly tree were growing in their native sands. The conservatories were filled with the rarest plants of the tropics, and the marble fountains played all day long in the summer.

Surrounded thus from his earliest years by the beautiful in nature, the boy learned to love the great book whose pictured pages are mountains and meadows, woodlands and prairies, lakes and oceans, planets and suns. Every summer when he came home to spend his college vacation he would wander alone through the forest, learning the secrets of the squirrels and studying the language of the birds. He saw the father collecting the material, and the mother weaving it into the nest. This twig is too large, this hair too long, and both are rejected. "I will preserve this bird as careful builder; everything must be perfectly adapted to the place it is to fill." He wondered why the female never warbled a song.

"Is not music," he said, "the language of love, and was not the art of song acquired by the males in endeavoring to attract the attention of their mates? Imperfect at first, it has been cultivated for long, improved and transmitted with all these additional modulations of tone through countless generations, just as our own language has been perfected out of the guttural mutterings of savages. He saw himself why one was so richly dressed and the other in plain attire. Then he thought that sitting all day long upon her nest, or hovering over her young, brilliant plumage would only serve to attract the glittering eyes of the serpent, or the keener ones of the hawk.

and he knew that it must be scentless. "The All-Father," he said, "has given the feeblest creature some protection from its enemies."

"You are right," replied the hunter, "neither wolf nor hound can scent a fawn while the spots are on."

"Wandering deeper and deeper among the mountains they came to a shallow stream, whose rocky bed was covered with the footprints of animals. "The river was not here," said Vivian, "and these rocks were only a bar of sand; now they have hardened into a page of stone in the great book, printed, perhaps, thousands of years ago, but easy enough to read. Here are the tracks of a wild deer, and close behind an Indian hunter followed in pursuit. It was wounded, too, and in the right fork. See, that foot has never touched the sand, and leaves no mark; the others are all quite plain. And it was raining. Here are the fossil drops, and they came from a cloud in the west."

"You have a fine eye," said the mountaineer, "and would never lose a deer's track in the ferns; you would make a famous hunter."

"I would rather be a famous naturalist," replied Vivian, "and he should have an eye far keener than the chaser of the deer."

When home during the Christmas holidays he would wander alone into the forest when the ground was covered with snow, and the little pines were bending under a weight of starry snows, white and beautiful as his own byrnie. The leafless trees were all in bloom—blossoms that would never ripen into fruit—they were only flowers of snow. The impress of little feet are everywhere, and he knew at a glance what animal had nided each one. "Here by this mossy rock," he said, "a squirrel has just been digging for the nuts that he hurried long ago in the golden autumn. There a hare has danced a merry round in the moonbeams under the thorn, and a wood-mouse has gone to its home in the heart of the hollow pine. A fox crept into this hazel thicket, paused a moment, behind the little cedar at its edge, then hurried fortrand. Did he find a supper there spread out before him on a table-cloth of snow? No; here are the prints of little feet flying away over the hill. But here on the river bank is blood; a white hare has dashed wildly through the laurel; here is scattered fur; there a spot of blood. How red it looks upon the snow! She staggered here, and her steps have been irregular and slow. Ah! here she lies beside the fallen pine, cold and dead. And here are other tracks going away over the windy hill. A mink has ridden the head-wind-race, and the white teeth were in the throat of his siced. Murder was done last night in the dark pine wood!

"This is a pictured page in the great book, too, only it will never harden into stone; the bright sun will burn up every letter, for it is only written in the snow. But does not," he continued, "every event transpiring in the universe write its own history in letters of fire that will burn forever? I drop a pebble into a mountain lake, and the waves grow larger and larger until they have covered all the water; so it is with the waves of light, and if the subterranean fires should burst the solid crust of the earth in fragments and scatter them to pieces, this moonlit forest picture—the laughing fox, the dying hare, the footprints in the snow—would remain spread out forever before the eyes of the Heaven-Father! Light will travel seven times round the earth in a second, yet if our planet could be seen from the most distant star from us it would appear to dwellers there not as it now is, but as it was millions of years ago. There would he seen no man, or bird, or flower upon its surface; only the tree ferns waving their feathery crowns in the moist and heated air, and the club mosses, tall as the mountain pines, every where in rightful replicas, battling with moisters as hideous as themselves, and all the seas and lakes and reedy ponds are dyed in blood. There has been war upon the earth from the first appearance of life upon its surface; the strong and cunning destroy the weak and foolish. The history of the earth is written in the anubians. Every bird, every flower, every ocean shell that ever saw the sunlight; every city, every battle, every individual action is painted there forever. The universe is the encyclopedia of the Eternal Mind; everything is printed there—the leaves are never closed, the history never finished, the drama never ended; but the picture-pages containing your heart's history and mine are open before the All-Seeing Eye forever and forever."

In the happy summer time Vivian, the lover of nature, would lie down upon the mossy carpet spread out like a fairy garden under the pines, and the song of the mocking-bird and the oriole would lull him to sleep, and the Queen of the meadows would rise to ride in his dreams, and he would ride away in her chariot, all of gold and gems over the earth and under the sea. Now it is sunset, and he is in the wild Northland. The snow-cold mountains are tinged with all the glory of color, and the clouds are painted over with colors of gold. The brilliant moon will circle round the dreamy horizon for days, never setting until the sun has run her bright course under the stars. The aurora bursts forth with magical splendor; the sky seems changed into a phosphorescent sea, and the snow is something red as blood and the ice is as green as forest leaves. A broad band spans the horizon, ever brilliant than a thousand rainbows; streams of many-colored light burst from it, filling all the heavens, passing through all the intermediate shades, from violet and bluish white to green and purple red. The stars shine dimly through the golden haze, and all seems like the unreal world of dreams. It is winter in the trackless waste, and the silence is broken only by the hooting of the snowy owl, or the yelping of the Arctic fox. Most of the animals have followed the sea birds eastward or are sleeping in their burrows under the snow. The icebergs are beautiful as palaces of Parian marble sprinkled with rubies and emeralds and flooded with golden fire.

But the fairy chariot flies through the air like a meteor, and all changes into new forms of beauty. The dreamer is in

"That land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket gloom,
Where a wild ever soft from the blue heaven blow,
And the groves are of myrtle and laurel and rose—
Knowest thou it?"

Birds and butterflies are everywhere; some seen only flowers, so like are they to blossoms, and many flowers seem ready to soar on snowy wings to Cloudland, so like as they are to doves. Scattered beautiful in shells on a ocean shell or mountain gem, wind slowly among the tangled reeds with motions graceful as the sunlit waves of a rivulet. The evergreen trees are covered with giant creepers, binding together all the forest, and throwing over it a drapery of many-

colored flowers, filling all the woodland with perfume. Beetles, glittering with metallic brilliancy, and beautiful as any gem, illuminate the fragrant forest all the night, and fill the air with drowsy music. Trees taller than our Northern pines bear flowers beautiful as lilies, or furnish man with all that he requires—milk, wine, butter, honey, wax, oil, bread, cabbage, melons, gaudies, beds, ropes and clothing! The magnificent Victoria Regia, yellow, violet and white—queen of the floral world—floats on the waves of sunny rivers, sinking at night into her couch of waters. The great vault of heaven is spread out before him with all its wealth of moons and suns and constellations, from polo to pole.

But again the fairy-chariot bears him onward over hazy radiant lands, and sets him down at last in the garden under the sea. The liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean is gleaming over him, and the sea anemones cover the rocks with their waving crowns, beautiful as beds of mingled lily and rose, and the medusae, and the microscopic crustaceans shine in the obscurity like fairy stars. The humming birds of the ocean, small, gleaming fishes, some bright with a metallic splendor of azure or vermilion, some gilded green or dazzling silver lustre, play around the coral bushes, light as spirits of the abyss. As the day declines and the darkness of night sinks into the depths, this radiant garden of life and light breaks up. The white or blue bells of the medusae float through this enchanted world, and every angle beams and shines with living light. All things, which in their lively of brown or gray are unillumined in daylight in the universal radiation of bright colors, now shine with the most charming red, yellow or emerald lustre; and to complete the marvels of the enchanted night, the large silver disk of the sea moon gently moves through the whirl of tiny stars. The luxuriant vegetation of the tropics has no such richness of forms or glory of color as these artificial gardens of life and light. The rocks and walls are covered with sparkling diamonds, and the ocean floor is strewn with silver sand and paved with radiant shells.

But what hideous monster is this clinging to the rocks! It reaches out its serpent arms and touches his face. A thrill of horror passes along his nerves and he awakens with a start—it was only the cold nose of his dog pressed against his cheek, and the mocking-bird and the oriole were still singing in the pine. "How rapidly," he said, "the mind flies over the earth in our dreams! I have only slept for a moment, and yet I seem to have traveled through radiant lands for years."

"The lower animals dream and reason too," he continued, musingly; "my hounds chase the wild deer over the snow in their dreams, and many animals have the gift of language—utter sounds of warning, delight and pain, and are dumb only to the ignorant and the unobserving. The joyful bark of our faithful dog as he welcomes us home we understand—the thoughts that illumine his countenance and glorify his eyes we cannot always read, and yet his busy mind is ever planning, thinking, dreaming, and reasoning.

Inferior animals differ greatly from each other in mental power. Some are possessed of marvelous talents, others of the same family are intellectually feeble. Some are idiotic or insane. Like ourselves, they have their kings, queens, soldiers, masons, carpenters, farmers, hunters and sailors. And the agricultural art of Texas cultivates the soil, sows the seed and reaps the harvest; owns slaves and milks its cows."

TROUT FISHING IN NEW MEXICO.

SANTA FE, N. M.

SO many people are now coming West into this new country, among whom are doubtless many lovers of the "gentle art," that a few remarks on sport to be obtained with the trout here, according to my own experience, may be read with interest by some of your numerous subscribers. I immediately in the vicinity of Santa Fe there is little or no sport to be had, owing to the absence of streams, but by going some twenty miles northeast or west far trouting is obtainable. On the north side the various streams from the main range of mountains are get-able, as also the Rio Grande, Chama, etc., on the west another point of the Rio Grande, and on the east the Pecos. The mountains are filled with small trout streams, where with worm or grasshopper a large number of small fish may be had, but this is not the place that although the popular cry is that water is scarce article in New Mexico, by traveling a few miles some fun is within our reach, provided we know a little of the country. To give a good idea of what one may expect to meet with, I will relate how a friend and I spent two very pleasant days on the Pecos.

To commence with, I am from the Old Country, where I was initiated into the mysteries of fly fishing some fifteen years ago, which fascinating sport I have followed wherever I had time and opportunity in rivers, streams and lakes of England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, etc., so that, young in years, without egotism I may call myself an elderly fisherman. On coming to America and settling for a time in the Eastern States, I found I had not sufficient time to pursue my favorite sport, so that there my experience has been limited to a few off-days.

Very different ideas are held by English and American fishermen with regard to tackle, especially with regard to size of fly. My stock of two well mixed boxes was unanimously voted much too small, of no use at all by the Eastern fisherman; and also here I was told I must tie them on larger hooks to meet with success. In spite of these warnings, however, I persevered with the little "uns" and had no cause to repent doing so. I certainly am an advocate of small flies and fine tackle. In the almost virgin streams of America I do not think the matter is of such vital importance, but in rivers where the water is shipped from the beginning to the end of the season and flies are used in a large number of English rivers, the trout, without doubt, being more educated and can discern between a real and artificial fly pretty readily. Now, the natural insect one wishes to represent are, as a rule, small; so it seems to stand to reason that by tying them small we more nearly approach nature in our imitations, consequently are more likely to lure the trout. If any one doubts the soundness of this argument let him try, if he has the opportunity, the large-sized flies on some thoroughly shaggy water in England, and he will find that at every throw he will see the fish making off in all directions, and "divil a fish" will rise. Or else let him give the small ones a fair trial on American streams. Now, I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not maintain that small flies are invariably superior—for in lakes, by way of example, a larger fly is required—my remarks having special reference to streams not exceeding twenty-five yards in width—in fact

trout streams. One instance I will quote to illustrate the theory: When fishing in the Black Forest some few years ago I always had a crowd of anglers about me, although a perfect stranger to the river, with my small flies I could double the take of the professional fisherman who used large hooks and had fished the same stream for a living for several years. One objection I have heard raised to small hooks is that one loses so many fish after they are seemingly well hooked. All I have to say is to use a pliant rod and plenty of patience. Landing a large fish on fine tackle requires some amount of skill and gentle handling, which considerably increases the pleasure and excitement. But I must apologize for this digression and return to the subject in hand.

"How far is it to the Pecos?" was the question we asked of every person likely to know, and numerous and various were the answers obtained; but it all ended in our being led to suppose it was twenty-eight miles by the road and eighteen by the trail. We determined therefore to take the latter road. At bedtimes in the morning with the indispensable "burro" or donkey, to carry our blankets and camp outfit, ready saddled, we started over a high saddle and started on our journey after taking the precaution, Bro Sawyer like, to leave word that we had important and pressing business out of town, and would not return for some days, leaving the business to take care of itself. Ten miles up the Santa Fe cañon to start with, then cross the mountains to the southeast were all the directions we had, but luckily falling in with two Mexicans who were going the same way, we joined ourselves to them, aired our meagre stock of Spanish, supplied them with tobacco and kept on the right trail. Three hours' walking brought us to the spot where the trail leads over the mountains. A steep, very steep road, and equally rough, lay before us, but after three-quarters of an hour's hard work we arrived at the top and rested for a few minutes to smoke a pipe and enjoy the view. Down another hill, where we found some water in a hole dug by some one, we concluded to have lunch, after which our road lay up and down steep, rough hills for three hours, and then three more miles took us to a small settlement on the Pecos. During the last two hours of the road the rain came down hard, so that by the time we reached the spot where the trail was offered to take us in, we were pretty wet and tired. After a bit of supper and the inevitable pipe we were glad to lay our weary bones on a wool mattress spread for us in the covered shed in front of the house.

Six A. M. saw us busy at breakfast, after which I ran down to the river to ascertain its condition after the heavy rain of the preceding night. "Water thick, but just fishable," was my report, so I at once proceeded to clear for action. Rods, flies, lings, landing net all in readiness, then after donning a pair of Knickerbockers and old shoes in lieu of pants and good boots, I went straight to the river and commenced operations. Hour after hour I fished all I knew, changing flies, but it would not do; the water was too much colored, although fluing rapidly. By noon I had but half-a-dozen small fish. I was fishing in part of the river below the house so densely overgrown with bushes that it was unfeasible from the bank, but I knew that by wading I could manage it. So there I was, up to my knees in water, walking down the centre of the river with nothing but six small fish in my creel. "This won't do," I thought. Looking round for a neutral fish. "That's the one!" I exclaimed to myself, seeing a small yellow willow-fly glide by me, only to be snatched up by a lusty trout some fifteen yards below. So wading out on to the bank I changed a "March brown" for a yellow willow, a black gnat for a yellow crowding, leaving the leader a red hackle with woodcock wings where it was. Throwing lightly over the fish I had secured, the first cast rewarded me with success, for up came the old fellow and sucked in the willow without hesitation. A strong stream helped him to fight well, but at length I succeeded in netting him—a good half-pound trout, as broad as he was long. Now the fun began to grow apace, so that by 3 o'clock I had three dozen nice fish, besides about 100 small ones which I had returned.

By 5 o'clock my basket was full, and thinking it time to go home I walked leisurely along the side of the stream where the water was not deep. A thick dead log against the bank, right in the full force of the stream, looked a likely place for a big one, and after three or four throws of the line I saw a flash, and a "big one" was a regular picture, as a "big one," too," thought I, preparing for another try. "There he is again!" I mentally ejaculated, striking the instant he rose. "Got him this time, though." Then I learned what a New Mexican trout can do if put to it. First of all he made straight for the log, but I induced him to come out of that, when off he rushed down stream, making the reel huzz round at a rare pace, then back again; and, in short, kept me nearly ten minutes trying to get the net under him, which at last I succeeded in doing. He only weighed three-quarters of a pound, but he was a regular picture, as a "big one," too, thought I, preparing for another try. The prime condition he was in and the rushing stream explains the reason of such a fish making so prolonged a fight. Well satisfied to have a goodly sized one on the top I now determined to make for home in earnest, so forced my way through the thick bushes on the bank, and was rejoiced to find I had not a mile to walk. So good was the water that it took me all day to fish scarcely a mile of river. If any of your readers have ever experienced the doubtful pleasure of carrying a full basket of fish weighing some 18 or 20 pounds, for four or five hours, they are not likely to forget it. This time on relieving myself of the burden I discovered I could but with difficulty raise my arms above my head, and that a lump the size of my fist was raised where the broad web strap pressed on my collar bone.

After getting rid of my wet things and waiting for an hour or so the Mexican fishermen returned together with my companion. The Mexicans had all suddenly taken the idea into their heads that they would also wade a line that day, presumably after seeing me wading. A goodly quantity of fish, however, was but a dozen. My friend had but very poor sport, owing in a great measure, I suppose, to having so many satclites round him, as he kept to the open water frequented by the natives. My take amounted to over sixty trout, ranging from one-quarter to three-quarters of a pound, besides the countless number of small ones I returned. The fish, as will be seen, do not run large, but they are "gamey" and as sweet as a peach. A goodly number of them are a *varia* from each side of the river, (about twenty-five miles from their source), but lower down they are heavier.

A few fresh caught trout were soon hissing and spluttering in the pan, you may easily conceive, and were devoured with much relish by the two hungry fishermen. This is the true way to enjoy trout, "first catch him (yourself) and then eat him" (yourself also).

The second day's sport was but a repetition of the first, so a few words will suffice to relate the adventures. Unfortunately I was induced to try a upper or open water, but after fishing until about 8 P. M. with but sorry sport, having taken but a few small ones, I was disgusted with that part, as I had not seen a decent fish move at all, except once when from my want of success I was fishing carelessly, a big swirl, a few determined struggles, followed by a sudden slackening of the line, told me I had missed a good trout. After this I decided upon again visiting the scene of the last day's work, and reeled up and went for it. My good name was at stake, for if I failed in making a basket this time the reputation I had with the Mexicans would be gone. Two hours and a half to fill a big creel is not much, but it must be done. Half an hour brought me to the place, and in ten minutes more half a dozen decent trout were kicking in the basket. Throw how and where I would I was nearly sure of a rise at one of my flies—viz., coachman for leader, claret and crowding for droppers. At one pool I took six fish in three consecutive casts, only two of them, however, I retained, showing how they were out. In short, by six o'clock my basket was full, and home I went with untarnished reputation, another good haul and a good appetite. This time my take amounted to upward of fifty trout I retained, my friend having but few. The following morning we returned over the same trail to Santa Fe, having enjoyed two of the pleasantest days imaginable, amid delightful scenery and hospitable people, and after many vows relative to repeating the dose on the first opportunity, we tenderly and regretfully laid away our rods and tackle with poor old Wamba's passport, *Pax vobiscum.* WESTWARD HO!

Natural History.

THE OLD-WORLD SPARROW—1858.

BY WILLIAM O. BRANT.

WE hear the note of a stranger bird,
That comes from Mexican haunts,
A winged settler has taken his stand:
With Tentons and men of the Celtic race,
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The Fowler's snare and the peevish grain;
But on the hill-tops and in the friendly trees,
And groves for his chirping family
Are strown when the winter fields are dear;
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,—
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Fish so well describe,
But cannot destroy,—may quail with fear;
For the Old-World sparrow, their foe, is here.

The sparrow, in the summer ray,
May ripen now on the loaded spray;
And the nectarine on the garden-walk,
Keep firm its hold on the present stalk;
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear;
For the Old-World sparrow, their friend, is here.

The post of gardens—the little Turk
Who signs with the crescent his wicked work,
And evades the half-crown fruit to fall—
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and guile;
For the Old-World sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army-worm and the Hessian fly
And the dreaded canker-worm shall die;
And the thrip and slug and fruit-moth seek
In vain to escape that busy beak;
And fairer harvests shall crown the year;
For the Old-World sparrow at last is here.

THE OLD WORLD NUISANCE—1881.

AFTER BRANT—TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

WE've listened long to this stranger's note
And watched it spreading to places remote,
Till the turbulent vagabond has taken the place
Of our valuable song-birds, and driven the race
From our cities and towns by eating the food
Provided by Nature for nobler brood.

He has come to our shores with the murderous gang
Of Nihilists, who emigrated sooner than hang;
Paupers and raggeds, red in the hand,
Wreak Europe continually sent to our land,
Vagabonds feathered, clothed, white and black,
Good Dame Europa please beckon them back.

The insect army keeps stinging our fruit,
We have still to fight them and the sparrows to boot;
The quarrelsome, nosy, too scolding thugs,
They eat up our fruit, and never touch bugs.
A glance at their bill shows ever so plain
That their food is not insects but fruits and good grain.

The Poet may sing in the sparrow's praise,
But our great ornithologist, Dr. Coues, says,
In language of truth and in very plain prose,
That the sparrow's a nuisance, and the sooner he goes
The better we're off, so none of us quite clear
That the Old World sparrow is not needed here.

He denies our perches, there's no denying that;
He has ruined my wife's dress and spoiled my best hat,
He hangs round the bird cage to plier the seed,
And gives the canary a foul insect feed.
He never eats worms, let us tell it abroad,
This Old World sparrow is a terrible fraud.

American freedom has been much abused;
A home for the homeless we've here cut up,
And the poor honest man can never cast his lot;
Bring his wife and his babies and his family cot,
But our long suffering people some morning will see,
Communists and sparrows thrown into the sea.

FRED MATHER.

Bryant's poem on the English sparrow was written at the line of the introduction of that bird into this city by the Reich Bros., a firm of bird dealers. A number of the sparrows were purchased by Mr. W. H. Schieffelin and liberated in the garden of his Madison avenue residence. It was after spending an evening with Mr. Schieffelin that the poet wrote the verses printed above. Of this incident the poet wrote, Mass., correspondent says: "I know so much about the English sparrow as the majority of folks, and I

have no hesitation in saying that they will not eat insects if they can get grain, much less a hairy caterpillar. They are essentially a grass-eating bird, although they prefer the macerated oats in fresh horse manure to any thing else. They will give the choicest bird seed the go-by and go for the manure.

"The introduction of the sparrow was a money making speculation, because those who introduced them were in a position to understand all about them, and could not be excused on grounds of ignorance.

"If any one had asked the person that brought them to your city if a mocking bird or a robin or thrush could live on grass seed he would very likely have considered the inquiry a fool or grossly ignorant as regards the food of birds. To me it seems equally absurd to import a seed-eating, hard-billed bird and expect that when it came to a new country it would change its habits and turn insectivorous.

"In conclusion I venture the opinion that the little Turk Hessian fly, slug, grub and canker-worm mentioned in the poem has nothing to fear from the English sparrow."

The bird is rapidly making his way over the continent. In some parts of Virginia, as we have already noted, the campaign against him is assuming a serious character. A writer in the Charlottesville, Va., *Chronicle* treats his mind after this manner: "If there is one single redeeming quality possessed by these unmitigated nuisances, the English sparrows, we do not know what it is. No one ever saw one of them destroy an insect. They are neither insectivorous nor carnivorous—strict vegetarians—and about as disagreeable every way as some of the human species that we have known who affect vegetables. They increase very rapidly. One pair of birds may be counted on as certain if undisturbed, to produce three broods, or twelve birds, each. And their reproduction is as sure as fate. Break them up to-day and to-morrow they will have built in the identical spot. The writer of this broke up a nest at 8 o'clock in the morning, destroying nest and eggs; at 2 o'clock of the same day the pair had rebuilt the nest and one egg occupied it. It was again broken up, and the place visited early next morning, and the result was precisely as before. A determination to get rid of them, which was quite as strong as their determination to stay, finally drove them from their nest elsewhere. But they were not conquered—only repulsed. And although every effort short of shooting and poisoning has been adopted to drive them away they yet remain with their incessant, insufferable, arrogant chatter—a perfect curse. It is said you cannot trap them. One gentleman tried repeatedly and in many ways and failed."

DO GARTER SNAKES EAT FISH?

WELL, if you will allow me a point and consider crayfish in the category, I can answer you. While on the Upper Allegheny, not long since, I stepped out upon a log which projected into the river and began washing my hands in the water. Suddenly I perceived a quick movement in the river just beneath my hands, which was followed by the appearance of a large, healthy crayfish, which seemed to rise out of the water in a strange sort of way, which I could not understand, but in a moment more the mystery was solved by the head of a snake popping up and showing that it had just caught the crayfish by the tail.

I kept perfectly quiet, while the snake watched me for a minute or two and then, concluding that I looked too good natured to hurt it, it commenced on its meal. It was a garter snake about sixteen inches long and slender for its length. I could not see what it could possibly want with a crayfish, for I did not suppose it was insane enough to imagine that it could swallow such a huge meal and claw. But it went right at it as though it understood its business. Swaying its head (which remained on a level with the surface of the water) from side to side, it worked its jaws as though with a sucking motion, rubbed its throat occasionally upon a little stone in the water and the tail and part of the body of the crayfish was soon comfortably past the Rühlion.

But now came the tug of war, for here was the head and shoulders and huge large claws which were incessantly disposed off. The snake seemed to realize that it had need of all its powers in order to complete his enterprise. It paused for a rest and a breathing spell, and I could readily imagine that it was spitting on its hands for the finish. Then it commenced again, and such a swelling and swaying and contorting would have made a circus clown sick with envy. And all this time the poor crayfish didn't utter a single objection. It simply looked out into space with a vacant stare and didn't seem to have the least interest in the proceeding. I had doubtless been crossed in love at some no distant period and considered the world a hollow mockery, from which it was a blessing to be freed.

Gradually its shoulders were drawn into the cavity, then its head sunk slowly out of sight and the last thing we saw of that luckless cray-fish was one of its huge sharp claws illustrating a dissolving view as it was drawn into its living grave. Then that snake's jaws closed like a rat trap; it worked its body, pushing its victim down further—just as you have seen a boy work his throat when choking on an overdose of drap-acum—and in a few minutes he was gone. A few times, wide as his eye as me as though to say, "There, you can't do that, old man," and then wrigled away under the log to digest its well-earned meal. ORANGE PRAZER, Columbus, O.

"THE WAY OF A SEIPENT ON A ROCK."

THE movement of a snake in climbing a perpendicular surface, as I have observed it, is a vermicular, undulating motion, not spiral, but straight up the face of the surface. I have seen a black snake thus glide up a beech tree with such easy, careless grace of movement, over horizontal surfaces, that it snaked when moving over horizontal surfaces. The bark of the beech affords few inequalities into which the edges of the gastrolite's bands could thrust claw-fashion, and I have no doubt that atmospheric pressure is the force that holds the snake against such surfaces in climbing, sucker fashion, as the boy lifts the brick with the piece of wet leather. I once knew a black snake to ascend a stucco wall to the second story window, and another I saw go to the eaves of a carriage-house to the swallows' nest; straight up the up and down boards. I have seen them glide from tree to tree and leap down boards from the top of a large tree, but never saw one descend by climbing down a smooth, perpendicular surface. I have no doubt of their ability to do so, however. I do not believe that this power is enjoyed by the copperhead or rattlesnake, or any venomous sort with which I am familiar, they being heavy and sluggish in their movements.

I have seen them go up on leaning trees and crawl into the foliage of bushes, however. M. G. E. Washington, D. C.

It is well known to residents of vicinities where black snakes abound that they do climb trees, and that they climb large trees perpendicularly by clinging to the bark; in fact they can even climb the smooth, barkless trunk of a tree, rapidly and readily, in almost a straight line upward. As for descending, I once saw a large black snake attached to the bark of a huge oak, perpendicularly and in almost a straight line, and lying there motionless, head upward, and on throwing a stone at its snakespeare it took the shortest possible mode of descent by letting go all holds and dropping in a heap at the base of the tree, from whence it glided rapidly away. Columbus, Ohio. ORANGE FRAZER.

A short time ago I walked into a stable, and leaning against a post which supported a girder overhead, I proceeded calmly to consider the "points" of a horse haltered in an adjacent stall. A slight sound caused me to glance upward, and behold, a black snake, which I instantly glided with great rapidity down the post, thence over my shoulder and down my back to the ground, and disappeared through a crevice in the wall. I make no professions of bravery or cowardice, but I freely confess I was nearly disarmed with terror. Had I been duly informed of the snake's presence, and that it would adopt this novel and unexpected method of descent the effect might have been different.—M. Northside, Va.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S TRIUMPH.

SPEAKING of singing reminds me that before the summer has left us I wish to lift up my voice in behalf of the mocking bird. No bird on earth ever had a more unfortunate name, and no genius was ever more misunderstood than this artist of the woodlands. He is not a mocking bird at all, as we take no lessons from any creature under the blue vault. He imitates no sounds in nature, and never mimics anything. This is a broad statement, and these are strong words. Now for the proof: Having watched these feathered singers for many years and in many longitudes, both in captivity and in their own wildwood haunts, I suspected that the versatility of the bird was not appreciated, and that his talent and genius were not fully known. We took a young mocking bird out of his nest before he had feathers sufficient to cover him, and I was anxious to understand anything about the exhibition of a chirp from his parent, which I interpreted to be a signal for opening his mouth, which he always obeyed to the extent of almost turning himself inside out for fear he should miss a morsel. It was late in the season, and it should be noted that the martins had gone away, and few birds sing after July in the latitude of St. Louis. We shut the bird up in the dining room, and he neither saw nor heard a chirp or song from any of that innumerable company which he so perfectly imitates the next year. It was September, and I was about to shut him up. During the latter part of the following February he one day perched himself on a wire and, twisting his head in a very thoughtful way tried to "imitate" the liquid note of martins in springtime. It was a miserable failure of course. We laughed at him, and he hopped down; but soon tried it again. After three days of steady practice he succeeded; then he undertook the cry of the jay bird, and after many patient attempts and numerous failures he succeeded. After that he began on the very difficult and otherwise imitable "chirp" of the blue bird. In two days he mastered it, but he had never seen or heard a blue bird, and this rare genius evolved from his inner life the marvelous power that he had inherited. What has usually been set down as the "mocking" of this bird is only the exercise by way of suggestion of the talent he possesses, but a first-class singer of this species invariably excels that which he is popularly supposed to be imitating, and other birds recognize and acquiesce in this without any exception.

It is a well known fact that the best bird-fish, the cardinal bird, is some others and also "mocking birds" in a limited way. One day I stole quietly under a tree to listen to the varied and exquisite rendering of a difficult piece of bird-music, classic indeed, by a red-bird. Conscious of his success he paused and struck attitudes as though admiring himself in a mirror, and as he poured out his song other birds thereabout were hushed into silence. All at once a regular "mocking bird" took a position on a tree near by, and in a very few moments he sang the same piece of music, struck the note on the first effort exactly where the red-bird was doing his very best, but the song of the "mocker" was so much sweeter than his own that the red-bird merely glanced in the direction of the great star performer and closed his beak in an instant. Aware of his triumph, and unafraid of interruption, the wonderful mocking-bird ran over all the notes easily and then towering in his matchless song, charged over the great field of music, known only to himself, weaving into harmony and melting into symmetry all the bird-voices ever heard or imagined. He had a great audience that day and knew himself equal to their highest expectations. The red-bird merely hopped to a lower branch and with mute reverence listened. An old fussy, awing crowd stopped and was silent. The little wrens spoke never a word to each other, while the doves forgot to whisper love, and a squirrel, poking his head half-way out of a knot-hole far up in a great oak, rested his chin on his hands and closing his eyes enjoyed it in his own unobtrusive way. Not one of the audience moved or stirred an eyelid, and no comment was made by any of the singers. Criticism was disarmed and we were all together caught up into the third heaven.—ROBERT WEST in the Advocate.

AN IOWA MASTODON'S REMAINS.—The bones of what is known as a behemoth were found on the farm of Jerry Hopping, in Washington County, Iowa, a few days ago. Mr. Hopping's boys were bathing in a small creek on their father's farm, when they rasped their knees over something they supposed was the ragged edge of an old stump. They threw the chunk out upon the bank, and, upon striking it a few blows with a hatchet, found it was bone and not wood. It is said to be the shoulder bone of a behemoth. The piece was three feet long and the joint between the ends by six inches thick. When Jerry detected its true character he began explorations. He got out several ribs 5 to 6 feet long, 2 1/2 inches wide, and 1 1/4 inches thick; two molar teeth, the largest weighing 264 pounds, 1 1/2 inches long on the grinding surface, 4 1/2 inches wide and 1/4 inches deep, with portions of the socket or jaw attached; several joints of vertebrae in the neck 17 inches long, 9 wide and 4 thick; an axis joint, 14 by 7 1/4 inches; parts of the horn or tusk 8 to 10 inches in

diameter and 6 feet 2 inches long, and very brittle, the inner substance crumbling like lime. The lower part under ground was smooth as a cow's horn, and tapered in the same way. It was broken off, and was 23 inches around at the base. He has the thigh bone, 3 feet long and 1 1/2 inches thick. From the order in which the bones were found Hopping says the animal must have tired down and died with head up stream. He has traced the rotches for a distance of fifteen to twenty feet, apparently lying as they fell apart, the horn being under a spur of a bank ten feet high, which he shaved down. The neck bones were under the roots of an elm of good size that was undetermined by the late freshets; the shoulder blade was in water about 2 1/2 feet deep.—Dubuque [Iowa] Times.

HABITS OF THE HERMIT CRAB.—Glen Island, Aug. 11.—Imagine my surprise this morning on finding a lot of small periwinkle shells occupied by young lobsters! I have often wondered how the young lobster protected itself from the festive bass and blackfish, but my discovery certainly explains the problem. The little lobster first eats the periwinkle and then steals his shell, occupying it for his own protection.

Put one of them out of the shell and place both back into the water and you will see him kick into the shell again. Now, I wish to ask you if my observations are correct, and if so, is it generally known that the young lobster appropriates small shells for a home until his own shell is hard enough to protect it from being food for larger fish? T. J. M.

You have mistaken the hermit crab, sometimes called soldier crab, for the young lobster. The hermit crab never has a shell on its abdomen, and all through life protects it in the manner you mention. There are several species of them, some growing larger than our American species. They do not always eat the inhabitant of the shells, if they ever do, but as they grow they find a larger empty shell and exchange. There is a land species found in Bermuda.

CO CROWS EAT FISH?—Paddling down the stream one day I saw a crow lopping along on the stones at the river's edge, and looking curiously into the water as though it had lost something. Surprised at the strange actions of the bird, I drew my canoe to one side and patiently observed the manergeric. The bird hopped along for perhaps two minutes, looking sharply into the shallow water the while, and then suddenly splashed in and quickly emerged with a good-sized minnow in its beak, which it swallowed with evident relish and then began to look for more. I watched it until it caught and swallowed two fish, when it flew away. A few days afterward I saw another crow perform the same operation of catching a minnow and swallowing it. The only parts of the bird which entered the water were the legs and head. And now, if any one asks you "Do crows eat fish?" answer yes.—ORANGE FRAZER.

Columbus, O.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?—South Keene, N. H., June 14.—As I was fishing with a party in Kobb's Reservoir a short time ago I saw what seemed to me to be a young duck on the water some three rods from the bow and twenty-five rods from land. Some of the boys proposed that we give chase and, after some puffing and blowing, we captured the duck, which turned out to be a white mouse. After he had been interviewed he was released, and running out on the top of one of the oars he dove into the water like a school boy and swam away perfectly at home. Now, I have hunted and fished in the wilds of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont and never seen anything like it before. Will some one tell me what species of the mouse tribe it belonged to, and oblige. MARK.

Game Bag and Gun.

AN ARKANSAS TURKEY HUNT.

THE communications that appear from time to time in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM on the subject of turkey hunting remind me of the hours that I have spent in the pursuit of that kind of game birds. In the month of February, 1880, B. and I organized a night attack upon the turkeys that we had been told roosted in great numbers in the timber that grows in the overflow and swamps of Cache River.

It is a very sluggish stream in many places, having no channel, its waters creep slowly through thick trunks ofypress timber. In the summer during the dry season one can almost step across it, while during the overflow in the winter or spring it spreads out in places to the width of a mile. It rises in Missouri and flows southward into the White River near Clarendon, Ark., passing in its course through the eastern portion of this county.

It is a fact known to hunters that wild turkeys that live in a low swampy country nearly always roost in the cypress or other timber that grows in the overflow and along the edges of shallow lakes or sluggish streams. They seem to love to roost over water. In mountainous or hilly countries it is said that they generally roost in the timber on the sides of the steepest hills. Safety is perhaps the ruling motive in both cases. A full moon was necessary for the success of our hunt, but, after watching it impatiently for several nights, we decided that it would do, and started with but little more than a half moon. We rode that afternoon to the house of a settler who lived on the west bank of the river. The settler's dwelling-house consisted of a one-room log cabin. As we rode up we noticed a number of coon skins stretched on sticks hanging from the walls of the house, telling that the settler was waging vigorous war against the "varnents" that surrounded him. The settler and the hired man expressed a desire "to see them britch-lokers shoot," and, as it lacked an hour to sundown, we took a walk around the cornfield, bagging several squirrels on the round. When we returned we found that the settler's wife had supper ready. That being soon dispensed with we hastily inspected our shell sacks to see that our "turkey" shells were in proper order. We had loaded them with five drams of Dupont's No. 1 ducking powder and one and one-fourth ounces of BB shot. The settler and hired man had fired off their muzzle-loaders, and were now busy reloading for the turkeys. I noticed the hired man pour about a handful of fine rifle powder down each barrel of his gun, and, after ramming down upon it heavy wads of newspaper, he put in about the same

quantity of OO shot. Everything being ready B. and I stepped out into

"The evening air, In the beauty of a thousand stars."

We noticed, too, that the moon was promptly on hand to fulfill her part of the programme. We were soon tramping along up the edge of the overflow. The settler and hired man were to follow us in the dug-out. We had gone perhaps a mile and a half up the river when we halted for a moment. So far we had not seen or heard a turkey. Though neither of us spoke a doubtful word, and both expressed the opinion that the turkeys had only roosted further up the stream than they usually did and that we would be certain to find them further up, yet I knew intuitively that our thoughts were the sane, and that we were both beginning to doubt some of those turkey stories that had induced us to take this hunt. Moving on again, we had not gone twenty steps, when suddenly we heard the well-known, sharply-uttered "quit! quit! quit!" from the tree-tops overhead. Then came the heavy flapping of wings and shaking of branches, as the frightened turkeys flew from one tree to another.

"Just listen!" said I. "My goodness, there must be a hundred of them, from the fuss they make!" said B.

With finger upon the trigger, we peered intently into the tree-tops, endeavoring to distinguish a turkey from the immense number of knots and crooked limbs of every conceivable shape. "I wish," said B., "that the moon was just a little fuller." "It would be better, but I think we shall get them yet," said I.

B. did not respond, but I saw him suddenly bring his gun to his shoulder—a blinding flash shot up into the air, followed by a crash and a roar that echoed and resounded far away up the river and through the forest. My heart gave a thump, and I listened to hear the turkey fall, but no turkey came, only a quantity of leaves and twigs pattered on the ground.

"Did you kill him?" "Kill! Thunder! I'll be switched if I didn't shoot at a squirrel's nest. It looked exactly like a turkey."

We concluded, as most of the turkeys seemed to be over the water, to wait for the dug-out, and when it came one of us would go after the turkeys in the timber over the water, while the other remained on the bank to shoot any turkey that might fly in that direction. The settler and his hired man soon came up in the dug-out, picking their way carefully through the timber in the overflow.

The dug-out was just large enough to carry two men. Being long and narrow and round under the bottom, it threatened to have the least motion to turn over. Persons skilled in the use of these dug-outs suffer no fear of turning them over. Standing erect in the stern of the dug-out and using a long paddle, with a regular, sweeping stroke, they send them over the water at a fearful speed. Neither the settler nor the hired man was a skillful canoeist, neither having lived long on the river. As for B. and I, we could hardly sit in a dug-out without turning it over. It was decided that the hired man and I should have the privilege of going out on the water first. I took my seat in the bow with my gun in hand, while the hired man sat in the stern holding the paddle.

As we moved out into the overflow the "quit! quit! quit!" and the flapping of wings was heard on all sides, but I could not see a turkey. Still moving onward, we heard what seemed to be the cracking of a dead limb, then a splash as of something heavy dropping into the water. Steering in that direction we soon came upon an old gobbler quietly floating on the water, seeming to be utterly astounded at the unexpected situation in which he found himself. As he saw us approaching he struck off to swim at quite a lively rate. He never overhauled him. I was in favor of taking him alive, and so proposed, but the only answer I received from the hired man was: "Shoot! shoot! shoot! He'll fly! he'll fly! he'll fly!"

Such lungs as that hired man had! For fear of being deafened I leveled my gun and fired. I tried to shoot the turkey in the head, but found afterward that the charge had struck him full in the body. I knew then that so far as I was concerned shooting him would be a mere waste of powder. He proved to be an unusually fine bird. He was so heavy that we had to be very careful in lifting him into the dug-out to prevent capsizing. We were now in high glee, and pushing out nearer to the channel of the river where the timber was not so heavy, we obtained several shots at turkeys sitting in the tops of the straggling yepress trees that grew in the river. But I did not bag another turkey. I think I missed them, but the hired man assured me that he had several fall into the water after being shot. We were only guess work, and I am so sure that the hired man had good naturally told us this to prevent us from being chagrined by the repeated misses.

When I brought the gun to my shoulder I could not see the end of the barrel, and could not tell whether I held on the turkey or not. I several times requested the hired man to pull round till he placed the turkey in a line between me and the moon, telling him I could then easily hold on them. But the hired man was excitable, and though when not in sight of a turkey he would promise to obey the request, yet so soon as he came in sight of a turkey you could get nothing out of him but "Shoot! shoot! shoot! he'll fly! he'll fly! he'll fly!"

Whenever he opened up fully I threw my gun and fired, more to stop the hired man's mouth than with any hope of harming the turkey. I soon grew weary of that hired man's voice, and suggested to him that we pull to the shore and allow the others to use the dug-out awhile. Turning the bow of our boat shoreward we soon came in sight of the fire that B. and the settler had kindled as a beacon to guide us on our return. When we landed we found the hired man on the dug-out and hung him by his spurs from the limb of a sapling. There were various guesses as to his weight, but none below twenty-five pounds. On our return to the house we found that he weighed only twenty-one pounds. (Memo.—When you kill a gobbler of twenty-five or thirty pounds do not weigh him; they generally resent such a proceeding by falling off from five to ten pounds.)

The sight of that gobbler put B. in a fever to get in the boat and go out on the water for them. So far in the hunt he had not bagged a bird. He and the settler scolded like shadlows into the night, while the receding splash of the paddle told that they were moving far out into the overflow. While they were out on the water I determined to try a little hunt of my own on land. Striking off into the forest I endeavored to find a sleeping turkey by looking into the tree tops upon which the moon, which was now in the west, shone. I soon found that this was tedious work. Every crooked limb, knot, bunch of leaves, squirrel's nest assumed the shape of a turkey, and, as every plausible object between myself and the moon could I discover this cheat.

After some time spent in aimlessly wandering from one tree to another I concluded to start back, and soon came in sight of the fire. In a few moments the hired man came back from the hunt. With an air of practiced coolness he had been hunting he had seen several turkeys, but had failed to bag any. Not long afterward we could hear the dip of the canoe paddle. As the boat neared the shore a turkey was started from a tree-top. It flew past B. A crashing peal told that B. had given it a broadside as it passed. About the same instant was heard a splashing and struggling in the water, mingled with yells. "He's got 'im," said the hired man, as we both jumped from the log on which we had been seated. It seemed to me that B. had downed the biggest gobble of the season. An instant later when the turkeys had upset, and that was B. and the settler making the fuss in the water. Fortunately the water was not deep. Frequent remarks expressing emphatic opinions about turkey hunting, night hunting and dug-outs crested our ears, as B. wended his way to the shore. When he and the settler stood shivering near the fire, the water streaming from them, they made a sorry sight indeed. But, though the water was cold, the weather was unusually warm for the season, and they were both persons of vigorous constitutions. It was decided to start on the hunt immediately. We made the turkeys briskly to prevent a chill, were soon dressed in warm dry clothing, and, with pipes in their mouths and legs stretched toward the fire that flamed and roared in the huge fire-place, recounted amid peals of laughter the crowning event of the night, their late ducking, from which they now seemed to feel none the worse.

"Did the gun kick the boat over?"

"No. I heard the turkey, but did not see her till she had nearly passed me. Then, getting a glimpse of her, I threw my gun round and fired. Losing my balance, I caught at the side of the boat, and she was over in a second."

The next morning we sprang out of bed before light, and started up the river to lie wait for the turkeys as they flew from the trees. Arriving at the place where we had found the turkeys the day before, we made the distance to the edge of the overflow. There were four of us, and we took stations about two hundred yards apart. We faced the east, from which direction we expected the turkeys to come, as we knew that they were over the water. I held the extreme left; B. next to me, the hired man next to him, and the settler on the extreme right. The cast began to grow red. Objects became distinguishable. I saw several turkeys a hundred or two yards away, sitting in the trees over the overflow. They were badly seated, and soon began to fly and call to each other. As we had nothing to call with we kept as still as possible. Soon they began to fly down. Several reports to the right told that the turkeys were endeavoring to force our right wing, and that the hired man and the settler were making things lively with their muzzle-loaders. A quick double report a short distance to the right and I knew that B. had entered the fight. Would none of them come my way? I began to think that I would have to go back without a shot. The turkeys that I had seen in the trees in my position had gone. Looking at the dark, sluggish water, the overflow, studded with the trunks of huge trees and covered above by their interlacing boughs, I fell into a kind of reverie and had almost forgotten my purpose there, when, hearing a noise, I looked up. Not a hundred yards away, only ten or fifteen feet above the surface of the water, his wings curved in a steady sail, coming directly toward me, was a large gobble.

As he came like an arrow, till nearing the edge of the overflow he threw himself erect, and, bringing his wings square across the direction of the wind, he gave me a grand break on his speed, with a few strokes of his wings he came down just to the edge of the overflow, behind the top of a small tree that had fallen in the water at that place. In a moment he came stepping from behind the tree top, in full view, not forty yards away. What a beauty he was! The glossy plumage on his neck and sides fairly shone. Taking quick aim I lie drive at him with my right barrel, intending to give him the left if he attempted to run or fly. A dense volume of smoke shot out from the gun and hung between me and the turkey. It was so certain that I had killed him that I was in no hurry to go to him, but stood for a moment deliberately putting in another shell, so as to be ready, should another turkey come that way, to give him a right and left. I could hardly believe my eyes when I got to the place where I expected the turkey was and could not see him. I looked and looked, but he was not there. There were bunches of feathers, some with blood on them, scattered along the edge of the water in the line of the shot, but no further traces of that turkey could be found. The result of that shot made me full convinced of the theory that I had shot turkeys with small shot. Had my gun been loaded with No. 6 or 7 instead of BB, I should certainly have shot him dead, as at that distance, with small shot, I could have put several pellets through his head and neck. As it was I had doubtless given him a mortal wound, but allowed him to escape. This was worse than a clear miss. Soon B. came up with a turkey hen in his hand. Although he had shot at it with both barrels, putting several BB shot into its body, it kept on its course for about a hundred yards, then dropped dead. Going toward the house we came upon the settler and the hired man, both circling around through the woods, looking for the turkey which each believed he had killed but could not find. The settler and the hired man were both of opinion that the shot was too small. If large shot would not kill, they did not see how using smaller shot could help the matter any.

"They'll fly till the last breath is out'er 'em, and you have to shoot 'em wid shot as is big enough to knock the breath clear out'er 'em, then you'll get 'em," said the hired man. I told him that I had used smaller shot with better success. I prefer No. 6 to any other size for turkeys. 8-muzzets I load one barrel with No. 6 or 7 and the other barrel with No. 4.

Returning to the house we breakfasted, and, promising to come again, mounted our horses and galloped homeward. That old gobble, although he had treated his last several hours before, still showed fight. I could not tie him in any position but he would pull loose. I had stopped to tie him several times, and at each time he had had his head down, and when we went again in a lively gallop, when suddenly my horse began to rear and plunge and throw her heels in the air in a style that made it seem probable that I should collide with the earth. Casting my eye backward to ascertain the cause of these unusual capers, I saw that old gobble tugging with might and main at the strings which bound his feet and neck, at the same time digging his spurs into the side of the horse. Quieting the horse, I again tied the old

bird, but he did not cease his tussle till I landed him at home.

Mrs. R. was delighted. After admiring his size and plumpness he was carried over to the cock's orders to pick him nicely and then report for further orders.

I had finished recounting to Mrs. R. the exploits—the "moving accidents by flood and field"—connected with the hunt, and we had commenced to discuss the question as to the heat mode of cooking the turkey, when the cook suddenly appeared. I knew by the expression on the face of Patsy that she had something important to communicate.

"Miss R," she said, "who 'ber clean dat turkey forgot to took his craw out, an' he done soosed."

"We hurried into the kitchen. It was too true. When on our return from the hunt that night, assisted by the hired man, I had drawn the turkey. Being unused to such work, I had never once thought of the craw, and the weather being warm, he had, to use the cook's word, "soosed."

Did I discover in the dimmed and half shut eye of the old gobble a gleam of malignant satisfaction at the knowledge that his captor was foiled! But I did not count my labor lost. More than the juicy meat of the turkey do I prize the memory of that hunt. With it are involved pleasant visions of the dim wood, the quiet water, the moon-lighted shore, and of "the morn' in russet mantle clad."

J. E. R.
Gainesville, Ark.

DELAWARE RAIL SHOOTING.

I HAVE been asked to send you for republication the comparative scores of remarkable rail shooting had at Chester, Delaware River, in the year 1846, and a like season of great tides and numerous birds at Port Penn, Delaware River, in 1873. Dr. Lewis, in his chapter on rail shooting, gives the first, but the shooting made at Port Penn I procured from Mr. Sir Lord, the proprietor of the hotel at the latter place. This may give those unacquainted with the sport of rail shooting an idea of what is done on our river at large, and when it is known that each bird is shot singly and on the wing almost as quickly as a cat and a mouse, the idea can be gained of the excitement accompanying the sport when numerous boats are being pushed through the reeds, each one endeavoring to be "high" at the finish.

At Chester in 1846.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|----------|--------------------------|----------|
| Sept. 8. J. Irwin..... | 82 | Sept. 7. J. M. Ryre..... | 90 |
| " 4. J. M. Eyre..... | 122 | " 8. Mr. Mattenger..... | 124 |
| " 4. B. Pearson..... | 101 | " 8. E. F. Eyre..... | 97 |
| " 4. T. Thurlow..... | 83 | " 8. Mr. Brown..... | 97 |
| " 4. E. Wells..... | 156 | " 8. C. Price..... | 91 |
| " 5. Mr. Mattenger..... | 101 | " 7. J. S. Bondall..... | 94 |
| " 5. J. Odenheimer..... | 128 | " 8. J. M. Eyre..... | 195 |
| " 5. B. Ford..... | 87 | " 9. J. Newbold..... | 84 |
| " 5. Mr. Wells..... | 154 | " 9. J. Odenheimer..... | 132 |
| " 6. A. Worrall..... | 136 | " 9. W. Read..... | 101 |
| " 6. E. Wells..... | 114 | " 9. G. Pyle..... | 85 |
| " 6. E. F. Eyre..... | 154 | " 9. J. Newbold..... | 84 |
| " 6. S. Smith..... | 93 | " 10. J. Bondall..... | 94 |
| " 7. C. Ulric..... | 93 | " 10. S. Smith..... | 103 |
| " 7. Mr. Bringham..... | 81 | " 10. E. F. Eyre..... | 116 |
| " 7. H. F. Eyre..... | 75 | " 10. E. F. Eyre..... | 116 |
| " 7. H. Edwards..... | 108—1917 | " 11. H. Edwards..... | 107—1851 |

Grand total, \$,768.

At Port Penn in 1878.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|---------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| Sept. 8. Mason..... | 72 | Sept. 9. Young & Sain- dets..... | 96 |
| " 8. Flower..... | 100 | " 9. Mr. Luff..... | 99 |
| " 8. Longposham..... | 115 | " 9. Baker..... | 120 |
| " 8. Saunders..... | 115 | " 9. Stell & Newbold..... | 53 |
| " 8. Bunker..... | 144 | " 9. Fisher..... | 176 |
| " 8. Young..... | 144 | " 10. Powers..... | 155 |
| " 8. Throw..... | 51 | " 10. Longposham..... | 144 |
| " 8. Lehman..... | 51 | " 10. Baker..... | 75 |
| " 8. Stell & Newbold..... | 104 | " 10. Keplin..... | 92 |
| " 8. Fisher..... | 59 | " 10. Middle..... | 104 |
| " 8. Keplin..... | 49 | " 10. De Camp..... | 109 |
| " 9. Longposham..... | 164 | " 10. Young & Sain- dets..... | 63 |
| " 9. Bunker..... | 120 | " 10. Throw..... | 143 |
| " 9. Flower..... | 79 | " 10. Stell & Newbold..... | 91 |
| " 9. Fisher..... | 75 | " 10. Fisher..... | 156—1703 |
| " 9. Middle..... | 75 | " 10. Fisher..... | 156—1703 |
| " 9. De Camp..... | 72—1770 | | |

Grand total, 8,473.

The shooting in 1846 at Chester was in muzzle-loading time, and the run of high tides occupied nine days; that at Port Penn in 1878 was in breech-loading time, and was done in three days. Many of the participants of the Chester shooting have long since "passed in their checks," but the names of those who enjoyed the remarkable shooting at Port Penn in 1873 are familiar to Philadelphia sportsmen.

Homo.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

WHAT are monopolies, and what constitutes just such as we see in "Didymus" to wonder "if people tamely submit to it?" Are they our great railroads, extending from the commercial centres to and through remote and unsettled territories, holding the absolute right of property way over thousands of acres? No. Their stock is for sale in the open market to "Didymus" or any one with means to purchase from one share up to the controlling interest, and even the "Granger" had to admit them to be a great blessing to the farmer when he discovered that a firm in the wilds of Dakota, costing from five to five dollars per acre, could, by the rent of a rail car, compete profitably with a farm near commercial centres costing one hundred dollars per acre, in the sale of wheat, corn, rye, oats, potatoes, etc.

Are the telegraph and telephone companies the grievous monopolies that trouble "Didymus" so much that he fears this will cease to be a "free country?"

No. The grievance and monopoly which is cut off from the people every acre of good shooting ground and destroyed our boasted freedom is a little club of sporting gentlemen, incorporated in Ohio, and owning marshes, lands and waters, on Sandusky Bay, their object being, as set forth in their certificate of incorporation, "for the purposes of yachting, hunting, fishing, the protection of fish and game and for lawful sporting purposes, as provided by an act passed by the Legislature of the State of Ohio on the 15th of May, A. D. 1878." This club (which was first organized over twenty-five years ago) for nearly twenty years left its extensive hunting and fishing grounds open to all "outsiders" without any restriction or hindrance to hunt any fish, the club owning the land and paying annually a large amount for its protection of its shores from washing, and for extensive improvements generally.

When these grounds were purchased and these investments made by the club the marshes literally swarmed with geese, swan, heron and almost every variety of game ducks and waterfowl, and the owners of the property could be sure of a day or week of sport after a long and tedious journey. The members of the club were scattered through New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Covington (Kentucky),

Cleveland, etc. But these grounds were open to the unselfish "outsider," who cleverly managed very after year to occupy before the flight of the eligible shooting points, to the exclusion of the less enterprising members of the club themselves, and who so persistently banged at and chased up on their feeding grounds, night and day, and indiscriminately slaughtered the game, that finally few game birds were left, and total extinction or protection became inevitable. Hence, after leaving their possessions open to wholesale slaughter of their game by "outsiders" for nearly twenty years, the club proceeded, under the laws of Ohio, to protect the fish and game found on their premises from indiscriminate slaughter out of season, and from ultimate extinction in the near future.

No game is allowed to be shot and no fish to be caught out of season or unlawfully, and none but owners of shares in the club are permitted to hunt on their premises. Any good citizen may become a member on the purchase of a share. It looks to me more like preservation and protection of property than a grievous monopoly.

"Didymus" magnanimously suggests that "if they would adopt the system of giving the privilege of a day's shooting occasionally to outsiders, keeping out all market shooters, they would not appear so glaringly obnoxious to the charge of selfishness. My wonder is, as it now stands, that people tamely submit to it."

Luckily for the rights of property and the peace and harmony of the world the people do submit to let every man gather, or have the first right to gather, the game, the fish and the fruits found and produced on his own premises. While "Didymus" was abashed, why not claim the privilege of one day for free shooting of game, one for digging potatoes (keeping out all diggers for the market), and one or two days' free feasting in the watermelon patch for himself, boys and pigs on the grounds belonging to the club? I think the club would rather prefer to yield the potato and melon patch (if compromise must be made to break the monopoly) to public plunder and preserve the game.

There are hundreds of such clubs established all over the United States and the Dominion of Canada by the best of honorable means for the purpose of the preservation of game and food fish—and it is sincerely hoped there will be many more.

X.
Cleveland, Ohio, August, 1881.

IN DEFENSE OF THE ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

THE BRUTE "PARKER" NOT A GUIDE.
THIRD LAKE, FULTON CANTON, AUG. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Am just in from the "other side," and find the all-absorbing topic here the Parker affair. The papers have got hold of it, and are running it for a sensational event, and all wrong. The *New York Mail* thinks the "Adirondack guides a class to be left severely alone." It happens that I was cruising in the vicinity where the thing happened, and was over the long carry at the foot of Forked Lake wihdui an hour of the last act of the tragedy which happened there last Friday. The simple facts of the case are that the man Charley Parker was a guide, never regarded to be one, and was not so considered by the guides on either side. The constable at Long Lake is a genuine guide, by the name of Warner Cole. He saw at once the importance of arresting Parker and bringing him to punishment, and he has followed the culprit like a sleuth hound. First, he followed the trail to Kingston, Canada, inveigled or kidnaped him, and brought him back to Long Lake. Pending the investigation Cole had to keep his prisoner over night, which he did by shackling the man to his own wrist. In the morning he placed himself in possession of his handcuffs and the prisoner gone. Again he started on the track, trailed his man to an island in Forked Lake, thence to the mainland, and lay for him on all likely carries, outlets and inlets. Had Parker possessed friends among the guides he might have kept out of the way indefinitely. The guides, however, almost to a man, were anxious for his arrest. They saw clearly that the affair was a ruinous blow to the guiding business, and they felt keenly the injustice of such articles as appeared in the papers.

From what I saw last Friday I infer that the man who was a camp at the foot of Forked Lake, and keeps a lean horse to draw boats over the carry at \$1.50 each, helped Parker. At all events, Parker hung around the Long Carry, and there, just after I passed up the carry, Constable Cole cornered him as he, in company with his wife, was launching a boat. Ordered to land, he refused, was fired on and hard hit "through the arm, which was broken," as the first report had it. "Although my hand and head were hurt," said a guide who came in before night. "Groaning and breathing his last" is the report of the next party. "Dead," is the last report. Any and all of these reports may be true. It is certain that he has got heavy punishment.

The main point is, after all, the way in which this affects the guides.

My acquaintances in the North Woods are largely of the guide class. I feel this thing as though I were one of their number. I have been in the woods night and day for seasons, and have not been ignorant of them and their ways in many long years. So far as the genuine guide of the Adirondacks is concerned, I would not hesitate to hang up a valuable watch or my pocketbook on a carry, outlet or inlet, merely appending my name, certain that my property would be safe as in the vaults of a bank—unless some outsider came across it. I can give the names of more than two hundred guides with whom I would trust my seventeen-year-old daughter as contentedly as I would with her mother.

A middle-aged man, first and foremost, to take care of his party—to defend, protect, feed, shelter and bring through safely his party, at the risk of his life, if need be. This is recognized as a first duty by every true guide. The man who "wets his party," or lets them suffer privation or inconvenience in any way that skill or industry can prevent, gets more ridicule from his compeers than he can well stand.

Had I time and space, I could give several instances that have come under my personal knowledge of energy, skill, surprising personal endurance and faithfulness not found in the ordinary walks of life.

To sum up: Charles Parker was no guide. He came into the Wilderness last summer for the first time, worked, fished and hunted for the hotels, and had since led the same desultory sort of life.

The guides say that Parker was an assumed name—that he was a convict who had served a term in the Penitentiary. They beg the public to understand that the Adirondack guides have no sympathy for, no adulation with, the rascal, Charles Parker.

NAGSHTV.

ASIATIC BIRDS FOR AMERICA.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS. The seasons, to which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail,uffed Grouse, Pinnated Grouse (Chickadee), Wild-fowl, Wild Turkey. Rows list various states like Ala., Cal., Conn., Dak., Del., D. C., Ga., Idaho, Ind., Iowa, Kan., Ky., La., Me., Mass., Mich., Minn., Miss., Mo., Neb., N. H., N. J., N. Mex., N. Y., N. C., N. D., Or., Pa., R. I., S. C., Tenn., Tex., Utah, Vt., Va., Wis., Wyo.

treatment, but an unluckily heavy shower rain upset his mental equilibrium again. He mistook the drops for the blunt arrows of his tormentors and ran himself into a temporary hydrophobia. His master, of course—as is customary with foreigners, whether treaties be violated or dogs' tails docked—demanded compensation, and, failing to find a receipt of payment on the Satsuna side, instituted an action at law, laying the damages at \$350."

AN UNUSUAL PERIL OF THE CHASE is hinted at by the Oswego Times, which tells a story of the Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, well-known to many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. Our contemporary says: "The Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, formerly of Madison County, represented this district in Congress for the term including the years 1865 and 1866. Judge Holmes, after the expiration of his Congressional term, became the business partner of the Hon. Roscoe Couling in Utah. A few years ago he located West, though in what State has escaped our recollection. Among his peculiarities was his fondness for hunting, and for this purpose he kept a fine pack of hounds, which, as occasion presented, he followed in the chase. Some weeks since his dogs, for some cause, engaged in a furious fight among themselves. The Judge, hearing the noise, went among them to stop the fighting, when they turned upon him and lacerated him so terribly that it was expected he could never recover from his wounds. While the bruises were tearing him with their mad and apparently blind fury, they seemed suddenly to discern who it was they were rending, and they commenced to lick his wounds, running around and jumping at and over him, whining piteously, and manifesting all the affection for him that it was possible for dumb animals to do. The Judge, after his rescue in the terrible condition in which he was left, refused to have any punishment whatever administered to the dogs, maintaining that they were in no sense blamable."

NORTH CAROLINA GAME—Monroe, N. C.—The extremely dry spell from June last till the present, has caused the largest yield of quail ever known in this section. The fields are literally alive with the young droves; all the eggs have all hatched and not one has been drowned as is usually the case. The close season expires Oct. 1st, and the few that hunt are looking forward to a gala day on that date. In my evening walks I have located fourteen young coveys, most of them two-thirds grown. My pointer, one and a half years old, seems eager for the fray; he was bought for me by Mr. John Davidson, is thoroughly broken and his equal I have never seen. I shall send FOREST AND STREAM in a few weeks a larger picture, 24x30, of my two dogs on a "point," as I have engaged an artist to go with me and take them and the scenery naturally, as they stand with a covey of quail at "bay." This will be a natural scene of our Southern quail hunting, two pointers, one back pointing the other, the coveys given, yet we have received donations from the American Artus Co., Boston, of one of their new summerless guns, from the American Powder Co., Boston, one keg "Dead Shot" powder; from T. Yardley, Brown, Reading, Pa., one-half dozen of his celebrated gun cleaners, and from E. W. Moore, Augusta, a life size crayon portrait of the champion.—F.

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOODCOCK—Nashua, Aug. 15.—Woodcock shooting has commenced with us, and so far has furnished sportmen with weary days' work and short bags of birds. There are more birds than last year, but they are not so plenty as the signs of July led us to expect. It is the opinion of a majority of old shooters that July should be the open month and August and September the close months for us in this latitude. They say that in July the old birds are strong of wing and in good condition, while the young are mature or well grown and able to take care of themselves; in August the old birds begin to moult and leave their feeding grounds for the pond, and are more scattered and harder to find. The only objection to July shooting applies equally to August—namely, the shooting of young grouse.—WEBB.

"FORESTER SCHOOL OF BATTLES."—"Nuff" writes from Washington: "About two years ago you published a capital editorial on the 'Forester School of Battlers.' You will remember, I believe, because so greatly was it needed that your readers just got up and 'screamed' when they read it. Most of us have been postal-carded fearfully about everything, etc. Where can this article be found?"

The article was published in our issue of December 13, 1879, and if its republication will gratify any of our readers, we shall take pleasure in giving it a place. It will be printed next week.

WILD RICE IN DEEP WATER—Harwood, Ontario.—A gentleman wrote a letter to your paper last fall saying wild rice would not grow in water deeper than one or two feet. I was passing through a rice bed here the other day which was about two miles in length and half a mile in breadth. I pulled a stalk up which I send you. I measured it, and it was nine and one-half feet in length; the water was seven and one-half feet in depth. Almost the whole rice bed was growing in that depth of water, and I could, I think, find stalks growing in ten feet of water.—CHAS. CHENESTER.

NEW JERSEY SHORE BIRDS.—Curlews, willets, brown backs, yellow legs and the other varieties of shore birds are making their appearance all along the Jersey coast, but the main body of them seem to be loath to tarry long until they pass the line of summer resorts, and the feeding grounds sought by them seem to be south of Atlantic City and north of Cape May, where the shores are not so much sought by summer sojourners.—Homo.

VIRGINIA GAME.—Henry Ashton, Esq., a prominent sportsman from Culpepper Co., Va., is in Philadelphia this week. He says quail in his section of the country were greatly reduced in numbers last winter. The season was remarkable for the quantity of hawks seen, and the birds that withstood the snow were killed by these winged robbers.—Homo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I sincerely hope Gov. Denny's project will be taken up in earnest and a large number of those foreign birds imported; but I suggest that they be turned out, several pairs together, in some dense jungle as far South as the Carolinas, where they can breed unmolested by sportsmen and be safe from snow and cold. But it must be considered whether they are birds that live in cultivated, grain-raising districts in their native country. If they are they may not be able to find a living in uncultivated wilds.

I believe the lack of success in that was the cause of the failure to establish the grouse family on the Hempstead Plains of Long Island. I also think a great mistake was made when the great body of the Messina quail were turned out. Instinct leads them, on the approach of cold weather, to take a direct line South. Now, if most of those imported were turned out in the Eastern States they throw away their time and money in importing them. They should have been taken to Kentucky or Tennessee; then, if they choose to migrate at all—which I doubt—they need not necessarily drop into the sea. The mandarin duck is far more beautiful than even our wood duck, but as a game bird it would be of little consequence, as it is not heavier than a quail. Gov. Lyon succeeded in hatching some at Rosville, Staten Island, but they were devoured by rats.

As to the woodcock, it would be glorious sport to shoot those princely fellows; but, even if they could be brought over, it would be utterly folly to turn them out anywhere but in some such place as the Dismal Swamp, where they could fairly get a start in the world before being exterminated.

And with respect to the matter I suggest that it would not be a bad idea to ship a few jack rabbits from the West and let them out in some safe place. He is a noble fellow for the chase, but has a bad reputation for the table, which I believe to be merely the fault of the villainous stuff on which he is compelled to feed.

The sage hen (a large and splendid grouse) has the same fault, as everything must have that has nothing to live on but that concentration of nastiness, the "sage brush." I see no reason why this jack, if well fed, should not be a hare.

D. D. MUMS.

GAME IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.

WE have taken occasion before this to note the business-like and sensible way in which the sportsmen of Dutchess county, New York, have gone about the protection of game. As we so frequently have inquiries as to how a game protective society should be organized, we give herewith the form of a circular sent out by the gentlemen of that county, and suggest that it may serve as a good form for others to copy.

My dear Sir, Mr. P. E. Ackert, one of the signers of the circular, writes us that it is hoped to secure a county law prohibiting the marketing of game, thus striking at the root of one incentive to the illegal killing of the same. The following address has been sent to the farmers and sportsmen.

DEAR SIR:—The frequent violations of our game laws by unprincipled persons who kill and take game and fish out of season, make it necessary that some one should see to it that the laws are enforced and those who violate them dealt with as they deserve.

Game and fish are becoming so scarce, that in order that they may not be entirely exterminated, a law shortening the season in which they may be taken, and in this way protecting them in part, is a necessity.

To that end laws have been passed throughout the country; yet they are a dead letter unless enforced.

Fair and honest men do not violate them; but there is a large class who conscientiously do, partly through greed and partly through carelessness, and who regard it as their right, even those who wait until they have a legal right to hunt or fish.

Farmers and their sons and other persons who hunt and fish occasionally for the sport and pleasure they afford, as a rule, observe the laws and desire their enforcement.

The State is annually expending money for the replenishing of our depleted streams and lakes for a general benefit. It has also been found necessary to appoint State officers to enforce the game laws.

Each co-operator with them is essential in order that their money may be thorough. To that end nearly every county in the State has one or more associations. The county of Dutchess is as greatly in need of it as any.

Trespassers are committed regardless of posted notices, which are frequently torn down with impunity.

If our game laws are not enforced, it would be better if they were repealed; then all would have an equal chance at killing the little game that is left.

Each one who signs this matter, and after talking with many of our best citizens and leading farmers in different parts of the county, have adopted this course to secure at an early day a representation to meet at a time and place to be designated, for the purpose of perfecting such an organization and adopting by-laws for its government.

Please circulate the enclosed petition in your town, and secure the names of as many men as possible upon whom we can rely, say your local club, and arrange among yourselves to meet at a time and place to meet with us when notified, to adopt a constitution and by-laws.

The expense will be trifling in carrying out the purposes of the society. To assure and meet the expense of printing and postage, the sum of one dollar is named in the petition, to be collected by you and paid in the hands of the Treasurer of the County Association within ten days after the adoption of the by-laws and appointment of the officers of the society.

I enclose herewith a petition, and return the petition with the names of the signers, to P. E. Ackert, Peter E. Hayt, Guilford Dudley or E. B. Osborne, Poughkeepsie City, N. Y., within ten days, when notice will be given of the time and place of our first meeting.

Each one signing the petition and paying one dollar shall be a constituted member of the Association. Whether at our annual or stated meeting every member of the Association will vote or by representation, will have to be determined after organization.

A manifest objection, by presenting to the extent of the law its violators, will have a salutary effect.

This matter has been talked of for several years, yet nothing has been done. Let us make this attempt effectual.

The fact that it is the duty of the District Attorney to prosecute violations of the law and that the county gets the benefit of the penalties collected to a large extent, should greatly commend this purpose.

It is though the game laws are not as all of us would like to have them, but the only means to that we have and hope that through our united efforts they may be amended in the future more to our wishes.

IN these States there are special county laws. A deer law applies to sale or possession of a wildfowl not protected on the coast. In Utah, Kentucky, Iowa, and Wyo. deer season opens Aug. 1; Missouri, Sept. 1; N. H., Oct. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; N. Y., Oct. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; N. D., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 15; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; S. C., Oct. 15. Elk—Colo., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Minn., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

THE INU-O-MONO.

THE Empress and Emperor of Japan have just paid a visit to Mr. Shimadzu Tadayoshi, the head of the great southern clan of Satsuna, who received them with a display of princely hospitality unparalleled since the Restoration. The sum of \$100,000 was set apart for the Inu-o-mono and No-dances, and yet there was a balance on the wrong side after all. Everything prepared for the imperial household was innocent of previous service, and so far as was possible the furniture, apparatus and accessories were all new. What was old, however, was all the more valuable for its age. Thus the Imperial household's Imperial visitors were covered with brocades three centuries old.

The Inu-o-mono is "the game of shooting at dogs." All the most skillful archers of Kagoshima, it is learned from the Japan Weekly Mail, were summoned northward, and this meant a good deal, for the Inu-o-mono has long been a favorite pastime in the Island of the Nine Provinces; nay, indeed, has generally been regarded as a specialty of the Satsuna men. Two hundred dogs were provided for the performance, and from them were selected the fittest. Some thirty made their appearance in the arena. "General Grant," says the Mail, "they were dogs, not cur, like those that lay down on the sand and refused to be prodded or goaded into motion at the exhibition got up for General Grant's delectation." The Satsuna knights hunted in parties of eight. They were all provided with lacquered bows, except their chief, Shimadzu, whose bow was of milk-white wood with a golden string; the arrows were blunt. The horses were splendidly caparisoned—embroidered saddle-cloths, bluish stirrups, saddles crusted with gold, and helmets studded with gay tassels, while the riders wore bright silken doublets and trousers of deer or tiger skin. Over the whole arena was sifted fine, dark sand, that covering a small, slightly raised circular space in the centre being, however, white. To this central spot the dogs were led, one by one, and so soon as their bonds were cut they bounded off as though they quite enjoyed the sport, though they were "perpetually peppered." This went on from about 7 A. M. till noon, when a truce on the same scale as everything else was provided, and after lunch there was a display of wrestling.

Concerning this same Inu-o-mono, there is a funny story told. The Mail gives one version, as follows: "Shortly before the hunt the Secretary of the English Legation despatched a messenger from his home, in Shiba, with a letter for Mr. Shimadzu Tadayoshi. The messenger was followed by his master's favorite dog, which he tied up outside the Yashiki before seeking admittance. When he came out, a few minutes afterwards, the dog had disappeared and all inquiries failed to find out its 'deceitful'," says the Mail, "the hunter, however, the pup again made his appearance, but alas! his tail was gone and all his ancient sagacity had been concentrated into the accomplishment of scuffling about before mounted archers. In fact, so thoroughly had he assimilated his instructions that whenever he was not tied or held he would bound frantically off and perform a most animated Inu-o-mono on his own account. For a time after being restored to his master he seemed to recover the use of his faculties under the influence of regular diet and affectionate

THE QUINCY CLUB—Quincy, Ky., Aug. 9.—We have organized a sporting club here with the following officers: V. B. Morse, President; S. R. Morse, Treasurer; James Dupuy, Secretary. We call it the "Quincy, Ky., Club." The membership is small, but are all enthusiastic sportsmen. We are going on a camping expedition this fall in the interior of Kentucky, and anticipate a splendid time with wild turkeys, grouse and black bass.—J. D.

WANTS A TENNESSEE HEALTH RESORT—Orange, N. J.—Can some of your correspondents in that State tell me of a place in Eastern Tennessee where I could find good shooting and trapping and a climate that would benefit a person troubled with bronchitis. I would prefer a place not frequented by sportsmen and near some river or lake, also where board is not high.—W. R. B.

DELAWARE QUAIL—Wilmington, Del., Aug. 1881.—I believe, notwithstanding the very hard winter we had on the quail, that a great many birds have been left over and good shooting will be had. I have the best of reports from lower down the State. Reed birds and rail have begun to come already, which leads me to think we will have an early fall.

WISCONSIN—Waukesha.—Game has suffered some from the cold winter and is not so plenty as usual. Some wild pigeons in the woods. Squirrels plenty, etc.—H. W. Merrill.

ILLINOIS—Creston, Ill.—Grouse shooting bids fair. Many flocks of young ones are seen in the prairies and some quail.—H. W. M.

THE WOODCOCK SEASON in Dutchess County, this State, does not open until September 1.

THE MINNESOTA PRAIRIE CHICKEN SEASON opens September 1.

We learn from Messrs. Uptegrove & McEllan, of Valparaiso, Ind., that the demand for their Holland shooting suits this season is unprecedented. Using only the very best material, and engaged exclusively in the manufacture of these suits, enables them to give a perfect outfit.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN AUGUST.

FRESH WATER.

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| Salmon, <i>Salmo salar</i> . | <i>Sitotethium americanum</i> , <i>S. griseum</i> , etc. |
| Brook Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> . | Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> . |
| Rainbow Trout, <i>Salmo gairdneri</i> . | Striped Bass, <i>Roccus tenebrosus</i> . |
| Dolly Varden Trout, <i>Salvelinus malma</i> . | White Bass, <i>Roccus chrysopterus</i> . |
| Crucian, <i>Taymynnus tricolor</i> and <i>T. maculatus</i> . | Rock Bass, <i>Ambloplites</i> (Two species). |
| Black Bass, <i>Micropertus salmoides</i> and <i>A. pallidus</i> . | War-mouth, <i>Chenobrytus griseus</i> . |
| Masago, <i>Esoc nobilior</i> . | Crappie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> . |
| Pickering, <i>Esoc reticulatus</i> . | Bachelor, <i>Pomoxis annularis</i> . |
| Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> . | Chub, <i>Sentelibus corporalis</i> . |
| Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike). | Shad, <i>Alosa sapidissima</i> . |

SALT WATER.

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| Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis atraruta</i> . | Weakfish or Squeteague, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> . |
| Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Roccus tenebrosus</i> . | La Fayette or Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> . |
| White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> . | Channel Bass, <i>Sillago</i> or Redfish, <i>Scorpaenopsis ocellatus</i> . |
| Bluefish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> . | Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> . |
| Soup or Porgie, <i>Stenotomus argenteus</i> . | Kingfish or Barb, <i>Menticirrhus nebulosus</i> . |
| Parrotfish, <i>Pomacanthus carolinarius</i> . | |
| Tautog or Blackfish, <i>Tautoga onitis</i> . | |
| Spanish Mackerel, <i>Cybutum maculatum</i> . | |

The angler has in various ways been a prominent character in the affairs of men in all ages of the world. In the remotest times of mankind the fish was pursued by a primitive people with as much ardor as they are now by the most civilized. Savage tribes who have fashioned hooks out of human jaw-bones have been equally as enthusiastic and zealous votaries of the art as the most fastidious urbanite of modern days who "whips" the waters with a silver-mounted fly-rod. We find his praises celebrated in ancient lore and embalmed in Holy Writ. Men of all classes, races and conditions are among the ardent disciples of Isaac Walton. But especially from the busy throng of city and man from the giddy whirl of the metropolis, from its daily trudge and strife are men and women drawn by the fascinations and charms of wilderness, lake and stream. The ceaseless industry of the city requires some relaxations, and can we wonder that the indescribable charms and joys found in the "honest man's recreation" captivates these pent-up denizens? There has ever been a fascination in the sport which has captivated the greatest minds. The Pharaohs fished in the Nile; the Romans paid a bounty for red mullet.—J. F. SPRAGUE.

THE CARP IS GAME.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Messrs. Previtt, Spurr & Co., on the east side of the Cumberland River from Nashville, have beautiful artificial ponds for the rearing of fish. Last November I gave them twenty German carp which they placed in these waters. This morning I was invited over to see them, and in company with a few friends, consented and went over with hook and line and a No. 1 Kentucky reel. I baited the hook with a small piece of bread and in a few minutes hooked two as pretty fish as ever had fins, ripe and ready for the duties of the cook, and a sweet morsel for a hungry man if placed on the table before him. They were pretty to look at, one of them a daisy, with dorsal fin distended, with golden splashes and sides, like the golden flashes of an evening sun on a western sky, and bright, silvery scales, like the mail of a mail coach.
This beautiful fish, only one year old, now weighs one and a half pounds, and will take the hook as quick as our native bass, and I do say they are game. It requires a good hook to hold one, and I predict, from their wonderful fecundity, with due protection and feeding, that our anglers need only to visit our neighbors' ponds and have all the fish and sport they could wish for.
I am advised that a sufficient number of this year's batch will be ready by the first of next month to supply the thousands who write to me for this fish, and as the State gives me no appropriation for the distribution, not even postage, I will require those wanting carp to call in person.
Geo. F. AKERS.

HOOKED FROM "POOK."

FISHING.

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JOHN ALBRO.

THE WICKED FISHING WHEEL.

THE San Francisco Evening Bulletin is responsible for the following story, which, if that paper has not been imposed upon, deserves immediate attention. We can hardly credit this account of a device which is simply devilish. The Bulletin says of it: "From an English gentleman who has lately traveled overland from British Columbia to this city, we learn that a new device, which has been patented, is now in operation taking salmon on the Columbia River. This device, or machine, is known as 'Williams' Patent Fishing Wheel,' and is located on the Oregon side of the Columbia River, about a mile and a half below the Cascades. This device consists of a jetty of rocks built out from a point on the shore of the river, outside of which is a plank sluiceway, in which an undershot wheel, with large tank buckets, revolves. The sluiceway was built when the river was at its lowest stage of water and the wheel is hung so that it can be raised or lowered as may be desired, according to stage of water.

"The instinct of the salmon is to run up the river alongside of the banks instead of mid-channel. By this the fish can take advantage of the eddies below jutting points of land. On these projecting points the Indians have from time immemorial taken salmon in large numbers by using dip-nets. The jetty built out from the point above named makes a larger and longer slack-water behind it, and the salmon rounding the point rush into the sluiceway to get up the river. In the sluiceway the wheel which revolves in the current in gauged so as to sweep within a foot of the bottom and the salmon are scooped up in the tanks or buckets, which latter let out the water as they ascend. On the wheel descending the fish are thrown out into a trough or gutter leading to a pen below, where they remain until taken away to be canned.

"The arrangement of the sluice, wheel, etc., is a most successful one, the catch of adult salmon, which are the only ones canned, running from 1,500 to 4,000 per day. There is virtually no expense in taking the fish save attending to the pen.

"As the fishermen who take salmon in boats in the Lower Columbia River demand and receive from 50 to 60 cents per fish from the canneries, one can readily see what a vast profit the use of the wheel makes to the cannery connected with it. In fact, if the use of this wheel increases on the Upper Columbia River the canneries located near Astoria and all others who depend on boat-fishing, will either have to give up business or run at a loss from a reduction in price of canned salmon, while their rivals will get rich.

There are about 3,000 men employed in the boats and making nets for salmon on the Columbia River which the general use of this wheel will throw out of work, and at the same time the permanent plant of the canneries, consisting of piers and buildings estimated at more than \$250,000, will become worthless. These two items, the non-employment of boatmen, etc., and permanent plant of canneries are, however, the least of the evils which will come from the use of Williams' patent fishing wheel.

"Our informant states that the wheel scoops up all sizes of salmon from one pound weight upward. That all fish below six pounds weight are not used in canning, but are thrown back into the river dead and float away. He states that at one emptying out of the pen which he witnessed several hundred of the young salmon were thrown away as above stated, and as this occurs three times daily many thousands of immature fish are destroyed weekly which would, in succeeding seasons, grow to a size fit for canning. In fact, it is wholly generally in use when salmon-canning on the Columbia River, which averages from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000 annually, will have to cease for want of adult fish to can.

"The use of this fishing wheel means the rapid destruction of salmon-canning in all rivers that have a quick current and

rocky shores. It is a patent which should be revoked on the ground of being 'adverse to public policy;' and its use, or kindred devices by which immature fish are destroyed, should be prevented under heavy penalties within the limits of the United States. It is time that the interests of those who are to come after the present generation should be protected from wasteful devices, and especially in all matters relating to natural sources of fish and game food, which the cupidity of individual man would destroy with a view solely to his present gain.

"The taking of fish in public waters is subject to regulation by law, and the Legislatures of both Oregon and Washington Territory should take prompt action by forbidding the use of this fishing wheel if they desire that the industry of canning salmon shall continue on their rivers in future."

IMPROVEMENT IN MACKEREL FISHING.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., July 28.
AMONG the recent improvements in fishing apparatus there are none, perhaps, that appear to be more important than one that was patented last April by H. E. Willard, of Portland, Maine—an article long used in the mackerel seine fishery and which has received from the fishermen the name of "mackerel pocket" or "spiller." It was first used by the patentee in 1878, and Capt. Geo. Merchant, Jr., of this place, invented and put into practical operation an improved "spiller" last year, though it was not until the present summer that the advantage of its use was known to the majority of the mackerel fishermen, who have hastened to adopt it, and now more than thirty of the vessels sailing from this port are each provided with one of the pockets.

The apparatus is a large net bar, 36 feet long, 15 feet wide and 30 feet deep; it is made of stout, coarse twine and is attached to the side of the vessel, where it is kept in position, when in use, by wooden poles or "outriggers," which extend out a distance of fifteen feet from the schooner's rail. When distended in this manner a spiller will hold over 200 barrels of mackerel, which can thus be kept alive, as in the well of a smack, until the crew who have captured them in the great purse seines have time to cure their catch. As is well known, it frequently happens that several hundred barrels of mackerel are taken at a single haul. Heretofore, when such a large quantity of fish were caught, but a comparatively small portion of them could be cured by the crew of the vessel to which the seine belonged. The result was that when a large catch was made a considerable percentage of the fish were generally "given away" to some other vessel, since if only a part of them were removed from the seine to the vessel's deck, the remainder being left in the net until the first lot were cured, the chances were nine to one that the fine twine of which the purse seines are made would be bitten in many places by the swarming dogfish (*Squalus americanus*), that bite noir of the mackerel fisher. In addition to the injury to the net, the inclosed body of fish were thus allowed to escape and went streaming out through the numerous holes made by the keen teeth of these voracious bloodhounds of the sea, which, in their fierce and ravenous pursuit of the imprisoned mackerel, usually succeeded in robbing the fisherman of a large portion of the fruits of his labors.

The "spiller," being made of coarse twine, though not entirely exempt from the ravages of the dogfish and sharks, is rarely injured by them; and now when a large school of mackerel are caught in a seine the fish are turned into the bag, from which they are "balled out" on to the schooner's deck only as fast as they can be dressed, and in this way it frequently happens that a full fare may now be secured from a single set of the net.

Perhaps no better instance could be cited to illustrate the old saw that "necessity is the mother of invention" than the introduction of this simple net bag, the use of which will undoubtedly save to our fishing fleet many thousands of dollars, even in this, the first season of its adoption.

J. W. C.

THE STARFISH AS A COMESTIBLE.

WHY have the vigilant scouts of the Ichthyophagists Club slumbered while the starfish grew? They have scoured the rivers, ponds, creeks and oceans for things to eat whose very names made the gorge of the average citizen rise, but the starfish has escaped their attention. Perhaps we may take part of the blame for this, for we went down the list of marine invertebrates and passed the starfishes as uneatable.

We know of but few things which will eat a starfish, and have wished that this destroyer of oyster beds had more enemies. We have smelled of the starfish while dissecting it, and for a right down disagreeable smell commend us to the "five fingers." Again, we did not see anything in its anatomy that was capable of digestion by a human stomach, and so passed the whole tribe as of no use to man, not even to the Ichthyophagi.

Now, a thing about which this Club won't eat may be accepted by the public as of no use whatever to hungry man. But now arises the steward of Glen Island. He conducted the cuisine of the late Ichthyophagical dinner. He publishes a recipe for a bisque of starfish, as "invented and composed" by himself. Here it is:

"Take twelve fresh starfish and cut them up into small pieces; put them into a saucpan, with a quarter pound of butter, one clove, one bayleaf, one root of parsley, a few leaves of soup celery and a pinch of thyme; cut up three carrots and two onions into small pieces; let all simmer together until the butter is melted and begins to sputter; then add one pint of Rhine wine; cover the saucpan and allow its contents to simmer for 15 minutes; boil a quarter of a pound of rice in two quarts of water; when done put it into a mortar and add the starfish to it; pound them both together and pass through a sieve into a clean saucpan; now strain the liquid and add it to the starfish and rice; place the saucpan on the fire; stir it well until ebullition; add a quart of hot fish stock and salt and cayenne to taste; before serving add a pint of rich, sweet cream, beaten up with the yolks of two eggs; stir all together and serve."

The reader will observe that he makes no comment on its future. Perhaps the less said on that point the better, but the Ichthyophagists cannot afford to let the starfish pass in future.

It is said that no man dare eat a radish if he will cut one up and let it lie in water over night and smell of it in the morning. Verily, he who has smelled a fresh starfish when opened is a brave man if he can eat it afterward.

THE SEVEN PONDS.

I WAS considerably interested, and like many more of your readers, no doubt, slightly amused by reading a short article entitled "Tim Pond and the Seven Ponds," in your issue of Aug. 11, in which it was said that the Seven Ponds were "stocked with trout which have enjoyed their homes unmolested since the history of trout-ery, all now Kennedy Smith has opened a backwood pathway for sportsmen to the waters where they dwell."

It seems to me, considering that some years have elapsed since Messrs. Grant & Richardson, of the Kennebec Lake House, have erected log camps and kept boats at the Seven Ponds for the convenience of their guests who might wish to go there, that the title of pioneer to that region can hardly belong to Mr. Kennedy Smith. I should like here to give most unqualified praise to Messrs. Grant & Richardson for the uniform kindness and hospitality which their guests enjoy at their camp. No better guides can be found through the whole lake region. Their table is unsurpassed at any point upon the lakes, and I have never known a dissatisfied guest. For parties wishing to camp out they have erected log cabins near the west end of the lake, which are supplied with stoves and the necessary cooking utensils. While it is undoubtedly true that the trout taken here average smaller in size than those of the lower lakes, it is also true that there is no other lake of the Rangeley chain where the fishing throughout the year is to be compared with that at Kennebecago. It is the only lake of the chain where trout will rise freely to the fly during July.

For beauty of scenery it has no equal, being entirely surrounded by mountains, and I think nobody who wishes to spend a few pleasant days' vacation in the woods can do better than try the hospitality of the Kennebec Lake House, and from there run up to Seven Ponds two or three days, where trout of small to medium size are certainly more abundant than elsewhere. B.

LARGE BLACK BASS.

HARWOOD, RICE LAKE, Ont., Aug. 11.

I SEND you-to-day by express a small mouthed black bass which weighed, when caught, six pounds, six ounces and five in stuffing. On Thursday, the 4th of this month, Mr. D. Murphy, a gentleman of Toronto, and myself started out for a fish at 5 o'clock p. m. In two and a half hours we caught twenty-five small mouthed black bass; eight of them weighed forty-one and a quarter pounds. The following is the exact score:

- 6 bass of 5 lbs. each.....30 lbs.
- 1 bass of 5 1/2 lbs.....5 1/2 lbs.
- 1 bass of 5 3/4 lbs.....5 3/4 lbs.

Total for the 8 (out of 25).....41 1/4 lbs.

Rice Lake is now full of fish, both muskungeon and large and small mouthed black bass. The large mouthed bass is called "yellow," or "mud bass" here.

CHAS. GILCHRIST.

The bass came to hand nicely stuffed and mounted, and is the small mouth species, and looks to have weighed six pounds.

RHODE ISLAND HAS A LOBSTER LAW.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 12.

PLEASE put Rhode Island right on the lobster question. We have a law, passed at the last session of our Legislature (Jan. and Feb., 1881), limiting the catch to ten and a half inches, which, in the wisdom of our law givers, was enough to begin with. It is a good beginning, and we hope to raise it an inch soon.

A lobster was taken about July 1st half way up the bay (Narragansett) that weighed twelve and a fourth pounds in a sweep net. We sent one to the Smithsonian that measured one and a fourth inch, perfectly formed, caught off Narragansett pier. What is not known about the growth of lobsters in their early stage of development would fill a volume. Be sure the U. S. Commission will find it out.

NEWTON DEXTER,
Commissioner Inland Fisheries.

WORMS IN BLACK BASS—WATSONTOWN, Pa., Aug. 12.—Can you enlighten me on the cause of the black bass being literally alive with worms? It is not only one in a number, but all that are taken from our beautiful river—the West Branch of the Susquehanna—and I believe if the bass are dissected, it will be found that all are so at this time of the year in all waters. The worms will be found in great numbers along the back-bones; remove the skin and the worm will be easily found, and in nearly all will be found a small black egg. Can we hope for a disappearance of the worm after August? Can you explain the cause? If you wish I will send you a bass to dissect. I have an idea that all fish are more or less affected with this same worm at this season of the year. This has put a damper to our dreams of taking this grand game fish.—J. R. H.

The bass are often, if not always, wormy at this season. We eat them and never look for worms. The worms and the bass taste alike, the same as the worms in cherries or in cheese taste like the the thing that contains them. See Answers to Correspondents.

HOW TO MAKE A CLAM BAKE—Putnam, August 14.—First secure what clams you want, and a bushel or more of new rockweed, or seaweed so-called. Select a flat rock, then build the oven a fire, and also heat a half bushel or more of clean stones of about three pounds weight each, also one of ten or fifteen. When the rock is sufficiently heated then, having it possible with you a pair of tongs, take off the heated stones and sweep off the ashes from the rock. Now dash on some little water so the rock will not scorch the rock weed and make the clams taste smoky. Then have a clean barrel with both ends out. Set the barrel on the heated rock. Now put in six or eight inches of rockweed; then say half of your clams; then more rockweed; then the hot stones; then more rockweed; then the rest of the clams; then more rockweed. Now put the largest flat hot stone on top of them then put on the rockweed until the barrel is full; then cover up the barrel as tight as possible, so that no steam can escape; bank up a little round the bottom of the barrel. In a half or three-quarters of an hour your clams are done. I generally have a piece of old sail cloth to put over the top of the barrel.—G. F. W.

A FLY CASTING MATCH IN ENGLAND.—Mr. R. F. Merton, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, is about to introduce this sport into England. He offers prizes and asks dealers to add to them. We will watch for its coming and hope that it may meet with the success which he deserves. It is interesting to note that his scale of 100 points differs slightly from ours. It is:

- Across the wind.....20
 - With the wind.....20
 - Style of delivery of flies.....20
 - Accuracy.....30
 - Total.....90
- The contest is to be for single-handed fly-casting; longest cast from the reel, "Nottingham style," and for longest cast with line coiled at the feet, "Thames style."

VERMONT BASS FISHING.—Montreal, Can., August 9, '81.—I have just returned from a ten-days' fishing tour at Bass Lake, Franklin, Vt., and at Lake Champlain, near Missisquoi Bay. Our catch was wholly black bass; the largest taken at five pounds. Bass fishing is all there this season. Friend Cassau, of Shelton, Vt., has captured, during the past month some six-pound mouthed bass at Bass Lake, and there are more left, even larger than those taken. These fish, on a Greencourt rod, give lively sport.

The writer and a couple of friends dropped into the Ottawa Hotel here to-day for dinner, and the courteous manner in which we were received by the manager, Mr. John Warner, who is a devoted disciple to the rod and gun, caused us to feel that our lines had fallen in a pleasant spot, and that the Ottawa is the hotel for sportsmen to patronize while in this city. No punn about this, but solemn truth.—STANSTRADE.

GREENWOOD LAKE TO BE RESTORED.—At a recent club meeting of the Greenwood Lake Association "Frank Forester Club," it was resolved: That the Treasurer of this Association be authorized to act as trustee for a fund of such voluntary contributions as shall be made, to wit, for the purpose of continually restocking Greenwood Lake and protecting the same; and that Elias Vindle, Samuel Garrison and John Hazen be and they are hereby appointed a committee with full and discretionary power as to the use of this fund, and the Treasurer is instructed to pay the same out on vouchers approved by them.

BIG CATFISH.—Mr. George Le Bar, of Bushkill, Pa., took out a fishing party on Saturday, July 24, from the Buena Vista House, consisting of Mr. Samuel Kay, and D. W. Robinson, of New York City, and on Aug. 31 he killed a black bass, one of which weighed five and one-quarter pounds and another four pounds. This is considered remarkable for this season of the year.—J. O. R.

DELAWARE RIVER NOTES.—Philadelphia, Aug. 11.—The season during which fishing on the Delaware River with nets less than two inch meshes is prohibited expired yesterday, but the fish wardens will still continue to enforce the law against fishing on Sunday.—HMO.

TROUT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—MR. ARRY, N. C.—Splendid trout fishing about twenty miles from here, and superb scenery. J. M. B.

Fishculture.

STRUCTURE AND OVARIAN INCUBATION OF THE TOP-MINNOW (*Zygogobius*).

By JOHN A. RIDER.

SINCE we have taken up our temporary residence at Cherrystone we have found this interesting genus of cyprinodonts in great abundance in fresh and brackish water streams, also in a fresh water pond in the vicinity, a few miles south of where our station is. One or two of these small, ten cent, goldfish-like creatures, all of which are in brooding condition—we will not say spawning condition, as they do not, as do most other fishes, commit their ova to the care of the element in which they live, but carry them about in the ovary, where they are impregnated and where they develop in a very remarkable manner.

Of the manner of impregnation we know little or nothing, except the evidence furnished by the conformation of the external genitalia of the two sexes. In the adult male, which measures one and one-eighth of an inch in length, the anal fin is strangely modified into an intromittent organ for the conveyance of the milt into the ovary of the female; a tubular organ appears to be formed by the three foremost anal rays, but one which is greatly prolonged and united by a membrane. At the apex these rays are somewhat curved toward each other, and thus form a blunt point, but the foremost one of the three rays is armed for its whole length with ridges at its base and with sharp recurved hooks at its tip, the other two at their tips similarly with hooks, and between their tips are two small processes or openings which possibly communicate directly with the sperm duct from the testes. The basal elements of the fin are aggregated into a cylindrical columnar truncated bony mass, which is prolonged upward into the cavity of the air-bladder for the distance of nearly the eighth of an inch; from it a series of fibrous bands pass to the dorsal and posterior wall of the air-bladder to insert into the median line. Whether this bony column serves to steady the fin in the act of copulation, or whether it serves to give passage to the sperm duct, is an unsettled question with the writer. The modified anal fin of the male measures a third of an inch in length. Other peculiarities of the male are noticeable—for instance, as the more abbreviated air-bladder or space which also occupies a more oblique position than in the female. The most remarkable difference presented by the male as compared with the female, however, is its inconceivably weight, which is only 180 milligrams, while that of the gravid female is 1,030 milligrams, or nearly six and one-half times the weight of the male.

The female, as already stated, is larger than the male, and measures one inch and three-fourths in length. The liver lies for the most part on the left side. The intestine makes one turn upon itself in the fore part of the body cavity and passes back along the floor of the abdomen to the vent. The air-bladder occupies two-fifths of the abdominal cavity, and at its posterior end the volvan duct traverses it vertically, to be enlarged near its outlet into a fusiform urinary bladder of very much the same form as in many embryo fishes, as demonstrated by Professor Kuppfer and myself. The ovary is a simple, impaired organ which lies somewhat to the right and extends from the anterior portion of the body cavity to the posterior end of the lower part of the abdomen when fully developed. The ova, when full grown, are each enveloped in a sac or follicle supplied with blood from a median vascular trunk which divides and subdivides as it traverses the ovary longitudinally in a manner similar to that of them to which general reference has been made above, and in such a way that each egg or ovum has its own independent supply of blood from the general vascular system of the mother, from which the material for the growth and maturation of the egg is derived, and which afterwards becomes incorporated with the nutritive material of the developing embryo is maintained while undergoing development in their respective follicles in the ovary or egg-bag. The

ova develop along the course of the main vessel and its branches, may be learned upon examining a hardened specimen, where the very immature ovum eggs are seen to be involved in a meshwork of connective fibrous tissue, which serves not only to strengthen the vessels but also afterward enters into the structure of the walls of the ovum, and apply very largely to the dorsal stalk. The very immature eggs measure from less than a hundredth of an inch up to a fifth, and on up to a twelfth of an inch, when they may be said to be mature. They develop along a narrow median rachis or stalk which extends backward and alightly downward from its bifurcation, and apply very largely to the dorsal stalk. The ova, after developing a little way, are each enclosed in a follicle, the Grefalon follicle, ovicell, ovarian capsule, *membrana granulosa* of von Baer, or *membrana cellulos*a of Costa. As the egg is matured there is a space developed about it which is said to be the blastoderm, or a layer of cells covering it. This space is filled with fluid, and in this fluid, which increases in quantity as development proceeds, the embryo of *Zygogobius* or top-minnow, is constantly bathed. There is no trace whatever in the egg of this fish of an independent egg membrane, as is the case with all known forms which apply directly into the water, and which is usually, if not in all cases, perforated by one or more microporular openings or pores for the entrance of the spermatozoon. This fact raises the question in our mind, whether the same principle holds true in all the viviparous species. Whether Rathke has recorded anything on this point in his account of the development of *Zoarcetes*, the viviparous blenny, I am not able to say at present, as I do not have access to his works. Since the follicles are filled with nutritive fluid in preparation, staining and dissection of the follicles enclosing the ova of *Zygogobius*, I have completely failed to discover what I could regard as an egg membrane, although personally familiar with the appearance of the coverings of the ova of many other aquatic species containing vitelline yolk and vitelline oil, and radiata or covering of the egg in other bony fishes is said to be secreted from the cells lining the follicles and is composed of a gelatinoid substance, and it is often perforated all over by a vast number of minute canaliculi. No such structure existing, therefore, in the egg of *Zygogobius*, we are in a position to ask the question why such a unique condition of affairs should exist in this case? The answer, it would appear to us, is not far to seek. In the first place, the ova are small, and the water in which they are kept, and which they should be supplied with a covering more or less firm and capable of protecting the contained embryo, which in the case of the top-minnow is not needed, because the embryo is developed so as to be quite competent to take care of itself as a very well fed animal when it hatches out of the water. If the mother will not waste her powers in an effort to make useless clothes for each of her children as do not need them; on the contrary, she is constantly utilizing structures economically, and often as to serve more than one purpose. This is the apparent answer to the question which we started with.

The follicles or sacs containing the ova are built up internally of flat, polygonal cells of pavement epithelium, and externally of a network of multipolar, fibrous, connective tissue cells and minute capillary blood vessels, with cellular matter, which radiate in all directions over the follicle from the point where the main arterial vessel joins the follicle, and which, together with its accompanying veins and investment of fibrous tissue, constitutes the stalk by which the follicle and its contained naked ovum is suspended to the main arterial trunk and vein. The capillary system that is a larger venous trunk, which also follows the course of the main median arterial trunk back to the heart by way of the Cuvierian ducts. The very intricate mesh-work of fine vessels which covers the follicle supplies the follicle with oxygen, and also serves to carry off the carbonic dioxide in much the same way as the placenta or after-birth performs a similar duty for the young mammal developing in the uterus of its parent. There is this great difference, however, between the fish and the mammal, in the former there is no placenta, and in the latter there is. In the follicle in which the eggs have grown and matured; there is no true placenta, but respiration is effected by a follicular mesh-work of blood vessels, and the interchange of oxygen and carbonic dioxide gases takes place through the intermediation of first of the main arterial trunk and vein. In many of the rays, and later when blood vessels and gills have developed in the embryo they, too, become accessories to aid in the oxygenation of its blood. In the mammal there is a uterus; the egg must leave its ovarian follicle, it convects to the uterine cavity where it is fertilized and where it develops until developed richly vascular placenta joined to the fetus, the villi or vascular loops of which are insinuated between those developed on the maternal surface of the uterine cavity. In both fish and mammal, however, this general blood-vascular system, that is, the immediate vascular connection between mother and embryo. In both the respiration of the embryo is effected by the transpiration of gases through the intermediation of membranes and fluids, oxygen being constantly applied and carbonic dioxide carried off by a specialized portion of the blood system of the maternal organism.

There is still another difference which distinguishes the developing fish from the mammal which has not been noticed. The body of the former is built up by a gradual reorganization of the substance of the ovum into the structures which make up its organization. In other words, the young fish obtains no nutrition from its parent; there is merely a reorganization of the stored protoplasm of the yolk sac. In the mammal, on the contrary, there is a placenta, and by its means the placental structures, though there is a yolk sac at an early stage; the largest proportion of the embryo is built up from the protoplasm supplied from the blood system of the parent. Judging from the large size of the young of some viviparous fishes, such as in *Embolospilus*, it is possible that there may be some exceptions to the rule indicated above.

Besides the very intricate network of capillary vessels which covers the follicles of the ovary of *Zygogobius* a large opening of a circular or oval form makes its appearance in the wall of each one or near the point of attachment of the vascular stalk by which they are supported. This opening appears to increase in size as the young fish develops; whether it is present during the earliest stages of its development, or whether it is present only when the young did not have an opportunity to see those phases. A branch from the main nutritive vessel frequently lies near the margin of the opening, curving around it. Whether this opening serves the same purpose as the micropyle of ova, provided with a membrane or not, and whether it is a channel by which nutritive material, in the manner the milt, which is probably introduced into the ovarian cavity by the male, could reach the ovum through the wall of its follicle. The opening into the follicle may be named the *follicular foramen*. Though it is nearly certainly the same in function, it is not in direct communication with the general ovarian space, which, singularly enough, appears to be occluded from without by a temporary closure or plugging up of the oviduct or canal from the posterior end of the ovarian sac, a state of affairs, however, which may vary according to the species. In other animals, the condition found to obtain in a pregnant mammal, where the uterine or mouth is temporarily occluded during gestation.

We found ourselves unable to determine the species of the form, the structure of which is described above; none of those described in Jordan's Mammal appear to agree with our species. It may be, as some of us have surmised, that the isolation of the form on the eastern peninsula of Virginia for a great length of time may have caused it to depart in its characteristics so far from the type, that we leave the determination of the species to the systematic ichthyologists.

Thus far our account has dealt only with the structure of the adults and the peculiar contrivances by means of which reproduction is effected; we will now take up the discussion of the egg and embryo.

The globular vitelline nucleus about a line in diameter includ-

river by the State Fish Commission, no sight of them has yet been seen, and I fear that our fondly-cherished hopes of royal sport with this kind of fish were vain; the Commission, I believe, has given over the same to introduce them here. They will, however, have thrived to our fullest expectations. The James, to which a few years back this fine fish was unknown, now affords to the lovers of the rod and line most glorious sport, especially in its upper waters.

As an enthusiastic fisherman I take deep interest in anything pertaining thereto, and Col. McDonald having kindly given me permission to shut down the gates of the ladder at Besler's for the purposes of investigation, thereby enabling me to stop the fish in the forebay and thus determine what kinds and quantities of fish go up it, I shall make full use of the permission whenever the stage of the water permits, and, if you think it would be of sufficient interest, will send you an occasional report. I've no doubt when the running season opens again I'll be able to make a most encouraging one.

J. W. B.

FISHERY CULTURAL NOTES.

THE MISSOURI COMMISSION is about to fit up an aquarum car to transport fish. It will be similar to the one that Commissioner Shaw, of Iowa, has used for a few seasons. Mr. Shaw has been invited to meet with them to explain the plans.

At Bucksport, Me., Mr. Atkins has enough salmon inclosed to yield about 2,000,000 eggs. At Grand Lake Stream he is enlarging the works to a capacity of 8,000,000 eggs, if it should prove necessary to provide for so many. Aquaducts are being laid out all over it. I shall make full use of the permission whenever the stage of the water permits, and, if you think it would be of sufficient interest, will send you an occasional report. I've no doubt when the running season opens again I'll be able to make a most encouraging one.

J. W. B.

Miss Ollie Shaw, daughter of the Iowa Commissioner, is sketching the fishes of the State, and is reported to have succeeded admirably. About twenty have already been transferred to her canvas.

George Eckardt, Jr., who arrived from Germany this spring, is engaged with our correspondent, Mr. Hugo Mulert, in making carp ponds near Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Eckardt's father is the largest carp breeder in Germany and he has had most experience. The carp farm will probably be made upon a large scale.

BLACK BASS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Black bass fishing is doing considerable sport in the Merrimack River and a number of ponds in the closed season, fairly stocked and yearly increasing with the frisky fish. It was the writer's good fortune to gather in two last week, one weighing two and a quarter pounds, the other two and three quarter pounds. Suniper Lake has furnished most of the black bass to be found in New Hampshire where a few years ago they were unknown. So much for the Fish Commissioners; they deserve the good will of fishermen.

Dr. E. Spalding, of Nashua, has been appointed one of the Fish Commissioners of the State in place of Sam Webber, of Manchester, who has resigned. The doctor is a well known veteran fisherman, and well acquainted with the waters of the State.

W. E. M.

SALMON FOR TENNESSEE.—I am advised by Spencer P. Bost, United States Fish Commissioner, Washington, D. C., that after let proximo he can furnish me with any number of California salmon eggs at the expense of any one desiring to stock the streams of Tennessee, but it must be understood that the parties ordering shall have a hatching house. Yours, etc., Geo. F. Arkes, Fish Commissioner Middle Tennessee.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATION.

J. E. Lawrence, Mass.—Will you be kind enough to prescribe for my pointer pup one year old? He seems well enough, but is very thin in flesh. "His appetite is good, but his stomach will not retain any food," is the complaint. The doctor says no sign of worms. Ans. Give him a little good meat three times a week, and a little sulphur now and again.

F. R. N. (Ohio), N. Y.—Can you answer me through your valuable paper? I am a sportsman and have heard the sound of several different times and thought it came from a bull frog, but the people around here say it is caused by a skink falling on its back for lack of air. Ans. It is impossible for us to say what causes the sound. To represent the sounds of animals even musical notes fail, and types do not express it at all.

C. T. Randolph, Mass.—Please tell me the kind of fish of which I have heard the sound. I have heard the sound of several different times and thought it came from a bull frog, but the people around here say it is caused by a skink falling on its back for lack of air. Ans. It is impossible for us to say what causes the sound. To represent the sounds of animals even musical notes fail, and types do not express it at all.

Pistol Practice, Montreal, Can.—In pistol shooting the usual range was formerly 12 paces, or 12 yards, the regular doubling distance, but now the standard is 50 yards, the regular doubling distance with Civil War matches has been increased to 60 yards. The ranges in the New York galleries is the regular 200 yards target reduced proportionately. Thus used at 100 yds. is 25, 150 yds. is 37 1/2, 200 yds. is 50, 250 yds. is 62 1/2, 300 yds. is 75, 350 yds. is 87 1/2, 400 yds. is 100, 450 yds. is 112 1/2, 500 yds. is 125, 550 yds. is 137 1/2, 600 yds. is 150, 650 yds. is 162 1/2, 700 yds. is 175, 750 yds. is 187 1/2, 800 yds. is 200, 850 yds. is 212 1/2, 900 yds. is 225, 950 yds. is 237 1/2, 1000 yds. is 250. We shall publish some valuable pistol practice.

L. F. C., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—I wish to ask you a few questions in regard to the black bass in our lake. In 1874 we put thirty large bass into the lake which furnishes a water supply to the village. Since then the fish have multiplied, and I have been fishing in it ever since. I went up to the lake and fished a little while and caught a few, and in skinning them I discovered under the skin small black spots, like small black parasites, like sand hills. The bass caught in Saratoga Lake have a clear skin and flesh; no black spots. Our lake is the Loughery; the water comes from trout streams and springs; and in the spring the fish are full of black spots. The bass caught in Saratoga Lake have a clear skin and flesh; no black spots. Our lake is the Loughery; the water comes from trout streams and springs; and in the spring the fish are full of black spots. The bass caught in Saratoga Lake have a clear skin and flesh; no black spots. Our lake is the Loughery; the water comes from trout streams and springs; and in the spring the fish are full of black spots.

G. W. R. Hamilton, N. Y.—I have a pointer dog that was taken sick last Sunday. His symptoms are these: He is thin and weak through the suall of the back, and it is hard work for him to use hind parts. I gave him castor oil and nitre both worked well, and he seems to be all right Tuesday last, and Sunday this, but on Wednesday, Thursday he was all right, but Friday the lameness came back; if anything, worse than before. I had a better bitch that was sick, she spoiled the same way, died last winter. No one here knows what it is or what to do. The doctors say it does not lack poison. If you can help or advise me what the matter is, and how to cure her, I will be very glad to pay you for it. I have no other one except she is a pointer dog. The bitch has a white spot on the side of the face. A little sulphur occasionally, and a small teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda once a day dissolved in water and poured down his throat will probably do good.

F. W. B., New York City.—Recently I came into possession of a very fine pointer dog, a female, named "Beauty." She has been hunted many times, although I think she has been very good to a certain degree, as she will retrieve, stand on a bird very good for a dog, and she has a very good nose. She is also a very good nose, but she has one very bad fault, that being gun shy. When I take her out with the gun she follows me until good opportunity offers, then she runs for me. When I take her out with the gun she follows me until good opportunity offers, then she runs for me. When I take her out with the gun she follows me until good opportunity offers, then she runs for me.

The disposition of the dogs must be studied, and an endless amount of trouble taken to thoroughly get them over it. Individually we would estimate before waiting five or six three-year old birds. But if you please to make the trial we cannot suggest a better treatment than those described in articles in FOREST AND STREAM, February 5, 1880, and April 8, 1880.

"That medicine goes right to the spot, refreshes and revives once."—A patient on Hop Bitters.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries close September 18. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 18. Charles Linton, Superintendent; Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 29 and 31, and at Norfolk, Neb., Nebraska Field Trials second annual meeting. J. F. McCartney, Secretary, Norfolk, Neb.

September 1, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Close of certain Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. J. R. Stuyton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa.

September 18 and 19, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Eldridge McConey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of certain Eastern Field Trials. Entries close September 25. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

November 1, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close September 25. J. P. Laverick, Secretary.

November 25, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

November 25, Grand National National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

TWO OF THE NIAGARA DOGS RESCUED.

SINCE I wrote you last two of the castaway dogs on Taylor Island have been rescued.

On Thursday of this week the report reached me that there was a man down on Taylor Island. I hastened to the bridge and found hundreds of anxious eyes watching a form that appeared from the bridge to be a person of about "Tom's Ham's" size. Upon investigation I learned that James F. Brown, a Deveraux College student, had ventured over from precipice and gone down to the island by means of a rope ladder.

On his reaching the island the spaniel came forward and welcomed him, and was so placed in a bag and drawn to the bank above.

Brown then spent some time in cutting his name on the rock, and finally went in search of the Monarch dog. After coaxing and feeding the old chap for some time he was allured into the sack and drawn up. I saw him landed and taken out of the sack, and a human hand would not more fully express gratitude than did this good natured old dog.

I was much surprised at seeing this so-called savage "bull-dog." He is a black and white dog of about forty pounds weight and about one-quarter Irish. He is good natured and fat as a seal, and looks as though he had been well fed on the island during the rapids of Niagara and a stay of four months on the island had done him good.

Brown was unable to secure the little dog, as he ran back under the rocks and did not come out while Brown was on the island.

The fact of the FOREST AND STREAM can form some idea of passing over Suspension Bridge on the cars how much of an undertaking it must be to reach Taylor Island. It is 700 feet below the railroad bridge in Niagara River, and is 225 feet from the overhanging rock above.

If I can get permission I shall send Old Bull to the coming London bench show.

C. E. LEWIS.

TRANSPORTATION OF DOGS.

A MUCH-NEEDED REFORM WANTED.

THERE seems to have been no end of trouble between dog-owners and the train baggage-masters since the dog rail was laid in this country, and the remote shooting was thus brought nearer to those who wanted none but the best and could afford to pay for it. At times a most flagrant carelessness on the part of a carrier, or a dishonesty on the part of the train manager, would for a moment stir up a war between the parties interested, but these flashings always ended in the same way—the dog-owner had to stand his losses, and the only consolation he had was in the writing long letters of his wrongs to the sporting press, and in the showing of his indignation with plodding industry in the dark without knowing what rights they had in the premises.

As the matter of dog travel in the United States has within the last few years increased wonderfully, it is full time that the railway managers should take some action, establish a uniform tariff, and extend some protection to those who patronize their lines. The dogs carried over the roads are in most cases valuable ones, and if they are not, their owners are interested with that belief, which amounts practically to the same thing. Therefore it would be well for every line to let dog-owners know before they start how much the transportation of their canines will cost, and the risks they will run if they are lost or injured after being placed in the care of the employees of the roads. This could easily be done by posting printed rules and regulations at the stations and in each baggage car, as the law requires hotel-keepers to do in their rooms.

At present, we are informed, that there is no responsibility assumed by the carriers, so that the owner of a valuable dog not only runs the chance of losing his dog, but is compelled at the same time to pay an extortionate fee for that privilege.

The rates for dogs are oftentimes disproportionately high when compared with the passenger's fare, but what is more to be regretted, they carry dogs over the roads which lead from this city. For instance: The charge for a dog from Jersey City to Newark, a distance of nine miles, is twenty-five cents, while the passenger has a cushioned seat to recline on, and has the consolation of knowing that if his dog is knocked off while on route, his family will receive some lucrative obituary for his remains from the company. For these privileges he pays twenty cents, or if he takes a return ticket, at the rate of fifteen cents per trip, the difference, therefore, being an average of twenty and forty cents more for the dog than the man. This is not only an enormous charge, but it is a most unjust one. It is not only an enormous charge, but it is a most unjust one. It is not only an enormous charge, but it is a most unjust one.

him for over a week, when we paid a reward and were fortunate enough to get him back. Of course, no one was responsible, but it set us at propounding all sorts of queries to the superintendent in charge of the baggage cars on this city.

Should a dog escape during a journey on your road do you consider your company liable for the value of the dog?

Can dogs be left in charge of baggage-masters in the baggage-rooms at stations on your line and are the baggage-masters responsible for their safe keeping?

If a dog is injured, while either on the cars or in the baggage-rooms, after being given in care of one of your employees, is your company responsible?

Subjoined are the replies which we have received within the last fortnight:

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN R. R. COMPANY,
Superintendent's Office, Morris and Essex Division,
HOBOKEN, N. J., August 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Baggage-masters in this division are allowed to charge twenty-five cents for each dog, and they are forbidden to charge more. This rule, however, applies only to this division (Morris and Essex); the baggage-masters of the other divisions have a right to make a charge also. A dog, for instance, going from New York to Oswego would pass over four separate divisions, and the baggage-master of each division would have a right to collect the amount it is allowed to charge.

If you know of any instance of a baggage-master on this division charging more than the amount above mentioned, you will confer a favor by reporting it to me.

Station men are not required to take charge of dogs, the owners are expected to deliver and receive them at the baggage-car door. The company makes no charge for transporting dogs and assumes no responsibility. The money baggage-masters receive there are so allowed to retain to remunerate them for their trouble with the dogs and the extremely disagreeable duty of cleaning their cars.

A. REASONER, Supt.

OFFICE GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT CENTRAL R. R. CO.
NEW JERSEY, NEW YORK, AUG. 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In regard to transportation of dogs over C. R. of N. J. system:
The rate to be charged for transporting a dog for any distance on any of our divisions or branches shall not exceed twenty-five (25) cents, the same being charged by the train baggage-master, and it is to pay him for his personal trouble.

If a dog escapes during a Journey the company do not hold themselves responsible. The money baggage-masters receive there are so allowed to retain to remunerate them for their trouble with the dogs and the extremely disagreeable duty of cleaning their cars.

If a dog is injured while on cars or in station, the company do not hold themselves responsible, the whole matter being a personal one between the train or station baggage-master and the owner of the dog. Yours, etc., H. P. BALDWIN, Gen. Pass'g. Agt.

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN R. R. CO.,
NEW YORK, AUG. 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I learn that there are no rules governing the transportation of sporting dogs on trains of this company other than what have heretofore existed, simply to arrange with the train men on the most favorable terms possible.—E. D. HAMMERS, Ass't Sec'y.

I have been very much interested in your articles, and if you can secure it, I will follow out the idea and have kennels built and located at the principal points to be telegraphed for and sent to intermediate stations at the request of anybody wishing to carry a dog, and will make schedule rates as well.

J. L. WOOD.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, Passenger Department,
PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 2, 1881.

JOHN T. GREEN, Esq., Assistant to the President:

Dear Sir—Returning letter from the FOREST AND STREAM and your intimation of July 20, would say that we have never had any arrangement for kenneling dogs on trains. We have merely allowed baggage-masters to charge a nominal sum, which was supposed to reimburse them for extra care while the dogs were in the car. I think perhaps it would be advantageous to try something similar to what is recommended by Mr. Satchelwhite and others, and to this end would like to have him, or somebody else who is more conversant with dogs than myself, to recommend a style of kennel or box which we could make for transportation of canines. It seems to me that we should at least have a small sized, full-sized or medium sized, but better than a solid kennel, and I might have the tops and bottoms solid and the sides and ends slatted. I would like to get a draft from some enthusiastic sportsman who takes a lively interest in such matters, and if you can secure it, I will follow out the idea and have kennels built and located at the principal points to be telegraphed for and sent to intermediate stations at the request of anybody wishing to carry a dog, and will make schedule rates as well.

Thus the matter stands, and we will be pleased to hear from our friend on the subject. We are in favor of very strong box kennels, made with solid tops and bottoms, with slats on the sides and have sketched out our plan and sent it to the company. It seems to me that we should at least have a small sized, full-sized or medium sized, but better than a solid kennel, and I might have the tops and bottoms solid and the sides and ends slatted. I would like to get a draft from some enthusiastic sportsman who takes a lively interest in such matters, and if you can secure it, I will follow out the idea and have kennels built and located at the principal points to be telegraphed for and sent to intermediate stations at the request of anybody wishing to carry a dog, and will make schedule rates as well.

NEBRASKA FIELD TRIALS.

We have just received a very pleasant letter of invitation addressed to all Eastern sportsmen, from Mr. J. F. McCartney, Secretary of the Nebraska State Agricultural Society. He desires us to say that he will guarantee all those who go West the finest chicken shooting in the world and a royal good time. "Mr. John Petty and other crack shots of Nebraska," he goes on to say, "will be on hand to make a good shooting." The Hon. C. P. Mathewson, the Norfolk banker, proposes with the assistance of Mr. McCarty and other citizens of Norfolk, to tender the visiting sportsmen a little banquet, at which dog meat will be served up in various styles, and some chat will be had on the dog.

After this kind invitation we cannot but suppose that there will be a large exodus from the East to attend this feast of reason and flow of speech. First think of the number of courses a greyhound can be served up with, and the variety of outlets for pointers and setters that will have run in the world. There should be one or two courses of a la Whitford, and potted dog meat from the New York pound, Fred V. fashion. As an entre-e we suggest the loin of Crow Dog, with Spotted Tail sauce. In place of fowl, a cocker from Cranford might do as a substitute, and the "solids" can be washed down with a wine of the Field Trial Jockeys brand.

We append the programme of the meeting:
The second annual field trials for pointers and setters will be held on the 1st and 2nd of September, at the Convention Association, commencing August 30, 1881, at Norfolk, Nebraska, and continuing for four days.

The trials will be conducted under the National Kennel Club rules of the 15th of July, and by the following judges:
All entries must be in writing, made by the owner of the dog entered, or by the person making such entry, and filed with the secretary, J. F. McCartney, Omaha, Nebraska.

The entry must contain the name and description of the dog

HUNSON VS. CATSKILL.—On Saturday, Aug. 6, a friendly contest took place between the Hudson and Catskill Trap and Kennel Clubs...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Boswicks, Raymond, Becker, etc., and scores for various categories.

SOUTH ABINGDON, MASS., AUG. 15.—The South Abington Sportsmen's Club opened the local hook and line fishing season at this place to-day.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. Damon, G. A. Dean, J. W. Condit, etc., and scores for various categories.

MONDAY, AUG. 19.—The first shoot of the Gut City Gun Club for the 1881 medal. Handicap 20 balls:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. S. Anderson, G. F. Friend, R. S. Yarrow, etc., and scores for various categories.

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portion of the book refers mainly to cutters, having been of English origin, duly acknowledged by the author. It may be safely said that any man who is well up in cutter sailing can handle anything of a similar kind...

HULL REGATTA.

DECIDEDLY THE MOST successful match sailed this season. We always have words of praise in store for regatta authorities who comprehend their own entry to all corners, class prizes, perfect order...

The racing at Hull has now obtained such deserved popularity that nothing so exciting has been witnessed here for some time...

Prizes: First Class—For sloops and schooners measuring 50t. and under 60t. on the water-line: First prize for sloops, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$20...

Second Class—For centerboards and keel yachts measuring 20t. and under 30t. on the water-line: First prize for centerboards, \$25; second, \$15; third, \$10...

Third Class—For centerboards and keel yachts measuring 10t. and under 20t. on the water-line: First prize for centerboards, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$7; fourth, \$5...

Fourth Class—For centerboards and keel yachts measuring less than 10t. on the water-line: First prize for centerboards, \$10; second, \$7; third, \$5; fourth, \$3...

Fifth Class—For centerboards and keel yachts measuring less than 10t. on the water-line: First prize for centerboards, \$10; second, \$7; third, \$5; fourth, \$3...

Sixth Class—For sloops and schooners measuring 50t. and under 60t. on the water-line: First prize for sloops, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$20...

Seventh Class—For sloops and schooners measuring 30t. and under 50t. on the water-line: First prize for sloops, \$30; second, \$20; third, \$15...

Eighth Class—For sloops and schooners measuring 20t. and under 30t. on the water-line: First prize for sloops, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10...

Ninth Class—For sloops and schooners measuring 10t. and under 20t. on the water-line: First prize for sloops, \$15; second, \$10; third, \$7; fourth, \$5...

Tenth Class—For sloops and schooners measuring less than 10t. on the water-line: First prize for sloops, \$10; second, \$7; third, \$5; fourth, \$3...

T. F. Patterson, J. H. Conant, C. B. Churchill and C. B. Southard. All trustees crowd assembled to witness the regatta. The town was given up to festivity, the Hotel Pemberton and many private residences were decorated, music on all sides, fireworks and illuminations...

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Falcon, W. Frost, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Ashley, Dr. John Bryant, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Transit, A. D. Snow, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Gem, Frank Lincoln, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Julia, J. A. Setson, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Delie, Arthur H. Thompson, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Rocket, B. F. Bass, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Plowden, H. N. Curtis, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Virginia, B. W. Hatch, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Julia, W. E. Merritt, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Length, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Nonpareil, J. W. Mansfield, etc.

The winners had not been officially announced at time of writing, but there is little doubt but that they will be in accord with the table given.

BEVERLY YACHT CLUB.

Editor Forest and Stream: The sixty-fourth regatta of the club, being the second championship race of the season, took place Saturday, Aug. 13, at Nahant. The course for the first class was from Judges' yacht, leaving it by the light of E. W. Conant and a buoy of Graves, on port hand and back, 10 1/2 miles.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Measurement, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Moya, cutter, Edward Burgess, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Measurement, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Psyche, cat, Vice-Com. Burgess, etc.

Table with 4 columns: Name and owner, Measurement, Ft. In., H. M. S., H. M. S., and Corrected Time. Includes names like Psyche, cat, R. D. Sears, etc.

First prizes taken by Moya, Psyche, Hayden and Psyche; second prizes by Mosquito and Jolla; penonants by Moya and Psyche, who held them, and Hayden being held first.

LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB.—Pennant regatta is fixed for August 30, open to cabin yachts of the club—10th and 12th and 14th and 16th classes. The regatta will be held during the forenoon, with the following conditions:

Dachting and Canoeing.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. Damon, G. A. Dean, J. W. Condit, etc., and scores for various categories.

THE SAILOR'S HANDY BOOK.

To publish anything relating to nautical interest nowadays requires considerable courage in view of the almost total decay of American shipping and its allied interests. To make a nautical work a commercial success, a sufficiently broad field has to be sought in order that the authors' labor may appear as to many as possible.

The club table for allowances will be used.

Protests.—Any protest must be made in writing within half an hour after the race.

There must be three or more yachts sail in a class to insure two prizes being given.

The result of the regatta will be given through the daily papers and the yachtsmen will be notified by mail where to obtain their prizes.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

IN our last issue we left the club in Vineyard Haven, much in doubt as to orders for the future. Monday morning, Aug. 8, Commodore...

FOCAHONTAS.

THIS "fast collier's sloop" Focahontas, built by Kirby, of Rye, Westchester Co., N. Y., was successfully launched Aug. 9...

YACHTING NEWS.

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB.—A special race was sailed Aug. 10 off the club house, North River, open to boats of Class A and B...

SHIELD OF YACHTS.—The Norah, ex-Bloodhound, of Belleville, Ont., 54 ft. water line, 16 1/2 ft. beam, 5 ft. 6 in. deep...

CRUISERS IN THE SOUTH.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our Southern Y. C. is now 400 strong. The latest addition to the fleet is a 50 ft. schooner by Capt. Jaily...

GOHLETTA.—We have been informed that the report concerning this schooner shipping three feet of water through her cabin "windows" in a gale on Ontario is not true...

SEAWATER YACHT CLUB.—Yachts bound on the annual Colchester cruise will rendezvous off Whitestone, L. I., August 25...

LYNN REGATTA.—A public race under management of the L. Y. C. was sailed in the harbor, Aug. 13. No boats appeared in first class...

WHITSTONE YACHT CLUB.—The name of a new organization with headquarters at Whitstone, L. I. First regatta is set down for Aug. 30...

A LONG CRUISE.—The sloop yacht Comfort arrived in this harbor, Aug. 24 on a cruise of more than five thousand miles. The comfort is owned by T. B. Cook, of Salem, Mass...

NEW HEAVEN YACHT CLUB has been on a cruise up the Sound, Long Fall River Aug. 6, to enjoy weather and boat and land on the 11th Sunday, Aug. 7...

CRUISE OF THE GUINEVERE.—This light-on cutter, R. C. Y. C., has been doing a cruise of more than five thousand miles...

HAVERHILL YACHT CLUB.—Match for championship flag was sailed over the Merrimack course Aug. 16. Empress, Mr. Colts, won in 10 min. 38.5; Josie J. Mr. Juras, second, beating Wild Wave and Linnie May.

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.—Union regatta fixed for September 10, over club course, open to all yachts of organized clubs. Four class, cash prizes. Cabin yachts, boats over 24 ft., under 24 ft. and cut.

NEW NONPAREIL.—Mr. Clapham, of Reysin, is busy with a boat 67 ft. long in which his improvements will be given prominence.

A NATIONAL BLESSING.

[Philadelphia Record.] The nineteenth century above all other ages has been noted for its many inventions; it has given us the steam power in its thousand forms...

quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent tour through the Northwest the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness...

St. Jacobs Oil was used in the case of the late Mrs. M. A. Biller, who was afflicted with rheumatism of the spine, and who was unable to get up from her bed for several months. The oil was used in the case of the late Mrs. M. A. Biller, who was afflicted with rheumatism of the spine, and who was unable to get up from her bed for several months...

Obstructions of the kidneys and attendant organs will prove fatal if not removed by Hop Bitters.

NOTICE! Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application. Thousands visit the Mineral Springs here and abroad, and spend thousands of dollars in search for health...

Extract from FOREST AND STREAM. "Messrs. Abbe & Imbre ask \$40 for their best Trout Rods, and have no difficulty in getting their price." Best six-section Trout Fly Rods, \$40. Same, without Full Metal Reel Plate, 38. Best six-section Black Bass Minnow Rods, 45. Same, without Full Metal Reel Plate, 40. Best six-section Grilse Rods, 60. " Salmon Rods (according to length) 65 to 75. HOBABIRD For Sale. Shooting suits. UPPEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND. KEEP'S SHIRTS. GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE. KEEP MANUFACTURING CO., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

SECOND QUARTY, WHICH WE OF AN ANTI-REPUBLICAN VAIN ENVOY OF OUR DEBT. THEIR OWN DEBT, 35 PER CENT. LESS THAN CORRESPONDING COLUMBIANS.

WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate: thoroughly understands practical and theoretical agriculture and rearing and training of stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of poultry, and the construction and erection of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically and theoretically a gardener, and a cultivator of plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough orchardist; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscaping, and the like. In all the above departments of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address QUERUS, P. O. Box 737, Orange, New Jersey.

Clearance Sale OF W. W. GREENER'S HAMMERLESS GUNS.

Having decided to discontinue the sale of W. W. Greener's guns, we desire to close out our entire line of his make; and to that end we offer them at the following greatly reduced prices. All these guns were built to our special order, and are of Greener's latest and most improved production. Any of these guns will be sent C. O. D., with privilage of examination and trial, on receipt of remittance sufficient to pay express charges to your place and return. This remittance will be required, without exception, from every purchaser.

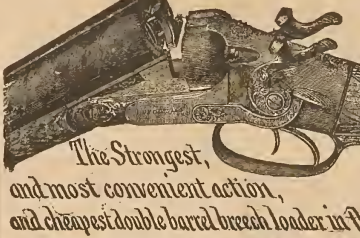
- No. 1 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, line laminated steel barrels, horn-beel plate, 10 gauge, 30 inch, 9 3/4 lbs.; drop of stock, 2 1/2 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; handsomely engraved and finished; full choke-bore; reduced to.....\$185
- No. 2 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, line laminated steel barrel, handsome dark stock, horn-beel plate, 12, 20; 7 lbs., 14 oz.; both barrels full choke; reduced to.....\$175
- No. 3 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, horn-beel plate, very handsome dark stock, handsomely engraved and finished; drop of stock, 2 1/2 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; 12, 30; 7 lbs. 5 oz.; reduced to.....\$165
- No. 4 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, imitation skeleton butt plate, plain case, hardened finish; drop of stock, 3 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; right barrel, modified choke; left barrel, full choke; Damascus; 14, 30; 7 1/2 lbs.; reduced to.....\$165
- No. 5 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, plain case, hardened finish, imitation steel barrels; both barrels modified choke; 12, 30; 8 lbs. 1 oz.; reduced to.....\$165
- No. 6 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, horn-beel plate, extra handsome curly stock, highest engraving, best gun throughout; left barrel full choke, right barrel modified choke; drop of stock, 2 1/2 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; an exceptionally handsome gun; 12, 30; 7 lbs. 7 oz.; reduced to.....\$200
- No. 7 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, same quality as No. 6 G.; 12, 30; 7 1/2 lbs.; both barrels full choke; reduced to.....\$200
- No. 8 G.—W. W. Greener, treble wedge-fast action, pistol grip, patent fore end, horn-beel plate, line laminated steel barrels, 10 gauge, 30 inch, 7 lbs. and 9 ozs.; drop of stock, 2 1/2 in.; length of stock, 14 1/2 in.; both barrels modified choke; reduced to.....\$185

We also have a few Treble Wedge-Fast Greener Guns with hammers, 10 and 12 gauge, which we will sell at a very close figure, and a few side-snap action, 14 bore, 6 1/2 to 7 lbs., at \$50 each.

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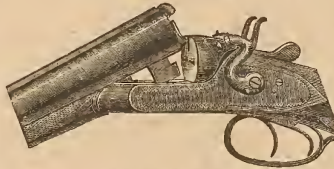
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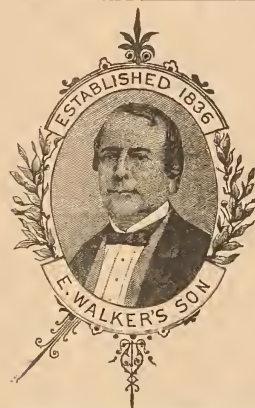
I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrouk guns for finish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

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A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, and TIMES,
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The Kennel.

FOR SALE—If taken at once I will sell the following thoroughbred stock at a low figure: Black, white and tan setter dog Portie Crayon, two years old, by Champion Drind G. Leda; thoroughly broken a first-class retriever iron land and water; price, \$12. Blue Belton setter dog Cash, 2 1/2 years old, by Champion Leicester ex Nelly; thoroughly broken except retrieving; a noble dog; price, \$100. Black, white and tan setter bitch Marge, 3 1/2 years old; broken; price, \$80. Pure Belton setter dog Dashing Flover, one year old out of Warwick, by Belle; \$25. Blue Belton setter dog Speed, brother to Flover, \$25. Lemon and white setter dog Whirlwind, eight months old, by Royal Ben ex Orphena; price, \$30. Blue Belton setter dog Robin Hood, 2 1/2 years old; \$40; by Carlotta's ex Fric. Lemon Belton setter bitch Belle, three years old; a beauty; price, \$40. Liver and white setter bitch Orphena, by Champion Pride of the Border ex Nelly; price, \$30. Orange and white pointer bitch Belle; a handsome bitch; broken and in whelp to imported liver and white dog Jerry; price, \$40. Black and white bitch Belle, eight months old; a beauty; \$25. Red Irish setter dog Pat, seven months old; a large, powerful-built pup, by Von ex prize bitch Floss; price, \$25. Red Irish setter dog Dick, seven months old, by Von ex prize bitch Floss; \$25. Red Irish setter dog Mac, brother to Pat and Dick; \$25. Red Irish setter bitch Reddy, eight months old, by Von ex Mora; price, \$15. Full particulars given by inquiring of C. Z. MILEY, Lancaster, Pa. Aug 15, 11

The Kennel.

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS—A. W. Langdale, of 6 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Bachelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzy Louie, Leicester, Limerick, Libba, Landlot, Lena Lyndie, Bobb, Young Bobb, Bessie H., Sea-ones, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Veru Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar 31, 11

ENGLISH BEAUFLE KENNEL—For sale two Bespie puppies by Downes Victor out of own er's Musie. The purest strain in this country. Also white and orange setter dog two and a half years old, well broken and full of tricks, all of which will be sold cheap. M. M. NISLEY, Elizabethtown, Lancaster Co., Pa. Aug 15, 11

COCKERS FOR SALE—8 solid liver colored dogs whelped July 6, 51, out of Gro. Grain ex Black Churrie, \$15 each. Also a solid liver ex spaniel bitch ten months old, Imp. But ex Heavy (Champ) Blue ex Champ, Bross) \$25. Address Burr Hollis, Burdett Kennel Prop., Hornellsville, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

FOR SALE a full-blooded Newfoundland dog two years old, black and weighs 135 lbs. HENRY COVERT, Rocky Hills, N. J. Aug 15, 11

TWO liver and white field spaniels broken on woodcock and grouse, and have from head or water, from imported stock and right in every respect. Price \$30 each. Inquire of box 110, Franklin, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

FOR SALE a very fine cocker spaniel dog pup, parents imported; color rich dark liver and white, very good nature. Price \$30. Also a pointer bitch two years old, \$10. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. Aug 15, 11

FOR SALE, part of a litter of setter pups from Blue Belle (Gaitier) - Widdington's Daisy by Dashing Monarch (Dash H. - Countess Moll). Also Italian greyhounds. E. W. JESSE, Mt. St. George, Del. Aug 15, 11

SCOTT, breeder of choice strains of Gordon setters. Puppies of celebrated Sam and Nat ready for shipment (no fancy prices). C. E. SCOTT, 96 State st., Schenectady, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

RORY O'MORE KENNEL—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion RORY O'MORE out of Nora O'More, Nagenta and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, 11

FOR SALE—One pure-bred English Mastiff Dog, two years old; stands 31 inches high. Also several pure-bred Mastiff pups. For pedigree and prices, address W. E. SESSIONS, Lock Box 1085, Worcester, Mass. July 23, 11

FOR SALE CHEAP a litter of fine Irish setter pups, 10 weeks old, having one cross of Bitch and two of Plunkett. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. July 21, 11

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 31, 11

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WILL exchange a cocker puppy for beagle hound. EUGENE POWERS, Cortland, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting

COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.
ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,
Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.
PEACOCK OR ALL-AGED STAKES.
Prizes: First, \$20; second, \$10; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$30 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.
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Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the **EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.**
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Special prizes to follow others according to their value.
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.]
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First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 10 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 13 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

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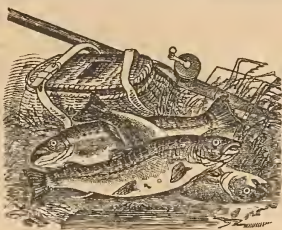
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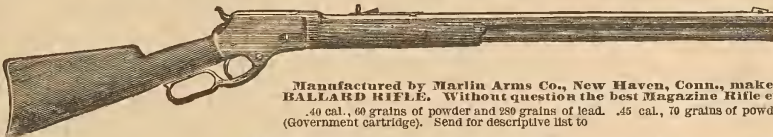


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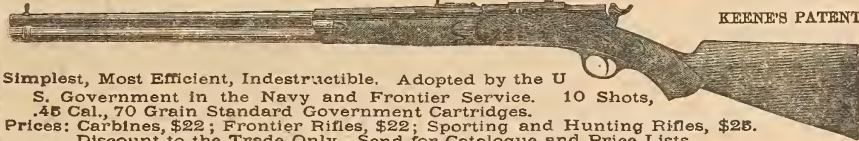
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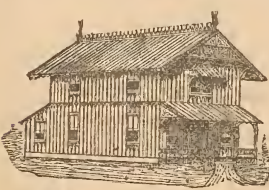
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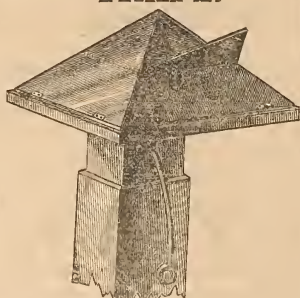


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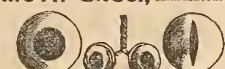
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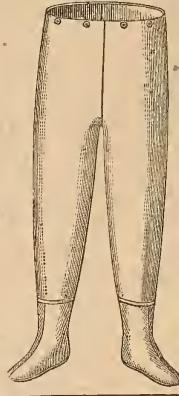


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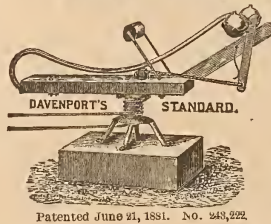
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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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COL. JAMES G. BENTON.

COL. JAMES G. BENTON, the well-known ordnance officer and author of several works on gunnery, died at his home in Springfield, Mass., last Tuesday morning, from heart disease.

Born in New Hampshire, in 1820, he entered West Point in 1838, acquitted himself with credit at the United States Military Academy, and was graduated in 1842, receiving a commission as Second Lieutenant of Ordnance in the United States army and served for six years as Assistant Ordnance Officer at Watervliet Arsenal, New York. In 1847 he was promoted to the rank of a Second Lieutenant, and in 1848 to that of a First Lieutenant. During the two following years he was engaged in important work at the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, preparing a system of artillery for the army and writing the Ordnance Manual. From 1849 to 1852 Lieut. Benton was in charge of the United States Ordnance Depot at San Antonio, Texas, and in 1853 served as Assistant Inspector of Arsenals and Armories. Going to Washington in the latter part of that year he was engaged for several years in making experiments to determine the model of a new rifle, and during this time he was also a member of the Ordnance Board and the Instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery in the Military Academy. In 1856, after fourteen years service, he was commissioned a Captain. Serving with honor in the civil war, being for three years in command of the Washington Arsenal, he was brevetted a Colonel in March, 1865, in recognition of his work in the Ordnance Department. In June, 1866, Col. Benton was placed in command of the United States Armory at Springfield, Mass., where he remained until his death.

DEFENDING FISHCULTURE.

WHERE fishculture is a new thing it may be well for those interested to reply to its ignorant assailants; or for a local paper to print laudatory reports of visits to hatcheries. But for the FOREST AND STREAM this sort of thing is entirely out of place. Our readers are too well informed of the merits of fishculture to appreciate an argument in its favor, at this late day. They would regard it much as an intelligent community would an article approving of the steam engine as motive power, and recommending its use.

In Canada there are a few men who have arrayed themselves against the fishculturists, and ventilate their narrow views in the newspapers. Our attention has been called to their articles several times, but their talk was abusive, and we have not thought fit to notice it, and have wondered that respectable Canadian newspapers would print such stuff. The *Telegraph*, of St. John, N. B., recently had an editorial article on the subject, wherein a correspondent was quoted who asserted that "the people were of the opinion that on rivers where hatcheries are established there had been a steady falling off in the catch of salmon, and that they looked at results in the light of cause and effect."

To this Mr. Everett Smith, a former fish commissioner of Maine and an enthusiastic fishculturist, makes a reply from which we extract the following:

"The planting of seed cannot render fertile waters barren, and for practical results accomplished by fishculture as applied to salmon fisheries, I would call attention to the work of the Department of Fisheries in Maine.

"When the work of restocking the Penobscot River with salmon was begun by the Commissioners of Fisheries for Maine, the eggs were purchased of Canadian officials. But the salmon have greatly increased in numbers, owing to continuous and systematic protection and artificial propagation, so that now the Maine Commissioners are enabled to procure from fish caught in Maine rivers all the eggs desired for stocking purposes, and at a cost of less than one-tenth formerly paid for eggs purchased in Canada for the same purpose."

That Mr. Smith is correct there is no room for doubt, but it appears to us like using heavy artillery to kill mosquitoes. The facts are too self-evident to need repeating.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.

Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, August 25.

USE FOR THE DOG FISH.

AN old saying has it that if a thing is kept seven years a use will be found for it. The dogfish of the Atlantic coast has been "kep" for centuries and only now has it been utilized by man. This fish is of the shark family and it has been the pest of the fisherman, devouring the menhaden, the cod, haddock, mackerel and other valuable fishes, and tearing nets. It has increased until it was a nuisance of the first magnitude. The day of retribution has come.

The menhaden fishers of Maine have found but little use for their nets this year and have been compelled to look to other things for a living. The dogfish was one of the other things. His liver contained oil and his body could be made into fertilizing material. They tried it and the idle menhaden steamers are now using trawl lines and taking dogfish. The trawls have hooks with long iron shanks and the dogfish gnashes his teeth upon them in vain. The steamers and sail vessels instead of menhaden take from 30,000 to 50,000 of the dogfish per day and obtain one cent each for them. The factories at Boothbay are turning this old enemy of the fisherman to use. His liver will help to grease their way of life, or light them on the road, while his vile carcass will enrich their potato patches. Success to the movement to thin out the dogfish.

Early manifesting a taste for ordnance study and applying himself with enthusiasm to that branch of study, Col. Benton had acquired an extensive, thorough and practical knowledge of all matters pertaining to that department, and his services were constantly in requisition on military boards and commissions. In 1867 he was a member of the board on sea-coast rifle cannon, projectiles, carriages, equipments, etc., and in 1869 served as a member of a commission to consider the protocol of the International Military Commission relative to the use of certain projectiles in war, and also upon the results of the Perrine shell. He superintended the arming of sea-coast fortifications from Charleston, S. C., to Mobile, Ala., in 1873, and a few months after completing that important work he gave his attention to the subject of determining the proper calibre of small arms. During a portion of the year 1873 he was assigned to examine the manufacture and construction of ordnance and ordnance stores in the various countries of Europe. On the 23d of June, 1874, he was made a full Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the first part of the year 1877 he was appointed to adjust royalties to be paid by the United States on ordnance inventions. After finishing this task he was directed, in compliance with an act of Congress, to select a magazine gun for the United States service. The commission of Colonel was bestowed upon him in May, 1879. Col. Benton was an enthusiastic devotee of his chosen calling, and aside from the every-day duties of his busy career he found time to publish several valuable articles on the subject of ordnance. He was the author of "A Course of Instruction in Ordnance and Gunnery for the Use of the Cadets in the United States Military Academy."

LONDON DOG SHOW.—Mr. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent of the London Dog Show, which is to be held at London, Ont., September 27, 28, 29 and 30, writes that exhibitors from the States will be extended all possible courtesies by the Committee of Management, and their stay will be made as pleasant as possible. We have no doubt of this, for our Canadian cousins are noted for their kindnesses to all those who, for the love of sport, cross the line and stop in the Dominion. We trust that the show will be a complete success, and would suggest to all intending exhibitors that they do not delay in filling up their entry blanks, and then sending them in as soon as possible. This will enable the management to complete all their arrangements at an early day, and will secure for the show its smooth running.

SPORTSMEN TOURISTS are invited to record their field and stream experiences in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.

IT does not at present look as though we were to have a very extensive meeting at Creedmoor during the coming month. Delays of various sorts will contribute to keeping away competitors and the paucity of the prize list may have some effect. The problem which the National Rifle Association must solve, if it expects to receive the lasting support of the community, is that of getting all the members of our National Guard up to a fair level of shooting ability. The all-comers' matches will take care of themselves. They will be participated in by a certain number of lovers of out-door sport, who find in rifle shooting one of the most exciting and healthful of recreations. To encourage military rifle shooting requires a certain amount of organized effort, and the National Rifle Association can best make a plea for the support it so seriously lacks when it can point to a record of work done in the ranks of the military. The State authorities of New York have for some mysterious reason seen fit to frown upon rifle practice, thereby displaying their ignorance of the uses and management of the civilian-soldier element. But the National Guard remains not only in this State but throughout the Union where it is just taking form, as it is in many of the States, it is important that a careful system of practice at the butts should form a part of the school of the soldier.

We have little fear now that rifle practice will be abandoned. Within ten years past the Regulars have discovered what they did not know about rifle shooting, and have become convinced that there is plenty of room for improvement. Enough knowledge of shooting and marksmanship has been scattered here and there among the militia forces to act as a leaven for the whole mass. We are putting together a mass of record. We are formulating what may be called the "expectancy" of a volunteer. We are getting a basis upon which we may stand, and call upon officers and men to reach a certain standard, and falling below that we may point to the statistics and declare them derelict. The func-

tions of the N. R. A. is to keep in advance of all these movements, and to appoint committees of experts to determine many points. There is a warning against some pitfalls in the story of the N. R. A. of Great Britain, and in this connection it is proper to quote what the London *Times* found it necessary to say in a recent issue at the close of the July meeting at Wimbledon:

It may be impossible to banish the element of lucre from Wimbledon: but the committee of the National Rifle Association might probably do something to prevent the abuse of a system. Well-known prize-winners might be handicapped, it is fully clear that no more competitions of the ordinary sort are wanted. A large prize list is little more than a distribution of presents among a few crack shots, already gorged with this kind of booty. Perhaps the best system of the reform is to be discovered in the character of the prizes most recently instituted, and exciting a large share of public interest. * * * * * Such competitions must exclude the money-making element, while they advance the efficiency of the volunteer force in a direction not hitherto attempted. In fact, what the public would wish the National Rifle Association to aim at is the improvement of the general shooting among the rank and file of the volunteers, as distinguished from the few hundreds of first-class marksmen. In spite of the reputation which Wimbledon, more than ought else, has secured for the shooting of volunteers, there is reason to suspect that a large and worthless residuum of bad shots remains behind the choice specimens who come to the surface at Wimbledon. The National Rifle Association, will, no doubt, disclaim any educational mission of the sort suggested. But they have already fulfilled what we may suppose to have been their primary object—that of discovering and rewarding the best shots. That is one method of improving the general shooting of the volunteer force, but it does not exclude resort to the methods which may be more practically useful and not open to the objection that, like the teaching of some of our public schools, they neglect the mass while they single out and reward the handful of the most proficient."

THE MARKED DIFFERENCE in the number of entries in yacht races in the East and in New York waters has probably not escaped any one. Half a dozen coming to the line, especially among the smaller boats, is to be considered quite a respectable turn out in metropolitan waters, yet when compared to the doings among our Eastern friends, New York suffers severely, and can take little credit to herself if we remember that our "near-by" population is several times greater than that of Boston and vicinity. There they also sail a half dozen matches to our one, but in spite of the rapidity with which regatta announcements follow each other, the entries are always well filled, and spirited rivalry, lively racing, and well-established records are the rule. One cause, and the principal one, of the greater prosperity of the sport among small craft in the East is to be found in their rule prohibiting shuffling ballast. In New York, on the contrary, this pernicious custom is still in full swing, and as a direct consequence small yachts have been driven out of existence; the legitimate craft have been displaced by sailing machines, which are so costly to build, to own and especially to race, that even with these very craft, ostensibly built for racing and acknowledged totally unfit for anything else, we are unable to fill a single match to the extent of arousing public interest. We virtually rule out of existence the cheap, handy little boat with fixed ballast within the reach of thousands, and then fail to accomplish anything but occasional duckings and drownings with the expensive, dangerous and unsatisfactory sand-bag caricatures which cost a small mint to run, and give next to nothing in return. So we will continue to play second fiddle to Boston, until some junior club shows itself possessed of intelligence and enterprise enough to take the honest little boat under its wings, and give her through numbers the power and standing her virtues entitle her to claim in the yachting community here just as well as in the East. The club that takes our hint will become the most prosperous among those devoted to the cause of small "open boats," as they are termed, and will find itself on the high road to popularity and public esteem much sooner than may now seem likely. In place of the score of shabby, sonneted, local family affairs called yacht clubs by courtesy, we should have an organization which, except in point of tonnage, might be made the peer of any in the country.

THE FIRST GORAMI IN AMERICA.—The first fish of this species, which it is proposed to introduce as a food fish into Southern waters, arrived in New York last week. It is a male of three inches in length and was sent by Mr. Carbonnier, of Paris, to Mr. E. G. Blackford, of the New York Fish Commission. The female which accompanied it died just outside Sandy Hook. The fish is lively and is beautiful in its dress of green and black. It is now in Mr. Blackford's office in Fulton Market. For a description of this fish and its breeding habits we would refer our readers to the article, with illustrations, by Col. Nicolas Pike, in our issue of June 16, of this year.

AN ESTEEMED GERMAN CONTEMPORARY sandwiches the card of an undertaker in between the advertisements of a wholesale lip-rod dealer and a powder mill. A most "fortuitous combination."

OLD MEN AS SCIENTISTS.—Recently Professor Huxley said that ninety-nine men out of every hundred became simply obstructive after sixty years old and were not flexible enough to yield to the advance of new ideas. The world, he thought, would be benefited by any man who had taken part in science being strangled after reaching the age of sixty. Will the Professor please remember that, and act accordingly in a few years when he reaches that age?

THE ENCAMPMENT HOTEL at the Warwick Woodlands has been entered at the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., as a cotton hotel, and will be open for guests under the care of L. Y. Jenness from October 5 to January 1, after which it will be removed to an orange grove in Florida for the rest of the season.

MR. CHARLES H. GILBERT, the ichthyologist and collaborator with Prof. Jordan, has been severely injured in the Alps. A telegram from London, on the 18th, says:

A correspondent writes from Zermatt, in the cañon of Valais, Switzerland, as follows: "Five American tourists ascended the Matterhorn on Saturday last. On their return a rock was accidentally dislodged, and it struck the head of Mr. Gilbert, a tutor of the Indiana University, at Bloomington, Ind., rendering him partially insensible. He was just able to move mechanically along. Nearly four hours was spent in bringing him to the first hut, which was reached at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Some of the party proceeded and brought doctors. Mr. Gilbert arrived at Zermatt at 5 o'clock Sunday evening. He suffers principally from the loss of blood, and will be able to leave before noon. The guides were apprehensive that if he collapsed before he arrived at the hut the party would be frozen to death before succor could be obtained."

FIELD SPORTS AND LIFE.—I never saw the man who loved the woods and the chase but who was brave in war and manly in his civic life; and many is the time in forensic tilts that a knowledge of woodcraft is essential; and as I see the Englishman and American, growing day by day more expert in the manly sport on land and water, I feel that he is growing wiser in head, stronger in body, braver in battle and gentler at home.—G.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CROSSING THE RANGE.

LULLED by the "magic of the time," we had lingered in our cabin on the Larriweev, until, one day, Ignotus, casting his weather-eye up to the heavens, sagely prognosticated that, "first thing we knew, we'd get snowed in, if we didn't hurry up, and light out." The Indian-summer day no which this announcement was made, seemed to laugh at any such absurd prediction; but we knew from past experience that Ignotus was on confidential terms with the Bureau of Storms and the Department of the Weather, and that his allurances on any such point were to be viewed in a semi-official light.

John and the Rhymer had joined us before this, and we had concluded to spend the winter in the lower country, rather than endure the monotony of a six months' imprisonment by snow in Argentina. Two routes were open to us—the one, straight down the Larriweev, to its junction with the Grand; the other, over the range, between El Conquistador and Waluta, down the Rio Dolores to the Big Bend, and then easterly. The first had the disadvantages of unfamiliar country and of Pocomari-Guinep's band of rocadee Pi-Utes, so we chose the latter.

Though there seemed no particular hurry, it was deemed advisable to start early next morning, that we might fairly pass the summit of the range before nightfall, but we merely succeeded in adding another block to that proverbial pavement as it was after noon before we fairly started. Quick as our departure was, however, the change which Ignotus had predicted, was quicker.

When we rose in the morning, the sky was overcast, and by the middle of the forenoon, a fine rain was falling, which we knew would be an icy sheet at the summit of the pass. As long as our way led up the valley, our progress was only moderately uncomfortable, but when we turned aside, and began to ascend the mountain, trouble opened before us.

The trail up the pass was one of the steepest in the country, and was now, of course, rendered tenfold more difficult by the falling sleet which had covered it with a glaze of ice. Riding was out of the question—walking, nearly as impossible. A great part of the way, we were forced to employ primitive means. Tying a rope to the halter of the leading horse, three of us, scrambling upward as far as we could, would haul him up after us by main strength, while the fourth, with "quirt" or "black-snake," reinforced energy below. Slipping, sliding, stumbling, falling—on his feet, on his knees, on his side, the poor animal would at last gain a resting place, and, panting with fatigue, and shivering with cold, wait while the process was repeated with its companions in misery. The many falls, and the violent struggle necessary to rise again, so disorganized the packs, that constant halts were necessary to rearrange them. Owing to these delays, night overtook us, before we gained the summit. To attempt to cross after nightfall would have been madness, and so, just before we came to timber-line, we went into camp. The horses were turned out to find what nourishment they could in spruce twigs, some dry wood collected, a fire made, coffee prepared, and supper eaten. Everything was coated with ice—our clothes were stiff, and arms and legs felt as though inclosed in joints of stove-pipe. For while the fire seemed to be in league with the spirits of the storm, and refused to do more than to burn feebly, with a dull yellow flame, and a sullen discouraged air. Finally, however, finding that we were too old campaigners to lose temper at its misadventure, it shook off its sullenness, and blazed up royally. The crowding imps of darkness and cold were driven further and further back—our stiffened garments began to soften and then to steam—our chilled blood to circulate—our numb extremities to regain feeling, until under the combined influence of the fire, hot coffee, and pipes, we began to feel more comfortable, and to pity those poor fellows who had never experienced the pleasure of a good thorough storm of hail and sleet upon the summit of the Rockies. One does not know what fire is, until he has

seen it in the woods at night, when Nov and Erebus, and Ennis and Notus hold the world in their talons. This night, how our fire did roar and laugh! How it clapped its hands, and threw up its arms! How it stood a tiptoe upon its pedestal of spruce logs, a winged Mercury, ready to take flight and soar into the unknown regions of darkness above! How the shadows skulk away, and retreat, pell-mell, into the forest behind! As we lie watching it, the Rhymer quotes softly,

"The broad flame pennons droop and flap
And heave and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a hoarse shout, the wind-whistles say,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind:
And swift little flocks of silent sparks
Now jumping, now plunging away in fear,
Go threading the forests' tangled darks,
Like herds of frightened deer."

The sound of his voice arouses Ignotus, who declares it is time to turn in. John, the Ambidextrous, had, ere this, cut four logs, about eight inches in diameter, and as many feet in length. These were placed in a square upon the ground, our rubber blankets spread between, then the robes and outer blankets, and over all the wagon sheet, a huge square of waterproof canvas, which, drawn over, and tucked in, amply protected us from the wet. We seldom went to the trouble of pitching our tent, unless our stay was to be a protracted one.

It was a veritable Walpurgis Night. All the spirits of the storm were abroad. The hail rattled on the wagon sheet like musketry, or smote the logs between which we lay crouched, like whiffs of grape-shot. From every point of the compass, the winds met above us, and wrestled with each other as to which should have us for their prey. They swooped down upon us like snarling wolves, caught the wagon sheet in their fangs, and tugged and tived to pull it off. They caught up huge brands from the fire, and sent them whirling into the woods, lighting up for a moment the black recesses with a train of glowing sparks. When the blasts passed a moment to take breath, we could hear the sullen plunge of rocks, loosed from the peak of El Conquistador, crashing through the spruces till they came to rest in the valley three thousand feet below. As I snuggled down by the side of Ignotus, I felt disposed to be thankful that I wasn't a country physician, or an court lover, or of any other profession that might have to do with the elements when in such a snarl as they seemed to be that night.

Before morning, the wind died down, the sleet changed to snow, and when we awoke, and endeavored to throw off our blankets, the superincumbent weight of snow was such that John declared he felt as if the Day of Resurrection had come, and he were the first to appear above the ground. The snow came down—not in flakes nor in sheets—but by the square acre, by the quarter section. At ten feet away, objects were then—at so many yards, invisible. The whole atmosphere seemed to be crystallizing and settling down on us in layers. Our fire, of course, had gone out—buried under a foot of snow. Ignotus, with a woodman's foresight, had tucked away some dry spruce splinters under the blankets at the head of his bed, the night before, making them serve as a pillow, and with these, and a due modicum of patience, we finally succeeded in starting a fire.

In the *dolce far niente* of the preceding evening, the Rhymer, who was also our *chef de cuisine*, had neglected to bake any bread for breakfast, and to do so now, in such a deluge of falling snow, was no easy task. Heap the lid of the Dutch oven with coals, and kindle a burning coal, in three minutes they were quenched, and the lid was white with snow. However, the bread was served at last; as John remarked, "Very well baked on an average—burnt on the bottom, and raw on the top." The fried bacon was a success, though Ignotus complained that Dame Nature had botched the job, by putting too much water in the gravy.

When John suggested that the coffee seemed weaker than usual, the Rhymer accounted for it by calling to our minds, the well known physical law in the boiling point of liquids varies in inverse ratio to the height above the sea level, and as, in our case, this was about 15,000 ft., a slight mathematical calculation would prove that coffee made here would only be about one-half as strong as the normal infusion; and, if we would taste carefully, we would find that the present brew had almost exactly that ratio of strength. Ignotus mildly observed that he accounted for it, by the fact that he had noticed that the Rhymer had forgotten to put in any fresh coffee when he filled the pot with water, and we had been drinking a stale brew ever since the night's disaster. The Rhymer contented himself by remarking confidentially to the bottom of his cup, as he inverted it to let the last drop run down his throat, that there was no use in trying to explain natural phenomena to a man who would indulge in a *provisi* reasoning.

Breakfast over, we met in Committee of the Whole to discuss future movements. It was manifestly "extra hazardous" to continue our journey till the storm should abate, and yet, if it continued, the trail would soon be impassable. Either horn of the dilemma had its own particularly sharp point, upon which we were liable to be impaled. If we started, the odds were great that we should lose our way, and be precipitated over some precipice, or becoming involved in the labyrinth of gulches, wander around till hopelessly lost; if we remained, twelve hours more of such a snow would so hockade the trail, that movement would be impossible. The snow was already knee-deep—by night, at the rate at which it was falling, it would be six feet, and that meant a repetition in a smaller scale, of the terrible Donner Disaster.

Our indecision was brought to an end by our horses, who came up to the fire, and seemed to ask in their patient way, if we proposed to remain there till they were starved or frozen to death. As Rob's head loomed up out of the falling snow, Ignotus rose silently, took down his bridle from the branch on which it hung, and, after warming the bit a moment at the fire, slipped it into his mouth. Without a word, we rose and followed his example. Saddling and packing finished, the horses were then led to the head of one trail to the tail of another—so that, if the last footing upon the treacherous trail, he might be supported by the others. Ignotus, uncoiling a thirty foot lariat, fastened one end securely around his waist, and passed the other end to John, who did the same. So started the silent procession; Ignotus first, carefully feeling for the hidden trail with his long alpenstock, linked to and followed by John, leading the train with sure-footed and sagacious Rob at the head, and at the rear, the Rhymer and myself, riding. All trace of trail or path was obliterated.

As we were climbing diagonally up a white mountain side, trying to follow, under two feet of snow, a narrow crooked trail, which had to be felt for, step by step, and which sometimes seemed to be lost entirely, while Ignotus prodded painfully for it with his staff. The snow fell so heavily that the

rear and van-guard were invisible to each other, and could only communicate by means of shouts. Such by inch we crept along, the only variation in the drear monotony being when the Rhymer and I would relieve the weary "path-finders" in front, or *vice versa*.

At last, when it began to snow to our dazed minds and tired legs as though we had been a year at this dismal work, the ascent became less steep, then, for a few rods, almost level, and then—I saw Doe's legs to hope downward. Some light notes told us, what I had failed to notice, but which had not escaped their keen woodman's instincts, that the wind had changed, and that he thought the storm would soon be over. As if to confirm our faith in his infallibility, in less than an hour a manifest slackening was visible, and by the time we had reached "timber-line," the last lake had fallen. Thoroughly exhausted, we halted for the night. The storm had evidently been localized, and we had nearly reached the edge of it, for though it had lasted nearly twelve hours, the snow was not so deep here, as where we started.

Next morning, the sun rose upon a much less forlorn and despoiled company than had travelled over the range the day before. Every mile of travel now dropped us a thousand feet lower and nearer to regions where the grass was green, and the birds were singing. The worst was past. Discomfort there might be before us, but danger was past. The snow grew thinner and thinner, until by the time we struck the Rio Dolores, it lay only a white whiff upon the ground.

"Rio Dolores"—old Coronado named it, and it proved a "river of grief" to us as we were to find. Headed in by the "canyon walls," it is not content to flow straight down, leaving room for a trail on either side, but frets impatiently from one cliff to the other, like a caged leopard dashing itself against its prison bars. After descending this stream, one is tempted to believe the reason assigned for the absence of fish in the upper part—that in attempting to ascend, the numerous twists and turns so confuse them, that they soon lose their reason, and die raving maniacs. The trail was as straight as the river was crooked, and, as a consequence, the water was ice-cold, and, on an average, it was up to our horses' withers, were dripping continually. Brimstone—as he was called, either from his color, or his temper, or, perhaps, both—had, on account of his superior height, been chosen to carry the most of our bedding, so that in fording, there should be less danger of its becoming wet. He had been uncommonly neck and doleful all day, and a grim foreboding was gradually creeping over me, that he was meditating some diabolical deed, which should clipse all his former doings. His eyes, I observed, however, for the depth of his depravity, he finally displayed. Either from "pure enviousness," or from a calculating diabolism that possessed him, at about the twenty-fourth crossing, he quietly lay down in the middle of the torrent, till only his ugly yellow neck and head projected above the rushing water. A stream of vigorous Anglo-Saxon from Ignoots, and a lusty "black-snake," plied vehemently by myself, failed to move him. While the icy water saturated our blankets, there he sat, but, *not* like the fabled steed, "pawing to get his former dignity." The wit of the Rhymer, cut the Gordian knot. Slipping the loop of his lariat over the pendulous lower lip of the saddle beast, attaching the other end to the pommel of his saddle, and starting up his own horse, the pressure thus brought to bear was too great to be resisted, and Brimstone, making a virtue of necessity, floundered to his feet, and waded ashore. It behooved us to go into camp as soon as possible, that we might dry our blankets before night. Pitch-pine was plenty, and the usual night-fire was soon roaring and crackling, while the blankets, stretched on lariat stumps from tree to tree, formed a drawing-room, whose walls steamed to heaven, and which also screened us from the wind which drew down the canyon, and bore with it the chill of the snow drifts we had left behind.

As we lay around after supper, in that happy half-hour devoted to pipes and laziness, the Rhymer was observed to take a paper from his breast pocket, and make, here and there, a careful correction.

"'Qu' est-ce?' queried John.
 "Only some verses," wrote the other day, while lying on top of El Conquistador."
 "Then I suppose the verses lie, too," breathed John softly, under his breath.

Taking no notice of this ungenerous skit, the Rhymer, at our solicitation, read us what he called

"ON THE HOLIDAYS."

"Outstretched on Nature's lap I lie
 And feel her great heart beat;
 Or catch the soft breeze in my eye,
 The rhythm of her feet.
 Each rustle of the wind-swept pine,
 Each murmur of the fir,
 Slugs in my ear a song too fine
 To lose to these blue skies.
 For me, the splintered torrents leap
 Adown their porphyry walls;
 And from the thunder-shattered steep
 The plunging snow-slide falls.
 For me, the cinnamon's rocky path,
 The wild trail of the bear,
 For me the tenapest's aftermath,
 The glacier, blue and clear.
 And softer sights and sounds I know;
 The white-winded ptarmigan,
 An autumn's misty vapor,
 Courser of winter's van.
 The rosbark's scarlet gontanon
 In windy cedar-trees,
 The lark's strong form, facing the sun,
 Asleep upon the breeze.
 For me the onsel clips his wing
 Beneath the beaded foam;
 For me the shy crane-warblers sing
 Their earlier songs.
 And sometimes, where the sunlight sifts
 Through leafy colonnades,
 The veil of ice-shakes and firs,
 And, ere the trees have died,
 I catch the secret of the hills
 All virgin and bare,
 The meaning of the voice that thrills
 The hollows of the air.
 Hence do I lean's proud ls mine,
 And note the silencing dew;
 For me the misting Pleiads shine
 Above my wind-swept thine.
 The cryptogram of Nature's lore
 Its secrets yields to me,
 All doucesly open with before
 My "open sesame."

H. P. U.

THE QUANT VALES OF DARE COUNTY.

I AM now stopping at the Nag's Head Hotel, on the beach opposite Roanoke Island, and near where Walter Raleigh founded his first colony over three hundred years ago. The hotel is a plain but comfortable building, and has some half-mile of piazza. It is frequented by the people from up the country. The prices are reasonable and the fare is good; beds clean, and air pure and bracing, and no mosquito bugs needed. As I sit writing in front of my room on the third story I can overlook the ocean and sound for many miles. What little I have in view is sandy, but produces wonderful crops of vegetables, and a great many fruits, and the waters are full of fish and oysters, crabs, clams, terrapin; and millions of ducks, geese, brant, swan and other wild fowl frequent the waters in the cold weather. I am getting Spanish mackerel every meal, and the landlord tells me they only cost two cents each. They are very large, some of them weighing about eight pounds. All kinds of beach birds are plenty, and bluefish, drum and sheephead fishing is first class.

The country is thinly populated, having about 8,000 people. They are mostly seafaring men, and some of them are old sailors who have been all over the world. They live in low-pitched houses built of juniper and cypress, which last for generations, and I have spent many a pleasant hour visiting them in their homes and listening to their yarns of life on the deep, dark sea. Some of them live to an advanced age and retain their activity and strength in a wonderful manner. They usually have large families. Their wealth is in boats, beach cattle, ponies and sheep, and many have considerable sums of hard money saved down. One old sea-dog, about 80 years of age, told me he had been investing his savings in feather beds for several years, and had several dozen hired out and loaned. He said: "Banks busted, Bonds got burnt or stolen. Hid money gets sandered over. A man pays his notes with a bankrupt's notice, but feather beds were safe, and, as the Yankees killed all the game, they would be scarce and high, and so he invested in beds."

Large herds of ponies, cattle and sheep range up and down the beach, and, as they do not cost anything to raise, they are quite profitable.

The ponies are small, but tough and wiry, and very intelligent. One owned by Captain John Ethredge, who lived on the Banks, near Oregon Inlet, used to follow him like a dog, and would get into his sailboat and move from side to side of the boat, crossing over the centre-board at the command, "To starboard, Billy!" and would lean on the rail at the order, "Lean to the windward, Billy!" Some of them are used to stalk wild fowl in the beach ponds between sound and sea, and yoked cattle are used for the same purpose, the hunter keeping them between the fox and him. The cattle feed in the summer time on the grass that grows in the sound, wading out into the water miles from shore, where the water is so deep that only their horns and noses can be seen. In the winter, when the swan and geese are in the waters, they have battles for possession of the shoals with the cattle, who venture out when the weather is warm, but the sharp bills of the wild fowl usually drive the cattle to shore. Most of the people have wild decoy geese and breed them; there are also a few decoy swan.

Every man who is "any account" has a canoe or sailing craft of some kind, and they take great pride in them; and the "boat must be painted whether the old woman has a bosom pin or not." I have yet to meet a "captain" who will not claim superior excellence for his craft or some point of sailing. If you ask one of them who has the fast boat of the county, he will probably say: "I don't like to brag on my own boat, but give me a stiff breeze and plenty of sandbags to pile to windward and I will go against any of them." Some sail best before the wind, some with a light wind; others sail best in a gale, or can beat to windward best, or sail closer to the wind, or carry more cattle or poles, or theirs is the driest boat, or the tightest boat. Each and all of them have some claim of superiority over the others for their boats.

I hired an old rheumatic fellow, with his crazy, old, patched-up boat and tattered sails, to take me over to the Croatian Lighthouse a few days ago. I asked him what his boat could do in the sailing way. He said: "I can't brag so much on fastness, as you 'niggers' do, but you can't hear before the wind-wind it, but he is the best one-man boat in Dare. She can near about sail herself." I gave him my lask on the way, as it was wet; and the old chap emptied it and got a little funny. After I left him he tried some fancy jibing and went overboard, and his boat sur enough went off sailing away on her own hook. We fished the old man out of the water and caught his canoe.

I like to sit on the piazza of Captain Sam Bowser—a veteran sailor of close upon twenty years, bronzed face, hairy, broad-chested, deep-chested, vigorous, strong and active—and, looking out on the ocean in front of his house, listen to his yarns, while the deep boom of the sea beats time to the low growl of the old tar as he tells of his experience on distant seas and in foreign lands. Like Brainerd's sea captain, "He has hunted the leviathan of the deep in Arctic seas, harpoun in hand; and he has seen the great sea serpent dash across his bows in the gray dawn of the morning. He has moored his bark to the towering ice-berg, and floated against the Gulf Stream; and has been hunted by the Flying Dutchman off Cape Horn. He has scraped his keel over coral reefs in Madagascars seas, and seen the whale and swordfish fight beneath his bows. He has sailed in the dark night along the wave-washed coast of Labrador, and through pitiless fields of ice in acres. He lay becalmed for weeks on the African gulf coast, and saw his shipmates die one by one with the deadly fever. He has fought, cutlass in hand, against Malacca pirates on the bloody deck; and floated for days on a broken spar off Cape Hatteras. He has been wrecked on the wild waves of Mississippi, dashed in on the sower, and has struggled with the clinging anchorage of the Gulf; and he has met such dangers with a sailor's skill and brav'd them with a sailor's courage."

This is the dull season, and the crews of the life-saving stations and the fishermen have a furlough, which most of them spend in Elizabeth City or "Town," as they call it, to spend their savings.

They usually return after a day or two's absence with a new suit and some new wares, or a cleaner jacket, indicating that the Jews have taken "Town." Dyed moustaches, oiled hair, tin-tucked and biled shirt are now in vogue, and the men who succeed away contentedly all winter on an old fig-stemmed powhattan will smoke nothing but "ceogars."

But they are all brave, manly fellows, and have patrolled the beach night after night in all kinds of weather and saved many a life that would have otherwise been lost; so let them have their fling. Dum vivimus vivamus.

Next winter Uncle Sam will have a rival and lose many of his best men who have been employed in the stations, for a club of New York gentlemen have bought up all the best shooting grounds in the county, and the young men are looking forward to a more congenial life in attending on the sportsman as boatmen and gunners. And, as it is said to be a strong club with shooting for a large number of men, no doubt they will give employment to a large number of them. I fear I shall have to move further down for a quiet place, and shall prospect in Currituck county during the summer.

There is some talk of a narrow gauge railroad on the beach from Norfolk to Oregon Inlet. The road would be built near the ocean, so as to avoid the sand hills, and steamers would connect from New Bern, Wilmington and other points south of Oregon Inlet.

The brant, between a canvas back and a goose in size and preferred by some to the canvas back, are very little known in the Northern markets. But no doubt large numbers of them will find their way to market next winter and, if the beach railroad is built, there is hardly a limit to the quantity that could be shipped. The waters from Oregon Inlet to New Inlet, and below as far west as Roper's Tract on Pamlico Sound, a distance of fifteen miles, are often black with them. Black brant are the most abundant; white brant in immense rafts frequent the waters further south. There are a great many swan and geese, also, in their season, on the shoals near Oregon Inlet and above.

Fresh fish would also be shipped in immense quantities by the railroad and reach market in good condition. Oysters, clams, soft crabs, fruits, truck, stock, poultry, etc., that now come through the canals, taking two days for the trip, would reach Norfolk in a very short time. Telegraph operators on Bodie's Island Light and White's Head Light could see schools of bluefish and menhaden thirty miles out at sea and send the word along the beach to the fishermen. They could also send the word in case of ships in trouble out at sea, and the crews of the life-saving stations could be concentrated at any one point on short notice, thus enabling them to save many valuable lives and much property. The life-saving stations could be reduced in number, and the life-cars, bombs, and all the apparatus might be loaded on a car and stand ready under shelter, with switch to connect with the railroad. The patrollers could be dispensed with and the present heavy expense of keeping up the life-saving stations, standing as they do five miles apart along the beach, would be reduced to a trifle. Sportsmen would patronize the road, and in the summer excursionists would frequent the many pleasant places along the coast, such as Back Bay, Kitty Hawk Bay and Roanoke Island. They might have a ride in a motor car along the wave-washed coast with the green billows rolling almost to the car-wheels! No dust, no heat. Think of a lunch on sea bress, Spanish mackerel, soft crabs or wild fowl at Oregon Inlet; a dip in the ocean, and return to Norfolk in time for dinner! Soft crabs are five cents per dozen in Kitty Hawk Bay and \$1 per dozen in Norfolk, and Spanish mackerel thirty inches long ten cents each at Oregon Inlet and \$3 in New York; black brant, fifteen cents each at Duck Island and \$3 per pair in Baltimore; spring chickens ten cents each, and swine year potatoes nine cents per bushel on Roanoke Island. What a margin for profit! Think of leaving the Navy Yard after breakfast, riding down to Gallop's Woods, killing a deer, and return in time to broil a steak for dinner.

There are no obstacles to be encountered. Right of way, a trifle, and a dead level from Norfolk to the Inlet. The Inlet has twelve feet of water from the ocean to the inner bar, where there is five and a half feet of water. A dredge could run out into a channel into the deep waters of Pamlico Sound through the narrow bar, and there would be plenty at different points, for it is not all a barren sand beach. By no means. Heavy forstis grow at different points; for instance, the Gallop Woods are ten miles long and from two to four miles wide, and the timber is very large and good heart pine. Collington Island, on Kitty Hawk Bay, is covered with a heavy growth of first-class timber. In Princess Anne there are many fine tracts of pine and cypress convenient to the projected line of this railroad. Government aid would probably be secured for the amount saved in life-saving stations and the expense of supplying them and of paying superintendents, inspectors, paymasters, etc., would save Government \$150,000 a year from Cape Henry to Oregon Inlet. It would not be practicable to continue the road any lower down than that inlet, on account of the strong tides. Wire fences would have to be made on the north side of the road to keep the bank stock from the track. But the wires could be fastened to the telegraph and telephone poles and would probably be well cared for.

I believe that within a short time sportsmen will be able to leave New York City after breakfast and travel by rail and boat, via Crisfield, Md., and Norfolk, Va., and reach the shooting and fishing grounds in Dare in ten hours. Marshall Parks and other capitalists have already bought large tracts of land on the beach in anticipation of an investment. In the meantime it is to be hoped clubs and good laws will protect the game and fish from extermination.

JOHN BRONSON.

RANDOM NOTES IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

MY way led me through the western portion of the Adirondacks, and then easterly to Blue Mountain Lake. Of course, you will say, the number of men who go who would come in contact would not be very large. Well, let us see. First of all we meet the guides—men, every inch of them, and many of them are nature's noblemen, honest, faithful, reliable and capable. What more would you ask? The guide with whom I have traveled the woods for several years past I would place alongside of any piece of humanity that I ever knew, for all the sterling qualities that make a man. As a guide he knows his business thoroughly; the whole track of his wilderness family he knows and he will lose him there. On the water he is fearless and at the same time careful. I have many a time been with him when a single wrong stroke of the oar would have swamped his frail boat and drowned its occupants, but never yet have I seen an uneasy glance or a sign of doubt or hesitation. His nerves were equal to any emergency, true as steel. The haunts of fish and game he knows like his A B C. If a fine mess of trout was wanted, or some special occasion, just tell him the night before, and on the morning will tell you where the fish will be waiting for you; and if you want to see a deer he can do equally well with you. The other day, when about forty miles from camp, he pointed out a spring-hole. "There," said he, "is a place where, a few years ago, you could pick out a big lot of trout, now you can't find one."

In my wanderings I have met many whole-souled, genial sportsmen—as a general thing they are such—some excep-

Specimen copies of the FOREST AND STREAM sent free upon application.

"THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Though I'm a clergyman, of the orthodox stamp, I have no patience with the class of priests who repute all literature which is not distinctly religious. Secular books and papers, no matter how refined and instructive they may be, they have to banish these views to regard with feelings of horror; willfully ignorant of the fact that much that they enjoy of art and science, civilization and even religion, they owe largely to these very publications. They remind one of those fastidious folk who are afraid to pluck a robin lest there be enclosed in it the sting of a wasp. For the most part, they are of a cold, narrow-minded, warped specimen of humanity. Nor can I have any sympathy with that other class of extremists who turn in disgust from everything religious and who are wholly absorbed in secular reading, much of which may be of questionable refinement."

"In this age, when of making books and papers there is no end, there is need, as everybody knows, of wise discrimination in selection. These myriad publications are spread before the people, who have the liberty of choice; and between the two extremes referred to there is a middle ground which all may occupy, and which never fails to fulfill its promise of pleasure and profit to the reader."

"Now, a parson's occupation goes far to determine the character of the reading which he makes a specialty. It will be in a line with his business. The artisan takes naturally to treatises on mechanics; the merchant to commerce; the farmer to agriculture; the attorney to law; the clergyman to theology and the physician to medicine. But then it is not wise to keep the mind on a constant strain over these special subjects. All have need of mental relaxation, and general information, and this two fold necessity is met by our daiy papers and weekly and monthly magazines, which are largely miscellaneous in their make-up. They who do not avail themselves of one, two or more of these accessible avenues of current news and intelligence live behind the privileges of their age. They are not abreast with the times; and recent happenings, when they chance to be told of them, sound to their ears as much like fiction as old-time fables."

"If mental rest is the immediate need gave the mind something as to ally different as possible from that which it has been steadily occupied with. My parish numbers one hundred families. After a tour of a formal visitation, or after I have been engaged for several hours in study pertaining directly to my profession, I feel the need of rest, mental recreation; and one of my favorite resorts is the FOREST AND STREAM, which comes new and fresh every week by its sanatorium from the Times Building of the great metropolis. Though sitting at home, reading graphic descriptions of forest, lake and river scenery, and of the various adventures with the rod and gun, and of rifle and bow, and bird contests, yet it does not require a great stretch of the imagination to transport out one's self to the heart of the wild woods and grassy lands, and among the happy groups of pleasure-seekers on the land and on the sea. These scenes at home are permitted to enter into their sports, participate in their pleasures and partake of their joys. From their repose beneath the hemlocks our weary heads gain rest. From their exploits our high-spirited nerves snatch snatches of relaxation, and so our lives, as well as theirs, are sweetened and prolonged."

"As to my own thoughts and suggestions here which help me in my work, I whip illustrations out of fly rods, shake them out of yachting canoes and shoot them out of gun. I find them in the bent bow and flying arrow, and in the cataract in the leaping cataract and the music of the woods. I am reminded of the happy hit which the sainted Dr. Bethune once made. A neighboring minister said to him one day: "Brother, how has it happened that while I have labored so diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?" Dr. Bethune then facetiously replied: "O, tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first set a great high pole at a head wind, which you attach a large cod line, and a great hook and line as much as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements you dash up to the brook and throw in your hook with, "There, bite, you dogs." Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing I get a little switchy-gone, a small line and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and I twitch 'em out, twitch 'em out, till my basket is full."

"To all of which the FOREST AND STREAM says amen; and to this will be joined the endorsement of the many clergymen who are appended to many letters. It will be recognized in this way of court building his share of the good things to the general fund he follows out the custom of his profession. And just here let us reprint from the Independent this rhyme of

A FISHING PARSON.

In a quiet village, far away,
The pulpit was vacant many a day.
Cassidore came from far and near,
Every Sabbath morning there.
Some were too awkward; some preached with ease;
But no one was able them all to please.
At length there came from a distant place
A man of unusual power and grace.
His frame was strong and his eye was clear,
And all were pleased who came to hear.
"This is our man!" said the elders all,
And old and young united to call.
The clerk then read, and early in May
The new parson came to his new abode to stay;
But after the toll of the settling down,
In his pleasant home in the little town,
The parson was one day seen to stroll
Across the street with his basket and pole,
And take his way o'er field and brake,
To a rippling stream that entered the lake
Just below the town. "What does it mean?"
Asked the good-people, and all who had seen.
"A fishing parson!" exclaimed the men,
"How could we so deride him?"
The spinsters said: "'Twas a shame and sin—
A parson to be engaged in
Such worldly sports!" "'Twas late in the day
When the parson took his homeward way,
With well-filled basket, and letter still,
A glowing check and a healthful thrill,
Caus'd by the blood that flows through his veins
To torrents flow after summer rains.
Some said, with boldness: "They nevertmore
Could respect and love him as before."

"A fishing parson! Who ever heard
Of a fishing man who preach'd the Word?"
Thus spoke the elders and deacons and all,
And before them at once the parson they call.
"A painful duty," the eldest said,
Devolves upon the man who sits his head
In a serious way. "Never before,
For eight and seventy years or more,
"Have we as a church been called upon
To reprove our pastor for what he has done."
"You went a-fishing the other day,
We think it unseemly in every way,
"Twill injure the cause with the young and the gay,
"Tis scandalous! What have you to say?"
A smile came o'er the parson's face,
As he rose to respond with a pleasing grace.
He spoke of Peter and brethren three,
Who to once went fishing on Galilee.
"These were the men that the Master chose
To carry His gospel to friends and foes."
He spake of Bethune and he spake of Todd—
"Fishing parsons!" but woe to God.
"Fishing parsons!" yet better men
To preach the Word and wield the pen
The church has not known for many a day,
They loved to preach, they loved to pray;
Not their Lord the less because as well
They loved the rod and the line and dell.
"And as for myself, I can boldly say,
I preach the better, from day to day,
"For the strength I gain in my walks about,
While casting my fly for the speckled trout.
"And when in the forest, alone, oppressed,
God speaks to me and I am blest."
No more was said, but as time rolled on
The pews in the church filled, one by one.
And as never before, from far and near,
The people thronged to the church to hear
"The fishing parson!" a name unknown
By boys and girls and men full-grown.
And at length the meeting-house, which before
Had held them all, with room for more,
Became so crowded that ere the fall
An effort was set on foot to
To build a new house, with an acre room
For all the people who wished to come.
And though the years rolled swiftly by
The fire still glowed in the parson's eye;
And he often said in his pleasant way,
As he labored on from day to day,
That his power to work with a steady plod
Was due to his love of the creed and rod.
The parson lived long, and rejoiced to think
Of the souls that were saved from ruin's brink.
True fisher of men! he had tried to be—
As faithful as those of Galilee.
"As at eighty and three, and preaching still,
And serving his Master with heart and will,
That he wrote sermon after last was sent
To call him home from this position.
And it is my duty on his tombstone to engr,
When his last end "fallen to sleep."
"Here lie the fishing parson" and ten,
"His master made him a fisher of men."
JAMES H. HOADLEY.

"THE FORESTER SCHOOL OF BATHOS."

The following editorial is by request reprinted from our issue of Dec. 18, 1879:

"We have already spoken of the fashion set by Forester, and followed by his disciples, of making the potatoes of the sportsman a prominent feature of field stories; and we have sometimes thought that the author has had a very appreciable influence upon the literary style of amateur writers upon sporting topics. There is a class of young haphazard sportsmen who, in the levity of sentiment and style exhibited by no other English author; and who, contentedly, model their own efforts after his style. Now, without detracting in the least from Forester's deserved greatness, we may suggest that in common with many writers of his time, he is somewhat out of fashion so far as modes of expression are concerned. The adjective does not play so important a part now as it did then. We have nowadays less of vague, expansive soaring, and more of common sense, straightforward, plain English prose. One reason of this is, that one hundred authors are now writing where ten were writing then. To find an audience for one hundred must be much more terse and explicit than it was necessary for the ten to be. Washington Irving's Sketch Book is not read as much as formerly; not alone because it is crowded out by the thousand and one new hooks of like character, but because its style is too rambling and diffuse for the day. The incoherence and compactness which mark the American character in other fields, has its influence also in literature. In the literary world it is true this new order of things may be a mistake, but at all events the tendency becomes well defined to any one who will take the pains to compare the old and the new books in his library.

"We have, in the writings of some of the self-constituted sporting literature oracle of the day, a survival of the crudities and faults of the American literature of the past. This is not difficult to explain. It is always easier to imitate faults than excellencies; to catch the hollow form of a writer's style without at all entering into the spirit of his writings. And again, the influence of a writer who is the only author, or one of a very few authors, read by the amateur reader of the pen, is so unmistakable that he falls unconsciously into the same set phrases and turns of expression. When a young man reads of Frank Forester's writings, that "All bear the indelible impress of a master mind, and have the qualities of imperishable works," and that "the bright thoughts of his surpassing genius, as embodied in his writings, will ever remain a grand and indelible monument to his memory, more durable than bronze or granite material, as these shall remain fresh and beautiful when the more perishable material will have crumbled or been consumed by rust," and still further, that "the spirit of Forester is still with us," and that "we feel his presence; we are cheered by his inspired teachings, and under the consolation thus afforded, are better able to bear the loss of his mortal form and awe-inspiring presence;" and when we read such stuff as this, written by a person of the masculine gender, and published in the Year of Grace, One thousand, eight hundred and seventy-nine, we may safely conclude that something more than the literary taste of the writer is affected by

the devotion to "the lamented master of the craft;" a devotion so intense, indeed, that we are threatened with its outgrowth at a future date, in the shape of a "work," illustration of the literary achievements of the spirit aforesaid.

"It is a relief to turn from this balloon style of adjective to the numberless common sense and valuable papers which are written by sportsmen, for sportsmen, and published in the sportsmen's journals of the day. The Forester school is only a little orbit within itself, growing gradually smaller from year to year. The majority of those who employ their pens in writing to FOREST AND STREAM, even though they are non-professional writers, put their ideas into plain, intelligible prose. Were it not the case we should long since have been forced to suspend publication; for, however much the Forester school may enjoy composing their effusions, it is certain that people will not pay four dollars per year for the privilege of reading them.

"While the writings of Forester hold a deservedly high place in the library of the sportsman, and we rely to maintain that place for a long time to come, we are gratified to see the influence of their style gradually decreasing among writers.

"Some have been found to argue that composition is a direct means of culture; that if a person has appeared in print—even though it be only sandwiched in among the advertising columns of a tall paper's monthly—it is a step in intellectual growth. The mere publication of the article does not, in itself, argue that the author has advanced his subject matter may possibly, too, even in the latter case, it would have been better worth the literary aspirant's time and trouble to have absorbed the writings of some standard thinker, than to have allowed off his own crudities upon the world.

"The best writing is that of him who has something to say. The plain statement of an observation in natural history, practical science, or mechanics, a practical description of a shooting or fishing trip, and kindred communications, are more acceptable to the sportsman than all the effusions of spring writers of blank verse. Fusing on the miniature of a church's people may make the populace open wide its mouth in wonder, but it is, on the whole, neither a useful nor a lucrative performance."

It may be added that the sixteen goodly volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM, with its current numbers of its Seventeenth Volume, afford a bright and shining example of what is wanted by the American sportsman of to-day.

Natural History.

AN EXHAUSTIVE REVIEW of Gantner's "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" and "Ichthyology," from the pen of Prof. Theodore Gill, is now in type and will be published in our next issue.

THE MOCKING BIRD'S SONG.

SPRINGFIELD, N. Y., Aug. 22.

NOTICE in the last issue of the FOREST AND STREAM an article from "Robert West," in the *Adventurer*, on the mocking bird, in which he claims that this pestless singer is imitated, that he is not a mocking bird at all, but merely a wonderful bird, who sings an original song, but which somehow singularly happens to be composed of the identical notes of other songsters or animals, and attempts to prove his assertion by the fact that a young bird raised apart from other birds acquired, or originated, according to Mr. West, the same notes as birds grown under the tutelage of old singers. It seems strange that any one should assume such a position. Bird "Bob White" is the innumerable company of other birds get their notes as if the mocking bird? Will a blue bird or robin, raised in confinement, fail to pipe the note of his parents? It is hereditary as much as his shape, and so to a great degree is the incomparable pointer of the mackinac bird, yet not altogether. Centuries of practice have bred in this bird his wonderful powers as surely as his individual plumage, and raised in confinement he will naturally reproduce a note, if not all, the selections of his ancestors. Yet, nevertheless, he is a mocker as much as wine is. To say he is not to assume that he originated the note of other birds. Birds of different species do not have the same song. He either origin led these songs or he belongs to several dozens of different species, or he is a mocker.

And Mr. West says "a first-class singer invariably excels that which he is popularly supposed to be imitating, and other birds recognize and acquiesce in this without any exception." Can perfection be exceeded? When a mocking bird reproduces the note of a warbler or kingfisher to a "great-bird," how is he going to exceed it? He may play a few variations on it, by supplementing or prefacing it to some other imitation, but on imitation pure and simple he cannot excel, in the sense Mr. West uses the word.

As to the statement that other birds recognize and acquiesce in the mocking bird's superiority, it is one of the pretty things that cannot be proven. I don't deny that they will fight to do so, but that they do so "without any exception" is assuming a position which no circumstances was real. Many birds exist in Florida which have heard quite a number of mocking birds and, being a lover of the bird, I have paid considerable attention to the wonderful powers of this strange creature. The comb of my rufous is the stage whereon a couple or more exhibit their requirements to the public daily. The orange trees are alive with them, and many have the same succession of notes, liquid drops of sweetest, wonderful melody which they trail after them as they fly from tree to tree. He runs over with song. Even when sitting he can't keep quiet, but spreads out and folds his wings close to ally, while he utters the song of his form, of which I have heard many peculiarities in the chimney-top and behind his venture with the loveliest little plants or on rind, and when once the bird is opened he must sing or die. He warbles, he trills, he shakes, he whistles, he gives you note of quail, yellowhammer, night-bawk, whippoorwill and a number of others, while interwoven intricately are his own inimitable comments on the scene. At intervals during this enterprising he lifts himself by an impassioned wing beat or two into the air, and with a sort of explosive of his sentiments, and settles singing a note on his perch to continue with accents, and distinctive notes, legs and staccato, repeat and da capo. The imprisoned melody presses up a bar, and when the surging, quivering notes escape him they soar above through all the delighted air in wondrous harmony, at ebbing the love and omnipotence of the Creator. In the stillest hush of night, when the stars look forth from the lake, and moon and the foot of the owl in the distant swamp mars the quiet, the

sleeping mocking bird in the orange tree near my window breathes of music, partially wakes and warbles a few soft, sleepy, delicious notes, a beautiful musical soliloquy, stopping as abruptly as it began; and he dreams again to awaken the sleeper, near him with a royal salute to the coming morn, when the east flushes and the stars grow dim.

DO OPOSSUMS FEIGN DEATH?

THAT the opossum will feign death that he may live is known by all acquainted with their habits. Hence the saying "play 'possum" whence the opossum lives.

When collecting botanical specimens, many years ago, in Wilcox County, Alabama, I saw an opossum up a small tree of only about three inches in diameter. To see if he would pretend to be dead I armed myself with a green stick of the size of a large cane and began shaking the tree. He was about ten feet high next the body of the tree, on a small limb. The shaking caused him to run out on the limb and also to lose his foothold, but he caught the limb by the tail and remained suspended until repeated shaking caused him to fall.

Several blows on the head stretched him on the ground, seemingly dead. I held him up by the tail and threw him down, and he showed no signs of life. I then stood and watched him until I saw him breathe slowly and at distant intervals. I went several rods distant, where he could not see me. Finally he opened his eyes, raised his head, looked around, got up, and ran into his hole a short distance off, beneath the ruptured roots of a large fallen tree. I did not know that his home was so near, if I had I should have closed the entrance and killed him.

Opossums are common in this portion of Texas. I have killed many of them when they came after my chickens at night. One I thought I had killed and threw him down with a bloody head. Next morning he was gone, since which I make sure work in killing them.

According to Prof. Baird in the Mexican Boundary Survey, and also in Vol. 3 of the Pacific Railroad Reports, the Virginia 'possum is not known to live in Texas, but the Texas 'possum is the *Didelphys californica*, a similar animal with a larger tail.

The 'possum of this region seems to be identical with the one east of the Mississippi in size and appearance, nor have I ever heard any one speak of the Texas 'possum as being different. I believe a full investigation of the matter will prove them to be the same species.

The 'possum cannot run faster than a man, hence, in a fair field by moonlight, he is easily overtaken. I have killed two females, each of which had nine young ones in pouch attached to dugs.

A few years ago a 'possum was killed near Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y., where it is so rare that many people do not know its name. S. B. BRUCKLEY.

Austin, Texas, August, 1881.

HOW A SNAKE CLIMBS.

NEW ORLEANS, August 17.

HAVING noticed in your issue of 11th inst. the remark that none of your correspondents upon the subject of snakes climbing trees had described the manner of ascent I would state that I happened once to witness the act.

Returning from a trout-fishing excursion in the Alleghenies, traveling by the turnpike that runs along the north fork of the south branch of the Potomac in Pendleton County, West Virginia, my attention was attracted by a black snake, about four feet in length, flattened against the trunk of an oak of about three feet diameter. It had got some four or five feet from the ground and was making its way slowly upward in an almost perpendicular direction. Every muscle appeared to be at its greatest tension; the body was rigid and drawn in irregular serpentine folds much more marked than those made in progression on the ground, taking hold by the abdominal plates upon the corners or projections of the corrugated bark and so drawing its length upward as from a step in the manner suggested by you. The surface of the bark, broken by irregular upright channels and ridges, with transverse breaks in the latter, afforded so many points d'appui, that one of which the snake would lift a section of its length to another and so on upward, slowly but surely.

I was so struck by this acrobatic feat of a legless reptile that I have retained a lively recollection of it to this day.—G. A. W.

A CURIOUS OLD SQUIRREL.—PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., May 9.—Editor Forest and Stream.—On the 7th of May, a friend and myself took a ramble in search of some hawk's eggs, as I have not yet quite lost my old spirit of a "nest-robbing robin," but confine my collection to the eggs of the hawk, owl, crow, etc., against which I waged a ceaseless war. On our return we found in a large maple tree. We had a boy to do the climbing and adjusting the climbers to his legs he was soon up to the nest. He cried out that it was an old hawk's nest, and threw it down. Where it struck the ground a great chattering was set up, and on examining the nest, we found in the interior of the bunch of sticks and dead leaves three young gray squirrels whose eyes were not yet opened. We arranged the nest as best as we could, and covering the young squirrels up with leaves, left them at the foot of the tree, in hopes that the old gray might find them. On our return we thought we would look for the squirrels, but on watching the tree we found squirrels and nest gone, and in a tree near by was a new nest. On looking closer we saw the old gray squirrel sitting in a crotch about a yard from the nest. On seeing us the squirrel jumped into the next tree and sat up again. We drew nearer, to get a better view of her, when she jumped into the next tree, and so gradually led us away from the nest. Now it certainly looked as if the old squirrel had, during the day, made a new nest, transferred her young to it, and upon seeing us return, had led us into one hundred yards from the nest, while the thinking her young were safe, she ran up an elm and was out of sight in a twinkling. P. B. JOHNSON.

CLIMBING WOODHOOPS AGAIN.—New Castle, Pa., July 7.—Two instances of the kind came under my own observation. One day last fall I was hunting squirrels in the eastern part of this county. Seating myself on a log to rest, I noticed some large, dark animal climbing, or, it seemed to me, sliding up a tree until it was eight inches in diameter. I quickly slipping a couple of heavy shells into my gage, I made my way to the tree. The woodchuck—for such I found it to be—went on up the tree where it forked, and sticking his head through the forks, proceeded to "take in" the surrounding country. But he "took in" more than he had

bargained for—a charge of No. 4 shot—and then took a tumble. It was the largest one I ever saw. This spring, while hunting ducks on one of our streams, I saw a woodchuck jump out of a small willow tree where he had been sitting about four feet from the ground. Before I could throw my gun to fly shoulder and pull he was in a hole at the foot of the tree. It is very common for them to tree when hotly pursued by dogs. I have a friend living in the country who has shot at least a dozen in that way.—WOODCHUCK.

THE ORPHAN ROBIN'S FOSTER-FATHER.—In Rocky Hill a tame male robin is kept by Mrs. Ryer in a cage. He would come back to the cage, when liberated, after flying about out-doors. Near by, in a dwarf pear tree, a pair of robins had a nest. The house cat, just about the time the young robins were hatched, succeeded in climbing and killing the male bird of the pair, and they or two blue jays also cat also killed the mother bird, thus leaving the young birds unprotected. Mrs. Ryer took the nest out of the tree, and placed it, with its gaping and hungry little inmates, in the cage of her tame cock-robin, together with a dish of boiled eggs, as an experiment. The old bird looked at them, and apparently thought the matter over in a reflecting mood. Then he proceeded to feed them a little—giving to each little wide-open to a morsel of the egg-yolk. Having disposed of that, he flew off on a search for worms, but his solitary old huncher bird continued very industriously to forego the gardens thereabout for the benefit of those nestlings. These latter grew apace, and in the time were big enough to be encouraged to get out-doors themselves and try their wings. Whether the old cock-robin after that taught them by example how to find and secure worms for themselves in the sward of the lawn and in the garden has not been reported, but that in the case of robins the parent birds do teach their young is shown this very summer. In the Rocky Hill case the young robins became able to take care of themselves; and then their benevolent self-appointed guardian went back to his cage.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

LARGE DEER HORNS.—Moirs, near the Adirondacks, July 29, 1881.—The deer are, for some reason or other, more plenty in the St. Regis district than they have been before in several years past, although they have been hunted ever since the middle of May. Parties have been up to the sixteen-mile level during the past two weeks have found them plenty as ever. A very large buck was killed there last week. They have the horns at the Blue Mount House, and all who see them say they are the largest they ever saw. They are in the velvet yet, and I have sixteen prongs started, eight on each horn. They measure eight inches in circumference near the head, and are eight inches broad at the widest part near their ends. The points which killed the deer had no means of weighing it, but think it would weigh over 200 lbs. It was very fat and they got a large quantity of tallow when they dressed it. Another buck was killed there last week, near the same place, nearly as large as that one, but it had not such large horns; and two deer were shot there Wednesday night last, and both got away wounded out to death. This is the curse of night hunting. As many get away wounded and are left to die a lingering death as there are of those killed on the spot and got by the hunters.—A. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

A CAMP HUNT IN ISAQUENA COUNTY.

IN my earlier days of hunting in the swamps of Mississippi I was considered entirely hors de convenance while following a pack of bear dogs, to shoot at any other game however the temptation. Many times it occurred to pass a fine great buck or a drove of turkeys, but daring to break through the prescribed rules of the country. On one occasion, however, in company with my father and several English gentlemen, on a grand camp hunt, I broke the proscribed rules, and so little bad effect upon the dogs, that since then to be referred to the old rule has been placed on file, not even to be recalled.

Before telling the circumstance under which I laid myself liable to at least severe censure, I will try and give the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM an account of that, my first experience of camping in the wilderness. It was in the fall of 1850. The weather had been remarkably fine, and the mast more abundant than ever known before. The country were very sparsely settled, and the wood full of game, panthers and bears being so plentiful that it was the constant talk of the inhabitants as to their holdness, and the great depredations they had made upon the few heads of stock which was in the country. Our camp equipage was not only complete but luxurious; negroes to wait upon us, and any number of mules to pack our baggage. We even carried along a couple of canvas canoes to facilitate crossing bayous, and to do duck, goose and swan shooting from. After leaving the cleared land some few miles, we were dependent upon the compass for our guide, as though we had special objects, so we did not attempt to hunt or unsnap a bound until we had gone several miles and come to the bank of a beautiful, clear-running bayou, where we determined to pitch our tents, and from there start upon our first hunt.

Our negroes, under the direction of my father's old body servant Rupert, were left to attend to the camp details, and after taking observations as to our exact position, the dogs were uncoiled. We had seen a good deal of deer sign, and the old hunter, "Liz," who was our bear track or two, he was but a few minutes before old "Spot" opened (we lit was in eight of him at the time), and I was particularly struck at his manner. He was standing perfectly still; every few seconds he would put his nose to the ground, and then suddenly raising his head, he would give one of those peculiar, long, musical howls, as only the thoroughbred hound can. This state of things lasted several seconds; the other dogs showed impatience, yet they seemed to know as it was not proper to start until the leader was ready. At last he broke away as though he had sighted the game, then followed the others, opening their musical throats with such intensity of purpose that their confidence seemed perfect in having business ahead. It was rather difficult to keep very close up to them, on account of the briars, undergrowth and fallen timber, but such absolute silence prevailed in this virgin forest, outside of the beautiful notes of the pack, that we could hear them

distinctly; the chase at times was most exciting; as the dog would find a place where the trail was freshest, their yelping and barking would have made one unaccustomed to this kind of hunting think that they had found the quarry; then would come a pause, caused by the bear crossing a creek, or else when closely pursued (they are cunning as foxes); they will run through water on top of logs and sometimes go in a hollow tree to throw the dogs off the trail. That was not the case, however, with this one; the pack was fresh and thirsting for blood, and Bruin was allowed no time for his pranks. He turned first one way and then another, and must have gone at a tremendous speed for at least an hour and a half; when overcome he took to a cane-brake, and in a few minutes went up on his game, and after the sharp crack of his heels, and when we got up to them, which we did by dismounting at the edge of the brake, and with cane knives cutting our way to them, they were at its base, barking and yelping with such fury that it is no wonder that the poor beast had not the courage to turn and meet them in combat. As I had killed my bear already, one of the Englishmen, Hon. M. B. P. was allowed the shot. He had a Lancaster double barrelled and double grooved rifle, carrying an ounce ball, which drew on his game, and after the sharp crack of the report down tumbled Bruin as dead as a mackerel.

As none of our party were any too clever at "loking the compass" had it not been for the sagacity of a mule I was riding we would have had some trouble in finding our camp. Here we found everything in splendid order. The tents pitched, a splendid fire burning, camp stools set out in front, and a table improvised from a few poles, and a bit of stray canvas stretched tight across them, upon which was laid a white table cloth ornamented with silver spoons and forks, plates, tumblers and napkins. Such a dinner and such appetites can only be had under such circumstances. We had a capital soup. "Rupert" had put one of the men to fishing (black bass in quantities) and he took a gun (when we were out of hearing) and bagged a few fine mallards which, added to the supplies brought along, made us a sumptuous repast.

The day's work had not been heavy so a fox hunt was proposed. That night all joined except myself, and I not, simply because being near-sighted I had no chance to have a shot, but because I knew that my father wished his dogs to go as much hunting as possible. Before going to sleep in the deadly stillness which reigned I heard three or four reports of guns, which in the morning proved to be fruitful of a fine fat doe weighing some ninety odd pounds.

We remained at this camp until the varmints began to know of our whereabouts, and kept clear of us, requiring too long ranges to find game, so we up traps and made for the banks of Little Sunflower. Here we had royal sport killing several bears, two panthers, and any number of deer and turkeys, and it was when the dogs were in hot pursuit of a bear that I made my terrible innovation upon the former stereotyped rules of the bear chase. I was left behind on the banks of the bayou at a place where bear tracks were plenty and fresh. Supposing that he might attempt to cross there the hounds could be distinctly heard, and they seemed to be running in the direction of my stand so much so that I had both barrels of my gun cooked ready for any emergency. The dogs were apparently closing closer and closer, until I caught the sound of a tremendous rattling and cracking of the cane on the opposite bank from where I stood, and made sure I would soon see the bear; the noise continued, as though whatever was making it was undecided as to which way to go. I was, I must confess, getting quite nervous, the dogs in the meantime, judging from the sound, had passed the point opposite where I was, and from their weak cry I fancied they had lost the trail. The rattling noise in my front continued, and I took my rifle behind a large cypress tree close by, where I was standing. In about two minutes still looking opposite me, there came at a rattling pace down the bank a magnificent buck with a pair of splendid antlers, into the bayou he dashed and was making toward my side. I remembered the rule of not shooting at any game when the hounds were on a bear track, but the temptation was too great, I raised my gun to fire, but then thought if I shot and did kill the buck in the water he would sink, so I kept cool until he began clambering up the bank, and when within arms reach, I fired at once, and the magnificent animal fell to the ground, but such a kick my gun gave me that it incapacitated me for shooting the rest of the time we were out. I got on my mule and he kindly took me to camp about two miles away. I described as well as I could where my buck was, and having blazed several trees on my way back with my cane knife, the men had but little difficulty in finding him.

When the others came in at night they said they had heard my gun, but it was my silence, the naming of the dogs. Since then, then no matter how the hounds were of their outside game were allowed to pass, and the bear dogs did their duty, just as well. We were out about ten days when the beautiful weather changed to rain, and we broke camp and went home, not having been more than twenty-five miles distant all the while, and having broken camp but twice. As the FOREST AND STREAM goes to England I hope some of the gentlemen who were of our party could see this little narrative. Many wonderful changes have taken place in that county. My father is since dead, so is Liz, and of course, not a vestige of the origin of our dogs is in the county. There was seen the most beautiful cotton plantations in the South with their hundreds of darkeys to cultivate them, now there is nothing but ruin and desolation. J. D. H.

MAINE GAME NOTES.

MONSON, Maine, Aug. 16.

This morning, at about six o'clock, Mr. James O. Bishop, of this place, started a fox about three miles distant with his English foxhound Spot. He started him in the Thompson woods, and, after a chase of twenty minutes, the dog succeeded in driving him into his hole, when Mr. Bishop captured him alive. It was the first fox of the season, and was a common American red fox, *Vulpes fulvus*. This gentleman is the owner of several other valuable dogs, among which are an English bull-baiter, a Thru, and a native foxhound bitch named "Bell." He informs me that the prospect for fox hunting in this vicinity is excellent.

Sportsmen who desire this kind of sport would find this a rich field for operations.

When the season for ruffed grouse and woodcock opens sportsmen here are looking for lively times.

In the old Elliottsville township, at the north of us, and in the neighboring towns of Howard, Bangor and Ashby are many miles of solitary and almost forsaken highways running through dense forests where these birds abound in great numbers.

From September 1 to October 1 the cocker spaniel is the best dog to bring here. Later in the season setters and pointers are more successful. PROSATOR.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table.

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Pinnacled Grouse, Wild-Geese, Wild-Turkey. Rows list various states and their hunting seasons.

Ala. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Ark. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Cal. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Conn. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. D. C. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Ga. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Idaho Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Ill. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Ind. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Iowa Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Kan. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Ky. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. La. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Me. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Mass. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Mich. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Minn. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Miss. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Mo. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Mont. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. N. H. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. N. J. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. N. C. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. N. D. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. N. Mex. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. N. Y. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Ohio Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Pa. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. R. I. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. S. C. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Tenn. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Tex. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Utah Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Vt. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Va. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Wash. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. W. Va. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Wis. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31. Wyo. Sept. 1 to Oct. 31.

On the fifth day of January next (1789) no person whatsoever (Masters or Slaves excepted) not having a freehold of one hundred acres of land within this Province, or tending ten thousand corn hills at least five feet distance each, shall hunt or kill Deer; under penalty of ten pounds proclamation money, for every offence; and moreover shall forfeit his gun, or the value thereof.

"V. Provided, also, that nothing herein contained shall extend to har or hinder an overseer of a slave or slave from hunting and killing Deer with a gun in his employer's lands, or the waste lands of the King, or Lord Granville, within five miles of the residence of a rich overseer."

The reasons recited for the necessity of this act were that many disorderly and dissolute persons, having no habitation of their own, still continue to hunt on the King's Waste, and the lands of other persons, and kill deer and leave the carcasses in the woods, by which means the wolves, bears and other vermin are fed and raised, to the great damage of many of the inhabitants of the Province; and the fines being difficult of recovery, by means of persons having no property of their own assembling in great numbers and camping in the woods and kill Deer, burn and destroy the range, burn fences and commit many other injuries to the inhabitants of this Province and associate for the mutual protection and defence of each other against any person or persons who shall attempt to execute any precept on any of them; For Remedy whereof, etc., etc.

In 1770 was passed an act to prevent hunting for and killing Deer by fire-light, because under such pretence they "kill and destroy horses and cattle, to the great prejudice of the owners," under penalty of five pounds, * * * and the Justice may order such offender to have and receive "Thirty-nine Lashes on his bare Back, well laid on."

The act also provides a fine of five pounds for any person who shall see another fire-hunting and who does not report the same. But then comes the "searcher," viz.: "IV. And in order to discourage all persons from this pernicious Practice, or the more easily to detect them in the commission thereof, Be it further enacted, etc., That in case any person shall, upon oath, before some Magistrate of the county, declare that he suspects any person or persons to be guilty of hunting with a Gun in the Night Time by Fire Light, it shall and it is the duty of such Magistrate to issue his warrant to apprehend the person or persons so suspected and to bring him or them before him, or some other Magistrate of the county where the offence is supposed to be committed; And in case the person or persons so apprehended will not, upon Oath, declare that he or they have not been guilty since the passing of this Act of hunting in the manner aforesaid, such person or persons shall, in such case, be deemed guilty of the Offence and be liable to be punished as in this Act is before directed."

This act is a model for the "game protection law." It is true that the act was to be in force during the term of two years only, but it must certainly have tended to "discourage," at least, that particularly pernicious method of hunting. In 1773 this act was modified, limiting the fine to five pounds and a month's confinement, and in case of a slave, the forfeiture of his gun and fifty lashes.

THE MINNESOTA CHICKEN SEASON.

ALBERT LEA, Minn., Aug. 15, 1881. Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of Aug. 11 I saw an article by Geo. E. Cole on "Prairie Chicken Shooting in Minnesota," and in which he gives his idea in regard to the new game law of our State, which prohibits the killing of prairie chickens before September 1.

Now, in our locality that law has proved to be one of the worst things that could have happened in the way of preventing the killing of the prairie chicken. It has completely "broken the cannon's bark." All those who indulge in this kind of sport say: "We can't comply with the law and get our share of the game, so we will go in with the rest," and the consequence is that about all went out long before the birds were large enough, and as early as in July. Last year, and before, we all stuck together, formed a club for the protection of game, and very few chickens were killed before August 15. We have never this season than we have had for many years, and they are being slaughtered by the thousands throughout the State.

The persons who take an interest in these matters and are the ones to enforce the laws are our home sportsmen, composed mostly of the business men and clerks of our towns, who, after September 1, are too busy to go hunting, and, therefore, rather than protect they encourage the shooting of chickens before that time, and then take a hand in the matter too. I, for one, think it would be a better protection to our game to have the law of last winter repealed. August 15 is plenty late. F. W. BARLOW.

AN ANCIENT GUN.

THE "breach-loader scare" has been got over, I think, all most everywhere. It is three years since I was asked by a venerable agriculturist not to "shoot off then at guns on his plantation as he was 'feared they'd burn it up.'" Talking of the long barrels reminds me of an amusing episode connected with them that occurred to me the other day. I had called on a friend at a country store where a worthy old farmer of my acquaintance presides over a few boots and a shoe, a valued assortment of dead-looking candy and a barrel or two of tin-house power apple brandy, home manufactured. The immense length of an antebellum gun, which was resting in a corner, led for any emergency, attracted my attention, and prompted a certain amount of hilarity at our aged friend's expense. "Ife could 'a-d that," he said, and, diving into the earth somewhere he speedily reappeared, or rather a tube went on appearing for some time till, just as the plaster of the ceiling was descending, its owner arrived holding on to one end of it. Talk about a scurppent or a mile of gas piping! Bent the other gun? I should rather think it did. Beside this new apparition the first one shrank into a pocket pistol. This gun had been his father's favorite arm. A rapid calculation took us back to the war of 1812, and the thought occurred that if there were many such guns as this in those days the result of that war was not surprising.

But how did his paternal relative and he himself in childhood's hour load such a gun? "Easy enough," said our de-lighted informant, and, having the hint end carefully on the ground, (for to my horror I saw the thing was loaded—the e relics always rare) he ran nimbly along, slipping his hand

up the barrel, till he arrived at the further extremity at which distant point he demonstrated by pantomimic gestures how his worthy sire, I suppose, charged this veritable "Mons Meg."

Even in the son's days, and he was seventy-two, it had been a great gun by all accounts. It was not so good he said for "shutting on the wing." As I felt bound to say something, I suggested that it would be a trifle unwholly for cutting down a woodcock in an alder swamp or for single bird shooting in second growth pines.

"Yes, sir; but you put her plum on the mark and pull aud author's got to go." I pondered for a few seconds on which of the three parties concerned were most likely to go in the event of such a discharge, the squirrel, the gun or the shooter, but not wishing to hurt the feelings of my aged friend I did not communicate to him the result of my calculations, which was that there would be a general disappearance of all concerned. IRINGWOOD.

A LETTER FROM MISSOURI.

OUR country here in Southwest Missouri is called a prairie country, is thickly set in farms with hedge fences. Kansas on the west is about the same. We have numerous streams with timber along the banks and groves interspersed over the prairie, all of which make a complete cover for the breeding and rearing of quail. The hedges also afford fine protection for them in the shooting season by reason of their being so thick and thorny that the hunter cannot get through, even his faithful dog will sometimes scent a covey and make the attempt to get through but fails, and will run a quarter of a mile to find an entrance and come back disgusted. I was in Kansas last fall on a quail hunt and found them very plenty, but nearly always along a thick hedge. I have probably seventy-five quail on my farm now that have been hatched under my hedge. I very often see them with their little broods picking bugs and seeds in my door yard, and I live within a quarter of a mile of the city limits, with 10,000 inhabitants and many good sporting men. But we are law-abiding.

I have never tried to prohibit shooting on my farm, but shall this fall on account of the boys from town, who destroy my fences rabbit hunting. I do not object to men hunting, who will regard the rights of the man whose land they are hunting on. I have been a hunter all my days and claim it as my privilege to capture wild game, no matter whose soil it is mowing or flying over. We all in common feed it, and of right it is ours. I found some localities last fall where the farmers objected to shooting quail even on the broad prairie for the reason of their destruction to chintz bugs; but the same farmers would like us to shoot the chickens on the ground that they destroy the corn. The chickens were quite plenty here, but being wild they would not breed here, but came in during the cold weather to feed on the grain fields. I think the greatest violation of our game law here is in fishing. Men will steal the timber and draw a seine, and to bring him or them before him, or some other Magistrate of the county where the offence is supposed to be committed; And in case the person or persons so apprehended will not, upon Oath, declare that he or they have not been guilty since the passing of this Act of hunting in the manner aforesaid, such person or persons shall, in such case, be deemed guilty of the Offence and be liable to be punished as in this Act is before directed." It is not my purpose to write you anything but facts, but I do say that our sporting community are men who regard the protection of game and fish as a subject that needs their attention, and they are determined to attend to it. N. M. S.

OHIO GAME NOTES.

CLEVELAND, Ohio. The weather has been extremely hot, too much so for shooting. Woodcock are rather scarce this year; my biggest bag was twenty-two snipe, other days averaging about one dozen. I have, however, two young eight-month puppies in training and, of course, cannot wait about as draw a seine, but they do exceedingly well for hot weather and average together a large share of birds. Our old birds did not breed well on account of late snow and bad weather. I found one nest of four eggs that was three feet under the snow and eggs spoiled, of course. I know of more found here also. I don't know, but really am inclined to believe, that they only breed one trip. I always thought so, but feel more disposed than ever this season to think so, as so many more old ones are killed in Ohio this season than ever before than I remember in forty years' shooting in the State.

Quail are in very fair quantities and the weather has been extremely favorable for them to breed. Dogs pointed a brood of young grouse, half-grown, July 4. Our snipe season was not good; largest bag for two of us in one day's shooting was forty-five. On another day, alone, I brought home twenty-one, other days about twelve, making about 150 in all. I generally shoot 300 or more in March and April till May 13, but there were very few snipe this season here. We have had some excellent dove shooting, and they are extremely good eating. Have shot as many as forty or five of an evening to three guns. They require quick work, fly sharp and are tenacious of life, but make excellent sport when plenty. I think them quite equal to woodcock for eating. We prefer them to old woodcock any time. They breed here, and are ready to shoot in May, say the 20th. We find them now in wheat stubble. JAMES CHUBB.

A "STILL" HUNTING CLUB—1843.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 18. Editor Forest and Stream: You often publish the constitutions of game protective societies, and I have no doubt that such forms give very substantial aid in the formation of new societies. Now here are the rules of an old deer hunting club, drawn up in the year 1843 by a party from St. Louis, assembled at the Dent farm—the same Dent family which has become known because of its alliance by marriage with ex-President Grant. In fact Grant's father-in-law, you will see, was one of the designers of the document. Do not think that these rules are sent to you to be used, or that they are of any value for a model. I am of opinion that, while the Gray's Rock Club, after one of their "meets," may have been awful examples of warbling to the rising generation, their regulations are hardly up to the present standard of hunting clubs. They belong to the cate-

DEER, SLAVES AND VAGABONDS.

SOME LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA, A. D. 1788.

AMONG the colonial laws of North Carolina were the following:

"I. Be it enacted, by his Excellency Gabriel Johnston, Esq., Governor, by and with the advice and consent of his Majesty's Council, etc., that it shall not be lawful to kill or destroy any Deer running wild in the woods or unfenced ground in this Government by day or any other ways or means whatsoever between the Fifteenth Day of February in each year, and the Fifteenth Day of July succeeding after the ratification of this Act; And if any person, not being a servant or slave, shall kill any Deer contrary to this Act, and be thereof lawfully convicted, the said person for every Deer so killed or destroyed shall forfeit, and pay the sum of Five Pounds current Money.

"III. And be it further enacted, by the Authority aforesaid, That if any Servant or Slave, by order or command of his or her Master or Overseer, shall kill or destroy any Deer, contrary to this Act, the Master, Mistress, or Overseer giving such order or command, and being thereof lawfully convicted, for every Deer so killed or destroyed, as aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay the aforesaid Penalty of Five Pounds, as if the said Master, Mistress, or Overseer had actually committed the Offence.

"III. And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, That if any Servant or Slave of his own accord, without any order or command from his or her Master, Mistress, or Overseer, shall kill or destroy any Deer, contrary to this Act, and be thereof convicted, by the Oath of one credible Witness, before a Justice of the Peace of the county, wherein the offence is committed, for every Deer so killed or destroyed, as aforesaid, the said Servant or Slave shall receive and receive, on his or her bare Back, Thirty Lashes, well laid on, to be inflicted by the order of the said Justice before whom the said conviction shall be; unless some sufficient Person will become bound to pay, for the said servant or slave, the sum of Five Pounds current Money, within six months after the date of the said conviction aforesaid, to the church wardens of the Parish where the offence is committed, for the uses directed by this act."

In 1758 an act was passed providing that no slave should go armed with gun, sword, or any other weapon, or should keep such weapons, or hunt in the woods with one, unless the Master should give a sufficient bond, etc., or hunt or range in the woods with a dog or dogs, except such as have a certificate for hunting, as was in the act of 1758, and which violated the act any person might kill his dogs and the offender should receive not to exceed thirty lashes upon conviction.

gory of the Sheridan fishing rules, recently published in your columns. The original document is now in possession of Mr. Chartrand, of the Recorder's office, of this city, and has about it a sort of horse-laugh humor which gives us a hint of what was thought to be fun in those days. The rules are as follows:

1. The society to be known as the Gravois Hunting Club.
2. The company shall consist of such commissioned and non-commissioned officers as prescribed by other hunting societies, unless a majority deem it necessary to alter them.
3. It shall be the duty of the president to appoint the necessary number of officers, who shall hold their offices until December 31, 1844, when there shall be a general election.
4. Persons failing to attend either a meeting of the club or a drive, after being notified, shall pay for the benefit of the company one quart of whiskey.
5. Any member who shall shoot at a deer at the distance of sixty yards or less, without killing, shall pay half a gallon. If he fails to draw blood he shall pay one gallon, and if he neglects to shoot when within sixty yards he shall pay more than two gallons, at the discretion of the company.
6. No person shall read a newspaper on his stand under a penalty of one quart, and in case of such fine it shall be placed to the credit of the driver.
7. Any person going to sleep on or near a stand shall forfeit one quart, and if he shall snore so loud as to be heard 100 yards he shall pay one gallon to the driver.
8. Any member who shall fail to feed a dog belonging to the club when it is in his power to do so, shall forfeit half a gallon for each dog, to be credited to the dog's master.
9. Any member who shall hit by the fire for more than half an hour without telling a deer story or calling for a horn shall forfeit a quart.
10. No member is allowed to get so drunk after a drive as to require four persons to carry him to bed, under a penalty of one gallon.
11. The members who go to bed with their boots on shall pay for the benefit of the landlord one-quarter of venison.
12. Any members who shall refuse to take a slice of good venison when invited shall forfeit one gallon for the benefit of the club.
13. Any member getting so drunk as to shoot at a horse, cow or sheep by mistake for a deer shall foot the bill at the first dram shop and have his grog stopped for six months.
14. Any member who is guilty of contributing for distant charitable purposes when his charity is needed at home shall forfeit two gallons.
15. Any member who shall discover an individual of our opponents or enemies driving or keeping a loaded hid in his barn, or still-hunting under a pretense of amusement or necessity, shall receive a premium of five gallons and two plugs of tobacco, to be paid by the treasurer out of any liquor or tobacco not otherwise appropriated.
16. Any member who shall play a game of cards without a stake of tobacco shall pay for the benefit of the club not more than one plug nor less than one chew, at the option of the president.

By the above rules and regulations we pledge ourselves, our lives, our fortunes and our skill in shooting.

The signers were: Thos. M. Richey, President; James Bailey, Vice President; Harrison L. Long, Comdant; Abner E. Bailey, Captain; Andrew J. Cronwell, Gamekeeper; John J. Bailey, Treasurer; Oliver Cromwell, Sergeant; Lewis D. Dent, Clerk; John C. Dent, Secretary; John F. Long, Recorder.

I wonder if some of the older readers of the **FOREST AND STREAM** cannot give us a glimpse of other old-time hunting clubs.

WAGONWHEEL.

A COLORADO BEAR HUNT.—Denver, Col.—You see it all happened in this way. Doc drove up one morning with his bronchos and light wagon outfitted for hunting. Said he was going up Bruh Creek, where he 'lowed there was bear. Frank said if he'd wait a few minutes he'd go along. I said I was crazy to go too. Off we started, Doc entertaining us with rife's of the bear scraps he'd been in. "Hold on," said Frank, as we went around a rough bend, and we jumped before we could check the team. As we stopped we could see him behind peering along the ground as an Indian would hunt for a trail. "What is it," we cried. "Fresh bear tracks," he answered. Out I jumped and, sure enough, there in the dust was the fresh track which, I imagine, resembled Cruso's man Friday's as much as anything.

Well, where there was tracks we knew there had been bear; and so we hurried on, more eager than ever. Soon we reached Bruh Creek, and then waded our way up into the canyon over a rough wash as rough as the wagon and were a ride. We safely made camp about noon, luckily finding a comfortable log cabin at our disposal, which had been used formerly by the choppers. After a hasty lunch we loaded our rifles and started out. I did not get back until 9 o'clock at night, having seen neither deer nor bear; but before night I had come across a covey of black grouse and had bagged four or five. The others were more fortunate. Doc and Frank, having joined forces, took a fresh deer trail, jumping up two fine bucks and killed them.

For two days we hunted for bears without avail, and as Doc was anxious to get home we decided at noon to pull out. So we packed up, Doc going ahead with the team, Frank and myself following foot. As we neared the mouth of the gulch the canyon widened, and off to our left another wide gulch came into the main one. As we neared it all at once we saw in the road the freshest kind of bear tracks, which proved to be those of an old one and two cubs. We lost no time in halting Doc; and quicker than it takes to tell it we had our team hauled and tied to the wagon and were on our way after our snare. It was an exciting experience following through brush and over rocks the trail, which every moment seemed fresher and which every moment led us deeper into the gulch and away from the hill on our right. After we had traveled for a mile and the brush seemed thicker, Doc remarked that we had better be getting out as we were liable to be caught at a great disadvantage. No sooner had he spoken than I, who was in the rear, saw our bear rise up on her haunches some 100 yards to our left. "There she is," I said. "Hold on," said Doc. "Let me have the first shot." So Doc, up with his rifle and pulls at her shoulders, overshooting and only causing her to rise on her haunches. "Now is my time," I said, and held for her head. Doc, all the time crying not to shoot as we'd surely get tangled up in the brush. I told him he had hit her shot and now I was going to have mine and I pulled, hitting her in the breast, but making only a flesh wound. The way she jumped over the bushes and ran for us was a caution. It started Doc on a run in the opposite direction, with Frank and I bringing up in the rear. But that didn't last long, Doc getting out of breath and out higher ground. There we reconnoitered and saw our bear

going back to the mountains and endeavoring to entice her cubs to follow. But we had a short work of these proceedings by pouring into them a shower of lead from our repeating rifles that caused them all to hit the dust—or rather snow, as a heavy snow squall had set in ten minutes before.

We marketed our bear and deer heads and realized handsomely besides the exciting sport which we had.—J. A. B.

A NEW YORK BOY'S ADVENTURE.—Conway, N. H., Aug. 12.—We have had quite a sensation here this week. Four young men (city boys) went from here to Swift River intervale, in the town of Albany and among the mountains, some fifteen miles from this village, to camp out a few nights and hunt and fish. On the second afternoon one of them started off by himself to see if he could shoot something; and in a short time he discovered that he was lost, and that he did not know which way to go to reach his camp. He wandered around till it began to grow dark, and then went up into a large tree and passed the night in it, not sleeping a wink all night. The next day he traveled all day, and not having any food with him he shot a partridge and kindled a fire and roasted part of it and ate it (without salt). About 5 p. m., feeling tired, he sat down under a tree to rest. Being very weary, he soon fell asleep, and when he woke up he found it 7 the next morning. Seeing a large hill (it is called Greene's Cliff) he thought he would go up and look off, when he discovered houses, and having a small compass with him he took his course for the nearest one and struck a bee line for it. He found it very bad walking as it was through swamp and over windfalls, but coming up to the river at last he heard a cow bell on the opposite side; he crossed over, found the cow, followed her home and arrived at the house at 7 p. m., having been out two and a half days and two nights. He asked for something to eat, although he said he was not in a starving condition, and also asked if that was Swift River intervale, and being informed it was, told his story. The house was about four miles south of where he went in. His father resides in New York city. He says he is going back in about a week to try it again, and thinks he won't get lost the second time.

THE BRADFORD BANQUET.—The recent publication of the bill of fare at the banquet of the Washington Woodmont Rod and Gun Club prompts a Bradford friend to send us the bill of fare of a supper-given to the Audubon Shooting Club of Buffalo, New York, by the Bradford Shooting Club, of Bradford, Pa., June 9, 1881. The "spread" was given at the St. James Hotel, Humphrey and Pierce proprietors, and the members of the visiting club—but, why say what every one understands—of course the occasion was one long to be cherished in memory. The menu was as follows:

Terrapin Soup.

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|--|-------------------------------------|
| Brook Trout, Fried, Mountain style. | Chicken Salad. |
| Restigouche Salmon, Boiled, Lobster Sauce. | New Potatoes. |
| Leg of Southdown Mutton, Capers Sauce. | Green Peas. |
| Turkey with Cranberry Jelly. | Sweet Corn. |
| Spring Lamb with Green Mint. | English Plum Pudding, Brandy Sauce. |
| | Pine Apples. |
| | Lemon Meringue Pie. |
| | Assorted Cakes. |
| | Neapolitan Ice Cream. |
| Shrimp Salad. | Vienna Coffee. |
| Assparagus. | Assorted Nuts. |
| | HAZEL. |

NEW ENGLAND SHOOTING WANTED.—Editor *Forest and Stream*.—I wish to find some place either in the State of Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire where good duck and snipe shooting or ruffed grouse and woodcock shooting could be obtained from the 10th to the 25th of September; also the person's name who will take boarders in locality.

D. D. D.

Read last and present issues.

You might go to Grafton, Vt. Of that locality a letter just at hand says: "Grafton, Vt., Aug. 23.—Agreeable to your request for information as to good grounds for sportsmen to visit with reasonable chances of success, I take the liberty to suggest that we have some of the finest woodcock grounds in New England in our immediate vicinity, which appear to be well stocked with cock. We have no local hunters with us and very few birds have been killed here at any time. I have no doubt but with good dogs and hunters who are up to the business fine sport could be had. We have a fine hotel and lively stable here, which make very low charges. Just now the hotel is full, but after the first of September they will have ample accommodations for sportsmen. Woodcock are seen constantly in the gardens of the village citizens and I hear of them in many localities.—S. W. G."

SOME SNIPER SCORES.—Louisville, August 5.—The neighborhood of Vincennes, Ind., is said to be the best snipe ground in the State. In an old memorandum book of my dear friend Capt. Goble, now dead, one of the best sportsmen and lovehest men Kentucky ever produced, I find the following memoranda: "Near Carlisle, Illinois, April 4, 1868.—Four of us killed 242 snipe; April 5 we killed 230 snipe, April 7 we killed 330 snipe, April 8 three of us killed 259 snipe." The best snipe shooting I ever had was on the riparian plantations near Clarksville. The fields are square and separated by ditches, the ditch banks being five or six feet above the fields. Four of us hunted in different fields, the snipe flying from one to the other. The snipe were in clouds, like grasshoppers in the fall, and would often alight right at our feet. I am sure that I sometimes saw more than a hundred on the wing at once.—L. P. Y.

ELEVATION IN SHOOTING SHOT.—Recently I bought a new breech-loader, the best in market of course. I ordered a 9-lb., 12-gauge, choke-bore, expressly for long-range shooting, chiefly to use shore shot. Upon testing at target with No. 4s, sixty and seventy shot, I found that by sighting direct at the centre in a high-line target the greater portion of the charge was found below the centre, but well distributed. Adhering to my old notion that when shot are driven with

such force they could not drop at that distance (sixty yards), I continued the trial, with the same result. By good luck I had found in a book store a pamphlet called "Game Birds," by Thos. Alexander, in which I find many valuable suggestions. Among others he said that shot will drop four inches in forty yards. I concluded to act upon the suggestion, elevating to six inches above the centre spot at sixty yards, and to my satisfaction found the charge every time where I wanted it. At other trials since have had no difficulty in planting from ten to fifteen No. 2s near the centre at 100 yards every time, elevating in the latter case about two feet. Of course in shooting in trees this rule does not apply. Perhaps there are others of your readers, like myself, who have not considered that the law of gravitation acts upon a charge of shot as well as upon a ball.—

ADIRONDACK GUIDES AGAIN.—New York, Aug. 20.—I spent over two months last summer on the Fulton Chain of Lakes, and during that time came in contact with a great many of the guides, both from the upper and lower lakes, and found them to be perfect gentlemen in every respect. I did not meet one that I would not trust any lady with at any time and under any circumstances. I believe them to be as a class finer men than you will find in almost any work, in other words, men that are square to the letter. The article in the New York *Mad* is unjust in the extreme, and it is evident that the writer has never been in the company of an Adirondack guide or he would have known that he was entirely wrong and unjust in saying that "the Adirondack guides are a class to be let severely alone."—Vex.

AN UNUSUAL ACCIDENT.—I would ask you the cause for a rifle's holding fire in this manner: A young man out shooting woodchuck had snapped his rifle at one and for some reason it did not discharge. He lowered the gun, drew the ramrod and was driving the charge home, thinking the powder had not entered the tube. The gun discharged while in that position, driving the rod and charge through his hand, which, it is thought, will cause him to lose the use of it. Is it right to suppose a piece of lint in the tube had caused the gun to hold fire, acting as a train to the powder?—Mrg.

[The supposition of our correspondent is as plausible as any we can suggest. The action of the gun was very curious, although not without parallel in our experience. The powder may have been damp and caked, especially if the charge had been in the gun some time.]

BEAR DOGS.—Many years ago when bears were more plenty than pumpkins in the Empire State, it used to be common for hunters to find where they made nocturnal visits to corn-fields and then to take a little whiffed dog, that was trained for the business, and hunt them in the same way that coons are hunted now. The little dog would generally scare the bear and put him to flight and then nip his heels as he ran, which would cause him to take to a tree the first chance he had to get, where he would remain long enough, before getting over his fright, for the hunter to come up and give him a dose of lead by the light of a torch or large fire. One old hunter, Elijah Dibble, who lived in Delaware Co., was the owner of a well trained dog, and was noted as a great bear slayer.

J. H. A.

NEBRASKA CHICKENS.—LINCOLN, Neb., August 18.—It turns out that chickens are not so abundant as was anticipated. The hunters were out in force on the 15th and very few of them made the bags they counted upon. Mr. Hallett and I stayed in the country Sunday night and began work at early dawn the next day. During the day, after a tramp of nearly twenty miles, over a good dog, we got thirty-seven chickens, all of them pretty nearly grown except three. So far as we can learn it was the best bag made that day; but it was arduous work. It may be, cooler weather will show more chickens.—Burr H. POLK.

ILLINOIS DUCK SHOOTING.—Chicago, August 15.—Duck shooting commenced in this State to-day. Ducks are numerous and we are anticipating fine sport this fall. Chickens and quail are also plenty. A great deal of illegal shooting is going on here and just over the "line" in Indiana, by alleged sportsmen's clubs. Several parties have been fined for shooting ducks out of season, but this does not seem to stop the shooting. Black bass fishing in the small lakes in this vicinity is unusually good.—Jim.

DUCKING ON CHAMPLAIN.—Troy, N. Y., July 30.—I see by your last that some one wants to go duck shooting. I am making arrangements to go to the north end of Lake Champlain on the 10th of September next. Another party is going with me, but we would not object to a third. Am myself acquainted with the ground, and can show him some fine sport. If he wishes he can correspond with me on the subject.—H. W. BROWN.

PAPABOTTES.—Indianola, Tex., Aug. 16.—Have at last had a fine rain, and the shooting around this place is splendid. "Papabottes" are very plenty and fat. I should say that there are at least a hundred birds a day killed in a radius of three miles of this town, a single gun in an afternoon getting as many as forty and fifty. A few miles up the railroad chickens are very plenty, and there will be plenty of quail this season.—G. A.

NEW JERSEY.—Coster, Aug. 20.—Woodcock shooting has been very poor during July. We may have a full flight, but that is uncertain. I am afraid Bob White has for-been-us, as I do not hear from him as I did last year. I think they will be scarce. Partridges none.—J. I.

KORTREIJT, N. Y.—I have often seen woodchucks climb trees. Partridges have been bred in vast numbers here this summer and promise good shooting in the fall. Woodcock shooting will also be good. Squirrels and rabbits are plenty.—CHAT OWL.

ALBANY, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Woodcock are very scarce here this season. I was out with a friend yesterday and day before and bagged six birds only.—J. W. P.

WISCONSIN CHICKENS.—MENOMONEE, Wis.—Chickens are large in size, and larger still in number in this section.

M. A. O.

We learn from Messrs. Uphoff and McCallan, of Valparaiso, Ind., that the demand for their Hotbird shooting suits this season is unprecedented. Using only the very best material, and engaged exclusive contracts of these suits, enables them to give a perfect outfit.—J. A. V.

Sea and River Fishing.

FRESH WATER.

- Salmon, *Salmo salar*.
Rainbow Trout, *Salmo irideatus*.
Dolly Varden Trout, *Salvelinus malma*.
Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. arcticus*.
Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. dolomieu*.
Muscongus, *Esox nubilosus*.
Perch, *Percius perca*.
Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
Pike-perca (wall-eyed pike)

- Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarum*.
Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Roccus tenebrosus*.
White Perch, *Morone americana*.
Bluefish or Tailor, *Morone saxatilis*.
Scup or Forgie, *Stenotomus argenteus*.
Pomok, *Polydora carbonaria*.
Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
Spanish Mackerel, *Cybilium maculatum*.

BALT WATER.

- Weakfish or Spicetogee, *Cynoscion regalis*.
La Fayette or Spot, *Listonotus ocellatus*.
Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.
Sheepshead, *Archosargus probatopterus*.
Kingfisher or Barb, *Merluccius nebulosus*.

Patience, certainly, is a necessary qualification in an angler. Indeed, I remember... Thence fishermen who, on my enticing some displeasure...

ON KING'S LAKE.

OUR club, the "Troy King's Lake Fishing and Hunting Club," has not so long a name, nor so large a membership as some...

We are all business men residing at Troy, Lincoln County, Mo., a village of a thousand, more or less, situated in the center of a splendid farming and grazing country...

King's Lake lies in the eastern part of Lincoln County, Mo., and is formed by the widening of Bryan's Creek. It is eight miles long, 300 yards wide at its widest...

We own two tents, one of twelve ounce duck, fourteen by sixteen feet, the other eight by ten. In the commissary department for our two weeks' supply we have fifty pounds of home-made bread, fifteen pounds of coffee, roasted and ground...

Two days morning finds us all gone from camp, some hunting, some fishing. The fish we have are the black bass from eight pounds down, striped bass from two pounds, and croppie from eighteen inches down.

Catching bass is a different kind of business, and much slower than the fact that a brush heap will only afford two or three, and you may be sampling round for an hour before you find them.

The striped bass of King's Lake is the handsomest fish in these waters, and the gamiest. One of a pound weight will fight equal to a black bass of a pound and a half...

joy fishing unless I can wind up short, or throw out long, as fancy strikes me, and sometimes I want to put a hook way under a brush heap where a long line couldn't go...

Getting back to our camp as the shadows fade, we find the hunters all in, sitting around the blazing fire, toasting their feet and recounting the adventures of the day.

As goes one day, so goes the next—unless it rains; and then how cross every fellow gets, and how he wishes he was at home with the old woman...

The question of one of your correspondents prompts me to write a description of one of our boats. What we wanted was a boat large enough to carry two with their plunder...

When knoeked down for transportation the seats, ribs and rods are put in a two-husel bag; the canvas is rolled up, and gunwales and false bottom lie loose in the bottom of the wagon-bed.

WORMS IN BLACK BASS.

ABOUT seven years ago our river, the west branch of the Susquehanna, was stocked with black bass. We have been fishing for them for the past three years.

myself, but a friend of mine and also my son describes them as resembling the worms found in chestnuts, but smaller. It has disgusted people with the bait. Will you please tell me what you know of the matter?

Ans.—This question is coming in from all quarters. See correspondence in this and last issue. Read article entitled "Worms in Fishes," in issue of June 16, 1881, page 600.

Every year these reports come in. It is natural for the fish to have these parasites, and we eat bass, worms and all. If you want the worms worked up, put a piece of the flesh containing plenty of them in alcohol for a week...

MY FIRST FISHING TRIP TO THE AU SAUBLE.

MY first fishing trip to this river was made in 1874, during the month of June. There were four of us in the party: Geo. MacF., T. B. M., W. J., more often known by the name of "Silas," and myself.

The river opposite our camp was about 150 yards wide, and ran parallel to Lake Huron for about five miles, nothing but a range of low sand hills separating them...

The rest of the day was spent in preparing the fish to take home with us in rifle practice. I had brought my twenty-two calibre rifle with me and a plentiful supply of cartridges...

We went daily to the lake and had a bath in its cool waters, which helped to cool down the inflammation of the eyes and clear the sand from the eyes.

The first day, and some of the party became very good marksmen in consequence, besides learning the art of catching a black bass with credit to themselves...

These first days, and some of the party became very good marksmen in consequence, besides learning the art of catching a black bass with credit to themselves...

One incident of the trip and I am done, as it relates to our mosquitoie friends. On the fourth night in camp Y. B. had been elected to keep the snudge in good order during the night...

FISH BUTCHERY IN INDIANA.

A new sort of fish butchery is being practiced in this State. They are, from a reliable report, being killed by thousands by use of dynamite cartridges. The "meditative man" will find little recreation in this State if this thing is not stopped soon.

Inclosed are a sample of newspaper clippings which may be of interest to readers of FOREST AND STREAM: "The destruction of fish in the Whitewater by dynamite fish torpedoes is not confined to the locality of Richmond alone, but extends for thirty miles along the stream and its tributaries. It is estimated that ten thousand fish have been destroyed by them...

BASS AND TARPON FISHING.

In your last issue I noticed an error which needs correction. In publishing an extract from my letter to you, you made me state: "From this time until the middle of December the fishing will improve."

Now, I have been tarpon fishing and failed to capture one of these specimens of "greased lightning." My main object was to capture a tarpon and do a little bass fishing. I left my city on Thursday, August 4, m. and arrived at Mayport at 6.30, and soon after getting on shore in the pleasant occupation of depositing bass chowder, shrimp, fried sheephead and devilled crabs at Burroughs's hospitable board.

LARGE TROUT FROM CHATEAUGAY LAKE.

LYON MOUNTAIN, N. Y., Aug. 18. Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed find stereoscopic view of a large speckled brook trout taken here this week by Mr. O. M. Bogart, Jr., of your city, which weighed three pounds six ounces. I only regret that I could not have shown you the fish instead of the picture.

Though the medium of the FOREST AND STREAM and a few such gentlemen as Mr. Charles Dennis, Jr., Mr. E. G. Arthur and Mr. Charles Stokes, all of New York, and of the Stock Exchange, I believe, I have had a house full of very excellent people, all of whom I think are pleased with the house and lake.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.—Plattsburgh, N. Y., August 10.—A singular event occurred to the Dominie yesterday, which he is constrained to tell to the fraternity of him who said "I go a-fishing," the "apostolic succession" of the writer writing for its truth.

While casting flies on Mead's Pond, a private trout preserve, the birds were numerous over the water, skimming it, as is their wont, with rapid flight, catching the bugs that live upon the surface. An unusually long cast had been thrown, perhaps fifty feet, with two flies upon the leader—one a colesh-man and the other a Montreal—when, just as the line struck the water, a swallow "struck" the fly, hooked himself and fluttered in the air with hook and line pendant from his bill for the space of ten or twelve seconds. How's that for a flying fish?

GREENWOOD LAKE.—Having passed two weeks in a very comfortable manor at the Encampment Hotel, at Warwick Woodlands, on the shores of Greenwood Lake, it is but just to say that the accommodations provided were all that could be desired by any one who can enjoy a tent for a bed-room and parlor, instead of being housed up in a hotel building. The tents will be left standing a few weeks longer, so that any one who desires camping out with the comforts of a good hotel table and attendance, can improve the opportunity.

DEFIANCE OF LAW IN NEW YORK.—A special correspondent of the Syracuse Standard pictures an organized gang of poachers on Skaneateles Lake. "It is a shame," he says, "that these robbers cannot be brought into subjection, but the fact is, and we can't disguise it, the lake is literally ruled by the New Hope rangers. They act as they please, knowing that the warnings they have already given of their power and daring will hold in check all the efforts to get the upper hand. They have no regard at all for the law, being utterly reckless in what they do. They have burned barns, sunk boats, stolen horses and done many other things equally as lawless, simply out of revenge for attacks on what they consider their rights. Our Sportsman's Club which had slumbered for years, was reorganized last year for the purpose of attempting to break up the illegal fishing, but the thing flattened out. The truth is most of us were frightened off. Unless some measure is taken soon to quell these desperadoes there will be no safety in navigating the lake unarméd."

The fact that a reign of terror exists upon the shores of Skaneateles Lake has not been of recent discovery, nor is its positive knowledge of it confined to the more frequent visitors to that beautiful sheet of water. It is infested by organized hands of moonshiners, who laugh to scorn the best legislative efforts to protect the fish of the State, and hold at bay those whose duty or desire it is to see the law enforced. The so-called "New Hope rangers" are a body of reckless fellows bailing from New Hope, Cayuga County, on the west shore of the lake. They swarm to the shores after nightfall, cast their seines into the water and draw them full of fish, without so much as giving a thought to such a person as a game constable.

LARGE TROUT IN SARANAC LAKE.—Saturday, Aug. 20.—In your issue of Aug. 14 I see a note from Al. Burr relating to the landing of a 24 pound trout, nothing being said as to the variety of trout or the manner in which was caught "the largest of the season." During the past month Dr. M. H. Williams, of your city, has been in camp with me at Big Trout Pond, and on Aug. 18 caught, among eleven of lesser weight and size, a speckled brook trout weighing 3 pounds, and measuring 19 1/2 inches in length, with a 9 oz. red with a brown backle. Mr. Hathaway, in camp with my father-in-law Calvin Brown—almost equalled this the next day, and we think a 20 pound mess of this size fish "no great shakes," for it can be done every day during the season. A five-pounder has risen to the fly several times, and his capture is but a question of time, of which you will be duly notified.

A STEP BACKWARD.—The New Hampshire Legislature has passed a bill or resolution exempting the Contoocook River, one of the principal rivers of the State, from the law in force for several years requiring all owners of dams to provide suitable fishways. This river was stocked with salmon some years ago, and this is needed to make them plenty once more in an open way.

All dams on the river, with the exception of one or two, have been so provided at great expense. It seems strange that such an act of injustice should be allowed to pass when the principal part in getting it through was one of the company who have been violating the law for nearly two years. It was put through in the rush of business at the close of the session, and not understood, or it would not have been approved by so intelligent a body of men.

Where is the New Hampshire Game Law? JUSTICE.

LARGE MASCOLOGE—Camp of the "Kingfishers," Intermediate Lake, Mich., Aug. 12.—Two weeks ago to-day I took in Bower's Lake, fifth lake above this, a mascologe four feet four inches long, twenty inches girth at pectorals; weight, don't know, but as much as we weighed in on a steel yard that pulled thirty-two pounds. He flipped the hall up vehemently at thirty-two pounds, so we felt safe at calling him a thirty-five pound fish. A Canadian that has speared numbers of them called him a forty pound fish. I took him on a seven and one-half ounce rod, speckled frog; time, an hour and a half.—KINGFISHER.

SULLIVAN COUNTY FISHING.—Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y., Aug. 22.—There is a lake near my house where perch averaging from a quarter of a pound up to one and a quarter pounds actual weight have been caught by the hundreds; and pickerel from one to four pounds. New York references can be given.—I. M. BRADLEY.

STURGEON VEGETS HALLIBUT.—Albany, N. Y.—In a late copy of your paper I saw that the fishermen on the Lakes were smoking the sturgeon and fraudulently selling it for hallibut. To an Albanian that sounds like smoking good beef and fraudulently vending it for milk meat. Why the sturgeon, which is so common here, in its native habitat should be the subject of so much absurd prejudice I don't see. It is not only a good fish, but a most excellent one, if properly cooked and eaten without prejudice.—ABRANTAN.

LARGE SHEEPSHEAD.—Jersey City, Aug. 23.—John Peen, of this city, while fishing in New York Bay (off the Spunker Island), on Monday last, caught a sheephead weighing 6 1/2 lbs. Haven't sheephead been strangers to New York Bay for sometime?—RUSTIC.

BLUEFISH AT CAPE MAY.—Aug. 19.—Just now bluefish fishing is fine at Cape May, N. J., and all along the Jersey coast. Anglers are doing good work. At Bitterton the big perch are biting freely and in our Delaware and Schuylkill black bass are being caught in fair numbers. It seems that eight out of ten of the fish are taken after 6 o'clock p. m.—HOMO.

FISHING AT LOON LAKE.—Hornellsville, N. Y., Aug. 14.—In reply to your invitation to tell of my fishing, for hunting and fishing I would say there is good black bass and pickerel fishing at Loon Lake. Loon Lake is in Steuben Co., N. Y., ninety five miles from Hornellsville and five miles from Wayland or Liberty on the Rochester division of the Erie R. R. The lake is formed entirely by springs, and is one of the biggest bodies of water in the State, being over 400 feet above the Cohocton Valley, which is only four miles distant. The altitude of the lake is a strong argument in its favor as a summer fishing place, being healthy, cool and pleasant. No mosquitos or black flies. There is a good hotel at the lake, Lindenwood Cottage, kept by G. E. and C. Cotton, whose address is Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., Linden, \$1 per day, which includes use of boats. It is at Boardwalk that once a month through the season eludes from Rochester, Hornellsville, Geneseo, Naples, Dansville, Wayland, Cohocton, Corning and other places meet for a grand glass ball shooting match. No liquors are sold on the premises. Fishing is much better than usual, as there was no fishing through the ice last winter, the being of laws prohibiting the same during the winter months.—J. ORIS FELLOWS.

Fishculture.

REBUILDING THE MCCLLOUD HATCHERY.

THE tenth session of the U. S. Salmon Hatchery, established upon the McCloud River bids fair to be a successful one. When Mr. Stone arrived in May, nothing had been done toward rebuilding the hatchery and dwelling houses carried away by the high water last winter, except to get about forty thousand feet of lumber on the ground. Since then, Mr. Stone's personal superintendence and the harmonious working of the several forces of men, much has been accomplished toward the reconstruction of the establishment. A comfortable two-story dwelling house for the men and a good sized addition to the large dwelling house, 40 x 40 ft., is rapidly progressing toward completion. This latter building is to contain all the hatching apparatus which is to replace that carried away last winter.

A water wheel of great power, thirty-two feet in diameter, for furnishing the water supply for the hatching house is also being constructed. It is supposed that this wheel will lift a hundred thousand gallons an hour into the hatching house. Mr. Stone expects to have everything in readiness to take the first eggs about the last of August. If possible, he intends to take ten millions. There seems to be an unusually large number of salmon in the river this year.

The bridge across the river is closed, so that no more salmon go up to the headwaters of the river after this. Due provision has been taken for keeping the new buildings to guard against losses by high water in the future.

The total cost of the reconstruction of the fishery buildings, including the replacing of the lost material which had been collected during the last eight or nine years, will amount to not less than fifteen thousand dollars. GEO. B. WILLIAMS, JR.

FISHCULTURE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

WE have just received the report of Mr. T. B. Ferguson, Commissioner for the United States to the Universal Exposition in Paris, 1878, on fishculture.

The author says that it was a matter of surprise, as well as of regret, that an exhibition so replete with objects of art, and illustrating so fully most of the sciences, should have made no mention of the department of which he reports treats. It was natural to expect that France, having taken the initiative in the artificial propagation of fish, under the lead of M. Quatrefages, M. Coste, M. Abne-Edwards and others, and having set an example to the world by taking hold of the discovery, should have been present in the fullest detail the advance of this important industry in Europe. But, as the report shows, the illustration of the modes and appliances of fishculture, and of the implements and means employed in the fisheries, was exceedingly poor.

They are attributed to the absence of the Germans, now the foremost nation of Europe in fishculture, on account of the bitter feelings consequent upon the Franco-German war. France made comparatively no exhibition of fishculture processes, except in the horticultural department, which she has since been doing in fishculture. M. Carboneau, being the only exhibitor from France, and he only showed a few implements and devices employed by him about his aquaria. The United States did not attempt a fishculture exhibit, because no provision was made for co-operation in the exposition until very near the opening. Too late to make a creditable showing. The apparatus in the Troadero Aquarium consisted merely of a model of an apparatus designed by M. Traok, Director of the Establishment at Hueningen, for retarding the hatching of the eggs of the Salmonidae by use of water from running streams. The idea was suggested by M. Williams's Californian hatchery and a modification of a cog wheel, alleged to be an invention of Mr. Wilmot's. These and a transporting can of M. Carboneau's comprise the apparatus.

With such poor material Mr. Ferguson makes out to fill his remarkable pages with interesting matter relating to French laws regarding the capture of fishes and for their protection, directions for restocking streams and transporting fish, maritime fishing statistics, the relation of the plankton to crop culture, the feeding of young fishes, list of exhibitors in the fishery department, sea and fresh water, food products, implements of capture, etc. Much space is given to the fresh water aquarium, which was a grand feature of the Exposition.

This aquarium covered a surface of about 3,000 square meters and was most subterranean. It was not covered by a building, but erected in the open air, and rocky columns supported a roof, which gave the whole an appearance of a cavern. The report is a very creditable one considering the paucity of material.

"An octavo of 836 pages and 24 plates of fishing vessels and nets, besides several figures of fishculture apparatus. Unbound, bearing on the cover the title 'Universal Exposition of Fish Culture' and the names of United States commissioners. Fishculture. Thomas B. Ferguson." No imprint of publication office, date, nor index.

[New York Spirit of the Times.]
EQUINE INQUIRIES.

A WORD FOR THE HORSE, — THE "CRACKS" OF THE QUEEN CITY.

[Cincinnati Correspondence.]

Our sporting fraternity throughout the whole country, as all know, hate their sentimentality on the trot. Whether they meet along the rock-bound coast of New England, and tread a track so close beside the snowy beach that the music of the hoof tread commingles with the music of the surf, or whether they transport themselves to Kentucky's pleasant hills and valleys, "the cracks" and the horse will be at all times and places a fitting subject for discussion. The man who loves his horse loves the crack, in the words.

Whenever we meet with a man who will bestow proper kindness, food and care upon his horse, there we have found a man who, in time of need, will be true to his fellow-man, and consequently a true man. The laws of association, strong in man, are likewise strong in the horse. And the latter full well knows the hand that smites it harshly or the one that strokes it lightly, and tends to its sores and bruises. A cautious intemperance in the horse occurred recently in the stables of Mr. A. Toungman, situated on North Elm street. Mr. T., has for a long time been in the habit of using St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, in his extensive stables. Among Mr. T.'s many horses is a great, powerful Canadian draught horse. This animal in course of time got so that he knew the St. Jacobs Oil bottle very well. So well, in fact, that one day recently on Mr. T.'s return from business, upon entering his stable he caught him licking the sores on either side of his forehead with his mouth, giving a wise survey to his licking work, turned his head, caught up in his teeth from the box used as its receptacle a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. He then the bottle on the floor with violence enough to break it, and then deliberately licked up the St. Jacobs Oil and applied it to the end of leaders. We have seen the laws of association belied by things with less reason than in the horse. The word has passed among us, and when we see a man who won't try the Oil we say, "He is worse than Toungman's horse."

Now many thousands there are beside Mr. T. and his horse who do use St. Jacobs Oil. There is, for instance, B. Meertz, in Cincinnati, on Plum street; just opposite the City buildings, who always keeps a supply of the best horses, and St. Jacobs Oil in case of necessity. That gentleman says it is the best remedy ever used in a stable. He told us this in a conversational way recently, and the gentleman's word is away above doubt.

In Cincinnati, living at No. 15 Woodward street, may be found Mr. Michael Kelly, boss drayman. This gentleman, in reply to our inquiry as to whether he used St. Jacobs Oil, said: "I would not try to do without St. Jacobs Oil. There is no other. I could not do it. Draught-horses, like livey horses, receive so many bruises, cuts, sprains, &c., that, in my opinion, no sensible man will try to do without St. Jacobs Oil. It is the best remedy ever used in a stable, and has always found it the very best remedy in use for horses. By the way, I have used the Oil in my family on several occasions,

and had I the time to-day I would like to tell you of its effects. You know my train-time is up; but he sure and call on me again some day."

"Being that courteous gentleman that in future we would be pleased to call on him, we bade him good-day and turned our own horses — who were in the way of the day — toward St. Jacobs Oil, toward the Reading road, thence to Montgomery place, to the palatial home and stables of Capt. George K. Hoel. After a friendly chat, a sumptuous dinner and a fine drive, the captain laid himself out for horse-talk. Said the captain:

"Little Elic, the four-year-old mare which you saw in my stall, is my favorite. I regard her as a wonderful resurrection. About a year ago, and just after my mare had made her six months, she took a very aggravated case of rheumatism, either coming down the Sound or going up the Hudson River. She had more red flannel around her legs than would make shirts for all the colored boys handling her. I had given up all hopes. I never expected to see her on the trot again. One day a celebrated Irish trainer and driver looked at my mare. He said, 'Can you cure her?' I asked, 'I will cure her in a week if you will let me have my way,' he replied. I told him to take her in hand. I knew she could not be worse; I never expected to see her better." The captain patted a long while, and the changed expression of his countenance would make St. Jacobs Oil, as being to his foot the captain said: "Why, hang me, I had never seen a horse driven in three days, and all through St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil, my friend, brought about a resurrection!"

"Then, Captain," said I, "truthfully and fairly, St. Jacobs Oil is the wonder, is it not?" "You are right," said the captain. "Being in the neighborhood of Chester Park, Cincinnati's beautiful driving grounds, upon which have appeared most, if not all, of the great horses of the day, it occurred to me, knowing that preparations were being made for the coming spring trot, to enter. We did so and were soon in conversation with the justly-celebrated William W. Bair, the best-known sportsman in the United States, a gentleman who brought out "Maud S.," owned by William H. Vanderbilt; "Katie Middleton," owned by R. C. Bates; "St. Julien" and several more of the very best horses in the country. Said we to Mr. Bair: "In the management of horses, Mr. Bair, must not a trainer possess veterinary knowledge and know what to prescribe for their ailments?" Mr. Bair replied: "The horse has had in the past as varied forms of treatment as man. Now, when the horse is afflicted with such ailments as stiffness, bruises, cuts, &c., there is but one article that should be used, and that is St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I know all about horses, I have applied several remedies and can say without fear of contradiction, that St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy to be relied on." Mr. Bair being very busy, the scribe bade that courteous gentleman adieu and drove away.

Having regained the city we drove up Court street, and reined up at the well-known store of Mr. William Carroll, a gentleman who handles great quantities of domestic and imported fruits of all kinds, and of the best quality. Stopping to make some purchases from Mr. Carroll's tempting stock, that gentleman, throwing the eye of a connoisseur on the horses, immediately fell to "talking horse." After praising our team, which we flatter ourselves is a pretty good

one, thanks to St. Jacob, he, with the honest pride of proprietorship, invited us back to inspect his stables. Of course we could not refuse, and, indeed, had a great and hearty dinner and consumed a bottle of *Hotel de Cheval*. Mr. Carroll, in a manner which showed in a gentleman's familiarity with the subject, showed us "the politics" of his stock. "Mr. Carroll, are you a horse doctor or had occasion to doctor horses?" said that gentleman. "My dear sir, although you now see before you some fine horses, from the horse which is driven in my delivery wagon to the stud driven by my son, and which, by the way, is a 2300 roaster, yet I have had an immense amount of trouble with them. What from rheumatism to the simplest form of cut-bone, there is not an ailment which I believe they have not had — flog-bone, spavin, — why, in fact, really believe everything they could have. I spent hundreds of dollars in veterinary surgeons' bills, which were money thrown away. There is a remedy, though, upon which I rely by all means, and upon which I will wager forever. It is St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, the greatest remedy in the world. I cured my horses every time it was applied. Here," said the gentleman, "is where I keep St. Jacobs Oil; you see I guard him jealously." Mr. Carroll hereupon opened for my inspection a chest, and arranged along the shaft the writer saw several bottles of St. Jacobs Oil. Said we, examining one of the bottles: "Do you find it an expensive remedy, Mr. Carroll?" "Expensive!" exclaimed he: "Why, had I known of it two years ago, it would have saved me hundreds of dollars. It costs a mere nothing — fifty cents per bottle — and each bottle will do more good than \$50 worth of the so-called surgery." With this we left the stable, and, bidding Mr. Carroll good evening, we departed. Driving up Court street to John, we turned southward to John to our own stables. Just as we reached the corner of John and Eighth streets we perceived our amiable and learned friend, Dr. F. P. Alsey, about to start himself behind his magnificent gray to take an evening drive. After exchanging the usual compliments with this distinguished physician, politician and scholar, we said: "Oh, yes," replied that gentleman, "he is indeed fine. But he is just out of a severe attack of rheumatism now, and I must curb him for a while." "Is a physician, ought scarcely to praise a proprietary medicine, and would not probably recommend their use among his patients; but I must say for that best known of all medicines, St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, that it cured my horse, and consequently I must praise it." Here the Doctor laughed heartily and, with a pleasant "good evening," we parted.

We wish to say to those of our readers who do not know the Doctor — should there be any such, a fact which we very much doubt — that he is the ex-Coroner of Hamilton County, when every Cincinnati citizen, and that he is a solitary physician, which fact every body should know. Fully aware of the Doctor's reputation extends, we believe, as far as St. Jacobs Oil is known, and that is from Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Gulf.

After leaving the Doctor we had not far to go to reach our own stables, and, putting away our horses, we asked ourselves, as we watched the groom handle them, whether we had derived the more pleasure from the ride or from the information. We anxiously answered in favor of the information and good news we heard concerning St. Jacobs Oil.

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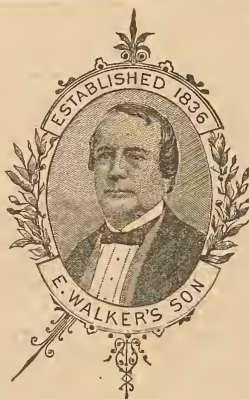
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.] "This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to try its merits."



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Seltzer Aperient. Keep's Shirts, the Best. KEEPS PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished. KEEPS KID GLOVES, none better. \$1 per pair. KEEPS US DEKWEAR, the best. KEEPS UNHURTLAS, the strongest. KEEPS JEWELRY, rolled gold plates. KEEPS NECK WEAR, latest novelties. KEEPS BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, for \$9. KEEPS PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50. KEEPS SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union. KEEPS GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST. Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co., 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y. Send for Circular of The FLYING CLAY PIGEON and TRAP. LIGOWSKY & CO., 33 Vine St., CINCINNATI, O.

B. F. NICHOLS & CO., 25 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS. Manufacturers of the BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS. As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23. First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 in. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 in. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 11 1/2 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

THE NEW EUTEBROUK HAMMER GUN. I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrook guns for finish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market. REBORING A SPECIALTY. C. H. EUTEBROUK, 27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881. ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY, Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; six additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. Open to all setters or pointers. PECOINIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES. Prizes: First, \$50; second, \$30; third, \$20. Forfeit, \$5; six additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes. MEMBERS' STAKES. Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. JACOB FENZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City. Special prices to follow others according to their value.

CIGARETTES That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication. FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. THREE KINGS. NEW VANITY FAIR. Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. WM. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

Wanted.

WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate; thoroughly understanding practically farming in all its branches, draining and reclaiming lands, breeding and raising blood and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of cereals and all root crops, tree and application of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically all horticultural productions, grapes and plants under glass, vine arbor and orchard; ornamental; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues and planting; of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address QUERCUS, P. O. Box 781, Orange, New Jersey.

Aug 15, 11

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, henry, etc., two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$5,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Chester, N. J. For sale, 9 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Tarrytown, N. Y. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBURN, 40 Fulton Street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M.

Aug 25, 11

DUCK GUN—Superior double-barrel M. L. duck gun, made to order, 12 pounds, laminated steel 28-inch barrels, curved walnut stock, extra fine leather cover; perfect shooter; used a few times only; will be sold at a great bargain, as owner's health prevents him using it. Address FRANCIS MORRIS, Philadelphia.

Aug 25, 11

FOR SALE—Pair finest English Danesons; Central fire shot gun barrels made by Truicco Bros., Dublin; will readily fit any Central fire action. Address postal card R. B., 711 O'Connell Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.

Aug 15, 11

FOR SALE, a Colt B. L. shot-gun, 12-gauge, weight, 3 1/2 lb.; has rebounding locks, moderate choke-bored, twist barrels; very little used; price, \$40. Address F. C. ANTHES, West Sewing Machine Co., Hartford, Conn.

Aug 25, 11

FOR SALE, Double Express Rifle by H. Holland, London; 40 calibre, nearly new. Also rods for salmon, trout and general work, and quantity of salmon and trout flies, all from Farlow, London. Address A. I. PALMER, San Diego, Calif. Co., Texas.

Aug 25, 11

FOR SALE, a new Remington M-Orange Rifle, Verrier, 40 calibre wind gauge sights; spirit level, pistol grip; perfect in every respect. Price \$34. In exchange for a 12-gauge, single shot-gun, No. 110, Franklin, N. Y.

KELTON RIFLE BREACH for revolvers, with screw attachment. \$1. PAUL PASINOR, Burlington, Vt.

Aug 25, 11

The Kennel.

GRAND

International Dog Show,

TO BE HELD AT

LONDON, ONT.,

SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y,

OR

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

Office, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs & BANE TO FLEAS & BOTS TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

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Area Nut for Worms in Dogs, A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and the Veterinarian.

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WRIGHT & DINWY,

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For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. F. LOTT, 5912 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSEY & SEEBACH, Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill., June 25, 1881.

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.

Imported black field spaniel at the Stud, Fee, \$25. Broods bred to Squires and Lissa O' Devon; brother in blood to Kafir and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Kafir and Zulu's last month.

Black, and liver-colored puppies by Benedict for sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. June 14, 11

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 26, 1875). This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

No. 2 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE (PATENTED SEPTEMBER 3, 1875). This split thoroughly strengthens where the ferrule is joined to the wood, which is the weakest part of a rod, and where so many of other makes of rods (bamboo especially) break. Mr. Leonard has yet to hear of a single instance of breakage at this point since the PATENT SPLIT FERRULE has been applied. We consider this the GREATEST IMPROVEMENT that has been introduced in rod making since rods have been made.

No. 3 SHOWS SPLIT FERRULE WHIPPED WITH SILK AS IT APPEARS ON THE ROD.

EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

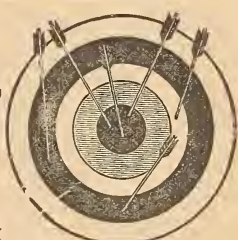
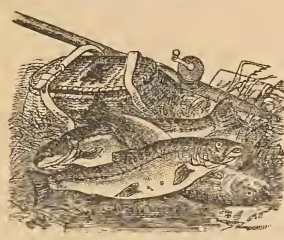
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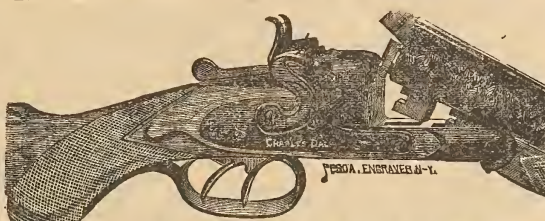
Sole Agents for THOMAS ALDRED'S LONDON ARCHERY



ALDRED'S YEW BOWS: Gents, \$18 up; Ladies, \$15 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$9 per doz. ALDRED'S FINGER TIP SCREW, \$1.50 set; Plain, \$1; Quivers, \$2; Bow strings, 75c. each. FRANCIS DARICE CRICKETS, \$3.50 up; bats, \$1.50 to \$3.50. AYERS LONDON LAWYER'S BATS, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35 per set. LONDON TENNIS BATS, \$3.00; Cork Hammis, \$4 and \$5. J. B. CROOK'S Greenheart Black Bass Rod, \$12 and \$14. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, \$15; Patent Rubber Multiplying Reel, \$30.

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The Daily Gun, HAS FINER BARRELS, THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR To any other Gun COSTING TWICE THE MONEY. Shooting Unsurpassed. Lists furnished on application.

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Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.



Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridge. Prices: Carbines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.

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The Kennel.

FOR SALE CHEAP, a litter of fine Irish setter pups, 10 weeks old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Pinnick. Address E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. July 31-11

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the United paper, will be sent postpaid for 45 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOLEY AND STREAM PUB. CO., 89 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 31, 11

S. T. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For peddleers and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass. July 25, 11

FOR SALE, part of a litter of setter pups from Blue Belle (tattler)—Waddington's (daily) by Dashing Monarch (Dash H.—Countess's Mother). Also Italian greyhounds. E. W. JESLER, St. George's, Del. Aug 15, 11

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion RORY O'MORE out of Nora O'MORE, Magenta and Fern. Full pedigree. Address W. M. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 14, 11

TWO liver and white field spaniels broken on woodcock and gr use, relieve from land or water, from imported stock and right in every respect. Price \$20 each. Inquire of box 110, Franklin, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG. Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Kennel.

GORDON SETTERS.—In order to reduce the Kennel will sell any of the brood bitches and young dogs belonging to the estate of the late Jas. R. Tully, who, during his lifetime, had spared no pains or expense to bring this strain of dogs up to the very highest standard. They combine the blood of Copelan's imported Stur. Moore's imported Cross, Farrar's imported Rupert, Stoddard's imported Duke. Parties familiar with Gordons will at once see that this blood can't be had. Several bitches are now in whelp to Duke of Louisa Valley, by Moore's Cross out of Dream. For field qualities refer to Col. Albert J. Sloc, Vincennes, Ind.; Mr. H. Malcolm, Baltimore; Col. Jas. Gordon (of Fous Jerny's) Whitlock, Miss. Address for full pedigree, etc., GORDON KENNEL, Louisa Valley, L. I. Aug 14, 11

TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langdale, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Lynton, England, late owner of Champions, Lavray, Bachelier, Ladybird, Ladyfay, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limerick, Libba, Laurence, Lena, Lyndy, Behn, Young Beth, Besse H., Barones, and many more important winners at our best shows; also, contributor to Vero Shaw's new work on spaniels, will buy on commission spaniels of any breed, and has on his books a number of grand specimens; deposit system. Mar 11, 11

COCKERS FOR SALE.—3 solid liver colored dogs whelped July 5, 31, out of Gro. Green ex-black Charlie, 415 each. Also a solid liver field spaniel bitch ten months old, imp. But ex-Henry (Hanns). Three ex-champ. Brash, \$25. Address BURT ILLIUS, Birchell Kennel Prop., Hornellsville, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

FOX TERRIER PUPPIES (smooth) for sale. A litter whelped July 6 by Ruthersford's Royal (see Forest and Stream, July 21) out of owner's Waspen by Raganan out of Vicky Trap. Dog puppies \$15 each. WM. R. HILLS, Albany, N. Y. Aug 15, 11

The Kennel.

DINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months' work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if he dog has all the natural instincts. References on application. Prices, \$50 and \$75, according to length of time I keep the dog, with discount to parties at long distances. A. WINTERS, Cairo, Thomas County, Georgia. Oct 2, 11

NEWMARKET KENNEL, Richmond & Vaughan, N. Proprietors, Middleboro, Mass.—Sporting dogs, broken and handled by men of experience. Setters, Pointers, Fox Hounds and Beagles trained for their respective work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Also, a number of well-trained setters and pointers for sale. Address BOX 335, Middleboro, Mass. H. B. RICHMOND, N. H. VAUGHAN. June 15, 11

FOR SALE, four prize-bred Irish terrier pups, 4 months old, dark liver and white, by the Black-Liver Kitten. For price, etc., apply to DR. NIVEN, London, Ont. Aug 14, 11

FOR SALE.—Two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, doz and bitch, three months old. Address A. WEBBS, Coucy Valley, L. I. Aug 15, 11

FOR SALE, a brace of beautiful black and white Fox-Llewellyn setter pups by Champion Parra. C. E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Aug 14, 11

PARE O'POINTUNITY.—Pointer bitch, ten months old, dark liver and white, by the Black-Liver dog Cheswick; just fit for the field; having no time to work her, will sell at a sacrifice. Address FRED, Box 36 New York P. O. Aug 15, 11

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PEDIGREE PRINTING AND COMPILING, CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA.

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A sure cure for all SKIN DISEASES. For sale by druggists and dealers in sportsmen's goods.

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PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed.

BRANDYWINE KENNEL. DASHING LION IN THE STUD.

FOR SALE. My entire kennel, consisting of my red Irish setter bitch Beesey, with 4 of her puppies (two 6 weeks old).

HARE BRAGLE KENNELS. For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the gun on the trail.

OLDFOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS. Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, 1017 WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

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FOR SALE CHEAP. Spayed English setter bitch, orange and white, very handsome, 11 months old, yard broken and partly field broken.

FOR SALE. A thoroughly broken Laverack setter dog, with pedigree. Retriever: is kind and easily handled.

FOR SALE. 4 pointers, dogs and bitch, broken on quail, woodcock and snipe, for sale at auction.

FOR SALE. Fine bred young foxhounds of different ages. English Virginia and New England stock.

Sportsman's Goods. THE AMERICAN PAT. PORTABLE HOUSE MFG CO



MANUFACTURE HOUSES on an entirely new and novel principle, whereby more strength can be obtained than in any other way.

\$72 A WEEK. \$19 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRU & Co., Augusta, Maine.

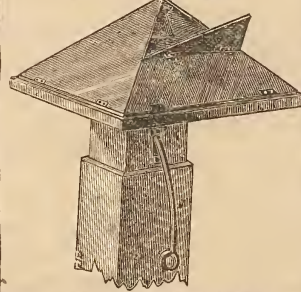
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Price per pair, \$25. This trap is used by all the principal associations in the U. S., and is considered the best trap made for rapid shooting.

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Number of Pellets in the oz. Printed on Each Bag. Trap Shot!

Soft or Chilled. NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10. No. of pellets to oz., 838 472 658 1036 Solt.

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DECOY DUCKS. Good Ones, \$4 per Dozen. MANUFACTURED BY M. C. WEDD, 87 Manhattan St. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GARDEN AND FARM SEEDS. SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE. Vanderbilt Bros., 23 Fulton St., N. Y.

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TAKE THE Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE Trout, Crayfish & Black Bass Fisheries, AND THE FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH AND GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF

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The waters of the Grand Traverse Region. and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BRUK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN SALMON is found only in these waters. The THOUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept 1.

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Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk. To make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists' Guide a handsomely illustrated book of 60 pages (free Time Cards, Folders and turn for information, address

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Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. Includes South Arm (Richardson Lakes) at 12.00, Middle Dam at 12.00, Upper Dam at 14.00, Upton at 11.75, Mountain View House or Rangier at 18.00, etc.

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DEPUTY HAYMARKET SQ., BOSTON. D. J. PLANDERS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

UPLAND SHOOTING. Deer, Partridge, Woodcock, Ducks and Rabbits

In fine numbers. Good fishing, boats, dogs and guides. Six miles from Shobua, Erie R. R. Good accommodations and references. Come or address

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All the novelty of camp life together with the ease and comfort of a hotel. Two tents, equipped and well furnished; good table; \$2 per day; special rates made with parties or families by the week.

SPORTS. A complete 194 page illustrated Catalogue sent on receipt of two three cent stamps.

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TO SPORTSMEN: The Pennsylvania R. R. Co., Respectfully invite attention to the SUPERIOR FACILITIES

afforded by their lines for reaching most of the TROUTING PARKS and RACE COURSES in the Middle States. These lines are CONTINUOUS FROM ALL IMPORTANT POINTS, avoid the difficulties and dangers of shipment, with the excellent cars which run over the smooth steel tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

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Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia, Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Alleghany Mountains, Greenbrier and New Rivers, Kanawha Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild duck, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc.

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The completion of the Peninsula Extension in the summer of 1881 affords THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE TO THE "YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL,"

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OLD DOMINION LINE. THE STEAMERS of this Line reach some of the finest waterway and upland shooting sections in the country.

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Virginia Midland R. R. The Safest, the Shortest, the Best Route to Florida and South.

Fulman Palace cars direct without change. Guns and dogs carried free. Leaves New York at 10 P. M. and 8 P. M.; Washington, 7:40 A. M. and 10 P. M. MERCHANTS' GUANTER, General Ticket Agent, Alexandria, Va.

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By a PRACTICAL GUNNER AND AN OLD hand. Has always on hand the best of boats, larcasses, etc., with the largest of trained wild-goose decoys on the coast. The best grounds in the vicinity of New York for any snipe shooting of all varieties.

Tim Pond AND THE Seven Ponds. TROUT FISHING AND HUNTING.

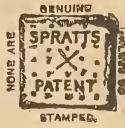
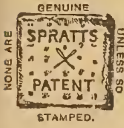
Parties wishing to visit the Seven Ponds, via Rusts and Tim Pond, can have buck-board teams, guides, boats, camps, with board, in readiness, by writing in advance to KENNEDY SMITH, Rusts, Main

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES.

"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Favored by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 50 gold, Silver and Bronze Medals; receiving the highest award for Dog Food at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Royal Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Hannover Dog Show, 1874; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc.

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MANN'S Trolling Spoons.



Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States.

Our Perfect Revolving Spoon is undoubtedly the best general spoon for taking fish ever offered to the public.

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Soft Rubber Crawfish. Patented Oct. 1.
NEW BASS BAIT—Samples by mail, 75c. Soft Rubber Frogs—large, 6c.; small, 5c.

MOLLER'S GOD-LIVER OIL
FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in use. Keen of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity.

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JOHN ENRIGHT & SONS,
Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers
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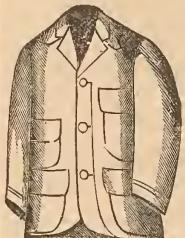
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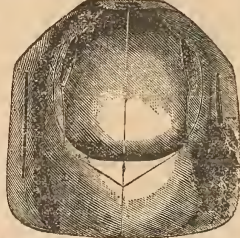
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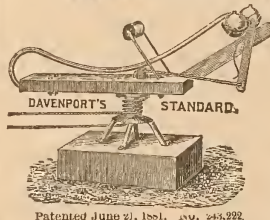
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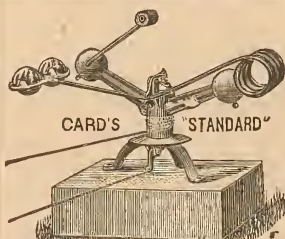
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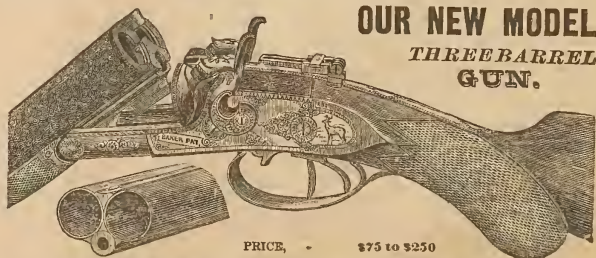


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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 1.

Specimen copies of the FOREST AND STREAM sent free upon application.

COURSING.—A correspondent suggests in another column that the Eastern owners of greyhounds hold a meeting during the coming autumn and test the qualities of their dogs. There is no reason why such a meeting should not be inaugurated as the sport of coursing is one of the most beautiful and interesting known in the long list of sports that have been transplanted from England to this country. A meeting of this kind under proper management could be made especially attractive, not only to sportsmen but to ladies. In England the meets are always largely attended by the fair ones, and as we write we can see the hills of Shinnecock and Montauk (admirable places for conducting the course) crowned by the gaily dressed charmers watching the speeding and turning of the fleet ones. Greyhounds have for many centuries back been the favorites of the women of England. They have appeared in many old family portraits by the side of the beauties of the house, and only a few years ago the Queen ordered that Master McGrath should be brought up to Windsor for her inspection. We should like to see the suggestion of our correspondent put into shape, and if the large hare of New York State should not be found game enough it would be an easy matter to import some of his English cousins to test the metal of our dogs.

ESTO PERPETUA.

IN Westminster Abbey is a stone on which is inscribed: "Sacred to the Eternal Memory of —." The rest is obliterated by time's effacing fingers, and the stone stands in mockery of the puny efforts of transient man to fix his name indelibly as a record that he has lived. What a sermon on the perishable things of this earth is on this stone!

The Egyptians embalmed their dead that they might be preserved "to all eternity." A stranger has invaded their land. Some of their remains so carefully embalmed and affectionately laid away in spices are now in dime museums, others have been taken to England and ground for fertilizers, literally returning to dust, while now artists have discovered that "mummies" make the finest pigment!

The London *Truth* says: "A gentleman, passing through Long Acre the other day, peeped into a little shop and started suddenly at the sight of several dead bodies. They had been dead for over 2,000 years—they were mummies. Where did they come from? From Thebes. Are more coming? Yes; plenty. There appears to be a regular business going on in mummies between Thebes and Long Acre. The mummies are brought over enveloped in their rich bituminous covering, and—*horresco referens*—ground up, bones, cases, coverings, bitumen, and all! What for? Why, for paint. There seems to be no burnt sienna like ground mummy. The artists are willing to pay high prices for this mummy paint. Our Academy walls may be limned with the dust of the Ptolemies."

We are not going to preach a sermon on this, it is a little out of our line, but it will afford thought for those who think, and might suggest that "a precession of the equinoxes" could sweep from the earth all traces that the human race had ever inhabited it. *Sic transit* would be rapid transit, and *gloria mundi* would need regenerating. Verily, Macauley's New Zealander may yet stand upon London bridge and muse on the ancient race who built it, or New York become a polar sea which explorers will perish in reaching, if the earth should be re-inhabited.

YE OYSTER ARRIVETH.

BY the time that this is before our readers the oyster will be in its glory. Its four months' holiday is past and its partner, the clam, which has filled its place during the interval, is now relieved from the burden of furnishing "raws" and falls back to its position in the soup and in the roast.

The fact that transplanted oysters are good all summer is taken advantage of by wicked oystermen to advocate their use in the months whose names do not contain the necessary R. They have even suborned New York editors to keep stating the fact and urging the people to eat them in the tabooed season, that their trade may continue the year round. There is no denying that there are certain facts which are obnoxious and which should be suppressed when they come in contact with a prejudice which is better than the fact, and the prejudice against oysters in the R-less months is one that should be encouraged for two reasons. The first is, that after abstaining for four months the oyster-eater enters upon the season with a fresh appetite and makes up for lost time, and so the wicked oysterman really sells as many of the mollusks in eight months as he would in twelve. The second reason is, that during the forbidden time the delicious "Little Neck clam" opens the banquet and furnishes the daily or evening lunch, and so really has a season of its own, without which its excellencies might never be known to many; and there are those who prefer the young and tender clam to the oyster.

To show that we practice our faith in this matter we will relate an incident which happened yesterday, the last day of August. We entered our favorite restaurant and, stopping up so the oyster counter, ordered a "Little Neck raw." There were piles of oysters on the counter and we asked the conchologist who opens the bivalves if many oysters had been called for during the past month. "Oh, yes, sir," replied the oyster surgeon, "the people eat 'em just the same; that's all humber about their not being good in months wot ain't got no R." It was evident that this bivalve shucker was in league with the wicked dealers and oystermen, and was trying to break down the wholesome prejudice, so, remember-

ing how Col. John Hay tells "The Pledge at Spunky Point," we expressed to the student of molluscus science our abiding faith that no oyster was good until after the hands of the clock had marked one minute past midnight on the last of August, and that, like the hero of Hay's poem, we should sit up and watch for it that night. "Jes' like watchin' the old year out and the new year in," remarked the malacostracologist, with a smile at our credulous simplicity, as we handed him a "quarter" and bade him good morning.

INTERVIEWING A SENSIBLE TROUT.

THERE is a prize within the boundaries of that quiet pool, for, "quivering with almost the tremor of life," the leader with his flies had scarcely touched its surface when, quicker than lubricated lightning, one of those golden-tinted princes took hold and sped away, turning the red fast as the indicator on a gas-meter goes round. The prophet Baalam was not more surprised when his ass spoke to him than was this trout, when in the simplicity of his innocence he rose so greedily only to discover that the Montreal fly was "a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

His madness that he had become the victim of trickery rendered him desperate. A bundle of nerves under galvanic action could not have been more restless. Physical pain had nothing to do with his erratic movements after the hook had been fastened in his jaws. He was angry at the unprovoked trick that had been played upon him. It was anger unjustifiable, for no fish that can augment the sum total of human happiness and help replenish human larders by being caught can reasonably expect any sympathy in his self-imposed insanity. If he is so unreasonable as to consider himself a martyr, very well; but let him emulate the examples of John Huss and Konarski and other models and suffer his martyrdom in silence.

Hold on! hold on!—that would not afford the angler so much sport; so plunge ahead, old fellow, and welcome to your freedom, if you can gain it—even at the loss of my line and leader. If we had the faintest suspicion that we were causing you needless pain we would whip out our knife instantly, cut the line, and promise never to repeat the trick that enticed you into your present predicament, for it were downright cruelty to punish you for your thinking you could make a good square meal off a few feathers and a fish-hook. But honestly, old fellow, don't you enjoy it?

"Not a bit of it. I know the afterclap. This is glorious fun slashing around in this pool, but it is the toasting you will give meat your shanty that I do not like. You had better believe we know what comes of our being landed."

"Then why don't you leave my flies alone?"

"You put them on the water in so artistic a manner that I thought they were only such food as Nature provided for us, and was deceived into taking what I thought was mine by right."

"You would talk and flatter us into letting you go."

"It's the truth I'm telling you. I would scorn to earn my exemption from your broiler at the sacrifice of truth."

"Does the hook hurt?"

"Not a particle. There is nothing jollier in our watery kingdom than being yanked about on the end of a good, springy rod, if the man at the butt end of it understands the correct manner of manipulating it. It is just the kind of circus we enjoy."

"Why, then, are you fighting so desperately?"

"It's your deuced frying-pan."

"Never mind the frying-pan. Don't borrow trouble. Just as soon as you have finished your frolic and we have landed you we promise on honor to put you out of misery by severing your vertebrate column."

"All right! Proceed with the exhibition. I see you understand our case exactly and it is a real pleasure to be caught by you, and yet you would little blame me if I managed to give you the slip."

"None whatever. A good gamy fellow like you, who earns his freedom after a desperate fight, is heartily welcome to it."

It is a real pleasure to talk with so sensible a trout. He honestly admits that, properly hooked, he suffers no pain, and if on being landed he receives a quieting and soothing crack of the neck that sends him in a twinkling to trout's heaven

it makes him better for the table than if allowed to flounder in the basket until he contracts a fever and dies a miserable and lingering death.

There are no nerves in the cartilaginous part of a trout's mouth, and his being hooked there, as is most frequently the case, causes no more pain than a man's experiences in the chair of a skillful barber.

Try it MILLARD.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW'S OBITUARY.

A POEM OF THE FUTURE.

WHEN we published the other day Bryant's English sparrow poem, we intimated the pleasure it would afford us to print also an obituary of the last bird of that race in America. Our long-time friend, Mr. Isaac McLellan, responding to our note, has thoughtfully furnished us a poem fitted for such a purpose. Unfortunately, however, the English sparrow is still with us, and to publish a triumphal song over his extinction were premature. In fact it was not so much the song that we wanted as it was the occasion for the song. We look out now from the desk where we are writing, and in the dusty City Hall Park we see the squabbling hordes of these chattering birds twittering about, fearless of the tramps on the benches, and noisily assuring us that the English sparrow is here—and proposes to stay. We shall not dispute it. We shall not attempt to deceive ourselves nor our readers in this matter. The English sparrow brood has a long life before it in America. Publishing its obituary will not intimidate it. No words will intimidate it. Fine shot might. But we publish the poem. We put it on record in the files of this paper. The hope inspires us that in the future of promise, when the chair in this sanctum shall have been filled by another, and by yet another, some one of the editors of the FOREST AND STREAM may at length herald the going of the sparrow, and republish from this, then old and forgotten Volume Seventeen, the poem which we print here this day, September 1, 1881, descriptive of what shall then be the native song birds' panegyric of joy.

THE DEATH OF THE LAST SPARROW.

The song-birds rejoice in valley and wood,
For the sparrows have gone, that pestilent brood!
The meadow lark warbles his penons of praise,
Robin red-breast is sweet with his jubilant lays.

The blue-birds that perch on the old garden gate
And the little brown wrens now with joy are elate,
The black-birds with musical chatter declare,
As their hovering phantoms circle in air,

That the fierce, fighting sparrows no longer molest,
To sting with their bills or harrow the nest,
And no longer in orchard or green forest glade
Will the haunts of the innocent warblers invade.

The cat-birds that lurk where the thickets are dim,
The martins that round the barn gables now skim;
The swallows that feed on the insects of air,
The humming-birds brilliant as emeralds rare;

The oriole splendid with purple and gold,
The bright little yellow-birds, fair to behold;
The gay bob-o-link, whose minstrelsy flows
Like the bubbling brook thro' the meadow that goes;

The own thrush, that hermit of deep solitudes,
The lone cuckoo that chirps in the woods;—
All these native harpists, a musical band,
Rejoice that the sparrow is dead in the land!

These foreign invaders all seem'd of a fat slug,
Scor'd army worms, festsilent fly, forest mite and bug;
Woe'd not feast on the succets that poison the fruit,
That staid the green leaves which garland the shoot.

But staid are their bills with the blood of the grape
Whose clusters of nectar the trellises drape;
They feed on the strawberries, luscious and red,
And on all the sweets of the garden are fed.

On the round, ruddy globes of the peach tree, that fills
With fragrance the air as the honey distills;
On the brown, juicy pears that burst as they fall;
On the sweet purple plums that drop o'er the wall;

On the cherries ambrosial, whose clustering gems
Clasp and crown the light twigs with rare diamonds;
But now since the sparrows have met with their doom,
The harvest may flourish, the gardens may bloom.

Yes! now the broad acres of ripening grain
May brighten in sunshine and freshen in rain;
The fruits of the orchard their treasures may store,
The song-birds may warble as ever of yore,
For the sparrows will rob and molest never more.

Shelter Island, Aug. 22. ISAAC McLELLAN.

DEATH-TRAPS AGAIN.—We have a list of some fifty "accidents" to yachts this season, one and all traceable to a lack of depth and low weights. The list is unfortunately not yet complete. The Herald of Sunday adds two more of these so-called accidents. A "yacht" turns turtle on the St. Lawrence, off Murray Bay, Aug. 23, and her crew of three are drowned; and, nearer home, another yacht, the Mabel Emma, rolls over near Long Beach, the same day, spills her contents, and Colonel William Chalmers, of this city, expires with his life the blunders of the heavy light-draft school. Next week we will print a letter from General Frazer to the Boston Advertiser, which shows we are no longer alone in the crusade against the man-traps a perverted taste confounds with craft entitled to the appellation "yacht."

MANY ENGLISH SPORTSMEN are visiting America this season and seeking sport at the West.

BLOOD POISONING FROM FISH.

WE know of several persons who cannot eat fish, lobsters, oysters, etc., either one or all, without experiencing a most intolerable itching and often an eruption upon the skin. We also know a lady who is afflicted in the same manner after eating strawberries. One person can eat fish which have been out of water some days, but a visit to the sea shore and an indulgence in fish fresh from the water produces the poisoning described.

A doctor who was applied to in one instance recommended the heroic treatment of eating fish and scratching, until the system became reconciled to the diet, as in the case of the use of other poisons. This would require the devotion which the small boy brings to the mastery of tobacco, and would require his enthusiasm, which is not usually found in adults. This deprivation of fish food is, to those who love it, a serious matter, and we have written this at the request of a sufferer, in order to see if some of our medical readers cannot suggest a remedy.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

IT gives us much pleasure to chronicle an incident which took place at Whitestone, Long Island, Tuesday evening of last week, and more particularly so as the circumstances reflect great credit upon a gentleman well known to many of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM Mr. George Macdougall who upon the occasion referred to took a header into Long Island Sound, and pluckily rescued from drowning a young lady, who had inadvertently tumbled into the same. Like the brave young oysterman, who in the ballad said

"To save his dear
Leander swam the Hellespont,
And I can swim this here,"

he gallantly bore her to the shore. One of those ever-present Arrys, whom Punch delights to picture, was of course on hand, in the shape of a newspaper man, to claim the glory. The young miss was pleasant, pretty and picturesque, and, if newspaper reports are to be relied upon, instead of saying to a rather pertinent question, "No, George; oh, no, George! not just yet," she looked up or down, we know not which, into the large blue eyes of her hero and said "Yes." We wish them joy. It was a brave act, and nothing could be more fitting than that the sequel should be the approved happy one of the Oliver Optic story-books.

JOHN P. MOORE, whose name has been prominent in the gun trade for more than half a century, died at his residence in this city, last Saturday, August 27, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, having been born in this city in 1799. When eighteen years old he entered the employ of Benjamin Cooper as an apprentice in the trade of gunsmithing, and began business on his own account four years later at No. 206 Broadway. His building erected not long after on the site of the present Evening Post building was the largest on Broadway at that time. In 1860 he retired, leaving the business to his sons. Mr. Moore had an enviable reputation for sterling integrity, and held in the course of his business career many positions of trust, having been for some time a Director in the Mechanic's Bank. At the time of his death he was a Director of the Jefferson Fire Insurance Company, an office he had held for twenty-five years. He was one of the earliest members of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, and took much pride in the success of its Apprentices' Library. For many years he was President of the society. The school in charge of the society became one of the best in the city during the time Mr. Moore was Chairman of the Committee on Education.

ICHTHYOLOGICAL STUDENTS will do well to read Dr. Gill's criticism on Dr. Gunther's "Introduction to the Study of Ichthyology," in another column. The need of such a work as Dr. Gunther proposed to furnish has long been felt, but those who are competent to furnish it are so engaged with advanced work that they have neglected it. We had hoped that the book of Dr. Gunther would prove a boon to the beginner, but Dr. Gill thinks otherwise. A book of this character hearing the name of any recognized American ichthyologist would no doubt be in demand. Hardly a day passes without application being made to us for such a work. We realize the difficulties which beset a beginner who has no teacher and knows not where to commence, for we were ourselves led into all sorts of bye-paths in trying to find a road to ichthyic knowledge.

AN ARCHERY TOURNAMENT will be held at the Fair Grounds, Waverly, New Jersey, on Friday, Sept. 20, in which all the clubs of this vicinity are expected to take part. The Corresponding Secretary is Mr. W. Holberton, of No. 65 Fulton street, this city. Lawn tennis and lacrosse are also on the programme.

A NEW MAINE MAP.—Mr. Thos. Sedgwick Steele is preparing a map of the Maine canoeing region to accompany his forthcoming book, "Puddle and Portage." The map, we understand, is prepared from original sources of information and will doubtless prove indispensable to the Maine canoeist.

WILD CLEURY.—Mr. D. W. Cross writes that he has had several letters about transplanting the wild celery, and in all probability the experiment will be so thoroughly tested that the question of its success will be definitely settled.

The Sportsman Tourist.

"OLE WHEELER."

IT was nearly noon when our party emerged from the forest into a little clearing. Struck by its appearance, they rested upon its edge and gazed around. Very beautiful was this little opening in the vast forest—this oasis in the desert of tree trunks. It disclosed a broad, blue belt of sky, of which only a speck here and there had been visible in the woods. The sun, too, which sent but few pale rays into the forest depths, here shone full brightly, carelessly the tree-tops with its sparkling light, warming the grass and bushes and bringing a deeper blush to the raspberries, whose clustering vines filled the greater part of the clearing and ran riot over the mouldering tree-trunks. The stillness of mid-day rested upon the scene. The breeze scarcely swayed the graceful foliage of the elms, above whose tops two hawks were lazily soaring. The rippling of the little brook, hurrying over its bed, as if impatient to gain the cool of the forest beyond, was the only sound.

"This is the place, Jeds, and a pleasant one don't lie in the whole South woods," said Wren. "If there were only a little lake by I'd like to camp here for the rest of my mortal days. These elms show good soil."

"Where's his hut?" asked Sigourney. "Some might call it a hut, but if he hasn't put a French roof on it since I was here last I should denominated it a novel. Over here." And he led the way to the centre of the clearing.

A large elm tree shaded the brook, which here widened a little, and from its grassy banks sloped away. On one side was an irregular pile of logs and bark, covered with leaves. Wren went to one end of it and, stooping down, pushed away some boards.

"There is nobody at home. The mansion is vacant. Look!" and he stepped aside.

"Merciful God, is it one of thy creatures that exists here! Through a single pane of glass, fastened in its place by a few pegs, the interior was dimly lighted. The damp earth was covered with mould and a pool of stagnant water stood in the middle. On the farther side, where the hole had not been dug so deeply, lay a ragged sheepskin—the man's bed. A shelf held a few bottles, traps and cooking utensils and in front was a stone fire-place, in which the ashes of fifteen years were standing. Wren knew they had been there fifteen years, for the man had lived there that time and such a heap couldn't have been collected in any less. The party were still curiously gazing into the den when Wren whispered, "Here comes 'Ole Wheeler' hisself."

With long swinging steps, and gun at a trail, a figure was swiftly approaching from the woods—a tall, gaunt figure, bent and awkward. A face—a face that will never be forgotten by those who then met his gaze—looked out from a matted beard and long tangled hair. Surely fancy would have named this creature some old river god, some mighty genius of the woods, had it not been for his ragged pants, torn off at the knees, and the quaint old swallow-tailed coat, fastened by its brass buttons tightly around him. The Professor recognized the same figure which he had seen crossing Gress River. His eyes, black and restless, moved from one to another—eyes that glowed with a wavering light that told plainly the loss of reason.

"Have ye come to steal me taters or me sugar, Mr. Wren?"

"Neither one nor t'other. We're four honest men as wants to take dinner and be sociable-like with yer."

"Ole Wheeler" appeared assured and laid aside his rusty gun. He winked, then, and the party had a tapping meal of jerked venison and bread spread out on the ground.

"Berries!" exclaimed Wheeler, emerging from his burrow.

"Yes, that's so," said Wren. There were about six quarts of rich, ripe raspberries.

"Sugar!" said Wheeler coming up out of the tomb again.

"Right agin," said Wren.

The Professor, however, declared it was syrup; maple syrup in that delicious half way in which you find it only in the woods. With it the berries were delicious. But the purpose of the parties' visit was to hear "Ole Wheeler" talk, and accordingly Wren soon put him on the trail.

"Do I like to be alone here? Yes, I love to; I love to sit here nights an' watch the stars an' the moon sir. I've watched 'em these fifteen years, and I know 'em every one; as well as I know the lakes an' the hills. I know how they move an' I can tell ye. Have I read the books about 'em? Yes, an' they lie sir, they all lie; they're made to sell—'ole."

What the Professor knew was true an' no book learnin' can make me believe otherwise. Why don't I write a book? Well, I'm poor an' folks think I'm ignorant, an' they wouldn't believe me; but maybe I shall write some day. I've got papers and drawings made. No, the books deceive ye. I know the sun isn't fur off as they say it is. I've measured it here an' I know it's near me. I can feel it warm me, an' the moon and the stars, they ain't fur off; an' sometimes in bright clear nights they talk to me, an' they tell me about the good God. I like to sir, I like to talk with 'em an' with the trees an' the animals, they're better'n men. Have I a family? Well, my wife is livin' sir, but she's dead to me. My son, he went to California where the rivers run gold, but the Indians killed him. My nephew said seven year ago he'd come an' visit me, and I expects him. We shall live on taters. My taters are the best in the county."

After making the old man a few presents the party started for camp. As they struck off into the trail they heard him say,

"If ye meet my nephew, tell him to hurry. Say he shall have 'taters an' sugar."

They promised and walked on in silence. "What is that which we call the love of nature, that power which draws man to her, which has its influence over the coarse and the cultivated mind, and often endows him who passes his life with her with those refined traits of character which make him in the truest sense of the word 'Nature's nobleman?' All classes of men are drawn to her. The rude backwoodsman loves her solitude, he knows not why. The cultivated man delights in her company. The careworn merchant, the student with weary brain, seek her music and are refreshed. The tempted commune with her and are strengthened. The upright man finds with her peace and security. The criminal trembles when she alone is by. The soul embittered by some wrong flees to her. The heart stung by some great sorrow seeks consolation with her. In that society where none intrudes" she speaks with man; she calls to him from the vastness of the mountains, the mad dashing of the rapids, and the awful gloom of night; from

the calm lakes, the leaping brooks, the trees, the birds, the flowers. She tells him that there in that vast wilderness he is alone in the presence of his Maker.

On the sand beach of head of Massachusetts is a lonely grave. The birches bend tenderly over it and the waters of the inlet ripple by in an unending dirge. Tradition says that years ago a maniac, who had escaped from his keeper, wandered off into the woods and made his bed here. When too weak to walk he had crawled back and forth to the little brook for water and some hunters found him long after, lying dead upon his couch of leaves. No one knows what led that being to flee from his fellow men to the solitude of the wilderness, but it seems certain that to those bereft of reason, to find a companion in their intercourse with their fellows is nature speaks a powerful language. As a father is more tender to a weak and helpless child, so the kind Father of all looks mercifully down upon these most helpless of his children and reveals hidden beauties to their eyes. For love of nature is love of God.

AN INVALID IN THE FIELD.

It is a clear, cold October morning of which I write. The woods are in the "sere and yellow." The prairie grass has died of grief, perhaps, for the bright flowers that have wilted earlier, or more likely, has had the emerald tint knocked out of it by Sir John Frost, the destroyer.

I have been confined to my room for ten days playing a game of patience ("a game, I do not understand") with a severe fit of rheumatic gout; but on this morning, after fearful groaning, I have dressed and, mounting my crutches, hobbled to the window to look out.

My dogs, Don, an English setter, and Stella, a pointer bitch—both "naives"—are sleeping on the gallery in a patch of sunlight. A tap upon the window and both heads "come to attention;" another tap and their bright eyes turn toward the window and, catching sight of my face, they bolt through the door. My chamber door and whinnying beg in the most piteous manner to be admitted.

"Open the door, mother, and let them in!"

"Nonsense, bob; they'll be sure to hurt you."

"I'll risk it; here, give me that low chair. Right; now turn that high chair—no, not that, the one with the cane back—down in front of my feet and knees; all right. Now let them come."

The door is opened and in they rush! It is well that I have entrenched myself or their affectionate onslaught might have been serious. They eagerly leap upon me and with low whines of "I'm sure you're well," and their honest eyes beam with an expression of love more plain than any spoken words can express. Ah! me! How pleasant it is to be the object of such unselfish devotion, dumb brutes though they be! And yet they tell us that these loving and intelligent, though dumb, companions have no "heresafter"; that after serving us for years, learning to know our thoughts and share our feelings, they die and there is no more of them forever! Believe it who will, I do not. The preachers tell us of material joys and pains in the world to come, of golden streets and jasper walls; but who wants to walk on golden streets unless sure of leaving their ill behind them, or rather, who would walk at all if there be angelic wings with which to fly. As for jasper walls, they are doubtless beautiful, but to my mind more ornamental than useful. For myself, I could never endure "city life" in this world and I am sure I should not enjoy being cramped in the next. No, sir, God is good, and I truly believe that all of the many dogs and hunting ponies I have owned and loved here, and who have shared with me some of the best of my life on that other shore; and to be once more with them on those eternal hunting grounds, with a hammerless gun, smokeless powder and undying youth in which to follow the chase—ah, me, but that will be heaven!

I look out at the window again, then glance at my dogs, now quietly sleeping upon the hearth rug, then at my gun-case, and the longing to be afield once more becomes irresistible. Turning to my wife I say: "Mother, will you take me on the prairie this morning in the buggy?"

"Why, Bob, are you crazy? How could you get into the buggy?"

"Not crazy, mother, but a sudden attack of 'Cacoethes'—what the deuce is the Greek for hunting?"

"I'm sure I don't know," she says; "but you certainly don't mean to take your gun!"

"I most certainly do. You shall drive me—I'll shoot from the buggy."

"And come back half dead with the gout!"

"Not so, my wife, it will cure me! So, good now, please have my Dandy harnessed at once. My souls in arms and out for the prairie!"

"But you've got the gout and can't get away!"

"Confound it, madam, will you—oh! ah! Whew?"

"What's the matter with you now?"

"I struck my lame foot against that infernal chair-rocker. Ah me! but hurry, mother, and let's be off."

And now, while she goes to order the buggy, let me explain that our only living son has attained to his majority and gone out into the world to carve out his destiny, for weal or woe; and our only living daughter, having married years ago, has a home and children of her own. So that with the exception of an occasional visit from our children and grandchildren and the necessary dependents, are left alone in the old home. That is why Mrs. C. is nearly always my companion in bird hunting and fishing, and though she cannot herself shoot, a gun, she takes great pride in my shooting, and "chaffs" me unmercifully when I shoot badly. But here she comes to tell me that she is ready.

With much pain and the aid of kindly hands I am helped into the buggy. Mrs. C. takes the reins, and away we go.

Ah, ha! How deliciously exhilarating it is to one who has been for days confined to a close room to drink in the fresh draught of pure prairie air. How pleasant to a hunter to inhale the peculiar aroma of dead grass and weeds that in the fall pervades the prairie atmosphere.

But Don and Stella are eagerly quartering the ground from right to left, meeting and passing each other in front of the buggy, so we have no time to poetize. Suddenly Don checks his pace and cautiously moves to the right, while Stella, catching sight of him, backs for a second and then moves as he does. There is no need to caution them, but in my heart I think, "Ah, my beauties, how I love you!" Now Don halts and becomes rigid, his lips "going in an out" with suppressed breathing until his head turns slightly, and his bright eyes say to me, "Old man, they are here; I've done my work, now do yours." Meantime Stella is backing like the darling little thing she is, in the most beautiful manner.

"What is it?" whispers wife,

"Quail, I reckon; too close to timber for chickens. Turn Dandy a little and drive slowly to Don's right—a little nearer, I wish the horses to flush them." (N. B.—I always walk up my birds. A dog trained to flush is, in my judgment, undesirable.) "Now, Mollie, watch the old man take 'em in." Whirr-whirr-rang! bang! "Eh, what—a miss with both barrels. Oh, confound it!"

"Not a feather," says Mrs. C. "Ahem, is that the way you take 'em in, old man?"

"Well, you see, mother, I'm weak and nervous. But see, Don has another point. Drive to the right of him again—there." Whirr-r—An old cock quail, and straightaway I throw up my gun, and, resisting the impulse to pull trigger until he is fairly before the hammers, and then my finger catches. A few floating feathers in the air, but I feel the bird is mine.

"A long shot, Bob."

"Well, yes, so so; the fact is I had to kill him or go home. When I find myself nervous at the start I must, by a powerful exercise of the will, overcome it at once or I grow worse and make a bad day of it. Dead bird, Don, fetch. Come in, Stella, it's Don's bird." When hunting two dogs I let the dog that points the bird retrieve it, if killed; it is his right and he expects it.

"Did you mark them down, Mollie?"

"Yes; three or four dropped near you last vesin wed."

"Good; drive that way—lie 'way Don, lie 'way, Stella!"

The dogs quarter the ground, and when near the designated weed they point at the same instant, but at different objects.

"To which shall I drive first?"

"To Don; he's the uccrest."

"Yes, but Stella is young and may break point at gun fire, while old Don will stand all day."

"Yes, and all night, too, the dear old fellow; but we will trust Stella, and if she breaks—I point to the dog whip at her feet. The dogs are not over twenty yards apart. Wife drives slowly to Don, and up jump a brace of quails. I am ready, and remembering the result of firing too quickly at my first birds I hold hard, and with slow haste score a clean kill of both birds.

"Dead; Don, fetch." He's off at the word (and never before) retrieving both birds, of course, singly.

"Well, Mollie, how did Stella stand the racket?"

"Beautifully," she answers, enthusiastically. "At the first report of the gun she dropped to snout, but only for a second, when she resumed her point."

We turn the horse toward Stella, and Don, getting sight of her, backs her like a gentleman. We get close to the bitch but flush nothing.

"It must be so close to her nose as to be paralyzed with—" when out bounces a rabbit, and away goes Stella in full chase. I whistle and call frantically, but she heeds me never a bit. After a chase of a hundred yards or so the rabbit is lost in the high grass, and then Miss Stella hears my whistle and sees the buggy heading down upon her. Instantly realizing the enormity of her offense she absolutely wails and under a sense of fear and shame. I stop the buggy, and order her to "come in." She starts to us dragging her feet as though they were weighted with lead.

"Here, wife, take the whip, jump out and punish her."

"Now, Mrs. C., whose *embonpoint* is one of those self-evident facts about which there is no discussion, is not much of a jumper at any time, and in this instance her kind heart makes her rather slow in getting out. I look to see if the bitch is coming, and lo! she is making a splendid point.

"Get back, Mollie, Stella is pointing."

"Perhaps she's found her rabbit again."

"No, I think not; besides, look at Don!" who was now cautiously working his way toward the bitch and on arriving within fifteen or twenty steps he points in her direction. Evidently the birds are between them.

"Bet thinks they've found chickens!"

"Thanks; no. I neither eat nor drink," says Mrs. C.

"Pardon me. Of course I didn't mean to be with you. A man and his wife being one cannot bet with each other."

"Except as to drinks they may be one, but I'm sure that your drinks never gave me the gout."

"Don't make personal remarks, mother; bad taste—very. Drive around so as to come between the dogs."

The horse makes one or two steps, when—"whirr-r"—up jumps four or five "chickens." Although unready and a little startled, I let drive with both barrels and down once, while another goes away with both legs dangling.

"Mark the cripple," Mollie."

"I slip a shell in each barrel. 'Now drive between the dogs.' They have kept their points, and as we get close in, up get the chickens in a bunch. I swing my gun round and out away right and left to two that have separated from the others, miss one, and drop the other. Stella holds her point still.

"Drive close in front of her." An old cocks gets up with a tremendous clatter, but drops at the crack of the gun.

"Dead, Don! Dead, Stella! Fetch!"

"No, mother, for the cripple."

"Wait a moment," and she picks up the dog-whip and makes a move to get out.

"What are you going to do?"

"Whip Stella for chasing that rabbit?"

"Whip your granny! Give me that whip. Don't you see that she has repeated and 'brought forth meat for repentance.' Job—'When found make a note.'"

"All right; but if your scriptural quotation is correct, there's a typo in the Holy Bible."

"Well, I quote from memory only, but let's go for that wounded chicken and then home, for my feet begin to pain me fearfully."

"Just as I feared."

The dogs soon find and retrieve the chickens, and we turn our horse's head homeward. I am assisted out of the buggy and into the house. I lie down upon the lounge, while the Governor takes the reins and drives to the door.

"Yes, ma'am; give me a dose of cod-liver, please."

She pours out a spoonful, which I no sooner swallow than I cry out: "Mercy, mother! What is it you are giving me?" She snatches up the bottle and gives one look.

"Oh, Bob, I'm so sorry! I've made a mistake in the bottle and given you—"

"What? poison?"

"No. It's—'it's—"

"My God! What?"

"Vernifuge!"

"Verni—!—la!—!—! Why, confound it! I don't you know I'm past—" But she had left the room. Well, the Lord's will be done; but fancy giving a fellow "wurrum" medicine for the gout!

Crockett's Bluff, Ark.

Bob. H. C.

"PODGERS" DISCOURSETH,

AND PROMISES TO TALK SOME MORE.

DUNK EAST, Aug. 31, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have just been reading the last two numbers of FOREST AND STREAM from beginning to end, lying flat on my back on a lounge, with coat off, a good cigar, and feet at the usual orthodox angle, the mantel of No. 86, Young's Hotel, doing duty as a foot-stool.

This time it is not stories of big fish and wonderful catches, but the burden runs more to 'possum and climbing snakes. It is wonderful what a deal of experience and modern instances the mere suggestion of a case or a query brings forth. The 'possum question has certainly been well ventilated, and snakes have now had a good run. Strikes me the friends of FOREST AND STREAM have had an undue experience with snakes; had some myself, but not the sort I fear many of those gentlemen know most of. I acknowledge a total absence of 'possum experience; really don't believe I ever saw one, much less ate one, hot or cold. Do remember going out once from Virginia Springs for an evening 'coon hunt, with a dozen niggers and dogs, but beyond the dreadful hubbub, yells, barking, and noise and flashes of torches and final death of something said to be a 'possum, I know nothing.

But when you talk about snakes I am with you, remember that. I mean the veritable, not the imaginary, and I can write a snake story for every number of the FOREST AND STREAM for the next five years. But the question mainly rises, I believe, to climbing snakes or snakes that do or don't climb. The climes certainly have much to do with it. In tropical countries we know the great boa or python climbs trees; and will he may, for it is easy for such a monster to do it. As for our common snakes, I am with the *pros*, for I have seen them doing it, and especially in spring time when the birds were nesting and the young ones about hatching, although for that matter their snakeships are not over-particular; they will take the eggs before hatching. But all the snakes I have seen climbing did so with the spiral motion. In the descent they are not so particular, being generally considerably hurried by us boys.

I think old Otsego County, in my native State of New York, could at that period claim precedence over any other locality for snakes, big or little, especially the black and the dreaded rattlesnake. There was a ledge of rocks back of my native village and a cave under it which was designated "Rattlesnake Den." In the spring of the year, when the sun began to warm things up, the snakes would crawl out and lie on the shelf rocks, while we boys, from our secure perch overhead, waiting until a good lot of them had gathered, would launch at a concerted signal a ton or two of collared boulders, and then gathering up the slain, drag them into town with a string and sell them to a weird old woman—generally considered a witch by us boys. What she did with them we never knew, but surmised that she used them in her incantations. She probably extracted the oil, which by popular belief contained wonderful healing properties. These snakes included all sorts—the garter, black and venomous ones—being in harmony, or at least had apparently spent the winter together.

That black snakes do climb is a fact forcibly impressed on my memory by the following circumstance. My governor was a man who would have made a splendid and staunch supporter of Bergh's Berghers, and a thorough sportsman of the old pattern, *i. e.*, great on deer and fox hunting with hounds, and would visit on us boys the most severe punishment for disturbing a bird's nest. The old em bell of the house was a safe and reliable lodgment for nests of family raising, and especially laid a pair of robins come year after year to repair and make use of the old nest, in a smaller offshoot of the main tree. One spring, in accordance with their usual custom, a nestful of young robins were hatched, and one of my daily duties was to go into the garden with a spade, turn up the soil, and expose worms for the benefit of the youngsters, which the old birds accepted, and hopped down from the tree to pick up. From the window where the Governor usually sat in the soft spring days, making time for the approaching trout season and rigging up last year's tackle, he could look down into the nest; and so tame were the old birds that they would hop on the sill of the open window. One day the Governor, on looking down into the nest, noticed that two of the four young robins were gone. At once the subscriber was suspected; and whether from a previous bad reputation or strong suspicions, his protestations of innocence were unheeded, and the sudden change of temperature from a cool spring day to a most fearful one, the climate of the day was wonderful. Such a warming, ending with imprisonment, was wonderful.

The next morning, while listlessly lolling out of the window, looking down at a smaller brother, who was out this early with a huge piece of bread spread with brown sugar, as a special concession for being so much better than his elder brother, I heard a great chattering and to-do in the tree, and on looking, discovered a large black snake approaching the nest. At once I flashed on my mind that here was a key to the mystery. Disregarding the injunction to stay where I was until released, I flew down stairs to the old gentleman's room and called on him to look out and see the snake rubbing the robin's nest, which peculiar evidence was now to be gained. Tableaux—a dead snake with a young robin in its mouth; and another slice of bread and butter, with sugar on it, in mine. The Governor was a man of few words, and on this occasion, seeing the injustice of my punishment, might have had his own views, but did not express them, and in answer to sundry regretful and pitying expressions from the mother, merely remarked: "Very true, he was not guilty this once, but we will credit the brushing on general account, and then there will be quite a balance in your account for."

The Governor, however, made the *amende* in a way that was much more acceptable than apologies; he took me along trout fishing a few days later, and I had the privilege of following with my primitive alder rod and worm, while he proceeded with the fly; and precious little chance did I usually have to fish, as one of my duties consisted in picking up the fish as he used them to me with a peculiar motion of the rod, saving himself the trouble of hooking by filling off the barb of the hook. Those were the days though when every stream in old Delaware County swarmed with trout, and we usually returned from a two days fish with a champagne basketful, supplying all the village for several days. What a hand the Governor was with the fly; and his celebrity as a fisherman earned for him the name of The Fisherman Lawyer that no man could hold a candle to. And, by the way, I never could understand why that particular virtue there could be, or wherein lay the evidence of great skill in being able to hold that candle. We hear of many of that can't; there must be some that can; and then what?

Natural History

GUNTHER'S LITERATURE AND MORPHOLOGY OF FISHES.

A REVIEW BY PROF. THOMAS GILL OF GUNTHER'S "INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FISHES."

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, Aug 17, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In response to your favor I herewith send the review of (Günther's recent work published in the Nation of August 11, but have intercalated the much new matter, so that the present gives a complement to the first chapter (the Literature), and a tolerably thorough analysis of the second chapter of the "Introduction," i. e., the "Topographical Description of the External Parts of Fishes." I have been especially led to complete the review of the second chapter since I have read the notice of Günther's work in the January number of the "Westminster Review." The Westminster reviewer thinks "The second chapter, called a topographical description of the external parts of fishes, gives, in a manner altogether masterly, not merely an account of the structures of which it treats, in their immense variety, but some idea of their functions, with sufficient reference to individual fishes to invest a technical subject with interest and precision." (Am. Ed., p. 142.) You will thus perceive that I have said what I have not without knowledge of what can be alleged on the other side, and in order that you may be able to refer without trouble to what has been said about Dr. Günther's work I append a brief list of notices of it.

The following are all favorable reviews, but deal in generalities:

- "Saturday Review," v. 60, pp. 769-771, Dec. 18, 1880.
"Westminster Review," v. 115, Am. ed., pp. 142-144, Jan. 1881.
"Annals and Magazine of Natural History" (3), v. 7, pp. 63-64, Jan. 1881.
"The Academy," 1881, pp. 11-13, Jan. 1, 1881.
"Nature," v. 23, pp. 215-215, Jan. 1881.
"The Athenaeum," 1881, pp. 97-98, Jan. 15, 1881.
"The Spectator," v. 54, pp. 479-481, April 9, 1881.
"The Zoologist," (3), v. 5, pp. 221-226, May, 1881.

The succeeding (the first by Prof. Cope, the balance by myself) take an unfavorable view of the work and give specific details:

- "American Naturalist," v. 15, pp. 222-223, March, 1881.
"The Critic," v. 11, pp. 123-125, 27, 1881.
"The New York Times," May 29, 1881, (3 columns).
"Forest and Stream," v. 16, p. 428, June 30, 1881. (Reprinted with additions from the "Critic.")
"Science," v. 7, pp. 323-326, July 9, 1881.
"The Sea World," etc., v. 45, p. 7, July 13, 1881. (Reprinted from "Science" in part, i. e., the last 8 paragraphs.)
"The Nation," v. 23, pp. 120-122, August 11, 1881.

As you will attribute the accompanying review to my own name I have been more explicit in my criticisms—more "personal" if you will—than I would feel authorized to be in an anonymous notice.

You ask, "How do you like Henshall on the nomenclature of the Microperca?" Much as I dislike the change, I am loath to admit that he is right—unquestionably so. In this new disturbance we have another example of the results of the neglect at Washington to procure the essentials for the student. I had long endeavored to have the original edition of Lacepede purchased here, but it has only been lately bought, and we were obliged till then to use what now proves to be a bad and misleading edition. As soon as I examined the first edition I saw at once that the figure of Microperca dolomieu was not a very poor one (for the time) of the small-mouthed black bass and that the illustration of Labrus salmou was a very good one. The illustration of Labrus salmou, Cuvier and Valenciennes, as we now know, confounded both species, although their description of Gryllus salmouides was apparently based only on the small-mouthed species, while, as you are aware, they failed to recognize in the Haro nigricans a relation. The error of Cuvier was corrected as long back as 1843, by Agassiz, and yet Günther, in his late work, still clings to it, notwithstanding that (1) the known nomenclature of the fish records the former and (2) the description, (4) the anomalous morphological deviation the admission of the type would involve, as well as (5) the unanimous testimony of American ichthyologists would have prevented a careful man from such a blunder. This illustration of Günther's negligence and slovenliness must confirm you in the belief that his work is a very, very poor one.

Yours truly, THOS. GILL.

An Introduction to the Study of Fishes. By Albert C. G. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph. D., F.R.S., Keeper of the Zoological Department in the British Museum. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, 1860. 8vo., xvi., 720 pp.

Ichthyology. (Article signed "A. C. G.") in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, ninth edition, vol. xii. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black, 1881. Pp. 630-695.

When the announcement was made several years ago that Dr. Günther was engaged on a manual of ichthyology, many looked forward with eager expectancy for its appearance; but a few who knew Dr. Günther well from his previous works, entertained considerable misgivings lest he should be unable to divest himself of prejudices and opinions once assumed. The "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" is destined to equally disappoint the former and justify the good service to ichthyology. Dr. Günther has in the past done complete "Species Piscium," in the form of a "Catalogue of the Fishes in the British Museum." This work was issued in eight volumes, from 1859 to 1870, and is deemed moderately well the state of science at that period. The author, however, has been unable to any considerable degree to discard what he has once accepted and to bring himself into relations with the science of the present, but adheres tenaciously to beliefs formed in a much less advanced state of knowledge, and in spite of conclusive evidence against their tenability. This mental attitude is prominently manifested in his new work as well as in his article in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." The "Introduction" is really a complement to the "Catalogue" divided into two parts—viz., (1) a treatise on the principles of ichthyology, and (2) a nomenclature of the genera, with definitions of all the including groups admitted by him. The article, "Ichthyology," in the Encyclopaedia Britannica is in great part essentially the same, and is either General Part of the introduction, being reproduced in full; the second part is condensed, and only the definitions and remarks on

the families and higher groups are incorporated therein, the genera being simply enumerated by name. The criticisms herein are therefore equally applicable to both.

The curiosity with which the experienced ichthyologist will take up the treatise must be soon subordinated to astonishment as he proceeds in the examination of it, for it is scarcely possible that any one should be prepared for the numerous errors of one kind or another that are constantly cropping out on almost every page. It is difficult to believe that one who has written so much on fishes as the author has should make so many lapses. The errors commence on the first page and flow in an almost uninterrupted, but varying stream to the end of the work. Those chapters to which fault might seem to be the least incident are the ones devoted to the history of the subject and the external modifications of the animals under investigation. We can only afford passing glance at the former, but the latter will be of sufficient interest and importance to deserve a detailed examination.

The first chapter has the caption of "History and Literature." In the opening paragraph it is alleged that "Aristotle had a perfect knowledge of the general structure of fishes," and in illustration of the thesis Aristotle is quoted as stating, among other things, that "all scaly fishes are viviparous, but the cartilaginous fishes (with the exception of the sea-devil [Lophius piscatorius], which Aristotle places along with them) are viviparous," and that "kidneys and urinary bladder are absent" (p. 2). An unopinionated reader would naturally suppose that inasmuch as Aristotle's knowledge was said to be "perfect," his statements particularized were thereby vouched for as being true. Nevertheless, in subsequent chapters we find statements contradicting them in the most explicit manner.

Thus, as to the generation of fishes we are told, further on, that certain "scaly fishes" are "viviparous" (p. 159), and that of the cartilaginous "the majority of the Rays are oviparous" (p. 336).

(The contradicting statement itself is quite erroneous, for of the 150 Rays, in round numbers, about three-fourths are viviparous and very little more than a fourth a small minority are oviparous.)

Again, as to the kidneys, they are not only admitted to be present but a special chapter ("Chapter XI, Urinary Organs") is devoted to the description of those organs and their appendages.

The remainder of the chapter in continuation of the History of Ichthyology is as unsatisfactory and irrelevant as could well be. There are almost no indications as to the progress of the progress of the science nor as to the relations of special discoveries to the perfection of the system. The discovery of *Centrodus* is indicated particularized connection with the classification (pp. 25-28), but with irreducible effrontery that which belonged to another (Kreffel) has been claimed by the author of the work as original with himself. In fact the element of judicial exposition is entirely wanting. It would take too much time and space to traverse the chapter in detail.

We need not inquire here that although the majority of the best naturalists of the world, and all the recognized ichthyological authorities of the United States, consider "fishes" to be divisible among several classes, there is no hint in the chapter that there has ever been a difference of opinion as to the limits of the class of Pisces except in the statement that "according to the views generally adopted at present all those vertebrate animals are referred to the class of fishes which, living in water, breathe air dissolved in water by means of gills or branchia" (p. 1).

The titles of some works more important than some specified by Mr. Günther descriptive of the "Fauna" of special countries may supplement his bibliography of "Recent Works," and indicate how defective even this is. In the mode of quotation the titles conform to the Güntherian style and are incomplete.

A. Great Britain.—Add to (1) Parnell, (2) Yarrell and (3) Couch, the following of which the latter is more important than any of them, viz:

- A. W. Sclater.—"British Fresh-water Fishes." (London, 1879-80), xxvi., 204 pp., about 40 pl.
F. Day.—"The Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland," etc. (London, 1880, et seq., 8vo.)—The first part appeared in 1880, the second in 1881, and the remainder, in the words of Günther apropos of the "Fishes of H. B. Challenger, Fishes by A. Günther," is "in course of publication.")

B. Denmark and Scandinavia.—Add to (1) Kroyer, (2) Nilsson and (3) Friese och Ekström, the following more recent and important works:

- A. H. Wilogen.—"De svenska fiskarternas naturliga historia." (Stockholm, 1870, 8vo.), 2.
B. Bollett.—"Norges Fiske, med Bemærkninger om deres Udbredelse." (Christiania, 1875, 8vo., title, 240 pp., 2 pl., 1 map.) See also Supplement, 1870.

C. Russia.—Add to (1) Nordmann the following equally or more indispensable works:

- 2. K. Kessler.—"The Fishes of the Government of St. Petersburg." (Leninga, (St. Petersburg), 1870.)
3. K. Kessler.—"Zur Ichthyologie des Südwestlichen Russlands." (In Bull. Soc. Imp. Nat. Moscou, 1859-57.)
4. K. Kessler.—"Ichthyologische Fauna of Turkestan." (Russian. (In N. Mém. Soc. Imp. Nat. Moscou, v. 10, 1872.)
5. K. Kessler.—"Fishes of the Black and Caspian Seas." (St. Petersburg, 1874.)
6. K. Kessler.—"Beitrage zur Ichthyologie von Central Asien." (In Bull. Acad. St. Petersburg, v. 25, pp. 292-310, 1879.)

G. Seiditz.—"Fauna Baltica, Die Fische (Pisces) der Ostsee-provinzen Russlands." (Dorpat, 1877, 8vo.)

D. Germany.—[Including the Netherlands, Belgium and Switzerland.] Add to (1) Heckel and Kner, and (2) Steindachner, which are confined to the fresh water fishes, the following, of which two also include the salt water fishes:

- H. Schlegel.—"Die Fische von Niederland."—Gewerbelve Dierm.—Visschen? (Haarlem, 1862, 8vo.)
P. J. Van Beneden.—"Les Poissons des Côtes de Belgique, leurs parasites et leurs commensaux." (In Mém. Acad. Belg. par. 38, 1870, 100 pp., 8 pl.)
G. Linné.—"Histoire Naturelle des Poissons du Bassin du Léman." (Genève, Bâle, Lyon, 1874, fol., iv., 209 pp., 30 pl.)

E. Italy and Mediterranean.—Add to the "incomplete" works of (1) Bonaparte and (2) Costa the following complete one:
G. Cuvier.—"Prospetto critica del Pesci d'acqua dolce

I wander from snakes to fish, which reminds me to ask if it is not almost time for the summer lies to begin to come in? There's a lot of sanguine young men and tough "old sports" up at the Adirondacks and in Maine, scattered around the lakes there. Isn't it almost time for them to be heard from? Won't somebody with nothing better to do about your establishment collect, codify, and have the FOREST AND STREAM get out an official seaside or railroad edition of "Summer Lies by Angling Sportsmen?"

I would suggest also that a reward of a brass reel be offered to the man who can write an account of his trout or salmon fishing without alluding to the former as "speckled beauties," or the latter as *Salmo salar*. It makes one unwell to see those terms so everlastingly quoted. Let us call things by their right names, and not seek to air our science by scientific terms! Call a catfish a catfish, and not *Piscata felina*, and a big bass a big bass, not a *Basso profundo*. Let's have no D. B. nonsense, but settle squarely to "biz."

Thanks to your Michigan friend, who says he is glad to hear from me again, and is acquainted with that enterprising firm of George & Swindle. If he is a sportsman he must necessarily know that ubiquitous concern. As for hearing from me again, if that makes him happy, he is welcome, for I know no more agreeable way of passing idle time when stranded at a hotel over Sunday (while present instance) than in scribbling of the pastimes of fishing, shooting or yachting. And yet there are people who make hard work of writing; and worse still, men there are, and they manage to get through their lives, that have set for either. For such let us pray, and sympathize with them.

Speaking of yachting, the Eastern clubs, Boston and along shore, have had a foggy time of it for their Eastern cruising. I overheard a conversation at lunch the other day:

"Hello, Jim; thought you were down East on a cruise?"

"Well, I was; but out of thirteen days we only had three clear ones, and gave it up."

"Where's the yacht?"

"Oh, she's eating along."

"Where did you leave her?"

"At Gloucester."

"Why didn't you come back in her? Such a lovely breeze to-day. Come along a-flukin'."

"Oh, well, I was in a hurry. Wanted to get to town. I had to come up by rail."

I watched that fellow. I saw at once what was the matter; looked streaked about the gills, and went in for pickles and acids for his lunch. Got seasick and came ashore.

Speaking of yachting, I wish to express my personal obligations to your correspondent who has given us such a graphic and interesting account of his trip from Moosehead Lake to the St. John's. I have enjoyed his papers greatly, as doubtless have your many readers. I would rather have made the trip with him than the tour of Europe.

Well, as it is not fair to monopolize all the space of FOREST AND STREAM with my "remarks," I will put aside my stychographic and subside. Give you another dose when you have worked this off.

DICKERS.

It is herewith declared "off."—Ed. More.—O. T. WIST.

A PARROT ON ITS TRAVELS.

I.

From the Forest and Stream, Nov. 11, 1890.

The following story comes to us well authenticated: At a certain club house in Boston there was kept in the billiard room a parrot which was so tame and such a favorite that it was not confined to its cage, but was allowed the liberty of the room, and was often seen perching on the shoulders of the players. One day, when on one occasion, when the bird was seated in one corner of the room, a gentleman, a Mr. B., entered, followed by his dog, whether a pointer or a setter we do not know. The dog after a few moments wended the parrot, drew on it, and finally stood fast. The bird, which had been up to this time apparently oblivious of the presence of the canine, now turned its head slowly and in tones expressive of the utmost contempt said, "Go home, you darned fool." The dog started, looked, and then, turning tail, slunk out of the room. It is said that, although up to this time the animal had been a splendid hunter, he would thenceforth never point a bird.

II.

From the English Land and Water, July 30, 1881.

If a story we read the other day is to be relied on—and our authority is an unimpeachable daily journal published in a rare old city of the West country, famous for its sportsmen and port wine—sighting-men who still use pointers and setters had better beware of parrots. A gentleman living near the south coast had a fine pointer, of which he was very fond, the dog being staunch, with a good nose, reliable, and well trained. One day, however, the family received an addition to this fine pointer, brought over by the sailor son of the housekeeper. When first the dog came into the housekeeper's room he stopped at the doorway and pointed at the gay bird perched on the outside of its cage at the other end of the room. The parrot, not at all daunted by the dog's professional attitude, but with a look of scorn, brought over the room, "with many a flirt and flutter," and squared itself in front of the setter. The two confronted each other for a second, and then the bird remarked impressively "You're a rascal!" The dog was for a second transfixed, with horror at the unprecedented phenomenon of his "game" so rudely abusing him in the human tongue. It was too much for him; he had never "blinked" his game before, but now his tail sunk between his legs, and he slunk away. From that day a valuable dog was spoiled, for the pointer would never point a bird again.

III.

From the Sacramento, Cal., Bee, Aug. 20, 1881.

A gentleman living near Port Jarvis, N. Y., says an exchange, has a parrot which knows a good deal more than the law allows. Last summer a friend of his, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, called at his place one day. A valuable young dog, a pointer, was with him. The two gentlemen sat on the porch smoking, and the parrot, which is very tame, was seated in an instance in the trellis about the porch. The dog was lying on the floor at his master's feet; and, finally, his attention was called to the bird, which "game" so rudely abusing him in the human tongue. It was too much for him; he had never "blinked" his game before, but now his tail sunk between his legs, and he slunk away. From that day a valuable dog was spoiled, for the pointer would never point a bird again.

BWELPS AWAYS THE COCKLES.—FOREST AND STREAM comes to us like the visit of an old friend, cheering me, and sweeping the cockle burrs out of my soul. More power to your elbow.—ST. CLAIR.

THE FRIENDS of Mr. G. L. Gidderaleve of Brooklyn, will be pained to hear of the serious accident which befel that gentleman one afternoon last week. While attempting to board a Brighton Beach train, he fell and broke his leg. At last report the unfortunate member was doing well.

d'Italia." (In Arch. per la Zool., Anat., etc., iv, 1866, pp. 47-187, with pl.)

F. France.—Add to (1) *Melanochia*, which includes only the fresh water fishes, the following (a work like Couch's), which includes also the marine species.

2. *H. Gerardi* et *R. Boulard.*—"Les Poissons; Synonymie, Description, Mœurs, Frai, Pêche, Iconographie des espèces comprises plus particulièrement la Faune Française." (Paris, 1876, 3 vols, 8vo.)

G. Pyrenean Peninsula.—Insert.
1. *P. de Brito Capello.*—"Catálogo dos Peixes de Portugal que existam no Museu de Lisboa." (In Journ. Sc. Math., Phys. e Nat. Lisboa, 1864, etc.)
2. *F. Steindachner.*—"Ichthyologischer Bericht über eine nach Spanien und Portugal unternommene Reise." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. Wien, v. 52, 1855, et seq.)

H. North America.—Add to (1) *Richardson* and (2) *Dekay* the following more recent and important illustrated works, viz.:
1. *J. Kirtland.*—"Descriptions of the Fishes of the Ohio River and its Tributaries." (In Journ. Boston Soc. Nat. Hist., v. 3-5.)

2. *C. Girard.*—"Fishes." (Washington, 1858, 4to. In "Explorations and Surveys for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean," v. 10.)
3. *J. E. Holbrook.*—"Ichthyology of South Carolina." Charleston, 1860, 4to.)
4. *F. Steiner.*—"A History of the Fishes of Massachusetts." (Boston, 1867, 4to.)

1. *Japan.*—Add to (1) *Schlegel*.
2. *P. Bleeker.*—"Nieuwe Nolezingen op de Ichthyologie von Japan." (Batavia, 1854, 4to, 132 pp., 8 pl. In Ver. band Batavia. Genovis Kurst. in Wet., v. 35.)
3. *P. Bleeker.*—"Description des espèces de Poissons actuellement connues du Japon," [etc.] (In Verh. Akad. Wet., Amsterdam, v. 18, 1876.)

J. East Indies.—Add to Hamilton, Buchanan, McClelland, Day, etc., the following, containing descriptions of all the species and including groups:
1. *F. Day.*—"Report on the Fresh Water Fish and Fisheries of Java and Borneo." (Calcutta, 1873, 8vo., 2 pl., x., 118, cecivii pp)

K. Africa.—Add to (1) Günther and (2) Peters the following, all of which are to be much more noteworthy than the unimportant chapter of Günther in Petherick's work, viz.:
1. *Sir A. Smith.*—"Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa." (London, 1801, 4to.)
2. *R. T. Lowe.*—"The Fishes of Madeira." (London, 1843, 8vo.)

3. *A. Duméril.*—"Reptiles et Poissons de l'Afrique Occidentale." (In N. Arch. Mus. d'Hist. Nat., v., 10.)
4. *P. Bleeker.*—"Poissons de la cote de Guinée." (In Mem. Soc. Holl., Harlem, 1862-63.)
5. *F. Steindachner.*—"Zur Fisch Fauna des Senegal." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. (Wien) 1. abth., v. 60 et seq., 1839, etc.)
6. *P. Bleeker* et *F. Pollen.*—"Poissons de Péches." (Leyden, 1875, 4to. In F. Pollen and Van Dam's "Recherches sur la Faune de Madagascar.")
7. *C. Darnbeck.*—"Die Verbreitung der Süss- und Brackwasser-Fische in Africa." (In Jen. Zeitsch. Naturw., v., 18, pp. 404-458, 1879.)
8. *P. Bleeker.*—"Contribution à la faune ichthyologique de l'île Maurice." (In Verh. K. Akad. Wet., Amsterdam, v. 18, 1879.)
9. *H. B. Sauxoye.*—"Etude sur la faune ichthyologique du Congo." (In N. Arch. Mus. d'Hist. Nat. (2), v. 3, 1880, pp. 5-58, pl. 1-3.)

1. *West Indies and South America.*—Add to (1) *Agassiz*, (2) *Castelnau*, (3) *Günther* and (4) *Vaillant* et *Bocour* the following:
5. *J. Guichenot.*—"Poissons." (In R. de la Sagra's *Histoire de Cuba*, 1843, Paris, 1855 8vo. and 4to.)
6. *F. de Tschudi.*—"Fauna Peruviana Ichthyologica." (St. Gallen, 1845, fol.)
7. *C. Gay.*—"Historia Fisica y Política de Chile, Zool., t. 2." (Paris, 1847, text, 8vo., Atlas, fol.)
8. *F. Steindachner.*—"Die Süsswasser-fische des sudöstlichen Braziliens." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. Wien [pt. 1], v. 70, pp. 449-638, pl. 1-6, 1875 [pt. 3], v. 74, pp. 559-664, pl. 1-13, 1876.)
9. *Prey.*—"Enumeratio Piscium Cubensium." (Madrid, 1875-76, 8vo., 1 p. l., 224 pp., 9 pl.)
10. *G. D. Good.*—"Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas." (Washington, 1876, 8vo. Additional in 1877.)
5. Almost equally noteworthy with Steindachner's articles are *Lutken's* and *Cope's* contributions.

M. New Zealand (and Australia).—Add to (1) *Hutton* and *Macleay's* Fishes of New Zealand the following:
2. *F. Steindachner.*—"Zur Fischfauna von Port Jackson, in Australien." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. [Wien], Math. Nat. Cl., v. 53, 1. abth., pp. 424-440, 866; v. 56, 1. abth., pp. 320-335, 1867.)
3. *G. Kreyll.*—"Australian Vercbrata Fossil and Recent." (Melbourne, 1871, 8vo. Enumerates 439 species of fishes.)
4. *P. de Coste.*—"Contribution to the Ichthyology of Australia." (In Prov. Zool. and Acclim. Soc., Victoria, v. 1 and 2, 1873-75.)
5. *E. A. Macleay.*—"Essay on the Ichthyology of Port Jackson." (In Proc. Linn. Soc., N. S. Wales, v. 3, 1879, pp. 347-401.)
6. *C. B. Kunzinger.*—"Die v. Müllersche Sammlung Australischer Fische in Stuttgart." (In Sitzb. K. Akad. Wiss. [Wien], Math. Nat. Cl., v. 80, 1. abth., pp. 325-430, pl. 1-9.)

The second chapter is devoted to a "Topographical Description of the External Parts of Fishes," and in almost every paragraph there is some ambiguous or misleading statement. The graver errors which exist may be enumerated and commented on in the order in which they occur:

"In the body of a fish four parts are distinguished—the head, trunk, tail, and the fins. [1] the boundary between the first and second being generally indicated by the gill-opening, and [2] the boundary between the second and third by the vent. (p. 55.)" (1) Now, the boundary between the head and trunk may, in a certain sense, be said to be generally indicated by the gill-opening, but when we consider that all the representatives of the sub-classes of Leptocephalians, Cyclostomes, and Selachians fall to have the parts so distinguished, and that even among the Teleosts the Pediculates and others form exceptions,

the statement is too broad even with the word "generally" introduced. (2) The statement that the boundary between the trunk and tail is marked by the vent is unequalled; nevertheless there are a number of forms which furnish exceptions—e. g., the North American Aphrodoterids (the Amphimedonidae), the latter comprising the stickleback (and fishes) and the South American electrical eel, and all the family of Sternopygids. In the last two the vent is just behind the chin.

"In fishes which are endowed with the power of steady and more or less rapid motion, a deviation from that form of body which we observe in the perch, carp, or mackerel is never excessive. The body forms a simple, equally-formed wedge, compressed or slightly rounded, well fitted for cleaving the water" (p. 35). The form most eminently adapted for rapid progress in the water is exemplified in the tunnies and bonito; their body is fusiform, little compressed, and boldly rounded. The form of the carp is not well adapted for rapid progress, the fish being rather a slow swimmer, and is also not what is generally known as wedge-shaped.

"In fishes which are in the habit of moving on the bottom, the whole body, or at least the head, is vertically depressed and flattened" (p. 35). In Anmomydids or Sand Lances and the Ophidiids, which are in the habit of moving on the bottom and burrowing in the sand, the body and head are much compressed, and there are many other exceptions to the generalization in question—e. g., the Weevers or Trachinids and the "so-called eel-fishes," as Günther designates them. Indeed only a page further on (p. 36) Günther says that the last, as well as the eel, are "bottom-fish [the idea of the bottom being thus especially connected by a lyphean with the fish], capable of insinuating themselves into narrow crevices and holes. The form of the body is strongly compressed, as in the Band-fishes (*Trichurus*, *eglebus*, &c.)," which is also, to be sure, in length, but frequently the head and trunk participate more or less in this form and are "strongly compressed."

"The mouth is formed by the intermaxillary and maxillary bones, or by the intermaxillary only in the upper jaw, and by the mandibular bone in the lower" (p. 37). This statement is remarkable one to emanate from a professional ichthyologist and anatomist. Every tyro knows that the Leptocephalians and the Lampreys are entirely destitute of anything like true jaw bones, and all the Selachians lack developed intermaxillary and maxillary bones, and have the upper border of the mouth constituted by the palatine bones (p. 69).

"The jaws of some fishes are modified into a special weapon of attack (sword-fish, saw-fish); in fact, throughout the whole class of fishes the jaws are the only organs specialized for the purpose of attacking; weapons on other parts of the body are purely defensive" (p. 37). This paragraph caps the climax of false statements and unscientific generalizations. It implicates that the "weapons" of a sword-fish and a saw-fish are both modifications of the jaws in tantamount to the assertion that the jaws and nose are the same thing. Dr. Günther himself has known this (see pp. 336, 337 of the "Introduction"). There is possibility for difference of opinion as to what are "organs specialized for the purpose of attacking" but there is none that the saw of the saw-fish is a prolongation of the snout, and has nothing to do with the jaws, and none that "weapons on other parts of the body are" not "purely defensive." It is conceded that any part of the body which is efficient for the capture of prey, active pursuit, or for active assault on another animal, is pro tanto specialized, and there are several parts besides the jaws which are subservient to those ends. None of the sub-classes of Leptocephalians or Cyclostomes have jaws, and yet all preying, the parts concerned therein are organs for attacking. (1) In the Leptocephalians the fringed margins of the mouth are concerned. (2) In the Cyclostomes the suctorial and denigerous oral disc and the tongue-like organ are the agents. (3) In the sharks the palatines bear the formidable armature. (4) In the saw-fishes of the shark order (*Pristiophorus*), as well as of the *l. order (Pristis)*, the saw, admitted by Dr. Günther to be a special weapon of attack, is not formed at all by the jaws, but by the rostral cartilage, and thus we have an exception to the generalization specified in the same line in which it is formulated. (5) Dr. Günther himself, in his "Introduction" (p. 322), informs us, under *Alpocetas*, that "when feeding it uses the long tail in splashing the surface of the water, while it swims in generally decreasing circles round a shoal of fishes, which it thus sweeps round in an assault on its prey to their enemy." And thus, even if we discredit the use by *Alpocetas* of its tail against the whale, etc., we must consider it as to some extent a special weapon of attack. (6) The Sting-Rays (Trygonids) scarcely confine the use of their spines to defense, and these are at least offensive-defensive. (7) The Devil-fishes (Cephalopterids) ascend to use the cephalic fins for seizing and grasping (see Elliott's "Carolina Sports" p. 58.) (8) The Sticklebacks are well known to use the dorsal spines as weapons of attack, and to swim under and rip the belly of their antagonists. (9) The Surgeons, or *Acanthuri*, are credited with using their lancet-bearing tails by actively slashing therewith their antagonists, and it is difficult to surmise what would be the function of their characteristic armature save as weapons of offense as well as defense. (10) The Weevers (*Trachini*) use their opercular spines at least for offensive-defensive purposes, and Col. Montagu called them "offensive weapons."—It therefore follows, that so far from the jaws "being the only organs specialized for the purpose of attacking," modification thereof exist in (1) the mouth as a whole; (2) a peculiar tongue-like organ; (3) palatine bones; (4) snout; (5) caudal fin; (6) supraorbital spines; (7) cephalic fins; (8) dorsal spines; (9) lateral caudal spines, and (10) opercular spines.

"In Dipnoi and other Ganoids one [nostril] at least is within the labial boundary of the mouth" (p. 38). One unfamiliar with ichthyology would infer from this paragraph that one or more of several dilemmas existed, viz.: (1) that none "Dipnoi and other Ganoids" *might have more than one nostril* "within the labial boundary of the mouth." (2) that other existing ganoids had one at least, or (3) that the characteristic was of too little importance to diagnose. It is necessary, therefore, to be specific. (1) Dr. Günther at one time contended that in the Dipnoi both nostrils were intranasal, and even in the "Introduction" (p. 355) asserts that they are "more or less within the mouth." It is quite safe to say that never has a fish been found in which there were two (pairs of) nostrils within the mouth, and the existence of both nostrils within the mouth as here intended is anomalous. (2) No other existing Ganoid has been found to have two "within the labial boundary of the mouth." (3) The development of the nostrils in the Dipnoi is one of the most weighty and suggestive characteristics of the group, and one by which they contrast with all other living fishes.

"In the post-orbital part of the head there are distinguished, at least in most Teleosteous fishes and many Ganoids, the *proopercular* (p. 38). Inasmuch as none of the Leptocephalians, Cyclostomes, or Selachians are a prooperculum and no normal Teleosteous fishes fail to have a prooperculum, this statement is at least misleading, even after following full latitude to the vagueness of its phrasingology.

"The gill-opening is a foramen or a slit behind or below the head" (p. 38). This statement is absolute, although we have a number of exceptions—notably all Pediculates and, as the author himself afterwards admits (p. 39) the genus *Myxine*. These, of course, have the gills behind the head (not in front), but not immediately behind, as is evidently meant.

"Sometimes (*Symbranchius*) the two [gill] openings coalesce and form what externally appears as a single opening only" (p. 38). *Symbranchius* is by no means the only form in which the two openings coalesce into a single one. *Amphiphonus*, *Monopterus* and *Choloitraxalus* (each the type of a peculiar family) all possessing the same characteristic. "The margin of the gill-cover is provided with a cutaneous fringe in order to more effectually close the gill-opening; and this fringe is supported by one or several or many bony rays, the *branchiostegals*" (p. 38). The statement is absolute, and is not true as to the representatives of the sub-classes Leptocephalians, Cyclostomes, or Selachians, and, among living typical fishes, the Polypteroids and Dipnoans are also destitute of true developed branchiostegals.

"The space on the chest between the two ram of the lower jaw and between the gill openings is called the *isthmus*" (p. 39). The isthmus is defined as the interspace between the branchial apertures below, and consequently has no determinate relation to the ram of the lower jaw.

"*Myxine* in which the gill opening is at a great distance from the head" (p. 39). It is also at a great distance from the head among true fishes in the Pediculates, and some eels.

"The trunk gradually passes in all fishes into the tail" (p. 39). To this there are many exceptions, as in most rays, and especially in the representatives of the families Trygonids, Myliobatids and Cephalopterids, in which the tail is very attenuated, whip like, and abruptly differentiated from the trunk.

"The vent may be either close to the extremity of the tail or to the foremost part of the trunk" (p. 39). From this statement we would scarcely be prepared to learn that the vent may also be situated below the head and as far forward as the chin, near which position it is found in the Gymnoids and Sternopygids.

"In fishes in which they [the vertical fins] are least developed or most embryonic, the vertical fin appears as a simple fold of the skin surrounding the extremity of the tail" (p. 40). In *Epiplatysichthys* "the dorsal fringe is distinctly higher and rayed, and the caudal fringe is absent" (p. 696). In certain *Ophidiids* (*Ophidiopsis*, etc.) in which the dorsal and anal fins are developed, "the extremity of the tail is free" (p. 674), and in a number of other forms (*Trichurus*, *Haloauridia*, *Gymnarchid*, *Sternopygina*, etc.) in which the dorsal or anal fins, or both, are developed the caudal fin is likewise atrophied. (See pp. 436, 626, 665, 666.)

"Many and systematically important differences are observed in the dorsal fin, which is either spiny-rayed (spinous) (*Acanthopterygian*), or soft-rayed (*Malaopterygian*)," p. 41. These differences have been, however, exaggerated as to value, and, in a number of forms regarded as *Acanthopterygian*, as Günther here, the dorsal fin less "spiny-rayed" than many forms called *Malaopterygian* by him.

"In the *Malaopterygian* type, all the rays remain joined; indeed, sometimes the foremost ray, with its preceding short supports, is likewise ossified, and a hard spine, but the articulations can nearly always be distinctly traced" (p. 41). In the majority of the *Malaopterygian* type all the rays do not remain joined, for the foremost of both the dorsal and anal are innarticulate. In these foremost rays the articulation can almost never be distinctly traced. "The pectoral fins are always inserted immediately behind the gill opening" (p. 42). The pectoral fins are inserted below the gill opening in many sharks, and in all the Rays they extend far forward beyond them. Among the true fishes, in the Pediculates, their bases are in advance of the gill openings which are in their axils (p. 466).

"The pectoral fins are either symmetrical, with a rounded posterior margin, or asymmetrical, with the upper rays longest and strongest" (p. 42). In also of the fishes with pectorals having rounded posterior margins and the pectorals are said to be truly symmetrical; those in which they are most nearly symmetrical—Gastrosteids—the posterior margin is nearly vertical or emarginate. The pectoral fins are perhaps the most asymmetrical, in the sense used by Günther, in the Lepidopodinae, in which they are "inserted almost horizontally with the lowest rays longest, and with the posterior border emarginate" (p. 435).

"The ventral fins are either behind the pectorals or below them, or in advance of them" (p. 42). They would thus apparently be reduced to three categories or gradations between those, but in one family (Ophidiids) the ventral fins are at the chin and, therefore, although they are certainly in advance of the pectorals, one would scarcely be prepared to expect such a position from the phrasingology used.

"The ventral fins are generally narrow" (p. 42). This is correct, although when we consider that all the representatives of the sub-class of Selachians fail to possess the characteristic a better expression would have been desirable.

"For the definition of the pectoral and anal groups, and the determination of species, the numbers of the spines and rays are generally of the greatest importance. This holds good, especially for the ventral rays, by the number of which the *Acanthopterygian* affinities of the fish can nearly always be determined" (p. 43). Dr. Günther placed the Gadoids fishes *Epicopus* (*Merluccius*), *Hapsisiptera* (young Gadoid), etc., among the *Acanthopterygians*, and consequently has shown by his own example the caution with which this character must be viewed.

"The numbers of the pectoral and caudal rays are rarely of any account" (p. 44). They are generally of quite as much account as the dorsal and anal rays, and in the case of the fully developed rays of the caudal, of more account—in almost all cases of the highest systematic importance.

"In some Gobioidei (*Perrinitidinus*), Trigloids, Scorpenoids and Pediculate the pectoral fins are perfect organs of walking" (p. 45). It is certainly by the utmost stretch of language that the pectoral fins in any of the Trigloids or Scorpenoids can be said to be organs of walking, and it cannot in any logical sense of the word be said to have that function at all.

"Scales of fishes are very different from those of reptiles, the latter being merely folds of the cutis, whilst the scales of fishes are distinct, having elements developed and grooves

or pockets of the skin, like hairs, nails or feathers" (p. 46). There are no such differences and relationships. It is possible that Mr. Günther may have been deceived by superficial appearances and confused and reversed what he had read of or been told by others. The facts in the cases are thus formulated by Dr. Baillet in his "Treatise on Comparative Embryology," just published (p. 2, 1936): "The type of embryology developed on the inner side of the general epidermis is confined to the Pisces, where it appears as scales. * * * The type developed on the outer side of the epidermis is almost entirely confined to the Amphibia and Amniota [Reptiles, Birds and Mammals], where it appears as scutes, feathers, hairs, claws, nails, etc."

"Both kinds of scales (the cycloid and ctenoid) may occur not only in the same genus (fishes, but in the same fish" (p. 47). The two kinds may not occur, but do actually exist together in very many fishes, like the Acanthopterygian type, and especially in some of the Gobies, in which all gradations are found.

"All scales are continually growing or wasting away on the surface, and it seems that some fish at least—for instance Salmonoids—shed them periodically" (p. 60). This conceals the most misleading and erroneous ideas as to the genesis, development and mode of growth of scales. The periodicity and therefore regular shedding of scales, if it occurred, would come within the cognitions of numerous practical men—fishermen, fish-dealers, pisciculturists, anglers, etc.—and who of them has observed the pretended phenomenon? Periodical shedding would imply periodical renewal of scales. What can Mr. Günther's ideas respecting the formation of scales lead him to believe that such things occur? It is not worth while, however, to pursue the vagaries of our author.

The contradictions of the generalizations just indicated are in almost all cases furnished by the same work, and when such has been the case, the author has not only suggested where the correct information is given. Unquestionably, Mr. Günther has known better than might be inferred from the above enumeration of errors. The paragraphs in question are indeed due not to positive ignorance but to temporary forgetfulness (not momentary, for it has lasted from the time of composition to final correction of the proofs) and crude generalization. They are really the expressions of a peculiar mental habit, and interesting from a psychological point of view. Nevertheless the statements have been made, and it will be well to be explicit and to let the reader know what the author may have almost become part of his being to ascertain that his teacher knew better. What is wanted is that he should teach better, for the work will not be generally purchased as a psychological curiosity, but for the information which it is believed to embody and which the author's reputation will be considered to guarantee. To those who know how to correct all the misstatements the volume is of no use.

It will certainly appear probable that if the author has failed grievously in the treatment of a branch of his subject of which the data are most readily attainable, which is most within the general purview, and which has been the special object of his study, the chances are that he has failed at least equally in his consideration of the more remote and less known branches. Such anticipation will be found to be fully realized. Every chapter, every section, will be found to be impregnated with errors. The mental idiosyncrasies already indicated may crop out in the most unexpected places, and there is no telling where fallacy of some kind or other will be concealed. The most apparent and radical defects are the disproportion and incongruity manifested in the systematic portion of the work. The author seems indeed to be destitute to an unusual degree of a sense of proportion and of taxonomic tact. To enter on a consideration of such questions would, however, transcend the limits of a review. Suffice it to state that he is in discord with all the best systematic zoologists and original investigators. He commences with the Sharks, and thence proceeds successively to the exposition of the Rays, Holocephalids and Gobioids; and then considers the Pisces, whence thence jumps to the Physostomes and thus places farthest away from the Ganoids the types most like them, skips again to the Lophobranchiata, and ends the Teleost series with the Trunk fishes, after which follow the Cyclostomes, the most generalized and specialized of fishes, and which in a natural arrangement would be near the opposite extreme, being consequently most approximated.

In these strictures it has never been forgotten that work should be considered with reference to the circumstances under which it was done. Let it be again recalled then, that Dr. Günther published his truly great work on Fishes between the years 1859 and 1870, and that there was a comparative degree of harmony between its execution and the times and conditions then prevailing. As has been indicated, however the author's conceptions when once expressed became fixed and crystallized in the type in which they were cast. The "Introduction" is, therefore, not an exhibit of the present state of Ichthyology, but of (1) Dr. Günther's ideas of the families, etc., defined in 1859 to 1870, in which (2) the families of "Acanthopterygians" are arranged according to his scheme of 1801, and (3) the "orders" retained with the limits, and ranked with the sequence postulated in 1871; (4) genera described since by Dr. Günther (and a few others) are intercalated. The systematic part of the work might therefore have been prepared by any copyist or cut out of the pages of the "Catalogue of the Fishes in the British Museum" and arranged as indicated.

Never has a score of years been so fruitful in researches and results as the period between the inception of Dr. Günther's "Catalogue" and the present. In that interval Darwin has given to the world his immortal work and revolutionized the methods and objects of biological investigation, while laborers almost innumerable have elucidated the various branches of Ichthyology—the anatomy, embryology, the past history, the systematic relations, the species, the geographical distribution of forms, the faunas of the world. All these have been in view for Dr. Günther. One of the principal discoveries—that of *Osteoichthyes*—has been recognized by him simply to become a stumbling-block and involve him in one of the most astonishing misuses of error of modern times. Unquestionably the most prominent characteristic of the present time is the acceptance of evolution and its ramifications into all the details of biological investigation and classification. But in the "Introduction to the Study of Fishes" no allusion has been made to this principle and the author's treatment of his subject indicates that it has been practically ignored. There is, however, no group of animals to which its application is more fruitful in suggestive

and profitable results than the branchiferous vertebrates. Still scattered in the waters of the globe live here and there as solitary survivors, representatives of types once abounding in species, that enable us to trace the lineage of our brusch from the humblest beginnings to the specialized Acanthopterygian and grotesque Plectognath and Lophobranchiatic fishes in one glissade and to man in another. And in no branch have there been so many the genesis and development of different structures more in hand than do the fishes afford in the case of the vertebrates. Morphology and taxonomy march hand in hand; the successive stages of development of the skeleton, the nervous system, the respiratory system, the viscera, etc., are instructively indicated by the conditions of those structures in the Pharyngobranchiata (*Aplousia*), Cyclostomes (Lampreys, etc.), Plagiostomes (*Sharks*), Holocephali (*Cyprintra*), Dipnoi (*Ceratodus*, etc.), Polypteroidei, Lophoselachii, Amioidei, the allied Physostomi (*Elopids*, *Albionids*, etc.), the Haplomi (*Pikes*, etc.), the Percosoids (*Atherinids*, etc.), the typical Acanthopterygians (*Perches*, etc.), and the Anacanthinos (*Cod*, etc.); the grades of organization in their turn proclaim the natural sequence of the types enumerated. It is strange that evidence so striking as that furnished by the forms in question should have been so entirely overlooked by Dr. Günther. The failure to appreciate the facts doubtless results from the method pursued. A certain type has been assumed as "higher" on account of vague psychological conceptions, and with this as an initial form, others are successively taken up, till the author has lost his bearings and recklessly dealt with the remainder. A moral seems to be pointed by the result. Scientific taxonomists have been for some time wont to start their phyla with the lowest and most generalized known type and by successive approximations complete the series, and if they will, in deference to ancient custom, have the highest first, reverse the series if they have obtained. Dr. Günther's arbitrary scheme of least to others somewhat like it, teaches us that after all the right way is the only one to be followed. Had our author been compelled to begin his subject with the generalized and then proceed with the more and more specialized types the faults that now pervade his work would doubtless have been fewer.

The existing genera recognized by Dr. Günther number fully 1,136, of which 638 are only noticed by name, while the remaining 478 are more or less satisfactorily diagnosed. If the same system of classification adopted for the other groups of vertebrates should be applied to the fishes, the number indicated would be nearly doubled.

THE RATTLESNAKE AND THE COPPERHEAD.

CASHIER'S VALLEY, N. C.

FOR the past two years I have had a good opportunity for studying the habits of the rattlesnake; and for the benefit of your readers will give what I know to be facts. In the mountain counties of Western North Carolina the line has been where this family of snakes were quite numerous, but of late years since the mountaineers have begun to raise so many hogs that range *ad libitum* all over the country the rattlesnake has suffered in consequence therefrom. This snake crawls out from its winter home from among the cliffs and hollow logs in the month of June, and begins its search at once in quest of food. Their favorite subjects for food are squirrels, mice, birds, rabbits and not frogs.

There seems to be a wide difference of opinion in regard to how the sex of this snake may be determined. It is the general impression that the black color is the male, and the yellow or buff the female; but on close inspection it has been found that this will not do to settle on in every instance in regard to sex. There are instances where the male has been known to be of a darkest yellow hue and the female of a deep black, but such is of rare occurrence. They move about in a slow manner and sometimes charm their food; at others they attack it or lie in wait for it to come within range of their power. If their food is very large, like the rabbit, it takes them more than a day to swallow it. As soon as they catch any little animal it is held firmly in the coils of the snake about the middle of its length, while the head and mouth is engaged in depositing a thin, slimy fluid all over the animal and then the process of swallowing begins. After it has lodged its food into its body the snake remains in a torpid state from two to nine hours—according to the size of food swallowed. While in this state their food is undergoing digestion.

In the month of August, when the weather is the hottest and the small streams begin to dry up, the "rattlers" begin to come down from off the mountains in search of running water in great numbers. Then their mating season begins. While en route to hunt water at this season is the most dangerous time to meet this snake, for they are nearly or quite blind, mad, and of a nervous nature. They come about in a gait at this season at a head of a spring of some size, and then they pair and remain near the spring head until the season is passed, which lasts from one to two weeks, or until a heavy rain has fallen. Their young are born about the 15th of September, and number from six to twelve, according to the age of the mother. They do not lay eggs as other species of snakes do. This is a settled fact, although it has been often disputed. All harmless snakes have been laid and lay eggs; all poisonous ones have been found to lay no eggs. The former matter is not a matter of dispute, but the latter inclined to run and hide while attending to the wants of her young than the male. They have regular periods of the day in which they move about; they never move from their coiled position while the dew is on the grass and weeds or bushes. When the sun goes down and the air is chilled they seek some dry spot and coil up, and there remain until ten o'clock next day before they begin to move about again. This statement explodes the idea that has gained much ground among the ignorant class of mountaineers, who are afraid to stir out at night for fear of being bitten by the rattlers. With few exceptions all the living things upon the face of the earth rest themselves at night. We make a positive assertion that no reliable person has ever seen a rattlesnake after night crawling about in this mountain section.

The reason for their quietude is because the air is chilled, and the grass and weeds are full of dew, and they are either asleep or prefer to remain coiled up until the sun shines out to warm them up. The rattlesnake is a very honest snake. If it does not have a mouse, it kills the mouse itself into a coil, and gives an immediate fire, loud alarm with the rattles from which it takes its name from. This alarm is made with a number of little rattles on the end of their tails, which are from three to twenty in number—according to the age of the snake—when they are about six weeks old three rattles appear, and from one to two appear each year alternately.

On the end of the rattles is situated what is called a button, which is nothing more than an undeveloped rattle. When they give this alarm then is the time that they are mad and will strike or bite. If very mad when in this position they will bite at once; if only a little angry they will make a motion with the head, which amounts to nothing. They do not open their mouths with both jaws to bite, but only with their upper jaw in which is located two, and only two, fangs in the shape of a fish hook with a groove on the end next to the inside. These fangs cut the prey into the object they observe. The snake wishes to bite, and these fangs are surrounded with a fleshy sack which contains a poisonous fluid, which is injected into the cavity made with the fangs while the snake is in rage. This is the dangerous element that does the harm when bitten by a rattler. This fluid is of a ran color, and in bulk about the size of a grain of wheat—it immediately ascends the veins of the system when brought in contact with them, and throws the subject into spasms. The rattlesnake does not poison its food when struggling to master it, nor do they bite while forcing their food into their coils. They never bite or attack an object without giving an alarm, this entitles them to be classed as honorable creatures.

There is a snake which is considerably smaller than the rattlesnake, with no rattles, but resembles the rattler in many respects in regard to color and habits, that is called the "pilot snake." This snake gets its name from being a guide to the rattlesnake and second to be a guide for them. They are the forerunners of the rattlers in the spring, and take the lead in going to their winter quarters in the fall. The pilot is regarded to be more poisonous than the rattler, and it is said that if a person is once bitten by them they never recover from the attack; but if death is not immediate the poison never leaves the system. J. I. LOMBARD.

There are some points in our correspondent's article on which we hold a different opinion. We doubt the story of American serpents covering their food with saliva before swallowing it. We have fed snakes and have not observed this, which has been a standard "fact" of writers on popular natural history. We wish that the three men most qualified to speak on the feeding of snakes, Mr. Conklin, of the Central Park Menagerie, Mr. Frank Thompson, of Cincinnati, and Mr. Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, would give their experience, which has been very great. Our correspondent has evidently studied his subject some, and is correct in saying that the rattlesnake and "pilot," which is really the copperhead, form the greater part of the diet of these ore-viviparous—that is, they have eggs, but retain them in the body until hatched; but all harmless snakes are not oviparous. The ancient story of the copperhead "piloting" the rattler early needs proof. "The question, why should he? naturally comes up. On the subject of charming we do not care to express an opinion at present. We will be glad to hear from him again.

METALLIC CASTINGS OF DELICATE NATURAL OBJECTS.—The following process is recommended by Ablass for producing metallic castings of flowers, leaves, insects, etc. The object to be cast is placed in a shallow tin or box, and the lead in a dead beetle for example, is first arranged in a natural position, and the feet are connected with an oval rim of wax. It is then fixed in the centre of a paper or wooden box by means of pieces of fine wire, so that it is perfectly free, and thicker wires are run from the sides of the box to the object, which subsequently serve to form air channels in the mold by their removal. A wooden stick, tapering toward the bottom, is placed upon the back of the insect to produce a runner for pouring the metal into the mold. The stick is covered with plaster of Paris, and one of brick-dust, mixed up with a solution of alum and sal ammoniac. It is also well first to brush the object with this paste to prevent the formation of air bubbles. After the mold thus formed has set, the object is removed from the interior by first reducing it to ashes. It is therefore dried slowly, and finally heated gradually to a red heat, and then allowed to cool slowly to prevent the formation of flaws or cracks. The ashes are removed by pouring mercury into the coils, and shaking it thoroughly before pouring it out, and repeating this operation several times. The thicker wires are then drawn out, and the mold needs simply to be thoroughly heated before it is filled with metal in order that the latter may flow into all portions of it. After it has become cold it is softened and carefully broken away from the casting.

SNAKES AFTER SWALLOW'S EGGS.—FOISE BARTRICKS, Idaho.—I saw, in 1878, two chicken snakes (Box's black snake) or racers killed at Camp Supply, Indian Territory, while they were in the act of swallowing eggs and young ones, which were sent me by the Quartermaster's store at Fort Smith. The snakes were fifteen to twenty feet from the ground.—T. E. WILCOX.

THE CANADA PORCUPINE IN MARYLAND.—Referring to the paper on the occurrence of the Canada porcupine in West Virginia by Mr. Goode, in Vol. I, Proceedings U. S. National Museum, page 284, I wish to mention that this porcupine, *Erethizon americanum*, is still, though rarely, found in Maryland, in the museum of the Maryland Academy of Sciences is a specimen from Allegany County, Maryland. Another specimen I saw living in confinement in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where it was caught two years ago. One was killed quite recently near Elk City, Maryland.—OTTO LUIGER, Maryland Academy of Sciences.

RANGE OF THE BEAVER.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—I spent last winter in Texas, principally in the counties of Concho, San Saba and McCullough, and saw many indications of beavers through that section. All the large streams and many of the smaller ones are inhabited by them. These counties are situated between 30 and 32 degs. north latitude. They seem to be quite numerous, but their fur is of little value. I think that they are found much further south in Texas than these counties.—L. M. H.

"THE OWN AND HOW TO USE IT" is the title of a book written by Mr. Gwynne Price, a well-known pigeon shot of St. Louis. The book deals mostly with trap-shooting, being largely an account of Mr. Price's experience at the traps. There are many hints about loading, etc., which may be useful to amateur pigeon shooters. The author, it appears, had, previous to writing his book, been presented with some of Dittmer's detouring powder, and evidently felt it duty bound to puff it. Here Mr. Price is behind the times. The FOREST AND STREAM exposed the dangerous nature of that compound so thoroughly a year ago that advice to use it now can hardly help the powder or redound to the credit of the man who gives it.

* * * The horny teeth of the Cyclostomata (Lampreys, etc.) are structures belonging to this group.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Stuffed Game, Pinnated Grouse (Chick-ch), Wild-fowl, Wild Turkey. Lists months and dates for various states including Ala., Calif., Conn., Dak., Del., D. C., Ga., Idaho, Ill., Ind., Iowa, Ky., La., Me., Mass., Mich., Minn., Miss., Mo., N. C., N. H., N. Mex., N. Y., Pa., R. I., S. C., Tenn., Tex., Utah, Va., Wash., W. Va., Wyo.

Autopole—Col, Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb, Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex, Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo, Aug. 1. Buffalo—Colo, Sept. 1; Neb, Oct. 1; N. Mex, Sept. 1. Deer—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal, July 1; Ga, Oct. 1; Kan, Aug. 1; Miss, Sept. 1; Mo, Aug. 1; N. C, Oct. 1; S. C, Oct. 15. Elk—Colo, Sept. 1; Idaho, Sept. 1; Mont, Nov. 1; Neb, Oct. 1; Nev, Aug. 1; N. Mex, Sept. 1; Or, July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo, Aug. 15. Mountain Sheep—Col, Sept. 1; Neb, Oct. 1; Nev, Aug. 1; N. Mex, Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo, Aug. 15. Otter—Cal, Aug. 1; Del, Sept. 1; D. C, Sept. 1; Pa, Sept. 1. Rattlesnake—Del, Sept. 1; D. C, Sept. 1; N. J, Aug. 25; Pa, Sept. 1. Snake—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C, Sept. 1; S. C, Sept. 1; N. C, Sept. 1.

was entered upon and participated in by most of the party. The prize, a silver cup with crossed rifles on the face, was won by a Livestock Wildlife with a score of thirteen. Other sports were engaged in until 7 o'clock in the evening, at which hour the company made a start homeward, arriving to the city about 9 o'clock.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

SANDUSKY, O., Aug., 1881.

Dear X: I have just received a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM of Aug. 18, and I presume I am indebted to you for it. If so, accept my thanks, and I thank you also for the article entitled "Are They Monopolies?" which I feel sure is from your ready pen. I approve of every word of it. But it seems strange that any such defense should be needed. Why should not a man or a corporation have as good a right to own wet land as dry-land covered with water as land above water? Why should not be permitted to own what be owned if he the water belonging to him as well as on the land? If he cannot let an abolish all right of property (I suppose this is what "Didymus" and all arrarian, communistic sharks want) let everything be in common and thus return at once to the worst state of barbarism and confusion. I advised the Colonel of the unusual number of ducks in the marshes for this time of the year, have sent my guns and ammunition forward, and hope to meet you and the Colonel on the 1st prox. E. B. S.

[The above letter was sent to us by its recipient for publication.—Ed.]

INDIANA GAME LAW.

FORT WAYNE, Indiana, Aug. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream: Herewith find statement of the Indiana game law, as approved April 14, 1881. Open seasons, penalties, etc.—Deer, October 1 to January 1; penalty \$10. Quail and pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 20; penalty \$3 for each bird shot out of season. Turkey, Nov. 1 to Feb. 1; penalty \$2. Prairie chicken, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; penalty \$10. Woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 1; penalty \$2. Duck, Sept. 1 to April 15, penalty \$2. Penalty of one dollar for each and every quail, pheasant, prairie chicken, woodcock or duck exposed to sale, possessed or pursued with intent to kill during close season, and same penalty selling or attempting to sell any of said birds that have not been shot. Each bird creates a separate and distinct offense. Unlawful to take any fish with a net, seine, gill or trap of any kind (minnows excepted) or set net, weir or pot at any time, penalty not less than ten nor more than twenty dollars for each fish so taken. The use of gill and spear permitted in March, April, May, November and December. Same penalty attaches for killing or attempting to kill fish by use of poison, drugs, grant powder, dynamite, etc. Penalty not less than ten nor more than two hundred dollars and imprisonment for any determinate period added, for using or placing in the water any dip net, gill net, set net, or seine, except for minnows for bait or aquaculture. WILLIS D. MAIER.

NOTES FROM HOLLIDAYSBERG.

HOLLIDAYSBERG, Pa., Aug. 22.

SINCE the opening of the woodcock season, July 4, the weather has continued very dry and warm, but several bags of nearly a score have been made. On the Fourth of July our party of four guns bagged forty-three cocks, all nice plum birds, as sweet when plucked as when shot. We have been out several times since then and succeeded in making good bags, although none so large as the first. On Tuesday, Aug. 19, our party of three—P. B., P. W. and self—shot six brace of cock, among many doves, one rail (a scarce bird among our mountains) and a huge gray crane over four feet high, with a spread of nearly six feet. P. B.'s ten brace "barker" brought down this gentleman at over seventy yards, with No. 8 shot. Our shooting nearly all in the tall weeds and willow scrub of the creek and river bottoms and it requires good dogs and snip shooting to bag the birds. With a few exceptions along the spring runs the woodcock leave us at the latter part of this month and we see them no more till another season.

Quail have been almost exterminated since the repeal of the bounty on hawks, owls and "other vermin," and quail shooting is a thing of the past. Ruffed grouse and rabbits are, as usual, abundant and promise good sport this fall. Gray and black squirrels are reported numerous on the mountains and wild turkeys and a few deer remain for those who can get them.

Although the old canal reservoir near this place, which is over a mile and a half long, by three-quarters wide, and in some places fifty feet deep, and which was stocked with black and grass bass by the Fishery Commissioners has been drawn off, yet good catches are made in the "Junjata" after dark. Quite a number of fishermen use the fly in catching bass but the majority still stick to their old love, the minnow.

One of our sportsmen recently shot and killed a large crane, snowy white with a pinkish bill, and the bird was sent to your city to be mounted. T. D.

THE WILD TURKEY CALL.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have read interesting articles on wild turkey hunting in your paper, but do not remember to have seen any on the call notes of the wild turkey. On several occasions I have flushed flocks of wild turkeys and all my calling would not bring them back. Once I was sitting with a friend on a log in a dense woods. My friend leaned down me his "caller," made the small sound of an ox-bow. I made frequent calls of seven notes, commencing slowly and rising fast and high. After calling a long while and submitting to the upbraiding of my friend that "no sane man ever used such notes to call turkeys," etc., etc., I discovered that we were surrounded by wild turkeys. I killed an eleven-pound young cock and the flock scattered. All the calling I did failed to bring one of them back or even get a response. Some hunters say four calls are proper, and others say five, with a rising inflection. I have often tried this and as often failed. Which are the proper notes to call a wild turkey? Will any of your readers explain?—KROOK.

We trust that some of our experienced turkey hunter, will compare notes and give us the result of their use of the various calls. We have used the common lone call which is made from the common bone of the bird. The ends are cut off and the call-note is made by slowly sucking through the tube. With a narrow chisel hollow out a piece of dry cedar, two inches long and one and one-half inches wide and one-quarter inches thick, so that the sides are about as thick as a piece of tin; but do not let them be too delicate. It should be hollowed out within a quarter of an inch of the bottom and ends. Taking this simple call between your thumb and fingers, rub it crosswise against the butt of your gun or on the barrels. No ro-in is required; the simple wood can be manipulated with a little practice to perfectly imitate the turkey call.

AN IOWA GAME CENTRE.

LOCATION, Humboldt County, Iowa. Can be reached via Illinois Central Railroad to Fort Dodge, thence by Ft. Ridgely Railroad to Humboldt, or by Iowa Division Chicago, Millwaukee and St. Paul Railroad to Agona and thence by stage to Humboldt. Good hotel accommodations at Humboldt, Dakota or Rutland at \$1 per day. Guides not needed. Teams, \$3 per day. The fish are pickerel, wall-eyed pike, black bass and rock bass in great abundance. Game birds are ducks (mallards, teal, wood, spring-tail, spoon-bill, red-heads, hooded mergansers and buffle heads), Hutchins's geese, Canada geese, snow geese, white-fronted geese (brant), sand-hill and whooping or white cranes, pinnated grouse, quail, golden plover, Wilson's snipe, rail, long-billed curlew, Hudsonian curlew and rabbits or hares.

Of course not all of this game can be taken at any one time of the year, but in their season may be taken. The west fork of the Des Moines, above Rutland, is the best fishing grounds in Iowa from Sept. 1 to Nov. 1. Black bass and wall-eyed pike may be taken beyond desire. Bass and pike of six and eight pounds are very common. During September plumed grouse may be killed by the hundreds, but October and November are the months for ducks, geese and cranes. Hunters will find it easier to reach the shooting and fishing grounds by can ping out.

Address Chas. Sherman, Ira E. Weleb, or the writer, at Rutland, Humboldt County, Iowa. N. A. Proc.

FAMOUS FOX-HUNTERS.

FOME EXTRAORDINARY RIDERS.

IT is astonishing with what enthusiasm a man—or woman—enters upon the sport when once a taste for it has been acquired. A regular fox-hunter dies in harness; the older he grows the stronger becomes his love for the pastime. Such, at least, may be inferred from the lives of men and women who have gained renown in the field. Men who were as blind as bats have followed the hounds with the best riders of their day, and, in one instance, the want of both hands and feet has not deprived a hunter from being in at the death. This seems hardly possible, but of it there is ample evidence. Of blind fox-hunters a dozen or more instances might be given.

The Reverend Edward Stokes, of Blaby, county Leicester, England, may be cited as one such instance. He lived to be ninety-three years of age and died in 1797. At the time that he last his sight, then forty-two years old, he had acquired a taste for fox hunting from his father, whom he had succeeded as rector of the little church at Blasley. During his boy life he never lost an opportunity to mount and follow the hounds, accompanied by an attendant, who rang a bell as they approached a fence or hedge, and both went over together.

But the reverend gentleman was outdone by an officer of the British army, who equally blind, was noted as one of the boldest riders in the M-rquiss of Granby's hunts. He had no attendant, but went with the crowd and relied, on some one to take for fox hunting from his father, whom he had succeeded as rector of the little church at Blasley. During his boy life he never lost an opportunity to mount and follow the hounds, accompanied by an attendant, who rang a bell as they approached a fence or hedge, and both went over together.

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John Metcalf was a still more remarkable lover of the chase. He was long known about Knareborough as "Blind Jack" and was the first person who set up a wheel carriage in Harrowgate for the conveyance of passengers to and from places of resort. At one time he was a musician in Colonel Thornton's volunteers (1745) and was taken prisoner at Falkirk. Singularly enough, his man established himself as a common carrier between Knareborough and York, and, blind as he was, served as guide through the intricate paths of the forest, when covered with snow as well as at other times. Fox-hunting was to him a delight, and he entered upon it heart and soul, following the hounds both on foot and in the saddle, with the greatest precision and without meeting with any serious accident. More than this, he explored the neighboring country, projected and laid out roads and built houses and bridges by contract.

THE LAKE HOPATCONG EXCURSION.

THE beautiful New Jersey lake lies among the Schooley Mountains, 1,800 feet above the level of the sea. We visited last week by invitation of the Washington Gun Club, of Brooklyn, on the occasion of their first annual excursion. The lake is famous for its pike (N. Y. pickerel) fishing and also contains black bass, perch and other fish. The invitation set forth that a dinner, a boat race, a rifle match and a sail on the lake were to be enjoyed, as well as the music of Frank's brass band. So on Thursday, Aug. 25, we boarded the train at Hoboken and, after a two hours ride to Hopatcong station found a little steamer, which took us three miles up the canal and one of its feeders and then up the lake to the Lake View House, where the sports were to be held.

First came the boat racing, in working boats, for a handsome cup, given by the host, Mr. A. J. Zueck. There were to be four preliminary races and the winners were to then row for the prize. The first one had four entries, the names being given in the order of their arrival at the finish: Dr. Hughes, Mr. Bernheimer, A. Altenbrund and Jost Miller. The second heat was between Rubensan, Fieldman, C. O'brig and Cotter. The third between Mr. Griffith, of the Dela wares, Lackawanna and Western Railroad; O. Prety, Wit wick and Rogers. The fourth between Messrs. Trot, Condit, Hopps and Bulger. Then came the final race for the cup between the winners. They came in in the following order: Dr. Hughes, Trot, Griffith, Mr. Rubensan declining to toss for boats was not permitted to compete. The course was one-fourth of a mile; no time taken. Judge, Mr. Fred Mather, of FOREST AND STREAM. A shell race, with single shells, over a half-mile course, followed between Messrs. Ravens and Ross, won by the former.

Dinner was then in order and the following menu was served:

- SOUF. Green Turtle, à la Reine. FISH. Boiled Lake Hopatcong Pike, with butter sauce. ROAST. Fillet de Boeuf, à la Champignon, with Asparagus. Green Corn and Duck and Chicken. Spring Lamb Chop, with French Peas, Green Corn and Lettuce salad. COMPOTE. Vanilla Ice Cream, with cake. DESSERT. Washington Gun Club Pudding, Cheese.

After dinner Mr. Henry Altenbrand, the President of the club, in a neatly worded speech welcomed the guests in attendance and expatiated upon the grand and attractive of outdoor sports in general. Remarks were also made by Dr. S. J. Brady, Mr. Mather, Captain Miller and Mr. W. Leslie Wade. Following dinner, the shooting match, open to all

good send-off." Thomas Moody was of this number. For thirty years he was whipper in for George Forrester and when he died he was carried to his grave by a number of old earth-stoppers, who mourned his involuntary departure. His favorite horse, carrying Moody's last brush in front of his bridle, was led behind the corpse and the cap, whip, boots and spurs of the whipper-in were hung across the saddle. After the service, as requested before his death "three clear, rattling viv halloes" were given over his grave, and when they had done this his followers felt that they had paid the highest mark of respect to his memory.

But Miss Mary Breese, who lived to see seventy-eight years (fox hunters are usually long-lived), went Moody one better. She regularly took out a license, kept good horses and hounds, and as a shot was not surpassed by any sportsman in Norfolk County. Daily leaving the chase, and expecting and hoping to keep it up in the world to come, she gave orders at her death that her favorite mare and dogs should be killed and buried with her.

The foregoing reference to a license calls to mind a disquisition that once took place in England, growing out of the subject, and how happily an astute magistrate bridged over the difficulty. The question was raised whether a sportsman who followed a pack of hounds kept by subscription, he being known as a subscriber, made himself liable to a penalty by sporting without a license, and, as the members of the club could not decide it, it was referred to a man of law, who gave the opinion that "the Game Certificate Act, George III., requiring that "every person who shall use any dog, gun or other engine to destroy game" did not apply in such case, "for the members of a club do not use dogs to destroy game, it being the object of the association to hunt or course by which game will be destroyed." The above opinion was accompanied by the suggestion that if a member of the club kept the pack and took out a certificate, there was no reason in the world why he should not include the other members to hunt with him—a step that would not make them liable under the Certificate Act or any other existing game law.

Every hunter holds that there should be game laws and that they should be obeyed, if not too stringent, and with them it is a matter of faith that the fox was made to be hunted.

"Nature's instinctive laws the beasts obey,
Imprinted in their breasts by Nature's God,
And say, vain man, did not the same great cause
Which gave the fox to taint the ground with scent,
Give to the dog sagacity and speed?"

The poet evidently knew nothing of an artificial scent, and if he had lived in Germany he would have known that the scent in fox-hunting could be dispensed with altogether. When the Emperor of Germany sent an embassy to Constantinople (1664) to settle terms of peace, marked attention was shown the ambassador and his suite on their arrival at Vienna. Among other things a fox-hunt was got up for their benefit. After dinner the Emperor, accompanied by the Empress and Princesses, led the way to a park about a mile from Vienna, where four or five acres of ground were inclosed with canvas as high as a man's head, which was kept in place by means of poles. Within the inclosure was another line of canvas, which made a lane breast high. At the proper time and at a given signal eight or ten foxes were let loose by the master of the hunt, and were chased by beagles, while the hunters, each with a net, did their best to bag the game. What with the aid of the nets and dogs, and a free use of sticks, seventy foxes were killed, which the Emperor said was enough for one day.—CHAMPLIN in the Evening Post.

TRAJECTORY CURVES OF SPORTING RIFLES.

DURING the spring I continued some experiments made last spring in regard to the trajectory curves of the standard sporting rifles of American make. Having better facilities, the experiments were more extended and consequently more satisfactory.

Seven screens were used, instead of four, at one time, one at each twenty-five yard point and one at the highest point of the curve. Walter Cooper, of Bozeman, the most extensive gun dealer in Montana, placed at my disposal all of the standard sporting rifles of his establishment, as also the standard fixed ammunition.

Where the same standard of rifles were used the trajectories agreed very closely with those obtained a year ago, making allowance for difference of barometric pressure and difference in direction of wind.

Experiments were first made to locate the highest of each curve. Screens were accordingly placed at 100 yards, plus 25 feet (325 feet), and 100 yards, plus 40 feet (340 feet). For balls as light as the 1873 Winchester (200 grs.) the highest point appeared to be at or near the latter point, or .566 of the total range. For the heavier balls it appeared to be at or near the former screen, or .643 of the range. This was to be expected, as the lighter ball falls much more rapidly in its descending branch of the curve. I inferred from experiments made last spring that this point was about .55 of total range and so stated in article in FOREST AND STREAM. Prof. Bashforth, in his work on "The Motion of Projectiles," gives examples from the curves made by rifle balls of from three to six inch calibre; that for Ogival-headed balls, this point was .53, and for spherical balls .55 of range, initial velocity being from 1,300 to 1,500 feet per second.

A great deal depends upon the weight and velocity of each ball in determining this point, but from .53 to .57 will cover every case, I think.

It appeared desirable to test whether the tissue paper of the seven screens had any effect in decreasing the velocity of the balls. Shots were accordingly fired from same rifle, under like conditions, first through two screens near the centre and then through the whole set, seven screens, the highest point of curve in each case being carefully measured. No appreciable difference could be discovered in the curves and it was inferred that the tissue paper due to the paper screens might be practically disregarded.

Subjoined is a table, a careful study of which will give all the information desired as to atmospheric conditions, features of rifle used, weight of powder and ball and resulting trajectory curves. This table contains a few of the many shots fired from the several rifles.

The rifles reported here were either new or, if used, were in first-class condition and were mostly furnished from Walter Cooper's establishment.

In a series of experiments from same rifle they rarely differed more than one-half inch at highest point. Of course great care was required in getting the centre of bore of rifle at firing point—the (0) zero line of each screen and the centre of bulls-eye in the same sight line. It is confidently believed these points are correct to (.10 in.) one-tenth of one inch and that the curves given are substantially correct. As was to be expected, little irregularities occurred in the

curves made by the same rifle under the same conditions and that, too, irrespective of any error there might have been in the zero line of screens. These irregularities might have been corrected by *differentiating*. All the curves were plotted to an enlarged scale and those reported above were such as appeared the most regular. The curves as they existed, from standard rifles, using standard ammunition, were what was desired and not what they should have been theoretically.

The experiments showed that the flight of the ball, between the firing point and the target was frequently very erratic, and this entirely independent of any error possibly existing in the zero line of screens. This was the more observable in

The same irregularity was observed in regard to the expense or hollow-pointed ball, when the core-peg, forming the orifice, was suspected of being slightly eccentric to the centre line of ball. The effect of weight of balls on the trajectory is very noticeable. Take the two extremes in this regard, No. 1 and No. 4.

The latter, with a lead-powder proportion of 5/24, has nearly (4) four inches flatter trajectory than the former, with a lead-powder proportion of 5/00. This is probably due to the 3-inch longer barrel of No. 4, for it is well established that with the same conditions of powder charge the longer barrel will give the higher velocity. The experiments of Major Farley, of the Ordnance Department, are exhaustive on this subject.

No. 3 and No. 13 have very near the same curve, the smaller bore of the latter compensating with a possibly higher initial velocity for its lighter ball, No. 5, with its very sharp twist, has by approximate calculation an initial velocity of 1850 or 1900 feet per second, showing that its very quick twist does not interfere with its power to impart a very high velocity. No. 12 is said to be the "Corona rifle" among the buffalo hunters on the Yellowstone. That has surprised me, but my surprise is lessened on comparing its flatter curve (nearly two inches) with that of No. 4, its competitor among those hunters.

The beginning of each curve is at the centre of bore of rifle at the muzzle. In practice this is corrected according to the height of the foresight of each rifle. Take, for example, No. 5, whose highest point is 7.06 inch. The height of foresight above centre of bore is 7.44 inch. The highest point (7.06) is to be corrected by reducing it by .38 inch, leaving as the practical height of curve 6.72 inch. Reduced to a point blank of 150 yards, the curve at 75 yards would be 3.25 inch above, and at 175 yards it would be (-2.70) 2.70 inch below line of sight.

I failed to state in proper place that the firing point was (8) eight feet below the target, which will make the curves slightly flatter than were the range horizontal. P. Camp or Stillwater, Montana, June 1.

A GENTLEMAN FROM KENTUCKY.—Josiah Quincy in his Reminiscences tells a story of his college days at Harvard in the following style: Oxford street, in Cambridge, is at present a very decorous thoroughfare, not at all adapted to the wild sport of turkey-shooting, for which purpose the ground it occupies was used when I was in college. We stood with our backs to the site of Memorial Hall, and discharged rifles at long range at a turkey which was dimly discernible in the distance. A small fee was granted for the privilege of shooting, and the turkey was to be given to any one who could hit it. But, except for some chance shot, like that made by Mr. Tupman when out rook-shooting, it was safe to predict that nobody would hit it. The usual end of a Harvard turkey-shooting was the departure of the proprietor of the turkeys with all his birds and all our sixpences. Still, there was the excitement of a lottery about it, if nothing else. The ball, if discharged, must strike somewhere, and if so why might it not happen to be the turkey? The logic was simply irresistible. A fowl of that magnitude would be a most desirable addition to the meagre fare furnished by the college commons; and so the rifles cracked, with small results to the students and splendid profits to the turkey man. One day a little tow-headed fellow appeared on the field and desired to take part in the sport. Though he seemed almost too young to be trusted with a rifle, the master of the fowls, foreseeing future gains, was quite willing he should try. He must first receive proper instructions about the holding and pointing of his piece, and then there would really be no danger. Young Larz received the directions with great good nature, raised the rifle, and down went the turkey. The man stared with amazement, and then broke into a smile. "Try it again, young one," said he; "most any one can throw sixes once, you know." Another bird was procured, and the ball flew to the mark with the same result. The law of chances was now so overwhelmingly in favor of the turkey man that a third bird was set up with some confidence. Again the boy raised his rifle, and that third turkey was added to the banquet upon which his friends would feign. "Well, where in (in the United States let us call it) did you come from?" exclaimed the master of the fowls, who began to realize that his occupation was gone.

"I came from the State of Kentucky, sir," answered Larz Anderson, proudly; "and next time you meet a gentleman from that State, just remember there's not much you can tell him about a rifle. That's all."

WORCESTER GUN CLUB AT SPRINGFIELD.—WORCESTER, MASS., Aug. 29. A number of members of the Worcester Gun Club were invited to the Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, Mass., for a friendly shoot on their grounds the 34th inst. The visitors were met at the depot by the Rod and Gun Club, and after many friendly greetings, conducted to the rooms of the latter, which are fitted up in most artistic style, the walls being hung with elegant paintings, representing every kind of native game. From the club rooms the party adjourned to the Massachusetts House, where a hospitable repast was served to their guests by the Rod and Gun Club. A noticeable feature of the day was the honor paid to the generosity of the Worcester Gun Club, who were not a legal target. After a hard contest at the shooting grounds, the special prize was won by the Springfields. One of the most interesting places visited was the large and attractive store of L. H. Mayott, dealer in sporting goods, 445 Main street. Mr. Mayott, who is a thorough sportsman and perfect gentleman, showed them every attention in his power, and will be remembered by them for many a day. The Worcester Gun Club wish to express their heartfelt thanks to the Rod and Gun Club for their hospitality and hope at an early day to be honored by a visit from them in Worcester, when an earnest endeavor will be made to give them a day of enjoyment in return. RAYNARD.

RABBIT TAKING TO WATER.—Bainbridge, Ga., Aug. 19.—I see in your issue of Aug. 4 inquiry if any one ever saw a rabbit take to water? In the spring of 1874 the Chattahoochee River at Euftaula, Ala., was very high, in fact a regular flood. All the lowlands around were covered and a great many islands formed. Several of us went up the river rabbit hunting in a bateau. We did not carry any guns, for we were sure to find these islands and use the rabbit, and after a jolly time we would have catching him. Right in the water he would go, and one of the boys after him until it got too deep, then we would chase him with the boat, and a right lively one too it was; for just as you thought you had him he would turn his course, and on would go the boat twenty-five or fifty yards before we could change it. We succeeded

| TRAJECTORY. | DISTANCE IN YARDS. | | | | | | | | AMMUNITION. | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|------------------|------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
| | 25 | 50 | 75 | 100 | 125 | 150 | 175 | 200 | Target. | Winchester | Union Metallic Cartridge Co. | Union Metallic Cartridge Co. |
| CHARGE IN GRAINS. | Powder. | | | | | | | | 4.00 | 4.00 | 4.00 | 4.00 |
| | Ball patched. | | | | | | | | 370 | 370 | 370 | 370 |
| FEATHERS. | Twist. | | | | | | | | 20 | 20 | 20 | 20 |
| | Weight. | | | | | | | | 14 | 14 | 14 | 14 |
| RIFLE. | Calibre. | | | | | | | | 45 | 45 | 45 | 45 |
| | Rifle. | | | | | | | | Winchester, 1873 | Winchester, 1873 | Winchester, 1873 | Winchester, 1873 |
| DATE OF EXPT. | Temperature. | | | | | | | | 45 | 45 | 45 | 45 |
| | Number. | | | | | | | | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 |

the naked or cannellured balls, and more especially with the lightest (200-grain) kind. As an example, three balls were fired from same rifle, under like conditions. One would be highest at the 25-yard screen, then cross below the other two to be the lowest about the centre of range, cross back and be highest at the 175-yard screen. The other two would be lower at 25-yard screen, highest at the half-way point and then lower at the 175-yard screen; sometimes crossing each other's flight. With other balls, of three consecutive shots, two would be regular, having the highest point at the proper place, whilst the third shot would be highest at the 100-yard screen. I feel sure this does not occur from any irregularity of the screens, but results from irregularities in the shape of the balls or for want of homogeneity in density of the lead. This irregularity was to be expected from the cannellured ball, when it is recollected the circular grooves in these balls are at right angles to their flight, and must (being often jagged after coming from the rifle) affect the trueness of their flight. This will sufficiently account for their want of accuracy when compared to the smooth patched ball. Experiments had before led me to suspect that a rifle ball might fly with reasonable accuracy to the bulls-eye and still have a gyratory motion, corkscrew fashion, around the line of true curves. That suspicion is more than confirmed by these experiments, and is sufficient to account for many of the slight irregularities above alluded to.

in catching forty five that day. But one old fellow was the smartest of them all. Some negroes were chasing him with dogs and he gave them the dodge; turned back, ran for a good distance; took to the water and went out and squatted. I saw only his head out. We saw all of this from the boat. We went over and I shot and killed him. As for rabbits taking to water, that is nothing strange down South.—L. F. P.

WILD RICE—Asbland, Wis., Aug. 25.—I see in your issue of Aug. 13, Mr. Charles Gilchrist alludes to an article of mine on the depth of water that wild rice grows with. I have spent the summer at this place, and, to my surprise, find no wild rice here (not a stalk) except the small kind, which amounts to little compared with species I intended in my article. I did not suppose anybody attempted to introduce the small kind, as it bears but little seed and in two feet to penetrate the depth Mr. G. says. He says: "A stalk nine and a half feet long grew in seven and a half feet of water," showing only two feet out of water. The variety I described grows from six to ten and twelve feet, and not in water over two to three feet, and in a dry time out of water. It grows so large and thick you can hardly push a boat through it. This kind has an immense seed pod, while the small variety grows little seed on a small straight stalk along the edge of rivers and sand bars in deeper water, where none but diving ducks can feed on it. The large kind spreads the top like broom corn, not broken down. I consider the large kind the only desirable one.—LUTROX.

MAINE GAME NOTES—Lincoln, Maine, August.—Woodcock are fairly plenty in this vicinity. In an hour's stroll from the office the other day my dog pointed and flushed five. They are not in prime condition here before the middle of September. Ruffed grouse are plentiful. Deer are reported very numerous about the lakes in our immediate vicinity. I wish many others here have a decided inclination toward the view that we should be allowed to hunt deer; not that we do hunt them—that would be in violation of our laws for game—but we regard the prohibition of hunting wrong and an evil to be corrected. The sketch I sent you, "Sysoledosis and Passadumkeag," some time ago was the cause of a visit from the "Deputy Warden." In my desire to present a truthful and accurate account of our trip, I forgot the law for the time and introduced a hound which aided us in securing a deer. Well, that Deputy read the account and at once locked me up.—So you see our game overseers attend strictly to business.—F. C. P.

"PARKER" NOT A GUIDE.—Montez, Aug. 24.—"Nes-muk" is quite right. "Charles Parker" was no guide, his real name is Frank Cook. He was born in Sheldon, Vt., in 1846, or thereabout, and always bore a bad reputation. In 1879 he was arrested in Highgate, Vt., for adultery and taken to St. Albans jail, where he overpowered the Sheriff and locked him into a cell and escaped, but was soon after recaptured and sentenced to a year in the State prison. After that term was out he returned to Highgate, where he was often engaged in drunken brawls and fights. In 1878 he was sent to jail for intoxication, but was pardoned out by the Governor and soon after left the State. His Adirondack escapade was fully in keeping with his reputation, where he was well known in his native and adjoining towns, and the feeling there is that at the hands of Constable Cole he has received his just punishment.—FRANSTEAD.

WISCONSIN DUCKING GROUNDS—Rosen, France, Aug. 11. *Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of July 28 reached me here this morning. I would like your correspondence. J. W. B. wants to go duck shooting, and I can tell him of a good place. Let him go to Green Bay, Wisconsin. There are several professionals whom he can employ. I had a man named Welsh whom I can recommend. I paid him two dollars per day and gave him the birds, which he sold. He furnished boat. Three years ago a friend and myself in five days' shooting killed over three hundred ducks, many of them canvas-backs and redheads. I got the information which led to my going to Green Bay from FOREST AND STREAM, and think I cannot do better than "pass it along."—DUCK.

WOODCOCK ON MAIN STREET—Lockport, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Last evening as I was driving from Niagara street on the bridge that crosses the canal to Main street, near the centre of the business part of the city, a woodcock flew by and came near flying against the rear of the buildings on Main street, but turned to the right and passed over Main street up Cottage street. Some three years ago a ruffed grouse flew against a house on Park place and was killed. A few days after another woodcock was shot in the same place. I was directly on the opposite side of the same street, and after flying about and frightening the occupant of the room, passed out through the window seemingly unhurt; and yet if you wish to shoot grouse or woodcock you will have to go far beyond the city limits to find them.—J. L. DAYTON.

MISSISSIPPI GAME—Philadelphia, Miss., Aug. 19.—At the last meeting of our Legislature the game law was put into the hands of the boards of supervisors of the various counties and a provision made allowing parties to kill game for depre-dating upon crops. Some of the counties are trying to abolish the game law, and every "pot-hunter" claims that his farm is entirely over-run with the deer and turkey, and his crops are being destroyed, and their sporting friends are called in to help him kill. I see quantities of young quail and turkey sufficiently large to afford good sport now.—S. P. NASH.

PULASKI GUN CLUB—Pulaski, N. Y., Aug. 26.—A sporting club was organized at Pulaski, N. Y., August 13, under the name of the Pulaski Gun Club, its purpose being the better protection of game and fish. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: A. F. Betts, President; A. W. Dunn, Vice-President; M. D. Bumpus, Secretary; W. E. Pierce, Treasurer. This club has leased the water, land and marsh known as Deers Creek marsh, comprising over one thousand acres, for the term of five years, for their private hunting and fishing.

PENNSYLVANIA—Wyalusing, Pa., Aug. 26.—Woodcock were scarce, the drought of about four weeks' duration raising havoc with them on our sandy flats. Quail are plenty—thanks to those who fed them during the heavy snows last winter. Ruffed grouse are about the same in abundance. Rabbits are plenty; squirrels in large numbers in the oak ridges. By the way, there are two associations in this coun-

ty, Bradford, for the protection of game and fish, yet the slaughter goes on out of season. I heard of one party killing fifteen gray and black squirrels two or three days ago.—ON THE WING.

QUAIL IN ALABAMA—Hayueville, Ala., Aug. 26.—Quail shooting in this country promises to be better than usual, as the dry spring and summer has been propitious for their propagation; and numbers of half fledged little ones are seen along the roadside and in the stubble. The almost unprecedented cold weather last winter destroyed thousands of doves, and in consequence the annual wheat field sport of this section has been considerably abridged. The sluggish waters of August and the industrious mosquito deter the most inveterate angler at this season.—A. E. C.

NEW JERSEY RAIL LAW—New York, Aug. 29.—I would like to call your attention to one of the great evils of our game laws. In New Jersey the law allows rail to be shot after Sept. 1st and reed birds after Aug. 20. The result is, that our marshes are infested with poachers, who are after reed birds, but by mistake kill rail. It is impossible, even with men on the river to watch to prevent it. Reed birds and rail should be allowed to be shot Sept. 1 and then there would be no excuse.—W. HOLBERTSON.

HERBERT'S IMPRESSION ON A BOY—I knew Herbert well, he having spent nearly a year in Kentucky with my grandfather. My impression of him, for I was a mere youth, was chiefly—1st, that he was a crack shot; 2d, that he knew more Greek and Latin than I did; 3d, that he knew fine old whisky. Pence to hisashes. A gentleman, a scholar, a deep thinker. *Requiescat in pace.*—ST. CLAIR.

NEBRASKA PRAIRIE CHICKENS—For pinnated grouse shooting in Nebraska go to Lincoln; and find some of the Sportsmen's Association members and get from them a tip as to the exact spot to go to. The birds are reported plenty all along the line of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad west of Lincoln.

AN AUGUST WOODCOCK IN MISSISSIPPI—Natchez, Miss., Aug. 23.—A young woodcock was captured here yesterday in the residence of one of our citizens, where it had flown through mistake. This is rather early for them down here.—S. W. M.

TO TOLEDO FOR DUCKS—A correspondent, who has moved from Cincinnati to Toledo, O., says: "Game is getting scarce around Cincinnati and hard to get at; cannot very well get along without it, so moved up here and expect to take it out of the ducks this fall."—E. M.

ONE YEAR AFTER—Woodford, Me., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—It is a little late, but allow me to thank you for the good work in the cause of humanity that you have done in exposing so thoroughly the Dittmar powder.—M. S.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway has the most appetizing bill of fare for its palace dining cars between Chicago and Council Bluffs.

REED BIRDS are reported plenty on the marshes about Philadelphia now, and the season promises to be a fair one.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
 Grayling, *Thymallus triolor* and *T. montanus*.
 Black Bass, *Nicropterus salmoides* and *M. palidus*.
 Muskellonge, *Esox nobilior*.
 Pickerel, *Esox reichertii*.
 Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
 Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Stizostedion americanum*, *S. gregarium*, etc.

SALT WATER.
 Sea Bass, *Centropristis atrarufa*.
 Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Rockfish*.
 Flounder, *Paralichthys americanus*.
 White Perch, *Morone americana*.
 Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
 Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyropus*.
 Pollock, *Palaetogaster carbonarius*.
 Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
 Spanish Mackerel, *Cybitum maculatum*.

YELLOW.
 Yellow Perch, *Percus flavescitlis*.
 Rock Bass, *Roccus lineatus*.
 White Bass, *Roccus chrysopterus*.
 Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species).
 Wal-mouth, *Channorynus guano*.
 Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*.
 Bachelor, *Pomoxys annularis*.
 Chub, *Semotilus corporalis*.

The bend of the rod, the gentle feeling with the finger as I checked the run of the line, told his weight almost as accurately as a spring scale. Don't imagine always that anglers have no authority for their figures when they tell of large fish that they have struck and lost. I know men who are accustomed to tell the weight of their fish before they have seen them above water, and who will hit it correctly within an ounce or two nine times out of ten; yet the angler knows his rod and it grows to his hand like a part of it, so that he feels the fish on as if he were in his very grasp.—WILLIAM C. PRIME.

"THE KING FISHER OF THE NORTHWEST."

BY REV. E. B. RAFFENSPERGER, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SOME months ago I paid a visit to Toledo, Ohio, "the great city of the future," as it is fondly termed by its enterprising people. I found there a number of strange things that were unknown in those parts when I first made the acquaintance of the "raging Maumee," a score of years ago. Then the city at its mouth had only 12,000 inhabitants, now it boasts of a population four times as large. The improvements for the past decade are of the most substantial character. Massive stone blocks of buildings have been erected that are seldom excelled in any city. It really begins to look now as if the predictions of one of its ancient prophets were about to be fulfilled, and the proud designation quoted above may yet be accorded to Toledo by those living outside the city limits who have no real estate for sale! Among the attractions of Toledo may be ranked the Ohio Fish Hatchery. This is situated in the southern part of the

city, only a few rods from the huge water stack. My old time friend, the Hon. Emory D. Potter, a former representative in Congress from the Toledo district, and now a judge in the Circuit Court, and subsequently a Custom House officer, occupies to it the relation of founder and superintendent. He is a salaried officer of the State, but, unlike many another man who receives large pay and does little, the judge receives little and does much. I have ventured to term him the King Fisher, or *Alosa alosyn*, of the Northwest. For a whole generation he has been the referee in matters pertaining to the finny brood by all the dwellers in that region.

Shortly after my settlement in Toledo I became acquainted with the "Weakfish" and have enjoyed his wonderful stories concerning them. Having had some experience in New England trout fishing, I was greatly interested in the accounts he had to give of the speckled beauties of the mountain streams. Little did I then think that these could live in the waters of Ohio. The Judge was a member of our Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, and we held our meetings in his office in the Custom House. While he took a deep interest in matters ecclesiastical, it must be confessed that he was just as much concerned apparently about the fish than he was about the church. He was to catch the "finny brood" about to make an annual visit to a favorite summer resort in his native Pennsylvania, and he spent all his leisure moments for several weeks in scraping and tempering his elegant trout rod. A man might learn more about the peculiarities of this splendid fish by conversing with the Judge for an hour than by attempting to fish for trout in the best stream in America for a day. While he was a member of Congress it is related of Daniel Webster that he frequently induced the Judge to leave the Capitol and accompany him on fishing excursions along the Potomac. An old Toledo tradition says that one time, while the Judge was absent in Washington, several fine specimens of the *Esox nobilior*, or muskellonge, were captured in Swan Creek above Toledo. This was regarded by the Judge as a most singular occurrence, and he reproved a part of his constituents for not sending for him to come home directly from Washington, because, he said, "the thing needed looking into at once!"

The State of Ohio could not have selected from its millions of men who so well posted to fish matters or so well qualified to take charge of the call of beneficent institutions under his care. No wonder that other States, appreciating his worth in promoting this great industry, have offered the Judge five times as much as the Buckeye State pays him for superintending the hatchery of Toledo.

The attention of the people of this land is now directed to fish in a manner that portends good in the near future. Within the past fourteen years about twenty-five fish commissions have been organized. These belong to nearly as many States of the Union. Wonderful results have been attained, and we are just beginning to enjoy the benefits of these hatcheries. Seventeen years ago Judge Potter predicted that if no efforts were made to arrest the destruction of fish food the waters of Ohio would be destitute of fish in a few years. The State finally waked up and looked at the subject through his spectacles. The few thousand dollars expended on the hatchery are already coming back into the coffers of the fish dealers. One firm in the vicinity of Toledo said that in the year 1877 its catch was 43,797 lbs., while in 1878 it reached 104,913 lbs., and it attributes its increase to the hatchery under the care of the Judge. His Honor called for me one day and invited me to go out and see the "infant department" as he termed it. A ride of several miles brought us to the establishment and the process of hatching was fully explained to me.

In the spawning season the fish are captured and brought to the place prepared for them. Here the dog eggs are carefully separated from the bad ones and tenderly watched and protected until the little wrigglers, that look not unlike incipient mosquitoes, emerge from their shells. Their eyes are very large and in this respect alone do they differ from baby mosquitoes in appearance. In a less enlightened community if a man, whose reputation for veracity is not well established, would exhibit the millions of wrigglers that I saw in the tanks of Judge Potter he would be looked upon as a disturber of the peace. The people of Toledo regard the superintendent as a man of truth and fully believe that in three or four years these big-eyed wrigglers will be whitefish weighing two or three pounds each. The hatchery is capable of producing annually twenty million of whitefish of baby state. At the proper time these are consigned to the water and left in the care of Him who provideth food for all the inhabitants of earth.

None but an adept in fishculture could carry on successfully such an establishment. A slight mistake would result in the destruction of myriads of fish soon to be distributed in the waters of the State. I have seen human mothers who seemed to be less careful of their infants than is the good whitefish wrigglers. Long ago I had the honor to have my generation in the work entrusted to him. He has now attained his "three score and ten," but was able recently, while celebrating his birthday, to go out into Maumee Bay and kill fifteen ducks. He loves to recount his experiences on the water, and all who hear him are astonished at the wonderful facts that have come under his observation in respect to fishculture.

Those who have enjoyed the privilege of accompanying him on fishing and hunting excursions tell marvelous stories about the adaptation of his life to all the exigencies of the case. He is accomplished in the mysteries of the cuisine and can provide for the bodily sustenance of the party in ways that are absolutely incomprehensible. A friend, who is a great epicure and well acquainted with the best hotels of our land, told me that some years ago he formed one of a party who spent some days in the "wilderness of sin" near Toledo. The commissariat was under the direction of the Judge, but, like Moses of old, he also encountered difficulty in providing for the hungry. They were obliged to start out with an ample supply of store goods, but had eaten up almost everything and, having killed and caught nothing, they were in distress and actually clamored for something to eat. The Judge coolly told them that if they could put up with a puddling he could keep them from starving! They advised him to go ahead. He gathered up the fragments and, with the aid of a lot of corn-meal and several damp newspapers, instead of a puddling, he managed to produce a pudding that his hungry companions pronounced equal to any ever prepared at Delmonico's.

The Judge informed me that his friend Dr. Theodas Garlick, of Cleveland, was the first man in the United States who experimented successfully in artificial fish hatching. He prepared a hatchery in Cleveland in the year 1853 and raised a large number of brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. Twenty years later John Hoyt, Esq., of Castalia, Ohio, hatched out 3,000 Eastern salmon (*Salmo solar*) and set them free. He

also introduced the brook trout into the stream at Castalia and, according to the estimate of Judge Potter, that is to-day the best-stocked trout stream in America. If this be so, then the Buckeye State will take the first premium for producing trout as well as Presidents. The stream at Castalia, with its precious contents, is owned by a party of wealthy and intelligent gentlemen in Cleveland. It will give the writer great pleasure some day to accompany one of them to Castalia just for the purpose of testing the truthfulness of the statement made by Judge Potter.

Experiments are now in progress at the Toledo hatchery for producing shad, California salmon, cels, black and white bass and other species. Who can estimate the blessings yet in store for fishermen and the lovers of fish that had their origin in the brain and heart of the "King Fisher of the Northwest?"

FISHING IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

SWANTON, Vt., Aug. 22.

I DO not recollect having seen any report of the fishing in this locality in your journal, and as your readers should be apprised of the excellent sport to be found here, a few lines may be welcome. Saturday last, a party of three took seventy pounds of black bass and rock bass in one day's fishing. To-day the same party took fifty pounds. The fish run about two pounds each, although Mr. George Snyder, one of your neighbors, caught one to-day weighing four pounds. Mr. Fred Newman also captured a large sized bass, so you see that your part of the city contains some good fishermen. Many larger fish were lost by the vigor of the game. Double-gut snells were snapped five times, and as the fish were nearly landed each time, it is no fisherman's exaggeration to say that these lost monsters (pickled) weighed from five to seven pounds. One big fellow carried off a large-sized salmon in his snout, and twice afterwards broke the water within a hundred feet of the boat, tossing his head with frantic efforts to get rid of his artificial ornament.

Large-sized perch, weighing from one to two pounds, are contentiously tossed back into the lake, while very fine sunfish and rock bass are in like manner consigned to perdition. I have seen half a bushel of excellent panfish, which in Fulton Market I would gladly buy for a treat—no mean dish your golden "pupkin seed" makes—fed to the boys. The bait now used is worms and grasshoppers, but minnows will insure your catching monsters from the "vasty deep." Trolling takes a few with the spoon. Strong tackle is required, large-sized hooks with four-ply gut snells and leaders, or perhaps a gimp snell and strong leaders. Of course, if you prefer a light outfit and wish to play your fish for a day or two, come rigged out with a cobweb; but, after having your tackle smashed in pieces a few times, you will have a change come over the spirit of your dream.

A new hotel has just been opened here, the "Champlain," Mr. Boynton proprietor, and guests will be surprised with finding gas, electric bells, etc., fine beds of fare and good beds at eight dollars per week. The Central Vermont Railroad leaves you at the door of the house, or you can come via Albany, Lake George and Lake Champlain to Plattsburg and across by boat.

INDIANA AWAKENS!

THE lawlessness of Indiana poachers is a matter well known outside the State. Last spring a prominent gentleman of that State wrote us as follows:

"That you can comprehend the situation in Indiana, I will state that we have some feeble laws unexecuted for the protection and preservation of fish. We have for our population the children of the pioneers, whose ideas of freedom were limited by 'the right to fish when, where and how they please, and cut a 'coon or bee free on any man's land.' To these add the heterogeneous mass of emigrants from every land with communistic thoughts fairly developed, and the whole mass thoroughly denaturalized by entering politicians in a pivotal state."

Recently a Spartan band has arisen in Indianapolis, who declare that the use of dynamite must be stopped. They have formed an association, and the following has been circulated on postal cards:

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 20, 1881.

"Dear Sir: You have probably seen by the newspapers that a society has been lately formed for the protection of fish. This is not an 'Angling Club,' but has for its object, 'enforcing the law prohibiting the use of dynamite, etc., in the destruction of fish.' At the present rate of this warfare, but a few weeks will see the creeks and streams of Indiana entirely stripped of fish. We want the names of prominent men who will assist us in this fight, and therefore ask you to join this society. The initiation fee is only \$1. Please give or send in your name to any of the following persons: Alex. C. Jameson, President; Geo. F. McWilliams, Vice-President; W. C. Phillips, Secretary; F. T. Holliday, Treasurer; John A. French, Jos. A. Moore, W. H. Ross, Bryant Elliot, Ignatius Brown."

The new Association can count on FOREST AND STREAM as being on their side first, last and all the time. Success to them.

"ALBANY BEEF"

THE sturgeon was a favorite with the Dutch settlers of the State of New York, especially with those who made their homes on the upper Hudson. So common was it that it was known as "Albany beef." We have recently printed some notes on its being smoked and sold as halibut on the great lakes, and also a communication from an Albatian claiming the sturgeon to be superior to the latter fish. In this connection we reproduce the following from the Hudson Register:

"The smoked flesh of the sturgeon is a favorite article of food in the towns along the Hudson River, and when it is well prepared and has not become stale, it is a very nutritious and palatable edible. In former years the catch of sturgeon in the Hudson River was amply sufficient to supply all demands for the beef at low prices. Within the past few years, however, the fish have become scarce and shy and have to be brought to Albany, where the principal smoking establishments are, from the Kennebec River, in Maine; from the St. John's in Friburg, and from the great lakes. At Albany the fish cost from five to eight cents a pound. It shrinks considerably before it is smoked and, therefore, the beef is wholesaled at fifteen cents per pound, at which price there is only a moderate profit made. The stores retail it at

about eighteen cents. The sales of one firm in Albany average over 1,000 pounds per week and have reached as high as 4,500 pounds one week this season. In this city Phillip Kavanaugh has an establishment for dressing and curing sturgeon. He is unable to meet the demand for the beef. Large numbers of sturgeon are received daily, coming principally from Hyde Park. The quantity of fish sold in this city alone is immense, the price being the same as at Albany. The trade is reported to be constantly on the increase in this city and along the upper Hudson, even at the prices named."

GRUBS IN BLACK BASS.—While camping (a year ago) on Brooklyn Point, Crooked Lake, near Petoskey, Michigan, I had the pleasure of taking a great many large black bass during my stay of two months in that delightful retreat. It was not until I had assisted largely in eating that excellent fish that I discovered I had not had a horsed foot for, as it afterwards proved that a bass entirely free from grubs was a notable exception. Of course the inhabitants of that wild region, acting as guides for a living, have to furnish so many transient amateurs with fish for their friends at home that they never eat them themselves, and consequently "don't know nothin' 'bout grubs in bass" around there, whatever they may tell you about grubs in bass of other lakes.

By skimming the fish instead of scaling it the grubs are exposed in the black seal-transparent flies, like so many grains of boiled rice stuck into the fish jelly. The process of skinning is very easy, by cutting down the back of the fish on each side of the dorsal fin. This harmless grub should not be confounded with the wriggling, wiry worm found in knots and large colonies in the intestines of other fish, such as for instance the sunfish, late in the summer in muddy lakes.

New York, August 27, 1881.

NOTES FROM MOOSEHEAD.—From a private letter from Mr. T. Sedgwick Steele we extract the following notes about Moosehead Lake and its surroundings:

"I have been much interested in Fay's article, 'Moosehead Lake to the Main St. John's River,' and an accompanying experience with Mr. Fay. The fishing here has been very fine indeed, even up to the 15th of July, fifteen days beyond its usual time, and is in its usual poor state to-day and will not amount to much until Sept. 1. However, trout can be had with hard work and going off alone quietly with your guide to some inland lake or stream. I have handed some two and two-and-a-half pounders since I came, but in addition to my family there are six others to entertain, and these 'quiet nooks' can not accommodate so large a party."

"The 'boiled shirts,' I regret to say, are more numerous at this hotel, the Mr. Kineo Hou-e, this season than ever before, which makes us patrons of the lannel feel a little out of place, and before long we old sportsmen will have (like the 'darkey' to 'take to the woods.'"

"That trip of Mr. Fay's is very easy and accessible to even ladies. My brother-in-law, wife and two children went through it three years ago, and now that there is a 'juniper' or alced on the Umbazookus and Mud Pond carries it requires little exertion."

A HUNGRY TURTLE.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Speaking of turtles, my brother said he was fishing in a small creek in an adjoining county. They had stuck their poles into the bank, and were discussing a lunch a short distance off, when perceiving a bite on one of the lines F. approached and drew it up. A good-sized turtle came to the surface on the hook, and then letting go sank to the bottom. He soon took hold again, and was again drawn up. This time F. had a pistol in his hand, and sent a bullet through the turtles back, whereupon it let go the hook and sank, leaving stains of blood on the water. An hour or two later they were fishing near each other some two hundred yards further up the stream, when F. having a "bite" again drew a turtle to the surface, which, however, also let go, but in making off it caught one of its feet on the other hook some yards away, and was safely landed. To F's astonishment he found it to be the same turtle he had shot some two hours before and a couple of hundred yards down stream, the bullet having gone through its body, and its entrails were protruding through the hole in the lower shell. Yet it came back for more bait. That lends Douglass Jerold, who cracked a joke on his death bed.—"MANOONER."

A MENHADEN WAR THREATENED.—Barrelet, N. J., Aug. 28.—For the past two years our people, in Monmouth county, have complained that the menhaden fishers, with their purse nets, are ruining our fisheries by taking the menhaden in such quantities that few are left for our valuable food fishes to feed upon. When they sight a school of fish they follow it until they have caught the last one and our food fishes are decreasing, either starved or driven to seek food on some coast where the pestilent and persistent menhaden fish-ers, with his all-compassing pound net is unknown. Men who claim to know all the lower to our people in food fish amounts to one million of dollars annually and petitions are now being circulated asking the State Legislature to pass a law prohibiting the wholesale catching of menhaden along our coast. Thousands of signatures have been obtained and the question will enter into politics in our fall campaign.—X.

UNWHOLESOME FISH AT BILLINGSBATE.—We learn from Land and Water that during the month of July the fishermen appointed by the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate market, and on board boats bringing off that place, 93 tons 15 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of these 54 tons 18 cwt. came by land, and 35 tons 7 cwt. by water. Nineteen tons were shellfish. The single fish numbered 99,937, and include 8 catfish, 10 cod, 18 crayfish, 500 cels, 120 conger-eels, 500 dhais, 81,560 haddock, 2,500 lobsters, 760 mackerel, 4,322 plaice, 630 skate, 73 pairs of soles, 1 sturgeon, 245 turbot and 8,450 whiting. There were also 10 barrels of erabs, and 12 of pickled herrings, 3 boxes of herrings, 108 bags of mussels, 4 of oysters, 99 of lobsters and 106 of whelks, 2 kidneys, 150 kidneys and 1 of prawns, 1,643 gallons of shrimps and 55 quarts of whitt-bait.

THE STARFISH AS A COMESTIBLE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I found the starfish under the above heading on my receipt for a bispic of starfish in your issue of Aug. 18. No one has lethystrophist should condemn the starfish until he has tasted a bispic made of it. In my opinion the starfish, properly cooked, far surpasses the crab or lobster in delicacy of flavor and should be called the king of shellfish. They may "smell to heaven" while being dissected,

but there is nothing disagreeable about them after hatching in hot water a few minutes.—THOS. J. MURRAY, Steward of Glen Island.

BASS LAKE, VT.—Montreal, Quebec, Aug. 24.—Mr. W. L. Mattice, of this city; Mr. H. Cascan, of Shelton, Vt., the writer and his son, spent several days last week camping at Bass Lake, Franklin, Vt. We made a fair catch of bass, the largest weighed 5 lbs. Master Barnly used a Toz. greenheart rod, and killed several bass that weighed over four pounds each. I gave us old fellows more pleasure to see him hatched to a large bass than to take it ourselves.—SPANSTRAD.

BLACK BASS IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Wyalusing, Pa., Aug. 26.—In this part of Pennsylvania, living, as we do, on the banks of the Susquehanna, we have ample fishing grounds. The water being low on account of the drought, the size of the "catch" of black bass has increased and the quantity diminished. Some are caught weighing four pounds. Once in a while fishermen will catch well-eyed pike weighing from four to ten pounds.—ON THE WING.

HICKORY FOR RONS.—Flemington, N. J., Aug. 23.—I would like to know the proper time to cut hickory to make fish rods from—spring, summer or fall of the year? Do you want small saplings or from large timber, and what kind of hickory? There are several kinds, I believe. I have noticed in some book, speaking of browu hickory—what is meant by that? By answering the above questions you will greatly oblige—L. F.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Fishculture.

THE McCLLOUD RIVER HATCHERY.

U. S. FISHERY, BAIND, Shasta Co., Cal., Aug. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream: I enclose herewith an extract from my next report on the McCloud River hatchery stations, concerning the destruction of the buildings and the rebuilding of the hatchery. The work is now nearly completed, and we expect to begin to take salmon eggs next week.—LIVINGSTON STONE.

Up to the 31st of December, 1880, the rain fell on the McCloud River and its tributaries. Indeed there had been more than the customary number of fair days until the 18th of December when it began to rain, and rained eleven days in succession, the river rising on the 25th eight feet and two inches above its summer level. This was nothing extraordinary, however, and no fears or even misgivings were entertained of any disaster from rain to the fishery buildings, they being built from eighteen to nineteen feet above the river.

There was a dense fog over the McCloud River the last two days of December, but no rain, and when the New Year opened the river had fallen back to within a foot and a half of its usual level.

The month of January, however, was attended by a rain fall wholly unprecedented in Northern California since its settlement by white men. Forty-seven inches of water fell at Shasta City during this month, and the hatchery, which is situated on a body of water much greater, On the 27th of July the McCloud rose twelve and one-half feet, but the water had not higher than that in previous years, and still no one supposed that the buildings were in danger. Again the river fell, but this time the rise of water here was greater, the rise of water ever known on this river before, either by white men or Indians now living.

During the first days of February the rain poured down in torrents. It is said by those who saw it that it did not fall as rain generally falls, but it fell as if the winds of four or five were directed in a body from the sky at once. Mr. J. B. Campbell, who lives on the McCloud, relates that near his house in a canyon, which is dry in summer, the water in not many minutes became thirty feet deep, and the violence of the current was so great that trees a hundred feet long were swept down, rock, trunk and branches, into the river. On the 2d of February the McCloud River began to rise at the rate of a foot an hour. By nine o'clock in the evening it was sixteen feet and eight inches above its ordinary level. This was within four inches of the danger mark, and two young men went to the Fishery, Richard D. Hubbard and Oscar Fritz, made an attempt, at the risk of their lives, to save some of the most valuable movable property in the buildings. They waded through the fierce current in the blinding rain and pitchy darkness until they were nearly exhausted, but the water was so deep that it was then up to their shoulders, and the unequal struggle could not be long maintained. These young men are entitled to great credit for succeeding in rescuing what they did from the flood on that frightful night.

The water has now a foot above the danger mark, and the buildings began to rock and totter as if nearly ready to fall. There was now no hope of saving them or anything in them. At half past two in the morning of the 3d of February they toppled over with a great crash, and were seized by the resistless current and hurried down the river.

When the day dawned nothing whatever was to be seen of the main structures which composed the United States Salmon Breeding Station on the McCloud River. The mess-house, where the workmen had eaten and slept for nine successive seasons and which contained the original cabin, twelve feet by fourteen feet, where the pioneers of the U. S. Fish Commission on this coast lived during the first season of 1872; the hatching house, which, with the addition of a second, had cost \$70,000, and the salmon eggs, the tent that previously was reached from New Zealand to St. Petersburg; the large dwelling-house, to which improvements and conveniences had been added each year for five years—these were all gone, every vestige of them, and nothing was to be seen in the direction where they stood except the wreck of a mill race, a wooden wheel, which through summer snow and winter rains has poured a hundred million gallons of water over the salmon eggs in the hatchery and which now lies dismantled and ruined upon the flat-tops which had supported it and which were kept from escaping by two wire cables fast to the river bank.

The river continued to rise the next forenoon until it reached a maximum height of twenty-six feet and eight inches above its summer level. This, of course, is not a very extraordinary rise for a slow-moving river, and it is reasonable to suppose that it will be at low water a succession of cascades and rapids, having an average fall of forty feet to the mile, it will be seen at once what a vast volume of water must have been poured into this very rapid river in a very short time and with what velocity it must have come to have raised it twenty-six feet when its natural fall was sweeping it out of the canyon so swiftly.

Those who saw this mighty volume of water at its highest point rushing through its mountain canyon with such speed say that it was appalling, with the roar of the torrent was so deafening that it drove a steady stinging side by side on the bank could not bear to stay when talking in an ordinary tone of voice.

It must be over two centuries since the McCloud River rose, if ever, as high as it did last winter. There is a very good evidence of this on the very spot where the fishery was located, for just behind the mess-house, and exactly under where the fishery flag floats with a good south breeze, is an Indian gravestone where the venerable chiefs of the McCloud tribe have been taken for burial for at least two hundred years, and there is no knowing how much

longer. One-third of this graveyard was swept away by the high water last winter and the ground below strewn with dead men's bones. Now that the spring has been the habit of burying their dead in this spot, for two centuries proves that the river has never risen to the height of last winter's rise within that year, for nothing could induce Indians to bury their fathers where they thought there was the least danger of the sacred bones being trampled by flood.

When the water subsided it became apparent what a clean sweep the river had made. Here and there the stumps of a few posts, broken off and worn down nearly to the ground by the driftwood grinding over them, formed the only vestiges whatever to indicate that anything had ever existed there but the rocky bar that the falling waters had left.

The inventory showed that over \$1,000 worth of hatching apparatus, house furniture, tools and other articles were lost or destroyed by the flood, besides the buildings themselves. The whole loss could not have been less than \$15,000. LIVINGSTON STONE.

A QUINNAT SALMON IN GREENWOOD LAKE.

WARWICK WOODLANDS, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

Elller Forest and Stream.
In November, 1876, a large number of California salmon, 9,000, I believe, were put in Greenwood Lake, lying partly in Orange County, N. Y., and Passaic County, N. J. They were obtained from Mr. Fred. Mather, through the Fishery Aquarium, on an order from Prof. S. F. Baird, through the instrumentality of Mr. W. O. McDowell, assisted by myself, and were placed at the mouth of the different streams. Mr. McDowell also procured from the New York Fish Commission a large lot of lake or salmon trout, which were also placed in the lake.

Since that time we have received no intelligence of any salmon having been caught, and it has been supposed that they had become extinct, but such is not the case for on the afternoon of Aug. 25 Messrs. E. J. Peck and Irving Brown, of Haverstraw, N. York, for a week have been the guests of the country Mr. Tenness, at the Encampment Hotel, Warwick Woodlands, were engaged in still fishing for black bass, when the former took a very nice salmon with beamrains for bait.

The behavior of this fish after being hooked was most peculiar and unique in its nature, the most peculiar I have seen in any fish. On being struck he darted with a good deal of vim about six feet and then remained almost stationary for four or five minutes, notwithstanding Mr. Peck with all the power he dared exert with his eight rods, failed to knock down the fish in any position, when at last he came up to the extended end of the net with ease. It was taken in the camp, where it was much admired for its beautiful markings and was the subject of much surprise and interest.

Most unfortunately the fish was taken to the hotel and cooked, and therefore all chance of positively identifying it is lost. Mr. Boyd said in an interview that the fishermen are familiar with lake trout, and that this fish differed in shape and color from them. It was only about twelve to fifteen ounces in weight and, if it was really a quinnat salmon, it must have been a young one. We hope that if more should be caught in this lake, or any other, they will be kept in alcohol, or sent in ice to this office, when we will see that they are placed in alcohol and forwarded to Prof. Baird. This course will place the matter on record beyond all chance of a doubt as to the species caught.

NEW YORK LAW ON FISHWAYS.

CHAP. 620.—An Act to amend section one of chapter two hundred and fifty-two of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to provide for the construction of fishways in the State dams across the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers." Passed July 8, 1881; three-fifths by consent.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. Section two hundred and fifty-two of the laws of eighteen hundred and eighty, entitled "An Act to provide for the construction of fishways in the State dams across the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers," is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

§ 2. It shall be the duty of the superintendent of public works of this State to cause fishways to be constructed and maintained in all the State dams across the Oswego, Oneida and Seneca rivers, to permit the passage of all fish endeavoring to migrate to the waters above said dams. The said superintendent of public works shall construct and maintain said fishways in such manner and according to such plans and specifications as the commissioners of fisheries may prescribe, provided the superintendent of public works shall determine that the construction and maintenance of said fishways in such manner and according to such plans and specifications will in no way interfere with the due and proper management and navigation of the canals or materially injure the said dams.

§ 3. This Act shall take effect immediately.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.—Iowa has an additional hatchery in charge of assistant commissioner, A. A. Mosher, at Spirit Lake. From this house 2,000,000 lake trout, *S. novaeboracensis* will be taken for the northwestern portion of the State. Commissioners Shreve and Locke have been ordered to purchase salmon, rainbow trout and other species at the old hatchery in as large numbers as they can procure.

Some of the friends of Commissioner Sisty, of Colorado, advertise in his name for a dog, when he arrived at his office he thought by the number and quality of the canine assemblage that his next neighbor was about to start a sausage factory.

BLACK BASS WANTED.—A correspondent writes as follows: "Can you inform me as to the proper means of stocking the waters of this lake with black bass, or any other desirable fish, and whether in your judgment that is a good species for these waters. I will like to buy the best of you, and have the fish, when I apply to, and about what it would cost, if you have the means of furnishing me with the information I ask for."

This is a sample of many letters that we receive, and to all we reply that we do not know. "There is no demand for live stock for stocking waters of any kind, one should supply. If we wanted a hundred of them next week, we know of no other way to get them than to go fishing for them. Persons who can furnish them would do well to advertise in our columns."

LAND LOCKED SALMON IN LONG POND—Lincoln, Me., Aug. 25.—I am glad to report the success of our Fish Commissioners in catching a large number of salmon in Long Pond here five years ago. Several fine fish have been taken this season weighing from one and one-quarter to two pounds. One of the latter weight I succeeded in capturing with a fly yesterday. Verily, it was royal sport. We shall have well-fledged lake salmon fishing here in another year or two.—C.

THE COLORADO HATCHERY.—Fish Commissioner Sisty, of Colorado, has been looking for a site for a hatchery for some time and, having found a suitable location, it was generously presented to the State for the purpose mentioned by the owner, Mr. Wilson Waddingham. It is about six acres in extent, and is located eight or nine miles from Denver. A large spring rises on the property, and is abundantly supplied with water. The fish, says Mr. Waddingham, a generous donation deserves hearty commendation.

TWO KINDS OF PARADISE-FISH.—Cincinnati, O.—In your editorial remarks on the Paradise-fish in your issue of August 11, you mention the *Macropodus chinensis varians*. This is a different kind from *M. varians*. I have both kinds, the manners in which they take the same, the only difference is in the coloring. In *varians*

varians the dark green takes the place of the blue and the deep yellow or gold the place of the crimson in *variatus*.—H. M. McFARRE.

AQUARIUM NOTE.—Dr. Sedlitzky, of Salzburg, recommends the addition of four drops of a solution of one gram of salicylic acid in 900 grams of water to every 100 grams of water in the aquarium, and says this will keep the fish healthy without changing the water.

Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness will leave every neighborhood as soon as HOP BITTERS arrive.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society, Bench Show. Entries close September 14. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; F. O. Box, Franklin, Pa.

September 20, 21 and 22, Montreal Dog Show. Mr. J. F. Seriver, President. September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent; Telephone House, London, Ont.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Bedford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

August 30 and 31, and September 1 and 2, at Norfolk, Neb., Nebraska Field Trials second annual meeting. J. F. McCartney, Secretary.

September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 2. E. Briggs McCook, Secretary; Harrisburg, Pa.

October 1, at New York City. Close of entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commencing on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Patz, Secretary, P. O. Box 274, New York City.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28, at Masontown, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. H. A. Dayton, Secretary.

November 1, at Gilroy, Cal., Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leverley, Secretary.

November 23, Louisiana Field Trials. Entries close November 1. General White, New Orleans, La.

November—at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Davy, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

MEASUREMENTS OF PRIZE WINNERS AT NEW YORK SHOW.

WE published in issues of May 19 and June 2 of FOREST AND STREAM the measurements of the pointers Bush, Rhe, Rhonor, Princess, Water Lily and Rapp, and of the setters Spark, Petrel II, Chief, Dash, Lady Gordon and Spot. At that time we were unable to obtain from the owners measurement of the other prize winners, but since they have secured the following, which we present to our readers:

LE GUY.

Mr. A. H. Moore's small pointer dog Guy, by Champion Bang out of Juno. Color, dark liver and white. Winner in champion Irish setter dog class of seven entries. Weight, 52 lbs.; height at shoulder, 21 inches; length from nose to set on of tail, 33 inches; length of tail, 14 inches; girth of chest, 24 inches; girth of loin, 21 inches; girth of head, 17 1/2 inches; girth of forearm, 14 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 9 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 17 1/2 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 8 1/2 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4 1/2 inches; length from elbow to top of shoulder, 13 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 19 inches.

LOO II.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Irish setter bitch Loo II, by Gordon out of Mayhe. Color, black and white. Whelped February, 1878. Winner in champion Irish setter bitch class of six entries. Weight, 52 lbs.; height at shoulder, 21 inches; length from nose to set on of tail, 33 inches; length of tail, 16 inches; girth of chest, 22 inches; girth of loin, 16 inches; girth of head, 16 inches; girth of forearm, 9 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 15 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 13 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 4 1/2 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4 1/2 inches; length from elbow to top of shoulder, 13 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 17 1/2 inches.

BERLEY.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Irish setter dog Berkeley, by Echo out of Leo II. Color, black and white. Whelped January, 1878. Winner in champion Irish setter dog class of seven entries. Weight, 58 lbs.; height at shoulder, 24 inches; length from nose to set on of tail, 35 inches; length of tail, 16 inches; girth of chest, 24 inches; girth of loin, 27 inches; girth of head, 17 inches; girth of forearm, 14 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 9 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 23 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 9 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4 1/2 inches; length from elbow to top of shoulder, 14 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 19 inches.

LEICESTER.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion English setter dog Leicester, by Dan out of Lill II. Color, black and white. Whelped July, 1872. Winner in champion English setter dog class of six entries. Weight, 61 pounds. Height at shoulder, 26 inches; length of nose to set on of tail, 39 inches; length of tail, 20 inches; girth of chest, 25 inches; girth of loin, 19 inches; girth of head, 17 1/2 inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 10 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 16 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 10 1/2 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 5 inches; length from elbow to top of shoulder, 14 inches; ears, when extended, (measurement taken across the head) 19 1/2 inches.

BOB.

Mr. A. H. Moore's champion Gordon setter dog Bob, by Lang out of Floss. Whelped May, 1877. Winner in champion black and tan setter dog class of four entries. Weight, 70 pounds. Height at shoulders, 26 inches; length from nose to set on of tail, 41 inches; length of tail, 17 inches; girth of chest, 17 inches; girth of loin, 26 inches; girth of head, 19 inches; girth of forearm, 13 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 12 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 19 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 10 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 5 inches; length of elbows to top of shoulders, 14 inches; ears when extended, (measurement taken across the head) 21 inches. August, 1881.

TRAMP.

Mr. E. Langdon Will's champion pointer dog Tramp, by Sensation out of Felba. Color, cream and white. Age, 3 1/2 years. Winner in champion pointer class for dogs over 55 pounds. Two entries present. Height at shoulder, 27 1/2 inches; length from nose to set on of tail, 42 inches; length of tail, 17 inches; girth of chest, 21 1/2 inches; girth of loin, 17 inches; girth of head, 20 inches; girth of forearm, 9 1/2 inches; girth of neck, 17 1/2 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 11 1/2 inches; girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, 11 1/2 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 18 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose 6 inches; length from elbow to

top of shoulders, 14 1/2 inches; length of ear from top to set on at skull, 8 inches. May 31, 1881.

Mr. Charles Moran Jr.'s, Irish English setter bitch Donna, by Charm out of Mandy. Color, orange and white; age, 3 1/2 years; weight, 50 pounds; height at shoulder, 23 1/2 inches; length from nose to set on of tail, 43 inches; length of tail, 18 inches; girth of chest, 25 1/2 inches; girth of loin, 21 inches; girth of head, 15 1/2 inches; girth of forearm above joint, 9 inches; below joint, 6 1/2 inches; length of head from occiput to tip of nose, 8 1/2 inches; girth of neck midway between head and shoulders, 15 1/2 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4 inches; length from elbow to top of shoulders, 12 1/2 inches; ears when extended (measurement taken across the head), 17 1/2 inches. August 23, 1881.

A typographical error occurred in the publishing of the girth of muzzle midway between eyes and tip of nose, of Mr. J. C. Higgins' Petrel II. It should have read 9, not 4 inches. We are now unable to obtain the measurements of the bitch. We are now unable to obtain the measurements of the bitch. We are now unable to obtain the measurements of the bitch. We are now unable to obtain the measurements of the bitch.

THE CARE OF PUPPIES.

[From Vera Shaw's "Book of the Dog," Cassell, Patten, & Co., Broadway, New York. Courtesy of Author and Publishers.]

AT five weeks old the whelps may usually begin to be removed from their mother, and it is well to do this gradually, as they suffer less from the separation if this course is pursued; and by extending the intervals of the bitch's absence they can be almost entirely weaned without any ill effects. This may be done at an hour or two in the warmest part of the day, so that the chance of the puppies catching cold is diminished. The periods of her absence can then be prolonged until she is only returned to them at a night, and finally be made a day, should it be found impossible to wean them in this manner. It is not an ordinary mistake to feed the pups with the teeth of the bitch when they suckle her; and inflammation from the influx of milk, often arises when they are removed. Considerable relief can be obtained by rubbing some camphorated oil over the stomach, and this can be repeated three or four times a day, or once a day, a mild dose of physic being administered when the puppies are fully weaned. In the event, however, of the milk that she has secreted still bothering her, and her teats being so tender that drawing some off by ordinary milking is impossible recourse may be had to an ordinary soda-water bottle, heated with hot water, the mouth of which can be pressed over the inflamed teat. This has the effect of drawing some of the milk out, and thereby relieving the bitch of a great deal of pain. Or an ordinary brass-pump may be employed.

When a pup is taken from their mother, a very considerable change for the worse immediately takes place in the appearance, which is due mainly to the alteration in their diet and general mode of life. Instead of drawing a certain amount of sustenance from their mother, and thus being able to depend on her until their own resources for a means of subsistence. The necessity of having to get up and hunt about for the fish which contains its food is a fact which it takes a puppy's mind a long time to master. Consequently the entire litter often passes through a course of sickness, during the time that they are thus kept from their mothers' teats, and it is not until a happy thought strikes one of them that it might be a good plan if he got up and looked for something that they all follow his example, and fall to eat as only hungry puppies can. Alarming, however, as this is, it is not a fatal ailment, and should be removed from their mothers' teats should be taken to rid themselves of such ailments. The presence of worms is certain when the stomachs of puppies swell and harden, but they frequently exist without developing such symptoms. It is therefore better to administer a course of their delicate mouths and throats are not injured in administering the remedy. The two best vermifuges are areca-nut and santoin. The latter, in its crystallized form, is an excellent remedy for worms in dogs, and it is well to give a course of it as a vermifuge for puppies of seven or eight weeks old, whose parents weigh from forty to sixty pounds weight. If too strong a dose is given, santoin has a tendency to affect the brain and cause fits, so caution must be exercised in its use, and it is best to give it in small quantities. The use of areca-nut lies in getting it frobly grated, as if allowed to become stale it loses its virtue as an anthelmintic. To avoid this the nut should be grated on an ordinary nutmeg-grater, and given immediately in butter or lard. The ordinary dose is two grains for every pound of weight, and it is better to give five grains than two, and should never be given. Pratt's worm powders are also excellent remedies, if an owner has to clear his pets of these pests, and are easily procured of any chemist.

It is useless to resort to any remedy for worms in dogs unless the medicine is administered on an empty stomach. Small dogs should fast for at least twelve hours, and large powerful animals for twenty-four, before the medicine is administered. It is also desirable to prevent their drinking too much water during the time they are thus kept from their mothers' teats, and of worms of all sorts of food, so that the anthelmintic may have a greater chance of success. Many persons give a dose of castor-oil the night before the vermifuge is given, and a second one two or three hours after if it has had no effect. As long as the puppies are weakly assist the operation of the medicine; but judgment and caution must, of course, be exercised, and it would be foolish to adopt such vigorous treatment with a weakly puppy.

Crusted biscuits, oatmeal-porridge, and bread and gravy, with the addition of a little chopped meat and vegetables, are the best diet for puppies when first away from their mother, and the amount they can get through in the course of twenty-four hours is considerable. The greatest care must be taken to guard against any change of diet, in any respect, until they are fully weaned, especially being given food which is *sour* or *decomposed*. A very fruitful and common cause of this has only lately come to our knowledge. We are indebted for the following information to Mr. E. Grasham, whose country dog is a pup, and who is a very experienced breeder. The gentleman has proved by experience that food cooked in a copper or other boiler is very apt to turn sour as soon as cooked, if allowed to stand and cool in the vessel in which it has been prepared. Care should therefore be taken to remove it as soon as the cooking is over, and to put it in a cool or clean receptacle, where it can remain until it is required for the dogs, or is returned to the boiler, to be added to other meals in course of preparation.

All draughts should be kept away from their kennel, which must be kept dry, and the puppies will not spread and grow as they should do; and a run in a dry yard is imperative, if the weather is not too cold or damp. By keeping his puppies clean and dry, an owner considerably lessens the risk of distemper ravaging his kennel, for this fearful disease is apt to be contracted in a cool or damp place, and except on very rare occasions, when its origin can usually be traced, is scarcely ever present in well-constructed establishments. In our own kennels we have never experienced a single case of distemper among puppies of our own breeding, and it has been under circumstances of great difficulty, where for over three years an average of nearly fifty dogs have been kept in confined spaces. A strict attention to cleanliness, fresh air, fresh water, sound food, combined with proper grooming and exercise, renders the presence of distemper well-nigh impossible, and a breeder should be especially on his guard against the mistake to have it communicated to his stock (for distemper is contagious), he will find them the better able to resist its attacks if they have been previously well looked after.

As soon as the entire litter can be separated, it is in cases of puppies we had bought (one or two of which sickened within the week)

SQUARE-HEADER.—Reble, of Boston, is having McManus & Son cut her out a square-headed topsail, English fashion.
SOUTH BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—An open match is contemplated for the middle of September with some \$300 for prizes.

TREE-PLANTING PAYS in California. Four years ago an agriculturist, having thirty-two acres of rugged hill-top land unfit for cultivation, planted eucalyptus trees (680 to the acre) upon it. This tree grows nearly as fast as the willow and furnishes excellent wood for cabinet working. To-day the land is valued at \$200 per acre. This example has set other

agriculturists to thinking and they are now paying more attention to tree-planting than heretofore.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]
WEATHER WISDOM.

Under the title of Old Probabilities, one of the most useful and valuable officers of the U. S. Government, is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture tour through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars

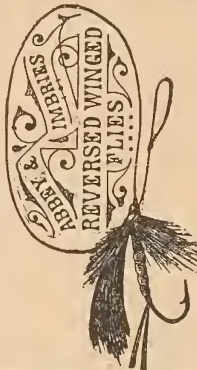
of which he thus refers to:
 The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on 21st December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three hours, I thought, as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains, I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.



Any one can take

It is most agreeable to the taste. Some medicines are really offensive, and the stomach rejects them. This can be taken by children. It will purge gently; cure constitutional costiveness; expel acute affections of the liver; remove healthily the cause of rheumatism; brace up the nervous system without creating nausea or vomiting—in a word, this aperient is Nature's remedy, prepared in the alembic of the earth for the cure of man.
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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 STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
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 66 Pine St., New York.



Highest Quality Flies.

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Small to medium Trout, reversed wings | | \$1 50 Per Doz. |
| Large Maine " " " | | 2 00 " " |
| Small Black Bass, " " " | | 2 00 " " |
| Large " " " | | 3 00 " " |

Any of the above flies tied with jungle cock shoulders and golden pheasant crest tails at 50cts per dozen extra.

Salmon flies according to pattern, - - - - - \$3.50 to 7.50 per doz
 The celebrated "Corduroy" (silver or gold) trout and bass flies, \$3 00 per dozen.

We have over three hundred patterns in stock, and can tie any pattern to order. Prices are given per dozen; we do not sell less than one dozen, but will give any assortment in the dozen. All our flies are tied on our celebrated Spring Steel Sproat Hooks.
 Discount to the trade only. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.
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 NEAT AND ELEGANT
BOOK BINDING
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 Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.
SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.
 If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to
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THE DAVIS GUN.
 As GOOD AS THE BEST.

The Strongest, and most convenient action, and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.
 Price, with the twist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$30.
 Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.
 Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers.
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B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,
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 Manufacturers of the
BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,
 As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.
 First prize in Champion Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 6 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 1 1/2 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 75 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

CIGARETTES
 That stand unrivalled for **PURITY**. Warranted **Free from Drugs or Medication.**
FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. **THREE NEW VANITY FAIR.**
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Each having Distinguishing Merits.
 HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
3 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
W. H. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester 'N. Y.

THE NEW EUTEBROUK HAMMER GUN.
 I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrouk guns for flush, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.
REBORING A SPECIALTY.
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Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

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Shooting Suits.
 Write for circular to
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KEEP'S SHIRTS.
 GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
 SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE.
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 631, 632, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

Wanted.
WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate; thoroughly understands practically farming in all its branches, drafting and reclaiming lands; breeding and raising blood and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of cereals and all root crops, use and application of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically all horticultural productions, grapes and plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough orchardist; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues and plantings; of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address QUERBUS, P. O. Box 131, Orange, New Jersey. Aug 13, 81

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting
 COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.
 ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY,
 Open to all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$150; second, \$100, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.
PECUNIOR OR ALL-AGED STAKES.
 Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$150; third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.
MEMBERS' STAKES.
 open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate or the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881. J. OTTO DONNER, President.
JACOB PENTZ, Secretary. P. O. Box 274, New York City.
 Special prices to follow others according to their value.

For Sale.
COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE.—Main house, 40 by 13; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, hen-hery, etc., two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$6,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Chester, N. J. For sale, 3 acres on western slope of the Palisades, Pennsylvania, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 40 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. August 11

FOR SALE, a new Remington Midrange Rifle, Verrier, 40 calibre wind gauge sights; spirit level, pistol grip; perfect in every respect. Price \$40. Will exchange for a L. shot-gun. Inquire of P. O. Box 110, Franklin, N. Y. August 21

SKELETON RIFLE BREECH for revolvers, with screw attachment, \$1. PAUL PASTOR, Burlington, Vt. August 21

RYB'S BEST 12 gauge, choked, C. F. pistol handle, new snap, hammer gun, 8 lbs., lined 33-inch Damascus barrels, latest improvements, appointments, etc, cost, lately, \$25. Address RYB, 63, ulioe FOREST AND STREAM, New York City. Sept. 1, t.

The Kennel.
Greyhounds.
 For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited. For circulars or information, address L. C. P. OTZ, 839 Lake Ave., Chicago, Ill., or HENNESSY & SONS, Ltd., Chicago Field Kennel, Peru, LaSalle County, Ill. June 2, 1881

BENEDICT.
 FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881.
 Imported black field spaniel at the stud. Fee, \$25. Mr. Jacobs' strain. Brother to Squaw and Lass of Devon; brother in blood to Knifr and Zulu. Negro, litter brother to Benedict, was second to Knifr at the West of England show last month. Black and liver-colored puppies by Benedict. For sale. LACHINE KENNEL CLUB, Whitestone, L. I. June 14, t

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CREATLY IMPROVED.
NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.
THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.
 [Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 445.]
 This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits."

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GRAND

International Dog Show,

TO BE HELD AT

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SETTERS AND SPANIELS FOR SALE. Brown, fawn, red, etc. from imported stock and native English setters.

POR SALE, my orange and white setter bitch 12 mos. yard broken and ready for the field...

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SETTER WANTED, at a moderate price. English preferred; color light; for rifle and grouse or woodcock shooting...

WANTED, a setter dog not over three or four years old, thoroughly broken on partridge, woodcock and snipe...

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PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each...

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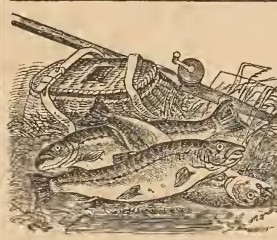
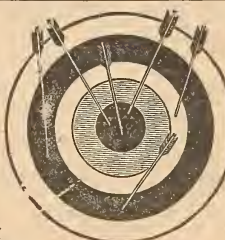
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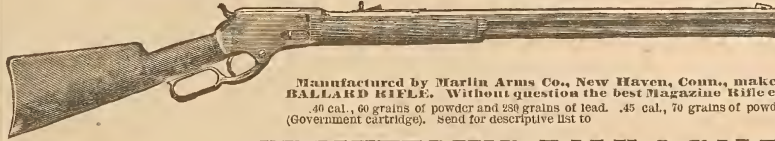
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ALDRED'S YEW BOWS: Gents, \$18 up; Ladies, \$16 up. ALDRED'S PEACOCK ARROWS: Gents, \$10 per doz.; Ladies, \$8 per doz. AYER'S LONDON LAWY TENS, \$20, \$30, \$40, \$50 per set. LONDON TENNIS BATS, \$3.50; Cork Handle, \$4 and \$5. J. B. CROOK'S Newport Bass Rod, \$12 and \$15.

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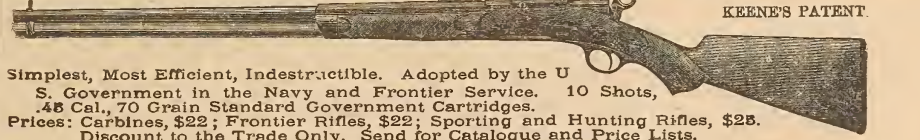
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We now offer a complete line of these beautiful breech-loaders, all bearing their name, ranging from their plain but found and substantial guns of the lowest grade up to their superb Trap and Triumph Complete Guns...

We also have a small Job Lot of Webley Guns, of many styles, which we offer at great bargains, and a few of the Improved Parker Guns at special rates.

STRENGTH, BEAUTY, DURABILITY.



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TO COCKER BUYERS AND BREEDERS.—A. W. Langford, of 5 Newmarket Terrace, Victoria Road, Leytonstone, England, late owner of Champions Lawyer, Batchelor, Ladybird, Ladylove, Lizzie, Louisa, Leicester, Limecock, Lina, Luncheon, Lena, Lynsey, Bob's Young, Bob, Bessie II, Bantoss, and many more important winners at our best shows...

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The Kennel.

PINE LODGE KENNELS.—I am prepared to take a limited number of dogs, either setters or pointers, and train them thoroughly. I give my puppies seven months work out of the twelve, and guarantee satisfaction, if the dog has all the natural instincts.

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—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

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 CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER
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 The imported dog Dashing Lion will serve a limited
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 Address
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FOR SALE, Liverpool setter Lady Elfin; color,
 black, white and tan; whelped 1878. The most
 celebrated loon in the world. There are no dogs of
 better breeding. She won prizes at the famous Car-
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 prairie chickens, quail and ruffed grouse and snipe;
 is fast, great endurance, best of nose and staunch;
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 cash price, \$100. A few fine pups by her, 1 year
 old, eyes and nose black; not gun-shy; price, \$30
 Gordon Setter Jim, whelped April, 1874; color,
 black and tan, is a beauty & broken in charge and
 retrieve; and has had a few birds killed over him.
 Price, \$35. Red Irish setter bitch, 30 months old,
 was hunted some. Price, \$24. Address **H. B.**
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BEAGLE HOUND WHIRLS FOR SALE, parts of
 several litters of beagle whelps, from two weeks
 to six months old; also Foxys, in which to Victor,
 three years old, a fine hunter and a fine blood bitch.
 One litter fox and whelps, four months old, six
 dogs and the bitch. All this stock is first-class to
 every particular. For retail, nose and pedigree ad-
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 duce of imported and home bred animals that
 have been hunted since able to follow the dam on
 the trail, and are believed to be second to none in
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OUFOOT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For
 Cocker's of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches
 and puppies, address with stamp, **ROBT WALKER,**
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**H. L. DUNCKLEE'S PATENT
 Camping and Mining Stove.**

JUST the thing for people camping out
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 Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Mag-
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A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

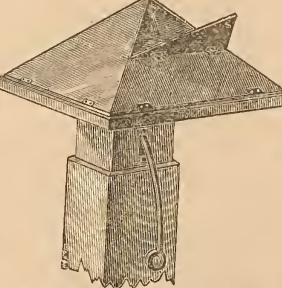
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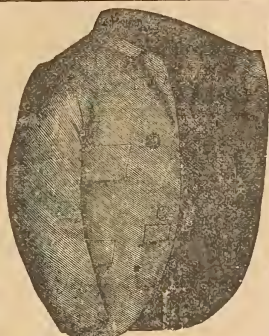
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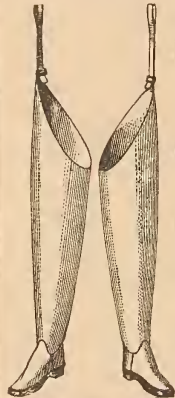
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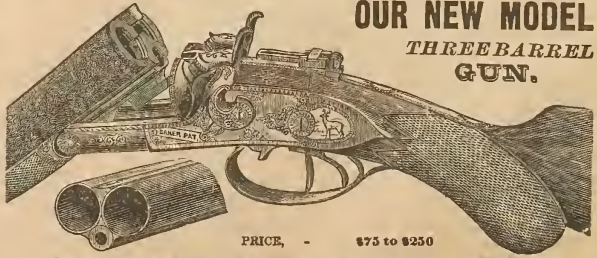
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 8.

The Index of Volume XVI. is published with this issue.

LAST WINTER it was the cold, and now it is the drought. Between the two the game birds are having a hard time. Sportsmen naturally think of the effect of the drought and the forest fires upon the birds, but the prolonged dry season has a much more serious aspect than this; the crops in many parts of the country have suffered severely, and the area of crops thus damaged is an unusually extended one.

THE DAILY PRESS devotes a large share of space to reporting the sport of the day. "Sport" means horse racing, all the games, base ball, lawn tennis, polo, yachting, target shooting, cock fighting, dog fights, rowing contests, boxing, pedestrianism, and the various kinds of diversions of the time. The daily papers can give more space to these different events than is afforded by some of the special weeklies. Thus the Brooklyn Eagle devotes a column of small type to a description of a pigeon shooting match, while the FOREST AND STREAM, in order to find room for all its matter, is compelled to condense its report of the same match into ten lines. There can be no question, either, but that the ten-line report is enough. Our daily press has a way of spinning things out which is of profit only to the reporter, who is paid by the column. Our aim, on the contrary, is to give as much as possible in the space at our command.

RAIL SHOOTING.

THE first of this month was the opening day for rail shooting on the Delaware, but as the tides did not suit, the bags were not large. The morning high tides are always considered poor except when it is cloudy and hazy, but the afternoon tides are those when the large bags are made. Should the wind blow from the eastward, either north or south, the water is driven in the mouth of the Capes and large tides are the results. Northwest winds are bad, as the low water prevents the boats from being pushed over the flats. As yet, the reeds have not been broken down, and the mysterious little fowls have too many hiding-places to be easily flushed. Should a northeast storm prevail, one that will last a day or two, we advise our friends to leave in the storm, and they will be sure of splendid sport when it clears, as birds this season are exceedingly numerous. The 15th of this month is considered to be generally the height of the season, but we have had fine sport on Oldman's Island, below Chester, Pa., during the last of the month.

The shooting is conducted out of boats, which enter the marshes about an hour and a half before high water. The gun stands on the bow, and the skiff is propelled by a pusher who uses a long pole of about fifteen feet in length, with a pronged foot, which prevents the pole from being driven deep in the mud. Light charges of powder are used. One hundred and fifty cartridges should be always taken out, and number twelve-shot is the thing. For a number ten-gauge gun, the charge is three and one-half drachms of powder, one ounce of shot, and for a twelve-gauge, three drachms of powder, and the same quantity of shot. To keep one's perpendicular is not an easy matter at first, but by putting the left foot forward, if a right hand man, the motion of the boat is soon acquired. All the sportsman need wear is an old pair of trousers, a flannel shirt and broad-brimmed hat. A couple of thick pairs of worsted stockings on the feet will be less difficult to stand in than shoes, the soles of which are apt to become slippery. When muzzle-loaders were in vogue, the exploded caps which were dropped in the boat prevented the use of stockings. The changing of the clothes can be done in one of the private rooms of the hotel along the river edge.

Once fairly in the reeds, the rail spring before the bow of the skiff, and are easily dropped. The sportsman need not heed their whereabouts, as it is the pusher's business to mark the birds and retrieve them. This he does with wonderful accuracy and rapidity, considering the sameness of the reedy growth and its matted nature. Often a large flock of reed-birds will swoop down, and cluster within easy reach, on the tops of the wild rice.

Occasionally a passing flock of yellow legs will be called down in shot, by an imitation of their shrill, tremulous whistle. At times an English snipe will spring from off a raft of floating reeds; and during the top of the tide, large flocks of teal disturbed by the incessant popping of the guns skim over the flats, darting here and there with their whistling wings, running the gauntlet of innumerable guns, and leaving brothers and sisters behind as trophies of the correctness of the sportsman's aim, and as dead as a duck (et) dead.

Two of the best places on the Delaware to make a start from are Miller's Hotel at Lazaretto, one mile distant from Moore's Station, on the P. W. and B. R. R. and Goff's Steamboat Hotel at Chester, Delaware County, Pa. Both places are equally famous as headquarters for rail-shooters. In olden times the boats made from each place were immense, and that in the days before the muzzle-loader, loading rod and rail box had to give way to the breech-loader and its trimly-turned cartridge. The rail box, by the way, was an ingeniously-contrived magazine, which was constructed of tin and divided up into different parts, one to hold wads and caps at either end, while the powder and shot were contained in the two centre divisions, between which a lid was hinged, so that when the powder was being dipped out by the two little tin chargers, which were soldered together, the shot was covered, and when the shot was being handled the lid covered the powder and prevented to some extent the burning wadding from igniting it.

Miller's Hotel can be reached by the following trains, which leave Broad street and Washington avenues, Philadelphia, daily (except Sundays) for Moore's Station, at 6:45

and 10:35 A. M.; 1:30, 12:30, 2:30, 3:15, 4:45, 5:30, 6:20, 6:40, 8:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 11:30 P. M.

Although there are generally a large number of pushers and their boats it is always well to telegraph to the hotel proprietors several days in advance and engage one of the first-class men. At Lazaretto John McCollum has the reputation of being one of the best men on the river, but any of the Wood boys, Dick, Bill or Milt, George Morr's, John Brown, Lem Gilbert, Ben Badger are good ones, and the e is hardly any choice among them. We print elsewhere the high-water table at Lazaretto during the season that our friends may from afar calculate their trips and save much time.

Mr. John Goff is proprietor of Goff's Hotel at Chester, a grand stamping ground. It is really historic in its way and many redoubtable shots have enjoyed its hospitality and pushed out from it to have a day's sport in the reeds. It was here that Herbert, Col. De Pyster, Porter, Andrew Staley and many other gentlemen sportsmen used to rendezvous and spend a week or more every season in shooting and fish.

There are no better pushers on the river than those which hail from Goff's place, the principal being Isaac Rothwell, Dick Brown, Sam Brown, Perry Allen, Ben Harris, Sam Preston, Bill Rump, Charles Goff, Ben D. Isckett, Jacob Miller and a great many others, but not considered first class. Those named can be relied upon and are hard to beat.

GREAT SOUTH BAY.

THE sea fisheries of Long Island bring in a great amount of money to the inhabitants, especially of the South side, both directly and indirectly. A great number of people go there for pleasure fishing who spend five times as much money as the fish are worth commercially. To this class of people the Long Islanders, if they are wise, will cater. They come, hire boats, buy bait, pay hotel bills and other expenses, which brings in a revenue to the South Siders, the loss of which would be seriously felt. And yet they permit a few men to fill the Great South Bay with nets, to the detriment of the line fishing, when even the owners of the nets would be benefited in the end by keeping them out of the water, in the increase of visitors, some of whom say all summer.

Instead of general assertions on this subject let us look at the figures. At Fire Island there are from fifteen to twenty boats sent out each day for ninety days, containing three to five persons each, who pay for boats and hotel. There are twenty-one places on the Great South Bay which send out from three to twenty boats each day. From information received we can calculate twelve places sending out from three to twenty boats a day for 100 days, or about 4,500 boats, which, with three persons to a boat, would be 13,500 people during the season. The boats are mostly "cat boats" of two to five tons and, with a man to sail them, cost \$4 per day, making \$18 00 per season, for the boats.

Board averages a dollar and a half a day, by the week; refreshments and extras, 50 cents; railroad fares, \$3; making \$7 for a three-days' trip for each individual of the 13,000 people estimated to visit the Great South Bay in a season; equalling \$94,500 for the season, which, added to the boat hire amounts to \$112,500. This amount might easily be doubled if the dozen nets which do not bring in \$600 each to their owners, and are a nuisance to all others who must sail around them, were kept out.

For the \$7 which the visitor pays for his three-days' trip he is perfectly satisfied if he catches what would be worth \$2 or \$3 in market, and these he usually gives to his boatman. Looking at the fisheries of the South Bay as a common property of the citizens living on it, they cannot do better with it, in a pecuniary sense, than to prohibit all netting within its waters.

If the bay were free from nets the fish would spawn there more freely, for the angler seldom takes the spawning fish, and in a few years the fame of the fishing on the South Side would be so great that the summer rush of anglers, who now straggle all over our coast from Maine to Florida, would be increased ten fold, and the hotel men and the Bay men would be busy and wax fat, figuratively speaking. At present it is financial suicide for them to allow a few men to fill the bay with nets.

We take an active interest in this question because the South Bay is a convenient fishing-ground for New Yorkers, and we have advised many people to go there. Every day FOREST AND STREAM is asked many times, either personally or by letter, how the fishing is there, and if it is better to go there or to Barnegat Bay, or elsewhere. If this state of things continue, we will be under the necessity of advising our readers to go anywhere for good fishing, rather than to the Great South Bay.

W. C. COUP.—Our old friend Coup, formerly of the New York Aquarium, has been lost to the sight of New Yorkers for the past two years, but he has not been idle. Mr. Coup is a restless man, who is never satisfied with playing second fiddle in anything he undertakes, and is always planning, regardless of the cost, to astonish the world with something which it has not seen. He first appeared in New York as the business manager of P. T. Barnum and built the Hippodrome, where his "Congress of Nations" is remembered by New Yorkers as the most dazzling pageant ever beheld here. He soon after left this concern and built the Aquarium. Now, after two years' search of the old and new worlds, he turns up at the old place with an exhibition which eclipses everything in the way of circus, menagerie or museum that has ever appeared here.

It is the custom of circus owners to advertise "The Greatest Show on Earth," but Coup's undoubtedly is the largest, handsomest and costliest. It contains three rings and a hippodrome track forty feet wide around them all, beside the menagerie and museum, with simultaneous performances in all. The trained broncho horses are indeed wonderful, one of them distinguishing colors and bringing a flag of any color ordered from among several different ones, walking on stilts, etc.

Who does not love the glory of the circus!—its glimpses of fairyland to the youngsters and its exciting "hoop-la." And how necessary it is for all of Johnny's uncles to attend it, "just to see him enjoy it." We hope never to get too old for the circus and its feats of daring, and intend to study Coup's animals often before he starts again for the road. Perhaps after he leaves town we will give our readers a hint to how menageries are made. He only came in for a two weeks' season, beginning on the 5th, and, knowing him to be an honest, large-hearted and enterprising man, we wish him full measure of success.

THE GREENWOOD LAKE SALMON.—In our last issue we published a letter from Mr. James R. Boyd, of the Eocompment Hotel, at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., in which he reported the capture of a strange fish, which was supposed to be one of the California salmon pined in the lake some years ago. As the fish was cooked all hope of identifying it was lost, but Mr. Boyd promised to take good care of any other specimens which might be found. Yesterday we received a letter from him dated September 5, saying that another one was caught and was held there alive. We immediately telegraphed to have it rolled in muslin, to keep it from bruising, and packed in fine ice and sent to our office for identification. It came, and alas! proved to be a fine twelve inch specimen of *Smoltus bullaris*, called in different localities "fall fish," "diace," "ehub," "roch," etc. It grows to eighteen inches in length, and is a game fish, rising to the fly. We are under obligations to Mr. Boyd in enabling us to identify this fish, and are exceedingly sorry that it did not turn out to be a salmon.

THE AMATORY CLAM.—The "loves of an oyster," and "an oyster crossed in love" have been so often mentioned as to be familiar phrases. It has, however, devolved upon Mr. Langman, of the New York World, to show how clams can love. We publish his poem, "Molluscus and Bivalvula," in another place wherein he tells in tuneful verse how the loves of elam-klund do not always run smooth. The argument is that Molluscus, a noble young clam togs to see the world and perhaps conquer it, and declines to be detained at home by the tears of fond Mollusca, whose siphons overflow at the thought of the dangers her hero may encounter. We have been permitted to publish this entire, for the first time, by favor of the fair Secretary of the "Pot-Luck Club," and henceforth we will eat our "Little Necks" with circumspection, lest our molars may crush a tearful "Bivalvula" just parted from her "Molluscus."

"But Give Me," said the Postman to us the other day, "a young woodchuck. Fellers talk about game birds, but I take a woodchuck every time." The Postman is not alone in his taste. A correspondent of Mrs. Lewis's *Food and Health* says that since the woodchuck lives on clover and other "clean" food, it ought to be good eating. He has actually tested its edible qualities by having some woodchuck dishes served at a New York restaurant, and he, together with his friends, who were not aware that they were eating, pronounced it a delicious dish. Clearly there is yet a line of food experiments which are out of the scope of the Ichthyophagous Club. Can we not, following the example of those gentlemen, extend the list of the edible inhabitants of the earth and air? We might take a hint or two from the Digger Indians.

HAWK DESTRUCTION.—The new Ohio hawk law is working well. One county in the State has already paid \$84 in bounties on 183 hawks. Let the good work go on.

WHO DESERVES THE CREDIT?—A correspondent asks who first imported English sparrows into America. If we are not mistaken several claimants for the honor have appeared. In the year 1846 Thomas Woodcock, President of the Natural History Society of Brooklyn, N. Y., brought over from England several specimens of the field birds of that country. Among them were some English sparrows, although it is not on record that they bred. Eight years later, in 1854, Col. W. Rhodes, now of Quebec, Canada, imported some sparrows into Portland, Maine, and subsequently into Quebec. In the year 1858 the Messrs. Chas. Reich & Bro., bird dealers, of this city, imported a number of the birds into this city, and from these and subsequent importations the present birds are descended. We have no precise data to give our correspondent.

We are deeply pained to chronicle the death of Alexander Moseley, for many years senior editor of the *Richmond, Va., Whip*, at his residence in New Kent County, Virginia, August 30. A more fitting notice of the life and character of our friend will be given next week.

It is said that large numbers of orioles are being killed in Maryland to be used in advertising the coming oriole festival in Baltimore. This is a very foolish piece of business, and the bird-killers should be punished according to the law.

POT-LUCK POETRY.

WE have before recorded how Mrs. Marion T. Fortescue, the Secretary of the Pot-Luck Club, gave a piazza picnic and banquet on August 7, at her villa at Rockville Centre, Long Island, in honor of the fifty-second birthday of Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, the president of the club. In our brief mention of the jolly occasion where the water flowed, rippled and bubbled over among the assembled *Uterai*, we only hinted at the poetry, two specimens of which we have been fortunate enough to secure for publication. First comes one on the president's family or familiar nickname:

BY JOHN HARRINGTON.
When man was boy in days long past
And comitment seemed fame,
How swelled his heart when first he heard
"Mister" before his name.
But when the years with cruel hand
Had scrawled his features o'er,
Frown changed to smile if some one spoke
His boyish name once more.

Lucky the man we greet to-day,
Though time may meanly rob
His store of years, it cannot steal
His youthful nickname, "Bob."

Long be his days among us all,
And, knowing him, may you
Search out the way to be addressed
As boys at fifty-two.

A clever journalist who could not be present to help slaughter the clams sent the following account of their loves:

MOLLUSCUS AND BIVALVULA.
BY G. T. LANGMAN.
In a far beach, remote from human view,
From youth to clamhood bold Molluscus grew;
Of all the clams were in its sandy space
None so valued him in beauty, vigor, grace;
Was none more swiftly burrowed in the mud,
Was none whose siphon sucked an ampler food,
Was none that sought to thwart him in his suit
For fair Bivalvula's hand—I should say foot.
Fair was Bivalvula, a fay might well
Envy the foot thrust coolly from her shell,
Plump and plumpish, old Ocean ne'er a more
Bewitching creature had seen upon his shore.
Since lovely Venus in the shell of the
Tridacna gigas rose from out the sea,
Suitsors had sue by scores, from all apart
She kept, with vigorous reserve, her heart.
The clam you in the restaurant found
Upon the ice-block could not be more cold!
Valv'ly their love the suitsors strove to tell;
In to the mud she dyed and closed her shell;
Contentmentously silent as—I am
At loss for simile—as—a clam!

But when his tale of love Molluscus told
Through all her tubes a throbbing current rolled,
And bustling to her shell, the maiden coy
Confessed her passion and revealed her joy,
And in the sand they nestled side by side
Happy as—clams at a propitious tide.
Blest was their wooing, yet Bivalvula
From time to time with silent anguish saw
Within Molluscus' beseeching siphons swell
That fairly seemed to corrugate his shell.
The wild desire for a wider life,
The tumult, the mastery and the strife.

Once as they sat, nor feared the fisher's toe,
(The moon had risen and the tide was low)
Unto Bivalvula, whose siphons peeped
Her pensive shells betrayed, Molluscus spoke:
"Valv'ly, adored!—belays, you'll regret to see,
Have such diminutives as well as we—
"Valv'ly, adored, there is a world without
This flutte beach, we nothing know and know;
I long to quit this narrow life and tomb,
And make myself a fortune and a name—
I will return and consp'it thee to my shell,
And cheer our happy life until the last
With laces of all the stigres I have passed."
Then she, "Molluscus, mine's a timid heart,
And from my tube the unbidden tear will start,
I know thee good and brave, but oh! I fear

Perils that await thee in another sphere.
Peruse the annals of our house and race,
What clam has risen or to power or place?
Stay, my Molluscus, stay at home and rest,
Homekeeping hearts are ever happier;
Health, for me, love already hast thou got,
The paths of glory lead but to the pot?"

But he replied: "Bivalvula, my dear,
Trust thy Molluscus, true and have no fear;
The fact of men we love have to risk and toiled
Have been, I fancy, much calamitated;
They recognize our virtues in their speech,
Our qualities for imitation teach;
In gladdens hours a man exults, 'I am
As happy as a—man? no; 'as a clam!"
To claim they come when they would mark their sense
Of the surprising worth of reticence.

Did not ANNE BOLLYN at the fatal block
Of "LITTLE NECKS" into the head-man take?
"Mong Austin poets none hold their heads so high
As our friends the Clam-Gallies family.
In our own land important parts we've played
In politics, society and trade.
Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Our cast-off shells for currency designed;
Behold the Pilgrim Father in despair,
As Mother Hubbard's is the cupboard bare,
Shall not their work in famine die, and tears?"
No! Liberty is saved—the clam appears.
Seize Grant's cabinet—my love, be calm!
As well as Fish, we too have to risk and toiled
Is there one board, the poorest to the least,
At which the clam is not a welcome guest?
Nay, when our hardy fishers go abroad
Pursuing or the haddock or the cod,
The clam goes with them as an honored freight
In the unexplained capacity of bait.
I do not know what 'bait' is, but across
My mind comes a suspicion it means "boss."

Still shed Bivalvula the peary tear:
"Uch! can not thy Molluscus, Valv'ly, dear,
"Myself shall with him fare, thou too shall see;
To-morrow, darling, thou shalt come with me.
"You have not been invited?" True, but still come!
I know that any friend of mine is welcome.
The feast is in our honor—claims to eat
("Eat" means to worship) do the convives meet,
And we our choice shall take of the menu—
Kao, foast, soup, chowder, 't, fry, broil or stew.
For us the cook collects, and proud surveys
The tasselled t-casques of the golden maize;
For us the oyster, white and red, they tear,
With it rans of rapture from its earthly jail;
For us a host of dishes rare they frame,
Made of Port-culcants I cannot name;
All things await us. Valv'ly, shall we not
Take pot-luck too? Forbid this unclingly thought
That treachery is meant! In that case, hem!
We'd be compelled to disagree with them,
And in the silent watches of the night
Let indignation wait on appetite.

No! Let the virtues of our bests flourish
Be our strong suit—"we'll to the least repair."
He spoke; Bivalvula wiped her tearful eyes.
Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise!
They came! The young, the beautiful, of where
Our brave Molluscus and Bivalvula the fair?
O, may the god that on our lovers waits
Ordain they were not served on different plates;
And may the guests who met them here to-day
Enjoy a pleasanter Pot-luck than they.

L'ENVOI.

Unhess, accept these verses, written down
On a hot morning in the dusty town.
And when you read them may it pleaseant be
By the cool waters of the sounding sea,
May you not find them stupid, harsh and hard;
And eat a clam unto your absent bard!

Mrs. Fortescue then read a poem of greeting, of which we only possess as the following verses:

From mountains green and mountains white,
From gray old hills' rugged heights
From a remote sea where the anorous breeze
Lays down its life in golden ease,
From brimstone springs that flow by night,
Where dawdling the day out hour by hour,
Fair maiden, harken! the broad land is
In straggling cluster of broad lustro,
On the tuskly aesthetic kitchen duster,
With shaded woods in a stony tower;

From Spanish hill and Alpine rock
Our scattered deer, and faint red flock,
Send word of good home to the fold,
"God bless our Prince of Pot-luck bold,
For whom e'en Time turns back his clock."

From "Savage's Ride," by Mrs. Sprague, descriptive of the adventures of Dr. John Savage in search of "Marion's Rest" on a former occasion, we take this:
"My heart," said the bard, "is blithe and gay;
Queen Marion holds her court to-day;
A court marine beside the sea,
(Its lady chief-justice, not shea, but she)
And the clerk of that court I'll surely be;
And oh! the rock lying time to-day
At Marion's, twenty miles away."

THE TRAJECTORY studies of our correspondent, "P.," which were published in our last issue, are supplemented to-day by a paper on the subject from the able pen of Major H. W. Merrill. Both gentlemen have a thoroughly practical as well as theoretical knowledge of rifle-shooting, and both are sportsmen of long experience. The two articles are valuable contributions to the literature of the subject of projectiles. Major Merrill explodes the "dead on" fallacy in which many shooters still persist,

The Sportsman Courier.

MARK COCK:

BY PAUL PASINOR.

AUGUST'S fifty nights and sultry days, like opposite levers trying away incessantly at old earth, have loosened on the intense summery vigor of her frame, her glossy locks begin to fade, her limbs droop with the burden of the harvest, her matted cloak of green grows scant and rusty in the sun, and the bird, as if she were passing another season's prime, and is hasting toward her annual decay.

But what curbs the ardent sportsman for the sentiment of the seas? 'All summer long, while nature was in her bloom, while all things were fresh and rapt in field and wood, and birds cheerily voted the holiday of the year, he has been languishing, whether at toil or play, whether chained to the urban desk or stretched at length beneath the shade of some pine or grove, languishing and pining for the sound of his beloved brook—languishing, and the indelible arm of a cloud of gauzy mist, and the water, which he still so solace himself with the little conciliatory pastimes and diversions allotted to the summer months. He has cast and trailed the various seductive baits of the fisherman with passable success and occasional zest, but, when, as he very sensibly remarks, fishing would be a somewhat better apology for sport if the two ends of the pole could be a little more equitably balanced. He has fished, and read, and slept, and eaten. But his principal enjoyment has been to dream—dream of the good time coming, when the heat and the law would fall off together like the seamless garment, and he would be free to enter the forbidden land—

"The realm of sweet desire."

And now at last the first of September has come; the catlike, sneaking sportsman that infest the covert in hopes of "bagging" an unwary and impatient sportsman, have folded their tents like the Arabs, and as silently stolen away. Nothing prevents; it is a charming crisp-aired day—shall we not put our respects to that prince of the covert, the woodcock? Yes; yes, by all means! Our breech-loader is in the hole of trim, and fairly seething for a duel at dialogue with dame Echo: our shells are freshly loaded with keen little No. 3, our luncheon of pickled snails, lemons nervously at his side. "Charge!" like a bronze statue she is frozen to the earth. My friend mounts up and takes his seat beside me. We commence to move away. There lies Quaid pitifully stanch, but with bright, pathetic eyes pleading as no tongue can plead. See how the beautiful creature trembles in every limb! A moment more of trial, and then the word is given. "Come!" And she comes!—like a cross-bolt out of a bow; like an arrow drawn to the head. A few minutes' ecstatic scamper, and then we take it into the team, for Charlie and I are not awfully tender of the human sportsman, and his hearts suffer then to take on a blow, panting and dust-choked dog into a sultry cover.

We agree, as we ride along, to make the very most of the day. We must visit all our favorite coverts and keep the upper hand of our nerves—no potting shots to-day. First in order is the river-bottom. We must take that in the cool of the day, for it is so hemmed in with hills that by noon the pools will fairly steam. We leave our team in a cool glade above the interval and plunge down the bank as excitedly as two school boys, down we are, right in the thick of it. We must go carefully now and Quaid must be encouraged to work close, for it will be like shooting stars between two flying clouds to hit the brown whistlers here. We move on, about two rods apart, and Quaid quarters back and forth in front of us. Steady, now! That bog looks fairly profitable. Quaid is gingerly working around the edge. See! the spell is upon her—the witching spell of the scent. She's all alert; her little dicked tail vibrates excitedly; she bubbles up and goes into the cover. There your sportsman—your eyes are shot in an emergency and note his lightning-like decision, his quick, clean action, his splendid self-possession. Here is where he learned it, and here he needs it all, and needs it now. A third of a second to will, a third of a second to do—two-thirds of a second and it is all over. Time is never quite so valuable and so significant as just after the whistle of a flashing cock.

We are comparatively in the open and that saves our credit. The two reports are almost instantaneous. The cock turns in the air and darts sideways, as if deluged by the force of the shot. "Down he bird, Quaid! bring it!" Quaid, who has been charging faithfully since the cock flushed, now follows the finger of her master and her own sharp nose, and soon emerges from the thick ferns bearing her prize as tenderly as if it were a lady's glove. The bird is pretty badly torn with shot, so we anxiously conclude that we both hit it and thus enjoy the luxury of being generous and selfish at the same time.

Fun now has fairly commenced. Quaid has small-dred blood, and now she smells powder. The thicket opens a little and we drift farther apart, whistling occasionally when the leaves hide us from each other's sight. Pretty soon I catch sight of Quaid on a dead point! Her little body is stiff and motionless, her tail stands out straight, one of her forefeet is slightly raised, and she is drinking in the electric aroma of the game. At first I am inclined to call Charlie, that he too may wonder at the beautiful and unusual phenomenon; but slight signs—perhaps I should rather call them premonitions—of a break on Quaid's part causes me to change my intention. I throw myself and gun into an attitude of readiness, none too soon. Quaid makes a lightning-like dash, and scarce three feet in front of her, flashes a magnificent cock, Bang! bang! Nothing but leaves, I declare! Not even a feather floats down. Just then Charlie's gun cracks, out to the left and a little in advance, and presently I hear him calling, "Here, Quaid! dead bird! dead bird!" Quaid is "up and away" in an instant and I know that her mouth is watering over my lost bird. Charlie and I exchange hallooos and then move on again. But the thrill of the thrill is broken by my friend's quick, clear cry: "Mark cock!" I know he has flushed a bird, but for some reason or other been unable to get a shot at it. I keep my eyes and ears open, and an rewarded by hearing a bird whistle through the top of the undergrowth

and dive down a few rods in advance of me. Quaid comes dashing after, but a cautionary signal puts her on her guard, and she charges to await further instructions. As soon as I can come abreast of the intelligent little creature, I indicate by a wave of my hand, and source I wish her to pursue. She makes it all in a twinkling, and when I give the word sails in I am standing in a sort of glade comparatively open, but bounded on both sides by thick cover. On the side opposite from me the cock appears to have dropped. Somewhere in that thick brush he must be hiding. Quaid goes through it like a mosquito through a window netting. She glides through thorny apertures, which would hardly admit the nose of a pointer or a setter. She works as if she were made of rubber and steel. No plunging or errand, no changing of her course to avoid disagreeable situations. Silently, swiftly, faithfully canvasses that cover, and puts me up the right where I want him. Her blood is up now, and as with the previous bird, she flies after him through the air in a succession of glorious leaps—herself a veritable witch of the wood, her feathered carlsing, her bright eyes glistening like stars. For a moment I watch her. The sight is too lovely to disregard; it is fully fascinating. Then, fearing to shoot lest I may down the wrong bird, I cry out sharply: "Charge!" She drops as if I had shot her! Ah, here is a creature that is fearfully and wonderfully trained! I lose the cock, but I gain a spectacle that is worth a bird.

But time and space fly. I cannot stop to tell you in detail how we finished the river bottom, and how I retrieved my reputation by bagging half a dozen birds in six straight shots, for I have no more right to trespass on the choice preserves of the FOREST AND STREAM outlying the proper bounds of this article than I have to smother the first shooting in my neighbor's "posted" ground. But I must tell you in conclusion how we crowned our day's sport.

It was drawing toward sunset, and hot and tired, Charlie and I and Quaid were making our way back to the team across a wide meadow. We had just been all the way round Half-Moon Cove, and were discouraged at not having flushed a single bird in that remarkably promising cover. A large patch of corn lay right in our path, and at one corner of the corn was a small 6x9 birch covert—as you might describe it. Into this we sent Quaid as a last resort, and before she came out we wished we had resorted there earlier. Cock after cock came whistling out over the corn so fast that we could not possibly get a shot at all of them. The westerner's stone hit the faces; it was some-what faded and nervous with the day's work, and, all in all, I suppose we could have done better. As it was, however, we bagged nine cock out of that little birch covert! Although they were all shots in the open, the birds flew with compensating swiftness. We have never seen cocks so active on the wing. Imagine yourself facing a blaze of western glory, your eyes still further blinded with boiling perspiration, and somebody of strong arm flinging good-sized potatoes across the sunlight with all his strength, and you will have some idea how those woodcocks flew, and the difficulty of cutting them down in good shape. I saw six or seven, I do not know how many flushed out of the covert—I should judge about fifteen. All the feathered population of Half-Moon Cove seemed to have adjourned to that little grove for a caucus or a picnic, or something else of equal interest.

When we reached home our combined bag yielded up twenty-three of the brown beauties, so I do not think we disgraced ourselves.

My parting advice to the amateur woodcock shooter (and such is not myself) is this: Go buy the first-class cocker spaniel, and that right quickly.

"PODGER'S" PUTS A MOTION.

DOWN EAST, August 25.

SINCE writing you last, wherein I gave my "experience" on the snake question, I have carefully perused the last number of your issue, and have been struck by the additional evidence on snake gymnastics, and I see that the general weight of testimony is that snakes do climb, and that they go straight up. I stated that those I had seen climbing had ascended with a spiral movement. I should have qualified the statement by saying that I had only seen them ascending small trees, and before some one sails into me and proves firstly, that I never saw a boy; secondly, never "got hooked," and thirdly, never saw a snake, I want to commend the snakes that go straight up, and also to prefer the old method it is their business not mine, and I hasten to admit that they go straight up head foremost or tail foremost, or any other way that suits them best—they can take their choice. This concession to the general verdict I trust will save me from being "set upon" by some hypercritical correspondent disposed to prove that I don't know anything about snakes. You evidently have a large number of readers who have snake on the brain, in their boots and everywhere else. Can't we pass the snake dispute, and take up crows and their peculiarity to feed on fish? We have exhausted 'possum, skunk bites, and woodchucks and snakes; now crows have the floor. I move that crows have a chance, or let us go back to dog stories, a much more interesting subject. I bar the previous question on the above subjects including that of whether trout flip the fly into their mouths with their tails. Strikes me you will have to limit the latitude of discussion on any subject, for the varied experiences of your numerous readers on every known topic or query that arises is wonderful, and shows how extensively the FOREST AND STREAM is read.

I see by your last number that has seen us so troubled with worms. It must necessarily be the angle worms. I want to suggest that your correspondents give their statistical experience as to how many squirms and contortions to the square inch can be got out of a stale Boston lobster. After all have handed in their evidence I want a show, and when I have given my experience if I can be out-squirmed I am ready to go to jail.

I may not be quite as sound as some of your correspondents on snakes, but oh, Jerusalem! what an experience I have got in my mind—the result of misplaced confidence in a Boston restaurant's bill of fare. Give me a show when the time comes.

Speaking of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM I must tell you what a time I had in Boston to get a copy of your last issue. I went to every news-stand I could hear of, to every place where papers were sold (this was on Monday, and blazing hot at that), and in every instance the answer was "Not one left." I could not find a copy in the town. At last I espied a familiar face projecting from under a pile of papers at a hotel stand kept by a Frenchman. I was raked it out to his view after he had denied having a copy, he remarked, "By George! I did not know nubbings about dot one. I could have sold him six times ago." All of

which goes to show the popularity of and great demand for the paper. But don't get conceited or put on any airs; it is your correspondence that is doing it, and it is not a head idea to have an interchange of views and ideas even on stinks and woodchucks. We fellows will write up your paper for you every week if we are let loose, and the observations of a sportsman are often instructive as well as interesting, bringing to light as it does many peculiarities of game animals and birds, and a copy of the FOREST AND STREAM is about as interesting reading as you can find in a day's journey.

I observe that your nautical editor has got to have his comb out a little. He has been let alone so long that he fancies he has things all his own way, and the way he is sailing in on deep water models reminds it very necessary that we fish-toting fellows should come to the rescue; and now that this English cutter "Madge" has come over, there's no living with him. I won't admit that he has got us under, and we must stand up on our models do, and take a little of the conceit out of him, I, for one, am not going to be "sat on," on this question either. Eight tons of lead on the keel of a little craft of thirty-eight feet, forsooth! He can't prove that we want any such craft in our shallow bays by me. Not being amphibious, I prefer staying on top of the water. If I have time I will go on for his next week, and give you a little more of a little more. I had down East recently in a deep boat, by jingo! It is all very well to call our craft "tubs," but a tub possesses the merit of being able to stand on its bottom when the tide goes out. Fun is fun, but I don't see any in a mud bath. There is a "pint" beyond which, etc. Lastly, as the long-winded preachers say, and should say everlastingly, I want to make a suggestion to my brother sportsmen, and that is to show up in all communications the impositions by "Gouge and Swindle" (don't print George and Swindle this time, or you'll be over a first-rate). Whenever a sportsman is caught by swindle and strangled by gouge, show him up. When railroad officials are impudent and unaccommodating, give examples. I propose that we, the great body of sportsmen, do form ourselves into a society for the general reformation of all people whom we, the sportsmen, are, by virtue of our pursuits, thrown in contact with. We will go for the man that kicks our dog (pretty likely to do that on the spot) and the baggage snatcher that slams our guns and things around, and the fellows that put up rates on our boats and tents. It will end in making foreman is caught by swindle, what else of things. Let us not forget either to give credit and praise where due. Who seconds this motion? PONDERS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

READING, some time since, a reminiscence of the late war put me in the notion of giving to your readers some recollections of my adventures and escapades. I am quite sure a great portion of unwarmed sportsmen first-rate. When a man is taken to a pretty camp, almost as much as standing behind a tree of thoroughly broken dogs ready for the flush. The troubles and pleasures I am about to speak of came to me through my love for a regular old-fashioned Virginia pointer and his mistress. It was a clear case of love at first sight and "if you love me, love my dog." It was a truism in this case. I was young then, so young and yet felt so old. She stood framed in the doorway of her father's house as I rode up, and when I had dismounted she came with hesitating steps and inquiring gaze to know what I wished. I would not take forage away, and she caught the light of her blue eyes, the deed was done and I was a prisoner.

The Harris Light Cavalry, of which I was a member, was encamped near Catlett Station, and at the opening of my story we were about to break camp and march with other forces on Fredericksburg, some twenty-five miles south. I had not been around the country much during our stay at Catlett's, and it was only some three or four days before the departure of the regiment that I made the acquaintance of this blue-eyed and brown-haired girl. So on this beautiful April morning, 1862, riding some three miles from camp, I came across the comfortable residence of Mr. Joslin; met his youngest daughter, fell in love with her, was introduced to the family, Mrs. Joslin and three daughters—Mary, Lney, and the youngest (she of the blue eyes), Mabel or "Mab." I overstepped the bounds of propriety, I fear, for I stayed fully two hours, and left with many regrets and a most cordial invitation to come again. As I was mounting I saw coming through the gate Miss J., followed by a fine pointer—bringing me back for me to bring home a dog, what I wanted that he was and that his name was Rob. "Did I shoot?" Was I a sportsman? If so I should shoot over her dog and she would go with me, only we could not go until October. "Oh, my, what a beastly game law not to allow shooting in April."

I rode back to camp in a meditative mood—that is, meditating how I should arrange to make another visit to this hospitable roof. I arranged it a couple of days after, and had a charming visit; and how I did pet Rob, and how he and his mistress appreciated it. Arriving in camp late in the afternoon, I found we were under marching orders for Friday, the next day but one.

I stayed in camp until after dinner Thursday, then rode out to bid my good friends adieu, possibly never to see them again, for were we not going to Richmond, and so on south? The future was full of possibilities—one was promotion, the other death; and it was possible that death might destroy us. And so it fell out that as the twilight was coming on I stood in the midst of that family group and bade them farewell. I had mentioned again about to turn away, when Miss Lney handed me a piece of paper. It proved that she was the face of a handsome young man in full uniform of gray. Said she, "Mr. Stuart, that is James Davis; he is serving with Gen. J. E. B. Dick. Should he ever fall into your hands, be kind to him. Should you ever fall into his hands, he will do all he can for you." I at once drew my own conclusions as to the relation James Davis sustained to the speaker. I took a good look at the piece, then returned it, and, putting myself to my horse, I galloped away with a heavy heart in one respect and a light one in another.

"Books and saddles" sounded at five o'clock next morning. Twenty minutes later the Harris Light Cavalry were well on the march, the objective points being Falmouth and Fredericksburg. That day was to see the first engagement with the enemy, The battle of Falmouth Heights, the first battle of Fredericksburg, and the occupation of Fredericksburg followed.

During the summer the cavalry was kept busy doing picket duty and raiding in the enemy's country. I had managed, however, to make two trips into the rear, and when on one occasion I ran great danger of capture, but with my usual good fortune escaped by showing a clean pair of heels. In July Gen. McDowell was ordered to join Gen. Banks in the Val

ley of Virginia and while the army was marching North and in proximity to Cattle's Station, I embraced the apparently good opportunity of making a third visit. Striking off from the main column, I rode for an hour, when I sighted the blue and soon thereafter was riding through the gateway. I went out at the door by Mr. Joslin's. The family was about to sit down to dinner and I entered the dining-room. I did not notice anything unusual in the bearing or behavior of my host, hostess or the young ladies, but it all came to me afterwards—their rather strained conversation, Miss Lucy's pale face and agitated manner, and I remembered so well afterwards of Miss Mabel sitting so close to me at table. I sat facing a haircase, the mount of which was quite cheap. I noticed then that Miss Lucy excused herself twice and ascended these stairs, quickly returning each time. Dinner being over, Miss Mabel, "Roh" and I went to the front of the house and there, in the shade, sat for nearly an hour. Mabel remained close to me the whole time. I afterwards remembered her agitated manner and how careful she was to keep the dog near and that she would not let me go to the barn to get hay for my horse, but called a negro, who fed the animal. At 3 o'clock I prepared to go, bidding good-bye to the family. I was soon on my way. Taking the road back of the house, I followed it to the woods, then taking bearings, I struck through the forest the nearest way known to myself, by which I could probably reach the main column. I had ridden possibly two hundred yards when from the side of the path the negro Tim appeared, out of breath and the perspiration streaming down his black face.

"Mars Dick, don't take de ole road to de creek; take de road what you knows to Keiley Ford; an' go, for de Lor' sakes, as fast as yer hoss kin make it; ders danger in de air. Miss Mabel say dis, and may de Lor' stan' by yars da'ner."

"But, Tom, what on earth is wrong? What have you seen?"

"Mars Dick, I's seen lots o' heard lots. Go, go, go!"

Now thoroughly aware that a great danger hovered near and somehow feeling Miss Mabel knew it, I instantly followed Tom's advice and direction. Changing my course from nor west to a little north of west I urged my horse forward at a rapid rate, keeping my pistol ready and a sharp lookout. A few minutes past four I left the woods and found myself on the track leading to the ford and probably four hundred yards from it. At this moment I heard hoof strikes behind me. Turning in to see what was two horns approaching at an easy trot. I did not wait for further investigation; I felt a near danger. Striking my horse sharply with the spurs I fled to the road. At the same instant "zip, zip," came two rifle balls in close proximity. Glancing back I saw a little cloud of blue smoke over the horse and they were flying in pursuit. It was now a question of horse flesh. The fine animal I rode had never yet failed me. Could I reach the ford and get safely over all night yet he well. The river is in sight. Faster and faster flies the horse that carries my life and my liberty. A minute more and I am in the swift current of the Rappahannock, the horse making tremendous plunges under the spurs. "Halt!" Three horsemen in blue appear on the way up creek. I point back. Instantly three carbines are raised and three balls speed over my head. I look back—the pursuing Confederates are wheeling about; they lie up the hill and are soon "lost to sight—to memory dear."

Lieutenant P. said that night in camp: "Dick, that's another one of your close calls. You'll be picked up yet. You can't combine love-making with war in the enemy's country. Some of these girls will betray you."

Lieutenant P. did not know the hiding faith in my heart for at least one of those girls. She had saved me that day.

Fall, winter and spring passed away and, although I had been a regular scout all that time, I had never been able to visit the Joslins. It was three days after the battle of Chancellorsville. I was alone on the road from Fredericksburg leading to Beaton. I had left Palמות the evening previous and, encountering Federal pickets ten miles north of town, started with the officer of the picket all night. Four A. M. found me in the saddle. I knew that the road was dangerous, being well patrolled by Confederate cavalry, but, trusting to my knowledge of the county and ability to keep from beaten paths, I pushed on.

By 9 A. M. I reached Morrisville, some miles from Beaton. Here I met as prearranged another scout. He struck for the river, going west; I passed on north. After getting away from Morrisville a mile and a quarter I was walking my horse through a hollow in the road musing and thinking of things far away, when out of the thick overhanging pine trees sprang three men in pant gray, covering me with their carbines. "Stop!" they called. "Get off that horse!"

"Third, 'Down with that pistol or your a dead man!' My bridle was quickly seized. I dismounted, and was hurried into the woods, and in a thrice was quickly disarmed.

"The man who took my belt was James Davis. 'Mr. Swiveller this is the third time I spotted you, and followed you, and now I've got you.' The big, handsome fellow smiled grimly, and shook me warmly by the hand. I was completely crestfallen and beat, and felt about as mean as a man ever got over anything in his world.

Davis then recounted the following: He said that the day I took dinner at Mr. Joslin's he was in the house, and while we were at dinner he was in the room immediately over the dining-room, and through a small knot hole in the floor (there being no plaster) he watched me. He was then anxious to effect the capture, but he was deterred partly by the position I occupied facing the stairs which would give me a chance of seeing him about as quick as he could get his pistol on me, and partly by my having a gun in my hand. I had a horse in common with the rest of their family but for serious results that might attend the attempt. He pursued me as soon as I left, being joined by a companion. Miss Mabel divining their intentions sent Tom to warn me not to go the way I came. They missed me at the creek crossing, so must have crossed my trail a couple of miles back in trying to intercept me at the upper ford. Had they changed their course five minutes earlier there would have been trouble for me; as it was I saved myself by superior speed.

Going back in the woods to a place well screened from the rough capture, I prepared to have my result, man, fried eggs and biscuits. We dined, and the rest of the day was spent in talks of the war, and telling sportsmen's yarns for all were fond of dog and gun. Davis and his companions had not learned of the death of Stonewall Jackson until so informed by me. They had been inside the Federal lines almost a week previous to my capture. I will not here describe how I was conducted beyond the lines at night, and of the magnificent ride across the Blue Ridge, and the splendid trout I caught from mountain streams. Four days after my capture I was

delivered at Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's headquarters, was introduced to that officer, and most agreeably entertained. My parole and exchange occurred six weeks later.

October found my brigade fighting Gen. Stuart at different places along the Rappahannock. At the close of a day's skirmishing we bivouacked in the woods. My horse was through feeding, I was preparing to wrap up in my blanket, when suddenly occurred to me that I was but ten or twelve miles from Joslin's house. Could I make a visit? But then a portion of the enemy must be nearer to Cadlets than our forces. However we wanted information as to the enemies whereabouts, and particularly if they were amassing near Cattle's Station, and I had already been ordered to ascertain this fact if possible. I therefore determined to combine pleasure with duty, get what information I could of the enemy, and visit my friends in the bargain. I at once communicated my plans to Geo. Kenner, one of the best scouts on our staff; he fell in with them at once. My idea was to visit Joslin's that night, leave there before day, and scout the country back.

Eight o'clock found us in the saddle and away. After a ride of a short distance Kenner stopped as if struck. "It will be strange if James Davis is not at this moment making himself comfortable in the very house we propose visiting," since Gen. Stuart's command must be nearer there than we, said he. The whole thing flashed on me in a moment, of course we would have to be careful not to capture him, if such was the case? We would try. So it was arranged to approach the house with caution, and find out if his horse was in the barn, if so that would tell of his presence.

We pushed on as rapidly as the course we were taking would admit. Ten o'clock found us in the woods two hundred yards back of the Joslin House. We stayed there until midnight. Leaving Kenner, I made my way to the barn, being careful to keep out of sight of the house, not being willing to take any chances in the twilight. The latch string was out and I opened the small door in the rear of the barn and entered. Taking a match from my case I struck it and slowly made my way along the stalls. There were three cows and two mules. The light went out. The second match blazed up. The family horse. Ha! With hands trembling with excitement I cautiously struck the third match, and, looking right at me, was David's bay mare. Two more matches and I found his saddle. There would be no mistake now.

I quitted and stealthily made my way out of the barn and joined Kenner. It was arranged for one of us to go to the rear and the other to the front of the barn and rouse the folks. Kenner was to do the talking, his voice being strange. We hoped by this that Davis would think it some of his own men.

We started for the house, and when within fifty yards of the barn, 'halt! what's that?' We distinctly hear a horse walking quickly through the barn yard. A moment of intense suspense and there breaks on the stillness of the night the clatter of a horse's hoofs on the road.

"Telling Kenner to wait, I go into the barn; as quickly as possible I made my way by sense of touch to near the stall that contained the bay mare and struck a match.

The bay mare had vanished!

Danger was in the air. We left the place, mounted and rode away. It was some days before we joined the command, but I made that visit before returning and had the mystery solved.

CONSULDED IN OUR NEXT.

THE PREVIOUS 'POSSUM QUESTION.

TUCSON, Arizona, August 20.

The courtesy which you have extended to the 'possum question, so innocently raised last spring, emboldens me to ask the usual parliamentary favor of closing the debate.

The mass literature, which has been so cheerfully given to the public through your columns has perhaps refreshed the lagging senses of many a gony planter and revived memories harmless and pleasing.

The 'possum is hard to eat in the summer, and only matures with the falling of persimmons in the autumn, when the frost crisps the ground.

Americans are fond of imagining that no other country produces the opossum, but in Northern China I have seen a vermillion orchard set in rows expressly for the purpose of feeding opossums, which are esteemed a great luxury among the Chinese, who are exceedingly fond of fat things such as pig and 'possum, and invariably eat them hot.

One of your correspondents suggests hunting 'possums with a gun. I have known one shot in a man who would shoot a fox is banished from polite society forever, and a man who is so lost to sportsmanship as to hunt a 'possum with a gun in the night should be condemned to eat him cold and afterward to undergo a nightmare.

Any negro in the Southern States can catch a 'possum. He may climb onto the limb of a papaw tree ever so far and twist his tail around a limb; but a bickery pole in the hands of an expert darkey or ten year old boy will fetch him to the ground; and then you place the pole across his neck with your feet on each side and give a jerk with the hind legs and his neck is broken.

The controversy did not originate about catching 'possums, but cooking them, and the preponderance of evidence is in favor of baking with sweet potatoes in an oven or skillet, or in the ground surrounded by stones, "tatama" fashion, and seasoning with sage and red pepper.

In the coming autumn no doubt the voluminous intelligence you have spread abroad will revive a taste for 'possum sport and 'possum cooking.

The time may come when the American people will plant persimmon orchards like the Chinese and give the 'possum his due as an epicurean gratification. The question is settled by the majority in favor of baking with sweet potatoes and eating while hot.

With many thanks for the polite consideration the subject has received I call the "previous question."

CHARLEY D. POSTON.

TOADS FOR GARDENS.—According to a French paper a market for the sale of toads to gardeners is held regularly every week in Paris. Dealers bring their "goods" in well-ventilated casks, in which the toads are packed in lots of a hundred, in damp moss. A lot of a hundred good individuals will bring fifteen to seventeen dollars. The gardeners use them to keep down the destructive insects that annoy them. A Dutch gardener, M. Krelage, of Haarlem, recommends the use of the toad in greenhouses, as furnishing an excellent means for destroying the millepedes that infest the plants.

Why be stork and stork when Hop Bitters will surely cure you?

Natural History.

HABITS OF SNAKES.

AS OBSERVED AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your number of September 1 you ask for further information on the habits of the rattlesnake; as stated in an interesting letter on that subject from a writer in North Carolina. While considerable observation has evidently been made by your correspondent, some of his conclusions are not altogether so correct as he will perhaps be apt to state a few facts, which are reasonably well ascertained to be such.

1. No serpent covers its food with slime before swallowing it. There is no organ provided for such a purpose, and it would be as easy to paint in water colors with a sharp-ended slate pencil as to smear a "slimy fluid" over the hair or feather of an animal with the slender point of tongue of a snake. Deglutition usually begins at once without any preliminary; when the prey is secured, and the secretion of the salivary gland serves merely to facilitate its passage down the oesophagus and into the stomach.

2. As to the supposed powers of fascination in snakes. In general, animals placed in a cave to serve as food are perfectly indifferent to the presence of the snake until the latter becomes aggressive when they naturally show much fear, but under no circumstance have I ever been able to find any trace of a power to charm on the part of the snake. It is reasonably safe to strike out the intention element implied by the common belief, and to attribute the behavior of the victim to trance or nervous exhaustion. It is well ascertained that this curious mental state often known as "Braidism" or "Hypnotism" can be induced by fear, and also by having the attention strongly attracted on one object in a fixed manner, for even a short space of time. Without going into a long discussion it will be apparent to all who are at all familiar with the experiments which have been made on this subject that the slow approach, and the fixed, glittering eye of the snake might be a frequent cause of this condition in the prey which it was about to seize, under such circumstances so long as the object is not moving, as is the case, as a rule, when a snake gives a shock to the nervous system of the animal affected, there would appear to be a complete paralysis of the motor nerves and an incapacity to effect any voluntary motion to escape from the spot. It is almost needless to say that these conditions not infrequently exist with human beings in the face of sudden danger, which may often be of such a nature that the most firm believer in the supernatural could hardly suppose it to be gifted with a voluntary power of fascination.

3. When a snake is quiet for several hours after feeding, it can hardly be supposed that it desires so to allow digestion to take place, as this process in most if not in all snakes requires several weeks instead of from two to nine hours.

The muscular force exerted by the snake in drawing down its throat is considerable and long continued. Furthermore, the arrangement of the two bones composing the lower jaw and of some of those entering into the base of the skull is such that they are movable on each other, and can be dislocated at will, much along the front to give passage to the food. After this is swallowed they are drawn back into position by contraction of the elastic ligaments which hold them together. When the operation is completed a greater or less time must be allowed for these overstrained muscles and ligaments to recover their tone and contract. During this time it is reasonable to suppose that the snake would—just as in ordinary cases of fatigue—he be disposed to be still, and to some extent, probably be incapable of exertion.

4. The usual number of young produced at a birth by the rattlesnake is very small, from six to twelve, as stated; but it has been known to be as high as fifteen on one occasion in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden.

5. The generalization that all harmless snakes lay eggs, and all poisonous ones do not is unsound. The young of the rattlesnake, as stated by your correspondent, and probably all of the North American venomous serpents are produced alive, but so also are the young of many of our harmless species, as in the familiar cases of the water snakes and common water snakes. The bringing forth of the world of young in oviparous or viviparous principles really does not seem to be a matter of vital importance in the economy of the animal, as it can frequently be influenced to some extent by artificial conditions.

6. The reason given for the quietude of snakes at night in this latitude is probably correct—viz., the chill of the night air and the dew on the ground, but in this quietude reptiles—if indeed it be general among them—differ from most animals instead of agreeing with them in the world of food. If it were an animal such as the mammal in habit not but all those, both birds and animals, of a carnivorous and therefore predacious nature.

7. The development of the rattles differs somewhat from the manner stated. The snake is born with a small knob at the end of the tail, which becomes the hutton of the forthcoming rattle. At the end of about six weeks—depending much upon the time when the first toad is taken—the young snake sheds its skin and one rattle is then added, and subsequently, as a general rule, the bringing forth of the world of young whenever the skin is shed, but this is exceedingly irregular; the snake some times sheds three or four times in the course of a year; sometimes two or three rattles are produced at once, and occasionally none at all, also rattles are frequently lost by accident from the end of the tail—i. e., the end of the rattle—which are never reproduced, as the growth is lost. It is thus readily seen, that while under normal conditions there is a general relation between the number of rattles and the age of the serpent, it is much too uncertain to afford any correct indication of the latter.

What a nest of strange notions is that part of the human brain which may be supposed to be devoted to snakes. All men are prone to misrepresentation and superstition in their regard. Everywhere their graceful, gliding motions and their colors—often as striking and brilliant as Nature can paint—are looked on with aversion and fear. Hardly a religion of ancient or modern times be it classed as mythology or theology, in which the serpent is not recognized either as an object to be feared and therefore to be propitiated by worship, or to be feared and therefore to be hated as the incarnation of evil. Probably few readers of FOREST AND STREAM has ever had their attention drawn to the fact that in all theistic creation, the monkey alone—"that rough sketch of man"—shows his sentiments in this respect, and that universally in the animals of that order, so far as articulate sounds and the language of gesture can make plain, horror, aversion and fear mingled with an invincible curiosity are found, just as the same feelings are displayed under the highest development of all Nature's forms.

Space is wanting just now, but some day it will not be uninteresting to give the mass of facts and draw the conclusions as to the evolution of the moral relations of man toward the serpent.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.
Zoological Garden, Philadelphia, Sept. 2, 1881.

LAND AND HERMIT CRABS.

YOUR editorial note appended to a correspondent's remarks on the "Blacks of the Hermit crab," and the allusion made in it to the land crab of Bermuda, makes me venture to offer a few remarks upon the subject. You say that a land species of hermit crab exists in Bermuda. May not some of your readers infer from this that there is a hermit crab there which is also a true land crab? The large hermit crab of that island, which does certainly go as far as twenty or thirty feet from the water to hide itself in the little rock caverns, which occur so commonly on the southern shore, does not belong to the Geucocentrus, but is a true Pagurus, generally inhabiting the shells of Turbo shells.

THE BEAVER.

A CONTRIBUTOR to a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM gives the beaver credit for a trifle more intelligence than I have observed it to possess, although it is a very knowing and cautious animal. He said, in substance, that it understands the direction a tree will naturally fall, and cuts down only those which will serve its purpose by falling where wanted for the construction of a dam or house. This is a mistake. A family of beavers will attack a grove of cottonwood trees on the bank of a stream, and if not interrupted, or otherwise diverted from their purpose, will cut them all down, regardless of the direction in which they may fall. But a few days ago, while fishing in the Adams River, Middle Park, I was attracted by "beaver work" in clumps of cottonwoods too far from the stream for any of them to reach it in falling. There were ten or fifteen trees altogether, ranging from one foot to two feet in diameter. All were girdled; some were cut half through, but yet standing, while several had fallen. One of the largest in the group had fallen directly away from the stream, its top breaking to pieces against the foot of the mountain. Another of the large ones, after falling a few feet, had lodged against another tree—an inevitable result to man's intelligence. Furthermore, most of the branches of this tree were either dead or being carried away by the wind, so there was very little object to cut it down for. At another tree, standing within six feet of the above, the curious miscalculation had been made of cutting one side about two feet higher than the other, occasioned by the fact that a log lay against it on the up-hill side, from which they worked, while on the other side the work was from the ground. In this instance, a dry, seasoned branch, several inches in diameter, had been cut away in order to make room to work. The tops and branches of all the fallen trees had been cut off and taken away, but there was no dam near, the stream being too large and rapid for them to manage in that way.

Going from the cottonwoods toward the river, across the low bottom dotted with clumps of tall willows and black alders, the open spaces thickly covered with rank grass, I soon came to a beaver canal leading across the bend of the stream from one point to the other. It was straight as though laid by hand about two feet deep, and containing four or five inches of water that constantly showed the pulsations of the river current. There had been recent work upon the canal in the way of deepening the channel and smoothing the banks, probably suggested by the falling water in the river. Here and there were "slides" where the animals entered and left the canal and carried in their stores of wood. Elsewhere the banks were overhung by the grass. Everywhere I found a large portion of the masses, way to be tunnels; that as such it passed under bunches of willows and clumps of alder trees; that it had many branches turning off right and left, and I finally dropped into an "air shaft" of one of them that was hidden by the rank grass. It became readily apparent that this underground town, with its liquid streets, was the home of the beaver colony, and that they were laying in their winter store of "cord-wood" for food.

While the beaver may not judge correctly by the direction a tree will naturally fall, or estimate the amount of proponder it is to contain, he readily adapts himself to circumstances that best govern his new home. If he cannot dam and control the stream he seeks for a small tributary, or a spring that he can command, and thereby secure a site for his house that suits him. Failing that, he burrows in the alluvial banks, nicely adjusting his rooms and his walks in the water level, and extending his underground works for hundreds of feet.

So far from the above mentioned works I found, a few years ago, a cottonwood tree three and a half feet in diameter that had been cut down by beavers. Although I cannot present a photograph of the patriarch who bossed the business, I can exhibit the stump and the log to any "doubting Thomas" who questions the story.

Rocky mountain streams are nearly all occupied by beavers. In many small creeks their dams are so frequent as to create continuous "sloaks" or dead water for miles. At the higher altitudes are reached the timber growth becomes more and more limited and dwarfed. The cottonwood disappears about eight thousand feet. For the next two thousand feet the quaking aspen becomes his favorite food, but in this range there are many streams that have no aspens near them—that are fringed only by low willows or flow through meadows without any shrubs at all. So long as the beaver can find willows as thick as the finger and twenty inches long he can build an efficient dam, and then these fall the dam is broken, and the water banks. Thus beavers are two agencies that make him a burrower for the time being; first, a stream too large and impetuous for him to dam, and second, lack of material for a dam. I have seen in sluggish, meadow bordered streams, at high altitudes, obstructions placed by

beavers that appeared to be composed entirely of grass, grass roots, and bits of sod, but they could not be called dams. The animals lived in the banks, and there was no very apparent use for the mock dams. Perhaps their construction was from instinct, or mere force of habit. To illustrate this trait I will relate an instance. A friend who followed trapping some years ago caught a young beaver very soon after its birth, carried it to his cabin, and it soon became a great pet. As it approached maturity it got to building dams, and each morning he found his cabin floor divided by a dam that reached from wall to wall, and was composed of firewood, boots, articles of clothing, and all other movable articles in the house that it could reach and transport. It could not have known from observation what a stream of water was like or what a dam was for.

The beaver will go several hundred feet from a stream to cut down small aspen trees; will then divide them into convenient lengths, and transport every portion to the water. He will carry out steep mountain side for such purpose. One noticed a pitch pine, fifteen inches through, that they had cut down. It was on an mountain slope, some distance from the stream, but they had not removed the branches, and I supposed it was cut as an experiment to see what kind of "fuel" it bore. W. N. B.

Denver, Col.

SNAKES AND SQUIRRELS.

VIKSBURG, Miss., Aug. 29. THERE is a good deal in some of your late issues about snakes and squirrels. I once saw a grayish-colored bird snake climb straight up the trunk of a perpendicular oak tree, which had not a branch for forty feet above the ground. He went up as much faculty, apparently, as if crawling on the ground, only descending from a straight line a little to avail himself of the sutures in the bark of the tree.

In the fall of 1878, being driven to the woods by the yellow fever epidemic, I spent much time in shooting squirrels for convalescent patients, killing sometimes as many as six ten in a day, as well as numerous partridges (quail?). On one occasion, while pursuing a squirrel which was barking on a bush a short distance ahead, I was creeping along a hog path, when I came upon a chicken snake, about one foot long, lying in the path. Not wishing to walk around him in the leaves, I endeavored to make him move on by kicking small sticks on to him, but he declined to move, so I stepped around him. After killing the squirrel I returned in a minute or two and found his snake-hip in the same place. Upon being teased a while he crawled up a small sapling, not larger than his own body, and when he had gotten as high as it would sustain his weight—about eight feet high, he reached up to the extent of about half his length in order to get hold of a buck twig which hung over him. Thus he got hold of the yielding twig, his head swung downward to the horizontal, when he would retract it and try again. After several unsuccessful efforts he gave it up and turned up a me with such a fierce attitude that I thought he intended to spring upon me, so, not wishing to kill him, I left him in possession.

The swamp country above here, in the Yazoo, Snuflower and Steeles bayou bottoms, abounds in game for winter shooting, such as deer, bears, turkeys, ducks and squirrels innumerable. The latter are of the black variety exclusively, while the turkeys inhabit the contiguous bill country.

My friend W. L. P. killed twenty-two black squirrels one day last winter on Steels bayou, though not on a squirrel hunt that day. He was hunting turkeys, but, having despaired of killing one, he turned to the squirrels, bagging twenty-two.

When camped with the "Marooner Club" several years ago, on the Sund wcr, we estimated our supply of squirrels by the yard, having them string on grape vines stretched from one tree to another. We sometimes had half a dozen yards of squirrels in our larder at a time, besides ducks and fish in abundance.

These squirrels were feeding on hackberries, and a notable feature was their remarkable fatness. Some of them, upon being opened, would contain perhaps a teaspoonful of yellow fat. When broiling them on the camp fire, in a patent grid-iron, butter was entirely superfluous.

I think if some of our Northern brothers of the rod and gun would make an occasional trip down into these regions in the winter they would find themselves amply repaid.

MARONER.

DO CHIPMUNKS SWIM?—Two years ago, while enjoying a delightful "float" in company with two friends down the beautiful Kalamazoo, from the City of Battle Creek to the village of Augusta, it was reported to me that the water in a pool of our boat was chipped making his way across the stream from bank to bank so easily, apparently, as a muskrat would make a similar trip. Although quite familiar with the ways of this cunning little squirrel, I have never seen anything of the kind before, and I was struck with the novelty of the situation. D. B.

(New York, Aug. 29.)

KILLING THE BREEDING QUAIL—Springfield, Mass., Aug. 20.—There is not much going on hereabouts in the way of water sports at this season, so I am afraid that the woodcock hunters are killing the young grouse, which, of course, we must expect so long as summer shooting is allowed. Our sister State of Connecticut does not allow any shooting until Oct. 1, which is the proper time; but here sportsmen have already slaughtered many woodcock and grouse, and in one instance, at least, there is strong presumptive evidence that a pair of quail were shot, the female on near her nest, and her mate, while his little throat was pouring forth a note, was reported to have been suddenly smothered with fond hopes of happiness in anticipation of the blessed joy in store for him when the wee bird of downy beauties should rather around him and with winsome ways and low, sweet prattle sanctify the golden hours.

I have no words to voice my indignation at the vandalism. I am in despair of the future to know that such things can be, and can only pray for the hastening of the good time coming when the teachings and precepts of the FOREST AND STREAM shall have formed a public opinion that will see to it that our laws are obeyed and the dastardly "murderers of the innocents" reformed and brought to condign punishment. —SHADOW

The Solid South, to a woman, are for Hop Bitters, using them as their only family medicine.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

THE seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

Table with columns for State/Territory, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Ruffed Grouse, Pinnated Grouse (Prairie Chick-en), Wild-foat, and Wild Turkey. Rows list various states and territories with their respective seasons.

Antelope—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Aug. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 15.
Buffalo—Colo., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1.
Caribou—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Doves—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; S. C., Oct. 15.
Hk.—Colo., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Mich., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; O., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Moose—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
Mountain Sheep—Col., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Plover—D. C., Sept. 1; Me., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1.
Rail—Del., Sept. 5; N. C., Sept. 1; Pa., Sept. 1.
Redbreast—Del., Sept. 5; D. C., Sept. 1; N. C., Sept. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.
Sage—Idaho, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

In these States there are special county laws. A deer law applying to the possession of a license, and a license on the coast. In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15, a California quail protected to 1882. In Cons County deer season opens Aug. 1, moose Aug. 1, caribou Sept. 1, E. Fox and Moose Sept. 1, H. G. Quail July 1. Wild game Aug. 1. Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schoenady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island prohibited during August. A deer law relates to female deer only.

TRAJECTORY.

POINT-BLANK.—AMERICAN, FRENCH AND ENGLISH AUTHORITIES ABBRE.—STRAIGHT SHOOTING ABSTRACT.—LAW OF FALLING BODIES.—MINIMUM ERROR OF RIFLE.—THE TEN-YARD TRAJECTORY PROVEN TO BE A CURVE.

BY MAJ. H. W. MERRILL.

NOTICE in the English sporting journal, Land and Water, of April 23, 1881, a reprint of my article, "The Flight of a Rifle Ball," which first appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 3, 1881.

My main object in writing this article was to illustrate and clearly define the true meaning of the terms point-blank and point-blank range, as now recognized in the United States and France. By way of illustration it embraced some practical results of rifle shooting. To the soundness of this article I have seen no valid objection raised anywhere, though it has now passed under the scrutinizing ordeal of two continents, and I believe, done much good for the cause of rifle shooting. This is belief is more than a reward for the contribution, and I here desire to thank the several editors for their favorable mention of it.

But the end is not yet, nor is this very important subject exhausted. On the contrary I feel called upon to reply to some introductory remarks made by the editor of Land and Water. I am pleased that he made them, for I hope to add something which may prove of interest to the general reader.

He says, "Authorities differ on the question as to what actually constitutes 'point-blank' as applied to rifles, that is, the exact distance from the muzzle to the piece at which the bullet ceases to travel in a straight line." Now, persons who are not familiar with this subject differ as to what constitutes point-blank. I here refer to the American and French point-blank, for both are identical. Therefore it was that I explained this subject and gave my definitions in accordance with the recognized authorities. No one has controverted my premises (3) or denied the truth of my definition. It cannot be done. But I do not find but standard "authorities" ever differ on this point, nor do they call the trajectory. Thus I wish to assert that the path of the bullet is not a curve, line from the muzzle of the gun to the end of the range. I here quote from Captain Hans Busk's book, entitled "The Rifle and How to Use It." He correctly says, "The force of gravity commences to act upon the bullet as soon as it quits the muzzle, drawing it toward the ground with greater velocity the longer it is exposed to its influence. These two distinct motions, the one increasing as the other diminishes, cause the bullet to move in a curved line, called the trajectory." Thus writes this intelligent English officer, and so all authors write who understand this subject. None of them (that I have ever seen) place point-blank on the line of fire. If any do so they place it improperly. Any definition which places point-blank along the line of fire conflicts with the law of gravity. The fact that the bullet travels in a curve throughout its course created a

necessity for the term point-blank, as I have defined it in my article. Then you speak of "the exact distance from the muzzle of the piece at which the bullet ceases to travel in a straight line." There is no such distance in rifle shooting. He further says: "The scientific point-blank adopted by the British artillery means the exact spot where a ball fired with out elevation, *i. e.*, with the axis of the barrel set quite horizontally, will first graze the equally horizontal earth."

Just so! and all British artillerymen and authorities will say, that the ball, as Hans Bask states it, falls in a curved path from beginning to end. In this assertion I but vindicate the intelligence of the British officers and nation. This definition, like the American and French, recognizes in practice and theory that the axis of the bore points *above* the object when the piece is discharged, and both alike make a point-blank with a falling ball—the American by falling to the line of sight, the British by falling to the ground. Both point-blanks are made separate and distinct from the line of fire—that is, point-blank shots can never be made along this line or the axis of the bore continued, and why? Let Hans Bask truly answer; he says, "If the axis of the piece be directed upon an object, the bullet will never hit it, but will always pass below it." This is just what my article taught. Then you present the delusive idea of straight shooting? It cannot be done, strictly speaking, for the length of one barley-corn. I admit that some persons, but not authorities disagree, as to what constitutes true point-blank. He further says: "The time occupied in reaching this exact spot (on the ground) is exactly the same as that during which the same ball would have fallen to the ground from the muzzle of the fire-arm."

Exactly so. The horizontal velocity imparted to a rifle-ball, however great it be, does not prevent the bullet from falling, just as if it had no velocity. Philosophical experiments and ordinary rifle practice, as well as theory, all establish this fact, which we will call Fact No. 1.

Fact No. 2 is that we know the law governing the fall of a bullet as well as we know the alphabet. Fact No. 3 is the law itself, *viz.*, "The spaces passed over by a falling body are proportional to the squares of the times occupied in falling."

Fact No. 4 under this law is that if the rifle-ball falls through a space, which we will represent by 1, in one time, it will fall through a space represented by 4 (the square of 2) in two times, and by 9 in three times, and by 16 in four times, and so on, the times being regarded as equal and the fall in a vacuum (no air).

Fact No. 5 is that these falls, 1, 4, 9, 16 and so on, correctly indicate the effects of gravity on the ball after it leaves the muzzle and when considered as lines of fall, they locate the bullet and thus establish four points in the curve or trajectory.

up. He goes on: "The point-blank of our artillerists is not accepted by those of other countries, as with them it is the extreme horizontal distance reached by the bullet before it falls under (or cuts the second time) the line of sight."

The parentheses are ours. He here evidently refers to the French and American point-blank, though not quite clearly. I will now insert this definition as I gave it in my article, which he copied. For a full explanation of it see the article itself.

"By POINT-BLANK is meant the SECOND point, where the trajectory or curved path of the ball cuts the line of sight."

"This second intersection of the line of sight by the ball is made in its descending flight, after having first cut it near the piece in ascending." (Figure 1.)

With the present article I further contribute a very important drawing, clearly illustrating this definition and the principles of rifle shooting.

He continues: "This principle (the French and American system) Dougall in his treatise on the art of shooting, considers a better definition than the British, although it is open to the grave objection that it misleads by not admitting that there may have been a curve in the flight of the ball before cutting the level of the sight (or line of sight)."

Now, I have never seen the treatise of Mr. Dougall, a prominent gunmaker in England, and, I believe, of Express rifles, but I will assume that his meaning is correctly represented above, if not quoted exactly, and will reply accordingly.

I am unable to see that the definition is open to any "grave objection" whatever. It is simply the announcement of one plain fact, which every point-blank shot verifies. It does not profess to define the nature of the path of the ball in any part of its flight. This evidently was not its original object, but only to fix a mathematical point from which, as an element, in combination with others, the trajectory could be mathematically determined and plotted. This fixed point and the one at the centre of the bore determine the length or base of the curve. From these points and the base we can reason, and so solve the problem, but without them we are helpless. Point-blank is also made a very useful term of reference in works on gunnery as well as in ordinary practice. Whether any part of the trajectory is straight or not is left for scientists and practical men to say, but certainly the definition, in the general application of which Mr. Dougall sees "grave objections," repudiates the idea of the trajectory being anything but a curved line throughout its course.

As we have before illustrated, the law of gravity settles the nature of the trajectory, and this fact sets aside the complication made by Mr. Dougall. It has no bottom to it.

A New Definition.—The editor continues: "The true and

point-blank. I regret this, for I do not understand whether he completely ignores such a fixed point or not. Be this as it may, his definition does not allow of any change of elevation or variation in the mode of sighting for his ideal range, and this will hold him to.

To my mind, however, it appears as if he wishes to have it understood by the public that certain rifles (his express, perhaps) shoot so nearly straight at long hunting distances that no elevation is required, nor judging of distances necessary, nor varying the aim, but that the shooter has only to draw sight up and "to aim dead on the exact point he wishes to hit" in order to hit it.

For Mr. Dougall to claim the right (he may not) of any elevation for his ideal range I think is inconsistent with his loose definition, but I will allow him a point-blank elevation for each range and so treat the subject.

As he failed to commit himself in regard to the length of his range, or of any range, we are obliged to hunt for it, as best we can. This may be done by asking questions in regard to the range and then applying the approximate results of rifle shooting to answer them. In the future we hope to learn from Mr. Dougall himself his approximate results in rifle shooting—I mean genuine results, not guess work. The public wants facts.

"Sensible curve or trajectory," as will be seen, appears to be the ruling fact in determining the length of Mr. Dougall's undefined range—hence I put these questions to him:

First—What amount of curvature in the trajectory constitutes "sensible curve or trajectory"?

Second—At about what distance from the muzzle will this amount be found?

Third—Under his definition for "point-blank range" is a point-blank recognized?

Fourth—If so, what determines it, and where is it found?

Fifth—is the definition for "point-blank range" in his ideal range general in its application, or only applicable to this or that rifle?

Sixth—Can his definition or definitions be used in science to calculate the trajectory and to plot it?

Several of the advantages have they over the British and American definitions that he should prefer them?

Explicit answers to these questions, especially to the first and second, will throw much light on this subject. Facts only must settle the doubtful questions.

To proceed in the inquiry for the ideal range, I will first assume the rifle or rifles to have a point-blank elevation for 200 yards and 100 grains of ".45" American powder for loads.

Q. 1. Can the range be 200 yards?

No, unless we wish to shoot about 7 to 10 inches over a turkey's head at 110 yards, when "aiming dead on the exact spot" we wish "to hit."

Most surely such wild shooting as this will never bag the turkeys in the United States or Canada, nor will it in hunting kill any but large deer, though it may frighten the smaller ones away from their white flags a-flying.

This 7 to 10 inches gradually diminishes to nothing at first and second intersections of the line of sight by the bullet, as fully explained in my previous article.

In the next case I assume the rifle's point-blank to be 150 yards.

Q. 2. Can the range be 150 yards?

No, unless we wish to shoot about 23 to 53 inches over at 75 and 80 yards, "aiming dead on the exact point we wish to hit." Such shooting would be very apt to miss a deer's head or a turkey, while all small game along mid-range "aimed dead on" would escape. This will never do.

This 23 to 53 inches gradually diminishes to nothing, as remarked above.

Thus "aiming dead on" is again a failure, especially in the case of all small game shot at the ideal range, between about 30 and 135 yards.

I next assume the point-blank to be 100 yards.

Q. 3. Can the range be 100 yards?

No, unless we wish to shoot about 13 to 24 inches, "aiming dead on the exact point we wish to hit," at 40, 50, 60 and 70 yards.

This "sensible curve or trajectory" will never answer to give us the best results, as, for instance, where the object is to knock off a squirrel's head along mid-range. No! you will shoot right over for times in five by aiming "dead on" the centre. Every person who has used the rifle must know this to be so; then why set forth absurdities or isms lessons pointing to them? But in hunting large game—deer, antelope, bear, wolves, geese, turkey, etc.—aiming "dead on" will usually answer. Thus "aiming dead on" the exact point we wish to hit is a failure in shooting along the 100 yard range, for the rifle will certainly shoot over all small game along mid-range. To this rule there is no exception, no matter who makes the rifle or what is its name. This error of 13 to 24 inches (too high) at or near mid-range, diminishes gradually both ways to nothing, as before described.

I next suppose the rifle to have a point-blank for 50 yards.

Q. 4. Can the range be 50 yards?

Yes, for all hunting purposes, though the rifle will shoot "aiming dead on" will not win the prize in Conliu's gallery, unless the rifle has the proper point-blank or the aim is a little changed on the face of the target. Strictly speaking, aiming "dead on" can never win, for the ball falls below the object aimed at.

NO ELEVATION.

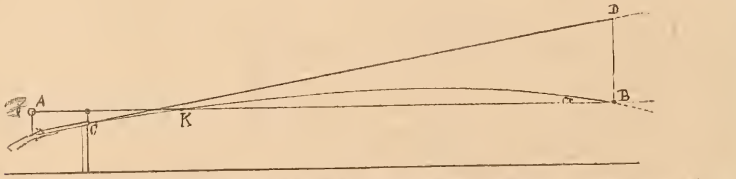
I have now presented the sad results of aiming "dead on" (in accordance with Mr. Dougall's theory) under the most favorable circumstances, by allowing the rifle to have four different elevations. I will next regard the case of no elevation, or point-blank, which I think tallies with his definition or views.

First.—If the rifle has no elevation of sight, then it will allow about too low and can never make a point-blank, or centre shot, at any distance. The instant the bullet leaves the muzzle it is nearer the centre of the target, considered vertically, than it will ever be again throughout the range.

Second.—If "aimed dead on" the centre, the exact point we wish to hit, is a failure in shooting along the 100 yard range, and the largest elk or a 48 inch circle at 200 yards. Here I stop, for the animals are becoming too small in proportion to the distance to be hit in the "dead level sights," "aiming right on the centre."

We therefore see that aiming "dead on" with "dead level sights" and making good shooting is preposterous. I am ready to prove that point-blank shooting, which is always made under an elevation of the rear sight, is at least 500 yds. represented to be always made without any elevation of the rear sight, the aim being "aimed dead on" the exact

FIGURE 1.



AB is the line of sight. B is the target. CD is the line of fire, or axis of the bore prolonged; the barrel always points above the target. K is the first and B the second intersection of the line of sight by the trajectory. B is the true point-blank. K is the near point-blank. The same shot will centre both at K and B and nowhere else.

Construction.—Now draw a horizontal line, A, B, from left to right to represent the axis of piece and the "line of fire," which is but the centre of the axis of the gun. Draw it, I say 10 inches long, then divide it into 10 equal parts, each part to represent one yard and one equal time—the whole line thus representing 10 yards and 10 equal times. From "A," considered as the muzzle, the path of the trajectory commences and you wish to represent it further. To do so from the divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, and numbered from the muzzle, let fall four vertical lines, whose lengths shall be to each other as 1, 4, 9, 16, etc.—1-0, 4-10, 9-10, 16-10 in. will be found satisfactory and easy to plot.

Now draw a curved line from the muzzle through the lower ends of these lines, and you will have a curved trajectory for the first ten yards of the range, though greatly distorted, and the values of the falls are unknown. It is the principle that I am illustrating. The point of all this is that,

honest point-blank range he [Dougall] holds, and we [the editor] agree with him, is the extreme range attained without sensible curve or trajectory, so that up to that range the shooter has to make no calculations or allowance in firing, but to aim "dead on" to the exact point he wishes to hit."

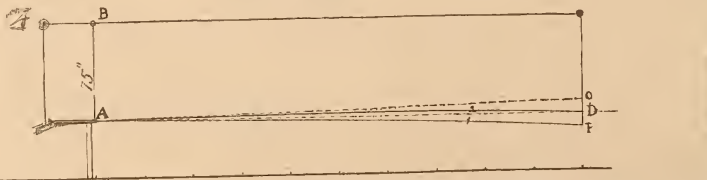
The above is very easily said. Now, let us see if it can be done, and notice the sad results of such shooting.

But first in order. Why use the words "true and honest" before point-blank range? This "side-hit" calls for the definition of point-blank range, and is taken from my article.

"By Point-BLANK RANGE is meant the straight line or shortest distance from the piece to the point-blank, or in practice, to the target whose centre is struck at this point."—CB Diagram No. 1.

Now, in both the English and American point-blank

FIGURE 2.



AD, horizontal axis of the bore. BC, line of sight. The aim is at C for two shots. First, the horizontal shot, or which the curve shows the height run above AD (.624"). A represents the oblique line of fire under 10° in elevation. OB and OC are each equal to .0073 in., the drop for 10 yds. AD and BC are parallel. 75 is the distance from the centre of the bore to the line of sight.

with these facts before him, no one can deny that the first ten yards of the trajectory is a curved line (as will be proven hereafter), or assert that it is a straight one for an inch. Then either that rifle and time both begin at the instant of discharge. We specially invite the attention of Mr. Van Dyke, "The Still Hunter," to this point. The difference of the fall of the bullet *in vacuo* or in air is inappreciable for ten yards, also any change in the velocity of the ball, and thus the times are virtually equal for each ten yards of the range. The same law of gravity governs a trajectory for one yard and for one inch as it does for ten yards.

Then why, with the law of gravity staring them in the face and demanding a curved trajectory throughout, do some persons argue or rather write to the contrary? I do not mean the editor of the *Forest and Stream*, but rather those who have an axe to grind, or some particular rifle to crack

ranges the distances are measured in practice. There is, then, no want of "truth and honesty" in this. So also are the two given points defined as point-blank. There is, then, no want of "truth or honesty" in either of these. Thus, both definitions define only plain, positive facts, and facts necessary to be known, in order to nail the trajectory just where the facts in the case place it.

Query—May it not be possible that these stern facts serve to nail it too exactly in its true place? I confess I sometimes think so, and that some persons, having a hobby, would like to escape the true awards of the definitions, that is, measure for measure, without regard to this or that kind of rifle. Thus the definitions, both American and British, are "truthful and honest." One might infer from Mr. Dougall's remarks that they are not.

Mr. Dougall is silent, as it appears, on the subject of a

centre of the target. Hence, by using elevated sights we gain this immense advantage in any range.

Now, it is my level, and I claim it, to ask this one simple question of all who read my articles:

Q. What are the "long-range" curves?

A. It is considered from the centre of the bull-hole and not from the cut of the ball. All my errors mentioned above are so regarded, and are measured from the line of sight and are not cut, and not from the base of the trajectory. I have given the four circles a little less diameter than I am accustomed to do when considering the actual results of the strongest shooting rifles when heavily loaded, as is the custom for "long-range," "mid-range," and hunting purposes, and with fixed ammunition, or its equivalent in lead (the express balls included), and with "00" powder, the same which is used generally used for long ranges. The greater of the errors mentioned while treating the four ranges (to find the ideal one) embraces the "long-range" trajectories for the short distances. In all cases I have sought to put the minimum errors down to about the very lowest point in practice. Possibly by some extreme trials they may be reduced a trifle, but such extremes I reject as being worthless in common practice—they beg the true question. The weaker shooting rifles, or where the charge of powder is reduced for the same distance, will show more error than the present—perhaps double. I am satisfied that the average hunting curve for different rifles, as generally used in hunting, with light loads of powder, will not differ much from the long-range curve or errors given.

I invite all fair and honest criticism, but must insist on the appropriate facts being given. General comment and "glittering generalities" will not suffice; the public is surfeited with these already and calls for facts—mere facts—every line.

For plain rules in "aiming the hunting rifle with open sights," and the reason for it, see FOREST AND STREAM AND ROY AND GUN OF MARCH 3, 1881.

THE TEN-YARDS TRAJECTORY A CURVE.—Fearing that this article may prove dry, I will now offer something entirely new, at least it was to me until I worked it out. It has a direct bearing on the subject of rifle curves and I have no doubt will be read with deep interest by many.

I present the FALL of the rifle ball for each yard when fired horizontally at ten yards (only), commencing at the muzzle, for sharp long-range Creedmoor rifle, model of '76, 100 grains powder, 550 grains lead, .01 inches elevation, velocity of bullet about 1,400 feet per second.

The fall at ten yards I find to be nearly 1-10 of an inch (or .0973). Mr. W. E. Metford, of England, a student of this subject and a maker of good Express rifles, states the fall to be 1/8 of an inch for twelve yards; that the "average" long-range rifle, thus showing but .006 in difference in our work. The fall or drop, therefore, for ten yards is here set out. Below I give the fall or drops of the bullet in decimals of inches at each yard of the range, also the height of the trajectory at five yards, or mid-range. I omit the regular "curve," as the curve is unimportant; they are regular (see curve 3, diagram).

Table with 3 columns: Yards, Fall of Ball, Height of Curve. Rows 1-10.

Here we can see what the fall of the bullet is from the muzzle at each yard for the 10 yards, and each space or fall is strictly in accordance with the law of gravity previously given.

Proof.—Squaring the numbers representing the yards, and regarding these squares as the squares of the drops or falls, any one of the drops or falls is to any other of the drops or falls, as the squares of the corresponding times.

Example.—.00922² : .00875² :: 4 : 9.

Where the product of the extremes equals the product of the means, and so for all the others, according to the law of gravity.

At 1 yard the fall is over (.009) nine-tenths thousandths of an inch (or .00922), when reduced (1-40) one-fourth of an inch, which is also the height of the curve above its base at 5 yards, when the rifle is fired under the proper elevation of .01 of an inch. At 10 yards it is .0973 (when reduced nearly the (1-10) one-tenth of an inch (and 1-9, 1-10, 1-11, 1-12, 1-13, may be regarded as the limits of fall generally for rifles). These stubborn facts, as I hold them approximately to be, serve to throw an electric light right into the very recesses of this dark retreat, which has been so long the chief hiding place of the tens of thousands who have written me as talked so much, and yet so erroneously, upon this subject.

The drawing here presented is full size in vertical projection. This we can readily see (curve 1) the opening caused by the fall of the ball from the line of fire, A D, when the rifle is fired horizontally, also the opening between A D and the curve 2 when the rifle is fired under the proper elevation, .01 inch. Both trajectories lie far below (.72675 in.) the line of sight, hence there is no point-blank under the definition, and the rifle shoots too low, as fully explained in my previous article on point-blank or zero.

Now, where does "dead level," "aiming right on" or "straight shooting" along the line of fire or pointing of the barrel come in? Look upon the figures in the table, and the drawing also, and place your finger upon this point if you can. It cannot be done.

Then, I pray you, let us hear no more of "straight shooting," either along the line of fire or the line of sight, for there can be no such thing, a law of nature forbids it. And let us hear no more in our sporting journals of "dead level sights" and "dead level shooting," and "aiming dead on" as a rule, for these delusive ideas are but "twin sisters" to straight shooting, and are generally used to convey that idea when moral coercion is wanting to plainly assert it. Hence you see one great object of this article—it is to try and blot out these pernicious phrases which tend so strongly to lead the beginner in rifle shooting into the seductive paths of error.

In conclusion I would specially invite the attention of your readers to the invaluable experiments on trajectories made by "P." of Montana Territory, (distinguished hunter, reported in the FOREST AND STREAM OF SEPT. 1). I have examined this model report with much interest, and compared it with some of my own work on this subject, and I am ready to endorse his report. See also his experiments on the same subject, to be found in FOREST AND STREAM OF SEP.

AND GUN OF JULY 8, 1880. I desire to most heartily thank him for his trouble and the useful information he has imparted and I hope he will next send us the fall of the ball for the different ranges. I endorse his recommendation on the trial of rifles.

It is very rare indeed that we find such accurate and important experiments. He seems to be a master of his subject, and if he handles his rifle only half as well among the mountains and grizzlies as he does across a stump woe unto them when he pulls the trigger.

New Rochelle, New York.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

OVER THE SEA.

THE ELEVEN INTERNATIONAL SPORTING EXHIBITION.

LONDON, England, Aug. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Well, here I am back in old London again, just in from Cleve. Have you ever been to Cleve? I rather looked to see you there this year, for, as a representative of the great body of American sportsmen, you would have been greatly interested in an exhibition they have been holding there. Cleve, you must know, is a representative Prussian city, having that its castle is now used as a house of correction. The surroundings of the town are most picturesque. If you are ever in the vicinity take my advice and visit Cleve.

My trip was made especially to inspect the Jagd-Ausstellung, an international display of sporting implements and accessories, given under the direction of the Deutschen Jagdschütz Vereins, the President of which society is Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg.

I cannot detail the many objects of interest which I saw here, and shall content myself with briefly referring to the most important features. The display is arranged in two buildings of appropriate design, erected in a large grove, and comprises ten classes, the principal one, of course, consisting of firearms, ancient and modern. The curious old arms present a strange contrast to the weapons of to-day, but there is a fineness of engraving and finish about some of them which our modern makers do not attempt to surpass. The difference is also notable between the German and our English guns, the former being uniformly heavier, and vastly more cumbersome. Our "Pompa" friends appear to put more stress on elaborate ornamentation than upon lightness and ease of manipulation. Perhaps this exhibition may be productive of improvement among the German gunmakers. Among foreign representations I noticed guns from Belgium, Holland, England and America.

One very interesting class of exhibits is that of deer and other horns. Here are some magnificent specimens of the antlers of the red deer, some of fourteen and sixteen points, and others of strangely abnormal and fantastic growth. There are nearly 1,000 specimens of roe deer horns, one separate collection of them having been in process of accumulation since 1803, and comprising many strangely formed ones. There are also sambar, fallow deer, caribou, moose, elk, buffalo, chamois, antelope, the Bos arvensis, axis deer and rhinoceros horns, and—one of the two horns of a dilemma.

I must not forget the furniture made from horns, some of which is exceptionally fine. The chairs, tables and other articles in this class are composed wholly or in part of the horns and hoofs of various members of the bovine race, and a many hands-on-set could be procured for the sanctum of the FOREST AND STREAM.

Furs, skins and rugs made from them constitute another class, the wolf, fox, tiger, lion, bear, buffalo, and in fact every beast that man has ever slain being well represented. In my opinion Scandinavia is ahead in this class; perhaps because they use fur so extensively up there.

The Norwegian sledges and karöö too are well worth studying. In the wagon class are also several examples of game wagens, the German and Dutch exhibits being less novel. In the making of glass ball traps, Germany has much to learn yet, and I should imagine that some of your enterprising American makers could find an extensive market for the very admirably constructed traps you have.

The Cleve exhibition contains many fine specimens of oil paintings picturing the various phases of the chase; some magnificently carved furniture depicting wild life, and numerous articles of sportsman's bric-a-brac. On the whole the display is a creditable and entertaining one.

Who is M. Bombonnel? He is the question which he groined my ears the other day. I don't know who he is, but Bombonnel is an enterprising fellow, and if his magnificent scheme, of which he publishes the prospectus in the Daily News, which "pans out" well—to use an Americanism—he may yet be known to all Europe. This grand scheme is nothing more nor less than a huge game preserve in Algeria. A large forest district has been leased, in which our friend agrees to keep a good stock of all the game which he can get. He is to keep a good stock of all the game which he can get, such as gazes, hares, mules and all broken down animals, but his for lions and tigers and panthers, which will serve to take up their permanent abode and increase and multiply in the fastnesses of the leased forest. Here M. Bombonnel proposes to erect shooting boxes for his patrons; the amateurs and ladies to have shelter and ambuscades, and open stands for "sturdy sportsmen" for whom the caws of lions and panthers have no terror. As M. Bombonnel will keep his preserves well stocked with the wild horses, etc., and as he will give to any number of hunters and sportsmen shall all arms with the accessories of a good culture and a first-class dog, it will cost but a fraction of what some of our mighty English hunters annually expend in their quest of blood. The terms are \$100 in advance for two months per annum for five years. Do you want a pres-ticket to the "Algerian Lion and Panther Hunting Preserve"?

THE GROUSE MOORS.

All England is now grouse shooting. That is to say, all sporting England, which of old after all, is not qualifying, for all England enters the field of the "two hit," and hangs away at the birds. It is expensive business, too, that is if you must have the best sport. And that costs money. Grouse shooting, like most forms of sport, is chiefly for rich men. Drovers that range in from £2,000 to £300 are not within the reach of every one, and sportsmen accustomed to large bags naturally despise small ones. As indulgence becomes popular and grouse become wild, the passion of driving becomes popular, and drives are given. Instead of large moors with a small army of beaters, preceded by setters or pointers, the grouse are comfortably settled in affluence behind stone walls. The beaters go round in advance, and then cross the moor shouting and making as much noise as possible. The grouse, which perhaps could have been approached in no other way, then fly with astonishing rapidity over the heads of the men lying in ambush, and a good deal of experience and skill are needed to bring them down. When should one shoot? Before the grouse reach you? and how much before? and how far in advance by way of calculating for pace? are questions the novice asks, but only practice can answer them. As this sort of shooting demands no exertion, no walking, except from one ambush to another, it is deservedly popular with the lazy amateur. But even poor men, though they cannot aspire to large bags and to driving may get a little bag and plenty of walking for their money on farms in the Scotch border countries, especially, perhaps, in the neighborhood of the Cheviots. A stock farmer may have taken the shooting on his farm, and may sublet it, or a farmer who owns a little estate of his own at a distance from the place where he lives may be ready to let the shooting. There is generally a fifteen to about getting accommodation, but young and earnest men do not disdain a shepherd's hut, and are even ready to ride over twenty or thirty miles on horseback for the sake of a gun and excessive mixed bags—three brace of grouse, a couple of snipe, two or three hares and the like—but then they pay very little for their pleasure, and they lay in a large stock of health, and find themselves in picturesque scenes and places famous in border history, which otherwise they would have missed. With youth and eagerness on their side perhaps these humble gunners enjoy themselves as much as tenants who pay thousands for moors and forests."

A SMART GROUSE TRICK.

But the men who pay for the best shooting grounds do not always send to the best birds to their guns. I have seen many a slip. Let me illustrate by recalling a curious incident which was not long ago exposed. A father and three brothers were serving as guards on one of the northern lines of railway. The men bought from keepers, through the agency of a confederate, who shared in the profits of the swindle, all the poor grouse which could be obtained, "cheepers," "piners," and "cripples" especially. These birds, by arrangement, were carefully packed and consigned to the railway to the South, where they were to be sold. The birds were filled with these contents of the confederate, and sent to the station, were repacked upon a train which was started by two of the brothers who regularly traveled by the train as guards; these men opened all the other hampers of grouse sent by the same train, and selecting the largest and fattest birds, replaced them with "piners" or "cheepers." Boxes consigned to private individuals were first repacked upon, he cause persons who receive presents of grouse do not usually look their gift-horse in the mouth, and, therefore, in acknowledging receipts of such presents, are not so particular of the quality of the birds. Dealers, of course, are not so reckless, and credit the account of the senders with the price only which the bird are worth. The trick was, however, worked in this way. The grouse sent presents to private persons were first selected; and, if there were not enough of these, the birds were changed and changed all round, till even the dealers could hardly make a complaint. The fine, heavy half dozen brace of plump birds consigned to Lady A. were at once seized upon by the two guards; but they could not put in their very "sturdy" bags, as Lady A. was a judge of grouse. So they operated on all the other hampers till they worked 'em out, until in the end of the thousands of birds sent forth by that particular train, the cream de la creme of the lot were found to be consigned to Messrs. O., P. and Q., the consignees being X., Y. and Z., of, say, Inverdeen. The price paid for "cheepers" was at the rate of about 6d. per bird, the price credited was nearly 8s. per brace—a most excellent rate of profit certainly, and the rascals kept it up until they played it once too often.

A VETERAN GROUSE SHOOTER.

It is wonderful how some of our veteran grouse killers do stick to the moor every year. I notice that my old friend, Mr. Horatio Ross, of Wyvis Lodge, Ewanton, Inverness, is out again this year, for his sixty-seventh sea-son. In a recent letter he says:

"Once more (probably the last time) I have the satisfaction of ordering the ammunition for the dear old Twelfth. Sixty-seven years have passed since I first made similar arrangements! I was out all day Monday and Tuesday, trying to get a stag, as my son told me in their letter, but I shot a quantity of deer, but failed in getting a shot. To-morrow I shall be out there, as there is a good sea. I find I can still go up a hill with perfect ease and comfort (thank God for such health).

There is a British constitution for you. Can you match it America? I doubt it.

AN ANTIMOTAL CAT WAIL.

Our Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now, as usual at this season of the year, appealing to London cat-lovers to see to it that the animals are not left to starve in town. Now, doubtless the Society is right, but as one of our weeklies pertinently puts the case, it is impossible to keep a cat within bounds like a dog; and, except in rare cases, nobody takes the same amount of trouble about it as the second. It could scarcely happen that anybody would leave a dog ownerless to wander about the streets while he was away from home, or that a dog should be shut up in an empty house without food. But this is a common fate for London cats in the autumn; and although they have a stronger instinct of finding an under precarious conditions of life, they must needs suffer a great amount of suffering, and I see no remedy for the trouble. In my next letter I shall have something to say about the year's work of the Society.

A REFRIGERATOR SHIP.

We have in Queenstown Harbor a novel ship, the owners being a French firm, M. M. Cabillot et Cie, of Marseilles. She is a fishing schooner of the carrying capacity of 1,000 tons and is loaded with fish from Labrador. She carries two steam launches for fish, and the peculiarity of her construction is that her holds are refrigerated and hermetically sealed. One of her officers writes to the Times:

"I have eaten at déjeuner a breakfast quite fresh and palatable after being on board four months, although not particularly tender, and I have brought ashore a beautiful salmon, frozen stiff, which is warranted to be fit for dinner to-day, and for the chief officer. I wish to bring under your notice is, that this vessel can come here for orders and work as easily as if she carried grain. She has a crew of 150 men, Liverpool, Rouen (for Paris), or even Bombay, and I sell her cargo in large or small quantities without any fear of spoiling the market. She can bring a-hoard of one or two tons of goods like the like has never been seen fresh before, and, indeed, I need not expatiate upon what such a vessel can do in the way of bringing a fresh supply of food, she could deliver

her present cargo in London and go to the Nor'h Sea fishing grounds (if the prospects were good), and run a cargo thence to Billingsgate safely in the hottest weather." Bow-Bells.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS.

I.—LOON LAKE IN 1856.

IN your issue of to-day one of your correspondents recommends Loon Lake, Franklin county, N. Y., for fishing, etc. I can fully endorse his recommendation, having been one of a party who visited this delightful country, made delight out of his sports of flood and field, or rather, I may say, forest and lake. This magnificent sheet of water, if I remember correctly, is about one or one-and-half miles wide and three or four miles long. Picked to an enormous size are there in any quantity, together with trout of great weight. A party of half-a-dozen from Saratoga in September, 1856, visited this wilderness. After steaming up Lake Champlain we hired a team, and have not forgotten the thumps and bumps experienced in climbing the rocky hills. From noon until about midnight we journeyed, inquiring from persons we met, "How far is it to Smith's Hotel?" "Oh, about six miles." After jerking an hour or two the next inquiry, "How far to Smith's place?" "Up this place and down there, then straight on about two miles." We kept on thumping and lumping along for another hour, when we expected to see the hotel in the short distance. However we struck a cabin by the roadside, and lo! long out to the denizens, asked, "How far to Smith's Hotel?" "Oh, I guess about six or seven miles." We still went on, inquiring as we went, and found all our answers varied in distance from fifty to one hundred per cent. one with another. At last we reached the much-desired spot, were ushered into a nice comfortable tavern or hotel, and nine host Smith seemed (as Le Prov'd) a good fellow, fond of his mountain sports and a good hotel man in every respect, providing all comforts necessary for man or beast.

Our first morning, after an early breakfast, we start'd for a deer hunt. According to the custom there the dogs drive the deer to or from pools or lakes, and a boat was in readiness to put out after the deer. The dogs give tongue some two miles across the lake, but the deer took over the hills to another point, where he made good his escape, and the dogs could not get together that day in time for another drive.

As I was standing there, my brains working at nothing, my attention was suddenly attracted by the lake, some two miles probably, to a flight of birds skimming and hugging the shore in flocks and gradually approaching me. In a few moments I discovered them to be ducks, as they came within 200 yards of the mound on which I was stationed, when they settled down in a cove which was probably 100 yards in circumference, edged all round with tall rushes from four to five feet high.

"Hello, my boy!" says I to myself, "here's a chance," and luckily I had carried with me about half-a-dozen charges of No. 7 shot from Saratoga, having shot a fifty double pigeon match the week before, killing 95 wild birds out of 100, traps 5 feet apart, 21 yards rise, 100 yards fall. Lots of old residents of Saratoga at the present season greeted me and gave me a hearty shake of the hand, especially the wry host of the Adelphi Hotel—at that time Mac kept the American.

But to the flights of ducks. I accordingly drew out of each barrel the wads, then the twenty buck shot and put in place one and one-half ounces of No. 7s. I went on hands and knees, some times flat, crawling around through the tall rushes in order to get within shot at the edge of this curve where the ducks were. This took me probably half an hour, the distance around to avoid sight of my game in quest being several hundred yards. At length I made my journey, and, peering up, beheld a wonderful sight. A dead log, a tree without limbs, was hanging across this cove, some twenty yards in length, on which the ducks were sitting, some jumping off, uttering and splashing the water, the next moment on the ice shaking their feathers.

I never saw such a shot for a raker, and as I had waited some hours for the deer and got nothing I made up my mind this once for a broadside. I accordingly crept in a line with the log. The ducks had no apparent danger for some were feathering themselves, others with their beaks under the wing. I took a level sweep and, being ready in the bushes, the gun in position, I gave a whistle; they all raised their heads for a 10k—twenty-one duck—the first, a right barrel, heched forth fire and smoke, and the roar reverberated all around.

Two ducks arose; one of these fell to my left barrel. And the splashing and fluttering on each side of the log I will not easily forget; the water red with blood, all being shot through the head.

Nineteen shell-drakes at one shot out of twenty-one, of the other two, shooting off, one fell to the left barrel, bagging twenty out of twenty-one. I did not then know the shell-drake, never having shot any, but from the head knew it was a fish duck. The boat came now for me and my bag, and the wonder was great at the prodigious sweep, but you could not miss them if you held right for the first duck, lowering sufficiently to take in the lot.

The next day I shot my deer, being driven two miles to my stand as before described, but let her bound (a large doe) and gave her a round for her life, showing myself and bolting just as she jumped on land. It seemed more like murder in the first degree, or shooting down a calf, the poor thing being only some twelve or fifteen years from me, but she gave a tremendous frightened leap on hearing and seeing me, that a second or third leap would have carried her from barn of the gun, behind a bluff. Therefore I had to do or not to do, a dozen buckshot going through neck and shoulder. Our friend Smith at the hotel had three ducks or shell-drakes cooked for dinner on our arrival. The next day's deer hunt, and as you have lately had much discussion on cooking roasts, I will tell you how these ducks were served up, and the process used for taking away any fishy taste. I gave Smith the idea. All seemed young, large birds, legs like a mallard's, and fully as heavy as a plump mallard.

Just skin the ducks, as the skin generally contains the oily, fishy taste. Clean them, wrap them in wet cloths; dig a hole in ground, and bury them over night; take them up in morning and wash them well, and soak an hour in salt and water. As some home hungry enough from our hunt, and with appetites sharp, but I never sat down to a stew with onions, that surpassed these tender, juicy, sweet, deliciously, served-up shell-drakes.

Our worthy host, then of the hotel Loon Lake, has since left that locality. If this should meet his eye will please address me in care of the FOREST AND STREAM? I will be very happy to find his whereabouts, and probably pay him a visit.

We saw the day we left Loon Lake an immense wolf caught in a trap there. Deer in those days in that mighty wild wilderness was as plenty as sheep on the plains. How they are now I do not know, but the lake, for the best fishing in the world of its kind, I think cannot be surpassed.

Now, as I have made a commencement with you I will continue giving you only some remarkable and strange shots made during forty years' handling the double-barrel. I will give my experiences of shots I made myself at different times and different parts of the United States. WM. KING.

JORNELLSVILLE.—There was a slight mistake in the letter about Loon Lake in your issue of Aug. 23. It should read (15) fifteen miles from J. Hornellsville no 95 as printed. The lake was stocked some years ago with trout, but none were ever caught, until last week when Seth Green went there, and caught a fine lot greatly to the surprise of the local fishermen. —J. O. F.

THE WHITE PANTHER.

BY XLX YORRIS.

THE days passed pleasantly away with boating on the river and angling in the mountain streams for trout. The evening was spent in the library with Mr. St. Clair, who was actively engaged in collecting and describing the ferns and mosses in which the Alleghenies are so rich. One evening he remarked that Mandolph, a young hunter living in the wild recesses of the mountains, had paid him a visit that day and that he had noticed in his cap a very rare and beautiful fern, but the fronds were so withered and broken that he was unable to identify it. The hunter could not remember positively where he had gathered it; he was in the habit of placing beautiful plants and flowers in his cap and thinking no more about them. He was under the impression, however, that he had found it growing near the Panther Pond, a small lake situated near a wild gorge among the mountains.

"Let us hunt the fern to-morrow, Vivian," said Karl, as they retired that night. "I was just going to propose it," replied his friend; "so let us get up early and away."

At dawn they took the boat and rowed across the river. Vivian carried a repeating rifle and wore a long hunting-knife in his belt. Karl was armed with a well-tried gun.

"To the lover of nature," said Vivian, "the wild mountains have peculiar and unalloyed charms. In summer, deep carpeted with moss and glorious with the bloom of rhododendron and azalea, there is about them a mysterious beauty found nowhere else. In winter cedar and pine are columns of silver and the pillared rocks are turned to marble monuments—a auditing, perhaps, beside the graves of the red hunters who have long ago. Hunting the wild deer all through the autumn evenings—

"Till many a night I saw the pleads, rising through the mellow shade, glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid.

"I could understand why the Swiss in love with the Alps and the Gael with the Highlands. Returning, after a long day's hunt on the mountains, to his lonely camp by the lake, the hunter may hear the scream of the cougar in the laurel and the moeking laugh of the owl in the pine. Yet, wrapped in his blanket before his blazing camp-fire, his slumers are none the less sweet, though he knows that the king of the mountains is abroad in the storm.

"Your hunter is a naturalist, too, in his way; knowing little of books, he studies living nature in the wild wood—familiar with the habits of the animals around him his labors would bring him no returns. He knows that during the month of September the bucks will be found quiet and alone on the highest mountain peaks, drying their antlers in the sunbeams and rubbing off the velvet against rock and pine."

"Yes," replied Karl, "the hunter, though surrounded by danger, learns to forget fear. His mind is filled with the love of the forest and he can find his way anywhere by the moss on the trees—don't you see that it is no abundant on the side toward the north? Then one feels so different here from what he does in the crowded city; there he is lost in the maze of the busy multitude, and here the water is when mingled with the ocean; here he walks the earth like a god—

"In the olden, golden plories
Of the golden, olden times."

"Those were happy days, Vivian, in the morning of the world, when forest and stream, lake and river, vale and mountain were peopled with strange, wild forms. But the beautiful fairy no longer dances to the sound of elfin music among the golden flowers of summer, when the moonbeams are painting ghostly pictures everywhere. The treasure caves of the dwarfs are all closed and the gold and gems are hidden away from the eyes of men and the earth is the Basileisk are harmless now and the Hippogriff no longer bears away knight or paladin on rapid wings to deeds of arms or fields of chivalry."

"True," replied his companion; "when the sun of civilization shone brighter and clearer over the earth these creatures of the world of fairy faded and paled in the light of its splendor. They retired to lonely caves in lonely lands and are now seen only by the dwellers in mist-wrapped mountains, far away from the eyes of men and the search of the eagle. In these forests, as you said, there roams a phantom creature, fierce and terrible—a snow-white cougar, but I suppose that it is only a hunter's dream, though many claim to have seen it.

"But here is a beautiful spring, clear as crystal and cold as ice, bubbling up from among the rocks and perfumed by the bloom of the red rhododendron. Let us sit down on this mossy stone and rest. You must be hungry," he continued, drawing from his pockets great lumps of cheese, butter, rolls and a roasted venison and spreading them out before him on the moss. "The rapid walk and mountain air gives one an appetite. Yes, the Alleghenies are grand and picturesque, but the mountains of the torrid zone are more beautiful by far. They are like wonderful gardens, rising terrace above

terrace, until their snowy summits are lost among the clouds. Tempera ure, you know, is the principal agent governing the geographical distribution of plants, hence we find growing at their base in a sunny Eden the palm, the arborescent fern, the aloe, the pineapple and the banana. Higher up in its slopes the orange, the olive tree and the laurel; above these again the magnolia, the live oak, the cypress and the cedar. Ascending yet higher we find the forest of fir and spruce, the birch, the beech, the elm and the willow. Among the eternal snows on their summits we find the plants of Spitzbergen and Lapland—the mosses and lichens of the far North growing under the equator!"

"Botany has always been my favorite study," replied the other, "and plants are quite as wonderful as animals. Indeed, so closely are they blended in their lowest forms, that we are quite unable to distinguish the one from the other. Like animals, they move, eat, drink, sleep, breathe, perspire, have circulation due to vital causes, are male and female. They have sensibility, too, similar to animals. Poison will destroy some as quickly as it would a bird, and opium throws others into a profound sleep. Many are carnivorous, feeding upon the blood and flesh of animals, like the lynx and the cougar."

"Yes, and the vegetable, like the animal edifice, is built up from the cell. Every seed contains an embryonic plant—the trunk, the branches, the roots, the leaves, all are there, like the bird in the egg, only waiting to be buried in the soil and washed forth by the sun to kiss them into flower and fruit. The roots and the branches of trees are identically the same, and the one may be made to become the other; the flowers are only transformed leaves. But I think the Panther Pond is there between those mountains. Let us hurry on."

A rapid walk of half an hour up the slopes brought them to the summit, where a wide and beautiful prospect was spread out before them. Far as eye could reach were piled up around the peaks the pine and fir pinacles of the Alleghenies, clothed everywhere, except in the castellated rocks in the green of rhododendron and pine and here and there between the peaks they caught a glimpse of the crystal river gleaming in the sunbeams far away.

"There's the pond," said Karl; "don't you see it there shut up in the hollow of the mountains and surrounded by the dark fir trees?"

"Yes, and I was looking long and dark, as though a sunbeam had never kissed his bosom, but let us hurry on," he said, and started forward, as if by magic, swift as the bird of the desert, but Karl saw only a metallic glimmer of gold and emerald flashing under the pines. A frightened deer dashed through the laurel and behind it over the fern waving his white plume proudly as ever did Henry of Navarre.

"Was that a cougar?" asked Karl. "No, only a buck," replied Vivian, as the two friends hurried on down the mountain toward the pond. As they approached the waters Karl drew back pale and trembling. "Look!" he said in a whisper, "there is the Panther Cougar, white as snow, and it is gazing at you!"

The cougar leaped behind a rock, and peering around it, saw the mountain king at his meal. His head was turned from them toward the pond, and they could hear him crushing the bones of his victim, growing all the while like a cat. "This is no phantom," said young St. Clair, in a whisper; "ghosts do not eat." "What shall we do?" said Karl, with a white, scared face. "You are pale," said his companion; "keep quiet, we must kill him." "I may be pale," returned Karl, "but I am no coward, as you will see when he comes upon us. But if we only wound him he will spring upon us." "Be steady," whispered his companion; "aim at his head with your gun, and I will send a ball from the rifle through his heart. If we miss or only wound him, he will again as soon as possible. But I shall not miss him," he said, cocking his rifle as he spoke and resting the barrel again at the rock. The cougar heard the sharp click of the springs and turned his head toward them, dropping from his mouth the heart of the fawn. "Now!" said Vivian, and a loud report rang over the waters and led away into the echo among the mountains. The cougar bounded into the air, but sank quivering to the ground. "He is killed," cried Karl; "let us run to him." "Stop!" said the other, "he may be only stunned; we will give him another volley. Aim at his head. Now!" and again the reports of their rifles resounded through the forest, setting the squirrels to chattering in the pines and the owls to haw haw in the fir trees.

"He is besting the ground with his tail," said Karl; "he will never rise again—see how he quivers and shudders. Now walk up to the pond, and be sure and shoot him between his head and here is a large one through his ear," he continued; "and see! here is yours in his shoulder. Look at his cruel eyes—how bloody red; his claws how long and sharp and his fangs were mad for murder."

Just then they heard a rustling in the leaves behind them, and turning quickly, there stood Randolph, the hunter, leaning on his rifle.

"So, Mr. St. Clair, you and your young friend have killed the King—really I never would have thought it. This is the largest cougar I have ever seen," he continued, holding it up with his bow, "and the only albino ever seen in the Alleghenies. I saw him five years ago for the first time, and several times since then, but could never get a shot at him. I have killed several white deer, and they are not uncommon in the mountains, but this cougar though seen by many hunters has always been regarded by them with superstitious awe. They believed him to be a phantom, a spirit of the mountain storm, fierce and terrible, and when a hunter lost in the night and frozen in the snow was found it was said that he had fallen a victim to this fiend of the Alleghenies. I was hunting the fern for your father on the other side of the pond, when I heard your commotion, and thought I would come around and see what was the trouble. It is fortunate that you killed him at the first fire; had you only wounded him he would certainly have torn you to pieces; but let us skin him, and carry his pelt to the villa as a trophy."

The work was rapidly and skillfully done, and Randolph, throwing the skin across his shoulder, went down to the pond to wash the blood from his hands and hunting knife.

"Did you find the fern?" asked young Mr. Clair.

"No," replied the hunter, "but will you now resume the search."

It was a beautiful pond, deep and dark. Cedar and pine reached down their arms, and played lovingly with its waters; it is islands of reed looked out from its bosom, and the belted kingfisher dipped his wings in its waves.

"Here in the sand are footprints of a deer, and here are the tracks of a wild bear," said Karl.

"No," said Randolph, "the cougar has been here. Don't you see that his foot is round like a cat's?"

Resting a moment by the water they started down the shore of the lake, but had not proceeded far when the hunter stooped to examine a beautiful plant growing among the

moss-covered rocks, and immediately cried, "It is the walking fern. I thought it must be. We have surely plucked far enough to find it. This is certainly the very plant that Mr. St. Clair is so anxious to obtain, and it is quite different from all the others on the mountain." Vivian collected some of the mossy ferns for the use of his father's conservatory, wrapping them carefully in moss, and sprinkling them with water from the pond.

"It is time that we were off," said the hunter, "the mountain paths are rough, and we have far to go. It will be nightfall before you can reach your home. I will accompany you to the river, and guide you the nearest way through the forest."

"Do you never lose your way in the dark pine woods?" asked Karl.

"No," replied Randolph, "I have always lived among the mountains, and I know each path."

"Why is it, Randolph, that your language is so different from that used by the other hunters?" asked Vivian with a smile.

"Were you a deer at school?"

"I am a graduate," replied the hunter, "of the Normal Institute at St. George. The otters and fishers were formerly very abundant among the All gables, and I was a very successful trapper. I sold my furs and purchased books, studying late every night by the light of the blazing pine knots. I was in the study in the mountain cabin. I had progressed so far in my studies that I was able to graduate a year after entering the institute. When I have money enough I will go to the university and finish my education there. The Randolphs have not always been hunters," he added, sadly, "but it is hard to break the iron web that destiny weaves around us."

He stopped suddenly in the narrow pathway, gave a shrill whistle through his clenched teeth, the cougar's skin slipped from his shoulder to the ground, and a moment after the animal seemed to climb from cliff to crag up the rocky wall of the mountain. "Ha! ha! ho! ho! ho!" laughed the owl in the fir tree, and the gray wolf answered with a howl from the laurel. The hunter, without speaking or moving from where he stood, commenced reloading his rifle.

"What was it, Mr. Randolph?" asked Karl.

"You will see," replied the hunter capping his gun. "It was a long shot, but I think a true one."

After walking a hundred yards or more through the tangled forest he came upon a large buck lying dead by a mountain spring. "Shooting through the heart," said Vivian, thrusting his finger into the wound. "Yes," replied the hunter. "I can shoot." Bending down a young birch tree they tied the antlers to its top with a cord and then releasing the tree it immediately regained an upright position lifting the deer far above the reach of the prowling wolf. "It will be safe there," said Randolph, "until I come for it in the morning."

"The laws of inheritance," he continued, "apply to all the lower animals as well as to us. They are gaining knowledge, and among wild species these individuals possess the most perfect faculties—keenness of scent, of sight and of hearing, the greatest courage, strength and fleetness, the longest teeth and sharpest claws, combined with the highest development of the reasoning powers, survive and perpetuate their race—the others perish. Thus the cougar succeeds in capturing only those deer that are deficient in these characteristics, as hearing for example. The wise old buck with perfect faculties leaves the forest until age impairs them; the weak and foolish die in youth. There are deer on these mountains that have never been in reach of cougar's claws or hunter's rifle. Others have great curiosity and little caution. They must stop to investigate any unknown object and listen to every unusual sound; it was this peculiarity that caused the buck I killed a few moments ago to lose his life. Those having the most caution and the least curiosity live to the greatest age."

"Yes," replied the student, "the laws of heredity have been in force upon the earth since the first appearance of life upon its surface, and apply to the vegetable kingdom as well as to the animal. Man, by taking advantage of these laws of nature, improves everything that comes under his dominion. Among domestic animals it seems as though an artist had taken the rough sketch and covered all the rude outlines with beauty. He waxes his magic wand over a poor and bitter fruit and changes its juices into the sweetness of the orange and its color into the glory of the lilies."

"Here is the river and there is the light in the windows of your house," said Randolph, emerging from the laurel and pointing out to the mountains the moonbeams were gleaming over the mountain summits and throwing their lines of silver across the crystal waters. "Good night, young gentlemen; I have far to go," he said, throwing the snowy cougar skin into the boat and disappearing under the arches of the pines. The two young friends roved rapidly over the stream and were met on the opposite shore by Prof. St. Clair, who, becoming alarmed at their prolonged absence, was eagerly awaiting their return.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, as Vivian tossed the cougar car lessly over his shoulder and started up the gravel walk toward the villa.

"The robe of the White Cougar, the mountain king," replied Karl with a laugh. "Yes, Randolph, the hunter told me that he had often seen this remarkable creature near the Panther Pond, but I thought he must be mistaken. So he has killed it at last and sent me the pelt." "Randolph did not kill him," said Vivian, stopping to pluck a rose; "I spent myself to his banquet at St. George, and he was embarrassed with his wine as he would have should he have owned a 'gunpowder plot' for the purpose of detroning him." "You do not mean to say that you killed him?" exclaimed the Professor excitedly, turning to Karl. "Certainly," replied the latter; "after we had defied his power which else could we do but imitate the example of Cromwell, and put the king to death."

"I," said Vivian, "you draw your sword against your prince, you must throw away the scabbard."

"What I must do," said the Professor, "is that you have exhibited wonderful courage I still think that you were reckless and foolish, and your conduct merits the severest censure."

"But I was the fiercer, tatter," said Vivian, drawing it from under his coat as they entered the library.

"So it is, my son!" cried the delighted Professor, forgetful of everything else in his admiration of the beautiful fronds of the walking fern!

When Vivian and Karl returned to college at the close of the summer vacation Randolph, who had been with them and remained until he graduated with the honors of his class. He is now the most distinguished physician in the city where his father failed, and comes every summer to the mountain villa.

RAIL SHOOTING SCORES.

Following are some of the scores made this season: From Goff's Hotel, Sept. 1—Isaac Rothwell pushed James Kboards, of Spring Hill, and boated 44 rail; 10 rood birds; Benj. Haddock pushed Erle A. New York, and boated 35 rail; Dick Brown pushed John Goff, of Chester, and boated 27 rail; P. rry Allen pushed Frank Weaver, and boated 36 rail; Chas. Goff pushed Thos. Butler, of West Chester, and boated 39 rail; Sam. Preston pushed E. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and boated 22 rail; B. n. Driskett pushed T. S. Dands, of Philadelphia, and boated 23 rail; Jacob Miller pushed Harry Black, of Chester, and boated 19.

Sept. 2—Isaac Rothwell shot 21; Bill Rump, 18; J. Miller, 23; Sept. 3—J. Brown, 30; J. Kehlwald, 23; Bill Rump, 18; Henj. Harris, 20. We will be pleased to furnish to all inquiring friends information concerning the cost of the shooting.

On the Hackensack meadows there was a large representation of gunners last Thursday, so many, in fact, that some of the men took the shot intended for the birds. Seven men were "shot marked," Constable Earle receiving eleven shot as his share. Among the gentlemen whose records are considered good, John Ryan leads the list with 48 birds one side and 30 another; Lawyer Griggs, of Paterson, had a string of 47; Julian Wood, of this city, 61; two tides; G. C. Van Houten, of Paterson, 35; F. B. Spencer, Brooklyn, 38; Shepherd Knapp, this city, 31; G. C. Trwlliger, 32; Ed. Ackerman, Hackensack, 35; George Ricardo, 31; Chris. Huber, Paterson, 29; Charles Knapp, 28; S. F. Spencer, Elizabeth, 24. A New York correspondent writes, under date of Sept. 3: On the opening day I again went to Hackensack to try my hand at rail birds. We started out on Thursday about noon, but soon found that the tide was not yet high enough to get in the meadows. So we pulled up and in the creek, putting up a bird now and then. At one o'clock the tide was high enough, and then the fun began. There was a continual popping on all sides for about two hours. There were not so many birds as last year, but still enough to keep us at it quite lively. There was in all about fifteen boats, out of which I came in "high boat," with a score of 44 birds; other boats came in with the scores of 40 and 39. I can safely say I had one of the best pushes out that day, and I would advise any one going there to inquire for Henry Penning, who can always be found at Franklyn Hotel, and he can give them as good a day's sport as any one could wish.—G. E. J.

Boats' score from Riverside Hotel, Lazzaretto, Delaware Co., Pa., Thursday, Sept. 1, 1881. Gilert Griffin, 87; E. McCready, 76; J. W. Thorn, 121; Arthur Godson, 44; Jos. M. Liu, 58; Mr. Purves, 5; E. C. Pece, 16; F. B. Rogers, 40; C. L. Wormley, 39; Wm. Stroud, 52; Frank Sartori, 67; W. Audr-rion, 21; Geo. Martin, 10; A. J. Morion, 17; Mr. Grant, 55; Mr. Paterson, 60; H. S. Townsend, 21; Ed. Maher, 45; Al. Baley, 3; Samuel Adams, 11; Mr. Henry, 4; Jacob Altherr, 30; John P. Pole, 24; Mr. Gayer, 15; Mr. Clew, 20; Mr. Shook, 23; Tot-1, 955

Friday, September 2. Elwood James, 35; E. C. Peace, 7; T. B. Rogers, 23; Frank Sartori, 18; Geo. Martin, 16; C. L. Wormley, 61; Ge. McC-nnell, 20; Louis Good, 20; B. Ogden, 22; Chas. Johnson, Jr. G. Jas. Thorn, 38; E. Harrison, 39; Thos. Waddington, 16; Arthur Godson, 26; W. Crawford, 17; Geo. Smith, 51. Total, 43.

Saturday, Sept. 3. Dr. Gardner, 30; John E. Pole, 43; H. Andrews, 25; C. M. Armley, 28; Louis Good, 18; Chas. Richter, 11; H. Mingle, 12; Jas. Kirk, 29; Geo. Smith, 62; Thos. Thompson, 40; Isaac Worrel, 13; W. H. Harris, 8; Stacy Springer, 16; Mr. Mansfield, 6; Henry Shultz, 26; H. Houblt, 12; W. Anderson, 10; John Richardson, 14. Total, 403.

Mr. William Miller is the proprietor of the Riverside Hotel. If advised by mail to Ridleyville, Pa., or by Telegraph (Philadelphia and Reading Railroad telegraph lines) to Lazzaretto, Pa., conveyances will be furnished to meet any train from Philadelphia on its arrival at Moore's Station, P. W. & B. R. H.

HIGH WATER AT LAZARETTO AND OHESTER.

Table with 4 columns: Date, Time, Score, and another column. Rows include Sept. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

*Marked thus shot one tide only, the others both morning and evening tides.

THE SCARCITY OF BAY SNIFE.

Editor Forest and Stream: I would like to hear from your readers as to their observations on the growing scarcity of bay snipe and plover. My own experience, confined to Long Island, is that they had fair at the present rate, in a few years to afford no remuneration to the market gunner and no sport to the sportsman. I spent four days on the Rockaway marshes last spring and have been there once a week since July 13, making a *de jour fair sport*; and some of the days have been in every way favorable. The season, in fact, has been a failure there—so it has been at Shinnecock Bay—as I learn from gentlemen, who have been there two weeks at a time (not the hotel keepers).

One theory is that the birds have changed their course and now fly down the Mississippi Valley. The following from a recent letter from Cobb's Island, Va., indicates that they have not merely skipped Long Island in flying down the Atlantic Coast. The line between the island and the mainland surrounds hundreds of acres of salt marshes. From May until October these marshes are the home of thousands of bay birds—snipe, curlew, willet and plover. May is the great shooting month on the island. The birds stop on their way to the breeding grounds and they are killed by thousands. In fact so many of them are killed at this season that there has been a marked diminution in the fall flight during the past two or three years. It is estimated that an average of one thousand birds were killed each day during the month of May last.

Is not this the solution of the matter? Are not breeder-loaders and spring shooting, especially the latter, the cause of the decrease of bay birds?—L. New York Sept. 5.

SEVERAL POSSIBLE EXPLANATIONS—Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: Inclosed I send this clipping from the Indianapolis Journal of Aug. 31: "Nimrod Reunited.—Rev. Myron Reed and Prof. Ora Pearson, who have been re-locating in the Brule River region, Michigan, returned to the city yesterday to manage a few days' absence. The report was joyfully received as a del. dful time, the fish and game were plentiful, five deer having been bagged a short time previous to their return." I would like to know what right the parties mentioned therein have to kill deer in Michigan before the expiration of the close season? If I understood the game laws, I believe deer shooting opens in the above State on Oct. 1.—BOOK.

[Several possible explanations suggest themselves. Newspaper items like the above are not always reliable; but granting that the report is correct: (1) It is not stated that the Indianapolis gentlemen bagged the deer, but simply the fact of the deer having been bagged. Some one else may have done it. Again, the report may have misunderstood and (2) instead of "bagged" the tourists may have said "seen" or, (3) the deer may have been simply an invention of the reporter, who did not know anything about game laws and who is thus guilty of a base libel on the Indianapolis sportsmen. Any one of these three suppositions, or of a dozen others which might be named, is more plausible than the story that Messrs. Reed and Pearson killed five deer in Michigan in the month of August, 1881.]

CALIFORNIA QUAIL IN MISSOURI.—Of the importation of California quail into Missouri, a Jefferson City, Mo., correspondent writes: "I have never yet seen any of the birds myself since they were liberated, but have had repeated information that I consider reliable, that they were seen last summer as well as this spring. I am satisfied they were several hundreds last summer, and I have heard of their being seen this summer but have not yet heard of any young ones. Some were seen last winter in Pulaski county, at least seventy-five miles from here; and last summer they were seen repeatedly on my farm six miles below this city. Then this spring Dr. Glover reported seeing some in his neighborhood, and Judge Clarenbach saw them in two different places near here. I believe their acclimation and increase here will be a success. As to the results of their liberation in places in Callaway, eight miles west, eight miles southeast at Mr. Wards, and six miles east on my farm. I have not this summer received definite information, except from two places. In Callaway none have been seen this summer. On my farm I have information that two or three have been seen this summer, but my informant may have been mistaken in the bird, yet I believe they were seen. From the other two places I have no information. I hope we will succeed in stocking the country with each kind.—H. E.

WHY THERE ARE NO WILD PIGEONS—GOSHEN, N. Y., Aug. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream:—A friend and myself desire to take a little hunt, and would especially like to have a wild pigeon hunt for a few days. Only a very few years since pigeons would be about this region in September, about the time acorns began to shell, upon wheat fields recently sown. No great birds could be got, but enough to satisfy a reasonable man. Do you know of any local fly, not too far from New York City, where we might go and have a few days of such hunting as I have tried to describe? For some unexplained reason pigeons do not come about us as formerly, but I cannot but believe that there are sections they still visit for a few weeks in early fall. W. H. N.

[The only sure plan for getting some shots at wild pigeons is to join an "association for the protection of fish and game." Then you will be sure of an opportunity to shoot ten or fifteen, or fifty half-fledged squabs fired out of a trap and unable to fly. No reasonable man could ask for pigeons in the field and pigeons in the trap too; and if our correspondent is a "true sportsman," he will doubtless be willing to forego his favorite sport for the sake of the cause of "game protection."]

GAME BIRDS WANTED—Rushville, Ill., Aug. 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: Can you refer me to any party in the East who has live black ducks, seaons brant or other kinds of water-fowl which are not common in the West who would be likely to exchange some of them for woodcock? We are trying to get a collection of our native game water-fowl, and have several pairs of woodcocks that we could spare, which we would like to exchange for good specimens of the above mentioned birds, which are very rare and difficult to obtain in the West. Any information you can give me that will put me in communication with persons likely to exchange will be thankfully received. J. P. LEAON.

Several years ago, 1870 to 1875, we had a collection of live fowl, including mallards, wood ducks, black ducks, Canada geese, blue geese, white-fronted geese and brant. A change of business necessitated their sale. During this time we bought, so do or exchanged with the following persons: Lewis Homan, Patchogue, L. I.; W. A. Conklin, Central Park, New York city; Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia; John Boetcher, Oakwood Cemetery, Troy, N. Y.; G. H. Boardman, Weston, Vt.; Gree e Smith, Peterboro, N. Y. (now dead); Dr. J. N. Bates, Worcester, Mass.; N. Guilbert, Goodwood, Pa.; Geo. Ivin, Mysville, Catawago Co., N. Y.; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y.

Explosions of various kinds have been numerous within a fortnight past. The list is headed by the explosion of a great quantity of fulminate gun caps, which imbedded themselves in the body of a workman with fatal effects. (2.) This was followed by an explosion of fifteen pounds of powder in a Connecticut armory, nine persons being injured. (3.) The premature explosion of a torpedo, at the Newport torpedo station, killed two persons. (4.) An explosion of naphtha in Front Street, New York City, wrecked a building and killed two men. (5.) A bomb-shell, thought to be unloaded, was thrown into a Brooklyn foundry furnace, but did not stay there very long; it went out through the windows. No one was hurt. (6.) And there was the usual accident whereby the "thought-it-wasn't-loaded" victim was killed by the discharge of a gun. (7.) The seventh did not explode. Some workmen in a foundry were about to pour the molten iron into the molds, when a slight disturbance of the molten metal caused an explosion, which was heard. The cavity was full of gunpowder. One drop of the molten metal would have caused an awful explosion, probably killing everybody in the building. That the strikers were guilty of the plot was shown by the fact that, instead of crowding about the doors and windows to jeer at the new men, as they

had done on previous days, they remained at a considerable distance. A detective claims to have discovered that the powder was deposited by a committee of three men, to whom the task of wreaking vengeance had been given by their comrades."

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."—Editor Forest and Stream: I am an abominably bad shot; and have lately seen what appears to be a plausible explanation of my trouble. It is this, that I am "left-eyed." Forming a ring with my thumb and first finger, and holding my hand a short distance before my face, I "focus" the ring, so that I can see a small object, such as a dove's knob, through it with both eyes open. Now, holding my hand perfectly still and shutting my left eye, I am unable to see the object through the ring with my right eye, but shutting my right eye, I can see it with my left. Hence, I am told, I am "left-eyed," and in order to shoot accurately I must learn to shoot from the left shoulder. Do you think that this is so? And will it pay me to try to learn to shoot left-handed? I should like your opinion.—LIVIDUIS.

[Our opinion is that the philosopher who was being prating to you about left-eyed shooting, if you have no gun, shoot from your right shoulder you certainly cannot from your left. What the experient you mention has to do with sighting along a gun barrel is more than we can understand, or you either.]

MAINE LARGE GAME.—I have been on a jaunt lately in the neighborhood of Bangor, Me., and met many tourists on their way to the Rangeley and Moosehead Lakes. At Portland I learned from undoubted authority that a yearling bull moose had been killed this summer at either Rangeley or Moosehead, I forgot which of the lakes. This was contrary to law, and the rare animal was shot from behind a jack. My informant tells me the slayer was a native of Portland and one that should have known better. I could have been taken to the skin and seen it drying. What is more shameful, I heard of a caribou having been shot at Moosehead this summer a few days, by a tourist, before I left Bangor, Me. I trust these lines may meet the eye of both the worthy gentlemen who participated in this rare illegal sport. The names of both are only well known on account of the promise I made to my informants. You may rely on it. Moose and caribou are too rare now-days in Maine to be slaughtered out of season as soon as they put their noses into the State. Deer are becoming very plenty in Maine. More have been seen this summer than for twenty years past, notwithstanding "tailing and jack hunting"—HOMO.

ANOTHER ANCIENT FIREARM.—Richmond, Va., Aug. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your correspondent's story of the long gun he found in a Virginia country store reminds me of a famous old rifle I once saw up in Highland County, of this same State. It is a mistake to suppose that we can shoot any better with our "new-fangled" rifles than our fathers shot before us. The arms may be better, but we certainly do not use them to better purpose. The rifle to which I refer is the property of Mr. William Lockridge, a man well advanced in life. His home is on the Bull Pasture River, in Highland County. The rifle is a flint-lock muzzle-loader and must be over 100 years old. Its present owner has had it more than fifty years. The game which he has killed with it counts up 3,000 deer, besides numbers of wolves, bears, foxes, wild cats and squirrels ad infinitum. The old gun's aim was still bright and his aim steady.—ALBEX.

SEMPER, South Carolina, August 24.—Quails, or partridges as they are universally called, are quite plentiful about here. I knew of about fifteen or twenty coveys within two or three miles of our house last season. Some of them, however, were "swamp birds" and would be lost after the first flush. Numbers of them are annually destroyed by the darkies and poor whites with their traps and pens, by one of which a whole covey is sometimes taken at a time. Coons, opossums, squirrels and foxes abound in the swamps and woods. Wild turkeys are sometimes seen, but are very plentiful. The nearest good fishing place is the Wateree swamp, about ten miles off. This swamp is about four or five miles wide and is interspersed with bayous or lakes, as they are called. The red water of these lakes abounds in fish of a lighter color and better flavor than those caught in the black water streams.—R. B. F.

AN INDIANA GAME CENTER.—Clovevale, Putnam Co., Ind., is reached from Indianapolis, via the Vandavia Railroad, to Greensville, thence south ten miles, via the L. N. & C. R. R., time four hours from Indianapolis. Hotel Central House, J. J. Lewis, proprietor; rates \$3.50 per week, open the year round. Ducks are hunted in the fall and spring, most plentiful in spring, mostly of the small kind. A few English snipe in the spring; quail very plentiful in season from Oct. 1 Jan 1. Permits to shoot will have to be obtained in some localities. Rabbits are very numerous, and are killed during the whole of the winter season. Bass are plentiful in Red River and Deer Creek. Fishing with the fly is entirely unknown. Squirrels are also plenty. In this region of country modern breech-loaders are entirely unknown.—J. B. V.

VIRGINIA SHOOTING GROUNDS.—BOSTON, Mass.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have heard from various sources of the good shooting to be had in Virginia and, as I shall spend a week or so in that State the last of September, I would be obliged if any of your correspondents or subscribers who are acquainted with the country would give me any information concerning it.—HOWARD.

[Our correspondent will find excellent quail shooting, we presume, in the vicinity of Bellefonte, Northway county, where game there is deer, quail and turkeys. By riding out from Norfolk in almost any direction good quail shooting may be had. Excellent shooting is to be had along the Rappahannock River bottoms. Warrenton Springs, Fauquier county, is recommended, as is also Littleton, in Sussex county.]

THE DROOPY DUCK FRAMES, made by Mr. F. A. Allen, of Mount Vernon, Ill., are by all odds the most effective decoys yet invented. They are ingeniously constructed to support in a life-like position upon the water the dead bird, and every one knows that nothing looks more like a duck alive than a duck dead. The ducks themselves think so, for with the Allen decoys the few can be brought within gunshot when all other lures have failed. Mr. Davis, a local duck shooter and known the ways of the ducks, has made and sold \$5,000 of the frames since last fall and 2,000 of his duck-collars.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Dr. E. C. Bass won the Wendell golf badge, the regular weekly shoot of the Cazenovia Gun Club, held at their grounds Sept. 2, 1891. He is in favor of a third term, and says it is never too late to win. Will Thomas went grouse shooting Sept. 1, and remarks that it is his first and last appearance in the woods. Grouse season opened here yesterday, and the following bags were made: Morse and Dwyer, three grouse; Carl and Cook, nine grouse and one woodcock; Brown, Atwell and Webber, eight grouse and one woodcock; Smith and Crutenden, seven grouse and five woodcock. Never saw it as dry as now and birds are scarce.—HAMMILLERS.

THAT STEAM LAUNCH.—Vicksburg, Miss.—You published some time ago a story of "A Duck Hunt in a Steam Launch." The launch was put in first-rate order and we made several very successful hunts in her. On one occasion I bagged with my own gun alone twenty-one mallards and four geese, besides other species which escaped with broken wings.—ONE OF THE MARCONERS.

TWO NEW HAMPSHIRE QUERRIES.—Boston, Sept. 5.—Will some of your New Hampshire correspondents please inform me through the columns of your excellent paper in what part of New Hampshire good white rabbit shooting can be had, also if the law in that State in regard to sheep compels the owner of a dog to pay damages (if the dog should kill any sheep) provided that the dog is licensed?—H. P. U.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Long Island Forester Club was held at Brooklyn, Thursday evening, September 6. The following officers were elected: Henry Thorpe, President; Chas. M. Edwards, Vice-President; C. W. Field, Secretary, and R. T. Sabin, Treasurer. Messrs. Thorpe, Field and Sabin were appointed as a committee to investigate the credentials of proposed members.

A LARGE WOODCOCK.—Georgetown, Del., Sept. 2.—On Thursday morning Mr. P. B. Hillen was called into the yard of Judge Layton to shoot a woodcock, which was feeding there. Mr. H., it is said, at first thought it was a spring chicken, but his quick eye soon detected the mistake and he "pulled" bringing down the bird, which, when plucked upon the scales, was found to weigh twenty-four ounces.—M. A. M.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

| FRESH WATER. | |
|---|---|
| Grayling, <i>Thymallus triobolus</i> and <i>T. montanus</i> . | Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> . |
| Black Bass, <i>Micropterus salmoides</i> and <i>M. pallidus</i> . | Striped Bass, <i>Roccus lincolns</i> . |
| Masacutong, <i>Esox nubilus</i> . | White Bass, <i>Roccus chrysops</i> . |
| Brook Trout, <i>Salvelinus fontinalis</i> . | Crappie, <i>Chromis nigriventris</i> . |
| Pike or Pickerel, <i>Esox lucius</i> . | Crappie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> . |
| Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , <i>S. gulosum</i> , etc. | Chub, <i>Scomellus corporalis</i> . |
| SALT WATER. | |
| Sea Bass, <i>Centropristis atrariva</i> . | Weakfish or scoutague, <i>Cynoscion regalis</i> . |
| Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Roccus nebulosus</i> . | La Pargitte or Spot, <i>Leiostomus xanthurus</i> . |
| Blue Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> . | Clanied Bass, Spot or Redfish, <i>Sciaenops ocellatus</i> . |
| Bluefish or Taylor, <i>Pomatomus saltatrix</i> . | Sheepshead, <i>Archosargus probatocephalus</i> . |
| Scup or Porgie, <i>Stenotomus argyrops</i> . | Kingfish or Barb, <i>Menticirrhus nebulosus</i> . |
| Pollock, <i>Polachius carbonatus</i> . | |
| Turbot or Blackfish, <i>Pentage onitis</i> . | |
| Skipjack Mackerel, <i>Scombrus maculatus</i> . | |

ALL fish should be killed the moment they are taken out of the water, not only on account of the inhumanity of allowing them to linger in an element ungenial to their nature, but also to prevent them to die by slow degrees rendering them less valuable, nourishing and conducive to health as food. E. Jesse, Esq., in his work, "Anglers' troubles," says he always has a large knife with a hammer at the end to kill fish as soon as they are taken. He was so polite, at my request, as to refer me to the cutter who made it; but the knife was large, consequently heavy, and the price high. I had one made very neat and lighter, at less than a quarter the price, and the blow of the hammer on the skull of the fish kills it instantly.—W. WRIGHT.

ANGLING IN THE BAY OF QUINTE.

SEEING that you oftentimes request communications from your readers, I write to describe this part of the country where I have been enjoying the fresh air and sport for a few days, and trust if any of your numerous readers should come this way that they will enjoy themselves as much as I have.

This place is generally known as Mill Point, is situated at the head of the long reach on the Bay of Quinte (an inlet of Lake Ontario) and about thirty miles from Kingston. The place has two large saw-mills, machine-shop, sash and blind factory, flour-mill, ship-yard and other industries all in active operation. It is easy of access as boats run from Kingston, Belleville, Napanee, etc., and in the near neighborhood are Hay Bay, Carnahans Bay and the Lake on the Mountain. The two former are well-known as good shooting and fishing resorts in this season; while the latter is a natural wonder, being a lake of about 200 acres in extent situated on the top of a hill some 400 feet above the level of the bay, and without any visible inlet. From the top of the mountain hill, a magnificent view may be had, Lake Ontario, Hay Bay, Carnahans Bay, a large portion of the Bay of Quinte, and the surrounding country being at once in view.

There are numerous good places for camping both up and down the Bay from this place, within easy reach of which may be had excellent fishing at this season. Black bass, pickerel, muskellunge and perch are caught. Last evening your correspondent went out and acquitted sport from six till dark, catching ten fish, weighing twenty and a half pounds, the largest four and a half pounds. The evening before two young men caught eighteen weighing fifty-four pounds. Just now the fly, or trolling with either fly or spoon, takes well.

As a simple easy of access where good shooting, fishing and camping may be had, the Bay of Quinte takes the lead.

GARHEART'S LAKE, LOUISIANA.

WOODLAND PLANTATION, WE T BELUCH RA PALHUR, LA. LIVING in New Orleans as I do, I hardly realized there could be within a distance of one hundred and sixty miles a region so rolling as in this parish. Really it is astonishing, the skill that is required by driver and autoists to ensnare a vehicle up and down the hills in safety. To look up, it seems impossible to make it, and to look back it seems a great achievement. The most interesting of all the rides is to "the Bluff" to see the sunset. One rises so gradually in the course of the ride that it is hard to realize the height one has attained. Suddenly you find your elf on the brink of what might have been an inland sea, the margin reaching as far as the eye can range. It is filled with a forest of immense cedar trees covered with moss. In fact, it is what is called, "The Cedar Forest." Below is the swamp land and famous for fishing. Imagine the sensation of overlooking these immense trees, and then a distance above them as great as their height. The view of a sunset at this spot beggars description and we could hardly realize there was any access to the lake and the woods.

Our host, a most sensible and thoughtful bachelor, arranged a fishing party and "fish fry" for us. The morning arrived, and at the darkest hour we were aroused, to be in complete readiness to move, by the early light. It was clear and lovely, and the morning star shone brilliantly and was a stranger to most of us. Now the idea was to provide all the breakfast to be made complete by the cutting and frying of the fish. "The gentleman of color," who officiated as cook, combined the art of fiddling to while away the time before the morning meal. After alighting from the wagon, we descended to the lake by a winding path down the edge of the hill, and it seemed to be the very bottom of a bowl, as we could only see up through the dense foliage to the sky above us. Overhung with trees, quiet, except the noises of birds and insects, the morning hour before the rays of the sun were perceptible, it seemed an enchanted spot indeed. The party scattered to different points. Some went out in dug-outs, others took a stand on an old raft in the middle of the lake, and in the first morning of the season the first fish were caught—trout, goggled-eyed, speckled and brim perch, cat, and other varieties usual in Southern lakes.

Having had only black coffee since morning, we had caught an appetite as well. We remained a few hours, and had a second fry and repaired up the hill to the wagon to be jolted home over the hills and dales and roots of trees, and shall long remember the novelty, pleasure and benefit of a good "fish-fry" at Garheart's Lake. RITA.

TURNER'S ANGLING.—Of Turner, the painter, an English writer gives this reminiscence: "Lord Egremont once invited Turner to stay a week at Potworth and paint two pictures for him of some favorite hills of scenery on the estate. On the first morning of his visit Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to see, and the painter replied he would go fishing. The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again. On the third morning Lord Egremont thought he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing. On the fourth morning Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety, said: 'Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to go to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow and I felt anxious about the pictures.' 'Come upstairs to my room,' said Turner, 'and set your mind at rest.' Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures, painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing."

A FISH TRUTHS.—The Sunday Call, of Newark, N. J., has a sermon upon its staff who is an o'servant man, a ye, and a philosopher. He formulates certain angling truths which have the merit of containing much that is beyond argument. He says: "All observing anglers will admit that among the most prominent of the natural laws governing fishing the following are incontrovertible: That the biggest fish always bites on the hook of the biggest duffer. That you have arrived just when the fish have'sopped eating for the season. That there is a good place for fishing all the time, but that the best place is the one you will hear of a better place five miles further. That you could cross the continent on just such information if your money held out. That the guides will convince you that you have neglected to provide appropriate tackle, and that they have got just what you need, to sell at a fabulous price. That it will ain and blow, and be too dry, and too warm, and that the water will be too high, and too low, and too muddy, and too clear, everywhere you go. That the largest fish will be the one you lose just at the top of the water. That the fishing ain't what it used to be. That you won't go ag'in. That in spite of your resolutions you will be at it again within a week."

CONNECTICUT NOTES.—PUTNAM, Aug. 27.—Up here in Windham county, we have our sport just now with the black bass, one fisherman taking 214 in three days' fishing, ranging in weight from one-half to four and a half pounds. They were taken at Webster Pond, a few miles east of this place, by Mr. Jesse Herecude. Others have taken large strings of bass recently. Messrs. Eric Johnson, Hiram Penn and John Sharp, of this place further up the pond from a number of trips to the Rangeley Lakes. They report a catch of ten trout, ten fat fish, and a couple of about ten pounds each in good solid flesh. A few of the old campers expect to go up to the lakes the last of next month. If so, look out for some of those six-pound trout, for they always bring some home with them, and of which FOREST AND STREAM readers will know more about in due time.—E. T. W.

FISHWAYS FOR NEW YORK.—OSWEGO, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Leuth-erstocking Club, of this city, had their annual meeting this afternoon to petition the Commissioners of Fisheries to make the specifications for the construction of fishways in the Oswego, Oneida and Hancock rivers, and also to petition the State Board of Fish Works, according to the provisions of an Act passed in July last, appropriating \$5,000 for the purpose. The following officers were elected: Dr. G. D. McManus, President; O. L. Osterhout, Vice-President; G. P. Maltzen, Secretary; Hon. N. W. Nutting, Treasurer; H. C. Turner, Attorney; Hon. W. Tamm, G. W. Lyman, W. H. Fallis, Oswego; A. Emerick Fulton and A. F. Betts, Pulaski; Board of Managers, Hon. F. W. Cullinan was elected an honorary member.—YETTER.

a credential for winning in a class for special color will have a stamp upon him for pronouncing that color spurious, as, for instance, a liver and white pointer takes a first prize, and is a very fine animal to an extent that a choice is made of him by a breeder of liver and whites for these prizes, and it turns out that he was from a mixed blood. The president has gained for me merely a stamp and delusion, but he is likely to red-lemmon or whites as a lemon and white brother. It may be said that a right and proper knowledge of the *Stud Book* should prevent this, but still it does not appear quite to one's notion of breeding that animals belonging to different breeds should be mixed together. I have thought it a great slur on show exhibitors that a spaniel called a black spaniel, a Sussex spaniel and a cocker spaniel could all three be bred in the same litter, and each win in separate classes, arranged for the encouragement of three different breeds. Why can such a system mean? I am free to acknowledge that there is a difference as regards pointers, and if breeders could by a classification of color be induced to breed hard and fast to a chosen color, be it lemon and white, liver and white, or black and white, I should believe that ultimately we should gain a greater uniformity in pointers. I have no faith, however, that hard and fast rules will be laid down, and I have fears that it will lead to experimental sort of breeding that invariably does more harm than good to a general cause.

All modern scientific classification in color as regards setters than I am to pointers, as there appears to me to be no reason for it, and certainly encouragement to breed black, white and tan setters is fraught with the danger that I have laid down in the above remarks. There have no doubt been some very good black, white, and tan setters, but I am not certain to any one who has bred that they bred their own colors in anything like the same degree as liver and white pointers are bred. I have myself bred a great many large fillers of pointers, and I never bred anything but liver and whites in my life, and I am certain to any one who has bred the backs of pointers at all, that black, white and tan whites can be produced, that a hundred to one can be laid after the choice of parents that there will not be a single variation in the color. I have bred a few small dogs, and I have bred a few pointers, and I have bred one entirely of black, white and tan, and I do not believe any one else has. As a rule setter litter will uniformity in color. The Laveracks are by far the most uniform, both in size and color, but these vary, and they are not to be classified by color only. Black, white and tan, however, might include Laveracks, and I have bred every species of setter but a red Irish. A bad Gordon, i. e., with a good deal too much white about him—would, of course, be qualified; and there are, no doubt, black, white and tan Gordons; while it would throw out strong temptations to those fond of maintaining sort of pointers, to breed black, white and tan with a Gordon would be nearly certain to throw black, white and tan. It should also be considered that there is no proved original breed of this color, and the inference to be gathered from the *Stud Book* is that the English dog, bred with a South East Gordon, and at an average date than about 1820 years ago. I think, as a rule, taking the breeds dog right through, that it is much safer to leave color to the discretion and judgment of breeders themselves, and to consider it as merely a point in the element of uniformity. At the same time I should like to see the day when kennels adhered closely to their own particular color—that is, in some breeds, such as pointers and setters. To get into a right shade of lemon and white pointers, and to be able to maintain it from its own source, might be a result that any one might try for, and success would be a sufficient reward for a good deal of trouble. In the same way black, white and tan setters are very handsome, particularly with the black and tan marked heads only, and flecked bodies, such as, for instance, Mr. Barclay Field's was. Then, under the name of black, white and tan, even mixed heads and flecked bodies, all look alike. I have observed, again, lemon and white setters are beautiful dogs, and a team of them look magnificent, as many people will think, on grassy moors to-day. As a rule, the colors in setter kennels are too varied. I think, perhaps, the best color is black, white and tan, and white and black, black and white, liver and white, and black white and tan, but it would be a bold step to take to pick out one of the colors as the best, and to force one into publicity at the expense of the others would be to no public good.

It is said that the Americans can already equal or beat us in setters, and that at both the winter shows at Birmingham and the Alexandra Palace there will be teams from America of pure Laverack setters and others bred by themselves. I sincerely hope they will do so, as I believe the Americans have been very observant in their adherence to pedigrees than we have, and they have believed in and found out for themselves that the oldest known blood on record is always the best to follow as the foundation for the best results. They have bred the best dogs, I think, of the most recent importation being Emperor Fred for three years tall figure, I saw, told, and when they have got a good one in their own market they keep it at any price, as lately intimated by a pure Laverack dog called Blunder, advertised for sale at 120 sovs., and he was picked up long before my time. I have seen a fine dog of the other side of the Atlantic to my mind. Now, the American prize list at their dog shows is very much in conformity with the policy pursued by them in breeding, as they have prizes for the highest strains of blood, prizes for teams and prizes for teams. This is a class of prize list that I have never seen in any other country coming into vogue in England of classification by color, as if a breeder attends to the matter of color, he obtains one of the elements of uniformity, and hence he is able to produce a team or a brace. I should like to see a pure blooded setter as purchased in this country, than we usually find at our big shows, and prizes for sires and dams to be shown with specimens of their produce. Also, such prizes given at the Crystal Palace a few years ago for pointer and setter sires that had won field trials, and were the service of the public at large. It is the chief point of all competition that serves to bring out merit. A deal has been done to develop dog shows, and the authorities in power are always doing their best to further improvements and useful innovations. But it is not to be forgotten that the dog shows are springing up from all quarters abroad, and that, therefore, individual suggestion, however well meant and disinterested, must be weighed over by hard thinking committees before they are accepted as benefits for the public. —*Belt's Life.*

THE MOODUS DOG SWINDLER.

INTENDING purchasers of dogs are warned against sending money or making any other valuable consideration to the editor of *Moodus*, Conn., styling himself "B. H. Hammond, Attorney and Counselor at Law." He is the same fellow who formerly advertised as F. A. Chester, and he is a most arrant fraud and swindler. Below we publish two letters from him, one written Dec. 16, 1880, and the other Dec. 18, 1880, and which are now in our possession, and both are in the same handwriting:

"Dear Sir
"Your asking if I would trade my dog for your gun received. I would have rather sold the dog right out but as the gun may come handy at some future time I will trade with you as the dog must be sold. The dog is a pure blooded setter as purchased of Mr. F. Hollis of Westfield Conn and is by champion Elton and out of Nell Plunkett—Stella—He is three years old weight fifty pounds, color red with a little white in a splendid retriever from land or water kind and quiet and staunch as a rock. Good nose in field and stylish in the ring. He is used to being shot at and will fetch wild woodcock and English snipe. If there are any birds to be found he will find them for you and when he points you need not hunt with all your might for fear that he will flush them you may sit down and eat your lunch if you wish he will stand there. My reasons for selling him are that I am going into business in New York City the first of next month and shall have no time to hunt or place to keep him in. Should you conclude to trade

you enter express the gun to me, and I will box and express the dog to you. Or if you would like to see the dog work before trading send me money enough to guarantee express charges both ways and I will send him to you and give you one day to try him in the field when I will return (which I know he will) you can send me the gun and I will return your money. If he does not suit you can return him to me hoping to hear from you at once. I am yours &c.
"F. A. CHESTER.

"P. S. I would prefer to trade at once if agreeable as it will save me a great deal of trouble as I am full of business but I cannot blame you if you wish to give him a trial before trading."

"OFFICE OF B. H. HAMMOND, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, MOODUS, CONN., AUG. 8, 1881."

"Dear Sir
"Your read should have answered before but have been from home. The dog is an Eng. Setter and is by Ranger liver and out of Moll. Was purchased of A. E. Godfrey owner of the Nevinsville Lodge Kennels, Guyard N. Y. Color liver and white weight about fifty pounds. Age three years. Is a splendid retriever from land or water and does not bite or maul his birds but will fetch promptly and put them in your hand. He was broken by John H. Gibbs of this place a professional breaker. Does not drop to shot or work but stands perfectly still until told to fetch or lie on. Works by motion of the hand or whistle. Is fast and stylish and staunch as a rock. There are any birds to be found he will hunt for you when he points you need not hurry with all your might for fear that he will flush them. You may sit down and eat your lunch if you wish he will stand there. The birds which he is used to hunting are Partridge Woodcock snipe and English snipe. He is used to being shot at and will stand \$25 for him when eight weeks old. I am obliged to part with him as I have entered into partnership with a law firm in the City of Hartford where it will be impossible for me to keep him and I offer him thus low so as to sell him at once. If you will come here I shall be pleased to take him out and show you what he can do, or, if you wish you can send me check or registered letter for the amount and I will securely box him and send him to you by express. Hoping to hear from you I yours &c.

"B. H. HAMMOND, OFFICE OF ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS, MILWAUKEE, WIS., AUGUST 29, 1881."

"Reference as responsibility character of Judge W. A. Howard Moodus, The J. E. Tyler, Mantr. Co Moodus Hon B. M. Davis Hartford, The Pratt St Savings Bank of Hartford, Ct. Should you come here notify me before by letter as if you do not I may be away from home.
"Since putting the above into type, we have received from this Moodus individual, whose latest name is "W. A. Howard," a request to insert another advertisement for him. Certainly, Mr. Frank Fowler, alias "F. C. Fowler," alias "F. A. Chester," alias "B. H. Hammond," alias "Howard," alias "H. H. Hammond," alias "you all this fine noise to do not begrudge you a free ad. too. He is it. "For sale—a thoroughly broken Laverack setter dog, retriever. Is staunch. Is sold for no fault, and will be sold low. Address W. A. Howard, Box 227, Moodus, Conn." And, by the way, Mr. Fowler—Charles Hammond, when you have sold your dog, just let us know, will you not?"

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS FOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.

OFFICE OF ASSISTANT INSPECTOR LIFE-SAVING STATIONS, MILWAUKEE, WIS., AUGUST 29, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
"Several weeks ago I was made the recipient of a copy of your valuable paper containing a very interesting article under the caption of "Newfoundland Dogs for Life-Saving Stations."

Thereby avail myself of the occasion to say that in the light of eight years' experience on the beach in connection with the U. S. Life-Saving Service, I have no objection to the views therein expressed. I trust that some of our wealthy citizens—ladies and gentlemen of enterprise, and who take as much interest in the noble animal who has proved that he can die as well as live for his too often ungrateful and exacting master—will take this matter to heart.

I think the scheme is entirely practical, and would result in much good to the service—no man would care to be outdone by a dog in his efforts to rescue the shipwrecked. The inspiring example set by the noble "Newfoundland" would, it seems to me, give the heart of most men a while, as has been proved, he might be an invaluable aid to the surfman, whose own personal self-sacrifice has been manifested on a thousand different occasions. As keepers of life-saving stations are required to receipt and account for all property in their charge, the dogs could each be furnished with a stout collar with his own name and that of the donor engraved thereon, and accounted for to the inspecting officer, a record of his services being also kept and daily published.

The dog alluded to in the article above mentioned I know well, "Smut" was purchased of me by the U. S. Life-Saving Service (or water guard), and as his name implies, was jet black. His owner, a native gunner of Stratford, N. C., put a load of heavy shot into his shoulder as a reward for his zeal in springing me early to the front in a partying flood, and in doing so he so injured his master to lose him that he was informed. After that the dog could not be kept at home during the active season of the life-saving service, but would kennel at the adjacent stations (Nos. 1 and 5). It was there I made his acquaintance. The men made a great deal of him, and such was the admiration of the men that they would join the patrol from the next station to return to No. 4 the following night.

When the steamship "Metropolis" was lost on the desolate coast above referred to in February, 1875, "Smut" showed what kind of stuff he was made of, and endeared himself to the boys by stronger ties than ever. His wound caused him to limp slightly, and he was getting along in years. I can now see the faithful animal on his back, and I can remember his jumping me and his master to meet the minute objects afloat in the water, and then to look back with his honest, intelligent eye to see if I was taking notes. Poor old "Smut" if there is a dog heaven you will certainly go to it and have your reward.

With many thanks for the article, which, for "Smut" sake, has already come into my scrap-book, I am truly yours,
WALTER WALTON.

"DRAGGED BEFORE THE WORLD AS A BULL DOG."

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
I trust that you will give a poor abused dog space to draw attention to the way in which we poor bull dogs are labelled nearly every day by the newspaper reporters and others. If any person is so unfortunate as to be bitten—generally, too, through their own fault—by some of our four-legged dogs, the newspaper man hears of it, he is sure to describe the offender as a "ferocious bull dog," and calls him always "a huge beast," and writes about him all day generally as though they were about the size and disposition of a kangaroo. No wonder people residing in one of our prejudiced towns against all our family. I should like to meet one of those reporting gentlemen alongside my wife some quiet night. I would give him materials for a paragraph, although he could not with truth describe me as a "huge beast." For only one such forty or more words would be needed to describe me as a bull dog are much the same as other dogs, although our family claims to be one of the most ancient. We are better than most breeds; we are quiet, not given to barking at the moon; we are clean, very affectionate, brave and patient, and stand up for ourselves and are not to be friendly. It is about the time the reporters and the public generally learned to know what a bull dog really is. I don't see why we should be saddled with the crimes of every half-bred mastiff and bull terrier in the coun-

try. People should know that we number so few in America that we cannot hurt many if we would, and we are too valuable to be allowed to run at large in the streets. We are not dangerous. At the last show I attended in England sixty-nine of our breed were exhibited, and only one was disgraced by the label "Dangerous," and only one dog was so ill bred as to bark at the spectators. It is the ignorant reporters and others look up your Shaw's "Book of the Dog" or "Stoicheage," and see what they say about us, or let them pay a visit to some highly connected members of our race at present in Boston or New York and see the real thing for themselves, and they will find that we are not the dangerous animals they imagine.
HENRIK'S HERO.
St. Leonard, Quebec.

MEASUREMENT OF PRIZE WINNER NOREEN.

DR. WILLIAM JARVIS' Irish setter bitch Noreen, by Garry Owen out of Cora. Color, red. Weighed June 18, 1878. Winner in Irish setter bitch open class of 20 entries. Weight, 8 lbs.; height at shoulder, 22 inches; length from nose to set on tail, 36 inches; length of tail, 15 inches; girth of chest, 28 inches; girth of loin, 19 inches; girth of head, 15 inches; girth of forearm, 1 1/2 inches; length of ear, 1 1/2 inches; length of ear to tip of nose, 8 inches; length from corner of eye to end of nose, 4 1/2 inches; length of elbow to top of shoulder, 11 inches; ears, when extended (measurement taken across the head), 10 1/2 inches.

COCKERS IN THE FIELD.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I notice your inquiry as to a brace of cockers that will work the gun and behave as good proper cockers should do. Now I have several brace that myself and others call good workers, and have a few brace that I call perfect workers. These last I can work any and all day upon ruffed grouse, and keep them working exactly when I want them without any other preparation on my part, by only the whistles for attention or halt, and to come together with motions for their guidance. Woodcock shooting requires the use of the words of command more, and does not prove disadvantageous, as it would with ruffed grouse. I also have a few and reliable crews of ruffed grouse among them as any sportsman would ask for, and if I am to believe the reports of other breeders and sportsmen—and I have no earthly reason for disbelieving them—they have as well broken cockers as any one; and scores, yes, thousands of sportsmen in America have known my ruffed grouse sportsmen, and not been show men, they are only taken to local sportsmen and as who breed them for them. You are welcome to come and see any of my dogs work, and, if seeing is convincing, I can convince you. My invitation of course will be in person, but you may decline my sought-for invites to work with and over my dogs, and that, too, against my inclination, or else I would get no rest, and the kennel affairs suffer accordingly. I dare say that you may get a few ruffed grouse, but I have a few ruffed grouse, and I am willing to show dies, and I wish you lots of sport.—M. P. McKoske.

THE QUEENS COUNTY HUNT SUPPER.—Although the thermometer has been ranging in the nineties, the gentleness of this hunt has had a number of meets this summer at Newport, R. I. They certainly must be enthusiastic sportsmen to hold such a hunt in the month of August, but as they are only to be held, we work must necessarily be severe on men, horses and dogs. We have heard the custom of hunting in the summer season strongly condemned by several of our contemporaries, and those who indulged in the hunts roundly abused and laughed at, but it is not nearly as severe on man and beast, as the absurd infatuation for shooting woodcock from daylight to dark in close covers, where the tail never clears.

Most of the activities of the season, and to show the farmers and the families that they appreciated the courtesies shown them during their visits for the past three years, the members of the hunt gave a grand moonlight elmlambake at Southwick's Grove in the adjoining town of Middletown on Tuesday evening last. It was a most magnificent elaborate affair, and was held in the grove of Aquidneck. The grove was lighted with reflectors and Chinese lanterns, the latter being tastefully arranged among the stately trees. The harvest moon never shone upon a more animated scene. The festivities were kept up until a late hour.

PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS.—The second annual trials of the Pennsylvania State Field Association will be held at the Hotel Marlborough, on Oct. 25, 26, 27, 28, 1881, for Setters and pointers. Open to members of the Association only.

All-aged Stakes, open to setters and pointers only.—First prize, one dog and his bitch, to be killed by the order of the winner (value, \$100); second prize, one of Parker Bros' double guns (value, \$30); third prize, solid silver cup, donated by Caldwell & Co., Jewelers, Philadelphia (value, \$50). Entrance fee, \$10; forfeit, \$10, to account for entrance.

Derry Stakes, open to puppies whelped on or after January 1, 1881.—First prize, silver cup (value, \$100); second prize, double barrel breech loading shot gun (value, \$75); third prize, silver set (value, \$50). Nominal one for Derry, \$5; admission for each dog for a few days. Judges will be announced later on. All entries close Oct. 15, 1881.

A MASSACHUSETTS DECISION.—In the course of a review of the present State laws respecting Sunday trade and travel, the *Christian Union* mentions this case: "And even Massachusetts has been no exception. Her laws have been so strict and so strict, that it has happened lately, lately, both in Massachusetts and in Iowa, that when a man has been driving for pleasure along a public road, on the Sabbath, a savage dog kept at some house by the roadside has rushed out, barking at or biting his horse, the horse has run away, and the driver has been thrown out and hurt. In both cases the owner of the dog, longed for damages has pleaded the law against pleasure driving, and said that if the sufferer had remained at home, as he should have done, he would not have been injured. But the courts said that the Sunday law was not intended for such a purpose, and that the driver was not at fault. Whatever the wrong may be in driving contrary to law, it has no tendency for which the driver can be blamed to provoke attacks of wild beasts such as ought to be confined."

ANOTHER DOG SHOW OFF.—We are in receipt of information that there will be no show at St. Leonard, Quebec, in connection with the managers of the announced Montreal, Canada, show to secure a suitable building at a reasonable rental, the idea of having a dog show this autumn has been given up. The edge of disappointment has been felt here, but it is to be hoped that the exhibition of fowls and dogs next winter. This is very much in the style of poor Malzel's announcement with which he was always wont to wind up his evening entertainment of the Automaton Chess Player; "The morning, my ladies and gentlemen, more like an old-fashioned, my evening."

SLEEPS.—Mr. D. C. Sanborn is chucking it at Fairmont, Minn., and getting his dogs in running order for the coming trials. "Bobby's Best" is not a bad name for a black spaniel whelp. It will be more applicable, his owners say, when they begin to show him. The show will be held at Fairmont, Minn., on the 15th and 16th of next week. Very admirable arrangements for boarding dogs. We spent last Saturday at his kennels, and can recommend him to those who wish to have their stock well cared for. Of the eighteen occupants every one was in fine condition.

LONDON DOG SHOW.—The new building is now in progress, and it is expected that the opening of the show on the 27th. All dogs can be shipped to arrive on the 26th, as preparatory will be made to receive them. A catalogue will be issued during the show, and the entries are advertised to close on the 12th inst.

himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York just before his 40th year by the use of the same remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After noting so I covered him up snugly in bed and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his stateroom and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him and inquired how he felt. "Like a new man," he answered, with a grateful smile. "I feel no pain and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up." "No, don't get up to-night," I said, "but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go afloat." "All right," he said, laughing. I then applied the

Oil again, rubbing his knees, ankles and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck for a breezy promenade, according to my custom, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches, although he limped in his movements, but without a pain. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breeze, and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting West for his home, that evening. With a bright and grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a little box, carefully done up in thick brown paper, which stood upon the table, he said: "My good friend, can you

guess what that is?" "A present for your sweetheart," I answered. "No," he laughed—"that is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the druggist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. And with it, I would like to carry you along also, to show her the face of him, without whom, I should probably never have tried it. If you should ever visit the little village of Sedalia, in Missouri, Charlie Townsend and his mother will welcome you to their little home, with hearts full of gratitude, and they will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, unshaken in a silver and gold case, which we shall send as a part of our present as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer."

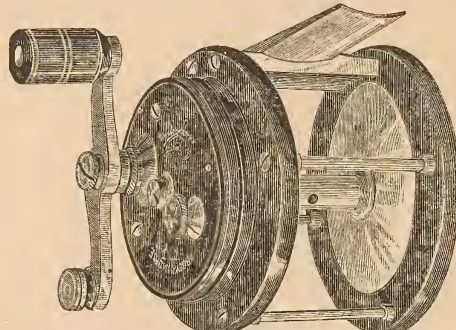
"We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him, telling me he was in perfect health and containing many grateful expressions of his affectionate regards."

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH,
STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
66 Pine St., New York.



FACT-PATENT OF No. 4.

THE "IMBRIE"
BLACK BASS REEL.

STEEL PIVOT AND CUP-CENTRE ACTION, MULTIPLE ADJUSTABLE CLICK.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

- No. 1—MASHKINGO SIZE.....\$16
- No. 2—BLACK BASS SIZE, large.....\$13
- No. 3—BLACK BASS SIZE, small.....\$12
- No. 4—BLACK BASS SIZE, small.....\$11

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

None genuine without the name of

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OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.

Ecol. 12:12.

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Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.



B. F. NICHOLS & CO.,

25 BEACH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of the

BEST HEXAGONAL SPLIT BAMBOO FISHING RODS,

As was proved at the Fly-Casting Tournament at Coney Island, June 23.

First prize in Champlain Class was won with one of our 10 ft. 9 oz. Bass Rods; length of cast, 75 feet. First prize in Amateur Class was won with one of our 11 ft. 8 oz. Fly Rods; length of cast, 67 1/2 ft. The Sea World Special Prize was won with one of our 13 ft. 10 oz. General Rods; length of cast, 66 ft. Our rods are considered superior to all others by those who have seen or used them. Send stamp for catalogue, with Mass. Fish and Game Law.

THE NEW EUTEBROUK HAMMER GUN.

I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrouk guns for fish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

C. H. EUTEBROUK,

27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.



Hammer and Hammerless Guns made to order.

Eastern Field Trials Club Third Annual Running Meeting COMMENCING ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1881.

ROBIN'S ISLAND STAKES, OR EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

Open to all puppies whelped on or after Oct. 1, 1880. Prizes: First, \$100; second, \$40, and third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5; \$10 additional to fill. Nominations for this stake to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881.

PECANIC OR ALL-AGED STAKES.

Open to all setters or pointers. Prizes: First, \$200; second, \$100; third, \$50, with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on Oct. 1, 1881. To this stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value, at option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stakes.

MEMBERS' STAKES.

Open only to members of the club, and each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. Prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100, and such prize to be known as the EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CUP OF 1881.

J. OTTO DONNER, President.

Special prizes to follow others according to their value.

GREATLY IMPROVED.

NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, &c., address the manufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 443.]

"... This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for fly shooting. We commend all sportsmen to visit its merits."



Send for Circular of
The FLYING
CLAY PIGEON
and TRAP.
LIGOWSKY & CO.,
33 Vine St.,
CINCINNATI, O.

CIGARETTES

FRAGRANT
VANITY
FAIR.

THREE
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NEW
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Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.

8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

Wm. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peerless Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.



HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to

UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.

Keep's Shirts, the Best.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, easily finished.

KEEP'S KID SLOVES, none better, \$1 per pair.
KEEP'S UNDERWEAR, the best.
KEEP'S UMBRELLAS, the strongest.
KEEP'S JEWELRY, rolled gold plates.
KEEP'S NECKWEAR, latest novelties.
KEEP'S BEST CUSTOM SHIRTS, made to measure, 6 for \$9.

KEEP'S PAT. PARTLY-MADE SHIRTS, 6 for \$6.50

KEEP'S SHIRTS delivered free in any part of the Union.

KEEP'S GOODS ALWAYS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Money refunded for goods not satisfactory. Samples and circulars free to any address.

Keep Manufacturing Co.,

631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

Wanted.

WANTED, POSITION as general superintendent of a gentleman's estate; thoroughly understands practically farming in all its branches, draining and reclaiming lands, breeding and raising blood and grade stock, horses, sheep and swine, raising of cereals and all root crops, use and application of all agricultural machinery, erecting agricultural and horticultural buildings; also practically all horticultural productions, grapes and plants under glass; vineyardist and thorough orchardist; culture of all vegetables, flower gardening, landscape gardening, lawns, avenues, &c. &c. Must be of thorough executive ability in all departments; keeping accounts. Address QUEBRUC, P. O. Box 787, Orange, New Jersey.

Aug. 17

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Methuon house, 40 by 65 feet, with 100 by 100; hardwood floor; marble mantels; hot and cold water; a stable, henry, etc., two acres lawn, fruit and shade trees. Price \$4,500; cost \$11,000. \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale, 9 acres on western slope of the Highlands, Tenney, N. J. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. H. WILCOX, 60 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Aug. 25

FOR SALE, seven live wild mallard decoy ducks and 32 mounds of decoy ducks; perfectly tame; have been shot over last fall and spring; will catch every duck in sight; price, \$25 for the lot. Address BOX No. 66, Hamilton, Ont. S-198, 4t

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, lemon and white Llewellyn setter dog, 32 months old, two ducks; perfectly tame; good stock; has stood some quality good retrievers; a good dog and a real bargain—\$5. Address E. S. KENDALL, 48 Winter street, Boston, Mass. Sept. 1t

The Kennel.

IMPORTED PURE BRED English Foxhound Pups.

(1) one bitch, 3 months, by Sancebox and starlight; 3 dogs and 4 bitches, when 8 weeks old, by Watchman and Venus, from Earl of Maclesfield's blood; all pure bred foxhounds, but related, best stock in the world. Apply to

W. A. VAN BRUNT,

Sept. 1t

Horicon, Wis.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Vaudeville, Esq.) by that world famous king of the field, Chas. John Joe, Jr. A rare chance, only a few choice ones to offer, and sold under guarantee. Sets right, now for fall schooling. Pointers and setters for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn. Sept. 1t

FOR SALE, Blue Belton English setter bitch

Fannie, 3 years old, broke on Quail and Partridge, and a very valuable brood bitch. Price, if taken away at once, \$100. But only by cause I haven't the accommodations for her. Lock box 257, Susquehanna Bridge, N. Y. Sept. 1t

FOR SALE—A dark liver and white pointer dog

puppy, whelped Feb. 1, 1881, by Dr. St. John's in Mass. (old Co. of St. John's) and out of Barker's champion Princess (Ranger's pup). The puppy is offered for sale on account of the owner having no convenient place for rearing him. Address JAMES P. O. Box 2468, New York city. Sept. 1t

FOR SALE, a handsome red Irish setter dog, 2 1/2

years old; broke on all game; very staunch; no nose, and a good retriever from both sides; no bad habits; perfectly sound in health; will show him all kinds of game. Price \$50. CHAS. F. KEEL, Monticello, N. Y. Sept. 1t

WILL BUY a grandson of J. R. Allen's

Champion Ned; orange and white puppy, 4 months old; strong, stylish and healthy. Must be purchased at once. W. H. WOODEN, 12 Columbus, Mich. Sept. 1t

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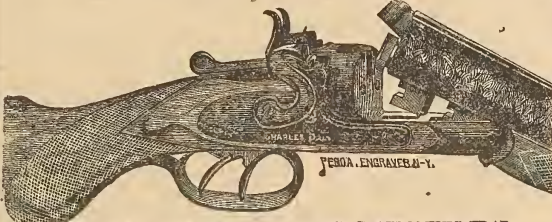
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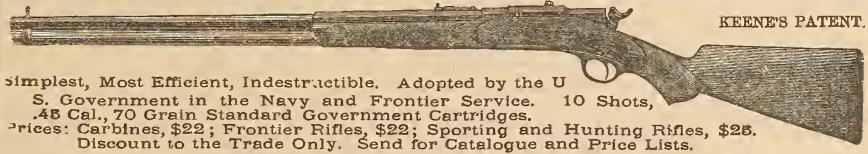
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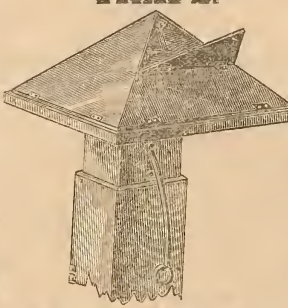
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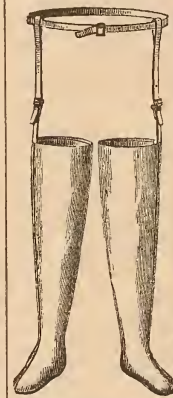
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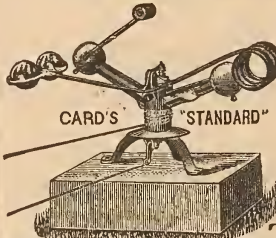
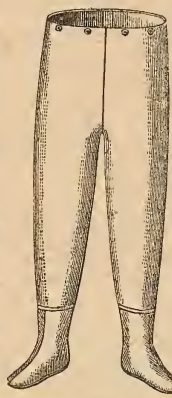
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1881.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondents names will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views or correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 15.

Specimen copies of the FOREST AND STREAM sent free upon application.

SUPERSTITION LINGERS.—A man in Massachusetts the other day was bitten by a dog and dressed the wound with the hair of the brute that bit him. It did not cure him. A week's argument would not convince some people that the flesh of the snake applied to the wound is not a sure antidote for rattlesnake bite.

THE CREEDMOOR MEETING.—The prospects are that, despite the nigardly driving aloof on the part of the State authorities, the fall meeting now in progress at Creedmoor will record a fair success. Walnut Hill has sent her best shots to make matters lively for the small bore home guard, while the "woodchuck hunters" from the edge of the Adirondack wilderness have come down to see if they can pick up a prize or so from their metropolitan fellows in arms, and if not, at any rate get a point or two on rifle practice. Pennsylvania sends a team for that State prize, and this only makes the absence of New Jersey and Connecticut the more conspicuous. With a promise of fine weather, there is every indication of top scores, and next week the facts of the meeting will be fully set forth in cold type and figures that cannot lie in our columns.

ALEXANDER MOSELEY.

CHIEF among the employments congenial to old age, Cicero cites the tilling of the soil and the pruning of the vine. The peaceful pursuit of agriculture and the quiet of rural surroundings have ever been counted a saloace of declining years. Many a man who has striven amid the tolling some sceues of life has, Sir Lancelot-like, found contentment at last in his garden.

Our cities, the bone and sinew of them, are replenished from the country; and deep in the heart of the country-born man ever flows the fond love for the scenes of his boyhood. Its current may seem to lie buried and dormant, but when some mighty convulsion comes it is revealed strong and full. King David, sorely wounded, cried out for a drink from the springs of Bethlehem, his childhood's home; and one of the most pathetic incidents in the long and weary struggle in that darkened room at the White House was when the other day the President begged to be taken back to Mentor, and forgetting the concerns of office and political life, talked of caring for the old farm.

Fortunate are they whose life is so ordered that they may retire to rural life; and thrice happy they who having realized their dream of peaceful years are content!

The telegraph brought to us the other day tidings of the death of a friend whose life of busy toil and commanding influence had been thus rounded with a period of retirement in a Virginia country home where, with the light cares of his estate, the visits of old friends, and the pursuit of his favorite pastime of angling, the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months and years, until the years were merged at length into that which is beyond. Here then was a man who, retired from the world, had gratified his longing for a quiet country life, and whose best eulogy is, that unlike an anchorite, he had wrought well, had done his part, and in his retirement from active duties neither forgot the world nor was forgotten by it.

Alexander Moseley was born in 1809, and had therefore at the time of his death, August 30, 1881, more than filled the three score years and ten allotted to man. For many years the senior editor of the *Richmond Whig*, he had been for more than half a century a leader of public thought and a moulder of public opinion. Withdrawing at two separate intervals from the active duties of his chosen profession, he was led in each instance by the vicissitudes of fortune to resume his work, until some eight years ago, health and strength beginning to fail, he again yielded to his longing for quiet and seclusion and removed to a country farm, with humorous conceit dubbing his abode "The Shanty." One reason which influenced to the selection of this farm in Kent County, was his nearness to fishing ponds and angling streams. Mr. Moseley was much devoted to the pursuit of angling, and made many excursions among the streams in the vicinity. He was deeply and intelligently interested in fishculture, having served with success as one of the first Fish Commissioners of his State; and his fondness for angling increased with his years and with the opportunities for gratifying the taste. His last years were spent in this quiet way at "The Shanty," caring for his farm, writing letters and carving curious pipes for his many friends. Last winter there came from him to the FOREST AND STREAM office, with an article which was published at the time, a box of these fantastic creations of his leisure hours, and one of them lies before us on our table as we write. We shall cherish it with his letters as reminder of the kindly heart and friendship of Alexander Moseley.

GENERAL BURNSIDE.—The death of General Ambrose E. Burnside on Tuesday morning last at his residence in Bristol, R. I., recalls the fact that he was the first President of the National Rifle Association. He held the post but a short time, other duties so engrossing his attention that he could not devote the care to the subject of rifle shooting which he considered should be paid to it. He appreciated earlier perhaps than any other officer of the army the general lack of efficiency in the art of marksmanship among the rank and file of the regular army, and took every occasion to urge a more thorough system of drill and practice in that direction.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS will oblige us by sending their descriptive catalogues and price lists to this office.

TENNESSEE IS BEHIND THE AGE.

THE State of Tennessee has a fish commission composed of good men who have the interests of the State at heart and have done some work at their own personal expense. But they are now powerless because of the lack of funds at their disposal. Why the Legislature ever created a board of commissioners and then gave them nothing to work with is a conundrum which we cannot answer. The fact of their giving the Governor power to appoint the board shows that they realized that something of the kind was needed, but perhaps they thought that somehow their mere appointment would cause the fish food of the State to increase in some manner, without further action.

Writing at this distance, we are not certain that it is the Legislature which is to blame for this state of affairs; but that the blame rests somewhere is apparent. It cannot be possible that the law-makers of this State want the benefits of fishculture argued before them at this late day, a course which appears as unnecessary to us as it would be to circulate tracts among the farmers on the benefits of cultivating their lands. Certainly the State has public waters which at one time supplied the people with a portion of their food and which can be made to do so again, if properly stocked and protected from destructive modes of fishing and during spawning seasons. But we need not enter into argument on this question—the day for that has passed. The battle has been fought and won, and those who ridiculed fishculture a dozen years ago are silent now in sight of its triumphs.

We have been moved to write this on account of the destruction of the carp in some parts of Tennessee by drought, when a small outlay could have saved them, if the Fish Commissioners had possessed the means. These carp were reared in the National carp ponds and sent to Tennessee at the expense of the Government. The Tennessee Commissioners were at some personal expense—not to speak of their time—in distributing the fish, which have since grown rapidly. In one pond in Sumner County there are several thousand of these imported fish dying from the extreme drought, which is drying the pond. There are certain notions, such as "saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung," and the one relating to pence and pounds, which might profitably be placed before the eyes of the law-makers of Tennessee.

THE OLD RED ROOSTER.

BEFORE the days when the rage for Asiatic fowls filled the laud with great coarse specimens of domestic fowls which do not mature under two years old and then are stringy and tasteless, there existed the old-fashioned red rooster. A cheerful fowl was he, combining the qualities of gallantry, domesticity, beauty and excellence for the table. He is gone! Not a specimen is extant in any of our museums. He has disappeared before a desire for improvement, which, so far from being a real benefit, has displaced a good fowl by Mongolian hybrids until not a barnyard has been spared the pollution.

In place of the gallant fellow whose not distant kinship to the sprightly and toothsome game fowl gave him a brightness of eye and feather and a hardness of wing, we have awkward, fluffy mongrels whose hoarse attempt to crow is a burlesque on the clarion challenge of the old red. These big-footed interlopers are fibrous when brought to pot and stringy on the platter, and as for fat, you might as well try to fatten a threshing machine by running cats through it. The young generation of Americans do not even know the bird of which we write, but those of our readers who have left forty or more milestones on the road of life behind them can call him up well.

The old red rooster never was guilty of the gross ill manners of the Asiatic fowl. He never found a worm and ate it himself after calling his harem to first look at it; but he ever summoned the nearest pullet to the feast and duckled to see her enjoy it. When a strange dog entered the yard he never died ignominiously to save his carcass, leaving the females of his family to their fate, as the Cochins and Brahmas do, but presented a bold front to the enemy and fought for them.

Alas! poor fellow, you have gone before the imported hordes of chauticeers, as our song birds are destined to disappear before the European sparrow, and your place is filled

by an ignoble bird. It has been long since your red hawk and graceful falcon, with its curled green feathers, has greeted our optics, but, as we journey through unfrequented routes, we hope to come upon some settler's cabin where we may yet behold one of your unpolluted descendants mount the rail fence and announce his challenge to the world.

Adieu! The only place we find your picture is where it heads a column in a country newspaper announcing a political victory. There you will be handed down to posterity to be wondered at as a *vera avis*, for your clumsy follower will surely never appeal to an artist's eye as the symbol of victory.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—This organization will hold a special meeting to-day for the purpose of selecting the judges for the trials. It is full time that the names of those who are to judge were made known, and, as the entries close on October 1, the public will receive the information through the sporting press only eight days before that date. This is not time enough. No one should court a dog either at a bench show or for a field trial without first knowing the names of all the judges.

DOG ASYLUMS.—Paris is to have a dog shelter, and Boston will follow suit. Some time ago we published the details of the Philadelphia institution of this character, and the Boston asylum will be conducted on the same plan. The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has recently been empowered by the State Legislature to establish such a home. We understand that Mr. Nathan Appleton is the promoter of the enterprise. He will receive subscriptions at No. 96 Tremont street, Boston.

"HOPELESS CASES."—A note from the Adirondacks, referring to the many deaths of tourists in the Saranac region this year, says that in almost every instance these were hopeless cases. The invalids had deferred seeking the Adirondack air until it was too late for them to receive any benefit from it. This sad story is repeated in scores and scores of melancholy instances.

THE PORTABLE BOAT AND CANOE INDUSTRY is assuming important proportions. Our advertising pages show that the manufacturers are wide-awake to the increasing demands for the craft. Great perfection of construction has been attained and the advance of the small-boat trade is a notable one. It is in a large measure also an instructive example of the wisdom of advertising a good thing in the **FOREST AND STREAM**.

INDIAN JOURNALISM is yet in its infancy. The specimens which find their way to our table are edited and published by the Indian pupils at Carlisle. The editorials and communications have a healthy tone, despite their mixed English, and are a pleasing evidence that the Carlisle school is doing a good work so far as its goes.

FOREST FIRES have devastated the counties of Huron and Sanilac, in Michigan, nearly ten thousand acres of land having been burned over. Three hundred lives have been lost and fifteen thousand people are left homeless. The country, with ready sympathy and prompt liberality, is responding with funds to aid the sufferers.

SARATOGA HOTEL PROPRIETORS have been interviewed by one of the game protectors of the State, and we understand that one man settled up, as the law provides, to the tune of \$500. Expensive birds out of season.

MR. GEORGE LIGOWSKY, of clay-pigeon fame, was on the staff of Carl Schmetz in the war. Mr. Ligowsky is a Pole. The name is one which seems destined to become familiar to sportsmen, as the clay-pigeon is being well received.

A WORD TO EXCHANGES.—The **FOREST AND STREAM** always gives credit to its exchanges when copying from their columns. Is it too much to ask that a similar courtesy be shown to us by our friends?

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY; and every dog wags his tail, too. The Moodus rascal has come to the end of his rope.

MOHETTA, Georgia, Sept. 4, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I was glad to see the republication of your article on "The Forester School of Bohos."

To Herbert, as one of the earliest writers on American field sports, we are indebted, no doubt.

His writings, particularly those on fishing, contained many errors, however; and his style was not the "straight-forward English" of later times.

Is the much-worn phrase, "speckled beauties," to be traced to Herbert? He was too well-read a man to be responsible for that vice one, so often seen of late, "*Sir Isaac Walton*."

I have a constant delight and surprise at the variety and excellence of your correspondence, and it seems to improve regularly till **FOREST AND STREAM** now is a treasury of sporting literature, natural history and scientific research.

The capture of a thirty-five pound muskellunge in Intermediary Lake on a seven and a half ounce rod, reported in your paper of August 25, seems to me a great angling feat, nearly equal to that of a tarpon weighing 140 pounds on a bass rod in the Indian River, Florida, by Mr. Jenon, of Philadelphia, in 1859. This I had from an eye witness of the performance, or, knowing well the immense strength and activity of the fish, I could hardly have credited the story. Very truly yours,
S. C. CLARK.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NOTES FROM LAKE GEORGE.

WHAT do you think of hunting a bear with a steamboat? And yet that was the way one hunter proceeded here a few days ago. It happened in this way. The little beauty "Horicon" was near Anthony's Nose when the pilot saw something which, on closer examination, proved to be a bear swimming directly across the lake. As the boat neared the object all doubt was dissipated. There, sure enough, was a big black bear making "quick time." A couple of adventurous fellows had already started out from the steamboat in a small boat armed with an axe only, intending to intercept the animal. But wares off the shouts of the boat not to tackle bruin with such a slight weapon they turned back. The boat was then headed directly for the brute with the intention of running him down. As this became manifest to the sagacious animal he turned and put back. The two men who had returned to the steamboat again started out to attack him despite the advice not to do so, and were soon up with bruin. Bear now adopted different measures. Facing his enemies he swam directly for the boat, and tried to climb in. But as no more passengers were aboard, the over-crowding statute was rigidly enforced, and the boat was saluted with the axe, only a scarp wound being inflicted, however. It was enough to infuriate him, and again he renewed his attack with flashing eyes and foam-frothing mouth. As he seized the side of the boat with his powerful paws another blow of the axe disabled one of them, and now unable to climb in with one paw he turned his efforts to capsize the boat! The hunters now became the hunted. It was deemed prudent to heat a retreat, and with some difficulty the thoroughly frightened pair got back to the steamboat. The bear pursued them, and was "in sight" now. Now he gained, and then the rowers. At last when they climbed back into the steamboat the bear tried to follow. But one of the boat hands, prepared for this, had a rope arranged with a running noose all ready, and with the first throw he cleverly slipped it over the brute's head, and quickly drew it tight. The game was up, and bruin was drawn to the stern of the boat, lashing and tearing the water. Full speed was put on and he was drowned. But to prevent any lumber on the bear's part he was prudently kept in the water until the boat reached the dock. An angry voyage to land bears in this fashion I refer him to Mr. F. A. Johnson, of Glen's Falls, who witnessed the hunt, and who can supply particulars as to outfit, etc.

So, you see there is a spice of adventure left here notwithstanding the conventionalities of society. A party of us ascended Black Mountain one afternoon, taking hammocks, water and provisions for an all-night stay. After a four-mile walk in the ascent of the 2,600 feet, we gained the summit, lighted a camp-fire, snipped off *la levra*, sandwich *a la maitre*, hot coffee *sans hot de sucre*, and imagined ourselves at Delmonico's with real French names for our hill fare. Night passed joyously, Mentor savagely insisting on sleep for all hands in order to be fresh for the sunrise and the descent in the morning. But, given a girl in a hammock, sleeping out doors in the night on a mountain top, clouds scudding over the moon, stars glowing almost in her face, so near did they seem, and you get but little sleep. *Q. E. D.*

Mentor burnt up fifteen good-sized trees keeping the fire going, furnished coffee at his hot intervals, and rounded us all—for sleep claimed its victims at last—in time for the first gleams of sunrise. The glory of the scene, of course, repaid all the labor.

A few nights after two of the gentlemen essayed another peak. But the results were not as satisfactory. The summit was reached at dusk, no time was left to gather wood for a fire, and the shelter of a ravine was sought from the furious winds. The resort proved to be the shelter also of something else, for while the twins were making earnest efforts to light a fire, another crowd of men, followed by another, before one's wits could be well gathered. The wriggling by of a large snake completed the discomfiture and the rocky top of the mountain became the only safe spot. Morning enabled the chilled pair to find a path down, and mountain climbing suddenly fell below par. One of our best pianists took his hands so badly in this venture that for a while Orpheus politely declined all invitations to play. But he is all right again, and the noble fellow is none the worse for the trip. This adventure very agreeably breaks into the monotonous "cake walks," "*germans*," "*con merce parties*," "*o hops*" and the inevitable rut of young sportsmen, and while these last are kept under by the rugged nature yet left around the lake there is more variety to be found here in the way of holiday amusement than in any place in the State. Of course the fishing cannot amount to much where there is a man for every minnow, but nevertheless from fifteen to thirty pounds of black bass, pickered, yellow perch, etc., can be taken by a good angler in half a day, and this is enough for anybody.

September is the most charming month in the year for a visit to this place, and the summer boards leave so rapidly that landlords reduce their prices to seven dollars per week. There is nothing to complain of in regard to the price of board at any season. Good fare and comfortable rooms can be had at from eight to twelve dollars per week, and at these rates all are well satisfied; the guests are merry and the landlords make a nice profit. But, where you are charged more than this, you get less in proportion, and are unfairly dealt with. And the fare at the resorts here is worse than at the cheapest places, and is charged at three times the price. The day is rapidly coming when the lake will be one vast boarding house—more is the pity! Now, you can go to the table with an ordinary flannel shirt, but with your snobby New Yorker begins to look here, with or without his snobbier wife, the old set fide away. The men and women make a brave stand at some of the houses for the old-fashioned plain style, but shoddy will have her full dress votaries, and the "lah-dah-dah" class generally triumph. Thus, prices go up and comfort goes down, the flannel shirt succumbs to the "german," and Mr. and Mrs. Platonoff give way to Mr. and Mrs. Flasher. There is one remedy; get the State to sell the islands which, at present, are occupied mainly by squatters in utter disregard of the people's rights, and settle upon them in your own way of living. Run a railroad from Glen's Falls to the lake, supplanting the present stage monopoly, which is a fantastic burlesque on comfort and convenience and about one hundred years behind the age, and the lake will hold its own, otherwise newer and less conventional resorts will be sought year after year, and after the day of fishing is got tired of at this place, Lake George will have had its day. I want your items as to fishing.

grounds, etc., up here, let me know and I will give you ranges and "points," so that you might fish in the dark.
Lake George, Sept. 1. ONE HUNDRED ISLANDS.

ADIRONDACK NOTES.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Allow me a word from the Adirondacks. I am pleased to know that the Adirondack guides have received a good word through your columns within the past three weeks, and justly thns. In connection with Parker as a guide, they may have suffered somewhat from outside influences, but no further, for all, who are conversant with and know the Adirondack guides, cannot recognize him as a liar. Parker was never recognized as a guide, speaking in a professional manner, and was only required under urgent circumstances. A mycologist embroidered the entire trouble, and there all it rest.

The Saranac guides suffer the opprobrium as Adirondack guides in connection with the transaction, and in their behalf one word. I have known them intimately for many, very many years. Their character for honesty and faithfulness, in every respect, is without reproach. I would trust them anywhere, and with any amount. And I add for reference, Dr. J. R. Roney, of Keeseville, N. Y., who has employed them for thirty years; Col. T. J. Hoyt, of New York, for twenty years; Mr. J. M. Wiant, of Bergen Point, N. J., for nine years, and many others, but to the above gentlemen, well known, I take the liberty to refer to.

The Adirondacks for the past season have been overcrowded. No such rush was anticipated, or preparation would have been made. Another year and every house will be prepared to meet every emergency and every demand made for satisfaction, in every respect.

In regard to the great number of deaths in the Saranac region, I would add that in nearly every case they were hopeless ones, and it was a last resort, and proved that, and, as it was anticipated in every case before they left home, therefore no blame can be attached to Doctors Trudo, Romyen, Loomis and o'hers to whom advice was applied for.
S. S. N.

SEYMOUR'S ISLAND.

I SAW in your columns inquiries as to the best way to reach the fishing and hunting in this part of the world. From Saatonoga go to North Creek, thence to Blue Mt. Lake, where you will put up at John Holland's. A more genial, kind and accommodating landlord is not known in the Adirondack Mountains. Mr. Frost, his head clerk, is composed of kindness, and that in no small quantity, for he weighs 250 avoirdupois, and many a tourist, tired and hungry after a ride of thirty miles over a rough road from North Creek, has been comforted by his cheerful smile and hearty welcome, and afterwards by the ozee of the mountain, and the refreshing sleep one enjoys in the mountains is well prepared to enjoy a ride on the lake, and comment on its surroundings.

About half a mile from Holland's is Thatcher's Island occupied by Mr. Boyd and family. A little further down to the right is Col. Seymour's Island, occupied this season by Mr. Hawk (proprietor of the Windsor Hotel, New York,) and his family, and there let us stop and look around us. The island is one of nature's choicest productions, with its bold front to the south and sloping gradually down to the water's edge on the north, it is heavily timbered with balsam, spruce, hemlock, pine and cedar, also white maple, birch and mountain ash in abundance, with foliage so dense you are protected from the rays of the sun at mid-day. Down the centre of this island is a row of tentified with every convenience for comfort and health, even to windows of rope cordage opposite every sleeping apartment, through which steal the zephyrs of morning, that freighted with the perfume of the *Nympha odorata*, mingled with the odor of the balsam, and aided by the ozone of the mountains, lends a glow of health on the cheeks of the unconscious sleepers. At the landing is a natural flower garden, where the cardinal flower and the wild rose grow in profusion on the shore, while the arrowhead grows at the margin of the water, and the white water lily pillows its snowy head on the heaving waters of the lake, whence they are daintily plucked by the ladies of the island and transferred to vases, and bloom for days in all their loveliness owing to the gentleness with which they were handled.

But those tents are not closed nearly as the lily, neither do the inmates rise with the lark, but are sure to be singing while the nightingale in the evening. An amusing event occurred on the last evening in July, when all were gathered around the camp and song was at its best. Miss Davis was just finishing one of her choicest selections, with bell-like clearness, or as when a tiny silver cord is touched by the hand of some unseen fairy, the sweet melody dying away into far-off dream-land. The spell was broken by noise in the lake and, looking through the trees, we saw three boats from the new Crop House. This house is filled with guests, some of whom were out with their guides for an evening boat ride, and were attracted to Seymour's Island by the full, rich strains of music floating from it on the evening air. When they neared the island and saw so many tents and heard so many voices they concluded they had come upon an island camp-meeting. One old gentleman, who sat with solemn face and uncovered head, not knowing whether the music was human or divine, was soon undeceived by Wm. Proctor, who never came here still, or any length of time, striking in and singing, in his clear, full voice, "the party was not, I care not what the world may say." The transformation was sudden in the old man's countenance, which quickly changed from devotion to disappointment, and the last we saw or heard of that party they were turning the point of Thatcher's Island and singing at the top of their voices—

"Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore."

The choir broke up for the night, but not before they had planned to ascend old Blue Mountain in the morning.

The morning was cold and rainy, but the ladies and ladies of decision and the gentlemen could not say no, so taking an early breakfast, they started at half-past six in the morning, prepared for the ascent, having for guides James McClelland, Jr., and Bert Proctor.

No accident occurred and all "went merry as a marriage bell," but, as they neared the top of the mountain, they were met by parties who were on their way back to Holland's, and by a disaster which was about to occur. The party was not less was clouds and rain. The gentleman who the party was so long in telling his story, as the rain was dripping from his

HABITS OF THE ALLIGATOR.

To the student of natural history, or those of inquiring turn of mind, it is interesting to note the character and habits of the American crocodile.

Perchance the reader will question whether the huge and ugly reptile really has a character.

We will not debate that question now while the weather is so warm. Perhaps he has no morals even; but having been among them rather more than less for five months, I venture the assertion that he at least has habits of a most positive nature, and think my position on that point is invulnerable. I propose to defend it, at least, and if vanquished, will gracefully retire.

The brain or nerve center of a twelve foot alligator, is hardly as large as a man's thumb; still he does sharp things sometimes and the hunter may steal a march on the timid, watchful deer or wild turkey as easily as he can approach this scaly monstrous-looking reptile without being observed. It does not follow, though, that he is as difficult to capture, for often they are on the bank your boat may glide up within a few feet before he makes the plunge for deep water, or they may remain quiet while you pass near enough to touch them with an oar. The expression of his eye, however, and a very slight motion of his head, reveals to a close observer that he is not quite *sang froid*, and my sudden demonstration about the boat is liable to start him; and then, having decided to go, nothing less than a well directed bullet will check the impetuous charge, though he may come in contact with and nearly capsize the craft in his headlong rush for the bottom of the river. Where they are often disturbed by fishing boats, they become very wild and one must be crick shot with the rifle to have much success with them. They are confirmed cannibals, and as a measure of self-preservation, the young are compelled to avoid the company of those that are grown.

The alligator is fond of fresh fish, and the black bass, (called trout in the South) seems to be his favorite. In dark water he is really skillful if not artistic in taking them. One method is to swim slowly and a few feet from the bank, in a favorable location, to open his jaws along the water and bring his tail around slowly toward his head on the side nearest shore. The frequent repeat of this maneuver is that the fish, when it feels the commotion in the water caused by the moving tail, takes alarm, and leaps from its native element to escape the unseen foe, but sometimes only to become a victim of the terrible jaws which close on it like a steel trap.

People who have noticed the habits of the black bass in Florida are aware that when feeding they often operate in large numbers together and make short work of any unfortunate school of minnows or small fish that come in their way. Alligators, where numerous, often adopt a similar plan of operation, and then the bass must suffer in his turn: the jaguars swimming about among them and each individual taking what he can get as the fish leap from the water to escape the supposed danger from the long moving tails of the reptiles. This jumping habit of the bass, by the way, often puts the canoeist in possession of fresh fish, *adans volens*, or being alarmed by the dip of the oar, they, in making the leap, fall plump into the boat. In that way, we have secured as fine fish as I ever caught with the fly or spoon.

When collected in large numbers the alligators are very bold, and show more curiosity at the presence of a boat. On one occasion I rolled seventeen very large ones as fast as I could shoot, and left nearly twice that number that were of no use to me.

To suppose that "a large alligator is never killed at the first shot" is a mistake. One ball, if properly directed, will answer as well as a dozen. If a party of hunters boast that they required nine balls to quiet their game it indicates a lack of marksmanship, or else that their arms were inferior.

Of all the appetites that of the alligator is probably the most indiscriminate. They will catch turtles, and the immense strength in their jaws enable them to crush the shells before swallowing them. They are excessively fond of dogs, but the average Florida canine seems well aware of that fact, and is constantly on the alert when his duties require him to swim or pass through low grounds, where the most dreaded species are lurking, yet many of them are caught, and the old Floridian is frequently heard lamenting the loss of "the best hog-dog in Florida." Many hogs are also destroyed in newly settled regions, and young cattle are sometimes victimized; even grown cows have been attacked by the largest of these vicious reptiles, and severely injured if not killed outright. I found in the stomach of one alligator the hoofs of a nearly half-grown bovine, a number of the indigestible bones or shells from the heads of black bass, and bones and complete set of ten rattles of the diamond rattlesnake, several abraded pieces of wood, sections of cypress limbs, etc. But why do they swallow chunks of wood? Is it for the same purpose that the hen takes gravel? I never knew them to indulge in any other kind of vegetable diet. Iterative in their habits they explore lagoons, make long journeys, sometimes overland from one river or lake to another. The walk of a muscovy duck is graceful when compared with the pedestrian efforts of an alligator.

His travels by land are slow, and his gait is awkward, but we cannot say the same of his evolutions when in the water.

The way he snatches a boat through the water when harpooned or snared suggests the idea of a mule race at the other end of the line. Probably before he is overpowered or dispatched he will make things lively on board by reeling the line upon his body, and unless well handled may pile himself aboard or turn the craft over. A light, frail boat will be in danger, too, from his powerful jaws. Repeatedly they have splinters as large as my fingers from the hull of my yellow pine skiff. Good nerves and promptness on the part of the harpooned man will usually avert disaster, though taking them by this method is somewhat dangerous, and the boat employed ought to be a good strong one. Other requisites are a half-inch line, ten to fifteen yards long. One end fastened to bow of the boat, and the other to a fifteen-inch spar, which is used by means of a staff similar to the ordinary spear or gig pole, said staff to be detached the instant after the alligator is stuck or, of course, it would be broken in the *moules* that follows. The skeleton may be of the harpoon or the pole.

An assortment of destructive weapons, as guns, pistols, axes and hatchets completes the outfit.

In the spring of the year fierce battles often occur between the males, in which they get severely punished. "Catch a catch can" embodies the rules of the fight, and, having hitled, a lively flourishing whirling and twisting, with savage howls from the powerful tails, makes things interesting for all concerned, and the water is lashed to a foam,

garments and his teeth chattering while he talked, and he had much the appearance of a chicken just rescued from a pail of water, with drooping plumage and downcast air.

After passing the descending pedestrians the Hawk party were soon on the summit of the mountain. Though somewhat fatigued, they were well repaid for all their trouble, for at that moment the rain ceased, the clouds cleared away and a more beautiful view was never seen from the top of old Blue Mountain.

Standing on its lofty summit they could overlook a terrific storm in all its majestic grandeur, and hear the crashing sound of the heaven and earth with the lightning which, in its zigzag course, seemed like some fiery monster writhing in the last agonies of death. But as the storm passed off to the east the party were aroused from their reverby by the irrepressible William Preatis singing in a well-modulated tone:

"Now up, now down, now high, now low,
We plodded through the rain,
A brightler or a happier time
May never come again."

The party said they could count fifteen bodies of water from the top of the mountain besides all that had soaked into their garments. After a lanch and two hours' sunshine they started for camp, which they reached in high spirits.

With daily excursions said many adventures to relate in the evening, time passed pleasantly until the 15th of July, when other duties claimed the attention of some of the party so they were forced to leave the scenes where they had passed so many pleasant hours. The "vacuum" has since been filled by Mr. Samuel Hawk, who presides at the head of his bountiful table, and it appears that all that will come may come and partake of his hospitality. He remains in camp until the last of August, when he leaves for the city, when Wm. S. Hawk will do the honors of the camp. He expects to be joined by other friends. Late in September the party will break camp and start for Saranac Lake by the way of Little Tupper Lake. I will by and by give you an account of their trip.

SARANAC GUIDE.

Blue Mountain Lake, Aug. 20.

(Continued from Page 104.)

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

NOT waiting for further examination of Mr. Joslin's barn for seeking to penetrate the corners of the missing Kenuer, and I had ridden rapidly southeast for five miles, hardly exchanging a word; I did not feel at all like talking. I was deeply chagrined at our failure to make the capture and busy with my own thoughts as to how it all came about. James Davis' mare was certainly in the barn and so was his saddle, but was it he who took her away? Was it possible that we had been discovered? Had he, while in the house, even at that late hour, received an intimation of the close proximity of an enemy and in desperate haste fled? Had it all happened so? Had he escaped to that that hour and done unconscious of his danger? And so, the more I thought of it the more determined I became to fathom the whole thing at an early day.

We found a place to camp away back in the deep woods, being unsaddled and tied our horses, we talked freely of the night's work and matured plans for the morrow. In the silence of the black woods we talked, ate our hard tack and pork, not daring to build a fire, for we did not know just some scouting parties might be lurking near. However, we were content to tuck ourselves in among our blankets, with a saddle for a pillow, we were soon lost to all sound and sense.

The sun was an hour high when we awoke. It was arranged we should part company there, Kenner to go south and west and work north to Catlett's, but to keep out of that place, gain all the information possible, then return to the command and report; I to strike the vicinity of Bristo Station and thence work toward the Rappahannock, cross as best I could and find the command, that is if it had again crossed to the south side, which was hardly possible. I kept steadily northward, keeping sheltered by the woods, traveling, as I had often done before, by compass.

That night I discovered the enemy in considerable force at Bristo Station, showing he had fallen back from near Catlett's and was possibly alarmed that he might be surrounded and captured. Rostering my horse and self until about 2 o'clock a. m., I started to find our command; rode cautiously until daybreak, then pushed rapidly on to cross the railroad a couple of miles north of Catlett's. The position of the enemy's cavalry at Bristo caused me to take, to a certain degree, my back trail. I felt sure the Confederates had left the vicinity of Catlett's, and if so Kenner would know this and then if such were the case, which was highly probable, why could I not make a visit, if even a short one, and thus combine pleasure with duty and at the same time know what I was burning to know—why I had not captured the man who rode James Davis' mare?

Riding along the edge of the woods back of Mr. Joslin's house, I met the black man, Tom. I questioned him closely, knowing I would get the truth. He had not seen James Davis; "fo' de Lawd Mars James hadn't done bin' den sene de battle at Bristo." It was enough.

I went directly to the house; I entered and was greeted warmly by all. The clock struck two; I felt safe. I determined to spend the remainder of the afternoon and travel that night toward the command. Yes, James had been there, so Miss Lucy said; had told them all about capturing me, etc. "and," said Lucey, "he left here suddenly at about 10 o'clock night before last. He and I were sitting here by this window talking. Suddenly he went to the door, quietly opened it and looked over toward the barn. Telling me to wait a moment, he disappeared in the direction of the barn. I could not imagine why he went to the barn unless it was to look after his mare. I sat looking out toward the barn for possibly ten minutes, when I heard the barn-yard gate open and James crossed the road, leading "Cora" and saying he must go at once. He rode away at a lively pace up the road." I held my peace. I did not tell them anything I knew, still it was only a partial explanation. He came in the night quietly and left in the night suddenly. Tom had seen him at all.

And now I come to that part of these adventures, if so I may call them, wherein the ending was as near as it could have been without being a bloody tragedy.

It had struck three. Mrs. Joslin and Lucey were in the spring house, Mabel and I sat in the parlor. I was on a chair facing the rear door (the door in the dining-room) and at the end of the piano; Mabel sat on the piano-stool, facing me almost, and slightly between me and the door. Suddenly a man's step sounded on the dining-room floor, and—James

Davis stood in the doorway. The recognition was instantaneous, mutual. Revolvers leaped in the air, accompanied by an ominous elieking, and we covered each other almost at the same time.

"You are my prisoner," I cried.

Mabel gave one frightened look and jumped between the leveled pistols, crying, "Don't shoot; for God's sake don't kill each other. Are you real men?—are you gentlemen?—that you would dishonor with blood the house that has welcomed you and sheltered you?" It was all done in so few seconds—pistols were slowly lowered; shame came upon us.

"Have you friends with you?" I asked of him.

"No, sir."

"Quits. I am alone also."

Mabel seized my arm and Lucey, mshing in, seized Davis.

"Well, Mr. Dick," said he, "I reckon we are both captured."

We shook hands. Like myself, Davis could not resist the temptation of making a call at the Joslins'. Conversation became general; Davis and I declared a truce for twelve hours and sat amicably at tea. And then he explained the mystery. He saw the uncertain light in the barn, thought that that the bars was on fire and went to examine. He opened the small door almost in the rear of his horse, when he distinctly heard some one leave the barn, or else come in. He waited and listened a long time and, hearing nothing, determined to go in and get his horse; said he did not feel right about the situation and concluded to leave any way. So mutual explanations occurred on both sides. We parted that night with mutual good wishes and a warm grasp of the hand. He took his way, I mine.

Although I scouted through that country much after these events, I never met him again. We both, by mutual consent—a tacit agreement—did not visit Joslin's, indeed, the forces of either were near in goodly numbers. But I never forgot those good people and I lived to see the day when I shot quail over "Rish" and enjoyed the hospitalities of the house untrammelled by a war cloud. After the surrender and when gentle peace had come, I spent many happy days at their guest.

James Davis lived to marry Miss Lucy. The last I knew of them they were in West Virginia, doing well. But as for myself—well, that tale cannot be told. "All's well that ends well." It ended well and therefore must be well.

DIK SWIVELLE.

FLORIDA AS A SUMMER RESORT—San Mateo, Fla., Sept. 9.—Editor Forest and Stream: Our weather in Florida since September came is very beautiful—mercury rarely above 90 degs. and seldom up to that point; pleasant, bright days, with plenty of air stirring, splendid moonlight nights, cool and delightful. Never think of Florida as "proportionately hot" when you are "roasting." A letter received in early summer from Central New York said, "Mercury nearly at 100 degs. What must it be with you?" That same day it was about 85 degs. with us. O. R. T.

Sportsmen's Wives should not fail to purchase their Scissors from C. L. Ritzmann, 914 Broadway, New York.—A do

Natural History.

CLOGGED FEET OF YOUNG PARTRIDGE.

THE annexed weird and uncanny-looking engraving is an exact representation, natural size, of the remains of a young partridge found a short time since by a correspondent. The bird was obviously destroyed by its inability to drag about the mass of clay which had adhered to the left foot. It is difficult to imagine the manner in which so immature a bird could have existed so long as it did with such an incumbrance attached to it and impeding its progress. These hulls on the feet commence on the claws, which become separately incrustated, and they increase by what a botanist would term an exogenous mode of growth, layer after layer being deposited until the mass attains a considerable size. In the present instance the weight of the clay in the dry state is almost exactly an ounce. This weight would have been considerably increased by the amount of moisture present when the bird was alive.

Were such a weight attached suddenly to so small a bird it would be quite incapacitated from active locomotion; but the gradual and slow increase day by day enabled the



animal to become habituated to the incumbrance, and to survive, though obviously with great discomfort, until it had attained the size depicted.

The right wing conceals the skeleton of the animal, which was intact, the flesh having been removed by the maggots of the blow-fly—these universal and useful scavengers of exposed animal remains.

In poultry-yards and pigeon-houses similar instances to the one represented above, not unfrequently occur; but the case is so interesting an illustration of the struggle for life under unfavorable conditions that I have thought it worthy of being illustrated by an engraving; and I beg to return my thanks to the gentleman who kindly forwarded it.—W. B. TRIGHTMERE, in London Field.

made a good start for a full hog. About a mile from camp we came to a high hill, with open woods on every side. Concealing ourselves in a fallen tree-top, at a point from which we could see two hundred yards in every direction, I felt sure we would bring up a gobbler before sundown, especially since I knew this hill to be a favorite range in the spring time.

I yelped a while without any response. Then I tried gobbler. (I am one of the few men in this State who can gobble successfully.) My first effort was successful, for some three hundred yards off two turkeys gobbled their loudest. In a few moments we saw them coming toward us in a full trot, the front one holding his wings down in a sort of half strut. I whispered to F. to cock both barrels and wait until I fired, then to try them both on the remaining turkey, if necessary. F. was a good wing shot, and I felt sure he would bag his game. On they came, one of them fully thirty feet in advance of the other. Waiting until the front one was within twenty-five yards of us, I whistled and brought both to a full stop. I fired at the one furthest off, and dropped him in his tracks. F. let drive the first barrel at the other one. He staggered and fluttered, I think, with a fatal shot; but he didn't die fast enough for F., so he fired into him again and settled him forever. I don't think I ever saw a finer turkey but once, and I am sure I never saw a prouder man than my friend.

Concluding that we had had enough glory for one day, and it now being quite late, we return to camp. My friend's supper, garnished with a mile away, came down to chat with us a while. During his stay he told us that he had heard turkeys gobbling that evening back of his field, and that whenever he heard them there of evenings he always heard them near the mornings following; so he felt sure the ones he heard in the evening roosted near his field. He was quite certain that they usually roosted in some large oak trees which grew on a steep hill side, a place very easily found, as a path ran near by.

Waking up about two hours before day the next morning F. and I started for the place in the hope of finding the turkeys by moonlight. Arriving at the place designated by the farmer we got down and commenced hitching our horses; during which the owls in the creek bottom half a mile off began one of their pandemoniac concerts, and to our amazement a turkey gobbled near them. Once before I had heard a turkey gobble on a moonlight night, but that was where they were very plentiful and but seldom hunted. This did not cause us to change our programme, but we went right on and hunted through the timber on the hill side. It was a fine place for turkeys, but they were not there. Meanwhile the owls kept hooting and the turkey in the bottom kept gobbling. At my suggestion we concluded to "go for bin." Leaving our horses at the edge of the bottom we walked in. When about a hundred yards from the turkey we came to the creek, which was too wide to jump across, but a small log was near by. On proposing to cross on this I was astonished to hear F. say that he could not walk a log in day time much less in the night. The only thing then was for me to take the shot gun and go after the turkey. This I did in a few minutes, and with "many a flutter" we came to the ground.

We concluded to separate, F. going back to the place which he had hunted to wait until day, feeling assured that the turkeys could not be far off, and he was not disappointed. I went down the creek a mile, then struck out into the hills. Before I had gone as far as I wished I heard the red birds begin to whistle, and I knew day was breaking. Going a little further I happened to scare out of a tree, and almost immediately I heard my turkey copping quickly. I listened for him to light. Soon I heard him strike in a tree a good distance off. Riding in that direction as far as I deemed it prudent I dismounted and hunted for him. He was soon discovered perched in the very top of a small oak tree. It was quite dark yet, but I didn't want to wait, and I knew I had killed many a turkey with my rifle when I had no more light than now, so I fired. A way he flew, but he made an awful fuss. I knew he was badly shot, so I listened, and in a moment heard him strike the ground. It was no trouble to him, as he did not fly more than a hundred and fifty yards.

By this time I heard turkeys gobbling in several directions, but none seemed nearer than a mile. On arriving near two I saw it was too light to get a shot on the roost, so I resorted to the best plan any man ever tried for killing a turkey in gobbling time. I went out on the very crest of the hill in which the turkeys roosted. Concealing myself, I gave a low, soft yelp or two. The gobblers both rattled loudly. I knew they were in the neighborhood. In a moment I heard one fly, and then I saw him light within thirty yards of me. On comes the other one, but he dropped down further off. It was too dark yet to shoot at heads, so I fired at the body of the one near me, and down he came.

Loading quickly, I slipped around and headed off the other gobbler four hundred yards from where I shot. I yelped; he strutted but would not gobble. After waiting some time he came in sight but would not come close. He was promptly killed at one hundred and twenty-seven yards. I stepped it. From here I returned to camp to find that F. had killed a young gobbler and had fired at a large one, but didn't hurt him. We concluded to go home, feeling well satisfied with our trip, having killed a deer and nine turkeys, two of which were the first F. had ever bagged.

I am very fond of a "breach-loader" for all small game; but when I go after turkeys or deer, I prefer the old rifle, a muzzle-loader, with which I have killed hundreds of deer and turkeys.

TEXAS.

ROASTED WOODCHUCK.—The Postman, in your issue of Sept. 8, is not the only one who knows the flavor of woodchuck when well roasted. The first one I ever cooked was about eight years ago, during a trip with team and camping outfit through the State of New Hampshire. We had stopped at one or two a few miles west of Deerfield. One morning I had breakfasted at a roadside inn, and the cook had cooked him, using an open tin baker set before a fire of hard wood coals (by the way we could bake biscuit in that same baker in ten minutes.) We baked well with salt pork cut in three slices, and did wait till our game was done brown; but with the savory roast-pig-like odor, it was a big strain on the patience. One fall before that while camped near the head waters of Passadunkook Stream in Maine, we had dined a rabbit boiled ten minutes with onions and had a lesson. In a moment the woodchuck was well roasted. Was it good? I only wish that the Postman could have been there. The meat was rich, juicy and delicious. It was just like every other woodchuck we have roasted since, and we always eat them while in camp; and we go on our regular fall hunt every year.—H. L. M.

WILD TURKEY CALLS.

MILLENBERG, Pa., Sept. 6.

"Kookk" in the last number of the FOREST AND STREAM asks about turkey calls. Having had some experience in the matter, we may perhaps impart some information, but it is doubtful if "Kookk" or any one else will ever learn a certain method to call up a wild turkey. The instrument adopted by us is the little horn with a stem three or four inches in length. We have used the turkey bone to good advantage, but found it too severe on the lips; and the band should be used to cover each end of the bone in order to give the note that far-off sound so necessary when the birds are wary. We have used scrapers of many patterns, but have found them wanting in one or more particulars, and have discarded them. A common clay pipe scraped on a piece of slate makes as good a sound as any scraper, if properly handled. The best caller we ever met called with his mouth only; he somehow twisted his head to the right and downward, twisted his mouth to one side of his face, and, placing one end and gave the side of his nose, pushed it over to the other side and finger to the side of his face. As the occasion might require, he could do the old hen or the old gobbler up to nature, or imitate the young birds to perfection. That boy would be worth five dollars a day to any one wanting a day among the turkeys.

We use the horn; all things considered, it is the best when an instrument must be used. As to the style, tone and number of yelps, we invariably leave that for the birds to decide. We do as they do; if they make three or four yelps we do the same; if they make one yelp, we come down to that figure. If they call cautiously and softly, we do likewise; in fact, we imitate their call. In case that we suspect that turkeys are about and are too shy to call, which often occurs late in the season, we come the old hen on them, and most likely the bird will come, unless it be the old hen herself; as to that we cannot say. The mother turkey's call will generally bring the answer, and is the best to start a stray youngster to yelping, or will even make the father of the flock come to bag. We would advise "Kookk," or any one else so inclined, to visit the turkey hen and learn. She may now and then utter a note, which is a bold, metallic ring, that family yell and listen to her plaintive note. If a wild bird is not at hand, or to be tame sisters and cousins and aunts, and have your farmer friend scare the flock badly, and you will hear the mother's note. She knows how to do it as well as her timid relative of the woods. It is made up of two or three long, fine, plaintive whistles, finished up with two or more coarser notes. Turkeys do not, however, always call alike, and there is as great a difference in their voices as in the voices of men. Sometimes the sound is cracked and grating, sometimes it is a bold, metallic ring, and sometimes it is quite subdued. We have heard them give from one to a great many yelps. Times, circumstances, flocks and individuals differ widely, and the hunter must, if he wants to bag the bird, come down to his wits.

Sometimes a flock can be walked into and the birds do not seem surprised very much—they even appear in no hurry to get away, but they do get away pretty quick, anyhow. A flock of turkeys, knowing that they are pursued by either dog or man, will generally run some distance, and not fly, unless forced to do so, and if they do fly they will nearly all take the same or nearly the same course, and no calling, however good, will bring them back. If one bird should get astray, that one may be called in; if a flock is surprised and quickly scattered in all directions, they may be called back; in fact, some of the birds will come back without being called at all. It is next to impossible to call up a turkey after he has seen the hunter; therefore the hunter should be well hidden and not move until he is sure he has the bird near enough to make his shot. We hunt turkeys with a "valley dog." Our dog gives no tongue until she gets into the midst of the flock. She leaves none upon the ground, and usually, when she is done with them, they are well scattered, and some of them can be called in and bagged. Sometimes a number of birds will take to the trees; we would prefer that they would not, as they are hard to approach, and will certainly see us, which lessens our chance of making a good bag. Sometimes one or more of the treed birds will see the hunter make his blind, and then the call made this bird will sing out, "Pee, pee, pee," very low and somewhat long drawn, and as long as that bird is there none of the rest will move or utter a sound in reply to the hunter's call; and even after the fellow has been driven off or shot the chances for bagging a turkey out of that flock, for the time being, are slim. When a flock is scattered we secure the dog and hide ourselves and dog where the dog struck the birds as near as we can tell. When everything is quieted down we try the old hen's call very cautiously; by and bye she may, until we either get a reply or convince us that no game is coming. In the latter case we get the dog to stir them up again, if possible. If not found we try the next best new ground and new flocks.

We have failed many a time, and always promised to do better next time; we have, however, brought to bag four or five at one sitting and out of one flock, and we think that glory enough for one day—and turkey enough, too. Noise does not seem to affect turkeys, but the sight of men or dog makes them uneasy. Tobacco smoke arouses their suspicion, and they can see a black coat or hat quicker than any other garment worn by man. They can carry off more shot than most men would imagine possible, and unless the head or neck is riddled they will get away with a handful of shot. We use No. 4 shot, and find it to answer the purpose well. We hunt turkeys on high ground, not on the tops of the mountains, but just below the tops. We sometimes meet them upon flat or low ground. They do sometimes come down to the fields to feed, but they come with their eyes open, and seldom lose any of their number. They are a wary bird.

We think turkey hunting fine sport, and have never seen any one who was not well pleased after a day among the turkeys, when things were done according to instructions and no blunders made. We have never baited turkeys with the purpose of killing them. We have never hunted them in spring, when all good turkeys should be hunting a mate and housekeeping, and all good sportsmen should let them alone. No game should be hunted between January 1 and September 1. C. X.

SARDIS, Miss., Sept. 4.—I notice "Kookk" in this week's issue asks how to call turkeys. From his letter it is my opinion that he gets a little excited and calls too fast and loud, which was for a long time my fault. I have often been squirrel hunting in the creek-bottoms of Carroll and Benton counties, Tennessee, where I would flush a fine dove of turkeys. After waiting a reasonable length of time I would

build me a blind of old chunks of logs and brush, and with caller I began to fool the poor creatures, but the fooling would not last long because at about the second or third answer my excitement would be at such a pitch that I would strain myself to bring them just a little faster, and consequently would "yelp" too long and frequently, and scare the turkeys off. But I have found that a turkey is not at all easily deceived—at least such has been my experience.

My way now is when I scatter or flush a dove, I first get there and separate, then call, my blind not far from where I flushed them, to wait about forty-five minutes or an hour, and then call slow and low, and with not more than three or four "yelps." When I get an "answer" I keep perfectly composed, and am fully ready for an emergency. The next time I call I am careful not to make the note too loud or frequent. A turkey has a splendid ear.

When the turkey gets within 200 or 300 yards he gradually stops calling, and reconnoiters for danger, especially if he is an old gobbler, and he is just as apt to put in an appearance on the opposite side from that expected as otherwise. This is the time to hold your piece of horn or some away from your mouth, and not try to call, for if you do, nine times in ten you lose your chance for a better turkey. Now is the critical moment, but if you are bound to call or die from impatience, call just twice and loud enough to be heard about forty yards, but it is much the most sure to keep silent. If the turkey is not assured that it is one of his companions he will come up through curiosity to see what you are. I have had old gobblers in the spring come within 100 yards of me, and get behind a log or large tree, and then wait and gobble for half or three-quarters of an hour, but I had "been there before," and it was only a question of time as to who could hold out the longest, I or he, and every time the turkey comes to roost. In the winter and fall you don't have to be near so cautious, as most of the turkeys are young and do not understand the "traps" as their long-bearded forefathers do.

I think if "Kookk" will try my plan he will have better success. I will, if he wishes, explain how to make a "caller" that will be person with a little practice can fool the smartest old gobbler in the woods with.

W. H. C.

A BADLY SCARED MAN.

CAPTAINS—now of Canada, late of H. M. Service, who is the most orthodox and conventional of British sportsmen, is in the habit of coming South every year for the quail shooting and is fond of relating his first day's experience in Virginia.

The Captain's host, being particularly anxious to insure him sport of the best, with warning that he was going to take him into a back country where some of the social amenities would have to be sacrificed for the sake of unusually excellent shooting, landed him on a bright November morning in a back country, and had a goodly number of local sportsmen well, if somewhat rudely, armed assembled to do the sporting honors of the neighborhood.

The Captain, though an excellent sportsman, was of that strictly conventional order so often found in the mother-country that like to follow the sports of the field under certain conditions fixed in his own mind, or not at all. His boots must be of a certain description, or they hurt him to wear in, and consequently put him off his shooting. His party must be the very best—no number is absurd. He must be on a particular side of the line, or he cannot shoot. If a companion, who does not know any better or from a spirit of mischief, cuts down a bird in front of him, he is deeply shocked and scandalized—a heinous crime that can never be forgiven. So, when he found himself bestriding a Mexican saddle on top of a mule and going along at a shuffling canter, with six other sportsmen kicking up the dust with all sorts of gait and upon all sorts of quadrupeds, did he not rustle and nod (to him) suspiciously, like-looking garments, with powder-horns and shot flasks tucked in his belt, he never recollected to have seen before of old armories and curiosity shops, he felt and looked a miserable man, and could not for the life of him reconcile such crude surroundings with "true sport." Everybody did his best to make him feel at home, as Virginians of all classes always do; but the Captain, having been in a quiet infantry regiment and a non-hunting man, was in agonies upon such a saddle and such a beast.

Some of the sportsmen, who had met together to do honor to the stranger's visit, had not handled their rusty old muzzler-loaders for two or three years. Others were not professed sportsmen at all, or, at best, turkey and squirrel men, and brought, in all good faith and in the highest spirits, the most awful blunderbusses to the fray, with a vague intention of having a frolic and a good time generally. The dogs, too, though each individually excellent—far more excellent, in fact, than they looked to the orthodox Captain—were apt, in consequence of their long idleness, to be so nervous and so prone to transform themselves at a moment's notice into bounds or "possum dogs, when they thought that the occasion demanded independence of action.

This was nothing, however, according to the Captain, to the shooting. He declares that at no time during the day at Inkerman and the Alma, in both of which engagements he conducted himself gallantly, was he in one-half the danger that he was upon this memorable occasion. He says his horse, or rather his mule, was so nervous that he could not get on his feet until he had been perhaps the correct term—for the noble charger left the Captain upon the ground, as I used for home with the deliberation and accuracy that only a mule, charged with a load of "pure cussedness" and half an ounce of No. 6 shot, can do.

The roar of musketry that followed the closing up of the column on a devoted covey resounded in his ears for three weeks after the day was over.

By two o'clock two dogs had fallen, one badly and the other slightly wounded; and a negro boy had been shot twice—both times, fortunately, in the head. The Captain so far had not fired off his gun, as there was no such thing as outside and inside the line, and he had been so engrossingly occupied with ducking and dodging the leaden hail, which he declares fairly filled the air, that so far out of the forty birds (for there were some really good shots out) that had found their way into the bag he could claim none.

He thought he was getting used to it, and would soon be able, with luck, to get on a bird when a stray quail got behind him, was fired at by his next neighbor, who wheeled around for the purpose in utter disregard of sportsman's rule six who, with his back to the gun but in a straight line with the bird, was tying his shoe against a fence about fifty yards off. A violent rubbing of the back of the head and a torrent of unparliamentary language from the said number six, was the only result of the shot. The shooter in the meantime, with his hand over his eyes, still marking the

sounding bird, quietly observed: "All right, old fellow; I saw you had your back turned toward me when I fired!" The complete absence of natural custom appeared to the Captain to be here distinctly indicated, and put a finishing touch to his already agitated nerves. The rest of the day he devoted to keeping as near out of shot as common decency would allow, and in the morning was seized with a sudden indisposition that compelled a return to his host's house. "The Capt'n's a right good fellah," observed one of that famous party to a friend of mine, who was himself hunting in the neighborhood the following year; "but, dorgoned, if you can get him within a hundred yards of the dogs to save your life."

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

| State. | Deer. | Woodcock. | Quail. | Partridge (Prairie or Ch.) | Wild Turkey. |
|---------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------------------------|--------------|
| Ala. | Oct. 20. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 20. |
| Cal. | July 1. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. |
| Col. | Sept. 1. | Prohd. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Prohd. |
| Conn. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Sept. 1. | Prohd. |
| Del. | July 1. | Nov. 1. | Nov. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| D. C. | Aug. 15. | Nov. 1. | Nov. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Fla. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 15. | Sept. 1. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. |
| Idaho. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Ill. | Sept. 1. | July 4. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Aug. 15. |
| Ind. | Oct. 1. | July 1. | Oct. 15. | Sept. 1. | Nov. 1. |
| Iowa. | Sept. 1. | July 20. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Aug. 15. |
| Kan. | Sept. 1. | July 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| La. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Mass. | Nov. 1. | Sept. 1. | 1883 | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Mich. | Oct. 1. | Aug. 1. | Nov. 1. | Sept. 1. | 1882 |
| Minn. | Nov. 1. | July 4. | Nov. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Miss. | Oct. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 15. |
| Mo. | Sept. 1. | July 1. | Oct. 15. | Oct. 1. | Sept. 15. |
| Mont. | Oct. 1. | Sept. 1. | Aug. 15. | Aug. 15. | Oct. 1. |
| Nebr. | Oct. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Nev. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| N. H. | Sept. 1. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| N. J. | Sept. 1. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| N. Mex. | Sept. 1. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| N. Y. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| N. C. | Aug. 15. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. | Oct. 1. |
| Ohio. | Oct. 15. | July 4. | Nov. 1. | Sept. 1. | Nov. 1. |
| Pa. | Oct. 1. | July 4. | Oct. 15. | Oct. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| R. I. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| S. C. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. | Sept. 15. |
| Texas. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | July 1. | July 1. |
| Vt. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Wa. | Sept. 1. | July 1. | Nov. 1. | Aug. 1. | Oct. 15. |
| W. Va. | Aug. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |
| Wis. | Sept. 15. | July 10. | Aug. 1. | Aug. 15. | Aug. 15. |
| Wyo. | Aug. 15. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. | Sept. 1. |

Antelope.—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Cariboo.—Col., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Quail.—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; N. J., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Ohio, Aug. 1; Pa., Sept. 1; S. C., Sept. 1; Va., Sept. 1; W. Va., July 1; Wis., Sept. 15; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Partridge.—Col., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Minn., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Woodcock.—Col., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
Wild Turkey.—Cal., Sept. 1; Mich., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; Pa., July 1; R. I., Aug. 1.
Wildcat.—Del., Sept. 1; N. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Aug. 25; Pa., Sept. 1; S. C., Sept. 1; Va., Sept. 1; W. Va., Sept. 1; Wis., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

* In these States there are special county laws. a The deer law applies to sale or possession. b Wildcat not protected on the coast. c In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. d California quail prohibited to hunt. e Deer season opens Aug. 1. f Moose and Cariboo, Sept. 1. g First open woodcock season began July 1; will close Aug. 1. h Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882. In counties of Montgomery, Schoharie, Saratoga and Albany. Wildcat season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. h Deer law relates to female deer only.

ARE THEY MONOPOLIES?

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Sept. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question at issue seems to be conveniently pushed aside by the sportsmen of the opposition, and they have raved about railroads, potatoes, etc., etc., as if they had something or other to do with shooting ducks. I simply mentioned railroads in connection with the general tendency of mankind toward monopoly and oppression, but they have no part nor lot in this discussion.

So far, not a solid argument has been used by them; but that modest little organization, the seventy-mile club, has not been heard from yet. Perhaps they will think of something that will utterly convert your humble servant into a "smut-thrasher." I alluded at the opening of this "confutation" that they had the legal right to deprive their brother sportsmen of any share in the pleasures of the field—if they had money enough to accomplish their purpose; but I also have the right to oppose them, and I will, but I mean to do it decently, and not get mad and throw potatoes and ugly epithets, for that would only prove that I had no arguments.

One wicked man calls me a communistic case, or words to that effect, and says: "Let everything be in common, and thus ruin it all." The worst state of barbarism and confusion." Now, that's good! But I'm afraid it was "wrote sarcastic," for that state of barbarism to which he wishes to return is just what we had till the monopolists began their work (though I never saw any "confusion"), and its just what we ought to return to with some modifications. "X" of Cleveland, says: "There are hundreds of such clubs established all over the United States and Canada by the best of men and for the best of purposes—the protection and preservation of game, etc."

"If these humane sportsmen preserve it after it is dead; and if they protect it, all they protect it from others so that they may have the exclusive privilege of killing it. All endeavors to suppress illegal shooting will meet a hearty response from every one, but not one of these men would raise a finger in that direction except in their own interests. Their motto is: "Protection and preservation of game for our exclusive benefit."

They have a game law in Connecticut, and it permits woodcock shooting from October 1, to any time in my travels through the State this summer, I was told that lawless

loaders had been shooting them all over the State since the 1st of July, and not a person cares or dares to stop them. It is much worse than no law, but it's the very thing these rascals advocate for it gives them all the birds. It is pretty well settled that no one but a paid game constable will arrest a man for illegal shooting, and these game clubs are no exception to this rule, except on their own domains.

My antipathy to game clubs is based on their selfishness. They are not content to buy up enough for their purposes, but they want to prevent all other sportsmen from ever having a day's shooting. There are never many members of any club on the grounds at a time, yet they claim jurisdiction over miles upon miles of shooting-ground. My hostility to market-shooters is as great as theirs, and if I had it in my power I would prevent any one from making a business of what ought to be an occasional pleasure. A market-shooter is usually too lazy to work, and is next thing to a vagrant. There is where the destruction of game comes in; and in looking after them, these clubs could find ample scope for their anxiety to preserve and protect game without owning the country for miles around them.

It is generally conceded that to be a Christian or a gentleman, it is necessary to believe in the "Golden Rule." Are the advocates of monopoly ready to say the Golden Rule is all both? Some of the "best of men" are sportsmen, outside the clubs as well as in them, but the clubs have the money and can snap their fingers at them and ask, "What are you going to do about it?" I furnished them at the start with their only available argument: "We have the right to buy what we please and to do what we please with it."

WILD RICE.

Pont IOWA, Ont., Sept. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of September 1st an article by "Lutron" in which he speaks of my rice as being of the small kind. The rice of which I wrote in my letter of the 18th had not fully matured when I pulled it; it had but a very faint sign of a head, and would have grown two or more feet in length. Although the bed from which I pulled the stalk was growing in water six feet or more in depth, yet in the bays and some of the lake beds it grows in less than the same number of inches of water. All the rice in this lake grows from two to six feet above the surface. Right here allow me to state a fact: I never yet saw rice bear seed where the water had gone down to such an extent as to leave the roots dry; it would have a large and apparently well filled head, but upon feeling it you would find the seed vessel had never filled up, and that there was in fact no seed. I have seen places where the mud to the depth of three or more inches had from some cause risen to the surface, bringing the rice bodily and erect with it. In a case of this kind the seed would be good and the stalks large and strong.

Mr. W. F. Whiteley, Commissioner of Fisheries, wrote to me Sept. 5th of some seed—about fifty bushels—he got from me last fall. The following is an extract: "It (the rice) has since appeared very thick and high. I expect a fine crop if the water does not fall too low." The sample of rice I sent you last fall was very plump and large. I have had some samples of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan seed, yet none were to be compared to Rice Lake seed.

Most of those desiring rice wait until it is too late in the field to sow it, and have to wait for spring. It will grow even if planted then, yet Mr. Whiteley and others besides myself have proved by experiments that it is not so sure a crop as it would be if fall planted. To give it a fair chance, at least several bushels should be planted in the fall, and where it comes to the surface and heads up, game geese and blackbirds will feed upon it, and if only a small quantity has been planted they are almost sure to clean it out. If a larger amount has been sown it gets a chance to sow itself, and once it does that success is assured.

By to-day's mail I send you a sample of rice stalk pulled before it was matured, yet it is very large and has several stalks growing from one root. I also send you sample of new seed, some of which is full one inch in length and very plump. CHAS. GILCHRIST, Fishery Inspector.

A WILD BUCK IN THE CITY OF VICKSBURG.

IN 1874 I was residing in the city of Vicksburg, Miss., not far from the business centre of the town. The rear of my premises looked out upon the shops of the V. & M. R. R., a couple of hundred yards distant, with an intervening common and a pond.

One morning before breakfast, when in my back yard, I heard a hue and cry over toward the Wild duck pond. I heard workmen, with banners, axes and other tools, in pursuit of something, which I supposed to be a fugitive thief or malefactor of some kind. I saw at the same moment a splash in the pond and then the antlers of a buck above the water. The deer swam through the pond and climbed the steep bank on my side, the men running around. I ran into the house and seized my gun, a muzzle-loader, which had been standing some time, loaded with No. 8 shot. When I came out the deer had gone over a spur, down into a small hollow and was making his way over a few bushes in the direction of a Rectory, on Cherry street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town. The rector, Dr. Lord, was in his gallery, in his slippers, reading the morning paper, and was very much astonished at the spectacle. The deer, being very much exhausted, was cornered by his pursuers and I, taking up a close position, snapped both barrels behind his ear. I then took a pistol out of the hand of a negro and shot the buck in the forehead, but his nose being elevated the bullet glanced over without entering the skull. He was then struck on the head with an axe and tumbled on the ground. The man who had shot me then claimed the carcass, as he had run through their shop, and they had found him. I claimed the horns, which I have yet—a very pretty pair.

It seems the deer had been run by hunters out of Big Black Swamp, some twelve miles distant, and got bewildered in the suburbs of the town in an exhausted condition, having been pursued all night by hounds.

MARQUERRE.

MANITOBA GAME NOTES.—TORONTO, Sept. 10.—Seeing your recent note on game in Manitoba I send you this letter from Winnipeg, written to the *Globe* of this city under date of Aug. 24: "We saw occasional covys of prairie chicken over the whole route, and from information received from settlers have no doubt they are very plentiful; but at this

season the old birds are very careful to keep their young hidden in the long grass. A dog is necessary to insure successful sport, but the sportsman will need to be careful to look to the condition of the animal every night, as the wild turkey" sticks to the coat and, unless removed, draws lice into the flesh and eventually leads to death. Ducks are plentiful wherever there is water. Every pond and little lake we passed swarmed with them, principally mallards and gray ducks. There were, too, black ducks and blue-winged teal of all ages and sizes, from the full-grown ones down to the flappers and the little fellows in their "yellow fluff" but a day or two out of the shell. We could quite understand what a settler would have thought if he could not look a duck in the face. Plover of all kinds and snipe also about in places, and in the autumn this must be the sportsman's paradise. A few moose are found in the Pembina Mountains, some of very large size. Elk are more plentiful. At Mountain City we saw the heads of two which were shot last winter within a mile of that place, the horns of one being nearly five feet long. At Pembina Crossing we were told of eighteen having been shot there last winter, and of three having crossed in sight of the stopping place on the morning of the day of our arrival. There were no deer, but we saw both wolves and foxes, one of the former on the banks of the Pembina, not three miles from Brandon. Geese, sand-hill cranes (of which we saw a couple of dozen), and pelicans make up the list of the game which came under our notice."

THE SATURDAY CLUB EATS VENISON.—LAST December, Dr. Theophilus Parvin, of Indianapolis, who is an intimate friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, sent to the latter a saddle of venison. The characteristic reply from the poet was as follows:

BOSTON, Dec. 28.

My Dear Dr. Parvin:

The venison arrived in perfect order. I suppose that Mrs. Holmes and myself could have feasted on it for a month and found ourselves in good condition at the end of it. But I felt a solemn responsibility in the disposition of such a momentous piece of game, and I thought the best thing I could do was to have it served up at the meeting of our "Saturday Club," which took place yesterday. The club, which included members for more than twenty years, was included, and still includes, many whose names you know. In fact, it has counted so many distinguished persons that I am perhaps a little proud in mentioning the names of those whom we have met or still meet in the large club room at "Parke's"—Agassiz, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Sumner, Gov. Andrew, Motley, Chief Justice Gray, Judge Hoar (formerly 4 Torrey-General of the United States), Prof. Fiske (Dean of the Coast Survey, etc.), President Eliot, Alexander Agassiz, Francis Parkman (historian), Howells, William Hunt (painter), Asa Gray. Is not that a remarkable list? Some, as you know, are dead. Emerson is too old and forgetful to come; Lowell is Minister to England, and so on, but we had President Eliot, Francis Parkman, Judge Hoar, Alexander Agassiz, Prof. Norton, Gibbs and Gurnay, and other persons of name and note less widely known than some of these. I introduced the venison in a very brief speech, telling you sent it and where it came from. Very soon the blazers (or blazes—I can't find the word in my dictionary) were all around the table. Then came a remarkable silence, each diner being occupied with his volcano for a while, and then with the product of his culinary art. Well, the venison was voted more than excellent. I should say it was the best I ever tasted. The company drank your health with great enthusiasm and loud applause, and I felt that I could not have done better in the disposition of your most acceptable gift. For my own part, I beg you to accept my very sincere thanks, and to assure you of the great pleasure you have afforded me by your kindness which enabled me to extend to others. Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours, O. W. HOLMES.

WISCONSIN DEER SLAUGHTERED THE YEAR AROUND.—CHICAGO.—I HAVE JUST RETURNED from a two-months' trip through Wisconsin and Michigan, and I was greatly surprised to find that in some parts of the former State the game laws were entirely ignored and openly violated. The open season for deer commences Sept. 15 in Wisconsin, and I can not claim knowledge of deer being slaughtered by the hundreds during, say, the months of July and August of this year. Deer meat is set on hand the year around at the butcher's shop in Poshigo, Wis., and the citizens of the latter place are never happy except when they are butchering fawns and does out of season. Their plan of shooting is to go out in large parties, accompanied with a score of hounds, and set the dogs on a fresh deer trail. If they are lucky, and they generally are, they run the deer to the river, where pickets are established, and when the deer attempt to swim, they are shot, a volley from his rifle, and you have afforded me by your kindness which enabled me to extend to others. Believe me, my dear sir, very truly yours, O. W. HOLMES.

ILLINOIS GAME NOTES.—QUINEY, Illinois, Sept. 4.—A few days ago, my friend H. S. and I went to Bay Island, a few miles above here, after woodcock; had only about three hours' shooting, and bagged seventeen woodcock, besides three blue wings. We had very high water the morning of the 4th, and the ducks were washed up high on the shores of the rivers, lakes, etc., and were covered with a fine growth of grass which last summer we had yards upon yards of pasty mud to go before we came to the water's edge. This made fine woodcock ground. The birds are plenty, but most of the shots are snap shots, as the birds have but a few yards to go before entering the tall weeds from ten to twelve feet high, resembling a real old-fashioned canebrake. The fall shooting near here will be unusually fine, consisting of quail, prairie chickens, ducks, geese, etc. We also look for good spring snipe shooting, but the swim across the marsh will be better. The outlook is even better, especially for fall shooting, including turkey. We are going over there chicken shooting as soon as business permits.—J. A. B.

HIGH SCORES.—CHESTER, Pa., September 11.—Inclosed you will find the score of birds killed for the week ending September 11, 1891, which I think is good:—Sept. 4, B. Harris, 52; C. Goff, 45; Ike Rothwell, 43. Sept. 5, P. Allen, 45; C. Goff, 47; Harris, 34; Drisket, 23; D. Brown, 23; Sept. 6, B. Rump, 23; C. Goff, 47; B. Harris, 41; Rothwell, 33. Sept. 7, Allen, 33; Harris, 48; Rump, 55; S. Preston, 23; C. Goff, 36; D. Brown, 31. Sept. 8, B. Rump, 59; S. Preston, 63; P. Allen, 30; J. Rothwell, 51; B. Harris,

39; D. Brown, 27; J. Miller, 33; B. E. Brickett, 95; E. Rump, 31. Sept. 9. D. Brown, 35; S. Preston, 45; B. Rump, 31; S. Brown, 53; J. Rothwell, 58; C. Goff, 31; N. Rump, 52; J. Miller, 40; B. Harris, 41; J. Hawks, 107. Sept. 10. J. Rothwell, 31; B. Harris, 44; Barlestone, 57; P. Brown, 35; S. Preston, 35; B. Rump, 40; C. Goff, 49; J. Preston, 35; N. Rump, 43; S. Brown, 49; J. Miller, 31.

JOHN GORF.

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Audubon Gun Club, for the election of officers for the ensuing year, was held last Monday evening at their club rooms, 31 Moffat street, Brooklyn. The following officers were elected: President, Robert T. Smith; Vice-President, J. Scharf; Secretary, Henry Pier; Treasurer, Frank A. Gehring. The club also held their twelfth monthly and final competitive contest for the club medal last Thursday, at Newtown, L. I. Twelve members participated in the match, which, toward the finish, grew quite exciting, from the fact that a tie shot took place between three members, of whom two, Messrs. P. Post and R. T. Sabiu, had each won the medal three times during the year. Finally, after four ties had been shot off, Mr. Post won the medal.—*LA GAZ.*

THE SCARCITY OF BAY SNIPES.—Your correspondent "L," in issue, Sept. 8, wishes observations on the growing scarcity of bay snipe and plover. Each succeeding year for the past twenty-five years has shown a decrease, and the past ten years the decrease has been very rapid. Spring shooting and breech loaders are especially to blame, but egging at Cobb's Island, "writing up" shooting resorts by hotel keepers and enthusiastic amateurs, who "give away" the places dear to sportsmen, establishing wintering places along the coast and shooting by the coast. Life-saving crews are the principal causes of the diminished number of bay birds. Men and boys tramping about the meadows and sand-bars instead of shooting from ambush, also tend to frighten the birds from our shores.—*CREWEL.*

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S PARTY.—CHICAGO, Sept. 10.—General Phil Sheridan and party, consisting of General Strong, Colonel M. V. Sheridan, Colonel Gregory, Edwin B. Sheldon, and Inspector-General Sackett, of this city, returned last Tuesday from a big hunt and exploring expedition, which extended through Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. The party's line of travel was through the Black Hills, then over the Snow Mountains, and then down to the Yellowstone National Park. The country traveled through was full of game, and all the elk, antelope, bear and small game were abundant, and they could make use of General Sheridan reports the streams well stocked with trout. Ducks and chickens are very numerous here at present.—*"TEN DORZ."*

IN THE DAYS OF MUZZLE-LOADERS many ludicrous mistakes in loading were made when the abundance of game prompted to haste. Our correspondent "Dell" tells of such an experience: "In my frantic haste I got both loads of powder in one barrel and both loads of shot in the other. An old gander would come directly over my head, about ten feet above, and I took careful aim, and the result was a singed goose, but he got away, minus nearly all his feathers. The next shot was a double, and, as it was imagined, I stood drawing the shot from my left barrel with a look of mortification on my face, for the larger one of the pair raised a short, startled "honk," and winked one eye at me as he soared but a few feet above my crazy head.

THE HACKENSACK RAIL SEASON.—New York, Sept. 8.—I notice in your correspondent's account of rail shooting on the Hackensack that he states that rail are not so plenty as last season. Have been out every first day for the last ten years and never saw rail so plenty as on the opening day of this season. We only pushed over a little bit of the ground and most of it had been shot over. I brought in forty-five birds that day and since then larger bags have been made.—*W. HOLBERTON.*

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."—Will you be kind enough to "invidious" to inform him that, if he will try the experiment he has mentioned with his left hand, he will find himself "right-eyed" according to his theory. Evidently he used his right hand last time, which made him "left-eyed." As he can thus prove himself to be both "right-eyed" and "left-eyed," he must blame the gun or the game for his bad shooting. I believe it is always safest to blame the gun or the charge.—*D. (Girardville, Pa.)*

DUCKS IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Wild ducks, such as wood ducks and black ducks, are here in great numbers. I have never known them so plenty before. Some good shooting can now be had, and here is the place—via Erie Railroad to Shohola Station. My house is six miles from Shohola, and I will meet all parties on appointment. Address J. M. Bradley, Eldred, Sullivan County, N. Y. I have boats, dogs and guides.

VERMONT WOODCOCK.—East Townshend, Vt.—A part of our grounds are well stocked with the woodcock, and I think I am the only one that knows what they are. Ruffed grouse are thick, and up to the present time are not wild and the flocks are not broken up any. Ducks are not plenty, but there is a flock now right in front of my window of fourteen head, and full grown.—*H. T. E.*

KENTUCKY GAME NOTES.—Mt. Sterling, Ky., Sept. 9.—Parties are plenty. The best hunting full-grown and strong, the second hatching still gray, but doing finely. There is a numerous second crop, it having been dry and nothing to prevent full broods. The hawk bounty has been a blessed success, so this fall let every club offer a bounty, and we can have many more birds to put in bag.—*VAN A.*

WOODCOCK IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A Philadelphia correspondent reports that the spriny swarms of Lehigh County, Pa., were taken possession of this year for honskeeping purposes by a greater number of woodcock than ever was known before. Just before cold weather will be the time to catch these fellows in that section of the country. Ruffed grouse may be come across on nearly the same grounds at the same time.

AMERICAN QUAIL IN ENGLAND.—Several attempts have been made to introduce "Bob White" into England, several thousands of the birds having been at different times imported into that country. All of these importations were unsuccessful.

We have received from Mr. J. Page Fisher, 112 N. 12th street, Philadelphia, a copy of his "Pocket Edition of the Game Laws of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland."

NEWPORT NOTES.—Newport, R. I., Sept. 5.—Plover, rail and some snipe are shot on the marsh every morning. Black-fish, bass and bluefish are the principal fish sought for, and good catches are made every day from the piers, rocks and boats.

Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing with Hop Bitters in each drop.

For Dog Collars and Dog supplies of every description go to C. L. Kitzmann, 918 Broadway, New York.—*Ad.*

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN SEPTEMBER.

FRESH WATER.
 Grayling, *Thymallus tricolor* and *T. maculatus*.
 Black Bass, *Morone americana* and *M. chrysops*.
 Muskellunge, *Esox sabulosus*.
 Pickerel, *Esox reticulatus*.
 Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*.
 Pike-perch (Whitefish) (pike) *Stizostedion americanum*, *S. griseum*, etc.

SALT WATER.
 Striped Bass, *Centropomus virgatus*.
 Sea Bass or Rockfish, *Urophycis regia*.
 Yellow Perch, *Perca americana*.
 Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
 Scup or Porpie, *Stenotomus argyrops*.
 Pollack, *Pelachius carbonarius*.
 Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
 Spanish Mackerel, *Cybinus maculatus*.

FRESH WATER.
 Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*.
 Striped Bass, *Morone chrysops*.
 White Bass, *Morone americana*.
 Rock Bass, *Ambloplites*. (Two species).
 Warmouth, *Chromobrytus gulosus*.
 Crappie, *Pomoxys nigromaculatus*.
 Bluegill, *Lepomis macrochirus*.
 Chub, *Semotilus corporalis*.

AN ANGLING DAY.
 A LONG by the banks of a rushing river;
 Alone, alone, with the birds and daisies;
 The birds that sing,
 And the daisies that smile,
 From the mountain's side,
 Bring the soul to beguile,
 That such things may be forever.

Alone by the banks of a rushing river;
 Alone, alone, with the past and nature;
 The sunbeams that dance
 From the mountain's wall,
 And the shades that fall
 In the day's advance,
 Tell that such joys can't last forever.

W. H. HASBROCK.

AN ICTHYOPHAGIST COMES TO GRIEF.

ONE of the most daring of the Ichthyophagis Mr. Thomas J. Murray, Steward of Glen Island. He dives into the water (this is a figure of speech, as A. Ward would say) and, if he does not pluck up drowned honor by the locks, he at least brings up things most strange to himself; for he it known, and not at all to his disgrace, that the accomplished caterer of this famous summer resort, with his great interest in the fish-eating club with the hard name, is no zoologist. We have enbathed in our columns how he has dared to experiment with the despised starfish, and pronounces them excellent in a lisque of his own making. And now we record what we are glad has not turned out a tragedy, although every morning we are prepared to read in the daily papers that the Coroner's jury have decided that Mr. Murray came to his death by eating of some fiendish and diabolical marine monster, whose name and habits are unknown to the said jury. The facts are these. Last week we received a letter as follows:

"STAIR'S GLEN ISLAND, Sept. 10.
 "To the Scientist of the Ichthyophagists Club:
 "I am in trouble at last through my propensity to experiment with the unknown inhabitants of the vasy deep. I inclosed you a shell or outer habiliment of the individual which made this trouble. I don't know the name of it, but presume that it is familiar to you. I made a stew of the mollusk who wore this silyony overcoat, and I ate the stew. Then began the trouble alluded to. Shell-bearing mollusks, I need not tell you, are not known for the swiftness of their movements in life; but the way that stew 'traveled' was marvelous. What in thunder is it?
 T. J. MURRAY."

The shell in question is one commonly found on the outside of oysters, scallops and other shells. It is a nivalve and is known to science as *Crepidula fornicata*, and the children who pick up the empty shells along shore call them "boat shells" or "lady slippers," on account of the transverse partition in the middle. We are greatly pleased to know that the daring experimenter has met with nothing worse than what might be called "dissolving views" in his researches after the eatable among the neglected mollusks of our coast.

FISHING NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

A WRITER in the New Orleans Democrat says that the fish-are coming in now. That salt water fish come into Lake Pontchartrain freely because of the absence of Mississippi river water to freshen it. He says: "Since the low water in the river and the cessation of the flow of water through Bonnet Carre Creek, the increase in the number of fish in Lake Pontchartrain has been tenfold. The water in the lake is once more assuming its transparency, and again the needle fish and mullet play around the wharf. Sheepshead have been caught off the old breaker-water outside Milneburg, and flounders on the flats near West End. This return of salt water fish is hailed with delight by all those living along the shore, and they are all united in hoping for the closure of the crevasse.

"One fisherman in speaking to a reporter said: 'You don't know, sir, how much the people of New Orleans would be benefited by having that crevasse closed up so that no river water could pass through. As it once was the fishing smacks could bring their red fish, red snappers, and other fish caught outside in deep water, alive and kicking right up to the city. Since river water has been running into the lake all the fish supply must come either by rail on ice or from Terre-aux-Bouffis in wagons, or from Barataria. Fish transported in that manner cannot be good. With the crevasse closed up we can bring fish alive in the wells of our smacks right up to West End, and they will be alive on reaching market.'

"We have the best fish country (?) in the world, and it is a pity that on account of a little break in the river a whole city has to have its fish supply brought to it on ice. I don't believe it's healthy. Why, I can remember the time that sheepshead, croakers, red fish, flounders, sea trout and numerous other good eating fishes were most plentiful in the lake. Look what it is now, or what it was a month ago. Nothing but sea. You'd bait your hooks out on the croaker banks, get a bite, and haul in a nasty little catfish. You just go around and ask the people living on the lakeshore about that crevasse. Ask the captains of schooners. They will tell you fish are driven away, the lake is shoaling, the oyster beds outside are being ruined, and all for the lack of a little money to shut that plaguey thing up. There ain't any use in looking to the government to do it. They don't care for Lake Pontchartrain, but we fishermen do, and the people of New Orleans ought to. You just tell some of them chaps with plenty of money, who like good eating, to help close that crevasse up and they will have fish what is fish. The Democrat can close it up if it pleases it, for the people will when they see it in the right light, back up the paper with the stuff."

"The fisherman who on much in the same strain for some time as he tarried his seinc."

GULF FISH AND HOW TO COOK THEM.

[From a Tract issued by the Pensacola Ice Company.]
RED SNAPPER.
 This fish, varying in weight from three pounds to thirty, should be either broiled or dressed with drawn butter and egg or oyster sauce; baked, stuffed with oyster dressing or plain; broiled after slicing lengthwise, removing the back bone; fried, dip the slices in corn meal and cook in hot pork fat, Cape Cod style.

BLAOK GROUPER.
 This fish, with flesh similar to halibut, should be skinned, then cook same as snapper.

RED GROUPER.
 This fish has a distinct lobster flavor. Skin and cook same as snapper; requires more cooking, as the flesh is harder; when well done, will suit the palate of any lover of good eating.

BLUE FISH.
 Eat this fish broiled, fried or baked. Prepare for baking by stuffing, and score with a sharp knife to backbone, and insert thin slices of fat pickled pork. For broiling, split open down the back; clear fire and only one turn.

POMPANNO.
 Split down the back, clear through the head; dry with a cloth; broil over a clear fire; be careful not to burn; salt only after the side is cooked and turned up; dress with a little good butter and the fourth of a good lemon dropped on the flanks and centre; when hot it will permeate and develop its unsurpassed nutty flavor. Lives there a man with soul so dear, as this.

JUAREL (PROSOONOED "WARELL").
 This fine fish is best adapted to the pan. Clean and score to the backbone with four cross cuts, fry in sweet pork fat or olive oil, and you will be able to emulate the secretary of certain corporation, who ate five at one sitting on board one of our smacks and then quit only in consideration of the feelings of the fish. Baked similar to the bluefish it is rich and highly flavored.

SILVER WHITING.
 This fish, equal to the speckled brook trout, treat in a similar manner. Sheepshead, spadefish, salt-water trout, bass and blackfish, ditto.

SPANISH MACKEREL.
 Cook same as the pompanno.
MEM.—In all cases a hot fire and clean dish. Of the forty varieties in use "from the depths of the sea," we commend all for varied qualities of nutri ion and flavor.
 Some of our friends in the interior who submit them to the trying ordeal of "trying in warm lard" over a slow fire, never will discover that they are other than "almost as good as cat" until they treat them with good cooking and common sense. By order of
NEPTUNE'S "CHIEF COOK."

THE GREAT LAKES FISHERIES.—The fisheries of the great lakes lying within the United States are confined to eight States, and form an important industry. A forthcoming report from the U. S. Census Office shows that in 1879 the business employed 4,657 vessels, of which 40 were steam tugs, and 5,050 fisherman. The annexed table gives the number of men and the amount of capital contributed by each State engaged in the fisheries and the value of the product which accrued to each:

| State | Fishermen | Capital | Product |
|--------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|
| Minnesota | 45 | \$10,160 | \$5,200 |
| Wisconsin | 80 | 92,240 | 253,100 |
| Michigan | 1,881 | 447,605 | 1,761,750 |
| Illino | 590 | 1,000,000 | 6,051,400 |
| Indiana | 52 | 29,300 | 39,200 |
| Ohio | 1,016 | 478,500 | 518,200 |
| Pennsylvania | 10 | 10,000 | 34,600 |
| New York | 922 | 60,250 | 134,500 |
| Total | 5,691 | \$1,845,915 | \$1,751,900 |

The heaviest fisheries are on Lake Michigan and Lake Erie. The value of the products for the several lakes during the year are set down as follows: Lake Superior, \$105,535; Lake Michigan, \$312,410; Lakes Huron and St. Clair, \$349,865; Lake Erie, \$578,690; Lake Ontario, \$138,050; total, \$1,784,050. The products were marketed in the following conditions: Fresh fish, \$1,102,950; salt fish, \$402,670; frozen fish, \$128,100; smoked fish, \$109,070; caviare, \$34,315; singlans, \$5,705; oil, \$2,280; total, \$1,784,050. The foregoing shows the value of the products, being in excess of 100 per cent. on capital invested.

A PENNSYLVANIA RESORT.

STRETLTON, Dauphin Co., Pa. I desire to add my mite for the benefit of the disciples of the rod and gun. White House Station, on main line of Pennsylvania Railroad, seven miles east of Harrisburg, in this county, is an excellent place for bass and salmon fishing from June 1 until winter. The river is also full of the more common varieties of fish, such as carp, chub, cat fish, mullet, a few rock fish, and plenty of shad in season. There is also excellent duck shooting in the spring and fall. Hotel on river bank. Accommodations plain, but good and substantial. For particulars address, with stamp, E. M. Stoner, High Spire, Pa.; R. M. Neiman (prop'r hotel), High Spire, or the writer at Stetton, Pa. Boats plenty at low rates. Mr. Neiman was for a number of years a resident of the lumber regions of this State, and to persons wishing it could give all the necessary information in regard to the trout and bass streams of Northern and Central Pennsylvania. The hotel is a popular stopping place for lumbermen and raftsmen on their down river trips, and from them the sportsman could gain much valuable information in regard to choice trout streams and game regions known to scarcely any one else; but these hardy backwoodsfolk of the mountains and forests of Pennsylvania. All way passenger trains stop at White House. JOHN H. LOTHROP.

FISHING AT BEAUFORT.

NEW BERNE, N. C. FISHING at Beaufort and vicinity is now at its height, and all the species usually taken here are plenty, especially Spanish mackerel and bluefish. The harbor is alive with boats in charge of capable men and occupied by amateur fishermen who, with hook and line, catch in a short time such quantities of fish as are rarely seen under ordinary circumstances the result of seine fishing. Postmaster Hubbs of this city, Internal Revenue Collector White and his chief clerk, Tinker, constituted a party in the Ives Sharpie Lucia, in charge of Captain Ben Piegott, and had admirable success in taking the members of the finny tribe. Although these gentlemen, leading as they do comparatively sedentary lives and lacking the experience that makes good fishermen, hauled in on this occasion seventy handsome Spanish mackerel and seventy-nine bluefish. One of the former, caught by Mr. White, measured thirty-seven inches in length and weighed nineteen pounds—the finest catch this season. In this connection one of this party assures us that whole schools of fish are dispersing themselves, the big ones eating the little ones, and the whole hovered over by gulls, who dive down for their prey. G. N. L.

SALMON FISHERIES OF SCOTLAND.—From the Scotsman, of August 26, we learn that the net salmon fishings on the Doe and Don terminated on the 25th. The season has been a very successful one. At the outset the returns were comparatively poor, but as the season advanced the catches of fish largely increased, and at the close the yield from both rivers is considerably ahead of the last two years. In the latter end of July, and during the present month the netter Don has yielded between 300 and 400 fish per day. The fishing on the Doe all round was over an average, the greater portion of the fish having been got at the Pot and Fords. From the middle of June onward big hauls have daily been got, and it is estimated that not for twenty years have so many fish been got at these stations as there have been got this season. The returns at the Millchingle were also good. The beginning of the earlier season the fishing has been interrupted by disagreeable weather. The best catch of the season was about the middle of July, when some 600 fish were landed in one day from the Pot and the Fords on the Doe. All through the season the quality of the fish has been good. Price for salmon in Aberdeen has varied during the season from 2s. 8d. to 10d. per pound, and grise from 1s. 6d. to 9d. per pound. Quantities of fish were retailed for the Aberdeen market at London prices, but the greater part of the fish were sent by train and steamer to the London Market.

STREP DRESSING AT NEWPORT.—Wm. Rotch Wister, Esq., of Philadelphia, has recently returned from Newport, R. I., and is reported in the Germantown Telegraph as saying that striped bass fishing was very successful there just before his departure. One angler succeeded in taking nine fish in one day, aggregating 450 pounds in weight. Angling there for this fish is quite as expensive as angling for salmon in Canada. It bites best when the ocean is rough. The angler rents one of the small rocks with about in the vicinity, and his prevention can be washed off it into the sea by an iron railing. He engages a man to bait the ground for days in advance of the time he intends to fish. He may remain there every day for a week without getting a single specimen. The tackle used by these anglers is the best which is made, a rod and reel not unfrequently costing \$200. Much skill is required in landing large fish, an hour or longer not unfrequently being spent in this exciting amusement.

UNWHOLESALE FISH AT BILLINGSGATE.—We learn from Land and Water that during the month of July the fish-lands appointed by the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate Market, and on board boats lying off that place, 25 tons 15 cwt. of fish as unfit for human food. Of these 54 tons 18 cwt. came by land, and 38 tons 17 cwt. by water. Nineteen tons were shellfish. The single fish numbered 99,937, and include 8 catfish, 10 cod, 18 crayfish, 500 eels, 250 conger eels, 500 dabs, 81,500 haddock, 2,300 lobsters, 720 mackerel, 4,822 plaice, 620 skate, 73 pairs of soles, 1 sturgeon, 245 turbot and 8 4/10 whiting. There were also 10 barrels of crabs and 12 of pickled herrings, 168 bags of mussels, 4 of oysters, 30 of periwinkle and 106 of whelks, 8 kits of pilchards and 1 of eels, 1,648 gallons of shrimps and 55 quarts of whitebait.

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land look out for fishing smacks.—Yonkers Statesman.

BASS IN SWARTSWOOD LAKE—Newton, N. J., Sept. 8.—A party of three gentlemen from Newton caught forty-eight pounds of black bass in Swartswood Lake last Monday morning. The largest bass weighed four and one-half pounds, and the others weighed four pounds. The fish were brought to Newton to-day, and attracted much attention. Nearly all the lovers of the sport in the town have gone, or are about to go, to try their luck. The lake was stocked with bass a few years ago by the State Fishery Commission. Previous to this time few had been caught. Since Monday's excitement, however, the yield has been large and constant, affording the greatest gratification to the successful anglers. The bass are caught with the little black crickets as bait.

THE STREAMS DRY.—Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 6.—We are having a severe drought in this part of the State, and in consequence the rivulets and mountain streams are dry and our rivers are lower than ever known but once before. The fish are reported all dying. A gentleman just in my office, who came down Monongahela River this morning, reports seeing large numbers of dead bass and other fish along the river, on the rocks, and along the river bank. A few more days of such weather will certainly kill all the fish in our streams, except possibly those in deep holes.—I. R. S.

TROUT IN THE THAMES.—Mr. J. Harrington Keene, in the London Fishing Gazette, favors the extermination of pike in the Thames and the establishment of a large trout hatchery thereon. He thinks that a seven years close time for Thames trout, a yearly introduction of the true trout of the river, coupled with a persevering decimation of the eels and pike, would render the river the finest trout stream in the world. We know little of the local peculiarities of the river, but on general principles we agree with Mr. Keene.

HOW DOES A BLACK BASS TAKE A CRAWFISH?—Paris, Ky. One thing has been agitating our fishermen—viz., How does a black bass swallow a crawfish? Which end of crawfish ahead? The outest waxed warm, and they agreed to leave it to FOREST AND STREAM for decision.—CARPIO.

We have the impression that the black bass takes the crawfish by the tail, but as our observations have been limited we would like to hear from others on this subject.

TO A CLAM.

I OVEPLY TANTO of the sea, Shell-bound doughnut dear to me, Dear to you where ripples play, On the beach at Rockaway, Dear to me as porgie ball, Dear still upon a plate, Dear to you to the fish, You eclipse all other fish.

Far beneath the sizzling wave, Lolling 'toud some coral cave, How you watch in happy glee, Mornalds rake their golden bags, How you close one eye and grin At the chummy terrapin— While you watch the blue fish grab At the nervous soldier crab.

Little salted demigod, Prisoned in a peary pod, Lying on the ocean bar, Winking at the lappy star; Hums a-below the water, Cousin of the cod fish ball, How you set my soul a-dream With your aquatic steam.

Ever you lead a quiet life, For you haven't got a wife; Ever your earthly pain aside, In your soddy solitude, I would I were the blue fish grab At the nervous soldier crab, With a seaweed ordonnance In mid ocean's deepest divide; Far from dishing oyster knives;

Far from Hockaway hotels, Hid among mussel-nauted shells; Far from Summerville and Mott's Patent lever chowder pots. Then I'd sit and chatter my chin With a diabolic grin, Vowing my soul should never swoon In Coney Island soup.

R. K. FITZPATRICK, in South's Sunday Times.

Fishculture.

FOCUS IN THE HISTORY OF FISHCULTURE.—The conclusion of Prof. Good's "Epochs in the History of Fishculture" is in type and will be given in our next issue, its publication being deferred to that time that the proofs may have the author's supervision.

FISHCULTURE NOTES.

North Carolina has a shad hatchery at Avoos and a trout hatchery at Morgantown, both under a charge of Mr. S. G. Worth, the Acting Commissioner of Fisheries. The Wisconsin Commission has at their hatchery at Red Wing, in charge of Mr. S. S. Watkins, brook trout, California salmon, rainbow trout, Atlantic salmon, lake trout, wall-eyed pike, yellow perch, and hybrids between the brook trout and quinnat salmon. Mr. T. T. Bailey has been appointed Superintendent of the hatchery at Madison, Wis., in place of H. H. Welcher, resigned. Mr. William H. Firman, the veteran trout culturist of Mississippi, near Brooklyn, N. Y., has bought a place on the Nissequogue River, Long Island, and is making trout ponds there. He has a fine place near Smithton.

The Maine Commissioners are stocking lakes with black bass. They have also stocked the Rangeley Lakes with whitefish.

CARP IN KENTUCKY.

PARIS, Ky., Sept. 10. Fish Commissioner Dr. W. Van Antwerp, of the Ninth District, has been turning his attention to the carp which have been placed in the hands of private parties and can therefore be protected, for our public waters are depleted by the cursed giant powder and senes, so the only fish that can be protected are those in private ponds. Our country is plentifully covered with artificial ponds for stock water, they average from three to ten feet deep, with muddy bottoms, and aquatic grasses furnish plenty of food with an occasional bunch of cabbage and lettuce from the garden, and they are hatched and grow finely. From four ponds I have measured and weighed fourteen inches, one and one-half feet. The leather carp being larger than the sealed variety, the farmers who have them are very enthusiastic concerning their culture, and I know if Prof. S.

F. Baird could hear the words of praise he gets for their introduction he would feel happy. I learn from a friend that Dr. Van Antwerp has promised to get some pamphlets on the growth and culture of carp from Prof. Baird, and distribute them to those having ponds, the knowledge of the requisite of this valuable fish may be more widely known. A discussion as to the table merits of the carp resulted in a practical test. A company of epicures dined off black bass and carp recently in Clark Co., Ky., and they say no difference exists as to flavor that they could discover. CARPIO.

For the Holidays: A Present which will be kept and remembered for years is a Bio Graphoscope or stereoscope with some handsome Photographs of celebrities. The largest and finest assortment to be found at R. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York. Will send Photograph of any celebrity desired per note.—Ad.

At the change of the notating elices Hop Bitters to allay all troubles induced thereto. For a good Razor go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—Ad.

For a good Bowle Knife or Spring Back Knife go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—Ad.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa., Franklin Sportsman's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries close September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent; P. O. Ilex st, Franklin, Pa.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at Loodon, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, Loodon, Ont.

September 18 and 19, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries close September 9. Secretary, Secretary, Secretary, Secretary, Pa. September 22, at Franklin, Pa. Collie Trials, held under auspices of Franklin Sportsman's Club and Game Protective Society. J. B. Nixson, Secy., Secretary, Secretary, Secretary, Pa. October 1, at New York City. Close entries Eastern Field Trials, Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City.

FIELD TRIALS.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28, at Masonown, Fayette Co., Pa., via Pont from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. It stayton, secretary. November 6, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. E. Leveley, Secretary.

December 23, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, secretary, New Orleans, La. November 5, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. B. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

NEBRASKA FIELD TRIALS.

AT CAMP, TEN MILES N. W. OF NORFOLK.

THE second annual Field Trials of pointers and setters under the auspices of the State Sportsman's Association, of Nebraska, was held at this place some ten miles northwesterly of the thriving little town of Norfolk on the east side of the north fork of the Elkhorn River. In the company of the sportsmen, being situated on a high point on the left bank of the river, a beautiful stream of clear, wholesome water, skirted by one of the handsomest and richest valleys in the State, and at this point about five miles wide, and studded with fine fields of corn and groves of forest-trees—planted and nurtured by the deft hands of the pioneers.

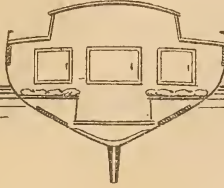
Here upon this big plateau of "smooth-shaven grass" stands four canvas tents. The largest one, a hospital tent, is assigned to the owners. The three smaller ones for the use of the attendants, competitors and their dogs. The scenery is of the most beautiful and such as when the last peg had been driven in to hold the sturdy tent cords in place we felt ourselves at home.

I must not omit to mention that this delightful location was suitably wet down with copious libations of cool, clear ice-water. In this regard score one for the Nebraska Sportsmen. Another fact may be mentioned of the large number of young and middle-aged men, who neither smoke nor chew tobacco at all, or moderately, so; we saw no whisky on the ground during the whole time, except a "single pint flask in the hands of one of the innumerable medical gentlemen present who had come simply as a precaution against "snake bites." It was wonderful how many titled gentlemen congregated at such an encampment. Boys instantly become captains, colonels, generals, doctors, lawyers and judges, and seem to bear these heavy titles as if they were scarcely expected of their ages. And yet there were many really titled men present and several distinguished ladies with their children a portion of the time, which especially made the encampment more pleasant, and may sufficiently account for the orderly demeanor of the sportsmen, and the absence of whisky and profane language. The dinner being settled we were summoned to dinner by our congenial restaurateur, Capt. Bigelow, whose rotund and stalwart form and genial good nature (except when some needless dog invaded his apartment) made all feel at home.

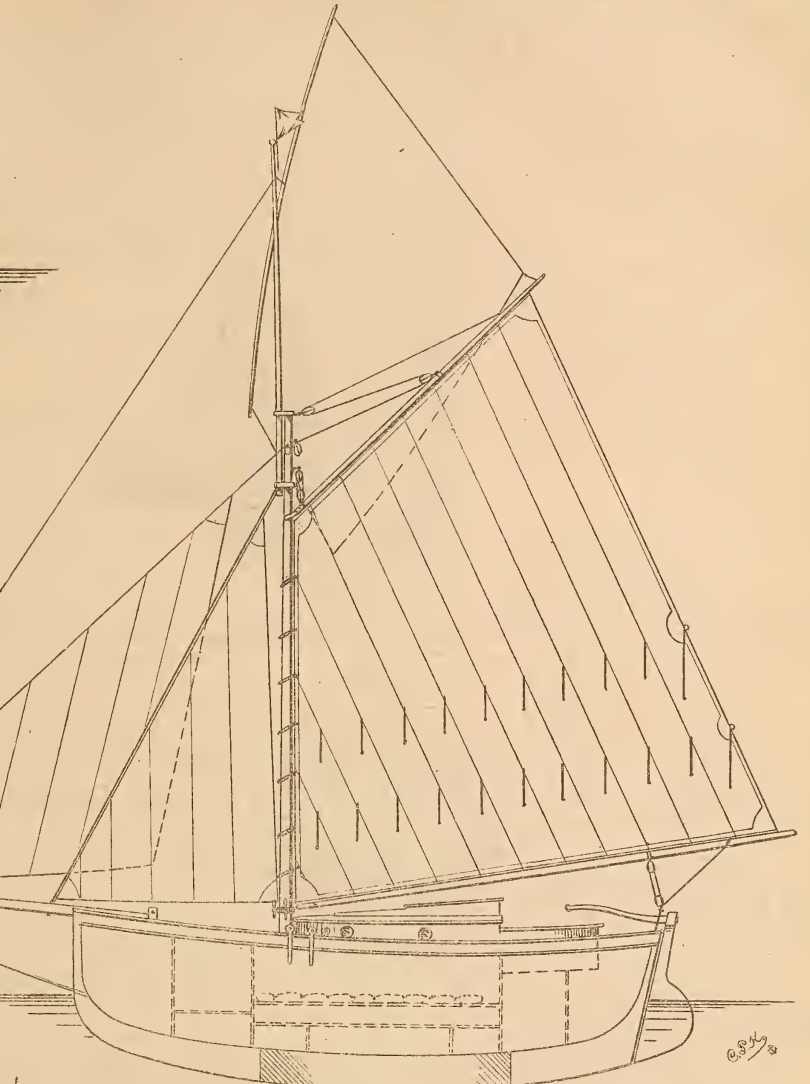
The dinner being over, and there being no entries in the stakes for puppies under twelve months old, and as other parties were expected to arrive with dogs to run in the second stakes—for Nebraska dogs—it was arranged to hold the entries open until the following morning, and thus give all who desired a fair opportunity to take part in the trials. A sufficient number of teams being at hand nearly the entire number of sportsmen rode out into the broad prairie outside the limits of the ground assigned for the trials to take place, with dogs and gun to pick up a few chickens for the use of the camp, and in which a very pleasant afternoon was spent, and about eighty birds were brought in as well as about the same number of wonderful things, and incidents of this dog and that dog, of this shot and that shot, from which one might easily conclude that every dog was not only a clipper in his way, but at all times.

Blue bloods, Natives, English, Irish and Gordons, setters and pointers of high and low degree, pedigreed and unpedigreed, and all of them imported, or would have been able to lay claim to that distinction but for the fact that, like the majority of our sportsmen, who labored under the misfortune of not being born in his native country, they were all begotten, whelped and reared in this side of the "Big Pond."

A pleasant evening was spent in recounting the afternoon's experiences, and at ten o'clock all turned in for the night anticipating the events and misadventure that awaited the scenes of the next day. Here it may be well to note who and whose dogs are here. In the list is Mr. C. B. Whitman, with note-book and House of Representatives of Nebraska, an ardent sportsman with his Irish setter dog Mack, by Livingston's Brian out of his Mous; Captain J. D. Brown, of Missouri Valley, Iowa, with his black and white Belton setter and his Irish setters whose names are those who failed to obtain; Dr. J. B. Leas, of Norfolk, late several years ago he labored under the misfortune of not being born in his native country, they were all begotten, whelped and reared in this side of the "Big Pond."



| | |
|------------------------|-----------|
| Length over all | 18 ft |
| " L. W. L. | 17. 6 in |
| Beam extreme | 6. 9 " |
| Depth amidships | 3. 2 " |
| Greatest draft | 2. 10 " |
| Lead on keel | 500 lbs |
| Iron inside | 1500 lbs |
| Sheerboard top of rail | 1 ft 9 in |
| Twist of mainsail | 12. |
| Bowsprit out'd | 8. 6 " |
| Area lower sails | 275 sq ft |
| Length of cabin | 7 ft 6 in |
| Depth in cabin | 3. 6 " |
| Width cabin floor | 2. 5 " |
| Width of berths | 1. 10 " |



Elvira, Iron Cutter.

1.85 tons displacement.
Scale 3/4"

LIVADIA AGAIN.

HAD FOREST AND STREAM been gifted with prophetic vision no clearer verdict upon the Livadia could have been rendered than appeared in the se columns. While that nondescript yet untried, and while contemporaries were going into fantastic ecstasies about the great revolution the Livadia would create, FOREST AND STREAM stood alone in its warning and hesitated to believe that modern naval science could be driven from its throne by the blarney hobby of a prince sailing an old sea dog or two. We declined to follow the wild craze for beam which set in for a while and condemned the principles, or rather want of principles, upon which Livadia was being built. We pronounced her slow, wasteful, unmanageable, a wicked boat in a sea, weak in structure and generally impracticable. That the mark was hit as surely as when we condemned the Antiracite quackery can be gathered from the official report of experts who recently examined the Livadia in the interests of the Russian government. The report concludes that the Livadia "does not satisfactorily answer the requirements of a seagoing vessel, either in a nautical or mechanical sense, as she rolls too much, is too slow, too weakly built and the materials used in her construction are of inferior quality. It is, therefore, suggested to take the yacht to pieces and build a gun boat and three cruisers out of the materials and use the fittings and furniture for a new yacht to be built on the lines of the original Livadia." Almost the identical words used many months ago in FOREST AND STREAM! Exit the latest revolution. A little more naval science and a little less clumsy, primitive stumbing will hereafter be the rule in the Russian service. The world has not built ships in vain during the last half century and naval science, resting upon the experience and deductions of such a term, cannot be denied by snobbish ignorance without the risk of serious consequences. The Captain, the Livadia and the fleet prominently in this case, are the quality of the quality or trusting to the overweening confidence and conceit of self-sufficient men bent upon creating sensations and disdaining the consideration due to well established fundamental maxims and to the diligent and persevering investigations of their betters.

THE OLD WANDERER.

FOREST AND STREAM goes everywhere. Not long ago a correspondent inquired about the old-time Wanderer built way back in the "fifties." The next week brought an answer from the far West with information about her model. This week, from another quarter, comes a full description of the famous schooner. It is safe to say that the knowledge sought could have been procured through no other sporting paper. Its prompt publication is more evidence of the unqualified character of these columns enjoy:

Concerning the yacht Wanderer, I send you the following: She was launched in 1851 at Setauket from the shipyard of Joseph Rowland and was the largest yacht ever built on this side of the Atlantic at the time. She was modeled and built by Mr. Rowland under the immediate superintendence and direction of Capt. Thomas B. Hawkins, of Port Jefferson, for Mr. John B. Johnson, of the New York Yacht Club, and from her model, which appeared to be a happy combination of all the late improvements, gave promise of great speed combined with strength and beauty. Her length of keel was 45 ft.; breadth of beam, 32 ft.; depth of hold, 10 ft.; length over all, 114 ft.; tonnage, 250. Her sails were made by R. H. Wilson, of Port Jefferson, the maker of the sails of the yacht America on the occasion of her

visit to England. She was rigged by Messrs. Barker & Cochran, of Port Jefferson, and her cabin fitted by Messrs. Youngs and Cutler. The following were the dimensions of her spars taken from her sail plan now in my possession: Mastmast, 84 ft.; fore mast, 83 ft.; main boom, 81 ft.; main gaff, 33 ft.; fore gaff, 30 ft.; 11 ft. foremast, topmast, 26 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 41 ft.; flying jibboom, 25 ft. The Wanderer fully met the expectations of her builders. Being very staunch and a good sea boat she made many voyages at sea, making the best time between New Orleans and New York ever made by a sailing vessel. The Wanderer was wrecked on the coast of Cuba in 1875 or 1876. Any one wishing to see the model or sail plan can do so by applying to T. B. Hawkins, or Wilson's sail loft, Port Jefferson, L. I. A. Wilson.

CATS ABROAD.—The Providence Daily Journal publishes an account written by an eye-witness of a race between Mr. Gowor's boat Gleam, sent out from Providence, and two English built Unas, off Cowes, Aug. 13. One of these was sailed by the Prince of Wales, the other by Lord Bessford. Gleam did not enter, but went over the course, we should say, about two or three times to the other's once. In view of the failure of the George and Annie to do anything of the kind with the Clyde yacht, we are compelled to believe the story of the eye-witness a little fishy, or else the Prince of Wales and his compatriot mighty poor sailers of small boats. In logging the race in question the English sporting prints fail to record anything wonderful on the part of the Gleam. To suppose they refrained from mentioning the striking performance an "eye-witness" sends home, merely from prejudice as asserted, is proof enough that "eye-witness" himself has not yet shed his provincial shell. If Mr. Gowor is honestly seeking races for his boat, he can be accommodated with plenty of private matches if open to fair terms. There is no necessity for relying upon the brag of a giddy head for his boat's reputation.

TORONTO CANOE CLUB.—Races, Sept. 10, included a combined paddling and sailing race, which was won by Hugh Nelson's Racine Shadow Telephone, beating S. Hicks in the Lipton Whisker; F. M. Nicholson's Racine Shadow Sudio N.; W. B. Burrage's open race Lake Scagull, and Wm. Black in the Fairy. The last two capsized. In the 100 yards capsizing race S. Hick won in his Rob Roy, with M. F. Johnston second in a Racine Rob Roy; W. Arnold third in the Fairy; H. W. Kent fourth in the Scagull. Johnston was the first to board his canoe after the tyeed, but he was passed under paddle by Hicks. The remaining races will probably take place Saturday.

IOLA.—Mr. Oswald Jackson's new sloop Iola has arrived here from the builders at Mystic, and will soon go on an Eastern cruise. She is 48 ft. over all, 42 ft. w. l., 15 ft. beam and 5 ft. 6 in. deep. W. H. Decker has been appointed skipper.

TORONTO YACHT CLUB.—The following gentlemen have been elected officers: Thos. McGaw, Commodore; Wm. Kyle, Vice-Commodore; G. H. Duggan, Captain, and H. F. Wyatt, Secretary and Treasurer.

SAILORS' HANDBOOK.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of Ohas, Scribner's Sons, in another column. The Sailors' Handbook is invaluable to all seamen and yachtsmen.

IRON KEEL.—Lawley & Son, City Point, So. Boston, are to build a keel sloop, 33 ft. long, for Mr. C. Armstrong. Iron keel, hard wood finish.

NAUTILUS YACHT CLUB.—Wave Crest, E. B. Rogers, won the sixth race for the Challenge Cup, beating Peri and Comus in 37m. 9s.

FOR SALE.—In the "For Sale" column floating property is offered this week which may suit the wants of some readers.

For a good Compass go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—Advs.

For a good pair of Skates go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—Advs.

For first-class Carvers and Table Knives go to C. L. Ritzmann, 943 Broadway, New York.—Advs.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

C. C., Pittsburg, Pa.—Rabbit season in your State opens Oct. 15. No provision in the law respecting doves.

A. B.—Get Mayhew's book, Management of Dogs; it will give the information you wish. We can furnish it.

F. R. N., West Garfield, Mass.—A misprint in our reply to you last week. Have applied for the desired information.

ELMIRA.—Do not know whether the sectional iron boats are still manufactured. Have not seen them in use of late.

H. W. K., New York City, need not try to find any shooting "just in the woods near by the city." There is none to be had.

B. R., Buffalo.—Would there be any difference between the recoil of a 30 cal. 85 grains, 30 grains lead and a 30 cal. 70 grains, 400 grains lead cartridge? Ans. The latter would have the greater recoil.

F. L., Boston, Mass.—A canvas shooting coat from continued exposure has become very stiff. Can you give me any information by which I can make it soft and pliable? Ans. Some coats have this peculiarity, and we know of no way of making them pliable except beating and "mouthing" them.

B. B., Ellenville, N. Y.—The subject you refer to was fully discussed in this paper last winter. Turn to your files and you will find what you want. Any dog that has a nose, and will bark when the grouse flush will cause the birds to tree. The best dog we ever saw was a foxey-looking "yellow dog." We do not consider the popping off of string grouse very high art, and you would find more sport in the hunting of these birds with either a setter or pointer.

I. E. F., Huntsville, Ala.—1. Ducks, geese, sand-hill cranes, plover, blue grouse, sage hens and pintails and ruffed grouse are found in Wagoning. 2. The dusky grouse is found in the open and also in wooded country. They nest on the ground in tufts. 3. The importation of migratory (they should not, be called Miggins) quail into this country has been a success in some localities. It is too early at

The Kennel,

GRAND International Dog Show, TO BE HELD AT LONDON, ONT., SEPTEMBER 27, 28, 29 and 30, 1881.

Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of J. PUDDICOMBE, Sec'y, OR (HAS. LINCOLN, Supr. Office, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

ENTRIES CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Stedman's Flea Powder for Dogs A BANE TO FLEAS-A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animal, or money returned.

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid. Area Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

Conroy, Bisset & Malleson, 63 Fulton street, N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. WRIGHT & DIXON, 380 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Greyhounds.

For sale, imported greyhounds and puppies from imported stock. Pedigrees examined and traced. Orders for importation solicited.

E. B. GOLDSMITH, Custom House and Forwarding Agent, 46 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

RECEIVES AND FORWARDS Dogs, Foxes, etc., to any destination. Kennel Clubs, Sportmen and others, intending to import dogs from Europe, should have their stock consigned to him.

BENEDICT.

FIRST AND SPECIAL NEW YORK, 1881. Imported black field spaniel at the Stud, Fox, 425, St. Jacobs street, Brother to Squaw and Lass of Devon; brother in blood to Kamr and Zulu.

BEAGLE HOUNDS. Not fading, after thorough examination in England, the kind of beagies on which I have carried my passage money, I have in order to meet the demands on my knees, just purchased the entire packs owned by Genl. R. Rogers, of Cambridge, Ill., and by W. D. Hayes, Hastings, Michigan.

FOR SALE-A dark liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped Dec. 1, 188, by Dr. Strachan's Flash (Old George's) sire, of Stag's Fin's, out of Barker's champion Princess (Ranger-Fan).

FOR SALE, one dog and one bitch pup, whelped July 15, 1, out of my own dog (Drake), now Bailey's Tom, and Chloe, by W. E. Perry's Scott-W. S. Terry's Pete-Bigle w's 7th. GEO. A. COLMAN, No. 11 Wesley street, Charleston, S. C. Sept 15, 81

FOX TERRIERS.-The best pair of workers in America-tog and bitch, imported; warranted to beat a fox or draw a badger; fit to win in the best company; black and tan. Also, excellent legs and feet and game to death. Also, six grand pups from same. The whole will be sold very cheap to make room for other dogs. Price, pedigree, etc., apply to BUME, Orange C. H., Va. Sept 15, 81

ROBT. HUME, Orange C. H., Va., the only breeder of pure Dandies in America (no record of shows), has two bitches due to pup October, November. Write now to procure a pup of this grand winning strain. Sept 15, 81

FOR SALE, one liver and white pointer, 18 mos. old, good native stock, unraced, all right and sound, price six. One liver and white moil pup, whelped Aug. 7, out of Mattie May, by Gypsey and Don, and my Snapshot S. by Champion Snapshot and my Pup Prince, by Champion Pup Prince, both parents being unexceptionable for bitches, and other good qualities. F. A. SINCLEAR, MtVillage, Oneadga Co., N. Y. Sept 15, 81

LEONARD'S Split Bamboo Rods, WITH PATENT WATERPROOF AND PATENT SPLIT FERRULES.



No. 1 SHOWS WATERPROOF CUP IN FERRULE (PATENTED OCTOBER 30, 1876). This prevents any moisture from reaching the wood, and the ferrule from becoming loose. The constant wetting and drying of the bamboo must rot the wood, and make other makes of rods less durable than Leonard's.

EVERY ROD WARRANTED.

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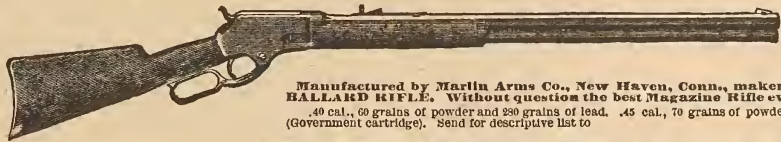
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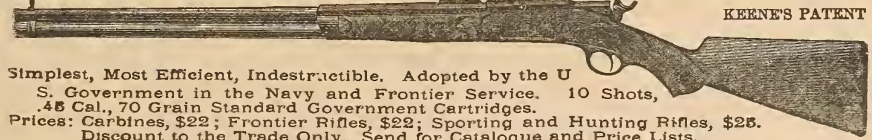


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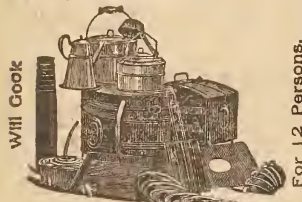
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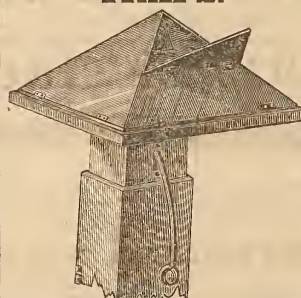
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 8.
Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen.
(Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.)
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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 22.

LAST Monday night the news was flashed forth to the world that James A. Garfield was dead. The ball of the assassin had done its work. The long agony was over. The well-spent life had ended. The Nation mourned.

A strong man, in the prime of life, having attained the height of political preferment, surrounded by his friends and just starting with bright anticipations to rejoin his family for a summer holiday, is suddenly and without warning struck down by the bullet of a contemptible assassin. Eighty days follow of intense physical suffering and dire distress, the victim, with her-ic, determined, marvelous endurance, battling for life; eleven weeks of a death-bed struggle whose pathetic surroundings are without a parallel, while without the chamber, in mute and anxious suspense, the Nation watches the mortal anguish of the sufferer and marks the fluctuations of life and death—and then the pitiable ending! Such is the dismal tragedy which began in Washington on the morning of that eventful second of July and ended at Elberon, New Jersey, at thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock last Monday night.

It were needless now to dwell upon the painful details of these memorable months. The anger and indignation awakened ere the report of the wretched murderer's pistol had died away, the spontaneous outburst of grief and sympathy for the President, the resolute, undaunted determination of the wounded men to improve "the one chance," the tender, self-forgetful solicitude with which he thought and spoke of the absent wife, the succeeding scenes at the White House, the letter written by the President to his mother, his pathetic appeals to be taken back to his Mentor home, the historic journey to Long Branch; all the daily incidents of this protracted and hopeless struggle, as week was added to week; and then, after it all, the final yielding of the poor, wasted, pain-racked body, and the quenching at once of Garfield's life, and the Nation's anxious hope—all these have engaged the concern of the people and formed a part of their daily thought and life.

The circumstances attending the sick chamber at Washington were such as to arouse the sympathy of all classes, of men and women, of old and young. When that fatal shot was fired last July, it was not Garfield, the President and public man, alone, who fell; it was Garfield, a husband, a father, and a son. The connection of the political and domestic phases of his life had been so strong, and their association in his sickness and death were so intimately blended, as to appeal with a peculiar directness and tenderness to every family circle. And so in turn, when the telegraph sent its melancholy message over the land last Monday night, the intelligence was received by all with the pang which comes with the announcement of the death of a near and dear friend. The grief, which is symbolized to-day by the funeral drappings of black, is not the conventional mourning for the demise of a public functionary; it is the sorrow of the Nation and of the households which compose the Nation, a sorrow genuine and universal, akin to that of a family for one of its own.

If in this long watching at the bedside of James A. Garfield, and in this common grief at his untimely death, the Nation has forgotten and put away forever the harboring of sectional distrust, and the uselessly feuds of partisanship; if now, when the country is one in its grief, the threads of its union be knit into a closer and stronger woof, this will have been the one bright side of these eleven long weeks of national distress. If, because of his sufferings, the Union is to-day more a Union than it was before, then indeed not in vain nor without glorious reward has been the slow martyrdom of James A. Garfield.

A second name has been added to the list of the martyr Presidents of the United States. God grant that it may be the last!

IT IS A MISTAKE to infer from what has appeared in these columns respecting the would-be imitators of "Frank Forester," that we are lacking in appreciation of the eminent services which Herbert rendered to American sportsmanship. The influence of his writing has been much greater than can readily be estimated; and we would not attempt to detract from his merits and fame. We admire "Frank Forester's" writings; what we do not admire is the prating about "Our Frank," and the attempt to make demigods of Herbert and his sporting friends. To Herbert let due credit be given, but in giving it let us preserve our masculinity and talk and write as men.

It has been suggested that the President of the United States ought to be in future provided with a body-guard. No. Such a provision would be in vain, if the excretion and loathing, which the nation has heaped upon the guilty wretch now awaiting the gallows for his terrible crime, shall not suffice to deter another from winning by a like deed a like reward of infamy.

"IN THE MASH."

"A H! Twenty years ago, them was the times. Then they was birds." So the old pushers have said to us many a time as we have been quietly rowing to or from the flats. And it is likely enough that with the rail, as with the other game birds, the olden days were days of plenty. Whether this be true or not, it is safe to say that in the time of muzzle-loaders the birds seemed more numerous than they now are. When one's gun was empty, and the birds were getting up by twos and threes about his boat, they seemed to multiply themselves wonderfully, and the impression left on a man's mind was that of tens where really there were only units. Rail shooting to our mind is capital sport, and the practice, coming as it does just at the opening of the season, is just what one needs to put him in shape for the later shooting, where the birds are harder to hit, and the work, from all points of view, more difficult. The chief objection to the sport is that there is not enough work about it. We have seen gentlemen, faultlessly attired and wearing diamond studs and kid gloves, shovled over the grounds killing their birds in excellent shape, and at last stepping out of the boat at the landing without a speck or a stain upon their clothing, looking as fresh and neat as though they had just emerged from their dressing rooms. One of our friends even had an arm chair placed in the bow of his skiff, and used to shoot most of the time from that, only rising to his feet when the grass was too high for him to see over from his seat. Now, while the charms of keeping dry and clean are certainly very great, it is no small advantage for one to be so clad that if necessary he can jump overboard and help shove the boat off a bog, or over some little strip of dry land which may separate one good piece of shoving ground from another. One can often save fifteen or twenty minutes by such a manœuvre as the last named, and if the birds are plenty the tide will seem all too short without any such loss of time.

The methods employed in rail shooting have already been alluded to and are well known. The birds are easily killed and furnish most delicate morsels for the table. They fly straight and slow, and are excellent birds for the beginner to practice on, although a too long extended course of rail shooting has, to our mind, a tendency to develop a pottering shot. Therefore let the tyro begin on rail September 1, and, after practicing at them for two or three weeks, look up the few English snipe that will by that time have made their appearance. The woodcock and ruffed grouse he can essay as soon as the law is off, and the quail will be about right in November. By commencing with the rail and snipe he has the advantage of shooting at first in the open, and thus learns, much more readily than he otherwise would, where to hold on his birds. An autumn's practice, thus begun, ought to enable him to get a pretty good idea of how to shoot in the proper way.

It is astonishing, when we consider how many of them are killed each season, how little is known of the habits of our rail. The old idea that they spent the winter lying torpid in the mud at the bottom of lakes and streams is no longer held, it is true, but still, very few people know much about the way in which they pass their lives. This results naturally enough from the places which they inhabit, which are never visited by the sportsman, excepting during the shooting season. Then, too, the rail do not like to fly if they can escape by running. They are swift of foot, and, where the grass is very thick, can run through it faster than a boat can be shoved. Often they will not fly until the boat is almost on them, and we have seen uninjured birds, too tame to fly, killed by a blow from the pusher's pole. All old rail shooters know how difficult it is to retrieve cripples. They will dive, swim under water, and cling to the bottom, but above all they will hide. When the grass is thick, the task of finding a wounded bird is almost a hopeless one. This fact often gives the pusher who has not carefully marked down his bird an excuse; and if, after searching for it for a while he cannot find it, he is likely to say, "You didn't kill that one—he was only wingbroke."

We have all of us been witnesses of the ambition which the pusher exhibits to have his man show the biggest count when the boats come in after the shooting is over. It is curious to see how soon the propelling power of the boat becomes weakened, if the man in the bow cannot hit his birds. The boat goes along slowly and listlessly, and the shover has

to be constantly urged to do his duty. The unfortunate shooter incurs the contempt of the pusher, who is now only anxious to have the tide over and to get ashore again.

Ten species of the family *Rallidae* are known inhabitants of North America; and of these, the so-called sora or Carolina rail (*Porzana carolina*), is by far the most abundant. It is this species which furnishes ninety-nine out hundredths of the birds killed during the season. The salt water marsh hen, *Rallus longirostris*, is perhaps next in order of numbers, and is followed by the Virginia rail, *R. virginianus*. This species is much more abundant than is ordinarily supposed to be the case, but as it never flies when it can possibly escape by running, it is not often seen. The coot (*Fulica americana*) is not very abundant along our Middle Atlantic coast, but is very numerous inland, and on the Pacific coast. The gallinules (*Gallinula galeata* and *martinica*) are southern birds, but the former is frequently taken in the Middle States and even in Massachusetts. The yellow rail, and the heisk rail (*Porzana noveboracensis* and *P. jamaicensis*) are not often seen, but the former is common on some marshes in October. The latter is rare everywhere, we believe.

From the 15th to the 25th of September the rail shooting is at its height, and the next easterly storm that we have will, we think, bring a flight of birds, which should be in fine order. By the first of October the greater part of the birds have passed on, although the few that remain are fat and delicious. We have killed rail in November, but only as stragglers, for, as a rule, they disappear with the first sharp frosts.

In another column will be found a brief description of some of our North American *Rallidae*.

THE CREEDMOOR FALL MEETING.

THE full report which we present of the work at Creedmoor during the past week tells the story of a successful rifle gathering. The flock of outsiders was indeed wanting, but this was not a loss, for it must be some such extraneous inducements as the glamour of a foreign team or the presence of a pool box that will bring the ordinary idler to study the progress of a rifle contest.

In many other ways the recent meeting differed from previous assemblies of the sort on the Creedmoor range. The regular army was represented only by such entries as were made up among the Willett's Point Engineers. These men were among the earliest of the firm friends of the National Rifle Association. Not a meeting or a match of consequence has passed without the presence of competitors of the blue-coated rank and file of the Willett's Point garrison. They come as individuals, and not as representing the Army of the United States. The War Department took no steps to secure a showing of the progress which the regulars may have made during the past year. It is true that more attention is now paid to ball practice in the ranks of Uecla Sam's military force than at any previous period in the history of the army, but while reports of progress may be ever so flattering on paper, there will always be a margin of uncertainty and doubt unless the people are allowed to see the picked teams of the Army brought out in direct competition with other marksmen not of the Army cloth. Hence it should be looked upon as an expressed want of faith in their own powers or of a waning interest in rifle shooting, when the names of the several Army divisions do not figure on the list of entries at this, the representative rifle gathering of the country. To be sure the regulars have made what may be termed a "ten strike" at Creedmoor. A year ago they made for themselves a record of which they may well be proud, but they will soon be placed in the ranks of the "have-beens" if they do not steadily maintain the fight for first place.

The meeting has had its local character somewhat relieved by the presence of the Pennsylvania and the New Jersey teams, but, though they did not figure as leaders in any of the matches, these teams did sufficiently well to encourage further visits. They are handicapped by the fact of shooting on a strange range, while the city teams are thoroughly at home. The "woodchuck hunters" of Watertown, N. Y., perhaps did not find warrant in their success to repeat their former triumphant entry into their native town, and the stuffed woodchuck will hibernate yet another year, but they did well considering that the assisting arm of the State was withdrawn from them. Too many good things have come out of this pleasant Northern city in the past not to lead us to look for desirable visitors in the future.

The Massachusetts representatives from Walnut Hill proved that they could do good and fine work away from their favorite all-year shooting ground; and deserve all the credit given them for their skill as close-hitting marksmen. The management of the meeting was very far from the best. When it takes the "juvenile asylum" in charge of the score tickets several days to arrange the figures of a single match, it is not strange that there are complaints from those whose duty it is to place on record the doings at the range, and that the newspapers present so many departures from a strict accuracy of report. Of course there are many points in the management which the contestants would criticize, and the fact that there are several protests to be considered does not speak well for the thoroughness of the management on the ground. However, fair weather enabled the meeting, with its comparatively few contestants and many days of shooting, to be carried out without, at times, such a seeming necessity as an executive officer; but the directors must not be surprised if sharp things are said of them when

they shuffle over their assumed duties in such a perfunctory style.

To the State authorities at Albany, with their beggarly neglect of the question of rifle-shooting, the meeting teaches the lesson that as obstructionists they can do very little, while as advocates of, and supporters of, a well-considered, and economically carried out, plan of practice, they can do much. In such a work, whatever scheme of drill may be adopted, it is necessary to excite the best endeavors of the men by emulation, and the fall meeting at Creedmoor is the goal to which the efforts of those who are confident of their ability naturally tend. To reduce the rifle practice of the State to the mere making up of so many schedules of figures to be pigeon-holed into the oblivion of the Adjutant General's office at Albany, is to kill the interest of the National Guard in the subject. We would hazard nothing in saying that the interest awakened by the making up of a regimental team for the Creedmoor competitions of the past week would be of more service in an organization than all the ordered drill at the butts which the sapient Attorney-General is likely to force upon men who don uniforms and shoulder rifles under the conditions which govern our militia.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

THIRD PAPER.

VICTORIA is a charming town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the extreme southeastern point of Van Couver Island. Previous to the gold excitement of 1858 it consisted merely of a Hudson's Bay fort, with the few dwellings occupied by the servants of that powerful company. The discovery of gold in small quantities on the Fraser River in 1857, and later on the Queenella and at Cariboo, wrought a great change in the prospects of the place. The story of the new "diggings" soon reached California, and caused a wild excitement among the mining population of that State, then ripe for a fresh move. The usual rush took place, and the drowsy old Hudson's Bay post, to which heretofore the only event of the year had been the arrival of the ship from England with the mail, was startled from its slumbers by the advent of twenty thousand miners, who pitched their tents about it and formed what is now Victoria. Buildings soon sprang up and trade flourished. Everything going to or coming from the mines passed through the town and paid it tribute. High hopes were entertained of its future greatness and, in 1862, one writer said: "Already it has become the emporium of commerce, the metropolis of the northwest coast of America." But, unfortunately for Victoria, the mines, which caused its existence as a town, ceased to pay, and its commerce fell off. It has not fulfilled the promise of its early youth and, until it can have some more speedy means of communication with the outer world than it at present possesses, its growth will be very slow. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, now in process of construction, will unquestionably be of the greatest benefit to the place as well as to the other towns in British Columbia, for it will give them a market for their products, and at present they have none. The duty which goods sent to the United States have to pay leaves little margin for profit, and the very heavy tariff on imports bears severely on the inhabitants of the Province. Although the work of constructing the railroad is going on, it is not progressing as rapidly as might be expected, and there is no immediate prospect of its completion. Labor is hard to obtain in British Columbia, much of it coming from the United States, and great dissatisfaction seems to exist among the launds employed by the railway contractors. To so great an extent is this the case that the men are continually leaving the work and fresh hands have to be obtained. Of the real merits of this case I, of course, have no knowledge. The fact seems well established, however, that the men employed on the road are leaving constantly and, as they say, on account of bad treatment.

The country about Victoria is extremely picturesque and attractive, and the roads are good. There are few places about which one can find so many pleasant drives, and several days devoted to an examination of the environs of the town will not be wasted. The George is within easy walking distance—about four miles—and at low-tide is a boiling torrent, flowing between high rocky banks. Cedar Hill is about six miles distant, and from its summit one may obtain a fine *coup d'oeil* of the city, the Straits of Fuca, the Gulf of Georgia, with its hundreds of islands, and the main land rough with mountain peaks, among which, and rising far above them all, stands Mt. Baker, calm and white, a snow-robed monarch.

I should feel myself decidedly blameworthy were I to fail to mention that at Victoria there is one of the very best hotels that I know of. An experience of many years of travel in America and Europe gives me the confidence to believe that I am qualified to judge in a matter of this kind, and I have no hesitation in saying that I know of no place on this continent where one will fare more comfortably than at the Driard House. The rooms, it is true, are not furnished in a particularly luxurious style, but they are neat and comfortable. The table is perfection; the food of the very best quality and far more carefully and better cooked than is the case in many of the leading hotels of our largest cities. One of the proprietors does all the marketing and is the *chef de cuisine*, and he is certainly a jewel among cooks, a veritable artist. So long as the Driard remains under its present man-

agement, and maintains the reputation which it now has, no one need hesitate about which hotel to go to while in Victoria.

If I were to attempt to describe all the beautiful scenery that is passed in approaching Victoria, from whatever point, my letters would spin themselves out to an unconscionable length; whether one comes by way of the ocean, through the Straits of Fuca, or direct from the United States over the blue waters, and by the pine-clad hills of Puget Sound, or from the mainland of British Columbia, threading his way through any of the narrow passages that separate the many islands of the Gulf, now breasting the tideway of one channel, and again being hurried forward by the current of another—from whichever side he comes—the scene is one of great beauty. Few places have greater natural advantages than Victoria. Her harbor is, it is true, small and needs a good deal of improvement before it will be at all what is needed, but in that of Esquimalt, only three miles distant, she has one which will accommodate the largest vessels. The sportsmen of Victoria are fortunate in having shooting and fishing-grounds close at hand. During the months of July and August, the salt waters of the straits and gulf abound with salmon, which are readily taken by trolling, and when thus taken on a light rod afford fine sport. Most of the brooks of the island afford excellent trout-fishing, the Comox River being especially renowned for the size and the numbers of the fish in it.

About Victoria there are found two species of grouse, the dusky or blue, (*Canace obscurus*) and the ruffed (*Donax umbellus* var. *sabinei*). The California quail (*Lophortyx californica*) has been introduced here, and seems from all reports to have done well, but is not in particularly high favor, owing to its habit of taking to the thick brush as soon as flushed, and its failure thereafter to lie satisfactorily to the dog. Whether these faults can be overcome by education is a question that time alone can answer. In the autumn, ducks and geese are found in favorable localities in great numbers, and judging from all the reports, the shooting must be very good.

Of large game there is considerable variety. The black-tail deer (*Cervus columbianus*) is extremely abundant within a few miles of Victoria, and it is not an uncommon thing for parties to start out with a wagon in the evening and return the next night with several deer. Among the scrub oaks which grow here in certain localities still-hunting may be successfully practiced, but in most sections recourse must be had to hounds in order to obtain the game, as the timber is so thick, and the underbrush and ferns so dense and tangled, that it is impossible for one to travel through the brush without making a great deal of noise.

On the northern end of Vancouver Island, and in the interior as far south as the Comox River, elk are to be found, but I fancy, from the accounts which reached me, that they are by no means numerous. Bears and panthers are said to be abundant everywhere on the island. Sooke, distant from Victoria about twenty miles, is a great place for bears. By far the greater number of those killed are black or cinnamon, but I was shown the remains of a grizzly, said to have been killed at Sooke. The panthers are hunted and killed chiefly by those farmers who have flocks or herds to protect, and are not often seen by deer hunters. There are a few wolves, but they are not often seen except in winter.

My stay in Victoria on this occasion was not very long, and I hastened to the town of New Westminster, on the mainland, by the first steamer. Here I had the very great pleasure of meeting "Mowich," whose graceful and instructive letters to *FOREST AND STREAM* have given to its readers so much information relative to the fauna of this far distant country, and to the methods employed in the capture of its game. Through his kindness I was enabled to see much that was new and interesting to me, and from the stores of his knowledge of British Columbia I drew many facts which afterward proved extremely useful.

While enjoying the kind hospitality of Mr. H. on the evening of my arrival at New Westminster, he proposed that we should make a little hunt together next morning, as he thought it likely that we might get a deer before breakfast. Accordingly the next day about four o'clock we started on foot for a little lake about four miles from town.

The day promised to be a perfect one; the sky was cloudless, and no fog obscured the view. The sun had not yet risen, but in the east, above the jagged and broken summits of the Pitt River Mountains, stars were beginning to disappear, and the sky to flush and glow, each instant becoming more and more bright. We were soon passing through the woods. The air was cool, fresh and exhilarating. A gentle breeze just moved the higher branches of the enormous trees, and brought from the recesses of the tangled forest the balsamic breath of the Douglas firs and the terebinthine fragrance of the cedars, mingled with the faint cad odor of decaying vegetation so characteristic of the timber in all climates. The vegetation was all new to me, and I admired the dark green of the firs, the paler foliage of the cedar, the maples with their large leaves, the tangle of underbrush, and, hence, all the ferns from four to seven feet high. We were passing between high walls of foliage extending far before us on either side. Above was a narrow strip of sky, and before us the yellow road. Little bits of bright color were not wanting along the roadside. The *Epidendrum*, so universally distributed through the mountains, shone like a tongue of flame against its background of green; here and there, from the wet springy places, the foxglove nodded its

tall spike of red or white flowers; the feathery plumes of the *Spiraea* waved a greeting, the white blossoms of the *Canadica cornel* looked up from their nests of leaves, and the delicate pink caducous buds of the *Linnæa* fell in showers from their stems as we passed by. Then there were the berries in infinite variety and great profusion. The salmon berries, red or yellow; blackberries, green and red; blueberries of several kinds, the purple sallal, the velvetberry, the scarlet, and as yet unripe, paeules of the elder, and the brilliant fruit of the umbrella plant were all here, and seemed to invite our inspection.

We had with us three hounds, Captain, Dinah and Wallace, and better dogs it would be hard, I think, to find. The two first named, so far as form and color went, exactly filled my eye. They were types of the hound, their points perfect throughout, black and tan in color, and with voices both musical and powerful. Old Captain especially had a tongue like that of a trumpeter, and I have never heard sweeter or more harmonious cry from any pack than from these three splendid dogs. Wallace did not present to the eye so complete a picture as did the others. His points were not nearly so good, but as a workman in the field he could scarcely be excelled and in the estimation of his owner he stands perhaps first favorite on the list of his hounds. Even to one who does not know him he conveys the impression of being a cunning old fellow and a worker. He has a knowing look on his face, and has so much more flesh on his bones than his kennel mates, that it is easy to see he understands running and in general takes good care of himself. This must not be interpreted as meaning that he saves himself at the expense of the other dogs, for that is not the case. On the contrary, Wallace, though not so fleet as Dinah, often leads the pack, and has in many cases caught a deer without any assistance. He is a terrible fighter, and the deer that he once puts his teeth into is lost. Mr. H. told me a very exciting story of a combat between Wallace and a deer, which took place on the face of a precipice on a narrow ledge of rock sixty feet above the water. From this shelf the two combatants fell into the stream below and the hunter, coming up in his canoe, put an end to the battle.

Our party consisted of Mr. H., a Douglas River Indian named Squawitch (the Sturgeon) and the writer. An hour's brisk walk brought us to the lake, and here the dogs were slipped, and sent off into the woods with Squawitch while the two white men seated themselves on a log, and, lighting their pipes, awaited the Indian's return. As we sat there admiring the beauty of the sheet of water spread out before us, my companion told me something about the lake. It appears that it is believed by the Indians of the surrounding country to be inhabited by a Scellium; Scellium being the Chinook word for anything supernatural. In this case the belief is that some terrible monster, who is aided and abetted by the evil spirit, lives at the bottom of the lake, and that when any one is rash enough to venture upon it this dreadful creature rises to the surface, overturns the canoe and gobbles up the unfortunate occupants. This belief is so firmly held by the Indians that they will by no means venture on the lake, nor will they approach its margin when gathering berries. They hold up their hands in horror at the daring which "Mowitch" shows in venturing so frequently on its placid waters, and prophesy for him some dreadful fate as a reward for his audacity. Once, when he was overturned near the middle of the lake and lost a valuable gun, the Indians told him that the Scellium was giving him a warning now to escape and that he had better not neglect it. Squawitch is perhaps the only Indian in the region that ventures to enter a canoe on the lake, and he only does so when in company with my friend. Whether he regards "Cholley's" medicine as stronger than that of the Scellium, or thinks that if "Cholley" can afford to risk being devoured, he can also, I do not know, but he was certainly here with us now, and had gone off to start the dogs in a most unbecoming manner, although he has just told Mr. H. that an Indian had seen the Scellium here on the lake within the past two or three weeks.

We had been seated there but a few moments, when we heard the faint cry of a hound—the deep voice of Captain. A little later the shriller cry of Dinah made itself heard, and then both becoming fainter and fainter, passed out of our hearing. A moment later Squawitch parted the bushes near us and, walking down a log toward the water, drew from the low brush a canoe and two paddles. Signing to us to step into the canoe, he took his seat in the stern while Mr. H. took the bow paddle, and I seated myself amidships. Then with a stroke or two of the paddles we shot out of the little cove and on to the unruflled surface of Mirror Lake. Yo.

New Westminster, B. C.

ISAAC McLELLAN'S POEMS.—We understand that those poems of Mr. Isaac McLellan, which relate to field sports, are to be collected and published in book form. Such a volume would be welcomed by the sporting fraternity. Mr. McLellan is one of our oldest American poets, he and Longfellow having begun to write and publish at the same time in Bryant's *United States Literary Gazette*, at that time printed in Boston, and subsequently in New York. Longfellow was at the time in his junior year at college, and McLellan in his sophomore year, both at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me. That was more than fifty years ago, a period longer than has been covered by the life of nine men out of ten who read these lines; a span of years, which in these progressive times,

veritably bridges over the old and the new. How rich in personal recollections of literary men must such a life be! Mr. McLellan's pen has not yet lost its grace. The first column on the first page of the initial number of the *FOREST AND STREAM* contained a poetical salutory from him, and our columns have since that time been frequently enriched by his verses. We have now in type a poem in which he tenderly alludes to his college days and his companionship with Longfellow at Brunswick.

POWDER MILLS ought to be, and usually are built, on sites remote from other buildings, so that in the event of an explosion the property of others need not be damaged, nor lives needlessly destroyed. This is certainly a wise rule and one which most powder manufacturers observe. It appears, however, that Mr. Carl Dittmar fails to recognize the necessity of "seeking some sequestered spot" for a blasting powder factory. After our discussion of this gentleman's so-called sporting powder, just one year ago to-day, he engaged in the manufacture of blasting powder at Binghamton, where his mill was blown up last April, as noticed in our columns at the time. If we may believe the newspaper reports, several deaths were immediately or indirectly the result of that explosion, and property in the neighborhood was damaged to the extent of \$20,000. Mr. Dittmar was perfectly willing to blast again, and doubtless would have been equally willing to start a nitro-glycerine mill "in the heart of London town;" but the Binghamton residents righteously protested, and the Grand Jury of Broome county have indicted the powder company, and it is sought to suppress the mill as a nuisance. Elsewhere will be found a letter on the subject from a Binghamton correspondent.

THE KITTY HAWK BAY CLUB.—The proposed organization of this club, which was referred to some three months ago in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM*, has proceeded so far that there now seems every prospect that this will be one of the leading organizations of the kind in this country.

The charter memberships were sold at \$500 each, and the applications received by the committee were ten or twelve times in excess of the number of shares to be issued. The last two shares sold brought \$2,000 each. It is understood that their par value is to be fixed at \$2,500.

A committee of gentlemen belonging to the club are now in the South examining the property, and their report will be awaited with interest. It is thought that the club will not put up a house before next summer, as there are at present ample accommodations for the members convenient to the best shooting grounds.

YO'S LETTERS.—We print this week another letter from our correspondent Yo, who writes from British Columbia. He has for a long time been beyond the reach of the mail service, seeing strange sights and strange people. The letter now printed was sent in by an Indian, and traveled many miles in a northern canoe before reaching the post office whose stamp it bears.

THE CLAY PIGEON.—Mr. Harry M. Hills, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a prominent shot of the Wyoming Gun Club, is about to take the field in the interests of the Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Co. If any Club, which has not yet seen the invention used a notice to the Company, 33 Vine street, Cincinnati, O., Mr. Hills will endeavor to arrange a match with the clay pigeon for that club in the course of his travels.

THE WORST OF IT ALL.—To smash one's leg is bad enough, but for a sportsman to be retired with a broken limb just at the height of the game season is an added woe. So thinks and writes an Ontario friend, whose plans for fall sport have been frustrated by an untimely accident.

VENNOR KNOWS, or professes to know, a great deal about the weather; but he confesses himself unable to cope with the Washington musquito. He says that in the Canadian wilderness he can manage the pest with smudge fires, but in a Washington hotel recourses to such an expedient is out of the question.

(For Forest and Stream.)
BEFORE AND AFTER.

YO! must wake and call me early; call me early, Jane, my dear! To-morrow 'll be the happiest day of all the sporting year, Of all the sporting year, my Jane, the maddest, merriest day, For we're going to shoot the canvas-backs, the canvas-backs, I say!

There are several small sneak boats, Jane, but none so small as mine; So small it is and narrow I—do you think the day 'll be fine?— And such a lot I'll shoot, Jane, I'm sure to have such luck, And for weeks we'll dine on nothing, Jane, but daily canvas duck!

I sleep so sound all night, Jane, that I shall never wake, if you do not call me early, when the day begins to break; For I must fix my tackle and must set out my decoys: To-morrow crowns the total of all my cartily joys.

When you're rising, let me sleep, Jane, don't you wake me—do you hear?
"Where's my bag of ducks for dinner?" You're a precious fool, I fear! Wish you'd had the "ducks" that I did! Clothing dry is what I lack; Evil water limp—and demons! Don't you name a canvas-back!

Can't you leave a man in quiet? How much sport? you want to know!
If this day's work you call sport, your perception's pretty slow! If you want to give a rumpus, don't you go and fire my gun, (And upon his side he turns), with a simulated snore.—A. L. F. L. A.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MANZANILLA.

THE distance from the City of Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, to the nearest opposite point on the shores of the Pacific Ocean is but little more than 600 miles. While there are already two lines of railroad between the Atlantic and Pacific shores within the territory of the United States, although the distance is more than five times as great, the distracted condition of our sister republic has thus prevented the construction of one of its much-needed lines of internal communication. It is very easy to see by a glance at the map what advantages must accrue from the completion of such a work.

By the extension of a line of railroad to the Pacific sea-port of Manzanilla, and thence northward, a final junction with the Southern Pacific Railroad might easily be effected; while, on the other hand, even before its completion, the harbor of Manzanilla affords a convenient half-way freight depot for the steamers from Panama for San Francisco, whence merchandise of all descriptions could be shipped with less cost to New York than by the primitive transportation on mule's back from the interior of Mexico to the shore of the Gulf of Mexico.

It appears that at last the Mexican Government has been awakened to the importance of opening a new channel for its valuable products, and that as a commencement in earnest a survey from the City of Mexico to Manzanilla has been ordered, with a view of extending the line of railroad which now already connects Vera Cruz with the capital. This difficult pioneer work of a survey through a comparatively unknown and unsafe portion of the Mexican territory has been intrusted to a small party of American engineers, under direction of W. C. Wetherill, Esq., with headquarters in the City of Mexico. It does not require a great stretch of imagination to comprehend the opposing difficulties of this stupendous task. Not only is it necessary to make an accurate topographical survey of the elevations and river courses in a country, which is up to the present time lamentably backward in all knowledge concerning its own territories, but the explorations have to be conducted under great disadvantages, including considerations of personal safety, as the population is still bitterly hostile to all strangers from this side of the line and averse in general to all innovations. Besides this it is impossible to obtain intelligent assistance, and the work has thus to be undertaken by the labor and energetic perseverance of a handful of devoted men.

Mr. Louis von Niendorff, formerly residing at Hornellsville, N. Y., has been appointed as one of the assistants of this survey, and, as Mr. Niendorff is an indefatigable laborer as well in the field of natural history and an expert and practical anatomist and taxidermist, he will be able by means of his well-trained powers of observation to add much valuable knowledge of a part of our continent concerning which, by reason of perpetual civil wars, there is really less substantial information in existence than about the interior of Africa. As Mr. Niendorff has promised to condense an account of his experiences in the form of a few rough notes, detailing what he sees and the experiences he goes through, they may be of some value to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, in reason of their being a plain and unvarnished account of the country and the condition of its inhabitants. His notes date as far back as the departure of the steamer British Empire for Vera Cruz, and commend themselves by their interesting treatment. He writes:

MARAVATIO, MICHOACAN, Mexican Republic, July 25, 1881.]

I will try to introduce my notes by a brief account. We arrived at the City of Mexico on the 12th of July. The mail cart from Maravatio does not leave until Friday, and I will be able to send along by it, as well, a few of the insects I have collected here. We left New York in the steamer British Empire, of Alexander's Havana and Mexican S. S. Line. She is a large four-masted craft of great speed, and furnished with all possible appliances to insure safety and comfort for her passengers. The table is most excellent, and the large state rooms enhance the pleasant surroundings.

On Monday, July 4, we were abreast of the southern point of Florida, with a pleasant and strong breeze, which increased materially our comfort under the ship's awnings which were spread over the deck. On Tuesday, the 5th of July, we celebrated the same by firing a salute with the ship's cannon and hoisting our glorious stars and stripes to the gaff. It was a pleasing spectacle to see all of our passengers, irrespective of their nationality, joining in these festivities in honor of Uncle Sam, and attest to their appreciation of this great individual by roaring volleys from their breech-loading carbines, revolvers, etc., in place of the usual terra firma Chinese substitutes. A grand supper in the evening closed fittingly the festivities on shipboard.

On Tuesday, at 5 A. M., we sighted Havana, steamed past the famous fortress of Moro Castle, and went without delay ashore, but only to return early, rather disgusted with our visit on a hot summer day to the capital of the Queen of the Antilles. The streets of this city are too narrow and dusty; the sea-breeze failed to make its appearance and an intolerable heat was produced, which only the traveler to the tropics in summer can fully realize. After discharging some of our cargo we proceeded from Havana to Progresso, on the coast of Yucatan, favored during day by the most beautiful weather, tempered by the strong northeast trade winds, while the firmament at night became more brilliant by the resplendent constellation of the Southern Cross, along with the interesting sight of the erratic comet.

We anchored, on account of the yellow fever, about three miles from shore, off Progresso, and discharged our cargo in lighters. While there the steamer was literally surrounded by countless sharks, which, however, knew too much and would not condescend to favor our carefully baited hooks with a call.

July 10 we arrived, after a short and fine run, at Vera Cruz, and bade good-bye to our comfortable quarters on board of the British Empire, with three rousing cheers for her captain and crew. On landing at that port we had to pass through the usual routine of custom-house inspection of luggage, which, by reason of the perfectly useless and unnecessary close scrutiny of purely personal effects, was doubly annoying, particularly when the fact is taken into consideration that our party was in some measure officially recognized as acting under orders and in the assistance of the very government to which Vera Cruz belongs. Every possible restriction in conformity with established prohibitory rules was duly enforced including the small allowance of only 233

Porzana carolina (Linn.) Baird. Sora rail, Carolina rail, Or. In.

Length 8-9 inches. Above olive brown, varied with black, and streaked and spotted d with white. Flanks black, white barred. In adult birds the face and throat is black, and the sides of head and the breast slate blue; belly and under tail coverts fulvous. The young lack the black face and have the throat white, the breast being whitish or fulvous. This is the common rail on all our Atlantic coast, to which, however, it is by no means confined. It is distributed everywhere over the continent, and we have killed them on the alkaline lakes of the high central plateau of the Rocky Mountains, as well as on the low river bottoms of the Western States.

Porzana noveboracensis (Gmel.) Baird. Little yellow rail.

Smaller than the last, about 6 inches in length; above varied with black and tawny; young birds marked with white dots, which, however, the adults lack; below yellowish brown, paler on throat and whitening on the belly; flanks dark brown, white barred. Not an uncommon bird, but rarely killed save by chance. When flying it may be recognized by the white tips of the secondary quills, which are then conspicuous.

Porzana javanensis (Gmel.) Baird. Little black rail. Smaller; length about 5 inches; blackish; head and under parts dark slaty, paler or whitening on the throat; above speckled with white, the cervix and upper back varied with dark chestnut; lower belly, c-issus, flanks and axillars white barred; quills with white spots. (Coies). A tropical species rarely seen in the United States. Sportsmen should be on the watch for this, and should see that any specimens killed are preserved and their occurrence reported.

The Gallinule are much like the genus *Porzana* in their general configuration, but the forehead bears a conspicuous horny plate, extending up from the bill, and the toes have a margin at membrane.

Totanus Martinica (Linn.) Reich. Purple Gallinule.

Head, neck and underparts beautiful purplish blue, blackening on the belly, the crissum white; above, olivaceous green, the cervix and wing coverts tinted with blue; frontal shield blue; bill red, tipped d with yellow, legs yellowish. Young, with head, neck and lower back brownish, the under parts mostly white, mixed with ochrey. (Coies).—Length 10½ inches; a southern species; but stragglers have been taken as far north as New England.

Gallinula galeata (Licht) Bp. Florida gallinule.

General color slate, darkest on head, and paler on belly, back olive, flanks and under tail coverts white-striped, legs and toes greenish; bill, frontal plate and a ring around tibia, red; length 12 to 15 inches. Rather southern in its distribution, but occurs regularly as far north as Massachusetts. A few are taken every year in the marshes of the Middle States.

Pelecanus americana—Gmel. Coot, Mud-hen—This sub-family differs from the preceding mainly in the character of its plumage, which is thick and duck like; and in the feet, which are much better adapted for swimming than in any other members of the group. The feet are lobate, that is, they are furnished with semi-circular flaps for swimming, something like the feet of the grebes, but still more like those of the phalaropes. The cois spend much of their time upon the water, and are excellent swimmers. In color the male is dark slate, changing to black on the head and neck, and becoming paler on the belly. The under tail-coverts and tips of secondaries are white. Bill white, with a chocolate-colored spot near the end; frontal-plate chocolate-brown; length about 14 inches. The coot is exceedingly abundant in the interior as well as in the South and on the Pacific coast. In the New England and Middle States they are not particularly abundant, but they are seen in small numbers throughout the fall.

RABBITS AND FOXES AS SWIMMERS.—Sept. 14, 1881.—I have seen rabbits and foxes both take to water, in winter as well as summer. But the longest swim I ever knew a rabbit to make was at the end of a swimming pool, where he was standing on the shores of a creek, listening to hounds on the opposite side, when, much to our surprise, a rabbit ran out from the brush on the other side, plunging into the water and swam over to us; he landed safely, and made his way in peace. The place where he crossed was two hundred feet wide, and the hounds did not follow. I have several times known of a fox swimming creeks to escape when hunted, and once knew one to get a cold bath while on a hunt himself. This happened in the winter. There had been a light fall of snow on the evening previous, so several of us started in the morning to hunt white hares. On getting into the swampy bottom near Ma-le Springs, we ran where some hungry fox had taken a hare's track. His hairship made a bee-line for the brook and foxy followed. They reached the brook where it was sixteen or eighteen feet wide. The evidence on the other side showed that the hare must have cleared it at a bound; but not with the fox. As he neared the brink it looked too wide, or else, as the banks were icy, he dared not try. His speed was such, however, that all efforts to stop him were vain. The ice, which covered the water at the margin of the brook only made matters worse, and although he sat down, 'twas no use; in he went, and his aid for he was suddenly cooled. A few yards down stream we could plainly see the prints which a wet fox left as he crawled out of an ice-cold trout brook.

EAST MILTON, MASS.—Speaking of rattlesnakes, there is one killed here ten years ago on a limb as high as a man's head, and one last week on the lower limbs of a pine tree about two feet from the ground. J. G. S.

The very great variety of rubber goods, useful and ornamental, now manufactured for the use of sportsmen, is well shown by the catalogue of Messrs. Hodgman & Co., which we have just received. Most of the things that one needs in the field seem to be provided, and are for sale at their two houses in this city. They are among the oldest of our advertisers.

"GONGE AND SWINDLE"—Kingston, Sept. 12.—As a unit of the hearty and gentlemanly fraternity of sportsmen, I allow me, with all sincerity, to second the motion put by our good friend "Podgers" in regard to the firm of "Gonge and Swindle." Sportsmen seem to be the legitimate prey of all sorts of vultures. If a man be seen carrying a gun or rod the universal partners of the "Gonge and Swindle" firm are ever on the alert to take him in. Let us Boycott them. Why not reorganize our army and give dear old "Podgers" the command?—A.

Game Bag and Gun.

*For table of game seasons see last issue.

DEER HUNTING IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

REV. Myron W. Reed says: "There are people who, failing to catch the whooping cough in childhood, are caught by it late in life. These have it 'harr.' So it is with shooting. A man may lead a blameless existence until the very end of his life, and then his hobby, and then fall." Just so it was with the present writer. I had led the "blameless existence" for over half a century and the "white dust" had settled thickly, and then not until then did I "fall."

Allured by the word "sport" I, who had never in my life fired a shot at a deer, was tempted to join a deer-hunting party. Probably the party itself had a share in the temptation, for a better lot one need not wish to fall in with than were the Judge, the Sheriff, the Lawyer and the Doctor.

The spot selected was among the lakes of Northern Ontario. Meeting at points on the road we reached together at the rendezvous at the extreme limit of public conveyance. Here, after partaking of a supper of fried venison that whetted the appetite for more, we met and arranged with our guides, cook and teamsters, laid aside some of the garments of civilization, retaining only the necessary or useful, and prepared for a plunge into the woods.

That was indeed a beautiful October morning on which we ended our way toward camp. Delays appeared to be the order of the day, and the sun hung "high in his path" before we were fairly started. The Judge, Lawyer and Sheriff started ahead on foot with some of the dogs. Some time after the baggage wagon got under way, the Doctor and I occupying prominence, if not comfortable, positions upon it. Anon followed another wagon, bearing five large canoes, and the men, leading the rest of the dogs, brought up the rear. It was understood that on catching up with the leading pedestrians the Doctor and I were to give up our places in the wagon, to go on foot, and to take the wrong path, and we did not see them again until some time after reaching the end of our land journey. The road was simply shocking, and our driver was so very considerate (of his horse) that he made us get out and walk up every hill, little or big, on the road; but after all it did not appear that we had so much the advantage over those who walked all the way. It was not until late in the afternoon that all parties arrived. Wagons unpacked, dinner cooked and eaten, and canoes launched and loaded, we set out for a four-mile paddle to our ultimate destination—the east side of Long Lake. And by the time the trip was accomplished, the food and drink furnished, supper attended to, and everything made snug and comfortable, all were quite ready and willing to retire for the night.

Our men were George Green, the leader of the hunt, his brother John, son William, and brother-in-law Story, all first-class bushmen and canoeists. John fell to my lot. A better paddler need not be wanted, but a temporary affliction of the eyes made him useless as to those organs for us while in camp. Will was supposed to go with the Doctor and Story with the Judge, while the Sheriff and Lawyer were to go together, "padding their own canoe." But these arrangements were by no means constant. I must not omit to mention the cook, who rejoiced in the name "Jim," and whose chief characteristics were a beautiful ignorance of everything pertaining to the art of cooking and enormous (that is the word) vocal powers, which he would persistently display just as I wanted to go to sleep. My piteous appeals to the others to choke or drown him were of no avail. The Doctor and the Judge did succeed in driving some ideas about cooking into his head, but nothing could quench his sonorous voice or the inclination to exercise it.

I tented with the Judge. The Sheriff and Lawyer were together in another tent. The Doctor had one to himself, and the men a larger one a short distance away. I was fortunate in my companion, for anything he does not know in the way of making himself comfortable on such occasions is hardly worth learning, and I had the benefit of his experience and knowledge. On a small stove in the tent added very materially to our comfort in the evening. Our three tents were placed in a circle, with the openings to the east, where a fire was kept burning. We first camped, for convenience, on the bank of the lake, but after a very windy night I missed the Judge early in the morning. He had not been able to sleep on account of the storm, and went out to prospect for better quarters. The result was a transfer of the whole camp to a spot cleared for the purpose in the shelter of a grove of balsams. The bright fires, white tents and dark green surroundings made indeed a very pleasant picture.

Our hunting grounds were Long Lake, a very irregular body of water about six miles long; Round Lake, west of Long Lake, on the outlet, about three fourths of a mile in length; Spruce Lake, another irregular one about two miles long, east of Long Lake, with a half mile portage between, and an unnamed lake north of Long Lake, reached by a portage of about a mile. Except for the work of lumbermen, the whole of the surroundings were as nature had left them. To the south there was a settlement five or six miles away. In all other directions many miles would have to be traversed before a farm or clearing could be found. We had a hunt almost daily, Sunday excepted. At first we tried it twice a day, but found it was too much for the drivers, the dogs and ourselves. Other hunting parties were in the neighborhood; and it was arranged all around that the deer should "follow the dogs." That is, if a dog started a deer, that deer, no matter who might shoot it, should go to the party owning the dog that started it. An honest old trapper proposed this to the Judge the night of our arrival, and he was so taken with the idea and the merit of the law, that he was with us only a few hours, as we shall see, to show him that the trapper was decidedly ahead in that arrangement.

Our first hunt was on Long and Spruce Lakes. The Judge and Sheriff had their canoes carried across to the latter lake. My watch was at an island nearly opposite the camp. The Lawyer, alone in a "bark," was more to the north, and still farther on, near the head of the lake, the Doctor had his position. Green went out with the dogs northward between the two lakes, and we all got into our positions. I watched long and faithfully, watered in the lake, and, very walking, gazed across the water in all directions until the eyes grew dim and weary, and fancy conjured up all kinds of visions in the mist that at first obscured and the dazzling sunshine that afterwards lighted up the water, watched until I was tired of watching, and still watched on and on and saw nothing, at least nothing that would pass for a deer. Tried to convince

myself that this was exhilarating sport, but could not succeed. Watched until I was tired down the lake, and then went in to the camp and found the Doctor in possession of a fine doe. It had taken the water on the Lawyer's watch and got a good start across the lake before he saw it.

The wind was dead ahead blowing hard, and he could not get within shot. Finding it getting away from him he fired twice ineffectually and gave it up. The Doctor in the mean time had foreseen the result and, his canoe being double manned, he hastened to intercept the deer and succeeded in doing so before it reached the other shore.

Soon after we landed the Judge, made his appearance, looking anything but happy. He had bargled a noble buck, the best of the whole hunt, and was congratulating himself on his success when the honest old trapper aforesaid, put in and established his claim to the deer, on the ground of his dogs having run it in. The Judge wanted to know where his, the trapper's, watchers were, and found that he had none. He had made a splendid one-sided arrangement, by which we were to spend our time in hunting deer for his benefit, without any possibility of return. It is needless to say that that agreement was cancelled in quick time, and it took the whole of the day to restore the Judge to his wonted good humor.

The next day we hunted the west side of Long Lake. This time the watch was not so tedious. I soon had an opportunity to distinguish myself, and succeeded admirably in doing so. We could, from our canoe, hear the dogs working up the lake, and paddled up slowly after them; finally, pausing a few hundred yards from the shore. Although John's eyes were of little use, his quick ear detected a deer taking to the water. We went toward it, but owing to the reflection of the trees, and not knowing what a deer in the water was like, I could not see it for some little time. At last I observed it swimming from point to point of a shallow bay. We tried, without avail, to cut it off from the shore, and then, by hard paddling, to get within shot. By this I made my shot, for we got quite near enough; for any one else to hit it. Seeing it about to land, I blazed away with one barrel (buck-shot) and missed, of course. John began me to hold the other barrel until the deer struck the bank, when I would have a larger animal to advise. Besides had I not my rifle ready as a final resort. So I fired again with the same result. The deer was then close to land, and as it sprang up the bank I took hurried aim with the rifle, but the thing would not go off. I had forgotten to cock it; and before that trifling preliminary could be attended to, the deer was out of sight. To say that I was crestfallen and disgusted, is putting it very mildly. The boys behaved very well over it though. Krypt down their laughing as well as they could, and good naturedly circulated all sorts of excuses for that they were kind enough to term my "bad luck." The Sheriff secured a fine buck and the Judge a doe, on this hunt, so the game began to count up, notwithstanding my blundering.

The Lawyer shot one at Spruce Lake soon after, and even I was not altogether "white-washed." I was watching the upper end of Long Lake, had the canoe drawn up on the beach under some trees, and was sitting very comfortably on its bow, when I saw the head and then the ears of a deer pass a projecting point not a hundred yards away, and start across the lake. It was cool enough now, in the case of "bad luck" to term my "bad luck." The Sheriff secured a fine buck and the Judge a doe, on this hunt, so the game began to count up, notwithstanding my blundering.

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The next (and last) day we tried the same ground. It was proposed, as everybody was now in an agreeable humor, that I should take a watch that would give me a better chance of getting an herd deer. But I declined. I had got one and that was all I wanted. Besides, John had to go and hunt up another team to take out the deer that had so suddenly increased on our hands. So I went again to the landing at South Bay, sent John out to the settlement, and remained on water alone, for the first time. This bay is nearly square, about half a mile across each way. Green determined to go north. Around this point a short narrow leading to a second bay but not so wide, and after crossing it a channel nearly half a mile long leads into the lake. I had no thought of seeing a deer, and paid but little attention to the watch, but habit of observation and quickness of perception had grown up in me even in one short week, and I was watching without knowing it. An unexplained ripple at the extreme northeast corner of the bay after a while developed a swimming deer making for the west side. I waited until it had got so far that I could see its head to the point, and then set out to intercept it. But I was too hasty, and had hardly started when it turned and made for the point. I strained every nerve and muscle to reach it or head it off, but without avail, and in desperation fired a parting shot, unsuccessful, of course. I was dead a moment to see if it would again take the water on that side, and then paddled through the narrows. On emerging I saw it in the next bay, again making for the west side, and headed it off to the next point on the east, not getting within shot. I then paddled through the channel as fast as I could, hoping to get a glimpse of the deer as it again entered the outlet. On my reaching the lake the deer had again taken the water, but instead of making directly for the west, was turning a point to the east about a quarter of a mile away. I waited until it was out of sight and then followed in the eye of the point. Reaching it I saw the deer off the next point, but farther out. I paddled close in to the shore, and the deer observing me, made for the open water. A long peninsula stretches into the lake from the west, for which I made no account, but I succeeded in heading it off, getting within shot and securing it after over two miles of by far the hardest paddling I ever did.

Leaving my deer I went back to pick up my man. On his arrival we started for the camp. I making myself as comfortable as I could and declaring I would not touch a paddle that trip. Going through the first narrows I saw

among the brushwood something that was not brush, and soon distinguished the antlers of a buck which was crossing the second bay. Forgetting my resolution of a few minutes previous, we both did our best in making the old canoe spin through the water, and by a very narrow majority got within shot of the deer and added it to our stock of venison. On reaching camp we found the party in from the other lake with another deer.

This was our last day in camp. We had thirteen deer of various ages, but all in splendid condition, and a nice lot of venison it would be difficult to find. All had enough and to spare for numerous friends. Besides these our party killed three deer for other parties. One of these is said to have given an exciting chase. One of the other party was on watch near where the deer took the water. It nearly succeeded in getting across the bay, but he managed to head it off, and fired a couple of shots and missed. Loading again he followed the deer, fired both barrels and again missed. The deer in the meantime was rapidly nearing the shore where it had entered. Two of our men in a canoe at some distance hastened up, but did not get within fair shot, although firing twice. Story, who was in another direction, also hurried to the scene, but before he got near the deer was out of the water, and making for the woods. Two or three jumps more and he was safe. Story, at the last moment, stopped paddling, seized his rifle and dropped the deer. The distance was estimated at 120 yards, and the shot is spoken of by those who saw it as something almost marvellous under the circumstances.

Our sport was not confined to deer hunting. Partridges were plenty, and some of the party made considerable havoc among them. Ducks also there were, but not numerous or generally of good quality, being mostly of what are called the "fishy" kinds. Whitefish and mountain trout, both delicious, were taken with the troll, as many as we could use. A night's fishing by jack-light was very enjoyable, but did not add much to our larder. And the mere strolling on the fine autumn afternoons through the boundless woods, untouched by the march of man, or paddling by the bright inlets among the islands and bays, was quite enough for one of the party.

Our evenings were spent very quietly. We rose, and were glad to retire, early. It was, in some respects, a model camp. There was no Sunday hunting, no guzzling of liquor, no rihaldry or profanity, and no bickering or jealousies. All went on smoothly and pleasantly, and the only regret was that a longer stay had not been arranged, and even this was removed before our departure was made.

The morning of our return was the finest of all. So fine was it that we had not time been engaged to meet us, that day, we would have been tempted to remain a while longer. Fortunate it was that we had not done so, for that afternoon the snow fell heavily, and the next morning was thirteen inches and the following night two feet deep.

We were astir early. To breakfast, get everything packed up, carried down to the beach and loaded in canoes and punts, paddle to the landing and wait for and load up the wagons, took up considerably more than half the day, and then followed the march of thirty miles, a part of it through a piece of snow storm. To me, entirely unused to such work, and not very sound of foot, it was a serious affair. By the time Story passed me, a couple of miles from the end of the walk, fresh as if just started, and relieved me of my gun, it had so increased in weight that seventy-five pounds would have been a moderate estimate. An excellent supper, a solid roof and a "real bed" were never more enjoyable.

So began and ended my first deer hunt. Shall it be the last? The Great Disposer of events only knows. I fear I have "fallen" irretrievably, and the temptation to go and again come in my way, there would not be much resistance, health and business permitting. I would, however, like to make some stipulations—one, that less time be given to solid hunting and more to enjoyment of the scene and season; another, that the deer so conduct themselves as to make some considerable exertion necessary to get them, and not come right in the way, as my first one did. I should also like to be secured against very long watchings, and more particularly against any more disagreeable "muffs." And above all would I like as agreeable company to share in the sport.

NEMO.

DITTMAR INDICTED.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Sept. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your readers will remember the facts of the terrific explosion of Dittmar's blasting powder mill, which started this city on the 21st day of last April. Despite Dittmar's endeavor to make it appear that it was somebody else's powder that caused all the damage, the residents of the city were aroused by the explosion to a sense of the peril to life and property ever imminent so long as the Dittmar blasting powder factory should be tolerated here. The powder mill is right in a position to do immense damage should it "go off" again, a little harder than it did the last time, and the people are alive to the importance of taking precautions before the arrival of the impending earthquake.

We are a law-abiding folk, however, and are proceeding to remove this nuisance according to legal forms. The feeling of the populace was shown at a recent meeting held to show this corporation that, there were rights which even they may be compelled to respect. All masses of us in a state of protest against the further continuance in our midst of an institution having its only purpose in destruction. The meeting was largely attended and the unanimous vote of those present in favor of the following resolutions was but an expression of a popular determination to be rid of this nuisance and that too in a short space of time. The resolutions read:

"Whereas, An explosion at the Dittmar Powder Company's works, situated adjoining the city of Binghamton, in the town of Binghamton, in the State of New York, on the 21st day of April last, was the direct cause of bad mining death and the permanent loss of health in many cases, besides the damage done property to the extent of probably \$20,000; also causing the depreciation of the value of real estate in the vicinity of said powder works to an alarming extent; and,

"Whereas, The said Dittmar Powder Company have rebuilt and are from time to time making not only powder, but more dangerous explosives known as nitro-sugar, or dynamite, and various other high explosives; therefore, be it

Resolved, That a committee, consisting of the chairman of this meeting and Messrs. William Wildey, Roswell Bump, Nevall W. Ackerman and Hiram Barnum, be appointed with full power to procure subscriptions for a fund to be applied to the purpose of preventing, by all proper means, the manufacture or storage of dangerous explosives, or the erection of buildings therefor within the vicinity of Binghamton, and to apply the moneys so obtained to the prosecution of the object of this meeting; the repression of the manufacture of explosives within limits dangerous to the safety of the lives and property of the citizens in this vicinity; and that such committee be and it is invested with full power to employ a collector to receive the funds on such subscription and pay him a reasonable compensation, also to employ such attorneys and counsel as it shall be advised.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be addressed to the Dittmar Powder Company, or their representatives, immediately.

The committee set to work at once and indictments have been found by the Grand Jury here against Carl Dittmar, Wm. Haldame and A. J. Parker. The matter is now progressing well in the courts under able counsel.

This united and public effort to rid Binghamton of this incubus is not the only one in progress. Many private suits have been opened, and after a test case has been made it is expected that they will be rapidly disposed of.

We mean business and that business just at present is to get Mr. Carl Dittmar to seek another site for his manufactory. We will not be taken by such a proffer of pamphlets to show that the stuff may, can, must and should not explode. We are willing to grant every one of the many good qualities he used to claim for his other deceptive-looking product; we will swallow his hounded tale that the front of his shop in New York city was blown out by the slamming to of the back door; we will share his belief that the guns which burst here and there over the country with his white powder charges were rotten old blunderbusses in the hands of pot-hunters; we will sign his application to have the powder he makes given freely to the untrodden Loos on our Western frontier; we will do a great many things—but we ask in return only one favor, that Mr. Carl Dittmar will give us his room rather than his Company. BING.

SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Boston, Sept. 15.

There is a vexed question that is worrying the souls of a number of sportsmen, and the subject remains unanswered. We wish you would air it in your column.

What is the true cause of the spots that form in gun barrels? I have had three breech-loaders in succession afflicted with the "gun measles," all under such circumstances that I am puzzled to account for it. Dampness, of course, suggests itself at once, but this solution seems incorrect in face of facts. My guns and those of my friends, when in use, are always cleaned, dried and oiled every night and morning with great care, and therefore could not get into them and stay long enough to apply to the interior of the barrel and freckle them. Further, on damp days the above cleaning process is performed half a dozen times and sometimes more.

Now for erosion, caused by chemicals in powder, or especially cheap moist powder. This assumption causes disagreement; some say it is possible and probable, and others say the reverse; the writer does not know.

When a man comes down to the marsh with a new gun, cleans it, etc., and takes extra pains with it, and is rewarded in two days by seeing the interior of his gun speckled and freckled, consequently he wishes to know what it did and what should be done to avoid it. It has been advanced that cheap powder is the trouble, but the writer has used the most expensive powder, and the old story has been repeated.

Let the vast talent at the command of the FOREST AND STREAM be exercised and commanded to explain these fearful mysteries, but do not, for heaven's sake, or rather men's sake, mention anything in the rust preventive line. All, all have been tried, and alas!

We can give you the trouble referred to by the suggestion that the cleaning was not thorough, although we presume that this will be resented by our correspondent. We have seen scores of guns marred by rust spots, and have always explained it satisfactorily to ourselves by the fact that without the most thorough care after the gun is cleaned fine particles of the residuum may still be left in the barrels, and it is from these that the rust spots start.]

ONTARIO SHOOTING NOTES.

BOWMANVILLE, Ont., Sept. 12.

OUR summer has come and gone again, and once more the season for using our guns has arrived, but so far the prospect is not very inviting. There are a few—a very few—grouse left, a stray pigeon or two, a frightened rabbit or so and plenty of rails. These constitute our hill of game at present. The ducks have not begun to come in yet, and we scarcely expect them before the heavy winds and rains stop and the grounds of the North. Our sole shooting now, that can be called shooting, is the sore rail. These little beggars are in all the marshes and rice beds here in innumerable numbers. A good shot would have no difficulty in getting 200 of them in a day. They are counted small game here, and no one seems to think them worth shooting. I and Will Piggett went to the marsh after them last week, and in two hours' shooting we secured three dozen, punting for each other in turn. It is not out of the way to say that there were thousands of them. Every shore of the canoe put them up in all directions, and I loaded and fired the muzzle-loader I was using faster, I think, than I ever did before in my life. Very few ever shoot them, and fewer eat them, as they do not count them worth the trouble of cleaning, but they give good sport for an hour or two, after that it is unnecessary cruelty and waste of life to shoot them, as enough can be secured in that time to feed a dozen sportsmen, and I never believe in fishing or shooting to make a count.

All sport for trout ends here on the 15th of this month. I and W. Piggett went out after them a month ago, driving about sixteen miles to a small creek. We fished for four hours, and succeeded in gathering in between six and seven dozen of as fine trout as any one would want to catch, my largest one measuring sixteen and one-half inches in length, and weighing eighteen ounces the morning after being caught. I had four more nearly the same size, while the rest ran from one-fourth to one-half pound. Both of us took our wives

with us, and my wife gained the honor of landing the second largest trout taken to the day's fishing.

By the way, I saw in the paper two or three numbers back some one asking what shooting can be had about Lindsay and the country about there. Lindsay is only about twenty-seven miles from us here, so I can speak with certainty of its sporting facilities. There are a few grouse in the fall, and only a few. There are plenty of ducks in the fall, but Rice Lake and Scugog lakes are too near, and the birds keep to the open water, not coming into the rice until after night. From the first day the season opens they are unceasingly persecuted by gunners night and day, and the consequence is that in a week's shooting you can scarcely get a dozen ducks, and these are mostly blue-winged teal. There are no deer without going a long and toilsome journey north of Lindsay; then they are not plenty. There are no quail in any part of Ontario east of Toronto, and only very few between that place and the city of London. The fishing about Lindsay or any place on Lake Scugog is only fair, but in Rice Lake the bass fishing is splendid, and the muskellonge fishing first-class in some seasons of the year. AF SAUBLE.

MISSISSIPPI GAME NOTES.—Sardis, Miss.—Editor Forest and Stream: Quail shooting was tolerably good here last winter, considering the poor opportunities the birds have in this part of Mississippi to "scratch" a subsistence out of the cotton and seidge fields. I have been living here nearly two years, and have never yet seen but one or two wheat or stubble fields of any consequence, and very few corn fields—only those that are so near the farmer's residence that the birds do not come into them for fear of being "pop-hunted." Even some of our best sportsmen (? take advantage of every opportunity to shoot them on the ground. I don't think a person is worthy the name of sportsman who will shoot birds on the ground, catch them in nets or traps, seine or trap fish. All such sport (as some call it) is not only a shame and disgrace to the perpetrator, but is really, in my opinion, cruel and barbarous, to say nothing of the disgust and contempt a true sportsman should feel for them. I learned, recently, that the deer, pouther, bear and smaller game was hunted very little in the bottoms around Bevan and South lakes last season, on account of the frequent high waters, which prevented hunters from going into the cane around the lakes. Immidately surrounding these lakes the land is so high the water has to rise unusually high to overflow it, and all kinds of game collect there for safety, and the hunter must take the chances of filling a "watery grave" in swimming his horse to them, which is the only way to get there, as a canoe cannot get through the cane where the water would not swim a horse. Some few, in past years, have ridden through the low bottoms between the hills and high land around the lakes, but one trip thoroughly satisfies all who attempt it. But we be unto the game (all kinds) that resort to the hills for safety from high water, for it is death from hounds to nearly all the game.—Davy.

REVOLVERS AND MUZZLE LOADERS.—Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 15, '91.—An Arkansas correspondent, writing the other day in a sportsman's paper, denies that "revolvers" are older than (about) 1826. He says: "I guess those have been made (moulded) in recent years, like the spurious relics you sold on the field of Waterloo." He writes from Becker, Ark., and is referring to specimens in the Tower of London. He is very much in error; the revolver, in principle, is old. A revolving-muzzled gun, made in 1500, is now in a museum in Nuremberg; and scores of specimens on this principle, made in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are to-day in Continental museums. In like manner, in 1498, Leipzig had the germ of the rifle, and in 1520 Koster (or Kutter) of Nuremberg, was celebrated for his "star-grooved barrels," in which the grooves had a spiral form. I regret to see that the genial Major Merrill, earnestly and at length, sings the praises of the "m. l. rifle." But, *est bono!* I grant that it is a noble weapon, but not easy to give up. But, *est bono!* "no shot" loading weapon, for war or chase, has now "no shot" at all for "coming to the front," it is at the rear, just where it deserves to be. The "breech" loading arm, all things considered, is abundantly the better weapon. W. MICK, II.

THE SCARCITY OF BAY SNARE.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in the last number of your paper a complaint by L. of the scarcity of bay snare on Long Island, and asking if it is not so all along our coast. I can say that my experience, from the middle of August up to last Monday, confirms this undoubtedly on Barnegat Bay. Many of the small sandpipers were seen and a few yellow legs; but the larger birds, like willetts, curlew, talltales, plover, calico-backs, robin snipe and dowitchers, are extremely scarce. This can better be attributed to the long-continued drought, which has lasted for three weeks, than anything else, as it is well known they never come until after a good storm. On the 10th and 11th of this month a heavy rain brought a few, and there will be more in two or three days later. The rail that has not been spotted very much by the hot weather around Philadelphia, but the reed birds are scarce and not in good condition.—COLMAN.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.—Media, Sept. 15.—Squirrels have been shot in large numbers since I wrote you. Black bass fishing has been good. One gentleman, who takes your paper, went out with another person, and caught six black bass weighing eighteen pounds and three quarters. Another, a physician of Wyalusing, caught one of four pounds and fourteen ounces weight. As I was passing up the street this evening I saw a woodcock right by my house, as though he was looking for the first person coming living in this county, have a pack of hounds, also horses for riding, and they hunt on the English style. OS THE WING.

The editor of the Greensburg, Pa., Press is a good shot. He writes that grouse and quail are plenty there this year.

THE KING'S LAKE CLUB.—Of the King's Lake Club, whose camp was described in our issue of Aug. 26, the author of that article writes: Last fall cold weather was so early, and the night went up snowed, four inches deep, and next morning colder'n blue blazes. "Alice same" though, we went the regular rounds, two day's spoils being some 550 fish, and sundry dozen mallards, etc. The club are now preparing for this fall's campaign, and will be on time; to my regret, business will prevent my being with them but a few days, but those few I'll put in for all they're worth, and in so doing will remember the many ideas gathered from your columns. OLD HICKORY.

FLORIDA PIONEER SPORTSMEN.—Point Pleasant, W. Va., Sept. 12.—Last winter with a party of five, brought together...

CAZENOVA, N. Y., Sept. 17.—Will Thomas changed his mind in regard to grouse shooting. Went out with the "Den-

LONG POINT CLUB.—A correspondent recently inquired about the Long Point Club rules, respecting outsiders shooting...

THE LYMAN RIFLE SHOT is said to be having a large sale this season, and the results yielded by the use of this invention...

SQUIRRELS are reported abundant about Pittsburg, Pa. The season in that State is now an open one for this game.

NEW YORK SCHUTZEN CORPS.

THE annual excursion of the New York Schutzen Corps to the Highlands of Navesink was held Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14 and 15.

Shooting match was under the following conditions: Three shots at fifty yards, string measurement. Every man that hit the target won a prize.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like P. H. Klein, A. W. Williams, etc.

Major Aery also won the FOREST and STREAM cup for the best bul-lyt. In the Judges' March the first prize, a handsome gold-headed cane...

For first-class Carvers and Table Knives go to C. L. Ritzmann, 318 Broadway—147.

Sea and River Fishing.

I recommend no sour, ascetic life. I believe not only in the thrush on the rosebud, but in the roses which the thrush defend.

FISH GAME IN THE NORTHWEST.

I have just returned from my usual summer's expedition in the interest of the National Museum at Washington, D. C.

those fish that pass the mouth of the river unobstructed between Saturday night and Monday morning run into the nets...

Livinston Stone estimates that a salmon travels only two miles a day, twenty-four hours, in the Sacramento River...

There are more canneries established every year, and now they have some between the Dalles and Celilo, Oregon...

I think it is safe to estimate that not one fish in a 1,000 that starts up the river reaches its spawning grounds.

If a fishway was constructed at Oregon City at the Falls of the Willamette it would open a number of fine and eminently suitable streams to these fish...

Our sharp tail grouse are rather scarce in the vicinity of Walla Walla, and it is a hard matter to get at the true cause of the scarcity.

I see that the snake-climbing controversy is being revived again, but I consider it pretty well settled. I supposed nearly every one knew that the constrictor family could and did climb...

THE GAMY CATFISH.

REMINISCENCES.—I. BY OLD HICKORY.

IN my younger days, say fifteen or twenty years ago, I used to fish for catfish, and thought there wasn't much better sport than to have a light rod, a multiplying reel, and a sea grass line...

Well, as I said, I thought it was fine sport, but in an evil hour I read in some Eastern book, descriptive of Western fishes, that the catfish was a slow, sluggish fish...

cats, I won't say anything. Yet these grow to much larger size. The heaviest I ever had weighed only weighed twenty-one pounds, and I took it with bass tackle.

Many of my acquaintances I've had with these forked-tail fellows and many times I've had to give up whipped, but we won't count them.

Another time I was about thirty feet out on a leaning willow six inches through, fishing in the eddy of a mill-race on Salt River in north Missouri...

Of course this one didn't kick and make high jumps like the bass and pickerel that I've caught down among the Thons and Islands...

One time I went into business on a heavy scale. Down on Main River, as we called it, the boys had been telling awful tales of how, when they had set out hooks, they had caught fish of five to ten pounds weight...

I took this hook, applied it to a coil of twelve-thread manilla rope that I had and for bait took a soft-finned catfish weighing three pounds, which I had day caught specially for the purpose.

ANGLING IN NORTHERN SCOTLAND.

THE fact that the name of Mr. Archibald Young appears in the title page of the angling guide to Sutherland is a guarantee of its reliability.

The book will prove a handy pocket companion to any one wishing to try the salmon or the trout in the waters of northern Scotland.

In the first chapter the reader is treated to a comparison between the county of Sutherland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in the present day...

Now, Mr. Young informs us, these authors would be sure to be in that condition, is a surprise to those of us who are not familiar with the local history of the remote counties of Great Britain.

prised at the change wrought in the county thus unfavorably characterized;—I may have five hundred miles of good roads and railroad are within its borders and it is well fitted to charm the tourist, the sportsman and the artist, to whom it presents attractions not to be found elsewhere in Great Britain. The angler, especially one who is not rich enough to rent a salmon river, will find quite a fisherman's paradise.

A chapter on flies and fishing tackle precedes a detailed description of the county and the island of Hlanda. There are some fiscal notes in the book to which we will refer at another time.

CAN A FISHERMAN BE A CHRISTIAN?

THE above query runs through my mind as I sit and listen to the wonderful fish stories interchanged between two friends of mine—ardent lovers of spots (plecutoria) and who have just returned from the Michigan fishing grounds. The tendency with a fisherman is to exaggerate—the comparative minnow becomes a huge fish; the average bass swells into something less than a whale. Even those most scrupulous in the ordinary walks of life, when they capture a fish weighing ten pounds and seven ounces, are apt to let their credence stretch enough to cover the odd nine ounces and call the fish a ten-pounder. Let a fisherman meet with an ordinary run of "luck" and he forthwith relates marvelous tales of catches such as even that snake, which some one tells of last week's FOREST AND STREAM, as having been caught with five young rabbits in its interior arrangements, would not be able to swallow.

Now, what is the reason of this almost universal prevalence of magnification—to call it by a polite name—in the stories of fishermen, when he seldom to be met with in the other branches of recreation affected by sportsmen? Who ever heard of a follower of Nimrod, on his return from a hunt, relating to his friends that he had killed three squirrels, each as large as the size of a church, or bagged a quail measuring eight feet from tip of wing to tip of its wings? or who ever heard of a canoeist standing in the midst of an admiring and open-mouthed throng of neighbors swearing that he had paddled eighteen miles an hour up-stream and against a head-peddled wind in a boat of the Nautilus pattern? And yet this is just what we find in the way of gullible and gullible tales from our fishermen, young and old. It is the same undisciplined principle in books and lines and rods and reels and flies that leads their owner's tongue into ways that are dark? or does some peculiar or invest the fony tribe, which, being absorbed by the fisherman, renders him for the time being oblivious to all considerations of truthfulness, so far as the number and weight of his fish are concerned? Scientists should examine into this matter and report for the benefit of a suffering people.

Just here one of my two friends fires across the desk at the other: "Say, don't you remember that 14 1/2 lbs. bass which I caught that day at the upper end of Buzzard's Lake?" Then comes the answer: "Yes, that was a beauty; but I beat you with the 15-lb. pickerel which I hauled out of Jimpson Weed River the day it rained so hard."

Which is why I hold my head and groan and inquire—Can a fisherman be a Christian?

[We answer that there is no reason why he cannot. Would you tie the soaring spirit of the angler, who sit upon a stump all day and never gets a bite, by the rules which govern Nimrod, whose active body heated by the chase depresses his imagination? Would you bring the fisherman's poetic soul down to the level of steel yards and tape measures?

The angler reckons such materialistic things, as he does the mechanical measuring of his mountains and the estimating of the quantity of water which falls over his favorite cascade. What plain practical people prefer to consider prevarication, is to the angler merely a recognized poetical license; and his enthusiasm is too great to coldly calculate by tables of weights and measures, like groveling scientists and groppers after facts. He believes his stories thoroughly, and they do not harm his fellow man, who is not thoroughly induced with his spirit, smiles at his enthusiasm. Angling is the only sport which does not pull upon a man as he grows older. It is one of which he never tires. The aged angler is more enthusiastic than the younger man, and its quiet soothing influences, interrupted by the sudden excitement of hooking a large fish, make him keenly alive to impressions which may, like a poetic vision, be magnified in its relating. The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, magnifies hills to mountains and a water-fall to a cataract, yet none complain of him. This is the only manner we can make of our correspondent.

We have enlarged stories; and always allow for the personality of the catcher of great fishes. He is so entirely harmless and derives so much consolation from the narration of his exploits that it were a sin to compel him to carry weights and measures and then ask him to step up to a notary and certify to his statements.]

THE SALMON RIVER COUNTRY.

BOISE BARROWS, Idaho Territory, Sept. 7.

I AM the only one at the Post who makes any pretension to fishing with flies, and the people in town usually take the cheaper and less amusing method of hooking with grasshoppers. In the fishing line I had magnificent sport in July and August. In July I was up north in what is called "Little Salmon Meadows." The Little Salmon abounds with fine mountain trout, averaging about 2 1/2 pounds. It was no uncommon thing for me to have two and sometimes three on my line at a time. You can imagine my light six-jointed rod under such a strain. Fifty of those fellows was a fair day's fishing.

In August I went south from here and in a stream called Big Spring Creek I caught 150 in a day, but smaller than those in the north. About fifteen of the men were fishing with grasshoppers. About the afternoon returned with 1,100, more than enough for the command for two or three days. The shooting was also good. Ducks, geese, plover, antelope, deer, etc., in abundance. If some of your Eastern people could take a trip into the Salmon River country and Payette Lakes during July, August and September they would have fine hunting and fishing. W. R. P.

ADMIRAL COFFIN'S LOBSTERS. But—Amongst the diminishing size of lobsters, which is now engaging the attention of our New-England pisciculturists, is the story which General James Grant Wilson writes to the Cape Ann Advertiser: "Sir Isaac Coffin, a British Admiral, and a member of the

family which held a famous reunion at Nantucket, August 16, was born at Boston, and when a child, lived for some years on Cape Cod. Sir Isaac came to this country soon after the war of 1812 and, during the voyage, he stated to the officers of his flagship that when they reached Cape Cod he would show them lobsters that weighed ninety pounds. The rules of a quarterdeck do not permit you to falsify contradict an Admiral, but still some doubt and distrust was visible on the countenances of the Captain and Lieutenants who stood around. "Well," said Sir Isaac, "if you doubt it, I will make you a wager that when we reach Cape Cod, I will produce a lobster that weighs ninety pounds." The wager was made, and the gracious permission of the Admiral, and when they arrived there Sir Isaac took to the Cape, but he could not find any lobster that weighed ninety pounds. So he said: "Well, they don't happen to be here just now, but I will obtain the affidavits of the old fishermen to prove that there are such lobsters." And he produced a pile of affidavits showing that, when they were fishermen in early times, lobsters that weighed ninety pounds were as common as huckleberries on the Cape. Then it was left to an empire to decide which had lost and which had won, and by him so completely under the gracious permission of the Admiral, would entitle him to the vacant Judgeship in the Massachusetts Supreme Court if all his decisions were equally good. His decision was "affidavits are not lobsters."

HABITS OF LAKE TROUT.—Rochester, Sept. 16.—I am occasionally in receipt of letters from parties residing in the vicinity of lakes having been stocked with salmon trout, complaining that none or very few have ever been taken, and inquiring the reason why.

Salmon trout require the purest water of any fish that I have ever had any experience with, and they will not do well in waters having a much less depth than one hundred feet, for the reason that they require a very uniform temperature of water, and as the surface warms up during the hot summer months, they must have access to the cool depths beyond the penetrating heat of the sun. If not sufficient sets in and they are killed.

Another reason why they are not heard from more arises from the fact that they are in portions of the lake almost uninhabited by other fish, and there is not one chance in a hundred of coming within fishing for other species. Even in waters where they are quite numerous they are difficult to catch, and it requires considerable experience and skill to induce them to take the bait and bring them to the landing net successfully. SETH GREEN.

FISH IN MARKET.—Smelts, from Bathurst, Me., have appeared in limited quantities in Fulton Market this week, an extremely early date for them. Mr. Blackford also received a lot of grise, of 2 1/2 to 6 pounds, and some salmon, from the same place. They were not a good lot, however, and some of them were said to be haddock salmon. The mousie-fish, *Perchippus ferox*, from Chesapeake Bay, are plenty and of large size and fine. Scallops are also coming in.

THE ONLY GOUDAMI IS DEAD.—A few weeks ago we noticed the arrival in New York of a live male goudami, consigned to Mr. C. G. Blackford by Mr. Caubonier of Paris. This was the first one of these fishes which ever reached our shores alive, its mate, which was shipped with it, having died just outside Sandy Hook. Mr. Blackford took excellent care of the stranger, but it was exceedingly poor and would not eat. He offered it cabbage, lettuce and other succulent vegetation, which it is said to eat in its native waters in India, but it declined them all and died.

WE ARE TOASTED.—Here is a neat toast from "Old Hickory." The old reliable, "FOREST AND STREAM"—May its shade never grow less nor its stream run dry.

* No hospital needed for patients that use Hop Bitters, as they cure so speedily at home.

For a good Razor go to C. L. Ritzmann, 444 Broadway, New York—Ad.

Fishculture.

[Continued from page 353, Vol. XVI.]

EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF FISH CULTURE.*

BY PROF. G. BROWN GOODE.

LIX. 1871.—Establishment of the United States Fish Commission.—On the 9th of February, 1871, Congress passed a joint resolution which authorized the appointment of a Commission of Fish and Fisheries. The duties of the Commissioner were thus defined: "To prosecute investigations on the subject of the diminution of valuable fishes; with the view of ascertaining whether any and what diminution in the number of the food-fishes of the coast and the lakes of the United States has taken place; and, if so, to what causes the same is due; and also whether any and what protective, prohibitory or precautionary measures should be adopted in the premises, and to report upon the same to Congress."

The resolution establishing the office of Commissioner of Fisheries required that the person to be appointed should be a civil officer of the Government, of proved scientific and practical acquaintance with the duties of the coast, to serve without additional salary. The choice was thus practically limited to a single man for whom, in fact, the office had been created. Prof. Spencer F. Baird, at that time Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, was appointed and entered at once upon his duties. Up to 1880, 1876, and 1877, he was reported for the use of the Commission. (See G. BROWN GOODE, The First Decade of the U. S. Fish Commission; its plan of work and accomplished results, scientific and technical. *Proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science*, XXIX, 1880, pp. 56-574. *Forest and Stream*, N. Y., pp. 597-9. *Circular Deutscher Fischerer Verein*, 1880, pp. 190-7. Report Smithsonian Institution, 1880, pp. 140-9.)

LX. 1871.—Introduction of Shad into the Great Lakes.—The introduction of shad into the Great Lakes was accomplished in 1871 by the New York Fish Commission, a quantity being placed in the Genesee River, a tributary to Lake Ontario. [Report U. S. F. C., II., p. xvii.]

LXI. 1871.—Introduction of Shad into the Mississippi.—In 1871 shad were introduced into the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers by the U. S. Fish Commission, by the hands of Mr. Seth Green and Mr. William Child. [Report U. S. F. C., II., p. xvii.]

LXII. 1871.—Establishment of the Salmon Breeding Establishment at Orland, Me.—This was created at the joint expense of the U. S. Fish Commission, Massachusetts and Connecticut. [Report U. S. F. C., II., p. lxxi.]

* A paper read before the American Piscicultural Association, and here reprinted from advanced sheets of the U. S. Fish Commission, Part VII.

LXIII. 1872.—Importation of White Salmon.—A gift from the Central Government of 300,000 to 400,000 ova of this fish, purchased, brought to this country under the charge of Dr. Hessel, arriving late in the fall. The 4,000 or 5,000 which were sound were planted in a tributary of the Delaware. [Report U. S. F. C., part II., xlii.]

LXIV. 1872.—Beginning of the Propagation of California Salmon.—This work, begun at the suggestion of Mr. R. B. Hoeswell, was accomplished in October, 1872, for the U. S. Fish Commission by Mr. Livingston Stone. [Report U. S. F. C., II., xxiii.]

LXV. 1872.—Invention of the Green Trough.—This device, which was an improvement upon the former used by C. O. Atkins, was perfected in 1872, in the progress of experiments on whitefish. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 546-556.]

LXVI. 1872.—The Invention of the Yellow Fish-Spinner Hatchery.

This was an improvement upon the former used by C. O. Atkins, was patented March 18, 1873, is of much importance in the hatching of whitefish eggs. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 546, plate liv.]

LXVII. 1872.—The Work of Propagating Fish Undertaken by the U. S. Fish Commission.—At the suggestion and through the influence of the American Fish Culturist's Association. [Report U. S. F. C., II., xvi.]

LXVIII. 1872.—Invention of N. W. Clark's Fish-Hatching Trough.—This important piece of apparatus was devised in 1873 and patented March 3, 1874. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 546, pl. xv.]

LXIX. 1872.—Invention of the Clark Transporting Case.—This device was successfully used in transporting whitefish eggs to California. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 547.]

LXX. 1872.—Invention of the Williamson or California Hatching Trough.—This apparatus, similar to the Clark trough except that the water flows from below instead of from the top, was invented about 1872. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 547.]

LXXI. 1872.—Establishment of the Salmon Breeding Establishment at Backsport, Me.—In 1872 the extensive salmon breeding establishment at Backsport, Me., was erected under the direction of Mr. C. G. Atkins, and at the joint expense of the Fish Commission of Maine, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and of the State of California. [MILNER: Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 546, pl. xv.]

LXXII. 1872.—First Propagation of the Striped Bass.—In May, 1872, this species was successfully propagated in this country artificially at Welden C. Pier. [Report U. S. F. C., Part II., pp. 558-559.]

LXXIII. 1873.—The California Aquarium Car.—In 1873 Mr. Livingston Stone, under the auspices of the U. S. Fish Commission and that of California, fitted up a special car for the purpose of transporting fish from California to California. The car was capsize, June 8, in the Fikhor river, Nebraska. In 1874 the experiment was repeated in behalf of the California Commission. [Report U. S. F. C., II., xxvii.]

LXXIV. 1873.—Establishment of the Ohio Fish Commission.—The Ohio Fish Commission was established in June, 1873, by the appointment as commissioners of John H. Klieber, John Hussey and Dr. E. Sterling. By act of April 26, 1876, the commission in its present form was organized. Up to 1880 \$28,000 had been voted for fishculture. [Reports of Ohio State Fish Commission: I, (1874); II, (1875); III, (1876); IV, (1877); V, (1878); VI, (1879); VII, (1880); VIII, (1881).]

LXXV. 1873.—Establishment of the Wisconsin Fish Commission.—In 1873 an appropriation was made by the Wisconsin Legislature to establish a Commission of Fish and Fisheries. In 1874 William Welsh, A. Palmer and P. B. Hoy were elected commissioners. Up to 1880 \$38,560 had been voted for fishculture. [Reports: I, (1874); II, (1875); III, (1876); IV, (1877); V, (1878); VI, (1879); VII, (1880).]

LXXVI. 1873.—Establishment of the Maine Fish Commission.—In 1873 an appropriation was made by the Maine Legislature to establish a Commission of Fish and Fisheries. In 1874 William Welsh, A. Palmer and P. B. Hoy were elected commissioners. Up to 1880 \$22,750 had been appropriated for fishculture. [Reports: I, (1874); II, (1875); III, (1876); IV, (1877); V, (1878); VI, (1879); VII, (1880).]

LXXVII. 1873.—Establishment of the Land-Locked Salmon.—Establishment of the Hatching Station of Grand Lake Stream.—Experiments were begun at Sebce Lake, in 1873, under the auspices of the Massachusetts, Connecticut and United States Fish Commission, by the appointment of Mr. C. G. Atkins, Mr. Leonard. In 1874 this was transferred under the same auspices to Grand Lake Stream, and placed in charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins. [Report U. S. F. C., IV., p. 265.]

LXXVIII. 1874.—Attempts to Transport Living Shad across the Atlantic.—The first trip was made with young fish by Messrs Fred Mather and A. Anderson, in August, 1874, who lost the fish ten days after getting to sea; the second by Messrs. H. W. Welcher and Monroe A. Green, who attempted to carry the eggs, which were destroyed before they reached the steamer. [Report U. S. F. C., III., pp. 322, 330, 339-40.]

LXXIX. 1874.—Successful Propagation of the Opayusa Trout.—In October, 1874, the Maine Fish Commission obtained 30,000 eggs, 5,000 of which were sent to New York. [Maine registers: 1874-1875: Fish and Fisheries, pp. 156-157.]

LXXX. 1874.—First Attempts to Propagate Grayling.—In April, 1874, Mr. Fred Mather visited the Au Sable River, Mich., to experiment on the propagation of the grayling. From the last to the 30th of April, fish were sent to the ponds of the fish club at Leonard. In 1874 this was transferred under the same auspices to Grand Lake Stream, and placed in charge of Mr. C. G. Atkins. [Report U. S. F. C., IV., p. 265.]

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LXXXIV. 1874.—Propagation of the Sea Bass, *Centropristis striatatus*, were successfully fertilized at the U. S. Fish Commission Station at Neauk, Conn. [Report U. S. F. C., IV., p. 265.]

LXXXV. 1874.—Establishment of the Iowa Fish Commission.—The Iowa Fish Commission was established by the act of the legislature, March 19, 1874. S. B. Evans, B. F. Shaw and C. A. Harris were appointed commissioners. Up to 1880 \$22,750 had been appropriated for fishculture. [Reports (biennial): I, (1874-5); II, (1875-6); III, (1876-7); IV, (1877-8); V, (1878-9); VI, (1879-80).]

LXXXVI. 1875.—First Artificial Impregnation of Grayling Eggs.—In April, 1875, Mr. Fred Mather made a second attempt to transport living shad across the Atlantic. He found them ripe from the 6th to the 10th, and 10,000 were impregnated and afterward hatched, by F. N. Clark at Northville, Mich., and himself at Hancock Falls, N. Y. [FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. IV., p. 214.]

LXXXVII. 1875.—Invention of the Mather Hatching Cone.—The principle of suspending eggs in water by a stream, admitted at the bottom of a cone, and thereby hatching them in bulk instead of in layers, was discovered in 1875 by Fred Mather and his assistant, Charles Bell. [FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. IV., p. 19; Report U. S. F. C., II., p. 547, 548, 549.]

LXXXVIII. 1875.—Hatching of Sturgeon.—In 1874 efforts were made by Seth Green in behalf of the New York Commission to hatch sturgeon. In 1875 these efforts were renewed by Dr. Hoeswell. [FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. IV., p. 164.]

LXXXIX. 1875.—Invention of Chase's Self-Striking Apparatus.—This ingenious device for the removal of dead eggs from hatching jars was invented by Oren M. Chase of Detroit, Mich. [Report U. S. F. C., IV., p. 192.]

LXXXX. 1875.—Establishment of the Minnesota Fish Commission.—This Commission was created in 1875, David Dav, M. D., Horace Austin and A. W. Latham being appointed commissioners. Up to 1880 \$22,500 had been appropriated for fishculture. [Reports: I, (1875); II, (1876); III, (1877); IV, (1878); V, (1879); VI, (1880).]

LXXXXI. 1875.—Establishment of the Virginia Fish Commission.—The Virginia Commission was organized in 1875, Hon. Alex. Mooney, Dr. W. B. Robertson and Dr. M. E. Elmy being appointed commissioners. [Reports: I, (1875); II, (1876); III, (1877); IV, (1878); V, (1879); VI, (1880).]

LXXXXII. 1876-77.—Restoration of Salmon to the Connecticut River.—In 1876 a single salmon was taken in the Connecticut

In 1877 several; in 1878 more than 600 individuals. These were the first seen in the river since the exclusion of the species from the river by the building of the Millers' River Dam in 1798.

LXXXIX. 1876.—Introduction of Whitefish into New Zealand.—At the request of the Government of New Zealand the U. S. Fish Commission set a lot of whitefish eggs to that country, a portion of which arrived in good condition.

XC. 1876.—Establishment of the Arkansas Fish Commission.—The Arkansas Commission was organized in 1876, N. H. Fish, J. R. Stoddard and M. B. Pearce being appointed commissioners.

XCI. 1876.—Establishment of the Kentucky Fish Commission.—By fish law of Kentucky, approved March 20, 1876, the Kentucky Commission was organized by the appointment of ten commissioners, one from each Congressional district.

XCII. 1877.—Introduction of the Madue Maracina into the United States.—By the courtesy of Mr. R. Eckhardt, of Lullabach, Germany, who presented 1,000 eggs of the Madue Maracina (Coregonus maracina) to the U. S. Fish Commission, this species was introduced into Gardner's Lake, Michigan.

XCIII. 1877.—Artificial Hatching of the Herring and Discovery of the Cause of the Sterility of Eggs.—Experiments were successfully carried out by Dr. H. A. Meyer, of Kiel, Germany, in hatching and retarding the development of the eggs by cold, and in hatching them, by Vinel N. Edwards, of the U. S. Fish Commission.

XCIV. 1877.—Establishment of the Clackamas Hatchery.—A hatchery was established by the salmon canners of the Columbia River, and carried on under the supervision of Mr. Livingston Stone.

XCV. 1877.—Introduction of Carp into the United States.—On the 22d of May, 1877, John W. Mathers, acting for the U. S. Fish Commission, deposited 227 leather and mirror carp and 115 scale carp in the ponds of the Maryland State Hatchery at Baltimore.

XCVI. 1877.—Establishment of the Government Carp Ponds.—The Government carp ponds on the Monument Lot, Washington, were established by the passage of an appropriation by Congress.

XCVII. 1877.—Discovery of Planted Salmon in the Delaware River and in the Susquehanna.—In November, 1877, a mature female salmon was taken in the Delaware, at Trenton, supposed to have been planted in 1872 or 1873.

XCVIII. 1877.—Introduction of the Ferguson Plunging Buckets for Hatching Fish.—In 1877, the system of plunging buckets, worked by steam, for hatching ehad in tidal waters, then newly devised by Major T. B. Ferguson, was first tested at Havre de Grace by the joint efforts of the U. S. Fish Commission and the Maryland Fish Commission.

XCIX. 1877.—Establishment of the Colorado Fish Commission.—In 1877 Mr. Wilson E. Sletty was chosen Commissioner for Colorado, up to 1880 \$2,400 had been appropriated for fish culture.

C. 1877.—Establishment of the Nevada Fish Commission.—A fish commission for Nevada was created in 1877, and Hon. H. G. Peckham was appointed Commissioner. Up to 1880 \$3,900 had been appropriated for the use of the commissioner.

CII. 1877.—Establishment of the West Virginia Fish Commission.—In 1877, the West Virginia commission was established by the appointment of John W. Mathers, Henry D. Miller and C. S. White as commissioners. Up to 1880 \$3,900 had been appropriated for the purposes of fish culture.

CIII. 1878.—Invention of the Wrotten Buckets.—This ingenious contrivance, a modification of the Chase jars, was invented in 1878 by W. T. Wrotten.

CIV. 1878.—Introduction of Soles into the United States.—On the 6th of January, 1878, Mr. Mather, who had been sent to England by the U. S. Fish Commission for the purpose of procuring a supply of soles, deposited 250 soles in Washington Bank in Cape Cod Bay.

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By J. E. Taylor. London: Hardwicke & Bogue, 192 Piccadilly W., 1875. 8vo, pp. 318.

Hints for the Formation of a Fresh Water Aquarium. (No author's name.) London: Printed for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; sold at the depositories; Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, etc. (No date.) 12mo, pp. 132.

Sportsmen's Wives should not fail to purchase their Scissors from C. L. Hitzman, 248 Broadway, New York.—Ad.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SLEWS.

September 21, 22 and 23, at Franklin, Pa., Franklin Sportsmen's Club and Game Protective Society Bench Show. Entries closed September 15. Thos. D. Adams, Superintendent, P. O. Box 61, Franklin, Pa.

FIELD TRIALS.

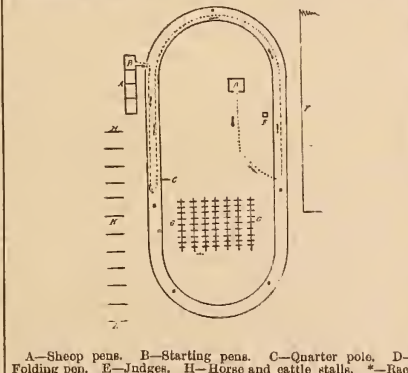
September 13 and 14, at Pittsburgh, Pa. Collie Trials, held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society. Entries closed September 9. Elbridge McConkey, Secretary, Harrisburg, Pa.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLIE TRIALS.

THE annual sheep dog trials held under the management of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, took place at the Pittsburgh show-grounds during the recent State Fair. The trials were advertised to commence on Tuesday, Sept. 13, but owing to the non-arrival of some of the competitors, they were postponed until the next day.

ALLIANCE NAMES.

Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md., Tweed. Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md., Scottish Maid. Mr. T. A. Ralston, Elderton, Pa., Jim. Mr. T. A. Ralston, Elderton, Pa., Waddie.



The order of the running was fixed by drawing lots. The start fell to Dr. Downey's Tweed, and he was the first dog called. Five sheep were placed in the starting pen, and at the sound of the bell in the judge's stand the dog entered and drove them out on the track.

Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Md., Tweed, 1st prize, \$50; time, 14m, 3s. Same owner's Scottish Maid, 2nd prize, \$20; time, 14m, 26s. Mr. T. A. Ralston's Elderton, Pa., Jim, 3rd prize, \$10; time, 29m, 30s. Same owner's Waddie, 4th prize, \$10; time, 29m, 30s.

the crowd on the grand stands greeted the interesting performance. Time, fourteen minutes and three seconds.

Mr. Ralston's Jim, a black and tan dog of the smooth type, was the next dog called. He was worked by his owner, and if judiciously handled would be a good performer in any trial.

The next called was Mr. Streen's fawn-colored, rough-coated collie dog Rover. From the fact that he had been broken under the training of a very good hand, the dog was very obedient, and the drive was slow and tedious.

Dr. Downey's Scottish Maid, a medium-sized, rough-coated black-and-white-and-tan bitch, was the next called. By the signal she failed to get on the track in the morning.

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GUNNER II.—Brooklyne, Sept. 14—I have a retriever in my kennel named FRUITER II. (No. 130.) It was bred by the late Gunner of Long Branch (of whom I saw a notice recently in the FOREST AND STREAM, giving his obituary). He is out of Warden's Flora, and was bred by me and owned by Mrs. D. T. Gordon, of New York City.

Midger - Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of Midger for white, black and tan beagle dog pup, about eleven weeks old, out of...

Gold - Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of Gold for white, black and tan beagle dog pup, whelped June 16, by owner's...

Blue - Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of Blue for white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy whelped Aug. 24, by owner's...

White - Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of White for white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy whelped Aug. 24, by owner's...

Black - Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of Black for white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy whelped Aug. 24, by owner's...

Red - Mr. N. Elmore, Granby, Conn., claims the name of Red for white, black and tan beagle bitch puppy whelped Aug. 24, by owner's...

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tion concern, declining the very life of all rido work - kept rivalry- tion we shall have plenty of open, well-rigged matches, where the...

Tuesday, the opening day, was a fine one, but a stranger visiting the...

When the shooting was in progress the directors fired the first...

The Division Team rosters filled out the rest of the first day,...

The record of the first and 2d Division matches, as shown in the...

On the morning of the 14th, the second day of the meeting, the...

The matches began with the military rifle match at 9 o'clock...

The Army and Navy Junior Cup brought out another strong lot...

The presentation of the Army and Navy Cup to the Engineer...

It is gratifying to the militia teams, Gen. Hancock, in presenting...

their personal and regimental pride must be aroused. We have...

The short-range match began the day's sport and good competition...

The Military Championship Match had but 24 entries in the first...

Table with 5 columns: Name, 200 Yards, 500 Yards, Total, and Points. Lists names like New York, Connecticut, etc.

Table with 5 columns: Name, 200 Yards, 500 Yards, Total, and Points. Continuation of names from previous table.

In the afternoon of this day a new match was opened which ought...

Table with 5 columns: Name, 200 Yds, 500 Yds, 600 Yds, Total. Lists names like New York, Connecticut, etc.

Table with 5 columns: Name, 200 Yds, 500 Yds, 600 Yds, Total. Continuation of names from previous table.

The Champion's Match, at various ranges, was completed during...

The wind up match of the day was that for the Wimbledon Cup...

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

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Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

NINTH ANNUAL CREEDMOOR MEETING.

THE Ninth Annual Prize Meeting of the National Rifle Association held the range at Creedmoor from Tuesday until Saturday next...

Table listing names and scores for W W De Forest, including scores like 5 5 5 5 5 4 4 3 5 5 4 5 4 5 4 6 5.

Table listing scores for Seventh Regiment, N. Y. City, including names like Corp C H Eagle, Priv W F Riederer, etc.

Table listing scores for Co. B, Twelfth Regiment, N. Y., including names like C S Burns, J R Knickerbocker, etc.

Table listing scores for Empire Rifle Club, including names like D F Clarke, Honer Fisher, etc.

Table listing scores for Thirty-fifth Battalion, N. Y., WaterTown, including names like Capt M Cooper, Corp C Adams, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 15—'FIRST DIVISION NATIONAL GUARD' MATCH, including names like J M Jewell, O M Jewell, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 14—"ARMY AND NAVY JOURNAL" MATCH, including names like Corp Barrett, Corp Francis, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 16—"FIRST DIVISION NATIONAL GUARD" MATCH, including names like J J Hagle, C H Eagle, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 17—"FIRST DIVISION NATIONAL GUARD" MATCH, including names like T J Dolan, J P Gillard, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 18—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 19—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 20—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 21—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 22—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 23—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 24—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 25—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 26—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 27—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 28—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 29—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 30—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 31—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 32—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 33—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 34—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 35—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 36—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 37—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

Table listing scores for No. 38—"MILITARY TEAM" MATCH, including names like Corp W Young, Corp W McCondon, etc.

The Kennel.

GRAND

International Dog Show,

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Prize Lists now ready, and can be had of

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ENTRANCE CLOSE SEPTEMBER 12.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS.

THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals, or money returned if it is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious.

Price 50 cents by mail. Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY.

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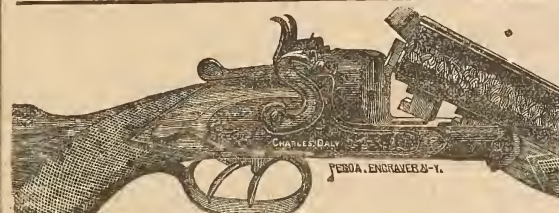
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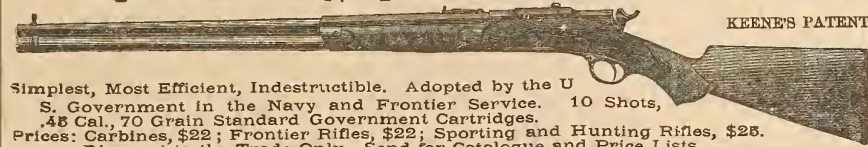
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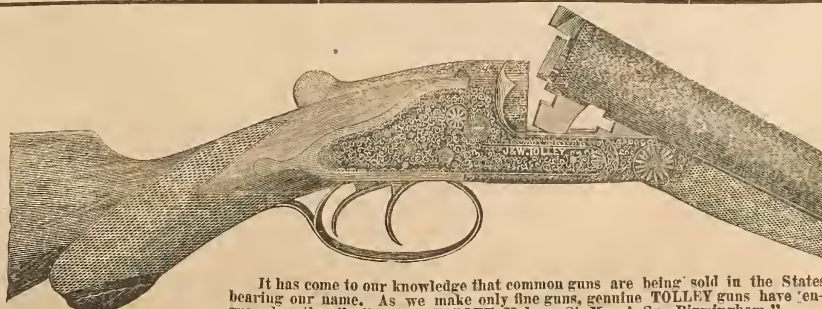
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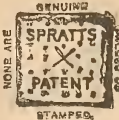
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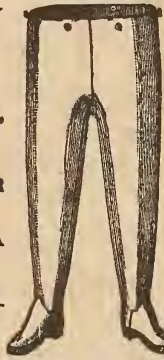
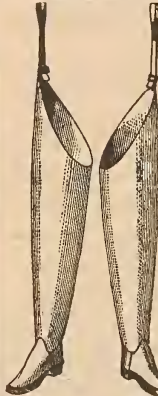
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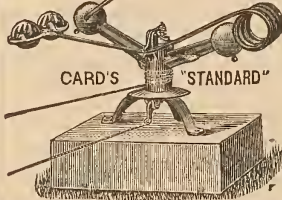
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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ONE OF THE RESULTS OF FISH-CULTURE.

IN connection with the "Reply to a Benighted Man," on another page we would refer to the following from the Report of the Fish Commissioners, of California, for the year 1880:

Two millions of the quinnat salmon have been annually hatched and deposited in the tributaries of the Sacramento River and have produced their legitimate results. Salmon are now plenty in the river, although how many could be taken at present if pisciculture had not been adopted cannot of course be known, but as the spawning beds have been destroyed by sediment brought down by mining operations the number would probably have been small, if the fish existed at all. It is the testimony of all the pioneers, at the beginning of the mining operations, that every tributary of the Sacramento was filled with this salmon at the spawning season, struggling to reach the sources. A few continued to enter the Feather, Yuba, Bear and American rivers until the floods of 1860-1 covered the gravel bottoms of those streams with mining sediment. In 1872 and 1873 the fish were nearly extinct in them and the minimum of production was reached. Previous to those years artificial culture was begun and the yield has increased.

The Commissioners have wisely kept a record of the catch of salmon in the Sacramento and therefore the effect of the yearly introduction of these 2,000,000 fry can be exhibited. Since 1874 they have obtained both the number and the weight of the salmon caught in the Sacramento and San Joaquin that have been sent to San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, and also of those put up in tins by the canning companies. The record is:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------|
| For season ending Aug. 1, 1875..... | 5,098,781 pounds. |
| For season ending Aug. 1, 1876..... | 5,311,423 pounds. |
| For season ending Aug. 1, 1877..... | 6,493,563 pounds. |
| For season ending Aug. 1, 1878..... | 6,520,768 pounds. |
| For season ending Aug. 1, 1879..... | 4,432,250 pounds. |
| For season ending Aug. 1, 1880..... | 10,537,400 pounds. |

The apparent falling off in the season ending Aug. 1, 1879, was due to a disagreement between the fishermen and proprietors of the canneries, during which time no salmon were sent to market. Comment on this is unnecessary.

MIDGE.—The brilliant victory scored by the deep and narrow Scotch cutter Midge over the fastest light-draft centre-board sloop we have in America will be discussed in all its bearings in our next issue. In the meantime we think unprejudiced readers will bear us out in the claim that our course in favor of yachts built upon the principles so successfully followed in the Midge has been as persistent and conscientious as our endeavors to lead yachtsmen into the higher realms of the sport—in short, to make ships out of machines and sailors out of dawdlers. The issue now terminating in our favor will, we hope, justify in their eyes our enjoying to the full the sweets of a victory earned after much hard work and ceaseless, as well as disinterested, advocacy of what we conceive to be the worthiest and healthiest aims of the grand art of sailing.

WHY "COMIC PRELUDE?"—Noting the arrival of Alfred Shaw's cricket team of English professionals at New York this week, one of the daily papers announces that they will play "a game of base-ball by way of comic prelude." And why "comic prelude," pray? A hundred thousand American base-ball players in this country will agree with us that base-ball is ten times the game that cricket is. There is nothing "comic" about it in comparison with cricket.

THE KANSAS TOURNAMENT.—The tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, which had been appointed for October, has been postponed until next Spring, because the managers could not procure birds for the trap-shooting. The Secretary writes that this is a great disappointment as a large attendance had been anticipated.

PROF. JORDAN AT HOME.—We are pleased to record the arrival of Prof. D. S. Jordan from his annual summer trip to Europe. He returns fresh and hearty and promises to issue a Synopsis of our fishes soon. This will have an index of popular names and will prove a valuable addition to our ichthyology.

BY-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

FOURTH PAPER.

MIRROR LAKE, as I first saw it, well deserves its name. A lovely sheet of water, only a few hundred yards in width and less than a mile long, it is surrounded on all sides by a superb forest of gigantic oaks. All along its margin is a narrow border of grass or low willows, separating the water from the dark forest, and beyond this border is a fringe of lily pads, which float motionless upon the unruffled surface of the lake. The little strip of grass, the tall green trees and the blue sky above are so perfectly reflected in the clear waters that it is difficult to determine where the reflection ends and the vegetation begins. Shut in on all sides by the primeval forest, the lake lies there like a great eye, which gazes steadfastly and unwinkingly at the sky which it so perfectly mirrors.

The light breeze had fallen as the sun rose, and there was now not the slightest motion on the water. The branches of the trees had ceased to wave, and the stillness of the morning was at first unbroken. As we sat there listening for the cry of the hounds, there was time for us to admire to the full the quiet beauty of the scene, which, however, little by little became more animated. The various inhabitants of lake and forest began, one by one, to resume their wonted occupations, and unconsciously to reveal to us little glimpses into their life history. An old mother gold-eye led her brood of half a dozen young out from among some low willows, whose drooping branches touched the water, and began to teach them how they could most easily procure food, calling to them occasionally in low lisping tones, to which the little ones responded with soft peepings. High up above us on the dead limb of an enormous Douglas fir a huge gray eagle (*Haliaeetus leucophthalmus*) sat sleepily, apparently not yet quite awake, although the sun was now well up in the heavens. On the other side of the lake a little pine squirrel was making his breakfast from the green cones, which he cut from the tree as fast as he could eat them, making more noise with the dropping husks than a band of elk would have done had they been feeding there. Occasionally the cry of the hounds "from farther distance borne" would be faintly heard, only to die away again and leave but the voices of the forest to break the morning's stillness. A pair of superb white-headed eagles flew silently across the lake, the hindmost strenuously endeavoring to overtake the one in front. This he succeeded in doing, when the foremost bird, without closing his wings, swung over on his back, thrust out his talons menacingly toward his pursuer, and then resuming his normal position, passed onward and out of sight. It was almost with a shock that I heard the loud mournful cry of a loon, two of which settled down on the water not far from the canoe. And now for a little while there was no more silence. The birds swam backward and forward over the lake, screaming every five minutes, until Mr. H. in despair, said: "I wish that loon was dead." It was useless now to listen for the dogs; we could only watch. After half an hour of impatient waiting, the loons ceased their doleful screaming, took wing, and disappeared in the direction of Burnaby Lake. Now once more we gave all our attention to the cry of the hounds which was now heard again, though very faintly. Before long, however, it came nearer and nearer, passed the west end of the lake and again grew fainter, and then out of hearing. Mr. H. has just remarked, with an air of disappointment, that he feared the deer would take water in Burnaby Lake, when I heard the Indian speak in very emphatic, but suppressed, tones to my companion, and, following the direction of their eyes, saw something moving slowly through the water at the other end of the lake. The object, whatever it was, moved very slowly, and looked as much like a box two feet square floating on top of the water as anything else. I took it for granted that it was the deer, because I could not think of any other unrecognisable living thing that would be in that place at that time. It appeared, however, that there was one man in the canoe who by no means believed it to be a deer. I was much surprised to see the Indian so much excited at the appearance of the game. It seemed altogether out of character, and in all my experience of Indians, on the Plains, in the mountains and by the sea shore, I had never seen any

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondents' names will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line. Special rates for large, six and twelve months. Reading notices 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements must be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 29.

BLACK BASS FOR PONDS.—In a recent article we said that if we wanted black bass for stocking purposes we would not know how to get them by other means than to go and catch them. We were aware that Mr. Livingston Stoue formerly advertised them, but had not heard of his doing so for some years past. We now take pleasure in calling attention to his advertisement, which will be found in this issue of our paper. Mr. Stoue has just finished his season's work in the Pacific Coast Department of the United States Fish Commission, and is now on his way East to attend to his private business.

CLAY PIGEONS VS. GLASS BALLS.—It has been claimed by one that the new clay pigeons are hard to break. The fact they are far more easily broken than glass balls, as can be testified by any one who will repeat the following experiment, made by Mr. H. M. Hills, of the Wyoming City Gun Club, at Cincinnati, Sept. 19. He first placed a clay pigeon and a Bogardus glass ball side by side, and fired ten shots at a range of sixty-five yards. Nine clay pigeons out of ten were broken, while the one glass ball was not broken at all. He then fired at it, though there were seven distinct red marks upon it. A second experiment was made by using ten glass balls side by side, and firing at them at forty-five yards range. Five only of them were thus broken. Ten clay pigeons were then similarly fired at, a same range, eight of which were broken. The clay pigeons used were taken at random from a barrel of same. The glass balls were all sound.

thing like this emotion at the sight of game. The dialogue which took place between Squawitch and Mr. H., as afterward detailed to me, was both earnest and excited.

Squawitch said: "What's that there in the water, Choley?" "Mowitch" (the deer), was the reply. "Wake mowitch, sellakium, delate sellakium" ('tis no deer, it is the monster; yes, it's a true monster). "We had better go to the shore on account we'll all be killed," said Squawitch and he made a motion with his paddle as if to turn the canoe to shore. "Keep still," rejoined Mr. H., "I tell you it's the deer." And a moment later, the object having by this time turned well out into the lake, he added, "Manook" (pull), and the canoe shot toward the mysterious thing. The first few strokes pulled by Squawitch did very little toward helping the canoe forward, but, at least, if they were not strong, they were noiseless ones. No doubt he wished to avoid attracting the attention of the Sellakium by making any sound, and so we advanced silently toward it. Before we had gone very far, however, the mystery explained itself in a very simple way, and the Indian's fears were quieted. We saw swimming slowly along a fine buck, about whose horns were twisted two or three long sprays of fern, which overshadowed his head, and falling down behind trailed in the water. The reflection cast by this mass of green in the water, which rippled behind and on each side of the swimming animal, was rendered vague, and blurred that of the trees near the margin of the lake, so that the whole thing had a misty and indistinct appearance, which might well cause doubt as to what it was to arise in the mind of one who was prepared to see something supernatural. Squawitch believed as thoroughly in the existence of the Sellakium as he did in his own, and seeing something in the water unlike anything that he had ever previously beheld, at once concluded that the monster had appeared. I have no doubt that he felt perfectly sure during the first hundred yards of our progress that we were all hastening into the jaws of death. He was probably ashamed to draw back when his two companions insisted on advancing, and indeed there was no way for him to reach the shore except by swimming.

As soon as we were near enough to the huck to make out what he was, and thus to soothe the fears of the Indian, the latter put more vigor into his strokes, and we rapidly neared the object of our pursuit, which had not yet observed us, but was swimming quietly along, evidently very tired with his long run. We ran up to within twenty yards of him before he noticed us. When he did so, he at once turned toward the shore and put on a burst of speed. He swam almost as fast as the canoe went, but before reaching the land slowed down somewhat. Just before his feet touched the bottom, Mr. H. warned me to be ready, and I rose to my feet, and, as the deer made his first bound to shore, shot him through the neck. The crimson fluid tinted the clear water, the animal turned back toward the deep water, and Mr. H., fearing lest it should die and sink there, gave it the coup de grace.

This was the first time that I had ever seen a deer killed before dogs, and I confess that, to my notion, this method of hunting suffers by comparison with still-hunting. The hunter, after he has the deer in the water, and has pulled up to it, is too sure of his quarry. He has too much time to think about it. The struggles which the animal makes to reach the shore excite his sympathies, and after he has killed his game he is likely to wish that he had allowed it to escape. There are, however, some localities in which, during the summer and early autumn, this is the only way in which game can be obtained, and this is true of most of the sea coast of British Columbia. The forests are utterly unlike anything that I have seen elsewhere on this continent, and progress through them is slow, difficult and noisy. Under such conditions still-hunting is an impossibility, a mere waste of time and productive only of loss of temper. The forests are very thick and full of down timber, and the underbrush dense and tangled. One strives to force one's way through it quietly, but at every step makes as much noise as a six-mule team. Fallen trees, from two to seven feet in diameter, have to be climbed over, or crawled under. In the open spots, ferns as high as one's head obstruct the view, and rocks, concealed by the luxuriant vegetation, bark your shins. You slip upon the thick, wet moss. The luckleclery and sallow vines twine lovingly about your legs and throw you to the ground. You grasp the stem of a sapling to ease your fall, and find that you have chosen the thorny umbrella plant, or "devil's walking stick," as a support. Then you sit down and, taking out your knife, pick the spines out of your hand and think pleasant thoughts, while the Douglas squirrel and the Stellers jay chatter derisively in the branches above your head. One feels at such a time that all is indeed vanity. I do not by any means wish to imply that all the country through which I passed is like what I have described, but through a very large portion of it it is impossible to hunt.

Our deer having been secured, we left to Squawitch the task of transporting it to town, while we hastened thither ahead of him. At two o'clock, with a charming party of friends, we took the stage for Burrard Inlet, distant nine miles from New Westminster, which we reached about 4.30. We were met here by Mr. John Fannin, a gentleman who has long resided in this northern country, and whose graceful pen has contributed to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM more than one most graphic and realistic pen picture of life in the Far North. Both Mr. H. and Mr. Fannin are interested in zoology, and through their observations not a few interesting points in regard to the habits of

certain Northwest coast birds, mammals and fishes have been brought to light. Many a pleasant hour did I spend with these two gentlemen, examining their specimens, talking over the fauna of the region, discussing knotty points as to the relationships of closely allied forms, and listening to the relation of the experiences through which, in their wanderings, they had passed. Tales of Cariboo and Cassiar, of Alaska and Dease Lake, of Athabaska, Peace River and the Arctic slope, gave a reality to those districts, heretofore only vaguely heard of, which to me they had never had, and made me promise myself that, in the years to come, I too would visit these scenes.

By eight o'clock the next morning our party had embarked on the little steamer Senator, and were swiftly steaming up Burrard Inlet, which, opposite the town of Hastings, is a mile or more in width. The staunch and comfortable little craft here us swiftly up the Inlet, past the Indian ranche on the north bank, past wooded hills and low grassy points, past the rough granite mountain faces, where the few scattering trees can scarcely find earth enough to support them, and with difficulty maintain their foothold upon the bare rock, until, six miles from Hastings, we turned sharply to the left, and up the North Arm of the Inlet. Here the hills on either side drew nearer together, and thus appeared higher and more rugged, their summits being capped with snow, which in many of the gorges and ravines extended far down toward the water's edge. The almost vertical rock faces were covered with a harsh brown moss, which, except when it is wet, gives an excellent foothold. Where the soil is not utterly wanting, or the precipices are not too nearly vertical, the mountains are densely wooded with Douglas fir and cedar, some of the timber being of great size. The varying shades of green displayed by the different species of trees gave a variety to the aspect of the forests as a whole, which had almost the effect of cloud shadows, and added greatly to the beauty of the scene. Down almost every slope in sight, and constantly changing as our position and point of view changed, poured most lovely cascades, some of which even deserved the title of waterfalls. Though at present carrying but little water, their wide beds of naked rock showed that in spring, after the rains, and in the early summer, when the snows were melting, they were mighty torrents which would sweep everything before them by their resistless power. Even now they were extremely beautiful, stretching as they did like delicate white threads far up the mountain side, often scarcely separable in the distance from the lines of snow in the ravines. Only by the aid of a good glass could we discern the leaping, wavering motion of the torrent, which served to distinguish the white, hurrying flood from the unmoving snowdrift. The presence of animal life added still further charms to the scene. The pigeon guillemot, in its somber liverly of black, relieved only by its white shoulder knots and coral-red feet, was present on the water in great numbers—an active, busy little bird, constantly employed in its search for food. A species of crayfish seems to be a favorite article of diet with this bird, and many of those which we saw flying by the vessel were carrying this crustacean to their young. They are said by the Indians to breed on the islands in the Inlet, rearing their young in the holes in the rocks. On these islands, too, the barquin duck is said to breed, though not in such numbers as on the river, which flows into the Inlet at the head of the Arm. Eagles, fishawks, kingfishers and crows fairly swarmed along the shores, for these waters abound in fish, good, bad and indifferent, the hideous dogfish standing at the foot of the list and the salmon at the head. Each species contributes something toward the support of the birds, and, besides these, the shellfish afford excellent feeding for the crows and ravens.

Here I first saw that very common incident in the history of the two species, the robbing of the fishhawk by the white-headed eagle—a beautiful sight and one long to be remembered. The eagle passed us, flying low and swiftly, while the osprey had risen to a considerable height with his fish, and apparently was about to make off with it over the woods. As soon, however, as he caught sight of his pursuer he began to rise in a spiral higher and higher, but it was easy to perceive that the eagle was gaining rapidly. At last he had risen above the fishhawk and made one or two darts at the latter, which it seemed easily to avoid, but evidently despairing of getting away with its prey, it dropped it. Shining like a hair of silver, the fish fell and was carried off by the wind diagonally on one side, but the eagle, half closing his wings, stooped for it, secured it before it had fallen half way to the water, and bore it off to a tall tree on the mountain side.

On the islands in the North Arm, as well as on the mainland, deer are abundant, and it is a delightful place for a hunt, as in many places the timber is so sparse that both deer and hounds can be seen from the canoe for a good part of the run.

Burrard Inlet, B. C.

THE MONROE MARSHES.—The famous ducking grounds of the Monroe Marshes, Michigan, at the mouth of the Racine River, in Lake Erie, have been purchased by a club, and are now rigidly protected. The club property comprises between eight hundred and one thousand acres. Mr. George Dawson, of Albany, N. Y., is the President of the club, and Mr. J. Bevans Giles, St. Catharines, Ont., the Secretary. The full organization of the club will be effected next month.

FISH COMMISSIONERS OF NORTH AMERICA.

WE herewith present to the Fish Commissioners of North America a list, revised and corrected to September 21. This list has been obtained by correspondence and is correct. It will be found to contain some new names as well as new commissions. We take this labor upon ourselves annually, that the Commissioners may be able to change reports and other information with certainty. It is a gratifying fact that the fishericulturists of America recognize the FOREST AND STREAM as their organ of communication with each other, and choose it to publish such news as they may wish to make public, instead of scattering it in other papers where it is not seen by those interested.

We take this occasion to return thanks to the Fish Commissions of the different Provinces, States and Territories for their uniform courtesy in crediting to us such articles from our columns as they have seen fit to make use of in their reports, as well as for crediting us with the labor of compiling the official list of Commissioners. A prominent commissioner writes us: "My colleague, Mr. —, thinks it is too poor to subscribe for your paper. Send it to him on my expense. No intelligent fishericulturist can afford to go without FOREST AND STREAM if the price were increased tenfold. He would soon find himself behind in the race, and is not to the strong, but to the best posted."

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The expirations of the terms of office are indicated by the dates in *italics*. Where no date is given the term is indefinite.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND—J. H. Duvar, Inspector of Fisheries, Alberton.
BRITISH COLUMBIA—Alex. C. Anderson, Inspector of Fisheries, Victoria.
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Richard Rule, Tombstone (1884).
Dr. J. H. Taggart, Yuma (1884).
ARKANSAS—N. B. Pearce, Osage Mills.
James Hornbrook, Little Rock.
John B. Beardon, Little Rock.
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E. B. Reddy, San Francisco (1893).
J. D. Farwell, Niles, Alameda Co. (1893).
COLORADO—W. E. Sisty, Brookvale (1893).
CONNECTICUT—Dr. W. M. Hudson, Hartford (1892).
Robert G. Pike, Middletown (1892).
G. N. Woodruff, Sherman (1894).
GEORGIA—J. T. Henderson, Com'r of Agriculture and Com'r of Fisheries, Atlanta (1892).
Dr. H. H. Carey, Supt. of Fisheries, La Grange (1892).
ILLINOIS—N. K. Fairbank, President, Chicago (1892).
S. P. Bartlett, Quincy (1894).
S. P. McDoel, Aurora (1894).
INDIANA—Calvin Fletcher, Spencer, Owen County.
IOWA—B. F. Shaw, Anamosa (1892).
A. A. Mosher (Ass't for N. W. portion), Spirit Lake (1893).
D. B. Long, Ellsworth (March, 1893).
KENTUCKY—Wm. Griffith, President, Louisville.
Dr. S. W. Coombs, Secretary, Bowling Green.
P. H. Darby, Princeton.
John B. Walker, Madisonville.
Hon. C. J. Walton, Manfordsville.
Hon. J. A. Steele, Versailles.
Dr. C. Price, Danville.
Dr. W. Van Antwerp, Mt. Sterling.
Hon. J. M. Chambers, Independence, Kenton Co.
A. H. Gobie, Cadetsburg.
MAINE—Henry O. Stanley, Dixfield (1893).
E. M. Stillwell (Assistant Commissioner), Bangor (1893).
MARYLAND—T. B. Ferguson (of Baltimore), Massachusetts (1892).
Washington, D. C. (1892).
Thomas Hughtell, Easton (April, 1892).
MASSACHUSETTS—Theodore Lyman, Brookline (1894).
E. A. Brackett, Winchester (1884).
Asa French, South Braintree (1881).
MICHIGAN—Eli R. Miller, Richland (1893).
A. J. Kollig, Detroit (1895).
Dr. J. C. Parker, Grand Rapids (1897).
MINNESOTA—1st District—Daniel Cameron, La Crosse (1892).
2d District—Wm. W. Sweney, M. D., Red Wing (1892).
3d District—Robert Ormsby Sweney, President, Paul (1893).
MISSOURI—Hon. Silas Woodson, St. Joseph (1892).
John Reid, Lexington (1892).
J. G. W. Stockard, 2,909 Pine st., St. Louis (1892).
NEBRASKA—R. Livingston, Plattsmouth.
H. S. Kaley, Red Cloud.
W. L. May, Fremont.
NEVADA—H. C. Parker, Carson City (1892).
NEW HAMPSHIRE—Albina H. Powers, Plymouth (1896).
Luther Hayes, Milford (1886).
Dr. Edw'd Spaulding, Nashua (1886).
NEW JERSEY—Dr. B. P. Howell, Woodbury, Gloucester Co. (1892).
Maj. E. J. Anderson, Trenton (1893).
Theo. Morton, Newton, Sussex Co. (1892).
NEW YORK—Hon. R. Barnwell Roosevelt, 76 Chambers st., York.
Edward M. Smith, Rochester.
Richard U. Sherman, New Hartford, Oneida Co.
Eugene G. Blackford (Fulton Market, New York Co. 809 Bedford ave., Brooklyn).
NORTH CAROLINA—G. F. Worth, Morgantown.
(Mr. Worth is acting as Commissioner and Superintendent, but being no special Fish Commissioner recognized in the State, his department is under the general supervision of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Hon. Montford Moore, Raleigh.)
OHIO—L. A. Harris, Cincinnati (1894).
C. W. Bond, Toledo (1894).
H. C. Post, Sandusky (1894).
PENNSYLVANIA—Hon. H. J. Reeder, Easton, Northampton (1891).
Hon. Ben L. Hewitt, Hollidaysburg, Blair Co. (1892).
James Duffy, Marietta, Lancaster Co. (1892).

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE STURGEON.

WHERE the broad Hudson gracefully sweeps Along its fair, romantic shores; Where past its western, wooded banks Androwning Palisades it pours; And upward where the narrowing stream Is girdled by the embracing bank; Far upward where the timbered woods Umbrageous gather, rank on rank, And downward where its outlet yields Its generous tribute to the deep, The white-scaled sturgeons glide or leap; A hard-sought prize to net or spear, Wherever they urge their free career.

Up the wide Sound, and far as tread The rocks that hem New England's coast; Up the Maine rivers, broad and deep, Where boiling tides are ever tost, The silver spangled sturgeon roam In the fresh tides or salty foam. And often gazing o'er the main Where the Atlantic billows break; O'er that limitless plain I see them their mad gambols make; Now swiftly shooting o'er the surge, Now leaping upward, each its length, In course eccentric on their urge. With matchless speed, surpassing strength, The billows brighten where they leap, The spray tides upward, white and high, Then sudden to abysses deep They settle, lost to human eye. Far, far along thy dangerous edge, O, Malle, with reefs and rocks beset, Lined with the seaweed and the sedge, Where ceaseless the salt surges fret, I've seen the gleaming sturgeons play, Along old Ocean's endless way, And where thy rivers pour their tide, Penobscot, Androscoggin wide, I've seen far up the drooping woods The sturgeon flashing in the floods. Ah, me! how pleasant to recall Those college days, so distant wide, When you and I, dear Longfellow, Wandered in converse, side by side; Wandered 'neath a Frisco-steeple's play woods, Or by the Androscoggin's floods; Now pausing by the way to note The pikeon rocks above us float, Or catch the sudden flash and leap Of the great sturgeons o'er the deep. Though time has long inscribed thy name High on the scroll of poet's fame, Yet well I know thy memory strays Far back to scenes of vanished days, To Brunswick woods and waters blue, When we were young and life was new. Though time has sprinkled on our brows His white, inevitable snows, Still in our hearts the fire-drops pour As warm, as loving as of yore.

Shelter Island, Sept. 16.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

A FEARLESS DOE.

YOU see, Hank had promised me a farewell hunt on one of the finest sheets of water that a deer ever plunged in. Where that is, my friends, and how we got there must forever remain a mystery, for I have promised Hank never to reveal his secret lake. It is sufficient for you to know that about five hours after we left camp yesterday we were passing through a grand piece of woods, a regular old "forest primeval." We were following a trail marked by blazes on the trees. It led us up the side of a steep ridge, and on its top we stopped to rest. All was still. There is a silence which never comes to the city even in the hush of midnight, nor to the fields of the country though the peace of the Sabbath rest upon them. It is that peculiar silence which is felt only in the deep forest.

I remember days in the woods when the whole air resounded with the notes of animal life; the quick chatter of squirrels, the sharp notes of the chickadee, the dull drumming of the woodpecker and the hum of insects. I remember days, too, when no sound broke the almost painful stillness, when even the falling of a leaf would have been a relief to the ear. It was on such a still day that Hank and I rested there, the only human beings in that vast unbroken wilderness. The scene around was grand. Huge pines and hemlocks towered above us, some to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, some even more.

On both sides of us the ridge sloped abruptly away, and we could look down into the valleys below. They were covered by many fallen trunks slowly crumbling away. Moss everywhere covered the ground with its soft carpet; it hung in masses on the mouldering tree trunks and had already taken up its abode on those newly fallen. Though it was a bright day, all was dark and gloomy in the forest. Here and there a few rays fell from an opening in the foliage above, glancing and glittering on the leaves and gilding the green ferns and mosses.

We followed the ridge along, Hank carrying the canoe on his yoke, I loaded with "duffe." It was a long carry, but the beauty of the country interested me and kept me from tiring.

At last we caught a glimpse of water through the tree trunks. Then it grew lighter, and we stepped from a clump of pines upon the shore of the lake at last. O! what a lake was there, my would-be deer slayers! Hank says that ours is the first cedar that in waters floated, and you would believe it if you could see the water. Only a moment we admired it, for Hank suddenly touched me and pointed to the opposite shore. The canoe was quickly in the water, and I, crouched in the bow, was intently watching the red form that was browsing along just under the alders. Long before we reached him the deer walked out. We turned back. "Well paddle round and inspect a little," said Hank, "get a daylight shot if we can, and if it be otherwise, go in and camp before dark."

The lake was the wildest and loveliest I had ever seen. The shores were densely wooded and high ridges rose from all sides. I found it hard to believe that human beings had ever looked on this wild water, for wherever man goes he leaves the mark of his destroying hand.

But there was no dead timber here, no peeled spruces, no fire slashes where careless campers had let their fires run, no mark or trace of man. Even the wild creatures seemed scarcely to heed our approach. Upon the left, where the shore was bold and high, two gulls were scanning themselves on a rock. Near by a woodcock was hurrying along with her brood behind her, while just across at the head of a marsh which stretched out from a tamarack swamp, where the inlet seemed to be, a crane stood, silently watching for his favorite frog. I was admiring the patience of the bird, wondering how he could stand there for hours with one leg curled up under his breast, when a quiver ran along the boat. I grasped the rifle and looked along the shore, but could see nothing.

"Right over there in that cove among the lily pads," whispered Hank. Sure enough, it was another deer.

"It's a little doe," said Hank. "Don't fire, it might spoil our chances for better game by and by."

"Let's see how near we eat get to her." At four rods she raised her head. The canoe was motionless, and the figures in it sat as if carved out of rock. She began to feed again. Three rods. I held my breath. Two rods. The canoe scarcely moved now. One rod.

"Look here, sissy," you'll doubtless be ignorant of this world's eussedness. The yearling raised her head and lowered into our faces as if to ask the meaning of that sentence. One quick, strong stroke and the canoe flew toward her. She jumped now. We were right upon her. I grabbed an oar and, reaching out, attempted to administer a parting chastisement for her temerity.

She was a little too far. We started back toward the outlet and made for the point where we had left our "duffe."

It was sunset now. Sun on one of the most beautiful lakes of the Adirondack Mountains. What words can paint the scene! Could we see it upon the canvas, glowing beneath the skillful artist's brush, we should call it unnatural and overdrawn. Would you try to imagine it? Read all the descriptions of glorious sunsets that have ever been written, among the Alps, the Scottish Highlands, our own White Hills; combine the beauties of all in one fair picture. That is an Adirondack sunset.

The breeze almost always dies away at evening. It was all gone now; not a breath left. The lake surface was a perfect mirror. As we looked over the boat side we grew dizzy and seemed to long to leap over and fall down, down away off there among those fleecy clouds, away into that vast abyss of space, and drift off amid the gold and crimson hues of that other sunset. Yes, there was another sunset, even more beautiful than the one above; another forest too. What was of more interest I perceived for the first time how very dirty my face was. But no; it couldn't be. That fat, dirty, tar-colored fellow who grinned and nodded at me from the boat below was not myself, or at least it was an illusion. I was clean, and fair too, so my wife says; but how two mouths in two hoods do metamorphose one!

[Continued from page 146.]

FROM VERA CRUZ TO MANZANILLA.

MARAVATO, MICHOACAN, Mexico Republic, July 25, 1881.

After only two days in the City of Mexico we were transferred by a short line railway to the Mexican stage, which extends as far as the town of Maravato, 250 miles north-west of Mexico, and midway between that city and the Port of Manzanilla, on the Pacific Ocean, the proposed terminus of our contemplated railroad survey.

I am now almost worn out after a terribly fatiguing journey of three days in the Mexican stage coach. Within the few days that I have been here I have seen a great many species of our most common northern birds in great abundance. Insects are equally plentiful, and as the birds are out of plume, being in the molting season, I shall devote my spare time to the collecting of beetles, which I will forward from time to time. Transportation by mail is high, the postage to the City of Mexico is twenty-five cents, while the transport of twenty-five pounds of merchandise of any kind to Vera Cruz costs three dollars. There are a number of old ruins about here, but the transportation of these great tablets or images would cost more than their value amounts to. Today I saw near my house some crow hawkbirds, mocking birds, meadow larks, quail, red-winged starlings, crows, blue jays, and many other birds, and also some warblers, some of which latter are new to me. There is also a plenty of water fowl on the near-by lake, and they appear to be in good plume.

This town of Maravato, where I am now stationed, is a rather pleasant-looking place of about four thousand inhabitants. The River Lerma traverses it; in summer this water-course is an almost dry gorge, while it assumes respectable depth and width in the rainy season. A few small fishes seem just now to be inhabitants. Near by and in one full sight is the volcano of Nevado de Toluca, which is an altitude of 17,800 feet, and is, of course, snow-covered at its summit. We came here by far the larger part of our journey by stage. This is a truly horrible affair to travel in, and is driven by mules which are frequently changed. We carried in our own conveyance seventeen passengers, and the conductor or postillion, whose chief and sole duty consists in driving his mules, which feat he accomplishes by the most dexterous use of a whip of about twenty feet in length. This instrument he wields around his head, and in any case, whenever needed, apply it specially to any particular one of his long team of nine mules, whether it be the foremost or in the rear. Whenever he exercises thus his dexterous skill he never fails to draw blood. The scenery about Maravato, after we arrived there, recompensed me for many privations we suffered on the way. High rocky mountainous walls arise almost perpendicularly everywhere, and through vast gorges the little river Lerma winds its way. Every mile or so a hacienda, strongly enough walled for any siege, embellishes the picture. The stations on the way to Maravato are equally substantial-looking structures, all surrounded by high and massive walls. I shall never forget the night our party spent at one of them near Haroban, a little town on the way from Yxamalaca to Maravato. We arrived there tired and hungry. After supper, which was served on a table so high that we could barely reach up to its edge with our hands from our low seats, were accommodated with a few rough mat-

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

- We have received catalogues and price-lists from the following dealers and manufacturers: Abbey & Imbrie, New York. E. A. Allen, Menthouth, Ill. American Arms Company, Boston, Mass. American Patent Portable Horse Manuf. Co., Corous, N. Y. Bradford & Anthony, Boston, Mass. T. Yardley Brown, Reading, Pa. Camp Lonngo Company, Pittsfield, Mass. Clark & Saedor, Baltimore, Md. Conroy, Bisset & Mallison, New York. Will H. Crutenden, Cazenovia, N. Y. L. A. Davenport, Davenport, N. Y. Demuth Brothers, New York. Goodyear Rubber Mt'g Co., New York. Jos. C. Grubb & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Hartley & Graham, New York. Hodgman & Co., New York. Martin S. Hutchins, Dover, N. H. Laffin & Rand Pigeon Co., New York. Ligowsky Clay Pigeon Company, Cincinnati, O. William Lyman, Middlefield, Conn. Wm. T. McAllister, Philadelphia, Pa. William Mills & Son, New York. B. F. Nichols & Co., Boston, Mass. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. N. A. Osagood, Battle Creek, Mich. Parker Brothers, Meriden, Conn. William Read & Sons, Boston, Mass. E. Lemington & Sons, New York. G. W. Renton, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. J. H. Rushton, Canton, N. Y. W. B. Schaefer, Boston, Mass. H. N. Schleber, & Co., Rochester, N. Y. C. S. Shattuck, Hatfield, Mass. A. B. Shipley & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Smoke Target Ball Company, Titusville, Pa. Henry C. Squires, New York. W. P. Stephens, Rahway, N. J. Edw. K. Tryon, Jr., & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Uptegrove & McLellan, Valparaiso, Ind. Whitney Arms Company, New Haven, Conn. Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New York.

WREAKFISH ABOUT NEW YORK.—For the past two weeks weakfish about New York.—For the past two weeks weakfish have been plenty in the vicinity of New York City. Many have been taken with the hook off Staten Island. For the past few days the catch has been light, but they may come in the bay in considerable numbers yet. This fish is the "squeteague" of Massachusetts and the "salt water trout" of the Southern coast. It has been a fair season for it, as far as we have heard, and does not seem to be decreasing as fast as some other fish.

trusses and blankets. As the night was very cold, we found good use for our own of heavy texture, or else we would have nearly sufficed for the natives in this latitude 20 deg. 40 min., and fairly within the tropics.

There were about a dozen or more sinister-looking individuals of dark, forbidding aspect, sauntering around the tavern, and their looks were not at all calculated to put us at ease. As we hardly fancied our situation, being all alone and thus far without any government escort, in an out-of-the-way place among an ever turbulent, lawless population, we took some precautionary measures to impress the natives that we were at least not absolutely helpless. All of us were well armed with Sharps rifles. I carried an excellent snipe-barrelled breech-loading shot-gun for collecting purposes. We took, then, good care in making an impressive display of our defensive and offensive material by a proper exhibition of the same before the crowd, who viewed this demonstration with feelings not at all harmonious with the calculations they had originally made, and disappeared one by one disappointed into the darkness of the night. We deemed it advisable, however, to keep, after we had indulged in a strict watch all through the night, to guard against any sudden surprise on their part against the Gringos, who ever since the American-Mexican war have been regarded by these people with bitter hatred. Nothing, however, happened to disturb our repose, and with dawn morning we were enabled to again resume our tedious journey for Maravatio, which we reached next day.

There are no mosquitoes here, but legions of flies fill the bill of annoyances. They find good pasture on dogs of all kinds—many, lean, hungry curs, of which every man about town owns at least a couple. The climate itself is otherwise unobjectionable, and we have at this time of the year refreshing showers, which occur late in the afternoon most every day. The air, owing to the high elevation, is so rarified that even such a trifling exertion as going up stairs is frequently attended with copious bleeding from the nose, and we soon get entirely out of breath whenever we attempt to walk fast. Otherwise the atmosphere is remarkably pure. Large pieces of fresh beef may hang in the open air without any danger of decomposition; they dry up gradually. Such climatic advantages naturally induce in their aid in the preparation of all taxidermical preparations which I shall make shortly, when the mature plumage of the birds will pay for the trouble and time expended in this tedious labor. Maravatio, where I am now temporarily stationed, is built like any other Mexican town, and consists chiefly of one-story houses with brick walls, which surround an open courtyard, whereby every house is almost a sort of enclosed fortress-like square. The streets are rather narrow, with sidewalks of about two feet in width, with a gutter in their center, which keeps the rain-water clear. Well-to-do people live in rather comfortable quarters, but the poorer persons are housed in dirty cells of about fifteen feet in height and sixteen feet square, with a single room without any floor or windows. The men wear only cotton shirts and pants of like material, while the women are attired in a single loose sort of a chemise or petticoat, without either bonnets or foot gear. Their children are half-saundered and very dirty.

We expect soon to leave for Guadalajara, which we shall make for some time our headquarters. Birds are plenty, but not in good plumage. I made a good snipe out of a lot of nice fat golden-winged. I see a lot of Indigo birds, yellow birds and a sort of very small pigeon quite frequently. A contractor, who is here at work grading the roads near Texaco, a village on the banks of the Texaco Lake, stumbled in his excavations upon a large lot of ancient pottery, coins and tools, but will not part with nor sell a single fraction of his collection. The postmaster of the village, however, to whom I have been of incidental assist, has promised me a set of duplicates from his own store of ancient curiosities. When I am in the field at this time I shall be able to furnish a more interesting and exhaustive account of what comes under my own observation. **LOUIS VON NIKENBORFF.**

BUILDING A BIRCH CANOE.

In the following account of his trip across the River St. John, our friend Mr. Edward Jack, has told more than many another could find to report so entertainingly in a voyage around the Horn:

"It was Le Maître, I believe, who wrote an account of a journey around his room, and on this subject produced a vast amount of world-wide attention. The journey which I am about to describe was a little more extensive and embraces a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

"On the 27th of August, 1880, on a bright, clear and calm day, Mr. Robert Orr and the writer took their seats in the bark canoe of Gabe, who is so well known to sportsmen frequenting Fredericton.

"When about midway of the river we noticed a canoe with two Indians in it, apparently searching for something on the bottom. On hearing them our captain and pilot addressed them in the Abenaki language, asking them what they were doing. The reply was, fishing for a piece of wood attached to the sunken French vessel about which we have heard so much. Going up to where they were we could distinctly see in four feet of water the keel and what remained of the ribs of a sunken vessel. Gabe said that he had never seen the River St. John so low before, that the tide now rose 12 inches, while in ordinary years at the lowest time of water the rise here was only from 6 to 7 inches. Drawing near to the shore, the writer said that as he had good boats on he would step on to the water first in order to save the canoe. It was in vain, but Gabe replied to this suggestion by saying that he would like to know who was master of this ship. Obedience to the captain being therefore a duty, Gabe was allowed to step out first and haul the canoe ashore. After disembarking, we ascended the shore to the Indian village, which stands opposite to Fredericton. Here we found two Indians at work building two canoes, a remarkably interesting operation, and concluded that we would chronicle for the information of the public all the details relating to the construction of the light and fairy crafts which glide so smoothly over our lakes and rivers. We proceed, accordingly, to give Gabe's description of it.

"The bark is obtained from the white birch; there are two kinds, the summer and the winter. The latter is much the better, and is obtained in the month of May; the tree being selected, which is one of good size, is cut down; its limbs are made and with these the outer bark of the tree is warmed to facilitate peeling, a cut is made in it the desired length and the bark is skinned off by inserting a sharp-pointed piece of bark, which is then used as a plane, and, as the harder material is scratched or otherwise injured the harder substance. After it is peeled it must be again warmed and flattened on

the snow or ground; it is then rolled up like a sheet of paper, warming it as this is done. The inside of the winter bark is a smooth brown; of the summer, a whitish yellow. Winter bark is more compact and firm, from its being peeled before the sap ascends; that which is peeled later in the year is inferior.

"In building the canoe, the ground is first made smooth and level and is beaten down to make it firm. The bark is then spread upon it. The gunwales are framed, fitted together and laid flat upon it. A large quantity of stones, say half a ton, are then placed upon the bark, which is thereby rendered perfectly smooth. It is then cut so as to give the canoe the proper swell and shear. Strakes are then driven into the ground to preserve the shape of the widest part of the canoe and keep it firm all around. Side pieces of bark are sewn on to make the sides sufficiently high. For this purpose the small, fibrous roots of the black spruce are used, these having been previously split in two and being, consequently, half round. If the bark be big enough, side pieces are not required.

"The bark is kept in position by long, narrow strips of ash or other flexible wood, which are placed longitudinally inside of the sides.

"The gunwale is then raised from the ground and placed in its proper position; the bark is turned over and tacked to the top of it.

"The canoe is then taken up and placed bottom up on elevated cross poles and the bow and stern fitted to their proper shape and the seams are painted with a mixture of resin and oil.

"It is then placed again upon the ground; long, thin strips of cedar are laid in the bottom for planishing.

"Ribs of cedar, which have been prepared by drying for a length of time, then steamed and bent into the proper form, which they are made to retain by means of a bandage of cedar bark, are brought out.

"Grooves having been left in the side of the gunwale for the top of the ribs, each rib is placed on the bottom and driven into its proper position by means of a peculiarly shaped semi-elliptical mallet, the head and body of which are made of one piece of wood. This mallet is named by the Indians a teek-a-hoh-ah.

"Shafts are stuffed into the cavities in the bow and stern; against these are driven a thin piece of cedar to keep in place, and the work is done.

"Gabe said that the canoe was always christened. I asked him how, but he appealed to Big Louis, who he said, was the canoe builder. Louis admitted that it was so, but to my inquiries as to how this was done merely shook his head and laughed, nor would he vouch me a single word on this important subject.

"On our return to our canoe we noticed the Indians and squaws at work. One of the latter was squatted on the ground, making fancy baskets of sweet hay, which seem to be in demand at the present time.

"Before leaving, Gabe made me a present of a beautiful arrow head of white translucent quartz, having parallel bands of smoky quartz through it. He said that he had lately found it at the mouth of the Clearwater, a branch of the Southwest Miramichi, where he says found some old Indian relics every time that he passed. It was only last summer that he discovered there an Indian mortar, which they used in preparing their corn for cooking. This he had unfortunately left behind.

"Embarking in our frail vessel, we were soon across the river to Fredericton, and thus ended a journey of an hour. The recital of its events may, I hope, prove as interesting to the reader as they were to the writer."

CHAT BY AN OLD TYPO.

All who are not acquainted with the inside workings of a large office the typographical errors that sometimes creep in are matters of wonderment, but to the initiated the wonder is that so few appear; that out of such a chaos of villainous manuscript perplexities and errors as fair a whole is sent forth as any marbling paper presents to its readers.

In an article treating on the literary attachés, et al., of a defunct daily the writer pathetically referred to "Mr. D., the old bookkeeper of the *Intelligencer*," which the compositor rendered "Mr. D., the old bull pup of the *Intelligencer*." To say that an author who greeted the presentation of his proof does scant justice to the occasion. The unhappy author of the bull, like the wife of Weller, kept on, not "cutting bread and butter," but setting type.

The next in order is the "Old Pil," thus named by an honest Teuton who found it difficult to enunciate the second letter of the English alphabet, who was and is a local celebrity and many times has distinguished himself in twisting the types. Having occasion to set a display head during the war between France and Germany, read as "The Franco-Prussian War," he rendered it "The Francoisen-Prussian War." "The Prince de Joinville Turned Pirate" appeared "The Prince de Joinville Turned Pirate." Being a candidate for delegate to the Printers' Union when it met in Montreal, the old gentleman, who has always enjoyed a fair degree of popularity among the boys, felt quite confident of his election. But he was not as close a reader as many of his craftsmen are known to be. Hearing the expression "shooting the rapids," in connection with a trip to Canada, he but imperfectly caught it. On the morning of the preceding the hallooer himself: "Well, boys, I suppose that by this time next week (it was the first week in June) I shall be up in Montreal shooting rabbits." The shout that greeted the announcement told the old man that again had he gotten his foot into it.

A man who had been reading a paper in *Jarper's* on the "Rise and Fall of the Turkish Janissaries" had the name "Julias Icarotto" set up in an editorial and gave it "Julias Janissary." The hilarity which these mistakes occasion in an office constitutes the spice island of a compositor's life on a morning paper.

I observe that the *FOREST AND STREAM* treats considerably of dogs; indeed, I have observed that peculiarity in most sporting papers. Well, without further premise, I proceed to the black-and-tan incident. Mr. Aman, on Ninth street, near the avenue, keeps a restaurant and a lively little dog, Jerry. When the dog law took effect poor Jerry had to submit to the cruel strain like other respectable dogs. A new friend of the dog. One day he got Jerry on his lap and thrust a stout wedge through his mouth-strap, but at an acute angle, and let him go. The dog resumed the endless hunt for the unhappy King of Ireland, who was changed into a dog by the fairies. The first dog that came round the corner

was an immense mastiff, who, with sedate and dignified tread, was passing by without stopping; but Jerry, eyeing the stranger, and hurrying out of the bar-room to interview him. The interview ended as soon as it began with the big dog going up the street with remarkable celerity and no dignity at all. The expression of surprise on Jerry's face at his mysterious power was only equalled by that of the dogs whom he interviewed. The affair made so much fun and confusion that Jerry's needle was performed broken off.

Washington, D. C.

YOGATAN.

Natural History.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.

I HAVE been informed of the successful raising of young quail. Last spring a year a boy caught six young quail in the Park (they were apparently not more than a day or two old), and brought them to Mr. Geo. K. Miller, of No. 246 North 2d street, Philadelphia. He thought it a shame to take such young birds, and desired the boy to return them to the place where they were found. The boy refused to do so. Mr. Miller then took them into his garret, where he had an old hen quail. Placing them on the floor, he waited to see what the old quail would do. She immediately commenced to call them. The little things ran to her and got under her wings, and appeared to think they were with their mother. She raised five out of the six, and to-day they are as fine, hearty, large quail as one ever saw. Mr. Miller will keep them until spring, when he will give them to me to set free on my place in Montgomery county, Pa. I shall watch them closely, and from time to time inform you as to their habits and prosperity. I think this a remarkable case, and one worth bringing to the notice of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. The quail can be seen any time by calling upon Mr. Miller at his residence, 246 North 2d street, Philadelphia, and he can furnish the testimony of many gentlemen who saw the quail when only a few days old. **LEWIS W. SHARPE.**

Maple Grove, Montgomery Co., Pa.

MY WOODPECKERS.

HAVING issued my annual bulletin about the nesting and hatching out their broods of a family of "woodpeckers" which have come regularly to perform the same duties of procreation, and in the identical spot prepared by them, in a tree close by my bed room door four years ago, I feel it a duty to myself and the reader's of the *FOREST AND STREAM* to announce the annual return of my noisy friends, and the fact that according to my belief on this last visit they raised two broods. If not, they certainly lingered much longer than in previous years.

As one of the young ones of what I will call the first brood was being taught the means of loc motion, and while too sparsely ledged to more than skip from branch to branch in its native aerial birthplace, an accidental gust of wind blew it from its perch and the poor little fellow fell to the ground, making a hideous cry for assistance and which, though intended for its parents, attracted first the attention of a huge crow. This cruel fellow unhesitatingly dashed for the dainty morsel which he no doubt thought had been prepared for him by the "gods of cats" but not until the mournful wailings of the young bird had reached the ears of its natural defenders. Here they came, helter skelter, plumage erect, and by their dual cries denoted the passion in their hearts as to the rescue they dashed. "Thomas" was taken shack, but in turn resolved to fight rather than run, so he instantly assured the most approved hellfegant attitude known to his race, and he no doubt said in his own language, "Come on, woodpeckers," etc., could we have only understood his vernacular. Certainly he did defy them with tones as full of anger as those with which his assailants made the charge. The birds were too quick in their movements for "Tom," and though they did not save their dear one's life, or kill the murderer, they did withdraw from the conflict the conquerors leaving, as they did, "Thomas" minus both eyes. I regretted losing the cat because he had done me more service than my casual visitors, yet I could not but feel a certain emotion of satisfaction in witnessing severe justice dealt to a ferociously monster by two little weak creatures like my woodpeckers, in return for the heartless outrage perpetrated upon them, particularly as "Thomas" had no rage ungratified.

Neville, Sept. 19, 1881.

J. D. H.

TWO PUZZLING QUESTIONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Do yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos mate together? About the 20th of July I was passing through an old apple orchard in the suburbs of our city, when a cuckoo flew from a tree over my head into an adjoining tree, and I noticed that it had something in its bill. On examining it more closely I saw it was a black-billed cuckoo and had a grub. I came to the conclusion that it must have a nest near by and on returning to the tree from which it flew, I found a nest, and what surprised me more, there was a yellow-billed cuckoo on it. On further examination I found there were two nearly full fledged young birds in the nest, and the question occurred to me, Do the two species mate with each other? I visited the nest a day or two after and tried to see if the bills of the young birds were alike, but the nest was so far out on the limb that I could not reach it. At this time I saw only one yellow-billed cuckoo. Some two or three days after I made another visit, but the birds had flown, and I could find neither old nor young birds in the orchard. On my next visit, which was not for the cuckoos alone. On the 22d of June, while passing under the very next tree to the one containing the cuckoo's nest, I found a humming-bird's nest, containing two eggs, and as it was the first we had ever found I took a part of the branch, nest and eggs to add to our collection. On July 17, twenty-five days after, while passing near the same tree, I noticed a humming-bird fly past me and the thought came to me that perhaps I am in the very building another nest. A few moments after, in the next tree in the next row, I found the nest containing two young humming-birds just out of the shell. As the nest was only eight and a half feet from the ground, I could easily pull it down and examine them, which I did a number of times within the next two weeks. I was surprised to notice that the bills of the young birds did not grow in proportion to the body, as they did not seem to be much longer than the bills of other young birds. On my last visit I found the nest

empty and, as in the case of the first nest, took a part of the branch and nest. And now I would like to ask the FOREST AND STREAM if it thinks both nests were made by the same birds. J. L. D.

[It is difficult to give a positive answer to such questions as are asked by our correspondent, and we can only give an opinion. We think it possible that a yellow and black-billed cuckoo might breed together, but very improbable. We should think it much more likely that there may have been some mistake in the identification of either the male or the female bird. We think it very likely that the second humming-bird's nest was built by the original pair of birds.]

LONGEVITY OF TURTLES.

WARRENTON, Va., Sept. 17, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:—The following express a "dry land terrapin" picked up by a friend between this point and the Fauquier Wild Sulphur Springs, where the "Yankees" camped on the land of Mr. Kemper, in 1862.

Examine the under side of this creeper, and you will find the inscription—

1802.

YANKEE.

Which fixes the age at nineteen at least. How old the "terrapin" was when the aforesaid "Yankee" put his bottom mark upon him is a matter of doubt. Evidently he was a full grown. After inspection will you transmit the terrapin to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, where he can be cared for and fill the full term of a respected old age.

R. H. D.

[The question as to the age to which the animals of this group attain is an interesting one, and deserves more attention than has yet been given to it. That turtles are unusually well protected from the attacks of enemies is certain. We have been told, however, that raccoons eat the freshwater turtles, and have ourselves found the shells under circumstances which seemed to confirm this statement. A note on this subject which has recently appeared in the American Naturalist from the pen of Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., bears directly on this subject. He says:

"So far as we are aware, no attempt has been made to explain the unusual longevity of turtles, whose lives, as is well known, span over a century. There appears to be no longer lived animals than these beings of slow gait and slow manner of life. The following facts may throw light on the cause of their great age. In the first place, they are protected by their solid shell from the attacks of snakes, fishes and birds; young turtles, we are informed by Professor J. W. P. Jenks, are sometimes carried off by herons, but in adult life they are probably rarely eaten by other animals. Has any one ever found any empty turtle shells? As some turtles lay but two or three eggs a year, nature seems to have counted upon an immunity from the ordinary evils of childhood in these animals. It is probable that the larger portion of—indeed most—young turtles when hatched survive, and when two or three years old, are fitted to resist successfully ordinary fish and avian enemies. They are not exposed to vicissitudes of weather; the fact that the period of egg-laying (in New England from June 20-25) is so constant, and varies so little at different seasons, shows that they are hardy and tough. Finally, the persistence of the type of gigantic tortoises on the Galapagos Islands indicate the wonderful vitality of this type of life in resisting prolonged climatic and geological changes."

The shells of the common box tortoise are not uncommonly found in dry woods, and we have twice found in the wet meadows near the salt marshes of the Atlantic coast shells of *Wanemys guttata*, which had apparently died a natural death.

We do not remember that any extended observations have been made on this subject, although the general belief that turtles live to a great age seems to be justified by what we do know.

The specimen referred to by our correspondent has been received and thought to be a lively and apparently in good condition. Beyond the inscription above noticed, there appears very faintly on the back part of the shell the initials R. N. or R. M.

Can any one claim the specimen as an old acquaintance?

SPECIAL INSTANCES OF ANT INTELLIGENCE.

It is always difficult to draw the line between instinct and reason, between adjective action due to hereditary or purposive habit and adjective action due to individual and purposive adaptation. But we may be least diffident in accepting, as evidence of the latter, cases where animals exhibit a power of adapting their actions to meet the requirements of novel circumstances—or circumstances which cannot be supposed to have been of sufficiently frequent occurrence in the life-history of the species to have developed instincts of mechanical response in the individual. It is in view of this consideration that the following instances are selected:

Ebrard records in his "Etudes de Meurs" an observation of his own on *F. fusca*. The ants were engaged in building walls and when the work was nearly completed there still remained an interspace of twelve or fifteen millimetres to be covered in. For a moment the ants were thrown into confusion, inclined to leave their work, but soon turned instead to a grass plant growing near, the long, narrow leaves of which ran close together. They chose the nearest and weighted its distal end with damp earth until its apex just bent down to the space to be covered. Unfortunately, the bend was too close to the extremity and it threatened to break. To prevent this misfortune the ants gnawed at the base of the leaf until it bent along its whole length and covered the space required. But, as this did not seem to be quite enough, they heaped damp earth between the base of the plant and the end of the roof, and another gnawing at the base. After they had attained their object they heaped on the buttressing leaf the materials required for building the arched roof.

This observation naturally leads to two others by two different observers. Thus, Moggridge says: "It was able to watch the operation of removing roots which had pierced through their galleries, belonging to seedling plants growing on the surface, and which was performed by two ants, one pulling at the root, and the other gnawing at its fibres where the strain was greatest, until at length it gave way." Again, as previously quoted in another connection, he says that two ants sometimes combine their efforts, one stationing itself near the base of a footstalk and gnawing at the point of greatest tension, while the other hauls upon and twists it.

The other observer to whom I have referred is McCook, who says of the harvesting ants of America that he has seen "the workers, in several cases, leave the point at which they had begun a cutting, ascend the blade, and pass as far toward the point as possible. The blade was thus borne downward, and, as the ant swayed up and down, it really seemed that she was taking advantage of the leverage thus gained, and was bringing the augmented force to bear upon the fracture. In two or three cases there appeared to be a division of labor; that is to say, while the center of the roots kept on with his work, another ant climbed the grass-blade and applied the power at the opposite end of the lever. This position may have been quite accidental, but it certainly had the appearance of voluntary co-operation."—G. J. ROMANS, in Popular Science Monthly for October.

NOTE ON SNAKES.—Medis, Delaware Co., Sept. 19.—I have read in your paper of September 13, the interesting communication of H. J. Lombard, of Castle Valley, N. C., in reference to snakes. In it he states that "all harmless snakes have been tails and lay eggs." I can now recall to mind at least two exceptions to this rule. I have seen, among the mountains of North Carolina, not far from Castle Valley, a snake of stout body and thick, short tail, viz., the hog-nosed snake, sometimes called the spreading-eater, *Heterodon platyrhinos*. This snake is harmless, though the sight of it is quite suggestive of venom.

I do not think that the common water snakes of Pennsylvania lay eggs, as I have frequently killed them with young snakes in their bodies. They are ovo-viviparous.

In reply to a former question in your paper, "Do black and garter snakes eat fish?" I have seen garter snakes eat fish, both fresh and in a putrid condition. In the former case, the head is swallowed first. In the latter case, the tail was swallowed first, the flesh being then soft, the dorsal spines were easily reversed, and offered no impediment to the process of deglutition. I had never seen any record of snakes eating putrid fish.

When a garter snake swallows a frog, the hind feet and legs go down the throat first. The frog is not previously killed, as I have heard one cry pitifully after it was swallowed. A hungry snake will sometimes make an absurd attempt to swallow a large fish. I once observed, for a long time, the efforts of a garter snake to swallow a fish so large that it could get but little more than the snout and fins. It was finally abandoned.

In illustration of the Southern distribution of the beaver, I will state that I have seen the stumps of small trees freshly cut by beavers in Cherokee County, North Carolina, near the Georgia State line.

J. WILLOOX.

[It is curious to note how almost universal is the belief that the hog-nosed snake, sometimes in New England called puff-adder, is venomous. Probably the only dangerous snake in that portion of the country east of the Hudson River is the rattlesnake, which is almost everywhere extremely rare.]

ARRIVAL OF A YOUNG GORILLA IN ENGLAND.—The last issue of *Land and Water* contains the following account of the recent arrival in England of a young gorilla: "We are informed that Mr. Cross, the animal dealer, of Liverpool, has received a fine young gorilla. It arrived on the steamer *Senegal*. During the voyage from Africa to the Mersey, the gorilla appears from an account which is published in the *Liverpool Daily Express*, to have given some trouble on board. After the vessel had been a number of days at sea, the animal, availing it of the liberty which had been incautiously given to it, made an attack upon several of the crew. It ran sinuic, in fact, at the captain, biting him savagely in the leg, and two men who came forward to his assistance were also attacked, and to some extent injured. By dint of some well-applied chastisement, however, the gorilla was induced to confine his ebullitions of temper to mere displays of his teeth, and later it was found possible to treat him without severity—a change of tactics which he repaid by becoming quite tame, and allowing himself to be handled with tolerable impunity. The gorilla was taken on board the *Senegal* at Settecama, a small port on the southwest coast of Africa, and on its arrival in Liverpool it came into the possession of Mr. Cross. The animal is not, as might be implied from the foregoing account, at all fierce, but is a fully grown specimen, but its physique and appearance, as well as its height of four feet four inches, give it what might be called rank even among the finest of African gorillas. The new arrival has already accommodated itself in the most condescending manner to its new quarters, where it is fed on Valencia raisins—of which it eats a pound daily—eggs, and other dainty food, which it devours voraciously. He has at present a cat for a companion, and the pair play some amusing antic."

FANGS OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—Vicksburg, Miss., September 7, 1881.—The fangs of the rattlesnake are perforated from base to point, through the centre, the hollow being about the size of a canalic needle. The specimen which I examined was three and a-half feet long. I boiled the head and found on each side of the upper jaw three fangs: one matured, one about half grown, and the third in embryo. The matured fangs were three quarters of an inch long, hollow from base to point, the base being much enlarged and containing a cavity as large as a pea. The fangs are curved like a blackberry briar. The orifice at the point is in the form of a slit, in the upper side, as though a diagonal slice had been shaved off with a penknife. I ran a fine straw entirely through the fang. The upper jaw is immovable, as in the case of most vertebrates. The lower jaw works on a hinge, and is susceptible of being opened wide enough to lie back against the throat, giving unobstructed play to the fangs.

"MAROONER."

A GENEROUS OFFER.—Fort Madison, Iowa, September 10, 1881.—I to-day caught a two-third grown cock pheasant. He tried to cross the river here and when he landed he was nearly played out that I walked up and picked him up. I will try to keep him and will send him to any one that has a hen, and would like to domesticate them.—W. H. ARTEE.

[We hope that some of our readers are in a position to accept our correspondent's generous offer.]

A HINT TO "HOWARD"—Warrenton, Va., Sept. 21.—I see that "Howard" asks you for some place in Virginia to hunt as large as B. September. There is absolutely no game at that time if I except a few squirrels. The song and wood birds have left, the partridge season does not open until Oct. 15, the wild turkeys are in the mountains, the ducking grounds are bare and woodcock in the depths of the swamp. If "Howard" don't intend to stay he may as well leave his breech-loader at home as to bring it here this season of the year.—CHASSURS.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE.

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Ringed Grouse, Pinnated Grouse (Chickens), Wild-Fowl, Wild Turkey. Rows list various states and their corresponding seasons for each game type.

Antelope.—Cal., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 1.
Buffalo.—Cal., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1.
Caribou.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Doves.—Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 15; Mo., Aug. 1; N. C., Oct. 1; S. C., Oct. 15.
Hk.—Cal., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Mich., Oct. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Or., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Hoose.—Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
Mountain Sheep.—Cal., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Plover.—Del., Sept. 1; Mich., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; Pa., July 15; N. J., Aug. 1; N. Y., Aug. 1; Ohio, Aug. 1; S. C., Aug. 1; Va., July 15; W. Va., Aug. 1; Wis., Aug. 1.
Redwing.—Del., Sept. 1; D. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Aug. 25; Pa., Sept. 1.
Sage.—Dakota, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

*In these states there are special county laws. A deer law applies to all counties. In Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. D California quail protected to 1882. E in Cass County deer season opens Aug. 1; moose and caribou season, Sept. 1. F in Cook County deer season opens Aug. 1; moose and caribou, Sept. 1. G quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schenectady, Saratoga and Albany. Wildfowl season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. A Deer law relates to game only.

SOME OLD GUNS THAT I HAVE SHOT.

I SPRUNG from a race of sportsmen. Well do I remember the picture of an ancestor engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with a large stag. Cruelly wounded and disfigured by the sharp hoofs of the infuriated deer, whom he had "creased," his turtled dyed in blood, he stood in the picture, giving blow for blow with his stout hunting knife, which, as the story goes, he at last plunged into the heart of his maddened enemy. How I cheered the large deer bound in the picture, slowly trailing the stag; how I could stand with bated breath that the stag too was covered with wounds, and how I read the story of the picture and resolved that I too would some day kill my stag and, if need be, would kill him with my knife. I did, but that was foreign to this paper.

I never had the child's love of gunpowder simply because it made a noise. The first attempt that I remember—I think I was about seven, and my faithful friend and my *Fidus Achatas*, Dick, cock black, about nine years old, was converted into "ole man" John's fishing cane into an *essex* gun. This cane, which had grown in Mississippi, was about the size of my arm and about twenty feet long. To cut off two joints at the bottom would not hurt, the cane and would make us a good gun with which to shoot "dat ole rooster," a very pugnacious bird and Sandy's and my special enemy. When we had cut off the joints we bored a touch-hole at the bottom of the first joint, and thus we had a gun about three feet long, calibre No. 8. I did the aiming, while Sandy would apply a lighted pipe, hold the gun and tremble, to the primer. With light rifle charge, and shot carefully counted, fifteen in number, we brought to grief, in the orchard, divers sapsuckers and other sandy and ill-conditioned birds.

Growing bolder, we resolved to test the efficacy of our improvised fowling-piece upon the nefarious rooster who had so often put us both to shame and ignominy by driving us out of his domain with sharp spur and peck, delivered *en treille*. Putting in our blunderbuss two rifle charges and five rifle bullets, we slipped up to the fence and saw our enemy strutting in all his glory, not more than ten feet distant. To aim, to apply the coal was but the work of a moment, and the next we were asking each other what had happened. The gun—our fondly cherished gun—was gone, and with the exception of a few splinters, none could tell where it had gone. Sandy was minus all the wool on one side of his head from too eagerly watching the effect of the shot and sighting as he applied the coal. I, too, was minus eyebrows, eyelashes and most of my hair. Fortunately for the peace of mind of those who had me in charge, I was set off to board my school in a short time afterwards, and Sandy was made "game minter." He detested me in a feeling manner how "ole Mas" had licked him for eating "dat rooster." He had taken that tough fowl to his mother's cabin and some wretch had told on him. I was affected, but told him to keep quiet, gave him a silver half-dollar to insure it, and parted from the staunchest friend that I ever had. Brave Sandy! How

many would have kept their counsel and never told on me? He had his reward in way of cents, and he now lives in a comfortable manner "way down South" in Alabama. Good luck attend him, and may his round, black face never grow discolored!

It was at the boarding-school that I first fired my first "sure enough" gun. I had been sent to a cobbler of that vicinity to get my shoes half-soled—needed badly from too much sliding on the ice—and there I remember that the disciple of St. Crispin let me have in my two hands an old musket that had seen service in all the wars in all America. Proudly did the owner point to a dent in the barrel made by an Indian tomahawk. How I fawned upon that cobbler! How anxiously I waited breathless upon his lightest word! And yet he ate raw onions and drank bad whiskey—two things that which there could be nothing more disgraceful to my infant mind. (The judgment of my ripper years has but confirmed that youthful opinion.) On the next Saturday but one I was to meet the crafty cobbler (who had gobbled my whole supply of pocket money) in the woods, near his cabin. At length the happy day dawned, and I ate little or no breakfast on that morning. I found him seated on a stump, with two bottles containing powder and shot, and a third—something that he had frequent recourse throughout the whole day, necessitating, finally, his assumption of a recumbent position, where I left him alone in his glory. The gun was handed to me to carry, and proudly did I assume that heavy weight. We had not gone far when a large blackbird, who had been fishing in the creek, upon the top of all systems and commenced his usual farcical dance upon seeing me. At least, that was the rule with his tribe, and I had sworn vengeance whenever and wherever I could get a chance at one of his fun-making companions. Laying my gun up by the side of a small tree, with my heart beating triple time, I took deliberate aim and pulled trigger. No one but those who have shot a flint-lock gun can have any idea of the intolerably long time intervening between the pulling of the trigger, the fizzle fizzle! fizzle! of the priming, and finally the loud report, followed, as in my case, by your falling in no light manner, either flat upon your back. I arose, and, feeling for my bruises, I went to look for my old enemy, the blackbird. I found him doubled up among some briars, looking a very forlorn bird indeed. Where he all your fun-making now of innocent, large-eyed boys? We gather him and go forward on the hunt. The tales at the end of that day sum up: Two blackbirds, two larks, one yellow hammer, one jay, and one glorious rabbit, shot from a nest across an old log.

I had a schoolmate, Peter Holmes, who loved to shoot as well as I. Many a time that we took the cobbler's gun and killed of birds a great number, finally aspiring to the dignity of killing squirrels, for which his gun was not well fitted. And right here let me say that I have found many old smooth-bore muskets that shoot remarkably well. On what principle they do so I am unable to say; but in the hands of our Southern negroes they have killed all the squirrels. They are certainly not choke-bored, they are not made of fine materials, and yet, for No. 8, No. 4 or No. 2 bullets, they will kill like a snipe, and are coming in falling in no light manner, either flat upon your back. In the hands of pot-hunters they are formidable weapons. I wish there was not one in Georgia—I should be happy.

I went home with Peter Holmes, my affinity, to spend the vacation, my uncle remarking in his letter giving me that permission, "that it did not much matter where I was, because gunpowder was plentiful, and I would be sure to bring my inventive genius to bear upon the construction of some to burn it."

Throughout the South at that time all old rifles that had become smooth from long use were bored by gunsmiths and converted into shot guns. As the bore was originally very small, the gunsmith merely cut all the "rifles" out, and left the gun about .25 caliber. Indeed, I have seen some as small as .50 calibre. Bored on no scientific principle, admitting but a very light charge, they were utterly worthless at any but a very short range. My friend was the fortunate possessor of one of these unique shot-guns, and, above all, it was fired with percussion caps; and, furthermore, if you had a right, it would kill a man if a shot from the muzzle of the tall shell-bark hickory that could be found on our place. As to doves, why, that gun could kill one ever so much further than brother Jim's rifle, which tore 'em to pieces; and my gun would do it too, but you shoot shot out of it, instead of a single bullet. As to yellow-hammers, why, I never shot at one in my life, far or near, that he did not fall stone dead. Our first exploit, two or three days after our arrival at Peter's home, was to expend our whole stock of powder and shot at three discolored gray squirrels in a game country. It would have well been a snipe if the wheat field, not more than a hundred yards from the house. The nuts of the shell-bark hickory afford a rich and favorite food for squirrels in the early autumn. At each discharge of our gun there was at first a great scampering and clattering among the squirrels; but as they soon found out that we could not harm them, they would rather a nut, run out on a limb, curl their tails over their backs, wink at us in the most confident manner and proceed leisurely to dispose of the spoil. How we shook our fists at this! How I disparaged the noise, which was as killing things, at any range!

Now, O shame! Brother Jim, hearing the continual firing and suspecting something of the truth, came down with his rifle and, at three shots, killed every one of those squirrels! And shot their heads off, too! So, in doubt and darkness, in a supreme contempt for all smooth bore, ended our first experience of old guns in squirrel shooting.

Some two years after this episode in my sporting life I went to visit a cousin who lived in a fine game country. He had a single-barrelled gun of about 12 calibre, and I found sold every year in which style of guns there were thousands sold every year in the country stores of the South. They shot well, too; some of them extraordinarily well. As well as I recollect they must have been English guns, for most of them had on their barrels, "London fine twist," a legend, as I now have reason to believe, like many other legends, having no solid basis of truth. However, they were good enough for boys, and we could kill with them.

Among the negroes owned by my uncle was a practical old fellow named Joe. A privileged and favorite servant he would attend to take the rifle and kill the squirrels and turkeys with which the woods abounded. But Joe had been reared with my uncle, and had learned to shoot under his tuition. If there was anything on earth for which Joe had a supreme contempt it was a shotgun. It was his honest conviction that no shotgun had a range exceeding thirty yards. Any distance above that a shotgun, in his opinion, was utterly worthless. As we would return from hunting

he would meet us and, with sneer and gibe, taunting us with the inability "oh dat ole shotgun." So far did he carry it that he offered to let us shoot at him, or rather his back, at seventy-five yards. Exasperated at his jers at our favorite gun we dared him to a trial. Behold us, then, with seventy-five long yards stepped off by Joe himself! It was fully ninety, but we did not care, for we intended taking the conceit out of Joe forever. Turning his back to us, our living target, with a derisive gesture, told us to "fire away!" At the crack of the gun Joe leaped about three feet perpendicularly into the air and immediately fell upon his back, while visions of murder seized upon us boys. "Fire! Water! Murder! Fire!" mingled with horrible oaths came from the prostrate negro in rapid succession. We found on examination that four shot had buried themselves low down in his back, while one had gone through his nose and another through his ear. This had been caused by his looking at me, the marksmen, between his legs. Joe never to his dying day could believe that that some supernatural or diabolical agency was concerned in carrying the shot so far into his corpse. We boys were soundly thrashed for being such fools as to shoot at old Joe, even when he was willing. We convinced him.

Sr. CLAIR.

A GRAND HUNT.

READING the accounts of those royally-appointed hunting expeditions to the Far West, got up by Mr. Marble, has brought to me recollections of a grand hunt, in which I participated, down the Mississippi River. The party consisted of three gentlemen besides myself. We had built in New York a small propeller, which was shipped to New Orleans by steamer and thence to Cairo by boat, at which point she was launched and there we joined her. Our crew consisted of one engineer, a negro who acted in the dual capacity of stoker and deck hand, and two servants, one as cook, the other as stevedore. Our vessel measured 43 feet over all, 31 feet beam and drew when loaded about 3 feet 6 inches. The boiler and engine were placed as far as possible, leaving the midships for the accommodation of ourselves, and the forecabin for the men. A standing awning with roll-up curtains on either side served as a protection against the weather. The side lockers were made wide enough for their tops to serve as berths; in the center was a fold-up table, and above it a rack for glassware and crockery.

On board this diminutive ship we embarked late one afternoon on October 1 and, in less than an hour, landed some twenty miles down the river, where we understood geese and ducks to be very abundant. What with the current and the aid of steam, we have in sight of our first stopping place in about two hours. Charley Fore, the most practical hunter of our party, suggested stopping the engine for a few minutes so he could listen for any sign of game that might have congregated on the island for the night. He leaned over the vessel's side, putting his ear close to the water, and in a few minutes reported birds in quantities. This determined us to tie up for the night, to be ready for business in the morning. After supper the guns were taken from their cases, cartridges dealt around to each, a signal light hung upon the smoke-stack, one of the men stationed as lookout, and the remainder of us turned in for a dose of "nature's sweet restorer." As the lookout struck "six bells" we arose, but to find ourselves enveloped in a dense fog, accompanied by a misty rain.

"Just the weather we want," said Charley.

"Excellent for rheumatism," muttered George D—.

These were the first words spoken, and certainly I agreed with the majority, as a more dismal, dreary outlook it would be difficult to imagine.

Mr. Kurlfman, the engineer, asked if he should get up steam, or "jess hold it 'twixt and 'tween till further orders."

"Hold it," replied "George," rather sharply, "or else you'll blow us up to make matters even worse."

Soon, however, the fog began to blow away, and such a queaking of ducks and squaking of geese I never heard.

"Now," said Charley, "Mr. Kurlfman, if you have your boats in boiling water, we will kick on into the stream, but go along as slowly as you can to keep steerageway on the craft, and the sooner we get under way the better."

With the first signs of Aurora, we were off. The fog had nearly disappeared, and in a few minutes the fusillade began; shooting at the game first in the water, and then as they rose to fly. It was as exciting as a genuine skirmish for the first two or three rounds; a number of birds fell to our guns and lay on the island and in the water.

"Let two of us get ashore up to the island," said Charley, "and then crack steam, and make for the lower end of the island, and come back for us through the chute. In this way we will have some good shooting this morning."

We pointed the boat's head to the land, going slowly, as the water around these islands is very shallow, and as soon as we touched bottom Charley and Jack jumped overboard and waded ashore. Down the main stream we then went, at full speed, rounding as directed at the foot of the island. Our engine made so little noise that we ran unawares on a large flock of geese, out of which George and I bagged six each at the first shot and three at the second. Steaming up the chute we scared the birds back toward our friends, whom we could hear firing in rapid succession. We then checked our speed, and had a couple more shots before the birds left us for good. Picking up the game was tedious work, and no doubt we lost some; but, as it was, we counted twenty-five ducks and nineteen geese.

We now started down the river, intending to stop at New Madrid, and take a day's shooting in the lakes back of that place, and to purchase a few furs, if possible. It was nearly midnight when we reached the boat at this earthquake-destroyed town. Our arrival created, even at that late hour, a stir, as the natives had never seen a craft like ours before; they all wanted to come on board, even to the women folks. Of course we gratified them, and it was through one of these visits that a name was given to our unnamed yacht. The morning after our arrival we were seated at breakfast, when an old lady and a young girl came alongside and asked who we were, where from, and the name of the vessel. The little steamer boat "Liza Jane" after her "gal." As I was the owner I agreed, and the christening ceremony was performed there and then by the girl herself, who came on board, pronounced in a clear voice "Liza Jane," and broke a bottle of Charles Heidsieck over her bow. We then, in a glass each of the sparkling wine, drank long life to the young girl and her namesake.

The shooting back of New Madrid surpassed any I ever had; ducks and geese being the only game, but in such numbers as to soon satisfy and other than a pot-hunter's thirst for blood. The morning we slipped our moorings the whole

tow was turned out to see us off. "Liza Jane" was there decked in her gayest, although the poor child's face wore an air of sadness as she saw her namesake steam away.

Every day was a succession of good shooting, as we made it a rule to tie up every night near some island, to have the morning's sport. At the towns we would, of course, stop, give our game away, or else Joe would sell it, and buy instead, as he called it, "town grub."

On reaching Helena we decided to make a short run up the Arkansas River, as we found an old, reliable pilot there, who offered to steer us safely, taking his pay out in fun. We saw but very few birds, but George, who was sitting in the how with his gun in hand, suddenly, as we turned a sharp point of the river, discharged both barrels, at what proved to be a magnificent buck with superb antlers. This circumstance aroused a great desire for a land hunt, but, as we had no dogs, the plan was not practicable, and we returned to the mouth of the river, there to resume our journey downward. Here I bought the skill we so much needed, and which proved invaluable to us in our future mastiff shoots. The grandest day we had was at Island Ninety-five. This isolated piece of land is nearly two miles long, and heavily timbered, forming an excellent cover for game. Before daylight, Charley, Jack, Joe and the cook, took to the shift, and pulled off to the inside chute of the island, while the "Liza Jane," with George Kurlfman and myself, steamed down to the lower end. Each of us had a gun, leaving the management of the vessel to the stoker. We began firing as soon as the point was turned, and as we steamed slowly up stream, the skill and its crew were floating down, so that the birds were kept constantly on the wing, going first one way, then the other, until at last we shot out all of our shells, and were rather glad of it. We picked up over two hundred ducks and geese.

We tied up at the plantation of Colonel Dick Christmas, a few miles below this point, to rest awhile; and gave the "Liza Jane" a thorough cleaning before making Vicksburg, at which point we had decided to leave the boat, and to go by rail to New Orleans. After a day or two's sojourn with the amiable Colonel, we again started on our voyage, reaching the "City of Hills" after six hours' run. The "Liza Jane" was ordered to Deer Creek, and thus ended the most charming hunt of my life.

J. D. H.
Nashville, Tenn.

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., September 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Very much amused on reading your opinion in reply to "Invidius" on "Left-eyed Shooting," I will not express the same opinion in regard to yourself that you did of the Philosopher; yet I will say, and I think prove it, too, that the Philosopher was right and that you are wrong.

I will premise by saying that a majority of persons are right-eyed; some few, however, are left-eyed; while others are either-eyed or both-eyed.

Now for the demonstration or proof. Point with your finger, or with a stick, at any object in the distance, keeping both eyes open, with the hand held in both perfectly straight; then close your left eye, and if the finger is still in line with the object, you are certainly right-eyed. Try again, both eyes open; now close your right eye, and if your finger is in line with the left eye, you are certainly left-eyed. Again, both eyes open; now close alternately one eye and then the other. A little practice in this will determine which eye you are. Sometimes in closing the eye the finger seems to point to the left, and in closing the other eye with first open, of course, points to the right at the same distance from the object. In this case you are both-eyed, or either-eyed.

In answer to Invidius, I will say that the only thing necessary to enable him to shoot accurately is that he should close that obstreperous left eye of his when the gun is brought to the right shoulder. If he can accustom himself to bring the gun to the left shoulder, he can shoot equally well with both eyes open; yet there is no necessity for it, if he will close his left eye when he shoots.

To sum up then, to shoot with a right-eyed man, with both eyes open, the shooter should close the right shoulder, and a left-eyed man from the left shoulder, while each can shoot equally well from either shoulder by closing the opposite eye. If a right-eyed man shoots from the left shoulder, and a left-eyed man from the right, both eyes being open, neither would hit a barn door at forty yards. All this I learned years ago in shooting deer from horseback, and ducks from boats. Now, sir, just pick up your gun, I guess, of course, you always keep one handy. I take it, also, that you are right-eyed—bring gun quickly to the left shoulder—both eyes open, remember—kick aim, or (try to, at least,) at an object indirectly. What is the matter? Why don't you shoot? Can't get your aim satisfactory, ah! No you can't! Why? Because, sir, you are right-eyed, and your left eye won't serve you in sighting the object along the ribs of the barrels, but that right eye of yours tries mighty hard to get over on the left, and if you will not let it, the very best you can do will be to close it, then you are freed from the dilemma.

Parson me for saying so much, "I rest to explain," and couldn't get down any sicker. I have never yet met one who knew of this "eyed" business, and have never failed to convince them. So, if you have a great deal of company, I won't call you "a fool."

TROBRILL.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

CAMDEN, N. J., Sept. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue a Boston correspondent, F. S., asks for information on the cause of gun barrels rusting in spots. If the interior surface of a pair of barrels is scratched with a microscope it will be seen that they are covered with an immense number of such holes, which serve excellently to let in the moisture. Now, when the oxygen, which exists more or less in the air, comes in contact with the steel, it collects in and around these minute holes, forming Ferric oxide, or common rust. This makes the surface still rougher, and if not cared for properly, goes on taking up oxygen and consuming the steel, until the holes become large enough to be seen by the naked eye.

When in this condition, emery paste, made from three parts cosoline, or oil, and one part emery, should be used on a carefully prepared swab, which will smooth the barrels out to a certain extent; then apply the wire scratch brush and wash out clean. If this is not attended to frequently, at the sea-shore or in damp situations, nothing but rebaring will bring out spots or holes. So long as the barrels are kept smooth but little trouble need be expended, but when specks appear

unmitigated care will keep them from getting worse. Gunpowder has often been blamed as the cause of rust; but, if of good quality, it contains nothing that will oxidize. However, the cleaner grade, especially when of fine grain, has a good deal of moisture in consequence of the grains not being so hard as the more expensive kinds. The various ingredients of cheap powder—such as sulphur, carbon and saltpetre—are often of inferior quality, and the residue they leave in gun barrels should be removed as soon as possible.

What really does more damage to the barrels than the worst kind of powder, is the fulminate of mercury which is left after the discharge of the copper cap in the shell. It, together with the other compounds, mixed with acids to make primers, is a possible form of oxidation in six or eight inches from the breech, and it will often be noticed that most rusting occurs there.

Perhaps the best way to avoid this, is when the gun is not in use, to push tight-fitting wooden rods covered with blazer flannel into the barrels, first having smeared them well with ordinary lube oil.

Editor Forest and Stream: Some one wants to know what takes to sports come on inside of gun barrels; and says that it is not always clean. I have a gun which has been used for five years, and is today as bright and smooth as the day when it came from the maker, but I have kept it by "eternal vigilance" and elbow grease, using the emery polish with. I have had a good many guns brought to me, which the owners claimed were clean, but upon examining them I have found them otherwise. Gun barrels are sprung to make them shoot centrally (so they will not cross), and looking through them, unless you make a close inspection, you may be quite a number of places overlooked; and I try any one to get them off especially if the day is hot and bright, unless they work hard and use something besides a magnet, and then, to keep the barrels clean and bright, is to find a thing to do as anything that I have ever tried, may be worse jobs, but I have yet to see them. It is best to leave too much oil on them after cleaning them.

HAMMERLESS.

SPORT IN FRANCE.

SHOOTING began on Sunday in most of the departments of France, as it begins with you to-morrow. This, as usual, there has been a wait over the growing ardency of game, and suggestions have been made that shooting should be prohibited for one year out of four in everyondissement of a department, turn about. It is not unlikely that some legislation will be attempted in this direction, for shooting has here long become a national amusement, in which all orders of men join. From M. Greyer, who has a well-preserved estate at Mont Sous-Vandrey in the east, down to bank-clerks who have friends in the country I have Paris on Sunday mornings attired in costume de chasse, everybody who can afford to pay twenty-eight francs a permit to carry arms must needs have a few days' sport the course of the year. People still talk about the *over-the-hill* in France as if the country teemed with game, indeed, many hurry away from the pensile for this important country; châteaux overflow with guests, and gunmakers, to be a more numerous body in France than in any other country, do a capital business. Any stranger who happened to be at one of the Paris railway stations on Sunday morning might have thought that this was *par excellence* a land of venison. Men in shooting dress were to be seen, not by tens but by hundreds; and most of them were accompanied by dogs, who yelped, tugged at their leashes, and dragged their owners hither and thither. A card with the word "Hunt" was pinned to the breast of the railway earriage, as an intimation that to those compartments dogs and master could travel together; and in some carriages you might see eight dogs, eight double barrels and eight *chasseurs* plinkily accoutred. A great deal of the pleasure which a man of a drives from sport must consist in the habiliments which he dons for the occasion. He wears gaiters, a coat with a leather shoulder patch, a game bag of netting slung on a broad strap, a belt with a cartridge-pouch, a flask, a knife and his dog, and the hunter's hunting-knife two blades to dispose of wild beasts if any should turn up. Late Alexandre Dumas, when asked why he carried a dirk in he went out to shoot rabbits, answered: "*C'est pour les le dire; il faut que tout le monde s'amuse.*" It is to be noted, however, that most of these sportsmen who are rigged apparently more for show than for work, do manage to run in the evenings with their game-bags full. So there is to be a fair amount of game after all; and if it be scarce in some parts, the game, they deserve the more credit for getting down so much. I have myself seen there some first-rate shots among Frenchmen; and the Americans which squirrels and citizens brag of their adventures in covers at this season of the year shows that the love of hunting is no mere affectation. This being so, it is probable the Legislature will soon deal with the game question in a frank manner. It is not desirable that all the game in the thousands should be deprived of a sport which is to some extent an amusement, but in others a great source of profit. It is not only the *archibusters*, shot-makers and other men, who earn much by selling the implements and outfit of sport; villagers also make a good deal out of selling parties. Boys are hired as beaters; the village innkeeper prepares dinners for the sportsmen, and has the pleasure to see them drink a great deal of his wine and "old ale," while the vagabonds and old women pick up many dollars by begging of the sportsmen when they have finished their day's work. Indeed, so generally recognized as a thing for country folks that the poacher is no longer regarded with a friendly eye in villages. His depredateion is not blamed when he thinned off the over-stocked forest of rich seigneurs; but he is now looked upon as a fellow who appropriates to himself game which might really have brought money to a good many poor people's commune.—*St. James' Gazette*, Sept. 3.

HOT WEATHER CAMP—Van Buren, Ark., Sept. 1—I see a short article from one of our town papers. "Old" the writer, is known to you, and is a venerable old man and true. The remainder of the party mentioned young, and lacked much of his experience, but were by as enthusiastic and hoped by persistent practice to be eventually perfect. Although we killed one deer, this was not the way we were in pursuit of, as we only wanted turkeys and squirrels, and the only way in which we were able to supply our table. This is not, of course, the best season with us to hunt, but there were some of us

where only chance it was until the noble gobbler raises his "racker" in the spring—except for an occasional evening with the ducks, at which we expect to have rare sport when the proper time and ducks arrive.—**DICK.** The extracts are as follows: "It is useless to call every excursion to the woods, especially in dog days, a camp hunt; yet we camped at it in the spring and hunted just as well. On or about the 16th of August I met some enthusiastic sportsmen, having grown weary of hot weather and dusty streets, left Van Buren and lited to the woods near Jackson Kings in the Cherokee Nation, some twenty miles from the starting point. Arrived at three o'clock, found all things lovely, plenty of game, and without half trying bagged in half an hour nine squirrels, one turkey and two quail. The next morning at early dawn the guns were soon at hand and shooting became rapid and repeated for half an hour, and the parties returned to camp with eighteen squirrels and three turkeys. After scolding them for the lavish slaughter, we all consented not to shoot another gun that day. On the 18th we killed ten squirrels in the morning and rested in the shade all day. "On the 19th the sun rose as usual in a red, hazy sky, threatening another torrid day. The boys went out early to bag a sufficient amount of game for the day, which was done in a half hour. After breakfasting on broiled squirrels and fried turkey I left for home, via Fort Smith, taking with me two of the company, leaving but three and the cook to remain until the wagon returned for them and the camp. The game killed on the 19th (the first of our season) by their memoranda was three turkeys. On the 20th John Fritz left for home, leaving only Bourland and O'Kane. Amount of game that day was one turkey, by O'Kane. On the 21st four squirrels and one turkey. Morning's hunt (22) resulted in the killing of a fine fat deer by O'Kane, only a few hundred yards from camp. It was apparent that such large game could only be saved by the Indian process of "jerking," which consists in cutting up in small pieces and placing on a scaffold over a brisk fire, making a kind of semibarbecue. This having been completed and the wagon having returned, all came home. I said in the beginning that the hunt was not all a hunt, but rather an excursion to the woods. The weather was so intensely hot that no game could be kept over six hours, and to kill more than could be consumed was not only cruel but lavish waste.—**OLD NIM**"

GAME IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.

New York, Sept. 19.

IN perusing the interesting articles contained in your issue of 16th instants, I notice an advertisement of J. M. Bradley in reference to the good duck shooting to be found in the vicinity of Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y.

If among your numerous readers there are any who would like such sport, I should advise them to pay Mr. B. a visit. I think I can guarantee them enough sport to satisfy a sportsman, having just arrived home from a two weeks' vacation spent there, principally fishing for pickerel and perch. These fish afford much sport, but I was caught in large quantities and of good size, within a short distance of the house. The day before I left Eldred, Sept. 9th, Mr. B. and I drove about six miles (stopping on the way in the best of an old pond, where Mr. B. bagged three fine wood ducks, over two splendid eiders lately broken by him for Boston parties) to a large pond bordered by marsh land, called Giles's Lake, where we succeeded in shooting nine ducks, five only of which were retrieved by the dogs. They were one black and four wood ducks. The rest falling at long distances in the dense wood and long marsh grass, were lost.

Had I been any kind of a shot, and in possession of a muzzle-loading instead of muzzle-loading gun, I think I could myself very easily have killed fifteen birds.

When we left the lake, at dusk, the birds were just beginning to fly in from the neighboring lakes in streams, but our ammunition having given out we were obliged to depart.

Beside ducks, there is very good deer, partridge and woodcock shooting, and a few quail are to be had.

There is also good trout fishing during the early summer months in several streams in the vicinity.

On the thirtieth day of August, Mr. B. and I fished the Beaver Brook, about a mile from the house, but only caught twenty-six fish. The reason for this was the low water and the bright, hot day, the thermometer that day showing 100 deg. in the shade. We, however, did not feel the heat, wading in the cold spring water under the shade of the laurel bushes and the spreading branches of the tall pine trees. Mr. B. caught one trout last spring that weighed two and a quarter pounds.

Mr. J. M. Bradley's address is Eldred, Sullivan county, N. Y. By writing in advance he will meet you with his wagon at Shohola, Pa., Erie Road.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN IN WYOMING.—The Big Horn range of mountains in Wyoming will become as well known in England in the course of a few years as the jungles of India. Every summer increases the number of the English gentry visiting this famous hunting-ground. We felt a little sorry for the last one of these noble sportsmen who passed through Pottersman for the Powder River country—Lord Manners. He is quite a young man and very ingenious, and being unfamiliar with the country he was easily taken advantage of by every cow-boy he met. Some one—"I don't know who—induced him to buy a broncho at Roek Creek, and instead of driving comfortably in a stage to Fort Pottersman, persuaded him that it was the correct thing to ride the pony, which he did, making forty-three miles in one day and forty miles the next on "bucking" ponies of an English saddle and short stirrups. The pony led round, quaked up when he reached Pottersman; but notwithstanding, he started off the next day, all alone, for a fifty-mile ride toward the Big Horn, and the last seen of him was about ten miles north of Pottersman, his roll of blankets suspended from the crupper of his saddle and nearly reaching the ground on one side, while his overcoat was thrown across the pommel and dragging in the road on the other side; and my lord, utterly oblivious to his surroundings, was bobbing up and down on his bucking pony, with his neck outstretched, peering across the sand-hills eagerly looking for the next stopping place. Lord Manners is an officer of the Grenadier Guards, now stationed at Windsor Castle, and his leave of absence expires on the 25th of October; hence his hurry. Captain Gaskell, formerly of the English army (9th Hussars), and his wife, are at present hunting in northwest Wyoming. The Captain has made quite a number of friends among the army officers, he having several years ago made a tour through Montana and the whole of the north of the country, visiting the National Park of the Yellowstone, and the various military posts on the way. The Captain is a genial, clever, and well informed

gentleman, and Mrs. Gaskell is a charming, petite, demure, vivacious and lively as one of our own American women. The following are the names of some of the distinguished English people now hunting in northwest Wyoming: Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, Lord Granville Gordon and Mr. H. W. Flowers, Captain and Mrs. Gaskell, Lord Mayo, Lord Manners, the Hon. Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Richard John Power.—*Correspondence Army and Navy Journal.*

RAIL SHOOTING IN MARYLAND.—The rail-shooting season has just begun on the Choptank, but owing to the tides not making high enough, which prevents the boats from getting on many of the marshes, comparatively few have been bagged as yet. There are thought to be more rails this year than usual, but not knowing anything of their previous life before they appeared on our marshes two months ago, we are unable to account for the unusual number. One of our sportsmen, though not having the advantage of an average high tide, succeeded in getting ninety-seven birds in about two hours and a half this morning. The unbroken wild oat stalks were also an inconvenience, and until the weeds are mashed down, it is difficult to push over the marsh. A fine season is anticipated, and a number of gentlemen from neighboring towns and cities have arrived, and more are expected, to participate in the sport, and ere long our marshes will be the scene of almost incessant reports of breech-loaders. There will be an effort made at the assembling of the State Legislature to pass a law regulating the time to commence killing these delicious birds, which has been so badly needed, as which has never been kept, other game of large size being plentiful and rails not so much sought for.—*N. Y. Denton, Curlews Co., Md., Sept. 15, 1881.*

[There should of course be a law in all the States regulating the rail, and in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and some counties (Ceel and Harford) there is such a law. In Ceel county the season for these birds opens Sept. 15, and in Harford Sept. 10.]

CAYUGA COUNTY SPECIAL LAW.—A special "Act for the preservation of quail and partridge within the County of Cayuga," N. Y., passed Dec. 21, 1881, provides as follows:

Sec. 1. From and after the passage of this ordinance or regulation it shall be unlawful for any person to catch, kill or drive in this or her possession any quail or partridge taken within the County of Cayuga, for the period of three years.

Sec. 2. Any person violating this act shall forfeit a penalty of twenty-five dollars, to be sued for by any person before any Justice of the Peace, or the City Court of the city of Auburn, where such Justice of the Peace or City Court has territorial jurisdiction. The recovery, if any be had, to be paid, one-half to the complainant, and the balance to the County Treasurer for the support of the poor of the county. The process, pleadings, proceedings, judgments and costs in such actions shall be the same as are provided by law in civil actions before such Justice of the Peace or City Court of the city of Auburn. And the process for the collection of any judgment rendered under this act shall be the same as is now allowed by law in actions of tort.

QUAIL NEAR NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, Sept. 23.—The morning of the 15th, at seven o'clock, found me in the saddle with my old friend, John G. Watson, at Arcola, La., in search of that game little bird, Bob White. Notwithstanding the increasing weather, we had capital sport. About the middle of the day we were joined by Messrs. Arch and Pierce Watson, who, by the way, are two of the shots as Louisiana claims. The day was agreeably spent; birds were numerous, and my late purchase of Munson's quail, in spite of the fact that for two seasons past she had inhaled the delightful aroma of quail, did excellent work and fully her share of the coverts and single birds; and the two dog companions she competed with were good ones, and only a dog of extra use could get in a point. In the three days' hunt over 150 quail were bagged, quite a fair percentage being shot so close a range as to be unfit for the table—or bag. For the benefit of some of my Northern friends let me state that we found each day not less than twelve coverts, and one day eighteen. The very dry season has been of advantage to the young, and most of the birds were from two-thirds to full grown. While ours were the first guns that had been fired this season, we found the birds all in a "hurry" when flushed. With plenty of fresh milk, butter, the best of corn bread and quail coverts, as is the case when we visit the Watsons, we had a most delightful trip, and many other promises of a speedy return were allowed to remain to our city home.

TENNESSEE NOTES—Montvale Springs, Tenn., Sept. 15.—This place is situated about nine miles from Maryville, the terminus of a small railroad which runs between that place and Knoxville. The hotel at the Springs (which is also the post-office) is a large, plain, frame building which will accommodate several hundred, and is well kept by a gentleman named Maritain. The springs on the grounds are said to be very beneficial to invalids. I have been hunting some and killed considerable small game. The country is very hilly and there are some considerable mountains near here; the air is very strong and clear. The larger mountains southeast of this place contain some large game, and as soon as the snakes go into winter quarters I am going with a party to have a good hunt.—*W. R. B.*

Nashville, Sept. 19.—Last Thursday commenced our open season, though under the most unfavorable circumstances. Rain fell in torrents the night previous and continued to do so all day. Birds are reported as very abundant, and from the quantities brought into town Saturday, I should say that the reports are true. Our gentleman sportsmen, as a rule, have excellent dogs, the best of guns, and being crack shots they soon kill out the game in the immediate vicinity of the city, though within a radius of twenty miles there are plenty birds for all. Since the rain hunting has commenced in earnest. The number of the moon shines brightly, and when there is a wind the delicious melody of the hounds can often be heard even in the city. Col. W. H. Johnson and David McGee, living each within a few miles of Nashville, have voted packs of foxhounds, and when they give voice the whole country is aroused. Dan Adams, Esq., has gone on a shooting expedition; he uses a single barrel breech-loader, with which he says he can bag as many birds as any of the crack shots with a double-barrel.—*J. D. H.*

THE LOBB AND DESAL COUNTRY.—Columbus, Neb., Sept. 14.—John B. Clark of Boston, William Nye, Jr., New Bedford, W. H. Hutchinson of Lynn, and T. G. Hart, Hartsvant and F. H. Ellis, of Framingham, Mass., left here to-

IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Trotting in the bay is fair for that class of sport, though a few bass are thus taken, and still fewer of the well-cryd pike, called *ava* here, yet the principal catch is pickerel, which have firm and well-flavored flesh in these cold waters. They are in weight from three to ten pounds, though some are taken of twenty pounds and over. My best day was twenty fish from ten o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, stopping two hours for lunch. To insure success your boatman must row you in the deep water within a few feet of the shoulder of the bank beyond which is the shallow water, say eight or ten feet deep. If two lines are out the one on the side near the bank will take more than twice as many as the other, no matter which is the longest. The lines should be from 100 to 150 feet long, at least so results have taught me.

There is no very inviting trout fishing in the vicinity of Escanaba. Probably the finest that has ever been found in this country was Trout Lake. It is situated in an uninhabited forest, mostly surrounded with high banks, three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It is fed by springs mainly from the north. From it issues Whitefish River which empties into the head of the Little Bay De Noquette from which the lake is thirty miles due north. Last year a party visited this lake and caught in a legitimate way, on the first afternoon, 250 pounds of trout, but a severe illness of one of the party compelled them to leave the next morning. They were all taken from a raft which they anchored near a large bed of white material which looked like marl and was literally covered with trout which, when alarmed, they insist, would disappear beneath the white surface. If in this they were not mistaken I do not doubt, a large spring full of white sand held in suspension.

Like other fish, the speckled trout have their good days and bad days for biting, for which there is no apparent cause. Soon after the same locality was visited by a party which found the trout just as abundant as on the former occasion, and as same, but they could not be persuaded to take the hook. Not to be balked they attached three large hooks together with heavy sinkers, threw them beyond the trout bed and drew them in quickly. In this way they hooked several hundred pounds before the fish became thoroughly alarmed and they completely flew. I have often this discreditable affair was repeated. I do not know, nor to what extent other illegitimate means, such as netting, in this charming lake we may never know, but it is certain that trout have frequently appeared in the markets, and that legitimate fishing in Trout Lake has been entirely destroyed. I cannot learn that a pound has been legitimately taken from that lonely lake this year. A party lately visited the lake for legitimate fishing, but found the usual haunts of the trout entirely deserted, and only caught a few small ones in the outlet. It is indeed a pity that the despoilers cannot be subjected to the penalties of the law which in its letter is ample; but the letter is dead in that secluded place.

I was more interested in a fact, which was new to me at least, and that is that the lake whitefish are sometimes taken with the hook. More than twenty years ago I examined the stomachs of a number of whitefish at Eagle River, on Lake Superior. The principal contents found undigested consisted of crustacea and bivalves about the size of the head of a pin. There are no doubts found at the bottom of the deep waters of the lake, as I could hear of none which had ever been seen in the more shallow waters subject to ordinary inspection. No doubt there is a rich harvest in reserve for those who shall dredge the deep waters of these lakes.

Since that time many others have examined the stomachs of the whitefish, but all go to show that they gather their food from the bottom of deep waters, rather by the process of suction than by an active pursuit of their prey and biting it. Nor do I think this was contradicted by the fact that they are sometimes taken with the hook where the conditions were proper investigated.

William Hart, a young boatman and fisherman at Escanaba, when rowing me for trotting, told me that he had frequently taken hooked whitefish around the iron docks. While I was skeptical, I carefully questioned as to the mode in which it was done. He said he had only taken them with the hook late in the fall, and nowhere except about the docks. He baited a small hook with a translucent minnow, which does not appear in these waters before the last of October. He never took them with any other bait, though he had tried many kinds. The bait was sunk to the bottom where it was permitted to rest till picked up rather sluggishly by the white fish. When hooked it was very active, and quite as gamy as the black bass. He had thus taken the whitefish for several years in succession, but at no other time of the year and with no other bait. He says the whitefish do not now enter Little Bay De Noquette till late in the fall, and only then can the proper bait be procured. No satisfactory reasons why they do not appear in these waters before the last of October. He never took them with any other bait, though he had tried many kinds. The bait was sunk to the bottom where it was permitted to rest till picked up rather sluggishly by the white fish. When hooked it was very active, and quite as gamy as the black bass. He had thus taken the whitefish for several years in succession, but at no other time of the year and with no other bait. He says the whitefish do not now enter Little Bay De Noquette till late in the fall, and only then can the proper bait be procured. No satisfactory reasons why they do not appear in these waters before the last of October.

Upon inquiry I found a number of reputable citizens who had seen Hart catch whitefish at various times, as he claims. Mr. Winger saw him take five large ones near his docks in one afternoon.

Escanaba Sept. 1, 1881.

[That whitefish take the fly is new to us. We should like to know further of it.]

A LARGE BROOK TROUT.

New York, Sept. 21.

IN the Oswegatchie River Inlet to Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., at the mouth of a spring brook, upon the 17th of July, a gentleman from this city caught a brook trout weighing four pounds and six ounces. It was twenty-one inches long, and every one in that vicinity united in calling it the biggest trout caught there within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." There were plenty of witnesses to the weighing of it, so that this fish story must be considered as one which can be well substantiated in every particular.

A few worms were used as bait, and the number one Sprock hook was attached to a double snood.

The rod was of medium weight, and its first two joints were badly sprung in the protracted struggle with the heavy fish. The moment it felt the touch of the landing net it flopped off the hook, and as the reel proved too small to hold it, it had to be killed and thrown into the bottom of the boat.

We are aware that larger trout have been caught in the lakes of Maine and at the West, but have any of your readers ever caught a larger speckled brook trout in the Adirondacks? SEVEN.

THE writer has the love of humanity ingrafted in his constitution, and it is to aid his suffering fellow-creatures that he sends the following narrative of a trip that he made last summer into Northern Michigan. Those employed in a great many classes of confining business are given an annual vacation, but do not know how to pass it to the best advantage. Lying around the old home, smoking, reading and sleeping, while it may be enjoyable, is not particularly healthful, and it grows monotonous. It costs considerable money and does not restore the lost vitality to "spruce" around fashionable watering-places or loaf in the cities. Those who are confined by their business most of the year should get out in the open air, where they can live, for a few weeks at least, in a pure atmosphere, hunt, fish and swim, and have no greater cares to tax their brains than cooking and avoiding mosquitoes. If they will do this the exhausted forces of the body will be restored to new strength and the wanderer will return with his body and brain in good condition to meet the duties of the long and confining winter and provokingly lazy spring.

Purely through a lucky accident I was last year given an opportunity to join a party on a trip to Higgins' Lake, one of the innumerable little bodies of water found in the pineries of Michigan. The entire country is so completely explored through the East, including a stay at Washington, the view of the earthly eyalium up in the pine forests completely shut out thoughts of the conquests I might have made had I squandered my time and cash at Long Branch and Saratoga. We took the train at Jackson for Bay City, and had a delightful ride up through fertile Southern Michigan—but then, when there are six lively people in a crowd, rides generally are delightful, no matter where taken. We reached Bay City about ten o'clock, and the sight as we entered the town was one of the prettiest I have ever witnessed. Scores of sawmills were in full blast, and aside from the fact that it looked as if the city was on fire, the reflection of the light on the water made a beautiful picture. Here, through necessity—there being no other train—we remained that night. In the morning about eight o'clock we again took the train, and settled ourselves for the last long pull of ninety-eight miles. The common bond of sympathy, which unites all those working in the same cause, attracted us to other gentlemen, who were so bound for Higgins' Lake. They were all glad to find they would have a good time, and I am free to confess they did not. All of the four weeks they were out it was grumble, grumble, and I was led to believe that they lived on eel-fish and crackers at home, and were mad because they didn't get something better away from there. These gentlemen made themselves objects of commiseration and contempt among all the people around the lake; they live in Chicago, and if this meets their eyes, they will see what the writer longed to tell them to their faces. And let him say right here that those who go to camp out with the expectation of finding anything comfortable, and everything to suit them, will be woefully disappointed. If you cannot stand coarse food and rough weather you had better "camp" in some hotel on the seashore at \$4 a day.

Our ride that day was not through a cheerful country. Michigan, above Bay City, is the most God-forsaken piece of land on the American continent. Sand, sand, sand, and occasionally a huckleberry bush to break for an instant the monotony of the pine forests. Frequently we would enter a stretch of burned country and a ten-mile-long, nothing making the eye, but the black, carbon-trunks and broken sand. Then we would crawl painfully up a grade at a pace which the proverbially slow turtle could almost shame; and finally down an incline at a speed which sent the loose sand up in whirling clouds, which penetrated the cars and got into our ears, our eyes, and our sandwiches. The view on the side was always the same—blackened trees or green forests, and sand—that never failed. It was a long and tiresome ride, and I was glad when we reached Roscommon, got out and stretched our limbs, secured our dinner, and learned that the railroad could take us but eight miles farther. We were a tired set when we reached Pereberey, the station nearest the lake, but our woes were not yet ended.

We had written on ahead to Mr. G. M. Cheney, who owns property near the lake, to keep for us one of the little pine board cabins he has built for the use of those who do not care to carry tents. Mr. C. was at the "depot," a board platform, and smilingly informed us that he would immediately cart us to our future residence. So, after leaving our names at the alternative post-office, and making it seem our mail to the lake, we packed our traps upon the lumber wagon, mounted the same, and began a ride through the forest through sand and foot deep. The distance was seven miles. I know not what the schedule time is, but it took our conveyance just three hours to make the trip. To add to the misery of lame backs—owing to no backing—dark clouds began to rise in the sky and huge clouds of mosquitoes began to rise from the bushes. By the time we reached our destination both of these children of nature were well along in their tasks—the execrable insects had raised numerous hotches on our faces which the rain tried to cool. However, the lake finally came into view. Everything was hastily unloaded and carried into the cabin, and by the time we had our things well housed the rain came down in torrents. Two rough beds were speedily nailed up, upon which we spread our blankets and, stretching our tired bodies, fell asleep, soothed by the patter of the rain upon the roof and the mournful sighing of the pine trees.

Morning found the air yet misty; discouraging clouds hung above and threatened rain; the lake looked dismal enough with the haze rising from it; the pine trees dripped water from the night's rain, and our ardor was as much dampened as everything else. Notwithstanding these discouragements, we worked hard all day and got everything in good shape. Rice straw was obtained from a plain about three miles distant, which we broke and made into mattresses. A very primitive-style cook stove—not remarkable for its beauty, but just as useful as a more handsome article would have been, and not occupying half so much space—was planted back of the cabin. Shelves were put up, fishing tackle and guns put in good order, and when night arrived we were well tired out. More rain and more discouragement.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was shining brightly, and for the first time I felt buoyant enough in spirit to look around and see where we were. Never having seen Como or Mark Twain's much-praised Tahoe, I am inclined to think that even if that little body of water in Michigan has not a very common name, it is the prettiest lake I can remember to have seen. The water was so blue, which rose in terraces up the banks until they seemed to touch the sky, and with its various colors it looked like a picture in a dark frame. The crystal waters flung back the sun's fresh rays with ten-

fold force; the water on the tall pines sparkled like thousands of diamonds; the blue-jays filled the woods and the air resounded with their loud "caws;" the atmosphere was pure and invigorating, and a cool breeze blew from the lake with sufficient force to drive the festive mosquito back among the trees. As I lay there on a bench, puffing my old wooden pipe, I thought I had at last set foot in the promised land.

From that day our stay was one continued round of fun, pleasure and healthful exercise. Our cabin was one of a row of about ten, built in the shade of the pine trees upon the gently sloping bank, and we soon had companions to participate in our pleasures. Before we left, as many as two hundred people, mostly from Saginaw, Saginaw City and Bay City, were scattered along the lake within a stretch of two miles. The nearest postoffice was Pereberey, and our mail was brought us daily. We suffered some inconvenience at first for want of a boat, but everybody is your friend up there, and was perfectly willing to lend until we secured one of our own. We were somewhat disappointed in the hunting, but the fishing was splendid. The lake is fairly alive with perch, bass, pike and whitefish. One afternoon two of us rowed over an eighth of a mile and back, and during the time intervening between the journeys, caught seventy-eight perch and bass, and the whole operation was performed in an hour. We fished altogether with minnows, never using flies; the fish do not take them readily. We rose at daylight, went to bed at dark, fished and hunted, swam and basted, joked and laughed, and when the days of July drew to a close and we pulled up stakes to move homeward, a broker, hotelier, butler, satisfied party could not have been found "in thirteen States."

Higgins' Lake lies in the southern part of Crawford county, Michigan; it is 9 miles long, and 4½ miles wide, and is probably as pure a body of water as exists; in a depth of thirty feet every pebble on the bottom can be clearly seen; the bottom slopes from the shore very gradually for a quarter of a mile, when it suddenly falls, and in the centre the lake cannot be sounded. About the middle there is an island nearly half a mile long, around which ducks can be found in great abundance. The lake was first conceived of as a summer resort by Lorenzo Burrows, Esq., a wealthy banker of Saginaw, Mich., who found it while hunting deer one winter in that region. He went there alone with his family four or five summers, when he prevailed upon some of his friends to accompany him. Last year there were fully two hundred people scattered around the lake when we left. They were divided into two camps, "Burrows' Camp," and the "New Camp," and in the latter were many spacious cottages being built. The two camps are separated by about a mile, and to those who wish to "rough it," Burrows is infinitely to be preferred. We obtained our cabin for \$1 a month, and it was much more satisfactory than a tent would have been, being cooler and dryer.

The lake is reached by way of Jackson, on the Saginaw extension of the Michigan Central Railroad. Tickets are sold at excursion rates and the road checked everything for us without extra charge. We took everything with us necessary for camping out, as nothing can be purchased at the lake, or could not be taken. We believe a small eating house is to be erected this year in the New Camp, but it is more fun to cook one's own grub. All the wearing apparel I took with me was a stout pair of pants and boots, two blue flannel shirts, a broad-brim hat and a close-fitting cap and several pairs of cheap hose. I never spent a more enjoyable month in my life, and the fresh air, regular sleep and exercise, put me in a healthy condition, which a year's rest at home would not have done. I left Ohio we weigh 115 pounds, and returned to my regular weight, and in the same time, as in the party as there were in ours, the trip can be made very cheap. My share of the expenses, including railroad fare above Jackson, was but \$25.00, and I was gone a month.

ARTHUR JAY.

HOW TO KILL A MUSKALLONGE.

I was much interested in reading Mr. Bissell's account of his muskallonge fishing in Sparrow Lake, as it vividly recalled my experience thirty years ago, when I used to fish for "lung" in the Scoug water, and take them in numbers which would now be thought fabulous. I then learned the method described by your correspondent of taking them out of the water by the fingers pressed into the orbits, and have since often instructed my fellow sportsmen how to do it, and have seen them do it in various places.

My object in writing is to supplement from my long experience in handling hundreds of these splendid fish, what is wanting in his instructions. Your correspondent says: "As with one hand leveling the line you draw the fish close to the side of the boat, pass the other along his back to see that he will remain quiet, and so up to his head, until the thumb and fore-finger are over his eyes, where the projecting bones give you firm hold, if you grasp him tightly, and thus with both hands you neatly and quickly draw him over the side and up to safe quarters before he has time and consciousness to struggle. For his struggles when in the boat you must be prepared, though it is not advisable to do as one Doctor recently did on this lake with his first twelve pounder—got one hand into his gills and the other into his mouth, to be cut and sliced by the sharp teeth, and require two weeks' surgery."

The "hopping and floundering" which I can easily imagine was "as astonishing to behold when the fish was lifted into the canoe, would have been entirely prevented if it had been before relinquishing his hold in the orbits, and the narrow-bladed knife down into the spinal marrow just behind the head. The orbits communicate so freely with the cranial cavity that pressure through them completely paralyzes the fish, and if the spinal cord is severed while the pressure is kept up, the fish will lie in the canoe incapable of moving even a fin, and all clubbing or gaffing or floundering is certainly prevented.

In the same number of your journal I am pleased to see a letter from my dear old friend, Dr. Garlick, whose claims to have first practiced pisciculture on this continent have at last been fully recognized. It was my privilege to have made his acquaintance over twenty-five years ago, and to have heard then from himself of his success in breeding trout at Cleveland. At a very large expense of time, money and trouble, he demonstrated in 1853 the practicability of fish-culture, and the recognition of his labors, though tardy, will cheer his generous heart and help him to bear with more fortitude the suffering he has been compelled to endure through so many weary years.

During one of my visits to Dr. Garlick he showed me a plaster cast of a "lung" which weighed between fifty and sixty pounds. As far as I know, he was the first to practice

the method of taking plaster casts of fish and coloring them to life. The copy of his cast of a six-and-a-quarter pound brook trout, taken at the Salt Ste. Marie by that other veteran of the rod, Judge Potter, of Toledo, has graced my library for many years and is a most lovely ornament.

The sad death of that noble man, President Garfield, which has filled this community with grief, recalls to my mind that it was the morning of that visit to Dr. Garfield when, on arriving at Cleveland, the news was received of the assassination of that other noble man, President Lincoln.

JAMES H. RICHMOND.

ONEIDA LAKE.

NEW YORK State Game Agent Dodge is again at work on Oneida Lake. Anticipating that the "trap net" fishermen would try the fall fishing again this season in some parts of the lake, he has had Special Deputy Lindley quietly looking after them. The result is that last week they took out seven trap nets. While taking up some nets in Toad Harbor, on Wednesday morning, a party came out in a boat to investigate the matter. It was finally arranged that a delegation from Toad Harbor would come across the lake in the afternoon and meet the officers at the Ocean House, claim the nets that were being taken up, and see what could be done about it.

According to agreement, about two o'clock in the afternoon, they came over, a good strong delegation. The matter of net fishing and the laws against it were thoroughly discussed; and, although the fishermen were considerably wrought up on the question of having their property taken from them in this manner, they made no ugly demonstration, but on the whole appeared pleased to meet State Agent Dodge in the line of duty, and to learn that it was of spirit of malice that prompted him in opposing them in this determined manner, but that he was simply performing the duties of his office like a man. When they returned to their boat to make the voyage home, the best of feeling prevailed among all parties, and the fishermen were well satisfied that if they continued to put their nets into the lake they would stand good chances of losing them.

The desire of the majority of the fishing class around Oneida Lake appears to be now to secure, by legislation, an open season in the fall of two or three months. They all pledge themselves to use every effort to stop the spring fishing if they can have this open season. If they would live up to such a promise to the very letter, they present many arguments in favor of such a plan. But, on the other hand, the manner in which they disregard the present law gives good grounds for the anti-net men to argue that there would be just as much trouble during the closed season as there is now. I believe if a middle line could be drawn in some manner it would be a good plan.

Mr. Geo. Crowbart, of the Ocean House, has been one of the men that has had the backbone to stand up for the law, and has rendered valuable assistance to the State Agent and his assistants. He has been threatened in all manner of ways—has had four of his best boats destroyed by the exasperated fishermen; but it makes no difference—George is running his house for the benefit of sportsmen and people who want a pleasant place to stay through the summer season, as well as for his neighbors and friends around the lake. He believes that the trap nets set in Oneida Lake do not improve the hook fishing. The Ocean House is one of the finest locations on the entire lake for beauty of scenery and fishing, and sportsmen going to Oneida Lake will do well to make their headquarters with George and his pleasant wife at the Ocean House.

Although the delegation did not claim their nets as were talked in the morning before they came over, it would seem that the meeting between them and the State Agent may yet produce good results; at any rate, it appeared to take away much of the ill feeling they had entertained before they got acquainted with him, and believe that many of them are honest (I wish I could say so) and do not intend to fish until they have a legal right to do so.

HOOK AND LINE.

PICKEREL FISHING AT BROWN'S MILLS.

AMONG the game and health resorts which you have published this summer, I think Brown's Mills will not stand least. Situated on a beautiful lake of the same name, in the pine woods of Burlington Co., New Jersey, the hotel there offers a pleasant place for all those who like boating and pickerel fishing in summer, as well as the gunners who come for black ducks, quail, rabbits and grouse in the fall. The number of anglers from spring to the use of invalids, as well as for those who have no bodily ailments, and further on the trout fishermen may find some return for his trouble in the waters of Rauceous Creek, which rise from the lake here and flow thirty miles or more to the Delaware River.

The fishing in the lake is usually for pickerel, although catfish and eels are sometimes caught. The latter can be pulled in more expeditiously by bobbing for them at night in the dam of the old mills, from which this place took its name. Pickerel usually bite better at a live minnow, but many are caught trolling and using the Caledonian minnow and India-rubber frog. The largest fish are caught in the latter way.

Taking a boat from the number belonging to the Newell House, the fisherman first goes to the best place for live minnows to bait with, and while he holds a string with a lump of dough in the water with one hand, manages with the other a small net to scoop in as many of the slimmers as possible. After the kettle, tin can or receptacle is full and a suitable spot is found, the fun begins. Pickerel from six to eighteen inches in length bite with a ferocity peculiar to themselves, and are landed in the boat as soon as their strength is exhausted by the rod and reel.

The number of the catch depends on whether the day is favorable or not, but a few can be caught at any time with a little skill.

Every year two or three camping parties come down and stay on the islands or shores of the lake to enjoy the fishing, and being so near the best spots enables them to get quite a large number.

The anglers are not thick around the hotel, where there is no underbrush and a good many large oaks and hickories, but on the road to the station, extending a mile and one-half through scrubby pines, they are found in countless numbers.

This place is only thirty miles from Philadelphia, on the P. R. R., and for a camping party is about as good as can be found in the State.

COLIN.

PRESERVING LIVE FISH IN RUSSIA.

ONE of the most pleasing things about the fish supply at St Petersburg, and elsewhere in Russia, is that you are always sure of getting your fish fresh. The arrangements for the sale of fresh-water fish are admirable. On the principal canals and tributary rivers flowing through the town you will find what are called sadoks, or floating fish stores. They consist of a barge, built very much after the style of the Toy Noah's Ark, with a dwelling-house constructed on the deck for the accommodation of the fishmonger and his family. Around this are moored several walled barges, containing all kinds of fish from smelts to salmon, which are brought in walled fishing-boats direct from the fisheries at the estuary of the Neva and in the Gulf of Finland, and also from the lakes of the northeast of Russia. Even the itinerant fishmonger carries the fish he sells alive in a wide, rather shallow tub filled with water, which he dexterously balances on his head. At the restaurant establishments humanity and gastronomy seem to unite to prolong the lives of the fish to the latest possible moment. In the entrance hall or ante-room there is usually a large glass aquarium, in which the fish swim until they are wanted. This custom of preserving live fish in Russia has existed for live hundred years.

In the household economy of the great boyars of ancient Muscovy, among the necessities of the table, live and (generally speaking) fresh fish formed a very important item. The prolonged fasts, the holiday feasts—which were conducted on a grand scale as regards the number of dishes—consumed such fish in incredible quantities. The Russians are distinctly good lovers; they keep no meagre nor inhospitable tables. These banquets impressed Archdeacon Coxé favorably in the eighteenth century, and a traveler of the sixteenth century says he saw a fish brook, to table which it required three men to carry. The fish was probably a gigantic sturgeon. Every large household of those days, in their solicitude for having a constant supply of every kind of provision at home, took great care that the live fish they required was not purchased from the fishmonger's sadoks or wells at high prices, but that it should be stored in their own ponds and caught in the rivers on their own estates, by their own serfs, so that in this manner it could be obtained as it was wanted for the table, at any time, and almost for nothing.

With this view, on every estate, however small, wherever the locality was suitable, were formed ponds and wells, and on the estates of the great and rich boyars, besides these, were established the fish rivers regular fisheries. We are told that the great boyar Morozov, who was a kind of Prime Minister in the reign of the Czar Alexey Mikhailovich in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and who resided at the court, Moscow, had a number of fish wells and ponds on his estate near Moscow, which were supplied with live fish from his estates in Russia in the interior of the country, where he owned a village, the inhabitants of which, instead of the payment of *obrok*, the usual tax, were compelled to furnish for the boyar's use as much fish as they could catch. It is remarkable how conveniently situated were Morozov's estates. From the River Oka, in the Province of Riazan, and occasionally from the Volga, there was not the least difficulty in conveying live fish to his estates near Moscow, where the boyar had established what one might term his chief piscicultural establishments. These fish were carried in specially constructed walled boats up the river Oka into the Moscow River, thence by the Istra to the village of Pavlovsk on the latter river. The fish were usually sturgeon, sterlet, bream, tench, pike, crucian carp, perch, etc. At the present day the firm of Frolov—large wholesale fishmongers of Kazan and Moscow, who have owned extensive fisheries on the Caspian Sea and the Volga for the past century—owing to their direct and constant communication with their various fishing stations, can supply any quantity of live fish to any part of Russia where there exists river communication.

The Grizistzian Railway Company have gone even further; they have constructed special wagons with wells for conveying live fish from the Volga to Moscow, each conveying holding about thirteen hundred weight of fish.—*The London Field*

KILBOURNE'S FISH AND GAME PICTURES.

A RARE opportunity is now offered some of our wealthy angling clubs or individuals of purchasing from the collection of the late S. A. Kilbourne. To those who have seen the work of his pencil no word of comment is necessary; but to others not so fortunate we may say that he stood at the head of painters of fishes, and that he wrote a book on the fish and bird revival, the approval of such scientists as Baird and Goode. At the time of Mr. Kilbourne's death he was about to be called to Washington to do similar work for the Smithsonian Institution, or the National Museum. The collection left comprises thirty-one oil paintings and two crayons of different fishes, and six paintings of birds.

The following are the finished fish pictures: California Salmon, Atlantic Salmon (2), Common Mackerel, Spanish Mackerel, Grayling (2), Trout (7), Weakfish and Sheepshead, a Trout, a Striped Bass, a Bluefish, a Charr, a Herring, as sent us by Prof. Baird, who has taken great interest in Mr. Kilbourne's work, with a request that it be published. The following pictures have the fish finished, but lack the background: Red Snapper, Spanish Mackerel, Black Bass, Trout, Atlantic Salmon, California Salmon, Striped Bass (2), Bluefish, Pompano, Lake Trout, Kingfish, Bonito, Black Seabass and Redfish.

The birds are: Young Quail, Dead Game, Quail (2), Dead Meadow Lark (2).

None of Mr. Kilbourne's paintings are held by dealers, and we would much like to see the whole collection kept together as a collection, if possible, but if not so held they will be disposed of separately. Particulars may be had of Mrs. W. C. Kilbourne, Morissiana Station, New York City.

INDIA-RUBBER RING ON A MACKEREL.—A rather singular incident in connection with the life of a mackerel came to hand here yesterday. While one of our small-mackerel boats was fishing for mackerel with hook and line in our bay a mackerel was caught with an India-rubber band around it, and which had been there for a long time, as the skin under the band showed considerable abrasion, with here and there occasional wounds. The probabilities are that about a year ago a fishing pleasure party were out somewhere along our coasts who had been drinking ginger beer, when small mackerel of six or seven inches were probably plentiful, and one of the young, restless imps who are always to be found among such a party, must have drawn out the elastic ring or

band from the bottle and slipped it over the head of a live mackerel, and just below the pectoral fins, and then have thrown the fish back again into the sea; and as a consequence, the poor mackerel must have had a weary and miserable year of it. And here, I am sure, some of our lady social reformers may learn a lesson on tight-lacing with a vengeance, for, as the fish fed and increased in size, the band kept its firm grip around him, and only allowed him to grow to the extent of the elasticity of the band; and so touchacious was the hold, that whereas the mackerel lived grown to eleven inches in length and four inches in circumference above above and below the band, under it the girth was only three inches. In fact, the poor mackerel had really a wasp waist. Moreover, from this ligature being so constantly and firmly around the fish, I estimate that it lost from its natural growth two inches in length and one inch in girth in the year.—*Cornwall (Eng.) Correspondence in Land and Water.*

CANNED BROOK TROUT.

SOME time ago we received for inspection from our friend L. and correspondent, Captain L. A. Beardsley, U. S. N., a fish preserved after the manner of sardines, and with a large showy label, on one side of which was the legend, "Spiced Brook Trout," and on the other a double-headed eagle, with the words "Maurice Buch Forellen." This was evidently intended to convey the idea that the trout was prepared in Germany for the American market. A glance at the fish, with its serrated abdomen, at once proclaimed it a Chipmunk—either a herring or a mackerel, without a head.

We kept it some time without finding opportunity to look into the matter, and last night, as of Mrs. Lewis, editor of *Food and Health*, part of whose good work it is to show up food imitations, combinations and adulterations. We sent Capt. Beardsley's fish to her. After looking in vain in several places, she found a dealer who owned the brand, and in the last issue of her journal she thus relates the interview:

"You sell canned brook trout, do you not? Do you know this label?"

"Decidedly. It is our brand, but we do not, can it."

"Can you guarantee this to be brook trout?"

"By no means. It may be anything else, so far as we know. It is put up as brook trout in Maine, and we sell it. It is nice; people like it, and buy it at a reasonable price. We do not ask any more questions."

"But is this not a fraudulent label, sir?" said *Food and Health*.

"My dear sir, how can the people expect brook trout, which sells for \$1.00 per lb. in the season. The public like it to be called brook trout, and eat it for brook trout, and that is all."

"Will you guarantee it?"

"How can we? Why don't you go to the big houses—people who put on wrong labels every day. This brook trout is like all brook trout; no better, no worse."

"If an inquiry is made about it, what will you do?"

"Stop selling it; but the public has been pleased with our brook trout, and like it. It has been always put up and sold as brook trout."

Here the interview ended, and the reporter was unable to get the customer's name.

EFFORTS OF SUBMERSIBLE LIGHT ON FISH.—A very interesting exposition of submarine lighting was opened in the West-minster several of weeks since. The apparatus employed was that of M. Faure, whose name has been brought prominently before the public recently in connection with what has been termed the storage of forces. The electricity employed was generated at Woolwich and carried in M. Faure's accumulators to the aquarium. The current was of sufficient intensity to heat to redness and dissipate into vapor a cord of copper wire the thickness of a penholder.

M. Faure's lights are contained in small closed glass vessels several of which were placed in the tank, brilliantly illuminating the fish and plants contained within it.

The most remarkable fact to be noticed was that the whole of the fish, of several species, appeared perfectly indifferent to the electric lights. They swam close to them without apparently noticing their presence. The minnows, of which there was a large shoal, pursued their graceful motions in precisely the same manner as in ordinary daylight, rising and falling and gliding through the tank, apparently without even recognizing the position of the lights by which they were so brilliantly illuminated. A small tank riveted a couple of his leisure without considering that the exhibition was a scientific experiment, and that he was therefore rendering himself liable to prosecution, from which he would have been exempt had he merely gratified his natural appetite.

The total indifference of fish to the submerged light goes far to explain the failure of the numerous schemes for attracting fish toward nets by means of submerged lights which have been proposed and in some cases carried into operation.—*London Field.*

PIKE-PRECH IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.—The Harrisburg Patriot thus records the fishing for pike perch, or wall-eyed pike, *Stizostedion*, sp. which it pleases Pennsylvania, in common with people in Ohio and the upper Mississippi, to miscall a salmon. It says: "About the finest string of the best varieties of fish known in the waters of Central Pennsylvania was brought to the city last evening by Messrs. D. Davidson and Samuel Livingston, consisting of twenty odd minnow and six very fine bass, the result of a day's fishing at Hawk Rock, a well known locality in the Susquehanna River, a few miles below this city. One of the salmon, caught on a No. 2 'Sproat' hook, by Mr. Livingston, weighed eight and a quarter pounds strong, and was voted a beauty by an admiring group of Wallonians who had congregated in front of the Harris House, North Third street, last evening. Mr. Livingston, who is a keen disciple of old Izard Walton, said the 'lubber' gave him plenty of trouble, and it was only by a determined effort that he succeeded in playing *salmo* 'out' and landing him in the boat. It is the largest salmon caught with hook and line in this vicinity for years."

CRAB AND CATFISH TAKE THE FLY.—Willis, Texas, Sept. 18. One day last week Captain Ashie, of our town, while taking some perch and catfish from his pond with artificial flies, also took a carp. He was very much surprised to find the fly, and too small to have any name, but still very killing on the sun perch and bull-head as that infest his pond. These same cats take the fly as well as the perch. He only took one carp, and that surprised him so that he did not fish any more that day. The carp that was caught was placed in the pond

last January, 1881, with some fifty others. They were then... This one was a mirror carp, and was 114 inches in length, and a most beautiful fellow too.

A MISTAKE IN ELLIOTT'S BIBLE.—Putnam County, Sept. 1881.—The Rev. John Elliott, who translated the Bible into the Indian tongue in 1663 (while engaged in this wonderful work) came to the passage, "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window and cried through the lattice," etc.

A BLACK BASS RESORT.—For fine black bass and pickerel fishing go to Narragansett, Sullivan Co., N. Y., four hours riding Erie Railway; fare \$3.75; excursions good for three weeks \$5.00; board, \$1 per day; boats, 50 cents per day.

SEASON RIVER.—The number of visitors at Red Rock, Virginia, as registered in the books of the Commissioners of Fisheries at that point, up to August 20, this season, is sixty-four. Of these seventeen made no report of fish, and I presume did not go up the river at all.

AN UPRID OIL ARM.—The Sacramento Bee says that a gun recently purchased by a Yuma (A. T.) gunsmith is of his own work. One of the barrels is a smooth-bore and the other is rifled by forcing a ring and a byonit is run out.

Fishculture.

A REPLY TO A BENTHIGED MAN.

The British Provinces there are a few persons who are either totally unenlightened or are hopelessly ignorant. They write all sorts of articles in the columns of the Fishery Commission, and a few newspapers are so short of other matters that they print their stuff.

Not having seen Mr. Spurr's letters, to which a settler refers, I am not in a position to offer any opinion on the matter in dispute. I have carefully studied and written on the Fishery Commission, and I would remind the writer that "Justice is done in doing men no injury, decency in giving them no more."

It is a pity that traps, pound nets, and all other nets, are so much used in the fisheries. How is this? I thought that the law was passed through the Dominion, and I saw no contrary. I think I may satisfy you on answering a Settler's assertion, and remind him that in all important questions "sound sense should weigh more than popular opinion."

I can also state as a fact, that a gentleman who leases one of the Gaspe Rivers, expected no less than \$1,000 a few years since, all of which went into the pockets of the settlers. The next assertion is that, "Worse than all the rest, he that Commissioner, has built breeding houses which have totally destroyed the salmon fisheries." An assertion is easily made, but not so easily proved.

Most respectable parties have endeavored to prove they killed the salmon caught, barreled them up, and no doubt the Commissioner shared the blame. What next? Salmon after spawning are not fit to eat. Were the Indians a body of settlers to prove the fish into the river. For I suppose these are the fish spoken of, at Gaspe Basin the fish when deprived of their spawn are marked and restored to their native element, and it is a well-established fact that numbers of the fish so marked have been caught by the salmon fishers, in their nets, the years following.

The next striking assertion is that "hundreds of thousands of dollars are to be made out of the repeal of the old Fishery Act, which are swallowed up by useless Commissioners, Inspectors and Fishery Officers." I have fortunately before me the Fishery Statements for 1880, giving a detailed statement of expenditure, by which it will be seen that the total only amounts to \$86,162.55. Collectors \$423.16, thus making the total cost to the country only \$67,439.34.

Let not a Settler suppose that the writer is one of those who would wield his pen to the prejudice or injury of the poor settler, or any other poor man. On the contrary, the Mercator has ever supported the rights of the settler, and fearlessly combated prejudice and wrong doing, thereby subjecting to the benighted majority of men in high places—acting on a high and right-minded mother's oft repeated charge, "Remember that right never comes wrong, and wrong will never come right."

PHILIP VIERT. Perce, August 23, 1881.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.

The Ohio Fish Commission has placed a large number of black trout in the streams and made arrangements to hatch twenty million whitefish at the Toledo hatchery under the management of Sandusky if they can obtain the eggs, which they have proposed to take. The veteran fish culturist, Judge Potter, has retired from superintending the hatchery at Toledo and Mr. D. Y. Howell has been appointed in his stead.

The annual report of the American Fishcultural Association has just been issued. The Secretary, Mr. Barrett Phillips, has it well in hand and most of it in type, but has been waiting for the completion of Prof. Goode's "Epochs in the History of Fishculture," which will appear in the next issue of the journal. The delay has been caused by the great pressure of extra work put upon Prof. Goode this year by the fishery census and the completion of the new National Museum, of which he is Curator.

Prof. Baird reports this year's crop of carp as extremely large for their age. The carp has evidently had its growth stimulated by introduction into the warm waters of America, which are of higher temperature in summer than those of Germany. We would not be surprised to learn that some have spanned at a year old. A little evidence points that way.

CARP PONDS IN WINTER.—Mr. W. Dmker, editor of the Fisheries Zeitung, of Stettin, Germany, says in his Fishery Calendar, a yearly publication for anglers and fish culturists, that the inflow and outflow channels of fish ponds must be constantly kept clear of ice and the snow partially removed to afford a necessary amount of high water. The ponds, however, should not be left undisturbed, since snow helps to keep off the extreme cold. When the ice bears, air-holes should be provided, and these should be sawn, not chopped. To protect these from further action of the frost thin poles should be laid athwart them, covered with a thin layer of brush, and the air-holes should be kept open. The air-holes be made above the spot where the fish have congregated for the winter, and the most suitable position for them is at opposite ends of the pond, close to the in and out flow, so as to secure a maximum current of water.

as that caused by cutting ice for storage, skating or sledging, is to be avoided; otherwise the fish will be roused and tempted to rise to the surface, where, in all probability, they will freeze fast to the ice and die in consequence.

THE EDINBURGH FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

The following circular has been reproduced and circulated by the United States Fish Commission, dated Washington, D. C., Aug. 18, 1881.

INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH, 1881. 22 Royal Circus, July 7, 1881.

Sir: We have the honor to inform you that an international fisheries exhibition will be held in Edinburgh in the month of April next. The exhibition will be open to exhibitors from all countries, and is intended to include, as far as possible, objects illustrative of or connected with the fisheries of the world. Such, for example, as models, drawings and photographs of boats used in fishing, and of steam engines adapted for fishing boats; models of fishing-boats and nets; and of fishermen's honors; nets, lines and fishing tackle of all kinds, both for the sea and inland waters; piscicultural apparatus; live fish in tanks; collections of stuffed fish and aquatic birds; life-saving apparatus; fog signals and lights for fishing boats; fresh fish, cured and tinned fish, and preparations for preserving fish; models of fish passes and ladders and other similar objects.

We shall esteem it a favor if you will bring under the notice of those engaged in, or connected with, the fisheries in your country, the fact that such an exhibition will be held here in April next, and if you will also kindly inform us whether you are likely to send any valuable contributions.

An answer to the above may be sent to Archibald Young, Esq., Commissioner of Scotch Salmon Fisheries, 22 Royal Circus, Edinburgh. We have the honor to be, your obedient servants, Sir J. R. S. Maitland, Bart., Wm. Skene, City Clerk, Edinburgh, F. N. Menzies, Secretary to Highland Society, Archibald Young, Advocate, Commissioner of Scotch Salmon Fisheries, Secretary to International Fisheries Exhibition, Edinburgh.

FISHCULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

FROM the book entitled "The Angler's and Sketcher's Guide to Scotland," by Archibald Young, noticed in our last issue, we extract the following: "On the south shore of Loch Broa, near Perth, Scotland, there is an establishment belonging to the Duke of Sutherland for the artificial hatching of salmon. When I saw it I contained about 30,000 salmon eggs from the Broa, Helmsdale, Thurso and Rhine. There can be no doubt of the great advantages to be derived from the system of artificial hatching, though its benefits have not yet been so thoroughly appreciated in this country as in Canada and the United States. In Canada the Colonial Government maintains seven hatchingeries, at an annual expense of 25,000, which have turned out sixty millions of eggs and young fry of different kinds of fish into the lakes and rivers within the last ten years. There are similar establishments in the United States and the Commissioner of Fisheries there has lately drawn up a volume of nearly a thousand pages on the subject of the propagation of fishes. By the artificial method, we can do away, in a great measure, with the terrible risks to which the young fry bred in our rivers in the natural way are exposed, as we can succeed in raising smolts from at least three-fourths of the vitalized eggs placed in the breeding troughs, whereas, if these eggs had been exposed to the dangers of the river, more than three-fourths of the fry produced from them would never have reached the smolt stage.

"The breeding troughs used in the establishment on Loch Broa, at the time I visited it, were the ordinary old wooden trough, much more bulky and cumbersome than they need be. It would be a great improvement if troughs similar to those used by Sir J. R. S. Maitland in his great piscicultural establishment at Craigend, near Stirling, were substituted for them. These troughs are made of carbonized wood, perforated zinc and glass rods. They take up little room, are light, neat, and afford excellent protection against fungus, that great enemy of the pisciculturist.

THE KENNEL.

SOME FISH COMMISSION REPORTS WANTED.—On looking over our collection of reports, with a view of having them bound, we miss the following: New York—1st report, 1868; Massachusetts—1st, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th. Pennsylvania—1870 and all before; also 1872, 75, 76, 77 and 78. New Jersey—1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 1878-1880. Virginia—1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

FIELD TRIALS. October 1, at New York City. Close entries Eastern Field Trials. Trials commence on Thanksgiving Day. Jacob Pentz, Secretary, P. O. Box 314, New York City. October 5, 26, 27 and 28 at Masonville, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Erie. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 1. R. B. Young, Secretary. November 7, at Citrus, Cal. Field Trials of the Citrus Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. L. Lewyette, Secretary. November 23, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La. December 5, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. J. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

EVERETT SMITH'S KENNEL.

Editor Forest and Stream: While at Portland a week or ten days since I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Everett Smith and inspecting his kennel. I have never seen dogs under such perfect command or so thoroughly yard-broken. We have all heard of dogs drooping to shot, at the first bark of a hare, etc. Mr. Smith's wonderful performance in this respect, and I was given an exhibition of his wabbit and signal training. I must confess I have never witnessed such extraordinary obedience on the part of setter or pointer in my life. Call, a good deep set dog, Mr. Smith's, I admired most of all his dogs, but I am not mistaken, his best performance is fully equal to his looks. Cora II., a mate to Cale, gave evidence by her obedience of being a very tractable bitch in the field, notwithstanding the reputation the Irish setters have gained of being "setters."

Ninth Regiment score list including Capt. W. J. Griffith, Lieut. H. H. Haddenhorst, etc.

Seventh Regiment score list including Capt. W. H. Bilbee, Capt. C. J. Bamford, etc.

Four competitors retired.

Headquarters National Guard Match: 200 and 500 yards; 5 shots each distance.

Table of scores for National Guard Match, listing names and scores for 200 and 500 yard ranges.

Champion badge, First Brigade N. G. N. J., 200 and 500 yards, 5 shots each distance.

Table of scores for Champion badge match, listing names and scores.

Thursday, Sept. 22. Chumpton Match. Col Howard, P. Honner, B. F. Goodspeed, etc.

Table of scores for Thursday match, listing names and scores.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—On the Walnut Hill range to day but few marksmen were out.

Table of scores for Boston match, listing names and scores.

Sept. 21.—The attendance to-day at Walnut Hill was large.

Table of scores for Sept. 21 match, listing names and scores.

Table of scores for Sept. 21 match, listing names and scores.

Handicap Match score list including E. P. Richardson, F. E. Foster, J. N. Frye, etc.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 18.—There was a large attendance of riflemen at the grounds of the New Orleans Shooting Club to-day to participate in the contest for the diamond badge presented for competition by Mr. Dunlap Seyler, as well as that for positions on the state team and for the New Orleans and Denver pictures.

Table of scores for New Orleans match, listing names and scores.

SEVENTH INDIVIDUAL SHOT FOR NEW ORLEANS AND DENVER PICTURES. 200 yds., 300 yds., 400 yds., 500 yds.

MR. FERDINAND, Mass., Sept. 21.—At Bellevue range, this afternoon, there was the largest attendance since spring, there being some 250 riflemen and a score of spectators to witness the sport.

THE TRAP.

Table of scores for The Trap match, listing names and scores.

DES MOINES.—Match shot by the Hawkeye Gun Club of Des Moines, Ia., for badge.

Table of scores for Des Moines match, listing names and scores.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Sept. 23.—To-day proved a gala one for the members of the Raynolds Sportsmen's Club at Wellington.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB—Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, E. D., Sept. 22.—21 yards. 100.010-4 Moller, Jr.; 21 yards, 101.015-5 Dierkins, etc.

WILKINSVILLE, Ill., Sept. 25.—The following scores were made at the tournament held by the Central (Ill.) Sportsmen's Association.

Table of scores for Wilkesville match, listing names and scores.

H. D. Moore, 14; W. B. Witherill, 14; W. C. Mayhew, 13; E. Kennedy, 12; W. G. Vaughn, 11; F. Estrill, 10.

Table of scores for Boston match, listing names and scores.

THOMAS FISHER, Sept. 21.—The following scores were made on second day (21st list.) at tournament held by the Central Ill. Sportsmen's Association.

Table of scores for Thomas Fisher match, listing names and scores.

CLAY PIGEONS.—Cincinnati, O., Sept. 23.—The following scores were made on second day (21st list.) at tournament held by the Central Ill. Sportsmen's Association.

Table of scores for Clay Pigeons match, listing names and scores.

DR. HENRY, Sept. 21.—The following scores were made on second day (21st list.) at tournament held by the Central Ill. Sportsmen's Association.

Table of scores for Dr. Henry match, listing names and scores.

WHITESIDE, L. I., Sept. 18.—The third regular monthly contest of the Whiteside Gun Club at glass ball game held September 13.

Table of scores for Whiteside match, listing names and scores.

WASHINGTON GUN CLUB—Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, E. D., Sept. 22.—21 yards. 100.010-4 Moller, Jr.; 21 yards, 101.015-5 Dierkins, etc.

WELLS, Sept. 21.—The following scores were made on second day (21st list.) at tournament held by the Central Ill. Sportsmen's Association.

Table of scores for Wells match, listing names and scores.

WELLS, Sept. 21.—The following scores were made on second day (21st list.) at tournament held by the Central Ill. Sportsmen's Association.

Table of scores for Wells match, listing names and scores.

ADVERTISEMENT: "The Inventors and Only Manufacturers of Genuine 'MIST COLOR'" Leaders, of which SETTI GREEN says: "I HAVE TRIED THEM AND FOUND THEM TO BE THE MOST PERFECT I HAVE EVER SEEN." Includes a table of prices per dozen for various fishing lures and baits.

FOREST AND STREAM

ROD & GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, September 6.

MR. CHARLES H. GILBERT, the ichthyologist, whose injuries by a fall on the Matterhorn we recorded in our issue of August 25, has recovered and has returned to his home in Indiana. It may be remembered that he was struck on the head by a rock in climbing that mountain which has been so fruitful of accidents. His companion, Prof. Jordan, writes that the injury was severe at the time but that he is well now, "with only a sabre cut to show for the Matterhorn."

MOOSE IN MAINE.—We printed last week a communication in which was reported the killing of a moose at King and Bartlett Lake, Maine, in September. As the law on moose in Maine was not off until the first day in October, the case reported in our columns might profitably engage the attention of the Maine Game Commissioners, and we hope that the publicity which we have given to the affair may be of some use.

THE GROSS INJUSTICE of the pound-nets in the Great South Bay of Long Island is only alluded to by Mr. Roosevelt this week. He has not told the whole story. This wholesale destruction of fish is a matter claiming attention at Albany. We know one man whom we could wish were appointed with full license to exterminate the nets. A year or two ago he ran a steam launch through an army of illegal nets, and their owners did not think that there was enough left of them to pay for gathering the remnants.

HINTS FOR THE EARLY SHOOTING.

THE first of October in a number of States is the opening of the shooting season, and from that time until January 1 almost all game is in season. This date is, however, much too early for most of the birds that we kill. The quail, on which most people are apt to depend, are, many of them, too small to shoot, and have not yet settled down to their regular fall feeding grounds. The woodcock have not begun to move in any numbers, and what few snipe are to be found are very "scattering." The ruffed grouse are, it is true, in good order, but in our thickly settled East these birds are scarcely to be found in numbers sufficient to make it worth while to go out for them alone. Moreover, the weather is usually at this time hot and dry, and the foliage and weeds still thick. The work is hard both for men and dogs, but especially so for the latter. In fact, shooting in the early part of October too often bears a strong family resemblance to shooting in July.

This year the weather has been especially unfavorable for early fall shooting. The heat and drought are something almost without parallel, and no dog, however good he may be, can be expected to do himself justice under such conditions as are now prevailing along our Atlantic seaboard. The snipe have as yet scarcely made their appearance, and the rail have about gone, though an easterly storm may be likely to bring along one more flight of good heavy birds. Until, however, we have some rain and a few frosts we shall probably not hear of any satisfactory bags. Later, when November's breath has turned brown, and wrenched from the trees, the leaves now so green, each of us will seek some favorite spot not known to the multitude which will yield to us a couple of dozen cock, half as many ruffed grouse and a few quail. Thinner, with one or two in most two friends, we shall repair, and have a day or two in the field. Old Rex and True will be given an opportunity to work off their superfluous flesh, and to get so tired that they will groan all night, and be so stiff in the morning that they can hardly move. We shall make a few lucky difficult shots, and no doubt miss a lot of easy ones, which we will try to excuse—to ourselves. At last we shall drive to the depot and take the train for home, carrying with us our birds—not a great many to be sure, but enough to excite the envy of some of the friends that we left behind in the city.

Before that time, however, it will be possible to find a few snipe on the meadows, and as the blue wing teal, widgeons, shovellers and black ducks are coming in in fair numbers, and are to be found on all the rivers and creeks where the wild rice abounds, there will be many opportunities for getting occasional shots at them.

It is high time now for those who have not already attended to the matter to prepare to get their dogs into condition for the fall shooting. Most dogs accumulate during the summer a good deal of fat which should be got rid of before their regular work begins. Animals kept in the city are especially apt to be in a state which makes them utterly unfit for any hard and regular work. It is absurd to suppose that a dog which has been kept on chain or confined in a small yard for months should be able to undergo the enormous amount of work which, even in a single day's shooting, is expected of him. The animal should be put through a course of training to fit him for the very severe labor which he is obliged to perform. We have always considered that the easiest and best way to give our dogs the necessary running was to have them follow us when we rode on horseback. Roads should be chosen where the dogs can always be kept in sight, and they should be allowed to range in the fields but should always be kept within call of the rider. The dogs having all their spare flesh taken off them by exercise, and having become hard and able to stand work, should have a little medicine given them two or three days before taking the field. Let each of them have at night a teaspoonful of sulphur, and the next morning from a teaspoonful to a dessert spoonful of sulphate of magnesia, which may be dissolved in water and poured down the animal's throat. We have never believed that it was well to feed dogs meat except during the season when they are at work, although we know that others differ with us on this point, and up to the opening of the shooting we feed them almost wholly on vegetable matter. When their work begins, however, let them have

some cooked meat, and if they are hunted regularly they should have plenty of it. The very severe drain on the system must be supplied by generous nourishment.

The reports which we have received from various quarters would seem to indicate that quail will be rather abundant this season. Certainly the spring and summer were very favorable for them, and it is possible that in this way the destruction of last winter may have been in part repaired. Ruffed grouse or partridges are said to be very scarce, and about other game it is as yet too early to say much.

We shall be glad to receive from our correspondents in all sections of the country reports as to the abundance or scarcity of game, and hope that all our readers will let us hear from them.

THE INTERNATIONAL GALLERY MATCH.

THE final preliminaries for the coming International Gallery Rifle Match are now arranged. Mr. Rigby, the famous long-range marksman, will select four gentlemen of Dublin; and Mr. J. S. Conlin four New York gentlemen. The respective fours to compose the team. The Irish team will shoot at a range in Dublin, and the Americans at Conlin's Gallery, 1,223 Broadway, New York. As the match is in progress the scores will be cable.

Each member of the team is to shoot twenty consecutive shots, with a .22 calibre rifle, three pounds pull, off-hand, at the Rigby target (one inch bullseye) distance twenty-five yards. Highest possible score for team, 400 points. Mr. J. K. Milner, the noted "crack" long-range marksman of Ireland will act as referee for the American team in Dublin, and Col. L. C. Bruce will act in a similar capacity in New York for the Irish team.

The names of the gentlemen who will compose the teams will be announced in due season. There is every indication that the contest will bring out some wonderful scores. Both sides are confident of their ability to win. This will be the first match of its kind ever shot. The riflemen on both sides of the Atlantic are taking great interest in the affair, and not a few think that such matches will become as popular with the general public as the famous international long-range matches of a few year ago.

THE INDIANA FISH COMMISSION.

IN our last issue we published a list of the Fish Commissioners of North America. It had stood in type for several days before the day of publication and after Indiana were the words "no appointment as we go to press." We had learned that the Governor was soon to make an appointment in accordance with the law passed last spring and a correspondent at Indianapolis had promised to telegraph us when announced. We received his telegram at 6 p. m. on Wednesday, the 28th, just as the forms were about to be locked and the change was made announcing Mr. Calvin Fletcher, of Spencer, Owen county, as the Commissioner.

The appointment we judge to be a good one, for, while we never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fletcher, we know him to be an ardent pisciculturist, who has been engaged in breeding carp—a fish, by the way, that is peculiarly adapted to the warm and sluggish waters which abound in parts of this State. We know that he has the question of fish food for the people at heart by correspondence which has come from different parts of Indiana, showing also that he has been publicly mentioned as being so interested.

Indiana has long needed such an officer, for her streams have been depleted by all sorts of illegal fishing, and now there is a chance of their being stocked again. This work takes time. It has taken thirty years or more to impoverish them and they cannot be restored to their fruitfulness in five years, nor in ten. The restoration will be gradual in the streams, because it is the food fishes which have disappeared and left their aquatic enemies. The bony gar still flourishes in the streams of Indiana, because its worthlessness has protected it, and it is capable of destroying thousands of the fry of good fish before the latter become numerous enough to compete with it in the struggle for food. The streams swarm with other animals, which, if they do not devour the adult or half grown fish, as the gar does, still enter into this competition for food. The science of pisciculture, for it is a science,

takes cognizance of all the influences which bear upon fish life and finds that many animals, apparently harmless, do much injury simply by devouring food which should go to sustaining valuable species.

It has been a matter of surprise that Indiana has not attended to this source of food production before this, as the States immediately surrounding her have been engaged in it for some years, with valuable results.

SALMON REPORTED ON THE VIRGINIA COAST.

WE have received the following letter, the original of which we have sent to Professor Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner. If the fish were indeed salmon it was most important news, and goes to prove that the California species, which have been placed in the waters of Virginia and Maryland, are long in reaching maturity. We hope that specimens have been saved in alcohol, or packed in ice, and sent to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., for identification. This is the only proper course to be pursued in such cases, for we have recently chronicled cases of mistaken identity in this same fish. Undoubtedly strange fish were caught off Cape Charles, but the fishermen there are not likely to be familiar with fresh salmon and may have made a mistake. The letter is as follows:

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 30, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We were informed yesterday by Mr. John Henry, a merchant of this city, that one of his friends, Captain James Johnson, a famous fisherman, also of this place, had been fishing near Cape Charles for thirteen days without much success. On the fourteenth day his labor and patience were rewarded by taking three hundred and fifty (350) fine large salmon. We take this as something unusual, as there was never known to be caught more than two or three in one day before. We would be very glad to hear your opinion in regard to this matter, as we never know that salmon come in at Cape Charles and Henry. Will you please give us your opinion as to the cause of their sudden appearance?

J. B. WHITE.

THE CUTTER MADGE.

HAVING given proofs of her extraordinary sailing qualities this ten-ton cutter will probably soon store up for the voyage to the East in the hopes of finding fresh victims to add to her string of wins in American waters; that is if any one can still be found believing that the slovenly rigged, round waisted sloop can point, reach, turn or hook a sea with the flying cutter. Sundry additional challenges have been sent to the press; among them one from the sloop Wild Duck, of Pampero, Mr. Lutz, owner. The Duck if we are not mistaken, is a McGiehn built feather weight, and reputed a fast one in smooth water. To put her through a sea off the Hook with Madge would be such a one sided exhibition in the light of recent experience that, unless Mr. Lutz can hit a smooth day, his money is much safer in bank. A race was also to be sailed with Poloma, but we believe this has fallen through for the obvious reason that, though a big sloop, she would not have the ghost of a chance with the Scotchman. Mr. Prague has likewise issued a challenge in behalf of the Fanita. This sloop is 44 ft. water line, 17 ft. beam and 6 1/2 ft. de. p. Madge is 38 ft. w. l. waterline, 7 ft. 9 1/2 in. beam and 6 ft. 2 in. deep. Multiplying the three principal dimensions in each case to obtain an approximate relation of the sizes of the two we find Fanita to be more than two and one-half times as large as Madge. The bolt of the sloop is something like 4 f., that of the cutter but 27 ft. To race these two on nearly equal terms became their men lengths happen to be nearly alike—Madge's long, light overhang being made to count as half its length of additional water line with the concomitant increase of beam and depth—is so palpably ridiculous that we are inclined to think Mr. Prague issued his challenge simply as a good joke. Of course it will not be entertained. The fairest trial of merits Madge enjoyed was with Mistral, for these two boats are practically alike in size. In that match the long, narrow form proved itself so very much superior on every point of sailing that the question of type may be deemed definitely settled in favor of the cutter. The Schemer was fairly beaten on her merits. The Wave would have made much the best showing, but for bad seamanship, and had some slight chance of scoring. But the disparity in size—the sloop being a third larger than the cutter—would have robbed a result favorable to the Wave of all its import, and no conclusions of value could have been drawn from such a termination of the race. Lest we be deemed prejudiced in the matter we have collected the opinions of the press of all shades, showing a universal acknowledgment of the superior qualities of the cutter. These were so marked that even the strong natural predilection of all for the home production and our style of build and rig could not overcome the testimony of facts as witnessed by the representatives of the press following over the course in the Judges' steamer on successive days. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of these races is the fact that the cutter never once "met her weather" in the real sense of that term. It was almost wholly in our favor, only calling for a temporary single reef up on one occasion when sailing the Mistral. This occasion plainly showed that in a shorter, the idea of matching a sloop against a cutter borders upon the ridiculous. Let us now go to work, apply the lessons learned, and try to regain that prestige for our pleasure navy so unexpectedly lost.

OUR KENNEL DEPARTMENT.

IT is with sincere regret that we announce that Mr. Franklin Satterthwaite has felt obliged to sever his connection with this journal.

Mr. Satterthwaite has long been known to our readers as a sportsman of great experience—an excellent shot, and a capital hand with a dog. Under his management the Kennel Department of FOREST AND STREAM, by its fearless and independent course, won the respect and admiration of all men. It attacked abuses unsparingly, and was never influenced by fear or favor.

Mr. Satterthwaite's whole energies have been bent toward the elevation and improvement of the sport he loves so well and has practiced for so many years.

His association with us has always been of the pleasantest character, and we shall miss his genial laugh, his good story and his shrewd advice. It is with deep regret that we part with him, and our best wishes for his future follow him wherever he goes.

We have made arrangements to have the position thus made vacant filled by a sportsman of thirty-five years experience, who is known to a very large majority of our readers, and is acknowledged to be an authority on all matters connected with dog and gun. The department will be conducted, as in the past, in the interest of the dog alone, and not of any clique of dog owners. As of old, our readers may rely on it.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT.—The Essex County Hunt (whose kennels are near Llewellyn Park, N. J.) have just purchased of Sir Hugh Allen, of Montreal, a very handsome pack of thirteen couples of imported foxhounds. They are all of uniform height, ad marked black, tan and white. Including the old pack, the kennel of the hunt now numbers fifty-six hounds, young and old. As this is more than they require they advertise to sell a few puppies and young hounds. The season opened last Saturday, with a large attendance, no less than forty being in the saddle, nearly all of whom rode through the hunt. There were over a dozen in at the death, including one lady rider.

A BAD PRECEDENT.—The decision of the Executive Committee in the case of the protest made by W. G. L. Morse against the long-range score of Dr. S. I. Scott in the champion's match, seems to be a very strange one. If the schedule system of placing time of day and target for each contestant in a match is of any use, it should be rigorously carried out, so far as circumstances would permit. To permit one competitor in a match the use of the pool targets, after the hour set for his match shooting, means the virtual abrogation of the whole schedule system.

SPRINGFIELD ROD AND GUN CLUB.—The Springfield Rod and Gun Club will hold its third annual rifle tournament at the club range, Oct. 11 and 12. There will be a champion match at 200 yards, and a four-team match open to any organized rifle association. The Secretary is Mr. L. H. Maycut. The Springfield boys know how to make it pleasant for visitors, and we look for a large attendance from outside that city.

A POSTAL CARD MARK.—A novelty is proposed at Creedmore in a postal card match in which the ordinary "postal" will be placed over the central part of the bullseye at 200 yards and shot at with any rifle. This curious cartoon will test the best eyesight of the marksmen and ought to get a great many hits from the close holders. The details of the postal card, which will probably be set for some time this month, will be given in our next issue.

BAY SNIPER SHOOTERS will appreciate the description of that sport contained in Mr. Roosevelt's sketch, "The Great South Bay."

IS IT GAMBLING?

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am sorry to trouble you the second time on the same subject, but I do not think that your answer to my question covers our case, or my question should have been asked differently.

One section in our constitution reads: "There shall be no betting, or gambling of any description, at any of the meetings, under the auspices of this association."

The above has been strictly lived up to for two years, but some members are now claiming that we have a mistaken notion of the definition of "gambling."

1. Now, if we, at the regular meetings on the rifle range, put up money individually and divide it in prizes, are we violating the above section of our constitution or not?

2. If the association should purchase a rifle and put it up to be shot off in one or more shootings, would that be in violation of the above article?

3. If an individual member donates a gun and we shoot for it, do we violate the above section?

The original inquiry of our correspondent included only the first case cited, and our reply to him was that the law did not recognize this as gambling. This reply did not satisfy him. The question, however, is one that cannot be answered dogmatically. Much fair argument may be adduced to support either side of it, and we think it of sufficient interest and importance to elicit general discussion. The question may be broadened to include also trap-shooting.

In the second and third cases given, provided there be no betting, there is no gambling.

The Sportsman Tourist.

For Forest and Stream.

OCTOBER.

The mists are rising on the river,
Rising slow.
The birch leaves gleam with rustling quiver,
Soft and low.
Nymphs of the woodwail gather lightly
Copes, and sublimas scatter brightly,—
Scarlet leaves are blazing in the gold.

Draped with haze are the giant mountains,—
Draped in blue.
Their rugged lineaments and fountains
Vell from view.

Breath of the woodlands' hushed, and slighting,
Whisper soft of the Summer's dylog,—
Scarlet leaves are blazing in the gold!

JOHN PRESTON TRACY.

THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

THE Fishery Commission of the State of New York had under advisement for some time the practicability of establishing a hatchery for sea fishes and had been studying Long Island as the most promising place to locate it. For this there was a double reason; first, that here was most of our sea frontage, and secondly, it offered an opportunity for cultivating trout for the southeastern portion of the State, which had heretofore been somewhat neglected, in consequence of its distance from the fresh water hatchery at Caledonia. On the northerly side of Long Island, a 4 extending its entire length of some hundred and forty miles, lies the Sound, but into this the sea breeze of the greatest value never penetrated. Bass fish, for instance, the most rising and predatory of their tribe, are rarely seen west of the "Race," except in their bay-whood, when they are popularly known as "snapping mackerel." The rare Spanish mackerel, of which there was indeed an excellent fishery at Orient Point, never were regularly taken in the Sound and have not even abandoned the former feeding grounds. The strip-bass are rather more numerous, but we-fish, kingfish and sheepshead are seldom caught in any of the waters to the north of Long Island.

On the south of the Island stretches a long, narrow lagoon of salt water, fed from the land by innumerable trout brooks pouring their sparkling rivulets, scarcely more than a mile apart, and connected with the sea by several inlets, cut by the waves through the narrow beach of low sand that separates the bay from the ocean. This lagoon, called the Great South Bay, is in reality sixty miles long, although it passes under several local names, but a boat starting from Rockaway on salt sixty miles eastward without passing through any but natural water communications.

The bay formerly abounded with fish. Here weakfish, king fish, blue-fish, sheepshead, sea bass and other species lived and bred, while Spanish mackerel, bonito and various migratory kinds visited it in their season, if they did not deposit their eggs there. This seemed a favorable location for the hatchery, although the fishing had been much reduced by the use of pound nets in and near the inlets, which not only captured fish in immense numbers but of immature size. So Mr. Seth Green, the State Superintendent of Fisheries, and one of the Commissioners, took a yacht and set out on an exploring expedition determined to investigate the possibilities of the entire bay. I went along to see that they made no mistakes.

On the 8th day of August, 1881, the good yacht Au Revoir started from the neighborhood of Islip, well provisioned for a two weeks' trip, and carrying its load of piscatorial science safely housed in its comfortable cabin of some ten feet square and five feet high. Extensive accommodations are not a feature of the yachts of athern Long Island, for the reason that while the bay is sixty miles long and four wide it is for the most part less than two feet deep. The true yachtman, however, can "stow" himself, and a prodigious deal besides, in a very small space, and "our voyagers" were naturally good yachtmen as well as great pisciculturists. Unfortunately the Commissioner is fond of gambling, and has long held the theory, which no amount of experience has removed, that the wind will come from either a great light or snipe along the beach on the south of the bay. So he insisted on bringing guns, cartridges, snipe decoys and all that along; and, more unfortunately still, he made up his mind from the signs in the heavens, the direction of the wind, or the motion of the tides, that the ninth day of August was the day on which this flight would take place. With this idea in his heart he headed the Au Revoir to the east, intending first to investigate that part of the water which was contiguous to the best sniping grounds.

No one who has not enjoyed the comforts of a cabin ten feet square, with just height of ceiling enough to enable one when sitting on the berth—which answers the double purpose of settee by day and bed by night—to take a drink of water without hitting one's head against the timbers of the roof, can imagine how snug it is. And when their first destination had been reached, anchor let go and sails furled, the explorers found the night settling down upon them and were glad to take refuge in their cosy home, get out their table luxuries and superintend the cooking of their meal. Appetite is a permanent passenger on every yacht, it lends a spice to food, assists in the cookery, helps along digestion and aids in many pleasant ways. Weariness smooths the small pillows, softens and widens the hard and narrow beds and brings balmy sleep. Supper over and even the bright rays of the kerosene lamp which lighted up the cabin like a private sun could not keep the party awake, nor persuade them to attend to the piles of literature they had brought to while away what never comes—the unoccupied and waste time of yachting.

Four o'clock a. m., and Mr. Green remarked that if they had come to snipe snipe it would not do to lose the best part of the day. In ordinary life there may be a question which is the best part of the day. The business man may consider that from ten to three covers the case; the belle may select the same hours, but from a different portion of the twenty-four; to the gourmand the dinner hour is all in all; to the speculator, the time of meeting of the Stock Board; to the lover, the hour when his mistress is visible;—but to the duck or snipe shooter, no time equals that, from dawn to full sunlight. There was no need here of Mr. Green's sage remark, though Sloth begged for a little more "folding of the hands to sleep," and the Commissioner was fain to set out sleepy

and breakfast toward the shore in the dingy, accompanied by guns, ammunition, false birds and the paraphernalia of the full art.

... "a term that includes all the sandpipers, plovers, sanders, waders and all that follow the coast in their annual migrations from their summer nesting places in the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay to their winter feeding places "away down South"—nobody knows exactly where or how far—are exceedingly gregarious in their nature. Therein lies a weakness that has proved most fatal to them and thinned their numbers from countless myriads that once fairly swarmed along the shore of the Atlantic Ocean during the summer and early autumn to a few desultory birds that survive over winter what is in sporting technique known as "a light," which means a continuous movement of flocks sufficient to give the gunner remunerative and satisfactory sport for one or more days at a time. These birds are of all sizes, from the sickle-bill curlew, that stands as high as a Shanghai chicken and weighs one-half as much, down to the "ox-eye," or "hawk's eye"—the name and its derivation both being in doubt—which is about as big as a wren and furnishes as much food as though one bit one's thumb. But, large and small, they are all possessed of eyes so brilliant and sharp and powers of sight so strong, that they would rarely be shot were they not so gregarious as they are stung and beautiful. Their social qualities and individual attributes are too largely developed for their good. A "solitary track," or a flock making its way safely up in the blue empyrean, far beyond the reach of even a "wire cartridge," on perceiving another flock, real or imitated, calls aloud with pleasure in soft, musical whistling notes, and on receiving an answer—a poor simulation often of its own call—descends confidently to death and destruction. There are few more exciting experiences in the sportsman's life than in chasing a "whiting rig" a flock of bay ships to the decoys. The man conceals himself in an artificial "blind," in a piling seaweed up around him, while he lies on his back in a water-proof coat. Our Fishery Commissioner was a sporting sportsman, and sat in a camp chair and had an artist's umbrella to shield him from an excess of sun, so he had to build a tall blind of bushes. The Superintendent, always discovering new ways of doing things, while he approved the camp chair, repudiated the tall bushes and built up a huge rampart of seaweed, sloughy because seaweed was abundant along the shore, and so seaweed being not so easily blown away, had been the best thing as a cover. But the Commissioner argued that such a mountain of seaweed would scare all the birds out of the bay.

The decoys, or "stools" as they are usually called, are made of wood in a rough way and painted not more like the natural bird than the law allows. A long stick is thrust into their body for the double purpose of legs and to set them up with on a shallow, sandy point, which is always chosen. The roughly manufactured, spurious snipe are, however, wonderfully delusive, and at a short distance cannot be distinguished from a flock of living birds. As soon as the preliminary preparations are made, the stools set out and the sportsman hidden, the latter expects the former to "open the ball"—that is, a single bird fly, already perhaps having seen all his sisters, his cousins and his aunts killed by similar ambush and trickery, is wending his solitary way to the fair sandbanks of the South. He catches sight of the false presentations, joy fills his heart—which has learned nothing by this time, and in a moment possibly his lost kindred. He calls aloud; the false friends or relations seem to answer, though their voices are hoarse—from wet feet and cold, doubtless.

Unobsciously he drops from the clouds; and with outstretched neck and expanded wings he sails gracefully and confidently up to the blind. There is a flash of lightning and a roar of thunder, and his body lies dead upon the sand, while his soul has gone to the "Happy Hunting Grounds of all eternities" to be murdered over and over again through all the centuries; for if there are happy Hunting Grounds, there must inevitably be hapless came to hunt, and, likewise, comes in the same way, only crowding and justifying another and hurrying to be first in at the death; and then the sportsman's happiness is supreme, and his art tested to its utmost, for then he can only be said to have justified himself if he shall have killed two or more with the first barrel, as they are crowding and crossing one another; and at least one with his second barrel.

... the sportsman's skill in whistling a correct and loud imitation, as in his accuracy and rapidity of aim. The variety of species is very great, and the ordinary ones will be found the following, some still retaining their quaint, Indian names: The Sickle-bill curlew, a large, brown bird, with a curved bill, which is occasionally eleven inches long; the Marlin, another brown bird, with a bill nearly straight, in fact bent slightly upward toward the point; the Jack curlew, like the sickle bill, but smaller; the Willet, about the same size as the last, with a light gray body and black and white wings; the Bull-head, or Black-breast Plover; the Golden or Greenback Plover, two fine birds for the table, and latter the better of the two; the Yelper, or large Yellowlegs; the Small Yellowlegs; the DOWITCHER, or DOWITCHER, an excellent table morsel, and the only true snipe, ornithologically considered, in the entire list; Robin snipe, somewhat similar in appearance to the Dowitcher; Brant bird, or Turnstone, a beautiful but rather tough variety; the Kricker, or Shortneck; the Peep, or Longshanked snipe; the Kinglet; the Sand snipe; the Surf snipe; and the Ouzel, and others which are scarce and infrequent. Every one of these has its own individual and characteristic whistle, which must be imitated by the gunner as nearly as possible. Each variety must be distinguished and recognized as soon as seen, for they often fly in perfect silence, and will not notice the decoys unless called. They are recognized by their size, color and manner of flight; and an experienced gunner, with perfect eyesight, can tell them apart at a prodigious distance. Then all the "Jacks" are the most wary, and as a consequence, to maintain their numbers less diminished than of the others. Some varieties, like the Golden Plover, have been almost exterminated, and in olden times a day's sport has not been determined by count, but, like the Biblical fowler, by bushel—basketfuls. As they come to the stand, they hover and set their wings, and drop their legs as if to alight; and will often do so if undisturbed; but the true sportsman never waits for that, but picks out a crossing pair or more and shoots at those. At the report the frightened flock flies, and the second shot is directed as it is technically called, making the second shot as direct as the first is easy. In a moment they will have so entirely regained their courage that those which escaped will wheel and return for a second or third shot, until sometimes they are all killed.

The sport, if it is good and the birds plenty, is exciting,

The variety of species, the difference of call and flight, the uncertainty of bringing the game within range, when it is hesitating whether to come or not, and the difficulty in selecting the best part of the flock to kill the greatest number, and a charm never to be found in no other kind of sport. Alas! however, this particular season there was error in the calculations. The Commissioner's pouch, like Venor's, was simply the contrary of what it ought to have been. In spite of winds and waves, the movements of the planets and the conjunctions of the constellations, there was no flight on the ninth day of August, 1881. Seth Green having armed himself with the ship's glass, not the customary glass of yachting parties, and surveyed the horizon from the moment it was visible till the sun appeared, announced that there was not a bird anywhere, and utterly refused to wait for them to come from some "discovered" country, while there was possible fishing to be had anywhere to be lost if the living. As he knew nothing of this kind of shooting, it was only natural that he should make up his mind promptly and the Commissioner surrendered to his views, with the saving clause, grumblingly uttered, "that if there had been thousands of birds they never would have come near a blind made of seaweed and high as a hill." So the "white wings" were spread and the Au Revoir leaped away on her course toward the west.

Now they meant business and their destination was Fire Island Inlet, the largest feeder of salt water to the Great South Bay, a channel through which a considerable amount of commerce passes and a spot that was once famous for the excellence of its fishing, but which is now so bogged in with pound-nets that the sport has greatly deteriorated, while fish that spawn in the bay are almost entirely excluded from it. It is one of the marvels of American character that in spite of its energy and enterprise it will allow the few to utterly override and trample under foot the rights and interests of the many. The Great South Bay, from time immemorial furnished a living to thousands of dwellers on its shores. Its waters are whitened with the sails of the working-boats of its hardy and laborious toilers; its oysters are famous as far as England, where "Blue Points are received fresh daily," as a restaurant sign informs the world. Its bottom is literally covered with clams and mussels and a few years ago hundreds of visitors came daily in the summer months for the sport of trolling for bluchfish off Fire Island. A sportsman could at any one cast haul the weakfish, kingfish or sea bass he wanted; or the poor man could, in a few hours, get food enough with hook and line to keep a family for a week. No man suffered for food who could work and who lived near the bay; and no more happy and independent race of men was to be found than those of the south side of Long Island. Now some twenty, certainly not over thirty, owners of pound-nets have changed all this; they have destroyed the fish, captured young and old, interrupted access to the spawning grounds, driven the boatmen to clamming and oystering exclusively, until these industries are overworked, and have brought poverty and suffering upon an entire community. And yet the people submit. Ten thousand men are ruled by thirty self-created despots, who tax the others beyond what would be dared by the greatest autocrat the world ever saw. I have not space to explain the structure or working of a pound net, but can only give the invariable experience of the New York Fishery Commission, that where the pound-net, with unrestricted length and mesh is introduced in any waters, the fishing is in a few years exhausted.

While the pound-net ruined the fishing in the bay by excluding the spawning fish, it ruined the fishing in the bay by some, especially of the smaller kinds, and could not prevent the way up the channel. The "Cinderbeds," so called from a peculiar coral formation which grows on them, are the favorite resort of porgies, sea bass and robins or gurnards, while small blue fish are taken in the channel by what is called "chumming." To the Cinderbeds an Au Revoir flew as fast as the wind and our impatience would carry her. We bought a hundred clams on the way from one of the working boats, with which the bay is dotted every working day in the year, and as soon as we reached our destination we anchored and went to fishing. Seth Green and the Commissioner each rigged up his line, and no doubt the amount of skill, erudition, research and experience involved in that operation would be hard to describe. Catching a surreptitious view of Mr. Green's rig-out, I found he had a silk worm gut leader armed with seven hooks, while the Commissioner had fastened his hooks by short lengths to his line above the sinker, half way to the tip of his rod. It is needless to say that against such skill the fish have no chance. There was a pound net within a stone's throw, and I commiserated its incapacity beside these formidable engines. Not satisfied, however, the Superintendent arranged a wire bag filled it with bait that the fish could not get at, and hung it over the side to attract them. Up came the fish by ones, by twos, by threes at every cast, of all kinds, large and small. The yacht's deck was covered with fish. Fish flopped and sparkled in the sun; fish bounced about the cockpit; fish got under your feet; fish hid away in the cabin. Baskets and boxes were filled with fish, and had it not been for an interruption the Au Revoir would have been loaded down with fish. While these two enthusiastic piscatorial artists were bent at it, with no signs of giving up, a stylish-looking craft sailed by. It had a signal on which was the suggestive figure of a fish, and beneath that the word "Bait," and the Commissioner recognizing it at once as the "chum boat," shouted out that he wanted a hundred mossbunkers. Chum bait is usual mossbunker, bony-fish or menhaden, three names for the same thing, and the chum boat immediately put larger and more alluring pieces on his hook. The chum gives out an oil which floats on the water and attracts the bluefish, while the bait catches them. As the menhaden is oily and nasty to handle it is not a pleasant nor clean style of fishing, but it is the only mode of taking bluefish which the pound nets have left possible. Fortunately on this occasion the bluefish were not plentiful, and even high art cannot catch what does not exist. So when a few had been taken and the afternoon was spent, fish powder was cooked in Mr. Green's finest style, and eaten appreciatingly. The yacht was got under way, and headed for the outmost verge of the extreme beach.

On the western point of Fire Island inlet—with the ocean in front, the bay behind, the inlet to one side, and a vast meadow to the other—Mr. Henry Haveneyer had erected a castle and watch tower, like the knights of old with their strongholds on the Rhine. Mr. Havenyer, like the knights, is a man of olden and noble lineage, and he draws his levy toll on his hard-working followers, and he draws his excise from the water and the air. From his beautiful and comfortable "coign of vantage" he can issue forth upon the

ravenous bluefish, which are busy preying upon their smaller brethren, or he can meditate as he fishes hour after hour in the hope of a hit from a sheepshead; or he can mark the flight of the bay snipe in the sky, or the motions of the ducks upon the bay. For health and pleasure, for the delights of a free and independent life, for the benefits of abundant exercise and pure air, for the comforts of a cool breeze and sleepless nights there is nothing to be compared to a home on our sea beaches; and the men and women who go to the Adirondacks and other wildernesses travel far and endure much to obtain what they might find with far fewer drawbacks at their very doors. In this most sensible movement Mr. Haveneyer is the pioneer, whose ocean home will be quickly followed by others, till every foot of available sand will be occupied. Unfortunately he was not at home, and only the solitary lamp that hangs over the portals, a guiding star to delayed mariners, and the deep baying of his hounds, whose voices are enough to frighten away interlopers, gave us a sad and sombre welcome, and pressingly suggested that we had better extend our journey a half mile further to Jesse Conkling's famous hostelry and the hospitable halls of the Waywanda Club on Cap Tree Island, upon the shores of Whig Inlet.

We did so, and I am sorry to say that we found the Waywanda very hospitable and the guests at Jesse Conkling's very friendly and musical and all. Seth Green and the Commissioner of Fisheries exceedingly sociable after their trip upon the thirsty sea. They went to bed, though, after a while, having received the promise that "Ge rre" would wake them at five next morning and take them snipe shooting once more.

The last words of Mr. Green to his new friends were: "I have to-day fixed a rig to catch salt water fish here, which I have explained to the Commissioner, who will explain it to you, and which, as they told him will catch more fish twice over than any other arrangement"—his words were a rebuke of the fact that the Commissioner had with his big hounds Mr. Green by two fish on a count of the day's catch—and if any of you would like to catch salmon-trout and will come to me, I will give you a rig for them that will take more of them than any plan you are acquainted with."

ROBERT E. ROOSEVELT.

SPORT IN NORTHWESTERN IOWA.

BY S. R. HARRIS.

The sportsman and tourist there can be no more attractive region than northwestern Iowa. The remote corner appears to have been overlooked until recently by knights of the rod and gun, as well as by the rush of emigrants from the Eastern States and Europe, who have been seeking homes in the fertile prairies of the West.

I propose to condense, in as brief a manner as possible, in a single article, a description of the country and its attractions to sportsman, tourist and farmer.

By reference to the map it will be observed that northwestern Iowa is bounded on the west by Dakota Territory, and on the north by Minnesota. Until recently it was an wholly unsettled. The tide of immigration rushed here, leaving an eddy here unvisited and undisturbed. The locality was remote from railroads, and the wonderful beauty of the country and the fertility of its soil was unknown, except to the venturesome hunter, who chased the deer and the elk over its rolling prairie; and to the disciple of Walton, who sought the most beautiful of fish in the clear waters of its romantic lakes and running streams.

The first railroad to break the solitude of this far-off land was constructed from Sioux City on the Missouri River, in a northeasterly direction to St. Paul, on the Mississippi. The next access to the country has been opened within the past two years by the Black Hills extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, which is now completed through the heart of this region far into Dakota, with a prospect of reaching Deadwood, within a few months, thanks to that prince of Western railroad proprietors, Hon. Alexander Mitchell, the ventureur from Bonnie Scotland, who found a welcome among the pioneers of the West, where he rapidly rose to wealth and distinction, and whose master hand is seen in the magic with which the solitudes of the West sprung into life, culture and commerce. The crossing of these two roads is near the west side of O'Brien county, at the thriving young town of Sheldon, and near the corners of Sioux, Lyon, Osceola and O'Brien counties, which meet at one common point. The two former counties border on Dakota, and the latter on the State of Minnesota.

For the past few years I have, when August came, laid a series of traps and snares, at a distance of one hundred and twenty feet in less than half a mile, affording great water power. Two large mills are completed, the lower one having been in operation for several years. The central fall has been purchased by some New York capitalists, who have recently erected an immense mill, constructed of the igneous rock, which they blasted from the face. The water is conveyed to a turbine wheel through a seven foot iron pipe, and has a head of seventy feet. This mill is just completed and is one of the wonders of this kind of wonders. It will only be surpassed by the celebrated falls of Coy Washburn, at Minneapolis, which grinds fifteen hundred barrels of flour daily, and when completed and run to its full capacity, is expected to increase the daily product to two thousand barrels.

Another point of interest is Spirit Lake in Dickinson county, Iowa, some thirty miles northeast of Sheldon. The popular name would indicate but one body of water, yet, in reality, it is a cluster of very interesting lakes. The upper one is Spirit Lake. The next is East Okoboji, and the lower one West Okoboji, all being connected by channels. Near the upper lake, and only separated from it by a narrow tangle of willows, on the west, is Sunk Lake. By the appearance of the willow-like bank, it is evident that the earth once covered it, and it was with its large timber and only sunk at some remote period, of which even the Indians had no tradition. Deep down in clear waters can be distinctly seen large trees with their leafless limbs and broken stumps standing uninjured. Interspersed with these are broken stumps and fallen timber, and in some places the water is so shallow that the roots of the pure water of the lake for many ages.

The outlet of this cluster of lakes constitutes the Little

Sioux River, which affords water-power and mill-sites throughout its course, until it debouches into the Missouri, midway between Sioux City and Omaha City.

These lakes abound in fish such as bass and pickerel. The fish appear to have brighter colors than the same species in other waters. On the occasion of my first visit I stopped with "Old Crandall," a pioneer, and one of the few who escaped the Indian massacre. He keeps a cozy tavern of the chateau style. A party of us camped near the lake with Crandall as our guide; fished in the lake, and shot pinted grouse chickens on the neighboring prairies. We had the most signal success in both sports. When night came on our host cooked us one of his famous fish chowders of which I had heard and read, but to which all descriptions had failed to do justice.

Pierre LeRond, of New York city, many years ago discovered by some means this paradise for sportsmen. He also discovered that West Okoboji, from its elevation, depth and size, was a natural place for yacht sailing, and so purchased a considerable body of land on the west side of the lake, where he has a large boat house and all conveniences for shooting, fishing and sailing. Mr. LeRond and a few friends have had the sport, and comparatively to themselves for years, but lately their solitude has been invaded, and a rush of tourists have made this their favorite summer resort for the past two years.

The railroads are in course of construction having these lakes for their objective point. One of them, the Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern, has purchased a tract of land, and will erect in time for next season's business an immense hotel for the accommodation of sport-men, fishermen and pleasure-seekers. Measures are also being taken to preserve the fish of the lakes from wholesale slaughter by sieves in summer and fishing through the ice in winter. For hook and line fishing the supply is inexhaustible. In less than an hour our party caught all we wanted, and spent the afternoon on the prairie, where each shooter bagged some twenty birds. During the fall commencing late in October, the waterfowl on these lakes are innumerable. A skillful sportsman can stand on the crossing places between the lakes, and in a favorable day shoot a car-load of ducks and geese.

When I left Spirit Lake on the occasion of my first visit I took passage in a hack. The proprietor carried the mail. He was a man of fifty and a pioneer. The nearest railroad station on my way to headquarters at Sheldon was Sibley. The route was an interesting one. We passed a succession of small lakes. On this route I was the only passenger, and the driver was quite communicative, being well acquainted with every lake and stream; he had for each some traditional romance to relate. Kish Lake attracted my attention. It derives its name from the abundance of bulrushes of unusual size that grow in water from six to ten feet deep, and cover the greater part of the surface of the lake with their green spike-like stocks, extending from three to six feet above the surface. A shooter can conceal his boat in the rushes late in the fall, and kill an unlimited number of geese and ducks.

The next lake we reached was known as Silver Lake. It derives its name from the color of its water, which is not transparent, as its name would indicate, but is much the color of silver sand as if filed by sieves and bottom of chalk. The poet just crosses a low rustic bridge over the inlet of this lake road where it empties its current of clear water into the ocean-colored lake. The stream, for many rods beyond its mouth, maintains its identity as if running between light-colored walls.

At the suggestion of my guide, the loquacious hack driver, I went with him to the outlet on the bridge looking into the current. Soon we saw the heads of fish, and busily peeping from the sides of the lake into the clear water of the stream, and when undisturbed they ventured out, but at the slightest movement by us they would dart back out of sight. Mr. Jehu made a loop and a noise of his whip lash and lunged into the water, leaving it motionless for a short time, and then with a sudden jerk landed a venenous fish which he called a bull-head. (It is customary in this region to give the scientific name of the fish, but being an ignorant fisher, I am uncertain to which class it belongs, but on the authority of the captor I suppose it was a *Tetraodon caput*.)

In due time I arrived at Sheldon, and found friends ready to join me with dogs and guns. We usually did our shooting in the evenings, and it was not uncommon for each sportsman to bag two dozen birds on these excursions.

The Floyd River runs near Sheldon. Its source is in Minnesota, a few miles north, and the stream is but small. It receives tributaries and enlarges and flows south. At Leona it turns to the east, and empties into the Missouri at Sioux City.

The beaver and otter still make their abode on this stream. On one occasion I was shooting prairie chickens with a party of friends near the railroad station at Sheldon. I stood on the bank of the stream. A bevy of birds had been flushed by my friends on the prairie, and one flew toward me, high in the air. I shot it directly over my head. Its velocity carried it behind me, where it fell into the water. Instantaneously there was a splash and innisk, and before I could turn around one of the next time as had captured my bird and disappeared, with it under the water, leaving only bubbles and circling waves to mark the spot.

In addition to the attraction of the country about Sheldon for sportsmen it possesses great advantages to the agriculturist. The cheapness of lands and their fertility are already attracting emigration. The settlers thus far have been from Wisconsin, Central New York and Northern Ohio, with an occasional Old German and Scandinavian.

Mr. W. B. Close, a graduate of Cambridge University in England and an aviator, a new species which he discovered in the course of that year, came to America in 1876 to row in the Centennial regatta. He chanced to fall into conversation with a gentleman from this region, who told him of the grasshopper panic, which had devastated one of the finest and most fertile portions of the continent, and of the fine opportunity for cheap lands. Close accordingly went by the Illinois Central Railroad to Le Mars, the nearest railroad point, and effected himself that the visits of the grasshoppers were accidental, that they bred far away and were as likely to strike New England the next time as the Northwest, and he instead largely improved lands. He established cable communications with his brothers in London, and received orders from them to invest in their behalf. He at once secured 30,000 acres, all of which, under the name of Close Brothers, they still retain and are also farming as their individual property. By reason of their reputation and extensive connections in England they were flooded with inquiries, and Mr. W. B. Close, to satisfy the sudden and growing interest in his native land, wrote articles for the *Times*, the *Field* and other leading English papers; and finally a conference was

had with the celebrated John Bright, whose support was given to an enterprise which had already been suggested by the Close Brothers, three of whom promptly engaged in the work. They decided to engage farm property for a fixed compensation, and to systematically encourage colonization. The enterprise culminated in the purchase of all the lands of the Sioux City and St. Paul Railroad Company.

Mr. W. B. Close, in the meantime, married an accomplished American lady, and returned to London in furtherance of his scheme, while his brothers James B. and Fred B. Close remained to receive their newly arriving recruits. Soon the tide of emigration began, and the few scattered pioneer settlers were gladdened by the new life which was infused into the country about them. The new comers were men of character and large resources. Among the number may be named Capt. Rynolds Moreton, R. N., who is a brother of the Earl of Ducie; Lord Hobert, the future Earl of Buckinghamshire; the son of Admiral Sir Sidney Dacres, K. C. B.; the two sons of Admiral Parguhar, of the Royal Navy; a son of Sir John Lubbock, the member of Parliament for the City of London; the son of Lord Alfred Paget; R. Potter, the son of the president of the Cobden Club, and others of equal note. The Duke of Buckingham with a party of English gentlemen and capitalists visited this region during the present summer, and were driven over the prairies west and northwest of Sheldon. The party were so pleased with what they saw that on their return to England they were influential in the formation of the "Iowa Land Company, Limited," with a capital of £500,000. Among its trustees are several of the Duke's party. The capital was promptly paid in, and the Close brothers were made managers of the company. Breaking teams were at once set to work and over twenty-six square miles of prairie were broken the present year, and 100 houses were erected. These lands are mostly sold to English settlers, and the balance are rented on easy terms. Several hundred houses had been previously erected within the last two years in Sioux, Lyon and Plymouth counties, under the supervision of the Close brothers, and many additional tenement houses were erected on their own lands.

It might be supposed that the purchase of lands on such a gigantic scale would be viewed with dislike by the American farmers of the vicinity; but such does not appear to be the fact. On the contrary they appear to be pleased with the rapid settlement and cultivation of the soil.

All of the lands embraced in the Englishmen's purchase are populated with the sons, sons of whom they bought their farms, while others are tenants. The settlement and population of the country is what all parties desired. The English gentlemen, true to their love of British sports, have their race tracks and cricket grounds. Hurdle races were a novelty in that region until introduced by these colonists. They have as yet made no purchases in the neighboring counties of O'Brien, Clay and Dickinson, which are equally fertile, and where unimproved lands may be had at prices varying from \$5 to \$10 per acre.

Some parties last spring purchased for \$5 per acre a tract of 3,000 acres in Onaga Township, O'Brien County, ten miles south of the station of Hartley on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. They broke two thousand acres, sowed flax on the sod and harvested twelve bushels per acre from it, all in one season. The product of this year will more than pay for the land. It seems strange that farmers with small means will struggle along for a scanty living in the sterile hills of the Eastern States, where lands sell from \$50 to \$100 per acre, instead of making in the Northwest, where broad rolling prairies may be purchased so cheaply in the immediate vicinity of good markets.

The pioneers of the East had to spend the best years of their lives felling trees and clearing forests before they had any surplus produce for markets. On the matchless prairies of the Northwest they may break their prairies and have grain in market without vexatious delays. With the use of improved agricultural machinery the vocation of a farmer comes to be one of toil; but, on the contrary, his life on the prairie becomes one of luxury and independence.

The farmer, the sportsman, the angler and tourist, there can be no more inviting fields than the prairies, the lakes and the streams of this Northwest.

SPORT AND GAME IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

HAVING in a previous paper treated of the caribou, which is the king of game animals in Newfoundland, I now venture an article upon the chief of our game birds, the noble *Bonasa canadensis* or Canada goose.

When I term it a game bird, I may state that, owing to the peculiarity of its haunts and the physical character of the country, rendering access to those haunts laborious and uncertain, few wild geese fall to the gun of our sportsmen proper, who devote themselves chiefly to the more certain enjoyment of grouse shooting, and shooting of smaller game.

The Canada goose is a regular annual visitor to Newfoundland, coming along from southern regions in early spring (April), remaining during the breeding season, and taking its return to large flocks in September. They breed abundantly on this island, laying their eggs upon islets in the bog-holes or lakelets which dot the large savannas or marshes, so numerous in the interior wilds of Newfoundland. They thus isolate their nests as far as possible from the designs of enemies, and as the young brood approach maturity they are conducted by the parent birds to the brooks which course through the interior parts of the island to the bays and seashore.

On this point I must correct a mistake made in a very interesting and instructive work, entitled "Game Birds in the United States," by Thomas Alexander, author of "Fish and Fishing," and other works on sport, and published in New York in 1879.

Writing of the Canada goose Mr. Alexander says: "He comes up from the south in the earliest spring, bravely making the long-studied migration in search of a breeding place. How far to the north he goes before his particular taste in this matter is satisfied is unknown, for no mortal eye has yet gazed upon the Arctic Circle having met them, with long necks outstretched toward the pole, still pursuing their journey."

"Possibly they find the long sought open Polar Sea and rest securely on its desolate bosom until their young are grown to sufficient maturity to undertake the mighty journey to the far south, where they spend the winter."

Writing in ignorance of the subject, as these statements show him to have been, it would have been wiser not to have so positively asserted such an egregious error as is contained in them, and which any one in this country having the remotest knowledge concerning wild fowl could refute.

Wild geese may have been seen heading for the North Pole; this is not questioned; and they may have solved the problem that has baffled the efforts of generations of the most daring navigators; but I opine the season of summer within the confines of the Arctic Circle is of scarcely sufficient duration for the breeding and rearing purposes of birds which require nearly six months from the time of nesting until the period of annual migration to Southern climes. No matter how much farther North they may have been seen it is a matter of fact that the Canada goose breeds in Newfoundland. Every year fishermen in some of the outlying settlements are accustomed to go off "into the country" in search of the broods of wild geese while they are still young, and frequently bring out the birds when about two-thirds grown and before their wings are sufficiently developed to enable them to escape. This is quite a common occurrence, and the birds so captured are, in the fall, sold to amateur poultry fanciers in the Capital and elsewhere at a good price. Those domesticated wild geese, may, at any time, be seen in dozens of poultry yards about St. Johns, and they breed in their captivity, both *inter se* and with the common domestic goose, producing a hybrid bird much esteemed for the table.

The fishermen also sometimes manage by means of rafts to get at the nests of the birds, and bring out and hatch the eggs under the common goose. The writer has himself seen a number of these rafts.

If further proof were necessary in support of this correction, I may state that while the Game Act of Newfoundland establishes a close time under heavy penalties for infraction, in respect to all other game birds, wild geese and the eggs of wild geese are specially excepted from the operation of the law, so as not to interfere with the small source of emolument the fishermen and poor settlers may derive therefrom. It is thought also that as those birds breed in such generally inaccessible places, no extensive injury will thus result to them, still the wisdom of molesting any animal valuable to man in its season of procreation is very questionable.

Toward the end of September large flocks of geese are seen on the "barrens," which they frequent for the purpose, preparatory to migration, of feeding up on the partridge berries and marsh berries which, in some localities and seasons, are very abundant. These so-called "barrens" are extensive strips of high barren land, interspersed with vast peat marshes, generally undulating, with clumps of stunted fir trees here and there, but chiefly on the slopes of the hollows or water courses. It is a most interesting sight to see, and there is little chance of a near approach to them.

"While grouse shooting on one occasion upon a "barrens" in St. Mary's Bay, about seventy miles from St. Johns, my setter dog, a thoroughly staunch and reliable one, stood firm at the leeward end of a long stretch of gently ascending dry ground. It was the very spot for grouse, so dismounting from the pony I rode, and handling the bridle to my attendant, I said: "In great straits of a shot here." After advancing a bit, with the dog still setting, every moment expecting a little to rise in front of me, I happened to cast my eyes a little further on, and there, at about one hundred yards off, were nine geese standing erect watching our proceedings. At the same instant that I saw them they took flight. Those were what the dog stuck to, though they were the first he had ever seen or scented. I had no chance of firing at them as they were out of shot, and even had they not been, I was only charged with No. 5.

Along the shores of many of our larger bays are natural inlets or creeks, barred by beaches along the coast line, having an opening or gut, through which the ou or waters ebb and flow. These ruinor stretches of water are generally called ponds, and frequently barrieways, from the French term, *barrachois*. They sometimes contain islets or peninsulas, upon which grows goose grass, a favorite food of the birds. At the periods when flocks of geese are expected to frequent those haunts, the fishermen of the neighborhood sometimes erect a kind of blind, or as they call it, "gaze," within a certain range of those spots where geese are in the habit of landing. The "gaze" is rough, close framework of fir trees and boughs, having room inside for a couple of men to lie and watch for the birds and to fire from when the proper opportunity arrives, and often considerable execution is thus done among them. The "gaze" must be constructed before the time when the birds are expected, so that they may see it when they come, for so cunning is their instinct that if built after they have arrived at a pond they regard it as a suspicious innovation, whose neighborhood it is best for them to avoid.

I have not thought it necessary to go into a description of the *Bonasa canadensis*, as it is well known to all who take an interest in sporting matters. TERRA NOVA.

NEW JERSEY ARCHERY.—The second annual N. J. State archery meeting took place Wednesday at Waverly. The attendance was good and the scores, notwithstanding the very high wind, were an improvement on the scores of the previous meeting. In the morning were shot the champion matches. Mrs. Gibbs, of the "Newark Toxophilites," carried off the champion's gold medal; Miss Brandegee, of the same club, secured, winning a silver medal, and Mrs. Holberton, of the Orifanti Archers, third, a yew bow.

In the Gentlemen's Champion Match, W. Holberton, President of the Orifanti Archers of Hackensack, won the State Champion Gold Medal, and Mr. C. R. Moore, of the same club, won the gold medal for highest score. Mr. Frazer, of the N. Y. Club, won the first prize, a yew bow, in the long range match.

The Team Match in the afternoon was very interesting and closely contested—48 arrows at 60 yards. The Orifanti team won by two points only, the Brooklyn team coming in second, and the N. Y. Club team third. The Newark Toxophilites was the only club to send a ladies' team and, having only scratch teams to compete with, won an easy first.—ARONER.

The third annual tournament of the Eastern Archery Association will be held in Boston on the Base Ball Grounds, October 13, 14 and 14. Those desirous of participating are requested to send their names as early as possible to George D. Underwood, City Hall, Boston, Mass.

EXPORTS OF WILD ANIMALS.—Messrs. Chas. Reich & Bro., of this city, made quite a large shipment of small American animals to Bremen, Germany, on Saturday last. Among them were a South American ocelot, Rocky Mountain wild cats, prairie wolves and dogs, a large raccoon, Mexican pigeons, etc. On the same day they received from their New York friends a giraffe, several swans and a quantity of fancy birds.

DETROIT, MICH., SEPT. 28.

Natural History.

HABITS OF PET SNAKES.

New York, Sept. 23.

HAVING seen in your publication several very interesting accounts of snakes' doings, I will tell you something of a few that I have had.

I have now a small garter snake that I captured while it was crossing a lake, at least sixty yards from one shore and about thirty yards from the shore from which it was swimming; so he must have undertaken a swim of about ninety yards. I once saw one cross a small brook, but never knew them to take such long swims. I saw an account in Forest and Stream of a garter snake that climbed a tree by going straight up, instead of the usual spiral motion. I also saw, not long ago, the snake that I now have climb a varnished walking-stick in that manner. The stick stood in a corner of the room at an angle of eighty-five degrees. The snake, by the by, is only eleven inches in length. He curved himself so that parts of his body were on each side of the cane, reaching three-quarters of the distance around it and covering about five inches of the length of it. He then pressed the lower third of his body firmly against the sides of the cane and stretched upward the other two-thirds as far as possible. Then holding fast in the manner just described, by the upper third pulled up the remainder, and so on to the top. On finding that he could go no farther in that direction, he crawled back over himself slowly and carefully until he was straightened out head downward and then slid down, pressing his body against the sides of the stick to serve as a brake.

I had five snakes at one time. I used to keep them in a large box with a wire gauze cover. Out of the five only one ever ate anything—my knowledge that the one only ate was possible. Then holding fast in the manner just described, by the upper third pulled up the remainder, and so on to the top. On finding that he could go no farther in that direction, he crawled back over himself slowly and carefully until he was straightened out head downward and then slid down, pressing his body against the sides of the stick to serve as a brake.

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B. F. JOHNSON.

ECHOES OF SOME OLD DISCUSSIONS.

LEFT-EYED SHOOTING—EDIBLE WOODCHUCKS—DEER FEEDING BY THE MOON—MOONLIGHT AND FISH.

FROM time to time topics have been touched upon in your paper, to which my attention has been called, and questions discussed upon which I have myself heard evidence. I have delayed contributing to the discussions until now the list includes quite a number, and I will unburden myself upon some of them.

1. First, I will take the last question. In a recent number you were asked if a person could not be "left-eyed," and the fact was mentioned that when a circle, formed by the thumb and finger was brought in line with an object, both eyes being open, it remained in line when the left eye was closed, but, upon closing the right eye and opening the left, the fingers appeared to the right of the object. Several weeks ago some newspaper (I have forgotten what one) mentioned this fact, and accounted for it by saying that it proved that distance was judged by both eyes, and direction by only one. This seemed plausible to me, until I found by experiment that, in shooting a pistol, I could sight with either right or left eye, or with both open, with the same results. So I am at a loss to know what hearing this fact may have, if any. However, your answer, that a man who cannot shoot with the right eye probably could not shoot with the left either, is wrong. My brother, though a right-handed man, shoots from the left shoulder, and sights with the left eye (closing the right), because the right one is a little dim, owing to an accident to it in youth. The clerk of the County Court of this place, also, has lately commenced shooting from the left shoulder, sighting with the left eye, because he could not shoot satisfactorily in the ordinary way, and he finds his new method just suits him. So there are two cases existing of "left-eyed" persons, and it is reasonable to suppose there may be more.

2. A recent number also spoke of woodchuck-eating, as being a new thing. I well remember that the first "game" (if so it be), I ever ate was a woodchuck, which our farm dog in New Hampshire dug out, and, with the help of us boys, killed. Recollection tells me that it was good, and I thought it was the sweetest morsel I had ever tasted, and straightway the spirit of Esau took possession of me, and I have been killing and eating the beasts of the woods and the birds of the air ever since, when opportunity offered, woodchuck among the rest.

3. Whether deer feed by the moon is a question that may be considered laid at rest; still, the testimony I will present is different from the bulk of that you have published; and I submit to you that if it can be established that certain deer have been observed, and seen to do it, it will be of more weight than the opinions of those who simply can say they never seen such a thing, and so don't believe it. All the hunters on the Florida Keys, and on the mainland of Florida, with whom I have talked, are firm in their belief that deer come out to feed at "moon-rise," "moon-set" and "moon-south, below and above," and they are firm enough in their belief to hunt according to it—and they kill deer, too.

But to come to more conclusive evidence. Jo. Biva, or Viva, living at Fort Myer, in the Chesapeake, told me that he had seen a rabbit among deer for years, and that he had seen which he had caught and raised in his yard, invariably got up in the night and fed according to the times of the

moon as mentioned. This he had noticed himself. Also Mr. John Pent, of this place, has now a fawn which was caught some months since, when so small that a boy ran it down. He keeps it in his yard, and he tells me that it comes out from its pen and feeds "by the moon," that is at its rising, setting and meridian height, "above and below."

Have any persons who dispute this ever watched deer to see how they eat? Perhaps it is a Florida habit only!

4. Some people do not believe that the moon shining on fish spoils it. We have a large population of fishermen here; and all to whom I have ever spoken about it say the moonlight does spoil fish exposed to it; makes it soft, taints it, and unfits it for eating to such an extent that it will make one sick, the same as had meat or fruit will do. I suppose I could furnish innumerable affidavits to this, and if any one is curious on the subject I will refer them to my informants. Key West, Fla., Sept., 1881.

[Our original remarks to "Invadins" about his eyes must be taken with the limitations supplied by his letter. Of course, if a man be near-sighted in one eye he can see better, and so shoot better, by using the other eye. So, too, if the right eye be a glass eye, and there are such cases, a man may shoot from the left shoulder. Again, we know a man who shoots from the left shoulder because he cannot squint with his left eye.

The effect of moonlight on fish has been argued at length and has amounted to nothing—assertions on one side and denials on the other. If an entirely disinterested person would experiment with fish of the same weight, kept side by side and subjected to exactly the same influences, with the exception that one was exposed to the rays of the moon, while the other was protected from them, then the case could be proved one way or the other. The experimenter should be perfectly indifferent which theory was sustained, in order to try the question fairly. We have no opinion to express.]

"VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ."

THAT "Dame Nature" is abundantly able to care for her lowliest creatures when they are the subjects of injury, is strikingly proven by the specimen which I hand you herewith, and which, will, I doubt not, possess an interest for many who call at your rooms.

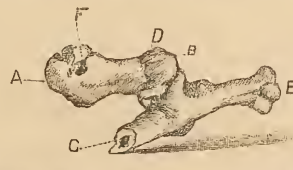
Every sportsman experiences a feeling of sadness when he is unable to recover a wounded bird—not so much from the fact that it will not swell the bag, as because he knows the poor creature must suffer for hours, or it may be, days, before death kindly comes to its release. It is cheering, therefore, to know by actual demonstration, that nature, not unfrequently, heals the wounds we make, and restores her crippled children to complete health.

On a beautiful November afternoon, two years ago, I strayed out into the woods with my dog and gun, and after a pleasant ramble of an hour or two, during which I had been only fairly successful, I was turning my steps homeward, when I saw that my dog was "making game" very decidedly, and from his action I surmised that he was trailing a partridge. Suddenly, to my left, up through a thicket of underbrush, with a royal old rush and whirr-r-r, jumped the bird—a large and strong one.

I gave him a barrel as he plunged into the tree tops, but away he went without so much as dropping a feather; and taking his line of flight as best I could, we pursued, the dog being kept well in. After tramping some time we again struck his track. This time I was looking out for him, and as when he flushed with a strong bound, a well directed shot brought him to bag.

This bird, whose rapid motions put my marksmanship to the test, had at some time or other had the misfortune to get its wing broken, most probably by a shot at the hands of some gunner—but which had been so thoroughly mended as to enable him to fly as swiftly and steadily as before the accident befell it.

The fracture had occurred in the bird's right humerus—the bone which joins with the body—about an inch from its upper articular surface, at the junction of the upper with the middle third of the shaft of the bone. The fractured ends of the bone had slipped past each other, shortening the wing



A, proximal end of humerus, or upper arm bone, of the wing of *Merula americana*; B, distal end, which articulates with the radius and ulna; B and C, fractured ends of humerus, which have slipped by one another and are now overlapping; D, "callus" or bony substance, thrown out from nature and now firmly binding the overlapping positions together.

a full half inch. But nature had poured out the provisional callus so abundantly from the attached fragment as to firmly and completely unite it with its fellow, restoring to the bird a most useful wing, so useful, in fact, that he whirred away from my first shot like a lumbeluck; with only a slight peeping and I had to flush him a second time before bringing him to bag.

The deformity was not discovered until the bird was picked, when my attention was called to it, and I at once decided to prepare and preserve the bone. I send it to you at the suggestion of some of my sportsmen friends.

The specimen is a very perfect and beautiful one, and as I before said it shows how kindly nature cares for her creatures, and how successfully she accomplishes her purposes. Lagrangeville, N. Y., Sept. 17. GEO. HUNTINGTON, M. D.

[The specimen is certainly a curious one, and so interesting that we have thought it worthy of an illustration. The bone is now at this office, and we shall be pleased to exhibit it to our friends. Mr. John G. Bell, the taxidermist of this city, has in the course of his long experience come across several instances of this healing power of Mother Nature. Among other specimens was that of a woodcock, in one of the bones of which were found, cutted by the callus, some interlaced feathers, showing that the bird had been previously wounded and the wound had healed. How quiet the bird must be while the wonderful process is going on.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent number of your excellent journal appeared an article by Albert West, quoted from the Advance, in which he takes the ground that the mocking bird is not an imitative bird, but inherits the talent of singing all his varied notes. It seems that he draws conclusions from his observation of one bird taken from the nest at an early day and kept entirely away from other birds.

He states that the bird developed notes similar to the blue bird, etc. Had he compared the real notes of the other varieties mentioned he would have seen that there was a similarity only; while he would have heard a perfect imitation, if the mocker had heard the notes of other birds.

It is a fact that the mocking birds have a great variety of notes in their song; but that they are not imitative I will attempt to disprove. Our conclusions are drawn from a number of years' observation, not only of this variety, but a number of other wild varieties, as the robin, catbird, thrush, etc. We have studied carefully their habits and peculiarities both in the woods and in the cage. The canary has also come in for a large share of attention. This little warbler can be taught to whistle anything within the range of his delicate throat. I have known them to learn the ticking and striking of a clock, a tune from a hand organ, and one learned the tune of "Yankee Doodle," whistled by its mistress. It seems almost impossible for them to do otherwise than to imitate the sounds that they hear repeated for a number of weeks.

The mocking bird will do the same, only they learn in a shorter time and include a greater variety in their programme. We have one in mind now, not a half dozen weeks away, that has been kept near a yard where fowls are confined, and it has learned the crowing of the cock and the cackle of the hens to perfection. Another one that came under our observation would imitate the filing of a saw. He was owned next door to a man who made it his business to file saws. We have in mind another which hung near an old-fashioned clock. In a short time he acquired the faculty of ticking and striking with perfect regularity. A lady friend of the writer left her mocker in his cage for a time, and in about five days he would imitate the song of the rose-breasted grosbeak. I also taught him some peculiar strains by dwelling on the same notes for a number of days.

We think this is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that they are a mocking bird in the true sense of the word. If left to themselves they will no doubt develop a very fine song, but unless they hear other birds they will not show near the sweetness and variety that they would to hear different varieties for sufficient time to acquire a perfect imitation. Hor.

IS THE TURTLE FISH OR GAME?

WARRENTON, VA., OCT. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing an account of the turtle found near this place, and reading the remarks, reminds me of a circumstance that happened in the Virginia Legislature that sat in Richmond three winters ago. It seems that there were two separate committees, called respectively the "Committee on Chesapeake and its Tributaries," which had the sole jurisdiction over fish, and the "Committee on Game," which attended to the protection of the birds, or rather the feather and the fur of the commonwealth.

Now, these two committees were very jealous of each other's functions, and watched one another like hawks. At last a circumstance occurred which made the smothered fire break out into an angry flame, and open hostility was the result.

It appears that the chairman of the game committee brought in a bill for the better protection of "terrapins." The chairman of the fish committee indignantly denied the right of the other to claim jurisdiction over the fish, because he said it was a fish. The game committee claimed the terrapin as game, and appealed to the House, and all that night the General Assembly of Virginia were debating that knotty question—Is the turtle a fish? They haven't decided it to this day. Cannot some readers of the FOREST AND STREAM cut that Gordian knot of conundrums? CAUTION THE FAMOUS "Pot Luck Club" throw light on this subject, which added the brains and stamped the judgment of the wisest of the Old Dominion statesmen? Or brother sportsmen, I rise for information. Is the turtle fish or game? [Let the Pot Luck Club speak.] CHASSIEUX.

SKUNK VS. WOODCHUCK.

IN your issue of the 8th inst. the paragraph relative to the edible qualities of the woodchuck brings to mind an incident that goes to show that even the skunk is considered quite a delicacy by some people.

In the autumn of 1873 I accompanied a surveying expedition to the northwestern frontier of this State. We had employed in the party about twenty Mexicans. On going into camp one evening on the San Gabriel the Mexicans discovered the skunk making their way into a hollow log and the men immediately set about to capture the varmints.

Having located the animals, they proceeded to cut into the hollow of the log a hole of sufficient size, when one of the men thrust his hand in and drew out one of the skunks, holding it by the tail close to the roots, taking the precaution to catch it also by the back of the neck. Held in this position, and at arm's length, it was killed by a blow on the head. The other was secured in the same manner and, strange to say, none of the timid odor peculiar to the animal could be detected. The Mexicans were so that he dug it by the root of the tail rendered it powerless to discharge any of its offensive fluid.

Both animals being dispatched, a roaring fire of brushwood was built and they were thrown in the flame and allowed to remain for the space of thirty seconds. On being taken out they were scraped, the hair slipping off easily. Next the gland containing the defensive fluid was carefully and skillfully removed, the animals were dressed and placed upon a spit and roasted before the fire. The skunk being pronounced cooked, I was invited to partake of the feast, but very respectfully declined. The Mexicans, however, seemed to enjoy the feast immensely and pronounced the flesh not inferior to that of opossum. P.

Fort Clark, Texas, Sept. 19.

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

Table with columns: States, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Ruffed Grouse, Pinnated Grouse (Prairie Chick-en), Wild-foal, Wild Turkey. Rows list various states and their respective hunting seasons for each game type.

Ala., Oct. 20, Sept. 15, Oct. 1, Oct. 20.
Ariz., July 1, Sept. 15, Oct. 1, Oct. 20.
Cal., Sept. 1, Prohib. Oct. 1, Oct. 1.
Col., Oct. 1, Oct. 1, Oct. 1, Oct. 1.
Del., Oct. 1, Aug. 15, Aug. 15, Aug. 15.
D. C., Aug. 15, Nov. 1, Aug. 15, Sept. 1.
Idaho, Aug. 1, Oct. 1, Oct. 1, Oct. 1.
Ill., Sept. 1, July 4, Oct. 1, Aug. 15.
Iowa, Sept. 1, July 1, Oct. 15, Sept. 1.
Kan., Sept. 1, July 1, Oct. 1, Sept. 1.
Ky., Sept. 1, Aug. 15, Oct. 20, Sept. 1.
La., Aug. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1.
Maine, Nov. 1, July 4, Oct. 1, Sept. 1.
Mass., Nov. 1, July 4, Oct. 1, Sept. 1.
Mich., Nov. 1, July 4, Oct. 1, Sept. 1.
Miss., Oct. 1, Oct. 1, Oct. 1, Oct. 1.
Mont., Sept. 1, Aug. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1.
N. H., Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Nov. 1, Oct. 15.
N. J., Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Nov. 1, Oct. 15.
N. Mex., Sept. 1, Aug. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1.
N. Y., Aug. 1, Aug. 1, Oct. 1, Sept. 1.
Pa., Oct. 15, July 4, Nov. 1, Sept. 1.
R. I., July 1, July 1, June 15, Nov. 1.
S. C., Oct. 1, July 4, Aug. 1, Sept. 1.
Tenn., Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1.
Texas, Aug. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1, July 1.
Utah, Aug. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1.
Vt., Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1, Sept. 1.
Va., Sept. 1, July 1, Nov. 1, Aug. 1.
Wis., Aug. 1, Sept. 1, Aug. 1, Aug. 1.
Wyo., Sept. 1, July 10, Aug. 1, Aug. 15.

Ala., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1.
N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
Bulgaria-Colo., Aug. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Carolina-Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1.
Del., Ala., Aug. 1; Cal., July 1; Ga., Oct. 1; Kan., Aug. 1; Miss., Sept. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; N. J., Oct. 15.
Elev.-Colo., Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Minn., Nov. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.

Monte-Me., Oct. 1; N. H., Sept. 1; Ore., July 1.
Montana-Sp., Sept. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; N. Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Aug. 15.
New-York, D. C., Sept. 1; Me., Aug. 1; Mo., Aug. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. H., Aug. 1; Pa., July 1; R. I., Aug. 1.
Ohio-Ill., Sept. 1; N. J., Sept. 1; Pa., Sept. 1.
Rhode-Ida., Sept. 1; D. C., Sept. 1; N. J., Aug. 1; Pa., Sept. 1.
Spain-Delaware, Aug. 15; D. C., Sept. 1; Nev., Sept. 1; N. C., Oct. 15.

In these States there are special county laws. a The deer law applies to sale or possession. b Wildnot not protected on the coast. c Upper Peninsula deer season opens Aug. 15. d California quail protected to 1882. e Arizona quail season opens July 1. f Moose and cariboo, Sept. 1. g First open woodcock season begins July 1; will close Aug. 1. h Quail shooting prohibited to Nov. 1, 1882, in counties of Montgomery, Schuylker, Saratoga and Albany. i Whitetail season in Long Island waters opens Oct. 1. A deer law relates to female deer only.

A DAY WITH THE HOUNDS.

TWENTY years ago the forests along Pine Creek were well stocked with game, and during the hunting season the baying of hounds could be heard almost every day telling the story of a chase, and suggesting a venison supper. A deer was no unusual sight then, and the traveler along the river road would frequently be startled by a splash, and looking round would see the victim of the chase cooling himself with a swim or by jumping on a log. Sometimes he might see a more exciting sight when the hounds came before the deer left the stream, and might find ample field for sympathy, whether sportsman or not, in the struggle for life between the tired animals.

Those days, with their rich harvest of sport, will never be seen again. The pioneer's axe has extended the line of clearing, and the crash of falling trees have frightened away the timid deer that have taken refuge in the mountains too far back to be cultivated. The runways* of that time are now the sites of cities, and the fields that have succeeded the corn. The idols of the sportsman are broken, and the march of civilization has trodden down his choicest treasure leaving him only the despised portions of his old-time territory on which to found a new empire suitable for his patron saint, Diana.

If sportsmen were easily discouraged there would be little hunting done now, but faith and persistence are the leading traits of character developed by the true sportsman, and the interest and hopefulness that he would exhibit under the most dismal circumstances are the proper place for such an account of the hounds as they follow a track, old enough perhaps to be an ancient landmark, exhilarates him nearly as much as the sight of game, and the transparent lies that he will tell to account for the return of the hounds without a deer are simply inexhaustible. He will not lose faith in final success, no matter how unfortunate his first few days' experience may be, and with serene boldness prepares every day for a venison steak for supper. A whole volume might be written on the discipline a man must undergo before he can become a professional hunter, but as this is not the proper place for such an account it is omitted, and our story is resumed.

On one of the pleasant days of last November a party of four, embracing one professional hunter and three amateurs, started for a week's hunting, taking with them all necessary equipments and five of the best hounds that could be found in the village—long, silky-eared animals, whose clean limbs and thoroughbred coloring distinguished them from the ordinary dog and told their aristocratic lineage. Nothing that a professional hunter could think of was omitted and the fertility of such an individual's mind is really confusing; so confusing, indeed, that at this time none of the amateurs can say what benefit was derived from some of the articles he considered necessary, nor can they explain why the inventory of the property was so remarkably short when they returned. Professional hunters are expensive and mysterious, but aside from these annoying qualities they are a beneficent institution and deserve to be patronized.

The first few days were not successful, so far as results

were concerned, but the practices were beyond reproach. Everything was conducted on purely professional principles. The hounds were fed just so much and at just such times; the guns were cleaned, oiled and primed, and the hunting knives were sharpened with as much care as would have been used had a hundred elk been killed every day. The amateurs were getting discouraged, but the professional was as unimpaired and sanguine as he could have been if he had believed his own lies. No matter what was said, the same calm prophecy of final good fortune was made, and at last it came.

The hounds were taken, as usual, far up among the mountains, several miles from the river, to be started. The usual examination for fresh tracks was made, and this time it was successful. In the head of one of the large basins that are found between the mountains, a number of deer had spent the night and the hounds immediately started with such a chorus of baying as would delight any sportsman. They went slowly at first, following the tracks where the deer had been feeding, the pairs frequently crossing each other and troubling the hounds to follow them; but at last they got started and started off through dense forest with "starters" heard their music, now in short, hurried barks when they were near the game, and again in long, deep, but infrequent bays as the scent was less fresh. They were going in the right direction and the "starters" work was done. He could only hope for success and wonder whether the amateurs or the professional would get the first shot.

Several miles below the men were stationed on the runways near the river awaiting developments. They had been on the same runways several previous days waiting for game and none had come, which had discouraged all but one so much that considerable persuasion was required to get them out. But on this day they were more than repaid for the ill-luck of the preceding watches and the one who had been steadfast in his faith was looked to as a prophet.

At first they heard only an occasional sound from old Colonel, the strongest hound in the pack, but in a few moments the earnest barking of all was heard coming steadily toward the watchers. The bark was the "game bark" too, not the discouraged howl of a man-of-scent, and the men on the runways prepared for the expected game. Loads and triggers were examined and the priming in every tube carefully replaced with new powder. Everything was done to prevent accident when the time for action came, and the men, fully prepared, but a little nervous, sat down and waited for the hounds to come in.

The waiting is one of the trying points of a sportsman's life, and one in which his coolness and patience are manifested, if he have any. The hounds come slowly, and as their deep and strong bark is heard for miles, it is sometimes over an hour before they are first heard, but the game is driven in, and all this time the hunter must wait, feeling that honor is to be lost or won when the distant barking that he is listening to reaches him. Sometimes the deer leave the runways, that with strange instinct they follow as men do the public streets, and come into the river at unexpected places; but this is unusual, and if all the runways are guarded, some one is usually sure to get a shot at any game that may be started. Each mountain and valley has its deer paths, many of them grown like the cattle paths, and whenever the hounds find the timid animals are started they lose all these paths into danger, instead of away from it, as instinct might be supposed to teach them.

After waiting for half an hour and listening to the barking of the hounds growing louder and less musical as it came nearer, the watchers were startled by a couple of shots in what seemed to be the locality of the hounds. They were somewhat surprised and very much annoyed by the occurrence, and even the professional was afraid some one had killed the game and left the hounds to bark. The music was resumed, and it was decided that a mistake had been made in thinking the shots were fired near the hounds.

The music of the chase came nearer and nearer, and every man was at his post, with gun ready, waiting for the expected deer. Nothing was unnoticed, and the flying of a bird or the rustling of a twig was a signal for the hearer to raise his gun to his face; and the flight of a disturbed squirrel threw even the professional into panic and a shot. Everything that stirred excited them, and he could have sworn it was possible for a rabbit to move without being detected, so watchful were they.

At last the deer came in sight, three of them dashing over the brow of a hill nearly half a mile away and coming down the hill in great leaps that only deer can make. It was scarcely more than a minute before they passed the watching places, but there was time to admire their beauty and the unimpeded grace of their movement. Writers sometimes speak of the goodly motion, but the word is meaningless until a deer is seen running wild in his native forest. Such perfect grace combined with strength, such agility and such infinite ease of movement, are worth a journey across the continent to see. Every moment seems a courtesy, and a sentimental sportsman almost loses his desire for spoils as he watches the graceful movements of the tender eye game coming to slaughter.

In this case the sportsmen were not sentimental, and after a moment's admiration every man prepared for the coming deer. They got back to their guns and waited for the first shot on which the amateurs were stationed, and the hounds so far behind that they could not be seen. As they went by the hunters the rifles were discharged, and then the deer fairly flew in their mad dash toward the river. Whether they had hit any of the deer or not the hunters could not tell, and they hurried toward the river, which they reached just in time to see the professional discharge both barrels of his gun at the deer as they were dashing. There were only two in the water and both were killed in less than a minute by the expert professional, with all his faults, was an unusually skillful woodsman and hunter. A search discovered the third deer lying dead a few rods from the runway, having, as is usual, left the path after being hit, and in a few moments three dead deer were hung up side by side to be gazed on by the happiest and most excited sportsmen that Pine Creek ever saw. The amateurs had killed one deer and they were happy. Those shot had killed him they did not know; they had done it between them, and that was enough. They could go back to their homes and tell every one of their successful, wondering friends; and what more was there to content reasonable sportsmen? It was a lucky day for them, and they would have gone home satisfied if some unknown "still-hunter" had not shot one of their hounds.

After the deer were dressed they looked around for their hounds and soon found all but Colonel, who was missing. They called him and searched everywhere, but were at last obliged to give him up as lost. The mystery of the two shots was explained, and they knew that the brave old hound that

always led the pack was a victim to the hate of men who hunt without dogs. The loss was a sad one and marred the otherwise complete day, but the grand success of their hunt made them practically forget the misfortune, and they all look back upon the Pine Creek trip as the most successful one they have ever taken. Hounds die every day, but such a pair of antlers as were won in that hunt are found but once in a century.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS.

SECOND PAPER.

VISITING a planter in the valley of Alabama, in 1842, near the mouth of the Alabama River, from Decatur, Ala., my host and myself made up our minds for a deer hunt. We started early in the morning, mounted on horses and mules. Heavy rains had prevailed for some days and the river was greatly swollen. We soon came to a bit of river bottom where the country road was overflowed for a distance of some three or four hundred yards. All the old hunters mournfully shook their heads at the prospect of fording it, knowing from many former overflows the length and depth were to go through.

My friend, a spare built, wiry gentleman, not more than 130 pounds or so in weight, and mounted on his regular hunting pony, was ready enough on his part, and asked if any one or more would go with him. I said I would follow, but the rest turned back. I was mounted on a mule, Billy, a sure-footed animal, and frequently used for breaking deer on these soil hunts. My friend on his pony went on very well for 100 yards, getting deeper, until half up the pony's sides. All at once the pony struck out swimming, but so high and far out of water that my friend kept dry enough by tucking up his legs. Not so Billy, the mule. When he came to this hole, a descent of some six to eight feet of water, he too, struck out with his head and neck out of water, but his body and mine submerged. Still on we went and pulled through. We then dismounted, shook our wet clothes and galloped off to an old squire's house, some two miles, where we were shown to a room with a blazing log fire, dried our things, dined with the old squire and his three good looking daughters, lit our pipes and mounted again at 3 p. m. for the mountains. We reached our destination at nightfall, a comfortable log cabin, that held in its fireplace a cord of hickory if required.

Next day came our breaking for deer on horseback. Some half dozen were mounted, myself on Billy the mule. We agreed not to shoot at anything but large game, meaning deer, bear, wolf, &c. We rode on a line with each other, about 100 yards apart, through timber with little or no underbrush, making a path of 600 yards at all. Each had a horn (cow horn) to blow when they saw a successful shot was fired. We had gone probably a mile and had seen nothing, when Billy began to snort, pricked forward his ears and stood still, trying to call my attention to his object, which I saw, a remarkable looking thing, at a stump of a tree, which I could not make head nor tail of. However, I considered it large game, and surely wild, let drive my little 14-gauge and rolled over the creature, took the cow horn and blew my blast.

Down came two of the Luntsmen. "What have you got? What have you got?" I said, "The devil of a run looking thing, just walking the middle up to it. It was a ram, a horned ram, but a tremendous large one. We strapped him behind on Billy, and that evening at the log cabin he was well cleaned and laid on the shingles over the fire's night. Now comes the cooking. First—Well cleaned and wiped out after the frost had dissolved; stuffed with bread crumbs—sweet potatoes and something else—some herbs, lemon, thyme, I think—sweved up and a grave was made in the deep ash of this monster fireplace. The 'possum was then submerged in cold water and allowed to cool, and roasted in a pot. Well covered up and two or three shovel-fuls of hickory coals around and on top the ash heap—coals renewed as fast as required until some two hours or more, when the 'possum was laid on the table, and with a cloth the hair removed as easily as scraping a carrot—the skin and flesh as white as milk—smoking hot, done through and through—put on the table hot—hot—hot and no cold 'possum was left after a half-dozen hungry hunters had got through. Well, nothing of the kind could be finer than what I saw was in the 'possum! Potatoes and fixings—remaining steaming through when a bushel of live coals and ashes. This was my first 'possum I had ever seen cooked and ate, and the first and last I ever shot. In the early spring of 1853 we started before day-light to catch the old gobblers, calling them before they flew off their roosting-place. My first old gobbler—shot from a very high tree, he fell—ran like a race-horse—myself after him, until he gave up the ghost. This tree was sixty-ton yards from where I was and high timber—one shot only did the work, and fixings—remaining steaming through when a bushel of live coals and ashes. This was my first 'possum I had ever seen cooked and ate, and the first and last I ever shot. In the early spring of 1853 we started before day-light to catch the old gobblers, calling them before they flew off their roosting-place. My first old gobbler—shot from a very high tree, he fell—ran like a race-horse—myself after him, until he gave up the ghost. This tree was sixty-ton yards from where I was and high timber—one shot only did the work, and fixings—remaining steaming through when a bushel of live coals and ashes. This was my first 'possum I had ever seen cooked and ate, and the first and last I ever shot.

My second shot was at a fine hen-turkey roosting on a very high tree in a swamp, which I could not creep nearer than one hundred yards without being up to my middle while viewing the situation. She took flight, coming straight for me, for fifty or sixty yards, when she turned to the right and at the time of passing me (so that I would be shooting "behind the feathers") she must have been from ninety to one hundred yards off. I was using a 28-gauge bought in St. Louis. The right barrel shot through the middle of the wing, the right trigger and down came the bird. On examining her I found that the charge had bunched, entered above the rump, gone through the body, coming out the crop. The space—a hole at the entrance—was as large as a turkey's egg. One might shoot a hundred years, and not have such an occurrence again. My next was a double shot from the saddle by the Cumberland River. Ten large gobblers rose on wing some forty yards before me. I pulled my pony round to the right, shot well forward for their heads and necks, and at each right and left crack they tumbled—shot through the head—kept bounding up in their dying flitter. They weighed forty-eight pounds together, and when their heads were tied together and swung across the pony at the horn of the saddle their feet touched the ground.

In Crawford Co., Missouri, in 1867, near where I was stopping was a cornfield at the back. On two or three occasions the folks came running in the night to me—"The turkeys are in the cornfield!" I at once hurried with my gun the first and second time, only to find some of them had gone through the way near the fence, and entered them off—they are so easily set off on the least alarm. The third time, however, I caught them there, and creeping through some hazel bushes near the fence, got a range of two heads pretty well in a line so that I pulled the right barrel. Then came the prising of the brood of full-grown fellows fattened on mast and corn, being in October full-moulted. The first barrel killed the two I saw, and one further down the furrow some forty yards, which I

did not see. The left barrel invited the old gobbler down, not making four in the double shot. I could scarcely lift, much less carry in my arms, a turkey shot. It was in the meadows in September, '80, in a field adjoining the cornfield mentioned above. The turkeys were in a meadow feeding on crasshopper. I went r and the field in the tim of out of sibs, creeping up to the fence, where they were some forty yards out, struggling. I waited, thinking two might get together, when I would try them with my right and left as they flew to the timber. Watching and waiting, at last a grasshopper started flying (butterfly grasshopper) from the turkey in the middle of the row. The first shot I fired was a snap at the fifty bird. As the grasshopper grounded, the three heads arived together to grab him, but my right barrel sent a dose of number six among them killing them all three, and as a fine young gobbler rose the left barrel brought him down. Ditto the last double shot—three turkeys with the right, one with the left (four)—viz., eight turkeys in the two double shots. The last four were young and very tender, three-pairs grown—weighing from ten to twelve pounds each.

Near the Mineral Mountain lead mines, in Crawford county, was a corn field some ten acres. As I had miners at work prospecting I generally rode my horse Dick every morning to the shafts, and always carried my gun with me. I generally pass d this corn field about 9 A. M., and had frequently shot the squirrels coming from the corn and in a large elm tree. One morning I was there at day-break and seeing several scampering from the field with large ears of corn in their mouths, I shot one. In a minute they were scampering from all parts of the field to this one lonely elm. I dismounted and shot and loaded as fast as I could. The tree was full of large fox squirrels, and the only hole half way up was stuffed full of corn ears and squirrels, until not another could get in, but, like the ostrich, could get their heads out of sight, with their bodies a target for No. 6. I blazed away, dropping them at every shot. When the last was shot from outside the hole, I found them in various parts of the elm, hanging along the large limbs. I picked off all I could find, killing twenty with only walking round and round this tree—all large fox squirrels.

One day I was surprised by squirrels I have often thought of. Passing through the timber near the above locality I saw a fox squirrel running as hard as he could. I followed him and pressed him so hard that he could not reach the tree where his hole was, and had to take another—which I was sure he must have gone up. Still I look'd around here and there. At last I saw something in a fork, which crossed the fork of the two points of the tree high up, and above this crossing peeped up two little pointed somethings, very like squirrel's ears. I concluded the way my fox squirrel had taken in his mouth, crossing from the hole in the fork just above the cut; these two little points must be the ears, so I let drive. I knocked the cork eighteen yards from the tree (down hill) and the squirrel's tail half the distance, with his throat cut with shot.

In the fall of 1850 I spent three months on the Gunpowder River, near Baltimore, having a fine cove on the Harewood farm, where the river's water was still, and a dock-house with two or three hundred decoys. I shot from October until the frost fell the river over, which was not until I had succeeded in some of my fine shooting over decoys for blinds. My acc-out of ducks killed amounted to 1,472 head, including canvas backs, red heads, bald pat, pin tails, etc. Here I had a tolling shot, bringing the immense field of ducks, all canvas backs and red heads, to stare at a red head-crook, a club at the end of a pole from my blind, moving backward and forward; had heard of this tolling but could scarcely believe it until I tried it. Only fancy 1,000 fine canvas backs, as thick on the water, apparently, as they can be swimming up with arched necks like a snake, and when thirty-five or forty yards I let go my first barrel, expecting to see the water black with the dead and fluttering ones, instead of which I overshot them, through a small piece of cedar brush being near the sight of my gun I afterward observed; the second barrel stopped two or three hundred yards out. Two or three weeks after I made up, again getting the fellows to look at the red flag with so much curiosity, there was this time 200 to 300, I presume, in a bunch. My right and left counted eleven and two, thirteen canvas back. I could not get them to toll, and their curiosity must have been fully gratified. WILLIAM KING.

ANOTHER ANCIENT GUN.

AMHERST, N. H., Sept. 26.

AS stories of ancient fire-arms seem to be in order, I fixed up an old gun that I have now standing in my shop and old gun that prompts many curious remarks from my sporting brethren. I will give you a description of it and let better by your readers than "Kingwood" or "Abern."

The gun has been in the possession of the Prince family, and was brought over by one of their ancestors from England fully two hundred years ago. The barrel measures six feet in length and is an inch and three quarters in diameter at breech, and a ten-gauge shell will just enter the muzzle. The whole length of the gun is seven feet four inches; its weight seventeen pounds.

I remember the old gun when it had its old-fashioned hook-back hammer, flint lock; but about thirty years ago its former owner, "Old Uncle Jimmy" Prince had the lock changed to percussion. It has been fired but a few times since the lock was changed. The traditional mule's kick is a love pat compared with the way it will kick. No one cares to fire it a second time.

A story is told: A short time after the old man had fixed up his gun on a tree about forty rods from the house, so he got the old gun and loaded it about right for the distance, as he judged; went up stairs and knelt on the floor and fired from the chamber window. As it happened, there was a chimney about eight feet back that stopped him. The old man came down stairs, rubbing himself and remarked, "The old gun'll kill both ends." He killed the crow.

H. H. P.

BAY SNIP SHOOTING—Good Ground, Long Island, Shinnecock Bay.—We are having the best bay snip shooting of the season. The young fall birds are coming on and are making good shooting. We have also the best feed for ducks we have had in years. There has been for two years a scarcity of feed for the waterfowl, but this year the feed has come in more plentiful than I ever saw before, and we expect plenty of ducks this fall.—WM. N. LANE.

"LEFT-EYED SHOOTING."

BOSTON, October 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As "Teecel" was so kindly a moderator of your feelings in his article on "Left-eyed Shooting," I will endeavor to be the same of his; nevertheless, I enjoyed a hearty laugh when I read his opinion, and now hope I shall be able to convince him of his error.

It is evident that in looking at any object, a figure in the wall-paper for example, there must be two visual rays, one proceeding from each eye, which are focused upon the article so that they form a sort of V. Now, suppose a finger to be held up a short distance directly in front of the nose, it is evident in this case the two visual rays will be much shorter, and that the object, as projected, would strike one on each side of the figure on the wall; or, in other words, the person would be "both-eyed," as the view of the object with either eye would not be obstructed by the finger.

But suppose instead of holding his finger directly in front of his nose, or in other words between his eyes, a person holds it a little at the right; now with both eyes open he can still see the figure on the wall, but he does not see it with both eyes, as the finger is between it and his right eye which would make him according to "Teecel" "left-eyed"; in the same manner, if his finger should be held a little at the left he would become "right-eyed," with which eye he can see the figure when the other is closed, depending solely upon the position of the finger.

As for a "left-eyed" man not being able to shoot from his right shoulder, with both eyes open, that is something new to me. Shooting at a bird flying I never aim along the barrel; if I should do that I should lose him; I somehow look at him with both eyes, point the gun where I think he is and pull; I don't have time to bring him in line with the gun.

If "Teecel" is not convinced by this, I hope he will give us the benefit of some more arguments and experience to strengthen his position. PENTAGON.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Oct. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of 29th ult., a correspondent, "Teecel," writes of "Left-eyed Shooting," promulgating a theory and explaining a simple method for testing the same. I have many times, and long, and for many years, by the same method and arrived practically at the same results. I did not dream of claiming originality either for theory or method, as the theory is, I understand, generally admitted by oculists, and the method (or a very similar one) constantly employed by them in their examinations. I am led to believe that I am, for one, decidedly "left-eyed." I am forced also to the conclusion that a decided change has taken place in this respect within a few years. It has resulted in bad shooting—shooting unaccountable on any theory of "want of practice" or "loss of nerve"—and I have met with measurable success in correcting the difficulty by learning to shoot with "both eyes." As I am not left-handed I am prevented from using my left eye alone, by the lack of proper muscular facility in bringing the gun to the left shoulder readily and quickly; but by using both eyes I arrive at tolerably satisfactory results.

In conversation the other day with a gentleman recently returned from England, who is a well-known and enthusiastic lover of sports, some allusion was made to the hammerless guns; and he mentioned the fact that they were decidedly the best guns for persons who used both eyes in shooting. Though I do not think he said so in so many words, he certainly gave me the impression that this method of shooting with "both eyes" was the prevailing one with the best English sportsmen whom he had met. I am quite of opinion that "crooked eyes" are almost as common as "crooked whiskey," though I am not prepared to say that they fairly account for anything like as much bad shooting.

THE MAJOR.

[How about cross-eyed shooters? We have known two such, and they were both bad marksmen. Was this because they were cross-eyed.]

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

MAOON, Mo., Sept. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The "crooked" specimen spoken of by "F. S." in Forest and Stream, September 18, is fully answered in your editorial note at bottom of article, "the cleaning has not been thorough." I have owned several guns and have had a great deal of experience in cleaning them, and have been troubled with rust spots, but not of late years. A gun properly cleaned will not rust nor speak inside; and it is no killing task to clean a gun properly, if done at the end of each day's shooting, as it always should be. The finest gun ever made would soon be covered with rust specks on the inside if left over night without cleaning a few times. Let your correspondent try this way of cleaning, and report. It answers the purpose as well as any way I have ever tried; and can be done without any great amount of labor, and does not require over five minutes of time.

Take the gun apart; that is, take off the front stock and barrels and action apart, push the extractor back to its proper place, attach bristle-brush to cleaning rod; dampen the brush in a pan of water, and draw it backward and forward through each barrel several times, which will take out all the burnt powder. Remove bristle-brush; wipe out the barrels with a dry cloth to remove dampness; then run an oiled rag through each barrel several times. Now attach a three-rod wire-brush to the cleaning rod, one that will fit the barrels tightly. Push the same through the barrels up to the choke (if a choke-bore) several times, which will remove all the lead that may have adhered to the inside during the day's shooting. Clean out the muzzle with a muzzle brush. Go thoroughly inside with best refined sperm oil. Rub off outside of barrels and stock with a rag slightly saturated with boiled linseed oil—and the task is done.

If you have a gun that water into the action during the day's shooting you had better take the stock and action apart and thoroughly dry and oil the action, and lay the stock near the stove to dry, but not near enough to burn.

Any one who will try the above will find that rust spots are not such an annoyance as they are thought to be.

BORDER RUFFIAN.

Sodalia, Mo.—Editor Forest and Stream: It is said that "distances lend enchantment to the view," and on this account I am inclined to hope that many of your correspondents escape the editorial frown when asking hard questions

or when writing such long dry articles with the thermometer 109 deg. in the shade. Out West, in the basin of the Missouri, yachting news is all a fore-lan tongue, as nine-tenths of the people here are never on the water, or trolling or punting, or any other of the many sources of pleasure to sportsmen of Eastern cities. Notwithstanding all this, you have some subscribers here who derive a great deal of comfort from the weekly visits of FOREST AND STREAM. We don't fish here simply because we have not any waters to fish in; but when you talk about dog and gun we feel at home. Some correspondent, in last week's issue, asks about rust in guns. Every one handling guns will at once recognize this "measle," and some may have a remedy. I do not wish to speak disparagingly of the various articles advertised as rust preventives, for I do not believe that the fault lies in them altogether. Gun barrels not only become fouled with the residuum of powder, but by new products set free by combustion. For instance, a gun carelessly wiped and then oiled is sure to rust, which would not be the case if no oil was used. The sulphurous acid set free by the powder explosion contains two parts of oxygen, but is, in this state, innocuous, unless combined with something that will strictly change its force. When gun barrels become hot, or even warm, from rapid firing, the lead adheres in small particles to the metallic fibre. It does not matter in any difference whether you have a soft shot, or even tinned shot. In cleaning the gun, if all the particles of lead are not removed when you oil and put the gun away, you will start a chemical action that will result in the formation of oleic acid, which will rust like drops of vinegar. Now, to prevent this, you must use boiling water to clean the gun barrels with in which has been dissolved a small amount of clean Castile soap; then thoroughly dry and oil, while hot, with pure coal oil, and never use any other grease about your gun except for the purpose of a lubricator. —OODENT.

Cleveland, O.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I see some of your correspondents are complaining of rust spots in their guns. I can tell them how to prevent them; but once there they come to stay. I used to have much trouble in keeping spots out of gun barrels, and finally hit upon the following as a sure preventive: Make a wooden rack, taking three pieces of 3/4 in. thick board, 8 in. wide, and long enough to hold all the barrels you have. Cut holes in two of the pieces large enough to let the breech end of the barrels pass easily through; then take four strips, say 3/8 in. long, of 2x1 in. st. fl. and make an upright rack by putting the piece of board without holes at bottom, say 2 in. from bottom. At 6 in. above this, put one of the other pieces with holes, and 20 inches above put the third piece. Now set a tin pan made 2 1/2 in. deep, 4 or 5 in. wide, and just long enough to slip on to the lower shelf. Procure some good dry corks to fit the chambers (shell end of barrels), and set the barrels upright in the rack, the barrels resting inside the pan. Now fill up the barrels with refined sperm or porpoise oil, and they may remain as long as you choose, and be absolutely safe from rust or spots. When wanted for use have your oil cut and funnel ready and turn the oil back into your can for future use. You can use the same oil for any length of time. Be sure and oil the corks the first time they are used.

By fairly cleaning a gun before putting away in this manner, you can never rust, and it is only in five minutes for use by simply turning out the oil, removing the corks and wiping out the oil remaining in the barrels. A liberal dose on the outside will keep that off a rust, too.

I made a rack on same principle as above, but somewhat more expensive and still better, as follows: I had some round tin tubes made, 2 inches longer than my barrels, and set them up in a rack similar to the other, then put my barrels in the tubes muzzle-down, with no corks, but with a string cord from the breech hanging out-side of tube, by which to lift the barrels out of the tubes. When barrels are in place, fill up the tubes with one oil inch over the barrels, and you have them safe for any length of time. This takes more oil and more money; but much less time, as you leave the oil in the tubes all the time. By removing the barrels with the cord, and after letting run off what oil will at once drain in the tube, and then setting the barrels upright in a tin pan to drain, while one is busy getting other traps ready very little time need be wasted. CANVAS BACK.

Goshen, O.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your Boston correspondent, "F. S.," can give the "fearful mystery" explained and the remedy provided to prevent "gun meas" hereafter. I also, have had three breech-loaders, two of which contracted the disease by loosing; the third, having failed to desert its master, retains the careful polish without spot or blemish, although having suffered hard usage and exposure in all kinds of weather since February, 1876. I would state also that it is never loosed after out of gunning season.

The cause of erosion is an element left by the burnt powder, all qualities, that rust preventive, coal oil, "yellow grease" and patent cleaners cannot entirely remove. Simply wash or swab the barrels with hot water until clean; wipe dry and, if possible, absorb all moisture by a gentle heat. Apply Eaton's Rust Preventive inside and out, place inside and stow away in a dry place and the following season finds all rust gone. Use no oil until the water has been applied. If hot water cannot be had cold will answer, and if you cannot clean, I have no "axe to grind" in advertising either rust preventive or water, but simply desire to favor my sportsman friends not having discovered the remedy.

AQCA.

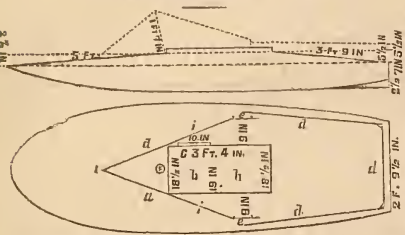
Belleville, Ill., Sept. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: "F. S." does not say what kind of oil he used to oil the inside of his gun barrels with; perhaps he used coal oil. I have very often seen it recommended as being good to remove rust. If he did use it, and especially if he put his gun away after applying it, he will have just such spots as he speaks of. Why it produces them I cannot tell. I have no doubt that it is good to apply when kinds of machinery to remove gun, but it never should be used on guns, and is not to any other part of a gun. I think pure sperm oil is very good to use in the barrels; then dry them with pure whiting or finely pulverized chalk by running the rod through the barrels with a soft cotton rag for a swab.—O. H. A.

GRANITEVILLE, S. C.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Your correspondent "F. S.," can keep his gun free from rust spots and specks, the result of rust caused by the small amount of oxidation from the hand that is left on the leaden rag put through the barrels at the conclusion of cleaning. The last rag should be perfectly dry from all saline matter; the salt in

preparation causing all the trouble; this at least has been my experience. I am not troubled now. Dry the last rag by fire or in the sun; wipe the hands dry; handle the rag little as possible, and examine barrels for a day or so afterward.

DICK SWIVELLER.

THE BARNEGAT SNEAK BOX.



Apron. *f*—Shows where it is nailed to deck. *b*—Cockpit. *c*—Trunk. *d*—Stool rack. *e*—Rowlocks.

Length, 12 feet. Width midships, 4 feet; width of stern, 2 feet 9 in. D. pih of stern, 7 in. Sprung timbers all of one pattern, 9-16x15-16 in. distance apart; 8 in. deck timbers, natural bend, 1 in. x 1/2 in. Cockpit, inside measurement, length 3 feet 4 in.; width at bow and stern, 1 1/2 in.; mid-hips, 19 in. Coaming, height of inside at low tide stern, 2 1/2 in.; midships, 3 in. From bottom of coaming to top ceiling, 15 in. Trunk on port side, set slanting to take a 15 in. board trunk placed alongside and abaft of forward corner of coaming. Rowlocks, height 6 in. from coaming 9 in. middle of stern, 4 feet 7 in., made to fold down inboard and to fasten up with a hook. Stool rack runs from rowlocks to stern, notched at ends into fastenings of rowlocks, also notched at corners and hooked together, rest against a cleat on deck outside, and are hooked to the deck inside. In a heavy sea the apron is used. It is held up by a stek from two thirds its length. The wings are fastened to the top and bottom of the rowlocks. Mast hole 2 1/2 in., 2 in. from coaming. Drop of sides from top of deck, 5/8 in., dead rise, 8 in. Over cockpit a hatch is placed. Everything connected with the boat is placed inside, gunners often leaving their guns, &c., looking the hatch fast. The boats sail well, and covered with sedge, are used to shoot from. With the hatch on a person can be protected from rain, and with blankets, can be accommodated with a night's lodging. B. ards for boats, white cedar, 3/4 in. thick; deck, narrow strips tongued and grooved.

LET THE TURKEYS BE CALLED.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with pleasure the letters of "C. X." and "W. H. C." on the subject of turkey calling, and now comes "C. L. J." who promises some instructions on calling turkeys. This is what is wanted, as well as a description of the instruments used in making the yelps. The FOREST AND STREAM has given its design for a caller, and "W. H. C." says he will explain how to make a caller if desired. I have no doubt or information on these subjects. I am well satisfied that the old turkey hunters could tell us all about it. "C. X." doubts whether turkeys have certain methods of calling. I cannot understand why they should not. What have the old turkey hunters to say about this? Can it be mere curiosity in the turkey to visit the spot where his imitators are yelping, to find out what it means, or are the notes made so much like his own that he is deceived by them? Have not turkeys regular methodical calls and these notes known to and used by turkey hunters to successfully call them? KNOW.

- RAIL SOCIETY—Ridleyville, Lezette, et al.—Below please find a continuation of the scores for rail shooting:
Total shot up to and including Sept. 18, 6866.
Tuesday, Sept. 20.—Richard Wood 13, Wm. Miller 6, John Brown 3, A. Jackson 13, Jos. Douglas 3, Geo. Morris 24, J. Hendry 21, Jno. Kleckner 20, Wm. Cummings 15—118.
Wednesday, Sept. 21.—B. F. Miller 20, Richard Wood 17, Jno. Brown 12, Wm. Dando 30, Geo. Morris 21—100.
Thursday, Sept. 22.—G. Griffin 24, Jno. P. Pole 31, Jacob Albruger 63, Ed. McCready 30, Dr. Sinclair 19, Char. Haines 27, Jas. Malin 11, A. Lodge 19, Wm. Miller 13, C. K. Dolby 5, Wash. James 19, Tim Reilly 36, Jno. Kleckner 10, Saml. Hart 35, Jno. C. le 47—420.
Friday, Sept. 23.—W. Greenwood 24, Dr. Karsner 35, Jos. Douglas 16, Chas. Haines 25, Jas. Malin 33, Wm. Luptine 22, E. Wood James 15, Wash. James 6, Jno. Brown 16, H. Mingle 2, B. F. Miller 11, Dave Shelzline 37—242.
Saturday, Sept. 24.—Wm. Miller 12, Dr. Piffard 18—32; Dr. Printer 31, Mr. Rutter 15, Wash. James 9, Jno. Kleckner 18, Thos. Waddington 5, Tim Reilly 29, Jno. Thorne 9, Chas. Murphy 8, F. Fitzer 12—179.
Total to date, 7,925.—W. M. MILLER.

THE FIRM OF KNAPP & VAN NOSTRAND are the successors of an old and honorable name in the poultry and game business of New York city. Mr. Eldridge Packer, formerly of Mystic, Conn., in 1833 established himself in the poultry, game and egg business in the old Fly Market of this city. After the great fire Mr. Packer located himself in the Franklin Market, then the center of trade for shipping and families. In 1840 Mr. Packer established a branch in Washington Market, at Nos. 289 and 290, and shortly after removed his whole business there. In 1849 Mr. Packer took as partners his son, Saml. R. Packer, and his son-in-law, Halsey W. Knapp, under the firm name of Packer & Knapp. In 1852 the junior partners purchased the interest of Mr. E. Packer and continued under the above firm until 1866, when Mr. S. R. Packer retired from business. Mr. Daniel Van Nostrand succeeded Mr. Packer as a partner, under the firm name of W. Knapp & Co. In 1876 Mr. Danl. K. Van Nostrand purchased his father's interest and continued the business under the name of Knapp & Van Nostrand. Mr. Knapp has been associated as partner and bookkeeper for thirty-five years.

The firm has never failed to meet its obligations promptly during any of the panicky or depressing times of business from the days of B. Packer to the present time. The business has been conducted on principles of integrity and fair dealing to both buyer and seller. It has always kept up with the times, and in addition to old established place in Washington Market has a large wholesale department at No. 208 Washington street. They have immense freezers there and every facility for preserving poultry and game.

NEW YORK GAME LAW—Wading River, Suffolk Co., N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream.—I have followed the dog for the last forty-five years, and can realize the change in the number of our birds on Long Island. I do not write this thinking it may benefit me, whose snuds are nearly run, although I take some pleasure at the old pastime yet. I think the State should pass a general law, protecting snipe, particularly in the spring. Small birds the same as now. For quail and partridge, season should be open from October 25, to December 25. Also authorize the Supervisors of each county, to pass laws adapted to the wants of their respective Counties. The State or Supervisors to appoint game protectors enough to enforce or punish violations, and to be paid by the State. We can see the game on the increase, if proper laws are enacted. I have come to the conclusion that the "Game Clubs" can at any time have all the sport they desire or deserve near the cities at cooped pigeons, etc. Why don't some enterprising gun-maker get up an air gun that will shoot fine shot cartridges for sparrows, etc., at short distances?—C.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, Ill., Sept. 26.—Duck and snipe shooting has been poor here lately owing to the hot weather. Several good bags of duck have been made, however, on the Calumet and at Lake George. Jerome Marbleland party passed through Chicago last week in their hunting gear, bound for the far West. A great many "flickers" or yellow hammer by every city very morning and evening, flying to and from their feeding grounds. They fly in large flocks, sometimes as many as a hundred in a flock. I shot twice into a flock yesterday and got nine birds. Plover are scarce at present. I have been out several mornings plover shooting, but have had no success. The ducks that are here at present are blue wing teal, with an occasional green wing or wildgeon.—TEX BOYZ.

October 1.—The weather here has been very hot lately, making bad duck weather. The best bag I have heard of so far was made by Alex. Sample at Toleston, Indiana. Mr. Sample shot 64 ducks Wednesday morning. Some very good woodcock shooting has been had lately just south of the city limits. The men of the Fire Insurance Patrol have a very lively young bear for a pot. He was captured in northern Wisconsin.—TEX BOYZ.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—September 27.—We have had a few good tides in the Delaware River lately, and at some points good rail shooting. I hear of one being shot. It is most too early in the season to look for them to the morning; and only those that are near and those jumped before the boat while rail shooting are killed, and these chances, let me tell you, in our river, are few and far between now days. There was a time when it was a common occurrence to bring in six or eight teal ducks with our rail, after being in the flax with a favorite pusher; but alas! the time has passed, never, I fear, to return. The continued dry weather has made our meadows a poor place for snipe. When it does rain the water is sucked up by the parched earth, and its fall has hardly been discernible.—HOMO.

SOUTH CAROLINA NOTES.—Granville, S. C., Sept. 26.—The drought has been simply awful; factories on this water-course have been shut down from time to time for want of water power. Our first rain of any amount since last April fell ten days ago, and now the factory folks are happy; the stoppage of 40,000 spindles is a serious matter of bread and bacon to these people. I was out last Saturday to look after the quail. Found ten large coveys of one-quarter grown birds. The past summer has been superb for the birds; the number is simply immense. Duck shooting on the Savannah will be good; the mast and acorn crop is plentiful.

DICK SWIVELLER.

POWOW SHOOTING CLUB—Amesbury, Mass.—At the semi-annual meeting of the Powow Shooting Club, held Wednesday evening, Sept. 28, the following officers were elected: A. N. Barry, President; G. G. Osborn, Vice-President; F. T. Morrill, Secretary and Treasurer.

THE MICHIGAN GAME LAW.

C. W. C., Bowling Green, O.—The Michigan game law provides that "no person or persons shall pursue, or hunt, or kill any deer, save only in the Upper Peninsula, from the 1st day of August to the 15th day of November, and in the Lower Peninsula from the 1st day of October to the 1st day of December, inclusive in each year, or kill at any time any deer when it is in its red coat, or any fawn when it is in its spotted coat. No person shall at any time kill or capture any deer in the water of any of the streams, ponds or lakes within the jurisdiction of this State, or in any other water, by any means whatever, or attempt to take or destroy, any wild turkey any time except in the months of October, November and December of each year, or kill or capture, or attempt to take or destroy, any wild quail, or any wild duck, or any wild mallard duck or gray duck, save only from the first day of September in each year, to the first day of January next following, or any wild mallard or snipe between the first day of May and the first day of October, or any other wild duck, or any wild snipe, by any means whatever, in or through any county of this State, any of the game or animals which have been killed or captured on or before the 1st day of September, or the first day of August, shall be illegal. No person shall kill or destroy, or attempt to kill or destroy, any wild quail, or any wild turkey, save only in the months of September and October of each year, or attempt to kill any wild quail, or any wild turkey, with or by means of a snipe or punt gun, or rob or destroy the nests of any wild duck, or wild goose, or wild turkey, or wild quail, or any of the birds here named, nor at any time on their nesting places. Section 1 prohibits the killing or robbing nests of robin, night-hawk, whippoorwill, huck, brown thrasher, weebill, martin, oriole, woodpecker, bobolink, or any song bird. The transportation law provides that no person or corporation or company shall buy, sell, or transport, or attempt to buy, sell, or transport, any wild turkey, or any part of the carcass of the same, after the same has been killed, for any purpose, or for sale, or for use as food, or for any other purpose. No person, corporation or company shall kill or expose for sale, or have in possession except as a wild or tame deer, rabbit, grouse, coon or quail, or any of the animals here named, or any part of the carcass of the same, or transported beyond the limits of this State. The full text of the law may be had by sending money to the order of Messrs. Gilman & Co., corner Woodward and Jefferson avenues, Detroit.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, Microperca salmoides and M. paludosa. White Perch, Perca flavescens. Striped Bass, Roccus castratus. Malescoale, Esox nobilior. White Bass, Roccus chrysopterus. Pickerel, Esox tetrazinatus. Rock Bass, Ambloplites. (Two Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) Stizostedion americanum, gresium, etc.

SALT WATER.

Weakfish or Squeteague, Cynoscion regalis. La Fayette or Spot, Liatomus obleucus. Clamper Bass, Spot or Redfish, Sciaenops ocellatus. Sheepshead, Archæogaster probatocephalus. Kingfish, Scomber or Barb, Menidia menidia. Spanish Mackerel, Cybium maculatum.

I know a party who come up here every summer from Boston and bring a "snuer-kraut runner" to pack their trout in, and sail down the coast with one man only until they get home. They catch all they can and keep all they catch, good and bad. Bath a poor little salted trout—it tastes more like a piece of "runner soap" than a fish. Such fishermen are but one remove from the back parlors I found snaring and netting trout in the still water below here, last August. I can just see their shanty from here. "Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations." O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be thou not united!—TRAD, NORRIS.

THE MARINE CATFISH.

SOME of the correspondents of FOREST AND STREAM have been telling of the game qualities of the blue cat of Western waters, and certainly that species is not to be despised when found in swift streams or clear lakes.

On the Southern coast occurs a salt-water catfish rejoicing in the name "Etheurichthys marinus" (Baird) Girard, its name being comparatively longer than its own, which seldom weighs more than six pounds, except in the Indian river of Florida, where it sometimes reaches ten. Only that the head is rather large, E. m. is a handsomely formed fish, forked tail, high dorsal, well-developed pectorals, each armed with a long and sharp bone, serrated on the edges and barbed after the manner of the weapon of the sting ray, capable of inflicting painful wounds. This fish is very long eel-like or barbed depending from the mouth. Its color is a bluish slate upon the back and sides, white beneath.

It comes into the rivers and bays in March and April for spawning purposes. The eggs are of the size of a runcel ball, golden yellow in color, and a cluster of them exactly resembles a bunch of California grapes, though the cluster of eggs is only about half the size of that fruit. It is said by the fishermen that the young of this fish are, when hatched, carried about in the gills of the parent for some time. The young are very care taken in taking them, any bait either on the bottom, in mid-water, or on the surface. It will take a trolling spoon or fly, and is a strong and persistent fighter when hooked. It combines the strong surging and boring down of the sheepshead with some of the long runs of the redfish or bass. When these catfish are abundant it is difficult to catch anything else. The fish is firm and well flavored, and elsewhere would be prized; but there are so many better fish on this coast that the forked-tail cat is despised.

Besides the dangerous spine, the fish is covered with a glutinous slime, which adheres to the hands, the line and the hook very disagreeably. There is another sea cat, taken in the same waters, which much resembles the black catfish of fresh water. This is seldom over two pounds in weight.

S. C. C.

REMOVAL OF WALTON'S HOUSE AND THE COCK TAVERN.

THESE two historic buildings are doomed by the proposed widening of Fleet street from Chancery lane to Bell yard. Many Americans, while in London, have visited these historic places, which are soon to make way for the march of improvement. The London Times recently said: "Among the buildings which have to be removed appear to be the Cock tavern and the dwelling of Isaac Walton the Cock, since it was first established as an ale-house, can reckon an existence of two centuries and a half, or more. Pepsy ate lobsters and drank in it. It was a resort of Addison and Johnson and Goldsmith. The Poet Laureate has sung its praises and conferred on its head water an immortality at which tradition reports that dignitary to have taken umbrage. For innumerable generations of Templars and Lincoln-inn's barristers it fulfilled the practical functions of a club before club had become the fashion. The things they are its sundial floor has been trodden by every learned lawyer of the reigns of the Stuarts and Georges and probably by as many of the wis. Social fashions have changed as well as literary since its career opened. The solemn hush amid which the law students and practitioners of the present eat their chops and steaks, of which it wants a liberal education to master the price nomenclature, would have amazed and amused the riotous revellers of the past in their convivial pews. The ancient tavern survived all the vicissitudes of altered habits. It keeps its hold on the custom and affection of the neighboring legal world, to which, as much as a special de-murrer or writ of Qui Tam, it belonged, so long as legal appetites grew keen for food at 5 o'clock. When, under some mysterious influence, whether from aberrations in the Gulf Stream or the ice fields of the North Pole, hudding chancellors and chief justices could no longer dine at the close of their day's work, the sand of the Cock's well-worn floor was virtually run. It has lived since then with a sword brand suspended over its garden. Its emblem has been preparing to flutter away into the region of legend. The old might come as opportunely now as a year or ten years hence. Not the less, however, will its former votaries and subjects cherish a feeling of indignation that it should have been dislodged from its perch to make up for space ill-occupied by Guildhall art."

"The house of the author of 'The Complete Angler' is another and more direct victim of this unfortunate manu-

ment of civic expenditure. Happily, literature is independent of localities, whatever the memories of eaten dinners may be. The site of Isaac Walton's home derives its interest chiefly from the curious contrast it presents to the spirit of the writings by which his name is perpetuated. Fleet street was as tumultuous when Walton moved thither from Cornhill 257 years ago as it is now. His was its busiest corner; it is likely that his was not its least busy shop. Yet there, and down, he sat in the idyllic seclusion, calmly as when he stood ankle-deep in meadow grass on the bank of the quiet Lea. Though he had retired from business ten years before his classical work appeared, a volume like that was no effort of a season; it was the fruit of a lifetime of patient self-communings and luminous reveries. From his draper's or milliner's counter he had set off one May after another "Up Totham hill" to snip at Bleak hall on trout, as good as they were great, of his own catching. Back to Fleet street at the end of one May after another had he returned when his holiday was over, to put in order the thoughts his sport had suggested on the current and eddies of human existence and to concoct new retorts to those 'faceries,' men of sour complexion, money-getting men, poor-rich men, that are condemn'd to be rich, and always discontented, or busie, who mocked at a love of angling as a proof of folly. The charm of the hook comes from within more than from without. It mattered little to his writer, it mattered little to his readers, whether he was sitting down 'under this honey-suckle hedge' by Ware or Walton, or encircled by the roar of the school of English humorsists, utterly distinct from vanity, fences round an oasis of innocent pleasure, and happy chances for himself and readers to have their pastimes and work in. He bids them in his preface 'take notice that in writing he has made a recreation of a recreation.' He desires to be perused by none who are not willing to share his company in all his quaint turns of fancy, from joining in a madrigal to learning how most artistically to slit a black snail for bait. Contemporaries and posterity alike have been ready to dance to his low but sweet-tuned pipe. Though not by the many the easiest of the school of English humorists, he is the first who has kept his place in popular esteem.

"When Fleet street is widened it will be as possible as it is now to be at home with Isaac Walton, though his bouse be leveled with the ground. An emotion of regret is felt whenever a local landmark of a gracious intelligence is effaced. But the use and beauty of a vast and toiling town cannot be sacrificed to a memory of which the true shrine is the library. The fault of Londoners has too often been that they have sometimes sacrificed permanent use and beauty to the transient and ephemeral improvements. Specimens of antique architecture have been demolished with a recklessness that has furnished the perennial source of a delight money cannot buy. Vacant ground has been heaped with buildings which would have been inestimable as breathing space for increasing millions. Only at last does a sense begin to have arisen that London is a whole, and that what it may be convenient for one part to subvert it may be for the advantage of the rest to retain.

FISHERIES, BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

ALTHOUGH it is some time since the International Fishery Exhibition was held at Berlin, it may be doubted whether the public in this country have read any such clear account of it as is contained in the report recently presented to the Home Department. This report contains a memorandum by Mr. Walpole of a special visit paid by him to the exhibition on behalf of the New South Wales Government, and sets forth in a concise form many of the peculiarities which distinguish the art of fishing as practiced in different parts of the world. It suggests, therefore, as may readily be supposed, several points in which our own fishermen might well take a hint; and on this ground it possesses a special interest independent of other considerations.

Mr. Walpole expresses some surprise that the devices used for catching fish should be so nearly the same among all races, however widely separated from one another. But there is, perhaps, no great reason for astonishment in this, when it is remembered how few and how obvious are the devices in question. If we except the use of freemans and dynamite for purposes of destroying fish, we shall not find that there are more than about four methods of taking them from their native element. The net, the hook and line, and the trap are the modes best known to our own coasts; and to these must be added the method of trapping in the various beasts to the chase, which is still in vogue in China and some other countries. In the first of these different kinds of fishing—in the use of nets—it would seem that we still hold our own. The specimens of English nets sent to the Berlin Exhibition are pronounced by Mr. Walpole to have been equal at least to those of any other exhibitors, if not superior. Still more practical testimony is to be found in the fact that the best of these herring-nets formed a "magnificent collection" at Berlin, rarely made there at home, but almost always imported from Scotland. The only country which seems to compete with us at all on equal terms is, curiously enough, Germany—the country which in other respects is almost behindhand in fishing. At Itzehoe some admirable nets are made; and the manufacturers there say they can undersell the Scotch makers. The net which must be considered as most efficacious at the present time is the trawl, which is used by some 1,000 boats in England, and finds employment for some 400 men and 400 mules and capital of about a million and a half sterling. The trawl makes a clean sweep of all sorts of fish, the immature and the mature; and only on the assumption that the supply is inexhaustible can its use be justified. That the trawl is, practically speaking, unknown in America, may be gathered from the fact that in that country the name of trawl-fisheries is applied to set lines baited with fish. The "drift nets," also, or long walls of netting which float along with the tide, and which are used almost exclusively for the herring-fishery, seem to be neglected on the other side of the Atlantic, where it is more common to use "gill-nets," which are similar in form, but kept stationary in position by means of an anchor attached to them. One of the other principal American industries—that of mackerel-fishing with seine nets—seems to have been introduced on a large scale well within the last twenty years. The seines are often worth \$1,000 or even \$1,500 apiece, and are worked by "dories," or flat-bottomed boats, carried in large swift-sailing schooners. The net is shot round the head of mackerel, and then the lower edge of it is drawn together by a purse-line, after which the fish inclosed are dipped out with a hoop net.

The other fisheries of the United States are chiefly conducted by means of line and hook; and in this branch of the art the Americans have made a striking improvement, which it would be easy for our fishermen to adopt. They use an

apparatus known as "nippers," and consisting of double rings of flannel, each about the size of a small quoit, bound round with knitted wool and sewn together. The nipper is used for grasping the wet and slippery line, and enables the operator to do his work with infinitely greater ease and comfort, while it increases his strength fourfold. Another invention worthy of notice is the glass bait, silvered and gilt, which is used with considerable success by the Norwegians in their cod-fisheries, and by the help of which they effect a great saving in live bait. The most economical of all methods of ensuring fish is of course that which has been mentioned under the name of traps, including weirs, stake nets, and fixed engines of various kinds. In Sweden these fixed engines are the usual means for catching salmon, and in Denmark they are used more than anything else for the capture of herring. The foreshores in these two countries, as well as in Norway, are let out and farmed or owned for the purpose of entrapping fish; whereas in England the use of such machines is for the most part prohibited, except in cases where the owners claim a prescriptive right lasting for six centuries. In the northern countries, as well as in Holland, weirs made of brushwood are in common use; and the same thing may be said of China, Japan and Brazil. The spearing of fish is generally prohibited by most Governments; but Mr. Walpole mentions the exhibition of a "leister," or fish-spear, by the Norwegians as an engine still in use, and concludes that there is consequently much destruction of salmon by means of it in the fjords. There is a picturesque fishery in the Bay of Oporto, in which a small fish called "saigalle" is killed in the shallow waters by means of a four-pronged spear.

In other matters connected with the fishing industry foreigners offer us a salutary lesson. In the first place, the art of transporting fish when caught seems to be in some respects better understood in the United States. The schooner-rigged vessels used in their mackerel-fisheries are described as handsome, fast, yacht-like boats of from fifty to ninety tons. They are built especially for speed, so as to be able to run the fish quickly to the Boston or other markets. The vessels used in the menhaden fishery are frequently worked by steam; the dories which take part in it being transported in steamers along the coast. A still newer and more ingenious use of steamers is in vogue in Denmark, where they seem to be employed for beam-trawling on the west coast of Jutland. As to the methods of preserving fish, the Americans understand them to perfection. The preparation of "boneless" cod, salted mackerel, sardines in half a dozen different forms—which are the most successful of the cod and menhaden fisheries—has advanced to a high degree of perfection, which brings home to the people a vast supply of food more palatable and wholesome than our salt herring, without being much dearer. About 18,000,000 pounds of boneless cod were prepared in one American town in 1879; while 12,000,000 pounds of halibut were brought into the same place and sold fresh. The art of utilizing the waste portions of fish is likewise well understood in the United States, and in Norway too, where "fish-flour" is ground out of stockfish, and the roe of the cod is separated and sold to be used for sardine bait in Spain and France.

The last and most important difference between Great Britain and the United States is to be found in the efforts made in the two countries for artificially adding to the annual supply of fish. In each country a good deal is done for this purpose, but in a totally different manner. Our Government does nothing in a systematic way toward breeding either sea fish or fresh-water fish; neither does it protect the former after any effective method; but it affords very valuable protection to all the inland fish-breeding places, which use the rivers merely as breeding-places. The United States Government, on the other hand, takes no trouble whatever to protect fish of any sort or kind, but expends large sums and infinite ingenuity in artificially propagating them. Besides their recent great achievement of hatching young cod the United States Commission has been for years past hatching eggs of numerous other varieties. In six years alone they propagated, and distributed to various parts of the country, 24,000,000 shad, 5,000,000 California salmon, 3,300,000 salmon and trout, and 4,000,000 brook trout. The apparatus used for hatching these different species are ingenious beyond description, and were probably the most interesting feature in the whole exhibition. The Commissioners, it should be added, have a steamer of their own—the Fish-hawk—fitted with tubes, cones and grates and all the approved apparatus both for hatching and keeping the young fish as they are carried to the various stations. The other nation which does the most in this way is Germany, where, though sea-fishing is neglected, the inland fisheries are cultivated with great perseverance. About ten millions of fishery are artificially bred in Germany every year, mostly by means of "California trays." Besides salmon and trout and the noller sort of fish, carp and roach and others of the baser sort are largely propagated; and the German Government devotes a small grant every year to the support of the Fischerei Verein, by whose exertions the fry are distributed to the various lakes and rivers.

The whole report goes to show that pisciculture in its several branches is very imperfectly practiced throughout the civilized world. There are but two in one branch of it often fall in another; and there is no example of a nation which both breeds and protects its fish successfully. Few, however, would deny that both these systems have their merits; and it is difficult to believe that they cannot, or should not, both be employed. In the way of fish-breeding, as well as of improving the means of transport and of preserving fish, there is much to be learned (and easily to be learned) in England before the wealth of the surrounding seas can become as available as it should be to the population.—*St. James' (London) Gazette.*

ANOTHER LARGE POMFANO.—The common pomfano, *Trachynotus carolinus*, has been quite plenty in New York markets for the past two or three years, being formerly unknown here. It is seldom over two pounds in weight, but within the past two years an odd specimen or two of an allied species common to the African coast has been taken. This is the *T. gorenensis*, and one is now in the Smithsonian Institution which weighed twenty pounds. This week Mr. Blackford received one of the latter which weighed twelve pounds, and with his usual generosity forwarded it to the National Museum.

WATERPROOF FOR HOOKS.—If your correspondent, who is inquiring for something better than shellac for hooks, will use common red sealing wax (best quality), dissolved in spirits of wine, I think he will find it satisfactory. I have used it for the past four or five years, and think it is the best article I ever tried.—ALEX (Grand Rapids, Mich.).

THE SILVER SALMON.

(*Noorhynchus kisutch*).

We publish the following from the Field Assistant of the Fishery Census of 1880 for the Northwest Coast, by permission:

PORT TOWNSEND, W. T., Sept. 10.

Prof. S. F. Baird, U. S. Fish Commissioner.
DEAR SIR—Mr. J. S. Wykoff, of this place, a gentleman who is an enthusiast in fishing and a very successful angler, told me today that a few days since he was at Snow Bay, opposite Port Townsend, taking salmon with rod and line. He was using the "sand lance" (*Xyphias*) for bait. He had taken fourteen silver salmon, and as his bait was becoming scarce he opened one of them to see what it had been feeding upon. To his surprise he found its stomach filled with prawns, or large shrimp, in a partially digested state. From a portion of one of the most perfect specimens thus found he baited his hook and caught a silver salmon weighing about six pounds.

Mr. Wykoff says that this is the first instance in his experience of many years as a salmon fisher that he has obtained shrimp in the stomach of a salmon, and as he found them in every salmon which he examined, he thinks it proves that the silver salmon of Puget Sound is a bottom feeder. This is a fact which I do not remember to have seen recorded before, and as it is new to me and very interesting, I think it important and my duty to inform you at once.

JAMES G. SWAN.

A NEW REEL—Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have recently been shown by the inventor, Mr. Louis A. Klefer, a watchmaker of this city, an improvement in fishing reels that will certainly commend itself to anglers, particularly those sportsmen who delight in taking the black bass. The improvement is an attachment by which the parts can be quickly thrown out of gear, the handle disconnected from the spool, and again as quickly thrown into gear. The object in separating the spool from the handle by throwing out of gear is to permit the line (unencumbered with the handle) to play out without resistance, and the object is so well accomplished by this improvement that the commonest reel, when provided with this attachment, will allow the line to run off as easily as does the finest Frankfort reel. It will readily be seen that when out of gear the annoyance of a revolving handle or crank is dispensed with, and in making a cast the angler can take hold of the whole reel and have a firmer hold, having his hand and finger in the best possible position for controlling the overrunning of the line. The gearing is managed entirely by a small lever protruding from the side in a convenient position, which, at a touch, throws the machinery into place ready for winding in the line. This simple attachment does the thing to a nicety. The great points are the increased speed given to the reel by prying out the line and preventing the handle from coming in contact with surrounding objects when the line is paying out.—C. D.

AN IMPROVED REEL FITTING has appeared in England. The *Redditch Indicator* says: "Messrs Alcock & Co., of the Standard Works, Redditch, have just purchased the exclusive patent right of a new mode of attachment of the reel to the rod, which is alike so simple, so convenient, so easy of application, and so certain in its arrangement, that the only wonder is it was not brought into use years ago, for like many other really practical inventions it simply lies waiting for a glance. Every old angler has at some time or other found himself in difficulties from the setting fast by the rain or otherwise of the brass ferrule which attaches the reel to the rod, and sometimes he has had to trudge homeward without being able to free the reel. The new patent which fitting is simply this: A brass plate, grooved at the sides, is let into the hub of the rod where the reel is attached, into which the winch plate of the reel is made to slide with absolute accuracy. When the reel is pushed into its place a spring at the base rises and holds it in security. Depression of the spring by the thumb or finger releases it. Nothing could be simpler, nothing more secure. The new fitting can be adapted to any rod, but the plate on the reel must fit the groove with absolute nicety."

SMITHSONIAN PUBLICATIONS.—Among the publications of the Smithsonian during the present year are Prof. S. H. Souders' index of names used for genera in zoology; a quarto edition of new tables to the rain-fall, with charts of the precipitation of moisture from the air during the four seasons, by Charles A. Schott; an octavo "Nomenclature of American Birds," by Robert Ridgway; a synopsis of the fishes of North America, by Prof. D. S. Jordan, and an octavo giving directions for collecting specimens of natural history, with special reference to deep sea dredging, by Richard Rathbun. It is not generally known that, according to a law on the statute-books, any citizen may subscribe to a Government publication by notifying the Government Printer at an early date. If any person desiring extra copies of any document printed at the Government Printing-office by authority of law shall, previous to its being put to press, notify the Congressional Printer of the number of copies wanted, and shall pay to him, in advance, the estimated cost thereof, and ten per centum thereon, the Congressional Printer may, under the direction of the Joint Committee on Public Printing, furnish the same.—*See 3,500 Revised Statutes.*

LARGE COD AND HALIBUT.—Mr. James G. Swan, Field Assistant to procure statistics of Fish and Fisheries of Washington Territory and the Northwest Coast for the census of 1880, writes to Prof. Baird from Port Townsend, W. T., as follows: "For more than four months past the water between Point Hudson and Point Wilson has swarmed with young cod—trudcod—and they are taken in great numbers by hook and line. They are from a foot to twenty inches in length, I have specimens in alcohol. None of the old residents here remember to have heard of the truch being taken in the vicinity of Port Townsend for the past twenty years, and this visit of a school of young cod lasting for such a long time and in such great numbers is worthy of special note. While at Victoria last week I saw a halibut, that had been taken at the entrance of the harbor, which weighed 225 lbs., and at the thickest part measured seven and a half inches through. I am told by the fishermen that recently a truch cod weighing sixty pounds was taken in Victoria harbor. This was mentioned in the *Colonist* of that date."

VOLUMES OF THE FOREST AND STREAM.—Mr. W. L. Colville, Forester, S. C., has three and a half years' numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM for sale, 1876 to 1881. Also a dozen numbers of the London Field.

Fishculture.

THE NEBRASKA FISH COMMISSION.—Owing to the death of Hon H. S. Kelsey, a new appointment was necessary to fill the board of the fish commission of this State.

NEBRASKA FISH COMMISSION, Fremont, October 1, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Have allowed replying to your request for official names of our State Commission until now, owing to non-appointment by the Governor of the State in vacating his own office.

Wm T. May, Fremont; term expiring June, 1893. R. R. La Grange, Plattsmouth, term expiring June, 1894. B. E. B. Kennedy, Omaha, term expiring June, 1895.

FISH CULTURE IN GEORGIA.—The Atlanta Constitution says:—"The Legislature never carried its fine idea of economy to further lengths than when it killed the Fish Bill providing for the propagation of fish.

"If anything has been demonstrated, it is that money can be spent nowhere so profitably as in providing for fish hatcheries in this State. Without any money, paying his own expenses in many cases, Dr. Cary, the Commissioner, has stocked nearly a thousand ponds in Georgia with carp, and the country press is filled with accounts of the wonderful growth and fecundity of this fish.

"It will not do to say that if this much has been done without any appropriation, no appropriation need be made. What has been done through the enthusiasm of Dr. Cary, without money, is but a hint of what he might have done had he been provided with funds.

GREEN SCUM ON PONDS.—Professor C. E. Bessey, of the Iowa Agricultural College, writes to the New York Tribune in answer to one who asks, "How to prevent the growing, and coming to the top of a fish pond, of the green scum commonly called frog-spittle?"

He says: "It is an alga or fresh water seaweed, composed of threads of cylindrical cells containing a green pigment—chlorophyll. There are several genera of these plants. This fresh water alga is no special indication of great impurity of water. Fish will do well where it grows abundantly, and even feed upon it to a considerable extent.

FISHWAY FOR THE RAPPAHANNOCK.—The Fredricksburg Water Power Works is about creating a McDonald fishway over their dam on the Rappahannock River about two miles above the ancient Borough of Fredricksburg.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.—Mr. J. J. Stranahan, editor of the Chicago Fish Culture, writes to the Forest and Stream in regard to propagating the small-mouthed black bass. It will cover half an acre, and has a supply of good brook water, gravelly bottom, with rocks and a raised flat stone for hiding places.

Carp will be distributed by the United States Fish Commission this month. Those who have not made application for them had better do so now. Blanks can be had by applying at this office.

The Kennel.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishers, 10.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

October 10 to 15. National Fair Association Bench Show, Washington, D. C. H. H. Blackburn, Cor Secretary.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28 St. Masontown, Fayette Co., Pa. via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries closed September 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Tennessee House, London, O.

November 11. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. Entries closed November 1. Chas. A. Andrew, West Lovell Dog Show, Superintendent.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

New York, Sept. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please find with this programme, running rules and entry blanks for our coming meeting, and for which some of your friends may apply.

At a meeting held this a. m. the following gentlemen were selected to act as the judges of the trials: Messrs. E. H. Lathrop, Springfield, Ill.; J. Von Lengenke, New York; T. F. Taylor, of Richmond, Mass.; J. M. Kinroy, of Stanton, Va.—Jesse Penz, Sec.

The third annual meeting will be held under the auspices of the Eastern Field Trials Club, at Robin's Island, Peconic Bay, Long Island, N. Y., commencing Thanksgiving Day, 1891. Open to the world.

Robin's Island Stakes, or Eastern Field Trials Derby.—Open for all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1891. First prize, \$150. Second, \$100. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to fill.

Peconic, or All-Aged Stakes.—Open to all setters or pointers. First prize, \$250. Second, \$150. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5 with \$20 additional to fill. Nominations to close positively on October 1, 1891.

Members' Stake.—Open to members of the club only. Each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. The prize to be a piece of equal value of \$100. This prize to be known as the Eastern Field Trials Cup of 1891.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

FULL LIST OF ENTRIES OF THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

Robin's Island Stakes, or Eastern Field Trials Derby. Open for all puppies whelped on or after April 1, 1891. First prize, \$150. Second, \$100. Third, \$50. Forfeit, \$5. \$10 additional to fill.

St Elmo II, English setter, 9mos St Elmo-Prairie Rose, S Fleet Spaulding, N. Y. City.

St Elmo III, English setter, 15mos St Elmo-Diana, same owner. St. Mrs, English setter, 11mos St Elmo-Diana, same owner. Don, English setter, 15mos Ranger II-White's Daisy, F R Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y. City.

Foxhall, pointer puppy, 14mos Dash Monarch-Petrol, J C Higgins, Delaware City, Del. Guyard, Irish setter, 15mos Rover II-Rose Bradwardine, A E Godfrey, Ghyward, N. Y. City.

Times, Gordon setter, 9mos Bob-Benny, same owner. Sensation, Jr., pointer setter, 15mos Sensation-Owner's Graco, Lake White, Bridgeport, Conn.

Perida, English setter puppy, Donner's Stock-Heckscher's Lady, John G. Heckscher, N. Y. City. Northam, Gordon setter, 12mos Dunfermlin, same owner.

Berkeley II, setter, 5mos Wenzel's Chief-Pierces' Gussie, N D Putnam, N. Y. City. Queen Elizabeth, Irish setter, 18mos Rover II-Rose Bradwardine, J O Donner, N. Y. City.

Northam, Gordon setter, 9mos Malcolm-Dream III, H Casand, Baltimore, Md. Reddie, Irish setter, 16mos Elcho-Rose, J H Goodsell, N. Y. City.

Thurgate, B W T setter, 14mos Dash II-Novel, D C Sauborn, Bowling Green, Ohio. Royal Dale, B W T setter, 16mos Dash III-Daisy Dale, J De T Blackstone, Norwich, Conn.

Glen Dale, B W T setter, 10mos Water's Gracious-Daisy Dale, same owner. Dean, O W setter, — Jersey Duke-Spooner's Daisy, F H Wetmore, East Orange, N. J.

Dond, Helton setter, — Jersey Duke-Spooner's Daisy, E A Spooner, N. Y. City. Dautless, Belton setter, — Jersey Duke-Spooner's Daisy, same owner.

Bontie, pointer, 11mos Sport-Floora, Geo. Snyder, Easton, Pa. Ponty II, B W T setter, 17mos Higgins' Pointe-Julindir, R E Hamilton, Troy, N. Y.

Lemington D, Llewellyn setter, 6mos Dash III-Cornelia, I S Schuster, Ft. Lindsdale, Pa. Gertrude, Llewellyn setter, 16mos Gladstone-Nellie, J W Orth, Pittsburg, Pa.

Gladys, Llewellyn setter, 4mos Gladstone-Nellie, Albert G Sloo, New Canaan, Ind. Thurgate, B W T setter, 17mos Dash III-Daisy, E E Hardy, Boston, Mass.

Entry, G B Reeder, Easton, Pa. [Writing blurred so as to be undistinguishable] Peconic, or All-Aged Stakes.

Open to all setters or pointers. First prize, \$250. Second, \$150. Third, \$100. Forfeit, \$5, with \$20 additional to fill. Do the stake will be added by the club a special prize of \$100, or a silver cup of equal value at the option of the winner, for the best pointer competing in the stake.

Croxtall, L & W pointer, 2 3/4 yrs Blue-Julia, A E Godfrey, Ghyward, N. Y. City. Glen, Gordon setter, 7 yrs Collin's Dash-Millin's Belle, H F Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chief, Irish setter, 2 yrs Berkeley-Duck, Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. J. Lincoln II, Llewellyn setter, 2 yrs Lincoln-Petrol II, John C. Higgins, Delaware City, Del.

List, Llewellyn setter, 2 yrs Lincoln-Petrol II, same owner. Dubing Monarch, Llewellyn setter, 3 yrs Dash II-Counter's Moll, same owner.

Buntie, Laverack setter, 4 yrs Pride of the Border-Petrol, same owner. Emperor Fred, Laverack setter, 4 1/2 yrs Blue Prince-Daisy, C A Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Alexelot, Laverack setter, 2 3/4 yrs Emperor Fred-Blue Cor, same owner. Juvo, L & W pointer, 3 yrs Discount-Vic, R M Lindley, Scranton, Pa.

Glen, pointer, 2 3/4 yrs Seashop-Gipsy, H Hall, Marlboro, N. Y. Brock, Irish setter, 3 yrs Bosco-MY Dutchess, Geo T Leach, N. Y. City.

Comless, setter, 3 yrs Bosco-MY Dutchess, same owner. Jennie, setter, 6 yrs Dick-Harrington's Gyp, W Tallman, Norwich, Conn.

Jennie II, setter, 6 yrs Puch-Tonia's, same owner. Yun c, punter, 2 3/4 yrs Dillie's Ranger-Bess, S T Hammond, Springfield, Mass.

Lo, setter, 4 yrs unknown, F Brugnier, Newsek, N. J. Tom, setter, 3 yrs Royal Duke-Bessie, G R Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nellie, setter, 5 yrs Belton-Dimple, D C Sauborn, Bowling, Mich. Comt Nollie, B W T setter, 2 yrs Windan-Nora, same owner.

Sandwich, setter, — Gladstone-Bertie Hoffman S W Weir, New Albany, Ind. Mace, setter, 2 yrs Frank-Pest's Rose, H O Hamilton, N. Y. City.

Maida, English setter, 4 yrs Dick-Ocho, S F Speer, Brooklyn, N. Y. Lizzie Lee, English setter, 2 3/4 yrs Dred-Mills, same owner.

Prince Hal, English setter, 2 mos St Elmo-Maida, same owner. Chancellor, English setter, 2 mos St Elmo-Maida, same owner. Gus, setter, unknown, unknown, W G Parsons, New Brunswick, N. J.

Chathaine, English setter, 2 mos St Elmo-Maida, D. T. Worden, New York City. Tip, setter, Knapp's Cap-Lambert's Peg, C Casman, New York City.

Bill, English setter, 2 3/4 yrs unknown, Jacob Steiner, Brooklyn, N. Y. Boss, pointer — Sensation-unknown, P R King, Newark, N. Y. Spyr, Irish setter, 3 yrs Duke-Bell, S D Ripley, New York City.

Rocket, setter, 3 yrs Rattler-Leda, same owner. Don O'Shaunter-La Fine, setter, black and white setter, 2 yrs Tam.

Flora, setter, 3 yrs Sport-Flora, L, II A Rosenthal, New York City. Prince Salm, setter, 2 yrs 9mos, Nick-Floora, L, same owner.

Flot, setter, 2 yrs 9mos unknown, same owner. Members' Stake.

Open to members of the Club only. Each entry to be owned and handled by the member making the nomination. The prize to be a piece of plate of the value of \$100. This prize to be known as the Eastern Field Trials Cup of 1891.

87rs, Irish setter, 3 yrs Duke-Bell, Sidney D Ripley, N. Y. City. 87rs, Irish setter, 3 yrs Duke-Bell, Henry V Alton, New York City. St Patti, English setter, 3 yrs Pride of the Border-Jessie II, E A Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brock, Irish setter, 3 yrs Bosco-MY Dutchess, G T Leach, N. Y. City. Countess, Irish setter, 3 yrs Bosco-MY Dutchess, same owner. Chief, Irish setter, 2 yrs Berkeley-Duck, Max Wenzel, Hoboken, N. Y.

Bessie, English setter, under 3 yrs Ranger II-Maltard's Bell, J O Donner, N. Y. City. Grasso Dale, setter, 3 yrs Grasso-Daisy Dale, Wm A Buckingham, Norwich, Conn.

Ami, English setter, 3 yrs Morford-Don-Fairy, O H Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J. Max Harikawa, English setter, 3 1/2 yrs Guy Manmering-Quimby's Gold, same owner.

Tom, English setter, 3 yrs Royal Duke-Bessie, Geo W Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE LONDON DOG SHOW.

London, Oct. 5, 1891. On arriving here your correspondent found the town and its hotels crowded with dog-lovers, including the owners of the animal cattle, agricultural and horticultural exhibition to which was also added the bench show of dogs.

The weather, though extremely warm for the season, was favorable during the meeting, and the visits to see and exhibit were highly pleased with the arrangements made for the accommodation and care of the canines, which were under the able supervision of Mr. Charles Lincoln, whose ability to carry out successfully such an undertaking in too well known to need any further comment.

Among the gentlemen present who take great interest in these matters we noticed the following: Messrs. John B. Long and E. Williams, of Detroit; Edmund Orgill, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Wm. B. Gill, of Chatham; H. B. Harrison and Fred. Tilson, of Tilsenburgh; J. S. Niven, M. D., and L. H. Smallman, of London, and many others not forgetting Mr. T. H. Smith, of Stratford, whose arrangements were a source of pleasure to the many visitors who are favored with his acquaintance.

The judge appointed for the sporting classes was Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., whose ability to fill this position cannot be questioned. The non-sporting class was judged by Mr. G. B. Alsop, of York, and the society of England, whose experience in "dogology" is said to be second to none.

The entries, which numbered nearly four hundred, most of which were on hand, represented some of the finest stock in the country.

Brought out the splendid brace of English setters, Paris and Pearl, belonging to Mr. Smith, of Stratford, which were entered for exhibition only. Paris bears his seven years nicely, and is still a grand dog. Here I would like to remark that I consider the Standard as done once for all for the improvement of our sporting dogs by any other individual.

I started the ball in motion by importing that king of sires, Leicester and the remarkable bitch Dart, whose progeny and descendants can be readily distinguished at all exhibitions.

Brought out but one entry, Mr. Wm. R. Well's Star, a good specimen of the Llewellyn setter.

English Setter Dogs.—Contained fifteen entries, and was a magnificent class, but the Major sown tapered down the number to the choice ones, and the best was secured by the Glen Bolton, Dick Lavereck, Thunder-Pierces. Dick is one of the grandest dogs of the day, and bids fair at no distant time to run a tight race for supremacy with his sire Thunder. Mr. Long's Coon II was justly entitled to second honors. He is a dog of splendid, large frame, bushy hair, and some of the best bred of the breed.

London came for v. h. e. but we should have selected Mr. Wells' Mark, who had to be content with a c. as to our eye he is a very compact dog, full of quality. Mr. Weighell's Trump, who obtained h. c. also pleased us.

English Setter Bitches.—Brought out another nice lot. First prize was awarded to Mr. Harrison's Belle. This bitch was catalogued at \$200, and immediately picked up by Mr. Long, of Detroit, who always has an eye open for a choice specimen, Kalo, who secured second place, and was secured by Mr. Harrison, was also from L. The remainder were far above the average.

English Setter Dog Puppies.—Were a superior and very promising class. Mr. Wells secured first position with his Druid-Strad black and white pup Mingo, ten months old. He also secured second with a litter brother Giger. These are certainly a grand set of litter.

Mr. G. D. Davey's Pride of the Dominion and Mr. Cazen's Duke of Brunswick well merited the h. c. which was awarded them.

English Setter Bitch Puppies.—Comprised eight entries. For first honor it was indeed a close up between the Moltak Foundry's Belle's Pride and Mr. Wells' Dido II. The judge after the most careful scrutiny awarded the premium to Belle's Pride. Had we considered Dido II. as equally good points and manner points had it not been having had his pup more, which prevented her showing in the ring to advantage. She was in the pink of condition, and is a gem. Mr. Davey's Norah D. is quite promising, and fully earned the position given to her.

Champion Gordon Setter Dogs.—Dr. Niven's Blossom met with no competitors; he is a dog of good points, but age is now beginning to tell against him.

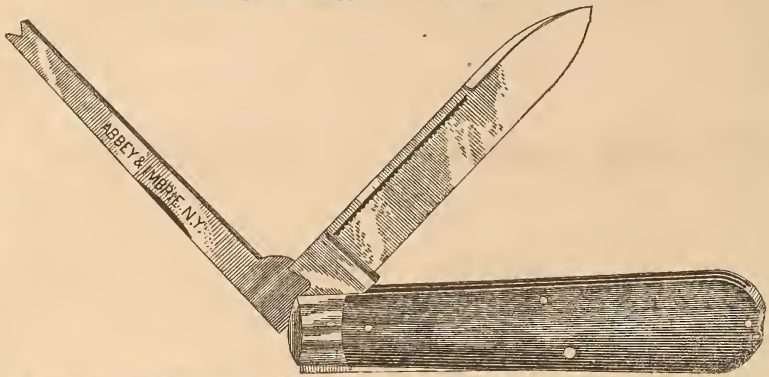
Champion Gordon Setter Bitches.—Mr. T. H. Smallman's Maiden was the winner.

Gordon Setter Dogs.—For which there were ten entries, and among them some extra good ones. Mr. Puddicombe scored the blue ribbon with his Grisco-Moll dog Jack, a good specimen of his class. He was secured by Dr. Niven's Blossom, who is a very young dog and we think in some points had the advantage over Jack. The Gordon Kennel Club, of Locest Valley, L. L. have a very compact dog in Gordon; he shows fine quality, true markings and for an all-day dog he would be our choice. However, we were not allowed to see him.

Champion Gordon Setter Dogs.—Dr. Niven's Blossom met with no competitors; he is a dog of good points, but age is now beginning to tell against him. Champion Gordon Setter Bitches.—Mr. T. H. Smallman's Maiden was the winner.

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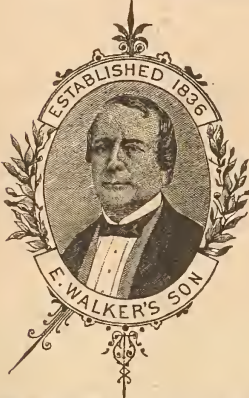
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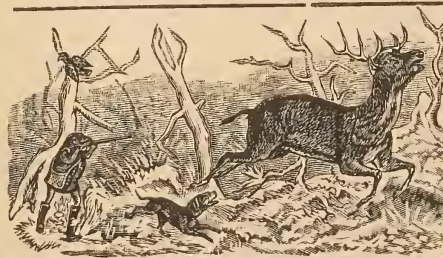
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FRANK BLYDENBURGH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS. 64 Pine St., New York. WANTED, one or two gentlemen of means to unite with me in buying the finest sea-side resort and hunting grounds in Virginia. A fortune in it. Full particulars given and required. Address CHAS. E. HULL, care FOREST AND STREAM, Oct 6, 81

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FOR SALE, a Shattuck 10-bore, 9 lbs., single D.L. made to order; has fine Damascus barrels, checked fore end (not on trade gun); all the working parts have been finely finished and plated, viz., triggers, cock springs, guard and pin. Makes an eye target. Also 20 shells and loader. Price \$25. Never been used only at target. Address J. E. RONAN, Box 34, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass. Sept 21

FOR SALE, Sharps long range Rifle (new), \$50. Sharps mid-range, 40 cal. rifle of finest make, sights for target and hunting, shells, tools, &c., 40 lbs. Sharps military rifle, with complete set of reloading tools, mounds, &c., \$15. Sharps hunting rifle, old model, using Government cartridge, \$15. Stevens pocket shot-gun, with extra rifle barrel, 22 cal., tools, &c., \$20. Address Box 5183, Boston, Mass. Oct 6, 81

FOR SALE, W. & C. Scott & Son, hammerless. Bought in August last, 10x90 14-16 lbs., 2 1/2 in. bore, fine Damascus top lever, double bolt, flat pat. lock, safety, pat. crystal indicator, top automatic safe, p. g. horn butt, fine engraving, choke, very fine, will send C. O. D. privilege of trial, price \$100, cost \$22. Address with stamp, L. A. DAVENPORT, Davenport, N. Y. Oct 6, 81

FOR SALE, a 12-gauge, 50-inch, 5 1/2 lbs. W. W. Brown, breech-loading shot-gun, one of his best make. Will sell at about half of its original cost. Inquire of H. PAPE, 239 Washington st., New York City. Oct 6, 81

FOR SALE, very cheap, a very fine B. L. Gun, 12 bore, also an A. No. 1 pointer bitch, and an A. pointer bitch pup; or exchange for horse and buggy, gold watch or better. THED. MEYER, 31 Eighth Street, Jersey City. Oct 6, 81

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A BARGAIN For sale, Gordon setter Jim, whelped April, 1881; color black and tan, broken to charge and retrieve; price \$50. Gordon setter Mac, full sister; will make a good one; price \$25. Gordon setter Dick, Queen, red with white toes, hunted some; price \$25. A native femur and white setter bitch, hunted on quail and snipe; is staunch, good nose and a splendid worker in field; 2 years old; price \$25. These are bottom figures. H. B. VONDEKSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Oct 6, 81

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FOR SALE—My black setter dog, 3 years old, and white setter broken for field work. Also orange and white setter bitch, 2 years old, partially broken. She is very fast and shows an excellent nose. Address W. W. B. MARKHAM, East Hampton, Conn. Oct 6, 81

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FOR SALE, a very fine cocker spaniel dog pup, 5 months old, imported stock, color rich liver with little white, handsomely marked; price \$20. CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Conn. Oct 6, 81

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FOR SALE, three Gordon setter pups by Dr. Asten's gene out of my Gypsy, she by Orgill's Rib and Nelly Horton; strong and perfect weather. Address H. GILBERTS-LEWIS, 622 Fulton street, Brooklyn, L. I. Oct 6, 81

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HARE BEAGLE KENNELS-For sale, the produce of imported and home bred animals that have been hunted since able to follow the dam on the trail, and are believed to be second to none in nose, tongue and endurance. COLIN CAMERON, Brookville, Pa. May 12, '81

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RARE CHANCE. I have for sale one brace of setter puppies by the renowned setter dog champion Paris; also one brace of highly bred cocker puppies. CHARLES E. LEWIS, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Sept 24, '81

FOR SALE, a pair of lemon and white pointer puppies, by sensation and owner's Nell II., eight weeks old; also a lemon and white setter bitch, and one on woodcock and quail, large size, with lots of speed, drop to wing or shot, age 3 years, price \$40. Address Box 90, Apollo, Armstrong County, Penn. Sept 20, '81

FOR SALE CHEAP, a few very fine Gordon Setter Puppies, 3 months old, by dream, late Dr. Dowling's, and imported Sam. Also some very handsome red Irish Setter Puppies, 3 months old, by my Bitches Maid and Nellie Hartack, ex. Joe; Maid by Champion, Elcho and imported Stella; Nellie by Tyke and Dirk Hartack; Joe by York ex. Boss. For prices and pedigree apply to THOS. HAYTH, Melrose, Pa. Oct 1, '81

REMARKABLE KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and handed, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 325. Sept 22, '81

DORY OMORE KENNEL.-Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Nosh O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, '81

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. TUCEMOND, Lakoville, Mass. Sept 22, '81

FOR SALE, Brant, by Leicester out of Sambora's Nellie, two years nine months old, color black and white ticked, well broken. Roxey's Boy, by Dash III. out of Roxey (Nellie-Leicester), two years and two months old, broken, black and white. Four pups by Dashing Tim, ex. Llewellyn's Leda, by Dash II. out of Armida (Pocahontas-Leicester), very fine ten weeks old. Any parties wanting good stock can be accommodated. For prices and full particulars address I. YEARSLEY, JR., P. O. Box 14, Coatesville, Pa. Oct 6, '81

SETTERS FOR SALE.-Polka (B. K. C. S. B., 9185), black and white, whelped August 9, 1878, winner 2d prize New York 1879, by Pride of the Border ex. Kate II. (sister to Llewellyn's champion Dash II.), two years and two puppies, dog and bitch, black, white and tan, whelped July 19, 1881, by champion Emperor Fred, ex. Kate II.; \$50 each, \$90 the brace. J. W., Box 2950, New York. Oct 6, '81

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FOR THE ABOVE SUMS THE GUNS DESCRIBED CAN BE PLACED ON CARS IN NEW YORK, ALL PAID, IN 8 WEEKS FROM ORDER REACHING US. A comparison of these prices with those charged in the Gun Stores for really fine English Guns, of first-rate quality, will result in your ordering direct from the manufactory. It has come to our knowledge that common guns are being sold in the States bearing our name. As we make only fine guns, genuine TOLLEY guns have engraved on the rib, "J. & W. TOLLEY, Makers, St. Mary's Sq., Birmingham."



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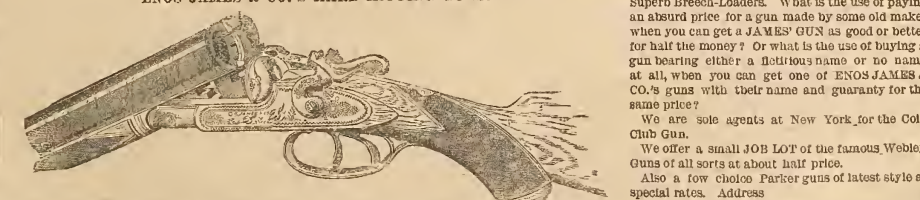
HAS FINER BARRELS, THE FITTING IS SUPERIOR To any other Gun COSTING TWICE THE MONEY.

Shooting Unsurpassed. Lists furnished on application. SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES, Or W. R. SCHAEFER, 61 Elm St., Boston. Or THOS. L. GOLCHER, 116 Girard ave., Phila.

Remington's Military, Sporting & Hunting Repeating Rifles.

Simplest, Most Efficient, Indestructible. Adopted by the U. S. Government in the Navy and Frontier Service. 10 Shots, .45 Cal., 70 Grain Standard Government Cartridges. Prices: Carabines, \$22; Frontier Rifles, \$22; Sporting and Hunting Rifles, \$25. Discount to the Trade Only. Send for Catalogue and Price Lists. E. REMINGTON & SONS., 283 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3,994.

ENOS JAMES & CO.'S HARD-HITTING GUNS.



This cut exactly represents JAMES & CO.'S GREAT GUN, called the COMPLETE. Every Triumph or Trap gun is choke-bored and targeted.

Three columns of 'The Kennel' advertisements. Left column: ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE... PORTLANDS of Eastern Field Trial Winners... LIVE FOXES WANTED. Middle column: POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion Sensation out of Livingston's Rose... HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, Box 33, Greenport, Suffolk County, New York. Right column: FIVE HUNDRED FERRETS for sale... FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct.

-See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

Dr Gordon Stables, R. N. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," & C. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed...

PEDIGREE PRINTING AND COMPILING, CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA...

E. & C. VON CULIN, P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

Sportsmen's Goods.



5 Consecutive Shots, 50 feet, off-hand. WILD HARRY, the Indian Scout, says that with a Stevens' Rifle or Pistol, at 50 feet, off-hand, he can knock the spots out of a playing card...

CHAS. FOLSOM, 106 Chambers St., N. Y. Dealer in Fire-Arms, Ammunition, and all Articles connected with the same...

Breech-Loading Arms. SINGLE GUNS: Plain, \$12.50; Twist, \$15.00; Laminated, \$17. RIFLES: .22 cal., 24 in., \$20; 26 in., \$22; 28 in., \$24...

CHICAGO, Ill., April 19, 1881. For nine years I have been proprietor of a shooting gallery... have tried the different makes of rifles...

Yours, etc., R. B. FULLER, 172 Clark st.

THE AMERICAN PAT. PORTABLE HOUSE MFG CO



MANUFACTURE HOUSES on an entirely new and novel principle, whereby more strength can be obtained than in any other way... EARL LEE, Manager, Corona, Queens Co., N. Y.

\$72 A WEEK, six a day at home! neatly printed, Address TRUS & CO Augusta, Maine.

Sportsman's Goods.



THE ORIGINAL American Hammerless GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP AND BOIT; AND DOUBLE GRIP ACTIONS. SIZES FROM 4 TO 20. Muzzle-Loaders Altered to Breech-Loaders. Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire. Stocks Bent to Any Crook.

Clark & Snider, 214 W. FRATT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

TATHAM'S Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag. No. of pellets to oz. 338 472 683 1058 Sot. 845 495 716 1130 Chilled.

Trap Shot! Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

TATHAM & BROS., 82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

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Fishing Season at Rangeley Lakes Again Open. EXCURSION TICKETS VIA BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD.

Table listing excursion routes and prices: Boston to Andover and return \$9.00, South Arm (Richardson Lakes) and return 12.00, Middle Dam and return 18.00, Upper Dam 14.00, etc.

D. J. FLANDERS, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

SPORTSMEN!

I am enabled to offer good accommodations to all those seeking health, recreation and pleasure. Good gunning in the immediate neighborhood for small game, and deer hunting within half a day's drive.

AT HIGHLAND FARM, good board, hunting and fishing. Horses, dogs and guides furnished. Deer hunting within reach. Five hours from New York City.

CARDEN AND FARM SEEDS. SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE. Vanderbilt Bros., 43 Fulton St., N. Y.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. Johns and Aroostook rivers...

Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen.

ASSOCIATED SOUTHERN RAILWAYS, Richmond and Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line.

The Direct and Popular Routes to the YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL, October 15 to 21, inclusive, AND TO THE Atlanta Cotton Exposition, October 5 to December 31.

Florida, the South, and Southwest. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT OCTOBER 1, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line. Train 50. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:50 p.m. Danville 8:50 p.m. Charlotte 12:53 p.m. Atlanta 10:55 a.m.

Atlantic Coast Line. Train 10. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:50 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Macon 6:55 p.m. Montgomery 5:00 p.m. Mobile 4:50 a.m. New Orleans 10:42 a.m.

Train 45. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Charleston 12:30 p.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 46. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 47. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 48. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 49. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 50. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 51. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 53. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 54. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 55. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 56. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 57. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 58. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 59. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 60. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 61. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 62. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Train 63. Leaves New York 7:00 a.m. W. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Raleigh 7:30 p.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 9:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Columbia 6:00 a.m. Augusta 5:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pulman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Hotels and Resorts for Sportsmen.

TO SPORTSMEN. The Pennsylvania R. R. Co. Respectfully invite attention to the SUPERIOR FACILITIES afforded by their lines for reaching most of the TOURIST PARKS and RACE COURSES in the Middle States.

Excursion TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in all the principal cities of re-shipment, while the excellent cars which run over the smooth steel tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

THE LINES OF Pennsylvania Railroad Company also reach the best localities for GUNNING AND FISHING in Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Excursion TICKETS are sold at the offices of the Company in all the principal cities of re-shipment, while the excellent cars which run over the smooth steel tracks enable STOCK TO BE TRANSPORTED without failure or injury.

Trout Fishing, Wing Shooting, and Still Hunting. \$10.00. TUCKERTON, BEACH HAVEN, CAPE MAY, SQUAN, and points on the NEW JERSEY COAST.

Chesapeake & Ohio R'y. THE ROUTE OF THE SPORTSMAN AND ANGLER TO THE BEST HUNTING AND FISHING GROUNDS OF VIRGINIA AND WEST VIRGINIA.

Comprising those of Central and Piedmont Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains, Valley of Virginia, Allegheny Mountains, Greenbrier and the Shenandoah Valley, and including in their varieties of game and fish, deer, bear, wild turkeys, wild duck, grouse, quail, snipe, woodcock, mountain trout, bass, pike, pickerel, etc.

The Route of the Tourist, through the most beautiful and picturesque scenery of the Virginia Mountains to the White Sulphur Springs and other famous summer resorts.

THE ONLY ALL RAIL ROUTE TO THE "YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL" and establish a continuous rail line, via Richmond, Va., and Huntington, W. Va., between the mouth of Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific Ocean.

OLD DOMINION LINE. THE STEAMERS of this line reach some of the finest waterway and upland shooting sections in the country.

Bromfield House, Boston. Full information given at office, 187 Greenwood street, New York.

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TAKE THE Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R. THE ONLY ROUTE TO THE Trout, Grayling & Black Bass Fisheries, and the FAMOUS SUMMER, HEALTH and GAME RESORTS AND LAKES OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

The waters of the Grand Traverse Region and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equaled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained.

BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters.

THE THOU'S season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1. THE GRAYLING season begins June 1 and ends Nov. 1.

BLACK BASS, BAKE PICKEREL and MUSCALONGE also abound in great numbers in the small lakes and bays of this territory.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of Northern Michigan is unsurpassed in beauty. The air is pure, dry and bracing.

Hay Fever and Asthma Affections. The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will be largely increased in time for the sea on of 1881 by new buildings and fixtures.

During the season ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold at LOW RATES, and attract train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen.

Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk.

Our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists Guide a handsomely illustrated book of 30 pages, free. Time Cards, Folders and further information, address

A. B. LEST, Gen'l Pass' Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Second edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of sportsmen to Northern Michigan and out in the party, instructive and interesting; 94 pages, 12 illustrations. Price, 10 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Wild Fowl Shooting.

SPRINGVILLE HOUSE OF SPORTSMEN'S RESORT, SHINNCOCK BAY, L. I.

BY A PRACTICAL GUNNER AND AN OLD DUCK hunter. Has always had the best boats, batteries, etc., with the largest rig of trained wild geese decoys on the coast.

Parties wishing to visit the Seven Ponds, via Euclid and Tim Pond, can have buck-board teams, guides, boats, camps, with board, in readiness, by writing in advance to

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RICHARDSON AND RANGLEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED. A thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebec, Chisipit, Farmington and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Androscoggin, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 320 pages, 60 illustrations and 12 maps. Most needed from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid, by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 50 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals: receiving the highest award at the "Biscuits" at the Paris Exhibition, 1875. Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Hannover Dog Show, 1874; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X"



Packed in Cases of 112 pounds each.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

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FRANCIS O. de LUZE & CO.,
18 South William Street, - - - NEW YORK.

To be had in smaller quantities at
Grocers and the Sporting Goods
Trade Generally.

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MANN'S

Trolling Spoons.



Sixty varieties manufactured, suitable for Trolling for all kinds of fish that will take an artificial bait, and adapted for any lake or river in the United States.

Our Perfect Revolving Spoon is undoubtedly the best general spoon for taking fish ever offered to the public.

Three sizes made—No. 9, for bass, pike, pickerel, or any fish under five pounds weight; No. 21 for large fish, and the best spoon ever made for salmon trout; No. 22 excellent for deep water fishing. Beware of imitations. None genuine except JOHN H. MANN'S name stamped on every spoon.

Hold wholesale and retail by the principal dealers in Fishing Tackle.

JOHN H. MANN & CO.,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

SPORTSMEN'S DEPOT.

(ESTABLISHED 1836).

First Premium at World's Fair at New York, and Centennial Exhibition.



JOHN KRIDER,

N. E. Cor Second and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS,

Fishing Tackle, Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Flies, Leaders, Snoods, Artificial Bait, Fly Hooks, Etc., Etc.

Salmon, Bass and Trout Flies. Made to Order.

Also "Kriders'" Celebrated Enamel Split and Gined Bamboo Rods.

Birds' Eggs and Birds' Skins in Great Varieties. Taxidermy in all its branches.

Spratt's Patent Dog Biscuit.

Repairing of all kinds.

TO ANGLERS:

JOHN ENRIGHT & SONS,

Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers

Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland.

Rods and Lines to match balance of rods. No agents. All information respecting fisheries on the Shannon in this locality, as also catalogues of our greenheart rods and general assortment of tackle, to be had on application.

MOLLER'S NORWEGIAN

COD-LIVER OIL

FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any other. Its purity and medicinal virtues are well known. Sold by Druggists.

W. H. Schieffelin & Co. (U.S. and Canada) New York

MAKE HENS LAY

An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now practicing in this country, says that most of the Hens and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Allen's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and harmless. Notice on each will make him say like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for eight letter stamps. **L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.**

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FOR TRAP SHOOTING.

Send for circulars. Samples sent to dealers.

SMOKE TARGET BALL CO.,
TITUSVILLE, PENN.

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HODGMAN & CO.,

425 BROADWAY AND 27 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,

ARE OFFERING THE LARGEST STOCK OF

RUBBER FISHING OUTFITS,

COMPRISE

FISHING BOOTS,

BLANKETS,

Light, Black, White or Tan Color Coats,

RUBBER SPORTING OUTFITS.



Fishing Pants.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

Send for Catalogue.

Philadelphia Fishing Tackle HOUSE.



A. B. SHIPLEY & SON,
Manufacturers of Fine Fishing Tackle of Every Description.

308 COMMERCE ST., PHILA.

Shipley's Looped and Plain Mist Color Leaders, Shipley's Improved Adjustable Floats. Reversed Wing, Trout, Bass and Salmon Flies in stock, and also tied to pattern. A full assortment of common and best rods, Lines, Reels, etc.

Our Best bars Fly and Salt Rods and Split Bamboo Fly Rods receive the first premiums at the Centennial, Franklin Institute and Penna. State Fairs.

A specialty of the celebrated Bethabara Wood for Fish Rods and Artery Bows. Stronger than split bamboo and as tough and elastic as steel. Rod mountings of all descriptions on hand and to order. Price list of wood and rod mountings free. Our 62-page new illustrated catalogue of Fishing Tackle sent, post-paid, on receipt of ten centish stamps.

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STANDARD AND DRY.

The Sportsman's Wine!!

A. ROCHEREAU & CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
6 South William St., New York.
16 and 18 St. Louis St., New Orleans.

GOOP'S OIL TANNED MOCCASINS.

The best thing in the market for hunting, fishing, canoeing, snow-shoeing, etc. They are easy to put on, and very durable. Made to order in a variety of styles, and warranted the genuine article.

Send for price list. **MARTIN S. HUTCHINSON, P. O. Box 385, Dover, N. H.** Successor to Frank Good, Bradburn & Anthony, Boston Agents.

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POULTRY AND GAME,
Nos. 289 and 300 WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK.

Consignments of all kinds of game solicited.

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION.

We accept consignments. Allow market price day of arrival, and send checks every Tuesday for all invoices of previous week.

PARRAN'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS of the entire Richardson-Rancely Lakes Region. Large size, each \$1.00. Send for catalogue. **CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.**

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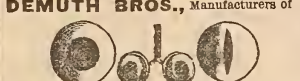
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Send for New Price List. Reduced Rates.

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Birds and animals preserved by superior French and American workmen.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of glass work done to order.

Catalogue Free of Charge by Mail.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WOODS;

AND THE TRICKS OF TRAPPING

AND

Trap Making.

Containing Comprehensive Hints on Camp Shelter, Log Huts, Bark Shanties, Woodland Beds and Bedding, Boat and Canoe Building, and Valuable Suggestions on Trappers' Food, etc. With Extended Chapters on the Trappers' Art, containing all the "Tricks" and Valuable Bait Recipes of the Profession; Full Directions for the Use of the Steel Trap, and for the Construction of Traps of all Kinds; Detailed Instructions for the Capture of all Fur Bearing Animals; Valuable Recipes for the Curing and Tanning of Fur Skins, etc. By W. HAMILTON GIBSON, Author of "Pastoral Days." Illustrated by the Author. 12mo, Cloth, \$1.

I can't imagine a country boy, an American boy, who would not go without his dinner for a month if in this way only he could obtain this wonderful book, and that paper is hard-earned, and may even be in dread of its Timothys, who will not buy this book for his boys, and for his father, a man is a boy until he is fifty years old.—THE REV. HENRY WALKER BECKER.

Since the days when my father taught me to make and set traps and dead-falls, I haven't felt such a feeling of bliss in any of the matter as I have in looking over this brilliantly illustrated and charming book of Mr. Gibson's. The Rev. EDWARD EGGLERON, D.D.

Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.**

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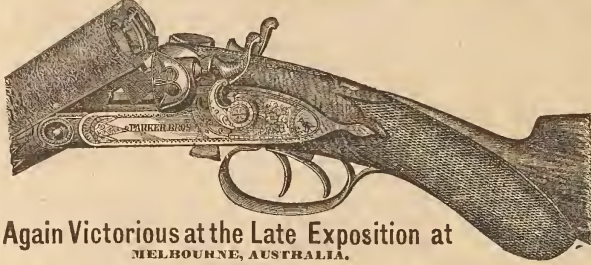
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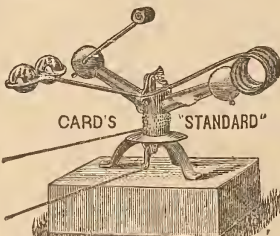
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
 Thursday, October 13.

MAINE MOOSE MURDERERS.—We publish in another column a letter from one of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, in which he questions the practicability of bringing the Maine game wardens. As to the integrity of the Maine game wardens we have no means of judging, beyond the correspondence which has appeared in these columns; but whatever may be the faithfulness or unfaithfulness of the wardens, the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of that State have given abundant proof of activity and determination. They should have the co-operation of all sportsmen who wish to see the laws enforced. Mr. Stilwell says he is ready to prosecute the Portland moose killer. Now let some of the indignant Portland sportsmen, who have sufficient grit, give the Commissioners the facts in the case. As Mr. Stilwell pertinently suggests, the best kind of indignation is that which bears some fruit. At the sitting of the County Court at Farmington, last week, the Grand Jury found a bill against Dr. A. A. Robinson for having killed a yearling moose. He is reported as saying that "if convicted, he will make his case a test of the constitutionality of the law; if he is fined \$100, he will willingly pay \$5,000 to make the test." We advise the Doctor to keep his money. There is nothing unconstitutional about the law, and money spent in trying to prove the opposite is simply thrown away.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

THIS is a subject which has come into decided prominence during the past year. We have, however, purposely deferred its consideration in these columns, because the question is one which should be discussed fairly and impartially on its merits, and not solely in its relation to any single particular occasion or society. The State pigeon shooting tournaments of 1881 are past; those of 1882 are yet a long way off. This, then, is a fit time to consider the question which has engaged the serious attention of many sportsmen throughout the country. It is this: Is the wholesale trap-shooting of pigeons a proper employment to consume the time at the various State conventions of sportsmen?

To answer this candidly, it is necessary to look the facts squarely in the face. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

1. State associations are formed for the purpose—so their titles, constitutions and professions declare—of advancing the interests of sportsmanship and for securing the better protection of fish and game.
2. Annual conventions are held by each association, to which delegates are sent from the several clubs composing it.
3. These delegates are those who are most expert as trap shooters.
4. Professional trappers are hired to trap tens of thousands of pigeons on their nesting grounds. These birds are packed in crates and conveyed to the places designated for the conventions.
5. The only business accomplished at the conventions is the shooting of these pigeons, dividing the prizes and arranging for the next shoot.
6. Many influential sportsmen who have a warm interest in matters pertaining to the advancement of sport, withhold their support and presence from the State trap-shooting tournaments. The number of prominent men thus holding aloof is yearly increasing.
7. Not only do these conventions accomplish absolutely nothing in the right direction, but more and more than this, they have a positively bad influence in their effect upon public opinion. Instead of fostering by their transactions a popular appreciation of the dignity of field sports, and a public sympathy with the spirit and objects of just game laws, they bring the term "game protection" into ridicule and contempt. The only time the public hears anything of these societies is when its ears are saluted by the fusillade of their guns at the pigeon traps. The outside world never dreams of the existence of these State associations for the protection of game, except when they pose before it as exterminators of wild pigeons. The influences of these conventions upon those who participate in them is also questionable. In one State at least the annual tournament is tending more and more every year to a money-making affair. One of the State tournaments of 1881 was, to all discoverable intents and purposes, a grand money-making scheme on the part of the clubs under whose direct management it was held. The speculation failed, because the public could not be induced to pay gate-money to witness the immense and business-like slaughter of pigeons. The convention was barren alike of dividends for the stockholders in the scheme, and of any single good result which should legitimately have followed a game society's convention.

Those are the facts; but in regard to them very diverse views are held. It is argued, on the one hand, that the pigeon is not a game bird; that there is no sufficient reason why it should not be utilized for trap shooting; that it is no more cruel to kill one pigeon than one quail, nor twenty thousand pigeons at the trap than twenty birds in the field; that when the number of congregated shooters is taken into consideration the average number of pigeons per man is not excessive; that no other form of amusement can be substituted for the trap-shooting of live birds; and that without some such attraction the conventions would not be held.

On the other hand, there is a growing conviction among an annually increasing number of sportsmen that this yearly slaughter of thousands of birds is essentially cruel, unmanly and unworthy of the societies which practice it; that the average shooting afforded by these birds, which have been cooped up and starved for so long a period before they are finally put into the trap, and thrown weak, dazed and helpless into the air, to the spot where the gun was pointed be-

fore the trap was sprung, requires no special skill, that trap-shooting is largely trick shooting; that the motives of those participating in the State shoots are mercenary; that in their eagerness to secure prizes the pigeon shooters are nothing more nor less than "mug hunters;" that if pigeons are not game birds, game associations certainly have no business to trap and shoot them by wholesale; that pigeon shooting is an infatuation with which these game societies are so filled that they wholly fail to do their legitimate work; and that, if pigeon shooting were abolished from the annual conventions, the State associations would receive large accessions of influential supporters, and would then accomplish the ends for which they are professedly organized, but which have not been gained.

Another objection to these large pigeon shooting tournaments is one wholly apart from any sentiment, and is recognized by both parties; that is, the growing scarcity of the birds, the consequent difficulty of procuring a sufficient supply and the increased expense. During the past year this objection has presented itself with more force than ever before; and has in some instances practically put a stop to proposed tournaments.

This question of shooting pigeons, or not shooting pigeons, is one which demands the candid and deliberate consideration of those who have at heart the perpetuity and usefulness of our State sportsmen's associations.

The question is not whether pigeon shooting is in itself cruel; it has nothing to do with ordinary pigeon shooting as a form of amusement for individuals and clubs.

The point at issue is simply whether by dispensing with these vast annual trap slaughters of birds, the associations of sportsmen in various States can not accomplish better results, more successfully further the common interests of their clubs, attain a greater prestige and wield a more potent influence.

We invite an expression of views.

ARE THEY OF ANY USE?

WITH our issue of April 14, we began to head our columns of "Sea and River Fishing" with choice quotations from standard writers on angling. We have ransacked our brains in the hottest of city weather, and thumbed volumes of learned and entertaining authors to obtain quotations which should embody some appropriate sentiment or enforce some axiom which we especially wished to enforce upon the attention of our readers.

We are discouraged. Disappointed at what we believe to be a lack of appreciation. Not a word of censure or praise has it brought forth, not a line of commendation has it elicited. The sweetness has apparently been wasted upon the desert air. No one has ever referred to the quotations in any manner whatever. If they had only said that they were bad!

These quotations—gems we have thought them—appear to us to have contained the cream of angling sentiment, epigram, wit and learning. Some of them have embodied erroneous statements as well, but they have not called forth a word of remonstrance. Why this is so we know not, but have several times been on the point of abandoning the practice of heading those columns with the quotations of thought of anglers gone before, on account of the labor of looking up the passage which condenses the wit and learning of a volume, a work often requiring hours to select a paragraph which can be read in four seconds. But we won't. Not yet. We will continue for a while now that we have thus publicly called attention to what our angling readers may have overlooked. We want them to know that these things are weekly spread for them and have them educate their tastes up to them, the same as they have learned to love tobacco and raw tomatoes.

We have given quotations from Walton, Thad. Norris, G. Christopher Davies, W. C. Prime, Frank Forester, Edward Jesse, James Wilson, Cotton Mather, Dr. J. A. Henshall, J. F. Sprague, W. Wright and others well known in England and America. In fact we have prided ourselves on the aptness and richness of these extracts, and knowing that we number among our readers so many men of taste we have wondered if it was worth while to continue this labor, or if the pearls were cast before such an appreciative audience

that they were so rapt in admiration as to become insensible to such material objects as pens, ink and paper. Hence in writing this article we chose the heading which you see above.

SOME ONE TO BLAME.—In a Brooklyn shooting gallery last Saturday night, Harry Heatbote, a boy sixteen years old, attended to the targets. An unknown man had fired four shots, and Heatbote went to the end of the gallery to take down the target. While he was there the man fired the fifth shot. The bullet struck Heatbote in the right side of the neck, killing him almost instantly. After firing the shot the stranger coolly walked away. The proprietor of the gallery is to blame for this fatality. Rifle ranges may be constructed like that in Conlin's gallery, this city, in which such so-called "accidents" as this are utterly impossible; and the proprietor of a gallery, who neglects to provide his range with these appurtenances of safety, should be held criminally responsible for the consequences of his negligence. In Conlin's gallery access to the target is had only by pushing open a heavy iron door, which swings back upon the end of the tunnel and interposes itself between the target room and the firing point. This device insures absolute protection to the attendant who is arranging the target.

THE WILL OF THE LATE INSLEE A. HOPPER, OF NEWARK, N. J., who for many years was President of the Singer Manufacturing Company, gives all of his property to his wife excepting his fishing tackle, guns, and other sporting implements. These he bequeathed to his two sons, expressing his desire that they will cultivate a love for fishing and field sports. Of the intrinsic value of the sporting outfit we are not told; but the advice we know to be worth many thousands of dollars to young men. There are hosts of gray-haired veterans to-day who would not exchange pleasures found in field sports for a very considerable money consideration; and we know one gun and one dog and one fishing-rod which a small fortune could not buy.

SMOTHERED DOGS.—The misfortune which overtook the kennel of a Philadelphia gentleman, who exhibited at the London dog show, calls for strong language and vigorous action. This is not the first time that valuable dogs have been destroyed while being transported in railway baggage cars, nor until some better method than that now employed shall be adopted can we hope that it will be the last. The occurrence argues either very insufficient accommodations or gross carelessness on the part of the railway employes, and we trust that such decided action may be taken in this matter as will enable dog owners to feel more safe in the future, when forwarding their dogs by rail, than they can at present. We have not the details of the unfortunate affair, but hope to have them next week.

GUNS GIVEN AWAY.—The cheap gun speculator has appeared again. This time it is the "Saxon," an arm which, the advertisements tell us, all the "sporting papers" speak highly of. We dropped in to see the "Saxon" gun the other day and to inquire what "sporting papers" endorsed it. The man in charge scratched his head, and cited two or three European papers; but he could not specify the issues containing the "Saxon's" praises. The "secret" of the cheapness, he volunteered to us confidentially, was that these "shot-guns" were originally rifles made for the Zulu war, and afterward rebored and fitted to stocks to be sold to "farmer's boys" and "countrymen." It must be a very green chap who invests in the "Saxon." By the way, we should like to stand at a safe distance and see the agent of these arms shoot one of them off once.

MASSACHUSETTS GLASS BALL ASSOCIATION.—This flourishing organization is composed of sixteen clubs, and has a membership of six hundred. It holds two tournaments each year. Trap shooting in Massachusetts has quadrupled since the substitution of glass balls for pigeons. The Association's fall tournament began on the grounds of the Natick Sportsman's Club yesterday morning; and will be continued to-day.

MILBETT'S AQUARIUM.—We have received a colored lithograph of the Japanese gold fish, "Kingio," etc., to be seen in the aquarium of Hugo Mulcrut, 507 Race street, Cincinnati, O. It is well done. These fishes are sports of the ordinary gold fish, and are singularly supplied with extra tails, long tails, protuberant eyes, etc. Some of them are very beautiful.

THAT MYSTERIOUS LAW.—We have heard from time to time indefinite rumors of a law alleged to have been passed at the last session at Albany, prohibiting all shooting of game. Such a law exists only in the imagination of the wiseacres who originated the story, and who repeat it with all the mystery attending a conspiracy to murder Caesar.

GIBSON'S TRAPPING.—Mr. William H. Gibson has prepared another edition of his well-known work on trapping. The Harpers publish it. We will notice the book at greater length.

THE GAMBLING QUESTION propounded by a rifleman in our last issue has drawn out a response from Boston. The first shot is fired at Bunker Hill; it may yet echo round the world.

BY-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

FIFTH PAPER.

TWELVE miles from where it puts off from the main Inlet, the North Arm ends in the narrow but heavily timbered valley of Salmon River. We ran up to the head of the Arm, and anchoring not far from the shore, landed and lunched under a superb Douglas fir. One of the mouths of the river emptied within a few steps of the spot where we were seated, and after lunch Mr. H took a rod to make a few casts, and try to capture some of the trout with which the river was said to swarm. Mr. Fannin, Scammux and I got into the Indian's canoe, and pushed off up the river, to see if we could not discover a white goat feeding on the mountain side. We did not expect, even if we saw one, to be able to kill it, but I had never seen this curious animal alive, and was anxious to behold it in its native wilds.

It was about low water when we left the steamer's side, and paddled up the river. The water near the mouth was nowhere more than a foot or two deep, and little riffles, or rapids, were encountered at every bend of the stream. In some of these the water was extremely shallow, so much so that it was quite impossible for us to get the canoe up them, while it was so heavily loaded, and all but Scammux were obliged, more than once, to land and walk around the rapids. It was a fine sight to watch the Indian as he stood with his pole in his hands preparing to drive the canoe up stream against the turbulent current. Quietly pushing along until he had almost reached the rushing water, he would set his pole firmly against the bottom, and leaning back against it, would send the little shell fifteen or twenty feet up the stream, and then, before its way had ceased, would have his pole again fixed in the bottom. Standing as he did in the stern, the nose of the canoe rose high out of the water, and looked, as it rushed forward, like the head of some sea monster whose lower jaw was buried beneath the surface. No matter how furiously the water rushed, nor how it boiled and bubbled on either side, the light little craft, held perfectly straight, moved regularly onward until, the rapids passed, we would step aboard again, and resume the paddles, which would only be laid aside for the poles when another rifle was reached.

Mr. Fannin had brought both his rifle and shot-gun, the latter for the benefit of any interesting birds that we might happen to see; while I had only my own rifle. All the guns were pretty wet, since the canoe sat quite low, and in the rushing and broken torrent of the rapids took in considerable water.

I have scarcely ever seen the dipper (*Cinclus mexicanus*) more abundant than it was on Salmon River. On every little reach of still water one or more would be started and would fly from rock to rock, bobbing comically at each point where it alighted, in the most grave and absurd fashion. Many of those which we saw were young not long from the nest, and were quite without fear, allowing the canoe to approach within a very short distance of them before they would fly. The young of this species are readily distinguishable from the adults by the color of the under parts, which is pale brownish on the breast, fading to a pinkish tinge on the median line of the belly. We also started a number of broods of young harlequin ducks, some of them almost able to fly, while others seemed to be just hatched. Whatever their age, they seemed abundantly able to take care of themselves, and they could always keep ahead of the canoe until they had rounded a bend, after which they would not be seen again. Everywhere along the stream grew the salmon berry bushes laden with mature or ripening fruit. This shrub (*Rubus spectabilis*) resembles in its manner of growth, and in its berries one of our Eastern species of blackberry, but its fruit when ripe is either red or yellow, berries of both colors growing on the same bush. They are pleasant to the taste, but have little substance.

We pushed on for some distance, up the stream without seeing any animal life larger than the ravens and eagles, which occasionally flew over us, going up or down the valley. At one point we saw where a bear had crossed the stream, and at another noticed some old deer tracks. At length, about two miles from the mouth of the river, we came to a long sand, or rather gravel bar, and landing on its lower extremity, we strolled along examining the hillside for the white goats that we hoped to see. The guns had been lying in the water, and we took them out of the canoe, Mr. Fannin holding his two down to drain, and then placing them against a stick of driftwood to dry in the sun. I took and wiped the water from mine as well as I could, and walked along with it in my hand. We had gone perhaps forty yards from the canoe, when Fannin and the Indian stopped, and began to scan the hills carefully while I walked on toward the upper end of the bar where there was a huge log, from which I hoped to get a better view than could be had from the water's level. Reaching the log I climbed on it and looked back at the others. As I did so I saw Scammux speak earnestly to his companion and point across the river, and in a moment Mr. Fannin turned toward me, gave a low whistle, and beckoned with his hand. Thinking that a deer had possibly shown itself in the brush, I dropped down from my perch on the log and ran toward them. I felt sure that it could not be a goat that they saw, for Scammux had evidently pointed to the opposite bank of the river, and the goats at this season are found only on the mountain sides. As I ran toward them the loose stones on the bar made what seemed to me a horrible clattering under

my feet, and I feared, forgetting the noise of the rushing waters, that, whatever it was that they saw, it would hear me and run off into the brush. When I was within about fifty yards of the watching pair, Mr. Fannin turned toward me again and made a gesture recommending caution, and, just as he did so there came in sight from behind a bush a fine bear. I had slipped a cartridge into my rifle as I started, and as soon as the animal appeared, dropped on one knee, and was about to fire. As the bear, however, was perfectly unconscious of our presence, I waited a few seconds for him to stand still, for, with two spectators, I was particularly anxious not to miss him. He was about one hundred yards off, and there would be no excuse for failing to hit him. He was gathering berries and was evidently giving his whole mind to it. Where the fruit hung low he would merely reach up his head like a cow picking apples from a tree, and winding his long tongue about the branch would strip the berries and leaves from it, leaving merely the bare stem; at other times he would stand up on his hind legs, and, reaching his fore paws to the higher branches, would pull them down to within reach of his mouth. Two or three times I was about to fire, but waited for a better chance, which came at last. For an instant he stood still facing me and I fired at the white spot in his breast. Just as I pulled he started to rear up for some berries above his head, but as the gun cracked, he thought better of it and whirling about lumbered off into the brush. He had disappeared almost before I had lowered the rifle from my shoulder. A moment later I stood by my companions and asked them, "Did I hit him?" Neither could tell, but the Indian offered to go across and see, if I would lend him my rifle. This I declined to do, and was about to wade the stream myself, when F. told me to wait, and sent the Scammux to fetch the canoe up to where we were standing.

While waiting for the craft I explained my refusal to let the Indian take my gun to go across for the bear. It would have been a regular Indian trick for him to have crossed, and if he had found the bear dead, or badly wounded, to have fired a shot and then claimed that he had killed it.

In a moment the canoe came up, and springing on board we soon reached the opposite shore. Mr. Fannin and I climbed up the steep bank and ran to the point where the bear had disappeared. We had hardly gone four feet in the bushes when we saw a broad leaf covered with blood, the thick drops, and further on a place where it looked as if a teacupful of blood had been spilled on the ground. The trail was a plain one. Mr. F. said: "I am afraid he bleeds too much," to which I replied: "If he will only keep on bleeding we will be sure to get him." By this time Scammux, having secured his canoe, came up, and we hurried forward on the trail. Once we lost it for a moment, but a low call from the Indian soon told us that he had found it again, and as we overtook him he stopped with an exclamation, and pushing by him I saw the bear lying a few yards away, curled up on his side with his paws over his nose. The Indian did not seem inclined to approach him, so holding my gun in readiness, I stepped up behind the brute and gave his back a push with my foot. What sounded very much like a snarl of rage was emitted from his throat, but it was really only the air escaping from his throat and wounds, as I pressed my foot on him. He was quite dead, the ball having pierced the white spot and torn his lungs to pieces.

With some trouble we lugged him out to the river bank, and dropped him off into the canoe; and soon after, as we could see nothing of any goats, we turned down stream and hurried merrily along by the dancing waters, took our way toward the steamer.

It was very exhilarating to fly down the rapids, dashing by the bank at almost railroad speed, giving now and then a stroke of the paddle to keep the canoe straight or occasionally to turn her when a threatening rock appeared under her bow, and seeing the rapids, that had been surmounted with so much difficulty, disappear behind us almost as soon as they were reached. It took us but a short time to run down to the mouth of the river, and we were soon alongside the steamer. We found steam up and everything in readiness for a start, and received the cordial congratulations of the whole company on the unexpected success of our short excursion.

As we were about to start, attention was called by the Indian to two very minute white specks high up toward the top of the mountain on the west side of the Arm. Glasses were at once in requisition, and after watching the objects for some time it appeared quite certain that the objects were goats. Although they were so far distant that no motion could be detected in them, it was apparent that they gradually changed their position, both with regard to each other and to surrounding objects. They were too far off, however, and the day was too far spent, to allow us to think of pursuing them.

Our sail down the inlet was no less beautiful than that of the morning. The shadows of the trees and of the mountains were so different from those we had seen earlier in the day, that the effect of certain portions of the scenery was wholly changed. On our way we saw on a little grassy point a bear feeding at the water's edge, but before we came within range he had taken the alarm, and a shot from one of the party, fired at a distance of four or five hundred yards, had only the effect of making him take a long look at us and then trot off into the brush.

Scammux told us, on the way down, a rather interesting

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE DREAMS AND THE STREAMS OF THE PAST.

THERE be dreamy days in summer time, when all sounds that come to the ear are like the droning of a nursery crane; when the bees, and the water-fall, and the tannery wheel, and the wind in the solemn pines, all seem to hit it off in unison, singing an overpowering lullaby that dulls the senses deliciously. It was on such a day as this that I wrote to the blessed old Judge (your sometimes correspondent "Fitz") to know when I could meet him on the stream, and be with him in some new old spot among the favorite resorts of other days; and hear from him again the tales of former plied, the recollections of famous catches and misses of the Past. Now, the Judge is a confirmed *trudator temporis acti*, and faithfully believes that there were more pretty girls, and big trout and fine fellows, in the good old days before the flood, than there are now or ever have been since that "critter went stoshin' around with his darned old ark scaring the fish and drowning folks." So just to humor him I dropped into the same vein; but, alas! the sleepy song of Nature overcame me, and I woke up with a start, only to find that I had mixed up the trout and the maiden in my verses in frightful fashion, and had produced a modern poetical mermaid worthy of Barnum:

Oh, the dreams and the streams of the Past!

What a charm when one fondly recalls How full was the former of Hope, And the latter of wonderful "hauls;"

You remember the maiden so coy, Who'd an eye like the blue of the sky— You think, with a spasm of joy, Of the day when you first cast a fly.

How her lips, like the roses, were red, How you worshipped the curve of her nose— You feel even now the sweet thrill As you "nipped" a half-pound that rose.

Pull the daintiest maiden was she That ever was tempted with bait— How speckled and glossy her sides, And how swift through the water her gait.

And the hair falling down from her gills Was so golden and flowing and free! Not a thought had you then of the chills, Though you waded in love to your knee.

You were filled with a sense of delight, As you fondled her dear dorsal fin; On rivals you looked with contempt, Those who fished with a tow-string and pin.

You remember the swift-whirl "swash" When she rose to your artificial cast, And how you were mad and said "Gosh!" As you missed her and lost her for last!

But now, looking back on it all, You can say, 'twixt the twinges of gout, "She dipped at the fly with her tail And was only a ingerting trout."

Oh, the dreams and the streams of the Past!

What a wonderful halo is this, That so crotches the creeds of old days, And e'en softens the pang of a mis!

THE MAJOR.

THE GREAT SOUTH BAY.

IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO.

NEXT morning's "snipe shoot" was another failure. Mr. Green hunted killy fish through the mud and water of the meadow, and the Commissioner discoursed on his favorite subject, the wonderful natural attractions of Long Island and the Great South Bay. On their way back to breakfast they got a few shots at an immense flock of oysters, and secured enough game for breakfast, dinner and supper. Bidding good bye to their friends of "Castle Conkling" and the Wawayanda, they headed further toward the west. Mr. Green had, since the beginning of the trip, made the yacht "lie to" alongside of any fishermen working their nets, and he had examined the pounds and interviewed all manner of bay-faring men. After we had passed Oak Island, with its club-house and promising snipe grounds, over which the Commissioner brea'd a parting sigh, and were bravely heading for Cedar Island, an indefinite spot where the Commissioner once, in early boyhood, had great sport and had lived since to manhood's prime in the hope of having it again, Mr. Green perceived two fishermen up to their waists in water "treading out clams." This singular employment, the like of which he had never seen before, argued an immediate explanation that was plainly beyond the limits of his credulity. He had started out the working of the oyster tongs and clam rake, and to the great surprise of the owner in each case, had taken lessons and had insisted upon working them himself, and had brought up clams and oysters from the vasy deep; but to believe that people just walked around in the water till they stepped on the rounded bivalves, and then picked them up with their hands was giving too much credit to the productiveness of even the Great South Bay. So he must go and see. We went, and the men confirmed all that he had heard of them as the bay with sheets eased off, and Mr. Green satisfied his doubts and learned "something new about clams." But the men were working in shallow water which was shoaler still around them, and hardly had we left them two hundred yards before the yacht, of light draft though she was, ran solidly aground on a sand bank. All manner of efforts were made to get her aloft; sheets were eased off and trimmed in; the jib and mainsail were worked at alternately; a long pole was used to try and "head her around"—but in vain. The yacht was fast and the tide was falling. Here was the predicament for an exploring party. The next twelve hours were evidently to be spent exploring a limited space of sand bar, but the Commissioner's equanimity was not to be disturbed. His golden rule of life had been "Don't Worry,"

and he was not going to forget his precept for all the fish in the Great South Bay. He calmly turned to the Superintendent and remarked: "Do you like to bathe?" "Yes," replied Mr. Green. "If so, now is the time to bathe, and salt water bathing is strengthening." So those two wise and rather stout men stripped off their clothes, and stepped overboard. Mr. Green was about disporting himself in the water, and had in mind the excellent chance that presented itself to practice a little "treading out clams," when the Commissioner remarked as calmly as before: "Now, if all hands will come to the bow, and get under the bowsprit we can shove her off." So it proved. It must have been a funny sight to any beholders, those stout, elderly and dignified gentlemen garmentless, working away at the Au Revolv to get her into water where she would be herself again; but lightened as she was, of a good deal of solid flesh she swung around easily, and made off so fast that they had to clamber aboard in haste, and Mr. Green was compelled to postpone the study and practice of the great art of "treading out clams" to a more convenient season. "Now," said the Commissioner when they were fairly under way again, "beyond this point I am not familiar with the bay, having forgotten about it, but I have my charts which I made in old times." "What!" exclaimed Seth Green, "don't know the way, and your man don't know it?" "Oh no, a man in the South Bay only minds his own business. If he fishes for clams he knows where the clams are, if he fishes a net he understands just where and how to set it, if he digs mussel or catches 'bunkers, mussels and 'bunkers are the extent of his knowledge. Why should he worry himself with vain things? My man worked in the middle part of the bay. Into the East Bay he has told me he went once. Into the West Bay, though but thirty miles from his home, he has never penetrated to penetrate. But I told you I can rely upon my charts." "Then," said Seth Green, decisively, "the sooner you begin to study them the better." "I remember," said the Commissioner, as he brought them out of the cabin to the waning light of day, "that there was a white house, which bore northeast and northwest or north-by-east or about that, from the opening in the bulkhead, but I forgot exactly which white house it was, and there seem to be several." "Perhaps," replied Mr. Green, with deepest "sarkassum," "it is the white house we passed an hour ago, or that one we are abreast of, or that one a mile ahead. As every body seems to paint his house white on this shore you have quite a choice." "Oh!" replied the Commissioner, innocent of the ill-concealed irony, "this was a large, white house, it is either that one in the distance or some one beyond." At this the Superintendent bounced around in restlessness. "Let's follow some other boat, that one ahead, she seems to be going our way." "It is a thousand to one she is not, there are villages all along the bay, and every cove is converted into a harbor. We shall find the house, but what troubles me is the course. I seem not to have marked it on the chart. I must have known it so well once." "And suppose we cannot find it, what then?" asked Mr. Green, anxiously. "Where can we make a harbor?" "Oh, we can anchor anywhere. The water is not over four feet deep where we are. But we can surely find the channel." It was staked out. So they took "heart at sight of every oyster stake, and cel pot stake and net stake in their course." "What is the bulkhead anyhow?" asked Seth Green, after a pause. "It is a strip of sand like a shallow sand bar, miles long, and dividing one part of the bay from the other. There is some way of passing around it, but I do not know how, and that would take us far out of our course, and nearly up to the mainland. We shall find the channel, never fear." This easy confidence was justified; they discovered the narrow passage, only a few feet wide, staked out in the middle of that long bar of sand, but the tide was running strongly against them, and as the wind also was ahead they found it impossible to make any progress, and were compelled to try to go around the obstruction. It seemed a long journey, and soon they had passed from the open bay and were threading their way through narrow channels, among marshy islands, but fortunately the tide was nearly full, and an ordinary flats were well covered with water. Night found them at last surrounded by islands in a part of the bay they were wholly unacquainted with, and with no other means than their own strength they did not want to anchor in the track of larger vessels, for fear of being run down in the night, as they had no lantern, but there was no help for it, and they dropped anchor in a blind creek. It had become dark, the wind was blowing hard, and there was damp, cold sleet falling. Hardly had the Au Revolv brought up on her cable than the Commissioner called out, "We are on an island, I can see the grass through the water." Fortunately they floated over it, and a fresh cast of the lead, that is a sounding with a long coil revealing good water, the anchor was dropped again and all hands went below tired, hungry and not altogether satisfied with their position for the night. A hearty supper, that panacea for all ills, swallowed, and to bed we go. "All's well that ends well." Daylight next day shows us that we could not have chosen better had we known every inch of the bottom of the bay. We were in the best water, and Point Look-Out, our immediate haven, was in full sight. We had only to go straight for it that is as straight as the innumerable intervening islands would permit. Point Look-Out is the easterly extremity of Long Beach, connected with the principal hotels by a local railroad which runs every hour to and fro over the sandy beach. The point is on the edge of an inlet which lately broke through, and already boasts of a hotel and a half dozen cottages. The hotel is admirably situated for families who prefer quiet to the noise of the great caravansaries. To gentlemen it offers the attractions of boating, tolerable shooting and fair fishing. There is left the party for a time, Mr. Green to interview the boatmen, study the habits of fiddler-crabs, chase minnows through the ditches, and learn all about the hatching capabilities of Hempstead Bay, as the South Bay begins to be called in this neighborhood. The Commissioner to sit on the piazza of the hotel, watch the ocean commerce through his glass, and expatiate upon the future glories of all the sand beaches that he betwixt his favorite island and the broad Atlantic. These important matters accomplished and I rejoined them, and once more we sped away back by another route into the

story relative to a certain Scallicum which once inhabited the North Arm of the Inlet, and in ancient times destroyed many Indians. This Scallicum was peculiar in form, being shaped like two fishes joined together at the tails. It used to lie stretched across the mouth of the North Arm, just under the surface of the water, with one of its heads near each shore. Whenever a canoe would attempt to pass up the Arm the monster would wait until it was directly over its body and would then rise to the surface, overturn the canoe, and with one or both of its heads devour the occupants. In this way it destroyed many Indians, for the North Arm was a great hunting ground and fish, game and berries abounded along the river. At last the depredations of the Scallicum became so terrible that the Squamish Indians had lost nearly half their tribe, and no one any longer dared to go up the Arm, so that the people feared that they would starve to death. Now there was a young man in the tribe who had seen his comrades' misery and pitied their misfortunes, and at length he resolved that he would sacrifice himself for his people, and would kill the Scallicum even if it cost him his own life. So one day he went about to his family and bade them all good-bye, saying that he was going away and should not come back for a long time. Then he went away into the mountains, and no one saw him more. He fasted for many days, and prayed to the good spirit, and at last, when he was very weak, he dreamed one night that a very large white goat stood near him as he slept, and spoke to him long and wisely. The next day the young man went up further into the mountains, and gathered certain roots and herbs, which he dried in the sun, and afterwards, building a fire, scorched them. Then he scraped them into a powder and mixed them with some medicine oil and rubbed the whole over his body—over his head and arms and body and legs. He left no part untouched. Then he walked down the mountain to the shore of the inlet and dived into the water. For five years he lived in the water, scarcely ever coming out on shore. In all this time he never spoke to a man. He was so much at home in the water that he could swim faster than a seal or a salmon, and at the end of that time his medicine was so strong that he could call the fishes or the seals to him, and lift them into his canoe. Now he was ready to fight the Scallicum, and, taking two spears, one in each hand, he swam to the mouth of the North Arm, and diving under the monster, thrust them into it. The fight was long and terrible, but at length the battle ended and the monster was dead. The young man was terribly wounded and expected to die. His wounds were so severe that he could not move, and he floated on the surface of the water like a dead salmon. As he lay there on the water he heard the sound of a paddle; and a canoe, in which sat his brother, stopped by him. The two recognized each other, and the brother lifted the wounded man into his canoe and took him to shore. The latter then told his brother to take him up into the mountains, and to gather certain roots and herbs, which he should first dry in the sun and then scorch in a fire. Then he told the brother to scrape them into powder and to mix them with the oil of a medicine fish, and to rub them over his whole body—to rub the mixture over his whole body, leaving no part of it untouched. This the brother did, and immediately the young man rose from the ground and walked about sound and whole. Then the two brothers went home to the village. Since that time the Scallicum has never been seen in the North Arm. This story, which I have thus briefly outlined, as nearly as possible in the Indian's words, was told by him at considerable length and with great particularity and detail.

We reached the town of Hastings about six o'clock, and at once took the stage for New Westminster. The next day I left for Victoria. Yo.

Camp on Loughborough Inlet, B. C.

ROUTES to the DUCKING GROUNDS.—As the season for duck shooting draws near, it is worth while to suggest to those who purpose visiting the South, during the season, how they can most conveniently reach their destination. We presume that about the middle of November the exodus for the shooting in South Carolina will begin, and the members of the various clubs, their friends, and those who annually go to Van Slyke's, will commence to move off. The famous shooting grounds on Currituck Sound have, by the completion of the Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad, been brought within twenty-four hours of this city, and recently arrangements have been made by which the route is somewhat shortened. Those who intend to visit Currituck can take the 3:40 P. M. train at New York, as per advertisement of the Associated Southern Railways in another column, reaching Norfolk at 9 o'clock A. M. They should leave the train at Snowden, which place is reached at 10:50, and proceed thence by private conveyance to Currituck Court House where they can take the steamer Cygnet for Van Slyke's and other landings. If for any reason the steamer should be detained, they can continue on overland to the shore. The charge for conveying passengers from Snowden to Van Slyke's will, we understand, be \$2 each. The agent at Snowden will furnish all necessary information. There is no hotel at Currituck Court House, but a good dinner can be obtained at Captain Walker's. We understand that by taking the all-rail route, via Richmond and Petersburg, one can leave New York about 9:30 o'clock P. M. and reach Snowden at 6:55 P. M. the next day.

broad waters. In the way and in one of the narrow channels we passed two yachts whose owners we knew; one of the latter shouted out something as we sailed by, which, as they appeared to be fishing, we took to be—

"We have just caught a sea bass of six pounds!"

"As this is very large for a sea bass Seth Green shouted back at the top of his voice—

"Hold him up and let us look at him!"

"Our friends got under way immediately, and taking a short cut headed us off, and we were all surprised when we learned that they had really said "they had a sick man aboard they wished we would take home." Mr. Green's answer must have seemed to them ironical if not heartless.

It was an intricate channel, but one vessel whose owner knew the way was our pilot, and we came safely and quickly through. As we emerged into the main bay through the narrow channel in the bulkhead the Commissioner drew Mr. Green's attention to the compass and a large white house looming up on the northern shore. "You see," he said, "it bears exactly northeast as I told you, and my charts are perfectly accurate."

"Then our friends informed us they were out of provisions and we invited them to sup aboard, and it was agreed to unite forces and go down to the easterly end of the bay together to fish and shoot, sending one boat to leave the invalid and get fresh provisions."

"We had a bottle of champagne, a biscuit, and we are out of champagne," said the Commissioner.

"What! out of champagne?" exclaimed the Superintendent, in alarm, "then it is time to send ashore for supplies."

What a supper we had! Canned goods are a poor substitute for fresh provisions, but we had fish and some birds which Seth Green had shot the day before and eggs and home-made butter and ice and still a couple of bottles of champagne. The Brunswick's ups are, by far, the best, and canned tomatoes are not excelled. Our man served such coffee, "hot—hot out of the pot," potatoes likewise, and all with the flavor of the fire in it, not tepid and half-sodden with waiting to be served, as is often the case in our city kitchens. The cooking was intelligent, for did we not oversee it and even without the splendid sauce of appetite? I cannot but say our supper was as good as any we should have got anywhere ashore. The highest science of French cookery can add no taste and produce nothing superior to a plain broil or roast.

One of our guests, the Doctor, taking deep interest in the slap-jacks which constituted our dessert, for our meal consisted both dinner and supper, determined to take their time of cooking which he thought had much to do with their excellence. He placed his watch on the table, "the makings" of a slap-jack was poured into the pan. He waited, regarding the dial face eagerly a few minutes, the slap-jack was done, and ready to be eaten.

"Grecious," said the Doctor as he accepted the dainty and proceeded to devour it, "my watch is not going; I forgot to wind it up last night."

Moral. Always wind up your watch when you are off yachting, and never time a slap-jack unless you know your time-piece is going.

It took us a long while to finish that meal, but when it was over, we parted company temporarily, one boat disappearing in the bazy darkness to the north, agreeing to rejoin us later on at the mine ground, and we, following the other on our course seaward. It was a beautiful night and a delightful moon had risen and was pouring a river of silver light over the leaden water. Also it rays the sails of our friend's yacht looked black; the wind was blowing fresh and we dashed along at headlong speed after those said that, like a phantom vessel, fled as fast as we pursued. Half an hour after with a free wind and all we wanted of it we followed our leader along the bay. It seemed as though every minute must bring us to the end that was looming dimly before, but it was not till eleven o'clock that we made out a lone sand-hill on the beach which was our landmark for the anchorage ground. Then we gladly furled sail, dropped anchor and went to sleep.

Fishing and shooting do not combine well. There was a net aboard for catching minnows, and after Seth Green and the Commissioner had arranged their blind and set out their decoys they went to fishing. The birds did not fly numerously, and our sportsmen supposed they could keep on the watch and not lose any flocks. They were convinced of their error when several blue ducks went by unobserved while they were deeply interested in catching "white-bait" or studying the sex or maturity of some newly captured killifish.

"When I was a boy," remarked Seth Green, gravely after such an occurrence had happened and they had dropped their net and let the minnows escape, and rushed for their guns just in time to be too late to use them, "When I was a boy and out shooting, and my ammunition ran low, I would often divide my last charge of powder and shot into two, and—I never killed anything with either of them."

The "white-bait" were out "spearing," quite a common, but very pretty fish of our northern waters. It is semi-transparent, and certainly looks "good enough to eat," and the Doctor assured us it was delicious, but the Commissioner had eaten it before, and his souvenirs were not favorable. However, we had that cooked and the barred-killifish, and the green-killifish, and the many varieties which are known generally as "minnows," from the Indian word *neemahong*, along the shores of Mattowax, the Long Island of the aborigines, and Seth Green ate of them all. His plan with a fish is very simple; first to catch it, then to smell it, for he says a very fish has its own peculiar and distinguishing smell, then to cook it to eat it. No matter what it may be, he is now repulsive it may look like. He once tasted jelly-fish, but reported that it was bad; in fact that red pepper was a salve for the taste it gave, and that when he had exhausted himself trying to remove the recollection with water he scrubbed his mouth out with sand. He tests the warmth of all water in which he fishes with his mouth, and can tell to a degree of the thermometer what it is, and he drinks a little to ascertain if it is salt or fresh, and if brackish exactly how brackish.

Our whitebait were certainly very sandy; they were too small and placid to need cleaning, but their stomachs were as full of sand as if they lived on nothing else. Seth Green insisted that they were a very sweet fish, what there was of them, a proposition to which the Commissioner gave a disgusted assent.

"A very sweet fish indeed," he said, "all of them which is not bones or sand, and that is not much."

I may say incidentally, that when there is a little red mud about the bottom of the spring, so in New York markets, what is usually passed off under the name, is a mixture of all sorts of young or small fish, among which the

spearing holds a prominent place, and that it is about as miserable a substitute for real whitebait as cooked clams are for cooked oysters. Of course this fact was well known to our party, but the beauty of spearing was misleading some of them, as beauty has misled some of us more or less during our lives.

Seth Green had always been an admirer of a central-fire action gun, and in the way had the Commissioner wasted his eloquence in explaining and contending that no improvement had ever been in the action of the original LeFaucheur pin-fire breech-loader. Out of regard for his guests' views he had had an old Parker gun, which he had discarded, revamped and refurbished, and delivered it and a lot of old cartridges into the hands of the Superintendent, who has the reputation of a first class shot, and knows it. In the course of the shooting he had made a few misses, although indeed very few, and during a lull he opened a number of his cartridges to find out if they were loaded properly, and gave the result of his investigations to the Commissioner at the dinner hour on the following day without reserve. As the entire party dined on the Au Revoir for sociability, he had quite an audience as he commenced:

"When I first came to the seashore I was treated very hospitably, and the Commissioner was so good to me that he gave me a fire-lock to shoot bay snipe with, while he used a breech-loader. I have never forgotten his kindness. This thing has done better for me, he not only lends me an old gun that he has given me, but he gives me a dozen cartridges in his case—but he never gives me all the old cartridges that have been loaded since he first tried to learn to shoot. I opened them and found some loaded with number two shot, others with number tens, some had two drachms of powder in them and others had five, and the bigger the shot the less the powder. Why! They were of all sizes from an inch long to three, and as for powder, well, just look at that."

Hereupon he drew out of his pocket a cartridge cut open so that the powder which was seen to be packed into a solid mass of brown material more like road dust than good powder.

"There, just look at it and tell me if anybody can be expected to kill game with that?"

The Commissioner was taken aback, but while the company were laughing he recovered his composure.

"Certainly," he replied calmly, "Mr. Green is right. I always make it a point to gratify the wishes of my guests whenever I can. Mr. Green shoots with a central-fire snap-action gun, and I have a few of them that I can lend you a snap-action gun. I had it put in order especially for him. I never would work for me, but I hoped it might do better for him. Anyway it is his choice. And as for the cartridges, I know better than to use them, but I don't object to his shooting away all the old ones which I was foolish enough in my youthful days to load. Besides," the Commissioner added expansively in conclusion, "they furnish a good excuse for missing. Where would any of us be without an excuse for our misses, and so Mr. Green has certainly needed an excuse he is lucky to have so good a one. It was really a most delicate attention on my part in furnishing him with something upon which to place all blame."

In spite, however, of this pleasing and gracious way of putting it, the Superintendent was evidently discouraged, and either found the snipe too scarce or his ammunition too poor, for after that he devoted himself almost wholly to experiments. There were no more fish to capture, and he felt like Alexander on his business. He was a bold man and a few days later he had a boat with a central-fire snap-action gun in it pronouncing it not good, but six degrees colder than the bay water and quite drinkable. "There," he said, bringing some in a cup to the Commissioner, who was patiently waiting in the blind for that "flight" to begin which he had expected for so many years, "taste that; if a man had nothing better he could get along on that. Try some more of it," as the Commissioner made grimaces after taking a mouthful which he had promptly ejected, "you did not get a good taste. It is easy to spit it out if you don't like it."

"No thank you," replied the Commissioner, "I've been splitting ever since the first trial. I prefer ice cream."

Having exhausted the fluvial and piscatory resources of the spot, Seth Green explored the neighborhood. He went off among the sand-dunes, took a look at the ocean, pulled up flowers and plants, studied the coarse grasses, and finally returned with two large bushes which he planted like trees behind the Commissioner and himself to serve as a shade between them and the rays of the hot sun, which at times came down rather fiercely usually settling down and announced his conclusion as follows:

"In bay snipe-shooting that fellow I met at Point Look-Out was about right. He said, 'You must have the wind southwest, then you must have had a storm, and next day the bay must be cloudy, and last you must have luck to kill bay-snipe.' Let's go to fishing again."

Then the party separated, and the Au Revoir once more made her lovely journey along the bay. Fire Island was revisited and Saunauie's Hotel, the fashionable resort on the beach in front of which the Au Revoir went helplessly aground, and bating even in the presence of all the guests on the piazza and the travelers by the Babylon steambath which came by at the time, and who to keep interest in the proceeding, was in vain, and she had to stay there till the tide rose. Those on board were beginning to be worn out by their long cruise and unaccustomed labor and went to bed, having first carried an anchor out into deep water. In that part of the bay where they were, the tide runs with great violence and rapidly, and is a easy to get into a hot and sticky red mud, and to get anchor, and then to carry out to sea. The Commissioner doubtless was dreaming of such possibilities when he asked to find the yacht had a slow heavy roll just like that she would have in the swell of the ocean after it had broken on the bar. The horrors of an unexpected trip to sea at midnight, without preparation or a knowledge of the position of the boat, burst upon him and he darted from the cabin with the speed of half his half-century, and dashed to the deck, where he was met by the Commissioner and the Superintendent, who were both in a hot and angry mood. Should he anchor with the spare anchor, would he have time to get the sails up, could he tell where he was so as to keep in the channel and out of the breakers? If the yacht struck and filled it would be a most certain death, as the tide runs over the bars and the surf beats upon them with a violence too great for even the most expert swimmer. In the daytime there would be a chance of escape or rescue, but at night there would be no one to see or to help, and the consequences would be such as to give a man's brain to revolve a list of possibilities, but when the Commissioner reached the deck and found the yacht still lying at her anchor and the "silver moon" gazing placidly in the fullness of her

splendor down upon the tranquil waters, he was more than relieved. The motion of the vessel had been caused by the swell from the breakers that at high tide comes in over the bar and reaches some distance up into the channel way. All he had to do was to haul in part of the cable so that the yacht would swing clear of the shoal at low water, and once more return to his comfortable though limited sleeping accommodations, after no more than was nearly over. A visit to the eastern end, and an examination of the endless eel-pots which there take the place of gill-nets completed the investigation into the advantages and disadvantages of the Great South Bay as a breeding-place for sea fish. Nature had done much for it, but man had treated it as he seems to insist on doing with all common property. Generation after generation had taken all they could get, regardless of the future or of keeping up the supply. Extravagance and waste had produced the results that are sure to follow them in private or public matters. It was clear that if the waters of Long Island were to be restocked with fish in satisfactory abundance, the work would be one of time and difficulty, and need a co-operation from the residents which it might not at present receive.

It seems that in this land of freedom it is impossible to save or restore any natural source of wealth, unless it can be converted into private property, or until it shall first be so utterly ruined as to be of no value to anyone. Our people have yet to learn that it is much easier to save a fishery from ruin by timely protection than it is to restore it after it has been exhausted by abuse and neglect.

On shore, the fresh water fisheries were found to be in not much better condition. Some ponds, like those of Mr. Lorillard at Islip and the South Side Club, had been brought to a high standard of productiveness by artificial assistance, but most of the ponds and streams had been poached and fished and neglected till the famous trout of this most favored island had almost disappeared. The trout were found to be sold at a dollar a pound. No part of the world do trout grow so rapidly. Nowhere is there a more abundant supply of food for them nor do they attain higher delicacy of flavor. The visitor can scarcely travel a mile without crossing a beautiful pellucid brook fed by springs of the best temperature for these dainty and exacting fish, and containing unlimited food and perfect spawning beds. No one who has not given a careful study to the subject can realize the advantages where the trout are raised in the ponds which here and there have been built on them contain. There are, in the first place, the countless minnows which run into them from the bay, and will find their way along distance from brackish water unless prevented by some obstruction. There is no better food for trout, and a hatchery can be made to raise trout for market at a good profit where these can be obtained. There is the salt and fresh water shrimp, and many trout on this island have the habits of the trout of Canada and migrate to and fro between the fresh and salt water.

The fresh water shrimp, although smaller than those of the bay and darker colored, are exceedingly abundant in all the ponds. The ephemeral and other flies are numberless in certain seasons, and fill the air like motes in the sun or snow-flakes in a storm, and it is found that fish feed on flies grow faster and attain a higher flavor than any others. Many of these flies pass the grub state in the water enclosed in houses which they build of sticks or stones, or in holes, and are devoured in myriads by the voracious trout. They feed throughout the winter, and when the water is obtained abundantly in winter, when most kinds of food are scarce. Often, on disturbing an old log that has lain a long while in the bottom of a pond, an inky looking current will flow from it. This, on examination, will be found to be composed of so many insects that it seems to be actually black. Of course, the first requisite to raising animals is to have food for them, and fish need feeding, although many persons act as if they doubted this, precisely as much as land animals. Either the abundance of food or something in the nature surrounding the conditions of the fish causes the trout of Long Island to grow easily twice as fast as those of the interior of the State. A fish raised at Caledonia, in the State hatchery, and well fed and cared for, that in fifteen months after birth, say by June or July of the year following, weighs one-quarter of a pound, has grown fast and done well; whereas a trout in the preserves of Long Island will in the same time have acquired a weight of half a pound and occasionally of three quarters.

In spite of all this the trout of the ponds of the mountains of the entire island from Greenpoint to Montauk, except where they have been artificially stocked, has so far depreciated and diminished as to be scarcely worth following for pleasure or profit. The day of its utter extinction is indeed so near at hand that many owners of what were once valuable trout preserves, are talking of introducing black bass, or have already done so. To these I wish, however, to give a word of warning if it shall be in time to save their trout and perhaps those of their neighbors, for black bass are a precarious and roving disposition, and will devour all of the noble fish that cross their path. I wish to say to them that there is a far finer and gamier fish which can be obtained from the State hatchery, a fish which may yet replenish our trout streams without loss at any point, the mountain trout of California.

These fish are very handsome, so much so as to be named scientifically the "rainbow trout;" they take a fly as readily and with more of a rush than their Eastern brethren; they fight harder when hooked, and are better on the trot; they can be raised in ponds more readily, will bear confinement with less loss, and will grow twice as fast. To a man who has a good trout brook I might not recommend an experiment, but the owner of water suitable for trout should not degrade it to black bass when he can obtain that nobler game fish the California mountain trout.

The examination was over, Seth Green with his usual indefatigableness of search after improvements had made all manner of original arrangements of fishing gear, had suggested new modes of catching minnows and oysters, had advised a change in the size of the twine for nets, had tried all methods of improving the speed of the Au Revoir, had advised the building of new and unheard of styles of boats, and had thrown out ideas which, if followed, would have occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Long Island for a generation, but to the incredulity of the Commissioner he admitted, as he was about taking his departure, that:

"After all that the people in every locality have generally found out and practice the best methods of doing what it is necessary for them to do."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

FROM CANADA TO TEXAS—Fall River, Mass., Sept. 30.—We are very much pleased with the returns from our advertisement of the gun cleaner in your paper, as we are receiving responses from Canada to Texas.—CLIMAX MFG. CO.

A GLANCE AT YUCATAN.

It is now nearly a year since I last wrote the FOREST AND STREAM, then from the north coast of South America. To be truly patriotic I should wait till the next Fourth before writing again. But I cannot. For months past I have felt impelled to write you, even as I would an old friend, and a leisure hour near the time of mail closing gives me the opportunity.

Perhaps I am assuming too much in inferring that the readers of your paper may still take an interest in the travails of an old correspondent, but I will try to drop enough information en route to make it worth their while to give a moment's attention. Leaving New York February 10, on board one of the fine vessels of the Alexandre Line, by the 20th we were off Progreso, coast of Yucatan, having touched at Havana on the way. My destination was Mexico, but Mexico is a republic of goodly size, and includes in it, as a State, the two peninsulas of Yucatan. Possessing ruins of old cities of vast size and great antiquity, a people of gentlers, and interesting birds, it did not take long for Yucatan to draw me hither. Consequently, I left the steamer and a delightful company of fellow-voyagers, the certainty of a good table and pleasant companionship, for the (to me) unexplored wilderness of Yucatan and the uncertainty of a favorable reception. Fortunately for me, and to the credit of the portion of the human family inhabiting this part of the world, I met with pleasant people and good cheer from the first. And I wish to remark here that my four months in Mexico, up to date, have been spent (in part) in a rough portion of the country, in lonely rides, in solitary walks and wild mountain climbing, yet I have not experienced a bad reception anywhere. The salutary influence of a revolver well displayed may have played a part in this, but I will give the people credit for better intentions towards travelers than they generally get.

To return to Yucatan. The only port is that of Progreso, where the steamers touch weekly in going to and from Mexico, Progreso, or Vera Cruz. The climate is generally healthy, but not even the residents; that, as its name indicates, it is a progressive place, everybody admits. Its importance rests upon the fact that all the *henequen*—the Sisal stem—of the State is shipped here, mostly to the United States.

To readers of FOREST AND STREAM it may be more interesting as a grand winter resort for waterfowl of many kinds—herons, ducks, coots, snipe, plover, etc. A great lagodon stretches into the coast line, like many of those of Florida, but shallow. There are mangroves, and here principally is found the best shooting. By going up the coast one hundred miles, one may find thousands of flamingoes, spoonbills, curlews and sea birds; but the whole country is more interesting to a naturalist than to a sportsman. Twenty-five miles inland is Merida, the capital of Yucatan, as it was formerly that of the ancient kingdom of the Mayas, the Indians inhabiting this peninsula.

To my great delight I found here, as United States Consul, a gentleman interested in my pursuits—one who gave me a more cordial greeting than one generally receives from the representative of his country abroad. Seeing from my letters that I was not intent upon wringing from the natives any cash tribute, and was only prowling about seeking what might devour, in the shape of birds and ruins, the Consul invited me to make the consulate my headquarters while I stayed. This I gladly did, not only because my stock of Spanish was not enough to go round and the natives persistently refused to understand me, but because my host was one of the most delightful of companions. Mr. Louis H. Johnson, of New York, who represents the United States in Yucatan, seems a man peculiarly fitted for the position he occupies, as Consul in a land of antiquities; for he is intensely interested in their study, and has had much experience in researches in other countries. He was a member of the Transit of Venus expedition, has been all over the world in various voyages, and has now brought all his accomplishments to this out-of-the-way corner of the world and settled himself down to the study of the ruins of Yucatan. Speaking in English fluently, he does not encounter that difficulty in his official duties to beset most consuls when they are appointed to a foreign country. He has even in contemplation the translation into English of a dictionary of the Maya language—the ancient tongue of the inhabitants of Yucatan.

From this it will appear that our government has got the right man in the right place for once, and if any stranger is landed in Yucatan, so I was, without knowing a person there, and speaking very little of the language, he will hearily welcome an American, and will strike the consular seal. In the six weeks that I was there I saw some grand deal of Yucatan, though the necessity of being in constant communication with Northern newspapers prevented me from indulging in long hunting trips. Among the most noteworthy of the many excursions into the interior was that to the ruined city of Uxmal, situated sixty miles from Merida, on the confines of the territory now abandoned to the hostile Indians. Among these magnificent ruins (exceeding anything that I have seen in Central America) we spent several days and nights, wandering in the old "Palace of the Governor," and hunting the dense, scrubby forest for birds. Dr. Le Plongeon, whom I had the great pleasure of meeting in Merida, the eminent archaeologist who discovered the great statue of *Chaac mol*, is now camped in those ruins, in company with his talented wife. He has discovered, he is quite confident, the key to the hieroglyphs on the walls of Uxmal, Chichen Itza and Mayapan, the three great cities of the ancient Yucatan, and is following up his clue with all the ardor of a young man in the pursuit of wealth. For his acquisitions will constitute wealth to the world of greater amount than the earnings of a life-time. The only vehicle used in these excursions is a *cocheco*, peculiar to Yucatan, in which the traveler reclines on a mattress while the three mules attached drag him over rocks and in and out of ruts at a terrific rate.

Another very important trip was to *Ake*, where the ruins are colossal, and which should be seen by every student of American antiquities. This is peculiar in their grandeur and significance. For they are done in one or three days. In fact, making Merida the center, one may visit all the most interesting portions of Yucatan in excursions, varying in length from two days to two weeks. Of course, if one would hunt the extensive forests of the east or visit the fascinating islands of Cozumel and Las Mujeres, a must take more time.

Merida itself, once a seat of ancient civilization, repay a visit. The ruins are of the Aztec and Aztec, and are of few weeks' stay. There is one thing, the Spanish is spoken, and indifferent fare is dished up, nothing

and no information is given; but the Consul helps to induce some resident of Merida to open a hotel by another season, where the tourist may be cared for, and to furnish facilities, in the way of guides and conveyances, to the many interesting points. If he can carry out this plan there will be afforded the winter tourist a new field for pleasure, which may be enjoyed without any discomfort. The steamers stopping at Progreso will make connection with the railroad—now nearly completed, and to be finished this summer—which will bring Merida within an hour's ride, and from that old city the various journeys should be made. Should any one contemplate visiting Yucatan this coming winter they should first write our Consul there for further information. The climate of Yucatan is very hot, and travel over the level roads is mostly made at night, in the *cocheco*, and this was the way in which most of our trips were made. Unlike Mexico, Yucatan has no robbers nor murderers, all the people are honest, and life is perfectly safe, except in the country of the hostile Indians. The people are hospitable to all strangers. There is not a hotel in the peninsula outside the largest cities. You have only to drive into the first hacienda you come to, and you and your mules, or horse, and attendants, are provided for at once and cheerfully. In one long trip of eighty miles that we made into the interior for the purpose of hunting the magnificent ocellated turkey, we were hindered by the hospitality of the people to such a degree that our purpose was entirely defeated. The first forty miles were accomplished by traveling all night, but soon early morning came the chiefs of the towas seized and fetted us for three days and nights, feeding us by day and sending giving balls in our honor by night. At last, despairing of any game, if this were kept up, I broke away from the party and went off with a Yucatan alone, we two, into the logwood forests of the coast, where I found more birds, but no less hospitality.

Had I time, I could relate more regarding Yucatan, but will reserve the rest for another letter.

Natural History.

ARIZONA FOOD.

TUCSON, Arizona, September 14. BENIGHTED people, who have not enjoyed the advantages of education or revelled in the delights of Arizona fare may imagine this a desolate country, where the "wild game" must be hunted out in a corpse bag, trusting to the hospitality of the desert for jerky or pemmican. Fortunately the railroad, the telegraph and newspapers are dissipating this ignorance, and spreading abroad a more correct estimate of the desert land, which this year has been flooded with water. Rain, rain—"the rain it raineth every day."

LARGE GAME.

The Cinnamon bear is found in the mountains between the Rio Grande and the Colorado, and is neither so scarce as the grizzly nor so gross as the black bear.

The deer flirts his tail on all the mountain slopes, and is fair game after the 15th of September. The bucks are already being taken in, and on account of the abundant rains and the freshness of the grasses the meat is exceptionally sweet this year.

The antelope may be found on all the mesas or table lands, feeding as daintily as a lady, in droves of fifty or sixty, and an expert hunter, prepared with a red shirt and dried helmet of the antelope's skin, may easily take a dozen a day.

A similar antelope is found here resembling the Persian gazelle.

In early times the mustang was frequently killed for food, and the steaks and tid-bits over a camp fire were infinitely superior to an old dry horse at a French restaurant.

Pecaries were abundant formerly, and, saving the musk, were not bad in flavor. They are scarce now.

The mountain goat is scarce and hard to catch, but some may yet be killed on desolate mountain peaks.

Jacksn rabbits are abundant, and during the winter very fat.

The weevils propagate as rapidly as elsewhere, and are an easy prey.

Silver grey foxes abound, and the Pima Indians enjoy a fox chase as much as the English gentry—they hunt both on horse and foot—merely for the sport.

The opossum is found in the Gila and Salinas river bottoms, and is cooked with sweet potatoes grown on the soil. The raccoon is also found in the river bottoms.

The wild turkey abounds on the streams and the divides along the Gila River, and to the north of it feeding on the nuts and grass seeds which give it so fine a flavor.

Whether it is the aboriginal bird of America, or strayed from the Spanish Missions matters not much to the eater, but I am inclined to think from the strong flavor and the color of the feathers that it is the genuine wild bird. Its weight far exceeds the domestic turkey.

The top-knot quail is a native of Arizona, and I venture to assure that two good sportsmen can fill a wagon in one day along the Gila River bottoms.

As the agriculture of the country increases these birds increase in numbers, and at this season are very fat from the native seeds, the mesquite bean and the fields of grain.

The absence of celery prohibits the enjoyment in any canvas-back duck, but the teal duck is not scarce about.

The world for food and flavor. Mallards are in any numbers. Doves are in season now, and can be secured in any numbers.

The Syrian dove—the very same species I believe that were sold "two for a farthing" at the temple of Jerusalem—was in the cottonwoods of Arizona. They were not more than a third the size of the dove of the Ark.

Wild pigeons are abundant in the mountains (Colorado cañons) is named for them. They are killed on the Colorado river, and eaten as Colfist in the swamps, and as large as Red-birds are abundant.

Red-birds are abundant in the mountains from January till June.

Curlews—links land and swamps are favorable to snipe, and abundant in the season.

Phalaropes (chenetes) exceed all others in numbers and speed powers. The trees are literally black with them in the spring, and their music is the joy of the morning.

The chapparel cock (paisano) is a very delicious bird, but hard to kill, its motions are so rapid. These birds are the natural foes of the rattlesnake, and build a coral of cholla (cactus) around him, and irritate him until he lashes himself

to death against the thorns by which he is surrounded. Blue-jays, red-hirns, whippoorwills, robins, sparrows, hawks, crows, eagles and such are abundant.

Last summer I domesticated some humming birds in the San Catalina mountains, and fed them on the honey from the flower of the Magay.

FISH AND FROGS.

We cannot boast much of fish on account of the intermittent streams, but in the Eastern Gila, the Verde and tributary waters speckled trout can be taken equal in favor to any country, on account of the purity of the water and food. Carp are being introduced into the mill-ponds, lakes and cienegas, so that we shall soon have a supply of phosphorescent food.

Terrapin is found in the swamps, and no finer stew can be made on the Chesapeake than we have here in this "ancient and honorable Pueblo."

Frogs are found in abundance, and of exceptionally good size and flavor. Aviraia is the choice frog ranche of the country, and some Frenchmen and Chinese earn quite a good living by gathering them for the restaurants at a dollar a dozen—cooked a la bon delaine.

REPTILE FOOD AND DOGS.

Reptile food is abundant, but is not relished much by Americans. The Indians roast a rattlesnake, and the meat is quite to chicken.

The Gila mosen (*scorpion*), so called by the Mexicans from ejecting a poisonous saliva, is the most horrible reptile in Arizona—"Gila horrit lensend."

The Papago Indians being scarce of animal food make great use of the lizards, which abound on the Western deserts, and, boiled or roasted, they are not bad food.

The prairie dog may be classed as a rodent and is very fair food, living in towns of their own in strange companionship with the owl and the rattlesnake.

Ground squirrels are abundant.

WILD VEGETABLE FOOD.

Vegetable food is unique—the most curious production is the fruit of the *Cercus giganteus*, which is gathered by the Indians and the Mexicans. The tree grows from forty to sixty feet high and the fruit is gathered with poles, with a fork and a hook at the end, the juice is expressed for molasses, and stored in earthenware jugs, the pulp is pressed for winter bread.

The mesquite tree, an acacia growing from latitude 35 deg. N. to the tropics and from Texas to California, produces an annual crop of beans, an average tree yielding about ten barrels. They are gathered for horses and mules. The Indians pound them into bread, and I have known them distill into very fair whisky. The tree also exudes a valuable medicinal gum.

The Paloverde produces a wild pea which is very tender and delicate.

The indigenous potato carried by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Orinoco to his estates in Ireland (since become so famous and fruitful as the Irish potato) is found on the hill sides, and after severe boiling is palatable.

The sweet potato grows in the salt deserts of the West and has been classified by Prof. Torrey as *Arenubronia sonora* (the sand food of Sonora). It is a parasite, gathering sustenance from a sponge-like fungus at the top. The Papago Indians gather and roast this vegetable, which has a very delicate flavor from the purity of the sand and atmosphere.

FRUITS.

As to domestic fruits, the Spanish missionaries introduced pears, peaches, apples, apricots, grapes, pomegranates and many delicious qualities; but the orchards were nearly all destroyed by the Indians.

The American or new planting orchards in ever favorable location, and if the Indians do not destroy them again, "we shall enjoy the fruits of the earth."

The Visnager (a cactus) makes an excellent preserve, equal to citron.

The roasted magney has long been a favorite food with the Indians. The juice fermented is *yuque*; distilled, *mescol*; refined, *tekele*.

It is a very intoxicating beverage, not susceptible of adulteration. Old mescol is worth \$1 a gallon; makes an excellent hot punch.

SEA FOOD.

As to sea food we shall soon have access to the Gulf of California (the *Melanchroa* of the Pacific), by railway, and other cities are well supplied by food for the brain. Prof. Zanthus reported to the Smithsonian Institution, some years ago, a highly different variety of fish in the gulf. I have seen turtles that could fill a cart, and have cut oysters from the jungle in the *stuary* of Navochists.

The pearl oyster has been gathered there for more than two hundred years.

Sea birds will soon be added to our bill of fare. The shell-fish of the gulf is already good and abundant; but no doubt will be improved much by cultivation and preparation.

NUTS, ETC.

Walnuts, acorns, wild grapes, blackberries, currants, manzanita apples, prickly pears and tuns-birds are found in their respective localities, and all are used as food. The manzanita and juniper fruits especially attract bruin.

The flowers of the Occuillo are a great delicacy to the antelope.

The American aloe (magney) grows abundantly in the mountains (Sylvestre), and is cultivated in the plains of Arizona and Mexico. This wonderful production was accurately described 2,000 years ago by the Chinese, when they visited this Continent. A translation of the book called "Fusang" can be had from Trubner & Co., London.

COOKERY.

Cookery has improved vastly with the new population, but I doubt if a more savory dish can be prepared by any of our French or Chinese immigrants than the "tatams" of the Aborigines. This is the head of a beef, deer or sheep crooked entire, in the ground, surrounded by stones and covered by a camp fire—taken out in the morning, stripped of the skin and carved, with the brains dressing. It is a dish for a king. The Mexican dish of *lomates* (hashed turkey, chicken, pig or beef), rolled in a corn husk, with red peppers and corn, roasted, is a turn and even hot, is good.

A dinner given here last Sunday to General Williamson has provoked this, and I venture to say, St. Democico himself would have been astonished at some of the viands. The wines were from France.

CHARLES D. PORTON.

[Although some of the statements of our correspondent are quite opposed to generally accepted beliefs, we think better to publish his article as it comes to us without any extended comments.]

shooting. The foxes are not numerous enough to do them much damage, and the winters are no more severe than formerly. There is plenty of cover and plenty of food. Now, what has become of the birds? Is it a natural and gradual extinction of the species? It looks like it; but if it is not, what is the trouble. With woodcock it is different, for during the time they are big enough to fly they are pursued most relentlessly, and the majority of them have been run the gamut of all the guns in the country. South after in the South during the winter months, and in the North (in most States) during the summer, they are almost never at rest.

About the grouse? Well, I give it up. I cannot explain it satisfactorily to myself. What do you say about it?

VERDE MONTE.

[The weights given in the books are supposed to be, as nearly as possible, the average for the species. While many woodcock might only weigh six ounces, or thereabouts, there are others that weigh ten. Though, to be sure, these last are *rara avis in terra nigroque similium ovio*. Verde Monte's letter is one which demands the thoughtful consideration of our readers. We confess that we are unable satisfactorily to account for the scarcity of ruffed grouse, under the conditions which he mentions. We have seen the birds almost exterminated from a district by snaring, and it is well known that when this has taken place such a depopulated section fills up very slowly. An enemy of the ruffed grouse, to which no sufficient amount of attention has been given, and against which we know of no remedy, is the partridge fly. The larva of this fly destroys, we have no doubt, many thousands of young grouse annually, and when the young of a family have been killed in this way, and the parents shot off, it can readily be seen why there are no birds. In a level country the ruffed grouse are, to a considerable extent, stay at home birds, and do not wander nearly so far as the quail. A piece of woods, from which the birds have all been shot off, may remain for a long time without any tenants.]

MAKING A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES.

A RECENT story in the FOREST AND STREAM, entitled "Our Last Match," reminds me of a similar adventure that befel me, except that I had not even a match to start a fire with.

For the information of some of your readers who may wish to find themselves in similar circumstances I will describe the way I started a fire.

Late in October, 1868, I was with a party of the Fourth Infantry camped near the junction of Box Alder Creek and the North Platte River, a few miles above Ft. Fetterman. Our work having been stopped by a light fall of snow, I started out over the rolling plain south of the river for antelope, and after tramping for several hours, secured a fine buck, dressed the hind-quarters and shouldered them, with one hand resting on either shoulder and the legs passing forward on each side of my neck, in which position one can carry such a load with comparative ease. I could plainly see the belt of timber along the Platte in the north, and south the Black Hills were in plain view, each distant five or six miles, while on my right occasional glimpses of the Box Alder Valley could be seen between the bluffs. Under such circumstances the thought of staying out all night never occurred to me. I took a direction that I knew would take me to camp in less than two hours and started.

I had noticed a storm in the south and soon it overtook me. It was the wet kind, a storm to be out in, rain and snow together with high wind. I noticed that a few feet from the direction I was going, and my view was so obscured that I could not see over one hundred yards before me. The rain froze as it fell; and soon I was covered with ice, while the ground had become so slippery that walking was very difficult and tiresome.

I did my best, however, going with the wind at my back until I thought it time to strike the river, but by this time I was so nearly exhausted that I could do so only with a gun, a compass, but feeling secure about my direction, I did not take the trouble to open my ice-covered coat to look at it.

I finally thought that if the swell I was then ascending did not lead down to the river I would stop and look at my compass. The ground here were strewn with large rocks, different from anything I had seen so near camp as I supposed myself to be. This excited my suspicions and I looked at my compass, which seemed at first to be out of order, but just as I was about to turn back to the river, I saw that the instrument was all right, that the wind had changed and I had changed my course with it. Instead of being near camp, I was among the loose rocks and broken lands just at the foot of the Black Hills. I also realized that night was very near, with camp at least ten miles away. I could never find my way in such a dark night; and in my exhausted condition could not walk so far even to save my life. I had no matches and for a few minutes thought my last hunt was over. I cursed myself for not having matches, and then for being so foolish as to go so far from camp without being sure of my way. I now thought antelope shooting a delusion and bitterly regretted that my love for sport had put me in such a scrape. I also thought that I would be reported as a deserter, and that my friends would always suppose I had deserted and was afraid to make myself known to them. While such thoughts as these were passing through my mind, I was looking for a sheltered place among the foot hills, thinking I would get some brush and make a nest as it would not freeze.

I soon found a place to camp, and about the same time the thought of getting fire with my rifle struck me. I remember having, when my gun was taken, seen gun wads take fire and smoulder away until burned up. Tearing out the cloth lining from my cap, I put a small rag of it into the gun and fired into a log, holding the muzzle close to it. I expected to find a smoking rag in the bullet hole, but was disappointed. Next, I removed a bullet from a cartridge and wrapped up part of the bullet in a rag, and then, stuffed it into the shell, loaded and fired. This glowed a few seconds, and then, by blowing, I raised my hopes, and then went out, leaving me very nearly discouraged. My case was now desperate. I had not noticed the cold when walking, but began to realize that there had been a great change in the weather and that I must have a fire or freeze to death. My fingers were so cold and stiff that I could hardly get the bullet out of another cartridge, but I succeeded in doing so, and then put some of the powder in a rag, and holding it in the palms of my hands held it around it till it was hot, and then, by blowing, I saw that when fired as before it took fire, and then, by blowing it a few times, it blazed up and burned long enough to kindle some light wood. I soon had a large fire and melted the ice from a lot of brush with which I made a bunk; and after eating a large ration of broiled antelope, lay down and

slept. After three hours I awoke nearly frozen and rebuilt the fire, and then passed the rest of the long night in a series of short naps and expeditions after wood.

I started for camp at daybreak, and on the way got within fifty yards of three antelope before I saw them. I killed them all before they got out of range. This, with a single shot Springfield rifle, caused me to reconsider my decision of the night before, and think that after all antelope shooting is worth all it costs. E. G. JANTA.

IS SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING GAMBLING?

BOSTON, Oct. 10.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The question put by the Jamestown "Rifleman" in your last number, asking whether the shooting by a number of members of a club in a sweepstake contest may be construed into a violation of a rule of the club prohibiting "gambling," opens up a very interesting topic.

There seems to be some doubt in the mind of the inquirer and an suspicion that there may be an infraction of the rule unwittingly practiced. If it be taken that this form of sport is gaming or gambling, using the words interchangeably, then there are a great many bands of gamblers scattered over the country, and it follows that the members of these many clubs are grudgingly and unanimously in error, for it is absurd to suppose that there would be a title of the trap practice had done if it were granted that every sweepstake shoot was now a form of gambling. Supposing that the amount made up by the contributions of the several contestants is a wager, then in common law it is considered to be a legal contract which the courts are bound to enforce; for a wager is good and sufficient grounds for a suit, unless it be on a subject which is illegal or contrary to public policy, good morals, or the peace of society, or which affects the feelings or interests of third persons.

To claim that a sweepstake match is a gambling proceeding simply because the issue is uncertain, would make too broad a promise for an over business man, and it becomes measurably a gamble. We are not gifted with prophetic vision, and if using our best judgment we go into an enterprise, whether that venture be the knocking over of a dozen pigeons from a trap or the despatch of a fleet of vessels across the ocean, we are not gambling. If money or other consideration is staked on the issue of an event entirely beyond the control of either of the wagers it may fairly be regarded as a gambling performance, unjustifiable in any way, and property not to be collected through the machinery of the courts. Thus, for instance, A and B are horse breeders. Each uses the best of his ability to produce an animal capable of the highest speed. It would be entirely proper for these two breeders to test the results of the labor by a competition-race, and to place a valuable consideration on the result of the race. Of course the result is uncertain, as every other in our human economy is uncertain; but if A has shown the best breeding ability he will win, barring accidents. He really backs his knowledge of the subject of horse breeding when he backs his horse; and B does the same. A and B to a certain extent control the result of the race. But let C be a mob of outside betters, and D another company of wagers, placing money on the horses of A and B respectively, and they become a mere company of gamblers. The result of the race is one to which they contribute nothing, no point of public policy is served by having them take part in the race, and they deserve only repression at the hands of the law, not because what they are doing is in itself vicious, but because it has been shown time without end that the practice leads to pernicious results.

Now, bring the same condition of affairs to the rifle field or before the trap. A has secured a fine gun, he has, he thinks, devised an improved method of loading cartridges. He has arranged the sights of his gun in a superior manner. He has, in short, looked carefully over the many points of minute which go to make the accurate result in marksmanship. He has been using his judgment and manipulation on the same problem. C and D, on the other hand, are theorists, engaged, and they meet to test their theories. Of course, the result is an uncertainty, but each wishes that the best man may win, and that best man is in the long run the marksman who has most successfully overcome the many obstructing influences, which culminate in a "missed bird," where any other result follows it is due to an accident, and does not vary the general rule.

For an outsider to "bet" on the result of such a sweepstake shooting is no more than pure gamble as though he allowed the disposition of the wagers to depend on a throw of dice. There it is wholly a matter of chance; a child may win. One who has thrown dice for half a century, and no public good can come of the placing of money on such a chance. In shooting, the conditions, the motives and the consequences are entirely different. There is a positive gain in having the contest take place. When the Irish team met the American marksmen in 1874, they were convinced, to the extent of \$500, that their muzzle-loaders fired from the prone position were superior to the breech-loaders, and in position, of their antagonists. It may have been a gambling transaction in the opinion of some, for there was the uncertain issue and the money stake, but the result has shown the Irish marksmen that they neglected important and governing elements in accurate long-range work, and, therefore, it was not on their part purely a matter of chance, but of erroneous judgment and lost opportunity.

There are many fine-drawn distinctions to be noted about this interesting subject. One would regard the ordinary sweepstake match in the nature of a gambling transaction, while the sweepstake money here paid in as dues of a club, and then these members voted to offer the total dues as a prize in a shoot open to club members only, then the affair is not to be regarded in the light of a gamble—which seems to me merely a way of whipping Old Nick about the stump.

By keeping strictly in mind the distinction between controlling, even in a measure, the issue of an event, and having absolutely no part in guiding it or in the deciding conflict, we may readily see what a gambling party is, and what it is to be regarded as legitimate sport, properly encouraged. Leaving entirely the question whether fairly conducted games of chance for money, discreetly and moderately engaged in, are not proper forms of amusement and stimulation, we have a broad domain of competition such as that of the rifle club and gun club, where the money stimulus leads to the best results; and to style these contests as "gambling" is to display a narrow and ignorant ignorance of very plain differences of morals and motive to a large and over-sensitive prudery, and to insult a large body of our best sportsmen.

BUNKER HILL.

THE TRAP SHOOTING OF PIGEONS.

LINCOLN, Neb., Sept. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be a growing sentiment strongly adverse to the practice of using live pigeons at shooting matches, and the day is probably not far distant when the slaughter of the innocents will be regarded as too barbarous to afford sport for gentlemen. Outside of the sporting class it is already so regarded. There are very few non-sporting people so callous that they can look upon the sight of dazed and half-sick pigeons being sprung from a trap and then shot down, wounded and bleeding, without feelings of pity for the poor birds and disgust for the heartless shooter.

Now and then we read a scathing criticism upon some gunner, who strolls upon the sea coast and tumbles over the harmless gulls, to see how many of the poor things he can lay upon the beach without a miss, and we readily see the justice of the criticism, and often conclude that the man is a heartless fellow and no true sportsman. The shooter of pigeons, which are prisoners till they are sprung from the trap, often barely tries to fly, in the estimation of many people, a greater cruelty than he who wantonly bangs away at birds in the air, simply to keep his hand in. In the one case the birds are often enfeebled from long confinement in crowded coops, and drop upon the ground near the trap; while in the other they are in health and have a far greater chance of escaping the murderous shot. That the one practice is not universally regarded as bad as the other is perhaps because custom has somewhat quieted our scruples with reference to trap shooting.

There is not much skill in shooting sick pigeons. The shooter has his eye on the very spot where the bird is thrown into the air, and he directs himself the moment the prey is to appear, so that the chances are all in his favor and against the bird. Big scores at the trap do not show corresponding scores in the field, and it is in the field a man would prefer to make good scores. Very often men whose records at the trap are No. 1 make miserable failures when they try their hands on game. In such cases the murderous practice on pigeons has been devoid of any good results. Practically, as much better wood would have resulted from shooting at chips thrown in the air.

There are parties belonging to the club here who decline to shoot at pigeons. It is against their better nature; and when pigeons are to be the sacrifice they withdraw. It is to be hoped that this feeling will spread throughout the country and create a healthy sentiment against the wanton destruction of a harmless bird. Inanimate substitutes are abundant, some of them decidedly superior to the average pigeon used in matches, and their cost insignificant in comparison with the cost of pigeons.

Humanity clearly demands the abolition of pigeons at shooting matches, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when it will be decidedly unpopular for any club to use them. It seems strange that barbarity and sportsmanship should have gone so long hand in hand. B. H. P.

MISSISSIPPI NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

SARDIS, Miss., October 1.

To-day opens the season for quail, deer and wild turkey in Mississippi, and from all indications and reports we will have a very good season for quail and turkey. As to deer I cannot say much now. The drought, which has been so universal this summer, has been an advantage to quail and turkey; no heavy rains to drown them out, and very few drizzly days to prevent a drive the half-grown birds into the nets, and consequently we have more birds than for several years. A great many of the old birds, too, have their second brood far on the road to maturity. I say second brood, of course I do not know positively that some are a second brood, but merely judge from the size of the birds. Some covets I notice are full grown, to all appearances, while others can hardly fly a hundred yards. Can you tell me whether quail ever raise more than one brood a season or no?

While the drought has been favorable for the birds, it has, at the same time, been destructive to the fish. The small lakes in Tallalotha River bottom have nearly been drained by sciers. So long has it been without rain that these lakes have gone down very low since being cut off from the river, many of them have become so shallow that the negroes go into them with long seines and drag out all kinds and sizes of fish. Nearly any Saturday a party of colored individuals can be found dragging some of these lakes. Not only do the negroes indulge in this barbaric-like work, but I know of a colored man who drives the half-grown birds into the seines, and consequently we have more birds than for several years. A great many of the old birds, too, have their second brood far on the road to maturity. I say second brood, of course I do not know positively that some are a second brood, but merely judge from the size of the birds. Some covets I notice are full grown, to all appearances, while others can hardly fly a hundred yards. Can you tell me whether quail ever raise more than one brood a season or no?

I have tried to shame them for such "niggerly" sport, but of course they are hardened to shame. I believe that they would have gone for the quail a month ago, had they not known that if they did, and myself and one or two others have found it out, they would certainly be interviewed by the district attorney on the subject.

I anticipate a grand time soon down on Pecan and Bear lakes. I am going to try to be the first one in the glorious hunting ground this season, and I have arrangement made with a friend, Mr. A. F. D. Goodwin, living just in the edge of the canebrake, to let me know when a party starts in around the lakes for bear so I can be on hand, and he will keep his word.

Duck shooting would be good on Tallalotha River in the winter, were it not for the almost numberless boys and negroes that line the river banks with single-barreled cheap (\$2.50) shot-guns, from the time crops are "laid by" until they are planted again. Thank fortune, they can't shoot on the wing and, therefore, are no drawback to quail-shooting, unless they trap them during a snow.

Last spring, for several days, I noticed that what I pronounced to be a Virginia rail had taken quarters in the grape-vines and grass in my garden. I watched it closely with the hope that it would make my garden its permanent home. It had a habit of seeking shelter in a pile of brush and corn-stalks near the grape-vines when disturbed. But alas one morning the house-out came stepping up with the bird in its mouth. The entire household turned out to capture Thomas and get the bird, and after a long and spirited chase, the cat dropped his breakfast; and as the "gude wemen" picked the last bone for her breakfast, she said it was real good, and she wished the cat would bring one in every morning. I send you the scalp which I saved. Can you tell me what it is?

W. H. C.

[The scalp is that of a Carolina rail (*Porsma villosa*). Quail often raise a second brood.]

ONE OF THE OLD FELLOWS.

TWO of our sportsmen, Geo. B. and Billy W., are "high-up" authority on duck shooting. They corner on round-shooting as "sold" as their corner on Goose Lake, where they bag the mallards. No one is too old nor too young, neither too rich nor too poor, to presume to duck-ducking before obtaining the advice of the above named messieurs in regard to all the minutiae of successful duck shooting. A piece of advice in the mind never fails to insure dead ducks in the bag. A word from them is worth the quack of a dozen mallard.

Last Tuesday they were snugly ensconced on their favorite point when a seely looking party, with a gun and a yellow dog, emerged from the brush and began reconnoitering.

"Wonder if that old relic intends to pop here?" "Yes; he probably will locate his corporeity near here, blaze away every time we shoot and then exclaim in the stereotyped phrase, 'There! I downed that fellow.'"

"Do you 'tumble to' his old fuss? See where the stock is worn with friction against the side of Noah's ark." "Ha! ha! I 'tumble to' it quicker than any duck ever will."

"Hold," said Billy, "I've an idea," and approaching the Ancient Party he said: "Going to try your luck, eh?" "Yes, I thought on't."

"Ever shoot much?" "Some; squirrels and sich in Alabammy."

"Say, I'll give you a point, seeing you're a stranger; see that point over yonder? 'Tbat's a good place to shoot from." "Yes, just the place I was going to tackle."

Returning, Billy said, "I've got the old fossil anchored down there where a duck will never fly unless it's a crazy one—Buzard! see that mallard tumbler?"

Sure enough, the old gun had spoken. The duck grated and fell with a kersplish. The "yaller dog" plunged in and quickly retrieved it, and the Ancient Party finished reloading in time to repeat his feat on the next flock, and so on till night, when he gathered up eleven mallards, and as he passed our fellows he said, "Stranger, you were kind to put me on that point. How've you made it?"

"Oh, we came up to go in swimming but found the water rather too chilly." Mo. Menomonic, Wis.

REMINISCENCES OF FORTY YEARS.

THIRD PAPER.

I HAD an extraordinary day with the wild fowl in 1862. My companion was my old friend Robert Henry, then 33 now of the extensive dry goods firm of William Barr & Co., St. Louis, Mo. We were on the Darden prairie, a low flat bottom, mainly and full of snipe. Many ponds were at that time caused by the overflow of the Mississippi. These ponds were in many places two miles in circumference, and they were all frozen with the exception of one of the deepest, where immense bodies of wild fowl had congregated—ducks, geese, brant and swan.

We arrived at the scene at daybreak. I planted myself behind some brush and rushes and began shooting right and left, as fast as I could load and discharge my muzzle loader. The birds fell and still others came from their feeding grounds, among the cornfields a few miles away, to this unfrozen piece of water. This continued all day.

I had never shot a brant nor a Canada goose before this day. My first shot at brant was at four of these birds, which were skimming around and around the pond without settling down. They passed me all together, their four heads in line, about forty yards out. I shot the four, bringing them to the ground with the first barrel. So my first brant shot was a good one. An hour later I heard a welcome honk, and looking round saw two immense Canada geese coming straight for me and about ten yards high. "I lay low" until my double barrels were in their work, and there were my first Canada geese, a double shot.

That same day, while I was standing on the ice, I shot a large goose some sixty yards above me, aiming almost perpendicularly. Down came the goose, plump within two yards of where I was standing, and went right through the ice, which was thick enough to bear my weight of 150 pounds. You may judge if he must not have been a tough old gander.

The total count of that day's shooting scored 163 ducks (Mr. Henry will have it that it was 173), 17 brant and geese, with one gun (Mr. Henry too insists that there were seven—seven brant and seven geese); however, it was tall work. The wagon load of game went to Springfield, Ill., where I was then living.

In September of the year 1864, my old friend, George Holman, of the Holman Opera Troupe, shot with me at Dawson, ten miles from Springfield, Ill. Between half-past three and half-past five or six o'clock that afternoon, in a stubble field of ten acres, we killed 64 pintailed grouse, and the next day 67. The splendid birds were all full grown, and we did not miss a double shot in the lot; still, one could hardly miss such birds as full fledged prairie chickens, rising right under your nose. The secret in prairie chicken shooting, as in other shooting, is keeping cool; if you grow excited, plenty of the birds will fly off unnoticed.

In these reminiscences, which include some of my many years' shooting, I have given the shots exactly as they occurred. From them sportsmen of the present may realize something of the great abundance of game in the past.

WILLIAM KING.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.

KEYPORT, N. J., October 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A friend and myself purpose making a trip to Virginia this winter. Our main object is to negotiate with parties for from three to four thousand quail to be let loose next spring in this county, one thousand of which our club (the Karitan) will retain for this special vicinity. The rest we will try and distribute with other clubs at actual cost. As we also go for the gunning season, our time and expense in the matter is our loss and their gain. Now, can you tell us the best, or more likely local, in said State where we can "kill the two birds with one stone"? 2d. Can you give, or procure, names of parties in the South whom we could correspond with to this end, and from whom we could procure the trapped quail?

The few quail let loose here last spring, we have reason to believe, have done well, and several pair have brought out full broods within our town limits.—FRANK.

A VIGOROUS LETTER FROM MAINE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I very rarely notice any assertion made in a public print knowing as a rule that they are made by irresponsible persons, and are usually untrue of the time. But the respectability of the source from which a remark is quoted from a "lover of the dog and gun" over the signature of "Hono" entitles it to correction as an error. I give the text as taken from the letter:

"Well, after all, all you need do is to give one of the Game Warden three or four dollars, and he will take you to a moose. Eight dollars a month is not enough wages to keep them interested in their duties, and they will be true to this."

I know of none of our wardens in the State of Maine upon whom this is not a gross libel. There are always numbers of loose, respectable loafers banging around our places of summer resort seeking work as guides, who are willing to commit almost any crime for the price of rum and tobacco. That they may represent themselves as wardens is very possible, but I do not know of a single warden in the State who is open to the charge made.

Our wardens are appointed by the Governor and Council, and it has been the custom with but rare exceptions to refer to these appointments to the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game. There have been exceptions, but even the names of such appointees we do not know. If any of them have been guilty, it requires but to present the evidence to the Commissioners, and both dismissal and punishment will rapidly follow. I have yet to learn that any one deserving the characteristics of manhood or honesty will bring even a drunken poacher or pot-hunter to break the laws of his State, as worthy by he would hire a clerk to rob his master's till.

Neither can I refrain from expressing my indignation at the slighting opinion given from other States to whom should look for aid and sympathy in protecting our fish and game, who are allowed all the privileges of our own citizens in our streams and forests should, while here as our State's guests, break our laws and become poachers, and tempt others to assist them in their very dirty path of amusement. Two arrests have been made this very week of summer visitors, for killing deer and caribou during close time. Penalties and costs have been paid and they have gone home. Wardens are in pursuit of other parties, as others have fled the State, whose laws and hospitality they have abused. As to the Portland moose killing offense, the indignation of sportsmen is best shown in giving the name of the offender and the evidence of the offense. The end is not yet, and will not be reached until the penalty is paid. S. W. STILLWELL.

MONROE COUNTY NOTES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The summer of 1881 has not been a very eventful one to the sportsmen of this city, and since the return of the Monroe County men from the Coney Island tournament there has been no event of much note to record in the line of sport. I feel, however, under a sort of obligation to contribute a few facts now and then that may be of interest to some of your many readers and contributors as their communications interest me. This was a great and undoubtedly not many moon ago, and is now, although the best corner has been cut away, the snipe grounds drained and club houses built on the shores of the bays where wild fowl did most abound, lucky or skillful and well-posted members of the shooting fraternity occasionally have very successful shoots. I have seen several good bags of woodcock since the opening of the season. On two occasions I had the second-hand pleasure of examining bunches of the brown beauties (not "speckled beauties") containing twelve brace each. The same men who shot these birds have brought in a great many woodcock in bunches numbering half a dozen or so at a time. The boys who have the sport of shooting so many of these much admired members of the game family are not only good shots, but so circumstanced that they can attend to their ordinary business, and at the same time shoot two or three times a week if they please. Their trade brings them in contact with farmers, and they are thus enabled to learn where game may be found as soon as it appears. Their record of woodcock killed this season must aggregate a great many more than any other. The severest part of winter does not seem to have done any harm to the ruffed grouse in this neighborhood, for I understand that the birds are even more numerous than in other years, and some good sport has been had among the coveys (Squirrel shooters, too, report that their favorite object of pursuit is unusually abundant this year in this and adjacent counties.

There has been a good flight of teal on Irondequoit Bay during the last week or two; and their ranks were thinned out by an army of snipe, one of whom asserts that he killed twenty-two blue-winged teal with two shots. Blue-bills and red-heads have also appeared on the bays and ponds of this county bordering Lake Ontario, and from now until ice covers the water the boom of the duck gun will be heard incessantly along the shores of the many wild fowl resorts within four to fifteen miles of this city.

A few gray plover have been shot in the wheat fields hereabout, but they do not, as in former years, come in numbers enough to promise a good day's sport, and they are usually picked up as incidentals to woodcock or partridge shooting.

The first snipe I have seen this fall were shot the past week, and it is reported that they are to be found in fair numbers on the marshes around the bays. One of my acquaintances bagged fifteen a day or two ago, and as I have a standing invitation to have a day at the ducks or snipe with him, near his home in Greece, I anticipate some sport in the near future, for there is no kind of shooting I enjoy more than duck or snipe shooting, if the birds are to be found in fair numbers. If fortune smiles I may let you hear of how the field was fought and won. E. R.

A HORNELLSVILLE MAN IN WYOMING.—A Hornellsville, New York, sportsman, has been trying the game of Wyoming Territory. In a private letter, expressing of what he had kindly permitted to publish, he says, under date of August 1, describing a trip from Evanston toward the United Range: Attempted to cross the ford and go into camp, as we saw a storm coming up. We got nicely into the middle of the river, when the horses concluded they had gone far enough. They could not be budged an inch. The driver stood up and belabored them until he brought the clare on one of them, but they did not even wink at it, and once in a while when he would put in an extra hard blow you might discern a smile

pass over the gills of the old gray, for he doubtless thought he did not wish to brush his eyes. We about then it began to rain, and how it did pour. So we pulled off our boots and socks and waded to the shore; but even then the bakers would not move. Then it began to hail, which made it interesting. The hail kept coming harder and harder, and how I did take them on my shoulders. When it let up the hail stones were over an inch deep. Then the river began to rise until it had risen over a foot. For fear the wagon would go down stream, we had to lug everything up on to the bank. The horses would not pull the empty wagon out, so we all had to get hold of the wheel and shove horses and all out. We loaded up, went a mile and camped. We sent the driver and one of the boys back after another team; they returned at noon the next day, and we started on. We got up into the timber Thursday afternoon, and saw three deer that night, but could not get a shot at them. The next morning, while climbing over a windfall of old trees, I scared out a big elk, but of course was in a position where I could not shoot, as I was using the gun to help me over the logs. In the afternoon I went into a hole of the length of the rifle, or as near as I could measure with my hands, forty-nine inches from nose-tip to tip of tail, and weighed from fifty to sixty pounds. I had just made up my mind to take his hide off, when I discovered another wildcat in the bushes working that way. Not daring to trust to a rifle shot, I skipped out. Had I shot, and only wounded him, I would have had a lively tussle; I would probably have got the worst of it, for they are bad medicine in this country. The next day we went down the river and struck camp near Fort Bridger. We had some fine chicken mauling, also some good trout fishing. Monday night, while making up for camp, the darkness came on and we got lost. We did not find our way to the camp ground until about midnight. We had some chicken shooting most every day. We were soaked to the skin with rain almost every day, which was unpleasant.

H. A. T.

LONG ISLAND SHORE NOTES.—Shelter Island, Oct. 9.—I write in answer to the inquiries of your friends that I would recommend them to go to Napeague Bay for a convenient harbor, and one which will be bandy for fowling in Gardiner's Bay. The fowl arrive there and remain there first, and later reach the shores of Shelter Island. The shooting here is very uncertain, and little can be done without the birds coming to the shore to be approached with rail-shoots. Much depends upon the supply of scallops, their natural food. I have not heard this season whether shellfish is plenty or scarce. I think at Gardiner's Bay, included between the mouth of Napeague, Gardiner's Island and Fire-place Point, is the best ground for fowl-shooting. Coot, old squaws, and sheldrake, and sometimes brant, are met there in great numbers. When the fowl are numerous around Shelter Island, the best place for them is on the flats, on the southeast side of Great Run Island, and there the sportsmen are sometimes very plentiful. The shooting is also sometimes good at Noyac Bay and Jessup's, or at Gibson's Bar. The golden plover have been very scarce at Montauk this year; but a friend of mine got three forty birds last week. I hear the bay-snipe shooting at Shinnecock Bay is now good, and Will Lane says the feed for them there is now good.—ISAAC McLELLAN.

NEBRASKA DUCK SHOOTING.—Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 4.—On the 12th of September last, Mr. Hallet and I drove by a small, narrow lake in the open prairie, two and a half miles from this city, and in walking along its margin knocked down two wood-ducks, a blue-winged teal, three rail and two snipe. All the fowling was done in the afternoon of a very clear, cool day, about barefoot, an old muzzle-loader across his shoulder and an even half-dozen blue-wings swinging at his waist. On our inquiry as to where he bagged his game, he replied, "In there," pointing to the lake. He then informed us that he crept up on them through the grass and got them all at one shot. "How many were there in the flock?" I asked. "These were all—I killed them all," he said, without seeming to feel that he had done anything particularly clever. A few days after this my friend and I got two shots into a flock of green-winged this morning lake, and our dog retrieved sixteen as the result.—B. W. P.

ENGLISHMEN'S AMERICAN HUNTING PRESERVE.—Among the details of the immense landed estates of an English duke just appearing in print, we find him accredited with the possession of 23,000 acres of wild land in the State of Colorado. As all these English noblemen are great huntsmen and desperately addicted to field sports, it appears that this duke comes to America to hunt over his own estates. What particular necessity there was of this might be a source of wonder to the average American citizen in view of the immense wildernesses of the West that are open to all the world as free hunting grounds; but it must be remembered that the one thing especially required by the English aristocratic hunting class in the States is land and game, and of these the Duke of Colorado in order to be able to hunt over his own grounds, and to be under no obligations to anybody else for his enjoyment. Many important considerations will readily occur to our thoughtful readers in this connection. We will only say that while the public lands of the United States are offered for sale to all who choose to buy at extremely low prices, of course foreign noblemen are as welcome to purchase as any other class. But in view of the enormous wealth of the European nobility and land-gentry, and of their comparative large numbers it will not be difficult to foresee the possibility of such a land monopoly for hunting grounds as might eventually become a positive evil, the more especially if upon these hunting grounds the exclusiveness of the English game laws were to be attempted seriously.—Germantown Telegraph.

GOSSIP ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.—Prospectville, Pa., Oct. 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: "Pentagon" must have had a good time all to himself laughing at "Fecels'" explanation of "Left-eyed Shooting." Now let Mr. "Pentagon" do as "Fecels" says with the gun, give the good thing to me, or fails to change his mind, why he is either "left-eyed" or

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

Table with two columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species such as Black Bass, Yellow Perch, and Rock Bass with their scientific names.

The enthusiastic angler is never content with minor achievements. His constant expectation is that every new cast will afford him some new conquest, and that the grand sport of to-day will be excelled by the grander sport of to-morrow.—GEORGE DAWSON.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.

ON August 18 I left my home in the wooden nutmeg State, on my fourth trip to Tim Pond. I spent the first night in Boston. The next morning I took the train which arrived in Farmington, Maine, about five o'clock the same day. I could have taken Clark's stage for Kingfield the same evening, and arrived at Kennedy Smith's farmhouse at about noon next day, but instead my friend Simon and I went to Tim Pond, about five miles from Kingfield. My gun and tackle, and what I had on my way, were left at Farmington Monday morning, the 22d. There had been heavy showers during the day and night of Sunday. The scenery was fine and the atmosphere very refreshing to one who had been cooped up in a hot dusty city for months. The ride of fifteen miles to West New Portland was one of comfort and pleasure. At this point we could elect to turn to the left and go by Kingfield, going up stream on the picturesque banks of the Carrybasset River, or deflect a little to the right and travel an excellent road on the banks of the same river down stream, the waters of which were swollen by the recent heavy rain fall. For nearly five miles we greatly enjoyed the leaping, rushing and wild foaming of these waters as we took the latter named route. Turning a little from the river banks and going about a mile further, we came to the pleasant village of North New Portland. And let me say right here, that if one takes the route from Boston via West Hartville and North Anson, he will come to this place after a ride of eight miles by a stage owned and run by Viles & Dison, who have an excellent reputation for good care and urbanity toward their customers. The passengers from N. Anson reach this village early in the evening, and the next morning are taken by the stage to Smith's Farm, a delightful drive. We dined at the Dirigo House, and all that has been said in praise of it and Fred. Viles, the proprietor, by your correspondent, "Simon" and I heartily endorse, and so no doubt would our horse and "Biz" if they could speak, for all had untiring and gentlemanly attention. Special consideration seems to be given to sportsmen visiting the ponds, lakes and mountains in search of trout game and recreation. The house has fifteen rooms. A shower detained us here two hours after a real good dinner. During this enforced stay we visited a factory, the machinery of which was driven by water power, and saw what I was glad to see, viz., that the vast amount of low price or no price lumber is being utilized, and labor of honest men receives good remuneration. At this factory, from cheap wood are made an enormous variety and number of boxes, which find a ready market in the large cities. Among other things we were interested in Plummer's patent beehives and honey boxes.

The shower over, we started on. The road was muddy at first, but I never weary of the wide view which has been described in your good paper that is well known "Down East" and by the "rest of mankind," but the view from Lexington Plantation and "Horse-neck" is grand! It is called twenty miles from Viles' Dirigo House to Parson's Mount Bigelow House, at the foot of the southeast end of Mt. Bigelow. It is a large house for a country place, and we found a good one. It was nearly dark when we reached it. Soon we were glad to be seated in front of a blazing wood fire, for the night was wet and cold. Supper over, anon we retired to our rooms, and listening to the glad music of a near mountain stream, fell asleep to dream of the speckled charmers in Tim Pond, just beyond the mountains before us.

Early in the morning of the 23d we were astir. Anticipation was keen. Not much time was wasted in disposing of breakfast and preparing for the coming of our ride before entering into the river path, that leads to our destination. The air clear, cool and bracing, invigorating us as we rode along, with Mt. Bigelow towering on our left and Dead River flowing on our right. Does Switzerland have landscape more charming? A few miles on we came to the "crossing," but the ferryboat was on the "other side." So "Simon" used his stentorian lungs most lustily, for no "living, human being" could be seen. Presently a buxom country lass responded to his call, and with truly manly vigor loosed the boat, came for our command, and in amazonian style landed us on the desired shore. At 10 o'clock, having accomplished our ride of seventeen miles, and having passed through Flagstaff, with a nice look at the residence of Miles Standish, an alleged descendant of the captain known to history, we found ourselves at the door of Smith's farmhouse. After some preparation, a dinner, with fresh trout on the menu, provided by the forethought of Edgar and his nimble wife, was devoured with avidity. A hitchcock team was then placed at our command. Carefully we placed the treasures we had garnered during months of study and research, and watched during the many miles of travel, in the box. Just as all was in readiness, with my trusty breech-loader and "Biz," I started ahead. The law covering ruffed grouse was not off, and the game was of a nondescript character for the most part. But no matter, all were in the liveliest mood of expectation and exuberance. When we had proceeded a mile or so Simon came, seated on his cushion, guiding "Rosinante" with great glee and gusto.

"both-eyed." I tried it and couldn't get an aim from the left shoulder at all. But "gun measles" is a better description, and I am interested in it too. Although not the owner of a breech-loader, I hope to be soon, and am saving up all these suggestions for future use. I am also acquainted with one of those old guns; it was a few inches over seven feet in length. I shot four or five foxes with it one winter in New England, some years ago. Unlike the Prince gun, it was not a kicker, but an easy gun to shoot, and as sure as the rest; but of course it was useless for quick shooting. I want to say one word of "Podgers'" that is, let him write. And there is another "quill shaver" out in Ohio who caught the big "longe," "Kingfisher," of course. Let us have an account of that trip. Glad you have gained the day in cutter vs. sloop; hope the flat-bottom folks will sleep better.—LE LOUP.

GENES, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your last issue, on this subject, a Rockingham correspondent, "Teed," asserts that a person cannot shoot from his right shoulder with his left eye. I always shoot with my left eye and the gun at my right shoulder, and two to one that I can outshoot anybody in that manner. Often when out hunting I try to aim with my right, but cannot do it. I think that your correspondent must be mistaken, though I know not how it may be with him. I have seen only a few quail this season. Ducks are quite plentiful.—MERWIN.

BEST IN GUN BARRELS—Utica, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your last issue I noticed an article from a correspondent on the matter of rust spots in gun barrels. Your remarks were to the point and true. If our friend will soak a rag in kerosene oil, and thoroughly rub his barrels after using the gun, and then use another rag dipped in equal parts of the best sperm and kerosene oils, he will find no rust, even laying his gun aside for one year.—J. B.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have often pointed out leaving my gun aside for a few days, and then looking inside the barrels, wondering why the inside of a gun barrel couldn't be plated, say with nickel, to keep away the rust, as well as the outside. Have you ever heard of its being tried inside a gun barrel?—H. J. T.

[This would be impracticable because the shot would soon wear a way the plating.]

VIRGINIA RUFFED GROUSE—Shadwell, Va., Oct. 8.—A friend and myself having just returned from a dog-training trip to Bath County, Va., I am happy to be able to report to you a grouse plentiful there. We were shooting over setters and had previously been hunted on quail, and after the first day the grouse both did very well; but I am of opinion that with two guns a team of really good cockers would have afforded us more fun. Single-handed I could get more shots with a clever setter. We put up at a Dr. Smith's, some eight miles from Millhoro Station, which can be reached conveniently by the Chesapeake and Ohio line. I mention Smith's boarding house as there are very few comfortable places in that neighborhood. The doctor is a very fine sportsman, and a clever and pleasant companion. Any one staying there can indulge in a choice collection of mineral waters, and enjoy cooler air than on this side of the Blue Ridge.—IBRX.

WISCONSIN CHICKEN SHOOTING—Menomonie, Wis., Oct. 8.—The chicken season here has been extremely good for the dickens. I do not think there has been a dry week since the 15th of August, and September was nearly a continuous rainstorm, consequently but few birds were killed. They are now too old and wary to come to bag. They have commenced to flock, and very large flocks are now numerous. Provided we have a good hatching season next year and do not have any weird come interference of our present law by legislators the shooting next season will be gilt-edge. While a train was running on the road from Wabasha to Dumhrota, Minn., a wolf was discovered on the track ahead of the engine. The throttle was opened, when his wolfish majesty was soon run down and killed.—MO.

INDIANA GAME NOTES—La Fayette, Ind., Oct. 4.—The show for quail is much better than we had hoped for from the severity of last winter; and I have heard that there are very plenty in parts where we had supposed none were to be found. In my excursions after chickens I have seen a great many. In the western part of this State and eastern Illinois, along the line of L. E. & W. R. R. We soon look for the tall flight of ducks and geese. Chickens are more numerous than for several years past. A great many woodcock have been killed on the Kankakee River. The crop of wild rice in the Kankakee marshes is unusually abundant.

GAME ABOUT AIKEN—Aiken, S. C., October 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: We have very fine quail shooting in this vicinity. It has always been a pleasure for me to place strangers in possession of this fine sport, as can be testified by numbers of good fellows from your own and other cities of the North. As this is a health resort in winter, it is unnecessary to speak of accommodations. Should you or any of your friends drop down this way, and know how the thing is done, will guarantee you the opportunity of making some of these lively birds "fold their wings," and should you not know how to do it, will show you how it is done by a "piny woods boy."—JIMEX.

READ BIRDS GONE—Philadelphia, Oct. 10.—Read birds and quail, after the cold spell of last week, were visibly decreased in numbers, especially the former. Only crippled bobolinks that can't get away can be now found on the marshes. Old weather prophets say when we do not have a "blue storm" in the fall we always have an early winter, and periodically blustering one, until the middle of January. The fine weather until the period when the vernal equinox is due, will make up for missing the autumnal one, as it happened this fall.—HOWO.

BAKING THE REED BIRD.—The editor of the Planter's Journal gives this method of baking the reed bird: Cleanse the bird and split and place each half of one in a hot scoured out half of a potato, then lay the segments of potatoes together, enfold in cloth or green corn husk, and place in a dish to bake. You can season as you wish before or after the baking, and when thus prepared, the delicacy is simply not know how to do it, will show you how it is done by a "piny woods boy."—JIMEX.

MIGRATORY QUAIL—Springfield, Mass.—The rooms of the Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, are models of elegance,

the club having just changed their quarters to more comfortable apartments than were formerly occupied by the association. I was quite sorry to hear that the European quail imported by the club, and liberated a year or so since, have never been seen or heard of. Unlike those let out by the sportsmen of Portland, Me., which are known to have bred, the birds of the Rod and Gun Club are no known to have even returned, let alone to have hatched.—HOWO.

GAME IN THE NORTHWEST.—Mr. Howard Clark, of Philadelphia, not yet eighteen years old, writes as follows of a late trip he and two companions took to the Northwest: "I have been back from my trip about a week, and have had the best of luck. We got in three days 208 prairie chickens, and on a longer trip from headquarters twenty-one head of large game, eleven elk, seven black tail deer and three antelope. We were unfortunate in not getting any good heads, although I killed five elk myself."—HOWO.

A SERPENT and an eagle were struggling with each other in the throes of a deadly conflict. The serpent had the advantage and was about to strangle the bird. A countryman saw them, and running up, loosened the coil of the serpent, and let the eagle go free. The serpent, irritated at the escape of his prey, let fly his poison and injected it into the drinking horn of the countryman. The rustic, ignorant of his danger, was about to drink, when the eagle struck his hand with his wing, and seizing the drinking horn in his talons, carried it aloft.

This fable, which is more than 3,000 years old, teaches us that Asop, although not an American journalist, was not destitute of ability as a liar.—[Texas Siftings.]

AN ANCIENT POWDER HORN—A correspondent of the Sacramento Bee describes a powder horn "In the possession of Miss A. W. Bryan, made by her great uncle, Daniel Boone, a short time previous to his death. It is a large steer's horn, well scraped, and capable of holding about five pounds of powder. It has an antique look, and I was informed by Miss Bryan that the family had been offered one hundred and fifty dollars in 1876 to allow it to be placed on exhibition at the Centennial Fair, but the offer was refused for fear of losing the relic."

This paragraph has been going the rounds of the press. It started with the San Diego, Cal., Union, and bids fair to be copied until the end of time: "Van Dyke, of Fall Brook, lately came upon a wildcat and four kittens upon a large rock. He pulled trigger and the ball struck the nearest kitten in the neck, the splinters striking one in the ear, another in the breast, and the main portion passing on killing the mother cat. This was done with an ounce round rifle ball, with a gimlet hole bored in front, half-way through, so as to make it expand."

GOLDEN PLOVER IN THE WEST.—A correspondent wishes to know whether in former times the golden plover was not confined to the sea coast and if they had not been driven to migrate through the interior in comparatively recent times by the great increase of shooting along our coast. To which we reply that this bird is—and no doubt always has been—distributed over the whole continent, a closely similar form being found also in Asia.

CHICAGO NOTES—Chicago, Oct. 9.—We had three very cold days last week, and they brought the ducks down in thousands. Mr. George Ayer, of this city, returned from Wisconsin last week. He reports AI shooting there. Woodcock are plenty here, and quail are seen in the market again. If any of your readers want good deer and bear shooting let them go to Peshigo or Marinette, Wisconsin.—TEX DOCK.

FLORIDA COMPANIONS WANTED.—A gentleman and his wife who have spent one winter on the Gulf Coast of Florida propose returning there this season. They know where to go, and having been through one campaign are well-posted. They wish companions for the winter. Parties wishing to communicate with them in regard to the trip may address N. Norwood, this office.

INDIANA GAME.—A Fairland correspondent writes us: Woodcock not yet—too dry in our covers for his fastidious taste. The past dry season, we think, has been very favorable to breeding of quail; some early birds are now almost grown. We are expecting fine sport when the time comes. Squirrels are reported more numerous than usual, but that kind of shooting does not interest me, nor indeed any kind of shooting in which the need of a brace of well-broken setters is not felt.—W.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y., Oct. 8.—The Wendell Gold Badge was won by M. E. Card, at the club shoot, Friday, Oct. 7, by 10 straight at 27 yds. Thomas consoles himself by saying the badge still lingers in the trap maker's union. Birds a little more plenty. Smith and Crittenden bagged eight woodcock and three grouse, Oct. 6.—HAMMERLESS.

STAFFORD RAIL SOOERS.—South Norwalk, Conn., Oct. 7.—The season just closed for rail shooting at Stafford, Conn., has been a good one. The following are my scores: 7, 10, 50, 61, 39, 19, 53, 34, 73, 43, 4, 99, 35, 32, 135, 65, 20, 17, 23, 21, 17. Total, 865.—F.B.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., Oct. 9.—Went out yesterday for the first time this season to look for birds, and found them very scarce; weather dry and warm, which may have something to do with it; saw but one woodcock; don't think they have arrived here yet.—C. T.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 7.—This cold snap has brought along the birds quite plenty. Shooting on the marsh and big pond is very good. Teal, broad-bills and other small ducks plenty. Mr. La Forge shot two Florida railines on the pond, and reports them as being very plenty.—X. Y. Z.

GAME BIRDS IN TOWN.—A bevy of quail recently rested for a while in a tree on Main street, of Keyport, N. J., in front of Thomas B. Hoff's. Captain Macoutie informs the editor of the Weekly of that town, that a woodcock made its home in his garden for several weeks, a few years ago.

"GUYON" CALLED FOR—Escanaba, Mich., Sept. 21.—I think I am not alone in the wish to hear from "Guyon," again and often.—A. F. Y.

Address all communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Just here the road was too much mixed with water, and I perched by the side of the John, and so we went into this dense forest, beautiful in its solitude. Now I rode and Simon went ahead with dog and gun, and here and there was an unlucky yellow-hammer, owl or hawk. Then for a time I would lead the way, when the water made it dangerous to go. There were in sight of the village of Six Cabins, one of the "Massachusetts," new this year. We were heartily greeted by about ten old comrades, and there were some fifteen guests strangers to us, but not strangers long. Conventionalities do not dwell in such a house.

I tried my flies that evening with only moderate success. The 24th was cloudy and the scarlet ibis was a favorite, so were other light colored phantoms—and we took all the enticing and efficient swimmers we desired. But as the weather became fair and hot our delusions would not lure the most solid denizen to the surface—it was but the "average" ones that left the cooler retreats to take our bright lures and gratify our greed. But when we dropped in the cool depths a more substantial morsel, even the wary and more weighty aristocrats yielded to an unwilling force. For an hour each morning and evening gentlemen and ladies enjoyed the sport, and helped to please our palates at the table—a good table of agreeable and nourishing food, with much variety for a good table. We had our satisfaction to men, women, and children. Ladies and children grandly and gladdened the cabins this year at Tim Pond. During the day they engaged in games, reading, writing, needlework, target shooting, hunting, visiting cascades, pieces of beauty and places of wonder and admiration, till the week was gone and Saturday night came. The Sabbath dawned in profound stillness, a stillness we never knew in our cities or villages. What grandeur in the hush of the depths of the woods! What solemnity of a Sabbath day in the solitude of unmeasured forests!

With Monday, the 29th of August, came a brisk stir in our little community, a colony were to embark for a new territory and new scenes. The promised realm is called "The Seven Ponds." A party had returned from them the 26th, and had given us glowing accounts of game, and shown us specimens of fine fish—and we were thrilled with the prospect of great sport. Soon after seven o'clock provisions, tackle, guns, dogs, horses, boats, hookboards stepped into our boat, prepared to start. Simon and I stepped into our boat, pushed off, crossing Tim Pond to the point where the new road leaves this lakelet for the Seven Ponds. The new road is in good condition for walking—but though Smith has expended much labor and money on it, and still had men at work, it was not in as good condition as the road from the Farm House to Tim Pond. The Buck-wagons were in our rear, and we were at liberty to fall back at any time, and ride if we chose to do so. But we so enjoyed the dense forest and ever-changing scenery that we slowly trudge on, resting now and then at the camps by the road. At the half-way camp, on the banks of a branch of Alder Stream, we partook of a light lunch. In seven hours we had put the ten miles behind us, and stood before the camp on the shore of L. Pond—one of the so-called Seven Ponds. Though the cook had not expected us so early, in an incredibly short time we were ravenously satiating an appetite aroused by a long walk, the solvent qualities of frequent light draughts from the purest mountain springs ever distilled in Nature's laboratory, and an atmosphere full of ozone, and no less aromatic by the fir tree, the cedar, spruce, hemlock and pine.

The cabins here are but temporary, and not so good as the comfortable, neat and convenient ones we left in the morning. Visitors have crowded upon Smith before he has had time to fully prepare for them, and we were obliged to rough it a little and pack rather thickly in the three camps. Smith has many laborers, and is preparing to put up a number of first-class cabins, not only for sportsmen but invalid seekers for health and recreation, on an eminence which commands a view such as artists seek. This high ground is now covered with slightly and healthful woods. On one hand at the base, from a mountain side, comes tumbling and laughing a clear, cool brook. Standing with the face about to the north, directly in front is seen the large sheet of water called Big Island Pond, the large green island adds beauty to its appearance. On the right, with towering peaks, is Snow Mountain; on the left are hills, or smaller mountains; away in the north or northwest is a grand range, called by the guides "The Mountains," said to be none on the Canada "line." It is a rare beauty to feast the gaze of poet, painter, sportsman, or the worn business man seeking rest. Next year I hope the new road and cabins will be completed according to plans made. My comrades and I have spoken for "rooms."

But it will take too much space and time to give even an abstract from my journal. So if your readers ask if we found trout, I answer yes, legions. Were they large? Yes, larger than in Tim Pond, but not so large as some found in the large lakes. One morning our cook told us that he should need twelve or fifteen pounds for the table that day. Simon and I went just off an inlet of a cold stream, within six rods of the landing, and in about an hour returned to camp with thirty-one trout, weighing sixteen pounds. This is a sample for size and quantity at "L. Pond." We could have caught an equal string by going a half mile or a mile distant to some inlet or feeding ground; or we could have gone to Big Island Pond, seventy-five rods to the north, and taken larger trout but less in number.

Is there good fishing every day? No. In August, when the day is bright and the surface is smooth and warm, all sportsmen know large trout will not "rise," assertions of proprietors to the contrary notwithstanding. Tim Pond is the most uniform in this regard any I have found. I think it may be because it is fed only by small, cold mountain streams, and the surface does not often become warm. There are some ponds to the east of the region of which I am speaking fed, as I am told, by large and more sluggish streams that furnish good fishing in spring and autumn, but very poor fishing in the warm seasons. Is there game here? After September 1st all the grouse were brought in that could be eaten. There were "swarms" of them! As my companion said, it was like going out into his farmyard and shooting his chickens, so tame and plenty were they. I never saw them so numerous; partridge broiled and partridge stewed were no drug with us. But no one must shoot more than the table required. As to large game, if being aroused from my morning nap two mornings by the screams of bears, and two other mornings by the snarls howl that none of us recognized; and if path had been trodden by deer and caribou, on their way to and from spring, are "indications," then there must be a large yield this year! Personally I have little knowledge or experience

in this line. The law was on at the time of which I speak, but I was told by one of the knowing ones willing to give "points," that a greuback bullet would "bring down" a guide and a deer most any night, and from a suspicious looking fellow on the shoulder of a guide passing my camp late one night I fear his point was too well backed. Yes, large game is abundant in this region, and large quantities are taken by hunters in the season.

Your issue of August 18th was handed to me while at the Ponds, and I noticed a sarcastic remark by your correspondent "B.," upon some words of mine in your number of August 11th. I trust my reply will be respectful and an aid to those recerver-seekers who, like myself, desire information. As "B." says it was a "short article," and has been in general terms to cover what might be amplified to fill a book, and yet, if one had read my previous articles, I think the words would not mislead. I write for the love of it and the rest-seeking, public, not for proprietors. I write of resorts I know about, having no reference to other places that may be different, as good or better. I did not mean to be understood that Indians had not fished in these ponds centuries ago; that lumbermen and hunters have never gratified a sharp appetite by taking trout from the ice-locked waters! Nor do I deny that a few sturdy, enthusiastic sportsmen, in my friend T. S. Steele, had with brains and guides, penetrated, through much endeavor, to some few of these ponds, to spend a day or two at a time. But how much did this deplete the number of trout? This is a wonderful group of lakes or ponds, and received its name when as well known as now. Then but seven were known, guides and hunters and trappers now say eleven, and if small ones are counted, even more belong to the group.

Mr. Douglas, who had his headquarters at Rangeley for some years, and has been guide, hunter and trapper for twenty-eight years in this region, gave me material for a map of these waters that is of much value. It has been suspected by other guides and hunters and "pronounced substantially correct. So far as I visited the region this topography is virtually right. Coming as I did to L. Pond first, I will make it a starting point. About sixty or seventy rods north is Big Island Pond; about sixty rods to the east of last named is a small pond called Rock Pond; two miles west of Big Island Pond is Little Island Pond, and across five rods north of this is Beaver Pond; sixty-five rods south of this is Long Pond. Again, one mile north of Big Island Pond is Northwest Pond number one; and about sixty rods west of this, Boundary Pond; one hundred rods from Northwest Pond number one is number two; and so I could go on and enumerate sixteen ponds that are properly in this one cluster, and only six miles say, northeast of this group, is the first in the group of Chaney Ponds. Now if it is a fact, as I have evidence from several witnesses, that these ponds have said location, but a fraction of them have not the lines of an occasional sportsman, may I not be pardoned for saying "These ponds are stocked with trout which have enjoyed their homes unmolested since the history of trout began, till now Kennedy Smith has opened a buckboard pathway for sportsmen to the waters where they dwell?" All agree that all of these ponds are as full of trout as in primitive years, and all agree that the first buckboard pathway to their shores was built by Kennedy Smith last season. So far as I know, all interested in the opening of such a medium of sport and health are grateful for the road. I have heard many on the ground and others, in Boston and New York, express their gratitude.

Some will know that there is a long, hard trail from Rangeley to this remarkable group of ponds, where a strong guide can take but a small pack of supplies, tackle, blankets, etc. The stay has been short, with but few comforts. Now the new road is good for walking, and one can ride on a rough road a part or all the distance. Even a Boston lady has had the courage to make it to tempt this season, and one or two buckboard wagons can be sent in with supplies each day, when the road and the cabins are complete, next year.

The "forest cure" is now prescribed by our best physicians; thousands are seeking such resorts, and do not wish to pass through fatigue, hardships and peril to gain them. It was a pleasant sight at Tim Pond to see a husband and wife in a boat, both gracefully "casting the fly." When we take our own fish on an about the correct way, it is practiced and greater pleasure enjoyed. We returned to Smith's Farm House, as we went in with a buckboard team as a tender—we alternately rode and walked, shooting many grouse on the way, leaving some at the cabins and some at the house. September 6 Simon and I bade good-bye to Smith and his family, feeling we owed them a large debt of gratitude for the great pleasure we had enjoyed and health received. They did all for our comfort and happiness willing minds and hearty consent. We took the route via the new roads, through Jerusalem and Kingfield. This new road is having a large sum of money expended on it, and is greatly improved. The hotel in Kingfield was burned last May, causing a great loss to the public and the village. We kept on to West New Portland, and passed the night at a good country hotel, called the Blaisdell House.

And now your readers have learned the way to the Seven Ponds via Tim Pond. I trust you understand the charms that have drawn me thence four times and Simon five times. We, and the large number from different cities and States, were around the camp fires the chill evenings, said we would meet here again and renew these friendships next year. Slowly and carefully I put in order and packed away my gun that had done so good service. As carefully did I unjunk my rod, that had been the admiration of so many and had given me such true pleasure—gently I folded it in its case.

New Britain, Conn., Oct. 8, 1881.

A TEN-POUND MASKELLONGE.—We received from Mr. G. M. Skinner, of Clayton, Jefferson county, N. Y., who is a sportsman, who he found in another place, a ten-pound maskellonge of ten pounds weight, packed in ice. He writes as follows: "This afternoon I sent you a ten-pound maskellonge, caught by myself on a spoon hook yesterday afternoon. Please accept it with my compliments. Day before yesterday I caught one of twenty pounds weight, which I sent to Boston, and the oarsman who was with me, John Purcell, on both days caught one of eighteen pounds, the day previous, Saturday, fishing with a Mr. Title. New York city, quite a good score, and I had a few more Maskellonges as well. I hope to be in the city the first of next week, and trust I shall have the pleasure of meeting you in the office. While regretting this fish is not larger, I can

assure you that we consider such sized ones as choice table fish."

ABORIGINAL FLY-FISHING.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yours of the 19th ult. duly received. I have just been writing for the *California* to be published probably next month, a description of the various ingenious methods adopted by the California Indians before their contact with white men, for the capture of fish and game, and I answer your question by making the following extract from it:

"The Indians of Kern River made use of an artificial fly for the capture of trout, and probably used it for ages before Europeans invented it for the same purpose. The hook of the 'spoon' form, but without a barb, was made from the shin bone of a deer. On the legs of the California deer, *Carpinus columbianus*, corresponding to the chestnuts or warts on a horse's legs, are also warts but covered with stiff long hairs of a darker color than those on the other parts of the animal. These warts and the hairs growing on them have a strong and peculiar scent of the deer, which is not easily removed or washed away. A small bundle of these hairs is neatly fastened at one end around the shaft of the hook, the loose ends pointing to the eye of the hook. With a neatly made line of Indian hemp (*Apocynum cannabinum*) and a white rod and the fly hook, the combined sport and business. The fly was thrown into the water and kept as near the surface as possible by continuous short jerks. Every motion of the hook in the water caused the loose ends of the hairs fastened to it to open and shut. At a short distance it would resemble the motions of a caterpillar in the water, that had dropped from an alder and was struggling to reach the shore. The Indians say that the trout can smell and are attracted by the scent of the deer hairs. This kind of fly is still used, but the hook is now made of telegraph or other iron wire."

I have no doubt it will retain its peculiar deer scent for years. B. B. RODRIGUEZ.

CANOEING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

FROM THE HEAD OF CROOKED LAKE TO INDIAN RIVER.

IT has been but one short week since I returned from a seven weeks' trip in Northern Michigan, and if ever I did have a severe case of Northern Michigan heretofore, I now have an utterly hopeless relapse.

My friend Frazer, who writes to you asking "if a fisherman can be a Christian," was tempted to do so by the fishy stories which I told him of some bass fishing in Black Lake, all of which I will relate at its proper place, and all of which I, as a matter of course, am willing to affirm. I can only return the compliment to him by asking about what chances of a canoeist would be, who, on his maiden cruise, "paddles forty miles up a rapid current and against a head wind in one day."

Much of my cruise this year was over water traversed by many times before, but little of it, however, in a canoe, and after my craft was safely launched at the head of Crooked Lake and duly filled fore and aft with what to me were necessities, I hoist myself in and feel like a frisky young fellow on any rate. I need not bid that I acted as such, while my companions, Henry C. Louiss and B. B. Woodrow from Columbus, and our old hero from Cheboygan, Mich., Capt. David Smith, seem as pert as schoolboys. We start out with the understanding that we will stop at any point on our route that we may desire and as long as we wish, and let the distance traversed, or to traverse, be a secondary consideration. Paddling down Crooked Lake for a couple of miles, I call a halt at one of the grandest, coldest springs Northern Michigan boasts, and while spending a short time here a slight breeze springs up, taking advantage of which we will start and start for Pickett Lake about one mile and a half distant, directly across Crooked Lake, and then through a narrow little stream, where the beautifully clear water and the handsome large white pond-lilies, then in profusion, of which we each pluck a good, large-sized bundle to ornament the forepart of our cockpit, together with the pure bracing air, compel us to slide down in our canoes and hang our shoulders and elbows over the coaming and give expression to our feelings by emphatic, but at the same time appreciative, exclamations of delight. Finally, paddling on through this delightful little outlet, we enter the foot of Crooked Lake and with us set and a good strong wind to push us, we in a short time run the couple of miles we have to make, and pull up at our old camping ground, where we find springs enough and of different characters to suit the most fastidious. I gave this place special mention in a letter of mine to *FOREST AND STREAM* of May 15, 1879. We make camp, get up our tent, and some of my brother canoeists prefer their small canoe tents. I do not, but I have one of good comfortable size for four persons and all its or traps—and then we live socially in a good, comfortably sized room, and while Capt. (David Smith) volunteers to get us something warm, Petie (L. C. Louiss) hies himself out for ye gentle bass, in which he is soon followed by your humble servant, while Woodrow girds up his loins, and "goes out to look for a deer," all returning empty handed, but ready for something to eat, very prompt at such times. We sit down at our table and draw upon what we all stretch ourselves out upon our blankets with a glowing fire in front of our tent which soon sends us off to dreaming.

Up bright and early we all (with the exception of Woodrow, who "goes out to look for a deer") adjust our rods, and start for fish for breakfast, there being not a fresh bit of meat in the house. We fish on the right side and on the left side with the greatest care and attention. Try them with frogs, minnows, worms and flies and all to no purpose, until finally we succeed in catching one nice fat one, but we had two camps in broken and a return is made to Crooked Lake, crossing which to the head of Crooked River, we enter upon one of the handsomest streams, I doubt not, in America for a canoeist. The only drawback is that length is only about seven miles. The banks are lined to the water's edge with trees of high water woods; dotted here and there with the hand-omest cardinal flowers; lovely and fragrant large white water lilies, and the way is so clear that we can see through many tangles daring little and thither aroused by the commotion caused by our little fleet. Many of them we catch as we lazily float and easily paddle along. Paddling on through this properly named Crooked stream we amuse ourselves by occasionally shooting a duck or catching fish, and we reluctantly and ourselves at the mouth of the river and

entering Bart Lake. Here we hoist sail, and being favored with a slight but favorable sailing breeze we make the eight miles to the head of Indian River, where we pull up at the hotel, and prepare for a couple of days' stay. He we find quite a camping party, and among them the old veteran, "Senex" (Dr. Franklin), of Ann Arbor. Seems to me I have heard "Old Hickory," tough bass wood, or some such cognomen attached to him somewhere; at any rate he was there, wrestling with a tumble-down old yacht, and ready to tell some of the everlasting big stories about the whopper of a big bass that got away.

This point, to my mind, is the most central and best place in Northern Michigan to make headquarters from which one can radiate. After being comfortably located at the hotel, Capt. Pete and I light a cigar, take a comfortable chair on the porch, hoist our feet at a comfortable angle, the perfect picture of contentment, while Woodrow "goes out to look for a deer."

To be Continued.

AMPHIBIOUS FISHES.

MEIDA, Pa., October, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send the following list of fishes which inhabit both salt and fresh water, as they are given by the late Prof. Miner, Prof. G. Brown Goode and Mr. Fred Mottler, in the paper read by the latter before the American Fish-cultural Association and published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 14:

- Sea trout, or weakfish (*Cynoscion carolinensis*).
- Channel bass, or redbait (*Sciaenops ocellatus*).
- Shark (species unknown).
- Tarpon (*Megalops thalassoides*).
- Garfish (*Belontiops* ?).
- Mullet (*Mugil chirocentrus*).
- Drum (*Pogonias chromis*).

I have caught all the above-mentioned fish in fresh water, on the west coast of Florida, except the tarpon, which I did not catch. I was once playing a sea trout with a light rod, when a tarpon seized the fish in its mouth, and then the novel scene was introduced of playing a tarpon with a 9 oz. fly rod. As we were nearly matched in size, the "odds" were rather in favor of the tarpon. I expected, of course, to lose my leader, but as the line was all drawn from the reel, the trout managed to escape from the tarpon. When I reeled in the fish, I found its sides well marked by the bite of the tarpon. The tarpon and drum do not go into the fresh water often, except in summer.

JOSEPH WILCOX.

BIG BROOK TROUT.

OSWEGO, N. Y. Sept. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In FOREST AND STREAM of September 29, "Seven" records the capture by a New York city sportsman of a four-pound six-ounce trout, measuring twenty-one inches, in the Oswego-River Inlet to Cranberry Lake, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and adds that every one in the vicinity united in calling it the biggest trout caught there within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

Now the fish was a beauty and its captor has just reason to be proud of his "take," but the "oldest inhabitant" if a resident of that region for the term of half a dozen years only, must have an abominable memory. I have before me the life-size photograph of four brook-trout, caught by a party of gentlemen from this city in the inlet named above in May 1876. These trout weighed respectively five and three-quarter pounds, four and one-half pounds, three and one-half pounds and three pounds. In length, the fish spoken of by "Seven" overlaps the largest of this redoubtable four, as "Seven's" trout measured twenty-one inches while the speckled king of 1876 was but twenty and one-half inches in length.

These fish were taken during high water with bait and minnow-fishing.

Cazenovia, N. Y., Oct. 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the Oswego-River Inlet to Cranberry Lake, on the fifteenth or sixteenth of June, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, I caught a brook-trout twenty-two and three-quarters of an inch in length. Had no scales to weigh him, but Charley Marsh, the guide, said he would weigh five pounds, and on the length and weight of one caught by your correspondent I no longer doubt but that Charley was right.

WILL H. CRETCHEN.

A STUDY FROM LIFE.

THE subject of these lines is usually found in the bar-room of a country hotel. Old and weather-beaten is he, with the grime of toil upon his wrinkled hands and his aged form bent with the weight of years. He is conscious, in a dim, undefined way, that he has been hardly used; that in the battle with fate he has received some blows below the belt, which have effectually removed what little hope he may have had of winning the fight. And now, from the summit of his eighty years, he looks back over the long and dusty way he has trod with weary, aching feet, and drearily wonders how he has succeeded in climbing so high. Even now he can be seen at Martin's Hotel, on the Sangretoes road, in the taproom of that famous old hostelry, sitting in an arm-chair tilted back against the wall, his few scattered locks covered with the remnant of a straw hat; his Kentucky jeans trousers supported by one suspender, and his feet thrust stockinged into a pair of cowhide shoes. He has succeeded in finding, somewhere in the cavernous depths of his pocket, a bag which at some time in the dim past contained tobacco, and his trembling fingers search for the morsels which have accumulated in the corners, carefully placing them, when found, between his toothless jaw and the inside of his leather-like cheek, with an expression of intense satisfaction. After patiently listening to the conversation of a couple of anglers, who have just returned from a fishing trip to the Esopus, the fossil suddenly becomes instinct with life. "You fellows can't catch no fish," he vehemently remarks. "Why no?" mildly inquired one of the party. "Kase ye don't know how," and as he warmed to the subject and the blood began to flow in his mummy-like veins, he continued, patronizingly: "You don't see no usin' any new-fangled bait; no, Sir—none o' yer dolsels an' sich on my line when I'm arter bass; jis' giv' me a grasshopper an' I'll pull 'em out faster'n ye kin take 'em off'n the hook." The speaker, thinking he detected an incredulous look on the face of one of his listeners, confirmed his remarks by an appeal to

a friend: "I'll leave it to Silo Jones, over there. Say, Silo, ain't it so?" and Silo solemnly affirmed it was true as Holy Writ. The aged Walton went on, I see, a fuller sort of style-ish chap—down 'till the bridge yesterday, and he didn't have a fishin' pole no thicker'n my finger, with a little cork onto it, and when he hooked a fish that the darn fool stood turnin' the handle o' that little cork, and the fish ruinin' roun' an' roun', an' th' little fishin' pole bendin', an' I swear—Now ain't that the God's truth, Silo?" To which forcible interrogation Silas nodded vigorously—"if he didn't monkey an' monkey," continued the anticlimax, "fur forty night half an' our with that case bass after he got his flippers onto him. Now, that's what I calls cussed nonsense. None o' yer monkey'n' with a bass when he gets a-holt o' my grasshopper; I yanks 'em out if I loses a leg," and the bearded eyes of the ancient turned with a longing gaze toward the bar, and then toward his auditors, but seeing no indications of an answer to his mute appeal, he relaxed into semi-torpority again, until the departure of the fishing party roused him long enough to say: "I kinder think you fellers is jist like that darn fool I seen yesterday."—Kington Freeman.

LAKE SHEEPSHEAD—Fairland, Ind.—I inclose you a description of the lower jaw of an animal or fish—or something—the best informed in our vicinity cannot tell what, which we would like you to throw some light on, if my description is at all sufficient. The lower jaw was found by the little boy of Dr. E. N. Tull, of this place, under the house, where it had doubtless been dragged by cats or dogs, some dried remains of flesh still adhering to it. The impression inclosed shows the number of teeth, except those lost, to be about one hundred and twenty on the lower jaw. It measures three inches across condyles; width across teeth, two and one quarter inches; size of dental triangle, two and one quarter by one and one-half inches. It may be a very common specimen—too common to excite any interest in one who has made such things a study—but while we are qualified to identify anything that comes under the head of ornithology by the help of the *Cond. Key*, than that the assistance of your excellent journal—we do not have the books necessary to identify this specimen, which is evidently, from the number of teeth (two hundred and forty), if the upper jaw contains as many as the lower one, of the earth, and prepared to do a great deal of grinding.

[The jaw is that of a fish, one of the sciaenids, and is that of the lake sheepshead, *Haplochromis grunniens*.]

STURGEON AND CAVIARE.—It is claimed for Wilmington, Del., that it has the largest sturgeon fishing firm in the country, where it employs between thirty and forty nets on the Delaware River. A schooner is kept busy in the ice trade, and a steamer accompanies the boats. While the men are fishing the steamer moves from boat to boat, taking in the sturgeons as fast as caught, dressing them on the boat and taking the caviare from them. The stines in which the fish are caught are about 200 fathoms long, are 32 meshes deep, and are made of 32-cotton twine. The firm uses three tons of cotton twine a year. The season commences about April 1, and should close about July 1, so as to give the fish a chance to spawn. As it is, the river is fished clear up to the freezing time. Speaking of caviare, mentioned above, it should be stated that it is the spawn of the fish, and is a favorite sauce, particularly with the Germans. It consists simply of the fish eggs, properly cured, and epicures regard it very highly. Many hundred kegs are shipped to Germany each year. The firm, after much trouble, is able to put up the caviare very nicely, with a patent preparation.

A NEW TRIPLE HOOK.—We have been shown a new device for baiting a triple hook for bass and pike fishing. Two hooks are made on one steel wire and bent back to back, forming a ring for attachment to the line, in the usual manner, and the third one soldered between them. A needle to hold the bait has its point a trifle below the head of the hooks and runs up through the ring and is soldered on the opposite side, its farther end projecting under the union of the hooks and bent into a clasp for the needle, after the manner of the fastening of a brooch. The minnow or other bait is pierced by the needle and held in place by the clasp. It is made for Abbey & Imbrie, of 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

CAMP COOKED FISH.—The editor of the *Planter's Journal* says: "Our method of cooking fish in camp was to take out the entrails and then fill the cavity with seasoned dressing, the principal ingredient of which was roast or boiled hickory kernels or chestnuts. We then encased the fish in an inch of dough-like mud and placed it in the ashes to bake. When done the edges of the crust were broken and served as platters. The scales and skin of the fish stuck to the earth and the deliciously flavored and perfectly baked meat can be eaten from the improvised plates. This is a royal dish for use in camp."

HARPER'S FERRY.—A Baltimore correspondent wishes name of party at Harper's Ferry, or at Point of Rocks, who can furnish live bait for bass fishing.

Fishculture.

FISHERY CULTURAL NOTES.

MR. GALVIN FLETCHER, the newly-appointed Fish Commissioner of Indiana, has an appropriation of only \$1,000 to provide food for two million people. His term expires September 20, 1893.

The Richmond and Alleghany Railroad have decided to erect fifteen or more fishways over their dams on the James River, and they have adopted the McDonald plan of all of them. It may then be possible to have sand and other fishes again at the headwater of this river.

The New Jersey Commission are thinking of stocking the Passaic with black bass. They may do so this fall if the fry can be obtained, and the fish may be raised in a portion of the river which is not polluted by the drainage of Patterson and Newark, which contains much chemical matter in addition to ordinary sewage.

The United States Fish Commission set 400,000 quinnat salmon eggs to Germany by Steamship "Dona" on the 6th, and 100,000 to France by Steamship "Gauda" on the 12th. Of the former lot 250,000 were for President Von Behr, of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein and 50,000 for C. Basso, Goestomunde. Mr. A. Colombe, of Paris, received those for France. The eggs were sent by Mr. Livingston Stone from the U. S. Salmon Breeding Ranch on the McCloud River, California, to Mr. Fred Mather, of FOREST AND STREAM who repacked them in refrigerating boxes.

HOW DID THE FISH GET THERE?—Crockett, Tex., Oct. 9.—I was somewhat disappointed at not hearing some explanation in regard to the way the fish came in my pond. Now it is the same thing over. The time that I drained my pond it was perfectly dry for two or three weeks; then I stopped the flow and the water from the spring has been steadily accumulating since. I have not received any credit for my surprise and chagrin. I find that the pond is full of minnows from one-eighth to two inches long. I am fully convinced now that the eggs are either rained down or come from the spring water. I am convinced that one or the other is the case on account of the very small size of the fish. The water carp pond cannot be had in that part of the country.—R. C. S.

FISH COMMISSION REPORTS.—Two weeks ago we published a list of the reports of State Fish Commissions which were waiting from our files which were being prepared for binding. Since then we have received the first report of the State of New York, for the year 1890. Mr. S. B. Green is the author of the report, and for the same. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain back numbers and we appreciate the kindness. We will lack the following: Massachusetts—1st, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, Pennsylvania—1870 and all before; also 1872, '73, '76, '77 and '78. New Jersey—1st, 2d, 3d, 1876, and all since. We have reports of Virginia from 1875 to 1878, both inclusive, but none other. Any person having spare copies which they wish to put where they will do the most good, may send them to this office where they are needed for frequent reference.

FISH IN INDIANA—Lafayette, Oct. 10.—Yo have a chance now to stock our rivers with fish and keep the seines, and it is a stop in the right direction. There is a strong club being organized here to protect our fishing interests and stop all unlawful fishing. Our Fish Commissioner is the right man in the right place, and has a deep interest in that line of undertaking. If from now on we have no more of our unlawful fishing and no stock our streams without having them dragged with seines and dynamite, we might as well let all law aside and let people kill at their pleasure every fish that is to be found.—J. M. SARRIS.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.
October 10 to 15. National Fair Association Beach Show, Washington, D. C. H. H. Blackburn, Cor. Secretary.
September 27, 28, 29 and 30. at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries close September 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.
December 14, 15 and 16. at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close October 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Boxford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

October 23, 26, 27 and 29. at Massillon, Fayette Co., Pa. by Hunt from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Field Trials. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. R. Stanton, secretary.
November 1, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. G. W. Stanley, Secretary.
November 25, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1.
Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.
December 5, at Grand Rapids, Mich. National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On reading your issue of September 8 I was much struck by the very sensible letter on bull dogs, signed "Hemlock's Hero." I've owned as many bull dogs as any man, and have as many prizes as any man, and I can assure you that I am not a bit contrary, they were affectionate dogs—400 much so, in fact—for a bull dog, unless teased, will to a certain extent fraternize with any body. Many accuse them of stupidity. I deny that they are at all wanting in sagacity; on the contrary they can keep their end up, will do anything you wish them to do, and will stand up for you as bravely as any dog. I have had a bull dog who has been handicapped in the battle of life. Look at the class of men with whom he is generally associated, and a moment's reflection will cause his direct enemy to confess that it is wonderful that the bull dog has any instinct left after so many generations of his creature have been treated and confined as his have been. Sportsmen shrink from breeding from unbroken parents in the case of field dogs, because they say the progeny are less steady—not that they have less brains in their heads, but that they are less able to hold their own. The creature has had of proving himself superior to any other breed in intellect or whatever you like to call the faculty which dumb animals possess for showing their intelligence.

Another subject which interested me considerably was your showing up of a dog-dealer who was a variety of names. I don't know whether this is the same person who kindly referred an American gentleman to me as one who "would speak for him." I was horrified to receive a call from the purchaser, who told me that the show in London, he was to come to say he had a much better opinion of the dogs I sent out to him than he had, and that he would like to buy some more. I forgot. Eventually I satisfied my visitor that he had been hoaxed, and that I never sent a dog to the States in my life, nor did I intend doing so while connected with the press. In my experience, long as I have been connected with the press, I do not think it would be unfair for them to sell a least one dog and criticize his merits on the next. Added to which, dog-dealing and quill-driving don't mix at all.

Since my last letter two fair dog shows—Eastbourne and Dickenhead—have taken place. The latter contained nothing very much out of the ordinary run of dogs among those present, but Eastbourne was the first exhibition which I have visited where champions are barred from competition. The object of the promoters of this show is to show to the world that the dog is not a creature likely to receive if there was a probability of championship being. The result, however, in my opinion, is not encouraging, for it is not pleasant to see a lot of third-rate dogs figuring as winners of prizes when one knows their owners have better tackle at home, and would have brought out the best worth anything to do so. Granted that such regulations please the owners of indifferent types who wish to figure as possessors of first-prize winners, it is still worth while considering whether or not the breed of dogs is encouraged by first-rate specimens being kept out of competition. The quality of the dogs was nothing very high, and the exhibition received the full support of the Kennel Club and had a good prize list into the bargain.

Talking of the Kennel Club makes me think of the excitement which I alluded to in a former article, which was the result of their attack upon Darlington and other shows, who will not suffer the club to foist their rules upon them. Matters have not mended a bit since I last wrote, and there is to be a big show at Manchester next month, at which the Kennel Club rules will not be enforced. It may be mentioned that the Honorable Secretary of the Manchester fixture is a leading member of the Kennel Club, and others equally high in position in the club are judging. This all shows that they are not mainmains in their "fovoting" programme, and the question arises by whose authority was the expulsion of the Darlington and other resolute shows decreed? "This 'tis my city, 'tis 'tis true, but there has been a lot of a real importation into the case; and one distinguished member of the committee punished me by not speaking to me at a recent show, and he would have been just as well worth anything to do so. Granted that such regulations please the owners of indifferent types who wish to figure as possessors of first-prize winners, it is still worth while considering whether or not the breed of dogs is encouraged by first-rate specimens being kept out of competition. The quality of the dogs was nothing very high, and the exhibition received the full support of the Kennel Club and had a good prize list into the bargain.

well in the ground and won't give way, and, as they are well...

And now one word upon a very different subject—perhaps one...

LONDON, England, Sept. 20. VERO SHAW.

SOME SPRINGFIELD DOGS—Springfield, Mass., October 12.

Editor Forest and Stream: I am writing my weekly letter to...

This afternoon, under the patronage of Dr. Williams of this...

FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying a word on...

A CAUTION TO DOG BUYERS.—St. Louis, Oct. 11.—Editor...

In your issues of the 22d and 29th ult. I notice an advertisement...

THE ROCKAWAY HOUNDS MEET STAFF, Oct. 11, at M.,...

Half-Way House; Wednesday, Oct. 11, 4:30 p. m., Lawrence...

FOXHOUNDS AT GRAND JUNCTION.—Memphis, Oct. 7.—...

Editor Forest and Stream: Some gentlemen owning foxhounds...

Should this prove unsuccessful, then it will be after a drag...

WITCH.—New York, Oct. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: On...

LONT.—Mr. R. Lehman, of 81 Montrose ave., Brooklyn, lost his...

NATIONAL FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—Memphis, October 7.—...

COVERT.—Mr. M. S. Baker, Bucksport Me., wishes us to correct...

SCOTCH STAGHOUNDS.—The attention of admirers of Scotch...

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—We have received notice of the...

AN EXPENSIVE CANINE.—A story is told of an Iowa dog...

KENNEL NOTES.

Breeder and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda...

NAMES CLAIMED.

Chow Chow.—Claimed by the Mohawk Kennels, Chatham Ont., for...

WHELPS.

Any Robert.—Mr. Geo. E. Brown's (Dedham, Mass.) Gordon setter...

BRED.

Rally-Bugle.—Mr. Colin Cameron's (Brickerville, Pa.) boogie dog...

SOLD.

Spot.—Mr. Colin Cameron's (Brickerville, Pa.) sold to Mr. W. H....

SALES.

Spot.—Mr. Colin Cameron's (Brickerville, Pa.) sold to Mr. W. H....

Mock.—Mr. John McMullen, Painted Post, N. Y., has sold to Mr....

Barney.—Mr. John McMullen, Painted Post, N. Y., has sold to Mr....

Robert Ingersoll.—Mr. John McMullen, Painted Post, N. Y., has sold...

Don-Flora.—Benjie dog and bitch whelped July, 1881, by Victor...

Fanny-Beagle.—Beagle dog and bitch whelped July, 1881, by Victor...

PRESENTATIONS.

Well.—Mr. John McMullen, Painted Post, N. Y., has presented to Mr....

Agag.—Mr. H. L. Larkin, New York, has presented to Mr. Henry...

Countess Lelzellan.—Lemon Belton Lewis (Clinton City) bitch by Mr....

Bite and Trap Shooting.

THE TRAP.

ESSEX vs. JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.

Well, the battle has been fought, and right valiant was the com...

The arrangements under the management of the Essex committee...

C. C. H.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes W Hughes, C. C. H., etc.

Second Squad.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes J Baker, Demarest, etc.

Third Squad.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Jersey, J Tooley, etc.

Fourth Squad.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Collins, Leroy, etc.

Fifth Squad.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Outwater, etc.

Total.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes Total, etc.

On the trap and handle match for \$300, 50 birds each, has...

SOME OLD TIME PIGEON SCORES.

Mr. William King is now contributing to the FOREST AND...

Who has made the greatest shooting, or scores from the trap, at...

arrival in the United States, best shot that he would break to press 95...

- 1. King v. Wells... 2. King v. Cornell... 3. King v. Cornell... 4. King v. Cornell... 5. King v. Cornell...

6. King v. Tabam... 7. King v. Tabam... 8. King v. Tabam...

9. King v. Tabam... 10. King v. Tabam... 11. King v. Tabam...

12. King v. Tabam... 13. King v. Tabam... 14. King v. Tabam...

15. King v. Tabam... 16. King v. Tabam... 17. King v. Tabam...

18. King v. Tabam... 19. King v. Tabam... 20. King v. Tabam...

21. King v. Tabam... 22. King v. Tabam... 23. King v. Tabam...

24. King v. Tabam... 25. King v. Tabam... 26. King v. Tabam...

27. King v. Tabam... 28. King v. Tabam... 29. King v. Tabam...

30. King v. Tabam... 31. King v. Tabam... 32. King v. Tabam...

33. King v. Tabam... 34. King v. Tabam... 35. King v. Tabam...

36. King v. Tabam... 37. King v. Tabam... 38. King v. Tabam...

39. King v. Tabam... 40. King v. Tabam... 41. King v. Tabam...

42. King v. Tabam... 43. King v. Tabam... 44. King v. Tabam...

45. King v. Tabam... 46. King v. Tabam... 47. King v. Tabam...

48. King v. Tabam... 49. King v. Tabam... 50. King v. Tabam...

51. King v. Tabam... 52. King v. Tabam... 53. King v. Tabam...

54. King v. Tabam... 55. King v. Tabam... 56. King v. Tabam...

57. King v. Tabam... 58. King v. Tabam... 59. King v. Tabam...

60. King v. Tabam... 61. King v. Tabam... 62. King v. Tabam...

63. King v. Tabam... 64. King v. Tabam... 65. King v. Tabam...

66. King v. Tabam... 67. King v. Tabam... 68. King v. Tabam...

69. King v. Tabam... 70. King v. Tabam... 71. King v. Tabam...

72. King v. Tabam... 73. King v. Tabam... 74. King v. Tabam...

75. King v. Tabam... 76. King v. Tabam... 77. King v. Tabam...

78. King v. Tabam... 79. King v. Tabam... 80. King v. Tabam...

81. King v. Tabam... 82. King v. Tabam... 83. King v. Tabam...

84. King v. Tabam... 85. King v. Tabam... 86. King v. Tabam...

The wind was steady and blowing two points on the gauges from...

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—Walnut Hill had a rare old time to-day, and...

and almost everything about the range was hit by the flying bullets...

of the contestants, and the remainder followed an hour later, so that...

the shooting. The 11 o'clock train from Boston carried out the majority...

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the shooting. The 11 o'clock train from Boston carried out the majority...

possible 100 the leading scores were: F. Miller, 85; T. J. Dolan, 86...

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—The meet at Walnut Hill to-day was stilly at-

tended. The wind proved troublesome, being puffly from west to

southwest. The best record was made by...

of the contestants, and the remainder followed an hour later, so that...

the shooting. The 11 o'clock train from Boston carried out the majority...

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the shooting. The 11 o'clock train from Boston carried out the majority...

of the contestants, and the remainder followed an hour later, so that...

RECAPITULATION.

- King v. Wells... King v. Wells... King v. Wells... King v. Wells...

CLAY PIGEONS AT BOSTON.

The clay pigeon trap was used at Walnut Hill last week for the first time. There was a good attendance...

WELLINGTON, Oct. 7.—

There was a large attendance at the Range Club on Tuesday, to-day, notwithstanding the many...

LIBERTY, Va.—

Practice shoot at clay pigeons, Oct. 7, of the Bedford Hunting and Fishing Club.

A FINE SCORE.—

New York, Sept. 19.—The Workington's Gun Club had another meeting at their grounds near Fort Lee.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

The BEST LONG-RANGE RECORD.—When on Sept. 15, 1880, Mr. W. Gerrish scored 24 in the pocket at 200 yards.

CRENSHAW, Oct. 8.—

An interesting long range match was shot to-day at Crenshaw.

GAUDNER, Mass. Oct. 7.—

Some of the local shots went out to Hallowell, Mass., for a good record.

HERALD TEAM.

- S. J. Byrne... H. Morgan... C. B. Danforth... Thomas F. Keenan...

INDIVIDUAL MATCH, TROUSERS, 1 POINT TO MILITARY RIFES.

- A. P. Kelly... S. J. Byrne... J. Smith... E. J. Collins...

THE BOSTON GALLERIES.—

The October matches at the Magnolia Galleries have opened far above the management's expectations.

ALL-COMERS RIFLE MATCH.

R. Schaefer... 47 45 48-134

AMATEUR RIFLE MATCH.

G. W. Young... 41 42 45-128

THREE MATCHES WILL BE IN PROGRESS DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

No. 1 will be the all-comers' rifle match. No. 2 will be the all-comers' pistol match.

CONDITIONS IN ALL MATCHES:—

Any .22 calibre rifle, 6-pound pistol, position, off-hand; rounds 10, a possible 90; five scores to win, or a possible 81.

CONDITIONS IN PISTOL MATCH:—

Any .22 calibre pistol, regulation barrel; rounds 8, a possible 80; three scores to win, or a possible 63.

CRENSHAW, Oct. 8.—

An interesting long range match was shot to-day at Crenshaw.

GAUDNER, Mass. Oct. 7.—

Some of the local shots went out to Hallowell, Mass., for a good record.

SHARPSHOOTS MATCH.

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

HANDICAP MATCH.

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

WAKEFIELD TEAM.

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

BRISTON SCHULETZER CORPS.—

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

Worcester Sportsman's Club.

The Worcester Sportsman's Club started out two weeks ago for a good season.

BRISTON RANGE, Thursday, Oct. 6.—

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

RENSSELAER FALL MEETING.

The fourth fall meeting of the Third Division Rifle Association was commenced Wednesday morning.

ALBANY, October 7.

The meeting was commenced Wednesday morning, at Rensselaer Falls. So far the association has been fortunate in their arrangements.

Directors' Match.—

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

Short-range Military Match.—

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

Champion Military Match.—

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

Short-range Team Match.—

Table with 11 columns (names) and 11 rows of scores.

A TRAVELER in Texas writes to a Peeps paper:—"On the road from Stockton to Pinar there is not a tree in sight of the road—not one. A blanket thrown over a Spanish dagger affords the best shade to be found in that locality, though it is asserted that there is fine timber in the mountains, such as cedar, short leaf or spruce pine, live oak and some cottonwood. The springs are clear, sparkling and cold; the lakes on the stream are deep and everlasting water. The range cannot be exceeded in any country. There is very little stock in that country as yet. The Southern Pacific Railroad runs, or will run, through the place. Land is cheap."

The stings of bees, wasps, yellow-jackets, hornets etc., are not only painful but with some persons may be dangerous. If you can see the sting extract it with tweezers or by pressing a watch key over it. Apply soda, hartshorn, sweet oil, whisky or cologne. If there is depression give stimulants.



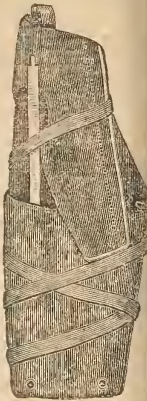
PATENT FOLDING
**CANVAS
FISH BASKET.**

EACH: \$1 75, \$2 00 \$2 50.
SIZE: A, B, C.
CAPACITY, 9, 12, 20 lbs.

PRICE INCLUDING STRAP.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS
IN FISHING TACKLE.

DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY.
Orders received from persons residing in cities in which dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEY & IMBRIE,
NEW YORK.



BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.
VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory. It prevents debility and consumption. It strengthens the brain, gives good sleep, and recuperates after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 500,000 packages.

For sale by druggists or mail \$1. **F. CROSBY, 664 and 668 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, &c., &c. SAMPLES AND CIRCULARS MAILED FREE
KEEP MANUFACTURING CO.,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

**HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.**



Write for circular to
UPTHEGROVE & MCLELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.

VINCENT BISSIC,
Practical Gunsmith

9 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

New and Second-Hand Guns, Pistols etc. constantly on hand. Repairing of every description done in the best manner and warranted. Guns bored to shoot close and hard. Pistol grips fitted to stocks. Fine trees selected to order.

SHIRLS LOADED TO ORDER.

Water! Water! Water!

Dwellings, Factories or Towns supplied with water by Pipe Wells or Deep Rock Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry made to produce.
MANHATTAN ARTESIAN WELL CO.,
240 Broadway.

FOR CHARTER—A first-class gunning outfit, complete, for charter by day, week, or season. Apply to **MATHEW REYNOLDS,** Havre de Grace, Md. Oct13,4t

For Sale.

COUNTRY PLACE FOR SALE—Main house, 40 by 18; extension, 36 by 16; hardwood finish; marble mantels; hot and cold water; stable, hen-henry, etc.; two acres land, fruit and shade trees. Price \$6,500; cost \$11,000; \$1,500 cash. For sale, six acres near two railroads, Closter, N. J. For sale, 2 acres on West side of the Palisades, Pennsylvania. Money loaned to build. Apply to E. R. WILBUR, 10 Fulton street, N. Y., between 10 and 12 A. M. Aug25,4t

FOR SALE, a shattuck 10-bore, 9 lbs., single H. L. made to order; has fine Damascus barrels, checked fore end (not on trade gun); all the working parts have been newly finished and fitted, viz: triggers, cock springs, guard and pin. Makes fine target. Also 9 shells and loader. Price \$25. Never been used only at target. Address J. F. RONAN, Box 54, Roxbury station, Boston, Mass. Sept22,4t

FOR SALE—W. & G. Scott & Son Breech-Loading Hammerless Gun game quality as Bogardus uses; 16 Damascus steel barrels, 30 inch long, 10 bore, takes 2 1/2 in. shells, 5 1/4-inch ribs, weight, pistol grip, pat. fore-end, horn butt plate, patent crystal indicator, pat. block safety, top automatic bolt, top lever, double bolt, extension rib, extra fine shutter, close and heavy, fine engraving; sold for no fault; will send C. O. D.; privilege of trial; gun cost \$225; price now \$150, with sole leather case holding 20 shells, and target loader, receipt and decapper, and 60 brass shells. Price of gun without implements, \$150. L. A. DAVENPORT, Davenport, N. Y. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, the following rifles will be sold at a low figure: Sharps Long Rifle, Sharps Mid-Range, Sharps Military, Sharps Hunting, Stevens Pocket Rifle. Address box 6183, Boston, Mass. Oct13,4t

The Kennel

Cameron Kennel.

Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes.
RALLY (Sam-Daly); stud fee, \$15.
ROCKET (Rally-Roy); stud fee, \$10.
COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.

GORDON KENNEL, Louisa Valley, Long Island. We have on sale young dogs and bitches of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel Club, now Willard's, Grouse, Munn's Duke, Goldsmith Kennel's Super, Stoddard's Duke, etc. Mr. Malcom's Mitecom, Col. Loo's Renee, Mr. Willard's Dream II. Were all bred at these kennels. Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brevort P. O., Brooklyn, New York. Oct13,4t

DRAGLE HOUNDS—Having sold my entire lot of several of beagles to Colin Cameron, of Brickerville, Pa., and knowing that he has also secured Gen. R. Rowett's entire kennel, I can recommend all my patrons, as well as all other parties in need of this very desirable dog, to apply to him for prices and descriptions, feeling assured that they will be sure to get the best of dogs when getting from this kennel.—W. D. HAYES. Oct13,4t

POINTERS, young dogs partially broken; just right to put on game; of Rush, Snapshot and Sensation strains; very handsome and promising. Also one brace of puppies. Address EDWIN O'GILLI, 1096 Dean street, Brooklyn. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, a handsome Irish red setter dog, 3 years old, well broke and a good retriever from land and water. Price \$35. Also a good Foxhound, 3 years old. Price \$15. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, Ky. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, red Irish setter dog, Victor, warranted first-class, both in breeding and the field. Also my Gordon bitches Mist and Zephyr. Address or apply to A. W. PEARSALL, Huntington, L. I. Oct13,4t

I AM GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER, and will take two or three setters or pointers to the country train. References given to W. G. PARKER, 249 Main St., Springfield, Mass. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, a very superior high bred setter, also an extra fine pointer, both thoroughly broken. Address HORACE SMITH, 33 Park Row, N. Y. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, fine red Irish Setter dog, 2 1/2 years old, broken on quail. Address A. G. SPENCER, West Rock, Conn. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, thoroughbred English Greyhound bitch, or will exchange for a fine bred Pointer. Address E. F. GOODING, Elgin, Ill. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, two good English mastiff pups, male and female, 10 months old; weight 105 lbs. each; are docile and fond of children. Address H. J. McNALLY, Stonington, Conn. Oct13,4t

GREYHOUND PUPS FOR SALE, three dogs and two bitch pups, out of my imported English greyhound bitch juv by my imported Lea. Pups whelped Aug. 13. Are mouse-colored and fine healthy animals. H. W. HUNTINGTON, Williamsburgh, L. I. Oct13,4t

FOXHOUND PUPPIES FOR SALE—Also a few foxhounds. Imported stock. Address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT, Montclair, N. J. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, three Gordon setter pups by Dr. Allen's Glen out of my Cyprie, she by Orgill's Rib and Nelly Horton; strong and perfect beauties. Address G. F. GILBERT-LEVEE, 632 Fulton street, Brooklyn, L. I. Oct13,4t

FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, H dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Oct13,4t

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.



OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END.
Ecol. 12-12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

FROM THE
Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to
JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT

WITH NOTES ON SHOOTING.
BY W. W. GREENER.

“Modern Breech-Loaders,” “Choke-Bore Guns,” Etc.
One Vol., Extra Fcap., 4to, 680 Pages, 800 Illustrations, Cloth, Gilt.
PRICE, \$7.50.

“The fullest description of fire-arms and matters pertaining to their use and manufacture which is accessible to the general sportsman.”—Col. Wingate, in the Critic.

“The book is well worth a most careful perusal, and we commend it to all interested in sporting guns or rifles.”—The Spirit of the Times.

SENT, PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.
CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.,
739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

ORDERS NOW PROMPTLY FILLED. GREATLY IMPROVED.
CAPACITY OF FACTORY GREATLY ENLARGED. NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.



THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.]
“... This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits.”

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivaled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.
FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. THREE KINGS. NEW VANITY FAIR.

Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING.
8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
Wm. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peppermint Tobacco Works, Rochester N. Y.

DUNN & WILBUR,
Commission Merchants,

—IN—
BUTTER, EGGS, Etc.
SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO POULTRY AND GAME.
We send sales and check for net amount immediately after sale. Stencils and Price Current furnished free on application. Your correspondence and shipment solicited.
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We will take a few setters and pointers to thoroughly break. Reference given; satisfaction guaranteed. Broken dogs for sale. H. CLAY SLOVER & C. GROVER, Fous River, N. J. Oct 6, 1881

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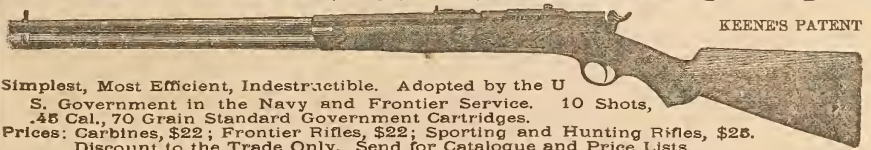
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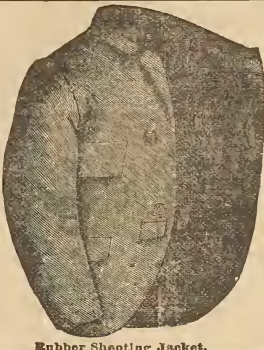
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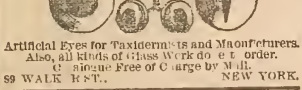


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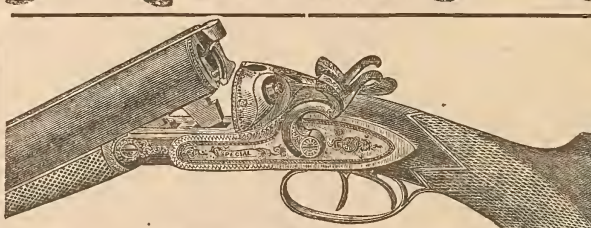
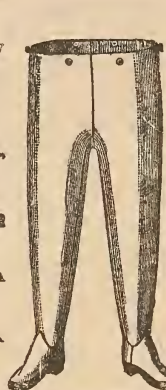
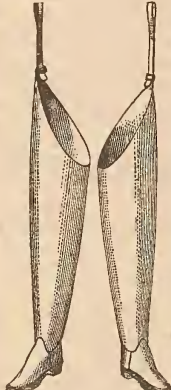
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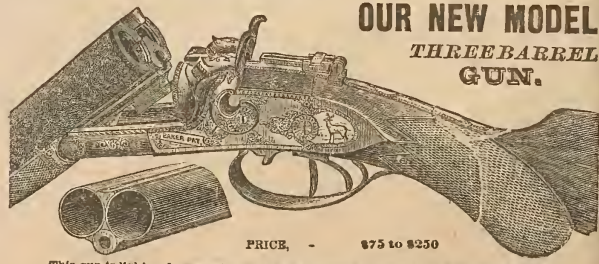


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ROD AND GUN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, October 20.

Specimen copies of the Forest and Stream will be sent free upon application.

AMONG THE VALUABLE BOOKS destroyed in a large fire in this city last week was a copy of Audubon's Ornithology, owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and valued at \$1,200.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.—Any one having live quail for sale, or in a position to secure a large lot of birds, will please communicate particulars to editor of this paper.

BACK FROM THE WEST.—Mr. John Davidson, of Monroe, Michigan, has just returned from a shooting trip in the Red River Valley in Minnesota where he had grand sport among the sharp-tailed grouse. He had with him a number of his well-known dogs which were Abess, Scottish Chief, Prince Charlie, Lauderdale and Champion Tramp.

THE PAST WEEK was signalized by a very interesting trial of speed at the grounds of the Gentleman's Driving Association, of New York, between St. Julien and Trinket. In the three heats trotted the horse won, but the speed shown by his competitor was such as to give the brightest promise, when we consider her youth, for her future on the track. The Gentleman's Driving Association numbers among its members many of our most respectable citizens, and its influence on trotting cannot fail to be of the greatest benefit. With such names as are found among the subscribers to this Association, it will take the same place in trotting matters as does the American Jockey Club in running racing.

CHANGE THE PROGRAMME.

THE annual meetings of some of the State game protective associations of this country are entirely taken up in the competitions to determine who can kill the greatest number of pigeons. The conventions are pigeon-killing tournaments, "Stat shoots." Nothing more.

The time has come for a change of programme. The interests of the associations, of the individual clubs which make up the associations, and of sportsmen in general, demand this.

A change of programme will bring to the associations the support of public opinion, which it is most desirable that they should have, but which they have estranged by the magnitude of their pigeon slaughters.

It will bring back into the active work of the associations many of the old members who have withdrawn from the annual convention since it was turned into a tournament.

It will add to the associations many sportsmen, not now members, who are in sympathy with the expressed aims for which the societies were formed, but not with the manner in which these purposes have been forgotten and are slighted. These men are ready, with their time, money, influence and personal effort, to join the associations whenever the latter by a change of programme invite such accessions of strength.

The change is due to the individual clubs which make up and support the State societies. These local clubs are each something more than pigeon-shooting clubs. Why should their true character not be recognized in the annual conventions?

This matter rests with the clubs; they can make the change if they see fit. Will they?

THE MIGRATIONS OF SHORE BIRDS.

SHORE BIRDS are a group which receive and deserve considerable notice at the hands of sportsmen. They are also extremely interesting to the ornithologist, by reason of their extended wanderings, the short period which they spend on their breeding grounds, and their varying course during the migration. The thoughtful and studious essay on the migration of the *Limicola*, printed in our Natural History volume, will be regarded by all ornithologists as an extremely valuable contribution to the literature of the migration of birds. The questions here discussed are those which have puzzled students in every country, and the flood of light thrown on the subject by Mr. Hapgood will be welcomed by all. To the careful thought and extended investigations, of which the present paper is the outcome, has been added the experience of a sportsman of many years standing. The combination is a happy one, and shooting and scientific men will highly appreciate the result.

HO! FOR FLORIDA!—Dr. Henshall informs us he is making up this party for cruising and camping in Florida this winter. He is going with Mr. Frank Strobar, who has a light-draft schooner, 34 feet long, and will visit all the inlets and rivers on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of Florida, beginning at Titusville, at the head of Indian River, on the east coast, and ending at Cedar Keys, on the west coast. The trip will consume three or four months. Mr. Strobar is an experienced sailor, hunter, etc., and his charges will be moderate—one hundred dollars per month. This includes everything. Dr. Henshall will be accompanied by his wife, and would like another gentleman and his wife to be of the party. Three or four more gentlemen are yet needed to make up the complement. Any one who wishes to go must apply immediately, with references if required, to Dr. J. A. Henshall, Cynthia, Ky. The health of the party will be looked after by the Doctor without charge.

STEAM STEERING GEAR.—The New York Herald, with characteristic enterprise, struck a new course in daily journalism, when it gave to the public something of practical value in the shape of a series of articles on steam steering gear, and capped the climax, last Wednesday, with a number of plans and elevations, which would have been a credit to any engineering journal.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, and not to individuals connected with the paper.

FIELD RIFLE PRACTICE.

THE Boer war, so short and decisive in its effects on British arms, is living on in the influence it is exerting upon rifle practice over the Scotch and English ranges. It has been discovered that an army composed of men, where every one in the ranks may be ornamented with a marksman's badge fairly won, may be defeated simply because they do not know how to shoot, or rather do not know how to apply the rigid class practice they have had at immovable targets over fixed and known distances to the rapid judgment and snap shooting of the skirmishers' line. It is not enough that men be able to do this or that amount of hitting under the conditions which usually hold on the rifle range. They must be able to determine distance and then guide their aiming accordingly, otherwise, pitted against a foe capable of so judging and aiming, they are practically helpless. Experiments upon our own ranges and recent imitations of the Creedmoor "Skirmishers' Match" on the Scottish ranges, show that the men are woefully deficient in this double practice. An average of one hit in ten shots at the figure of a man at indeterminate distances between 600 and 800 yards, was shown at the recent practice of a crack Scottish corps. Better results have been recorded on American ranges, yet the general marksman, who may do very fairly at known distances with a rifle properly sighted, is yet unable to cope with this more practical style of shooting.

To neglect the old formal class practice, however, simply because a lack is seen in another direction, would be a grievous error. Such class drill is the first requisite in a course of marksmanship. The men must receive a certain amount of theoretical instruction, and then, with the element of distance fixed, learn to cope with the various details of accurate hitting. The men become thus familiar with their arms, but to make the drill of troops in rifle shooting begin and end with class practice, would be to make them little better than raw recruits in the face of an enemy, drilled in fixing of distance as well as shooting over it when fixed. To be sure it would appear that this judging-distance drill was more important in the case of regular troops, liable to be called into miscellaneous field work, than in the ranks of the militia, where the main duty will in all probability consist in close-point-blank work in streets. Yet the perfect rifleman is he who can make the utmost of his weapon. To do this he must have this elementary practice well looked after. To attempt general and miscellaneous snap shooting before correct habits of holding and recording have been formed is worse than useless. Officers and men need constant and persistent instruction in this direction. It may not be the part of an officer to handle the rifle on service, but it is his duty to superintend, to instruct, to guide, and direct his men to attain the best results, and to care for them and their work in every respect. The *onus* of theoretical and technical knowledge of arms and their use is placed on the officers. Special marksmen will always exist, because of the special physical and mental conditions which make some men, in spite of themselves, shoot better than others, but there is no reason why the poorest member of a regiment, fit to serve, should not be able to shoot his rifle respectably, and this would point to the most earnest attention being paid to the old and recognized systems of drill on the range, while at the same time keeping an eye out to the necessity of the cultivation of a force of field riflemen whose quick eye, steady nerves and intuitive judgment, as to atmosphere and distance, wind and light, would render untenable any corner in which an enemy might be concealed.

MADGE.—The cutter has again given proof of her superior speed and excellence as a seaboat, this time pitted against the Shadow, a craft acknowledged to be without a peer in America. The first race was nominally lost, but owing only to a fluke of the most palpable sort. When the sloop and cutter had an even wind the cutter went to the fore every time. The second race was as fair a test as could possibly be wished, and the little cutter, sailing, against a sloop one quarter as large again, added still another win to her splendid record by scoring by more than twelve minutes over a thirty mile triangular course, thus proving again the superiority of fine form, large displacement and the cutter rig. Our reports of these races in the East will be found elsewhere, and are the most complete and reliable published.

BY-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SIXTH PAPER.

THE sail from New Westminster to Victoria is very beautiful. We hurry down the Fraser between the high walls of evergreens, with their background of gray mountains in the distances, and are soon upon the broad waters of the Gulf of Georgia. In whatever direction the eye is turned, it sees mountains backed by mountains. To the north are those of the mainland, the nearest ones comparatively low, while those beyond rise higher and higher, the most distant being crowned with snow; to the west is a stretch of timbered country, level at first, and then becoming more broken, ending at last in a wall of granite, with Mount Baker, the prominent feature of the landscape, reaching its sharp cone toward heaven. To the south lie the blue waters of the gulf, dancing and sparkling in the clear sunlight, with the myriad islands which dot its surface and give to the scene a wonderful variety, while beyond is the main shore of the United States with its ranges of snow-clad mountains, above and beyond which one may sometimes catch a glimpse of majestic Rainier. The high ranges of Vancouver Island are visible to the eastward, and on these, too, are white patches which shine in the sun.

We hurry along toward the island, noticing the distinctness with which the line is drawn between the muddy current of the Fraser and the clear waters of the Gulf. Something similar one sees at the meeting of the Missouri and the Mississippi, but it reminds one still more of the union of the Rhone and the Arve, where the waters of the one are blue and of the other muddy, as here. Two or three hours steaming bring us to the point whence we plunge in among the islands. The channel is a difficult one, owing chiefly to the furious tides which are constantly rushing backward and forward through the narrow passages. At times the vessel stands quite still, and all the pulsations of her powerful engines, all the splashings of her great wheel seems to add nothing against the rush of waters which swirl and eddy about her. Now she gains a little and moves very slowly onward, and then, caught by a favoring eddy, gives a bound like a frightened horse, and rushes forward only to be checked again by the almost resistless water. At certain points, two tides coming from different directions meet in the narrow passage and here the waters, piled up and foaming, boil and toss, as though mad with passion, they would overwhelm the rocky walls which confine them. Little chance would any vessel, however staunch, have in these whirlpools at certain stages of the tide, and indeed it is said that the last time the steamer Victoria—a vessel of two or three thousand tons burden—went through Plummer's Pass, she was whirled around like a top, and finally came out of the passage stern foremost.

The sail is a succession of surprises. You enter a passage a quarter of a mile wide and follow it through all its twistings and turnings, expecting as you make each change of direction to see the open water before you, and each time being disappointed. At last you come to what appears to be the end of the channel—a veritable *cul de sac*; the steamer's nose runs straight toward a vertical wall of rock, two hundred feet in height, and it seems as if the next moment she must crash into it, when, suddenly she sheers to the right, passes around a rocky promontory into another, and hitherto unnoticed channel, and in a moment glides smoothly out into the open water, and toward another group of islands. As we twist and turn through the labyrinth, we pass many camps of Indians, and see their owners fishing in the eddies, their canoes anchored behind low points of rock. They are taking the herrings, considerable schools of which lie in the comparatively quiet water in such places. The tackle employed would puzzle the average fly-fisher. A slender pole, from twelve to fifteen feet long, oval in cross section, being about one inch in diameter from side to side, and two inches from before backward, is studded along its edge, with a row of sharp nails about an inch long and two inches apart. The unarmed portion of the pole is held in the hands, and the Indian, sitting in his canoe, sweeps it vertically through the water, with exactly the same motion that he uses in paddling. The herrings are impaled upon the points, and the stroke is continued until the lower extremity of the pole is clear of the water. The instrument is then brought in board, and a tap on the side of the canoe loosens the fishes, which drop to the bottom of the craft. Every sweep brings up from two to half a dozen of the silvery fish, and as the Indian makes from twenty to thirty-five strokes a minute, it will be seen that, under ordinary circumstances, no very long time elapses before he has a bushel or two of herrings. The hoolichans, a very delicious little fish, somewhat smaller than the herring, and only found during the month of May in these waters, are taken by the same method, and in enormous quantities. When fresh this fish is said to be superlatively delicate eating, and I can testify to its excellence when smoked or salted. Besides their value as a food product the hoolichans furnish a most excellent oil, and of late years a very considerable trade has sprung up in this commodity, and factories for expressing it have been established at several points in the Province. The only bar to the success of this new industry is the short duration of the run, which lasts only ten days or two weeks. The fish are so fat that it is said that when dried they will, if lighted at one end, burn like a candle, and from this fact they are

often called candle fish. There is no doubt that, if prepared like sardines, the hoolichans would find a ready market.

The run from New Westminster to Victoria occupies but six or seven hours, and about 3 o'clock I found myself once more at the Driford House. As I had reached here just too late to catch the regular Alaska steamer, I was anxious to charter some small steam vessel on which to make the north trip. Several days were occupied in searching the wharves of the town and in telegraphing to other places to try and secure what was wanted, but all my efforts were unavailing. There were three or four small launches which exactly suited me, but in every case I found that they had been engaged for the fishing on the Fraser. The salmon commence to run about the 15th or 20th of July, and the run usually lasts a month or six weeks. Every four years, the fishermen say, there is a very heavy run, the next year thereafter a good run, the next it is poor and the fourth almost a total failure. This year the big run was expected, and all the canneries were making great preparations for the fishing. Every available boat and man had been engaged. The Indians, who ordinarily are paid a dollar a day, got this year two dollars, and even at this price could not be had in numbers sufficient to supply the demand. A steamer was not to be had for love or money, and it was evident that the hope of reaching Alaska must for the present be abandoned.

The next best thing was to take a canoe and proceed by that slow means of conveyance as far north as the time at our disposal would admit. Mr. H. had kindly given me a note to Mr. T., one of the Government officials, and through the kind offices of this gentleman, whose long residence in the Province and thorough acquaintance with the inhabitants and their mode of life enabled him to understand precisely what was needed, our canoe trip was made a success. Through his influence the Sergeant was given a month's leave of absence, and was allowed to go with us as interpreter, and, in one sense, manager of the expedition, and certainly no set of men ever fell more emphatically on their legs than did our little party when it was decided that the Sergeant should accompany us. He has lived long in the Province, knows the Indians thoroughly, speaks Chinook and several of the native dialects, is a man of retiring energy, always willing to do his share and more than his share of the work, good natured under the most adverse circumstances, and with no small fund of anecdote and humor—what a keen sportsman and a close observer of nature. He is one of the very best fellows with whom I have ever been in the field, and by the time that our trip was ended, had so endeared himself to each one of us that to part with him was a real pain.

By this time my two friends had reached Victoria from San Francisco, and our party was made up. For some little time after reaching Vancouver the Professor and the Admiral could think and talk of nothing but the woes that they had endured on their passage from San Francisco to Portland. I do not exactly remember whether it was eleven or fifteen steamers that they had "sunk, burned and destroyed" by the very simple, but, as it appeared, effective, method of taking passage on them for Victoria, but the number was large. When at last they did succeed in safely passing the Golden Gate, their sufferings had only commenced. To judge from the graphic narrative of the Admiral, that nautical hero's agonies during his voyage of four days resembled nothing so much as the sufferings on board a slave ship in the middle passage, or an old-time emigrant vessel, when the terrible ships fever had laid its blighting hand upon the passengers. The curses which were showered upon the Geo. W. Elder by my ordinarily mild-mannered and temperate friends quite made my hair stand on end.

By the Sergeant's advice we determined to take our canoe from Nanaimo, distant from Victoria about seventy miles. It was thought best, however, to procure all the necessities for the trip at Victoria, and a day or two was employed in getting together mess kit, blankets and other essentials. We also decided to take with us another white man, and engaged Arizona Charley, a Virginian, whose wanderings, after including almost the whole United States, had at last led him to Victoria. A most excellent man he proved himself, faithful, willing and good-humored. The Indians who were to constitute our crew, and on whom we fondly relied for the locomotive force of the canoe, we expected to hire at Nanaimo.

To one who has been accustomed only to the Indians of the Western plains and the mountains, the aborigines of the northwest coast are a surprise. In the vicinity of the settlements a blanket Indian is never seen, all of them wearing white man's clothing, including shoes and hats or caps. Very many of them work regularly, and lay up money, and for certain kinds of labor they are admirably adapted. They make good dock hands, longshoremen and fishermen, and are largely employed in the lumber mills and canneries. They are very strong, and are able to carry loads that a white man could by no means stagger under. They are almost brought up in canoes, and as all their journeys are performed in this manner, they are most expert boatmen. I have seen little children not more than three or four years old wielding a tiny paddle for hours at a time, and can well understand how it is that the adults can undergo so much work of this kind without manifesting the slightest fatigue.

In British Columbia an Indian is called a Siwash. This is a Chinook word which is evidently a corruption of the French *sauvage*, and the term Indian is rarely, if ever, employed.

The Siwashes of the coast are essentially a race of fishermen. Their main dependence is the salmon, of which enormous numbers are caught, and not only eaten fresh, but also dried for winter consumption. They do some hunting, and kill not a few deer and mountain goats, but they rely chiefly for food on the salt water fish. During the months of June and July, before the salmon have begun to run up the rivers, they catch them in the salt water with the trolling spoon in considerable numbers, but it is not until the fish reach the fresh water that they are taken in sufficient abundance to make it worth while to dry them for their winter provisions. The natives do considerable trading with the whites, and oil is one of the main articles of trade. The dogfish, a small shark, abounds in these waters, and is taken with the hook and line in great quantities. The liver is the only part used, and the worthless carcasses of the fish are left to rot on the shore, and furnish food for the ravens and crows. Porpoise oil is also a staple article of trade. The Indians are very expert at basket weaving, and some of their work of this kind is wonderfully well done. I have seen baskets that were perfectly water-tight, and in which one could easily boil meat or fish. They also make mats, both of reeds and of the bark of the cedar, which are both useful and ornamental. These are admirable to sleep on, and keep off the wet as well as a rubber blanket. From the bark of the cedar too they make ropes and lines which are strong and durable. The dwellings of the Siwashes are utterly unlike those of the Indians of the interior. They are, in fact, houses made of boards split from the cedar, and though not very tight, are sufficiently so to keep out the water, and to form a good protection against cold and snow. They are without floors, and the fire is built on the ground in the middle of the room, the smoke escaping through the crevices in the roof. In the villages of the Northern Indians one may see before each dwelling a long pole, set in the ground and most elaborately carved through its whole length. These poles, which are sometimes eighty feet in height, are, in fact, a sort of family tree, and the images carved upon them denote the ancestry of the owner of the house before which they stand. The carvings usually represent animals of one kind or another, somewhat grotesque to be sure, but still admirably carved. A bear will perhaps be the lowest figure on the pole, and on its head will be seated a man; above this figure a crow, then a fish, another man, a seal, a wolf, and so on, the figures being sometimes repeated, to the top of the pole. All these tribes are remarkable for their skill in carving. The prows of their canoes are often very highly ornamented, as are many of their utensils. They display great ingenuity in fashioning curious masks and rattles for their medicine dances, and many of their carvings in a black slate which they make use of for this purpose are wonderfully well done. I was shown a model of a large house, which was certainly one of the most elaborate and highly-finished pieces of workmanship that I have ever seen. Two large platters in the possession of a friend at Victoria were exquisitely ornamented in *alto rilievo*, and were also inlaid with small pieces of carved ivory. Any design which pleases them they will copy with the utmost fidelity, and bracelets hammered out from a silver dollar and ornamented with a spread eagle or some other design furnished by a white man are frequently seen.

Scattered along the coast are a very considerable number of small tribes, some of them consisting of not more than half a dozen families. Each of these tribes has a language of its own, and this language is often not understood by any of its neighbors. The Chinook jargon is the common tongue by which the Indians of one tribe hold communication with all other Indians and with the whites. This jargon is extremely limited as to its vocabulary, and has absolutely no grammar. There is no passive voice, no declension of nouns, no inflection of verbs. Drawn from the English, the French and a dozen Indian tongues, it serves, however, as a medium of communication between the whites and the aborigines.

I have said that the Siwashes are admirable canoeists, and must conclude this letter with a word or two about their vessels. They are of various sizes, varying in length from eight to eighty feet, and each one is made from a single piece of timber. The largest one of which I have heard is at the Bella Bella village. It is eighty feet in length, and is so deep that a man standing upright in it cannot be seen by one standing on the ground by its side. The canoes are roughly shaped and then hollowed out by fire. Then, by means of a piece of steel attached to a wooden handle, they chip the wood off in little flakes and reduce it to a proper thickness—about an inch or an inch and a half for a vessel thirty feet in length. They have no models and the eye is their only guide in shaping the canoes, but the lines are as invariably correct, and as graceful as could be made by the most expert boat-builder. There are two different types of canoes, the Chinook, which has a square stern and is approximately flat on the bottom, and the Northern, which is rounded-bottomed and has an overhanging stern. The former are the most steady in a seaway, and somewhat the most roomy, but on the other hand are much less fast than the Northern canoes, but both are perfectly safe. After being shaped, the gunwales of the canoe are slightly sprung apart, so as to give some flare to the sides, and are held thus in position by narrow pieces of timber, stretching across and sewed to them with cedar withes. The canoes are always made from the cedar, the superb *Thuja gigantea* of Nuttall, the wood of

which is light, easily worked and remarkably durable. The tree very closely resembles the common arbutus, so generally used for hedges here in the East, but in British Columbia it grows sometimes to a height of 300 feet, and often attains a diameter of seven or eight feet. I measured one stump that was eleven feet through eight feet from the ground. As instancing its durability I may say that I saw (we fallen log in the woods which was "straddled" by a Douglas fir two and one-half feet in diameter, and which was, to all appearance, as sound as if it had not been lying there a year. The stump of the fir rested on the log, and its roots stretched down on either side four or five feet before they reached the ground. The cedar log was covered with moss, and had lost most of its limbs, but on scraping away the green drapery and sounding and cutting into it, I could not discern that it was in the slightest degree decayed. It can readily be imagined, therefore, that such a wood supplies the best possible material for canoes built in this way. It has only one objection, and this is the case with which it can be split, and great care has to be taken to keep the vessels from receiving any knocks or rough usage. They are never allowed to remain on the beach within reach of the waves, but are always hauled up far beyond high water mark. I have known of a case where a canoe, not drawn far enough from the water, was found in the morning split from end to end. It is a work of no small magnitude to repair a craft in that condition, and too much care cannot be exercised in guarding the vessel from any rough usage. The canoes might be made much stronger if the Sitwahs would only put knees or braces of some kind in them, but this they never seem to do, although they are often seen in canoes owned by white men. The paddles are made of a species of maple, and are usually about four feet long, with a cross piece for handle, and a blade about four inches wide, terminating in a sharp point. They are light and easily wielded, but strong. The prows and sterns of the canoes are often carved and painted in red and white. Sometimes the larger canoes are rigged with one or more pairs of rowlocks on either side, and long cars of native manufacture are used, which, it must be acknowledged, help the vessel through the water much faster than the same number of paddles would. There is almost always a check in the bottom, well forward, to which a mast steps, by a tenon, leading up through one of the braces. The canvas is a lug spritsail, and of course can only be used when the wind is fair, or at most on the beam.

Camp on Bute Inlet. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ATLANTIC COAST SHOOTING GROUNDS.

KITTY HAWK BAY, N. C.

I HAVE lived during the entire summer on the North Carolina coast, and have become very familiar with the country and people from Whale's Head Light down to Cape Hatteras. I have spent most of my time on the ocean beach, with the exception of an occasional visit into the country along the various towns on the rivers emptying into the Albemarle, Pamlico and Currituck Sounds.

The elements are continually reshaping the coast—immense white sand hills that lie against the horizon like banks of snow are continually moving southwest from the ocean toward the sounds. The Kill Devil Hills, near Kitty Hawk, were until recently the highest of these, but now the Owen Hill, near Nag's Head, rears its white crest 100 feet above the ponds of fresh water that lie at its base. These ponds are clear lakes of dark, pure and lippid water, and lie between the sounds and the ocean. There are some twenty of these between Kitty Hawk and Nag's Head, some of them thirty to forty acres in extent, and full of black bass, elv and perch, some of the latter I have caught being twelve inches long and very sweet. The ponds are much frequented by visitors to Nag's Head during the summer, the woods near them affording good shade and pleasant drives. There are continually being brand new ponds that resort here for water. In dry times, and when dyes and mosquitoes are troublesome, they wade out until only their heads show above the water.

The ponies are lively little fellows, and scamper over the hills and along the beach at low tide at a lively rate, and are much better adapted for beach drawing than heavy up-country horses. A good pair of ponies can be bought for about \$125. They are easily kept and live to an old age. Once a year they are castrated and branded. The balance of the time they range as will from Cape Hatteras to Cape Hatteras. When away from the fresh ponds and they want water they dig wells with their fore feet near the sound and find good water eighteen inches below the surface. When the chill blasts of winter are too severe, they go to the woods about Kitty Hawk or find shelter under the lee of the sand hills.

Recently I visited Bodie's Island Light House to shoot beach birds and to fish for blue fish, which are found in great abundance about Oregon Inlet and in the sound in front of the light house. I went up into the light house after a toilsome climb up the 225 steps, and after an inspection of the apparatus at the top of the tower, I sat for two hours on the iron piazza outside and enjoyed the extended view afforded by my airy perch. I could see with a marine glass over twenty miles in every direction. In the east is the dark blue sea, with its billows rolling grandly towards the white pebbly shore, with all kinds of sail on their way north and south, on the west Pamlico Sound and Croton Sounds, Kasaan Island, Duck Island, Off Island, and the cluster of smaller islands near the inlet; north and south stretched the narrow strip of sand between the sounds and sea, with herds of cattle, ponies and sheep grazing on the green places. Curlew, brown banks, willet, sea chickens and gulls in countless numbers wheeled and dove below me, and the tide surged and ebbed the Oregon Inlet almost under my feet.

This is one of the best light houses on the coast. The lighting apparatus was made in France. The tower is built of brick and has a spiral staircase that starts from the ground without trembling, and yet so powerful is the wind at times that it sways and rocks in a manner trying to weak nerves.

In the winter millions of brant, swan, geese, duck and other fowl pass here in flight to their feeding grounds, and many of them are killed by striking against the glass that protects the light. Last year it was found necessary to put a frame work of iron in front of the glass to keep it from being broken by the heavy geese striking it. Several hundreds of fowl have been gathered from the platform some of which were killed during the night by flying against the frame that protects the light.

Oregon Inlet is gradually opening wider and deeper, and there is now five and a half feet of water on the inner bar, and ten feet at ebb tide. It is a mistake to say that Oregon Inlet is a great place for sportsmen, and there is good sport for rod and gun all the year. Spanish mackerel, sea bass, trout, drum, mullet, shad, blue fish, spots, croakers, diamond-back terrapin, sea turtle, chicken turtle, rock bass, all have their seasons, while the waters abound in oysters, clams and crabs.

In the fall and winter wild fowl frequent the islands near the inlet, and in the summer all kinds of beach birds are very abundant. It is said that snipe do not breed as far south as this, but I think it is a mistake. I have seen large numbers of young snipe on the marshes, and have found two nests that contained regular snipe eggs.

Near New Inlet are the feeding grounds of the black and white brant. These fowl are destined to be very popular when known among epicures. They are very large, nearly twice the size of a canvas back, and many consider them fully as delicate in flavor. They will be shipped in considerable quantity this winter no doubt, as they can be sent via the Elizabeth City & Norfolk Railroad so as to reach markets in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York within twenty-four hours after they are killed. They "place" from Duck Island to Hatteras; are very plenty fronting the Jesse Etheridge tract, and about New Inlet and about Douglas Island, Pea Island, Jurymen Island and other islands along the coast and in Pamlico Sound. There are also great numbers of them about Gar Island, where there is a small club established called the Gar Island Club. This club, and the Kitty Hawk Bay Club, are the only clubs in Dare county, and are about the best shooting grounds in the county. The latter club is a monster affair, and they have bought every island, shoal and beach and woodland of any value for fowl, bird and deer shooting, not already owned by the Currituck county clubs, from Whale's Head down to Gar Island, except the property owned by the Nyses at Van Slyke's landing. They control some 300 miles of water front and probably over 200,000 acres of land and island. They have shooting for a very large number of sportsmen and their fishing rights are also valuable.

Very few persons who have not visited this country have any idea of the extent of fresh water navigation within the boundaries of Eastern North Carolina. The sand ridge dividing the sounds and the ocean is from 100 yards to three miles wide. This is low, but mostly dry, and just above high water. It is firm and solid. The Ocean beach is the finest for bathing I have ever seen—the slope is long, shallow and even, floored with a fine soft sand that feels like velvet under the feet.

The waves come up the gradual incline which makes the bottom reach the land with gradually diminished force, and I have during the past summer been out 200 yards from shore with delicate ladies, and the rollers came over them without violence or danger. The Gulf Stream approaches the shore nearer along this coast than anywhere else and the water is warmer. The sounds contain a greater amount of fresh water than any other area on the Atlantic coast. All this water is continually flowing into the ocean, carrying with it an immense amount of sand and dirt from the upper lands along the coast, some of which end in the mountains of Tennessee and Virginia, hundreds of miles distant. This sand or dirt is being constantly deposited within the outer reef, and replaces the sands carried on the sand ridge and blown into the fantastic shapes that characterize the sand dunes or hills.

The only inlet between this one and Oregon Inlet and Cape Henry was Old Currituck Inlet, which was closed in 1713, and New Currituck Inlet, south of it, was opened about 1725, and vessels of the same size of which build the mountains of Tennessee and Virginia, hundreds of miles distant. This sand or dirt is being constantly deposited within the outer reef, and replaces the sands carried on the sand ridge and blown into the fantastic shapes that characterize the sand dunes or hills.

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There are no inlets in Currituck. At present the water is slightly brackish and is gradually filling up. Extensive shoals are being formed, on which grow the grass on which the countless numbers of ducks, geese and swan that frequent these waters feed.

Northern sportsmen began coming to this county some time before the war to shoot wild fowl. In 1858 Elias Wade, Valentine Hicks and Stephen Taper, of New York State, bought 1700 acres of beach and marsh land from Abram Baum at a cost of \$4,000, and organized the Currituck Shooting Club. This club has since bought some other property. In 1862 the club again bought a handsome club house on the beach, costing \$14,000, and some \$12,000. The club is composed of about sixteen members and the shares are limited to twenty-one, some of the members owning several shares.

In 1859 Peter Davis and John White organized the Palmer Shooting Club with twenty-five members, and leased the marshes of Josephus Baum, south of the Currituck Club. The war came on and bow shooting was suspended.

Soon after the war the Monkey Island Club was organized by H. T. White of Boston, and G. B. Meserole of New York City. This property was bought for an insignificant sum and would probably now sell for \$50,000 under the hammer.

In 1863 Arthur Emory, of New York, bought for \$5,000 17,000 acres of land from Abram Baum and organized the Light House Club, so called from its proximity to the Whale's Head Light House. This club has twenty-one shares, and their property is also valuable.

The Crow Island Club was organized in 1864. They own the islands of Mrs. Hatfield, for which they pay about \$1,000 yearly.

Regged Island Club, in Back Bay, is compose mostly of

New England men. Solomon House, of Boston, is President. They have first-class shooting.

The smallest club in these waters is the Little Island Club, in Back Bay. This property was bought by Ben Wood from Major J. J. Burrus for \$4,000 just before the war, and was sold by him to William R. Travers in 1875, for about \$8,000. Old Abe Baum calls this a "one man club." The owner is a rich and eccentric old gentleman, who lives in New York City, and from what the natives tell me he must be quite a character. His instruction to the men guarding his property is that if any man is found on his grounds with a freeloader to shoot him on the spot, and the law is to be run by the old-fashioned muzzle-loader. He has first-class shooting on his property for several sportsmen, but his is the only gun ever fired on the property, and as his islands are isolated and surrounded by shoals, thick with wild celery, the old gentleman can bag his 100 pairs of canvas-backs or red-heads any day without trouble. Old Abe Baum, native and to the manor born, as his forefathers have been for over two hundred years, says the reason Mr. Travers don't organize a club is "Case he is an opinionated old cuss, and no one can naturally agree with him and he can't naturally agree with no one."

Mr. Travers is said to be witty and sharp, and to have a slight impediment in his speech, which makes his sayings more pungent. On one occasion he was passing through Norfolk on his way North, after a season of hard shooting among the canvas-backs; and his clothes were somewhat worn and soiled, after several weeks of beach usage, and he did not look to ignorant eyes the educated, refined gentleman he really is. He was stopping at the Atlantic Hotel. It was some public occasion and the dining room was crowded. He saw only one vacant seat, which was at the right of a majestic Navy Admiral. The chair was tipped against the table to indicate that it was reserved, but Mr. Travers was hungry and did not stand on ceremony. Walking up to the vacant place he pulled back the chair and was about to sit down, when the head-waiter came to him in a flurry and, tapping him on the shoulder, said: "This seat is reserved, sir, for a gentleman."

Mr. Travers looked at the man and replied, "W-w-well, sir, he has e-c-c-come;" and took his seat, and quietly began scanning the bill of fare.

Once when beating down Currituck in a small schooner to take the Norfolk steamer, a northeast storm came up. There was only one man and a boy on board, and Mr. Travers was endeavoring to aid them shortening sail. While doing so he became entangled in the rigging. He had taken off his shoes so as to be ready for swimming for his life. He began to call loudly for assistance, but the raging tempest, the excitement of the position and his unfortunate impetuosity of speech made his words incoherent. The man at the helm at last got impatient and called out, "Sing it, Mr. Travers, sing it, sir." The old gentleman at once sang to the tune of "Drops of Brandy," "Oh! p-p-p-please let go the jib tackle; my b-b-big t-t-toe is caught in the block," and was at once relieved from his embarrassing position. JOHN BROSSON.

Natural History.

RANGE AND ROTARY MOVEMENTS OF LIMICOLE.

IT WAS in the month of April, 1868, that we made our debut as duck shooter on a Western prairie. Born and bred about within the sound of the breakers on "New England's rock-bound coast," we had been taught to believe that the shore birds—Limicolæ—were, with few exceptions, confined to the seaboard, and when we saw large flocks of several species of these birds feeding on the prairies we could scarcely believe our eyes, nor would anything short of a dead specimen in hand satisfy us of our errors. A golden plover (*Charadrius virginicus*, Borek.) was secured and found to be identical in every particular with the golden plover of the Atlantic coast, and, notwithstanding Prof. Baird had many years earlier declared their habitat to be "all of North America, and visiting also other continents," we could not somehow seem to realize the fact that they were so abundant at so great a distance from the sea shore. Other species were also observed, notably sickle-billed curlew (*Nunentus longirostris*, Wils.), Esquimaux curlew (*Nunentus lunatus*, Lath.), summer yellow-legs (*Tringa flavipes*, Vieill.), and pectoral sandpipers (*Tringa pectoralis*, Say.). We endeavored to glean from intelligent gunners some idea of the habits, migrations, etc., of these birds, but our labors in this direction were vain and futile. The fact was patent that no one cared to waste time or ammunition on such "small birds" as plover or curlew when deer, swan, geese, ducks and their congeners were abundant in every direction. Another very serious obstacle in the way of our inquiries was encountered, viz., synonymy. We found it very difficult to make ourselves understood when undertaking to describe a particular species, so very different are the local names of birds.

As a general rule, are quick, keen and intelligent, but not always literary people, and in the absence of scientific terms—some common platform upon which both parties could stand—our progress was very slow and unsatisfactory. We cannot always account for the origin or introduction and retention of such a diversity of common names for our feathered friends. It certainly is a great barrier to the acquisition of knowledge upon these topics. Names that are familiar as household words in one section are entirely unknown in another. In a further perplexity—as when two persons speaking different languages attempt to carry on a conversation. For instance, the first bird we have named above was not known in the West where we were located as a plover at all, but as a "prairie pigeon." The turnstone in Massachusetts is commonly called "chicken bird," but elsewhere "calico hawk." A pectoral sandpiper in our section is "hack snipe," and in others "kriekr," "grass snipe," etc. One often hears in the West, or even on Long Island, the name "Dowitcher," but that synonym would not be recognized in Massachusetts as referring to red-breasted snipe (*Mareca americana*, Leach), but if the bird was called "brown hawk" he would be instantly acknowledged. A "redbreast" (*Tringa ardens*, Linn.) is variously known as "robin snipe," "grayback" and "knot." The marlin of the West is the marble godwit (*Limosa fedoa*, Ord.) of the East, and so on ad infinitum. This unhappy state of affairs should no longer exist. We have monetary, railroad, religious and other references to harmonize conflicting interests or opinions, fix the English rule of law, and why not have a national or universal conference to establish a uniform nomenclature for our birds? Possibly the urbane individual who occupies the editorial chair of FOREST AND STREAM and ex-

crises a sort of autocratic influence over the sportsmen of this country would undertake to bring about this much needed reform. Whoever shall accomplish this will receive the gratitude of thousands of sportsmen, and his name would go down to posterity as a benefactor to the race. The past ten or fifteen years has witnessed a vast improvement in our sporting literature and knowledge of birds. The works of Baird, Brewer, Coues and the rest will ever stand as proud monuments of their labor and success. Much more is to be done. The field is still open. May we not hope the future will raise up laborers worthy to wear the mantle of their predecessors and to carry toward the work so nobly begun?

We puzzled over this matter of the shore birds for many years, trying to discover some satisfactory theory that would account for their movements and idiosyncrasies. Why should certain species divide, one part going up the valley of the Mississippi and the other via the Atlantic coast, to their Northern breeding grounds? Why should some numerous species all together follow the former and others the latter route? Again, why do some of them proceed by the one route and return by the other? The inquiry seemed to lead to the conclusion that golden plover, Esquimaux curlew, summer yellowlegs, and a few other species, did take the broad valley of the "Father of Waters" for a highway northward in spring, but that the great mass of the adults did not return by the same road. A few of each species of young, or such as do not breed, may follow the route indicated. Then it was ascertained that the above-named species did not appear on the Atlantic coast in spring-time, but that all of them were abundant in autumn, both old and young. With the birds, as with ourselves, food supply is of the most vital importance. If we study the habits of these birds in relation to the food we shall find, to some extent, that the species that travel up the Mississippi Valley are of the class that run about on the fields and prairies, and pick up such worms, grubs and insects as are found on the surface of the ground, while those that follow the seashore feed mostly on such marine worms and insect, as be buried in the moist sand and mud, which must be obtained by plunging in the bill and wrenching the savory morsel from its hiding place. But in order to study carefully the habits, food and peculiarities of the shore birds we must be among them, or with them—must seek some locality where they can easily be observed during the season of their migration—and, if the reader will go with us early in April to the easterly shores of New England, or to the coast of Virginia, or to the coast of the whole coast, and the one where most of the migrants that follow the coast must show themselves, we will take our stand there and "see what we shall see" of these birds as they pass all day. Of the swimming birds (*Natator*) and the other orders we have at present nothing to do, nor shall we speak of such waders (*Prallator*) as are not considered worthy the attention of sportsmen, or, in other words, our remarks will refer only to such of the waders as visit the sea shore, and will add something to our supply of food.

As winter waders, the buff-bills, *Agelaius phoeniceus*, Linnaeus, and the shore larks (*Ammodramus alpestris*, Forster), have barely bid adieu to the land of their sojourn and set out for their more northern homes, when the spring season is ushered in by the soft plaintive note of the piping plover (*Spizella melodia*, Cab.) and the shrill tones of the ring-necked (*Spizella socialis palmarum*, Cab.). The former is a summer resident, and inhabits its young within the doleful sound of the gull horn on Puller's Bay. Possibly the latter may have bred in the Carolinian times, but rarely, if at all, in later years.

They do not come to the beach, but to the mud and flats of the other shore birds, nor is either species very numerous. They lead an industrious life, running about upon the dry sand more than most of this order, and seem to feed on small fleas and such other insects as they find there. By the middle of April, in a forward season, will be heard the peculiar curved and insipid triple note of the winter yellowlegs (*Totanus melanoleucus*, Vieill.), and if we take a stroll down over the low marshes, we shall be likely to see a solitary individual, or a small flock, feeding on the little minnows that are so numerous along the ditches and marshy inlets at high tide. Sometimes they resort to the sand flats, but do not seem to pick up any food there; nor is this their usual feeding ground. They breed pretty much all over the country, and are common in winter as far north as the Carolinas.

Another early migrant is the red backed sandpiper or winter nipe (*Tringa alpina* var. *americana*, Cass.). Not numerous in spring, but quite so in fall. They are abundant at Lake Ontario and further west about the middle of May. They will be found in the marshes and mud flats, and points further south, where they are regarded as winter residents. They feed on the flats and around the lake shores, much the same as do sand-rings and other members of the group. In the Hebrides they mix with the golden plover and are called "plover's pages."

About the 10th of May the least sandpiper (*Tringa pusilla*, Wils.) comes gliding along trilling its cheerful, gleesome notes. There are two—possibly three—species or varieties of these graceful little creatures, commonly called "peeps." The above species is designated by the name of the olive or yellow bill and feet, and feeds around little pools on the marshes, or on mud patches. The other species, "sand peep" (*Tringa semipalmata*, Wils.) is larger, lighter color and more gregarious than his little cousin of the marshes; has black feet and bill, feeds on the sand flats and spits, though they sometimes go on to the marshes as do the others on to the sand flats. They retire at high tide with the other shore birds to the high beaches for safety or rest, but return as soon as the tide ebb sufficiently to allow them to feed. They are very industrious, running about, punching the mud, and feeding in search of food, devouring only the choicest specimens of worms or minute mollusks, always in a hurry, and by the first of June scarcely any will be seen in this vicinity.

The sandrider (*Calidris arenaria*, Ill.) is another numerous species, which arrives about the same time of the preceding. They are quite gregarious, feeding along the edges of tide-water much the same as the peeps, and exhibiting about the same nervous energy in searching for food. They may be seen in great numbers to near the dead whistling note of the red-breasted sandpiper (*Tringa canutus*, Linn.), which is hailed with delight by such gunners as enjoy slaughtering them at this season of the year. Usually they are in large flocks hurrying along, stopping but a few days to feed and rest. Nor will many be seen after the 1st or 5th of June. They have a peculiar "horsetoe" eggs, and display considerable ingenuity in discovering these delicate morsels, as they lie buried in the sand. In many parts there is no success in counting the number of eggs and plunging into the eggs with their bills. Turnstones seem well to do in this respect, often joining in the search, and when found, a few flightless ones to see who shall possess the prize. *Canutus* is

also feeds on the insects, fish-spawn and other glutinous substances found at low tide attached to eel grass and other aquatic plants. It is presumed they go very far north to breed, as they are abundant all the way from the Great Lakes to Cape Breton and the Magdalen Islands, or more to the eastward than most of the shore birds. The adult males begin to return about the 26th of July, followed by the females, and still later by the young, who do not all retire before the first of October.

Squatarola leucophaea, Ill., with as many aliases as a pick-pocket, is still a very clever little fellow, but hardly belongs to any family. They arrive about the 10th of May, not in large flocks, but singly or in groups of three or four individuals, feeding along the edge of the tide, or diligently turning over small stones or pebbles, exploring every nook and corner to find any tiny crab, flea or worm that may be secreted there. They are not particularly shy birds, and as they decoy well, are easily killed from blinds or stands, though the latter are so hard to use. They are very early in August they come straggling along back feeding much as in spring, nor do they ever go to the marshes or fields, except when driven by wind or tide.

The black-breasted plover—beetle-head (*Squatarola leucophaea*, Cuv.) is the largest of the plover family. The date fixed for their arrival in some sportsmen's calendar is May 10, though in a favorable season they appear a few days earlier. Their round, full note is the "sportsmen's joy," though we have for years protested against the slaughter of these noble birds just as they are on the verge of the breeding season. Every true sportsman must feel in autumn, when a fearful cove gets a few days' shooting in spring. Every year the "bay birds" are getting scarcer and scarcer until it is even now almost impossible to make a respectable "bag." One gets hardly enough to call it sport. Legislative authority has been invoked, but very little wisdom has been exhibited by that august body in framing laws to protect these birds. Often has a bluish mantled our cheeks, as we have been reminded of the stupidity of our Legislators in making it a crime to kill the least of the shore birds, a peep, while any pot-hunter may slaughter black-breasts, red-breasts, chicken birds, winter yellowlegs and Wilson's snipe to his heart's content without fear of molestation, all through the spring migrations!

At this season of the year all of the order are socially inclined, as it is their wooing and pairing season, when they are often in large flocks, easily decoyed, and then the serried columns are cut down; many, slaughtered by thousands, ruthlessly, by hands who, though they have conquered their better judgement. It requires no pretense to come and tell us that if we destroy the birds in spring time just as they are about to lay their eggs they will not return with the offspring in the fall. Beetle-heads do not go out to the fields or pastures, but keep down on the beach or sand flats, where they find an abundance of long, depressed worms with many legs upon which they feed. They are, as their food would indicate, more of a shore than inland bird, though very likely a few may wander away as far West as Iowa. The plovers in common with the other shore birds have to be hatched and hatched, i. e., run about in search of food as soon as hatched and, therefore, require much less attention from their parents than do *Altrices*. The paternal relative reposing great confidence in the energy and skill of his spouse to protect and nurse the callow brood, literally deserts his home and family, and wanders away back, the wretch, possibly to fall a victim to some breech-loader on Cape Cod at the very spot where in spring he was observed so attentive to his youthful bride on the Northern coast.

The willet (*Limophemius semipalmata*, Hart.) arrives often paired, toward the end of May. Not abundant. Breeds in this latitude and even much further south. They are scattered over the Western States down to the Gulf of Mexico and the West India Islands, where many of them pass the winter. They go on to the marshes at high tide, but feed along the edge of the water on minnows, crabs and marine insects. More of an inland bird, frequenting wet places on the prairies and around pond holes. Not regarded of much value for food. Occasionally we see these birds gadding (*Limosa fedoa*, Ord.) strolling about on the sand or mud flats, plunging their long, stout bills in up to their eyes in search of small worms that are teeming there in great variety. It is alleged that they devour small fish and fiddler crabs. They do not go to upland fields, but at high tide retire with their congeners to the sand dunes. Abundant in the neighborhood of Oregon Inlet, and further West in summer. Quiet in their manners, not flying about as much as some of the other waders. Were formerly quite plentiful in New England, but they have been scarce since the birds gadding. The other godwit (*Limosa Hudsonica*, Swain), better known here as "spot rump," is very rare in spring; has much the same manner and habits as the preceding, but is more likely to be caught out in an easterly storm, and driven on to our coast with golden plover; then his stalwart relative, *L. fedoa*, which would seem to indicate an Eastern or Atlantic route for their Southern migrations.

The vernal season will scarcely bring us acquaintance with sick-billed curlew (*Namnetus longirostris*, Wils.) though the larger species may occasionally be seen. These birds gadding go as far east as the Magdalen Islands or Labrador, come on to our coast in small flocks in the fall, and linger about the high beaches, dry marshes, and along the wind-rows of seaweed which have been washed up by the tide, where they gormandize on black crickets and flies which they are very expert in capturing. They are said to roost at night on these heaps of seaweed. They sometimes betake themselves to the sand flats where they occasionally indulge in a stray minnow, paltry crab, or juvenile insect. Well distributed over the continent, they are believed to breed as far south as Virginia. They are plenty all winter on Savannah River, and are there called "fish ducks" by the natives, but are not esteemed of value for table use. They feed there more on the marshes, and retire to adjacent islands to roost. Being heavy, clumsy creatures, they are, many of them, presumed to pass the winter within the territorial limits of the United States.

Toward the end of May a few short-billed or jack curlew (*Namnetus Hudsonicus*, Latr.) may be seen, like their congeneric relative with the long decurved rostrum, running about on the high beach, picking up black crickets, small snails and crabs. Both species have been scarce for many years.

Of the snipe family we have a beautiful representative in (*Macrorhamphus griseus*, Leach.) It is not numerous in spring, but is quite so in summer, and easily bagged. They are not here generally called, red-bellied snipe, but "brown back." They are believed to migrate into the mud and sand flats presumably to frighten out the insects and worms that lie buried there, so that they may be easily captured.

Very likely their sense of smell is so acute that they are able to strike at once their prey. Their sojourn in their breeding-ground is very brief, scarcely more than six weeks. The adult males begin to return in considerable numbers about the 10th or 15th of July, and by the end of August, both young and old have winged their way toward equatorial regions.

There is another beautiful plump little bird (*Tringa maculosa*, Vieill.) well-known on our coast in summer and autumn under various cognomens, as "Jack snipe," "braker," "grass bird," etc., but they are rarely, if ever seen in the spring. The advancing columns occupy the broad valley of the Mississippi, especially that portion of it lying nearest to sunset. As this interesting species is not a spring visitant at Cape Cod it hardly comes within the scope of these notes, and yet we cannot refrain from a passing remark particularly as there seems to be a wide discrepancy of opinion in relation to it. The best observers with whom we have come in contact declare there are two distinct species or varieties, though none of the birds recognize two. One is ever smaller, more delicate, and produces a finer, softer, gentler note than the other, which is more robust and utters a strong, shrill, trilling, whistling note. A casual observer would most likely pronounce them old and young, but there is such constant divergence as to preclude the possibility of harmony in one species. The habits of the two species are quite similar. Their usual place of abode is on the bare spots or amidst the short grass or mossy places on the marshes, where they seem to feed on flies, insects and mollusks, and become very fat, so much so that they are often called "fat birds." They rarely go to the sand flats or pastures, nor do they seem to be as sensitive to cold as some of the shore birds, and although they begin to be seen as early as the 20th of July, they do not all bid farewell to these friendly feeding-grounds till into November. They are abundant in Chile and other parts of South America.

There are a few other species represented at this point, such as buff-breasted sandpiper (*Tringa rubescens*, Cab.), curlew sandpiper (*Tringa subarquata*, Temm.), Bonaparte's sandpiper (*Tringa Bonapartei*, Seleg.), Semipalmated sandpiper (*Macropodema himantopus*, Baird), purple sandpiper (*Tringa maculosa*, Brunn.), and possibly a few others, including two or three of the Phalaropes, but none of these are in such numbers as to be attractive to sportsmen or receive any special notice in this connection. It will also be observed we have made no mention of golden plover, Esquimaux curlew or summer yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*, Bon.), simply because they are not constant visitants to our shores in spring, though they are occasionally seen, especially in Mr. C. A. very keen observer of the habits of these birds, informs us that during a period of seventy-five years himself and father had been in the field they had seen only three summer yellowlegs and but two golden plover in spring. Mr. B., who has been for forty years a gunner on this coast, has seen but one golden plover at this season.

But let us step over to the Mississippi Valley and take a stroll beside our intelligent friend and naturalist, Dr. N. of our lodge, Iowa, and listen to his discourse, and we shall doubtless find a different state of things. He says that he was early in spring, sick-billed curlew and marbled godwits arrived paired, breed in the neighborhood and disappear in July, or as early as the young are fledged and can take care of themselves, and are seen no more till the following spring. Undoubtedly portions of both species go to much more northern breeding-grounds. The offspring of the previous year arrive a little later than the adults, in flocks, and remain so all summer, as they do not propagate till the second year. The young are being raised by the same birds, who now feed on low ground or plain, very rarely in the water, while the godwits betake themselves to the fens or boggy places, where they can trace their long, stout bills into the soft mud for worms, after the manner of woodcock. Willet arrive singly or in small groups. Not abundant. Breed. The Hudsonian godwits come along in large flocks, sojourn for a brief period, and then push on further north to breed, nor are they seen again till the next year. Kill-deer (*Spizella socialis forsteri*, Cass.) called here a "dotterer," are abundant summer residents. In fact, they breed by general consent, and are common. The little sandpiper (*Tringa minutilla*, Vieill.) is also a summer resident and breeds. The white-rumped sandpiper (*T. Bonapartei*) is quite common, breeds here as well as further north, and returns with the two preceding. There are two of the dowitchers (*M. griseus*, Leach, and *M. socialis*, Law.). Both appear in closely-impacted flocks in May, tarry but a short time, when they are drawn to their northern and more secluded nesting places. The first-named makes a long trip northward in the fall, but the second, who the last named return by the same route they advanced. From the first to the tenth of May, just as the young and tender grass begins to grow, one may see immense flocks of golden plover sweeping along like an invading army. They are attracted to newly-burned prairie lands, which seem to furnish an abundance of little hard worms upon which they feed. They also frequent the newly-ploughed fields or those just sowed with wheat. They are less numerous now than they were forty years ago, when, as we are informed, the farmers of this region believed they destroyed a great part of the seed wheat, and poison wheat grains were scattered for the purpose of destroying them. As the birds do not belong to the gizzard tribe—Gallina—we doubt if the allegation can be sustained. They probably go to the freshly upturned fields in quest of larvae and grubs that are injurious to the wheat crop, and are really friends and co-workers with the farmer, as are most of the feathered brethren, rather than his enemies. They do not, however, tarry many days, but proceed on their way, and the last named return by the same route they advanced—"pale bells"—return by the valley route. Accompanying and mingling freely with the golden plover are the Esquimaux curlew, or dough birds, in great numbers. Their habits are very similar to those of their co-migrants, but they do not get so fat. Still they are slaughtered by thousands, barreled and shipped to Eastern markets. A few only of the young return.

Upland plover (*Actitis bartramiana*, Bon.) come paired, breed and retire early. In New England they bear their young on the grassy slopes of high hills, where they remain till the middle of July, when they retreat to the river bottoms, intervals, or dry salt marshes and plains, where they feed on grasshoppers and crickets till about the 15th of August, when they silently depart. Their line of march is not confined to the seashore, and both old and young of this species travel in company. They are a very shy bird, as any one who has attempted to hunt them will vouch, tasing, his utmost skill, and even then will most likely defeat the object of his pursuit. They are not particularly numerous, and are best shot in this section. Mr. T., informs us—and we insert this bit of secrecy here as *deceus* to our disappointed brethren who

have tried in vain to circumvent one of these wary creatures — but he hunts them "down wind," and as soon as one rises on his wing, he (C) dips close to the ground, and the birds' "bump" of curiosity is developed, about equal to that of ducks, and not seeing any one there apparently invades he has been duped, or, as we say, "fooled"; and not being willing to be laughed at by his fellows, who are feeding undisturbed over the fields, he approaches the spot from whence came his "scare," and as he comes "quidding" along (trilling his alarm note, when in the right place, the gun is seized and in a trice the victim falls nearly at the feet of the gunner. He instantly drops again and remains quiescent till the birds have recovered from their fright, when he proceeds as before. On one occasion he discovered a flock of these birds in a pasture of only a few acres on a hill, and in less than two hours, in this way, retreating and working the ground over several times, he killed the entire seven!

Winter yellowlegs appear in moderate quantities. Nest here and further north, and return. Summer yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*, Bp.), also arrive early in considerable numbers, but push on further North as soon as the season will permit. Their southern journey is mostly by some other and more eastern route. The red-backed sandpiper, *T. ruber*, better known here, is "Dunbar's" regular visitor, though not in large numbers; breeds further north. The little solitary sandpiper, "tip up," is common here as in most other parts of the country. Beetle-headed plover, red-breasted sandpiper, sanderlings and jack curlew, although occasional visitors in this locality, are not as abundant as they are further east. We are inclined to the opinion that most of these birds that pass down the valley of the Mississippi, being either immature or heavy flyers, as, for instance, a sickle-billed curlew or the godwits, spend the winter in the Gulf States, Mexico or Central America.

It must be apparent to the reader, from the foregoing, that certain species of shore birds pass up the Mississippi Valley in Spring, but do not return by that broad highway. It will moreover be seen that the species that do not return by that road are abundant on the Atlantic Coast in autumn. If these premises hold, the conclusion is inevitable, that they go very far North to breed, swing over to the eastern shores, where they reproduce, and then proceed on their Southern journey. We propose, therefore, to introduce some testimony in support of this hypothesis. To begin with, to the northward of the Great Lakes and to the eastward of the Rocky Mountain Range, a vast unexplored territory within whose bounds are mountains, valleys, prairies and marshes. Nesting away in the quiet bosom of the mountains or sleeping gently in the valleys are many lakes and ponds, sources of numerous rivers, possible highways for future commerce. Thither for countless ages the feathered migrants have wandered in search of the solitude, that entire immunity from dangerous contact with man, not accorded them in later years along our frontiers. Here, too, must be found abundance of food suited to the wants of both old and young. Possibly this may have something to do with their line of flight. If it should be found that this region produced food peculiarly adapted to their tastes they would very likely take the shorter route via Mississippi Valley to reach it rather than travel away round the Atlantic Coast, Labrador, etc., and moreover it is well known that most of the shore birds resort to fresh water lakes and marshes to rear their young. That they do populate the whole region reaching the Arctic shore in large numbers is attested by the numerous explorers who have visited that inhospitable country. For many years naturalists have recognized these birds as belonging to Arctic fauna. In July, 1871, near the mouth of Coppermine River Hearne writes: "In the pools saw swan and geese in a moulted state, and on the marshes some curlew and plovers." Alex. Fisher, in giving an account of Parry's first voyage, 1819-20, saw at Ballin's Bay, "Red phalarope and ring plover," and at Winter Harbor, lat. 74 47 min, 110 43, "Shuk a golden plover," and July 1, adds "A few prairie warblers, plover, sanderling and snow buntings were at all the land birds that were seen." Again, at the Melville Islands, June 12, "saw several golden plovers." Sir J. Richardson while at Wollaston Land wrote as follows: "On the first of June, bees, sandpipers, long-tailed ducks, eucowacs, eiders and king ducks and northern divers were seen." Again, May 15, "The yellow warblers feed on the alpine arbutus as did Black-bird the golden plover, whose stomachs also contained the fruit of the *Empetrum nigrum*." The Eskimo curlew, at this time feeds on large snipe. McClure, while the "Investigator" was packed in the ice at Prince of Wales Straits, lat. 70 deg., after making several excursions reported the following: "The plover and phalaropes and buntings here rear their young untroubled by man around the margins of petty lakes." Dr. Kane speaks of seeing snipe at Rensselaer Bay, June 16, 1851, also at Cornwallis Island, September 4, 1850. Dr. Hayes saw the same species at Port Foule, June 8, 1861. Mr. C. B. Cory, author of the charming little work on the "Naturalists in the Arctic Islands," informs us he has the eggs of the golden plover taken at the Northern extremity of Hudson's Bay, and that they are common there.

The above references will, we think, be sufficient to satisfy the average mind that the birds do reach very high latitudes in considerable numbers, and that they breed there. The curvating duty of udding, laying, incubating and rearing into the juvenile specimens such brief care and protection as the mothers' processes might be expected to bestow, seems to guarantee to them a journey to the fashionable watering place. Possibly the food they find so abundant, earlier, around the lakes or marshes, now gives out, or their tastes change and they banker after marine worms, or the berries of the coast, and they set out upon the journey to Ballin's Bay, Smith's Sound, or Labrador, where they again regale themselves in the fresh bracing air of that isolated region. There are hundreds of miles, up and down the coast of Labrador, of low plain lands, which produce great quantities of berry and grass. Some of these berries are not unlike our blue berries, but larger. They are called by the natives "gallow berries," and the birds that feed on them "gallow birds," probably a corruption of curlew. The berries are also called "rotten apples." Upon these berries the Esquimaux curlew and dough-birds feed. Dr. Coues, in his observations in Labrador, in 1860, says of these birds: "Their food consists almost entirely of the cowberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), which grows on the hillsides in astonishing profusion. It is small, called the bear-berry and curlew berry. It is a small fruit of a purple or black color, growing upon a procumbent-running kind of herb, the foliage of which has a peculiar moss-like appearance. This is their principal and favorite food, and the whole intestines, are more or less stained with the deep purple juice. They are also very fond of a species of small snail that ad-

heres to the rocks in immense quantities, to procure which they frequent the land-washes at low tide." Two birds as far south as Cape Cod, when shot, still have the anal and tibial (feather) glands enlarged. We are informed by Mr. Cory, by shipmasters and fishermen, who have often visited the coast of Labrador, that the birds come striding along down over the mountains and hills on to the plains in myriads to feed on these berries. There are no towns away up on the coast, but a few scattered Esquimaux huts, where the hardy fishermen go ashore to cure their fish, and it is during these visits that the observations are made. The old birds, after resting awhile, move on to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Magdalen Islands, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and thence southward to give place to the young that must soon follow. Mr. Cory reports "young dough-birds are due here, Magdalen Islands, about 8th September; young golden plover come about 20th September."

A friend at Newfoundland writes, "Snipe, sanderlings and yellowlegs are plenty—the latter breed." Thinks the Esquimaux curlew breed at Labrador. They are so plenty the fishermen kill them and salt them up in barrels. They arrive at Labrador before they reach Newfoundland in millions, so that they darken the sky as they rise. Large flocks of sanderling and grass-birds arrive late in the fall. He believes the birds go to Prince Edward's Island, and thence to South America.

Another good authority remarks as follows: "At the Magdalen Islands millions of golden plover and dough-birds come every year, in August and September. They feed on the uplands, and go on to the high beach at night to roost. So plenty are they that on a dark night one with a lantern and stick may kill bushels of them." The same party reports seeing, in 1854, as late as October, on the coast from Chedoke to Dalhousie, immense numbers of these birds. Mr. E., an intelligent merchant of Boston, informs us he has visited Prince Edward's Island for nine consecutive years, and has failed but twice to get good shooting. They have a "flight" of birds there on an east wind just the same as at Cape Cod. Is of the opinion that birds feeding in a certain field this year, unmolested, will return the next year to the same field. In one day he shot green plover, Esquimaux curlew and summer yellowlegs in a field where, as he alleges, they take to feed on herds-grass seed. Many of the birds reach the Bay of Fundy by crossing the narrow belt of land from Straits of Northumberland.

If the birds strike boldly out to sea from Nova Scotia in a southerly direction, as it is very clear they do, it would carry them to the Lesser Antilles. Now, it is settled beyond a peradventure, that they do have a "flight" there just the same as at Newfoundland and Cape Cod. From the Barbadoes, the most windward of the Windward Islands, we have the most positive assurance of a "flight." One of the memorable events recorded in the annals of the island is "Sept. 12th, 1846, great flight of plovers." The U. S. Consul at that place writes us in reference to this matter, October 29th, 1878: "By all accounts the island was covered with them. They were killed in the streets with sticks." The following from a reliable source is so clear and pertinent we venture to quote entire: "I have seen none of the birds myself only what we call grassbirds, but by all accounts they come here the last of August and first of September till October, a few, but at no other time of the year. My own eyes have taken a dusky curlew, from Newfoundland and Nova Scotia. When they go back in the spring the trade winds are strong from N. E. and they are blown north to the westward, and strike Georgia and the Carolinas and so make their way North to go over it again." Further on he remarks: "I have seen some black-breasted plover and yellowlegs. They are very tired when they arrive here; so tired sometimes they can't stand up." Again, he writes, as if to corroborate his previous statement that they take a "bee-line" for the West Indies. "I was coming late to Boston from Europe one voyage and passed large flocks three hundred miles from land, going South, in September."

Capt. * * * informs our friend E. that one autumn he saw thousands of plover in the Gulf Stream nearly five hundred miles from land, skipping about and lighting in the water and on accumulated seaweed and other vegetable matter. He is quite sure the birds go by this route to South America. Other shipmasters have made similar statements. It may, however, be understood that when these people who are not conversant with "plovers" they are liable to refer to any of the marsh or shore birds. In order to make it more clear that most of the shore birds do visit the Barbadoes, we insert the following extract from the History of the Island, kindly furnished us by Capt. P., the Consul at that place. "The number of indigenous species (of birds) do not amount to fifteen. About forty species and varieties arrive toward the end of August, and merely alight on their passage to some more distant land. The most abundant during a period a southerly wind rain prevails, they alight, whereas fine weather tempts them to continue their progress. The greater part are then seen to fly very high, and to keep their course direct to the east. . . . The black-breasted plover (*C. Virginicus*) is the most numerous. The male appears about the 25th of August, and the female (young?) which is called in Barbadoes the "white-breast plover," after the flight of the males has ceased, about the middle of September." Here is a partial list of the migrants that come to the islands: "*Squataria hutchinsoni*, Linn.; *Tringa borealis*, Gmel.; *Semipalmarius*, Kaup.; *Streptopus interpres*, Linn.; *Numenius Hudsonicus*, Lath.; *Numenius Virginicus*, Gml.; *Totanus flavipes*, Gml.; *Totanus chloropygus*, Vieill.; *Tringoides macularius*, Gray; *Tringa bartramia*, Wils.; *Tringa canutus*, Linn.; *Tringa petolaris*, Selys; *Tringa pusilla*, Wils.; *Microthamphus griseus*, Leach; *Gullinago Wilsoni*, Bon."

On departing from the Windward Islands the birds take an easterly direction, which would, if persisted in, carry them to the Cape Verde Islands, a prevailing opinion among the inhabitants that the birds do indeed pass that way, nor do we presume the distance would be an insurmountable barrier. Other considerations oppose the conjecture. They would be likely there to meet allied European species and fraternize with them, and either be carried there or bring back those they met, and in course of time lose their identity; nor is any such return flight ever witnessed. The reason of their taking an easterly course in setting out upon the long voyage is, probably, to overcome drift of the "trade winds." If that is the case, they would be driven to Cape St. Roche, a distance of two thousand miles, with a quarter of current of fifteen knots on setting out, they must start up into the wind or they will impinge the continent far to the westward of their objective point. Any one who has ever seen a skillful oarsman cross a rapid stream must have observed that he always heads his boat up stream in starting,

or he would reach the opposite shore below the place intended. But the birds, in their migrations, are not circumvented in such a manner. In fact, the Lesser Antilles, the Windward embayments nearly the whole of the West India Islands. A letter from C. W. H., of Turk's Island, is of such general interest that we make from it a very liberal extract: "Golden plover, sometimes in large numbers, a few upland plover and curlew also arrive here from the North regularly about the end of August or first of September, and remain with us generally from four to six weeks, although a few stragglers stop a little longer. If these latter happen to be golden plover, after a short time they lose their yellow and pretty marked dark-mottled plumage, and don a gray suit of feathers, looking like quite a different bird from what they did when they first arrived here, and are then sometimes called 'gray plover.' These birds go South from us, and they evidently pursue some other route going North, as we never see them taking flight in that direction. I have often heard old sea captains remark that they saw flocks of these birds in the autumn going South, but never in a single instance have they met them going North at any time of year."

Mr. C. B. Cory, in "Birds of the Bahamas Islands," gives a somewhat different account of the habits of these birds of different varieties. He does not, however, recognize the godwits, curlew, *Tringa bartramia*, or *Tringa canutus*, as visitors of the Bahamas, nor are the former found in the Barbadoes catalogue. The godwits and sickle-billed curlew are rather clumsy flying birds, and it is possible very few reach these remote islands, but *Tringa bartramia* (Wils.) *T. canutus* and *Numenius borealis* are among the migrants whose "range" is the widest of all the shore birds, and we can't account for their non-observation on any other ground than by supposing that at the time of our arrival, late in December, these birds had mostly departed South. We had to rely on the authority of Dr. Bryant, Mr. Moore and others, for information of these birds during their migrating season, September and October. His winter observations lead him to believe that a few of several species each pass the winter on those lovely islands. He does not, however, seem to find any of them abundant at that season, except the two least sandpipers, nor do they, to any extent, remain on the islands to breed in summer. As a rule they all go North to breed, and a few go far to the South to winter. One straggler may be occasionally found in winter, even as far north as New England, but this is an exception to the general rule. Their return trip in spring is very far to the westward of these islands, and of course would not be observed at that season.

Mr. P. A. Ober, in his admirable work entitled "Camps in the Caribbees," enumerates seventeen species of these wanderers as "birds of the Lesser Antilles," all of which come from the United States. He does not seem to have met either of the godwits, *Tringa canutus*, *M. griseus*, or *Numenius borealis*. Why he did not meet with them is a mystery, especially the last named, which elsewhere travels in company with *C. Virginicus*, and is recognized by other authorities as a visitor to adjacent islands. Possibly at the period of their passage he was in the mountains securing some rarer specimens of that region. But most of the Linnicolæ do reach these islands, a part of them coming in a "bee-line" from Newfoundland, and a part coasting along down to the Carolinas, dropping off on the road as inclination or strength might dictate, and striking out southeast, till they reach the Windward Islands, where again they join the columns from the north. We would not as yet venture to say that the birds are collated to suppose that the birds that set out upon the lonely journey from Newfoundland or Nova Scotia would pass to the eastward of the Bermudas while those that pursue the easterly line, if caught out in a westerly gale, would be blown on to that group. A letter from a reliable gentleman (W. W. D.) residing on one of the Bermudas, informs us "the plover and curlew, before the country was so broken up for agricultural purposes, were quite plenty in large flocks about the marshes and salt-works at the time of our visit in December. Generally make their appearance about September and October. They always show themselves after a strong westerly gale." He also incloses Lieut. Dennison's list of one hundred and seventy-nine species of birds that visit the islands. The list is very complete and covers about all the migratory wanderers that visit the east coast of North America and West Indies, except winter yellowlegs, sickle-billed curlew and great marbled godwits. We would like now to take the reader back to Cape Cod; but he has not already had Cape Cod and its "birds" so much in his mind that he will not mind our taking him there. If for three or four days during the flight period there happens to be a strong nor'easter wind, attended by considerable rainfall or fog, we are almost sure to get a "flight" of birds. Possibly we could not better illustrate this than by the recital of an instance that occurred under our own observation. On the 29th of August, 1813, we made a trip to Chatham, Cape Cod, for the purpose of enjoying several days' plover shooting. The weather was fine, with a westerly wind, and birds very scarce.—In fact, the outlook for shooting was gloomy in the extreme. In a couple of days, however, the wind hauled to the eastward and blew fresh, attended by a dense thick fog and considerable rain. Toward evening of the third of September the deflected line of golden plover and Esquimaux curlew struck the shore and were at once driven to the fields or pastures. A few gunners happened to be there, and seventy-seven of the birds were bagged. All night long the birds could be heard crying and calling to each other for help. There were some eight or ten gunners present, and the excitement and confusion of course there was a great deal of excitement and confusion getting ready for the morrow's slaughter. Long before the golden light had tinged the eastern horizon the next morning, breakfast was dispatched, lunch baskets packed, ammunition snugly bestowed—there were no breech-loaders then—teams were at the door ready to take and distribute the parties in the various fields from one to four miles distant. Quite early the birds came rushing along in the wildest confusion, but very little attention was paid to the decoys or call notes. The decoys did not at all attract attention, and the birds bewildered and stared about as much as to say, "Where are we?" "What has happened?" Flock after flock went rushing along, pell-mell, as best they could in a gale of wind, till night fortunately overtook the weary birds and their pursuers. The parties drove back to the house one after the other, and soread out the contents of their "bags" upon the floor—two hundred and eighty-one golden plover and Esquimaux curlew together with a few bee heads! It was a most successful and memorable night. We would not vouch for the truth of all the stories that were told. A slight deviation, a little—just a little—exaggeration upon such an occasion is pardonable. There was about as little sleeping done in that house that night, as was ever done

in a house of its size. Well, teams had been ordered for the next day (Sept. 6th.), with every prospect of favorable results when, lo! the wind had shifted to the northwest! It was cool, crisp, and blowing, and serenely a bird to be seen anywhere. This little party will show how independent we are at this point upon an easterly storm for golden plover and curlew-shooting. It so happens that for years there will not be at the proper time a storm sufficient to throw the birds on to the land, and of course there will be no shooting during those years. In this instance, had the birds not been on the wing to the eastward of Cape Cod, they would not have been blown on to the land by a wind from that quarter. A change during the night would tend to escape "weedin winds and slaughtering guns," nor did they wait for daylight on their lunch. On departing they take a southeasterly course evidently to get back on to their line of travel as soon as possible. A "flight" of birds is liable to occur anywhere up and down the coast during the migrating season, when the wind and other conditions are favorable. Mr. S., afterward, "His Honor, the Mayor" of Portland, writes October, 1878: "There was the most immense flight of golden plover and Esquimaux curlew, on Sunday, the last of August. I ever knew on the coast, during the month of August, a flock following closely, they all disappeared." The same stories are told at Carrick Sound and other points along the coast. If then the duo of flight of these birds is due south from Newfoundland for a period of six weeks, and if during that time an easterly gale prevails the results will be as we have stated. Several trustworthy fishermen who are excellent sportsmen as well, and who have often been cod-fishing off Cape Cod's Banks, seventy miles east of Cape Cod, inform us they have frequently seen golden plover and dough birds there in large flocks, always mixed up together, going south, and for weeks, when not too foggy, there was scarcely a moment when one or more flocks were not visible. Captain B. wrote us from Cienfuegos, June 23d.: "On the passage (from Boston) May 27th, forty miles southeast from Nantucket, I saw, distant from the ship, not over one hundred and twenty yards, eight plover swimming very gracefully on the water. They took wing and shifted a few hundred yards further to the westward." He gives a very interesting account of the natural accumulation of these birds in the eddies at sea, and thinks the birds stop to rest and feed on the water and other marine animals, myriads of which make their homes in these bunches of seaweed. Again we quote from a letter of September 11, 1879: "August 12, sixty-seven miles southeast of Nantucket, I saw quite a large number of migratory birds....." I saw no large birds on the wing, but I passed several flocks of them sitting on the water, and other feeding or bathing. There were at least three kinds." We have cited the above very reliable authorities to prove that if these birds get weary on the long voyage of one or two thousand miles, from Newfoundland to the West Indies they can safely stop anywhere to rest as they are graceful swimmers.

We shall now attempt, very briefly, to follow our beautiful little winged wayfarers on their voyage to South America. The data on hand, however, are few and quite incomplete, and we have had to patch them out and fill up gaps and interspaces as best we could. We hardly know how to express to the reader, intelligently, the great difficulty of obtaining from any point of interest in South America, the most meagre information in relation to these birds. We have from several correspondents in various localities the most positive assurance that they know nothing at all about the birds, nor can they obtain from those around them any items of interest upon the subject. None of the books that have fallen under our notice give any detailed account of the migratory shore birds that visit the continent. From some books of travel, special papers read before certain societies, incidental remarks here and there, and from our own correspondents, we have been able to glean some information as to warrant the belief that these birds not only reach the continent in immense numbers, but that they cross the equator and pass as far south as Patagonia or Terra del Fuego. This theory is, however, purely conjectural and liable to great modification by further investigations. The evidence to sustain it is not as ample as that we had the satisfaction of presenting in support of the theory that the breeding-grounds of these birds embrace even polar regions, but by grouping and cementing the few scattered links of the chain is strong enough to sustain at least a portion of its own weight.

We know, then, very well that these birds *en masse* do leave the West India Islands in September and October, and where they go? Not northward, certainly, at this season of the year. We have, however, the most reliable testimony that they are very abundant in Guiana about the same time of their departure from the Antilles. Our friend Capt. B., who is an intelligent gentleman as well as an enthusiastic sportsman, was at Demerara with his ship about the end of September, 1877. While lying there his friends invited him to participate in a plover shooting excursion. In fact, he had several days of the great sport in the next year to be witnessed. Another voyage was made the next year to the same place, but he arrived six weeks later expecting to enjoy a repetition of the previous year's sport. He went to his friend and asked him if he could get a few days' shooting while his ship was taking in cargo. Mark the reply: "Why, Captain, you are too late! Had you been here a month earlier you would have had splendid shooting, as there was an extraordinary 'flight' of birds, but now they are gone." Our friend, intelligently, satisfied him that in September and October there is a "flight" of birds in Guiana, just the same as there is at Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Cod and the British Isles. A letter from the ornithologist of the National Museum at Rio de Janeiro, under date of July 9, 1879, throws some light upon the subject. "I found *Charadrius pusillus*, Wils., on the island of Marajo in the month of December in flocks of about twenty individuals. Later I found it in the month of May in Rio de Janeiro and in December, 1878, near Rio de Janeiro at Jopopember in a small flock of twelve individuals. This bird seems to me to be one of passage in these parts, because in Rio de Janeiro, for example, they are known as migratory birds, appearing only in the wet season, and in other places they appear always in flocks of ten, twenty or thirty individuals." As the plover is accompanied in their departure from the West Indies by many other species, so we may infer that, notwithstanding they were not seen at Rio, still they were abundant in the vicinity. We are informed that during the migrating season these birds are plenty at the mouth of the Rio de Janeiro, and further south, and we are not quite clear that they do not breed there, but they certainly have time enough. Braut is not on their breeding grounds over three months, and *Anser bernicla* must require as much time to propagate as *Tringa pusilla*, a

valued correspondent (Prof. B.) writes January 8, 1881, from Concepcion del Uruguay: "All the *Limicola*, with the exception of *Fanillia argenteus* and possibly *Ithya leucosticta*, are migratory to a greater or less extent at this place." (The two exceptional species are peculiar to North America.) We must not forget that the seasons there are the reverse of ours—i. e., their autumn corresponds to our spring, their winter to our summer. All the *Limicola* introduced here have large, strong wings and are capable of sustaining long continued flights. In tracing these birds to the northeastern shores of South America we have left them in a hot place, not over six degrees north of the equator. Now, we do not suppose any of the shore birds—possessing as they do the means whereby they can put distance so rapidly behind them, will tarry for any great length of time in the torrid zone. Their natures seem to lead them to temperate, north temperate, or even frigid zones. They must pass at once from the chilling, repulsive blasts of our autumn across the equator to the attractive, wooing breezes of a Southern spring. They are very sensitive to heat and cold, and it is not in the nature of things that they should remain four or five months sweating under a tropical sun. A few may linger, as seen at Rio, down into December, but most of them must have "crossed the line" before the end of November. The fact that the people of the torrid zone are ignorant of the existence of these migrants is proof that they do not stay there during all the long Northern winter months. Those seen so late as December at Rio must have been the tail end of the autumn flight, nor would they be at all likely to abide as near the equator as the mouth of the La Plata, lat. 35 deg., but would push on still further south, even down to Cape Horn to bungle themselves in the cooling breezes of that region. Very few if any of these birds north, breed as near the equator as 35 degs. Most of them seem to be more ambitious to reach the seventeenth parallel. May we not then safely conclude, in the absence of positive evidence, that their habits south of the equator would correspond with their traits north? It is not very clearly established what route they take in passing from Guiana to Patagonia. Whether they follow the coast line and double Cape St. Rague, or take a shorter or more direct route across the country, is not so fully determined. The weight of evidence is in favor of the direct route. Some of the main branches of the Amazon river, very nearly to head waters, are the Paraguay, and these river valleys would seem to offer natural highways for our migrants. The birds seen at Concepcion would most naturally follow this route to that inland town. Then the mountain ranges are mostly parallel to this line and the birds seen at Rio de Janeiro may have flitted along down the valleys and water courses to that point. Some of the stronger winds, as *Charadrius virginicus*, *Numenius borealis* and *Totanus flavipes*, may follow the coast line, or they may diverge as they do in going north in spring, on a question of food, some taking the shore and some the inland route. Still there is a serious obstacle in the way of their following the shore. The "trade winds," which blow constantly from S. E., would belikely to drift them inland, and this possibly may account for their appearance at Concepcion. The same influence would bear upon them on their return trip, though it would not be a head wind. But the birds do return the next autumn, say, March and April, and do arrive on the northern shore of the Continent. From this it is not at all naturally expected that they would take the same route, which undoubtedly they would do were the disturbing causes, but in crossing the Caribbean Sea they meet the northern "trade winds," which blow at an average N. E. current of fifteen knots from the ninth to the thirtieth degrees of north latitude. Of course at either extreme there is very little, if any, observable current, not enough to impede the progress of the birds whichever way they might wish to steer. We have seen, however, by the letters from the Barbados and Turks Islands, that they do not come there in spring. They are forced by the trades down on to the east of Central America and Mexico, from whence they beat their way up across the Gulf, some reaching Cape Cod via the Atlantic coast, and some turning up the valley of the Mississippi, soon reach Fort Dodge, where they will be heartily welcomed by our friend, the Doctor, having completed their circuit as heretofore narrated.

W. HARGOOD.

IS THE TURTLE FISH OR GAME?

Editor Forest and Stream: A rino Potluckian is never appealed to in vain for at least an opinion; so, although not a member of the "Turtle Clan," I submit the following considerations. This is an excellent question for a lawyers' debate for reasons that shall appear—in the forum of science it cannot be answered. "Game" is not a scientific term for any group of animals; true, fishes may be game, and there are and may be many animals which are neither game nor fish. Terrapin are not "fish" in the scientific acceptation of this term, as they differ from the fishes in mode of breathing, in structure of their general formation, skeleton and otherwise. The respected Commissioners of Chesapeake and tributaries might claim jurisdiction over everything that moveth and liveth in the waters, and fairly avail themselves of the popular acceptation of the term "fish," which makes it include not only the "finny tribes" (even when they are game), but testaceous fish (as the oyster) and crustaceous fish (as the lobster), and the whale fish, and shark fish, and perhaps the walrus and seal, the giant cuttle fishes, the mermaid and great sea serpent, of the sea, and the various monster fishes obtainable in the Chesapeake, and also the Medusan jellyfishes—but not extending to a steamboat nor an iron-clad torpedo, nor a diving bell. A regard to the general public interests would induce a candid judge to commit the terrapin (which have neither fur nor feathers and differ from the usual kind of game, while they have many and close relations with their piscine friends and enemies) to the culture and protection of the respected Commissioners of the noble bay in question and its tributaries.

The above question reminds me of a "story." In a suit where Mr. Ambrose Clark and Mr. John Anthon were opposing lawyers, Mr. Anthon's client had a patent preparation for tanning leather, which was made of fish oil. Another party made much the same thing, only using whale's oil instead, and he was sued as infringing on the patent. The defence was that it was no infringement, as *whale* oil was not *fish* oil, since a whale is not a fish. Prof. Mitchell was called upon as an expert, who, after being highly bedegged by the lawyers, was asked: "What is a whale?" and he replied: "The lawyers," which was the answer. He replied: "What is one of those disagreeable animals which comes up before a box and

spouts?" The question, as far as I can learn, like that in the Virginia Legislature, has "not been decided to this day." KA-TOT-TOI-STA-KWAST.

The above letter was written previous to the publication of our last issue, and was therefore prepared before its author knew that the President of the Pot Luck Club had delivered the oracle from his tripod. After these lucid dissertations on the nomenclature or legislation—can plead ignorance of the turtle's place in nature—trace to this politico-scientific subject: Let us turn to metropolitan turtle-soup. Puck, our professionally funny E. C., has been investigating the culinary mysteries of a New York restaurant. The experience of the Puck man was as follows:

LEON SOPH.

An attenuated individual, with a great affluence of hair and a soft, seductive smile, gently swaggered into a restaurant down town not more than a week ago, hung his hat on a nail, took a seat, and commenced to drum for the waiter. The letter appeared in due time, and began to brush around the tumbler with a great deal of energy. The diner ordered some turtle soup, and while he was sipping it, chipped in: "Pretty good soup this; what's the vintage?"

"T. A. M. S." replied the waiter, as he prepared to hurl the check down like a boueanger.

"Mado of land-turtles?" inquired the festive guy.

"Land-turtles?" repeated the waiter in astonishment. "Yes, land-turtles," continued the diner—"these big, corpulent, speckled, French-nosed reptiles that walk around ryofills with initials and dates cut on their backs?"

The waiter assured him that he was positive that that was not the brand of turtle employed in the construction of their best soup in the city for ten cents a plate, including a roll.

"No, I suppose it is not," continued the guest: "I suppose it is not. I presume you use these little black, red-spotted specimens that infest woodland brooks and bird-stores at three for a quarter—these little polka-dot rascals that fly over corn fields, chirk full of meditation. I suppose you get them in quantities and open them like Little Neck clams, and spring the result on innocent people for terrapin. Does my intellect light on the scheme?"

The waiter didn't reply, and the guest went on:

"Perhaps you use snapping turtles. These fellows that grab at anything so hard that it makes them tired. These ignoble beasts that draw the skin over their eyes when you look at them, and who have skin enough for each eye to make an apron, sirings out all, and—"

"We use an iron turtle," broke in the waiter, who was tired of being guyed.

"An iron turtle?"

"Certainly, an iron turtle."

"To make turtle soup?"

"Why, of course; to make turtle soup, not to make lamb stew, or friandean of nightingale's soul, or an epigramme of tapiti's kidney."

"But," said the diner, "how do you make soup out of an iron turtle?"

"Why, we wind him up."

"Wind him up?"

"Precisely; he has a key-hole in his back, you wind to your right, until you can't wind any longer. Then you throw him into the soup, and the machinery starts, and he kicks and splashes round for hours. We have a few eight-day turtles that—"

"But where does the nutriment come from?" inquired the astonished guest in tones of excitement.

"Why, of course, chuck full of meditation. I suppose you eat beef, and the carrots, and the lemon."

"Then, what is the use of putting in the turtle?"

"Why, he furnishes the motion."

"What, motion in soup?"

"Of course; we throw him into the soup, and he splashes round with his great paddle feet."

"To tone the system with iron?"

"Oh, no, just to keep the soup from burning. It's a great deal cheaper to work the turtle than to hire a boy to do the stirring."

These the out-guyed diner left with a saful look, as though he had just come down stairs with some manuscript, and left a dozen series of editorial foot-prints all over him.—R. K. M.

We know, then, very well that these birds *en masse* do leave the West India Islands in September and October, and where they go? Not northward, certainly, at this season of the year. We have, however, the most reliable testimony that they are very abundant in Guiana about the same time of their departure from the Antilles. Our friend Capt. B., who is an intelligent gentleman as well as an enthusiastic sportsman, was at Demerara with his ship about the end of September, 1877. While lying there his friends invited him to participate in a plover shooting excursion. In fact, he had several days of the great sport in the next year to be witnessed. Another voyage was made the next year to the same place, but he arrived six weeks later expecting to enjoy a repetition of the previous year's sport. He went to his friend and asked him if he could get a few days' shooting while his ship was taking in cargo. Mark the reply: "Why, Captain, you are too late! Had you been here a month earlier you would have had splendid shooting, as there was an extraordinary 'flight' of birds, but now they are gone." Our friend, intelligently, satisfied him that in September and October there is a "flight" of birds in Guiana, just the same as there is at Labrador, Newfoundland, Cape Cod and the British Isles. A letter from the ornithologist of the National Museum at Rio de Janeiro, under date of July 9, 1879, throws some light upon the subject. "I found *Charadrius pusillus*, Wils., on the island of Marajo in the month of December in flocks of about twenty individuals. Later I found it in the month of May in Rio de Janeiro and in December, 1878, near Rio de Janeiro at Jopopember in a small flock of twelve individuals. This bird seems to me to be one of passage in these parts, because in Rio de Janeiro, for example, they are known as migratory birds, appearing only in the wet season, and in other places they appear always in flocks of ten, twenty or thirty individuals." As the plover is accompanied in their departure from the West Indies by many other species, so we may infer that, notwithstanding they were not seen at Rio, still they were abundant in the vicinity. We are informed that during the migrating season these birds are plenty at the mouth of the Rio de Janeiro, and further south, and we are not quite clear that they do not breed there, but they certainly have time enough. Braut is not on their breeding grounds over three months, and *Anser bernicla* must require as much time to propagate as *Tringa pusilla*, a

A WORD OR TWO ON AN OLD STRIKER.—The dealers in firearms advertised in this issue of the FOREST AND STREAM are numerous. They are established firms, who do business year after year. There is no ring formed to maintain prices. The competition in the gun trade is strong. The firms, so far as our acquaintance goes, are possessed of business brains. All this means that no one firm can charge exorbitant prices for sportsmen's goods; which also means that a good gun can be bought of one of these standard dealers at the price fixed for that gun as the result of competition. The man who is possessed of average intelligence will, when he wants a gun, go to some of these regular established, respectable dealers. It is only a fool who will invest in the glowing, catch-penny advertisements in non-sporting papers of concerns which pretend to offer unheard-of largains in guns. Those men always seek to advertise in our columns and are as regularly refused that privilege; and with the advent of each new cheap-gun adventurer the FOREST AND STREAM'S mail brings frequent inquiries about the great bargains offered. Our reply to one and all is to buy their guns of reputable dealers and not to buy the \$25 guns for \$2.50.

AN ENGLISH ANTIQUARIAN has recently given some curious extracts from an old book, published in 1704, entitled, *Dictio narium Rusticum et Erbarium*, "A Dictionary of All Sorts of Country Affairs—Handicraft, Trading and Merchandizing." How do the following paragraphs strike our readers? "Shooting flying.—This being experimentally found to be the best and sweetest way of shooting. The gun most proper for the spot should be four foot and a half long in the barrel and of a pretty wide bore, something under a mureket." Under the head of "Fowling Piece" is the following: "That piece is even coated the best which has the longest barrel, being of five foot and a half or six foot long, with an indifferant bore, under barmebuss, tho' very Fowler ought to have them of several sorts and sizes, suitable to the game he designs to kill."

Game Bag and Gun.

FOREST AND STREAM GAME TABLE

OPEN SEASONS.

The seasons, in which it is lawful to shoot game in the several States and Territories, open as designated in the following table:

Table with columns: State, Deer, Woodcock, Quail, Ruffed Grouse, Pinnacled Owl, Wild-foal, Wild Turkey. Rows list various states like Ala., Cal., Col., Dak., Del., D.C., Idaho, Ill., Iowa, Kan., Ky., La., Mich., Minn., Mo., N.H., N.J., N.C., N.D., Pa., R.I., S.C., Tex., Va., W.Va., Wis., Wyo.

Alabama—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
California—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Colorado—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Dakota—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Delaware—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
D.C.—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Idaho—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Illinois—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Iowa—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Kansas—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Kentucky—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Louisiana—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Michigan—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Minnesota—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Missouri—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
New Hampshire—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
New Jersey—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
New Carolina—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
New Dakota—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Pennsylvania—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Rhode Island—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
South Carolina—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Texas—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Virginia—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
West Virginia—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Wisconsin—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.
Wyoming—Col. Sept. 1; Idaho, Aug. 1; Neb., Oct. 1; Nev., Aug. 1; Mex., Sept. 1; Utah, Aug. 1; Wyo., Sept. 1.

mini of which may be ten or more miles apart, and consequently they are hunted most frequently on horseback. A well-trained dog is a sine qua non of the sport. In October, when the turkeys are young, they are easily killed; but later on, when they have become fully matured and have been hunted, is the time when skill, patience and caution are required. The best method of hunting and calling turkeys may be most satisfactorily explained by the following: My own experience, and I have hunted them in company with some of the most skillful and successful sportsmen in the South, and have killed within the last ten years not less than an average of ten a season.

The call which is superior to all others, when in experienced hands, is the larger bone of the second joint of a turkey's wing. This bone is first trimmed at each end, and then cleaned of all particles of flesh and marrow. One end is then inserted into a tube of cedar or elder, about as long and but little larger than a man's middle finger. The other end, to make the call, is placed between the lips and the air drawn.

About the first of December your correspondent and a companion started at early dawn on a turkey hunt. After proceeding a few miles from home we entered upon an old and extensive turkey range, and for several hours roared through oak woods and dense pine forests, over rugged hills and through swamps. Our dog, a well-trained Irish setter, knew as well as we did what we were after, and he paid no attention to smaller game, but all the while ranged in our front and to the right and left, frequently in a half circle away. It was mid-day before we saw any fresh signs of turkey. Soon after eating our lunch, however, we saw tracks, evidently made very recently. Carefully noting the direction in which the flock had gone, we pushed forward, cautiously scanning every opening and listening for the bark of our dog, which had disappeared in our front. At length we heard him bark, and soon saw above the tree tops several turkeys flying in different directions. The dog continued to bark, and we saw at intervals several other turkeys flying off. All this showed that the flock was good, and that the dog had performed his duty well and had scattered the flock so that they could not get together without yelping. Securely fastening our horses in a low dell, we cautiously advanced on foot, and were met by the dog, who instinctively retraced his steps to the spot where he had flushed the flock. We then proceeded to hunt around, within a radius of a quarter of a mile, to see that the flock were well scattered.

After proceeding a short distance a fine young gobbler flew out of a tree over our heads, and, both firing, we brought him down. We shot and heard several others fly, but beyond the range of our guns. It is our custom, in our dog work, selecting proper places, built our blinds. The location and construction of a blind requires as much skill and experience, as well as knowledge of the habits of the game, as any other part of turkey hunting. Both depend so much upon the nature and features of the ground that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rule. Other things being equal, the location must be near the spot where the flock was scattered, and the blind must be as like nature as possible. An inexperienced hunter may place his blind near the spot where the flock was scattered, but he will not know that he will not see a turkey, while an old hunter would place the blind fifty yards away and be eminently successful.

We made our blinds of small cedars which were abundant, selecting such as were not over three feet in height, sticking them in the ground in a circle about five feet in diameter, so as to resemble some natural clumps near by, and on a slight elevation. Mine was near the spot where the dog first flushed the flock, and my companion's some quarter of a mile away. In the location we saw several turkeys had gathered, and, having completed my blind, in which the dog had already curled up, I crept in and remained perfectly quiet for an hour. I then, with my yelp, gave three loud and distinct calls. For fully half an hour I waited, intently listening, only to be occasionally startled by some of the sylvan sounds with which woodsmen are familiar, but nothing fell upon my ear denoting the presence or approach of the game. I then gave another call—three notes as before—but in a low tone. The note caused me to turn my head cautiously, and there, within twenty steps of my blind, was a turkey, standing as straight as an arrow. Quickly throwing my gun to my shoulder I shot it through the lead and neck. Restraining my dog I waited again for fully thirty or forty minutes, and then gave another low call. This time I received an answer from two directions. Knowing that both turkeys would come with unerring instinct to the place where they had heard my call, I kept perfectly still. Again and again they yelped, and I shot them, one on one side nearer than the other, and some two came in my netting, and as they were passing the blind I shot, but was unable to get a shot at the other as it flew off. Fully another hour elapsed before I ventured another call, but in the interval I heard two shots from my friend in quick succession. I again yelped, and after listening for some time I heard a low chuck, the note frequently made by an old gobbler. He came up to a spot about one hundred yards from my blind, and stood for a moment perfectly erect, with every feather of his beautiful plumage ruffled and his head flung up in a long, low cry. I remained crouched and immovable, with one hand on my dog and the other on the gun for a long time, and there he stood, occasionally walking off a few paces and then coming back. As the sun was getting low and I saw he would come no nearer, I made a similar chuck to his own. He immediately started toward me in a run, and I thought I had him, but he suddenly stopped about seventy-five yards away as if he had discovered something wrong. He was in a state of borderless excitement, afraid to move, and on foot. I was debating whether I should take the risk of killing him with a charge of lead when, as if struck by a sudden thought, he crouched down, and stealthily crept away. I watched and waited sometime longer, but at length grew greatly chagrined, and thinking he had taken alarm at something about the blind, I drew a long breath and stretched out in the blind, making some little stir. As I did so I was startled by the well-known pat! behind me, and, glancing around, I saw that he had come up behind the blind, and when within ten steps had seen me without my discovering him. I sprang up with the gun to my shoulder, but as I did so he ran behind a tree, and kept the tree between himself and me, until beyond gunshot, when I heard him fly. Gathering up the dead game I then repaired to our horses, where I was soon joined by my companion who had also secured two.

Much has been said in regard to the number of notes to be made in calling. With any but young turkeys you should never make more than three notes at a time, and at intervals

of from thirty minutes to an hour. Old gobblers are more successfully brought within range by a chuck than any other note, except in the spring, when they will come to the yelp of the hen. The chuck is never made by the hen, but only by the gobblers, two or more of whom generally go together. It is a note that cannot be made by the hunter, except after careful observation and practice.

It is a note that cannot be made as tame turkeys answer the call, but they will not come with my experience or observation, and you must only imitate the wild turkey's call with certain restrictions. I am not speaking as to young turkeys, which are easily deceived, but of old and wary birds, the bagging of which does credit to the sportsman. With the latter the hunter must never undertake to give as many calls or notes even as the wild turkey frequently makes. If he does he will get no turkey for his pains, unless he has studded upon an inexperienced flock. One evening in the month of December a friend and I scattered a flock of eight or ten turkeys. It being late, we did not succeed in getting one to answer. So by light the next morning we were again in our blinds, which were some distance apart. By agreement I was to do all the yelping, the blinds being so situated that some of the flock would pass my friend in coming to my call. My first call was answered by the old hen, who came within seventy-five yards of my blind, in plain view, and commenced yelping loudly and frequently. She would sometimes make a dozen or more notes at a time that might have been heard a mile. Others answered her, and I heard my friend shoot once or twice. The report of the gun would startle her at first, but it was too distant to frighten her away. I then understood the situation, that my friend's blind was directly between her and the rest of the flock, and she was between him and me, thus none of her flock could reach her. She started off several times, but I succeeded finally in bringing her within a few feet of my blind and killed her. Her beard, the longest I ever saw on a hen, was at least eight inches in length. Had any one attempted to make half the number of calls that I did, the old hen did, they would have frightened off all the turkeys. Something artificial, like the notes would certainly have caused alarm. In my early days as a turkey hunter I frequently lost fair opportunities of bagging old turkeys by yelping too frequently and making too many notes at a call, and have always succeeded best when observing the cautions I have indicated.

Northside, Va.
THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

RUTLAND, Vt., Oct. 12.
Editor Forest and Stream:

In reply to your suggestion that the scarcity of ruffed grouse, mentioned in my letter of a recent date, might be attributed to the destructive work of the partridge fly, or the snares and traps of the pot hunters. I must say that the partridge fly is unknown to me. I have read of it and of its work, but never saw one, and never heard of one except through your paper, and I never saw a grouse that appeared to me to be infested with any fly, bug or other vermin, at least to the extent of injury to its health or strength. I have made some inquiry among our sportsmen and never found one who had ever seen one, or noticed its work. I must confess that I have been inclined to regard the stories of its ravages as somewhat sensational. Is it not a new, or comparatively recent, discovery? I never heard of it until within two or three years, I think, and yet I have been shooting these birds for many years, more years than I can tell, or even to this day, and I do not believe that the fly can be charged, in this State at least, with the scarcity which I complain. Nor can I believe that the snaring has much to do with it. Some five or six years ago a considerable number of birds were brought into our market which had been scarce, perhaps fifty in all, and all in one season; since that time I have no reason to believe that any birds have taken in this way in this vicinity. I have heard of no instances, nor have I seen or heard of, a hedge, or the remains of one, for years. My walks over the grounds most likely to be haunted by snares have been quite extensive, and I have also made inquiries of others, and an item of no offences in this line. Some other reason must, in my opinion, be sought.

Since I wrote last, inviting your correspondents to give us the average weight of their birds, woodcock and grouse, I have shot eight woodcock, the average weight of which was six and one fourth ounces, making the average weight of eighteen October birds five and eight tenths ounces. I am surprised to find them so small and am desirous to know if the lack of aviridopsis is peculiar to this section. The grouse I have shot during this month average a fraction less than eighteen ounces, which is also a surprise to me, for I thought they would have been heavier.

VERDE MONTI.
[We did not attempt, in our note appended to "Verde Monti's" previous letter, to explain why the birds are scarce in his particular section. It would be impossible to do this without knowing more fully than we do the conditions which prevail there; and even if we were familiar with the conditions, it is very likely that we should be unable to obtain satisfactory reasons for the scarcity. Under the circumstances we could only suggest possible causes, which we have known in other localities, to make barren covers once abounding in grouse. We are somewhat surprised that our correspondent should be ignorant of a parasite so abundant as the partridge fly, which infests both grouse and quail. That this pest—Olfrosia americana, Leach—is not a creature of the imagination, we can sorrowfully attest; we have repeatedly seen it, and have witnessed its very destructive onslaughts upon the grouse. Their deadly work is accomplished while the birds are too young and weak to recover from the loss of blood which these leeches exact. We do not imagine that the fly, in its mature state, works any serious harm, but the larva or tick, as they are called, as soon as they are produced, bury their heads in the neck of the grouse, and do not remove it until they are full-grown. A grown bird can generally survive the drain upon its vitality, as I sought we have more than once brought to bag old birds that were reduced to mere skeletons by these pests. We cannot define the geographical limits of the partridge fly, but presume that if "Verde Monti" will carefully examine each bird as soon as killed, he will soon be convinced of their existence.]

I regret not observing the many anxious expressions of interest and disappointment of sportsmen throughout the

WILD TURKEY HUNTING.

OF the numerous articles under this head, appearing at intervals in the FOREST AND STREAM, one published, a short time ago, over the non de plume of "Splasher," recently detailed the method of successful turkey hunting, so far at least as the South is concerned. It was interesting to all who are fond of the pursuit of this noble bird; and as I arrogate to myself the title of an adept in the art, I will venture a few suggestions and incidents of my sporting adventures when wild turkey hunting, which will probably interest "Splasher" and his readers.

In the part of the South in which I reside the flocks are few and far between, seldom containing more than twenty individuals; but within the last few years there has been a manifest increase, partly owing to forestry game laws, and partly to the growing up of old field pines in the worn-out fields. These pine forests are favorite resorts of the turkey, and afford them, at all seasons of the year, more secure roosting and hiding places than forests of oak and other deciduous trees. The rapidity of growth of the old field pine here is something wonderful, and has undoubtedly been of great advantage to many parts of the country. Districts are frequently seen densely covered with this growth, the trees in many instances averaging a foot or eighteen inches in diameter at the stump, which forty years ago were in cultivation.

When flushed in open fields or oak woods, in the hunting season, the turkeys go straight to the pines, and have a way of settling themselves in the lofty tree tops, so as to be perfectly screened from observation. In this part of the country the open season extends from October 15th to the 1st of February, and after November the birds become exceedingly wary, and it requires all the art of an experienced huntsman to bag them where they have been hunted. But one turkey, in the latter part of November and in December, is worth more than two or three in October, and to kill them, as a rule, requires ten times the practice and skill requisite when they are young. It is considered as decidedly un sportsmanlike to "bait" or trap turkeys, and no one but "coffee" or a white pot-hunter ever does anything of the kind. Turkey hunting here requires such skill, patience and knowledge of the habits of the bird that few sportsmen indulge in it; but this sport possesses such attractions that, when once initiated into the mysteries thereof, it discovers a fascination unequalled by any other sport to be had in the old Southern States. It is gratifying, too, to those sportsmen who, like the writer, dwell in a sparsely settled region, where the negro has a numerical superiority of two to one over the whites, to perceive that Sambo seldom develops any taste for this sport. In an export of hare and dove hunting and in his especial predilection to hunt "de possum and de coon" but partridge and turkey hunting are not in his line. Hence about all the harm he does to turkeys is his propensity to dig a log cabin in the pines, and squat in the midst of the old turkey ranges, which has the effect of driving the game from their accustomed haunts.

A flock of turkeys will frequently have a range, the ter-

country on the growing scarcity of our game birds, and at the same time the many honest attempts to solve the why and wherefore of this depletion, as well as the saving and increasing the present stock. I believe from these inquiries and predictions, the result of careful observations of sportsmen's experiences, that something will eventually produce a salutary and beneficial change. My experience has taught me, concerning the vexed question, to attribute this growing scarcity to three causes, viz., spring shooting, breech-loaders, and lastly, but not least, the emulation existing among members of the shooting fraternity for a public record of big bags. Of these three evils I deem spring shooting the most pernicious and destructive; secondly, I cannot too strongly deprecate this unsportsmanlike and reprehensible infatuation for wholesale slaughter and destruction. And why I mention the breech-loader is not because I am an advocate of the ancient muzzle-loader, but from the belief that if the breech loader is not used with judgment, it becomes an accessory in the gratification of producing this result of big score notoriety.—WASHINGTON A. CORNER, Flatbush, Long Island.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that you propose discussing thoroughly the question of pigeon shooting at the State meetings. I, as you probably remember, have always been opposed to it for a number of reasons, and give them now again.

In the first place, I claim that the name, "Society for the Protection of Game," used by the New York State Association, is a misnomer. They never have given the "Protection of Game" either time, attention or money. On the contrary, I claim that the action of the State Association has made them a laughing stock among real workers in the protection of game, and has injured them in the eyes of the public.

While I presume, there is objection to the shooting of a friendly match at pigeons with the rifle, or a contest in fly-casting, it should be a side matter, and should take place after the business part of the meeting; but I cannot see why pigeon shooting should receive prizes valued at thousands of dollars, while rifle shooting, fly-casting, etc., receive prizes of hardly any value at all. Better offer prizes to those who have protected game the best, and rewards for the conviction of poachers. I do not know how much money was spent last year, but I guarantee it was more than ever was spent on the protection of game since the Association has existed.

W. HOLBROOK.

WILKES-BARRE, Pa., October, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read your editorial carefully, and fully concur with the views expressed by you.

There can be but one opinion as to the effect of pigeon tournaments, in connection with the meetings of State associations. "No man can serve two masters" was written many years ago, and time continues to prove the truth of the adage.

Pennsylvania has not, and never has had, one of these tournaments, and I hope she never will. Since the organization of one State association, our meetings have been solely devoted to the interests of a game protective society.

It is true that we have had once or twice little social events, the day after our meetings, but nothing in the way of tournaments, so called.

There is nothing morally wrong in pigeon shooting I am not competent to say or judge, but as a means of enabling those, who have but little time for field practice, to keep in good shooting form is no doubt the truth; but when State associations have become so demoralized that the delegates are pigeon shooters, and nothing else, when the objects for which the associations were organized are so forgotten that the shooting becomes the all-absorbing topic and the chief end of the meeting, as you truly say, "it is time for a change of programme."

The fact of the matter is that the people look with distrust on "sportsmen" at the best, and we must depend ourselves in such a way as to gain the regard and respect of the community, or our usefulness is gone. If, therefore, we become bands of bird slayers, instead of bird savers, we engender distrust and cast opprobrium upon our cause, destroy our usefulness and invite violations of the laws we have passed—instead of making the name of "sportsmen" an honorable title, we only join ourselves to the band who "make their living by their wits."

B. F. DOBRANOS.

(From the Forest and Stream, Oct. 18.)

This is a subject which has come into decided prominence during the past year. We have, however, purposely deferred its consideration in these columns, because the question is one which should be discussed fairly and impartially on its merits, and not solely in its relation to any single particular occasion or society. The State pigeon shooting tournaments of 1891 are past; those of 1892 are yet a long way off. This, then, is a fit time to consider the question which has engaged the serious attention of many sportsmen throughout the country. It is this:—Is the wholesale trap-shooting of pigeons a proper employment to consume the time at the various State conventions of sportsmen?

To answer this candidly, it is necessary to look the facts squarely in the face. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

1. State associations are formed for the purpose—so their titles, constitutions and professions declare—of advancing the interests of sportsmanship and for securing the better protection of the game.
2. Annual conventions are held by each association, to which delegates are sent from the several clubs composing it.
3. These delegates are those who are most expert as trap shooters.
4. Professional trappers are hired to trap tens of thousands of pigeons on their nesting grounds. These birds are packed in crates and conveyed to the places designated for the conventions.
5. The only business accomplished at the conventions is the shooting of these pigeons, dividing the prizes and arranging for the next shoot.
6. Many influential sportsmen who have a warm interest in matters pertaining to the advancement of sport, withhold their support and presence from the State trap shooting tournaments. The number of prominent men thus holding aloof is yearly increasing.
7. Not only do these conventions accomplish absolutely nothing in the right direction, but more and worse than this, they have a positively bad influence in their effect upon public opinion. Instead of forming by their transactions a popular appreciation of the dignity of field sports, and a public sympathy with the spirit and objects of

just game laws, they bring the term "game protection" into ridicule and contempt. The only time the public bears anything of these societies is when its ears are saluted by the fusillade of their guns at the pigeon traps. The outside world never dreams of the existence of these State associations for the protection of game, except when they pose before it as extortionists. The increased participation of these conventions upon those who participate in them is also questionable. In one State at least the annual tournament is tending more and more every year to a money-making affair. One of the State tournaments of 1891 was, to all discoverable intents and purposes, a grand money-making scheme on the part of the clubs under whose direct management it was held. The speculation failed, because the public could not be induced to pay gate money to witness the immense and business-like slaughter of pigeons. The convention was barren alike of dividends for the stockholders in the scheme and of any single good result which should legitimately have followed a game society's convention.

These are the facts; but in regard to them very diverse views are held. It is argued, on the one hand, that the pigeon is not a game bird; that there is no sufficient reason why it should not be utilized for trap shooting; that it is no more cruel to kill one pigeon than one quail, nor twenty thousand pigeons at the trap than twenty birds in the field; that while the number of congregated shooters is taken into consideration the average number of pigeons per man is not excessive; that no other form of amusement can be substituted for the trap shooting of live birds and; that without some such attraction the convention would not be held.

On the other hand, there is a growing conviction among an annually increasing number of sportsmen that this yearly slaughter of thousands of birds is essentially cruel, unmanly and unworthy of the societies which practice it; that the average sportsman who kills these birds, which have been cooped up and starved for so long a period before they are finally put into the trap, and thrown weak, dazed and helpless into the air to the spot where the gun was pointed before the trap was sprung, requires no special skill; that trap shooting is largely trick shooting; that the motives of those participating in the State shoots are mercenary; that in their eagerness to secure prizes the pigeon shooters are nothing more nor less than "nug hunters"; that if pigeons are not game birds, game associations certainly have no business to trap and shoot them; that the shooting of pigeons is an infatuation with which these game societies are so filled that they wholly fail to do their legitimate work; and that, if pigeon shooting were abolished from the annual conventions, the State associations would receive large accessions of influential supporters, and would then accomplish the ends for which they are professedly organized but which have not been gained.

Another objection to these large pigeon shooting tournaments is one wholly apart from public sentiment, and is recognized by both parties; that is, the growing scarcity of the birds, the consequent difficulty of procuring a sufficient supply and the increased expense. During the past year this objection has presented itself with more force than ever before, and has in some instances practically put a stop to proposed tournaments.

This question of shooting pigeons or not shooting pigeons is one which demands the candid and deliberate consideration of those who have at heart the perpetuity and usefulness of our sportsmen's associations.

The question is not whether pigeon shooting is in itself cruel; it has nothing to do with ordinary pigeon shooting as a form of amusement for individuals and clubs.

The point at issue is simply whether by dispensing with these vast annual trap slaughters of birds the associations of sportsmen in various States cannot accomplish better results, more successfully further the common interests of their clubs, attain a greater prestige and wield a more potent influence.

We invite an expression of views.

WAY DOWN EAST.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over some back numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM, I saw an article from an old friend whom I have known from my boyhood, a most perfect sportsman and without exception, the finest field shot I ever saw. When I say this, and it should come to his ears, I think I can hear him say, as I have heard him reply oftentimes to some person who was declaring that his dog was the best in the world, etc., "Have you seen them all?" I plead I have not seen all the shots, but I have seen a great many in the West and in the East, and I am sure you will agree with me. When I saw the article I thought that your readers down on this rocky-ribbed coast, who feel that they are particularly favored if they can, by hunting hard all day, get three or four brace of woodcock or grouse, would be pleased to hear of some of the bags made a few years ago; and knowing that my friend used to keep an accurate record of his shooting, the idea came into my head that I would ask you to use your persuasive influence and get him to allow you to print them, and if possible, split 'em up into two or three "Bell's, tips and shooting at Shelly, A-bley, Woodville and other places. I can jog my memory when it fails him, which I doubt ever will when shooting talk is going on. I am happy to say I graduated in the class of youngsters that he initiated into the art of shooting. I think I hear him say, "Pretty low in the class, wonder he got through at all," however, I have followed up his instruction of "Shoot away, they are in a darned sight more danger than you" pretty well, when there has been anything to shoot at. Down this way the cover is so thick that we have to, as a friend expresses it, "Shoot at the noise seven-tenths of the time." The person I refer to is James O'bhuy, of Cleveland, O. I hope you may induce him to give your readers what I am sure will be a pleasure to them, a chance to see what shooting used to be in Ohio; and now that we are all scattered and some dead, try and get him to tell us where that spot was where he got seventy-three woodcock in one day, for if I ever get back to Cleveland I want to try it.

Our shooting does not promise to be very great this fall in my neighborhood at least. The spring has been unusually sud-to-day, October 5, snow falling (twelve miles from here this morning it was two inches deep) so woodcock I am afraid will make but a hurried stop on their flight to sunny skies. Yet it may come off warm; if Vennor has predicted cold I am sure it will. Grouse are not plenty, and the cover is thicker than I ever saw it before. Hares are plenty, and we have right royal sport, after woodcock have gone, shooting them over baggies. Foot and sea-ducks are very plenty, but no one eating them, so they take at least, and there is not much

use in shooting them. I am told that in the northern and eastern part of the State deer are quite plenty. Moose are rarely seen. I see by your last article stating a moose was killed at King Lake, Sept. 15. Come, Mr. Stanley, teach this Dr. Porter a lesson, that those who come down here every year and put our game out of season may profit by it. The remarks made in Portland and made by Hono, that four dollars to a warden would take you to a moose, is undoubtedly the case with some. I have heard of one near Enfield, who acts as guide, proposing to furnish canoe, dogs, etc., for a party intending to hunt deer. I can only say to these gentlemen it is profitable for a while, but are you not killing the bird "that laid the golden egg?"

Some other time I may tell you of a poaching scrape or joke on one of our fishing sportsmen. WAD.
"Way Down East," Oct. 5.

ILLINOIS DUCKING GROUNDS.

CHILLICOTHE, Peoria Co., Ill., October, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If further proof of the usefulness of your paper were necessary the following may illustrate what advantage sportsmen take of its columns. Some time ago "J. W. B." stated in FOREST AND STREAM that he wished to be put in communication with a practical ducker in the West. I replied through your columns, offering to give him the desired information, but to my astonishment thirty-seven letters from all parts of the country, North, South, East and West, found their way to Box K. I replied to several of these, but as my time was limited, and as market shooters please don't print this "pot-hunters" are not usually sufficiently wealthy to secure the services of a private secretary, I resolved to ask your aid in letting your readers know what country I like.

Chillicothe is situated on the west bank of the Illinois River, and has about 1,000 inhabitants, good, bad and indifferent; and has probably more professional hunters among its population than any town of its size in the West. Of game we have almost all varieties—prairie chickens (not very plentiful), quail (any amount), woodcock, jack snipe, plover, ruffed grouse (supply limited), wild turkeys (do); and of water fowl, any quantity and of all kinds, from Canada geese to green-winged teal.

We have, however, no professional guides. One correspondent claimed that I advertised myself as such. If I did I was not aware of it, and am sorry to say that if such were the case FOREST AND STREAM received no consideration for the "ad." There is no one whose business it is to hire out beats and decoys. Still, our hunters are always willing to show any one around and help them to what sport is to be had; though, often very ungratefully, these amateurs will write them up as pot-hunters, men too lazy to work, useless to vagrants, etc.—see "Dydimus" in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM. By the way, I feel sorry for "Dydimus." He pitches into the clubs, first, who buy lands for their own exclusive right, and when he gets worsted in his communistic arguments, he turns his heavy artillery on the unfortunate market shooters, from whom there is less danger of retaliation. Oh, fie, "Dydimus!" If you will only come "out West" and follow us day after day, we will show you that laziness is no component part of a Western real-sportsman's make-up, and we will show you that such sport as this, is a far better humor with yourself and the world in general.

The weather here has so far been unfavorable for ducking—too warm. The mallards have put in an appearance though there are thousands of blue-wings and some jack snipe. As to the number of ducks a gun can kill in a day, of course much depends on the individual behind the gun, but we consider from fifty to fifty a fair day, and bags of 100 to 125 are not at all rare occurrences. Our heaviest last fall was 215, and we had no wild rice. This year we had a magnificent crop, and the prospects for big bags are good. Twenty-five miles up the river from us there is a chain of lakes, with a hotel on the bank of one (Sanchewine) for the accommodation of hunters. The surrounding country is a grand one for wild fowl shooting, though on account of being advertised it is somewhat overstocked with shooters. The hotel is kept by one "Grubbs," who keeps boats and decoys for hire. His charges are \$1.25 per day for board and use of boat—decoys and pushing extra.

The whole of the Illinois River Valley, in the section, is one vast feeding ground for wild fowl, and one can hardly miss getting good sport at any point he may strike it. I have bunte it from one end to the other and know whereof I write. LUTW.

THE HURLING GROUSE.

MCDONALD'S CORNER, Queen's County, N. Y.

New Brunswick, Canada, Oct. 11.

I SEND you a few game notes from this far-off corner of "Kaucaukia." Duck shooting has been better here this season than at any time during the past five years, and some very heavy bags have been made—mostly "blacks" and teal—it being rather early for the month. Snipe and woodcock are scarce, but during the dimps of the season a few trials of the "hurling" were had. A number of snipe are shot in the evening, sportsmen expect soon to hear the musical "hark" of the wild grouse. During no season in the past fifteen years have ruffed grouse ("brch partridge," we call them here.) been so scarce as now, the fact being probably due to the long continued rains during the hatching season.

A correspondent, writing to your paper in 1890, says he would call an inn an artist who could kill one grouse out of six fired at while on the wing. I would be willing to grant that to any one who could make one successful flying shot in twenty at any grouse. Bret Harte says: "To keep your plow in the furrow when the cattle begin to 'rare' ain't no sure thing," but had he made the first line—"To 'draw a bead' on a partridge when once he gets in the air," the simile would have been far more forcible. I have hunted grouse ever since I could raise a gun—probably about sixteen seasons. During that time I have hunted with men who were nearly certain death if you duck, snipe, pigeon or cock, which attempted to get up within gunshot, but who tried a flying grouse there was always so much "trailed" that it was out of their way of locomotion for them. I do not say that the feat cannot be performed, but I would give five dollars to see it done, and twice that to do it myself, for it has been my one great ambition as a hunting fave, and I have always failed.

We have one consisting fact in connection with the scarcity of grouse this year—the roar of the pot-hunter's brass-banded musket resoundeth not in the land, for he is too comfortably shiftless to buy boats in which to shoot water fowl.

L. I. P.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

COLUMBUS, O.—Editor Forest and Stream: There has been of late considerable correspondence in your columns in regard to gun rust messes and such. I have nothing to offer by way of recommendation for its extermination, as the inside of my gun barrels is handsomely freckled. What I want to know is this: What will be the effect on the inside of a pair of gun barrels if they are not cleaned out at all after shooting, but put away until the rust in the barrels turns to a dust or powder, as it will; then wipe out if you choose before using again? I have been informed by an old Californian that this was the way to take care of the inside of a pair of gun barrels. I have tried it and find it an exceedingly convenient way, to say the least, and so far am not able to discover that it has in the slightest degree been the means of more elaborately freckling the in-side of my shooters. I would be pleased to hear from some one, if any, who has tried this plan on a new gun.—FRANK N. BRENE.

CENTRAL MICH., Mich.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see that some of your correspondents go to lots of trouble to take care of their guns. Now I am the owner of a fine breech-loader, and have never used a drop of water to clean it with, yet will challenge any one to produce a cleaner or brighter pair of barrels than mine are, inside. In the first place I always clean my gun as soon after I return from shooting as possible, and use a good quality of sewing machine oil to clean out the burned powder and any particles of lead that may be in the barrels; and when they are bright I change the rags for other well saturated with this oil, and "augumint" (almost every hunter knows what that is); and push that through the barrels once or twice, and then put the gun in a dry place until I want to use it again. I find it always clean, without a particle of rust or dark spots on it in any place. Though I find lots of difference in powder, in the amount of labor required to clean out a gun. TOBACCO RIVER.

QUINCY, KY.—Editor Forest and Stream: I always use common coal oil to remove all residuum, and afterward thoroughly polish inside of barrels with an old flannel rag, using a hickory wiping stick, as I think jointed wiping sticks are injurious, the metal joints coming in contact with the delicate works of the breech. Water is an unmitigated nuisance in a gun barrel, as it is nearly impossible to get it out again, therefore I never put it in. Coal oil is a good preventive of rust, and is a good article to remove any dirt, therefore I use it and my gun always looks like a new silver dollar.—H. D.

A HAZY CONCLUSION.—Gilsey House, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been fooled by finding an advertisement in your paper with regard to ducks and other game in Sullivan County. I have just returned from Eldred, where I spent three days in pursuit of game, and which I did not find, for the very good reason that there was none. All I got after my time was one woodcock and a meadow lark, which were all the birds I saw worth being a charge for. I had a brace of good dogs, and a good guide, who told me to never again go to any place on the strength of such advertisements. They are only catch-pennies, so I think I will most undoubtedly be a guide, as advertised. It would be well if you notify your subscribers not to be fooled as I was.—SOLD.

[We condescend with our correspondent on the harsh fate that overtook him in Sullivan County, but we beg leave to differ with him as to decidedly when he affirms that the note referred to was a "catch-penny," for we have the best of reason for believing the author of that note perfectly sincere and correct in his statement of facts. That our Gilsey House friend found no ducks in Sullivan County is—with all due respect to himself and his guide—no evidence that Sullivan County may not, after all, be a good place to go for the birds. Others have found them there, and others still will find more there. Let not our friend set all men down as liars because on three certain days in October, 1881, he found no ducks in Sullivan County, New York.]

RANGELEY NOTES.—Rangeley, Me., Oct. 10.—The reputation of the Rangeley Lakes for large trout has been maintained the past season. Several have been taken of six and seven, and one of eight pounds. The early fishing was at that could be desired, but for some reason midsummer yielded the poorest results ever known by the anglers. In fact, it is not our friend set all men down as liars because on three certain days in October, 1881, he found no ducks in Sullivan County, New York.]

DERB SLAUGHTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—A person has been convicted of the glaring defect of the present game law for the protection of deer. Hundreds, and I might truthfully say, thousands are being killed by driving them into the water with hounds. I would not deny the sportsman who visits the woods in October of needed venison for the camp. But deer are so easily killed in this way, that this clause in the law is subject to great abuse. Hundreds are killed and wasted, and also by pothunters who attempt to get them to market, and being heated by the chase, it is in an unmarketable condition when it arrives there during warm weather. It is not uncommon for parties to kill five or six deer a day. I have known a single party to throw away as many as twelve deer. Four times as many deer are killed in this way as by every other method, including crusting which is a kin to killing them when rendered helpless by being driven into the water. It is not deplorable that a law should stand upon our statute books that is so rapidly despoiling the Adirondacks of its most noble game.—MERRITT.

LIVE QUAIL WANTED.—Any one having live quail for sale, or in a position to secure a large lot of birds, will please communicate particulars to editor of this paper.

CALIFORNIA.—Goleta, Santa Barbara Co., Sept. 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: There was a large hatch of quail here this season, and as the new set out runners are quite numerous after the little beauties. They are the finest birds we have here, and therefore they are sought after by many. We also have plenty of deer, back in the mountains, where civilization has not driven them away. If we get any venison we have to go out camping, which is pleasant here at most times of the year. Myself and a friend took a week's hunt just after the deer law had expired, and succeeded in killing three four-pointers and two spike bucks. We returned home after having enjoyed six days of excellent sport among the antelope.—M. M. B.

SQUIRREL SHOOTERS are advised to have their grip-sacks ready and to read the daily papers. About once a week appear items like the following: "Union City, September 23, 1881.—Squirrels are crossing the Mississippi River south of Hickman fifty miles, in fabulous numbers. They are caught by the dozens by men in skiffs. They enter and pass through corn fields, destroying as they go. They are bearing to the country and hundreds are seen crossing the river, on the Tennessee River, below Point Mason. They are from the interior of Arkansas." "A merchant of White County, Ark., says that immense numbers of squirrels are overrunning the uplands of that State, and, in the absence of corn and nuts, are opening cotton bolls, eating the seed and scattering the cotton on the ground and among the trees. Great quantities of cotton were being wasted in this way."

A MOOSE ON THE TRACK.—An exchange says that a full grown moose of immense size was standing on the track of the E. & N. A. Railway, between Forest and Eaton, Me., one day last week, when a freight train came along. With its great body and heavy wide-spreading antlers, the animal presented an imposing sight. The engineer, carried away by the spirit of the chase, obeyed a sudden impulse and threw the throttle of the locomotive open in an endeavor to run into the huge animal. It is probably fortunate for the train that he was unsuccessful. This moose is supposed to be the last survivor of his race in Washington county.

CHICAGO GAME NOTES.—Chicago, Oct. 15.—Weather cold here at present, thermometer 65. Mallards coming south in thousands, ditto snipe. Every one who owns a gun is out on the marshes. Pigeons are plenty, I shot twenty-two just north of the city yesterday morning before breakfast. Mr. R. A. Turtle, the taxidermist, has some fine specimens of game birds in his rooms, mounted and in dead game cases. Geo. Camel, Sheridan's celebrated scout, was in the city last week, he predicts fine shooting in the "Far West" this season.—TEN BORE.

SHINNEBOK BAY.—Good Ground, L. I.—Ducks are now coming into the bay by thousands; there are already three or four large bodies sitting in the bay on the feeding-grounds, and more coming night and day. We expect to have the law repealed which prevents our shooting but three days per week on Tuesday 25th, so that we can shoot every day after the 25th of October. With plenty of feed and great numbers of ducks already here, we look for a good season.—WILLIAM N. LANE.

GREENO, N. Y., Oct. 10.—This has been a grand day for sport at Long Pond shooting ducks. There have been more ducks killed here to-day than I ever knew so early in October. Several men shot from fifteen to twenty species. I was there myself and had good sport. Snipe have been quite plenty. A friend of mine killed ten the other day. Woodcock shooting not very good yet.—A. E. R.

A FERRIS REWARD.—Ten dollars reward will be paid for the evidence which shall convict any person or persons, in Lowell, Mass., of the use of ferrets contrary to the provisions of law protecting wild game. Any one having such evidence may communicate with City Marshal, of Lowell.

TRAPPED QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of October 13 "Frank" wants to know where to come in Virginia to get quail. It is against the law to trap quail in this State at any time.—W. O. W.

KENTUCKY, Quincy, Oct. 16.—There is an abundance of game in this locality. I flushed a flock of twenty quails yesterday. Ducks are coming in. Squirrels are excessively plenty, and are doing considerable damage to the corn crop on the hills. D.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Oct. 12.—On last Saturday afternoon I bagged eleven squirrels, after 3 o'clock, p. m.—MAROONER.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 12.—Quail are very plentiful within thirty miles of New Orleans. Teal, duck and venison in market.—S.

To our list of "Catalogues Received," issue of September 29, should be added that of Messrs. Jno. P. Lovell & Sons, Boston, Mass.

DROOY SWANS are wanted by a correspondent.

WARNING TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Editor Forest and Stream: Please warn your correspondents that I and many others of your readers always stop on an article the minute we come to the words "speckled beauties." We don't want to read any further.—YOURS, CAPTAIN.

BOND'S SEOTIONAL BOAT.—W. E. Bond, of Cleveland, Ohio, has made some very acceptable improvements in his boats since they were first brought out. From a common flat bottom skiff with stiff sides he has developed his idea into very handsome, well-fitted boats possessing light weight, speed, carrying capacity, beauty and durability, which are certain to retain for them their deserved popularity. The Bond boats are divided into three classes, ranging from 14ft. up to 16½ft. They have moderately narrow bottoms of well-seasoned, kiln-dried wood saturated with an oil cement, making them impervious to rot of any kind. The sides are of galvanized iron with just the right amount of dead rise on the bottom, and an easy turn to the hinge, in fact approximating to the usual sporting boat in form without the use of many ribs. The boats are taken apart and shipped, where hulkheads and connections are fitted for that purpose, and one end is stowed into the other for transportation. They have an excellent reputation among sportsmen, and are met with in all parts of the world.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER. FRESH WATER. Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. pallidus. Masaculone, Esox nubilus. Pickerel, Esox lucius. Pike or Pickerel, Esox lucius. Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) Stizostedion americanum, S. griseum, etc. Yellow Perch, Perca flavescens. Striped Bass, Morone chirocentrus. White Bass, Morone americana. Rock Bass, Ambloplites (two species). War-spoon, Choroscyttus gulosus. Spotted Bass, Micropterus nigromaculatus. Bachelier, Pomoxis annularis. Chui, Semotilus corporalis.

SALT WATER. Sea Bass, Centropristis striata. Striped Bass or Rockfish, Morone lineatus. White Perch, Morone americana. Bluefish or Taylor, Pomatomus saltatrix. Scup or Porpie, Stenotomus argenteus. Pollock, Polachtha carbonarius. Tautog or Blackfish, Tautoga onitis. Spanish Mackerel, Cynoscion maculatum. Weakfish or Squeteague, Cynoscion regalis. La Fayette or Spot, Liostomus xanthurus. Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, Sciaenops ocellatus. Sheepshead, Achoeropus probatocephalus. Kingfish or Barb, Menidia menidia.

I give up fly-fishing; it is a light, voluble, dissipated pursuit. But the ground-bait, with a good steady float, that never bobs without a bite, is an occupation for a Bishop, and in no ways interferes with sermon-making.—SINNEY SMITH.

BLUEFISHING.

BLUEFISHING, by some anglers, is considered but little more sport, but the opinion is generally expressed by some party sportsmen, who never had the pleasure, excitement and hard work of pulling in a twelve pounder, and so continuing until exhaustion compels one to desist. There is no spot along the Atlantic coast that can surpass the Five Fathom Banks for bluefishing. On the 10th day of August, being at Cape May, and nothing on hand save the sole purpose of enjoyment, and passing along Washington street, in front of alphabetical Alderman Ware's office, I was accosted by Colonel James M. Scovel, an occasional contributor to your columns, with the request that I should accompany another limb of the law (Counselor Douglas by name) and himself on a little fishing excursion, to start that evening at 9 o'clock from Denzies's Pier. I consented, and, at the appointed time, was on hand with a basket of lunch, claret, etc. The Colonel and "Dug" (familiarily called) were provided and armed in the same manner.

After getting in a small yawl we pulled out to the little sloop "Vandalia," commanded by Captain Foster, whose crew, as well as their commander, sported the names of "Captain" to wit: Captains York and Rice, to whom we were introduced when we stepped on board.

Owing to the condition of the tide, we were informed that we would be compelled to lay at anchor until 1 o'clock. Upon receiving this information the Colonel turned in. "Dug" and I volunteered to keep the first watch, and the Captain and crew followed the Colonel to the arms of Morpheus. After being comfortably seated on a large coil of rope, lawyer-like, we began swapping yarns, and telling remarkable anecdotes of wonderful witnesses, and disagreeing on most propositions, for the sake of argument and to while away the time, which passed pleasantly, until the Counselor, with one bound, sprang to his feet, and shouted, "What's that?" I listened for a moment and heard a sound, faint at first and gradually growing louder, then sinking away in the distance until all was quiet. "My gracious!" shouted the Counselor, "we must have got adrift and I'd like clear out to the Banks, because I know I heard the automatic buoy on the north bank! Listen, it sounds like a mad bull rushing up the road!" And without further remark he rushed with "precipitation" that was calculated to end in the water, if he had not fortunately grasped the slide on the companion-way, and then shouted, "Turn out, Captain; we're adrift!" The Captain, followed by the crew, hastened on deck, threw his eagle eye (for he was blind in one eye) around the horizon, burst into a hearty laugh and said, "Why, you fool, don't you see the lights of Cape May City on your port side?"

Soon the following continued with but slight intermission, and the crew began to express themselves in a supercilious manner. At last Captain York went down into the cabin to light his pipe. Our ears again were saluted with a loud "halloo." He rushed up, and said, "Why, 'Dug,' you haint got the sense you was born'd with; it's Colonel Scovel a-snorin'!" Captains Foster and Rice moved to throw "Dug" overboard, but I persuaded them to let him live a little while longer. I suggested to grease the Colonel's nostrils with lard, which was done effectually, and he awoke with a loud snore, sweating eternal vengeance.

About 6 a. m. we reached the Banks just as old Sol was peeping from under the horizon, sending heavenward a perfect halo of glory, and making innumerable reflections on the bosom of the then placid Atlantic. Out with the trolling lines—one on each side with out-riggers, and one stern line—all hands eager for the sport. "Dug" with rags tied on every finger, and irrepressible Colonel with a pair of long-legged stockings on his hands in order to prevent the line from cutting. Your humble servant was assigned to one of the out-rigger lines, and had to wait for about five minutes for a bite, when, wia! went the line, as a big fellow rose to the top and tried to swallow the squid. Now commences the sport. The fish, feeling a powerful strain in a direction he don't hanker after, at last makes a break for the boat, and then what a lively time to haul in the slack; but perseverance, muscle and perspiration were a little too much for the voracious monster and, with one jerk, it was latched on the deck. Next the Colonel drew in a large fellow—"Dug" soon followed another, and so on, until I quit, perfectly exhausted.

The Colonel and "Dug" made a bet as to who would make the largest catch. Look varied first on one side and then on the other, until one of the crew of the lightsab was put on board (au old hand as the business) in order to be taken home. "Dug" immediately enlisted him in his service to draw in most of the line and would then catch hold and land the fish. The Colonel stood still for some time, as "Dug" gradually made the score advance, and at last broke nut with "How can you expect me to keep up with you when you have the United States Government, bone, sinew, muscle and the Treasury Department are at your back. In the whole course of my experience I never knew a political party to win who had such odds to contend against." "Dug" still kept on

scoring, and would have eventually been the Colonel had he not commenced to count two for one.

At last even the representative of the U. S. Government was exhausted and cried "quit." The lines were then pulled in, and the little rod beaded homeward under a press of all canvas and good southerly wind, which made the water foam and boil as he rushed through it at about nine knots. Douglas claimed that he beat all the rest—but with the aid of the lightship man—the matter remained in doubt. Still there was good humor all around, as we caught ninety-seven muskellere between sunrise and noon. Capt. York was the luckiest of the party. His stories kept the table in a roar. He would have discounted Billy Emerson had he gone on the stage and he regretted himself that the Cape May Camp Meeting had lost such a "stalwart" exponent when he first went down into the sea in ships. York's jokes were new, and his wit not destitute of Attie sail, nor was his cooking, for never did breakfast bacon taste so sweet as that cooked by "Yorky." One of his favorite songs was:

"A lady lived in Lexington and she was very stiv'ly, and in spite of all her lather she fell in love with a fishman, the great big-roguer with his blundering brogue, The whisky-devouring fishman," etc.

Well, all things have an end, and Walter Scott said, "a head and a foot, and she was dead." Capt. M. P. Jones the "looming bassions fringed with fire" made the sky glorious. Douglas saw the light-house and thought it was an evening star. He said he felt like a big snuff-box. One of ten boats Capt. Foster's Vandalia led the fleet. J. S. M.

CANOEING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

II.—FROM INDIAN RIVER TO CHEBOYGAN.

WORD as to our fleet. Captain manages a good-sized but light clincher boat, sixteen feet long by forty inches beam, painted blue; and on him we impose our camp-chest, tent, and in fact everything else we can shed either by fair means or foul; and what Petie and I fall to get in Captain's net all we try to work off on Woodrow, who has a flat-bottom canoe, of a ducking-pattern, fifteen feet long by about thirty-five inches beam, painted green; while Petie and I each prep ourselves in a fourteen foot thirty-two inch beam lap streak canoe, varnished, and a cross between a Shadow and a Rice Lake, very staunch and seaworthy, and easy under paddle, and built to shoot and fish from as well, consequently has very flat lines, beam extending well to fore and aft. Our fleet does not, perhaps, move in as systematic order as a well-conditioned canoe club, but when it comes to fun, downright solid fun, we are right on deck.

In my last letter we were at Smith's Hotel, at the head of Indian River, where we enjoyed ourselves a couple of days shooting and fishing. Our companion, who "went out to look for a deer," was just as successful as heretofore, but we commence to think he has considerable sand, with the stickiness that he has thus far shown, we have faith that he will yet come out on the top of the heap, and reap his heart's desire.

The early morning finds us up and hustling around, as usual in pursuing our sport, and we all finally get our way in good order. We have before us Indian River, a stream about seven miles long, connecting Burd and Mullett lakes, and although not so crooked nor narrow as Crooked River, still a beautiful stream, and the acres and acres of wild rice (thanks to the Superintendent of the G. R. & I. Ry.) bring the ducks and rail in season in large numbers.

We slowly paddle along, fishing and shooting as we go, until Mullett Lake looms up, and as a stiff breeze is blowing we hoist sail and are off for a run of twelve miles across the lake, toward the head of Indian River, where we find a stream with white caps, looks a little rough. But we all boldly start off, finally bringing around in the lee of a point of land, where Captain and I wait for our lagging brothers who soon come up in good style, when we cruise along together as near as possible for a couple of miles, while the white-capped waves make our little canoes dance right merrily. Bringing up in a little cove we run ashore for dinner. What an appetite! How good this grand air and the exercise make one feel. Again we take to the water. Our wind has not abated in the least, and we are again paddling around, running along together for several miles, when we again swing around in the shelter of a very handsome point of land, called Dodge's Point, and take temporary possession of Mr. Dodge's spring. Petie and I have a liking for springs, we never let one go by default, if it lies anywhere near us, and we know it; have even been known to walk a mile through the woods to drink from a new spring. We voted Mr. Dodge's spring a grand success, and then off again. We now have just one mile to the head of Cheboygan River, and the wind blowing like a split.

We all get under the starting in good order, and without waiting for instructions to get all set up and start. Was it dusty? Well, I should think so; it blew in our faces, all over our clothes, and cleaned the decking as nicely as could be. 'Twas "Trim'er up and let'er go," which we did. We brought up in the head of Cheboygan River, all in good order—burn' a slight moisture—and as enthusiastic as it would be possible for canoeists to be after an exciting and pleasant run. At this point my canoe tried to climb over a ledge of a sideways bar, and before she got her sail over, and her bottom changed. I had before forewarned my canoe to be very gentle, as I thought broke to lead, and had no bad habits, but this little difference of opinion between what the canoe wanted to do and what I expect of her, led me to the conclusion that canoes, like many honest people, cannot be trusted entirely alone at all times to their own inclinations. We form a line of war, and paddle and sail along down Cheboygan River, the widest and deepest of the rivers on this inland route, and a very beautiful stream for navigation. It is eight miles long, the greater part of its distance very deep, and is the outlet to this inland chain of lakes and rivers emptying into the Straits of Mackinac. The lumbering interests here are very considerable, thousands and thousands of feet of logs lying in booms along the banks, in back water bays, or being towed by one of the numerous tugs there for that purpose, or as is quite frequently the case cut loose at the head of the river and allowed to float with the current to their destination, wherever it may be on the river, when they are again safely brought to a standstill by a line of booms, which across the river, and in a jam of this kind we barely escaped, finally bringing up at Cheboygan at supper time, all in good condition, when we make a raid on Mr. Spencer, of the Fountain City House, who takes us in and cares for us in the best possible manner. If ever you go to Cheboygan do not seek the Spencer House, but ascertain where the house kept by Mr. Spencer is, and if you don't get an A. No. 1 bed, a good, clean and well served table,

and a piece of beefsteak of the best (broiled over charcoal), that will just touch the right spot, I will be greatly surprised, and your experience will be decidedly opposite to what mine has been. Cheboygan is a thriving place of three thousand inhabitants, wide awake, and very nicely situated at the mouth of Cheboygan River, on the Straits of Mackinac, with Bois Blanc Island extending along for a number of miles directly opposite, five miles distant across the straits; and to the left far into the straits, a distance of eighteen miles, Mackinac Island can plainly be seen, and the old white fort and houses are quite prominent on a clear day.

We expect to stop here at Cheboygan for a couple of days, perhaps Woodrow "will go out to look for a deer," but the way time will generally be put in would be of little interest—the same old story. I draw the veil, and in my next look out for a black bass trip to Black Lake.

FRANK N. BEEZE.

WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK.

TROUT BURROW AT THE BOTTOMS.

OTTAWA, Ill., Oct. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your favor of the 8th inst. in reference to my article from Escanaba, published in the previous number of FOREST AND STREAM, is just received. I observe in this letter as well as in the editorial note at the foot of the article that the edit' understood me to state that the whitefish took the fly. This is an important mistake. If you will examine the article again you will see that I stated that the whitefish took the hook baited with a minnow when resting on the bottom.

I take the liberty of inclosing a letter from Capt. A. F. Young, a gentleman of much intelligence and observation, in confirmation of the fact that the whitefish take the hook baited with a minnow when lying on the bottom. Capt. Young also corrects my mistake as to the size of Trout Lake. As I had never visited the lake I derived my information from others, hence my mistake.

Capt. Young states a fact as to the habits of the trout in this lake, which I have repeatedly read from others, and that is that the trout there when alarmed secrete themselves or burrow in the light sediment at the bottom of the lake. This habit was so new to me that I did not venture to repeat it lest your readers might refuse to believe the other fish story. Now, when it comes with this additional indorsement I will not longer withhold my recollection. It may be that it is only my ignorance on the subject that made me skeptical, and hence I would like to inquire if there is any record showing that the brook trout are in the habit of secreting themselves in the mud or sedimentary deposit.

J. D. CATON.

ESCANABA, Mich., Oct. 9.

Hon. J. D. Caton:

I see in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 29 an article from you about Escanaba, etc. I would say that you have got Trout Lake a good deal too large. It is only one and one-half miles long by not to exceed sixty rods wide. I have seen the trout hide, as described by you, only that we do not see the white substance. The places where they congregate are in the deeper water of the lake. These pools are surrounded by banks of soft sediment, and when the trout become alarmed they dart into it at once, on the same level. You can plainly see the track of each trout by the air bubbles arising through the sediment. This sediment is softer and not so white than the more solid part, and it may become the same in time. There is not anything like sand about it. It feels like muck when you rub it in your hand.

In October, 1890, I took an eight-foot whitefish near the one dook. I had been fishing for bass and had got out of minnows, except two small ones, which I put on the hook, and laid down the rod while I fished with another one for pickerel with a spoon hook. Soon after I saw the tip of the rod going down and took it up and soon had a fine fat whitefish in the boat. Since then I have known the crew of the barge Fred Kelley to take many of them at the end of Dook No. 1, when all was quiet. I don't think the fish are about the docks looking for food. I think they are on their way to their spawning beds up the bay, and that they follow the banks looking along for gravel.

Young Hart can get all the small minnows he wants now. I see the water is full of them—or was on the 5th—about the docks. I hope the whitefish are not coming in yet. If they are, look out for winter rather early.

Mr. Parsonworth, of Green Bay, once told me that he went to Trout Lake with Judge Lord, of St. Louis, and while there the Judge took a trout with a fly that weighed nine pounds after he was dressed and brought out.

I regret very much that you did not get up here before you went home. Now is the time for large black bass on the banks, say four, five and sometimes six pounds each.

A. F. YOAK.

[We can assure Judge Caton that he is not alone in his ignorance of this habit of trout hiding in the bottom, after the manner of the flat fishes and the spotted eel of salt water. We never knew of it before, and can only account for it by supposing that there are no weeds, roots or other hiding places to secrete in. We regard his communication, as well as the one of Captain Young, of great value as contributions to the knowledge of fish life. I think it is one fact that whitefish take the hook is also a new one, and may lead to their being angled for in other places. This fish is not generally known as a feeder upon minnows, and the formation of its mouth would not lead one to suspect it. They are generally credited with feeding entirely upon small crustaceans and insect larva.]

THE BLUEFISH SEASON.—During the early part of the present summer the bluefish were comparatively scarce, but for the past month they have been plenty and of large size all along the coast, from Cape May to Buzzard's Bay. They were particularly scarce in June and July on the coast of New Jersey, and did not come in numbers until the present month. On the 24th of August fishing crew took over six thousand pounds of bluefish at once, the largest capture of New Jersey this year. Reports from Fish Island also say that the fishing has been excellent. Weakfish and other fish have been quite plenty, as well as bluefish.

BASS IN THE POTOMAC.—Camden Station, Baltimore, Oct. 14.—In answer to your correspondent's inquiry, would state that, on two days' notice, I can furnish boat, guide and fresh live bait in unlimited quantity. I would also state for

your information that the fishing at Point of Rocks was never better than at present, I myself having caught in two and one-half hours, fishing his A. N., one bass, weighing five pounds; one, four and one-half, and one four and one quarter, besides a number of smaller fish. Any further information upon the subject will be cheerfully furnished by addressing Frank Tucker, care of McClintock's Express, Camden Station, Baltimore, Md.

BASS FISHING ON BEAR LAKE, MICHIGAN.

WE had been lazily awing in the hammock at a reading room by our general hotelier, the traveling Passenger Agent of this city. By-the-by, this tent was the headquarters of all sportsmen visiting that region during the summer. We were fagged out, the intense heat in the city, with the thermometer reaching to 100 deg. in the shade, had just about exhausted us, and we were enjoying that sweet do-nothing so easily found up in this region.

We must have been half asleep, when the voice of our friend aroused us from our reveries.

"Phil in the morning," was inquiring for you. He is coming up here soon, and wants you to go to Bear Lake with him in the morning for some bass fishing."

This was enough to arouse us. Of all the me we wished to see, and feel his kindly greeting, was Uncle Phil, and the invitation to visit this beautiful lake caused the blood to bound through our veins. Dreams of a struggle with a mighty bass or a giant "long-noise," flitted through our brain in its midnight wanderings. This lake contained both, and we knew it.

Accompanied by the wife and a "elip of the old hook" we were scurrying past the Cushman House just as the conductor gave the signal "All aboard" for the early morning train; we swung on to the steps as it pulled out. Met Uncle Phil on the train and found quite a party going to Bear Lake.

A ten miles ride and we pulled up at McJores, starting off through a beautiful forest roadway to the lake. How refreshing this cool morning air to one just away from the hot city. It soon brought out all the good elements in our large party. Did we not just shout and sing like a lot of young "sixes" over the park. Did not those old woods ring again. Yet I am fain to confess some of the boys were grey-headed. Laugh who may. We had drunk at the fountain of eternal youth—the Pates had favored us—we were going bass fishing on Bear Lake!

A mile and a half walk brought us to a miniature landing and a still smaller steamer owned by Uncle Phil. Where to put us all was the question. Some of us were towed in boats behind, while the ladies were taken aboard the steamer. A part of our company was left at McJores. We went to Earle Island, certainly one of the best, and the most beautiful gem of the woods, and, securing some minnows of Frank Davis, we were soon casting our lines after the bass.

Bites came fast and furious, taking the minnows before we could hook the cunning fellow. We soon caught some good-sized ones, but they did not come up to our standard. We wanted something more than one-pounders, so carefully unhooking them we slipped them into the water again. We could catch all the fish we wanted that ran up to one and two pounds, but we wanted bigger fellows. We knew they were there, for we had seen some weighing four pounds, and picked that ran up to ten pounds taken from this lake. Soon our youngster made a strike and began scrambling. He had hooked a big one, and was fighting him bravely, when the fellow began the aerobic gyrations peculiar to bass. He jumped out of the water, and shook his tail at us in his mad endeavor to rid himself of the cruel steel that was piercing his mouth, and plunged for the further side of the boat. The youngster was losing his nerve. He could not play him longer, and was shouting, "Papa, I can't handle him," and was vainly trying to yank him into the boat. He reached over, gave his rod to me, but between us and a struggling fish we managed to let him slip into the lake again. The biggest fish caught that day. Isn't it funny? The biggest fish always get away!

We had some nice ones in our fish well. Those Mr. Davis came to get for dinner when we fished on, but a storm was gathering, dark clouds had been rolling around us, the mutterings of thunder could be heard in the distance, vital flashes of lightning lit up the darkening skies, and the clouds seemed to come rolling over the hills-tops down toward the lake. We pulled in our anchor and put for the house just in time to miss the drenching storm of rain. We went down to a fish dinner prepared by Mrs. Davis. In a few minutes the darkened heavens gave out blasts of lurid fire. You seemed to almost hear the "snap" of the lightning, while the roar of the thunder following almost instantly was deafening. The winds howled, the woods moaned, the rain came down in torrents and with it came the sleet and snow. The storm suddenly the wind abated, the blackened clouds unrolled, a dazzling ray of sunshine shot athwart the skies and over the blue-misted hills, forming on the dark background "a bow of promise" such as we never saw before, one end of the arc springing from the bosom of the lake, bringing forcibly to mind the oft-told story of the rainbow springing from the pot of gold full of many-tinted jewels.

Did this storm come up suddenly? So as suddenly did it go down; the winds and sunshine dried off the moisture, and we were soon out doors enjoying the sweet air. The storm had been terrifying while it lasted, but it showed the lake in its wilder moods, the beauty of its light and shades, the varying tints coming over its surface from the forest-crowned hills-tops, the voices of nature in the storm as well as in the calm, and above all the voice of its Creator.

It was a day well spent—one of solid enjoyment, one of reflection and adoration. We returned from the lake refreshed and invigorated, and met the remainder of our party at the steambath landing, some of them having good strings of fish. Twenty minutes of brisk walking brought us to the railroad, but no train came; the shadows lengthened, the stars came out and night setled down upon us. The air sensibly cooled and became nipping—the result of the storm. We were hungry, and so bought all the bread, butter and milk which the section boss's wife had in the house. We made two roaring fires and enjoyed ourselves. We sang all the old Irish songs, minstrel melodies, love songs, and even the Blue-tailed fly was well rendered, with scientific accuracy. We had a grand chorus. We had a grand chorus, so we had a grand chorus. How those old forest trees rang out the refrain of those sun-slinging songs! For five hours we waited the coming of that train, and finally learned there had been a big fire away down the line that even burned up the railroad ties and warped the steel rails so that new ones had to be put in, and we will guarantee that the railroad

never carried passengers that grumbled so little as we did, or were so uniformly polite when the conductor collected our fares. But we had been bass fishing all day; that explains it all. Fishermen—aye, ladies, too—that wield the rod and line are, as a rule, good-natured and polite.

NORMAN.

A FISHING CLUB REPORT.

WE are under obligations to Mr. Charles P. Etter for the "Log of Eleventh Annual Cruise of the Second Presbyterian Fishing Club, 1881." The club sails from Philadelphia, and the trip, on the schooner "Samuel Applegate," occupied from July 2 to the 13. The report is illustrated in the most joyful of manners, and the map of the bottom of Delaware River and bay, compiled from explorations of the club, is our plan.

The by-laws of the Second Presbyterian Fishing Club contain some new points, but we will not pick them out, as it would insult the intelligence of our readers to suppose them incapable of this. They are therefore given entire:

Article 1. Put up or shut up.

Article 2. No person shall be entitled to become a member of this club whose moral character will bear the slightest scrutiny.

Article 3. No member shall participate in any annual cruise of the club whose constitution requires more than eighteen hours rest out of the twenty-four.

Article 4. No member shall be allowed to eat any one meal more than three times, no matter how sea-sick he may be.

Article 5. Any member found washing his feet in the dish pan shall be reprimanded by the president; and in case of a second offence shall be expelled.

Article 6. Any brother who shall take more than one dose of fish-hooks during a cruise shall be compelled to throw up (his rig as a member).

Article 7. It shall be the duty of every member to observe to the fullest extent the golden rule (of the club)—viz., to do nothing himself that he can get anybody to do for him.

Article 8. Any member detected using charms, incantations or spells, such as spitting on his hooks, using asafetida or salt, taking a smile, or making use of any other superstitious to draw fish to his line, shall be given the grand bounce.

To follow the 2d P.'s up and down the river would be to give the cuttlelog, which occupies sixty-seven 12mo pages. A crab race was indulged in on the beach. Each man marked a fiddler crab, and at a signal all dropped them into the centre of a ring made in the sand of the beach, and the winning "horse" got over the line first. This crab race is illustrated, as are many other incidents, and while but little is said of the fishing, it is evident that the Second Presbyterian Fishing Club of Philadelphia, is a very lively party, at least when on their annual cruise.

POACHERS IN JAIL.

OUR readers have been kept informed of the doings of the lawless gangs which infest the counties of Onondaga and Oswego, in the State of New York, and how State Game Protector Dodge, of Prospect, has destroyed their nets and brought some of them to punishment. Mr. Dodge and Mr. Geo. Crownhart, proprietor of the Ocean House at South Bay, on Onondaga lake, who has assisted him, have become very unpopular with the sound-bills, and their lives have been threatened. Game Constable Lindley, of Canastota, has also incurred their displeasure, and it is said that a secret meeting was recently held by the poachers at West Vienna, at which it was decided that Lindley should die and Crownhart's holdings should be burned.

On the 7th, Lindley and O. E. Messenger went to Lower South Bay and started to drag the lake for nets. When well out in the lake they heard a signal given from a boat containing several men which had followed them from the bay. The signal was answered from the other side of the lake, and soon another boat containing five men rowed out to meet the other. A short conference was had between the boats, when all two men got into one, and rode up to Lindley and told him that if he had any business matters to arrange to do at once, as his time had come. Lindley heeded his revolver to Messenger, who sat in the stern of the boat, and he prepared his rifle, telling them that the first man that put a foot in his boat would be shot. The two boats again had a consultation, and in the meantime Messenger, who is an expert oarsman, changed places, and they pulled for shore. On the way they were rowed into several lines, but no damage was done. Upon reaching the shore they found their assailants prepared to meet them, formed in line on the bank. Messenger was allowed to pass the line, but upon Lindley's approach they drew their revolvers and told him he would not leave the spot alive. A gentleman who had watched the whole affair from a hotel near by ran down at this juncture and threw the leader one side, allowing Lindley to pass.

Soon after this Mr. Crownhart went to Syracuse and entered a complaint against the gang, most of whom resided near the mouth of the Onondaga river. On the 13th the officers were very successful, and brought seven of the murderous gang—namely, John Lord, Frank Shaw, George Watkins, Albert Shaw, William Laneaster, William Phillips and C. Phillips. Each man was ironed, after being routed out of his nice warm bed, and given a place in the carryall. They arrived in Syracuse about 4 o'clock in the morning, when they were placed in the court house cells. Judge Riegel held them all to bail in the sum of \$600 each to keep the peace. It is probable that some of them will furnish the required bond, but till that time will occupy a dungeon cell.

GOOD STRIPED BASS FISHING.—For the past week there have been some large striped bass, or rockfish, in market, some of which have been caught with rod and reel. Mr. E. P. Hutton, of New York, sent seven to Blackford & Co., which weigh, in the aggregate, 175 pounds. These fish were all caught by him, at Black Island, with rod and reel. The finest lot arrived on Tuesday morning last. They were also captured with the rod by Samuel W. Gould, of West Chatham, Mass. Of seven fish the smallest weighed twenty-six and one-half pounds, with entrails out, and the three largest weighed fifty, fifty-eight and one half and fifty-five one-half pounds each, without their entrails. The pound acts are also taking great numbers, and the markets are well supplied with *Micropterus salmoides* of large size.

Fishculture.

HOW THE DISTILLERIES DESTROY THE FISH.

ORANGE Co., Fla., Aug. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I send you the enclosed letter from a Koutinsky paper graphically descriptive of one of the greatest nuisances that now afflict the Western portion of the United States. But the criminality of the great destruction of fish is only one of the things to be deplored on account of those infernal distilleries. Besides the stench arising from the cattle and hog-pens around them, thereby infecting the air with death-dealing malarial gas, the stock fed on the still slops are most diseased in many instances, or should be, beyond commercial value. As such is the case, the value of the food that it is said that if one-half of the diseased hogs die, which is not infrequently the case, the profits of the remaining half make it quite a profitable business. And all cattle so fed, it is said, will die, and disease is considered a sure profit for market. Yet hundreds and hundreds of them are being fostered constantly upon dealers and consumers in the North and East. This is a subject that most assuredly demands the attention of the National Board of Health.—E. M. MILES.

MINDAO, KY.—For nearly two years the fish in nearly every stream in the State have been destroyed. Every atom of interference in their behalf has resulted in the ignominious failure on the part of the people, and complete triumph of the whisky man. For some years under the auspices of a State Commissioner, the principal streams of the State have received new supplies of choice Western varieties of fish, and the State has expended much labor on the part of the paid servants of the State, as well as much that was contributed by private citizens who felt an interest in forwarding this great project.

But the work has come to naught, and every cent so appropriated has been lost. It is the result of the very successful work of the State Commissioner, and his equally industrious conductors throughout the State. By the hardest persuasion indifferent legislators have been induced to make laws restricting seining and other destructive methods of fishing, and then the people were left untrained to grow accustomed to observe the restraint of the law, and the numerous streams beginning to be peopled with choice native and foreign varieties of splendid fish, and the hopes of the commission and its friends were upon the point of being realized, the ignominious destruction put in their way, and the result of years of experience and labor is destroyed root, and branch, from one end of the State to the other. The same cry comes from Eastern, Southern and Central Kentucky.

The worm of the still, not content with its annual roll of victims of human kind, has also lost its innocent victims of the innocent inhabitants of the water, and the double-distilled poison, from the still and the dead victims of the water fills the air with its noxious vapors for many miles of territory along the fatal stream. The fish are diseased and die, and the water is so polluted as far below the source of poison. I have seen at one time, after a rise in the water, the banks of the Elkriver crowded with eddy-pools of dead and dying fish, weighing from an ounce to the magnificent black bass of four to five pounds. Thousands lie and rot about the banks, and disease and death is rampant along every mile and miles along the course of the stream. This is true of Elkriver is also true of our best streams all over the State, and last week the report came from Frankfort, that the Kentucky is also giving up its victims. Fortunately the seed Governor may now see his eyes and act upon this result. When the election of law was attempted to be vindicated last year at Lexington, and the jury assessed fines and the Judge granted injunctions against the distillers, our credulous Governor, in spite of remonstrances by many sufferers far down the stream, but within the track of its noxious influence, refused to act, and the work of death goes on. With the license this giving remonstrance is useless. The dear old Governor is quoted as saying that "still slop fattens the fishes," and is not a nuisance in any way. The people know better. The health of the State is ruined, and the laws are defied, and the money and time of the State Commissioner is wasted. Years will be required to repeople the streams with fish. Not only the native kinds will be a long time in being replaced, but the work of the Commissioner will have to be done *de novo*, if, indeed, it be worth while to attempt it at all. Not a single cent ought to be expended in this way until a proper relief is afforded, and the child's play of stocking streams and then destroying the fish should cease. Five hundred thousand dollars are paid annually by the citizens of the State for fish that could as well be produced at home. There is no absolute necessity for running stills down the streams. If whisky must be made, and no other disposition can be made of the slop and still from cattle pens than our most beautiful streams into noxious sewers, then let the fish and people seek other means of making whisky. The State Game Commission and the trial and jury and injunctions, etc., that cost the people money and leave us in the end the victims as well as the laughing-stock of the distillers. In Heaven's name let something be done.

VICTIM.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY EXHIBITION AT BERLIN.

The report of the Commissioner from Norway on the Fishery Exhibition at Berlin is as follows: "It is a quarto of 325 pages and 24 plates containing 121 figures."

Mr. Wallen is not a practical fish culturist, and, therefore, is at some disadvantage in his report on this portion of the exhibition. He gets along fairly well in his illustrations made from implements exhibited, but his descriptions are done not so well, and in these of American invention he certainly could not have obtained his information direct. In fishways he does much better, illustrating the more important ones and describing them more perfectly.

The portion devoted to boats and implements of capture is very creditable, although one cannot help wondering why he selected the rather singular Japanese hooks for illustration to the neglect of the splendid collection of aboriginal and other hooks in the exhibit of the United States. It is to be regretted that the fish and products and fish preparations Mr. Wallen is at home. He has devoted much attention to this branch of the fisheries, and represented his country at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, and paid especial attention to the modes of curing and preserving fish food.

FISHERIES OF THE GREAT LAKES.

The Census Bulletin No. 261 gives the statistics of the fisheries of the Great Lakes. In this Prof. Goode has arranged the tables in two series, grouping them by States and by lakes. We learn from Series A, that 5,950 fishermen who earn a livelihood on the lakes. Illinois, 2,100; Michigan, 355; Minnesota, 1,781; Indiana, 200; Indiana, 22; Ohio, 1,046; Pennsylvania, 114; and New York 922. In Series B these men are thus distributed among the lakes: Superior, 414; Michigan, including the fisheries of Mackinac, 1,111; Erie, 1,170; Ontario, 612. The same system of tabulating by States and lakes is carried out with the values of nets and other apparatus, steam boats, vessels, storerooms and wharves, etc. From the Bulletin we learn that the total value of the fishes taken in all the Great Lakes for 1879, based on the prices of fresh fish, was \$1,652,900.

"Den internationale fiskerudstilling [1] Berlin 1876 med seriffet hensyn til ferskvandskulturen, saltvandskulturen [2] produkternes tilberedning og forsendelse.] Med 12 tegninger paa 24 plader. [A] Produkter fra de nordiske og nordamerikanske fiskerier, herunder ogsaa de i Danmark og Norge fiskekulturens Fremgang. [B] Bergen i Norge's bogtrykkeri, 1881."

of which sum the largest yield was from Lake Erie. The yields by lakes were:

Table with 3 columns: Lake Name, Pounds, Superior, Pounds, Ontario. Rows include Erie, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York, Huron and St. Clair.

The amounts arranged by States were: Ohio, 24,924,300; Illinois, 2,937,500; Michigan, 24,013,100; Pennsylvania, 1,253,000; Wisconsin, 10,194,500; Indiana, 1,173,500; New York, 4,070,000; Minnesota, 176,000. Of the values of the different kinds of fish taken we learn as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Fish Name, Pounds, Value. Rows include Whitefish, Lake trout, Lake herring, Sturgeon, and Hard fish.

There are still other tables, as quantities and values of fish sold in a fresh condition, quantities and values of fish salted, frozen, smoked, and the quantities and values of caviare, shrimps and oysters. These are all represented in the double tables, as above noted, and give a complete and comprehensive view of the state of the lake fisheries. The work, like all that is done by Mr. Goode, shows great care in tabulating so as to show at a glance the resources of the lakes and States, the capital invested, and, in fact, gives a complete idea of the fisheries of the lake region.

THE FOOD OF YOUNG FISHERIES.

The investigations of Professor S. A. Forbes into the feed of birds and fishes have thrown much light on the subject. Especially among fishes have the results been surprising. That young garfish, *Lepisosteus*, fed upon *Zetematrona*, or the small long-like forms of life which are often in their smaller stages microscopic, was a new revelation. He has shown conclusively that snickers and other species supposed to be entirely harmless and not to interfere in any way with the growth of valuable fishes, enter into direct competition with the young of the latter, in the struggle for existence, by devouring their food.

We learn from his observations that there is no fish but either directly or indirectly, affects the increase or growth of other forms in the same stream or pond. Therefore, if a species does no good, it does harm. An adult snicker is nearly as long, inhabited by better fish to a limited degree by devouring the food which adults of other species might eat, as worms, etc., but its greatest injury is in the food taken by the young, which Professor Forbes has shown in his articles, in the Bulletin of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History and in Forest and Stream, does not differ as widely as does the food of adults. The young of all fresh water fish, even of such piscivorous species as the gars, eat the small forms of animal life known as *Zetematrona*, *Rhizopoda*, etc. The latter forms usually have shells, and the clank of the school-house birds usually have shells, and the young of some of the snickers have the intestines packed with tests of *Difflugia* and *Arcella*. Later Mr. Forbes sent two slides, with some of the intestinal contents for examination.

The slide with food from the intestine of the large scaled mullet, *Micropogonias undulatus*, from Mackinac Creek, contained the following species:

Difflugia globosula.—Shell of rather coarse sand, with larger grains around the mouth; mostly in the shape of the segment of an oval, with the oval part truncated. Most numerous form. The measurements of these shells from 0.09 to 0.19 millimeters long, 0.15 to 0.18 m. broad and 0.108 m. broad at oval end. Six other species were found, and Dr. Ledy said: "It is certainly an interesting observation of Mr. Forbes to discover that the young of snickers should eat the rotifer shells to obtain as nutriment their little stores of protoplasm."

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

September 27, 28, 29 and 30, at London, Ont., London Dog Show. Entries closed September 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Tecumseh House, London, Ont.

October 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries closed October 6. Chas. A. Brown, V. S. Foxford, Mass., Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

October 28, 29, 27 and 28 at Masonville, Fayette Co., Pa., via boat on Pittsburgh. Pounds 1000. First annual party. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. I. R. Shayton, secretary. November 7, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Kelly Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. George W. Newman, secretary. November 24, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Odell, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

For Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jas. DeW. Seibert, Columbia, Tenn.

DOG DEALERS.

WE are in constant receipt of communications upon this subject, principally inquiries as to the standing and responsibility of these who advertise animals for sale in our columns. Occasionally we receive a bitter complaint from some one who has—

—or thinks he has—been cheated. Now there is a very simple remedy to be applied, that will at once do away with much of the hazy uncertainty accompanying the buying and selling of dogs, especially when the parties are strangers.

The remedy lies just here. In all transactions between buyer and seller, only the strict rules of business should obtain.

What should we think of a merchant who, seeing an advertisement of goods by a stranger, should send his check for the amount demanded without first satisfying himself that the advertiser was thoroughly responsible? How do you suppose his balance sheet would average on such ventures? We know that many men, who are considered sound upon most subjects, are entirely dull when any one says dog in their presence; and are easily persuaded to overstep the bounds of prudence in their eagerness to secure some canine paragon, whose perfections are glowingly described in a positively worded advertisement. There are also many men of indomitable and quiet lives, who, feeling the need of relaxation, naturally turn to the sports of the field and, all unused to the ways of business, and guileless of the wiles of a wicked world, exceedingly comply with the request of some unscrupulous scoundrel to "send the money" and "God, alas, too late, his man betray." Perhaps an idea of what is proper in the matter would induce them to make inquiry as to the reliability of the advertiser, but as into feeling of delicacy, that leads them to scrupulously avoid wounding the feelings or giving offense to their fellow men, restrains them and they become the dupes of designing knaves, who

know full well that beyond a letter or two of ill-proven gains; are safe from any attempt at recovery of their ill-gotten gains; and, emboldened by success, they continue their swindling operations as long as they can find victims. So great an evil has this become, and so great an extent have these dishonest dealers practiced their tricks, that in justice to honest dealers, summary measures should be at once adopted to put an end to their career. This can easily be accomplished if every one wishing to purchase will take the ordinary precautions that should be observed in any business transaction.

No honest dealer will object to the closest scrutiny regarding the animal he may offer for sale, nor to the fullest inquiry as to his own reliability and responsibility; and no fear of a possibility of wounding any one's sensibilities should deter would-be purchasers from fully satisfying themselves in these respects, of perfect immunity from becoming the victims of fraud.

Before purchasing a dog it is, if possible, very important that you should see him at actual work in the field or game, in order that you may know how he does his work, and learn just how far he has been handled. When this is not practicable, you should receive from his owner minute instructions as to the different words, signs and whistles used, as well as a full description of any peculiarities that he may possess, either natural or acquired. You will also find it greatly to your advantage to become well-acquainted with him before taking him into the fold, particularly if he is young, or has not had experience.

That the complaints of purchasers, who think that they have been cheated, are sometimes unjust or perhaps entirely without the pale of reason, we are well aware. It is often the case that persons who buy a dog are woefully ignorant of everything pertaining to his management, and because their recent purchase will not at once in a faultless manner execute their commands—which probably are couched in language which the poor animal has never heard in his life—they at once pronounce him worthless, and seizing their pen, they write us pages of vilification and abuse of the seller, who very likely is entirely honest and has sent them an animal which is just as represented by him.

Every one who has had much experience with dogs should know that, no matter how perfectly trained the dog may be, in the hands of a stranger, he the man ever so expert a handler; with perhaps the advantage of having witnessed the manner in which his former owner worked him, the animal will not acquit himself nearly so well as when under the eye of his accustomed master. This to one of slight experience is a prolific source of disappointment; and as first impressions are generally the most indelible, often ends in discarding a really worthy animal, whose only fault it is that he cannot at once "off with the old lead and on with the new."

Our remarks have been called forth by the receipt of numerous letters from correspondents in different parts of the country upon this subject. Many of them are too grossly personal and abusive to find a place in our columns, but nearly all of them tell the tale of carelessness that we have endeavored to point with the moral. We trust that our readers will profit by the advice here given, and that we shall have less occasion to allude to this subject in the future.

One word to those who appeal to us to redress their wrongs and we have done. While sympathizing with them and indicating that such things should be, while freely offering our aid to assist them so far as lies in our power, we wish it distinctly understood that we will not prostitute these columns to the use of any man or clique for the furtherance of purely personal ends, nor for quarrels of a personal nature. These matters should never offend the public ear, nor be paraded before the public eye.

It should be unnecessary for us to add that neither personal abuse nor billingsgate will be admitted here, but as we are occasionally afflicted with effusions containing both, we take this opportunity to inform the writers thereof that all articles partaking of this nature are speedily relegated to that bourne from which no manuscript ever returns.

FOX HUNTING AT SPRINGFIELD.

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 14, 1881.

Fox hunting and woodcock shooting with the hospitable sportsmen of Springfield, Mass., I must write you. Reaching the city on Tuesday evening, I found myself provided with the necessary implements for a participation in their sport, those gentlemen sought me out and rigged me completely, even to foot gear. Our first day was an enjoyable one, and the party was composed of the two Messrs. Hill, Dr. Williams and myself, our hounds, Don and Benny belonging to Mr. Hill, and good-natured Hory O'Moore, owned by Dr. Williams. I saw good-natured Hory O'Moore, for in all my experience I have never seen such a clever "folksy" foxhound as he is. With a disposition so foreign to the bound family, he is always out on a evening's career and a romp when not at work. We reached the ground late, and the day proving a dry, hot and muggy one, the scent of Reynard, made in his prowlings the night previous, soon found and taken by the dogs, was in an hour or two lost. We had misde for a time, however, and I was becoming sanguine that I had been started, so closely did the hounds rush and give tongue together. In our trap we put up several grouse, but with gunna loaded for the fox, we did not try feathers. One anecdote I must relate of Dr. Williams' Hory. Before he purchased him he was one of a number of hounds that had followed and led a fox. All but good-natured Hory were sent into the hole to draw Reynard out, but none brought him into daylight. At last Hory was put in, and, reaching the fox, looked jaws with him and drew him to the surface and then cleverly killed him. This was the only fox that was ever shot in the country. Hory was sent in again and repeated his first performance. What is most surprising in all this is that the dog in question is of the most gentle disposition and one that would be the last supposed to show so much courage.

Our first day's hunt was a blank one, but the second a fox was started 'bout eleven o'clock by Mr. Bill's Benny, and in company with his Don—Hory O'Moore having been left at home—Reynard was followed two miles and kept running through swamps, over fields and across meadows until killed by Mr. Bill just as he was going through a fence. While this chase was going on our correspondent was trying the woodcock, Mr. Harrington, with his setter Biran, and Dr. Williams, with his pointer Jim, having laid out a little work for me. We found but few woodcocks, and, consequently, but few were killed. A solitary English snipe was run near as and bagged, and a brace of grouse were put up wild and out of range. The day was a pleasant one, barring a shower in the afternoon. In my opinion the flight of woodcock have not come on yet, for we should have met them in the splendid cover that we corded had this week, and a brace of grouse were put up in order to put Mr. Longbill on his migrations. Springfield is full of your friends, Messrs. Editors, and are firm ones. I am now on my way homeward, trying hard to reach it in time to catch an open season.

While at Springfield I saw a charming pair of reds, owned by

Dr. McCallan. They are, I believe, out of Peg Woffington by old Echo. The brace are about a year old, dog and bitch, the bitch of a perfect red and darker than the dog, and not for sale. H. CROOK.

PENNSYLVANIA TRIALS.

WE have received the following circular from the Secretary of the Pennsylvania State Field Trials Association, and trust that we shall have the pleasure to announce next week that the amendments have been adopted, and that the trials will be run at Grand Union immediately after those of the National Association. We have no doubt that they would prove a success, as undoubtedly many sportsmen would enter their dogs for the double event. We are deeply interested in the welfare of the association, and shall await with no little interest a report of their action in the matter.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 12.—A meeting of the association will be held at the store of J. Palmer O'Neil, Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, on Saturday, October 22, 1881, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of considering amendments to the constitution of the National Association. To examine grounds selected for the fall trials, reported at the meeting held the 12th inst., that there were no birds, and it would be impracticable to run the trials at Elizabethtown as already fixed up. At the meeting on the 22d inst. the propriety of running the trials at Grand Union was considered. The National Association and the Executive Committee will be held at the same place immediately on the adjournment of the above meeting.

I. R. SPAYTON, Secretary.

THE PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE FIRST SECTION OF ARTICLE X. TO BE STRICKEN OUT AND ARTICLE MADE TO READ AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1.—The stakes to be run shall be a Derby, an All-Aged and Club stakes, to be open to setters and pointers only.

Sec. 2.—The trial to be first, second and third prize offered in each stake. The entry fees, forfeit value and nature of prizes; time for closing entries for All-Aged and Club stakes; time and place of holding trials, as well as all details pertaining thereto, shall be determined by the Executive Committee.

The Derby stake shall be run (to be run) on and after the first day of January of the previous year. Entries for the Derby stake of the year 1881 shall close on the 22d day of November, 1881, and entries for the Derby stake of any subsequent year shall close on the first day of April of the year the stake is to be run for.

The All-Aged stake shall be open to dogs of any age.

The Club stake shall be open to dogs of any age, but the dogs must be owned by a member of the association at the time of making the entry; and the trial to be run on the premises of the Club stakes dogs must be handled by their owners. Nothing in this shall be construed so as to prevent a member from purchasing a dog previously entered and handling him in the trials.

COCKERS AND TREED GROUSE.

FRANKLIN, N. X., Oct. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in Sept. 29 issue of Forest and Stream, page 175, "The Bodach," under the heading of "Cockers vs. Yellow Dogs," endeavors to give me a little thrust apropos to cockers being ruffed grouse and shooting ruffed grouse out of trees, etc. In the past I must say to "The Bodach," that from this I am led to believe that he has never enjoyed one of those glorious autumn day's sport among the mountain thickets of our Eastern and Middle States with the jolly, lively little cockers, where it is utterly impossible to work setters or pointers or get even a single wing close. While I do not consider it profitable to enter my opinion on those old veteran grey-haled and vary grouse (weighing sixteen ounces to the pound, if not more) live and dis the rare of old age and natural causes, and never reprehend our talcics or very systems and those savory and delicious old partridge pop-pins? Oh, no! This would not do to leave "The Bodach" to his Lordship's discomfiture when our systems require the mountain air and exercise and there is a lack of other game birds in these sections to supply the vacancy in our larder. Had the shooting of ruffed grouse from trees over the "walker dog" or over the "fistive cocker" the slightest tendency toward exterminating this wary old mountain boomer like the wicked snare or pen field shot wing world, I would as quickly rally to the vetoing of this mountain woodcock sport as I do to every illegitimate or unportantian act.

And now, Theodoric "Theod," I really do not think you need be alarmed as to "tripping over a well-broken brace at every turn," for the many to be found gladdening the hearts and hearts of American sportsmen to-day are not in dangerous tripping quite to each other. Believe, owing to this content being quite a good sized lot of arms, and I will be glad to see you and your young stock; so if you are unnecessarily sensitive over shooting ruffed grouse from the trees, all they will have to do is omit the teaching of that detested part of their education, and they will then have the most successful and sport-giving ruffed grouse and corker hunting country, broken cockers do not easily bought from their possessors, and many will not even loan them. I am led to believe that you are a staunch setter and pointer man, and that your inquiries must have been to setter or pointer men who were justly induced against their sprightly and intelligent little rival, the cocker, for I must have seen him in my neighborhood. If your young stock you would be able to find cockers that would not be worth following a day in the field but many years as well. I am glad that you have had the pleasure even of shooting over an good time since you came to this country, and hope that you may be lucky "tippie" over many more in the future and at last become a firm convert to our faith. I could have convinced you on the pot-pole score but a day or two ago, had I had the pleasure of your company at dinner, and should also have been delighted to have passed you a summons pleasant for your discretion, which I related to you how I took the conceit out of two of those old roosters in a dense hedge and birch thicket, treed by a pair of as nice cockers as you ever saw or as ever outwitted and New York State corker.

M. P. McKeon.

FOXHUNTING IN CANADA.—The Toronto Globe says that in Canada the sport of foxhunting is becoming more and more patronized in the neighborhood of large cities, and although owing to a dearth of foxes the drag has to be used, the chase remains almost as exciting and interesting as ever. In 1865 the Toronto Hunt trials were first held, and have since become an annual affair. The Hendrie, H. Godson and A. Smith, V. S. The kennels, which then contained about five couple of hounds, were situated on Bishop street, but as the city increased in size it became necessary to remove them to Elder street West, where they now are. The presence of the Third Lord Eussell, and his son Lord Hunt, and here, and their commanding officer, the late Col. Jenyns, was for two seasons an efficient M. F. H. At present the club numbers about forty subscribing members, with a pack of hounds numbering six couples. The pack was once again largely attended, several lady equestrians taking part in the run occasionally. The present officials are: Master, Mr. J. G. Wort's Hunte-man; Mr. M. A. Thomas, and Whipper-in, Mr. D. Coffin. John Phelps, a veteran sportsman, has had charge of the hounds ever since the inauguration of the club, and has performed all his exercises in a highly efficient manner. On Thanksgiving day the annual fall atopachases of the club will come off, and having proved successful in former years will, without doubt, prove the same this year.

PIERCE'S GUSSE.—Peekskill, N. Y., Oct. 10.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** In your correspondent's account of the London, Oct. 8th show, he states that you will let setter bitch Gussie, owner of special pup 2, was an inferior specimen. Now, in justice to Gussie, I hope you will allow me space in your columns to say a few words in her defence. She was in no show condition when I expressed her, having just shed out. Besides, she was in whelp to my Larry (Elcho) sex dog and no dog could fall in strangers' hands. This is the first time I ever heard Gussie spoken of indifferently in public or private. She was no "perlor ornament," kept merely for show, but a practical field dog and she worked very hard from the beginning to the closing of every shooting season since a puppy, and is known by many sportsmen as a remarkable bitch in the field. Dr. Rowe called her when at London a capital bitch and worth all the rest of the Irish setters exhibited. When exhibited in New York in 1880 one of the judges, Mr. Hugh Dalziel, told me she was one of the best blood Irish bitches he ever saw, and she then just returned from a hard winter's work in the South and was poor in flesh and coat, consequently she was given only a V. II. C. She was awarded first at Pittsburgh, January, 1881, beating some good ones, including three fine Elcho bitches.—Yours respectfully, Wm. H. PIERCE.

(We cheerfully publish the above, more especially as we remember Gussie as she appeared at the show her last year of capital form, but sadly out of condition, which greatly detracts from a dog's appearance, and will, no doubt, satisfactorily explain the criticism of our reporter.)

LONDON DOG SHOW.—At a meeting of the Committee it was moved by Mr. T. H. Smallman, and seconded by Dr. J. S. Niven, that the names of the dogs in the show be published, and that in every efficient manner in which he conducted the show and for making it a success. Carried.—JONES J. CONNOR, Secretary.

THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT.—The Meadow Brook Hunt had its most enjoyable meet at Minotau, Long Island, last Monday. Owing to the nasty weather, the field was not so large as it should have been. The first event was a drag hunt, which, with the exception of a slight break near the start, was well run and capitally ridden. The class of the "bagman" was not a success from the hunter's standpoint, although the pack would probable pronounce it a decided success, as they killed the fox in a few seconds. The next meet will take place to-day at Island Trees at 4 p. m.

FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—New York, Oct. 15.—**Editor Forest and Stream:** I have read the letter of Mr. W. A. Coar in your issue this week, and I must say that I am greatly surprised that he should mention as one of the desirable qualifications of a field trial judge that he is a "pointer man." Now, although a pointer man, it strikes me that what we want is not a pointer man, nor a setter man, but a dog man, whose instinct will lead him to place the merits of the pointer and judge their merit entitles them to, regardless of all else.—PONTER MAN.

IMPORTANT SALE OF LAVERACKS.—We have received a letter from Mr. G. C. Goodell announcing the sale to Mr. J. H. Goodell of this set of the pure Laverack setters, Pointe, Petrel, Petrel II., Petrel III., and Fairy II. This is the most important sale of Laverack blood that has ever transpired, and we congratulate Mr. Goodell upon the acquisition of so valuable an addition to his kennel. Included in this sale are the young dog Plantagenet by Dashing Monarch out of Petrel.

FRONT.—Mr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va., writes us that his bitch Front has won I moved the start, and I greatly surprised that in our Kennel Notes last week. We obtained our information from the National American Kennel Club Stud Book. Is it possible that they could have made a mistake?

LOWELL DOG SHOW.—GRANBY, Ct., Oct. 15.—**Editor Forest and Stream:**—In looking over the "Frenchie Lists" of the coming show to be held at Lowell, I was surprised to find that a breed as numerous and well-recognized as the beagle is should not be assigned a class as other shows have done, but be included to enter class at all through the back door ("miscellaneous class") which is certainly very humiliating to that proud little dog who feels that he is justly entitled to a class of his own as well as his larger brothers—foxhounds—and dislikes to sneak in through an unguarded rear entrance.—N. ELKROK.

QUAIL FOR ROBINS' ISLAND.—The Eastern Field Trials Association have received their first consignment of quail to be turned out on a slight scale, and I must say that I am glad against the possibility of any lack of birds at the coming trials.

KENNEL NOTES.

* Breeder and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notes; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Diana Royal, La Gracia and Low Pass.—Claimed by Mr. S. B. Dille, of New York, and owned by Mr. W. C. Dille, of New York. A white liver and white bitch puppies by owner's Raker (Rake-Kate) out of owner's White Billy (Blue-Queen).

Four.—Claimed by Mr. S. B. Dille, Rosedale, W. V., for liver and white ticked pointer dog puppy by Ranger (Stake Kate) out of Bella Royal (Bov-Comess Royal).

Don Peter.—Claimed by Richard H. Moody for red and white dog by Mr. Charles Dill out of same owner's Beauty.

Larry.—Claimed by Mr. C. M. Shuhall, Cleveland, O., for red Irish setter dog whelped April 29, 1881, by Mr. McArthur's Dix (Dashi-Fox) out of Nora (Bov-Queen).

Sensation II., Lottie and Judge.—Claimed by Mr. F. Duerr, Orange, N. J., for lemon and white pointer dog and two white puppies by Mr. Charles Dill out of same owner's Beauty.

Wash.—Claimed by Mr. John M. Kinney for liver and white pointer dog whelped Sept. 5, 1881, by Mr. W. A. Costar's Don Royal out of Tabby.

NAMES CHANGED.

Midget to May.—Grandy, Conn., Oct. 10.—In compliance with Mr. Cameron's request I will change the name of beagle bitch Midget (Rattler-Flo) and now claim the name of May for her. W. L. FLOREN.

WHELPS.

Usay.—Mr. W. A. Costar's (Peekskill, N. Y.) black and white setter bitch Busy (Belton-Bramble) whelped 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Clear.—The Borstal Kennel (Morristown, N. Y.) lemon and white pointer bitch Glean (Snapshot-Gypsy) whelped Oct. 14, twelve-six pups by Mr. B. G. Conville's Misch (Sensation-White's) Grist.

Opsey.—Mr. Chas. W. Nutting's (Lyons, Mass.) fox bound bitch Gipsy whelped six pups by Mr. C. M. Shuhall's (Cleveland) Larry.

Lottie.—Mr. T. M. Aldrich's (Providence, R. I.) black and white setter bitch Lottie (champion Drake-Mollie) whelped Oct. 8, six, two dogs and four bitches, by Mr. M. B. L. Bradford's Peto (Prait's Trim-owner's Smut).

BRED.

Beauty-Hero.—Mr. W. W. Nixon's (Leesburg, Va.) Newfoundland bitch Beauty (out of Dr. Shirley Carter's Hero).

Royal Pan-Cratch.—Mr. S. B. Dille's (Rosedale, W. V.) pointer bitch Royal Pan (Hanger-Lolly) to Mr. A. E. Goodfellow's Croxteth (Bang-Jung).

Minnie Sensation.—The Borstal Kennel (Morristown, N. Y.) champion pointer bitch Minnie (Sensation-Whisper) to Westminster's Champion.

Black Boss-Bud III.—Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Oct.) black corker spaniel bitch Black Boss to Lachine Kennel Club's Bab III, Oct. 5, 1881.

Rose K. Victor.—Mr. Carl Klock's corker spaniel bitch Rose K. Victor's Mr. F. E. Hester's, Oct. 9.

Nell-Flora—Mr. C. Munnhall's (Cleveland, O.) setter bitch Nell (Sum-Flora) by Mr. Sheffield's Dan (Dan-Jiminy) Sept. 9.

Orange-Hite—Mr. C. Munnhall's (New York) has bred his Belle (Seaton) and winner of 1889, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

distances were 300 and 500 yards, 5 rounds at each, and the highest possible 50 points, with a Remington rifle, state model. In the following list of prize winners all the men received silver medals excepted. The scores were as follows: 1, W. F. Higgins, 41; 2, W. A. Kellogg, 37; 3, A. T. Jones, 37; 4, D. Channery, 37; 5, W. A. Kellogg, 36; 6, W. F. Higgins, 35; 7, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 8, A. T. Jones, 35; 9, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 10, W. F. Higgins, 35; 11, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 12, A. T. Jones, 35; 13, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 14, W. F. Higgins, 35; 15, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 16, A. T. Jones, 35; 17, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 18, W. F. Higgins, 35; 19, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 20, A. T. Jones, 35; 21, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 22, W. F. Higgins, 35; 23, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 24, A. T. Jones, 35; 25, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 26, W. F. Higgins, 35; 27, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 28, A. T. Jones, 35; 29, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 30, W. F. Higgins, 35; 31, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 32, A. T. Jones, 35; 33, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 34, W. F. Higgins, 35; 35, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 36, A. T. Jones, 35; 37, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 38, W. F. Higgins, 35; 39, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 40, A. T. Jones, 35; 41, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 42, W. F. Higgins, 35; 43, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 44, A. T. Jones, 35; 45, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 46, W. F. Higgins, 35; 47, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 48, A. T. Jones, 35; 49, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 50, W. F. Higgins, 35; 51, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 52, A. T. Jones, 35; 53, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 54, W. F. Higgins, 35; 55, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 56, A. T. Jones, 35; 57, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 58, W. F. Higgins, 35; 59, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 60, A. T. Jones, 35; 61, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 62, W. F. Higgins, 35; 63, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 64, A. T. Jones, 35; 65, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 66, W. F. Higgins, 35; 67, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 68, A. T. Jones, 35; 69, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 70, W. F. Higgins, 35; 71, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 72, A. T. Jones, 35; 73, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 74, W. F. Higgins, 35; 75, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 76, A. T. Jones, 35; 77, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 78, W. F. Higgins, 35; 79, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 80, A. T. Jones, 35; 81, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 82, W. F. Higgins, 35; 83, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 84, A. T. Jones, 35; 85, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 86, W. F. Higgins, 35; 87, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 88, A. T. Jones, 35; 89, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 90, W. F. Higgins, 35; 91, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 92, A. T. Jones, 35; 93, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 94, W. F. Higgins, 35; 95, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 96, A. T. Jones, 35; 97, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 98, W. F. Higgins, 35; 99, W. A. Kellogg, 35; 100, A. T. Jones, 35.

The disbursement was \$1,300. Dues due by the members to the corps reach the amount of \$610. During the past year the corps lost three members by death. A committee was appointed to make inquiries during the winter for a building for a barracks. The headquarters of the corps for the ensuing year will be in Hoboken, as a general rule changes every year, once in Hoboken and once in Jersey City.

GARDNER MASS., OCTOBER 13.—The members of the Gardner Rifle Club were out in force at the last shoot at Hackmeack Range. The corps was 200 yards, off-hand and seven shots at each target. The disbursement was \$1,300. Dues due by the members to the corps reach the amount of \$610. During the past year the corps lost three members by death. A committee was appointed to make inquiries during the winter for a building for a barracks. The headquarters of the corps for the ensuing year will be in Hoboken, as a general rule changes every year, once in Hoboken and once in Jersey City.

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On Saturday next there will be at Creedmore an "All Comers" Match, 300 yards, 5 rounds at each, 50 points at each target. The three highest scores (added together) to count; entrance fee 50 cents each, or five taken in one name at the same time for \$2; any rifle, but pistols not allowed. The prizes will be as follows: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50; 3rd, \$25; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; 6th, \$2.50; 7th, \$1.25; 8th, \$.625; 9th, \$.3125; 10th, \$0.15625. Numerical to be decided by lot. Twenty-eight cash prizes (\$100).

On Saturday, October 23, "All Comers" Match, second day of the annual scores will be taken. The prizes will be as follows: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50; 3rd, \$25; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; 6th, \$2.50; 7th, \$1.25; 8th, \$.625; 9th, \$.3125; 10th, \$0.15625. Numerical to be decided by lot. Twenty-eight cash prizes (\$100).

ALBANY, Oct. 13.—The pleasant weather drew together quite a number of local and other sportsmen for a regular shoot this afternoon. The first match called was a new life-membership match at 300 yards, which was put on the program with a view of being used for the end of the year. The prizes were as follows: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50; 3rd, \$25; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; 6th, \$2.50; 7th, \$1.25; 8th, \$.625; 9th, \$.3125; 10th, \$0.15625. Numerical to be decided by lot. Twenty-eight cash prizes (\$100).

At the conclusion of this match the competitors went to the 500 yards firing point to commence the eleventh competition in the Griswood match. When the match was called it was overcast and light rain fell. The competitors were as follows: 1st, \$100; 2nd, \$50; 3rd, \$25; 4th, \$10; 5th, \$5; 6th, \$2.50; 7th, \$1.25; 8th, \$.625; 9th, \$.3125; 10th, \$0.15625. Numerical to be decided by lot. Twenty-eight cash prizes (\$100).

F. Griswood Wild-Game Championship Match—500 Yards.
The Moser, Bal S. 555535—38 Chas H. Gaus, Bal S. 444445—34
A. Thorne, R. C. 555535—34 Chas H. Gaus, Bal S. 444445—38
Wm F. Piten, R. C. 555535—34 Chas H. Gaus, Bal S. 444445—38
Wm F. Piten, R. C. 555535—34 Chas H. Gaus, Bal S. 444445—38

Next Thursday the John Hodge match at 300 yards and the Life-Membership match at 500 yards will be called. This is much interest on the part

would go clear through the sea, but she would score first, as easily as in a sprint, and how to score is the lesson she has come to teach us. The judges were in a hurry to get the boat started, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on. The Hildreth's first line (both in and out) was there, however, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on. The Hildreth's first line (both in and out) was there, however, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on.

...the sea was nothing great is shown by the fact that the river steamer Day Star, with her two guards, found no trouble in giving the boat a good start. The boat was started by the Hildreth's first line (both in and out) was there, however, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on.

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scale, and Midge beats Wave by six. This ends the last of this year's races, and the cutter will now be laid up at Newport to scoop her hull and get a new spring. The boat was started by the Hildreth's first line (both in and out) was there, however, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on.

THE TRIAL RACES.

POTR big sloops went down the bay last Thursday for a brush. The day was borned out in two races. The first was a trial race for the rest of the season to match against the Canadian Atlanta, because of her fast in ordinary weather and because she is well built and strong. The second was a trial race for the rest of the season to match against the Canadian Atlanta, because of her fast in ordinary weather and because she is well built and strong.

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"THE CORINTHIAN YACHTSMAN."

OR Hints on Yachting. By Percy E. Biddis, C. Watson, publisher, 1110 Michigan, London. Under the above title Mr. Biddis already favorably known as author of similar guides through his excellent "How to" Model Yacht Building," has produced a book which will be welcomed by all interested in yacht ownership. The book is a very complete and practical guide to the experiences of an old hand and may be studied with profit even by those supposing themselves proficient. The volume opens with a history of the sport from its infancy, and in the chapters following the great similarity between the sharp and handsome entrance of the old Arab and the bows of the sloop America, something which has probably not escaped those who have visited the yards of the N. Y. C., where an English yachtsman, a close resemblance to the show, teaches a similar conclusion. The progress made in the art is touched upon, then the building and fitting of the hull, the fitting out, revving of gear, handling sails, etc. A number of such of this applies to the details of the cutter, these chapters would give our own sailors a long lift in the art they wish to acquire. It is only, however, a few pages that you may have no use for in the practice of our own waters. Especially commendable is the chapter on navigation, one most interesting feature of the sport may on this side of the Atlantic still prefer to exchange for yachts in the country or cards down below. Handling of yachts in races will prove of particular interest since the Midge has demonstrated that even our "professionals" are but infants in an art compared to the Italians. Taking care of yachts, cruising and a great many useful hints and devices combined into a book for which there is room abroad, and which would be a most valuable addition to the yachtsman's library. We commend it most highly to our readers.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—A sweepstakes, open to entries and prizes that will be given a most attractive course. Prizes, \$100 to the first and \$50 to second. Run as follows:

| Yacht | Act. Time | Cor. Time |
|-------------------------|-----------|-----------|
| Addie V. sloop..... | 1:18 | 0 38 |
| Vindex, cutter..... | 1:06 | 0 45 |
| Atlante, sloop..... | 1:00 | 0 37 |
| Active, cutter..... | 1:02 | 0 41 |
| Enterprise, cutter..... | 1:07 | 0 46 |

THE GLEAN.—When the high-flying accounts of the sailing of this Rhode Island cutter in English waters appeared in the Providence Journal we pronounced it a great success. The Glean would have been better. The Glean would have been better. The Glean would have been better.

ONE EFFECT.—A new schooner had just been laid down with a board. After the Midge races orders came to alter to a keel. The keel was altered to a keel. The keel was altered to a keel.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—Please send your address.

M. H. M., Rush, Pa.—Use Persian insect powder cone in three or four days until you get rid of them.

M. C. Geneva, N. Y.—The firm have been presented by the postal authorities on the charge of having obtained money under false pretences.

W. L. N., Ripit, O.—What will rid my dog of fleas? Give me something besides the advertised remedies; I have tried quassa wood, but it does not seem to do the trick. Ans.—Try plenty of green walnut or hickory leaves in his bedding.

W. N. R., Ottawa, Ont.—We mentioned the "Saxon" gun last week. Do not invest in it. We have time and again warned the public that these marvelous bargains offered by speculators in the average field of the American people are not to be snapped at as a trout fly for a fly.

H. C. M., Railway.—In making rod fishing rods are several joints all tapered by hand, or as they run through a machine which gives them the proper taper. Ans.—The cheaper rods are turned in the lathe, and the hand tapered rods are turned in the lathe, and the hand tapered rods are turned in the lathe.

T. G., Wading River, N. Y.—I send you specimens of woodpeckers which are spilling my grapes. They perforate each berry which they touch. Do you know whether there are any other birds which do this? I enclose with them a very small specimen of their work. Ans.—The specimens sent are the yellow bellied woodpecker (Spizella pensilvanica), sometimes called the sap-sucker. They do a great deal of injury to the grape vine and to other fruit to a considerable extent on fruit and on the soft inner bark of trees.

J. M. J., New York.—My pointer dog, six years old, has been singularly afflicted for the past two or three years. At times he will not eat, and at times he will eat but not digest. He has lost weight, and you kindly inform me what the trouble is and prescribe for same? A wild bird roge from in the fresh-water ponds of Georgia. If so, the bird is a wild bird, and it is probably best to keep it in a cage. Ans.—I have no account of a wild bird being made, but presume that it would grow there. Now is the time to plant.

SPORTING LITERATURE.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: A project is on foot to erect a monument "in-arg-ant" that is commemorative of the genius and worth of "Frank Forester." This is to be surmounted by a life-size statue of "Will Wildwood," whose claims to the honor we think that all "true sportsmen" will acknowledge to be substantial and well founded. We would like to see the trade dollars roll in for the purchase of the statue and we want to have a big one. Will the Forest and Stream kindly give the scheme a lift? ADOLF BENT.

We admire Mr. "Wildwood's" looks exceedingly, and think his poetry is of the highest quality. The "Forest and Stream" has written. Of "Will Wildwood's" postural work we understand that Edgar A. Poe once warmly remarked that "his ("Wildwood's") genius was more conspicuous through his poetry than through his prose writings." We will gladly give our support to the project of erecting the monument to the memory of "Will Wildwood." The idea of making the "Forester" monument a pedestal upon which the "Wildwood" "arg" may be elevated is particularly happy. IRVINGTON, Va., Oct. 10, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: In thanking for your salutary remarks to the queer "cranks" who are passing before a small circle as the accepted "medicinas" of the spirit of our time, I know Herbert, admiral what was said, would be a most valuable addition to the yachtsman's library. We commend it most highly to our readers. OLD FRANK.

A CONFESSION.

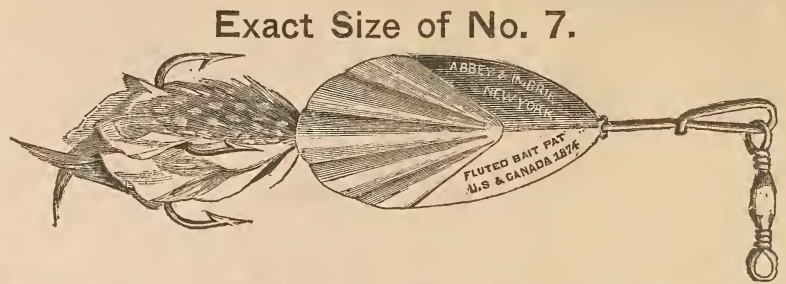
HERE we have it at last. Says an excellent contemporary, trying his nose into it that all the Midge's victories were so many wins for the sloop. In fairness, however, the Midge should allow time to the Hildreth's first line (both in and out) was there, however, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on.

...the sea was nothing great is shown by the fact that the river steamer Day Star, with her two guards, found no trouble in giving the boat a good start. The boat was started by the Hildreth's first line (both in and out) was there, however, and she started to make their line outside for a while, to show what was going on.

RUNNING-WATER NOTES.—We readily consent that the Muses had their birth and rearing in the neighborhood of certain springs and streams. This was a wise provision for their subsequent musical education, since it was intended, no doubt, that they should gather the rudiments from such congenial sources. The Greeks left us no account (as they well might have done) of the technical drill pursued by the nine sisters. However, we may suppose that they wrote off their scores from the fluent dictation of their favorite cascades and streams, and that they scanned, or "sang," all such exercises by the laws of liquid quantity and accent. Perhaps at the same time, the better to measure the feet and mark the cesural pauses, they danced, as they sang, over the rippled surface of the stream. Nor did the Muses alone love springs and running water, but it would seem that the philharmonic societies of their descendants have had their haunts in like localities; or was it mere chance that Homer should have lived by the river Meles (hence Meleagros), or that Plato should have had his retirement

"where Ilissus rolls
His whisp'ring stream" ?

Black Bass, Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7, each 65 Cts.
Pickrel, Nos. 6, 8, each 75 Cts.
Maskatonge, Nos. 8, 7, each \$1.



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For sale by druggists or mail \$1. **F. CROSBY, 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.**



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Particular Pains taken in mounting pet birds and animals.
LARGE STOCK OF GROUND, BIRDS, DEERHEADS, AND GLASS CASES.

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JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.
A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, and TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.



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Dwellings, Factories or Towns supplied with water by Pipe Wells or Deep Rock Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry made to produce.
MANHATTAN ARTESIAN WELL CO.,
240 Broadway.

FOR CHARTER—A first-class gunning outfit, complete, for charter by day, week or season. Apply to **MATHEW REYNOLDS, Havre de Grace, Md.** Oct 13, 91

For Sale.

WILLIAMS & POWELL highest grade hammerless breech-loading gun, in case, fitted with one pair 12 and one pair 16-gauge barrels. Length, 30 inches; weight, 1 1/2 pounds. Very little load, and as good as new, cost \$400. For sale for \$245. **JNO. P. MOORE'S SONS, 302 Broadway, New York.** Oct 20

FOR SALE, a Shattuck 10-bore, 9 lbs., single R.L. made to order; has the Damascus barrels, checked fore end (not on grade gun); all the fitting parts have been finely finished and plated, viz. triggers, cock springs, guard and pin. Makes nice target. Also 20 shells and loader. Price \$25. Never been used only at target. Address **J. P. ROYAN, Box 34, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass.** Sept 22, 91

FOR SALE—W. & C. Scott & Son Breech-Loading Hammerless Gun (same quality as Bogardus use), the Damascus steel barrels, 30 inch long, 10 bore, takes 2 1/2 in. shell, 8 1/4-10 lbs. weight; pistol grip, pat. fore-end, horn butt plate, patent crystal indicator, pat. block safety, top automatic bolt, top lever, double bolt, extension rib, extra line shooter, close and hard, fine engraving; sold for no fault; will send C. O. D.; privilege of trial gun cost \$225; price now, \$100, with sole leather case holding 7 shells, and Barclay loader, recapper and decapper, and 50 brass shells. Price of gun without implements, \$150. **L. A. DAVENPORT, Davenport, N. Y.** Oct 13, 91

FOR SALE, the following rifles will be sold at a low figure: Sharps Long Range, Sharps Mid-Range, Sharps Military, Sharps Hunting, Stevens Pocket Rifle. Address **B. W. ROYAN, Box 34, Roxbury Station, Boston, Mass.** Oct 13, 91

FOR SALE, Pair of Coach Horses, dark brown color, full 16 hands high, five and six years old; perfectly matched and unusually stylish. Price, \$1,200. Address for further particulars, **JAMES A. P. B. ALBANY, Warren Court, New Jersey.** Oct. 20-91

FOR SALE, a salmon and striped bass rod; my own make. **BENJ. D. WELCH, 383 Grand St., N. Y.** Oct 20, 91

Skunk, Red Fox, Raccoon, &c.
Bought for cash at highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars.
E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard St.

THE GUN AND ITS DEVELOPMENT,
WITH NOTES ON SHOOTING.
BY W. W. GREENER.
AUTHOR OF
"Modern Breech-Loaders," "Choke-Bore Guns," Etc.
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"The fullest description of fire-arms and matters pertaining to their use and manufacture which is accessible to the general sportsman."—Col. Wingate, in the *Critic*.
"Will be found interesting and valuable to the sportsman."—*Country Gentleman*.
"The book is well worth a most careful perusal, and we commend it to all interested in sporting guns or rifles."—*The Spirit of the Times*.

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CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN & CO.,
739 and 741 Broadway, New York.

ORDERS NOW PROMPTLY FILLED. GREATLY IMPROVED.
CAPACITY OF FACTORY GREATLY ENLARGED. NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.
THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.
[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1891, p. 448.]
"This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits."

CIGARETTES
That stand unrivaled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication.
FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. THREE KINGS. NEW VANITY FAIR.
Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.
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Commission Merchants,
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BUTTER, EGGS, Etc.
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We send sales and check for net amount immediately after sale. Stencils and Price Current furnished free on application. Your correspondence and shipment solicited.
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FRANK BLYDENBURGH,
TICKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.
166 Pine St., New York.

WANTED, one or two gentlemen of means to unite with me in buying the finest sea-side resort and hunting grounds in Virginia. A fortune in it. Full particulars given and required. Address **CHASSEUR, care FOREST AND STREAM.** Oct 13, 91

KEEP'S SHIRTS.
Always the Best.
Keep's Patent Partly-Made Shirts, 6 for \$5; easily finished.
Keep's Perfect Fitting Custom Shirts, 6 for \$9, to measure.
Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.
FALL UNDERWEAR.
White and Scarlet Knit all Wool and Flannel, at lowest cash prices, viz.,
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The Yacht constructed especially for SHOOTING DUCKS ON THE SUSQUEHANNA. Length, 60 ft., beam, 11 ft. Four saloons, 11 by 22 ft., furnished with Brussels carpets, sofa beds, etc. After saloon arranged for crew. Wash room with stationary wash stand and water closet. Kitchen and engine room. DOUBLE AND SINGLE SIX BOXES, 400 DECOYS, small boats, etc. The entire outfit in good condition and ready for running. To be sold before November 1. For further particulars address

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The Kennel.

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Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail. Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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WRIGHT & DITSON, 650 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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The undersigned is prepared to paint at short notice Oil Paintings of dogs from Photographs. Prices low. Address Mrs. T. C. ROBERTSON, Brook Hill, S. 4, Detroit to Editor FOREST AND STREAM; Dr. W. A. Strother, Lynchburg, Va.; J. C. Sanborn, Dowling, Mich.; P. H. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn. Oct 20, 18.

RIVERSIDE COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,

Clairemont, N. H., Box 33. Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Grace (Emp ex-Yvette) stock for sale. Pups ready for delivery. Sept 22, 18.

Imperial Kennels.

We will take a few setters and pointers to thoroughly field break. Reference given; satisfaction guaranteed. Broken dogs for sale. H. CLAY SLOVER & C. GROVER, Toms River, N. J. Oct 6, 18.

FOR SALE, Brant, by Leicester out of Sanborn's Nellie, two years nine months old, color black and white ticks, well broken. Roxey's Boy, by Dash III. out of Hoxey (Nelle-Leicester), two years and two months old, broken, black and white. Four pups by Dashing Gun, ex. Lewalls Leda, by Dash II. out of Armda (Pocahontas-Leicester), very fine, ten weeks old. Any parties wanting good stock can be accommodated. Full prices and full particulars address L. YEARSLEY, JR., P. O. Box 14, Coatesville, Pa. Oct 14, 18.

FOR SALE—A dark liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped Feb. 1, '81, by Dr. Stanciar's Fish (Old George-Peg), sire of Stanciar's Fishes, out of Barker's champion Princess (Ranger-Fan). The puppy is offered for sale on account of the owner having no convenient place for keeping him. Address LOCUST, P. O. Box 2,063, New York City. Sept 15, 18.

REAL SCOTCH STAGHOUNDS—The Reverend Grenville Hodson, Bidgewater, England, has several valuable deerhounds, from his famous bitch Heather and other winners for disposal. Any one (this noble breed should communicate with the above, if they are desirous of obtaining deerhounds, old or young, from the recognized leading English kennel. Oct 1, 18.

10 will buy a pure Irish dog pup, 4 mos. old, having one cross of Lillo and two of Flunket. \$20 will buy a pure Irish dog pup, 10 mos. old, of a very popular strain. Address E. J. ROBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Sept 15, 18.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by the world famous king of the field, Champion Joe, Jr. A rare chance, only a few choicest cubs to offer, and sold under guarantee. Just right now for the shooting. Pointers and setters for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn. Sept 21, 18.

OUTLET COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS—For cockers of all ages and colors, dogs, Bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBERT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21-18.

FOR SALE, a finely bred Gordon setter bitch, 6 months old, broken to stop on her food; by Look ex. Kit. 1 F. JOHNS, P. O. Box 67, Haverhill, Mass. Oct 1, 18.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and hunted, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 3-5. Oct 1, 18.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL—Thoroughbred red Irish setter, puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDEK, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, 18.

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept 22, 18.

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion Sensation out of Livingston's, for New York, 1880, and dam of Barnard's, or for any other services of harness, address, with stamp, HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, Box 33, Greenport, Suffolk County, New York. Sept 22, 18.

ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigrees and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 34, Lancaster, Mass. Sept 22, 18.

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker spaniels of the most fashionable blood address W. S. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 15, 18.

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Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 2 for widgeon, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Illa.

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With Safety Bolt across the front of the Hammers, working either automatically or independently, as desired; the triggers are also automatically locked and unlocked.

- "STANDARD" BRAND, - - - \$150.00
- "NATIONAL" do. - - - 143.10
- "CHALLENGE" do. - - - 167.40
- "PARAGON" do. - - - 229.50

10-BORES EXTRA, - - - \$10.50

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THE CLUB GUN around a circle, within which appears the rampant Colt, beautifully embossed. We are also agents for the celebrated guns of Enos James & Co., Birmingham, and Forchard & Wadsworth's Great Single Breach-Loader. Besides these we offer a small Job Lot of Wobley Guns and some choice Parker Guns on special terms. Address H. & D. FOLSOM, 30 Warren Street, New York. P. O. BOX 4,309.

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FOR SALE, a handsome Irish red setter dog, 3 years old, well broke and a good retriever from land and water. Price \$35. Also a good Foxhound, 2 years old. Price \$15. CHAS. F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Oct 10, 18.

FOR SALE CHEAP, a young and finely bred Irish setter dog; is yard broken, a good retriever, and in fine form to begin field work. Sold for lack of use. Address N. C. J. ENGLISH, Elizabeth, N. J. Oct 10, 18.

FOR SALE, Gordon setter dog, whelped 4th of July, 1880, out of Maude by champion Grouse. Price \$100. SAMUEL G. DIXON, 715 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Oct 24, 18.

FOR SALE, thoroughbred English Greyhound bitch, or will exchange for a bred pointer. Address E. F. GOODING, Elgin, Ill. Oct 12, 18.

BEGLES.—A few eight weeks old puppies for sale from imported stock. Apply at once. W. J. PERCIVAL, Palo, Mich. Oct 20, 18.

LIVE FOXES WANTED.—Address Box 178, Montclair, N. J. Oct 20, 18.

The Kennel.

GREYHOUND PUPS FOR SALE, three dogs and two bitch pups, out of my imported English greyhound bitch Juno by my imported Leo. Pups whelped Aug. 13. Are in nice-colored and fine, healthy animals. H. W. HUNTINGTON, Williamsburgh, L. I. Oct 31, 18.

POINTERS, young dogs partially broken; just right to put on game; of Irish, English and Sensation strains; very handsome and promising. Also one brace of puppies. Address EDMUND O'GILL, 108 Dean street, Brooklyn. Oct 14, 18.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUBL. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 31, 18.

FOR SALE, fine red Irish Setter dog, 2 1/2 years old, broken on quail. Address A. G. SPENCER, West Brook, Conn. Oct 13, 18.

FOR SALE, two good English mastiff pups, male and female, 10 months old; weight 100 lbs. each; are docile and fond of children. Address R. J. MCNALLY, Stonington, Conn. Oct 31, 18.

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Cameron Kennel. Beagle Hounds bred for beech and field purposes. RALLY (Saw-Doily); stud fee, \$25. ROCKET (Rally-Dog); stud fee, \$10. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa. Oct 13, 18.

GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island. We have on sale 300000 dogs and citches of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel Club, out of Willard's, Grouse, Munn's Duke, GoldenSmith kennels Ripple, Stoddard's Duke, etc. Mr. Malcolm's Malcolm, Col. 100's Kerne, Mr. Willard's Dream II. were all bred at these kennels. Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brovcoot P. O., Brookline, New York. Oct 13, 18.

FOR SALE, red Irish setter dog Victor, warranted first-class, both in breeding and the field. Also my Gordon bitches Mist and Zenobia. Address or apply to A. W. PEARSALE, Huntington, L. I. Oct 13, 18.

FOXHOUND PUPPIES FOR SALE—Also a few to-hounds. Imported stock. Address ENSEX COUNTY HUNT, Montclair, N. J. Oct 13, 18.

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N.

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E. & C. VON CULIN.

P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

FOR SALE, Llewellyn Setter Lady Flign; whelped 1878; color, B. and V. Tan; is a beauty; has no equal in this section on game; was broken on partridge, chickens, grouse and quail; is very fast, great endurance, staunch, best of nose, good kind disposition. Refer Chicago Field, April 12, 1879, for description of her in field on game. She is by Carlowitz and Queen Bess. For a hunter and breeder there are few like her offered for sale. Price, \$150. Some of her stock and pedigree will make a good Champion Gladstone, price \$50. Native lemon and white Setter Bligh, 3 years old, hatched on quail and snipe, is staunch, good nose, price \$75. 1 Gordon Setter Dog Jim, 15 months old, color B. and Tan, staunch on game, price \$50; Gordon Setter Bligh, sister to Jim, 18 months, will make a good runner, price \$35 (from noted dogs). Address H. B. VON DER SMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 20-11.

FOR SALE—A very handsome brace of orange and white setters, 17 months old; evenly marked; partly broken; have been hunted on quail and woodcock; full pedigree. They come from the best strains of pedigree dogs in the country. Owner's reason for selling them is so old to work them. Will sell very reasonable if taken at once. They are just right for this fall's shooting. For further particulars address THOS. M. SMITH, 90 Montgomery street, Jersey City. Oct. 20-11.

FOR SALE—Two handsome setter bitches, one white and orange, by champion Leicester (Moore's) ex Mills Belle, 15 months old; the other, Orange, by the native setter Prince out of Victoria Warwick-Polly, 15 months old, trained. Price, \$35 each. Address Dr. W. HUBBELL, Concord Depot, Campbell county, Va. Oct. 18, 1881. Oct. 20-11.

A VERY FINE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, black and white, age 3 years; does some of the best work; is a good ducking dog and watch dog, and fond of children; price, \$35. Also a very fine setter bitch, very staunch, in the field, price, \$20. Address W. J. MORTON, Portsmouth, Va. Oct. 20-11.

PURE BLOOD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE. Leah by Royd-out of Lily H., born 1878; very handsome, blue B. Iron; Kate and Clara, blue and lemon Belton, 15 months old; Besse, blue and Ar. male, sister to Yeours. Countess, just right for trainer. For full pedigree and particulars address E. A. DIFFENDEFFER, 15 Sulphur st., Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 20-11.

WANTEN—To exchange a pointer dog eleven months old; fensation stock; yard broken; just right to take the field; (he is the finest young pointer I ever saw and I want to make a prize winner) for a young red W. Chesapeake Bay dog. DUCKS, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Oct. 20-11.

FOR SALE, beautiful pair of bitch pups, liver and white, 3 months old; very healthy; out of Lou (gd. N. Y.) by Guss (gd. pup, N. Y.) (C. SEWELL, Tarrytown, N. Y. Oct. 20-11.

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The Direct and Popular Routes to the YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL,

October 18 to 21, Inclusive,

AND TO THE Atlanta Cotton Exposition,

October 5 to December 31.

AND ALSO TO Florida, the South, and Southwest.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT OCTOBER 1, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.

Train 20. Leaves New York 4:50 p. m. Philadelphia 7:05 a. m. Baltimore 9:45 a. m. Arrives Richmond 4:55 p. m. Danville 7:55 p. m. Charlotte 10:35 p. m. Atlanta 1:05 a. m. This train makes some connections as No. 45 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 42. Leaves New York 11:30 a. m. Philadelphia 1:15 p. m. Baltimore 1:40 p. m. Richmond 10:10 p. m. Danville 7:30 a. m. There connects with No. 43 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects daily, except Sunday, from Baltimore at 4:00 p. m. for YORKTOWN street via York River Line, thence via West Point to Richmond and connecting there with Trains 80 and 85.

Train 42. Leaves New York 11:30 a. m. Philadelphia 1:15 p. m. Baltimore 1:40 p. m. Arrives Lynchburg 4:20 a. m. Charlottesville 7 a. m. Charlotte 1:00 p. m. Atlanta 1:20 p. m. Macon 6:30 a. m. Montgomery 7:45 a. m. New Orleans 11:02 p. m. 64 hours from New York. Pullman cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and to Atlanta. Arrives at Columbia 7:00 p. m. and Augusta 10:15 p. m. Savannah 5:45 p. m. Jacksonville 5:15 a. m.

Train 45. Leaves New York 10:00 p. m. Philadelphia 11:45 a. m. Baltimore 1:10 p. m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a. m. Lynchburg 12:25 p. m. Danville 7:35 p. m. Charlottesville 12:30 p. m. Atlanta 1:20 p. m. Macon 6:30 a. m. New Orleans 11:02 p. m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans.

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GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS,
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Salmon, Bass and Trout Files, Made to Order. Also "Kriders" Celebrated Gun Enamel Spill, and Gilted Bamboo Rods.
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ARE OFFERING THE LARGEST STOCK OF
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Light, Black, White or Tan Color Coats,
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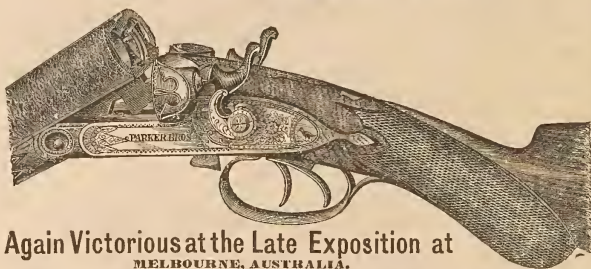
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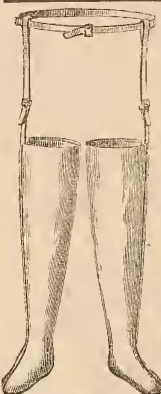


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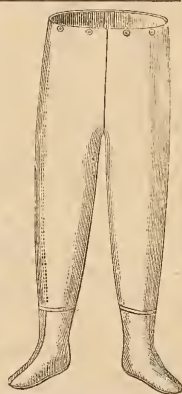
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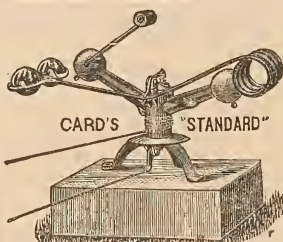
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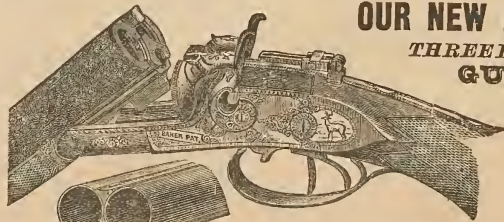


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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 13.
{Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

GENTLEMEN: There are eight of you, and as your appointments seem to have been made without the slightest regard to your geographical distribution, it is unfortunate that not one resides south of Columbia County. Of course you can travel, and as you are all appointed for the State at large this would be no obstacle if your allowances were liberal enough to permit of constant motion. **FOREST AND STREAM** has steadily claimed that one of your number should be resident in New York city to watch the markets, and another on Long Island, the home of the poacher.

This not being the case we now call your attention to the following facts: Quail are systematically snared on Long Island from Oct. 20 to 30 in order to have a good number on hand for sale at the beginning of the season, Nov. 1. We would suggest that two or three of your number should attend to this matter, and if you will call at this office we will give you a list of the most prominent points for observation.

The professional fishermen on the Hudson continually violate the law prohibiting the capture of striped bass less than half a pound weight. This is the case especially between Yonkers and Peekskill. It is done openly every day at this season of the year when the small fish are numerous. It is sincerely to be hoped that you will take some action in this matter.

IN FRANKLIN, Essex County, N. J., a man named Wolf shot and fatally wounded a young girl of seventeen with a supposed unloaded shot-gun, which he pointed at her in joke. It is said that the murderer has not been arrested but "deeply deplors his rash act." It can scarcely be doubted that this young idiot, as well as all the other fools belonging to his class, know that a gun, whether loaded or unloaded, should never be pointed at any person or any thing, that it is not intended to shoot. The proper place for all such people is behind the gratings of a lunatic asylum. The sad part of the matter is that people who perpetrate such crimes are often not discovered to be unfit to have their liberty until they have accomplished the killing or maiming of some of their unfortunate friends. The man who has committed this act, while probably not guilty of murder, has, by the law of New Jersey, certainly committed manslaughter, and should be tried and punished for that crime.

We have preached the necessity of the most scrupulous care in the handling of firearms for, lo, these many years, and the more we have to do with them the more afraid of them in careless hands do we become. We have had in our time some rather narrow escapes from others, and nothing is more annoying to us than to see any one who neglects the care which we believe to be necessary in handling a gun. It is not, however, to sportsmen that accidents most often happen. They have, most of them, learned how to use the arms that furnish them with so much pleasure. It should be made a felony to point any firearm at a human being, and, to our notion, the hanging of the first half-dozen individuals found guilty of the act would have a marvelously salutary effect. We commend this subject to such of our readers as occupy chairs in the legislative bodies in the various States of the Union.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH COMPANY.—During the past week a somewhat curious corporation has been brought into existence in this city. It is styled, the "International Rifle Match Company, Limited." According to the certificate of incorporation on file in the office of the Supreme Court, it is organized under the act of February 17, 1848, "to authorize the formation of corporations for manufacturing, mining, mechanical or chemical purposes." Under which of these several heads the new concern is to take place it would be difficult to say, unless it be that it is intended to "manufacture" bullseyes. One clause of the articles of incorporation declares, "The object and nature of the business for which said company is to be formed is the holding of Grand International Rifle Matches between the British, Scotch and Irish rifle teams and the best American marksmen, and the place thereof and the locality of its business are to be the County of New York." To carry out these laudable purposes a capital of \$30,000 is named in shares of \$100 each and three trustees are to manage the business of the

company for twenty years. The incorporators named are John H. Brown, Richard A. Saalfeld, George W. De Lano and Orlean H. Dodworth. The last named gentleman does not figure in the Directory, so we cannot give his business. The first name appears ten times over, so there is too much liberty of choice given. Mr. Saalfeld is a music publisher, and Mr. De Lano is a lawyer. We know nothing about the concern and care less. If international matches worthy of any respect and notice are to be fought in the future, it will be after the Britishers get over their dread of things American in a competitive way, and then by spontaneous, voluntary action, and not by the efforts of any set of rifle match dry-nurses.

FLORIDA GAME RESORTS.—We have in hand an excellent article on Florida game resorts from the pen of "Al Fresco." This will be printed next week; those who are contemplating a trip to Florida this winter should not fail to see it.

IS SWEEPSTAKE SHOOTING GAMBLING?

GAMING is defined to be "the act of playing a game for a stake." A game I understand to be any game, sport, race or contest.

By the early common law gaming was not illegal. As early as the reign of Henry VIII. statutes made certain forms of gaming illegal, and the courts refused to enforce contracts "contrary to public policy or good morals." Lord Mansfield, in 1778, refused to enforce a wager made as to the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon. The Court of Kings Bench, in 1790, sustained an action on a wager as to whether or not a wagon had been purchased. Thus there were lawful wagers and unlawful wagers; they were both wagers, however.

To-day we look upon gambling as unlawful, therefore it is fair and natural not to call that transaction gambling which the courts will recognize as a legal contract. Gambling may be defined to be illegal wagering or gaming. Would the courts to-day decide that the winner of a sweepstake is entitled to recover the stake from the stakeholder? If they would decide in the negative, then to shoot for a sweepstake is to gamble.

The English statute on gaming, 8 and 9 Vict., declares all contracts, by way of wagering or gaming, to be void, except "subscriptions, contributions, or agreements to subscribe or contribute for or toward any plate, prize or sum of money to be awarded to the winner of any lawful game, sport, pastime or exercise." In 1848 a case came up under this statute, in which it was decided that a foot-race was a lawful game, sport, etc., and if two men agree to run a foot-race, and each of them deposits £10 with a third person, the whole £20 to be paid over to the winner, that the agreement on which the money was deposited was legal, and that the £20 belonged to the winner.

On the understanding that competitive shooting is a lawful game, sport, etc., under the clause of exceptions in this statute, to shoot for a sweepstake would be legal, and therefore it would not be gambling. Under the Maine statute entitled "An act to prevent gaming for money or property," it was decided, in 1841, that money bet by the respective owners of two horses, and deposited in the hands of a stakeholder, and paid by the stakeholder to the winner, could be recovered by the loser. Under this statute, to shoot for a sweepstake would be illegal, and therefore it would be gambling.

The New York statute on this subject declares to be void "all wagers, bets or stakes made to depend upon any race or upon any gaming by lot or chance, or upon any lot, chance, casualty or unknown or contingent event whatever." Under this statute again, to shoot for a sweepstake would be to gamble.

The New York statute expresses, more or less accurately, the law as to gaming in many, if not in most of the States. Whether or not certain acts will constitute gambling is not a question of opinion or of abstract moral reasoning, but it is a question of law, and it depends upon the law of each State whether or not, in that State, to shoot for a sweepstake is to gamble. **W. B.**

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, October 27.

THE UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND FOR FOREST AND STREAM during the past two weeks has taken us by surprise, and we sincerely regret that we were able to supply neither our friends who called for them at the office, nor the orders from new dealers. Notwithstanding the fact that an unusually large edition was printed last week, we have been since Monday without any copies. This state of things shall not occur again, as we have made arrangements to still further increase the edition printed, so that there shall be enough to go round.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—The gentlemen having charge of the interests of the Eastern Field Trials will leave no stone unturned to secure a successful meeting. Although there are a large number of native birds on the island, five hundred quail from Indian Territory have been secured and will be turned down as soon as received. The first consignment has already been turned loose, and more are expected in a few days. The heart-breaking briar thickets are being "grid-ironed" with wide paths through their length and breadth, and will not give a tittle of the trouble caused last year. Everything now looks promising for a capital meeting, and, judging by the quality of the dogs entered and the well-known probity of the judges, we predict that the winners will have no easy thing, and that their laurels will be well worth the winning.

The Sportsman Courier.

PLOVER.

Charadrius marmoratus.

Now is the Autumn's rormal time. When woods are ting'd with Autumn's brush, When livery groves are bright with gold...

The silver fret-work of the roost Gleams in the early morning light; Batmy and brisk the air is toasting...

Where the salt meadows wide and far Sweep seaward to the sandy bar; Where pebbled inlet of the Bay Is riotous with the willow's plait...

But where thy rolling downs outspread, O wild Moutain! thy grassy plain; And where the Shinnec hills overlook The vast expanse of the main...

First a new speck across the sky, A cloudy shadow, drifting aer, But soon a musical, soft cry! And soon a myriad wings appear!

O, brother sportsman! has the earth Such thrilling charm to match with this— A moment with such rapture fill'd, An hour of such unbounded bliss?

Shelton Island, Oct. 3.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

MINNESOTA PIN AND FEATHER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your columns are searched so frequently for reliable information about game of different sorts and the localities of its greatest abundance...

The great northwest was an unknown land to me, and I longed for a sniff of its rare and bracing air. As the hart paneth after the water brooks...

The town of about 2,000 inhabitants is prettily locate l on the lower end of Saak Lake, ten miles long, from which, the day after my arrival, I took three pickerel and eight Oswego bass...

When the wind is in the North, do it go forth; When the wind is in the East, the fishes bite the least; When the wind is in the South, it blows the bait in the fishes' mouth; When the wind is in the West, the fishes bite the best.

My shooting at Saak Centre was done in company with Geo. M. Bishop, a merchant and sportsman, to whom I was indebted for many friendly attentions. We sallied out one morning for Westport Pass, famous for its morning and evening flights of ducks...

At any rate he decided to shake us up, and almost in sight of town, going down a little bank toward a big mud hole, adroitly managed to upset the wagon. But it was a

slow and easy performance, giving me ample time as I sidled "down and out" to deposit my gun on a dry and safe spot, and to arrange my corpus as a cushion for B., who made the spread and weight of his appreciation of my consideration felt without hesitation. Probably the reason for my forgetting to tell Mrs. B. of my tender care for her husband's person...

About five miles out we turned off the road into a wheat stubble and in a trice raised a covey of "chickens." We had equally good luck in nearly every similar field we traversed, and ought to have made double the score we did. My gun spent some time and much powder in getting used to the novel game, and Gipsy was balked and confused by B.'s old pointer, Dan, who, although a matchless duck retriever, is an infernal nuisance in the field.

Rice got out of his wagon once to find a covey he had marked down, and when Gipsy waded it, B. and I jumped out and walked up, as R. said his team would stand. Very soon after we began to fire. A considerable clatter at the rear turned our attention just in time to see the tail-board of our wagon disappearing at top speed over the brow of a ridge. R. and B. hastened out of sight in hot pursuit, while Dan, who would leave his master sooner than a fallen bird, busied himself bringing the slain to hand...

We arrived without further incident at Westport Pass in time for the evening shooting, but as my companions feared, the ducks were not flying. The long, narrow sparsely wooded ridge, between a lake on the south and an open marsh extending to an immense wild rice field to the north, is the finest vantage ground imaginable for the sport. Thousands of mallards in small flocks were constantly rising from the rice, circling around and dropping down again. We got a fine shot at evening, slept at a house near by, and tried our luck again in the early morning, but had no success.

Mr. Bishop's business requiring him to be at home at noon next day, we could not close the fields much on our return. We saw a good many geese in flight, and one lock heading toward us, we got out of the wagon to give them a passing salute. The old ones fled off, but the young ones kept straight on overhead, and we brought two of them to the ground. Our score was twenty-one pinnated grouse, four sharp-tailed grouse, two geese, three mallards, four broad-bills, one wood-drake and one jack rabbit.

My sporting experience was very brief, but demonstrated the game of this section affeld and affea to be plentiful, and its capture not at all difficult or arduous. If one is on "chickens" alone intent he should be there before September 1st. For ducks the best time is in October, and only as every sportsman would read—amusing, sketchy and illustrated. An artist would be indispensable—one with a dash of humor in his pencil. Then two others with some knowledge of yachting and camp life, and, above all, no cranky, notional chap, no eccentricities—a polite train for rudeness and selfishness. A party of four, with a determination to make such a trip pleasant, harmonious and profitable to health, and economical, could have a lovely time. The writer being an old camper, a yachtsman, and a swimmer, with his sort of life, would give the necessary time and attention to the outfit, aided by the suggestions of the other members of the party.

New York, Oct. 19, 1881. H. H. THOMPSON.

WHO WANTS TO GO?

New York, Oct. 11, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have had a notion to go South and get rid of the cold weather, slush, snow, sleet and smiffles this winter; and the recollections of a pleasant phase of camp life about Tampa Bay, Florida, some years ago, comes to me suggestively. To go alone would be unsocial, dull and not to be thought of. To get together just the right kind of fellows is not easy to do, where harmony is such an essential element. I want but three others: and with a view to perpetuate the pleasant recollections, we would write a book, and such a one as every sportsman would read—amusing, sketchy and illustrated. An artist would be indispensable—one with a dash of humor in his pencil. Then two others with some knowledge of yachting and camp life, and, above all, no cranky, notional chap, no eccentricities—a polite train for rudeness and selfishness. A party of four, with a determination to make such a trip pleasant, harmonious and profitable to health, and economical, could have a lovely time. The writer being an old camper, a yachtsman, and a swimmer, with his sort of life, would give the necessary time and attention to the outfit, aided by the suggestions of the other members of the party.

The first thing to be considered is the proper kind of a boat for the purpose, and to get such a one it would be necessary to build not an expensive, but a cheap, roomy, light-draft centre-board craft, something of the sharpie order—say, thirty-five feet long, good freeboard, to give depth; a light-built cabin, with accommodations for four; a galley to come under cabin deck forward, lockers for storage, a roomy cockpit, schooner or yawl rigged.

Table with 2 columns: Item description and Price. Items include boat equipped with awnings, provisions for 4 men, one colored gentleman, freight on board, and tent and camp equipment.

The amount for provisions may seem small, but it must be borne in mind that the table can be beautifully supplied with fish and game, the \$200 representing principally groceries, and salt and canned meats.

Such a boat as we would build would be so admirably adapted to the waters and so efficient for almost any purpose that she would sell probably much nearer cost than the figures named. This boat, by the way, would be safe and staunch for outside runs from port to port in any ordinary weather, would be comfortable, dry and safe. The cabin deck would afford storage room for tent and poles, the lockers around the cockpit for camp cooking trays. Such a boat can be built and rigged for about \$400. The \$200 would be for galley and cabin outfit. Her light draft would permit of her being beached in front of the camp, and when afloat would afford a cosy home. The undersigned having had a weakness all his life for boats, and having built half a hundred of all sizes and types, flatters himself he knows what to build to all this bill to the letter. Has camped out, fished and hunted in Florida, and knows the requirements to make such an expedition a success. The thing he don't know how to do is to get along pleasantly with a selfish, disagreeable, lazy "crank," who will neither fish nor cut bait; and it is considerable of a lottery to draw four prizes—i. e., four fellows who can get along pleasantly and smoothly together, and every man to his allotted share of the work; for such an enterprise means hearty, healthy and vigorous occupation with plenty of time, however, when in camp, to enjoy the dolce far niente and sense of perfect rest far away from politics, telegrams, mortgages and double and payable. Just imagine the sense of utter freedom and untrammelled release of choikers, coats buttoned to the chin, narrow slacks, tight trousers and expense of a box at the theatre and suppers afterward at Delmonico's. No man can stay in New York at any such limited expense; to say nothing of getting rid of snow, ice, chills and slush of a winter in the city. Now, who says wig-wag to this "feeler" thrown out to see what will come of it, and whether four congenial fellows cannot be found to carry out the id— The writer will lodge his credentials with the editors of the FOREST AND STREAM. SIN BAD.

IN CURRITUCK AND DARE.

As the season for fowling draws near the natives, who have been during the summer engaged in trucking and fishing, begin to prepare for fowling. Boats are put in order; stool ducks are overhauled and repainted; an extra feed of corn is now and then given to the decoy geese so as to have them "hearty"; guns are oiled and repaired, and engagements made with managers of the shooting clubs, as "waiters" on the eluh sportsmen; and water dogs, that have had to shift for themselves all summer and have had a hard time fighting ticks and fleas, begin to receive some attention.

The favorite water dog here is the Chesapeake dog, as they are strong, intelligent and faithful, and are unsurpassed retrievers. They are just the color of wild grass in shooting season. Wonderful stories are told of their sagacity. Some years ago Mr. Bodine, of New York city, a veteran sportsman, Col. Wilson Hollowell, of Pasquotank county in this State, and a Mr. Cadwell, of Currituck, were shooting canvas backs on Morgan Island in Currituck Sound. Mr. Bodine went into a blind at the south end of the island, and as he was troubled with a tinge of rheumatism when exposed, Cadwell loaned him his Chesapeake bitch to bring in his birds. Col. Hollowell and Cadwell went to the north end of the island, about half a mile distant, and all three were soon hard at it and had good sport. It was very cold and the ice was very thick near the shore, and at last the bitch "Bonny" began to hang back when Mr. Bodine killed a bird, and it was only by speaking crossly to her that she would go into the water. After a while the dog disappeared after every shot, but soon came back bringing a canvas-back, and several times brought in two and laid them on the shore. He continued firing all day, and when the sun went down launched his skiff and started to take in the other sportsmen. He picked up quite a number of ducks that Bonny had failed to bring in, and on counting found he had about two dozen more ducks than he was entitled to, judging from his count and the amount of ammunition he had fired away. He was puzzled to account for the overplus, but thought perhaps chance shots had killed more than he had calculated upon. He soon reached the stands of Hollowell and Cadwell, and they got their traps together to embark in the skiff. But when they looked for their game they discovered that their thirty odd canvas-backs had dwindled down to about a dozen. Cadwell had waded out in long boots on the shoal and picked up the fowl as they were shot and had thrown them on the bank among the rushes. He began to swear, and abuse the unknown thief who had stolen his game. But when Mr. Bodine related his experience, and they called Bonny to accompany them on the beach, the name of the name of the man who was the real thief. She had run across the island after every shot that Mr. Bodine fired, and stolen a duck from the pile of the other sportsmen to avoid going into the cold, icy water.

A descendant of this same bitch, by the same name, is famous as a retriever, and has been known to bring in three dead ducks at a time and to dive in deep water after crippled ducks and bring out two at a time. She will count the ducks as they fall, and will not rest satisfied until she brings them in when sent out. She usually had her own little family of pups, which sold readily for ten dollars each to the native gunners. Wreck, another celebrated bitch of Albemarle and Chesapeake stock mixed, has been known to swim one hundred yards out into the ocean during stormy weather and bring in a crippled beach bird. Both these dogs have been secured by the Kitty Hawk Club for breeding purposes.

These dogs would be a good breed to attach to the Life Saving Stations, as they can easily be trained to bring in a line. I have seen them go out in the shoals and drive in the beach cattle and ponies when wanted by their owners. I presume this is the only country in the world where people use a boat and water dog to drive up their stock. Some of the hot game out two miles from shore and dive their heads under the water after the duck grass, which is very nutritious. Fish feed on it, and the native gunners tell me that the grass, which has almost disappeared near the shore during the late long dry weather, will grow up again as soon as the mullet season is over and it is too cold for cattle and ponies to feed on.

The season is very backward, on account of the dry hot weather, and very few ducks have made their appearance. But a few days of cold weather will bring them in their usual numbers, no doubt. The coming season promises to be a good one, I think. Very few native gunners will shoot this season for a living. Many of them have gone into the new life saving stations, and the Kitty Hawk Club has en-

gaged about thirty of them as "waiters" or boatmen, while the shooting points are all brought up by clubs. A few will shoot from batteries, but it is cold, hard work to lie on your back in a battery all day out in the open sound; and very few men are strong enough to stand many seasons of this kind of shooting. The Elizabeth City and Norfolk Railroad and Edenton Extension of the same have also drawn many of the Currituckers and Dareites to work on the road, as wages have been high and the contractors have paid ready cash, which is something new in the history of railroad construction in North Carolina, and the only road ever built in the State that has not begun by asking State, county or town aid before commencing work.

I recently went over the line of the road from near Currituck Court House to Edenton, carrying dog, gun and fishing-tackle, and found good sport and the study of the ways and manners of the people interesting. I was always welcome to every house, and my contributions of game and fish were always received with thanks and considered a full equivalent for a meal or lodging; and it was seldom I could prevail upon anyone to take any money. The houses are generally comfortable as the houses of the country are in the same means at the North. As the climate is so much milder of course they do not need such tight houses as the Northern farmers; and the open log stables would shock a fastidious Northern farmer's eye. But, perhaps, the people and stock are as healthy as they are North. Chills and fever is the prevailing disease, but it is of a mild form, and those who use rain or juniper water are free from malarial troubles. The people are prosperous also; and I doubt if debt is as general among them as among the same class North, and is usually found gathered about the post office or barroom of the southern village—a class of humans I do not admire. The taverns are characterized by dirt, fleas, bugs, greasy food, bad coffee, saucy darkey help and high prices. I advise all sportsmen traveling through this country to avoid the towns and stop with the farmers. The barrooms in the towns are fearful dens. Black and white drink at the same bar and on the same dirty green-glass tumblers. Ice is an unknown luxury, except in one or two of the larger towns, and there they employ the same dirty, fony bar tenders, as in the smaller towns, and my journey through the country the question of prohibition or its prohibition was arising in the minds of the people; and the giant minds of the village politicians were bared at work on the question. The election came off while I was in Pasquotank county, and the State went against prohibition by an overwhelming majority of about 150,000. The darkeys went against it to a man. They were told that it was an entering wedge to taking away their liberties, and that the Democratic Governor and other leaders of that party were in favor of the law. That was enough for them. In fact, it is an old tried principle with the average darkey to vote "Jes toder way" from old Mars, and den I know is kerect." On the morning of the day of the election on the prohibition question I overheard a conversation between a big darkey named Jim and one of the scions of the old chivalry. The scion was anxious to have some garden truck planted, and was trying to hire Jim to do it, but no inducements he could hold out would induce Jim to work on election day. He offered to double his wages. No, no. He consented to do it by promising a plug of tobacco to go. He strengthened up by a profit of a good dinner, and a drink at night. All to no purpose. At last the darkey impatiently said: "Boss, dis is 'lection day, and I can't miss neb' heah, nobow. Why, boss, I would leab a 'coon up a tree to go to 'lection." The scion knew that settled it; and went off sadly to plant his own truck.

I hear there are a goodly number of Democratic darkeys in the South, but have not yet found any. They are Republican to a man, and the darkey who has the courage to vote the Democratic ticket at a regular election must have considerable back-bone. I heard of a good story illustrating the feeling among them toward what they call "traitors." One of the villages they have two darkey churches, a Methodist and a Baptist, and there had been a strong contest among them as to which church should have the strongest membership. They had taken about all the colored people within a radius of several miles, and in their rivalry had not been very particular as to the character of some of the new members. At last one Jack Skinner, a desperate hard case, proclaimed the cause of joining the Baptist church, and he had violated all the Commandments several times, but some of the members of the church decided that they could pray off all his sins, and concluded to let him in on his promise to acknowledge all his numerous transgressions. It took several nights to draw them all out, and a heap of hard praying to wash them off. Some of his confessions caused some scandal, involving more or less the character of some of the "sistering" of the flock. But the elders were bound to have him whole record. At last he said he had had all his sins but one, and he never forgave an unpardonable sin that he had committed that was. The elders told him it must come out, and assured him that they would pray it off. He was very reluctant, and after laboring over him several hours, the old boss elder got impatient and gave Jack a cutt beside the head, and said: "See heah, yer, we can't fool wid you all night. Out wid it! Out wid it!" At last poor Jack faltered out that in the late election he had voted the Democratic ticket. This was too much. They could pray off all his sins but that. As soon as the elders saw there was a general yell of execration and a rush for him from all corners, Jack had to make a break for the woods to save his carcass, and has never been seen in that part of the country since.

It is amusing in traveling along the line of the railroad to hear the boasting and bragging of the people in the towns and villages. There are many Raymond Sellers, who see millions where a practical man could see only bankruptcy. Each town puts in a claim for future greatness, Currituck

Court House, which is about six miles from the roof, is to have a branch road to that point, and expects to cut off from Elizabeth City all her lower Sound trade. Here the sportsmen from Norfolk will come to breathe the pure air and bathe in the Sound. Stock and truck will all come through here. The suggestion that it is about a mile to deep water from shore is met by the prediction that Senator Matt Ransom will get an appropriation through the next Congress to have a ship ditch dug out to the main channel. "It would cost about a million dollars."

At Camden Court House they went with pride to their big oak, under which a whole Sunday-school picnic can find shelter; to the beautiful Pasquotank, whose dark waters are full of fish; to the rich swamp land, which only needs State aid to become a perfect Egypt. And then Matt Ransom will get a little appropriation of a quarter of a million to dig the river a little deeper from Elizabeth City up to the Old Dominion steamer can come here, and, presto, change! There you have your metropolis.

At Elizabeth City they call your attention to the splendid harbor, magnificent wharves, big stores, new process cotton factory, the ship-yard, steam mills, lower Sound trade, to the lines of steamers to Newbern, Washington, Roanoke River, and other points; to the fact that it is the terminus of the old Daniel Canal, which only needs the help of Senator Matt Ransom to secure an appropriation of about a million to be a ship canal; and where is the rival town that has any show with their city?

Ten miles further on we reach Hertford, where they claim they are nearer to the Alligator, Scuppernon River and the big fisheries on the lower Albemarle Sound, and Durand's Neck, the garden spot of eastern North Carolina. Here are forests of virgin timber near at hand. They point with pride to the new academy and float-bridge that proves the engineering talent of its people. They also used a small appropriation of a few hundred thousand to clear some dangerous obstructions out of the Perquimans River, but Matt Ransom will fix that at the next session of Congress.

Woodville, further on, puts in its claim to future greatness, as it is high and dry and a good country base of it. At Edenton, which is to be the grand terminus of the railroad, they laugh to scorn the claims of the other towns. Here all the trade of eastern North Carolina is to centre. Steamboats are to run to the Scuppernon, Roanoke, Cashir, Chowan, and Alligator rivers. They, too, have an academy and a harbor, which only needs the use of a bridge about half the time to keep a channel open to deep water in the sound. But Senator Ransom has promised to fix that matter. All these towns, however, need Northern capital and energy to develop their immense resources. The experience and judgment will be furnished on the spot. I understand that the railroad boom has struck the people on the other side of the Sound, and I shall make a tramp among them when the weather gets a little cooler.

In the meantime I shall remain on the coast, making my headquarters here in Kitty Hawk, which has the advantages of post office, telegraph, store, good fishing, shooting and a bracing air that is free from malaria. I wish to thank some one for the Annual Book of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association," which I find very interesting.

JOHN BRONXON.

A TRIP TO HATHAN BOG.

ON September 6 we left Sherbrooke, in the Province of Quebec, by the International train for Lake Megantic, on our annual hunting and fishing excursion. At Cookshire we met our genial friend, Charles Pennoyer, Esq., and Albert W. Pope, brother of the Minister of Agriculture, who accompanied us to the lake, where we were soon enjoying one of Jerry Ham's comfortable suppers. The distance from Sherbrooke to Megantic is seventy miles, over a first-class road, but as our train takes the lower part of the freight as well as passenger traffic, the trip occupies nearly five hours. Here we met Majors Ramage and McMillin, (the latter of the late Confederate service,) both jolly, whole-souled companions, and last, but not least, Captain John B. McDonald, known to every frequenter of the lake as "John Boston," to distinguish him from the numerous John McDonalds, with whom that part of Compton county abounds. John deserves more than a passing notice. He is the pioneer of Lake Megantic. On our first trip, twenty years ago, he was the only white man we met, and the only occupant of the lake shore, except old Pamee, an Indian, whose hut was near the head of the lake. Pamee has long since departed to the happy hunting grounds, but we recollect when the profusion of moose relics in the vicinity of his hut gave evidence of his prowess in the chase.

On the occasion referred to, John Boston, then Mayor of three townships, (the united townships of Hampden, Whitton and Marston,) was our guide, counsellor, and general factotum, and proprietor of the open "dug out" around the lake. He paddled his own canoe, when he could, but when the current of the Chandiere failed to run smoothly, had an utter disregard for pole and paddle and, with rope over his shoulder, took the towpath up the middle of the river. At such times he didn't wear kilts, they would have been superfluous, but you'd have been kilt with laughter to have seen John take frequent involuntary headers over the granite boulders. The river, however, they got the bolder he got, and we finally had the satisfaction of seeing the broad expanse of Lake Megantic. Time had dealt gently with John Boston. He appears hale and hearty as when we first knew him, when the flavor of the flatstoup on which we cooked our trout only seemed to increase his appetite. May he long continue so. When he has crossed the "one more river" many on this side will mourn his departure. Many of the old settlers in this part of the country bear the same name, and there are various ways of distinguishing them. Once, when holding an election at Winslow, fifteen miles distant from the lake, it became necessary to swear in one Angus McLeod as special constable, and as there were several of the same name on the voters' list, we asked him how we should distinguish him from the others. "Put me down Angus McLeod, P. S.," said he. "P. S., what's that for?" "Piper's son," said Angus, and the signature of "Angus McLeod, P. S.," appeared in the election returns. These old settlers are natives of the Hebrides Islands, and the Gaelic language is generally spoken. Some of them are toly ignorant of an English word.

The site of the present village of Agnes used to be our regular camping grounds for several years, and we venture to say there is scarcely a rod of it upon which our campfires have not been lighted, or a portion of our impediments placed. It lies at the outlet of the lake, upon both sides of the Chandiere River, and is the present terminus of the In-

ternational Railway, soon to be extended to Mooshead Lake, Me., and by connection with the Bangor and Pisataquis and other railroads, from a direct line between the Atlantic and Western Canada, and will effect a saving in distance of some three hundred miles as compared with existing roads. It contains the large steam saw mills of the Berlin Mills Co., of Maine, who ship a large quantity of lumber by rail. It also contains four hotels and several stores. The Priee of Wales Hotel, by Major McAnally, is very pleasantly situated upon the lake shore, and is liberally patronized by transient guests. The criterion, by Mr. Morrison, is also pleasantly situated upon the opposite side of the river. The trout fishing is good here in September, when the fish go into the river to spawn, and no prettier fish swims than one of these fresh run trout, with its bright crimson sides. The fishing last September was very good, and many catches of ten to thirty pounds to a rod were made in an hour or two from the vicinity of the railway bridge. In the swift water they afford excellent sport, being large and gamey, usually running from one to three pounds.

As the little steambog was not on hand we waited a day, and, as machinery has to be worked up to the head of the lake, distant twelve miles. Both sides of the lake are now settled, and though rough and stony near the shore the land is very good a little way back. The scenery is very fine, especially the background formed by Megantic Mountain near the head of Victoria Bay, and the view of the boundary-line mountains looking toward the head of the lake from the residences of Majors McNinu and Ramage. The trolling for lake trout or "lunge" is good in June and October, and the favorite trolling ground is off Sandy Point rather more than half way up the lake. Three or four years ago this point, in company with Capt. Thomas, of Wmbleton farm, we took, by trolling, over 300 pounds of dressed lunge in two days, lying by from ten o'clock until tree. The largest we caught weighed fourteen pounds. On the west shore near the head of the lake is the steam saw and grist mill, of J. E. Myers, the first mill erected at the lake. Mr. Myers is a French-Canadian with a New England experience, and a mechanical genius. Nearly everything connected with his engine and machinery he can make and repair, and is never stuck in providing anything that any ordinary mechanic can turn out in wood or metal. He is a Justice of the Peace, and has a sufficient knowledge of medicine to prevent him from poisoning himself or friends with any of the drugs or chemicals of which he keeps a liberal supply, and dispenses when required. His mill is used principally to supply local demand. Within a mile or two and back from the lake is the village of Piopolis formed by Papee Zoaves. Across to the head of the lake, and we drop anchor at the Pamee cary. A few rods above here, a Mr. Thut, of Toronto, is erecting a large and very substantial steam mill. He owns a tract of land between Megantic and Spider lakes. His lumber supply will be principally from Spider. In connection with his mill Messrs. McLeigh and Wright, spool and bobbin manufacturers, of Beebe Plain, will also run a mill for the manufacture of white birch, a large supply of which as well as poplar exists at Spider. The Messrs. Leonard, of Winslow, are cutting a quantity of poplar for shipment to the States. White birch sells for twenty-five to forty cents per cord standing. Mr. Thut has a large and just completed steambog with fifteen horse power engine for the use of his mill, but which will make regular trips through the lakes. A team here carried our traps across the Pamee portage to Spider Lake, a distance of one mile, for twenty-five cents per load, cheap at double the amount. Here we meet our guide, S. D. Ball, better known as "Dew," and, after a two-mile row, are singly installed in our own shanty, beautifully situated upon a point commanding a view of every part of the lake. Before us lie the boundary-line mountains, and from one part of the lake we can distinctly trace the boundary line over three separate mountain peaks, looking like a swath mowed through the forests.

Spider Lake (Indian name Maccaenamack) is from four to five miles in length, with deep bays or indentations, radiating like the legs of a spider. It abounds in bass and a species of white fish, the latter of which sometimes run two pounds weight, also cuss, chub and trout. The trout are found in the inlet or upper Spider River in a small stream on the north-east side of the lake, and in June in the lower river between Spider and Kush lakes. The general course of the lake is east and west or at right angles with Megantic. Between the two lakes as the stream runs lies Rush Lake, but as this course is some two or three miles longer it is seldom followed, a portage of three-quarters of a mile being necessary to reach Spider. There are now four or five settlers round Spider Lake so that to get large game it is necessary to go three or four miles up the river, but as some party had anticipated us in this we concluded to remain at our shanty, and spend a day in fishing and in preparing our traps. Every rod of land, the cloud shadows are chasing each other over the boundary mountains. The setting sun bathes in sunshine Big Megantic Mountain, and the twilight comes on so gradually that the transition from light to darkness is scarcely perceptible. The loons are calling each other on the lake, and regrettably we retire to rest, for if the loons know anything we shall have wind to-morrow, and we want to do some trolling before the lake gets rotten.

After several days' fishing and shooting with fair success, we concluded to go through to Hathan bog, in Maine, and Ball spent a couple of days in blazing a line and hauling through a small bog in the evening. The bog is a large tract of land of tobacco couldn't be shifted from one jaw to the other without danger of a capsiz. On the 19th we started from the upper river, and after a six-hours' tramp over the mountains reached the bog, distant four or five miles, about 3 P. M. Our party consisted of four men, owing to the difficult nature of the route, were unable to carry anything but provisions, light cotton tent, one blanket and firearms. Large game was plentiful, and it was necessary to keep very quiet. The tracks of deer and moose were everywhere. Every rod of ground in the vicinity of the bog and its inlet was tracked like a cattle pasture, and numbers of fresh-cut paths through the moss led to the water on all sides. We concluded to camp on the "burnt land," some two miles lower down, where we could pick up camp wood without being obliged to use an axe. While two of us took the range the other two, with the traps, took the boat through the bog and down the outlet. In doing so we were obliged to haul the boat over a very strongly constructed beaver dams, the upper one of which floods the bog to a depth of five feet, making a sheet of water about a quarter of a mile across, which was covered with lily-pads. These pads had been eaten by the moose through the whole extent of the bog. The lower dam, constructed some distance below the other, is very substantially built at a point where it has the support of two large granite boulders, and is evidently to prevent the tota

escape of water in the event of the upper dam being unable to withstand the pressure. Both these dams are covered with a dense growth of grass and bushes. Ball said the upper one was an old one when he built it, some fifteen years ago. Under each of these we cast some fine trout. One was pitched a little back and the other about two and a half miles above the uppermost of the chain of ponds in Maine. There five consist of ponds, and several minor ones, may be struck with in a circumference of a mile, namely: Arno d. Crosby, Mosehoun, Horseshoe and Hathian B. & C. All a pond with trout, while Arno d. and Crosby contain "lung." The waters of all unite and form the principal tributary of the chain of ponds. In rear of our camp stands the finest arctic ledge we have ever seen. Near the edge fissures extend to a depth of twenty thirty feet, with smooth perpendicular sides. God help the fisher—or any other man—who should fall into one of these fissures. Unaided, his chances of escape would be small, and he would be left with a scorpianus not made with hands.

At night two of us slipped up a jack-light and went back to the bog. The night was warm and perfectly still. The oozy of the owl and the alarm signal of the beaver were the only sounds. We had never heard the beaver before, and when the alarm was given so close that the water almost splashed over us, it caused a shift in the back and our hand took a better grasp of the rifle. It is given by slapping the tail paddle-like on the water, and the sound is similar to that of a twenty pound stone thro' into deep water. On our return we heard a large moose walking through the marsh of fish, occasionally stopping to feed or to snore. It kept just within the edge of the timber, and although we remained perfectly motionless, and were for ten minutes within one hundred feet, we failed to get a sight of it. We tried for two nights more to get a shot at it, but without success. On nearly every stream moose tracks were seen in which the water was still muddy. Several deer were also seen, one a very large buck, with antlers seven or eight pronged. One of our party was within shooting distance, and raised the sight of his rifle to three hundred yards. Afterward he managed to get some bushes between them and got within sixty yards, when he fired, forgetting to lower the sight. He then fired a second shot, the buck in each case merely looking round at the crack of the rifle. A third shot must have touched his ear, for giving his head a savage shake he started for the timber. The same day we had a head drawn up in another buck, standing in a tan-rack grove, and lost his shot by waiting for him to come out into the open, which he didn't.

Trout in the vicinity of our camp were abundant. On the last evening Ball took out over thirty in a few minutes with the fly, without moving the position of his boat. Our supply of bread and pork being exhausted, we took our back track on the 23d, making the distance from the head of the Fishan Bog to the Soldier in four hours, and reaching the Chaudiere at ten o'clock the same night, feeling that we had exercised enough for one day, and next morning at 9:30 were back in Sherbrooke. We shot some beautiful specimens of the Canada grouse on our return trip. To any one wishing to make this trip we would recommend our guide, S. D. Ball, whose post office address is Agnes Lake, Meganatic, P. Q. He charges two dollars per day. He has a perfect knowledge of the country, and can always lay out on good hunting and fishing. The trout on all these ponds take the fly well, and there is plenty of large game, the open season for which, in this Province, is from September 1 to February 1. It is now close season for trout and lung.

D. THOMAS.

THE "TARRAPIN" BEFORE THE HOUSE.

YORKTOWNS, Va., Oct. 17.

Editor Forest & Stream:

I see that the Pot Luck Club has spoken, and decided that the turtle is both fish and game—the most wonderful decision, and never equalled save in the sportsman's fables. When the birds of the air and the beasts of the field are hunted, the open season for them, but when wishing to take aid with it, passed himself, it alternately for a game and a bird, but being caught w. Mr. Christ Just for his life. After hearing all the testimony Mr. Daniel E. Owl, presiding, gave it is his opinion that the bat was both beast and fowl, and ordered his release—a decision that so pleased the bat that he took his bow with the owl in a hollow tree and their descendants dwell to other in peace and amity to this day.

While on this subject I send you a speech delivered in the Virginia Legislature in support of the members in support of the treaty that the terrapin is game, and I leave it to the sportsmen which is right—the President of the Pot Luck Club or the Virginia.

By the way, we ever call them turtles down here, but terrapins. Just here I may add that Colonel Bangardner, of Staunton, offers a bottle of his cele rated wisky, warranted sweet and strong, to the man that will make the best terrapin. "Terrapin"—the call of the FOREST AND STREAM to be the up.

Mr. Speaker: The speech I the Roman poplance cried to Mark Anthony and Marcus Brutus. I inclose it. Here it is:

Mr. Speaker:

A bill, having for its object the marking and specifying the close season for catching and killing turtles and terrapins, has just been introduced by the gentleman from Rockbridge who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester objects, on the ground that turtles and terrapins are fish and not game, and the bill should be sent to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured many miles out at sea in nets or with artificial hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are, and, therefore, they are fish and nothing else but fish.

Sir, I have the profoundest respect for the gentleman's opinion. As a lawyer he has achieved not only a State but a National reputation; but even in opposing a bill's point against the shield of Pelides, take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer, I don't even understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes, but I will answer his sophistries with a few plain, unconvertible facts; and, as the old saw bath it, facts are a stubborn things.

Is the turtle a fish? I opine not. Down in the lowlands of the Potomac River, where I came from, the darkies have dogs trained to hunt terrapins, when they come up on dry land to deposit their eggs, and when they find them the cunning bark like the dog catching a squirrel, or had held a "pigeon." Now I ask the House did they ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs, those legs feet, and these feet are armed with claws like a cat's, a panther's or a lion's? Has the gentleman from Gloucester ever seen a fish with talons? I throw not!

It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for us, as even months, with no water. Can a fish live without water? Yes; sir, it has grown into a proverb that it can't. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish!

Do we not know that we may cut off a turtle's head and he wouldn't die until the sun goes down. Suppose, now, some modern Joshua should put his sword—which is as potent as th' burial's spear—at the sun, and command it to stand still in the heavens; why, Mr. Speaker the turtle could live a thousand years with his head off. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish!

Zeus on his his fables of a race between the tortoise and the hare; and we are led to believe that it took place on dry land, the author n-were intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter stretch and coming out winner of a silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion, which he offered to bet could whip any living thing. The challenge was accepted, and the money put up. A snapping turtle was produced, which conquered the lordly king of beasts in the first round. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River to do the same?

Again, the turtle has a tail. Now, what Nature intended him to do with that caudal appendage I cannot divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly time; nor yet as our household pet dog, who was a welcome to u with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with. And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester ever saw a fish that didn't use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

Mr. Speaker, I will not take up the valuable time of the House by a further discussion of this vexed question. I will have only one more shot at the gentleman—to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer I was away up in the mountains in Giles County, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day, sauntering leisurely up the mountain road, I picked up a land tortoise, and examined him. I saw some quaint and curious characters engraved on the horny shell on his back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but by dint of persevering efforts I deciphered the inscription, and read: *Adam—Paradise—Year One.*

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor except this gentleman from Gloucester that the turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of this house to tell me what in the name of common sense it is.

CHAS. BURR.

Natural History.

FORMER ABUNDANCE OF THE WILD PIGEON.

In connection with the discussion as to the desirability of continuing the practice, sanctioned by custom, of shooting great numbers of pigeons at the annual State sportsmen's club, and a few extracts from the writings of the older ornithologists will be of interest. The time has passed when any such vast hordes of migrating birds as were observed by Wilson and Audubon can be seen. In the Eastern States the P. seegeri is now not a very common bird, and in many sections its nest is regarded as a rare and desirable find by the oologist. Fifty years ago, on the other hand, it was not so. Pigeons were abundant in almost all sections of the country. If they were scarce in any place one year, they were likely to be plenty the next. Cooper, in his *Wild Geese and Ducks*, gives an account of their abundance in New York State, which we may assume not to have been exaggerated, since it is confirmed by the statements of other writers and of the fathers of American Ornithology—men, whom, when they wrote of what they saw, we cannot but believe.

We give a few citations from the writings of early authors which bear upon the former abundance of this species in the East. In Forre's *Historical Tracts* we find a paragraph printed from the observations of Gov. Thomas Dudley who wrote as early as 1675, "Upon the 5th of March, 1675, after it was faire day light, until about 8 of the clock in the forenoon, there flew over all the townes in our plantations a many flocks of doves, each flock containing many thousands and some so many that they obscured the light, that it passeth credit, if but the truth should be written, and he that was the more strange, because I scarce remember to have seen tenne doves since I came into the country. They were all turtles as appeared by diverse of them were killed flying, somewhat bigger than those of Europe, and they flew from the north east to the south west; but what it portends I know not."

Thomas Morton, an Englishman, speaks, in 1632 of "Millions of Turtle-doves upon the greene toughes: which eat pecking, of the full ripe pleasant grapes that were supported by the lusty trees, whose fruitfull loads did cause them to beid."

Over one hundred years later Richard Hazen, a surveyor, describes a breeding place of pigeons, which he observed in the Connec-ticut River, near the line between Massachusetts and Vermont, in the following language: "For five miles together the pigeons nests were so thick, that five hundred might have been told upon the beech trees at one time; and could they have been counted on the hemlocks, as well, I doubt not at five thousand at one time around."

Wilson says—"I had led the public road to visit the remains of the breeding place [before mentioned] near Shelbyville, and was traversing the woods with my gun, on my way to Frankfort, when about one o'clock the pigeons, which I had observed flying in the greater part of the morning, suddenly began to return in such immense numbers as I never before had witnessed. Coming to an opening by the side of a creek called the Bereson, where I had a more uninterrupted view, I was astonished at their appearance. They were flying with great steadiness and rapidity, at a height above gunshot, in several strata deep and, and so close together that could they have reached them, one discharge could not have failed of bringing down several individuals. From right to left as far as the eye could reach the number of the vast procession extended; seeming everywhere equally crowded. Curious to determine how long this appearance would continue, I took out my watch to note the time, and sat down to observe them. I sat for more than an hour, but instead of a diminution of this prodigious procession, it seemed rather to

increase both in numbers and rapidly; and, anxious to reach Frankfort before night, I rose and went on. About four o'clock in the afternoon I crossed the Kentucky River at the town of Frankfort, at which time the living torrent above my head seemed as numerous and extensive as ever. I was then in a large body of water, which continued to increase for several minutes, and then the again were followed by other detached bodies, all moving in the same southerly direction till after six in the morning. The great breadth of front which this mighty multitude preserved would seem to intimate a corresponding breadth of their breeding place, which by several gentlemen who had lately passed through part of it was stated to me at several miles. It was said to be in Green County, and that the young began to fly in March. On the seventeenth of April, forty-nine miles beyond Danville, and not far from Green River, I crossed the same breeding place, where the nests for more than three miles spotted every tree; the leaves not being yet out I had a fair prospect of them, and was really astonished at their numbers. *****

I have taken from the crop of a single Wild Pigeon a good handful of the kernels of beech nuts, intermixed with acorns and chestnuts. To form a rough estimate of the daily consumption of one of these immense flocks, let us first attempt to calculate the number of that were nested in the space of time passing between Frankfort and the Indiana Territory. If we suppose this column to have been one mile in breadth (and I believe it to have been much more), and that it moved at the rate of one mile in a minute, four hours, the time it continued passing, would have made its whole length two hundred and forty miles. Again, supposing that each square yard of this moving body comprehended three pigeons; the square yards in the whole space multiplied by three, would give two thousand two hundred and thirty millions two hundred and seventy-two thousand pigeons. It is almost inconceivable multitude, and yet probably far below the actual amount. Computing each of these to consume half a pint of mast daily, the whole quantity at this rate would exceed seventeen millions four hundred and twenty-four thousand bushels per day!

Nuttall's statements do not differ materially in general tone from those of Wilson and Audubon. He says: "To talk of hundreds of millions of individuals of the same species habitually associated in feeding, roosting and breeding, without alluding to the cause or causes of an operating cause in these gigantic movements, would at first appear to be wholly incredible." Further on he describes a roost in these terms: "As the sun begins to decline they depart in a body for the general roost, which is often hundreds of miles distant, and is generally chosen in the tallest and thickest forests almost divested of underwood. Nothing can exceed the waste and desolation of these nocturnal resorts: the vegetation becomes killed by their excoriation to the depth of several inches. The tall trees, for thousands of acres, are completely killed and the ground strewn with many branches torn down by the clustering weight of the birds which have rested upon them. The whole region for several years presents a continued scene of devastation, as if swept by the resistless blast of a whirlwind."

Audubon's account of the vast multitudes of these birds is not dissimilar from those already quoted. He says: "The multitudes of Wild Pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them for several days, I could not but be filled with admiration, and now feel inclined to pause and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that too in the company of persons who like myself were struck with amazement."

In the autumn of 1813, I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens a few miles beyond Hardensburg I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds passed in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that 163 had been made in twenty-one minutes. I traveled on and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with Pigeons; the light of moon-day was obscured by an opaque and impenetrable haze, unlike melting flakes of snow, the continued huzz of wings had a tendency to dull my senses to repose.

While waiting for dinner at Young's, in, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio to the west and the beech-wood forest directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alight, nor a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They descended in a regular column, but different trials to ascertain a sequence in their flight that different trials to ascertain a capital result proved ineffectual; nor did the report disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other toward the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicular to the sky, or they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For week or more, the population fed on nothing else than that of Pigeons, and talked of nothing but Pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from the species. *****

It may not, perhaps, be our place to attempt an estimate of the number of Pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food consumed by its members. The inquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the great Author of Nature. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate mentioned above of one mile in the minute. This will give us a parallelogram of 180 miles by 1, covering 180 square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred

and thirty six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions seven hundred and twelve bushels per day. * * * * *

Person unacquainted with these birds might naturally conclude that such dreadful havoc would soon put an end to the species. But I have satisfied myself, by long observation, that nothing is so difficult as the extermination of our pests can accomplish their decrease, as they not infrequently quadruple their numbers yearly, and always at least double it.

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

A SUBSCRIBER writes us from Belle Vernon, Pa., asking (1) what is the fastest recorded flight of a pigeon? (2) What is the fastest flight of any bird—a duck especially? (3) How far in front of a pigeon, 21 var's rise, bird flying across, would it be necessary to hold to drop the bird?

The rates of flight of the different species of wild birds have not, so far as we know, been measured, and it is difficult for us to see how this could be done. Various estimates have been made with different authors, but it must be remembered that these are merely estimates, and not measurements of speed. Speaking of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes migratoria*), Audubon says: "Their great power of flight enables them to survey and pass over an astonishing extent of country in a very short time. This is proved by facts well known in America. Thus, pigeons have been killed in the neighborhood of New York with their crops full of rice which they must have collected in the fields of Georgia and Carolina, these districts being the nearest in which they could possibly have procured a supply of that kind of food. As their power of digestion is so great that they will decompose food entirely in twelve hours, they must in this case have traveled between three and four hundred miles in six hours, which shows their speed to be, at an average, about one mile in a minute. A velocity such as this would enable one of these birds, were it so inclined, to visit the European continent in less than three days."

Writing of the common wild swan (*Cygnus americanus*) he says: "When traveling to a distance they proceed at a great height, with a steady and well sustained flight, though by no means so rapid as that of the trumpeter swan, this difference probably arising from the greater weight and larger extent of the latter." A little farther on he quotes Dr. Sharpless, of Philadelphia, as saying of the same species: "The swan, when migrating, with a moderate wind in his favor, and mounted high in the air, certainly travels at the rate of one hundred miles or more an hour. I have often timed the flight of the goose, and found one mile a minute a common rapidity, and when the wind was in a change of feeding ground, have been flying near each other, which I have often seen, the swan invariably passed with nearly double the velocity."

Of the black duck he says that he believes that it flies at a rate of seventy miles an hour, and of the golden eye (*Clangula islandica*) that he believes it "can easily traverse the space of ninety miles in an hour." Many additional citations might be made, but they would scarcely serve to determine the question.

In the last question of our correspondent we can only reply in general terms. The varying circumstances of flight and weather demand that a man in such cases must use his judgment according to the conditions under which each bird flies. One, two, or even three feet will sometimes not be too much to allow while in other cases the bird can be killed by holding at its head. We cannot do better than refer our correspondent to Prof. A. Mayer's exhaustive discussion of this subject, in an article printed in *FOREST AND STREAM*, Vol. 15, p. 247, Oct. 30, 1890.

The flight of our domestic birds has probably been more accurately timed than that of any wild species, since the records of the distances covered by homing or carrier pigeons are usually kept with care. Recently twenty-one pigeons were loosed by the Brooklyn Club, in Cresson, Pa., at 9:58 a. m., and of these the first to return, owned by J. Laubenberger, of South Brooklyn, reached its home at 5:29 p. m. The distance is 241 5-16 miles and the average speed of the bird was, therefore, at the rate of 941 yards per minute, or a mile in a little less than two minutes. Another bird owned by Mr. C. Pasfield reached Williamsburg, a distance of 243 miles at 5:40 o'clock, having traveled about ten yards per minute slower than the first. Of course in these rates while they give the average speed for this long distance, no allowance is made for stoppages and they are thus only general and not at all a measure of the time occupied in traversing a single mile.

During a race from Cresson, which was flown last June, the best time was 330 minutes for 243 miles, or at the average rate of 1,290 yards per minute.

COPPERHEADS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
 LOONST GROVE, N. Y.
 In a note under a letter with the above caption, by "New England Boy," in *FOREST AND STREAM* for October 13, 1951, (pp. 208) you ask for "further information and details" concerning the occurrence of the copperhead snake (*Agkistrodon contortrix*) in New England. I suppose that it was generally known that this species is as common as the rattlesnake in certain mountainous parts of New England, notably about Mount Tom in Massachusetts. I have myself killed both species on this trap ridge. Mr. Street, who keeps the house on Mount Monadnock, has for many years exhibited both species alive in glass-covered cages. He captures them when they first come out in spring, at a place called, "Snake's Den," on the south side of Mount Tom. During the spring of 1951 I accompanied Mr. Street on his annual expedition after these pets. On the 27th of May he caught nine snakes, of which number five were copperheads and four rattlesnakes. On the following day we caught but a single copperhead at the same place, "Snake's Den." They are taken while coiled upon, or among the loose rocks, basking in the sun, with a pair of long-handled wooden tongs.—C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 17.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
 I write in confirmation of the communication of "New England Boy" in issue of Oct. 13 in regard to "chunkheads" (copperhead snake). I have often seen and killed, or brought them home alive with the aid of a crooked stick and a piece of string, in the locality he mentioned. My boyhood was passed at the foot of West Rock, and while berrying or hunting we always kept a sharp lookout for "chunkheads." It

was not very uncommon then—twenty-five years ago—for some one to be bitten by them. I have known two persons who were so unlucky, both boys with whom I was acquainted. Whenever that happened, one of the Sperry's, of Sperry Farms, was sent for. He had a recipe, said to have been obtained from the Indians, which was a sure cure, provided the patient was not unable to swallow. I never knew of any one dying from a bite. The recipe was in my possession for some time, and can probably obtain it for you if you want it. It was also used for cattle and horses, but I think not with equal success, for I have known of their dying from bites. I think the species is being fast exterminated, as of late years I have heard nothing of them.—NEW ENGLAND BOY No. 2.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Oct. 14.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
 We not infrequently find copperheads on the western side of Mt. Tom, near a marshy piece of ground. In the fall one is almost sure to find them under the cornstalks. On the top of the range is a basin which is usually full of water, and they are reported to be found there. I have looked for them carefully, but never have succeeded in finding them. Can send you a nice specimen if you would desire.—G. W. CERRTENEN.

[We should be very glad to receive a specimen.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
 The chunkhead (*Agkistrodon contortrix*) is not at all uncommon in many parts of Connecticut and I believe that I have collected specimens of this species in Rhode Island. I haven't my notes at hand for reference.—M.

REPORT OF THE SOCIÉTÉ D'ACCLIMATATION.

WE have received, through the courtesy of M. Raveret Watet, Secretary of the Society, this interesting publication, from which we make the extracts given below:

"The observations made by M. Le Pautte, on the young California salmon, placed, for the sake of experiment, in the lakes of the forest of Vincennes, have demonstrated to you all the hardness of this species and its wonderful powers of supporting high temperatures. A salmon which can live without injury in water at a temperature of 25 degrees C. (C.), and which, besides, develops with great rapidity, is certainly a species very desirable for us to acquire."

"On the other hand, certain facts have been brought before you which prove that this species can live and reproduce its kind in fresh water without ever visiting the sea, and this fact indicates that its successful acclimatization would be easy."

"The very general depopulation of our water courses imposes upon us the necessity of laboring for their replenishment with fish by employing, so far as is in our power, species of native growth. This consideration gives an especial importance to the acclimatization here of the American trout (*Salmo fontinalis*), which develops much more rapidly than our indigenous trout. However, we may consider this species as already acquired by us, since Baron Hahn, in his fish-cultural establishment at Courances, has been able to accomplish its reproduction."

"The necessity of replenishing our covers, a need which is becoming more and more pressing, obliged us, a few years since, to consider the introduction of species of foreign origin better able to protect themselves than those which we now possess and which are manifestly disappearing. Among the partridges, the perching species have attracted particular attention. Besides the fact that these species are less likely to be taken in the traps and snares which our sportsmen make use of, their habits entirely forbid their nesting in a cleared country. These species need woods, thickets or hedgerows. Therefore, with them we need no longer fear the lamentable wholesale destruction of eggs which so often take place in the case of the French partridge at the time of the mowing of the artificial meadows. It is the duty of our society to try, one after another, the different foreign species until such shall have supplied to our country a partridge which shall be sufficiently able to resist the above-mentioned causes of destruction. The Chinese Quakik partridge (*Bambusicola thoracica*) seems completely to fill this want."

THE NUTTALL BULLETIN.—The first article in the October number of the *Bulletin*, from the pen of Mr. H. W. Henshaw, treats of Some of the Causes Affecting the Decrease of Birds, a subject in which all sportsmen and lovers of nature take a deep interest. Aside from the depredations of those animals, which may be termed the natural enemies of birds, Mr. Henshaw regards meteorological disturbances as the most destructive forces to which our migratory species are exposed. He does not think it probable that disease, as compared with other causes, plays any very considerable part in the destruction of birds, although, as he says, the evidence on this point is almost wholly negative, little or nothing being known about the diseases of this class in the feral state. Attention is drawn to the destruction of birds by telegraph wires.

Dr. Shufeldt, U. S. A., contributes to the present number an interesting etiological paper. Of the *Ossicle* of the Antibrachium as found in some of the North American Hawks, and Dr. J. C. Merrill some Oological Notes from Montana. Mr. Robert Ridgway's paper, on a Tropical American Hawk to be added to the North American Fauna, will recall to our reader's first announcement of the capture of *Buteo brachyurus*—then provisionally called *B. fuliginosus*—in the columns of *FOREST AND STREAM* in April of the present year. The question of the relationship of the two forms (*brachyurus* and *fuliginosus*) does not appear yet to be quite satisfactorily settled.

In a paper on *Podiceps occidentalis* and *P. Clarkii*, by Mr. Henshaw, we are furnished with a comparison of the two forms and a discussion of their relationship. Mr. Brewster's studies of two species of *Helminthophaga*, recently described, have brought out the extremely interesting fact that they are hybrids, and open a wide field for conjecture and speculation. *H. leucobromchialis*," Mr. Brewster concludes, is probably the result of the union of the male of *H. pinus* with the female of *H. chrysopygia* and *H. laevirostris*, of the male *chrysopygia* with the female *pinus*. Moreover, certain specimens we would need to indicate that the hybrids interbred with either *pinus* or *chrysopygia*.

The concluding paper in this number is an important one by Dr. C. Hart Merriam. It is a Preliminary List of Birds ascertained to occur in the Adirondack Region, Northeastern New York, and mentions 177 species.

Recent Literature contains reviews of several old and new works, and General Notes are full and interesting.

THE SMITHSONIAN CASTS.—The International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin last year demonstrated the fact that in the line of casts of large objects, Mr. Palmer, Modeler of the National Museum, had no superior. He is now engaged at Provincetown, Mass., in taking the largest one yet. It is that of a young whale, about thirty feet long. It was made of papier maché, which combines lightness with toughness, and superadds plaster for large objects. The cast is of only half of the whale. The other side is to remain open to show the skeleton, which will be in-erterd.

YELLOW LEGS IN SOUTH AMERICA—New York, Oct. 16.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: In Mr. Roosevelt's first paper, speaking of "hay snipe," he says they winter "away down South," nobody knows exactly where or how far. I can enlighten him. A few years ago I spent part of the winter on the southern coast of the Caribbean Sea—at Santa Marta and Siemega—and there I found our yellow-legged friends in the greatest abundance. The country between the mountains and the sea is flat, with many shallow ponds, and these ponds are fairly alive with waders of all kinds. They seem very tame there as they are not molest'd. On one occasion I was tempted—at Siemega—to shoot into a lot that was waiting about thirty yards off, and my negro boy went and gathered eighteen yellow legs. They were next to the largest variety and in splendid condition, but it resulted, as I feared, in useless slaughter, for they refused to cook them for me. The pigeon tribe, from the small-st dove (smaller than a robin) to a bird larger than our domestic pigeon, are so numerous that I could have killed hundreds in a day; but I refused to waste to shoot them, as the natives are utterly stupid, and will eat nothing in the way of meat but beef and fish.—H.

[In view of Mr. Haggood's recent article on this subject, the exact date at which our correspondent observed these birds would be of interest.]

BLUE RAIL—North Wood, Oct. 8.—I read in one of the late numbers of "our paper" an article on the rail, and failed to find a description of a bird that I killed last year on the St. Lawrence River, called there the "blue rail." Said bird was as large as a clapper-rail or salt water marsh-hen, only much heavier, plump, like a grouse, color slaty blue on back and wings, and blue-white underneath, legs and head very like snipe rail. This bird was in reeds, and acted just like all other rail.—Geo. L. APPLETON.

[We presume from your description that the bird was a Florida gallinule (*Gallinula galeata*).]

VIS MEROBATRIC NATURE.—Sherbrooke, Canada, Oct. 10, 1881.—I send you with this foot, or apology for a foot, of our ruffled-goose-shot to-day. The individual evidently left one of his limbs in a trap at some time, and thus has the *V's* *Volucra* *Natura* I can see for him. The bird was in first-rate condition. Four of us were out and had very pleasant day. I won't say how many birds were killed, for fear of making our American cousins jealous, but we had an average bag.—CANADA.

[The foot has been sharply cut off below the tarsal joint, and the end of the bone is as smooth as if it had been sawed off. The wound is not an old one, but is partially healed.]

Game Bag and Gun.

* * * For table of game seasons see last issue.
 VERMONT DEER LAW.—The Vermont law prohibits deer shooting in that State at all seasons until 1885.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

Saint Joseph, Mich., Oct. 17.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
 This matter of gun freckles (or rust, as it is called), is what I have long been studying about. I am glad the matter is discussed in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. None of the explanations are satisfactory to me, although I cannot explain the cause of them. One thing is certain, some poor quality of barrels in the hands of careless cleaners keep bright, while good barrels (laminated steel, fine), in the most careful hands at cleaning become freckled in spite of every precaution. I do not believe they are caused by rust as generally understood.

I have had experience with two guns, laminated barrels. The first gun soon began to show spots a few inches from the breech in one barrel. I worked to clean it and took every possible care and precaution to keep the gun clean and prevent more. But still they came, and kept coming, and extended three-fourths the length of the barrels. I became sick of the gun and concluded to get a new gun. I ordered one from Birmingham, England; specified every particular; in thirteen months it came, a perfect little gem. I was perfectly delighted with it. It was used daily and cleaned as soon as I entered the house, with all the care of a jewel. In a short time it showed a spot or two, and soon a few more. I worked to keep it clean, but still they came and went on two-thirds the length of the barrels, like a dose of sulphate of soda. They seem to stop at a point about three-fourths the length of the barrels.

Now, what I want to say, and to say emphatically, is that they were not caused by common rust. I know my gun was dried, and entirely clean. It could not be made cleaner. I know how to use and clean a gun as well as any living man. I pride myself on my gun. The world can't make me believe the spots come from the want of proper cleaning and common rust. Now, what causes them? Is it in the manner of manufacture of the barrels? Is it in the chemical action of the powder, lead or percussion in the caps? Who will explain? I know what I am writing when I say common rust did not cause the spots in my guns.

I now lack a few weeks of being seventy-one years old, can clean a gun and shoot some. Here are a few scores: The past week I was out for blue and green-winged teal. I made eighteen successive shots at single birds and killed fifteen. On the last day of snipe-shooting, I shot and killed an even dozen shots of snipe and 7 wild ducks, and that will do for me without glasses. You can judge if I can clean a gun as it won't rust. Who will explain my difficulty of gun freckles. They annoy me dreadfully, and still my guns shoot well. One weighs seven and a half pounds, the other seven pounds and eleven ounces. I wish they were lighter and inside brighter. LUTKON.

Brooklyn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I notice in the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* that some friend of Frank N. Beebe recommends him to leave the residuum from a discharge in the barrels of his gun until next using them, as a preventive against measles or rust. I had a friend, who in an evil hour recommended me to do the same, and as a consequence the breach and recoil block of my new "Colt" are badly rusted and I have tried in vain to remove it. Last July I paid Lake Hopalong, N. J., a visit in the hope of bagging a brace or two of woodcock and very carefully left my cleaning rag, rags and oil home, or I would not have been so anxious to take my friend's advice. The powder I used (Hazard's F. G.) seemed to leave a black pasty substance behind, which I was rather afraid of at the time, but concluded to risk it. I think the fulminate in the caps has more effect on the barrels than anything else, for the following reason. I was overhauling my gun and rifles, a few days since, to make sure they were not getting speckled, when a friend who had dropped in while I was at it accidentally discharged an empty shell which he was fitting in the gun. After removing the shell I carefully wiped it with a dry rag, oiled it and put it in its case. Something prompted me a few days after to look at that chamber. Shade of Moses! what had got into it? About four inches of the barrel was black, and it took an unlimited amount of wire brush and elbow-grace to get it clean again. My experience is that constant attention is the best preventive against rust. If I had a "Saxon" gun I might not think so.—G. B. H.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 17.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed in several recent numbers a discussion on the subject of oil in gun barrels and the best means of preventing the same.

When I was a boy, my father, on a visit to Charleston, bought me a fine silver-mounted, muzzle-loading (of course) rifle. God gave me a good nerve and eye, and I became a fine shot, probably the best in my county. But I was heedless and careless, as boys are apt to be. The young men and boys with whom I hunted often complained that their rifles rusted in spite of wiping and oiling. I was in the habit of leaving mine, when returning from a hunt or shoot, without wiping or oiling, and with the powder-burn in it. My gun was always bright and clean when wiped out for use, and never showed *red rust* at all, and is free from it to-day, though in use thirty years; and never had a drop of oil in it all the time.

I was in the infantry of Lee's army during the war, and, having lost everything, had to work hard; and hardly fired a gun for a dozen years after the war ended. In fact, I lost my taste for guns and bullets. But latterly, having gone on the bench and leading a very sedentary life, the doctors advised me strongly to open air exercise. I bought a 28-bore breech-loader, and, I have, I think, the finest setter in the State; and soon the old passion for the field returned, and is with me stronger than ever.

But with years I fear I have not much improved in habits of care for my gun; and for the past four seasons I have always left the inside of my barrels, after a hunt, with the powder-burn undisturbed; and, in fact, left them so all summer, and it is literally true that when wiped out my gun is now as bright as a mirror. I am of the opinion that the *white* from powder-burn forms a coating which, more than any other known substance, will preserve a bright iron or steel surface from rust; and I give you the statement with leave to publish it over my own name, unless your own better knowledge shows you that I am mistaken.

GEORGE HILLBER.

Editor Forest and Stream: An old gun repairer and excellent hunter once said: "I never clean my gun when I put it away after the hunting season is over. It will keep in better order by letting the powder dry in the barrels than in any other way." I have practiced this method for years, and never had occasion to regret it. The difficulty is largely that of putting the gun away in a damp or wet condition. If put away dry and kept in a warm and dry place, I think there will be no rust found upon wiping out when the hunting season again arrives. Everything depends upon having the gun dry, and kept not only dry but warm, during the resting season. It is well that we cannot look into our old muzzle-loaders as we do into our breech-loaders; so many old scars would appear we would be frightened at the small appearance of our old favorites, and kept the spots and dirt out of our sight. I have found the best castor oil the best oil for a gun—for every part except the locks. It has a body that does not disappear readily, and will keep the barrels from rusting when in the rain longer and better than any I ever used.—

Monroe, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Spots in gun barrels" has brought out quite a number of receipts for its prevention. I have had no trouble in that line. I clean my gun thoroughly, and then swab the inside of the barrel with hard oil, using a wire brush for the purpose. I find after shooting two or three days that the gun is very little fouled, and no dry powder cake is about it, and with a wire brush and rag I can clean it bright as a dollar in five minutes. Try it—I be convinced.—COTR.

Boston, Oct. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* After many years' experience with gun barrels I have come to the conclusion that the secret of the trouble is in the polishing of the barrels on the lathe. No matter how finely and carefully this is done it always leaves an immense number of small rings on the inner side of the barrels, the minute particles of the residuum adhere, and there the rust trouble begins. Let any of your readers who have trouble with their guns look into the barrels carefully and they will see these rings. I send you a piece of gun barrel split open to show this. The remedy for this is the draw polishing, but gun-makers do not care to do this, because it is a hard and long operation.—E. H. BURBANK.

New Britain, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "For a protection against rust nothing simpler or better adapted to general use has been discovered than the compound of hard and resin recommended by Prof. Olmstead, of Yale College (author of 'Olmstead's Natural Philosophy'), and used by him for the preservation of scientific apparatus. Take any quantity of good lard, or to every half pound or so add of common resin an amount about equal to half the size of an egg, or less—a little more or less is of no consequence. Melt them slowly together, stirring as they cool. Apply this with a cloth or otherwise—just enough to give a thin coating to the metal surface to be protected. It can be wiped off neatly clean from surfaces where it will be undesirable, as in the

case of knives and forks, etc. The resin prevents rancidity, and the mixture obviates the ready access of air and moisture. A fresh application may be needed when the coating is washed off by the friction of beating stems or otherwise. There was talk of patenting this recipe at one time, but Prof. Olmstead decided to publish it for the general good." I take the above from my scrap book, but have forgotten where I first found it. I have used the compound for years on a fine gun and other highly-polished surfaces of steel and iron. It is as sure a preventive of rust as Prof. Olmstead claims. A thin film is produced which is a complete protection against moisture. The cleaning of this compound is improved by adding crude petroleum that has been well filtered. But to prevent rust the first essential, as some of your correspondents have said, is to thoroughly clean and dry the surface to be protected. If oxidation has begun, no matter how slight, a coat of linseed oil, baked on in a kiln, or best japan even, will not stop its action—it will continue its work and throw off the coating.—J. W. T.

Amesbury, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Three years ago this winter I bought me a Parker gun, Damascus barrels, and a nice polish never used inside of gun barrels. It shined from the muzzle to the breech-loader. I got the best advice of friends who owned breech-loading guns, and used coarser powder, which some of our club boys were using. In less than three months my barrels were spotted badly in spite of the best of care; gun never remained over night without thorough cleaning. I carried a pocket cleaner, and after each discharge in the brush would draw it through the barrel. It was of no use. With the most thorough cleaning at night the barrels continued to rust or spot until they were so bad I had them rebored in about six months after first using gun. After reboring I shifted to finer grain powder of same grade, determined, if possible, to now retain the fine polish. It was the same old story, the spots began to appear, and at the end of six months more the gun was as bad as ever, using extra care in the meantime. Once more I had barrels bored out, feeling most disgusted with breech-loading gun in general, as the best part of the guns in our club spotted the same way, and it was the universal opinion of the club that it could not be helped. I continued to use the same powder, and the spots were not so bad, but the gun burning powder, moist, and would not take in muzzle, and was used by most of our boys. After another six months or thereabouts I had barrels again bored for the third time. I had made up my mind to re-bore as long as barrels would stand it, and then get another pair of barrels. At this time I came to the conclusion that the powder was the great cause of the spots, and calling to mind the length of time I used my muzzle-loading gun without spotting, I immediately procured some of the old powder, which always gave best of satisfaction. At the same time I was called to the fact that one of our boys who had continued to use the old powder after using breech-loading gun for year or more did not show the least speck in his barrels. I have continued to use this powder up to the present time in my breech-loading gun, and the barrels are in as good condition to-day as when they were last bored. In cleaning my gun all I am obliged to do is to just push through cotton flannel rag, and then another rag with sperm oil. I can clean the gun in this way after firing five or fifty shots, and without hot or cold water, inside of the barrel. In truth I have not used a drop of water in my gun for over six months, and the same polish is there without spot or blemish. Our club are mostly using this powder with best results, and some of them do not clean their gun for a week after using, and still no spots appear. I can assure you there is great satisfaction in looking through a smooth pair of gun barrels. I do not care a tinker for any powder manufacturer in this country. All I have written is for the benefit of sportsmen who see their guns rotting every day. Shift on your powder, for I will wager my gun against a box of caps that certain grades of powder will spot your guns. I take great pride in showing my gun barrel to the boys every chance I get, for they have not spotted for most a year now, and I tell you no elbow grease or eternal vigilance is required to keep barrels in prime condition. I will say nothing in regard to powder which I claim has spotted the barrels in our club so badly, for a great many sportsmen are using it, and like its shooting qualities very much, but I would say to those who complain of the spots—Change your powder. In truth the powder is not in spots, but your gun is badly. The powder I am using is Oriental Western Sporting F. G.—G. F. G.

THE HURLING GROUSE.

PENNSYLVANIA, October 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While reading your interesting issue of the 20th inst. my attention was called to an article, furnished by "L. J. P.," entitled "The Hurling Grouse." Among other things, he says, he "would be willing to grant that title (of artist) to any one who could make one successful flying shot in twenty at our grouse."

I reside in a portion of this State where the hawks, owls and hard winters do not give equal much chance to multiply; woodcocks are scarce, and there are no lakes or streams of sufficient size to attract geese or ducks in numbers to justify hunting them, and so ruffed grouse, whose hardy nature enables them to cope with all the enemies named above, are about all the game we have to amuse us during these delightful autumn days. Now, I believe, (I am open to conviction if wrong) that our grouse fly as swiftly and through as dense covert as do the Canada birds of the same species, yet I assure "L. J. P." that in this vicinity he would lose that five dollars every day he desired to see the operation performed of knocking a grouse over once in six shots; and the number of sportsmen in this and in the adjoining counties, who would bear the title "artist," if the test were only such as "L. J. P." would make it, would be amazing. I know that persons who shoot and fish some are pronounced by the heartless world prevaricators, to draw it mildly, yet I further assert, and can be borne out in the assertion, that I have seen three consecutive shots at grouse kill three grouse, these being at single birds, and have killed the same grouse once to kill, in my presence, eight grouse, single birds, in twelve consecutive shots, in the timber.

I do not presume that the last named gentleman is a better shot on other game than "L. J. P.," but, as I before stated, this noble bird is about the only game bird that he has practiced on, and this may account for his success in this particular branch of game shooting.

Ooro.

Specimen copies of the *Forest and Stream* will be sent free to any address upon application.

WORCESTER SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

IN THE FIELD AND AT THE TABLE.

WORCESTER, MASS., Oct. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual hunt of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, for the game supper to be given by the losing side at the Bay State House, took place to-day. The schedule of game and count it was decided should be as follows: Ruffed grouse, 25; woodcock, 20; quail, 30; English snipe, 20; wild duck, 50; wild goose, 100; hawk, 50; owl, 50; fox, 300; coon, 100; rabbit, 15; gray squirrel, 15; mink, 100; weasel, 50; wild pigeon, 20. The captains of the two sides were Mr. A. B. F. Kenney and E. S. Knowles, and the result of the hunt was as follows:

| | |
|---|----------|
| E. S. KNOWLES'S SIDE. | |
| E. S. Knowles, 7 woodcock, 1 ruffed grouse..... | 163 |
| N. W. Rager, 7 quail, 3 woodcock..... | 249 |
| G. F. Enger, 3 quail..... | 60 |
| C. A. Allen, 1 quail..... | 20 |
| J. A. Cass, 2 gray squirrel..... | 30 |
| J. B. Brennan, 2 ducks..... | 100 |
| J. B. Garland, 2 snipe..... | 100 |
| O. W. L. Telf, 2 ducks..... | 100 |
| N. S. Perry, 1 fox, 1 ruffed grouse..... | 325 |
| P. A. Bennett, 1 rabbit, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 woodcock..... | 40 |
| M. E. Mann, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 1 rabbit..... | 100 |
| W. P. Houghton, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 7 woodcock..... | 300 |
| L. Holman, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 quail, 4 woodcock, 2 squirrel..... | 155-1715 |
| * The details of this score cannot be correct. | |
| A. B. F. KENNEY'S SIDE. | |
| N. S. Johnson, 3 ruffed grouse, 1 gray squirrel..... | 90 |
| W. N. Cole, 1 gray squirrel, 1 woodcock..... | 35 |
| S. Clark, 1 rabbit, 1 woodcock..... | 35 |
| T. Smith, 1 rabbit, 1 woodcock, 2 ruffed grouse, 1 gray squirrel..... | 100 |
| C. F. Darling, 1 rabbit, 6 woodcock, 1 ruffed grouse, 2 gray squirrels..... | 100 |
| R. B. Glavin, 1 woodcock..... | 20 |
| C. E. Mann, 1 ruffed grouse, 1 rabbit..... | 40 |
| G. McAlister, 2 quail..... | 40-550 |

It will be seen that Mr. A. B. F. Kenney's name is not in the list of those of his side, and has no score. This can be explained from the fact that Capt. Kenney went for foxes alone. His dog started the fox and ran it, but the gun missed fire, or the man behind the gun missed—one or the other—hence a blank score. Judging from the woodcock killed, their condition, etc., the fight must be just beginning to come in.

Your correspondent having been an invited guest of the Club can vouch for the following account of the supper, taken from the *Spig* of the following day:

The annual supper of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was held at the Bay State House last evening, and, including the guests, just forty sat down at the table. The members of the Club assembled early in the evening in the parlors, and an hour was passed in recounting the many incidents of the hunt of the day, each telling of some fine shots made, or of the number of birds started that they failed to get. The guests of the evening were Mayor Kelley, Hon. C. B. Pratt, Hon. T. J. Hastings, John D. Washburn, Esq., Gen. A. B. R. Sprague, Col. J. A. Titus and Henry Woodward, Esq. At 8:30 the party proceeded in couples to the south dining room, where the supper was served. Landford Shepard had prepared the game brought in by the sportsmen in a manner to tempt the epicure, and presented the following menu:

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Roast Partridge, Larded. | Oysters on Half-Shell. |
| Broiled Woodcock on Toast. | Soup—Mock Turtle. |
| Broiled Quail with Jelly. | Stewed Squirrel, à la Maitre d'Hotel. |
| Fricassee of Rabbit. | Vegetables. |
| Ice Cream. | Charlotte Russe. |
| Assorted Cake. | Nuts and Raisins. |
| | Coffee. |

Ex-Mayor Pratt presided, and after the removal of the cloth called for order, and said he was happy to be on the winning side, as he knew he should be, and then introduced as the first speaker Mayor Kelley, who said he was present for the first time at the annual supper of the sportsmen of Worcester. He was surprised, as well as happily gratified, to see so many of the representative business men interested in the exciting sport of the field and cover. He regretted not being an expert in the use of the gun, but hoped before the next shoot that he might be.

Col. John D. Washburn was introduced as one who knew all "about it." He said he came to make a speech, but in the shape of the counsel for the fox, for whom he wanted 150 points granted on three different points; one on moral grounds, one in relation to civilization and good government, and the other in reference to the boot business, and he proceeded to illustrate each point in a humorous manner that kept the company in continual laughter, and all conceded the requested 450 points.

The next speaker was introduced as one who had been in jail for over four years—Sheriff A. B. R. Sprague—who said, although not a sportsman, he did have something to do with "birds." He related his early and brief experience in shooting, as a boy, at which he made no distinctive mark.

The president of the evening then said the club intended to petition the next legislature that they might be exempt from taxation, and therefore they had invited to be present with them one who had made taxation a study, and he then introduced Senator T. J. Hastings, who said he knew something of the value of the sport, and said the State would always keep open the rights of the forest and land and their treasures. The sport of hunting was a manly and healthy outdoor exercise, and he was glad to see so many interested in it.

Col. J. A. Titus was introduced, and said he looked upon the sportsmen of the city as a representative class of men. He asserted it a duty that man owed to himself and family to preserve vigorous health, and that could be obtained by the healthful recreation of hunting for game. He spoke of the need of revision in some of the acts of the legislature in regard to hunting and fishing, and to the trespass act. The latter he said was not right when honest and gentlemen sportsmen went out to hunt, for the malicious work done was by them, but by bad boys.

Mr. Henry Woodward was the next one called upon, but avoided the subject in a neat manner.

Rev. J. A. Cass was introduced, and said it gave him great pleasure to belong to so honorable a class of men as the Worcester Club, and to be able to have attended the hunt and the supper. The sport in this city was elevated to so high a position that it was an honor to belong to the club and to

join in their sports, which was productive of good health and physical development, and was a pleasant relaxation from business.

Capt. E. S. Knowles, the leader of the winning side, spoke in a sympathetic manner of his opponent, Capt. A. B. F. Kinney, and the true honesty with which he owned up to missing his fox while only four rods away, and closed by congratulating his side on their victory. Remarks were also made by Capt. A. B. F. Kinney, Samuel Porter and Chas. H. Bowker, and the exercises closed with the singing of Auld Lang Syne.

THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

HALIFAX, N. S., October 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If "Monte Verde's" letter had come from Nova Scotia I might, perhaps, offer some excuse for the scarcity of partridges this season, and as it is my excuse may be of some moment concerning Vermont.

In this Province, and I think within a radius of several hundreds of miles hence, the summer (?) just past has been one of the most wretched on record, and as the partridges of course depend upon the warm dry weather for breeding and rearing their young, the poor blue-nose *matefamilias* must have had a most serious time of it, during the months of June, July and August last, for we had anything or everything but summer weather—fog and rain being largely substituted for the sunshine vainly looked for from week to week.

That partridges are scarce in Nova Scotia this autumn is not the opinion of one or a few, but of every one whom I have met. Since this season began I have spent several days on some excellent spots of partridge ground without seeing, much less bagging, a bird.

I was told yesterday by an Indian, who had been some weeks in the woods after moose, that he never saw fewer partridges, and never knew them to be so scarce generally. I also have it from a gentleman in the country that he went over fifty miles of the "very best" partridge country without seeing a covey; he got a few birds, but they were all single ones over from last year. Another good evidence of their scarcity is that the Halifax market people are asking fifty cents per pair, which is just double the ordinary price.

Some may be at a loss to account for the absence of game this year, but anybody who noted the disastrous summer weather as I did cannot be surprised at so many complaints of flat bags. JOSEPHUS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few days ago, prompted by the beautiful weather and sharp frosts, I took a trip up the New Jersey and Northern New York Railroad, hoping to find a few woodcock. The foliage had just begun to turn, the air was clear and still and altogether it was as perfect an October day as a sportsman could wish for. I hunted through some splendid cover, dry swamps, with here and there a nice spring surrounded with good bogging ground and side hills covered with alders and scrub oaks, where coek love to lie and rest after their long flight from the North. I found only one solitary bird and not a single grouse. I was really sad to go through miles of such beautiful cover and not find birds.

"It is almost useless," as an old sportsman said to me this morning, "for one to keep a dog and gun nowadays." The deadly breech-loader and more deadly pot-hunter have about exterminated game birds in this part of the country. Every day, in and out of season, every inch of cover is gone over and over again by men and boys, determined to kill everything they see; and it seems impossible to prevent it. The farmers are too busy or indifferent, and justly fear to inform against poachers. The sportsmen who are really in earnest, are mostly engaged in the city, and are out during the close season. The societies for the protection of game are too apt to devote their time to pigeon matches, although there are some honorable exceptions, and it is only here and there that steps are taken to enforce the laws.

It seems to me that, with the exception of those tracts of land owned or preserved by clubs, the quail, grouse and woodcock are doomed throughout this section, and like the once plentiful pinnated grouse and wild turkey, bound to disappear. Yet with the unbounded cover we have, there should be plenty of game for all. All it requires is, that this senseless and selfish shooting and trapping in and out of season should be stopped; then sportsmen would be encouraged in turning out birds and restocking our desolate woods and fields. At present this is useless, for the game is killed before it has a chance to breed.

I think we all begin to see the necessity of stopping spring and summer shooting, for even the once numberless quantities of wild fowl and bay birds show a terrible falling off.

The laws should be so that no man should have an excuse to out on the uplands before Oct. 1 or after January 1, and all the Eastern States should combine on an opening day. I must confess that I really do not know where to go within a reasonable distance of New York for a day's upland shooting. Five years ago I could name a dozen.—HOLBROOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a trip for wild pigeons in New York State we got twenty-eight within three miles of home. Found them as usual at their old game of picking up wheat on newly-sown grain fields. Not very many. And we left nine-tenths of them to mislead some other year. We were satisfied and gave them a rest. Continue your fight against the miserable trap shooting. Why would it be better to discontinue all spring shooting anywhere? Might as well kill off the hen in the spring as to be always harassing game in its breeding season or just before—nature's time for everything in the game line to multiply and replenish September to March is long enough season for shooting in our climate, and then put up the gun. Am glad to see your steady opposition to cheap guns. Every nigger in the land will have a breech-loader soon unless the flood of cheap trash is stopped.

NOTES ON GAME AND SHOOTING—Chester County, Pa.—

Editor Forest and Stream: The growing scarcity of our game birds is, in my opinion, not all due to spring shooting, breech-loaders and noxious traps for big game, although they have in a great measure been the cause of the scarcity. But I think it is due to the increase of sportsmen. Thirty years ago you could count sportsmen in Chester county by tens; now you can count them by the hundreds. Thirty years ago you could find only here and there one that could stop a bird on the wing; now there are any number of them. Then it was a rare thing for a farmer to shoot on the wing; now it is a common thing. Do not understand me to say that they are

all expert shooters, but they kill on an average, say ten birds.

Ten old birds ought, and will, in the following spring, bring forth at least forty or fifty young birds; thus you will see what becomes of the bird. Of course I can speak for Chester county only; it may be different in other places. I do not envy the farmer the sport, for no one has a better right to it. Game this year is very scarce, though the severe winter killed more than was shot; but our winters, as a general thing, are more mild than last winter was. Farmers and farmers' boys are shooting birds now. The law is off—of course they are at liberty to shoot them—but no true sportsman will shoot them this warm weather that we are having now, so they have it all to themselves. There is, as far as I can see, no remedy. Farmers will shoot birds as long as there is any; so will sportsmen. And let me say here, in answer to Mr. Beebe, that the farmers here take the same plan that the old Californian does, except they wash their guns at the beginning of the shooting season with pure water, wipe dry with rags, ram home a little powder (they all have muzzle-loaders), put on a cap and bang away; then their gun is ready for use, and as far as I can tell, their guns never get spoiled. Ruffed grouse are scarce here, but in the "forest" in Berks County they are plenty; but as "Wad" in your last number puts it, you have to shoot at the noise seventenths of the time, the forest is covered with thick scrub oak, the leaves dying and remaining on the trees until spring. Quail, as I have said before, are scarce. Woodcock have not yet arrived.—SNAP SHOOT.

[This is a subject of deep interest to sportsmen in every part of the country. The causes of the decrease of different kinds of game are many. We invite all persons having facts bearing on the question to give them to us.]

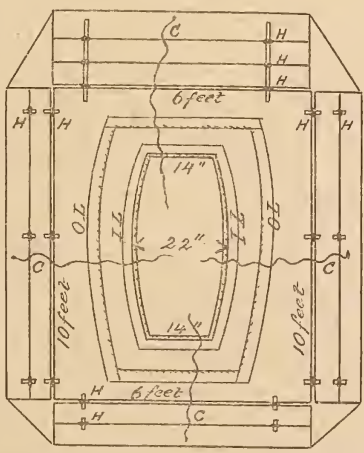
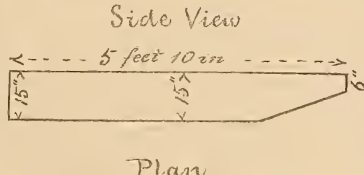
PLAN OF A SINK-BOAT.

THE WHEATLANDS, Oct. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It will afford me pleasure to give your correspondent the dimensions for a sink-boat, but I hardly understand what he means by asking for dimensions of sink-boat "suitable for a man weighing 175 pounds," as the weight of man using it has nothing to do with size of sink.

The dimensions, materials, etc., to be used in constructing a sink-boat are as follows: The box in platform should be made of 3/4 inch best white pine, or still better, white cedar, if to be had. The ends of box should be of white oak, 1 1/2 inches thick. The box should be 5 feet 10 inches long, in the clear (this will accommodate any man not over 6 feet in height, as both his knees and neck are bent in lying in the position to shoot) 15 inches deep in clear and 23 inches wide, sides straight perpendicularly, but sprung together at ends to 14 inches at head and foot. Now, in regards to the depth of ends the simplest way is to make the box the same depth all over, but it is by no means the best



way. My own box is only 6 inches deep at head. The foot should be of full depth, viz., 15 inches. The reason I cut away the head of box is that the shooter, in lying down, has to have his eyes above the level of the box in order to watch the flight of the fowl, so that very little depth is required at the head. The box should be put together in the very best manner, as on its being perfectly tight depends the comfort of the shooter. Now make a 3/4 inch drain board to be in bottom of box, and the sink is completed so far as the box is concerned.

Around the box is built the "platform," as follows: Have two oak carriages cut out 6 feet long, 1 1/2 inches thick and 2 1/2 inches wide in the middle, tapering off to about 1 1/2 inches at ends with 1 inch spring or 1 1/2 at most. Now bolt these securely to ends of box, 1 inch below the top.

You are now ready to put on the platform or deck. This should be of 3/4 inch white pine or cedar, 5 feet wide and 10 feet long, the seams of deck to be well fitted together and especially made tight where it fits round the box, which will project above the deck 1/4 inch. On each end of deck nail on a batten of 1/2 inch strip, 3 inches wide, on under side of deck. At the head of platform is the head wing, which should be made of three 3/4 inch pine or cedar boards, each 12 inches wide, and fastened together by strong iron straps, with hinges at each board, and also where the wing joins the

platform. These hinges should be, so arranged as to give the board composing the wing free play to swing down at right angle with platform and to fold back on top of same, tacked loosely so as not to interfere with swinging. The wings, strips of heavy drill or duck (of color as nearly resembling as possible the water that boat is to be used in) over each creek between wing board and between inner wing board and platform. This completes the head wing. Side wings to be of 3/4 inch pine or cedar boards, two on each side, each board 8 or 10 inches wide and connected together and with platform by three heavy sole-leather hinges in such a manner as give free play with platform with the strips of drill or duck nailed over the joints as in head wing.

I neglected to state that in addition to the battens nailed under platform there should be one on each side of box amidships on under side of platform which should be braced to box by an iron ell. The ends of all these battens should project beyond the sides of the platform about an inch, so that the side wings will have something to rest on, as the leather hinges must be long enough to let them fold over the foot wing when the boat is folded up. The foot wing should be made like the side wings, extending across the foot of board and to the board at the head, with a box used as a foot. Connecting the wings at each of the four corners are triangular pieces of lead colored duck, or heavy drill, tacked to the wings and having a stout cord sewed to their outer edges, on which cord I use small cork to keep the corner-pieces on top of the water as much as possible.

Now for the leads. These consist of two rows of sheet lead from four to five inches wide, the inner row to be tacked round the edge of box along the inner edge of the lead in such a manner that the outer edge can be bent up to keep the sea out. The outer row of lead is nailed round the platform half way between the box and the edge of the platform all round. Paint box, platform and wings as near the color of the water in which the box is to be used as possible.

The sink is to be moored by two anchors, one at head and one at foot. For head anchor two holes should be bored at each earling, about 15 inches from each end, and a rope knotted through these holes making a "bridle" about 10 feet long. The anchor or shoat should be made fast to the bow of the boat. This lets the head of box ride free in a sea. For stern anchor bore a hole in the platform near the edge at foot and let the anchor rope pass through this. This enables the shooter to trip his stern anchor (which should be a light one) in case of a sudden shift of wind so that the box will swing head in.

This is the arrangement of my own box, though differing somewhat from those in use at Havre-de-Grace. There they use a light frame for side and foot wings, with drill or tie-ropes instead of lead. These platforms are generally larger also, the usual dimensions there being 12x7 feet, but after a trial of both I have found the board wings to be better than the canvas or drill, and I find the 6x10 platform quite large enough, and I use my box in much "wilder" water than they have at the head of the bay. I inclose a set of drawings which may help to explain my letter. I shall be always happy to assist you or your readers in all matters that relate to shooting or yachting, as I am devoted to both. I have one word for you, dear FOREST AND STREAM—Don't go crazy over Madge.

In the above sink about 200 pounds of weight in addition to the man will have to be used. We accomplish this by having iron decoys east, each weighing from 25 to 30 pounds. These are set in the platform with wooden decoys of about one-third the usual thickness. The bodies should not be more than 2 inches high and flat on the bottom. Use also light wooden decoys on wings, with a "stool" of about 200.

SINK BOAT.

DOGERRY IN THE FIELD.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 18, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose you a "true tale" on our Arkansas Prairie Club, and I was one of the "victims." GRINO.

Dr. Mitchell, Mr. Arthur Whentley, Judge Sam P. Walker, R. D. Jordan and Mr. Dave Poston, with some dozen others not necessary to mention in this chronicle, were of a party of huntsmen returning from the prairies in Arkansas on Sunday last. Being ahead of their companions they concluded while waiting for them to while away the time in shooting at a mark. Along came a justice of the peace and a constable and with many apologies for the necessity of performing a painful duty proceeded to take in the whole party for violation of the Sunday laws. These gentlemen protested that they did not know it was wrong, and they had never read the laws of Arkansas; but it was no go, the justice telling them that ignorance of the law would excuse no man. They then proposed to go to trial then and there, and if the justice concluded they had violated the law, after proof and argument, they would go to jail without any further trouble to him. The accommodating justice agreed to this, saying there was no statute in Arkansas against holding court on Sunday. The guilty defendants retired for consultation and elected Judge Walker for their lawyer, and unanimously agreed on Mr. Dave Poston for their witness. The attorney first argued that they were citizens of Tennessee and not subject to the laws of Arkansas, but the justice cut that off short by saying that it was too thin, as all persons were bound by the criminal laws of the State they were in. The attorney then argued that under the Constitution of the United States all acts of the Legislature were entitled to the same faith and credit in all the States as in the one making the law, and that corporations chartered in Tennessee might do business in Arkansas. The justice said this was so, but he did not see what that had to do with the case. The attorney then told the court that he proposed to prove by a witness that Dr. Mitchell and the witness himself belonged to the German Rifle Club, and the other defendants to the Blue Bluffs Club; that the two clubs were corporations, chartered under the laws of the State of Tennessee, and that their sole business was shooting at a mark; that the charter and laws of Tennessee allowed them to shoot at a mark on Sunday as well as any other day, and it was the constant practice to do it. The Attorney-General conceded that if the defendants had been hunting or shooting in the air, or at each other, they would have been guilty, but on the principle already conceded by the court they could not be convicted if they proved their facts, and the court would be bound by the facts and the facts by the witness for the defendants. After the case was over the court remarked that on the law and the facts as proved he must say that there had been no violation of the statute, as such a case was a clear exception to the statute, and in obedience to the Constitution of the United States he must release the defendants, but that the constable, as prosecutor, must pay the costs. Dr. Mitchell then per-

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN OCTOBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. pallidus. Mascalonge, Esox nubilosus. Pickerel, Esox americanus. Pike or Pickerel, Esox lucius. Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) Stizostedion americanum, g. griesoni, etc.

SALT WATER.

Sea Bass, Centropristis striata. Striped Bass or Rockfish, Roccus lincolni. White Perch, Morone americana. Bluefish or Taylor, Pomatomus saltatrix. Soup or Forgie, Stenotomus argyrops. Pollock, Pollachius caeruleus. Tautog or Blackfish, Tautoga onitis. Spanish Mackerel, Cybium maculatum.

There are some kinds of fish, comely in appearance, bold biters, and rather successful tormentors of fine tackle, which are styled "game fish" and angled for as such, but which by no means deserve the name and reputation. Such customers may possibly "pass in a crowd," as the shabby get feel frequently do among the masses of human society. But the superior qualities and attributes of the true game fish are readily detected. Define me a gentleman and I will define you a "game fish," which the same is known by the company he keeps, and revealed by his dress and address, features, habits, intelligence, haughty food and manner of eating. The true game fish, of which the trout and salmon are frequent types, inhabit the fairest regions of nature's beautiful domain. They drink only from the purest fountains, and subsist upon the choicest food their pellucid streams supply. Not a say that all fish that inhabit clear and sparkling waters are game fish: for there are many such, of symmetrical form and delicate flavor, that take neither bait nor fly. But it is self evident that no fish which inhabit foul or sluggish waters can be "game fish." It is impossible from the very circumstance of their surroundings and associations. They may fish with tinsel and tawdry attire; they may strike with the brute force of a black-smith, or exhibit the dexterity of a prize-fighter, but their low breeding and vulgar quality cannot be mistaken. Their habits, their very food and manner of eating, betray their grossness.—CHARLES HALLOCK.

A 'H RTY-THREE POUND MASCALONGE.

HELLO, captain, which way?" This was the query he put to good-looking young man of about thirty on the 7th ins., as I was descending the bank of Lake Erie, in our fine city of Erie, with cars over my shoulders, trolling line and gaff hook in hand ready for a short row and troll. The person addressed was genteelly dressed, an entire stranger to me and I to him. He had a good rod and line, a bucket full of live minnows and crabs, and replied: "To break-water and thence to South Channel pier for bass."

Seeing my oars, trolling line and gaff, he looked as if he would greatly prefer riding to walking, the distance to his fishing point being three and a half miles by land and only two miles by water. I informed him that I was going out for a troll, and if he was willing to go as slow as I desired he was welcome to ride and I would land him at his destination. He embraced my offer and in five minutes more we were rowing in one of the finest bays anywhere to be found. The wind was too high for good trolling, and our course being east there was but little rowing necessary, only a little guiding of the boat. I took the oars for a mile, trolling all the time with the line in my teeth, in which manner I have landed many a fine mascalonge, pike, black-bass and walleye. In a few minutes we were at "the channel." The stranger, Mr. R., took the oars and my line was transferred from mouth to hands. I requested him to keep close to the channel and to row very slowly, as my wind was feeling rather unwell. Then, with my rod, which was carried in the knee-chaper, Bud N.'s spoon brightly silvered with tin and as brightly red inside, with ninety to a hundred feet of small line out, I tried my best to induce a bite, but doubtful of success owing to rough water.

Mr. R. had rowed but two or three minutes when I had a most decided and unmistakable strike, a bite like the pounce of a lion on a rabbit, and the instant it took the hook the fish showed its majestic form by a leap of four feet in the air. "Thunder!" exclaimed Mr. R., dropping the oars. "That's a big one, you'll never get him with that line." Attending to my line, I replied: "Yes, it's a large one; keep the boat steady—perfectly so, and wh never I bring it to side of boat haul in our from that side." Then I had that indescribable delight of the troller. Like a tiger hooked to the end of a small cord I had a mascalonge and a good one, fast to my small line, leaping, shaking, darting, diving, struggling desperately and like a hero to get loose. Hal' twas fine. It fought well, splendidly, took short splurges and long pitches of the boat, but the line taught all the time, only giving just slack enough not to strain the line too much, not knowing how well the fish was hooked. It took twenty minutes to get it within twenty-five feet of the boat, where it stopped for a moment, being two feet under the water, and where Mr. R., tremulous with excitement, had a good view of it, and where I, satisfied before, was fully convinced of its being a really large fish. I gave it no rest; worked it to side of the boat and struck it with gaff, but, owing to rough water and pitching of the boat, the fish slipped, and I missed it under the gills as I desired, but the side of its head was planed off. It turned quickly, made a splurge or dive of thirty feet, and during the next ten minutes it plunged and fought most gamely, going backwards and forwards, right and left, up and down, leaping out of the water twice, diving three times under the boat and as often brought back until finally, and I should say thirty minutes from taking the hook, I brought it to the side of the boat, gaffed and lifted it in. It made most vigorous leaps to get out, but I held on with the gaff until I passed the wire end of my strong fish rope through its chops, tied it to a rib in the boat and thus had it secure.

It particularly requested that it be kept at my end of the boat, and in fact its ponderous jaws, with their one and a half inch teeth, looked sharky. The three hooks were well fast near the junction of the jaws. It measured four feet

Rabbits are very numerous here this fall, and I anticipate some good rabbit shooting this winter. We have had ten steady days of rain this month, and everything is under water. A great many surf ducks have been killed on the inland rivers and marshes this season, which is an unusual thing here, as they are generally only to be found on the large lakes.—TAYLOR.

NOTES FROM ARKANSAS.—Van Buren, Ark., Oct. 19.—The celebrated poet and lawyer, Gen. Albert Pike, with Richard Thornton and others left this place Monday for a two week's hunt in the Choctaw Nation, I. T. The General says that this will be his last Arkansas hunt, but his many friends protest, and predict that he will come again. The weather has been extremely warm till within the last few days; there is now quite a change, and we hope for cooler still. The first mallard of the season was killed today by our Sheriff, Mr. Houck. Some small hags of teal have been made, but shooting as yet has been poor. With the approaching cool weather we expect to have royal sport. We have quite a number of splendid lakes within easy access of town, boats, etc., and are fully prepared to give the ducks a warm reception on their arrival.—DICK.

NOTES FROM THE MARCH 70 YORKTOWN.—Yorktown, Va., Oct. 19.—Found plenty of birds on the way down from Washington, but having been delayed by the death of the President had not sufficient time to shoot much where the laws permitted. Expect to have a pleasant march back, and to have a well provided mess. It is claimed that wild turkeys are unusually thick along the river near Hanover town, below Hanover C. H. Expect to be able to report as to facts at a future date. "Gircus" here almost a miserable failure, save possibly the military and naval, which has not yet come off.—U. S. A.

FLORIDA GAME.—Pensacola, Fla., Oct. 19.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your "Answer to Correspondents" that you state that "in no part of Florida can a man make a living with his gun." It is a mistake; your informant was wrong. Evidence: Last week the Sheriff of this county and two other hunters took a trip to an old camp ground thirty two miles distant from the city by way of the railroad. They remained there two days, and the amount of game killed was viz, three deer, six turkeys and two hundred and forty-nine squirrels. Plenty of doves and partridges around the city. Weather still very warm.—NIO.

DEER HOUNDS IN MAINE.—It is reported that two or three gentlemen belonging in Bangor, together with a party from Boston, headed by a guide who lives in Yezzo, Me., a day or two since went out to Lead Mountain, near Union River, that State, to hunt for deer. The party had with them a pack of valuable dogs. A State law forbids the hunting of deer with dogs, and its violation so incensed the natives in the vicinity of the mountain that they all turned out and shot every one in the pack. One of the dogs, owned by a Boston gentleman, was valued at \$150.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.—Winsted, Conn., October 21, 1881.—Game in this section has been quite scarce this season, with the exception of woodcock, which have been as plenty as usual. I can report several fine strings. On Monday Messrs. Skinner, Bevins and Skinner bagged thirty-eight woodcock, and Tuesday Messrs. Skinner, Bevins, Skinner and Kirk bagged thirty more. Wednesday, Messrs. Camp and Beskerle bagged thirteen woodcock and two grouse. The above are the finest strings I have ever heard of being taken in this season.—CLIFTON.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y., Oct. 23.—I have spent the past week here in Columbia county as the guest of W. Bostwick and G. Hills, of Hudson, N. Y., and Dr. Jones, of East Chatham, N. Y., three as thorough sportsmen as ever pulled a trigger, and I must say nothing was spared that would add to the pleasure and comfort of myself and dogs. We have enjoyed some excellent woodcock shooting during the past week, especially on the 19th and 20th—the flight birds stopping here in goodly numbers.—W. H. PRABO.

INDIANA.—North Vernon, Oct. 17.—Fall fishing is not first-class. Several varieties of bass are the game fish. The extraordinary drought of the past summer was almost extermination to the finny tribe. Hundreds of yards of the creek beds were entirely dry. Here and there was a deep hole left with water enough to preserve a few fish. In shallow places hogs would overturn the stones where a stray fish might have found refuge, and gobbed it up. It was discouraging. We hope the fish may come up from the larger streams.—N.

NOTES FROM INDIANA.—North Vernon, Ind., Oct. 17.—The open season for quail and pheasants in this State is from the 15th of October to the 20th of December, and for wild turkeys from 1st of November to 1st of February. For the killing of a quail, pheasant or turkey out of season the penalty is \$3. Quail are not as numerous this year as in some other years. Turkeys and pheasants are always scarce.—N.

BOND'S ROWING GEAR.—We have in our office some samples of Bond's new rowing gear, which will be found to suit the wants of many. As a rule, canoes and sporting boats are too narrow to pull from the prow, and so an arrangement is required for rowing which can be got rid of when not in use. To this end W. E. Bond, Cleveland, Ohio, has devised a very neat arrangement, combining several advantages sure to be appreciated. The rowlock is supported in a light and neat iron outrigger. The legs of the latter are supplied with adjustable hooks, by means of which the outriggers are attached to suitable castings screwed to the gunwale inside, and their height regulated by a thumbscrew to suit each individual and the depth to which the boat may be sunk. They can be quickly unshipped or turned inward to drop down to the boat's side out of the way. The rowlock itself has a swinging brass band of semicircular section pivoted within the arms of the rowlock, so that raising the oar to feather is accomplished by this band swinging about its pivots, thereby obviating all noise in pulling, a fact which the hunter will not fail to value. This arrangement facilitates the art of rowing very much, and serves as a rest from which to "pull" without tiring the wrist. The workmanship of these outriggers is the very best, for they command strength with light weight and lightness. The shoulders of the rowlock are accurately fitted to those of the socket, and the latter, being two and one-half inches deep, prevents all rattling generally accompanying the swing of the oar. The gear ranges from eight inches to twelve inches in length and in price from \$3.50 to \$4, and can be had direct from the manufacturer, W. E. Bond, Cleveland, O.

NEBRASKA AS A HUNTING COUNTRY.—Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 21.—Last Monday, Messrs. Webster, Tomson, Hallett and I went out by the morning train to a small lake, or really a marsh, near Ashland, a small town twenty-seven miles from here, on the B. & M. R. R., and in a seven hours' shoot bagged 120 ducks and eight snipe. The lake was so full of weeds and rushes that a dog could not work, and we lost at least half as many ducks as we got. There were thousands of "mud hens," and these flying about continually bothered the party no little, especially when the sun went down, and made it difficult to distinguish them from ducks. The party waded out into the water, and took stands by the muskrat mounds that reared their heads above the water all over the lake. The day was cloudy and cold, clearing off half an hour by sunset, and giving us a glorious western horizon for closing the day's entertainment. All the ducks, but about ten, were of the larger species. I am beginning to think Nebraska is a better hunting ground than Mississippi.—B. H. P.

SULLIVAN COUNTY GAME.—New York, Oct. 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your issue of the 20th that a party has been sold in going to Sullivan county for ducks and other game, wherein you disagree with him. I know all about it, and have visited Eldred twice. The first time was from an advertisement in your paper. I remained for a week or more, and did not even see a woodcock, or anything else, and got disgusted and came home. I tried it again, thinking perhaps luck was against me. This time I remained two weeks and saw but one woodcock and a few partridge, and a friend, myself and a guide, with an excellent dog, bagged in two weeks' time but seven birds, and bought all I could, which was six, making thirteen in all. The fact of the matter is there is no game up there.—S. P. GILLYERMO.

CAMPING OUT AT YORKTOWN.—One of the most attractive points around the exhibition grounds to visitors is the encampment hotel kept by L. Y. Jemess. It embraces fifty tents, accommodating from two to thirty persons each, all floored with planks at a sufficient elevation, and nicely furnished and airy, located on a hill several hundred yards north-west of the Exposition and accessible from the main entrance by Marlitta avenue and the Western and Atlantic Railroad. The site is of the best, and there is a first-class dining-room attendance from the encampment. The grounds were brought here from Warwick Woodlands, Greenwood Lake, Orange County, New York, a popular Eastern summer resort, built up by the Greenwood Lake Improvement Company, of which William O. McD. well, a Gotham banker, is President. In addition to the tents there are closed comfortable frame rooms for those who prefer them. The encampment is handsomely arranged, with broad avenues, and elevated plank walks. It is inclosed by a high fence, with only one entrance through the office, and is thoroughly guarded day and night. The novelty of this enterprise is attracting considerable attention, and it is extremely popular. The rates are the same as those of the Atlanta hotels, which has been reduced since the exposition opened, and it is specially to be commended for large parties or families.—Exchange.

THE "SAXON" GUN AGAIN.—New York, October 24.—Editor Forest and Stream: My attention has been called to an article in a recent issue of your valuable periodical, headed "Guns Given Away," in which it was stated: "It must be a very greedy man who invests in the 'Saxon.' Relying upon your good sense and justice, and in the hope that you will give the 'Saxon' a hearing, I beg to state that during the last month I have sent many hundreds of guns out of this office in reply to mail orders, and have sold a great many across the counter. Out of this number of guns I have had but eight guns returned, as my books will show, and have received many testimonials as to its merits. I do not pretend that a \$50.00 gun is equal to a \$40 gun, but I do pretend, and am willing to prove, that the 'Saxon' breech-loader is a good, strong, reliable weapon, shoots well and gives great satisfaction.—WM. HARRISON, President Saxon Importing Co.

[We wish to do Mr. Harding no injustice, and should have contented ourselves with the simple refusal of the advertisement of the "Saxon" gun which was offered to us, had we not been compelled by the wording of that advertisement in other papers to define our opinion of the gun in question. The advertisement falsely states that "the sporting papers generally join in praising the 'Saxon' breech-loading shot-gun as one of the most reliable sporting guns in the world." The sporting papers have not "generally joined in praising" the gun, and because of the assertion that they did, the FOREST AND STREAM took care to put itself on record as not praising it.]

The "Saxon" gun is one style of a large class of firearms which are, from time to time, worked off upon the public by means of specious and glowing advertisements. These guns, sold under many names, are all substantially the same thing, being old muskets which are converted into clumsy shot-guns. They are the same guns that were sold to the Southern negroes and at counter cross-road stores for \$5 or \$4, or less. The advertisements are all alike. We said that the person must be "green" who is induced by the advertisement of the "Saxon" to invest in the gun. We will explain why we said so. The advertisement asserts that the "Saxon" is a \$15 breech-loading shot-gun for \$5.50. This is not true; the grade of single-barrel breech-loading shot guns sold by reputable dealers is far superior to the "Saxon" which is, therefore, in no respect "a \$15 gun for \$5.50." The advertisement asserts: "Our regular price is \$15; in selling samples of the 'Saxon' at \$5.50 each we are making an enormous sacrifice." As a matter of fact the same kind of gun is furnished by New York parties to country storekeepers for \$2.75 wholesale, and retailed by them at \$4 or \$5. That is all there is to the "enormous sacrifice." The advertisement says "every part of it made of the very best material." The fact is that it is made of very common material. The advertisement says that "the improved patent breech makes it far superior to any other breech-loading shot-gun in the world." On the contrary, the action is as old one and has long been superseded by improvements. Etc.]

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, Oct. 22.—The shooting has been very bad here since I last wrote you on account of the warm weather. I was down on the Calumet last Monday shooting. I bagged nineteen jack-snipe, seven kill-deer, six blue-wing teal, one wood-duck and eight mallards. Snipe are plenty, but ducks of all kinds are scarce. There is good shooting on Kankakee River. A party of twelve Chicago sportsmen left for there this morning, to be gone two weeks.

"Bibliotheca Piscicologica," 1855. Then Beaulieu's list in the American edition of "The Complete Angler," 1847. After this came "A Bibliographical Catalogue of Books on Angling," by Russell Smith, 1844. Then the greatest and best, by Thomas Westwood, 1861. This was followed by the "Bibliotheca Ichthyologica" of D. Mulder Bosgoed, in 1874. Mr. Westwood, by the way, is revising his great work, and we expect to see it before long.

Mr. Lambert has given an interesting little book, although far from attempting to give even the titles of all the works on angling. It gives some quaint extracts from old books and some poetical extracts.

AMPHIBIOUS FISHES.

MEDIA, Delaware Co., Pa., Oct. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In addition to the list of fishes which I lately sent to you, which live in both fresh and salt water, I will add the longnose gar, *Leptostosteus osseus*. This fish is very abundant in the fresh water streams on the west coast of Florida. When beached in the shoal water of the Gulf of Mexico I saw many gar fish, which I feel confident were of this species. They did not seem to entertain any fear of the porpoises which were seen to swim near them. Alligators, however, are not so fastidious as the porpoises, as I once saw one of the former which had a large fish in its stomach. This species of gar is very retentive of life. I once made a drawing of one of them, which had been out of water eighteen hours, and even then it snapped its jaws several times. The small from them is very disagreeable and sickening. There are also two other species of gar fish in Florida, the short-nose gar, *I. platystomus*, and the spoonbill, or alligator gar, *Lithobranchia spatulata*, though these species are more rare.

JOSPH WILCOX.

PROPOSED ABROGATION OF THE FISHERY TREATY.

A MEETING was recently held in Gloucester, Mass., for the purpose of conferring with the Hon. Eben F. Stone, Member of Congress from that State, upon the fishery interests. The meeting was composed of fishermen, owners of fishing vessels and business men. Mr. Fitz J. Babson, Collector of the Port, presided, and among those present were: A. H. Clark and C. E. Haskell J. Martin, of the U. S. Fish Commission; Col. E. H. Appleton, J. O. Proctor, Esq., B. H. Corliss, Esq., Col. David W. Low, Capt. Chas. Dagle, Henry Cons, Collector House, of Newburyport; Messrs. W. A. Wilcox, of the Boston Fish Bureau, and others interested.

Mr. Babson stated that the object of the meeting was to give Mr. Stone an opportunity of learning the views of the people who are mainly interested in fishing, and to devise means to abrogate the treaty with Great Britain, which so far from a benefit is an injury to American fishermen. He referred to the treatment the fishermen had received from those of the Provinces, and proved by statistics that the American fisheries for cod and halibut are pursued on the ocean banks, entirely outside of any national jurisdiction. For the nine months of the present year, there had been caught on these banks, 19,688,800 pounds of codfish, and 2,972,900 pounds of halibut, 99,998 barrels of mackerel had been caught by our fleet, and with the exception of 43 barrels caught in the Bay of St. Lawrence, had all been taken from a benefit to American fishermen. He stated that the fishery has been worthless to the American fishermen on the British coast and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

This, he claimed, was also true of the herring, squid, capelin or other bait fisheries, as these fish cannot be taken by American fishermen, and are consequently bought by them like any other commercial commodity, the same as if no treaty existed. The monstrous valuation by the Halifax Commission of the British inshore fisheries, together with an equal amount resulted as duties by the United States to British fishermen, is a record of almost criminal blindness, which no nation can afford to perpetuate. He concluded by offering the following memorial, which was received with favor, as expressing the sentiment of the meeting.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled: This memorial respectfully represents that by act 33 of the treaty of Washington, the articles of said treaty relating to the fisheries, shall remain in force ten years from the date at which they may come in operation, and for a further period of two years after the expiration of the said articles, should it be the desire of the United States to terminate the same. Now, therefore, we, the fishermen of the United States, knowing and believing that the results of the said treaty have not only been detrimental to the interests of the United States, but unjust and monstrous in the valuation by the Halifax Commission of the British shore fisheries, and which the experience of the past ten years has shown to be valueless to American fishermen, do hereby pray your honorable body to cause notice to be given, at the earliest practical moment, of the desire of the United States to terminate the operation of the fishery articles of said treaty, and all other treaty provisions relating to the fisheries on the shores of Canada and Newfoundland, for the following reasons, to the end that the British and American fishermen may each in their own waters enjoy the right to take fish unmolested, and equal commercial rights in the waters of either country.

Colonel Stone then responded. He was pleased to meet such a large representation of the business men of the city, and fishing men, and the men who were masters of the fishing vessels. He had no idea of the immense cellular industries in connection with the Gloucester fisheries, which he had witnessed in his drives around the city, and in the mills he had made in company with Collector Babson during the day. It was almost a revelation, as his idea of the fisheries was that of the old-fashioned methods, where there had been no attempt at canning, or skinning and boiling, which was carried on so successfully in Gloucester, and formed such important industries. The abrogation of the Washington Treaty and again putting on a duty on foreign fish, did not seem so easy to him as it did to Captain Babson, as there were most other interests in the country opposed to this. We must meet a serious opposition from those who wish to get fish as cheaply as they can. He thought the question could be put in the shape of Protection to American Industry, and it could not be denied with any kind of grace. If protection be right in principle, it would be grossly unjust to neglect Gloucester. There is a similar fish industry on the lakes, where they are more interfered with, and by the abrogation of these interests, we may gain Western votes with which to carry our point. He hoped also that the

manufacturing interests extending so rapidly in the South, where heretofore there had no food, and the long food it necessary to ask protection. If he found difficulties, he also found encouragement, and should, if he had opportunity, do everything in his power for the renewal of the old duties.

Mr. B. H. Corliss reviewed the fishing business, its struggle, its decline in other places, the great sacrifices of life and property in its prosecution and the enterprise and courage exhibited by our people in carrying it on against so many obstacles. He spoke of the concessions which had been made to Great Britain, the neglect of our Government to send an armed vessel into provincial waters to protect the fishermen and look after their rights which unjustly assailed. In his opinion, we had now arrived at that point when we want the treaty abrogated, as the privileges we had from it were not worth a dollar.

Mr. W. A. Wilcox assured the meeting of his sympathy and heartily endorsed the remarks which had been made. These were his own personal views. He had visited the various fishing ports and the industry was well deserving of protection. Boston did not agree with these views; but he considered it his duty to endorse the policy.

Mr. A. J. Clark had visited all the fishing ports in the United States, obtaining statistics in the interest of the Fish Commission. There was a vast amount of information which would prove astonishing to the people. The statistics of Gloucester clearly proved the great disadvantages under which she has labored with this treaty in operation. Prof. Baird was of the opinion that it should be abrogated at the expiration of the time.

Other remarks were made by Col. David W. Low, John J. Pew, Esq., who were in sympathy with the meeting and endorsed the remarks made.

A committee of five, comprising Fitz J. Babson, B. H. Corliss, David W. Low, John J. Pew and James G. Tarr, were chosen to prepare a memorial, to be circulated for signatures in the various fishing towns and be presented to Congress.

That the fishery treaty should be abrogated there can be no doubt for both the American and Canadian fishermen demand it. To place the question fairly, we give the Canadian view, as expressed in the Toronto *Globe* of the 14th. It says: "The United States should pay Canada and Newfoundland \$5,500,000 for the right to fish in British North American waters for twelve years. The Washington treaty provided that the clauses giving fishery rights to the Americans and to the Canadians the right of sending fish and fish products into the States free of duty, should have force for ten full years, after the end of which period either party could, by giving two years' notice of a wish to end the agreement, bring it to a conclusion. For months have elapsed since the Canadian Government could have caused the Washington Government to be notified, yet no action has been taken. The matter should at once be attended to. At the rating of the Halifax Commission, the value of the concessions received by the States exceeded the value of the concessions made by them by the sum of \$458,333 each year. Consequently, Canada has lost over \$152,000 by the four month's delay of the Ottawa authorities. But that would be a very low estimate of the actual loss. The value of the fishery was very much in favor of the States, and a revaluation would, of course, give Canada increased compensation, even if the privileges claimed and exercised by the American fishermen were not in excess of those which the arbitrators reckoned on. But the fact is that the Washington Government in the Fortuue Bay affair put an interpretation on the treaty that gives the American fishermen privileges for which the award was not intended to pay Canada. That interpretation was more or less distinctly recognized as correct by the Gladstone Government, consequently a revaluation would give the Dominion a largely increased annual rental for the fisheries.

Though justice requires the earliest possible exclusion of the American fishermen from the enjoyments of rights for which their Government has not paid, there would be in this country some good-natured reluctance to take action if the Gloucester fishermen had not presumed to "bluff" the Dominion. Fondly imagining that they will be allowed to poach in British waters, they have been instructed by the notorious Boshoff to request the Washington Government to do as they required two years' notice. They hope to take fish where they please, and at the same time to exclude Canadian fish from the States by prohibitory duties. Not a moment should be lost in taking them at their word.

It may be doubted whether Canada should again agree to let the Americans enjoy admission to the fisheries for a sum to be fixed by arbitration. Perhaps the best course would be to rigidly keep the grounds for our own people till our neighbors agree to pay a fair money price named by the Canadian Government, or to enter into a commercial arrangement satisfactory to this country. Were that course taken the reposition of American duties on Canadian fish or fish products would not injure Canadian fishermen in the least, while they would be freed from competition, and thus enabled to extend their operations very greatly. But whatever course may ultimately be followed it is absurd that the Americans should be allowed to go on catching fish for which they have not paid. It is not now possible to prevent them exercising that privilege for four years in 1933, the notice would be immediately given that they will be allowed to take advantage of Canada no longer.

MAN-EATING SHARKS.—The Peninsula, Fla., *Gazette* of Oct. 15 calls for Anthony McDonald, sailor, belonging to the English ship "Forest Rights," was drowned on Sunday, while bathing near the Central Wharf. The mate of a vessel lying near went to his rescue as soon as it was known that he was in peril, but before reaching the spot the unfortunate youth had sunk out of sight. The body was dragged for, but not recovered until the next morning, when it was found to be horribly mutilated by sharks. Deceased was aged 18, aged 18, a native of Liverpool, and this was his first voyage. It seems to have been a great favor that he was shipmate. The body was left moored to a ship lying at the wharf, awaiting the arrival of a corner, who decided upon his arrival that an inquest was unnecessary. We are told that yesterday an immense shark—estimated to be more than fifteen feet in length—arose to the surface, and seizing the body instantly carried it under the wharf. Parties standing near took hold of the rope, and after a tug with the monster deprived him of his prey. This subsequent attack of the man-eater is conclusive proof that the unfortunate young man met a cruel and a cruel death in a shark's jaws. His head and one arm and one leg were gone, while a large gash was visible in his left side. This is the second death of the kind that has come to our knowledge within the year. The other was that

of a mate of a small vessel who was knocked overboard between here and Mobile a few months ago, and who was seized by one of these large fish, and carried below in the presence of his shipmates.

BAIT HOOKS WITH GUT LOOP.—Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 17. I have always had more or less trouble by the snaiting and entangling of my snelled hooks used in bait fishing for bass. Last spring I conceived an idea that, so far as I am concerned, after a thorough trial, has proved a success, and has been adopted by several of our local anglers that have seen the change. The "conceived idea" is as follows: I had the veteran angler Charles F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vt., for the two dozen sprout hooks with simply a loop of gut on the end, also a few one-inch snelled hooks, which I had made. The hooks are carried in an old fly book that I have converted into numerous pockets that hold two hooks each. The snells are carried in a single pocketbook of proper length. The advantages of this plan I claim to be as follows: We are in the habit of breaking more hooks than snells, and in this event the snells are cast away, while in my plan a new hook is only to be mounted, the snell being saved. Second, the snells cost more than the hook in the old plan, while a dozen of my style snells will outfit three or four times as many hooks, thus being a great deal cheaper. I inclose one of the hooks to convey my idea better. I think this plan original with WILLIS D. MAIER.

TROUT FROZEN IN A BLOCK OF ICE.—At the office of the Virginia City and Gold Hill Water Company, recently, was on exhibition a block of ice in which were frozen several trout. The ice was frozen by the company's ice machine on the Divide. The trout were almost as plainly visible as though they had been suspended in air. They were in natural attitudes, and appeared to have congealed without knowing that anything unusual was happening to them. As all their spots and colors were distinctly visible, and they stood immovable with tails and fins expanded, they would have formed a splendid study for an artist. Indeed, we think that here is a hint that painters of such subjects should not neglect. Bets were made that they would thaw out "alive and kicking," and the block of ice was accordingly placed in a tank and allowed to melt, but at last accounts the trout were lying on the bottom apparently quite dead. Artificial freezing was evidently too quick and sharp for them.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise*.

ANGLING FOR ALLIGATORS.—It is said that the unusual drought in Florida has had the effect of drying up Shiley Lake to such an extent as to leave only a few shallow spots here and there, and in these alligators sought refuge in large numbers, digging huge burrows into the ground. This has furnished great sport to the settlers in the neighborhood, who have gone in crowds to those spots, and fished with fine success for the enormous reptiles. The manner of catching them was to thrust long rods with hooks at the end into one of the cavernous burrows and stir up the occupants. One of the alligators would snap at the rod, a jerk would fasten the hook into the soft part of the lower jaw, and it would then be easy to draw the animal out and kill it with hatchets. It is not every year that such fishing can be enjoyed, even in Florida.

Fishculture.

THE MAYFISH OF GERMANY.

THIS member of the family, *Cyprin*, is a fish in size and general appearance like the shad of America. It does not, however, ascend the rivers in such great schools as does our own *Alosa sapidissima*, and attempts have been made to cultivate it. In a recent number of the *Fischerei Zeitung*, of Stettin, we find an article on it, of which we offer the following translation: "On a little town near Herr Marx, you dem Borne to a paper in Holland he says that for the past six years German fishcultivators have tried to cultivate the mayfish (Meisfish or die "Aiso," *Clupea alosa*), but the operations have not been as successful as those with the shad in America. In the last year the fishcultivator of the East Coast of America came to take the fish in the broad mouths of rivers and in the estuaries (at the head waters also, Eltorr Forest and Stream). In vain we seek such places in the Rhine between Coblenz and Heidelberg. Herr von dem Borne says if it was the fish are caught in Holland, at the mouths of rivers, with eggs mature enough for transportation. He says also that in America the fish are chiefly caught in the first half of the night, this being the time when they seek the eddies for spawning. "We find the same here," says Mr. Fischmeister Mueller, of Tschischdorf, who has had some experience in the culture of mayfish in the upper waters of the Rhine.

Will it be easier then to take the nearly ripe fish at the mouth of the river and preserve them until fully ripe than to try to take them at the upper part of the stream? From which it starts, and when near spawning and the nearer to the spawning places they are taken the ripier they must be. Perhaps they may also try to manipulate the spawning fish on the Weser with more success. However, the man in Holland answers Mr. von dem Borne's question by saying that ripe mayfish were caught in Holland at the mouths of rivers in June and July. Certain it is that the artificial culture of mayfish has not yet been a success.

FISHCULTURAL NOTES.

PROF. S. A. FORBES and party, from the State Laboratory of Natural History of Illinois, have done much satisfactory work with dredge and beam-trawl in Lake Michigan and the smaller western Illinois and Southern Wisconsin waters. They have obtained a large collection of the smaller life upon which the fishes feed and which has a direct bearing upon the existence of young fishes especially. They will soon complete their season's labor on Lake Michigan.

The Fish Commission of the State of Michigan has outgrown the little hatchery at Pokagon and moved to Paris, Mecosta Co., where it can conduct operations on a larger scale. At Paris there is a fine brook, running at low water 181 cubic inches, with a temperature of 68 deg. at the spring from which it starts, and often runs higher in the stream in the hottest days. Eighteen months ago Mr. Portman, the Superintendent, planted 1,000 brook trout fry in it, and since work has begun there has been taken 173 of them at the lower dam which were from eight to eleven inches in length. The new hatchery is 60 by 20 feet, and is nearly completed.

A shipment of live marbot and soles for the U. S. Fishery Commission is expected on the Canada steamer Parthian about the time of our going to press. They are sent by G. E. Jackson, a gentleman well known in England for his interest in fishculture, in charge of Mr. A. W. Arnstead, brother of Mr. Arnstead of the well-known trout ponds at Keswick. Our next issue will contain the result of the shipment.

We learn from Mr. James O'Keefe, who has spent much time in the Adirondacks this past season, that Mr. A. R. Fuller has established a hatchery for trout and is stocking some lakes in Franklin Co.,

N. Y., at his own expense. Mr. Fuller has a hotel near Meacham Lake, and others besides his guests rest where he shows. Mr. Fuller's enterprise deserves a hearty recognition.

Herr von Bell, President of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, writes he has tried the bait with the eggs of California salmon, shipped on the 8th inst. by Mr. Mather, arrived in good condition.

HOW DID THE FISH GET THERE?

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 16.

YOUR correspondent at Crockett, Texas, is still unable to account for the appearance of small fishes in his pond, which for weeks has been dry. His explanation may not be satisfactory, he cautions me to fill the bill.

Some years ago I went fishing for several seasons among some beautiful lakes in Northern Indiana, and more than once I was much bothered in getting minnows for bait. One fall, as I walked at the railroad station near one of the lakes, a gentleman came up to welcome me, and stated that he had lots of bait, and went on to say that he had caught a tubful of minnows in a pond near his house which had been dry the entire summer before. Like "R. C. S.," he didn't know how to account for it, but I endeavored to explain, and the explanation was accepted as entirely satisfactory. Heavy winter and spring rains left the pond full of water, and the water remained throughout the season, although the season before it was dry and the bottom baked hard by the hot sun. Ducks and snipes and many other birds came from the waters where fish were said to abound in the pond, leaving small quantities of the spawn of fishes that happened to adhere to their bodies. I don't believe in the "raining down" theory in accounting for the appearance of frogs, toads and fishes in unusual places.

EGGS OF CALIFORNIA SALMON.

THE following is the list of shipments of the eggs of the pinnet salmon, by Mr. Livingston Stone, in charge of the Department of the Pacific Coast, U. S. Fish Commission:

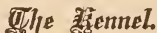
Table listing shipments of salmon eggs to various locations including Georgia, Maryland, Minnesota, Nebraska, Novand, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, West Virginia, Canada, etc.

GERMAN FISHCULTURAL BOOK.

WE have received a small pamphlet called, "A Short Guide to Troutculture," by Friedrich Beck.

A few general directions are given and then follow the impregnation of eggs and their handling; breeding apparatus, with their prices; hatching in the open stream; care of eggs and the planting of young fish. The work is an elementary one and contains no new theories or experiments.

"Kurzer Leitfaden für Kunstliche Forellenzucht" | von | Friedrich Beck. | I. Vorstand des unterriethslichen Kreisfischerey Vereins zu Ehrenfelden. | Preis 20 Pfennige. | Verlagsort: Wurzburg, Druck der Thein'schen Druckerei. (Sturz) | 1881. | Nachdruck verboten. | 16 pp., pp. 31.



FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass. Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. (Chas. A. Andrew, West Boston, Mass., Superintendent.)

FIELD TRIALS.

October 25, 26, 27 and 28, at Mason's and Fayette Co., Pa., via boat from Pittsburgh. Pennsylvania Field Trials. First Annual Derby. Entries close at Pittsburgh, Pa., October 15. I. R. Stoyton, secretary. November 1, at Citoy, Cal. Field Trials of the Citoy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close at Citoy, Cal., October 20. Secretary, W. S. Johnson. November 5, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 1. Edward Meek, secretary, New Orleans, La. November 7, Thanksgiving Day, at New Field Trials Club; third annual meeting at Hobbs's Island, Pecorie Bay, Long Island. Entries closed Oct. 1. Jacob Penn, secretary, P. O. Box 574, New York city. November 8, at Grand Junction, Pennsylvania. American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

FIELD TRIALS AND BENCH SHOWS.

WHAT the standard of excellence for the pointer and setter has been greatly elevated within the past few years no one who is a close observer will deny. It is not patent that there are hundreds of dogs scattered throughout the country whose beautiful forms and capital performances stand out conclusively that the spirit of generous rivalry and emulation born of our Bench Shows and Field Trials has wrought the wonderful improvement. But a few short years ago many true sportsmen could be found who honestly believed that Bench Shows were a delusion, and Field Trials a snare, and that they were but an artful means of advertising animals which could not be sold on their merits. All this is now changed, and with the exception of an occasional croaker whose disease is heronoric or the wall of the disappointed, we hear but words of commendation for these twin institutions that hand in hand have perseveringly labored for—and in so large a measure accomplished—the perfection of form and excellence in the field of the companions of our sport.

That still greater improvements and a still higher excellence will be attained in the near future we do not doubt, and to achieve this most desirable result let us all with willing hands do whatever lies in our power to promote the good cause. We are well assured that the coming trials on Robin's Island and at Grand Junction will be—both in the number present and the quality of the animals seen—far superior to anything that the world has ever seen, and we earnestly advise all who can do so to attend one or both of the meetings, and witness the proof of the "improvement" that they have accomplished, not only in the beauty of form and field quality of our pets, but the manner in which they are taught to do their work: for in nothing pertaining to Field Trials has the improvement been more manifest than in the training displayed

by the animals run. This in itself—were nothing else gained—should stamp the trials as a success, for nothing is more conducive to the sportsman's pleasure than to witness the pleasing performances of a well-trained, easily controlled animal, as he cheerfully and artistically performs his pleasurable task. Many able writers, some of them true sportsmen, have found a great deal of fault with the rules that govern the trials, claiming that owing to their imperfections gross injustice is often done. We will not discuss this matter here, but would earnestly entreat all who feel that a change for the better could be made to attend the meetings, and lend their influence to the speedy reform of so vital an element of success.

SAGACITY OF THE COLLEY.

IN those countries where close folding prevails and sheep are continually penned, there is little opportunity for the high training of the colley. In other districts the case is different, and Jogg, the Dutch shepherd, has well said: "Without the shepherd, the dog the mountains land of England and Scotland would not be worth sheep. It would require more hands to manage a flock of sheep, gather them from the hills, force them into houses and folds, and drive them to market, than the profits of the flock would be worth." At the "lock" is visited to "the burden," so the power of overcoming difficulties is developed by circumstances. Shepherds in the close-folding districts train their dogs to the performance of a few simple duties, and that is all. The sagacity on the Cumberland hills, on the contrary, have been compelled by necessity to train their dogs to do all that laborate care, and wonderful animals they have made of them—admirably are their sheep backs suited to the hurdens laid upon them.

In the course of walks with Cumberland shepherds I have seen what the services are which the dogs are called upon to render. Judging from results, there are few better dog breakers than John Scott, shepherd at Lamplugh farm, the Carlisle first-prize pastoral farm, observed by Mr. William Leathers. Herdicks are kept on the farm to the number of 12. "Our task was I say 'our task,' though the dogs did all the work—to collect the sheep and chase them to the fold before us to the very tops of the fells, for the sake of feeding all the land and changing the pasturage of the flock. The shepherd worked his dogs, two to the right hand, one to the left working them first by signs only, and sometimes by a few words spoken to a distant auditory, when the dogs were perhaps nearly half a mile distant, still in full view, bringing up the sheep from some neighboring fell-side. The dog would be sent to spread themselves far and wide over the ground that is open to the sheep, and would pick up like white stones in the distance, over a thousand acres of land. 'Get out, now!' cried the shepherd to one of his clever hounds, making a sign toward the sheep at the same time, and off went the dog at full speed, and in a few minutes he was back again. If they are pushed, they will bolt in all directions. The dogs know this, and they keep their distance, never running straight at the sheep, but keeping well outside of them, and some distance in the rear. The shepherd makes another signal. His dog is in a hollow, and he comes out, and he looks at the shepherd, and he watches his master, therefore, and expects to be informed whether he is required to beat the ground further or not. The signal comes, and off he bounds, but not quite in the right direction; he is running too fast, and he comes back, and he looks at the shepherd, and he shrill to his attentive ears, and further out he goes, or he will not quite stir as to the import of the message. He stops and looks round for the signal.

The youngest dog, only a twelve-month old, was the best in the field. He would be sent to a hill, and he would be sent to fetch any sheep that might be feeding there out of our sight. He went off at full speed, running to the right against the sun so as to bring the sheep round to the left, and through a gate ahead of the shepherd, and he would be sent to fetch any sheep that might be feeding there out of our sight. He went off at full speed, running to the right against the sun so as to bring the sheep round to the left, and through a gate ahead of the shepherd, and he would be sent to fetch any sheep that might be feeding there out of our sight. He went off at full speed, running to the right against the sun so as to bring the sheep round to the left, and through a gate ahead of the shepherd, and he would be sent to fetch any sheep that might be feeding there out of our sight.

The sheep dog possesses much the same form and character in every country. It is a dog of a fine, sleek, and glossy coat, and the body covered with shaggy hair, particularly about the neck. These are the characteristics of Sheep. His long tail, too, like that of his kind, is slightly turned upward, and is as bushy as that of a fox. He has none of those dirty tan-colored markings which are to be seen on some breeds of cattle—his coat is black, and the ring round the eyes. He is all black, with rather coarse hair, and a tall, spare figure. I have often seen handsome collies, but never better. There was a young sheep dog of his sort that accompanied the night-walker on his mountain journey from Westmoreland to London, and in returning to his journey. The following year he was found to possess such a knowledge of the road as enabled him to turn the sheep, when they attempted to run down the lanes and by-roads which had given so much trouble the year before.

An occasional accomplishment of Cumberland sheepdogs is that of finding sheep buried in the snow. John Scott has possessed dogs which, by their peculiar instinct, have been the means of rescuing hundreds of buried sheep. The snow drift sometimes covers the sheep beyond reach of the shepherd's snow poles; still, the dog detects their whereabouts. A dog has never been known to acquire the valuable gift which renders him a sheep finder, except when young. Mr. Dickinson gives a case in his "Farming of Cumberland," where a dog named Sheep was released, under the detecting nose of a young dog—almost certainly a Scotch collie—run upon the spot, while the older dogs stood listlessly by, leaving the honor of pointing out the sheep entirely to him. In the Martmas snowfall of 1867, being the heaviest of the present century, a flock of 400 hounds were sent out to find sheep buried in the snow. In recovering they had been turned upon the common "out-field" late in the evening, and overtaken by the sudden snowstorm from the sheltered portions of their run. Darkness came on, and the snow falling heavily, the flock was taken at disadvantage, and almost all of the sheep covered up beneath the walls of snow. Doisting from his gambols, he took a serious interest in a west was going on, smelling the ends of the probing poles and snuffing at the holes made. He was very properly left alone, so that his attention might be directed, and the final result of his patient puzzling as to the object of the operations was that the light broke suddenly upon him, and he commenced scratching eagerly in the snow.

He had at once become a sheep finder: and while the older dogs stood upon the snow, he dug out the sheep buried, barking and howling with delight at every release of the endangered Herdicks. The sheep lay generally in clusters, five or six together, and at each fresh recovery of a buried sheep of the kind the dog would scratch expertly at the ends of the walls of snow. In some cases he would be sent to find sheep buried in the snow. In recovering they had been turned upon the common "out-field" late in the evening, and overtaken by the sudden snowstorm from the sheltered portions of their run. Darkness came on, and the snow falling heavily, the flock was taken at disadvantage, and almost all of the sheep covered up beneath the walls of snow. Doisting from his gambols, he took a serious interest in a west was going on, smelling the ends of the probing poles and snuffing at the holes made. He was very properly left alone, so that his attention might be directed, and the final result of his patient puzzling as to the object of the operations was that the light broke suddenly upon him, and he commenced scratching eagerly in the snow.

exhaustion of the persons engaged, two hundred sheep had been extracted alive. On the following day, with the aid of the young dog, others were extracted—some living, many dead. At length all were extracted, but the last sheep did not come to light until the fourth day. It is recorded that the dog was sent to dig beneath a furze bush, or whin, as the plant is called in Cumberland, supporting life on the scanty herbage of this shrub.

The losses in Cumberland on the occasion of that dreadful storm were terrible, though they were very much mitigated by the aid of those farmers who possessed dogs endowed with the gift of "marking." The same shepherd indeed showed his intelligence in marking time as well as sheep. His master went constantly to the parish church, which was about a mile distant, and as constantly returned, so that the sheep were never in any particular spot, or third part of the distance home.

Another Cumberland shepherd acquired the power of retraining his master's sheep from the rising tide. Hesthorn Marsh, near Manchester Castle, is usually covered twice a day by the tide, and the slatp sheep deposited on it, with higher ground to retire to, if they had only possessed a grain of sense, were sometimes surprised and confounded by the tide. The dog's services were there required for the rescue, and thus he learned to avoid the expenditure of time and trouble by clearing the marsh of his own accord, by the rising of the tide. Mr. Walker of Gull, near Hesthorn, possessed a dog and a bull, the last-named creature being so unruly that he could not be ventured out to water without the strict guardianship of the dog. In the absence of the colley the bull was nearly taken out, and even so the dog's command was obeyed so thoroughly was he aware of it, that he never allowed wandering on the road. The bull was constrained to travel in a straight line, not swerving in the least. At the drinking place the thirsty animal would plunge his nose in the water, and the dog would sit on a stone near the water, and would not allow a young dog to drink. The letter had to satisfy his thirst at a single draught, for the moment he lifted his head home he must go, whether he had done or not.

Herdicks show much cunning in baffling an ill-trained dog. All goes well so long as the ground is easy for driving, but at the first opportunity some of the sheep, on one side or the other, will break away. The dog endeavors to head them, and in doing so they are still away in other directions, till the flock entirely breaks loose and nearly takes out a driver. Dog come on the scene, and the presence of the master spirit is soon discovered; the sheep are speedily subdued and brought to order. All difficulties in driving vanish in his presence. The wildest sheep, placed under his charge, know by instinct immediately that they must succumb, be they ever so numerous.

It is not surprising that the shepherds of Cumberland value their dogs. "He who strikes my dog strikes me," said one of them. The landlady of an inn told me that she found a sheepdog in her yard eating a leg of mutton. The dog was bit out with a certain amount of force, and was sent to the pound. The dog was bit out, but the herd was so offended that he never again entered her house. Cumberland shepherds have sometimes refused large offers for valuable dogs.—London Field.

ATTENTION! FOWLER'S VICTIMS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Noticing numerous articles in the FOREST AND STREAM in relation to the celebrated Connecticut dog dealer, Fowler, alias Cheater, alias Gleason, etc., I report as one of the deluded. Prior to his trip South, I bargained and paid him for a No. 1 pointer, and he was not to be had. I was disappointed, but he was not to be had and returned and announced business at the old stand of Fowler & Co., I proceeded to the land of wooden utensils, had the young man arrested, examined and bound over to appear at the next term of the Supreme Court.

We urge all victims of Fowler's rascality to apply to Mr. Burtford, who is ready to furnish him all possible assistance in giving the young man his dues.

No. 201 Madison ave., Albany, N. Y.

THE MILLY-WOODSON TROUBLE.—LANCASTER, Pa., Oct. 14. Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your paper of the 13th inst. a letter about me, written by A. E. Woodson. I will give you our full dealings from beginning to end. In the fall of 1880 I received a letter from Mr. A. E. Woodson, Fort Laramie, Wyo. Ter., in which he requested me to sell him a dog, and he offered me \$50 on terms, but offered to send the dog C. O. D., provided he deposited the amount of express charges with the express agent. This he refused to do, and our correspondence ended. In the spring of 1881 I received a dispatch from him offering me \$150 for Gipsy Queen and Robin Hood. Gipsy I had advertised at \$125 and Robin at \$50. Gipsy I would not have sold to any one for one cent less, as she was in whelp. However, I made up my mind to let him have them, putting Gipsy in at her price and billing Robin Hood in at \$125. I telegraphed him to pay me \$150, but he refused to pay \$50, but he had sent the money to my banker. I waited on it, and finally it came, \$150, but as yet no money for the first dog, Royal. I at once had a large, light crane made, and shipped both Gipsy and Robin to him, directed to him, as he requested me to do, to his friend in Cheyenne. He wrote to me that he was in good condition, and I also sent along about thirty pounds of prepared food. I now was waiting for the money for Royal. Finally, fifteen days after the dispatch, his letter reached me, and contained an order on the bank for \$150, and I cut off by this time my mind. I was not satisfied with this, and I once wrote to him to ship both dogs back at once, and I would pay one-half expenses to get them back. He wrote he would keep them until they got over their journey, and he could tell better, but did not think I would suit him as his friend was in Cheyenne. He wrote to me that he was in good condition with Gipsy Queen, and that he would keep her, as he could do well with her puppies, but Robin Hood he would send back, and he demanded \$50 of me, which I refused to give, but told him to ship both dogs back, and I would send him the \$50. He refused to do so, and I demanded \$25, which is all he paid me for Robin, however. Robin came back, and I paid one-half expenses for the express charges. I then received a letter from him, stating I should not send any money until I heard further. Not being satisfied with this, I wrote to him to send me the amount I owed him. Some days after I received notice from my banker of a draft being there to the amount of \$43.60. I refused it, and drew one up myself for \$25, and sent it to him. I never received a letter from him whether he received it or not. Some few weeks ago I received

F. H. L., Rock Hill.—Will you please tell me what I can do for my eleven-month old Llewellyn setter? He has been poor ever since he was four months old. Can't get him to eat anything out raw meat, (he seems to prefer fish to anything else). I have treated him for worms but he does not improve. Gave him during the last five months: oil and turpentine, ground glass, worm oil and castor oil. He slobbers at the mouth a great deal and his mouth is very offensive. He seems to have plenty of life, but is very thin and poor. His nose is in good condition, cold and moist. I have given him four or five times a day for thirty days and could see no improvement. Ans. We fear that the powerful medicine you have given has seriously impaired his stomach. We should advise a generous diet with plenty of exercise and not a particle of medicine. See answer to W. F. B. in last week's issue.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S MOUNTAINS.

IN his address before the New Hampshire Game and Fish League at its last meeting, Rev. Henry Powers spoke as follows regarding the resources which the State possessed in her mountains:

New Hampshire, by nature and by position among the States of the Union, is most uniquely and most admirably fitted to become the summer sanitarium and the pleasure ground of the nation, for she holds within her borders, as they cannot be found elsewhere, all the essential elements and advantages that are required for the making of such a sanitarium. She has for it, if not for general agriculture, the right soil and climate and scenery; lofty mountains and forest-covered hills, and beautiful lakes and rivers and valleys, and clear running streams and brooks. She has all the installations and appliances and products of the most advanced civilization and she is in the immediate neighborhood of, or in close connection with, by steamboat and railroad car, and telegraph and telephone, all the great centers of wealth and agriculture and population in the land. That such a sanitarium is needed by the people of our country is more and more apparent every year; that New Hampshire is marked out by a sort of natural fore-ordination to become such a sanitarium is fast growing to be the opinion of every section of the nation; that the people of New Hampshire are able to utilize their resources and their opportunities in this direction, and to an extent that they have scarcely dreamed of, is the firm persuasion of the best, the wisest and the most enterprising of their number, and that the prosperity of our rugged little State will depend very largely in all the coming time upon all her people sharing in this persuasion with them is the strong conviction which possesses my own soul, and which I would now impart, to your souls if it be not lodged there already.

The summer sanitarium of America. What is that? It is a place to which all sorts and kinds of men can go when they are sick or tired, or hungry for a sight of the fields and woods and mountains, or have a desire simply to change the customary surroundings and employments of their every-day existence in order that they may find that rest and comfort for the body, that peace and quiet for the spirit, and that new zest for all the things of life which shall henceforth have power to make them young and strong again. Such a place as this cannot be made by man alone; it must be shaped of God originally, and made grand and beautiful as well as useful to all His sentient creatures, through the mingling of all the primal elements of His visible creation.

But nature is at her best here in New Hampshire. All that the Great Architect of the universe could do most graciously to render our State attractive to the dwellers in every land He certainly has done. For scenes of simple beauty and variegated loveliness, alternating with the wildest sublimity, New Hampshire may well compare with the most celebrated resorts of Europe; hence we believe 'the time is not very remote,' says Prof. Sanborn, 'when the tide of European travel, like "the course of empire," westward shall take its way, and the valleys and pinnacles of our familiar mountains will echo with strange tongues, and become populous with visitors from the old world.' In my judgment, however, this time will never come until the people of New Hampshire shall have resolved to do their best for the development and the improvement of all these wondrous gifts. First, God must work, and then man, and the true sanitarium of America will be this bit of nature cultivated and transfigured until it shall form a fitting part of that nobler Eden of the coming time.

Do you inquire, then, how this transfiguration shall ever be brought about? The process is simple, and very practicable. Remembering that 'the physical basis of life' must be the first thing thought of, build roads and turnpikes around the lonely mountains, and hotels and boarding-houses in all the places where they are required; cover the denuded hills with forests; plant shade-trees in the villages and by the roadside, and lay out parks and pleasure grounds in all the cities and larger towns; fill the woods with game, the rivers and streams with fish, and the fields and gardens with beautiful shrubs and flowers. Let the Government of the State assist in this great work of upbuilding, and the people of the State be urged to invest their labor and their surplus earnings in private and public village and town improvements. Let the churches be repaired, the schools enlarged and multiplied, and all our people taught that their pecuniary as well as their other interests, are involved in these and such like changes, and the thing is done.

But, do you ask again, is it certain that New Hampshire can regain her lost prosperity in this way?—can increase her population and wealth, and improve the quality of her citizenship by efforts of this sort? Yes; for it has been done in the Republic of Switzerland, for example, in Europe. Switzerland, some years ago, found herself in much the same condition that New Hampshire was a generation since. She was losing wealth and losing population, and her ruin seemed inevitable at no very distant day. So the leaders of her different cantons came together in council and discussed the situation. The result was, they resolved unanimously that the Government of Switzerland should be requested to enter into partnership with the Alps, and that it should henceforth try to make them the foundation of the national prosperity. The Republic of Switzerland listened to this request. The government built roads and bridges and laid out many improvements. The people put up guest-houses, adorned their villages, and made the whole country as agreeable to strangers as they possibly could, and to-day there is no part of Europe making more rapid advances than this little commonwealth among the mountains.

Will it, may, then, to develop in like fashion the natural resources of New Hampshire? Why, gentlemen, it is pay-

ing already, and in dollars and cents, as no other business among us is paying. During the first quarter of this century the number of visitors to the White Mountains averaged about twelve each year. In 1860, Starr King tells us that 'not less than 5,000 persons make the ascent of Mount Washington every summer by the bridge paths.' It was estimated at the Summit House last summer that about 12,000 persons visited Mount Washington during the season, some 10,000 of whom went up by the railroad, and this is the way the stream of travel, now running toward our State, is rapidly swelling from year to year. More than \$4,000,000, it is thought, were brought into New Hampshire by the people who came here last season, a very much larger sum than was ever realized before. If, then, it be remembered that the profits of this traffic remain for the most part with us, and that by it a home market is created for all our farm and garden products, we shall not be surprised to learn that the number of abandoned homesteads is beginning to be diminished, and that our farmers' sons and daughters are less inclined to emigrate than formerly. And then, besides all this, there are men of New Hampshire birth who have made their fortunes in other parts of the world, that are now returning in constantly increasing numbers to their childhood homes that they may live in them the remainder of their days, and these men are ready to spend their wealth most generously in beautifying and adorning these homes, around which their earliest affections are clustered. The change for the better, therefore, in all those parts of our State which have been reached and watered by this Nile of travel, is quite marked already, and there is no reason to suppose that its limits have been attained as yet. Doubtless this stream of travel will increase continually, and the benefits also which flow from it will increase as the years roll on.

But it is time to say a word or two concerning the part which the members of this league should take in this effort to make New Hampshire a summer sanitarium. It is not too much to affirm, perhaps, that if there were no game in our woods and no fish in our streams, then the visitors we are the most desirous of securing, because they would help us the most in this effort at upbuilding, would not be so ready to come into our State. The fact is, that hunting and fishing are peculiarly the sports of gentlemen, for the conditions of their pursuit are uniformly fresh air, fine scenery, the exercise of skill and energy in mind and body, and loving communion with the works of nature. 'None are so able,' says Col. Theo. Lyman, 'to cope with great affairs, as those who on fitting occasion can take dog and gun and tramp all day long through the autumn covers, or wade a trout-brook of a June morning. Such are the English gentlemen who make laws in Parliament: such was Daniel Webster, and such would have been Horace Greeley, if he had not made the fatal mistake of "waiting forty years to go fishing." The special duty, then, of the members of this league is to do what they can to make these noble and delightful sports both universal and profitable in New Hampshire; to create a popular opinion, if possible, that shall be favorable to their pursuit; and also to secure the active and hearty co-operation with them of all our people in the endeavor to stock our fields and woods and lakes and rivers and brooks with the objects of the sportsman's delight.

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

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(Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1891, p. 448.)
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Open only to members of the Association, and each entry to be handled by the owner. First prize, a piece of plate, \$100; second, silver cup, presented by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, \$50. Entrance \$5, to be paid at time of nomination. A special prize of \$50, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, is set out for the best red Irish setter competing in the trials. All entries close 9 o'clock A. M. Dec. 5, 1881.

J. PALMER O'NEIL, Pres't.

L. R. STANTON, Secretary, 67 Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address after Dec. 1, Grand Junction, Tenn.

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FOR SALE, a beautiful litter of pointer puppies, 7 to 10 days on game; of Ivy II, born 1878; very handsome, blue Belton; Kate and Clara, blue and lemon Belton, 18 months old, by Roscoe out of Armina, sister to Yearling's Countess. Just right for trial. For full pedigree and particulars address F. A. DIFFENDERFER, is Sulphur St., Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 27-81

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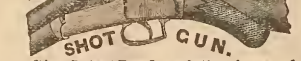
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Train 50. Leaves New York 7:50 a. m. Philadelphia 7:45 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives Richmond 7:25 p. m. Danville 7:53 p. m. Charlotte 12:53 p. m. Atlanta 10:35 a. m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 42. Leaves New York 7:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:15 a. m. Baltimore 7:10 a. m. Arrives Richmond 7:00 p. m. Danville 7:26 a. m. There connects with No. 49 below. Pullman Cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects daily, except Sunday, from Baltimore at 4:00 p. m. for YORKTOWN direct via York River Line, thence via West Point to Richmond and connecting there with Trains 20 and 48.

Train 42. Leaves New York 13:40 p. m. Philadelphia 15:45 p. m. Baltimore 15:50 p. m. Arrives at Lynchburg 4:50 a. m. Lynchburg 7:20 p. m. Danville 1:00 p. m. Atlanta 12:00 p. m. Macon 6:30 a. m. Montgomery 7:45 a. m. New Orleans 10:00 p. m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p. m. and Augusta 10:15 p. m. Savannah 7:45 p. m. Jacksonville 7:45 a. m.

Train 45. Leaves New York 7:00 p. m. Philadelphia 7:15 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a. m. Lynchburg 7:20 p. m. Danville 7:55 p. m. Charlotte 12:30 p. m. Atlanta 12:20 p. m. Macon 7:35 a. m. Montgomery 8:30 p. m. Memphis 6:30 p. m. New Orleans 10:00 a. m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line. Train 41. Leaves New York 7:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:45 a. m. Baltimore 7:55 a. m. Arrives at Richmond 7:25 p. m. Wilmington 7:15 p. m. Charleston 7:00 p. m. Savannah 7:30 p. m. Jacksonville 7:30 p. m. Pullman Sleepers Myrtle, Va. to Charleston.

Train 48. Leaves New York 10:00 a. m. V. Philadelphia 11:15 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a. m. Wilmington 7:45 p. m. Charleston 7:30 a. m. Savannah 12:30 p. m. Jacksonville 7:30 a. m. Macon 6:45 p. m. Savannah 7:45 p. m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a. m. Pullman Sleeping Cars Weldon to Charleston Connects at Old Point, Va., 7:00 a. m. daily, except Sunday, with Oceanic Line for YORKTOWN.

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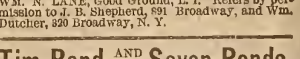
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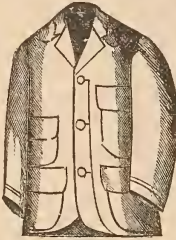
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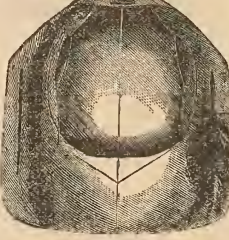
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ROD AND GUN

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 14.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 3.

JOHN ALLEN BANKS.

IT is with deep sorrow that we here record the untimely death of a companion, who had for many years been associated with us in the work of this office. John Allen Banks, the eldest son of Thaddeus C. Banks, Business Manager of this journal, died at his residence in Brooklyn, last Saturday morning, October 29, aged thirty-one years. During his long connection with the FOREST AND STREAM, as its cashier, he made very many friends, who will here for the first time learn the sad tidings of his death.

Words are cold to express in any fitting manner our own grief at the loss of one who had become so endeared to us by the kindly intercourse of business and social life. His faithful discharge of duty, and his high character and strict integrity commanded the respect of all men with whom he came in contact; while his quiet, unassuming disposition, and gentle and courteous bearing won the esteem and love of those who knew him more intimately.

If the possession of such a character by those who are mourned can in aught temper the grief of bereaved friends, surely this comfort is left to those who are to-day sorrowing for the death of John Allen Banks.

The memory of our friend will hold a warm place in our hearts.

THE ONLY HONEST COURSE.

AMONG the letters, which we print to-day on the subject of State pigeon tournaments, is one from a member of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. Its writer, who has taken an active part in recent conventions of the association, and whose views we invited because we believed them to be representative, says that he does not consider game protection "a matter of so much consequence that annual conventions are necessary to its success." He admits that nine-tenths of the members of the association attend the meetings for the trap-shooting; and he thinks that "the cause of game protection does not receive much assistance from the annual meetings."

That is frank, free, honest. It undoubtedly correctly represents the views of very many of the society members; and the writer puts his feelings in a manly, open way, in strong contrast with some of the letters we have published in the past from other members of the association, holding the same opinions, but lacking the courage to express them.

The letter signed E. R. may be taken as representing the true feeling of the great majority of the members of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. They attend the conventions for pigeon shooting only, and do not think the subject of game protection to be of such importance that they need bother their heads about it. The other letters on this subject show how those who really are engaged in game protective efforts regard such societies.

From the letter of E. R., and from other letters of like tenor, sent to us by other members of the association, but "not for publication," we are reluctantly compelled to believe that the cause of game protection will, in the future, have little or no attention from the society in question. This being the case, one thing is certainly in order. A society which is ostensibly organized for one thing, and does something else, should be honest enough to have its true purpose appear in its name. This much at least is due to those who are in fact doing the work it ignores. A civil service reform club, which should spend all its energies in wire-pulling for public offices for its members, would not only at once lose the confidence of the public, but would work incalculable injury to the cause of civil service reform. A game protective club, which does nothing but annually shoot thousands of pigeons, not only destroys public confidence in the sincerity of its pretensions, but works great harm to the cause of game protection in general. Simple justice to the great body of sportsmen throughout this country imperatively demands that pigeon shooting societies call themselves pigeon shooting societies; and that the title of game protective society be confined to game protective societies.

This is surely the only manly, honest and just thing.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

THE practice of pistol shooting has received a wonderful impulse of late, and now the works where the finer grade of these firearms are turned out are crowded with orders. Accurate shooting with a pistol may be indulged in almost anywhere. A range of 50 feet is readily gained and a sheet of ordinary iron boiler plate, or even a backing of planking forms an admirable bulkhead into which to fire and on which to nail up the target. These may be the cheap paper diagrams or the sport may be varied by using any small object for a point of aim, and we know of no better use for a "ten-spot" than to set it up as a target to pick out the spots in 10 consecutive shots. The sport may be indulged in by old and young and by either sex. Ladies are often the best hitters, and while they make poor holders, as a general rule, they excel in a knack of catching the sight and pulling the trigger at the same instant, and in this way a very nervous person will often do very fine scoring.

The pastime is a comparatively cheap one, for the .23 cal. cartridges are now made so accurate and are so uniform in action that they may be relied upon by the most fastidious marksman. There is no sport so well calculated to develop a number of excellent qualities. The least relapse into dissipation at once works its effect in irregular shooting, and the shooter in the best physical condition, other things being equal, must win. It is an excellent test of the eyesight and

accustoms one to a quick fixing of the attention on a distant object. There must be a perfect control of the muscles and that ready relation between the eye, hand and brain which will be found serviceable in a thousand ways.

Those who have once taken up pistol shooting, and gained a clear idea of how to do it, rarely abandon the pastime. They become enthusiasts, and the sport is to them a hobby. They love to look upon the handsome little weapon as the synonym of exactness. They learn to know that, when allowed to do it, the pistol will work with the accuracy of a mathematical instrument, and this begets a love for it. We have stories of old hunters swearing by their long-toms, and old duellists and those accustomed to the use of the smaller arm become equally confident of its powers and precision.

In speaking of pistol shooting we do not wish to be understood as regarding those pesky little fomenters of lock-jaw, cheap-made "revolvers." These little instruments of death and devilment are whacked out at a single blow under the trip-hammer, and their only speciality, in which they are unexcelled, is the amount of noise they will kick up. A pistol to shoot with accuracy must be made with special reference to that point, and the ordinary cheap revolver is made with the single idea of getting up the showiest looking device for the least money. They are not weapons of offense or defense in any way, but merely dangerous devices, a constant menace to every body in their vicinity, and if in any way they could be stamped out of existence it would be a great boon. Fine work, or in fact work of any kind worth the pursuit, cannot be done with these instruments, and they are never seen in the resorts of the pistol-shooting experts. In future articles we shall give instructions in pistol shooting, describe the weapons used, quote past doings in scores and records, and try to measure the extent of this very popular pastime.

THE ATALANTA.

THERE is considerable difference between a good boat and a very good boat. The former represents an average production, the latter an exceptional. The Atlanta is a good boat, but in our judgment nothing more. It would be most agreeable to receive a stranger with open arms, and exclamations of surprise and admiration, but a regard for reputation as a good judge of yachts compels us to place the Atlanta only in the class of good boats of which fair performance may be expected, and which would certainly astonish us with an exhibition of extraordinary speed. The Canadians have shown a most commendable spirit of enterprise in sending a sloop from Belleville to race boats of a particular type which have been brought to greater perfection in New York than anywhere else in the world. They have contended bravely with many difficulties in so doing, but facts must be looked squarely in the face. These are that the Atlanta is more or less a chance production, the first large sloop ever put in frame by Cuthbert, but the third of anything like her tonnage. She has been built, rigged and fitted hastily. She is still incomplete, has had no fair opportunity of obtaining best trim, her sails are unstretched, gear all stiff and new, and the crew unacquainted with each other and the course they have to sail. On our side we have the pick of a large fleet, slowly brought near perfection by numerous opportunities for comparison, and the consequent modifications in successive attempts at modeling or alteration. Our sloops are in the best of condition, their crews have shaken down to their billets, skippers are well posted, sails comparatively flat, gear in good working order and the choice of representative boat not to be decided until the morning of the first race. Even assuming the model of Atlanta to be as perfect as the best we can produce, she has taken upon herself such heavy odds in other respects, that her opportunities for victory seem to be of a most doubtful kind. Atlanta is, however, to our mind not the equal in model of either Gracie or Mischief, and we must confess we deem our friends doomed to serious disappointment, for the chances of her taking the America Cup are practically hopeless, bar accident and fluke. If in spite of these predictions, the Canadian should prove able to "squander" our best, we will frankly acknowledge that we have more to learn about a yacht than hitherto believed, and we shall be chary in the future about an expression based, as this one of necessity is, upon a casual inspection of form and fittings.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN BIRDS.

U. S. S. SWATARA, Shanghai, May 25.

My Dear Captain:

An idea strikes me, by which, perhaps, we can render considerable service to the sportsman at home and also add to our own resources for amusement when on shore duty.

Consul-General Denny, here at Shanghai, is very much interested in the importation into America of game birds, and has already, at his own expense, sent over nearly a hundred brace of the Asiatic pheasant, which have been turned adrift in Oregon (his own State) and California. He is very anxious to continue this good work on a larger scale, but lacks the means to do it properly.

I believe there are some twenty odd varieties of the pheasant in China and most of them can be readily procured here in Shanghai. Of course the prices vary, the cheapest being the common ring-necked variety, costing perhaps one dollar per pair. Another beautiful game bird is the so-called Chefoo partridge, red-legged and red-billed, with black and white stripes on the sides. I have killed the same thing, minus the stripes, in Asia Minor. There is also the sand grouse, several varieties of snipe and woodcock, such as we never see at home, and, perhaps, of less importance, large numbers of the waterfowl species. I think, though, the mandarin duck, which you undoubtedly remember, would be a valuable acquisition, if only for his beautiful plumage.

Mr. Denny says he can have birds shipped as far as San Francisco free of charge, at least he has succeeded in doing so to this time, the captains of trans-Pacific steamers being amiable and public-spirited; but I doubt if this will hold good for much future work. He also says a good-natured gentleman in San Francisco, connected with the U. S. Fish Commission, will undertake to have them forwarded East free of charge by the Pacific railways. There remains then to be paid for the birds themselves, their food and the cages for their long journey.

What I propose is, that the sporting community in general be informed of these facts through the FOREST AND STREAM, and some plan be devised by which Consul-General Denny's gratuitously-offered services may be utilized. I may assure you here that he is a thorough sportsman himself and is only actuated by a desire to increase our home production of sport.

The FOREST AND STREAM is probably read in every gun club in the country, and I believe a subscription started under its auspices for such a purpose would have a great success. Certainly all true sportsmen would respond, for we have very few varieties of game birds in America, comparatively speaking.

The Japanese game birds are also within Mr. Denny's reach, now that there is such constant intercourse with Nagasaki, and we might add to my list the grouse and copper pheasant, which, I believe, are only found there, and the so-styled giant woodcock. Of the latter I killed a specimen last fall near Tokio which weighed, unpressed, 12½ ounces. I have also on board a stuffed copper cock, which I killed near Kobe in February last, the two tail feathers of which measure thirty-six inches. I assure you that these birds, in rising, give one an emotion such as our little quail or ruffed grouse rarely fail to produce, and it is merely a matter of association to secure for all line sport such as the fraternity wit not of in America.

The argument that these birds will not stand our climate is absurd. They are found in Japan from the Straits of Lacerone to Kagoshima and in China from Tartary to Canton.

Very truly yours,

W. W. FOLGER.

The above letter, addressed to Capt. L. A. Beardslee, was by him handed to us for publication.

We in America have never taken any decided step toward the acclimation of animals foreign to our continent, although a few spasmodic efforts have been made in the right direction, and one or two societies have been organized. Most of the attempts that have been made have resulted in nothing permanent. In fact, have almost fallen stillborn, and this mainly because they have been the efforts merely of individuals. The attempt to naturalize here the quail of Europe has been one of the most important steps that has been taken, if we except the introduction of Pacific Coast fishes into the waters flowing into the Atlantic. Neither of these attempts have so far proved successful. The quail bred beyond question, but whether they found in America some enemy to which they were unaccustomed, and which proved too powerful for them, or failed to discover here some food which was essential to their well being, or were unable to withstand the climatic conditions so different from those of Europe—whatever the cause they do not seem to have flourished, and are heard from far less frequently than should be the case if they were doing well. As for the California salmon, of which so many millions have been introduced into our Eastern waters, they have so far as is now known wholly failed to reappear. They are hardy, can support a high degree of temperature, are easily reared up to the time when they are turned out, but still of all those placed in streams connecting with salt water not one has been reported.

This is not an encouraging prospect, but there is a brighter side to the picture. Thus the California and eastern quail transferred from the widely separated homes to Salt Lake City and its vicinity, both seem to have done well and to be increasing in numbers. The English sparrow, introduced here and protected, has multiplied beyond the wildest hopes of its strongest friends and, in fact, has become an unmitigated nuisance. But with this sole exception, of all the European species freed on this side of the water scarcely anything is known, if we except the few specimens that have been brought into the taxidermists for identification. Skylarks, starlings, blackbirds and finches have all disappeared. A number of Asiatic birds have from time to time been imported to California, and are said to have done well, but unfortunately we lack any very definite information with regard to them. That many species of the Chinese and Japanese pheasants and partridges would do well on the Pacific coast seems extremely probable. There is such a

variety of climate there, that a locality suited to the wants of each species could without difficulty be found. One that loves desert wastes can be turned out near the sea coast to wander over the brown plains and the sand dunes; a forest inhabiting bird can be taken to the lower slopes of the mountains where the manzanita, the chapparal and the pine timber grow; another, accustomed to the cold and snows of the North, can have its liberty given it high up on the Sierras, where the climate most nearly resembles that of its native home. The habits of each species that is imported must be investigated so that an intelligent discretion may be exercised in liberating the birds. If this is not done, the labor and money spent to forward the project will be wasted. A fact well worthy of consideration in connection with the subject of importing such birds as are above referred to, is the immunity which tree-inhabiting game has from many predacious animals. Those birds which habitually pass the night on the ground are exposed to a multitude of perils from which those which roost in trees are exempted. Other things being equal, therefore, it would seem desirable to procure species which are perchers.

As to the probable cost of importing and successfully acclimating the different species of Japanese game, but little can be said at present. It is essential, however, that the species on which it shall be thought best to experiment should be brought over in numbers sufficient to insure, with reasonable care, the survival of a number of individuals for at least a year, so that they may have time to breed and to rear their young. The importation of ten or twenty pairs would only serve to furnish a free lunch to the foxes, wildcats, hawks and owls of the districts where the birds were turned out, and it is scarcely worth while to spend money and time for that purpose. To make such importations as would be necessary to insure success, to give the birds proper care and food for a few weeks after their arrival, to protect them as far as may be necessary from the ravages of winged, quadruped and bipedal enemies will cost some money; probably not less than one or two thousand dollars. With such an amount in hand we believe that the enterprise might be undertaken with fair prospects of success. We should be glad to see the experiment tried and to assist, so far as in our power, to carry it out. Can any of our readers tell us more about the birds spoken of in Lieut. Folger's letter?

ENGLISH FLY-CASTING TOURNAMENT

THE first contest of this kind ever held in England was advertised to come off on Oct. 22, weather permitting. It has been gotten up by Mr. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, in aid of the funds of the Anglers' Benevolent Association. The grounds are Mr. Warner's Welsh Harp Fishery, Hendon, on the Midland Railway. The charge for admission to the grounds will be sixpence. The judges are J. P. Wheldon, of *Bell's Life*, and Alfred Jardine. The *Fishing Gazette* of Oct. 15 says that the final arrangement of the competitions is not yet definitely settled, but the following may be considered a general outline of the programme:

A prize for the longest cast with a double-handed fly rod.
A prize for the longest cast with a single-handed fly rod.
A prize for the longest cast from the reel, in the Nottingham style.

A prize for the longest cast with the line coiled at the feet, in the Thames style.

A prize for the longest cast with the forked stick, as practiced by the Welsh Harp, Elstree, and other bank anglers.

A prize for the longest cast with unweighted line baited with paste or cheese.

Other competitions will doubtless be arranged.
The judges will consider style of delivery of the flies or bait, and accuracy, as well as distance, and for this purpose the following scale of 100 points will be adopted:

| | |
|--|----|
| Distance across the wind..... | 20 |
| Distance with the wind..... | 20 |
| Style of delivery of flies and bait..... | 30 |
| Accuracy..... | 30 |

Competitors will be allowed to use their own rods, reels and lines, and, as some allowance will have to be made for length of rod, the American scale per foot will probably be adopted. The entrance fee for competitors will be fixed according to the value of the prize to be cast for, but will not exceed half-a-crown (about sixty cents). Competitors will stand on a tarpaulin, a fixed time being allowed in which to make the casts.

A number of valuable prizes are offered, Mr. Marston, of the *Fishing Gazette*, and S. Alcock & Co., of Redditch, heading the list with valuable rods. We hope that this first contest will be such a success that it will be repeated, for on this side of the water we recognize it as one of the most beautiful arts and a school for the youthful angler, who can then see the experts from all parts of the country and compare their styles. We will keep our eye out for the reports of this meeting.

"GUIDES."—In going into the country for a day's sport with rod and gun, use common sense in employing a guide—if one is needed. Do not pick up the average grocery store loafer and station hanger-on. These gentry are often most eager to serve, but in nice cases out of ten, as "guides" they are frauds. Give them a wide berth.

RUST IN GUN BARRELS.—A number of communications on this subject are postponed until our next issue.

MATCH CONDITIONS.

EVERY week we are called upon to act as arbiter in disputes over matches. The same knots are again and again unraveled, and yet riflemen and trap-shooters, yachtsmen and dog-owners go on drawing up slovenly conditions and preparing the way for future entanglements. It would seem that all the possibilities of confusion have by this time been discovered and mapped out, and all the loopholes of misunderstanding detected, but such is not the fact. The American eup in yachting circles has been lost in a continual fog of interpretations, and the "Palma" among the shooting men has been enveloped in a smoky atmosphere of explanations and amendments. There is a loose use of language and a desire to sacrifice perspicuity and exactness for the sake of brevity. Donors of prizes say one thing and mean another, and with a prize dangling within reach a competitor is apt to make rash claims and insist on wry readings of the plainest language. Young clubs would do well to take the hints for their match conditions from the work of older organizations, or else fix upon some impartial Bruns to deal out decisions, if not justice, after the act.

One of the most perplexing things to the ordinary contestant is "class-shooting," as understood among those who participate in trap and target work. It seems somewhat of a paradox that a competitor who has done good work in a match should go prizeless, while another, who scored a lower record, secures a reward. Yet the loser in a "shoot-off" has a chance of winning, and if he misses that opportunity it surely does not give him any claim of precedence over another possible prize winner who took no part in the "tie-shooting."

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.—The interests of farmers and decent sportsmen are identical. It is for the benefit of both that lawless ruffians, armed with impudence and shot-guns, should be suppressed. Scores of shooters, who in the cities and towns where they live are law-abiding because of their fear of the police, go out every season, and between seasons, trespassing on the farmers' lands, breaking down his fences, peppering his live stock with shot, shooting his pigeons and poultry, and conducting themselves generally in a manner that ought to land them in the State prison. This pestiferous horde is yearly increasing. The respectable portion of society may well ask if there is any remedy for this evil, and what that remedy is?

WHAT QUAIL ARE WORTH.—The value of these birds in the markets is often very slight, being from ten to twenty-five cents; their value while alive to the farmer is much greater. It has been claimed by a practical farmer that every quail raised on his land, from the time it is hatched until the winter following, is worth at least one dollar. In other words he believes that the insects which the bird destroys in this time would, if not interfered with, destroy crops to the value of a dollar. We believe that this is an under estimate of the direct benefit derived from the birds, and, of course, if the progeny of the insects destroyed were taken into account, the value of the quail's services would be enhanced many fold. Let farmers protect the quail.

LIVE QUAIL FOR STOCKING PURPOSES.—We are informed by Messrs. Ryall and Ledbetter, of Shelbyville, Tenn., that they can supply live quail for \$2 per dozen. Mr. W. W. McDowell, of Memphis, Tenn., also writes that he can perhaps secure some birds. We have ordered a number of quail for the Walla Walla, Washington Territory, sportsmen, who will attempt to introduce Bob White to that country. We advise those desiring birds to speak quick. As will be learned from a correspondent's note elsewhere, quail may be lawfully trapped in some parts of Virginia.

GREY VIRGINIANUS IN IDAHO.—Several years ago the Virginia quail was introduced near Boise City, Idaho, and since that time the birds have multiplied so rapidly that the coveys now are as large and as numerous as are often seen in the East. The success of this effort has induced the sportsmen of this region to consider the project of introducing the pinnated grouse, and it is probable that if the birds can be obtained the experiment will be tried with fair prospects of success.

A MICHIGAN DEER HUNT.—Messrs. D. N. Fitzhugh, of Bay City; H. B. Roney, of East Saginaw, and other members of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, are now in the woods on a deer hunt. These affairs are always of the most thoroughly enjoyable character the participants aiming to make them social reunions. Our acknowledgments are due for a kind invitation to participate in the present camp hunt. The stern call of duty bids us stay in this noisy, crowded, smoke-begrimed, mud-paved, brick-walled, drizzle-drenched metropolis.

THE "CRUELTY" OF PIGEON SHOOTING.—We intended to be very explicit in our statement that, in voicing the sentiments of the great majority of sportsmen respecting the wholesale pigeon tournaments of State societies, we were not discussing the question of cruelty or non-cruelty of pigeon shooting in itself. The point at issue is whether societies calling themselves game protective have a right by their actions to injure the very cause they profess to serve.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

SEVENTH PAPER.

WE left Victoria early one bright Friday morning for Nanaimo. Our passengers might have been termed a mixed lot, and the hum of conversation that rose from the decks was euphatically polyglot. English, Irish, Scotch, French and Americans gathered on the upper deck, and Siwash and Chinamen, with a negro or two on the lower. Steaming by the island, yellow with ripened grass, and dotted with clumps of evergreens and patches of bare, gray rock, we startle from their feeding grounds many a flock of the pigeon guillemots, which with much noise and splashing take wing, or if they have delayed too long, and find the steamer too close upon them seek safety beneath the water's surface, whence they do not emerge until we are far beyond them. Here and there, as we move swiftly along, the placid waters are disturbed by the smooth, shining head of a seal, which gazes curiously at the advancing boat, and then vanishes to be seen no more.

Everywhere in the water we see floating the stalks of the giant kelp of the North Pacific, the *Neorossia luteoana*. This curious plant grows everywhere along this coast, among the islands and in the inlets. Its roots are attached to any small stone or even to the sand at the bottom, and the length of the stalk may be thirty or forty feet. At its base the stem is very slender, often scarcely as thick as a quill, but it increases by a very gradual taper, until near its superior extremity it may be nearly as thick as a man's wrist. At the termination of the stem, or stalk, is a globular swelling which varies in size, but is sometimes as large as a billiard ball. From a point on this enlargement opposite its attachment to the stem, a dozen or twenty long, ribbon-like leaves are sent forth, each being from one to six inches wide, from four to six feet long and fluted or ruffled along its edge for the whole length. The plant is brown in color throughout, and from the fact that it constantly responds to the motion of the water, has an uneasy, weird look, and almost seems alive. I could never see one of these round heads with its long *chevelure* of waving leaves without thinking of a drowned woman, floating face downward in the current, her long hair streaming out before her, and rising and falling with the waves. To another of our party the spherical swelling and the drifting leaves always suggested the octopus floating near the surface, with all his tentacles drifting ahead of him with the tide. The strength and toughness of this plant is something remarkable. I have seen a large canoe held at anchor by a single stalk of the kelp. It is necessary that the strain should be applied gradually, since a sudden pull is likely either to free the stone to which the roots are attached from its holding at the bottom, or to forcibly tear them from the object to which they are fastened. The Cape Flattery Indians select the most slender stems of the kelp, and make from them fishing lines on which they catch 200-pound halibut. Some of these lines are in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. This plant frequently grows in thick beds, and the stems moving constantly in the current become after a time inextricably twisted and tangled, so that it is sometimes very difficult to force a canoe through or over them. Not infrequently they become wound about the screw of a propeller, so that it becomes impossible for it to move. The beds of the kelp form resting places for many birds of different species, and it is not unusual to see gulls and sand-pipers standing on them. Further south, off the coast of Southern California, I have often seen the great blue heron, the snowy egret, and other large birds resting, or walking about feeding on the beds of the kelp. There are two other species of seaweed which are valued by the natives of this coast, being utilized by them as food. Both grow between high and low water mark, and are bright green in color, but they differ markedly in the size of the leaf. One of these seaweeds is eaten while fresh, and the other is dried, pressed into bricks and used during the winter as an ingredient of soups and stews. On occasions of great feasts a few years back it was part of the duties of the young squaws to chew the dried seaweed until the particles were fine enough to be added to the different articles to constitute the dish, and which were already boiling in the pot. The same mode of preparation still prevails in the villages at a distance from the settlements. Near Victoria, however, the Siwashes have been educated up to the point of cutting up the dried vegetable with a pair of scissors, a tobacco cutter or a knife.

For hours we wound in and out among the islands, stopping occasionally at little settlements on the larger ones, and now and then slowing up to take on board a passenger, brought off from some little house which stood upon one of the green hillsides, half hidden among the trees. Some of these islands make excellent sheep ranges, and settlers who have gone into this business are said to have done very well at it. Deer, we were told, were abundant on almost all the larger island which are not too thickly settled. At Gabriola Island we stopped for a few moments to make a last effort to secure a steam launch which was owned by a settler there, but, owing to the fact that she had not been inspected within the year, it was impossible to make any arrangement with the owner, and we therefore returned to the steamer which waited for us in mid-channel. Reaching Nanaimo about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we hired a large canoe and two Indians, and made arrangements to start at once. Supplies were purchased; an hour or two devoted to an inspection of the coal mines, which supply fuel for the whole of British

Columbia, and send, as well a considerable quantity to San Francisco and points on Puget Sound; the Indians were ordered to be on hand at daylight next morning, and then our preparations were completed.

For the benefit of those who may contemplate a similar trip, it may be worth while to give some idea of what our outfit consisted of; it being born in mind that our party numbered seven individuals, and was provisioned for a thirty days' cruise. Our arms were two rifles, two shot guns and four revolvers. Our kitchen utensils were one axe, with spare level, one hatchet, a file, two butcher knives, three camp kettles, of different sizes so as to "nest," made of block tin with riveted handles, coffee-pot, tea pot, bake-oven, bread pan, broiler, plates, cups, knives, forks, spoons, a small breaker, or keg, in which to carry fresh water. All our mess kit except the breaker packed very conveniently in a box of moderate size, which was covered so as to be protected from the water. The cover was provided with leather hinges. For provisions we took bacon, flour (two sacks), coffee (ground in 1 lb. tins), sugar (in a box), baking powder in small tins, beans, canned tomatoes, peas, peaches and jellies, pepper and salt, bottle of vinegar, pickles, a box of hard bread and a sack of potatoes. A box similar to the one mentioned above held all our eatables that were liable to injury by water, and was always covered with a reed mat. Besides the articles mentioned we had a fly 12 feet square made of light drilling, some mosquito netting, 100 feet of rope, some fine copper wire, saddlers' silk awl and wax, a quantity of plug tobacco, candles and, of course, ammunition, flies, trolling spoons, lines, a rod, soap, matches, and the numerous small articles that so often prove useful in camp, yet do not take up much room. Each of the party was provided with a suit of oil skins, which are better than rubber because lighter, not so apt to tear, and permitting some little circulation of air.

By four o'clock the next morning we were astir, and an hour and a half later, the canoe stowed and all hands on board, we pushed off from Nanaimo and were soon gliding over the waters of Departure Bay. The morning was not especially propitious for a start. The wind blew from the south-east in gusts, and the sun rose in a loose bank of clouds which, as the day advanced, became more and more threatening. Soon it began to rain, but as the wind was fair or nearly so, we spread mats and rubber blankets over the guns and blankets, and hoisting sail, moved along at a very good rate of speed. The islands, so numerous further to the southward, had disappeared, and to windward of us the open waters of the Gulf stretched away for twenty or thirty miles, with nothing to break the force of the breeze. To the north-east Texada loomed up, showing its high peak above the fog, and as we advanced other smaller islands, Denman and Hornby, became visible. The wind, which up to noon continually increased, kicked up quite a sea, and we shipped considerable water, for the canoe was heavily loaded and sat rather low, but all propositions to reduce sail were negatived. About two o'clock the wind fell and soon after the sky cleared, and for the rest of the day we worked at the paddles under a broiling sun. The canoe, steered by Jimmy, the youngest of our Indians, followed pretty closely the sinuosities of the shore, and our progress was not as rapid as it would have been had we cut across the bays and inlets by which Vancouver Island is indented. The Siwashes like to keep close to land, partly, I presume, in order to avoid the force of the tides, and also to be near a harbor in case of the sudden coming up of a storm. Gales often arise on this piece of water without giving any warning, and a sea rises almost as soon as the wind begins to blow.

During the afternoon I noticed a great many surf and velvet ducks (*Peleonetta perspicillata* and *Melanetta velutina*) and undoubtedly both these species breed in this neighborhood. The common seal was also extremely abundant here, and we saw many fishing along the shore. About six o'clock we reached the mouth of the Quahcum River and made camp, having traveled about thirty-five miles in a direct line from Nanaimo. This spot was evidently quite a favorite landing-place for the Siwashes, and some had been there within a few days, as their recent fires, lately cut tent poles and fresh tracks clearly showed. Some little distance back from the beach was an Indian house, in which were stored four canoes. After dinner the Sergeant and I, with Hamset, the owner of the canoe, paddled quietly up the river for a mile or two, and then, coming to a riffle which we could not pass, left the craft and went on through the timber. We saw no game whatever, and just before dark returned to camp. On the way down the Sergeant succeeded in killing a female merganser (*M. merganser*), a small flock of mallards were seen and half a dozen young hooded merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*.) Six o'clock next morning saw the canoe push off, and emerge from the mouth of the Quahcum. The day was bright and pleasant, with light winds which were at times fair and at others contrary. We worked pretty steadily through the day, and made about thirty miles by 4 o'clock, when we camped at Comox Spit two or three miles from the town. There is good water here, and a wide mud flat inside the spit, from which at low water excellent clams and mussels can be gathered. Just before reaching camp we ran through one of the largest rafts of ducks that I have ever seen. There must have been tens of thousands of individuals in it and when they rose from the water the whistling of their wings and the pattering of their feet upon the water reminded me more of the sound of a

gale in the rigging of a ship as she goes about, than anything I could think of. Little auks (*Alle nigricans*) pigeon guillemots (*Uria columba*) and glaucous-winged gulls (*Larus glaucoceus*)—were abundant. The little auks are almost invariably seen in pairs, and rarely attempt to escape the approaching boat by flying. As it draws near them, they call to each other with plaintive whistling notes, and swim about with a curious air of indecision as if they were really perplexed as to what they had better do. Suddenly, however, an idea strikes one of them and it turns away, there is a white flash on the water and the bird has disappeared, to be followed in a few seconds by its companion.

The following day we made the usual early start, camping at night in Oyster Bay at the mouth of a considerable river, which, however, is not down on the British Admiralty chart by which we were sailing. We named it Bird River. At the mouth of this stream the salmon were jumping in great numbers, most of them, however, being small ones not more than a foot in length. The Professor and I tried very faithfully to catch some but without success. Deer are plenty at this point, I concluded from the signs that I saw, but although I traveled through the timber for two or three hours I was unable to see any game or any tracks less than two or three days old. The Sergeant with his shot gun killed a few ducks. Just north of the mouth of the river are some extensive meadows, half a mile wide, which separate the forest from the beach. These meadows are intersected by tidewater sloughs, such as in Virginia would be called thoroughfares, there being a narrow creek in the beach near the western end of the meadow. On these open places the deer feed, and I found there numerous beds only a few days old. In the timber it is almost impossible to do any still hunting, for the undergrowth is very thick, and noiseless progress is almost impossible. The next day we were obliged to cross a channel four or five miles wide in order to get under the lee of Valdes Island. Both wind and tide were against us and the pull was a hard one. There were long periods when it did not seem as if we made a foot of progress. This is about the point, as laid down in the charts, where the opposing tides, one flowing from the north and the other from the south, meet, and we crossed some tide rips, which were very violent. The water was broken up into short chopping seas, and whirlpools of considerable size and depth were encountered at short intervals. The Indians, however, understood the co-currents of the current, and although the work was hard and slow we at last drew out of the current and turned north, following the shore.

About noon we stopped at a village of the Cape Mudge Indians where we purchased some dried salmon. Here, for the first time since I had been in the Province, I saw Indians clothed like Indians—that is, in a breech cloth and blanket. Near the rancherie is an extensive burial place. The bodies of the dead are usually placed in small board houses, from eight to ten feet square, although those of the poor are sometimes deposited in an old canoe, which is then covered over with boards. In front or at the side of these houses stand a number of small poles, ten or twelve feet high, to indicate the number of *potlaches*, or great feasts, that the dead man has given to his friends, each pole standing for a *potlatch*. Stouter and longer poles bore small images of canoes carved out of thin boards, and these show how many canoes the deceased has given away during his life. Near many of the tombs stood large crosses from eight to ten feet high, covered with white cloth. The Indians of this coast are most of them supposed to be Christianized, although it is exceedingly doubtful if the teachings of the good missionaries exercise any very potent influence over the daily walk and conversation of the average Siwash. Before several of the more pretentious tombs were to be seen somewhat elaborately carved images, and near many of them were large canoes, placed there, of course, for the convenience of the departed, that he may travel with comfort over the placid waters of the Spirit land where the salmon and the boohichans abound, and where the deer are always standing on the rocks waiting to be shot. In front of several of the houses in the village stood poles from forty to sixty feet high and curiously carved. One new one, not yet erected, bore on its extremity a sort of dragon's head.

The custom of giving *potlaches* deserves a word or two of explanation. The highest ambition of these Indians is to accumulate property in order that they may give it away. Wealth, in fact, seems to be the standard of rank among them. The man who gives away most is the biggest *tyhee*, or chief, and receives, as well, a material reward, for at subsequent *potlaches*, given by others, he receives a gift proportionate to the amount of his own *potlatch*. Therefore when an Indian has accumulated a lot of money, he is very likely to go off and buy a great quantity of crackers, tea, sugar, molasses, flour, calico and blankets, and then to invite all his friends, up and down the coast, to a *potlatch*. The feast consists of boiled deer meat and salmon, with the edibles already mentioned, and hoolichan oil. Every guest has all the crackers he can eat; there is perhaps a small canoe full of molasses. To each one is given so many yards of calico; part of the blankets are distributed among the important visitors, and the remainder are scrambled for by the young bucks. The ceremonies may last for a week, and when they are over the Indians go their several ways leaving the giver of the feast a poor man. When, however, the next *potlatch* takes place he recovers a portion of his wealth, and after a few more he is better off than ever—until he gives another one. Sometimes canoes are given away at these feasts, at other times guns or ammunition, and the

greater the gift, the more due the giver when the recipients themselves give potlatches. The word potlatch signifies a gift, or to give; thus, *potlatch* = it is a gift; *Nika potlatch wika* = I give it to you.

The shores of Valdes Island, at its southern end, slope gently up from the water and are grassy or dotted with groves of Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*, Carrière), but soon after passing this stage they become much more bold and rise abruptly from the water in cliffs fifty or sixty feet in height. In the crannies and crevices of the rocks the pigeon guillemot were breeding in considerable numbers, and it was a pretty sight to behold them, darting in and out among the cliffs, sometimes clinging seaward-like with fluttering wings and wide spread tail to some little projection of the rock, or again flying without a pause into the little holes which seemed much too small to receive them. They were continually passing to and fro from the feeding grounds to their nests. Those returning to the water would fly horizontally out fifty or sixty yards from the shore, and would then drop vertically into the waves with a great splash and at once begin busily fishing again. Great numbers of Bonaparte gulls were seen on and over the water and a few Kittiwaks. Eagles and ravens were busy along the shore, so that the bird life here though not rich in species was extremely so in individuals.

Passing on we ran Seymour Narrows—a narrow channel through which the tide boils at from 8 to 10 knots an hour, making eddies, whirlpools and tideslips, through which it was hard to see how a small boat could live. Of course the tide was with us; had it been otherwise we should have been obliged to land and wait its turning. We went through without any trouble, and it was quite an exciting pull—the men all bare-headed and working with all their might at the paddles, each one pulling every pound that he was good for. It was essential, of course, that we should keep steerage way on the canoe, for if she once got caught in one of the whirlpools and began to twist around the consequences might be alarming if not disastrous. An occasional "Mamook" from Hamset, the bowman, kept us up to our work, and we darted by the shore at what seemed to me railroad speed. On the other side of the Narrows we met opposing currents against which we pulled for I think half an hour without, so far as I could see, making the slightest progress, but at last we overcame them and camped about two miles beyond the Narrows in a little bight which we called Fatigue Bay. After dinner the Admiral and I climbed a thousand feet or so up on to the hillsides and enjoyed the lovely view which lay before us up and down the channel. Berries were abundant here, and we saw some fresh bear trails. I noticed, among the trees, *Androsia* and the black-throated green warbler and the Louisiana tanager. Killed grouse were heard drumming, and the next morning one was brought into camp by Hamset, and proved, as might have been expected, a typical *Bonasa umbellus sabinæ*. On our return to camp we found that the Sergeant and the Professor had been fishing and had secured some "rock cod," *Sebastes*, curious rock or black fish with great staring eyes, which are only caught at great depths—100 fathoms, it is said—feeding on the bottom. When brought to the surface by the hook the bladder expands and is forced up into the throat and mouth of the fish, which is then unable to sink, and if taken from the hook and thrown back into the water struggles about and can easily be recaptured. Yo.

Camp on Ferns Inlet.

PAUL MORPHY, THE CHIEF PLAYER.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 15.

THE series of plays, that have taken place in this latterly, between the experts of the local club and eminent players of other places, indicate a vast and increasing interest, as well as improvement in this classical and elegant game. Some of the performances will forever remain on record as specimens of singular skill and remarkable intelligence of modern day players. There have not been any of the phenomenal features that mark the play as characteristic of the old-time prodigies, like Morphy et al., but still, study and acuteness of intellect and the cultivation of memory are more used in making the combination of plays that are marvelous examples of that mechanical expertness and clear-headed thinking, which stands forth as the most prominent features of present time chess playing. This is in each direct contrast to the former method, by which merely intuitive performers became noted for their performances, that the matter is worthy of record.

In this connection it is apropos to mention the condition and peculiarities of Paul Morphy, in whose name and career the world of chess players will always take a lively and intense interest. During the days of the tournament, Morphy occasionally passed under the gallery of the club, or on the opposite side of the street, staring up toward the open windows, the while talking rapidly to himself—sometimes in a quarrelsome way, and anon as if demonstrating some rare problem in his mind, but usually smiling and then walking rapidly away, shaking his head as if desirous of evading temptation.

His habits are comparatively methodical, and his presence has become daily one of the most familiar objects on Canal street. He is small in stature, has a large head, a notable brown, restless eye, that never looks at anything long at a moment. His tall body is nervously supported by the thinnest, attenuated legs that you could find in an hour's travel, and as he wears the tightest of pants, their shape and ethereal proportions are painfully apparent, notwithstanding their most invulnerable materialism. He walks in a slow and re-tless, to a bird-like way, that shows wonderful vitality and much muscular strength. A few years ago he dressed with exquisite taste and skill, wearing the noblest of coats and hats, the most fashionable trousers and boots, and always was inseparable from his little walking stick, that

was eternally kept in motion. Now he is comparatively shabby, often appears unshaved, and is rapidly taking on those impressive signs of age and quiescence of mental work, which makes a nonentity of a person. He continues his erratic perambulations daily on the streets, and seems constantly defining, less or chess problem, the details of which a ceter altered to any one but himself. His whole mentality of a life are wrapped in the idea that he is the greatest lawyer on earth, and has in consequence the most important legal case that ever demanded the finest talent of the age to solve. So he goes about defining to himself an imaginary court and jury, and the various problems and points of the case. His eccentricities have become familiar to every one that knows him, and hence his foibles are not noticed by them. But those who do know him, or those who do not, are sure to point him on the subject of chess. The mere proposition to him to play sets him wild with transports of anger. He, however, retains the most wonderful memory of great events and plays in the past, and, if referred to for opinion or authority, seems to take pride and pleasure in recounting the incidents and features of any famous game that he or others have played.

There is no doubt his mind is wrecked, and it is merely a matter of time to develop the utter annihilation of his intellect; yet we believe that it is not irremediable, and that if he could, by any means, be brought to take interest in chess, and kept from becoming excited on the subject, only using it as a restorative means of relieving and resting his brain, he might be returned to a comparatively useful life in some sphere of action among the world's busy workers in the hive of human industries. With his brain, rusting in all of its channels and cells, and dormant in its once best developed features, we cannot expect him to ever be anything else than a slightly wrecked angel, hovering on the confines of earth, and in the mysterious sphere of partial insanity, a condition which is neither life nor death.

DR. I. E. NAGLE, Editor *Planter's Journal*.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE ON BARNEGAT BAY.

YEARS ago—I was going to say in its infancy, but the FOREST AND STREAM never had any babyhood; one day it appeared and there it is a grand old newspaper. In my early days I used to get an enlightening lecture from its readers upon the subject of wild-fowl shooting in Barnegat Bay, having for a quarter of a century made semi-annual pilgrimages to that locality in search of ducks, geese and snipe. Indeed, a part of my school days having been passed under the tutelage of "Frank Forrester" of fragrant memory, I had become so thoroughly imbued (heerectically, I mean) with the love of sport from hearing him interpolate his lectures upon the classics with his experiences in the field, that as a result of my school education I became an enthusiast, if not an adept, in all that pertained to sportsmanship, as Mr. Herbert in his field sports (then, as now, an accepted authority) devoted much space to wild-fowl shooting in Barnegat Bay, I naturally selected that locality, to use an Irishism, as my hunting ground.

By way of digression, let me here state that I have felt greatly aggrieved to notice among recent sporting writers a disposition to cast obliquely upon the memory of "Frank Forrester" and thus to parade his shortcomings, than to do justice to his wonderful talents and to the electric effect which his writings have had in inspiring young men to seek recreation rather in the field and by the river and the brookside than in the drawing room or the club. And here let me assert, as I have often before asserted, that as a classical scholar or as a cultured and accomplished gentleman, Henry William Herbert had few equals and no superiors; while as a sportsman or a sporting writer his reputation is too well established for any "knight of the quill" to attack him successfully or with impunity.

Made reckless, we started out to tell of the changes in Barnegat Bay made during the past few years, so here goes, and we promise that our garrulousness shall not again "shunt" us off the track.

In the good old days there were but four or five houses on Squan Beach from Point Pleasant to the inlet, a distance of thirty miles—"Jaakey Herbert's," "John Maxon's" (subs quently kept by his son-in-law, Bill Chadwick) "Orley's," "B. Bant's" and "Grant's," and the other occupants were chiefly upon the products of sea and gun or an occasional "wreck," supplied by the money left by sportsmen who came down in the spring, autumn and summer to shoot ducks, geese and snipe. Of education these people had none; the name of the D-ity they simply profaned with ut attaching any significance to it; and as to the affairs of the outer world, they were as profoundly ignorant as if they were Apache Indians. Still they were manly, honest and truthful, and full of courage and hospitality, as many a sixty-cent crew could testify.

The shooting days were simply superb—sixty miles of shoul water, with endless acres of feeding ground, harbored millions of geese, brant, ducks and snipe, and thirty fowl to a "point" was a gunner's fair average day's shooting in fall or spring; and the snipe shooting was un-uppassed. Of course the number of sportsmen was small, for in those days it took long to reach John Maxon's from New York as it would now take to go to Charleston, S. C. in three hours on a sambat to the Cape Port, and for a man's horse to Point Pleasant, the sand haul stop in a Jersey wagon to Point Pleasant, and then down the beach seven miles, with nayhap a wester whistling about your ears, or still worse, a south-easterly gale eating out your very vitals. As years wore on, however, the bay became more accessible by means of the Jersey S wharf, an old rattle trap railway, which brought us from New York, via Sandy Hook to Manchester, and thence ten miles by stage to Tom's River, doing the said seven miles to reach Maxon's. From the River we did a day's business, these journeys were always a source of great pleasure, and are among my pleasant reminiscences. Sportsmen are always socially inclined; indeed, "b-honimic" is a part and parcel of their stock in trade, and "the masonry" of their craft would render it impossible for two or three to be thrown together for any time without being mutually attracted; consequently, as we slowly crept over these dreary plain and waste, or beat about the stormy waters of the bay, we rapidly fraternized, and, as if by magic, a friendly and many a song and story beguiled and shortened our journeyings. We generally so managed to reach our gunning house in the evening, so as to be ready for

the early morning shooting, and our welcome by gunners and sportsmen, women, children and dogs was as boisterous as it was hearty.

Again, as we write, we are, in imagination, in the little old bar-room, surrounded by friends of by-gone days, sitting round the old gaily stove—a prize from a forgo ten week. There sit Tom and Hackett, and Stuart and Gwy. Bill David and Clark and Post, and J. M. Clark and Lillie, and Rowell and the rest, while in the outer circle are their gunners—Charley Stout, John Gaunt, P. to Suppen, John Harlow and Jimmy Loveland, scarce discernible through the tobacco smoke; the fire gas roaring without, and the heavy surf tumbling with deafening roar up the beach—the picture is as well defined as if painted on yonder wainscoting as they sit inspecting guns, clad like Norwegian pirates each and all armed with glowing pipe and flanked with smoking glass, while nestling at their feet, or lovingly wedged between their knees are their faithful canine friends. Van Dyk or Ruens would have revelled in the lights and shades thrown upon the scene by the uncertain glare of the old bin-nacle lamp or the fitful flame from the fire, as it roared up the good chimney.

Years pass by. Most of the old party have gone to the happy hunting ground, while the writer, sricked down, can only take down his old fowling piece, and while seeing that they are in condition, dream of the old days, while his hoary head and rheumatic joints walk with him, and, through his nose into his hands, give a rest to his mind, and stretch himself on his mat before the fire in christian resignation.

New sportsmen succeed the old, and increased facilities bring more gunners and less sport, and now the desire once more to look upon the old ground grows too strong to be resisted. Although the "read is bent" it is not broken, and Rip Van Winkle sets forth to visit the scene of by-gone sport, nor was the good Rip Van Winkle ever astonished if the sportsman being the worst of all changes, but a few weeks had made the General Railroad, of New Jersey, carried me to Point Pleasant in less than two hours. There I found large and spacious hotels, and at the head of the bay a large group of cottages intersected by streets and avenues. These houses are exceedingly picturesque, and situated on what was, when I last visited it, the most godforsaken sand barren I ever waded through. Between the bay and ocean is a sand spit, thirty miles long and not a thousand yards wide, veiled by a forest of trees, and now crossed by the Pennsylvania Railroad down by a point ten miles south of Point Pleasant, and thence it crosses the bay and goes away across country to Philadelphia, bringing it within less than two hours of two great cities.

The engineer of the road courteously invited me to ride with him on an open car, and pointed out the marvellous changes present and contemplated. Next the "Bayhead Co." the Directors of the Jersey Central, have purchased a tract of several miles, including Jaakey Herbert's well known homestead, and orders have gone forth to build it up. Next we whiz by "Bill Chadwick's," so-called, where that we could have shaken hands almost with the "yude wife," as she stood over the kitchen-fire, and all along the sea front we see sprinkled a succession of pretty cottages. Now we come to "Lavalette," a settlement of seaside cottages and of expensive hotels, and thence to "Orley's," conspicuous for its growth of trees and for its "Dry flat" on which millions of fowl feed, recently also purchased for the same purpose, and thence to "Sandy Beach," the ocean along its front, and the great Bay City's fame, and they now seek here new worlds of sand to conquer. Next we see an army of men with teams and scoops levelling a tract recently acquired by the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a site for excursion houses, etc., for, strange to say, this is the nearest ocean beach to Philadelphia by many miles, and here comes Seaside Park, where the railway crosses the bay and lakes, the main land to Philadelphia.

On inquiring the cause of the unparalleled activity we were informed that as a seaside resort it is looked upon as unequalled, having the ocean along its front, and a beach, by far three to five miles wide in the rear, consequently every breeze must be a breeze, no sweltering west winds such as Long Beach is cursed with, and being midway between the two great cities it is expected they will both avail of it.

But although on land all is changed, we find the great bay just as we left it, the shoal waters precluding the possibility of its ever being navigated by anything larger than a sailboat, it is just as deserted and just as full of gales. Clouds of geese and ducks are passing over the ocean from Atlantic City's fame, and they now seek here new worlds of sand to conquer. Next we see an army of men with teams and scoops levelling a tract recently acquired by the Pennsylvania Railroad, as a site for excursion houses, etc., for, strange to say, this is the nearest ocean beach to Philadelphia by many miles, and here comes Seaside Park, where the railway crosses the bay and lakes, the main land to Philadelphia.

Asking old Jimmy Loveland what effect all these changes, railways and improvements are going to have on the shooting, the old fellow pipes out, "Why, Capen, be that you? Why I'd a knowed you among a thousand. I'll take apple, Capen, I a us a tick to that. Do you mind last in a time we ab on New's-t-pint, me and you and Bill Hoffman? when we shot New's-t-pint canvas backs with two guns, and as many more on the second round; and how Bill Hoffman, he lay that a snurin' and never woke up till after it was all over? Well now, Capen, ab ut the shootin', my opinion is that these here duns won't make no difference—the toll will set a little further off shore, per-haps, but if it come soon to blow from the south and westward they'll show fast enough, and with sixty miles of feeding ground the Pennsylvania Bay in road haint got engines enough to frighten a bird, in fact there's more fowl on the dry flat this month than I ever shot before." "No, I won't take no 'apple, Capen, I've got to steer the Blatchford up the bay, and it is everlasting a blowin' from the norwest" SEXEX.

CENTRAL INDIANA GAME NOTES—Clowdale, Ind., Oct. 20.

—Our outlook for game was perhaps never better. It was thought by many that the unusual severity of the past few had almost exterminated the quail, but actually such is not the case. Being favored by outstanding grain during the winter and a remarkably long and dry summer, we have now at the commencement of the open season plenty of well-fed a strong flying birds, which promise to give right royal sport to lovers of dog and gun. Indeed, I believe quail to be more plentiful than for years past, and hopes to be able ere long to give you accounts of how the fields were fought and won. Squirrels are very numerous, and a easy found and brought to bag. But such shooting does not satisfy the sportsman. The rabbit "crop" gives promise of an unusually fine one, and will furnish an unto amount of fun for the irresistible snail boy with his nondescript dog and single-barreled muzzle-loader.—LA BELLE.

FLORIDA GAME RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time is rapidly approaching when sportsmen, invalids and tourists will flee from "huzzards" and seek the genial climate of Florida.

During the past summer the facilities for reaching Florida have been improved to such an extent that persons leaving Savannah were forced to travel via Live Oak, and from Lake City to Jacksonville over one of the roughest roads in the United States. With the enterprise so characteristic of the S. F. & W. Railway, that company has constructed a new line of road from Way Cross to Jacksonville. It is laid with heavy steel rails, and the road bed bridges and trestles are in excellent condition. The company have placed the road from Way Cross to Savannah in superior running order. The cars and engines are new, and the former are supplied with air brakes, patent buffers and couplers and are luxuriously furnished and supplied with every convenience and comfort. Time, at present, between this city and Savannah, seven hours and a half, but as soon as winter travel commences the running time will be reduced to six hours from Savannah and ten from Charleston; time from New York to Jacksonville, about forty hours. The other day the passenger agent informed me that they would exert themselves to accommodate sportsmen, and would transport and care for sporting dogs from Charleston and Savannah for one-fourth of passenger rates to this city and the lake. Mr. S. J. Taylor, of the Way Cross road has been constructed through a sparsely settled section, and quail are very plentiful. Sportsmen can depart from this city after breakfast, and by leaving the train from fifteen to forty miles from this point they can enjoy a day's shooting and reach this city by the evening train in time for supper. I have no official authority for stating that special rates will be made for such trips, but feel assured that satisfactory arrangements will be made to accommodate sportsmen.

The Florida Railroad Company have constructed a direct road from Ft. Maudslowi to this city, and the trip from city to city only occupies one hour and a half over an excellent road. It crosses Nassau River near Nassau Sound. On this river, sound and tributary streams excellent duck shooting will be found. Heretofore the region through which the road passes was inaccessible and in the neighborhood of the Nassau River deer and turkeys visit in respectable numbers. A number of my friends who reside near or have fished in the streams emptying in the sound have assured me that sea trout are caught in great quantities during January and February, and the fly-fisher can indulge in capturing these spotted beauties. Sportsmen can leave this city at 8:20 A. M., enjoy a day's shooting or fishing, and return at 8 P. M.

The Florida Southern Railway have completed a road leading from Palatka to Gainesville, and as a consequence have opened up a region studded with beautiful lakes. From the best information I can obtain I am warranted in stating that these lakes are stocked with bass and pickerel, and during the winter months they are visited by countless numbers of ducks.

Several years since, in one of my letters, I referred to a sportsman's paradise existing in the Kissimmee and Ochechobee region. In a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I notice that a party of sportsmen had acted on my suggestion and descended the Kissimmee to Ochechobee, down the Calceyatchee to the Gulf and along the coast and through the islands to Key West. Hitherto but few persons have ventured beyond Enterprise on the St. John's River, and to nearly all the country beyond has been a sealed book, but now the state of this extensive region are about to be unlocked. The South Florida Railway will have a line of road completed from Sandfort to Lake Tohopekaliga by the middle of November. A town has been laid off on the shore of the lake and named Kissisamee. At this point a hotel is in course of construction, and will be ready to receive guests by Dec. 15. At the southern end of Lake Kissisamee is an island named Brimhan; on this another hotel will be erected and opened on Jan. 1 for the special accommodation of sportsmen. This region is said to be a veritable paradise for hunters, and the adjoining country teems with deer, bears, wild turkey and ducks, with a few wolves and an occasional panther by way of variety. Of course the waters abound with fish, while the inevitable alligator is as yet too un-ophiticated to know how to dodge a rifle ball.

Two steamboats are in course of construction and will be completed by the time the hotels are opened, and will ply on the river between Tohopekaliga and Ochechobee.

The Kissisamee River and its lake and tributary streams are stocked with bass, and during the winter months, ducks frequent it in great numbers. I referred to Lake Istokpoga eighteen miles north of Lake Ochechobee. It is ten miles long and seven miles wide. The country around the lake is uninhabited and has not been visited by sportsmen. A few weeks since I interviewed one of the pioneers of this section, J. Lummerlin, Esq., who has visited this locality on a number of occasions in search of cattle. He assured me that the region abounds with deer, bears, turkeys and an occasional panther. Owing the presence of vast quantities of prickly pears (*Cylindropuntia vulgaris*) the Indians let this section "severely alone," and as a consequence, game is plentiful and easily approached. The thorns of the prickly pear cripple horses by piercing the fetlock joints, and cow-hunters avoid this region. If parties visit the section referred to, they should be provided with leather leggins or boots. Sportsmen need transport a boat to Sandfort, by rail to Lake Tohopekaliga, and there secure a tow behind a steamer to Istokpoga Creek. Owing to the fact that the Kissisamee is a shallow river by most of its course it is not navigable for boats. From the Kissisamee River the boat could be rowed up the Istokpoga Creek to the lake. We predict for early visitors to this lake superior fishing and excellent deer and turkey shooting.

My friend Col. H. was engaged by the Surveyor-General to survey some un-surveyed lands to the east of the Kissisamee and north of Ochechobee; and I requested him to keep a daily record of game noticed. I may remark that the noise produced by a wagon will startle deer and cause them to disappear before they are noticed, and when surveys are running their lines they have but little opportunity to look for game. But I will give you the figures furnished by Col. H. "Left Titusville on Indian River on March 2, 1881 for Fort Capron. 2d and 3d March saw no deer; 4th, saw no deer up to noon; afternoon saw 7 deer. Distance 50 miles south of Titusville; 5th, in travelling distance of 20 miles saw 50 deer; 6th, saw 30 deer; 7th, saw 18 deer and arrived at Fort Capron; 8th, 10 miles west of Fort Capron, saw 4 deer. Encamped on 10 mile ridge. At 4 o'clock, saw a buck, John Billy, sent him to the trap camp and a soon returned with a buck on 10th, in Township 84 S. R. 35 E. saw 3 deer, 11th, saw 8 deer and 1 turkey. John Billy (Indian) killed

4 deer near camp; 13th, saw 5 deer; 14th saw 4 deer; 15, saw 1 deer and 2 turkeys; 16th, saw 10 deer; 17th, moved camp to Ten Mile Creek. Caught a number of large black bass. A party of six Indians in one week at this point killed over 100 deer, and caught over 1,000 lbs. of bass. One Indian with snags (spears) caught in 2 hours 14 black bass; and killed nine deer stags; 20th, saw 4 deer, 1 turkey, 1 wolf; 23d, saw 6 deer, 6 turkeys; 23d, saw 9 deer; 24th, saw 5 deer; 25th, saw 4 deer; 26th, saw 6 deer; 27th, saw 4 deer; 28, saw 3 deer; 29th saw 3 deer, killed two with rifle; 30th, saw 8 deer and 4 turkeys (near Ochechobee); 31st, saw 12 deer.

April 1st, 3 deer; 2, 9 deer; 3d, 7 deer and 3 turkeys; 4th, 3 deer; 5th, 18 deer; 6th, 17 deer; 7, 9 deer and 3 turkeys; 8th, 19 deer and 1 turkey; 9th, 6 deer and 1 turkey; 10th, 1 deer; 11, h, 1 deer; 12th, 4 deer and 3 turkeys; 13th, 6 deer and 1 turkey; 14th, 1 turkey; 15th, 1 turkey; 16th, 1 deer and 1 turkey; 17th, 1 turkey. Caught a large quantity of black bass in Taylor's Creek. Hooked two alligators, books and lines too small to hand them. April 18th, 4 deer; 10th, 5 deer and 1 turkey; May 2d, 3 deer; 3d, 15 deer.

No further record kept of game. During the time the party were out they traveled over 600 miles, and saw but one rattlesnake, and this was a small ground rattler with two rattles. To illustrate the quantity of deer in the section adjoining the lower Kissisamee and Ochechobee I need but state that the Indians kill them for their hides, and with the proceeds supply themselves with comfortable clothing and the necessaries of life. As an evidence of how easily deer are approached, the Indians use a cheap rifle with a bore of .90. The rifles I saw in use by them would set at wholesale about seven dollars, and were of inferior quality.

If sportsmen are provided with a light and transportable boat they can ascend Fish Eating Creek from Lake Ochechobee to New Fort Centre. At this point the old military road leading to Fort Thompson will be noticed, and if this is followed for ten miles across swamps will be found from whom a team can be obtained to transport a boat and baggage to Fort Thompson on the Calceyatchee River. By descending this stream Punta Rasa will be reached. At this point the wanderers can take passage on one of Miller and Henderson's steamers to Cedar Keys or work the coast to the north in their boats.

Jacksonville, Fla., Oct. 17.

"ROUGHING IT IN RUBBER."

YANKTON, Dakota, Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Capt. Paul Boyton, of world-wide fame, reached this city Friday morning about 10 o'clock, "padding his own nose," all the way from Glenview on the Yellowstone River some two thousand miles above this place. He left here on 1 o'clock this p. m., a large concourse of people being assembled on the river bank to see him off. He took the water like a duck, paddled out a short distance with "Baby Mine," a little tin boat about thirty inches long, towing after him, three himself into an upright position in the water, took from "Baby Mine" a large detonating rocket, fired it with the cigar he was smoking as a good bye, and was off, cheered by the four hundreds of people.

The Captain had many narrow escapes from death during his voyage down the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers from whirlpools, suck holes, snags and last but not least from the rifles of hunters, trappers, ranch men and Indians.

In one instance an Indian came down upon the bank and covered him with his rifle. The Captain rapidly hailed "Baby Mine" between himself and the redskin, shouted and blew his trumpet, but the fellow never dropped his gun until the Captain whirled right into the water, when with a loud yell he scampered off as though the devil was after him. Another time a trapper drew a ball upon him, but upon the Captain's hallooing to him, "I'm loaded to the racket" and I wished him "bon voyage" He had to be continually upon the watch for fear some fellow would puncture his suit if not his body with a bullet, but happily he escaped all dangers and reached here as before stated, Friday thoroughly tired, in the midst of a rain storm. He has about one thousand miles suit to navigate before he reaches St. Louis, his home port. We most heartily wish him success, for he made many friends while here and his gentlemanly manners and deportment, and we shall look anxiously for his projected book, "Roughing it in Rubber," in which he will detail his many trips in his suit down the many rivers of the world, in all voyaging some twenty thousand miles.

Capt. Boyton is accompanied by Mr. James Creelman, of the New York Herald. Mr. Creelman has one of the company's boats made by Osgood & Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., I believe, which he has reserved for himself at this place. I have, when interested in said firm, but in the interests of sportsmen generally, I can say that a boat that can stand the treacherous currents and snags of the Missouri River must be just what the fraternity of duck hunters have long wished for, a light, strong, safe portable boat.

It is easy enough to speak of the enterprise of the Herald, but what shall I say of the pluck of Mr. Creelman in making such a voyage; "he's got a nod," as our frontiersmen say, and plenty of it, for he can't swim. I. E. Waser.

GAME IS THE PROPERTY OF THE STATE—Baltimore, Oct. 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend and myself have recently had a dispute as to the legal right to kill wild birds on his own land, even though the law forbid. Thus, the law of this State is that a state is prohibited to shoot, kill or have in your possession a partridge or partridges between December 25 and November 1. Now, my friend says that this is done to protect a man's birds from outsiders, and that at any time the man wished he would be at liberty to kill (on his own place) as many birds as he chose. I would be obliged to you if you would not only give me your own opinion on the subject, but also, if possible, refer me to some recorded case, either in this country or in England, which is applicable to the subject. My own opinion is that they are *Ferula vulgaris*, and the Legislature has a right to forbid him or any one else to kill them within certain months.—M.

[The common law relating to game, both in England and America, is based upon the principle that the wild game is the property of the State, and not of the individuals upon whose land it may be. The simple existence of the law is sufficient evidence for you to cite. If the partridges belong to the individual landowner, then the State has no right to say when they shall or shall not be killed.]

Natural History.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE.

THE present work is one which will prove very useful to collectors and students of ornithology, and will be convenient as a reference book to all who are interested in birds. Notwithstanding the fact that the birds of New England have been more carefully studied than those of any other section of our country, no satisfactory hand-book has, up to the present time, been published. This, of course, has not been due to any lack of men well qualified to compile such a volume, for indeed there are many by whom this work might have been undertaken with every prospect of having it done in such a way that it would be a real help to the student.

The different "lists" which have from time to time appeared have, many of them, been most valuable contributions to our knowledge of the birds of New England, and have reflected credit on their compilers. Some of them, indeed, have been models of their kind, but they were only what they professed to be; that is lists, and as such could never occupy the place of a complete history such as was needed. Samuel's Birds of New England is utterly without value as an aid to study, but in New England Bird Life we have a work which bears the stamp of Dr. Coues' authority, and which is brought up to date.

The preface of the work in hand states very clearly its purpose, and we cannot do better than quote from it as follows: "It is the object of the present volume to go carefully over the whole ground, and to present in concise and convenient form an epitome of the bird life of New England. The claims of each species to be considered a member of the New England Fauna are critically examined, and not one is admitted upon insufficient evidence of its occurrence within this area; the design being to give a thoroughly reliable list of the birds, with an account of the leading facts in the life-history of each species. The plan of the work includes brief descriptions of the birds themselves, enabling one to identify any specimen he may have in hand; the local distribution, migration and relative abundance of every species; together with as much general information respecting their habits as can conveniently be brought within the compass of a hand-book of New England Ornithology." It can be said that any portion of the plan here laid down has been neglected. The descriptions are so simple and clear that even beginners can comprehend them, while the lists of references to previous records give the work a value even to the most advanced student. A very valuable feature of the work is its Introduction, which includes General Definitions (of a bird and its parts) Preparation of Specimens for Study, The Subject of Faunal Areas and the Literature of New England Ornithology.

The volume before us is Part I, and carries us through *Otocoris*. Part II, to complete the work, is promised "as soon as practicable," which remark, we must say, has not a very encouraging sound.

The basis of the work is the manuscript of Mr. W. A. Stearns and Dr. Coues appears to be the "editio" but the volume before us almost everywhere gives the impress of the editor's hand, and indeed Dr. Coues expressly states that he has freely altered, amended and rewritten, and that he holds himself responsible for the accuracy of the work and for the views expressed in it. Mr. Stearns is, we believe, a careful observer and an enthusiastic student of ornithology, and whatever he has accomplished in his years of collecting in Massachusetts is to be found in these pages.

One who reads it may be said that the work is conceived and carried out in a very clear and happy style, and is, as far as it goes, eminently satisfactory. Of course it is open to criticism in some respects, and one of the most noticeable of these is, under the circumstances, the harshness with which the late Dr. Brewer is attacked. It should be remembered, however, that the paragraphs in which exception might be taken were probably written before the death of the gentleman against whom they were directed. New England collectors and ornithologists will probably decline to accept some of the statements, with regard to the breeding of certain species, which are given in the work, but the whole we may accept it as a valuable contribution to the literature of the subject, and offer to the author and editor thanks for a useful book.

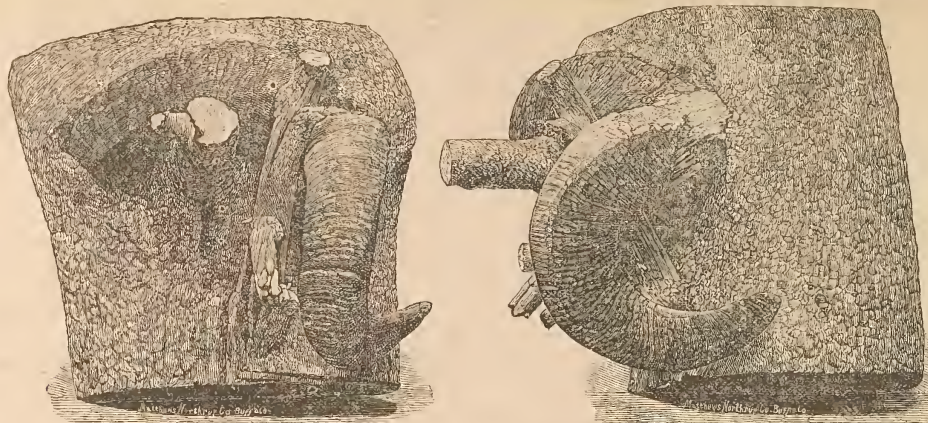
THE TAME MASSACHUSETTS PARTRIDGE.

ORLANDO, Mass., Oct. 26.

IT was about one year ago that an article appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM about a tame partridge. The place where the bird was claimed to be was at Colebrook Springs which are I catched here. The story last year appeared to be well vouched for, and many were convinced that the partridge could be tamed.

The bird has reappeared in the same locality this year, and it has become tamer than last. It proves to be a male bird it has been watched parts of three open seasons, between August and January.

It was in December, 1879, that it was first noticed. At that time it was noticed to be abundant and like company, but no familiarity. Later on Mr. Parker, of the Lake Mills in a weasener secured its confidence, and could call it to him. It would light on his shoulder and eat from his hand. If he made an effort to handle it it would promptly fly away. Things went on in this way, the bird becoming more and more intimate, until he was the pet of the summer boarders at the Springs. Among them was a deaf mute who attracted the bird by clapping two pieces of bread together. The intimacy increased between them until one day the mute succeeded in catching him, and plucked out one of its feathers probably as a souvenir of the pet. This rude familiarity the partridge resented, and it was feared at one time that he would desert the locality, but it returned after a month's absence. After a while it again became intimate with those in the neighborhood of the Springs. It was seen frequently during last winter. When spring returned it mated and assisted in the raising of a good-sized brood. They were watched with interest and when an children deserted the home during the close season. The work of the flock, however, remained, and still responds to calls even of strangers in the locality. Sometimes it will fly into the carriage of a visitor when it is called. The bird is healthy and full-fed differing from others only in its domestic habits.



SKULL OF BIG-HORN IMBEDDED IN TRUNK OF PINE TREE.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. W. Morse, Gen'l Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific R. R., we are enabled to present to our readers a very remarkable natural curiosity. This is the skull of a mountain ram imbedded in the trunk of a large pine tree. A reference to the cut will show very clearly the manner in which the skull was bound within the still growing wood. How the bone came to be so placed that it would be inclosed in the tree trunk is and must ever be a matter of conjecture. We can only guess about that, but as the matter stands it seems natural to conclude that the sheep's skull was hung upon the horizontal branch when the tree was a very small one, and that it is simply the natural increase in the size of the trunk which has buried the nose and face so completely. On the other hand the condition of the bone is so perfect, that it scarcely seems possible that it could have been exposed to the weather for so long a time as would be necessary for this to have taken place.

THE SONG OF THE MOCKING BIRD.

PALMERSTON, TEXAS, Oct. 12, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note the discussion which has been going on in your columns some time, as to whether the mocking bird is a rarer bird of the song, or other birds, catching his notes from them by repeated hearings, or whether the notes spring up spontaneously in his throat without education from other birds. This bird has been my very intimate friend from the cradle up to the present time. I have never lived in a country where he was not decidedly numerous, and he is more numerous in Texas than any country I have yet seen. Our whole State is vocal with him, except those portions which are not yet inhabited by man. He don't like to live too far away from man. Whether this is because he likes to show off his musical talent before men, or because he believes they will keep the hawks away from him, I am not able to tell, but it certainly is a fact. I believe he is controlled by both reasons—the fear of hawks and the natural desire of all gifted creatures to show off their gifts before an appreciative public. Let him perceive in his free, wild stroll, that he has an audience of good-looking ladies and gentlemen, and he will almost burst himself with melody. He will plant himself before them in the most conspicuous place he can find, so that they can all see that it is he that is singing, and he will just let loose. In the ecstasy of song he can't hold himself still a moment. He will jump up and down, keep time with his feet, and when he gets a grand burst upon him, will rise up and soar around till the burst is over. In the way of song he is tremendous, indeed, and no one is better acquainted with that fact than he is himself.

As to the point in dispute, I agree with both sides, but more particularly with the side that believes he is an imitator. Nature has stuffed him so full of the musical genius that I believe he would sing anyhow—couldn't help singing something; but with all my extended knowledge of this bird I never heard one of them sing a song or make a note which he had not previously heard, or at least had excellent chances to hear. I have sometimes listened to them half the night singing within a few feet of my window, with that particular point in view, and heard from them no note which I had not frequently heard from other birds in the same locality or district. In order to sing a song they must first hear it and learn it, and in this respect they do not differ from the Adeline Patti or any of the prima donnas. If Adeline Patti had never heard any one else sing I believe much if she would ever have sung at all. I would not say the same of the mocking bird. As I said above, I believe he would sing something anyhow, but his repertoire will be rather confoundingly slim—like that of all other birds in the world except himself.

Here is a hint by which we can settle this matter, I think. In North Carolina where I was born and "raised" one of the most common notes of the mocking-bird is the plaintive or wailing note of the cat-bird. Now, the cat-bird, according to my observation, does not exist in Texas at all, and I have never heard the mocking-bird on Texas soil repeat the note of the cat-bird. Did any one ever hear the mocking-bird sing the notes of any bird which was not a native on the same soil with herself? I don't believe any one ever did. What say ye who are interested in bird notes?

As to the imitating faculty of the mocking-bird or his genius to learn songs by hearing them I never heard one who had learned to imitate the sound made by filing a saw, or to crow like a cock, or to cackle like a hen, as "Roy," of Detroit, has, but I was very well acquainted with one in Houston, Texas, who had learned to sing to perfection the little piece of music called "Scandal." He heard it from the boys on the street; it seemed to take his ear, and he could sing it with a naïveté that was refreshing. No one could sing or whistle "Scandal" half so well as he. I also knew another that could sing several notes of old familiar songs, which he had often heard, but I never knew one that could

take an operatic air and sing it through. There never has been a mocking-bird that could sing the *misere* of Traviata, or the drinking song of Traviata, and there never will be. There never will be one that can sing "Sweet Home," or the "Last Rose of Summer." N. A. T.

VERMIN ON QUAIL.—In the early part of the summer I discovered the nest of a quail, and never having seen the wee Bob White before leaving the nest I paid frequent visits to it in the hope of finding them hatching. But one day upon paying my visit I found nothing but a nest full of shells, and the nest covered with vermin such as are frequently found upon domestic fowls. Have never seen any on old birds that have been shot. Is the occurrence frequent? N. A. T.

COOPERHEADS IN NEW ENGLAND.—Hollister, Mass., Oct. 25, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have a fine specimen now in my possession of a little cooperhead, eight inches long, that I captured the 8th of September last, while gunning in the woods in Sherborn, an adjoining town situated twenty miles southwest from Boston. I started an old snake with a dozen or more little ones and struck the one I now have with my ramrod, stunning it so that I picked it up and put it in a bottle, and now have it alive in a glass-covered case. A friend of mine, who lives near a rocky woodland in this town, told me recently that he has killed two cooperheads this summer, about two feet long; and my father relates that they were quite common here twenty years ago, and that at that time he had quite a lively fight one day with two with a pitchfork, while making hay, they holding their ground well and making him work lively to kill them. We consider the cooperhead allied to the rattlesnake and its bite poisonous; but I am not certain, and would like to know if a snake as small as mine can bite or is poisonous, and if I can keep it over the winter without food, or if it will eat anything except mice or toads alive? Hoping to hear from you through your interesting and valuable paper, I remain, respectfully yours, W. N. POPE.

[The cooperhead is undoubtedly venomous, but I doubt if a snake as small as yours would be able to inflict any injury. It will probably live through the winter without food, but if you can induce it to eat its chances of living will be improved. It will not be likely to eat anything but live food.]

PTNSAM, CONN., Oct. 29, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: Yesterday, as I was walking up town with Mr. G. Leonard, Esq., I saw a good-sized snake lying under the hedge in front of Mrs. Leaven's residence. I secured a good stick and drove him out. I was surprised to see it was a vicious cooperhead. He flatted his head and struck at me, but I soon killed him. I was surprised to see a cooperhead so far North, but he was a real one and no mistake, fully two and a half feet long. Woodcock seem very large and in fine condition. Mr. Wilbur shot one the other day that tipped the beam at nine ounces. Rabbits are very plenty? Hoping to rascally follow here who shoots quail out of season, and too lazy to work, is in the woods about all the time, and has killed up nearly all the quail, and done it out of season, which can be proved.—G. F. W.

FRIGHTENED TO DEATH.—Chicago, October 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: A singular incident occurred in our boiler room a few mornings since. The fires had been started under the boilers, and as the wood was burning down coal was put in making a bright clear fire. Just at this time a rat popped out from behind the steam pump down into the fire-room and ran under the first boiler. We were standing against the room door and scared him—the bright light from the fire frightened him more; he came rushing out and tarred under the next boiler. We jumped into the room, swung to the asphalt doors and made him a prisoner. Catching up a broom we were ready for an attack, for we expected him to try to get out of

the ventilators. We saw him rushing around in the ash-pit for a moment and then lost sight of him. Stopping down we saw him prone on the ashes just giving his last kicks. Even then we thought he was playing "possum," but on reaching him out with the hoe we found him as dead as a nail. There was no evidence of a scorch or burn upon him, not a hair was singed, but he was really dead. We believe it died from fright. There was nothing under the grates to injure and the fires were not hot enough to affect it, hence cannot assign any other cause. We never believed it possible to seriously scare a rat before, for we have shot many of them when a boy.—NORMAN.

"YANKEE" AT THE SMITHSONIAN.—Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., Oct. 27, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: The tortoise with "Yankee, 1862" cut on its plastron was received at the Institution on the 15th of October. The tortoise is at present in the care of our artist, Mr. Shindler, who has made a pet of it and reports that its condition is most flourishing.—Yours, very truly, GEO. S. HOBBS.

Game Bag and Gun.

* * For table of game seasons see issue of October 10.

THE NORTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just arrived in the city after a journey, with horse and carriage, through Long Island, from Greenport to Astoria, and desire to furnish your readers with the information which I gained concerning the game prospects in the region through which I passed.

Ducks are coming into Gardiner's and Peconic Bays in great numbers, and many are already reported in the vicinity of Gardiner's Island, and also further up the bay around Robbins' Island. Black ducks, coots and "old squaws" are about the only kinds found here. Plover have been shot on Gardiner's Island in fair numbers, but no extraordinary bags have been made, so far as I have heard. Bay-bird shooting at and near Good Ground, on the south side, has been good, and the prospects for ducking are better than at the same time last year. Occasional flocks of yellow-legs or ring-necks make an appearance on the shores of Orient Bay or Pipe's Cove.

As regards quail, the prospects for the Eastern field trials are very promising. The number of birds now on Robbins' Island is estimated at fifteen hundred, but nevertheless still more are being turned out by the club. Robbins' Island, of 405 acres, was sold under foreclosure sale recently, and was purchased by the newly organized Robbins' Island Club. This will not interfere with the coming field trials in the least degree, as the two clubs are acting in perfect harmony in all that pertains to this year's trials.

A moderate number of quail can be found around Greenport, with increasing quantities as we proceed further westward, to Southold, Peconic and so on. Near Mattituck both quail and ruffed grouse are found, and at the quiet little hamlet of Wading River the eager sportsman is qualified to hear reports of woodcock, in addition to the two last named varieties of game.

As we approach Port Jefferson, we find that the quail have been reduced in numbers, by the severity of last winter, to a greater extent than in the more sheltered portion of the island, but ruffed grouse shooting is better than usual. At Mattituck, the Mattituck House is a good hotel. Wading River has no hotel, and is six miles from Manor, the nearest railway station. Raynor's Hotel is the house to stop at in Port Jefferson, as the proprietor is a thorough sportsman and a constant reader of the FOREST AND STREAM. At Smithtown, the Riverside Hotel of B. B. Newton, is a much-frequented resort for sportsmen. Here quail are few in number, but woodcock are found, a large flight of them being expected soon. Mr. Newton also has a large boarding and training kennel, among the numerous inmates of which are Dr. Allen's Glen and Ned (winners of the brace stakes at Robbins' Island, 1879), Sepoy, formerly the property of A. H. Moore, and many other prominent field performers. The scenery in this part of the island is very beautiful at this season of the year.

As we proceed to Centrepot, the prospect for quail grows better, but ruffed grouse are less known. At this place is located the boarding, breeding and training kennel of Anders L. Titus, one of the cleanest, best disciplined and most favorably situated kennels on the island. Among the dogs here are all those belonging to Mr. Henry W. Livingston, including his Ray, Rose and Baroak (latter now in handling for the field trials), his pointer, setter and collie puppies, besides others. West of here the game decrease

as we approach the city. The prospect for rabbits is good all over the island. Almost any of the towns along the north shore will furnish good duck shooting, notably Port Jefferson, heard very little of violations of game laws, and pot-hunting is chiefly done by one-day excursionists from New York and Brooklyn, shooting on the west end of the island.

W. K. ALL.

THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

FERRISBURG, Vt., Oct. 23.

I am particularly gratified to see pigeon slaughter at the traps being set in its proper light, and I am glad to have a better understanding of the matter. I am asking a question about the ruffed grouse that has long puzzled me. I have long ago, why they were becoming so scarce, but no notice was taken of my query. As "Verde Monte" says, the hawk, owl, fox and skunk theory will not do, for all these were plentier twenty years ago than now, and so were grouse. Four years ago grouse were plentier here than they had been for years, and so continued up to the breeding season of the next year, but between June and September they disappeared, and have continued scarce ever since, and this year are scarcer than ever.

Certainly this scapgoat of a fly or tick could not have made a way with them so quickly, and I know that there is no snaring here, unless the snarers have an invisible method of carrying on that practice. I am a stay-at-home bird and know but little of game around about except in my own neighborhood further than what I hear. When I hear, as I often do, of grouse being plenty in the mountain towns, I try to think the scarcity here is due to a partial migration, though I can see no reason for it, as there is food enough and cover enough here for no end of grouse. Is this tick the same lively winged rascal which is found on the great horned owl?

I am glad that L. I. F., of New Brunswick, is so honest as not to claim almost every grouse he shoots at on the wing. I'd like to tag around with one of these three-out-of-five men just for a day in our covers and see how they do it. It would be a trick worth seeing, though one might not learn to compass it.

A. WATSOOSE.

Oct. 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While making a tour through some of the Southern States last winter, I stopped at a small place in Georgia where quail were very abundant, also many gunners from the North "not worthy of the name of sportsmen." These individuals hunted every day for no other purpose but to see who could bring to bag the most birds. They destroyed quail by the hundreds, and certain parties among them were so penurious that they would not allow any of the birds to be served at the hotel, but threw away all they could not themselves eat—a most outrageous piece of lunacy. So much increased were the people in the neighborhood at such wanton destruction and waste of game that most of the places were posted with notices prohibiting shooting; and a law was framed allowing only twenty-five birds to be shot with one gun. Also while in Florida I found that ducks had been and were being jacked on the St. Johns River. I also know that geese and ducks are treated likewise on the Great South Bay, L. I., by the oystermen and employees of the Life Saving Stations. In my opinion the desired notoriety for big bags is one cause for the decrease in upland game; and jack shooting aids very materially in the decrease of wild fowl.—S. P. G.

[We have heard before of this practice by the employees of the Life Saving Stations. Will some one having the facts please give them to us?]

Sportsmen about Greenwich, Conn., aver that the increase of foxes in that vicinity has had a marked effect on the game. Upon Mr. A. H. Lewis' farm, south of Naugatuck, there were hatched two large broods of partridges early in the season. Not one of the chicks or parent birds have been shot or trapped, yet this fall not one of either remains. In fact, however, in the places a large number of foxes, and the presence of these animals is doubtless the cause of the disappearance of the birds.

ADIRONDACKS DEER AND TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream: "Mussett's" article in your issue of October 20th inst. on "Deer Slaughter in the Adirondacks" claims attention. Let us now begin and stir the matter up, and once more call the attention of our Legislators to what seems to them a herculean undertaking, preserving the trout and deer in the Adirondacks. Our laws regarding this subject are well enough if only enforced.

The present laws on the sta-ute book are, I think, due in a very great measure to the late Dr. Ely and to Dr. Roney, gentlemen of large experience in the Adirondacks and the oldest visitors there. In regard to the law to preserve trout no change is virtually necessary, but as to deer-hunting it gives too large a liberty, and if not curtailed in that liberty we may as well at once bid farewell to deer in the North Woods.

During August last one gentleman in one day killed five deer on Hitching's Pond.

Let me suggest a remedy for this destruction—namely, under a very heavy penalty stop deer-hunting for only two months, say September and October; stop hounding with dogs under a heavier penalty at all times; stop transportation under a still heavier penalty; and, if necessary, check criss-hunting by imprisonment and a heavy penalty also.

We need Game Commissioners through the Adirondacks every fortnight from June to November, and when it is fully understood that violators of the game law will be watched and arrested, then, and not until then, will the laws be respected and game preserved. We want up red tape in this matter, no fear and favor shown, but laws that will be enforced. Let hotel-keepers understand this in the woods, let sportsmen understand this, let guides understand this, and our game will be preserved if we can only have Game Commissioners who will attend to their duty by paying them well for it. The arrest of the guide at Lake Placid last winter for taking speckled trout was decidedly beneficial. Let the same enthusiasm be exhibited again in behalf of trout, and of venison also, at all times during the close season, and we can have no farther cause for complaint.

Why, venison was on the table at nearly every hotel during the last of June and during July. Where were our Game Commissioners to watch and arrest if this found? I pause for a reply. Guess it may be answered, "to much red tape and indifference, and no pay for the attempt." S. S. N.

ADIRONDACKS, Oct. 26, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: The past week has been very favorable for the deer hunters. I have figured up the number killed during the past week, ending Oct. 29, in this immediate vicinity, along the Beaver River and adjacent ponds, and find it to be forty-three deer. The country spoken of does not comprise one-tenth of the Adirondack hunting grounds, which are equally infested with hunters. If they have been as successful as hunters here, which we have no reason to doubt, this will make four hundred and thirty deer killed in one week.

One thing is noticeable, that of all the deer that have been killed in the Beaver River region, at least two-thirds have been does.

This is partially accounted for by the fact, that for two or three weeks before the commencement of the rutting season the bucks move about but very little, and are hid away in the most unaccessible thickets, and in mountainous regions of the Adirondacks, in thick undergrowth of evergreens near the summit of the mountains, and are mostly avoided by those that put out the hounds. It is safe to predict that the remaining open season for hounding deer will be more disastrous from the fact that the later in the season the more readily deer take to the water. When the ground is frozen, deer will run but a few minutes before the hound before taking to water.

MUSSET.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

THE TIME COMES FOR A CHANGE.

Following are letters from representative sportsmen in many different parts of the country. Their tenor shows that in our strictures upon the pigeon shooting tournaments by game protective societies we have but voiced the sentiments of the community. We commend these expressions of opinion to the consideration of all concerned. These letters show that public opinion is very strongly against a continuance of these great pigeon shooting gatherings.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct., 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: I am glad to see you take the initiative against this inordinate turning of the sportsmen's associations of this country into machines for the slaughtering of pigeons at the trap. I hope every sporting paper and other papers will with one voice decry this fatal practice. Unless a reform is effected in short order our State associations will lose all power for good, and become barren of fruit in the purposes for which they have been organized. This reform should begin with the New York State Association, the mother of all the other associations in this country. This slaughter of thousands of pigeons that have been netted and cooped up for weeks or perhaps months, and then put into a trap, and thrown out to men to shoot at, is unsportsmanlike. The question of cruelty does not enter into the matter. It is no more cruel to shoot a chicken or a bullock than to kill them any other way, or to shoot one or one hundred.

The tendency of pigeon shooting is to deprave the moral sensibilities of the sportsman, and weaken the influences and usefulness of our game protective associations. They are beginning to be looked upon as mercenary institutions through this species of gambling—for it comes little short of that in its present prodigious form.

As originally instituted its purposes were to stimulate a laudable emulation among sportsmen in the use of the shotgun in wing shooting. But it has outgrown those objects, and has become debased and held in disrespect by a large number of honorable, high-calibered sportsmen to say nothing of that public sentiment that is beginning to show signs of disapprobation of the practice and distrust of the usefulness of our protective associations.

It is time for a change of programme, and the sooner it is effected the better it will be for the objects and purposes for which game protective associations were instituted, and for which only they should be continued.

B. E. B. KENNEDY.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: Your request for my opinion on the subject of giving up pigeon shooting at meetings of the sportsmen's State convention somewhat tickles the vanity of the present writer, who would not venture to offer his opinion in the question unsolicited, and is far from supposing that his view one way or the other of its consequence.

From the expressions I have heard at recent conventions I am inclined to think that the country has seen a greater number of pigeons shot at a tournament than will ever again be shot at a State convention. This probable result may be due to various facts, and not solely to that sentiment against killing pigeons which is the active motive that urges some men to oppose pigeon shooting over traps. The difference in cruelty between shooting a bird thrown from a trap or one flushed in a marsh or woods has never been made so clearly manifest to me as to carry conviction that one was tolerably kind and the other without excuse and deserving condemnation. I can see without effort that there is a great difference in the surrounding and pleasure derived by the shooter in the respective acts, and that the field sportsman has very much of an advantage over the trap man, but the killing is the same, and a person who, from humane motives, opposes trap-shooting acts inconsistently in my view if he shoots at anything more sensitive than a glass ball.

The increased price consequent on greater scarcity cannot fail to diminish the number of pigeons that will hereafter be shot at meetings of sportsmen.

But I don't think that annual conventions, such as the New York State Association has held for years, can be successfully conducted unless something more exciting than discussion of game laws shall be held forth as inducements for delegates to attend. A few of the clubs might defray the expenses of delegates to a convention which would talk of game protection only, but I think nine-tenths of those who are met at ordinary State conventions would be absent if there were no trap-shooting.

As I look at it game preservation is not a matter of so much consequence that annual conventions are necessary to its success. State law based on the law of nature regarding breeding seasons must be the ultimate law on the subject, and I scarcely think it necessary to call a State convention to tell a Legislature that game birds should not be shot when hatching or fish when "rip." The natural history student ought to be the best counselor in such a case, and if he required the support or backing of the sportsmen—the latter

could give it without calling into play the cumbersome machinery of a State convention.

From these views you may guess that your correspondent does not think the cause of game protection receives much more assistance from the annual meetings. I certainly do not regard them as of material benefit toward that object, and I do not think many who attend the annual meetings differ with the view here expressed. I confess that my motive in attending the several conventions I have been at was solely for pleasure in which the hope of winning something of greater or less value had an influence. I appreciate the fact that the chances are against any one receiving a title of his expense in prizes, but the excitement of the contest is worth something, and if one does not carry off a prize that he can look at with satisfaction and transmit to posterity as tangible proof of his "nerve" and skill, at least he can recall incidents of the meeting with pleasure, and recount how many of the good shots of the State he "shot out" before he fell back. The glory of the strife cannot be valued in money, but it is none the less real, and I think has more to do in keeping the State Association together for its ostensible object, "the preservation of fish and game."

In this free expression of opinion I may be doing an injustice to many of my fellow sportsmen, but if I do I ask their pardon. I do not in this instance "assume a virtue" which I have not, and if any member of the jolly crowd I have met at State shoots were there for the purpose of preserving game I have wronged those honorable men, and shall do repentance meet when informed of my error.

The State convention at Niagara Falls in 1883 might try the experiment of shooting at some lifeless thing in place of pigeons, and thus get rid of the charge of cruelty, but if competition with the gun is given up altogether it will astound me if the interest in sportsmen's State conventions does not greatly abate.

E. R.

STAMFORD, Ill., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have long wished that pigeon shooting might be dispensed with at such meetings. The entire interest often centres on the pigeon match, and the real objects of the association are lost sight of. How often do we see thousands at the shooting grounds from day to day, while scarcely a corporal's guard is at the business meeting in the evening. I have scarcely known this to fail. As a class the men who are at such meetings for pigeon shooting are not the class of men who desire game protection, but are often there for illegitimate gains, and in that respect savor very much of the pot-hunter, whose motto is, "anything for money;" and while such men are very anxious that their neighbors shall respect game laws do not respect them only while in danger of being caught.

My ideas are that if game protection ever succeeds it will do so through the earnest endeavors of true sportsmen, who love sporting for its pleasures, and we must not look for much help from those who follow it for its gains in dollars and cents, the same class who patronize sportsmen's associations for the pigeon match.

J. L. PRATT.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am most decidedly in favor of a change in programme at the annual convention of our State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. The principal business of such gatherings should be to devise the best means to protect our game, and to take measures to have simple and reasonable laws enacted for that purpose. As far as my experience goes it has been only a side issue, and so much to one side that it barely came into the range of vision.

Personally I never shot at a pigeon from a trap, not from any uncertainty on the ground of cruelty, but because of the expense attending it, being only moderately endowed with this world's goods; but I must confess to a feeling of disgust, while viewing day after day the wholesale slaughter of the poor half-dead pigeons at the last tournament, and, for the life of me, could see neither sport nor the exercise of particular skill in it. A great amount of time and treasure have been expended to make the annual gatherings pleasurable for the boys; that is well, but we ought not to lose sight of the objects sought after by the pleasure of the society, and a speedy return to first principles is most desirable.

All that can be done by a small body of sportsmen, to which I have the honor to belong, to aid you in your laudable undertaking I think I can pledge will be done.

WALTON.

NEW YORK, October, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Allow a subscriber to your paper from its initial number to say that, in his opinion, it has never published any articles more sensible than the recent ones in denunciation of the annual pigeon hutchery, which has grown to be apparently the principal concern of the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game," if that be the title of the association. It is no wonder that Mr. Holberton considers this designation a palpable misnomer. The glaring perversion of late years of the purposes of the organization is simply monstrous, and I fall to see how the Forest and Stream can do otherwise than "cry aloud and spare not." Your columns of five years ago gave room to my modest protest against a departure, which no one then imagined could culminate, in a short period, in such a reprehensible spectacle as that afforded by the Sportsmen's Association of the Empire State at Coney Island last June. It seemed to me a heartless slaughter, nowise in the interests of true sportsmanship, and called to the support of Henry Bergh, in his efforts to suppress pigeon trap shooting altogether, scores of men who needed that sort of exhibition to open their eyes.

H. H. THOMPSON.

SENECA, Mo., October, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I do not think that I can do any better than simply endorse your very excellent and timely article upon this subject in your issue of 13th inst.

I wish only to emphasize, so far as I am concerned, my dissent at the propriety of any such procedure being classed as a sportsmanlike business or pastime.

Aside from such gatherings ever tending to the object and purpose claimed for them they absolutely militate against the preservation of either game or fish, and render the whole import of constitutions and by-laws nugatory, and our pretensions before the public a mere farce.

I object to these tournaments on the ground that they do not do, or even attempt to do, what the object of their creation implies.

I object, in the second place, because every thing connected with them, so far as I am informed, is contrary to and detrimental to the interest of any true sportsman in the land.

I object to them in the third place because the tendency is both morally and physically evil.

I like true sport. I am wedded to the woods and plains. My best inspirations come when wooed from the primeval forest, with nothing but the stillness of nature above me and the grand old archrival of heaven above me. I look upon any man who would slaughter any of God's creatures for the mere pleasure of destruction as an enemy of mine and a blot upon the face of creation.

Ah! yes, Mr. Editor, I like true sport. That pleasant and necessary relaxation from toil and worry and care that will enable us to think better, do better, live better. Speak again, you have touched the right chord. Next time speak a little louder so that all may hear.

DANVILLE, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial in issue of October 13, relative to pigeon shooting tournaments of State game protective associations, was something for which I have been waiting for years. In times past it has been my privilege through your columns to endeavor to agitate in a feeble way this subject, only to be bitterly opposed and frowned down by your correspondents; but now the thing has changed, and with FOREST AND STREAM for us who can be against us?

It is decidedly laudable to look over the minutes of the association with the para-foxical issue and try to extract therefrom anything of good to "the craft." So far the whole might, mind and strength of the gentlemen assembled have been concentrated on the daily shambles and the possibilities of winning a chamber set or baby carriage. It is to be hoped that your efforts may, by exciting the interest of sportsmen, bring about that result for which we so earnestly long—viz., a State association for the protection of fish and game, whose acts shall tally with its name, and whose deliberations shall tend toward perfecting our family game laws, and after perfecting them, enforcing them! The time has gone by when a wholesale pigeon shooting of the trap is looked upon by gentlemen sportsmen as a pastime worthy their attention, aside from the element of cruelty pervading it. There is something degrading, something suggestive of butchery and carnage that makes one feel that he is among an unfeeling band, notwithstanding the fact that some of the best fellows in the world step up to the score.

The "spoils system" that has crept into our State Association has heretofore made it a great source of revenue to the club that was successful in getting "the meet," all the surplus above expenses amounting oftentimes to thousands of dollars, not going toward forwarding the cause of game protection in our State, but into the private treasury of the lucky club under whose auspices the meeting was held.

Who have been the delegates generally to our State Association? Those who were renowned for their interest in the matter of game protection, or for their skill as the trap? I'll not engage to tell, but time has proven beyond doubt that game protective interests and pigeon slaughtering do not go hand in hand, and that those most interested in the former will not attend to it under the present state of affairs. If the knights of the eight-hour must meet and shoot at pigeons let there be a yearly field day when all who wish can take their fill of their chosen sport. But let the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" get together decently and in order, feeling the weight of responsibility resting upon them, let them deliberate calmly and dispassionately upon the momentous questions of restoring, restocking and protecting our depleted coverts and streams, untroubled by the booming of the breach-loader and the cheerful cry of "Last bird!" If need be a day in glass balls may be profitably indulged in after the questions in convention have been solved.

So shall our good men and true be brought to the front; the game interests of the State be advanced; the pigeon be saved from annihilation, and what is better than all, the honor of the "New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game" be fully vindicated.

WHITEWATER, Wis., Oct. 26, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to your editorial regarding "Pigeon Shooting Tournaments." It is no question whatever in my judgment that the time has come for a radical change of programme on this subject. Your editorial states the facts so fairly and so plainly that any "wayfarer" cannot err therein. Associations, like individuals, must practice what they preach. If they are in good faith, as you note the cause. This practice of wholesale slaughtering these helpless live pigeons is positively cruel from first to last, and it disgraces the pretext, "Game Protective Association."

Hoping that through your efforts these harmless birds may have a proper hearing, and that every club will soon come to their rescue, I am yours for protection de facto.

GEORGE W. ESTRELY, President Black Hawk Club.

HOUSTON, Texas, Oct. 22, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your October number of the 13th inst. you invite expressions of views on state tournaments and their effects. I think if clubs throughout the States would pay more attention in furthering the objects of their association when they meet, they could do a vast deal of good and then there would not be so much complaint about scarcity of game. But as it is now, the all absorbing theme is when to have our next shoot, and they do not think of the bad influence it brings to bear on the sportsman. My warning is to look up, as gambling projects and, as a general thing, they are no more or less. They encourage one to put up money and win or try to. Then they open up the field to pool sellers who take advantage and sell pools, and there are plenty to buy. Then another bad feature is that money is freely bet on the grounds the day the shoot comes off, and too often among those who have entered in the shoot. These tournaments are, as a general thing, individual money-making projects under the guise of association tournaments, and so long as they continue thus there will be a lack of support from the great many influential gentlemen, some of whom belong to the clubs and others who would belong if they were conducted in a different way. There are men who will drop from the roll because they are opposed to gambling in any way and they do not like to belong to anything that will countenance it, and when they go the club will decrease or stand still instead of increasing, until they barely have enough members to meet their expenses. If the men or clubs who get up these tournaments would only use their time and energy with one half

this vim to have laws passed and enforced to protect the game they then could feel proud of trying at least to further the objects of the association. But this must be the last thing they think of. I and many others would be glad to see less show and more deeds in that direction, and when clubs go to work in that channel they will see more interest taken, and by some whom they little thought take any interest in such things, and then, and not till then, will their membership swell, their treasury fill and themselves be in a prosperous condition. What is wanted to be seen is more work and less show.

[Our correspondent is partly in error. Betting and pool-selling are prohibited at the N. Y. Association meetings, and at the meetings of some of the other State associations.]

—PROVIDENCE, R. I., October 20.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am glad to see that you are making an effort to stop the shooting of wild pigeons at the meetings of the so-called societies for the protection of game and fish.

These birds, as every one knows, are trapped at their nesting grounds, boxed up and shipped over a thousand miles, to a large percentage of loss, leaving their young starve in the nests. And all for what? That a party of shooters, sharp and mug hunters may be allowed to disgust all decent people with the name of sportsman and game-protecting association.

I believe the meeting the past summer, near New York, was a financial failure. It was a grand success as far as destruction of the birds they are agreed to protect.

I don't believe your labor will be difficult in this matter. I have no doubt those who were connected with this disgrace are heartily ashamed of it, and will sin no more. Let us use tame birds in limited numbers, if we must have trap-shooting, and but few will find fault.

N. D.

NEW JERSEY GAME AND FISH PROTECTIVE SOCIETY, Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your editorial remarks, in issues of FOREST AND STREAM of October 13 and 20, regarding pigeon shooting tournaments of State Game Protective Societies, agree with my opinion of the matter. From what I have seen of such tournaments they are to be condemned as a cruel slaughter of sick birds and exhibitions of poor marksmanship. The money expended in providing "trophies" for such exhibitions would be much more profitably and wisely applied in stocking the State with proper game birds, and in protecting them from the raids of the pot hunter. I hope the time is not far distant when all such tournaments will be discontinued.

—W. L. FORRE, Secretary N. J. G. & F. P. S.

WHAT DOES IT ALL AMOUNT TO?

Editor Forest and Stream:

With all due respect for your superior wisdom and especially for your greater knowledge of the subject, I wish to suggest that a great deal of time and money is being wasted in the agitation of this question of game protection, which I say wasted advisedly, for what is being accomplished by all that is spoken and written on this subject, and how much better is game protected now than it was ten years ago? Perhaps you can inform if I am mistaken; it seems to me that each year the birds are becoming fewer in number, or at all events more difficult to find and secure. Your readers ask for explanations of the scarcity of game in different localities, without receiving any response. Where birds were once abundant they no longer exist.

Let me tell you frankly how I feel on this matter. I should be very glad if our game could be protected and so increased that one could have the opportunity of killing fifteen or twenty birds in a day near his own house. I believe that I would be willing to pledge myself never to shoot in one day more than the number above mentioned. Should I be able to keep my pledge? Of course, at present I think that I should, but suppose that I were coming home in the afternoon with my gun full of birds, and my dog were to stop on a levy of quail would I remember to hold my hand and let them go? I hope so, but I am not sure. I think that I should be more likely to shoot into them "just this once," promising that on another occasion I would stop short of my limit by as many birds as I killed now. The same would be true of many if not most men that shoot. They would be unable to stop until the opportunity for killing was past.

You cannot expect to accomplish any thing in game protection until you have made human nature something different from what it is. The cause of the scarcity of game is over-shooting and until men learn to practice self control in this, as in other matters the birds will become more and more scarce. Of course long before this time shall have come our game will be practically exterminated. The men who will stop when they have a certain number of birds are very few; the men who, if they have an opportunity, will refuse to shoot at a deer or decline to take a trout, out of season, are very few; but the men who will write columns about the folly and wastefulness of killing more than one needs are many and as for those who would reprobate and hold up to scorn any one who may violate the game laws, their name is legion. Ranting about protection and pot-hunters will never save our birds, but it is so much easier to rant than it is to make a little effort to put down law breakers and to control one's own desire to make a large bag that the ranters and writers are in an overwhelming majority. I suppose that there may be a few people who are willing to contribute time and money toward the enforcement of our laws, and who do so, but certainly it does not seem any one from such individuals. Probably if they have done what they can to further the cause and to strengthen the hands of the officers of the law, they have neither time nor inclination to spill ink on the subject.

I can write on this matter without passion, for it is really one which affects me personally very little. I belong to one or two shooting clubs, which own property, efficiently protected, where I shall always be able, so long as I retain my membership, to kill all the birds I want. If I wish to kill large game, I know where to go and get it. I therefore, really do not care particularly, except on general principles, whether good or bad game laws are passed, or whether the laws that are enacted are enforced or not. I trust that I am a sufficiently good citizen to desire to see the laws obeyed, just as in a general way I would like to see all men honest, general purity in politics, civil service reform honestly carried out, or the accomplishment of any movement that it is believed would benefit the race. But as far as my own shooting is concerned the thing does not touch me at all, and I can therefore view with a reasonable degree

of equanimity the killing of deer and birds out of season, and can admire the audacity of those marketmen who not only risk the loss of some of the game which they buy during close time, but even have the delightful impudence to advertise for trapped birds. After such an autumn as we have had such Arctic coldness is indeed welcome.

As I have said, however, the matter does not directly interest me, but it does seem a pity that birds should be so scarce along the Atlantic coast that most people cannot find enough to make it worth while to go out shooting.

Among a body of men which includes so many individuals of education and position as the shooting and fishing class, there must be no small number of brilliant intellects. We may assume that some of these acute minds have given considerable thought to the subject which so nearly concerns them, but if they have done so, it has apparently been without any result—certainly without appreciably increasing the number of our birds or rendering the obtaining of a day's shooting in any of our more thickly settled districts any easier than it used to be.

The innate selfishness of the human mind lies at the root of this matter, and until you can make sportsmen feel the respect for the abstract rights of others which they would have others feel for theirs, your labor is in vain. Not until the millennial day will the golden rule be practiced.

It is now eight years since you began preaching game protection, and I am bound to acknowledge that you have done it in a strong and honest fashion, which, while I do not agree with you, has compelled my admiration. You have, as I happen to know, converted some men who were accustomed to shoot out of season, and have probably endangered the rising generation, to a laudable desire to see laws enforced and birds protected; but, after all, will you be kind enough to tell me what adequate results are there—material results I mean—to show for all that you have said and done? Do not point, I beg, to the numerous game protective associations which have sprung up all over the land. I do not for a moment admit that they as a class can be spoken of with pride, for most of them have degenerated into mere pigeon shooting clubs and exert no influence in favor of the cause which you desire to forward. Can you show me that any real service to the game has been done by all that you have said in the years that have passed?

—SERRIO.

[Yes, we can show a great deal. Our skeptical friend will be partially enlightened on our next issue.]

IS HE A LUNATIC?

SARATOGA, N. Y., Oct. 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you grant a corner in your valuable columns to the "Universal Deer Protectve Association," of which I am President? The object of this association is the strict enforcement of the game law relative to deer. We would see that the deer laws in every State are carried out to the very letter. We confidently expect to revolutionize the public sentiment on this point, and to make our society a terror to the violators of the deer laws.

With this object in view, which I am sure you and your readers will heartily indorse, we propose to hold an annual buffalo bull shooting tournament. Arrangements have been made to secure as many buffalo bulls as possible on the winter range, and to ship them East in cattle cars in the spring. If the required number of bulls (say a thousand) cannot be procured, or if the percentage of loss in transportation seriously diminishes the supply, we shall have on hand a reserve of Texas steers to fill out the programme. The ferocious brutes will be securely penned and driven, one at a time, into the ring, where each contestant will have sixteen shots at it with a repeating rifle. Should the beasts be too much worn out by their long journey to stand up to be shot at a number of slugs, such as are used in blacksmiths' shops for iron, will be ready to hand to get the game into position. Further detailed conditions of the shoot will be sent to you in the season. The date of the convention will depend wholly upon the buffalo range, and we shall esteem it a favor if your Western correspondents will keep us informed of the movements of that game.

Everything promises well for the inaugural buffalo bull tournament of the "Universal Deer Protective Association," and it is confidently believed by the society that we can then be able to slaughter enough buffalo and Texas steers to convince the public that we are in earnest in our determination to enforce the deer laws.

A. D. HONACK.

DEER IN VERMONT.

WE are indebted to our Vermont correspondent for the following statement of the present Vermont deer law: A party of gentlemen in this county purchased and hunted in the mountains, some three years ago, about twenty deer, with the purpose of trying whether the forests could be restocked. So far as we know they are breeding and thriving. It is not known that they have been in any way molested, and it is known that they have bred and increased in numbers. It would be very unfortunate (for the culprit) and, as we misled as to seasons, should kill one of our deer.—VERDE MONT.

By an act of 1876 deer were protected until Sept. 1, 1880, at all times. By an act of 1878 this law was amended by extending the close time until "the 1st day of November, 1886." The penalty for killing or having in possession a wild deer or part thereof is \$50. This I find by examination of the State laws in the town clerk's office.—AWANOSOOK.

We are also indebted to Fred. E. Smith, Esq., of the Washington County Association.

COOKING BIRD DUCKS—Halifax, N. S., Oct. 23.—May I ask "Wad," in FOREST AND STREAM for 20th inst., why cooks and sea ducks are not eaten "way down East"? I have shot coot and sea ducks, and eaten them, too, and beg to make a few suggestions regarding them preparatory to their being cooked. When I go after ducks I put a sharp little ax and a block of wood in the boat and behind the birds as soon as I get hold of them. The birds are then taken off, and I get wonderfully greatly improves the meat. If I want them baked, I have them soaked in salt and water the night previous and a small lemon or onion put inside, which diminishes the strong taste wonderfully.—JOSEPHUS.

STAGE POWDER.—In a battle scene of the play of "Michael Strogoff" in a New York theatre last week, one of the supernumeraries was wounded in the leg by three wads from a musket. In a Bowery theatre an acrobat turned somersault over two chairs and a table, while in the air shoots off a gun. A great deal of gunpowder is burnt on theatre stages.

POT METAL GUNS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I write to see if something could not be done to prevent the shooting of those miserable and dangerous weapons known as "pot metal" guns. These guns are not only dangerous, on account of their liability to burst at the first shot, but what is still more alarming is that they are for sale by nearly every gunsmith in Brooklyn, where they can be bought for a dollar or two.

Last week a young lad named Johnson, living in my vicinity, bought one of these guns for a dollar, and went to shooting. At the first discharge of the gun the barrel burst just in front of the trigger-guard, where the lad placed his hand to steady the piece, blowing off his thumb and first three fingers, and so shockingly mauling his hand that it was necessary to amputate it.

Accidents like these are continually happening all over the length and breadth of this great land, but still these guns are offered for sale.

It is my opinion that dealers should be held as much responsible in keeping and selling these dangerous weapons as a druggist would be in knowingly and willfully mixing a poison in a medical recipe. HARRY HUNTER.

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day, while out shooting—no, not shooting, but looking in vain for woodcock or snipe—I met a farmer who, at first, was inclined to order me off in very short order, but who thawed out after a while, unburdened his mind to me and poured out his wrongs in very much the following words. Said he: "We don't mind you fellows shooting so much, if you didn't do any harm; but some drive up, take down the fences or open gates and leave them so, letting the cattle out, and if we say anything, abuse and cuss us up hill and down valley. Why, while my corn was standing last summer, three fers drove up, opened their horns and drove right into the corn, and when I ordered them out, called me a blank blunk blunk blank blank. Then," continued he, "the rabbit-hunters come up here long before the law is up, kill everything, quail and all, and tear down our fences, and raise the devil every way."

I tried to explain to him that sportsmen did not do such things, and that it was just that class of paching loafers that caused all the trouble, not only killing off the game out of season, but causing continued ill-feeling among the farmers toward every one with a dog or gun. The true sportsman does not act like a hog when out, tearing down and destroying other people's property. They do more to increase and protect game than any other class. The farmers should combine with them to put down those who disregard the game laws and the rights of the landowners. I believe that a combination of farmers and sportsmen, such as you have advised, will be the only way in which we can restore the shooting; that, with the prevention of spring and summer shooting, may give us sport again. W. HOLBERTON.

WILD TURKEY CALLS.

THE sport of wild turkey hunting is enjoyed by no set of men more than by the hunters in and around Columbus, Mississippi. The success attending their annual camp turkey hunt attests their skill in this branch of sport, and the callers used by them as a general thing differ but little. The caller used by most of us is made as follows: Take a piece of dog wood or maple, say six inches long by one and a half inches in diameter, and with a small-sized bit bore a hole through it lengthwise, then with a tapering or hollow bit ream it out to the size of an inch and a quarter tapering to three eighths in. At the other end insert a piece made either of wood, or cane, according to fancy, for a mouth-piece. The tone of the caller depends largely on the size of the mouth-piece, and great care should be bestowed on this part of the caller. When the turkey note is perfected to suit the individual, the shape and finish can be arranged. A caller adapted to one hunter cannot be used by another, unless he is an adept in the business. Some hunters yelp by placing the caller in the centre of their mouth, while others yelp from the side. There are some notes which cannot be made from the side of the mouth, hence the importance of learning to yelp from the centre of the mouth.

In hunting, different notes will have to be made according to the game which you are in pursuit of. For instance, if a flock of turkeys were flushed, and it were necessary to kill the old hen, you would yelp like a young turkey, if a young one was desired, you would imitate the hen. And in pursuit of the gander and most noble of all birds, the gobbler, you would not yelp like either of them, but you would bring to your aid patience, "turkey sense," and all the cunning possible to capture him. If "Ke-uk" will read an article written by Dr. Rawlings Young, of Corinth, Miss., on hunting the gobbler, he will get an insight of the troubles which beset even the best of our hunters. LOWNDERS.

DAKOTA GAME.

YANKTON, Dakota, Oct. 26th.

WE are just in the time of our best water-fowl shooting. Geese and ducks until you cannot rest. I was riding out with some ladies a few days since, with my gun along to keep off the wolves and buffaloes, which many Eastern people suppose endanger life in this vicinity and when within one hundred yards of the city limits, I saw a flock of geese coming toward us. I sprang out, while the carriage drove on, and shot one from the road. Within a half mile further on, I saw a flock of the "snowy geese" (the other was a Canada goose) in a field. I crept up and, when within about one hundred yards, some one fired into the flock and killed five. As they rose, they came within about 80 yards, so that I killed one with a wire cartridge. Thus I got two fine young geese within a half hour. Large numbers of geese and mallard ducks are not every day.

In spite of the snow and floods of last winter and spring, the prairie chickens were never more plentiful than this fall, and I am told that the quail are thicker than ever. This is my information from gentlemen who know whereof they speak. I am surprised, for I fully expected that the flooded bottoms of the spring had about finished the few that the cold and snow of last winter had left alive. I never saw a country where so many coveys of quails could be found in a day as

we can along the bottoms of the Missouri River. These cottonwoods are covered near the river with dense growths of woodcock, willow and brush, in which quail find a splendid cover.

A large elk, weighing 475 lbs. dressed, was shot about six weeks since within 20 miles of this city, right in the midst of a thickly settled farming country, and shot too by a Russian, with a shot-gun. I had a steak of him—strong as bull beef. But what could have brought this fellow away down here? I. E. WEST.

SPRINGFIELD WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—After I left Springfield, Mass., I learned from the sportsmen of that city that the woodcock—I refer to the flight birds—made their appearance the very day following my departure. The ground Dr. Williams, Mr. Harrington and your correspondent worked out could not have been better for migrating birds to stop and tarry in. As I wrote you, I bagged two. The day after I left the same ground was hunted, and many new woodcocks were found and killed by Mr. Harrington. Oh, that I had waited! I am now almost a pointer man. Talk about the short-haired dog being unfit to work in a rough and rugged country, or that he is knocked up by briary thickets. Well, it may all be so, but the pointers of Springfield do not come under that class; and then they are so pronounced in their points. No "inching in," but firm as a boulder when the scent is satisfactory.—HOMO.

QUAIL DESTROYING SCOUTS.—San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 21.—Editor Forest and Stream: A curious state of affairs is revealed by extracts from a letter recently received by Mr. J. P. Spomer, Secretary of the State Sportsmen's Association, from Mr. G. F. Merriam, of Apex, San Diego county, this State. The writer says: "The game law, as it now stands on the statute, is one which cannot be obeyed in this end of the State without involving nearly a total destruction of crops. The quails abound here in vast flocks, as many probably as 5,000 at a time being seen together. They begin on our wheat and other grain as soon as it shoots up, and keep at it until it is put in the sacks. Very few of us pass a year without paying a tax to them of from five to twenty acres. They also destroy our garden vegetables. I have ten acres of Muscat grapes, which they took about all. We must trap or poison them, for shooting is of no avail. The law against shooting must remain a dead letter here. My next neighbor lost twenty-one acres of grape-vines by them. They ate every leaf and nearly all the vines more than a few weeks ago. Another has had to stand guard over his vineyard every night for four months, shooting every little while to scare them. Last year they utterly destroyed four acres of grape-vines for me. Now, what is to be done? We live so far away that none of your sportsmen will come here to clear out these nuisances. As it is now, we are obliged to use poison to get rid of the quail, which might as well be caught and sent fresh to market, to be eaten by men instead of buzzards and vultures. As the law now stands it works great injustice upon every farmer in this end of the State, and ought to be changed. Is your association willing to make a change, and, if so, what?" It is probable that the subject will come up for consideration at the next meeting of the society. GOLDEN GATE.

LOADING FOR DEER.—Editor Forest and Stream:

I have killed many deer with a muzzle-loading rifle, and I have found that by loading with two bullets, prepared as shown in the cut, I could kill the game much quicker than in any other way. With these balls I never had a deer run over thirty yards, and I have dropped several in their tracks. I put a powder charge in the muzzle, then a lead bullet with the neck trimmed flat, and a second bullet with the neck trimmed close; jar the gun to settle the powder and put the ball down on to the powder. Next I put in a ball neck down. If the balls are trimmed right they will not spread over two inches in fifty yards. A 10-lbs., 50-cal. gun, loaded with one hundred grains of powder and two balls would be very destructive under seventy-five yards. It is surprising how a deer will go to grass with two balls shot through him, say one inch and a half apart.—JOHN A. GAYLORD.

SULLIVAN COUNTY GAME.—Eldred, Oct. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 29, that another gentleman has been sold by coming to Eldred. Now, I have no recollection of any man coming to my place by that name, but some have come who had bad luck. A party hunted deer last week here, and did not even get a shot, but I started several deer every day, and the last forenoon started four, and while twenty minutes' walk of my house. The fact is that they are so thick here that Dan Hallock caught one by the tail and killed it, and Dr. John Butler, of 102 East Twenty-second street, New York city, was an eye-witness to the affair. I will guarantee to start a deer any time next month (November) in less than two hours out from my house, or else I will pay all the expenses of any party coming here and staying one week. As for small game, William Hammond, of Thirtieth street, N. Y., came here and another gentleman from New York, and in the first two days bagged a half bushel of ducks, partridges, quail, woodcock and yellow-leg snipe. Saturday Mr. Hammond went home. He had one pair of black ducks, several other ducks, four yellow-leg snipe, four partridges and a lot of squirrels; all shot in two days. The man who can't find partridges, woodcock and duck here either is not much of a hunter or he gets the wrong kind of a guide. Partridges are not as plentiful as they were five years ago, but a man who can travel ten or twelve miles per day can get a ten or twelve birds. Deer are very plenty, more plentiful than for the last five years. I do not know this from one or two weeks' hunting, but from thirty years' experience in Pike and Sullivan counties. I have given gentlemen forty shots at partridges in one day, and only a few years ago. I believe I could raise forty birds to-morrow. Gentlemen who come to Eldred through my advertising should call and see me. Not all have luck. My dogs are not trained to catch birds.—J. M. BRADLEY.

SENSIBLE PROVIDENCE SPORTSMEN.—Providence, R. I., Oct. 26.—Editor Forest and Stream: Much has been said about the preservation of the quail in the columns of your journal. Sound advice has ever been given by correspondents, but I fear in the main it has not been followed. I must illustrate, however, what was done by a few sportsmen of this city and the success that resulted from their efforts. Last winter, we all know, was a very fatal one to quail, and you remember those interested in field sports were solicited

to have a care in feeding the half starved birds until the ground became bare and they were able to exert their own livelihood. Here in Providence, R. I., a few gentlemen—I say few, as but two or three interested themselves in the matter—furnished the editors of one of the daily papers that had a large country circulation one of the articles on the preservation of game that appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and from this article another was penned and published in the daily journal. In it farmers were asked to take a part in saving what birds remained alive, and money was sent to several to purchase feed. Thus many became interested, and the consequence is that quite a respectable showing of coveys are reported this autumn, and the return this sport-makable few now have is a special indication from the sportsmen to enjoy good shooting. This is an illustration of what may be done all over the Middle and Eastern States during a winter of snows and sleet. The expense will be but trifling. Let us all try it next time.—HOMO.

ANOTHER OLD POWDER HORN.—Editor Forest and Stream: You last issue contains a paragraph relating to a powder horn made by Daniel Boone, which recalls to my mind an anecdote of somewhat similar import. I have a connection who lived in Maysville, Ky., a few years ago, whose great grandfather, Major Bowman, was a contemporary of Boone's, and who was an Indian fighter and bear-hunter in the pioneer days of Kentucky. This descendant of Major Bowman possessed an ancient powder horn, which had been owned and used by his ancestor, and had been handed down as an heirloom. During the late war it was "lost, strayed or stolen," but was fortunately recovered a few years after the close of the war. This gentleman was at that time editing a newspaper in Maysville, and as the powder horn had become notorious among his acquaintances he announced its recovery in a local paragraph, stating further that if any were curious to see it, they might do so by calling at his sanctum. He had at that time two very precocious boys, one five and the other seven years of age. The elder one was in the habit of casting his eye over the local paragraphs of the paper, and had no idea that one of his "great grandfather's powder horns." While playing about in the office, the younger boy found in some cranny a large jaw tooth of a horse, or some other animal, and asked his brother what it was. The elder boy looked at it gravely, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward his father, who sat at his desk, replied, "I guess it's his great grandfather's tooth."—MAROONER.

WOODVILLE DUCK SHOOTING.—Mottville, N. Y., Oct. 28.—

The two communications in your columns regarding "Game at Eldred, N. Y.," reminds me of my experience at another hunting ground—Woodville, N. Y. Last year I heard great stories of duck and snipe shooting at the marshes at that place, and went down last November. Stayed five days, got seven ducks, ten snipe and one partridge—about what I expected for one day's hunting. But the weather was too fine for ducks and it was too late for snipe, and my seeming failure was readily excused. Last April I watched for good duck weather, and, as it was near the first of May, dare not wait any longer, so I loaded my ammunition train and started again for Woodville. Stayed four days; result, five ducks; weather was too nice," they said. No wind to drive the ducks off the lake. Snipe began to arrive the day I went home. Well, my faith in Woodville as a good shooting ground was not entirely gone, and the weather signs being favorable, I went there on the 12th of the present month. Everything was lovely and the ducks flew low, and by Saturday, the 15th, I had shot thirty-four ducks, mostly red-heads, about forty snipe and plover and one partridge, and it was not first-class duck weather, either. So let our Eldred hunters take courage and try again. My experience in this matter is like the colored preacher's white brudder, "very ornatin." I have this much to say for Woodville—even if you get no game you will have a good time stopping at "Woods," a good, home-like place, free from drunkenness and confusion (usually found at such places), a good table, kind and obliging people about you. Boats are provided with decoys and fishing tackle, and "George" or "Uncle Steve" 't show you around. It is your own fault if you don't have a good time. NOVICE.

TRAPPING QUAIL IN VIRGINIA.—In your issue of October 13 "Frank" wants to know where to come to in Virginia to get quail. In your issue of October 20 "W. O. W." responds by saying: "It is against law to trap quail in this State at any time." I am sorry to say that "W. O. W." is mistaken. It is unlawful to trap wild turkeys at any time; but under the law as it now stands, contained in the acts of the General Assembly of April 2, 1879, and March 9, 1880, ("parties of quail") no one is censured by means of laws or traps of any kind between the fifteenth of October and the first of January of each year; except that in the fifty counties enumerated in the act of March 9, 1880, the open season extends from the first of November to the first of February of each year. So that "Frank" may get quail anywhere in Virginia from the first of November to the first of January. M.

BLACK HAWK CLUB.—Whitewater, Wis.—At the annual meeting of the Black Hawk Club of Lake Koshkonong, Wisconsin, October 21, 1881, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: George W. Esterly, President, Whitewater, Wis.; George W. Peck, Vice President, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. S. Dalliba, Secretary, Chicago, Ill.; J. A. Partridge, Treasurer, Whitewater, Wis. This association is now in the running order, having a club house and other buildings for the comfort and pleasure of its members, located on Black Hawk Island, where canoe parties are invited to the furnished houses, owing to the fact that wild celery grows all over this lake luxuriantly, the lake being four miles wide and about nine miles long.

SHINNECOCK BAY.—Good Ground, L. I., October 31.—There are several large bodies of duck in the Bay, but so far have not afforded the usual shooting, owing to the unusually warm weather. Birds feed nights during warm and calm days, and are not so plentiful as they were immediately after the weather comes cooler. The three days' law is repealed and we can now shoot every day. Some geese have come into the bay, but we do not look for a flight until after November 8, when we shall have both brant and geese. We have had bay snipe up to this time fairly plenty, and at times in October very plenty. WILLIAM N. LANE.

HOW IT MAY BE DONE.—New York City, Oct. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: The "5 Pits street" is selling quails as "termites," "high holders" on the bill of fare. If I mistake not, these birds come under the heading

of "woodpeckers," and are protected by the game laws. Cannot the ball be started rolling in some way against these restaurants? The majority of them in this city are continually infringing upon the game laws, and openly at that.—W. H. SNOW.

[The New York city society will be glad to have you give them any information about violation of the game laws. They employ detectives, and have regular counsel retained for the prosecution of such cases. Communicate with them.]

WRETHMINSTER, Oct. 23.—The great squirrel hunt, an annual event in this town, has come off and gone. The hunters were thirteen on a side. The collection which they brought in was a fine one. The game was of various descriptions all counting in the grand total. I. B. Howe's side counted 5,600, while E. B. Lyude's side, his opponent, was 4,600. Upon the return to the village the losing side paid for the oyster supper at Puffers' Hotel. The event was a pleasant one to all, squirrels, perhaps, excepted.

LIVE GROUSE WANTED.—A number of pinnated grouse are wanted for shipment to Idaho Territory, where they are to be turned out. Can any of our readers inform us where fifty or a hundred of the birds can be obtained and what their probable cost would be?

NEW JERSEY GAME.—New Hampden, Hunterdon Co., N. J., Nov. 1.—Quail in abundance—at least seventy per cent. of the usual quantity. Rabbits scarce. Wild ducks none. Pheasants and grouse very scarce.—G. C. A.

THE LOWELL BENCH SHOW.—As will be seen by a letter, published elsewhere, the managers of the Lowell bench show have enlarged their premium list, and will offer prizes to all recognized breeds. We are pleased to announce this, and trust that the enterprize shown by their action will meet its reward in a large entry and satisfactory numbers of visitors.

THE REASON WHY.—A respected correspondent is informed that the reason why we "do not reply to the low slurs on the FOREST AND STREAM made by certain journals" is that we have something better to do. We cannot stop our express train to silence the snarling of curs which run out to bark at us as we pass.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

- Black Bass, *Micropterus salmoides* and *M. pallidus*.
- Brook Trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*.
- Masagoone, *Esox nubilus*.
- Pickereel, *Rana reticulata*.
- Pike of Lake, *Esox lucius*.
- Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) *Silozotilus americanus*, *S. priscum*, etc.

SALT WATER.

- Sea Bass, *Centropristis striata*.
- Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone chalcidus*.
- White Perch, *Morone americana*.
- Bluefish or Taylor, *Pomatomus saltatrix*.
- Scup or Porgie, *Stenotomus argyrops*.
- Follock, *Polydora carolinensis*.
- Tautog or Blackfish, *Tautoga onitis*.
- Weakfish or Squeteague, *Cynoscion regalis*.
- Chub or Bass, Spot or Redfish, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.

There are, however, many grades of fishers who, from using the hook, come under a strict definition of the term "angler," whom many of the noisy fellow who, each squirrel that he shoots at every bird that passes his boat, or each angler that chatters at him; or the obnoxious profane fellow whose impudence is a tangle in his line, or a snag that his hook has fouled, or the musketoon, or in fact any of the minor annoyances of fishing, finds vent in a continued string of blaspheming which disturbs the current of your thoughts, and the enjoyment of silence. Almost anything is preferable to a noisy, whooping man in the woods to one who enjoys the ripple of the stream, the sighing of the winds through the treetops, and the voices of nature, both animate and inanimate.—FRED MATHER.

TROLLING ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

OF the many kinds of field, forest and water sports in which one can participate in the Lake Superior Region, there are none which afford more enjoyment and interest than trolling for lake trout in the waters of the "big lake." During the months of September and October this fish comes in in immense schools to the islands and rocks adjacent to the main land. Here they remain several weeks, at least while the quincunial lasts; and here they may be caught in large numbers. While they are not generally captured with trolls by fishermen for exportation and trade, as nets are a saving of time and labor and are used principally for that purpose, still many resort to the line and spoon for sport and secure enough for family use during the approaching months of winter.

The writer had the pleasure not long since of accompanying a party of old sportsmen to the islands off Grand Marais and Agate Harbor, six miles in distance from the village of Eagle Harbor. Leaving the last-named place at a seasonable hour in the morning we were in due time at Silver Islet, and putting on shore everything we had brought with us in the shape of eatables and drinkables, pushed off, and, with appropriate cereanotes, inaugurated the business of the day. The Silver Islet above named must not be mistaken for Silver Islet on the north shore of Lake Superior, which contains the famed silver mine, as the former lies near the south shore of the lake off Keweenaw peninsula. The nomenclature of the early navigators and explorers of this lake and country was evidently very limited, as the same name is often given to several different objects. There is quite a number of Silver Islets, Grand Marais, Montclair rivers, Agate Harbors and Carp rivers, and unless one has lived in this region or studied carefully its geography, he is apt to be confused in ascertaining the exact locality of a place or thing.

We were provided with two boats, in each of which were two of our party and a man who rowed. Our lines were run out to the length of seventy-five or eighty feet, with two

strong hooks on each line and a spoon which would twirl with ease. Everything was propitious. A brisk breeze whipped the surface into short, broken breakers. With a light sea, the fishermen tell us, the best results are obtained in trolling, and my own experience coincides with their judgment. The main cause of apprehension and solititude, however, was the suddenness in the direction of the wind, which not infrequently takes place, and which, if sailors are not particularly vigilant, are apt to drift them from shore and to the not over-merciful and tender guardianship of this capricious lake. No misfortune of this kind, I am happy to say, afflicted us, and only an indisposition or reluctance on the part of the fish to take the deceptive lure could prevent us from being successful in our efforts. The day was somewhat cloudy, which was also favorable conditionally, and the air, although neither "eager nor 'nipping'" was bracing and sufficient to keep down the temperature of the blood during the animating exercise of catching and drawing in the trout.

Our course lay among and around the islets and rocks, which raised their craggy heads above the water-line, and also in the neighborhood of the many reefs and shoals which abounded. We were not many rods from the east end of Silver Islet when I felt a jerk on my line and, owing to the indifferent manner in which I held it in my hand, it was nearly wrenched from me. I certainly for a moment whether the mischief had been done by a fish or my hook had struck a rock I waited an instant, when all doubt was dispelled by two short, quick jerks upon the line. Immediately I arose from my seat and drew the trout rapidly toward me. As soon as he realized that he was captured he struggled vigorously for his liberty. At times he would dive fathoms deep apparently; again he would slacken the line and then with almost lightning rapidity, dart at right angles to the direction in which I was endeavoring to lead him. Once or twice he became apparently frightened and he pitched himself to be drawn along without resistance, his head visible above the water, and his large red mouth distended to its utmost capacity, but as I drew him near the boat he determined again to strike for freedom, and darted and struggled with all the energy and spirit he possessed. His plucky exertions of physical strength, however, were futile, and he soon lay secure in the bottom of the boat.

The above experience was repeated time and time again, and at noon when we entered the cove of the island to lunch, I secured as many as twenty fine trout. The others had had equally as good luck and it would have been amusing for one to observe how elated we were, and to hear us, as we sat eating, reciting the many and culminating incidents of the morning.

In rowing among the islets and over the reefs, we could not but mark the extreme transparency of the water, wherever the waves were not rippled by the breezy objects at a great depth were plainly visible. A bright tin-cup which was inadvertently dropped, could be seen as much, we judged, as twelve fathoms from the surface. When the lake is at a dead calm, which sometimes occurs, a boat appears suspended almost in mid-air. Not only is it very clear, but owing to its frigorific coldness and purity, it affords the finest drinking water in the world. Away from the influence of the shore and about ten or twelve feet from the surface, the temperature is only seven or eight degrees above the freezing point in the month of August. The great length of the winters and the formation of immense fields of ice refrigerate to such a degree the basins of water that the short season of warm weather in summer is insufficient to raise the temperature enough to admit of comfortable bathing.

We fished an hour or two in the afternoon and then rowed to Eagle Harbor. On our way we veered from our course slightly to pass under "the arch." This rock is isolated a half mile or so from any other object, and is something of a natural curiosity. It is ten feet or more in height with a passage-way of five or six feet so that a row-boat can easily go through it. It is quite a resort for gulls and as we approached they appeared to resent our encroachment upon their reservation by vigorously flapping their wings and screaming hideously.

Although we had taken during the day, with trolls only, about one hundred and fifty trout, some of them would weigh as much as twenty pounds, while none would go less than four pounds. They averaged about ten pounds each. A catch, therefore, of 1,500 pounds of *Salmo amethystus*, by a party of four in the space of four hours cannot be considered altogether incredible. These fish, when properly dressed and cooked make a delicious eating, and the incident along the shore often salt a barrel of the same for use during the long and dreary winter. Boiled salt lake trout is not by any means unpalatable as many a Lake Superioric can testify.

Pontiac, Mich.

A MODEL WHALE-BOAT.

ONE of the most interesting and valuable exhibits recently added to the fisheries collection of the National Museum is a full-sized American whale boat, complete in all its details, embracing all the numerous articles of outfit which are known to the whaler as boat gear and all the instruments of capture and killing used by the whaler. As well as a bomb gun, from which the explosive lance is discharged. This boat, with its entire outfit, is the gift of Messrs J. H. Bartlett & Sons, of New Bedford, Mass. The boat, as it now lies in the museum building, is fully equipped and ready to "go on to a whale." A whaleman that could not kill a fish with such an outfit had better join the "deck wallopers." The boat is of that style technically known as a twenty-eight foot boat, and from the markings, "L. B.," on the iron and other articles of boat-gear, it has evidently seen active service as a larboard boat in a whaling vessel, while the instruments themselves show every indication of having been used in killing whales. This boat, as is usual in this type, is sharp at both ends, the most remarkable feature being the acuteness of the angle of the stern, which is narrower than the lead, in order that the boat may be "sterned" when the whale has been struck, to avoid the lashing of the ponderous flukes of the infuriated or frightened animal. The most prominent instruments are the harpoons or irons, which are employed solely to fasten the boat to the whale when the hand lances are to be used. The first and second irons are "strapp'd" and in their proper positions in the boat-crotch. Notwithstanding the pot has hung,

Like the lightning-lead. View our harpoons of steel.

these instruments are not made of steel, but of the toughest and most pliable of soft iron, and can be bent into the most fantastic curves to gadden the boat. The hand lances may be found resting in the glance hooks, ready to be rasped by

the officer of the boat when he "works upon" a whale. The bomb gun, enveloped in its canvas covering on the starboard side, having inaugurated a more genteel and sportsmanlike method of killing whales, is ready to send a whizzing bomb lance on its aerial flight to a vital spot in the whale. The whale lines or tow lines are coiled in their respective tubs, which are known as the large and small tubs, the former being round and the latter of the improved style oval. The compass, with which a lost boat may find its bearings, slips under the cuddy; the head and stem knives for cutting a foul line are in their sheaths; the drag, or dring, to retard the motions of a wounded adult whale through the water, or it may be attached to a baby-whale, in which case the dam, with maternal instinct for the safety of her young, remaining by its side, vainly trying to assist in its escape, may be killed; the breaker, holding five gallons of fresh water, and the lantern-keg, slung over the cuddy, containing candles, matches, a lantern, hand bread pipes and tobacco for the crew; the piggion for hauling the boat; the bucket for wetting a hot line; the hatchet for cutting iron poles from a deceased whale, and the waif for locating its whereabouts. The mast, sails, paddles, oars and steering oar brace occupy their appropriate places, while the rudder is striced up as is customary when a whale has been struck, to prevent the fouling of the line. The logghead, around which the line swiftly glides, the chock through which the line runs, smoking, out in the wake of the running or soundings. The account is very clear, against which the harpooner braces himself when striking a whale, and the lion's tongue, so called by the Nantucket whaler, which braces the logghead and stern sheets, are to be found only in a whaleboat.

A CRUISE ON INDIAN RIVER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:
You printed last week my letter giving glimpses at the fishing and shooting in Minnesota. Below is a diary, received by me since from a nephew, who describes his recent trip down Indian River from Theresa, Jefferson County, N. Y., in a boat which he made himself. The account is interesting very much, as showing that our youngsters, with proper inclinations, need not go out of the State to find delightful routes for pleasant excursions, where plenty of game is to be had for the seeking. Indian River rises in the northernmost corner of Lewis County, and flows northeast into Black Lake, which outlets at Ogdensburg into the Oswegatchie River, an affluent of the St. Lawrence. It has a fall of about seventy-five feet at Theresa, and a sluggish current thence eighteen miles to Ropie Rapids. It was in this stretch I made my debut years ago in quest of *Bass nobiliss*, fitly named, for a nobler fish than in the maskanonge, in both game and table qualities, is not to be found in our inland waters. The first one that struck the rude spoon (of my own making) at the end of my 100 foot stern trolling line, elicited the "Hold on, Ben, I'm hitched" which my comrade, Dr. James Davison, felt me with for many a year afterward. Imagine my surprise to see the captive, when halfway to the boat, pop straight out of the water about two-thirds his length, stand on his tail and shake his head with great violence to get rid of the hook. This is a fact, although, for a fish story, not up to the mark of Mr. Bemant's statement in your columns that "it is not unusual for this monarch of the streams, when trying to free himself from a hook, to leap ten or fifteen feet above the water and shake his head like a mad bull."

The boys may be proud of their catch of seven maskanonge. A. H. THOMPSON.

DIARY OF A TRIP DOWN INDIAN RIVER AND THROUGH BLACK LAKE.

W. A. Fisher and myself started for a trip down Indian River Friday, September 9. We left Theresa at 7 A. M., with a slight breeze, enabling us to sail down to False Outlet. Thence we rode to Ropie Rapids, reaching them at 2:30 P. M. Had some trouble in running the rapids on account of low water, but passed over all right and made ready for our first carry—no trouble but a little head ache. At five made our carry at Ropie, and went on into Black Lake at 6:30. Until we had done this I had not been and had never forgotten the sport we had that day. We made Tea Island our camping ground, and soon had a tent pitched, a good fire burning and supper cooking. You can imagine our appetites and enjoyment of a night's rest on the boughs after such a day's work. We took three maskanonge and one bass on our way down.

Saturday, 10th.—Went out to hunt ruffed grouse after breakfast. A stray hungry dog came to us, and proved a good length standing. Got back to camp at three P. M. with three grouse, and had a royal supper of fish and fowl. While we sat in the open air after the meal a flock of ducks settled down in a bay across from our camp. We took after them and got two.

Monday, 12th.—Had an early breakfast, broke camp and started for the foot of the lake with a slight wind. Passed Edwardsville, a small place with two hotels and one store, at noon, and reached our destination, twenty-eight miles from Tea Island, at 4:30, killing three bass and three wood-ducks on the way. Pitched tent, and got supper before dark.

Tuesday, 13th.—Started at 9 for Henvelton, on the Oswegatchie River, five miles from camp, where we got a supply of provisions. We rowed back in an hour and a half, taking in out of the wet one pike.

Wednesday, 14th.—Went out hunting, and although it was a very hot day and the ground new to both we returned to camp at 5:30 P. M. with thirteen gray squirrels and one grouse.

Thursday, 15th.—Hunted most of the day, bringing in at 6 P. M. only four grouse.

Friday, 16th.—Went to Ogdensburg, seven miles from camp, on the St. Lawrence River. It is forty miles below Alexandria Bay, which is only twelve miles from Theresa, our point of departure. We rowed to Eel Weir Rapids, and walked the rest of the way. We could easily have carried around the rapids, rowed to Ogdensburg, sailed up the St. Lawrence to the bay and had our boat wheeled to Theresa. But we preferred to turn through the lakes and rivers.

Saturday, 17th.—Made a trip to Henvelton, catching two pike and three pickerel.

Monday, 19th.—Broke camp and started up the lake with a strong north wind which fell at noon, and we rested until 4 P. M. when a south wind sprung up enabling us to tack up to Tea Island.

Tuesday, 20th.—Started out early for a call on another camping party, and on our return found two men from Theresa waiting for us, as the dog would not let them land on the island—good dog that.

Wednesday, 21st.—Devoted the day to fishing and hunting, and bagged three bass, six pickerel, five squirrels and three grouse.

Thursday, 22d.—A severe thunder storm and high wind kept us in camp all day. The rain was needed as fires were raging all around us.

Friday, 23d.—Made an excursion to Pleasant Lake, three miles from Black Lake, into which its outlet flows. Shot six ducks and two squirrels. It rained in the afternoon.

Saturday, 24th.—Still raining, but we packed, and started up Indian River, reaching Miscalagoe Lake before noon, and camped there; bagging on the way four squirrels, eight ducks, ten pickerel and four muskanoon.

Sunday, 25th.—Rowed up the river to Red Lake, where we staid all night.

Monday, 26th.—Made an early start for home, breakfasted at Stony Point, and reached Theresa at 11:30 A. M., killing a couple of squirrels on the way. The whole trip of eighteen miles cost us \$10.00. Our score was seven muskanoon, nineteen pickerel, three pike, seven bass, eleven ruffed grouse, nineteen ducks and twenty-six squirrels—ninety-two head in all.

G. A. WALDRAT.

Theresa, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1881.

ROWING IN A CIRCLE.

AN EPISODE OF THE BIG TIME.

WE had gathered around the stove in the old boat house after a few hours of fishing, and under the influence of a well-brewed rum punch, were discussing the events of the day.

"Never taste this punch," said Ford, "without being reminded of a curious experience which happened to a friend of mine on this very stream, not many months since. If you'd like to hear the story, I'll tell it to you."

"We all, of course, assented."

"It was in October, about the middle of the month, and a first-rate day for bass. I started up the creek in my big boat with Jack Thaw and Charlie Titus, Ned and Herb Titus having gone on ahead in the little skiff. Well, we fished awhile about the old wharf just up above Eastown, and not far from the Buck pond, where I've taken many a fine pike and yellow perch, as late as the last week in November. We did pretty well at the wharf, Charlie Titus hooking a couple of bass back of fair size, and the rest of us a sprinkling of yellow perch. It was getting toward noon, however, and the tide was running out like a mill race, and coming pretty well up toward the flood. Jack Thaw proposed that we should go up above the old canal boat that drifted against the bank last spring, you recollect, and take some lunch before we started to fish on the turn of the tide. Of course, none of us were very loath to do that, for we knew that Jack had with him some bottles of punch mixture, brewed by himself, and that it was sure to be forthcoming as soon as lunch was spread. We pulled on up-stream pretty lively and made for an old pier-head above the stranded boat which was nice and grassy on top, with a half-dozen maples growing about thirty feet back from the water, just as handy and cosy a place for dinner as you'll find anywhere.

"We hardly got to the shore before we were hailed by a boat coming from the opposite direction, containing one man whom we did not recognize at first, as his back was toward us, and he was bending down, pulling in our direction with all his might and main. As he neared us, we saw that it was Rod Lamont. He pulled alongside and got out and joined us. I thought he looked a little fished when he landed, and he began to talk pretty freely, but I attributed this to the moment to the fact that we had not met for some time, as he'd passed several mouths in Europe since we'd last fished together."

"We had a capital spread. I opened some bottles of that Egg Harbor claret, the Martha and the other kind, and Jack Thaw mixed a punch that beat anything of the kind I ever saw him get up. Besides this, we had lots of bread and butter, boxes of sardines, shrimps and I don't know what all. Rod took several glasses of wine and closed in pretty lively on the punch, so that, by the time we'd got through and were ready to resume fishing, he didn't seem to care whether he fished or not. I laughed a good deal to see how he picked up the punch bowl and carried it over to his boat, putting it down on the bottom right in front of where he sat to row. Of course by that time the punch wasn't nearly so strong as it had been, because the ice in it had melted considerably and toned it down; but still there was plenty of strength left in it, and a good deal more material than I'd like to absorb, even if I hadn't taken anything beforehand."

"Well, we were all off, Rod in his boat and the rest of us as we had been in the morning. Pretty soon we found a place to pull in a little from the current, and threw in our lines where the water backed in from the creek and out of the reach of the strong tide. Our boat fished on in this way for about an hour, moving from side to side of the creek as the fish got to biting slow, and we supposed that Rod had pulled alongside the other boat and that they all were fishing together. But as we rounded a point we saw Herb and Ned Titus in their skiff and Rod about a hundred yards off by himself. He wasn't fishing, that was certain, for we could see him rowing to and fro along a distance of about fifteen feet, apparently trying to get into an old narrow channel that connected this part of the creek with that further toward the mouth and made a short cut down stream. If you noticed this morning, when you get about a mile or so above here the main stream makes a wide circuit of at least a mile and comes back to the point where we had been fishing, where the head commences. Just across this strip runs the channel that I spoke of, and it's generally pretty full of water, especially on a rising tide. As I say, we were wondering what Rod was doing, rowing up and down, now pushing his boat into the channel and then backing out again. Every now and then, however, I noticed that he'd stop rowing, and we could see his hand go up to his mouth, so that we were pretty well satisfied that he was getting outside of the balance of the punch. We were interested in fishing, and didn't pay particular attention to his antics, until finally we saw him rowing right through the channel, and supposed that he'd concluded to go on to the boathouse and wait for us there. Where we were we could only see for about half the distance through, as after that his boat was hidden by the reeds."

"We fished on for about half an hour after he left, and then put up tackle and started for home, Ned and Herb going ahead and we following slowly after. We rowed through the channel against a strong tide, and came into the main stream without seeing anything of Rod. We talked on pretty

slowly, as the current was unusually swift and the boats not very light.

"We were a little surprised not to have overtaken Rod on the way down, and this was somewhat increased when we passed the place where he'd hired his boat to find no indication that he had been there since morning. We then, of course, took it for granted that he'd gone on to the boathouse, and pushed ahead. When we got there Dickson told us that he'd seen nothing of either Rod or the boat, and added that every likely Rod was off his balance, as he had taken a pretty stiff glass of frog at the boathouse before starting to join us up-stream. Here was a quandary, and for some time we couldn't make up our minds what course to pursue. Inquiry at the tavern across the creek satisfied us that Rod must be still somewhere up-stream, and the only theory to account for his non-appearance was suggested by Charlie Titus, who expressed the belief that he had pulled through the channel, and when he got beyond it and into the main stream, that he'd forgotten to keep on against the tide, and had allowed his boat to drift with the current, which was then, of course, running in exactly the opposite direction from where he wanted to go. As it was about a mile around the bend to the point where he had first entered the channel, he must have got clear round and pretty close behind us, though out of sight, just as we rowed into the channel on our way home."

"By this time it was pretty dark and showed signs of a storm. Jack Thaw began to get uneasy, and had visions of Rod's body lying on the bottom of the creek, and kept fancying all the time that he saw his boat floating upside down and coming toward us on the falling tide. We talked the thing over for about an hour, I suppose, and finally Jack and I got out my big boat, and fastening a lantern on the bow, we gave Dickson the oars and all three of us started up-stream. The way Jack Thaw peered around in the dim light, looking as if he expected any minute to see Rod's face staring up at him from the water, made me feel pretty uncomfortable. I can tell you; and whenever a bass would jump out of the water he'd give a start that would almost upset us."

"It must have been about eight o'clock by the time we got to where the short cut entered the creek, where, if Charlie Titus was right, Rod must have made his first mistake and turned the wrong way. We'd looked under every projecting mass of roots, and poked the oars through every bunch of reeds and alders along both banks, and had seen no indications of Rod or the boat. We were getting pretty tired, and the wind about this time commenced to blow, while dark clouds were swelling overhead, and the waters hissed and splashed noisily against the boat."

"Suddenly Jack Thaw called to Dickson to stop rowing, that he thought he heard a voice. 'I'm a little dull of hearing, and whatever sound of the kind there was didn't reach me. But Jack insisted that we'd better pull in-shore, for there was evidently some one there needing assistance. Before doing so, however, he snuggled, 'Who are you, and what's the matter?' A faint voice, which none of us recognized, came back, 'I'm a stranger and in trouble.' This decided us, and we made for the place where we had first seen the boat above the water, and a corresponding height above the adjacent land. It was, in reality, a sort of levee to protect the fields from the tide. As our boat grated against the shore, Dickson took the lantern, jumped out and clambered up the bank. We could see him poking the lantern about in front of him, and presently he put it on the ground and, holding his sides with both hands, his body shook and quivered as if he was in a spasm."

"'What's the matter, Dick,' I shouted, 'Why don't you go down into the meadow and see what the poor devil wants?'"

"'Oh Lord, oh Lord!' he hallooed back; 'it's Rod. Come here and look at him.'"

"'Rod!' I said, 'it can't be; why, where's his boat?'"

"'I don't know,' he answered, 'but he's here, that's certain.' And with that he picked up the lantern and slid down the bank on the opposite side."

"For a few moments we could hear the murmur of voices, mingled with laughter from Dickson, which he seemed endeavoring to repress, the struggle and the splashing sound of mud and water, and finally two figures emerged from the meadow and appeared on top of the bank. By the light of the lantern we of course at once distinguished Dickson, but without the latter's previous announcement we would never have recognized in the torn and mud-covered object at his side the courtly and elegant Lamont. His face and hair were begrimed with ditch water and slime, his coat hung about him in tatters, and long strips of dirty cloth were all that remained of his vest. He came down the bank leaning toward the boat with the aid of Dickson's arm, he did not rather than set down upon the stern seat, and for some time maintained an obstinate silence, refusing to tell where he had been, or how he had reached the place we had found him. Finally, as we were about returning, he said that he had better not leave until we had got his boat, that he was responsible for it, but he guessed, though, it was a good way off. I asked him whether he'd tied it up anywhere, and he said that he'd hitched the rope around one of the ribs of the old canal boat, near where we'd hunched in the morning, and he supposed it must be there yet. I then asked him how far off he thought the place was. He said he guessed about six miles, because he'd been asleep in the boat, and when he waked up it was after midnight, and he'd been walking across the fields for two or three hours since. Of course we knew that it was only about eight o'clock then, but we said nothing, and pulled for the boat."

"As I mentioned, the old boat was only a short row from where we were, and we reached the place in a little over ten minutes. Rod was greatly astonished that we got there so soon, and insisted that it was the wrong place, and that we'd mistaken the boat. Jack Thaw, however, speedily convinced him to the contrary by reaching for and bringing out the punch bowl, which he held up before Rod, significantly remarking: 'Why, it's perfectly dry!' To this, however, Rod made no response, and we thereupon fastened his boat to the stern of mine and started to row back to the boathouse, as I said, as we did so, when he got excitedly exclaimed: 'Don't go that way. Don't go that way! I've been that way four times already and never got any farther than this. There's a kind of a whirlpool up there, and if you one get into it, you keep going round and round!' Jack explained that we didn't intend going in the direction he had indicated, but were merely heading up stream to get the boats clear of the shore before starting to row down. This seemed to pacify him, and we continued our way quietly, the light from the lantern in the bow shining brightly over the water."

"We had reached the place where the narrow channel I have

spoken of met the main stream, and were just crossing the point of intersection when Rod called to Dickson, who had the oars to stop. 'Now, look here, boys,' he said, 'this is a little too thin. You can't play this on me any longer. I came out of this channel into the creek by your instructions four times, and struck it foul every time. Don't you see that you've got to go through it from this side or I'll never get out? You gave me the wrong direction this afternoon and kept me fooling round here for the last six or seven hours. Now I want to go home, and the way to go is right through that cut—just the opposite way from what you made me take before.'"

"We tried to make him see that such a course as he indicated would be merely reversing the circle that he had been rowing in all the evening, and would bring us out always at the same place from which we had started. He couldn't or wouldn't see it, and began to get a little ugly. Fortunately Dickson had his pocket flask with him, and he passed it across to Rod, with the remark that if he took a look through that telescope he'd maybe see things in a different light. As you may imagine, this had the desired effect, and hardly a minute had elapsed before Rod was sound asleep in the bottom of the boat. We pulled back as fast as possible, and reached Eastown in time to take the 10:30 train. We rowed Rod at the boat-house, put some clothes on him and got him into the cars, where his somnolence continued until we reached home. Ever since that night, however, he has insisted that the only way we ever got back was by following his advice at the channel, and persists in asserting that if we'd gone on as we were when he stopped us, we'd be rowing the circle all the time."

"Ford," said Vermillion, as the former ceased, "do you say that story is true?"

"I do, and can prove the same by the testimony of living witnesses. And what's more, the thing got out around East-town and the neighborhood, so that Lamont never comes down here but what half a dozen fellows hail him with a 'Hello, Rod, how about that circular row on the Big Timber?'"

BASS IN THE POTOMAC RAPIDS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two friends and myself took a day among the bass in the rapids above Chain Bridge, on the Potomac, this week. The day was not good, being cool and variable, with gusty winds from the northwest. We found the water warm and the fish in the rapids and shoals. They took the minnow well but would not rise to the fly, and I have never been able to get them to do so late in the season. I used an eight-foot rod made of red cedar and iron wood, cedar butt and middle joint and tip of iron wood. I have used this rod for about six years. I made it myself, and this season cut down the middle piece and tip to the size of a very fine trout fly-rod, and it casts a fly remarkably well. I used a patent enameled oil silk tapered line, a single gut leader and single snell Sproat hook, casting the minnow just as if it were a fly, no float and no sinker.

Every man to his liking. I prefer this rig to all others, and also this method of casting the minnow to all others. I had the largest bass with great facility, and I find that they take the minnow or crayfish as though tendered to them, it seems to me, better than any other way. My rig is as light and as easily handled as a huggy whip, and answers perfectly well for bait or fly. I have often east ninnows there for bass, and caught and landed heavy fish with a very delicate ash and lancewood trout fly-rod. I have no doubt, however, of the superiority of iron wood to all other wood in strength and durability, and capacity to spring back to its place after playing a heavy fish. This opinion is backed by very large experience of rods and fish and fishing. I landed two small striped bass; the other gentlemen did not get any of them. Our party obtained a handsome string of beautiful fish, and returned to the duties of life's work, happier, and better men than if we had refrained ourselves from that most enjoyable and enjoyed day on the rapids. We had our guns along, and one of the gentlemen stopped a mallard from a passing bunch, which put itself on shore and crept among the rocks to be seen, of course, no more.

Before I stop let me say what I know about putting a crayfish on a hook. I pass the hook through the posterior thoracic ring on the back bringing out the point on the under side. I find a recently shed crawfish the most killing bait I have ever tried for bass when in rocky rapids, especially for large fish. If the crayfish has had his new crush on long enough to become once more dark and leathery in appearance it is by no means so taking.

The best minnow by long odds is a small catfish, which will live often a half a day on a hook. The fish do not mind the quality of the bait or best in the world. From October to December there is excellent fly-fishing in the Potomac rapids from Chain Bridge up to Great Falls. But few striped bass are now caught above Little Falls. We found the bass very gamey, and my two striped bass wonderfully so for their weight.

M. G. E.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERY TROUBLES.

WHEN the Toronto *Globe*, in its spite, spoke of the "notorious Batson," it undoubtedly meant Mr. Fitz J. Babson, Collector of the Port of Gloucester, Mass., and supposed that its article would effectually squelch that gentleman, both by the epithet and the misspelling of his name. On the contrary, Mr. Babson still flourishes, and in collecting the figures which will prevent another such treaty as that of Washington being agreed to by the United States. The facts are these: The British Provinces feel sore because, for five and a half million dollars paid by the United States, they had to allow the American fishermen to fish in their waters. The Americans are dissatisfied because their government has paid for privileges which they do not get, and which are worth nothing to them if they could get them. On the contrary, the British still flourish, and that, for \$5,500,000, the American fishermen were to have the privilege of fishing in the waters of British North America for twelve years, and that the Canadians should have the right to send fish to the United States free of duty, either government having the privilege of terminating the agreement by giving two years' notice. When the fishermen from the "States" went into the bays for bait they were met by local laws and wroth resistance, and the "three mile limit" was declared by lines running from one headland to headland, instead of following the coast line.

Both parties to the agreement are dissatisfied, and no

doubt the treaty will be annulled. The Americans had no statistics to show what the value of their markets were to the fishermen of the Province; but now, thanks to the labors of Professors Baird and Goode, they can show how many fish are yearly consumed, where they come from, and what their values are. The Toronto Globe may scold and call names, but it will require more than these to convince the people of the United States they were not egregiously taken in by the Halifax award, their fishermen having to fight to obtain that which has been paid for.

What the Globe denounces as "taking advantage of a technicality," in the proposition to abrogate the treaty after two years notice, is simply the plain following of the terms of the agreement. It was provided that the treaty should last ten full years, and then afterward two years notice might be given by either of the contracting parties, and at the expiration of that time it should no longer exist, thus making it actually last for twelve years. The term was to be dated from the time when the necessary legislation had been enacted by the Parliaments of Great Britain and the Dominions of Canada, the Legislature of Prince Edwards Island and the Congress of the United States. Although the treaty of Washington was ratified in June, 1871, the different governments did not enact the "necessary legislation" until some time after, the United States being last, the Act of Congress not being approved until March 1, 1873, the proclamation of the President being dated July 1, 1873. Therefore, the only rational construction to put upon this question is that the "full ten years" are to date from the President's proclamation, which gave effect to the treaty, and this will be on July 1, 1883. How this can be construed into "taking advantage of a technicality" is not very plain, but the Globe so denounces it. Its claim that the Canadian Government allowed the American fishermen to enjoy the privileges of the treaty after June 17, 1871, or as soon as it was ratified, seems hardly possible, for they have not allowed them all the privileges to this day, and as the Canadian proclamation was not made until June 7, 1873, it is liable to the suspicion that they never were in a hurry to confer these favors which have been so grudgingly bestowed since.

There is no use in quarrelling over the subject. Both sides are dissatisfied with the treaty and the only sensible thing to do is to live peaceably under it until the time comes when it can be legally terminated, and then to make a new one. But the Globe can rest assured that when the new one is made it will be very different from the treaty of Washington, and contain other provisions than those which ruled at the Halifax arbitration, where the benefits were all on one side. We hope that the Globe will cool off in the meantime, and stop calling names.

THAT MACKEREL BOU'T.

J. M. S. EXPLAINS.

I READ with much delight J. S. M.'s account of blue-fishing at Cape May with Capt. Foster, altho he is conspicuously inexact when he says that "I snored so loud he thought we were near the automatic buoy?" The fact is, it was Douglas who caused the right to reverberate with the *ore rotundo* sound of the snoring nostrils. Had these callow youths, these youthful apostles of Coke upon Littleton, attempted, as alleged, to grease the Colonel's nose with lard oil or any other kind of oil, they—J. S. M. and the Douglas "tender and true"—would have found themselves overboard—for it was a calm, still night—and tasting more overboard than they had either indulged in during the summer festivities at Cape May.

But, badinage aside, J. S. M. does not exaggerate the glories of blue-fishing. Twenty miles from land, a stiff breeze, and pulling in the fish as fast as one's poor lacerated fingers can haul them in, is sport which the Norse Kings might have drank in joyfully in Northern seas. I have caught the bounding salmon in the Bay of Chaleur, but it does not beat pulling in a game fish like a red drum weighing forty pounds. But of this I will tell you next week. The richness of Cape May as a fishing ground is only beginning to be appreciated.

P. S.—That Douglas did bribe the lightskip officer with a pocketful of cigars to hook and haul in his mackerel is one of the truths of history.

CORRECTIONS—Columbus, O., Oct. 29, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: In my letter in this week's FOREST AND STREAM you make me say, "Rip ran out of the water," etc. It should have been, "Rip ran out of the water," etc. In my letter of the 18th, eighth line from commencement, the word "to" is left out between "and all." In the middle of the article the word "Lounir" should be "Lonnis." Further down, the word "its" is left out between "that length"—"The only drawback is that its length is only," etc.; and about three-fourths of the way through, "He we find," etc., should have been "Here we find." These errors may be excusable, but they do seem to me to be a little thick. For Heaven's sake fix the thing so that if "Rip ran out of the water," he may have a chance to "Rip, rare," back again.—FRANK N. BREWER.

A NEW REEL.—We have seen a new reel for bass fishing, called the "O'Haver and O'Bannon reel." It multiplies ten times, and is claimed to be as smooth in its running as any made. It has a click and a break, both of which can be thrown in and out of gear by small levers. It is made by Warren O'Haver, Indianapolis, Ind., but has not yet been put on the market.

RARE FISHERY.—Last week Mr. Blackford had upon his stand in Fulton Market a "moonfish," *Parephippus faber*, which was caught in New York harbor near Governor's Island in a seine which was hauled up by the moonlight. This fish is seldom to be seen in New York waters. This week he had a Connecticut river shad which was taken at Saybrook, Conn., on Oct. 25, a rare fish at this time of year.

MONIEE, Ala., Sept. 29, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: When you good-natur'dly censure Mr. W. W. Wood for his false fights of "Forester" fancies, you are evidently unaware that this gish may be a matter of business to that gentleman. I understand that he is interested in the matter, and that he is perfectly justified in trumpeting his devotion to that writer. He is doubtless making a handsome thing out of it. But, alas! poor Yorick. That Herbert's fame should be thus employed to fill the purse of a speculator in his wares is indeed a sad commentary on the mercenary spirit of the age. Let me, at least, utter my protest against it.

A 30-YEAR'S ADMIRER OF "FORESTER."

Fishculture.

[Continued from page 150.]

EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF FISHCULTURE.

By PROF. G. BROWN GOODE.

OVI. 1878.—Captures of Planted Shad in California Rivers.—In the year 1878 over a thousand shad were caught in the Sacramento River, Cal., being fish planted in 1871 by Seth Green for the California Fish Commission, or of others sent in subsequent years by the U. S. Fish Commission. [Report U. S. F. C., VI., p. xxxvii.]

VI. 1878.—Capture of Planted shad in the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and the Rivers of Alabama.—In the spring of 1878 several hundred shad, doubtless from those planted in 1872, were taken in Ohio River at Lovellville. These were derived from a deposit of 3,000 made by Seth Green in the Allegheny River, and by Wm. S. Hoar, at Columbus, N. Y., in 1872 in Lake Ontario, at the expense of the U. S. Fish Com. Others taken at Madison, Ind.; Mt. Carmel, Ill.; Stanboune, Ohio; Nashville, Tenn. Shad were taken also in the Coosa River, Ala. [Report U. S. F. C., VI., p. xxxviii-9.]

OVIIL. 1878.—The Successful Propagation of Cod.—In the fall of 1878 an experiment of propagating codfish was carried on by the U. S. Fish Com. at Gloucester, under the supervision of Mr. J. W. Milner and Capt. H. C. Chester. About 9,250,000 eggs were obtained and sent to Gloucester, N. Y., in 1878 in ice-chests to the harbor, where in the subsequent years young cod have been unusually numerous. [Rep. U. S. F. C., VI., p. xviii, p. 725.]

OVI. 1878.—Establishment of the Tennessee Fish Commission.—In February, 1878, Gov. Yates appointed three fish commissioners for the State. They were: W. M. McDowell, of Memphis; Geo. F. Akers, of Nashville, and W. T. Turley, of Knoxville. No money has been appropriated, and the Commissioners have done some work at their own personal expense.

OX. 1878.—Establishment of the Utah Fish Commission.—The Utah Fish Commission was created by Act of the Legislature, February 22, 1878. Albert P. Lockwood was appointed Commissioner. No money had been appropriated up to 1880.

OVI. 1879.—Invention of the McDonald Fishery.—In May, 1879, Col. M. McDonald, Fish Commissioner of Virginia, devised a form of fishway different in principle from all previous, by means of which the water from the dam is diverted down a straight incline sideways at an angle of 30 deg. without practical acceleration or retardation. U. S. Fish Com., 1879, p. 1.

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OVI. 1879.—Establishment of the South Carolina Fish Commission.—A Fish Commission for South Carolina was created by Act of the Legislature, approved Dec. 23, 1878. On Dec. 23, 1879, it was continued under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, A. B. Butler, Commissioner. In 1879 \$800 was appropriated and \$661.00 was expended. No special appropriation has since been made, the expenses being met by the Department of Agriculture.

OVI. 1879.—Establishment of the Nebraska Fish Commission. CX. 1879.—Establishment of the Texas Fish Commission.

OVI. 1879.—Establishment of the Wyoming Fish Commission.—The Wyoming Fish Commission was established by an act passed in December, 1879, which provided for the appointment of a Commissioner and also delegates through out the Territory as he might choose to appoint, and appropriated \$1,600 for the purpose for the two years ending December, 1881. Henry B. Rumsey was appointed Commissioner, and he appointed Dr. M. C. Barckwell and Otto Gramm as deputies.

OVI. 1879.—Establishment of the Central Fishcultural Society.—This society held its first meeting at the Palmer House, Chicago, Oct. 1, 1879, in pursuance to a call by E. F. Shaw and P. Mather.

OVI. 1879.—The Building of the Fish-Hatchery, Fish-Hatchery, and the steamer Fish Hawk, built for the United States Government for the service of hatching fish on a very extensive scale, was launched at Wilmington, Del.

OVI. 1880.—The Successful Propagation of the Spanish Mackerel.—In June and July, 1880, the Spanish mackerel was successfully propagated with small quantities through the Territory as he might choose to appoint, and appropriated \$1,600 for the purpose for the two years ending December, 1881. Henry B. Rumsey was appointed Commissioner, and he appointed Dr. M. C. Barckwell and Otto Gramm as deputies.

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Mr. Armstrong lost most of his fish the second day out, as will be seen by the following table, and thinks that they were injured by the jar of the railway between the Aquarium at Southampton, where they had been confined for some time in order to acclimatize them to confinement, and Liverpool. His record is:

Oct. 14, 1881.—Temperature of water at Southampton Aquarium 53° 50; at Liverpool, N. Y., 67° 10; at Liverpool, N. Y., 67° 10. Shipped seventy soles and thirty-five turbot.

Table with columns: Temp. Water in Tanks (Morning, Afternoon), Specific Gravity, Died, Mornings, Afternoon, Soles Turbt. Rows include Oct. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Total died on voyage..... 87 29
Alive October 26..... 3 6
Total..... 70 25

On October 24 and 25 the tanks were not filled, owing to the high temperature of the sea, it ranging from 61 deg. to 65 deg.

It will be seen from this that the turbot sold the journey between Southampton and Liverpool was not so successful as was different. This is the fourth attempt to bring soles to America, Mr. Mather's venture in 1879 being a complete failure from the long journey from Southampton via Liverpool and London to Southampton by rail proving fatal to all these fish, which, being flat, could not stand the motion of the water in the tanks. In 1878, Mr. C. J. Moore, of the Derby Museum, Liverpool, and those Mr. Blackford deposited just outside Sandy Hook. See FOREST AND STREAM, Sept. 3, 1880, p. 187, 188.

Mr. Armstrong had his fish in two oval wooden tanks five feet six inches long, four feet wide, and two and one-half feet deep. These tanks were subdivided by cross-pieces into four spaces, to keep the soles from being crowded on one or right side. A rack was set on top of each, and while the water was only changed once a day, it was often circulated by lifting it into the casks on top and allowing it to run back through a rubber tube.

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THEY DON'T LAUGH ANY MORE.—The idea that an English cutter, long, narrow, deep, lead keel, low rig, the very antithesis, in short, of the broad, shallow, overspurred Bloop, could beat the latter, was simply laughed at, and the one yachting editor, *he of Forest and Stream*, and certain of his contributors who usually uphold the doctrine that yacht building was a science and not a piece of guess work, that cutters were superior to sloops and cat boats, and that the day would ere long come when this would be made plain to all, were covered with ridicule and loaded with sarcasm.—*Harper's Chronicle*.

BUSINESS.—Bancroft, 90 tons, stands at the head of winning yachts of the first-class in the United Kingdom this year, having 11 firsts and 6 seconds to her credit in 56 races, the money value being \$1,400, which does not include the champion cup won at Kingston. The Latona comes next with 27 starts, 11 firsts and 4 seconds, of the value of \$200. The Yachandra is ninth, with 13 starts, 2 firsts and no seconds, representing \$170.

RIGHT MOVE.—Commodore Harrison, S. F. Y. C., proposes to give his support to small yachts on the Pacific, and intends to move in favor of open races, the rub supplying the prizes and the public the yacht. This is what yacht racing should have come to long ago.

NEW THIRTY.—We hear that some Toronto gentlemen contemplate obtaining around a thirty ton cutter on lines from Watson to race for the America cup next year, it still in our possession.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

Correspondents who sign their inquiries only with their initials will understand why their questions are not answered by reading the notice at the head of this column.

W. J. P., Hagersville.—Yes, the company is entirely reliable. It is a standard firm.

A. V., Novark, N. J.—The New Jersey law on woodcock was off last Tuesday, Nov. 1.

KEEPER'S SHIRTS.

Always the Best. Keeps Patent Party-Made Shirts, 6 for \$5; easily finished. Keeps Perfect Fitting Custom Shirts, 6 for \$9, to measure. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

FALL UNDERWEAR. White and Scarlet Knit all Wool and Flannel, at lowest cash prices, viz. 50c, 75c, 90c, \$1.20, \$1.35 and upwards. SCARFS AND NECKWEAR. In all the Leading Novelties and Latest Styles. COLLARS, CUFFS, JEWELRY, HANDBERCHES, GLOVES AND UMBRELLAS.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO. 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of

Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers. Also, all kinds of glass work done to order. Sent Absolutely Free of Charge by N. Y. 89 WALKER ST.

HOLABIRD
Shooting Suits.
Write for circular to
UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN,
VALPARAISO, IND.
FRANK BLYDENBURCH,
STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES,
MINING STOCKS.
66 Pine St., New York.

TAINCH steam yacht with crew, to charter to a party wishing to go South. For particulars, address J. S. TAYLOR, Erie Station, Newark, N. J. Nov. 21.

FOR CHARTER—A first-class gunning outfit, complete, for charter by day, week or season. Apply to MATHEW REYNOLDS, Havre de Grace, Md. Oct. 21.

Wanted.

WANTED.—Any person having a good strong single barrel choice 3 or 10 gauge, 10 to 15 pounds weight, long-barrel breech-loading duck gun can find a customer (if price suits) by writing to Lock Box 129, Hudson, N. Y. Nov. 17.

WANTED a breech-loading shot-gun No. 10 bore, 1/2 to 10 pounds, new or second-hand, for which I will pay a good price; must be guaranteed to shoot buckshot close and hard. Address, Lock Haven, Pa., Box 767. Nov. 17.

For Sale.

SECOND HAND.

One PARKER RIFLE, 10-bore, 28 in. Damascus barrel, good as new and in perfect order, and a fine shooter; original cost \$85. Price \$55.
One PARKER BROS. 20-bore, 28 in. of the very finest quality and made to order expressly for a trap gun to be used in the best clubs in U. S. Original cost \$300. Price \$150. This gun is perfect in every respect and shows no signs of use and is fully guaranteed as best made.
One W. & C. SCOTT'S 20 B., 10-powder, 10-bore, 30 inch, sib. weight, rebounding locks, handsomely engraved with fine and but little used. Price \$60.
One W. GREENE & B. L. single, 8-gauge, 4-inch barrel, 1 1/2 lbs. weight, double grip action, pistol grip, PAUCI B. L. end, entirely new. Price \$150.
One FOX B. L., 12-bore, 28 inch, 1 1/2 lb., pistol grip, first-class. \$45.
These guns will be sent C. O. D. for examination on receipt of \$5, to cover express charges, which amount will be refunded.

HENRY C. SQUIBBS, 1 Cortlandt st.

\$5 to \$20 per day at 1 Game. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

W. T. P., Elizabeth, N. J.—The brands of powder and shot are both of first quality. We have no reason to recommend one above the other.

A. A. M., Otsego, Oct. 25.—I would like the description of full-blooded cocker spaniels. 2. Who is a good party to buy from where I can get what I pay for? Ans. 1. For description of cockers consult back number 12 address our advertisers and read the article in our issue of Oct. 10 on dog dealers.

B. T. K. J., Springfield, O.—Is there anything that will remove fleas from dogs? Ans. Eternal vigilance is the price of freedom from the wicked flea, and only repeated applications of any of the various articles used will accomplish the end sought. A thorough washing once a week with whale oil or carbolic soap or frequent use of insect powder will have found of equal value, but a sure preventive we have yet to see.

D. C. R., Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 29.—Please inform me where seed of the wild celery plant can be had, how it is sown, and the most favorable time of year to sow. We propose trying to introduce this plant into some of our "duck pasture" at this end of Lake Erie, but we are not aware that the wild celery has ever been sown and artificially cultivated. Mr. D. W. Cross, 433 Euclid avenue, Cleveland, O., volunteered last spring to supply the seed to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM who might wish to try the experiment. Write to him, and inform us of the success of your trial.

E. G., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Can a female wild duck be correctly called a mallard? 2. What is a mallard? 3. A says that a mallard properly speaking is the male of the duck. B says that the female is also a mallard. Which is it? Ans. Yes. 2. Mallard is the English name of a species of wild duck; the term does not have the significance it has in America. A female, or a young bird, is just as much a mallard as the adult male. In ornithology the term is always used to denote the species. A consultation of any work on birds will show that the name has as much a specific signification as widgeon, snoveller, or whist. & B wings.

Norris, Madison, Wis.—We have at this hatchery a pond of goldfish and many of them are of a most brilliant gold color, some a solid silver color, others a bronze, and again others partly turned—gold, silver and bronze. If you are interested in the raising of goldfish, please tell me at what age they usually change color. These are very large it appears to me, some weighing nearly half a pound.

Ans. All young gold fish are brown when hatched and some never change in color. Individuals in a pond will often show a great difference in time and degree of coloring. Some waters the young fish begin to color before they are a year old, and their progeny had not colored when their parents were placed and their progeny had not colored at three years old. It seems to depend on chemical properties about the water, or the water, or both. No one has experimentally mentioned far enough in this direction to determine exactly what is the cause of early and late coloration at these fishes.

A. G., Middletown, N. Y.—1. I have two bull terrier pups in England that I should like to have brought over here. Shall I be liable to customs duty if I do? 2. I want them for breeding stock. 3. What is the usual freight charges by steamer for such? Of course they would be in charge of my brother. 4. Can you give me the address of first second and third prize winners in small-sized bull terrier class (I mean under 25 pounds) at the last New York bench show. 5. Please insert the address of secretary of above show. 6. Dogs that are imported for breeding purposes are admitted free of duty. 7. There is no regular charge for animals when accompanied by an attendant, but it is customary to fee the official who has the matter in charge. 8. First, Pegasus, owned by Mr. L. F. Martin, Jr., Boston, Mass. Third, Huss, owned by Mr. L. F. Martin, see address above. 4. Address Mr. Robt. C. Cornell, 216 Broadway, New York City. We have mailed the work to your address.

W. P., Quebec.—I have a well-bred English setter about fifteen months old who runs away when he sees a gun. He is so frightened that he will start the minute he hears the click of the locks. Do you think he can be broken of it? I have taken him out several times and he will not bark. He barks well and is a good one. I have had him about six months, and the first intimation I got of his being frightened was from the breaker I gave him to. He sent him back and told me he could do nothing with him. Would you kindly let me know what to do with him? Ans. In the hands of an experienced trainer your dog would probably come out all right. The only question to be considered is will it pay as it will undoubtedly take a long time and require a large stock of patience to overcome the fault. We have cured several dogs of gun-shyness by coupling them to an old and experienced dog who loved the gun, and taking them into the open fields and shooting blackbirds over them, taking care to commence our shooting at some distance from them and calling them up at each shot to find the bird. The confidence will be restored and the pleasure of the old dog will often cure the younger in a few trials.

Spanish Silk Worm Gut.

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

| | Per Thousand. | | Per Thousand. | | Per Thousand. | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------------------|---------------|------|
| Corta | \$1 00 | Padron 1st Superior, 11 1/2 x 12 in. | 7 50 | Regular Superior, 10 inches | 12 00 | |
| Regular Ordinary | 1 75 | Marana 2d " | 12 00 | Padron 2d " | 15 " | |
| Padron " | 2 50 | Marana 1st " | 11 1/2 x 12 in. | 20 00 | Padron 1st " | 15 " |
| Regular Superior, 11 1/2 x 12 in. | 4 00 | Imperial " | 40 00 | Marana 1st " | 15 " | |
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A full assortment of medium and fine drawn gut from 7 to 13 inches long at market rates. English manufacturers please take notice that we can supply them from New York, Redditch or Murcia. We keep constantly on hand a full supply of the short and cheap sorts, such as are generally used in England. Prices on application.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

For Sale.

Skunk, Red Fox, Raccoon, &c. Bought for cash at highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard St.

FOR SALE, Bonehill gun, 28 lbs., Damascus barrel, 12 bore, 28 inches long, right cylinder, left choked, treble bolt extension rib through traps, English wad, 14 inch long, 2 1/2 in. drop, rebounding locks, pistol grip, patent fore end. Also auxiliary rifle barrel 41 cal., with automatic extractor. Price \$150. Rifle \$10. Address Lock Box 219, Bridgeport, Conn. Nov. 17.

FOR SALE, an No. 1 Remington, muzzle-loading, Creedmoor rifle, but little used; will sell cheap, with all the traps; has false muzzle, trigger, weight bolts, also gun case, gun box, glass vials for holding charge of powder, cleaning rods, etc., etc., or will exchange for first-class shot-gun. Address W. S. S., City Surveyor's office, Rochester, N. Y. Nov. 17.

WILL EXCHANGE a 20 foot cat, 10 yd and mainmast boat for a motor launch or motor boat. Address GUN, 10 West 34th st., N. Y. Nov. 17.

FOR SALE, the following rifles will be sold at a low figure: Sharps Long Range, Sharps Mid-Range, Sharps Military, Sharps Hunting, Stevens Pocket Rifle. Address Box 615, Boston, Mass. Nov. 17.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A finely bred, 1 1/2 native setter bitch, she is fully broken, white, with black markings, and was three years old last April. Address JOHN KIPPERE, Glen Cove, Queens Co., N. Y. Nov. 21.

FOR SALE, an elegant, large, Newfoundland dog, 22 months old. Also a very beautiful Italian greyhound (male). Its mother took the prize at the late Philadelphia dog show. Owner about moving. Address P. O. Box 1183, N. Y. Nov. 21.

FOR SALE, a very handsome dark red Irish setter dog, 14 mos. old, by TONY O'MEARA, of H. Piere's Gussie, winner of first prize at Pittsburgh, Jan. 1, 1881 (see cut and description in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 26, 1881). Its mother took the same in color and all her points, and has an excellent disposition. Will make a grand dog for bench stud or field; has a disposition. For further particulars address J. B. ROHMANN, 60 Cherry St., Philadelphia. Nov. 21.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

Sold by ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

CIGARETTES

That stand unrivalled for PURITY. Warranted Free from Drugs or Medication. FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. NEW VANITY FAIR. Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. W. M. S. KIMBALL & CO., Peppercorn Tobacco Works, Rochester, N. Y.

DUNN & WELBUR, Commission Merchants,

BUTTER, EGGS, Etc. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO POULTRY AND GAME.

We send sales and check for net amount immediately after sale. Stencils and Price Current furnished free on application. Your correspondence and shipment solicited. 344 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITIALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excess of nervousness. It promotes digestion and increases a failing memory. It restores debility and cures prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by druggists or mail, \$1. F. CROSBY, 663 and 666 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

ORDERS NOW PROMPTLY FILLED. GREATLY IMPROVED. CAPACITY OF FACTORY GREATLY ENLARGED. NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.



SEND FOR CIRCULAR OF THE FLYING CLAY PIGEON LIGOWSKY. CLAY PIGEON COMPANY 1033 VINE ST. CINCINNATI, O.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers. (Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.) This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that it may frequently afford excellent practice for wing shooting. We commend all sportsmen to test its merits.

CLUBS DESIRING EXHIBITION OF PLEASE NOTIFY COMPANY.

FARRAR'S POCKET MAP OF THE RICHARDSON-RANGELEY LAKES REGION, including all the lakes, ponds and rivers of that famous country, as well as the head waters of the Connecticut River, Connecticut and Massachusetts Lakes, etc. Cloth bound. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain Mass.

Water! Water! Water! Dwellings, factories or towns supplied with water by Pipe Wells or Deep Rock Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry made to produce. Address MANHATTAN ARTESIAN WELL CO., 340 Broadway.

6 1/2 a week. \$12 a day at home ESTE & CO. 712 1/2 out fit. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.

7 1/2 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home ESTE & CO. 712 1/2 out fit. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

The Kennel.

Second Annual Field Trials OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION, AT GRAND JUNCTION, TENNESSEE, COMMENCING DECEMBER 10TH, 1881, OR ON the conclusion of the National Trials. FOR SETTERS AND POINTERS—OPEN TO THE WORLD.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

Open to all Setters and Pointers: first prize, one of Wesley Richards & Co's highest quality double hammer-guns, to be built to the order of the winner, if desired, \$415; second, one of Parker Brothers' double guns, \$225; third, cash \$50, \$10 forfeit, \$10 additional for star gun.

DEBUT STAKE.

Open to Setters and Pointer Puppies whelped on or after January 1, 1880: first prize, silver set, \$75; second, double-barrel breech-loading shot-gun, \$10; third, cash \$25. 45 forfeit, \$5 additional for starters.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

Open only to members of the Association, and each entry to be handled by the owner. First prize, a piece of plate, \$100; second, silver cup, presented by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, \$50. Entrance \$ 6. To be paid at time of nomination.

A special prize of \$50, or a silver cup of equal value at the option of the winner, is offered for the best Irish setter competing in the trials. All entries close 9 o'clock A. M. Dec. 5, 1881.

J. PALMER O'NEIL, Pres't. I. R. STAYTON, Secretary, 67 Fourth avenue Pittsburg, Pa. Address after Dec. 1, Grand Junction, Tenn.

ALLEN'S NICKEL-PLATED DUCK CALLER.

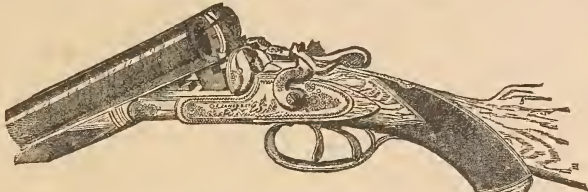
The most natural toned and easiest blowing Duck Caller in the world. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.



ALLEN'S DECOY DUCK FRAME

Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. E. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 3 for widgeon, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ills.

ENOS JAMES & CO'S HARD-HITTING GUNS.



This cut exactly represents JAMES & CO'S GREAT GUN, called the "TRAP" Every Triumph or Trap Gun is choke-bored and targeted.

We now offer a full line of ENOS JAMES & CO'S Superb Breech-Loaders. What is the use of paying an absurd price for a gun made by some old maker when you can get a JAMES' GUN as good or better for half the money? Or what is the use of buying a gun bearing either a factitious name or no name at all, when you can get one of ENOS JAMES & CO'S guns with their name and guaranty for the same price?

We are sole agents at New York for the Colt Club Gun. We offer a small JOB LOT of the famous Webley Guns of all sorts at about half price. Also a few choice Parker guns of latest style at special rates. Address H. & D. FOLSOM, P. O. Box 4,300. 50 WARREN ST., NEW YORK

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Area Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per box by mail. Both the above are recommended by BOB AND GUY FORKES AND STEADMAN.

Conroy & Bissett,

65 Fulton street, N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. WRIGHT & BITSON, 350 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

RIVERSIDE

COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,

Claremont, N. H., Box 33. Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Grace (snip ex-Yuletto) stock for sale. Pups ready for delivery. Sept 22, 1881

Cameron Kennel.

Beagle Hounds bred for hench and field purposes. RALLY (Sam-Dolly); stud fee, \$25. ROCKET (Rally-Rosy); stud fee, \$10. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.

POINTERS, young dogs partially broken; just right to put on stands; Irish, Staghounds and Sensation strains; very handsome and promising. Also one brace of puppies. Address EDMUND ORGILL, 100 Dean street, Brooklyn. Oct 11, 1881

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent, post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 5, 1881

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE. Leah by Hoybel out of Ivy II, born 1876, very handsome, blue Belton; Kate and Clara, blue and lemon Belton, 15 months old, by Roscoe out of Armida, sister to Yearling's Countess. Just right for training. For full pedigree and particulars address F. A. DIFFENDERFER, 15 Sulphur st., Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 27-31

FOR SALE—A well-matched black and tan Gordon setter bitch. Good for breeding. For pedigree and particulars apply to N. T. P., P. O. Box 386, New Brunswick, N. J. Nov 3, 1881

STUD BEAGLE—FLUTE (Rattler-True); full pedigree; white, black and tan; 14 1/2 high; ears spread 15 inches. Stud fee, \$10. Address N. ELMORE, Granby, Conn. June 29, 1881

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

Price \$3 50.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebec, Caspette, Farmhouse and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illustrated covers, tinted paper, 32 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Kennel.

Black Spaniels.

BOB III, imported, black; First, Strabane, Portadown, Kilmarnock, Belfast, and London, Out, Special, Bradford, Pa. Stud fee, \$15. BENEDICT, imported, black; first and special, New York, 1881, only time shown. \$20 Puppies by above sold by Bragg, first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward. HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellville, N. Y. Nov 3, 1881

SMALL BLACK COCKERS and black field spaniels for sale—broken and retrieves from land or water; small and very handsome; color, a rich dark liver throughout; fine house dog and fond of children; will be sold on approval. BURT HOLLIS, Hornellville, N. Y. Nov 3, 1881

A TWO-YEAR OLD COCKER DOG FOR SALE. Broken on grouse and retrieves from land or water; small and very handsome; color, a rich dark liver throughout; fine house dog and fond of children; will be sold on approval. BURT HOLLIS, Hornellville, N. Y. Nov 3, 1881

FOR SALE, Gordon setter bitch Nettie, out of Thiley's Whip (Gypsy-Stoddard's Dick), out of Duke of Locust Valley (Grace-imported Grouse), 15 months old, has been shot over since August on woodcock and ruffed grouse; well broken, and sold for no fault; price very low; pedigree furnished. Address C. F. WATERHOUSE, Merrimack, Wis. Oct 11, 1881

REAL SCOTCH STAGHOUNDS—The Reverend R. Grenville Hodson, Bridgewater, England, has several valuable deershounds from his famous hutch henth and other winners for disposal. Admiring this noble breed should communicate with the above, if they are desirous of obtaining deershounds, old or young, from the recognized leading English kennel. Oct 11, 1881

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find the article by addressing I. W., Box 3,450, New York city. These are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and a fair price is therefore asked. Nov 3, 1881

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 5 months old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Plunket. Address, E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Nov 3, 1881

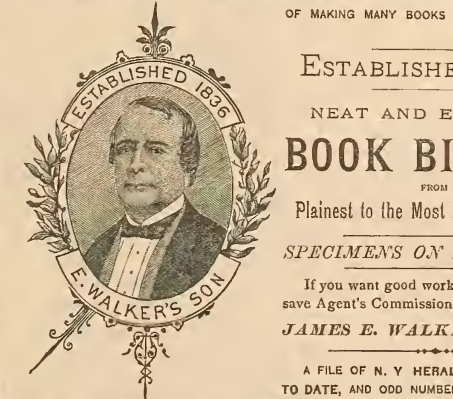
IN STUD.—Imported Newfoundland dogs, Price and Hov, 21 months old, col. 7 fat black; height, 23 in. For particulars address BLOODGOOD BROS., 316 North Del. Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Nov 3, 1881

FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Nov 3, 1881

S'T. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—For pedigree and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 94, Lancaster, Mass. Nov 3, 1881

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A very large, handsome, all black Newfoundland. Excellent watch dog. N. T. P., P. O. Box 386, New Brunswick, N. J. Nov 3, 1881

FASTWARD HO! or, Adventures at Rangeley Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine. Interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendations from the metropolitan press. Hand-assembly bound in cloth, and contains 316 pages, 4 illustrations. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1.50. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.



OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Eccl. 12:12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

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Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, and TIMES, TO DATE, and ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

The Kennel.

FOR SALE, black Gordon setter dog Jet by Iborace Smith's Hal; Hal by Belmont's Ruben, imported. Jet is a beauty, good and hand—one all over; a splendid retriever from land and water; will retrieve a match; has a good nose; staunch and very fast, and great endurance; no man has a better dog on quail; he is not only to be kept in house or with children. Price \$100. Liswell's setter bitch from the best stock in the country; broken on all game; fast, staunch, good nose and great endurance; retrieves from land and water; price \$100. Two full-blooded Gordon setters, color black and tan, 15 months old, fine lookers and will make good ones; dog \$30, bitch \$25. Irish setter bitch, had one litter of pups, only 15. Native lemon and white setter bitch; good on quail; price \$10. H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Nov 3, 1881

ALDRICH'S STOCK FOR SALE.—Mr. T. M. Aldrich has gone south for the season and left in my hands for sale six black and white cocker puppies, whelped Oct. 2 by Mr. Bradford's Pete (Mutt-Trip), out of Lotta (champion Drake-Moult). Also two, same color, whelped March 5 by Mr. Green's Simon (on-Nettle) out of Simon H. (Tring-Sant), and a broken cocker. Address for particulars, JOHN F. CARPENTER, Falls Village, Attleboro, Mass. Nov 3, 1881

FOR SALE, lemon and white setter, 13 months old; broken on partridge and quail. Reason for selling, owner obliged to leave home. Price \$20. Address P. O. Box 31, Brookfield Centre, Conn. Nov 3, 1881

The Kennel.

GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island. We have on sale young dogs and bitches of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel club, now Willard's Grouse, Munro's Duke, Goldsmith Kennel's Rupert, Stoddard's Duke, etc. Mr. Malcolm's Malcolin, Col. Sisco's Reine, Mr. Willard's Dream II. Were all bred at these kennels. Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brevoort P. O., Brooklyn, New York. Oct 11, 1881

FOR SALE; English setter dog Dash; liver colored cost \$35 to import; price \$25. Also Field Spaniel No. 1, out of imported Daisy by Mallard (first prize winner at Baltimore and Philadelphia), Price \$20. Also setter pup Docor; brown and white; weak in forelegs. Price \$5. Address FRANK L. CLARK, 43 Montgomery st., Jersey City, N. J. Oct 11, 1881

I AM GOING SOUTH FOR THE WINTER, and will take two or three setters or pointers to thoroughly train. Ref-nces given. D. W. C. PARKER, 249 Main st., Springfield, Mass. Oct 11, 1881

BROKEN DOGS FOR SALE.—Ten broken or partially broken setters and pointers at reasonable prices; will be shown in the field. Address H. CLAY GLOVER & C. GLOVER, Imperial Kennels, Toms River, N. J. Oct 11, 1881

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," & C. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

PEDIGREE PRINTING AND COMPILING, CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA, which does first-class work and guarantees satisfaction. Also, VON CULIN PATENT SPIKE COLLAR AND BOOK. By mail, for \$3. E. & C. VON CULIN, P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

BLACK COCKER BRAGG.

In the Stud to approved bitches only. BRAGO won 1st and special N. Y., 1881. CHAMPION CHARLIE, liver and white ticked, winner of two lists, one special, one 2d. For terms, pedigrees, etc., inquire of the RIVERSIDE COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL, Lock-Box 33, Claremont, N. H.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Bessie of Nashville (property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by that world famous king of the field, Champion Joe, Jr. A rare chance, only a few choice ones to offer, and sold under guarantee. Just write now for full shooting pointers and set for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn. Sept 27, 11.

COULET COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 31-11.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 375. Sept 24, 11.

DORRY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred and Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More out of Nora O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 17, 11.

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept 27, 11.

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion sensation out of Livingston's Rose of New York, 1884, and dam of Baronet, for stud services of Baronet, address with stamp, HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 W. 34th St., N. Y. City. Sept 27, 11.

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 19, 11.

Sportsmen's Goods.

J. & W. TOLLEY, PATENTEES OF THE "PERFECTION" HAMMERLESS PATENTEES OF THE "GIANT-GRIP" ACTION. Makers of high-class guns only to the individual orders of gentlemen who cannot content themselves with a gun taken down from the shelf of a gun-store.

Illustrated lists, photos and directions for measurement sent on application. J. & W. TOLLEY, Patentees and Manufacturers, Pioneer Works, Birmingham, England.

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New and Second-Hand Guns, Pistols, etc., constantly on hand. Repairing of every description done in the best manner. Endorsed edition. Liberal terms. Agents take orders for from 20 to 50 copies daily. Outlets any other book to one. Agents never made money on this. The book sells itself. Experience not necessary. Failure unknown. All make immense profits. Private terms free. GEORGE SIMONSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

MOOSHHEAD LAKE and the North Maine wilderness illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 10 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. PAIR, 44, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

WILD RICE SEED for sale, \$2 per bushel. CHRIST, Fishery Inspector, Fort Hope, Ontario.

WILD RICE SEED \$2 per bushel, and no custom duties to pay. VALENTINE BROS., Jacksonville, Wis.

Sportsman's Goods.



5 Consecutive Ho's, 50 feet, off-hand. WILD HARRY, the Indian Scout, says that with a Five's Rifle or Jistol, at 50 feet, off-hand, he can knock the 'pots' out of a playing card in this way all day long. He is obliged to use these arms to do the great feat performed daily in Barman's Circus and elsewhere, bringing a bell every time through a quarter-inch hole; cutting the string from a clear hole in another person's mouth; piercing a dime held between another person's fingers; and numerous other difficult and wonderful shots. The only objection to these arms is that they shoot so well, are so handy to take apart and carry about in a trunk or bag, that every body wants them, and the makers have had to enlarge the factory and work nights to supply the demand, and even in the dull season cannot get match stock ahead. Send for illustrated price list to CHAS. FOLSOM, 106 Chambers St., N. Y.

Dealer in Fire-arms, Ammunition, and all Articles connected with the same, and sole agent for J. STEVENS & CO'S

Breach-Loading Arms. SINGLE GUNS: Plain, \$12.50; Twist, \$15.50; Laminate, \$17. Double, 22 cal., 24 in., \$20; 26 in., \$22; 28 in., \$24. 28 or 32 cal., 20; 21; 22. HUNTERS' PISTOL RIFLES: .22, .32, 36 or .44 cal., 18 in., \$18; 20 in., \$19; 24 in., \$21. POCKET RIFLES: .22 or .32 cal., 10 in., \$12.25; 12 in., \$13.25; 15 in., \$15; 18 in., \$16.50. GALLERY PISTOLS: Light, \$29; heavy, \$32.

New York, May 19, 1880. I avail of this occasion to inform you that the little pocket rifle that I bought from you six months ago is a perfect gem. On my last trip I had occasion to use it in the woods, and out of 100 shots I killed 57 birds, the largest size being a wild pigeon at a distance ranging from 100 to 250 feet. For accuracy and perfection I consider Stevens' rifle unexcelled. Hoping this statement will give you pleasure, I remain, dear sir, Yours, very respectfully, J. A. P. DONALDE.

THE SNEIDER.



THE ORIGINAL American Hammerless GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP AND BOLT; AND DOUBLE GRIP ACTIONS. SIZES FROM 4 TO 20. Muzzle-Loaders Altered to Breach-Loaders. Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire. Stocks Bent to Any Crook. GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Clark & Snider, 214 W. PRATT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

TATHAM'S

Selected Standard Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot! Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10. No. of pellets to oz., 835 476 653 1156 Soft, 835 476 653 1156 Chilled. TATHAM & BRO'S, 83 BREAMAN ST., NEW YORK.

Hotels and Routes for Sportsmen

ASSOCIATED SOUTHERN RAILWAYS, Richmond & Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line.

THE Preferred Routes to Florida AND Atlanta Cotton Exposition, October 5 to December 31.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1, 1891. Richmond and Danville Line. Train 50. Leaves New York 4:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:55 p.m. Danville 7:53 p.m. Charlotte 7:53 p.m. Atlanta 10:35 a.m. Train makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta and Atlanta to New Orleans. Train 42. Leaves New York 7:45 a.m. Philadelphia 10:15 a.m. Baltimore 11:10 p.m. Richmond 11:40 p.m. Danville 11:38 p.m. Charlotte 11:38 p.m. Atlanta 1:15 a.m. Train connects with No. 46 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects daily, except Sunday, from Baltimore at 4:00 p.m. direct via York River Line for West Point and Richmond and connecting there with Trains 50 and 48. Train 44. Leaves New York 7:45 p.m. Philadelphia 10:15 p.m. Baltimore 11:10 p.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 4:58 a.m. Danville 7 a.m. Charlotte 7:00 p.m. Atlanta 7:20 p.m. Macon 7:30 a.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 10:02 p.m. 24 hours from New York. Pullman cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Atlanta. Arrives at Columbia 7:40 p.m. and Augusta 10:15 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 8:15 a.m. Train 45. Leaves New York 7:00 p.m. Philadelphia 9:30 a.m. Baltimore 9:55 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a.m. Lynchburg 7:25 p.m. Danville 7:25 p.m. Charlotte 7:15 p.m. Atlanta 12:20 p.m. Macon 7:45 p.m. Montgomery 8:00 p.m. Mobile 7:50 a.m. New Orleans 10:02 a.m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line. Train 10. Leaves New York 4:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 7:55 p.m. Danville 7:53 p.m. Charlotte 7:53 p.m. Savannah 8:00 a.m. Jacksonville 8:15 p.m. Pullman Sleepers Millford, Va. to Charleston. Train 15. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. W. Philadelphia 12:30 a.m. Baltimore 1:25 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 7:15 a.m. Danville 7:13 p.m. Charlotte 7:00 a.m. Savannah 7:20 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Columbia 7:00 a.m. Augusta 7:20 p.m. Macon 7:30 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 8:15 a.m. Pullman Sleepers Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a.m. Atlanta Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Bay Line. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 13 45 p.m. Baltimore 7:15 a.m. Arrives at Washington 19:40 a.m. Weldon 11:55 p.m. Raleigh 7:35 p.m. Wilmington 7:45 p.m. Charlotte 8:50 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:30 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 8:00 a.m. Savannah 7:20 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Augusta 7:30 a.m. Augusta 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston. Daily. 1 Daily, Sundays excepted. For reservation of berths, sections, and for tickets, time tables, and for information apply at 205 Washington Street, Boston, 223 Broadway, New York, 535 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Corner of Calvert and West Baltimore streets, Baltimore, 91 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, and leading Ticket Offices East. A POPE, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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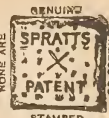
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FOREST AND STREAM

ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 10.

Specimen copies of the Forest and Stream will be sent free to any address upon application.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.—A number of communications on this subject are deferred to next week.

FLORIDA ARGONAUTS.—The story of the Florida expedition told elsewhere is one of the most interesting of the Florida papers published in this journal.

DOG TRAINING.—We begin to-day the publication of an important series of articles from the pen of our Kennel Editor. Mr. Hammond calls his system dog training versus dog breaking. It is aptly so styled, being a decided departure from the beaten path trodden by other writers in their treatment of this subject. His own methods, as here described, differ from the practice of the average dog-breaker. The author's practical success in following the methods he advocates is at once a source of pride to him and a sufficient proof of the merit of his system. The series of papers will extend through ten chapters. We invite for them the special attention of amateurs and veterans.

THE SHOOTING.

THE reports which we have received from various sources would seem to indicate that the season which has just opened will be a very favorable one for fowl shooting. It is perhaps too soon to pronounce upon this point, for, owing to the warmth of the weather up to this time, the birds have not made their appearance in as great numbers as usual, but we understand that on the Potomac, the Chesapeake and at Currituck the grass and celery is more abundant than it has been for years. In the years when there is plenty of food there are usually great numbers of fowl, and all the accounts which we have so far, up and down the coast, unite in stating that the feed has never been better than it is at present.

We hear that along the Connecticut shore the coots were plenty during October, and that the old squaws and broad-bills are on in some numbers. In Great South Bay, L. I., the shooting has been fair—say forty birds to a gun from a battery during the morning. These mostly redheads, broad-bills, coots and old squaws. At Havre de Grace, Md., the opening day showed fair bags, although the weather was had, being very still and misty. From 3,000 to 3,500 ducks appear to have been bagged. We need some sharp weather to start the fowl along before any really large bags can be hoped for. "Homo's" letter in another column gives a good general idea of what is being done on the Maryland shore.

From Virginia and North Carolina we have as yet no satisfactory reports. Sprig tails, black ducks, teal, and a few widgeons have been on there for two or three weeks, but the great body of the fowl have as yet failed to put in an appearance. We have made arrangements to have early advices of their advent to these grounds, and shall give prompt notice of the fact to our readers. We published, several weeks ago, a hint as to the best means of reaching the grounds in North Carolina, and it may be well to repeat it here. Those who intend to visit Currituck can take the 8:40 p. m. train at New York, as per advertisement of the Associated Southern Railways in another column, reaching Norfolk at 9 o'clock a. m. They should leave the train at Snowden, which place is reached at 10:50, and proceed thence by private conveyance to Currituck Court House, where they can take the steamer Cygnet for Van Slyke's and other landings. If for any reason the steamer should be detained, they can continue overland to the shore. The charge for conveying passengers from Snowden to Van Slyke's will, we understand, be \$2 each. The agent at Snowden will furnish all necessary information. There is no hotel at Currituck Court House, but a good dinner can be obtained at Captain Walker's. We understand that by taking the all-rail route, via Richmond and Petersburg, one can leave New York about 9:30 o'clock p. m. and reach Snowden at 6:55 p. m. the next day.

It seems likely that the exodus of duck shooters to points in North Carolina will be greater this year than ever before. Besides the members of the various clubs, such as the Kittyhawk, the Currituck, the Palmer Island, and others, many will go who are not club members. There is a constantly-increasing appreciation of the sporting advantages of these grounds, and now that they are brought within about twenty-four hours of New York, we may expect to see them more frequently visited than ever.

The large clubs on the Sound, no matter how much they are grumbled at by men who are not members, accomplish one very important thing which benefits all who shoot. They protect a great extent of feeding ground, on which comparatively little shooting is done. The fowl before long learn to know that they have a refuge on these grounds—a place where they will not be persecuted—and so they become more tame, and are not driven wholly away, as is often the case when they are constantly harassed at every point. If we take the Kittyhawk Club as an example, we can see how much good it will do in this way. It has, we are told, about 250 miles of water front, but there are only twenty-eight members, and even if we suppose them to shoot the whole season through, they could use but a very small portion of their ground, and on the remainder the fowl will be undisturbed.

Of the brush shooting we have, we regret to say, reports not quite so favorable.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island quail are said to be fairly plenty, and in Massachusetts much more so than usual, owing no doubt to the wise and liberal policy of the Springfield Rod and Gun Club which turned out this spring about 800 birds. These have spread up and down the river for thirty miles and have bred and done well. Quail have also been rather abundant on Long Island, but except on preserves, they have been pretty well killed off. In New Jersey, our correspondents report them scarce; in Pennsylvania they are more plenty. In the Southern and Western States they are reported as numerous. Ruffed grouse are scarce everywhere, if we may judge from the reports received from all sections. Woodcock are fairly plenty, and have only been on a short time. The best shooting will probably be within the next two weeks. We hear from Connecticut and Massachusetts that there was a good flight last week. Now is the time to go. One real cold snap will send almost all the birds along South, and advantage should be taken of the present good weather by all who can get a day or two off. The recent rains have made the work of dogs and men easier than it has been, and we shall expect within a couple of weeks to hear of some fair bags.

THE MAINE GAME WARDENS.

THE correspondence relative to the Maine game wardens is developing some facts which it is well for the public to know. In another column we publish a letter upon this subject; it comes from a highly respectable source; and unless the statement made therein can be disproved, the proof is conclusive that there is something very decidedly rotten in the present condition of affairs.

It appears to be pretty clearly established that some of the Maine game wardens are guilty of a gross dereliction of duty, which cannot be excused by attempts to shift the blame from residents to visitors and back again. It is clearly the duty of the wardens to apprehend and bring to justice all offenders alike, whether they live in Maine or have come from other States. But our correspondent affirms that some of the game officers are so covered with their own sins against the game laws that they dare not prosecute others from fear of being exposed themselves; or else they are deterred from their plain duty by the desire to shield their guilty relatives and friends.

This is just the state of affairs to be expected where the game wardens are appointed from the districts in which they are to serve, and from among the ranks of the guides.

The only way to secure a set of wardens who will not shrink from a fearless discharge of their duty is to put in men who are not hampered by their own misdeeds, nor by their relations to neighbors; and such men must have been, previous to their appointment, non-residents of the district in which they are to serve. A salary of eight dollars a month manifestly will not pay such men. An adequate State appropriation should be made for the purpose. The revenue accruing from "visiting sportsmen" is sufficient to warrant a proper provision for fostering it, by duly protecting the game attractions which support it. Protection of game is here not a matter of sentiment, but of business.

The rule applies to other States and counties which derive a revenue from the sporting public. The sooner we look at this thing in a common-sense light, the sooner will we have efficient systems of game protection.

DEPARTING from our usual custom this week, we reproduce from one of the magazines a sketch of life in the woods. "A Week in a Dug-out" is from the pen of a frequent and valued contributor to our columns, and is reprinted by us through the courtesy of both author and publishers. The interest of the sketch as printed in *Harper's Magazine* is famous. By the way, we venture to say that few readers of our illustrated monthlies appreciate the expense to which their publishers are put in providing such work as they supply month after month. The average cost of the *Harper's Magazine* illustrations alone for a single number is said to be \$5,000. Such a scale of expenditure and corresponding excellence could hardly have been dreamed of by the projectors of that magazine when they printed the first numbers. The magazine is now in its sixty-fourth volume.

THE ATLANTA RIFLE TOURNAMENT.

BY the card from the Secretary of the National Rifle Association it will be seen that it is possible for us to hold an attractive rifle meeting at the Gate City of the South during the coming month. The intention is a good one, and as the managers of the most successful display, now in progress in Atlanta, have made it a general one, and are working to make it an exposition of the South in all its material relations, the conduct of a rifle match is in entire accord with their plan. They have invited the Directors of the National Rifle Association to become the managers of this feature of the general display and that trust has been accepted. If this National Rifle Association were indeed national, there would be no trouble at all in this trusteeship, but it is really a local organization of use only in being well and widely known and being thoroughly able to manage a rifle meeting in all its multifarious details.

A wise step has been taken, though very tardily, in making a canvass of the riflemen of the country, in order that some previous estimate can be made as to the probability of success. What is wanting now is a full statement from the Fair managers as to what they can do and what they can offer in the way of prizes. We want also to hear from the riflemen of the South. Will they be represented at the proposed rifle meeting, and in what style of shooting do they care to meet the invited guests and competitors from other parts of the Union. On these and many other points it would be well if the Exposition Commissioners would speak promptly and fully. The prizes should not be "in kind." A prize of this sort is more than likely to become a white elephant in the hands of the winner. We do not take it that there is any idea of pecuniary advantage on the part of those who would undertake the journey from a Northern city to participate in the proposed tournament, but it is discouraging to know that the prizes are to be a collection of miscellaneous goods, which, though valuable intrinsically, are valueless to the riflemen securing them. Trophies would form excellent rewards. They would be at once artistic vouchers of the superior skill shown and mementoes of a pleasant visit. If the managers will make such an announcement without delay, we have no doubt that not only military teams will visit Atlanta, but private club teams as well, with a good following of marksmen to participate in the individual matches.

The importance of the meeting if held will be very great. There is need of just such a good exhibition of marksmanship as the visit of a few teams from New York regiments, and Eastern rifle clubs will afford to let the Southern gentlemen know how little they understand of target practice. We hear of a few good rifles going into the South. There are plenty of weapons such as they are after the "Saxon" type scattered about among the negroes. Many of the old settlers swear by old fire irons, and actually shoot from machines which ought long since have been laid away in the cases of a museum. There are a few good rifle clubs in the South. New Orleans is doing good work in military as in "any rifle" shooting. Mobile, too, has a live organization, but how rarely do we hear of any scores from Kentucky, the old-time home of the rifleman, and the remainder of the country does not give a sign of any rifle interest. A carefully-drawn match of the riflemen of the South vs. the riflemen of the North would send this neglect to foster a healthful interest in rifle-shooting home to many men of the Southern States. The military interests, too, would be stirred and improved. Every State in the Union should have a well-regulated militia establishment, and until that is brought about and rifle practice given a proper place in the tactics of this body of citizen soldiers, we are living in neglect of an important element in our national safety. A well-attended meeting at Atlanta would afford the text for every Southern newspaper on this topic. Many of our Northern States are neglectful enough, but others are attentive and afford commendable examples in this respect. What they can do would be shown before the huts at this winter gathering, and the contrast, we take it, would be so strong and the inefficiency of the representatives of the careless States so apparent, that for very shame something would be done, and good, thereby, grow out of the enterprise.

The time for preparation is short, but much can be done in a brief period with our present means of communication, and if a prompt and full statement comes at once from the exposition managers, we doubt not that before the winter holidays a memorable meeting on the old Georgian soil will have been recorded.

FARMERS AND SPORTSMEN.—A Massachusetts farmers' society took up this subject last week. A report of what was said is given elsewhere. We welcome all such public discussions of the matter. It is of vital interest to both parties. The more it is talked about the better. The farmer has rights which the sportsman must be made to respect. The sportsman has rights which the farmer must be made to respect. There are hogish farmers; and there are lawless gunners; the former can be mollified by fair treatment; the latter can be suppressed by rigorous measures.

CLUB CONSTITUTIONS.—We are in frequent receipt of requests for constitutions and by-laws suitable for newly organized game protective clubs. Societies are invited to send us printed copies of such forms that we may furnish them to new clubs.

CRUISING IN FLORIDA WATERS.—Mr. N. H. Bishop, the well-known author, is soon to undertake some extensive cruising on the Florida Gulf coast, and we hope to be able to report much definite and reliable news concerning that interesting and comparatively unknown portion of the Flowery Land. Mr. Bishop's letters describing his "Voyage in a Paper Canoe" down the Atlantic coast, which appeared in this journal originally, were so well received by the public and added so much that was novel and interesting to our stock of knowledge of Southern sea board life, that his intended observations will be eagerly read by the rapidly-growing unwhims proposing to make their home in Florida.

LAST WEEK we printed a communication in which the writer wanted to know what had been practically accomplished by all the talk about game protection. We had thought to devote some space in the present issue to showing him, and other carpers like him, that much has been done. But our columns are so filled with other timely matter, that we must leave him for the present to indulge in his sneers. Meanwhile, the world moves.

TOLEDO FISHING AND HUNTING CLUB.—We have received the constitution and by-laws of the Toledo, O., Fishing and Hunting Club, in whose roll of members we recognize many expert handlers of rod and reel. The membership of the society should make it influential.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FROM OKEECHOBEE TO THE GULF.

THE FLORIDA EXPEDITION OF 1881.

FOR camp life in winter Florida is unsurpassed in our country, so far as health and comfort are concerned. In the early winter rainy weather sometimes prevails in the northern portions of the State, but after the middle of January the climate of the peninsula is delightful. Who would not, then, if he could, leave the snow, slush and mud of our Middle States for a sky more blue and a sun more warm, "where the flowers ever blossom and the beaus ever shine." Under showers. The sun is warm—but not too warm; the air is pure from the ocean on either side. Here the invalid may rest; his racking cough is stilled, sweet and unbroken sleep comes to him once more, and, if he goes there in time, the fell destroyer, consumption, is robbed of his victim. I have a firm faith in the healing virtues of the climate, for experience has been my teacher.

In the winter of 1878 the writer descended the Kissimmee River from its source to the great and once mysterious Lake Okeechobee. The old "Forest and Stream" boat that carried the explorers sent out by this paper some years before to explore the river and lake, was then rotting at a wharf in Lake Tohopekaliga. On this trip the idea—not a new one—was conceived of an expedition down the Kissimmee, through the lake, and thence to the Gulf via the Caloosahatchee River. This it was my good fortune to accomplish the past winter as one of a party of five who met at the Duval in Jacksonville last January. Our supplies were laid in at this place, and after a visit to Al. Presco, who kindly gave us some valuable information concerning our route, we took the steamer for the Upper St. Johns. Arrived at Sanford, on Lake Monroe, the South Florida Railroad (narrow gauge) carried us and our effects to Orlando, where a team was in waiting to convey us to Lake Tohopekaliga, eighteen miles distant. We lingered among the beautiful orange groves and lakes about Orlando for two or three days, and reached the lake on the 15th of January. Our guide had preceded us and we found our boat in readiness. She was twenty feet long, had seven and a half feet beam, decked over about seven feet forward. Built of Florida rich pine, she was, of course, heavy, a poor model and an indifferent sailer, but staunch and strong. Many a hard lump we gave her, and she carried us where no boat had ever floated, excepting, of course, the canoe of Mr. Lo, the Seminole. On the 16th we sailed down the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, some fifteen miles in length and three to five in width. A number of settlements are on its shores, and game in its vicinity is scarce. The entrance to the river from the lake is narrow, the water is swift and the channel as crooked as a snake. Five or six miles brought us to Lake Cypress, through which we passed in the night, reaching Fort Gardner Island, on the shores of Lake Kissimmee, after midnight. Here we spent several days hunting with poor success, as the island is much frequented. Lake Kissimmee is a lovely sheet of water, about twenty miles long and five to ten broad. After leaving the island we camped on the eastern shore of the lake, where we found our first turkeys.

Here begins the Kissimmee Prairie, which extends to Okeechobee. In some places it is miles in width, in others the pine timber comes close to the river, while winds about in a vast marsh, from two to ten miles wide, occasionally touching the bluffs, if such the low banks may be called. On this prairie and in the adjacent pine timber deer were plentiful and venison steaks were soon frying in the pan. Procuring a team and wagon from the one settler near the lake, we camped ten miles east, where the water flows both to the St. Johns and the Kissimmee. Our boat was left on the shore, where we found her safe on our return. In this neighborhood than at any other point on our route. I had here my first experience in rifle hunting, in the most primitive style. Our guide took a rich pine stump, four to five inches in diameter and seven to eight feet long, and, splitting the larger end, inserted in the cracks splinters of fat pine. Lighting this end at the fire, and placing a good pad on his shoulder, he would carry it for miles through the woods, the blaze behind his back and a hunter after several minutes I called my first deer, and our first string of sparks that looked the size of a dime. At this point we experienced the difficulty of hunting in the flat woods, as we could hardly go half a mile from camp and find our way back without a guide. There are no landmarks, and to inexperienced eyes all portions of the forest seems alike.

Our next camp was on Braham Island, in the southern end of Lake Kissimmee. Wild turkeys were abundant here and we secured a number; they were in good condition and fine eating.

Leaving our pleasant camp on the island, we once more headed down the swift and tortuous stream, camping at night on the shores, and hunting morning and evening with varying success—most of the game being turkeys, ducks and snipe. Fort Gardner Island, Fort Marion above Okeechobee is the last and almost the only settlement on the river. Here, on the 10th of February, we had green corn for dinner from the garden of Mr. John Pearce, who lives on the site of the old station. In this neighborhood we spent several days waiting for favorable winds, which came at last; and on the evening of the 12th we reached the great lake, too late to find a camp on shore, so what sleep we got was on a pine hoard, and a hard one, too.

The next day we sailed along the northern shore of the lake, our objective point being the mouth of Fish Eating Creek, so often sought for but never entered by a boat from the lake since the Seminole War. Our camp that night was a narrow sandy beach, over which the wind breaks when the winds blow from the South. The next morning, the 14th of February, we were off bright and early, and by eight o'clock sighted Al. Presco's mark for the mouth of the creek—a dead cypress tree standing in the lake about a half mile north of the creek. The latter was found without difficulty and, to our joy, perfect open water was obtained in a few minutes, the water, but deep and full of very fine bass. In a short time we had fifty pounds of fish in the boat, some of the bass weighing ten pounds each.

It was our original plan to attempt to pass from the lake to the Caloosahatchee, leaving the former at a point nearly east of the head of the river; but we abandoned this on learning the terrors of the saw grass. We then thought of ascending Fish Eating Creek to New Fort Creek, there to fire a team to convey our boat across the prairie to Fort Thompson. On this plan, however, we failed. With an old saw-fender who was familiar with the shores of the great marsh on the west side of the lake. He thought it practicable to convey a boat from Fish Eating Creek through the comparatively open water that lay between the prairie and the vast field of saw-grass that stretched away for miles to the shore of the lake. This course we determined to adopt, and when our boat had ascended the creek to a point within sight of the prairie we left the open water and took to the marsh.

Here our trip began, and it was for nearly three days that our utmost endurance. One of our party was a middle aged gentleman, a dentist from Ohio; two others were young and robust Yankees from Massachusetts, full of the spirit of adventure, hardy and cheerful, nothing daunted by any fatigues or hardships. May I always have such companions for the wilderness. The other two were West Virginia farmers, one of whom lives to regret having called himself a "fool"—"when in that marsh"—"for coming to such a country." Here we felt as proud of the achievement as any of us when we finally called out of the Caloosahatchee into the Gulf; and so did our Doctor, who had been in favor of turning back from Fort Bassinger, when told by Mr. Pearce of that place that he had spent six days and nights in going two miles through the saw-grass between Lake Okeechobee and Lake Kickpochee. We had a guide who was man-of-all-work, a good hunter and sailor—also drunkard and ruffian when within reach of liquor. There was also a "gintling geimien" for cook, who was generally a mortal terror for snakes and tigers and "all the good things of life." The individual in question, in common with his race, a great lover for "possum." One night a great rattling among the dry leaves was heard near where some venison hung; a rush was made for the intruder and a fat "possum" was captured. Charley roasted him in most approved style, but he alone partook of the dish, and, notwithstanding his alleged love for it, I saw the next day a Mexican hazzard diving off the larger half of the roasted "possum." After that no more were cooked, though we had trouble to keep the rest from our flesh pots.

Well, we were in the marsh, it was morning, and our spirits were high; but at night, when a dejected and worn-out crowd gathered around the camp stove—which was set up in the boat for want of dry land—it seemed to be the opinion of some that we would never get out of that "marsh," as our cook called it. A night's sleep, however, refreshed all hands, though the bed was again of pine boards; and we resumed our march, as I may now call it, for the water was so choked with vegetation that we were compelled most of the time to wade, pushing the boat or prodding her by poles. Fortunately our Yankees had brought an Osgood folding canvas boat, 15 feet long. In her we placed a large part of the baggage and our dentist (narcipated by his office life and some surplus flesh for hard work), who looked something like Neptune, as with his long beard he sat enthroned in the little Osgood, amid a chaos of cracker boxes, venison hams and blankets—only in place of the trident he carried a notebook and pencil. This lightened our larger craft materially. In the morning, when the tide was high, and the water was estimated at twelve miles, we could see but one ray of hope; that was the timber line in front, supposed to border the Caloosahatchee. Dim and blue it looked, but it was the rainbow of promise to a forlorn and weary company.

To the east, as we advanced, was the marsh, stretching its dense growth of saw-grass to the lake shore, and beyond the great Lake itself. To the west, as far as the eye could reach, lay the Indian Prairie, dotted here and there with palmetto hammocks. In front, rising slowly on the horizon, as we neared it, was the line of timber.

This night we again slept in our boat. All hands dreaded the morrow, for we feared that after all of our labor and toil we should find the way closed; but as usual, when we had eaten and slept, our spirits returned, and we all went to work the next morning with a will, wading and pushing the boat. After two or three hours' work we began to notice that the spears of grass in the water seemed to lean in one direction, which indicated a current; and shortly afterward it could be plainly seen, about one o'clock we struck a little open stream of clear water, no wider than a cow trail at first, but deep and running swiftly. With joy we hailed it. Our labors were over. Though we did not then know it, we were at the very head of the Caloosahatchee, where the water first forms a running stream as it leaves Lake Kickpochee, a good sized lake separated from Okeechobee by from two to six miles of dense saw grass. This lake is deeper than Okeechobee, and receives a part of the overflow from it.

We now thoroughly anticipated that milder and most tropical scenery I had ever beheld. Immense flocks of bright plumaged birds were on either side. The clear water was alive with the finest bass, which we landed until weary of the sport. Alligators were plenty and large, receiving a due share of attention from the riders. In places the current was swift, and the river divided into many channels. Sometimes we seemed to be in a labyrinth out of which there was no escape. Tall reeds formed a wall on either side. Again, the river widened into beautiful lakes.

A fair wind bore us swiftly on, and at night we camped at

Fort Thompson, on the old military trail. We estimated the distance from Okcechohee to this point at twenty miles. At Fort Thompson we had our first and last sight of the roseate spoonbill, bagging eight of these beautiful birds. All sorts of water fowls, ducks, and snipe were plentiful, and our hunting for them was very amply supplied.

The river was so high that there was no evidence of the rapids which at low water obstruct the channel here, and which prevented "Al Fresco" from ascending further with his boat in 1874. On leaving this point we dismasted our vessel, as the overhanging live oaks obstructed the river for many miles; the banks were now well defined and high, covered with a dense growth of palmetto and live oak.

We reached Fort Myers on Sunday, Feb. 20, where we saw cotton trees in full bearing. We were most hospitably received by their owner, Major Evans, to whom we had a letter of introduction. At Fort Myers (eighteen miles from the mouth of the river) we laid in a fresh supply of provisions, filled our water keg, and betook ourselves to salt water, reaching Punta Rassa on the 21st. We spent several days around the harbor and among the beautiful islands, fishing, bunting and enjoying the fine oysters, and all of us, I think, remember these days as the most delightful of our trip. For more than a month it had not rained on us; we had warm and genial sunshine every day. What a contrast to the snow and blizzards holding sway in the north.

At Punta Rassa, after selling our boat, we took the steamer for Key West. We spent a day in Key West, where we saw at the custom house two large living manatees, and then we turned our faces once more to the northward, and on March 1 landed at Cedar Keys. At Jacksonville we parted, some going directly north, others staying to see something of the civilized part of Florida.

One thing led me say to sportsmen going to Florida: Carry your ammunition and fishing tackle with you from the north, and do not depend on buying these things at Jacksonville, as you will be charged three prices for them; and if all the dealers are like the one into whose clutches we fell, you will be swindled. We bought several kegs of powder of him, and he agreed that if we returned any kegs unopened, in good condition, he would take them back. I had one such, but our merchant did not know me now, and denied the whole thing. If the keg had been at home, a thousand miles away, all right; but it was an awkward thing to carry about. That denied him, and if any sportsman wants his name to be given to him.

The South Florida Railway is now completed to Lake Topolopala, so the trip to the head waters of the Kissimmee can be made by steamer and by rail. To go from Okcechohee to the Caloosahatchee by water should be attempted during high water; at other times it cannot be done. The trip may be made a very enjoyable one, although it is not without its hardships. The recollections of our expedition will always be among the most pleasant of memories with me. Okcechohee is a lovely shallow lake, with little life about it. There are said to be very few fish in it, and its waters are hardly fit to drink. There are but few spots on its borders where the navigator can land, and only one over which the water does not wash at times. Observation Island, in the southern end of the lake, is quite a resort for many birds that are valued for their plumage. Black ducks, blue and green winged teal, with many varieties of snipe, are found both on the Kissimmee and the Caloosahatchee. We had no success with the fly in fishing bass; nearly all were taken with worms or spinning minnows. These fish were very fine, equal to any I have ever seen at the north for the table, and greatly exceed in size any ever taken there.

No venomous snakes were seen by our party except the water moccasin. Our treatment by the people that we met along our route was hospitable and kind in the extreme. May I live to see them again.

THE SEVEN PONDS.

BY ANOTHER MAN WHO HAS BEEN THERE.

IN a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM I noticed an article by J. W. T. under the heading, "Tim Pond and Seven Ponds." Now, if Mr. T. does not write for proprietors why should he try to convey the idea that it is such a long, hard trip from Rangely to Seven Ponds that only a few hardy sportsmen, with bravu guides, have ever penetrated these wilds? I can only imagine that the comfortable baggage boats come from there, that it may have been if he looked around the different ponds? It is true that our Seven Ponds' travel has increased much in the last two or three years, but for the past ten years the Seven Ponds have been as familiar to the sportsman visiting Rangely Lake region and to Rangely Lake guides as Tim Pond has been to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM for the past year. Mr. T. mentions that a Boston lady has had courage to make the attempt this year. He don't say whether she succeeded or not. A lady from the vicinity of Boston made the trip from this way five years ago and spent some time at the Ponds, and came back all right. And I don't think she heard a bear scream while she was there.

I will tell you how to get to Seven Ponds via Rangely. I don't ask you to believe me, but just take the map of Maine and compare the distances. Leaving Boston on the 8:30 train from the Boston and Maine or the Eastern Depot, you change at Portland to the Maine Central, and at Farmington to the Sandy River Narrow Gauge, arriving at Phillipsburg at 11 o'clock. You then take your baggage to the hotel, where you spend the night. Leaving Phillips next morning at 7 A. M. on a good stage coach, a twenty miles ride over good road, where the scenery is fine, brings you to Rangely in time for dinner. After dinner, your baggage being changed from the stage to a strong wagon, you start for Kennebag Lake, ten miles distant. The first three miles is over a good road; after that, if you have not procured a horse and saddle at Rangely, you must walk. The time usually taken for walking it by sportsmen is two and a half or three hours. This brings you to the Pleasant Retreat House at the head of Kennebag Lake. Here you find good accommodations, and as good a table as is set before the sportsman anywhere in the Rangely region. Ed. Grant, Cornelius and Phinias Richardson are the owners. Phinias proprietor in a manner, that is satisfactory to all, while Grant and Corneal guide. Better guides and better fellows do not exist, and the stranger may rest assured that whatever they tell him about fish and game is the truth, whether the matter goes to the water or to the woods. To reach the Seven Ponds from the Forest Retreat House you take a boat and row down the lake, which is five miles, to a little way below the outlet, where you find a stream coming in on the right. Going up this stream for a mile and a half you come to Little Kennebag. Across this, one-half mile and up the inlet two miles further, you reach the

trail that leads to Seven Ponds. It is a good, hard-trodden path, and is eight or nine miles to the ponds. Guides very often go from the Ponds down to the boat landing and take a pack of eighty or ninety pounds and return the same day. Sportsmen this past summer have walked from the Ponds down to the boat landing, taking their boats to the Forest Retreat House, and then walked to Rangely the same day. There is a semi-weekly mail from Rangely to the Forest Retreat House, and Houton's team makes the trip daily, over in the morning and back in the afternoon.

I have given you a little idea of this "long, hard trail" from Rangely to the Seven Ponds; and, dear invalid, if you have not strength enough to walk these carries, don't, for the sake of the loved ones that you leave behind, imagine that you have strength enough to go another way where you have to ride on a buckboard. Reading about a buckboard ride and taking that ride on a new road through our rough mountainous country are two different things; and when, with a good spring, the buckboard comes down and strikes a stump directly under you, and you imagine that your backbone is sticking a good six inches above the top of your head, then you will realize the difference.

The Seven Ponds country is a great place for fish and game, whatever way you get there. Not many miles to the west of the Ponds, on the first day of last December, I brought down three cat on three successive shots; and two days later I saw my friend, John Danforth, of Parmacabee Lake, bring down two more near the same place. As soon as the snow gets deep enough for still-bunting John and I will be among them again.

I was once guiding a gentleman at Seven Ponds in the month of August. The lybuck was lost, but we happened to have two good sized bait hooks left; the ravellings from my rod launch sizzled made the body of one fly, and the feathers from an unhooked dipper duck, wound with black linen thread to finish it. They were the same kind of a body, but the rest of it was a mixture of dipper and black duck, crow, owl and anything that came handy that had feathers on it. The first fly we christened the Dipper, the last one the Seven Pond Killer—and it was a killer. They both took well, but the Killer was the best. With these we caught all the trout we wanted, and they had some wear to them.

What I started to say in a few words I have spun out into quite a letter, and I trust it will be excused by your readers, as it is from the forced pen of a woodsman, who is not a reformer. It is written at Camp Bemis, on the southern shore of the Moosehookmagnetic Lake, where a northwester gets about an eight-mile sweep; and it is showing us what it can do this time. It has been one continual roar for two days and nights. The wharf and rocks for twenty feet from the water along the shore are one sheet of ice. The steamboat is anchored around in the cove, and the sides of that are also covered with ice; and if it were not for keeping up a fire in her to prevent the boiler and pipes from freezing up and bursting, I should have been in bed long ago and you would not have been bothered with this year. It is true, you o'clock; I'll go out and fire her up once more and then turn in. I wish that the lumbermen and their supplies were safely landed in their logging camps, the steamboat boused and I myself at the Seven Ponds this minute. Good night.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

Camp Bemis, Rangely Lakes, Oct. 26.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—I.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your letter was received several days ago, but I have been too busy to reply to it before. *Impromptu*—I am not a tramp, as you've had reason to suspect, but a respectable white citizen, as I mean to prove if I have time to call on you before I leave for Washington, which will probably be my future home.

To clear a little of the mist from your mind—caused by my sending you contributions from nearly every part of the earth—I'll treat you to a bit of autobiography. I was born in Bucks county, Pa., (where the chickens come from) about 110 years ago, with a gun in my mouth instead of a silver spoon (which was a blunder on my part), which I have used "between meals" from the first break after birth until the present time. The first gun I shot out of the wing was a crow; and from that proud time I have increased and multiplied till I grew into a No. 1 shot. In fact, my slaughtering industry was great enough to entitle me to a place in the State game protective association; but I killed birds to protect them from hawks and other sportsmen.

For some years past I have shed but little feathered blood, and I would like to shoot a duck to revive old memories, but alas! whenever one is seen he is immediately "protected" by some snip or State association. By the way, is the deer or some other fellow, that instigated members of legislatures to take all the sporting privileges from the mass of the people and give them to a few rich men? Is that a touch of democracy or aristocracy? (P. S.—The above is not autobiography).

I am by profession a , and in that capacity have traveled over all creation except the Garden of Eden and the North Pole (both doubtful places).

CHAPTER II.

What is of more interest to "Forest and Streamers"—I have had the reputation (over twenty years ago) of being one of the best shots in the West, and many a time and oft have they tried to wreath me into a match with the great shots of the country; but they servant was not of that stripe.

I once made a score of 13 out of 20 double birds, from a trap; and when I went to . I found my fame had preceded me, and I was as one hand and glove with the hunting club. One of the members asked me if I had ever shot English snipe. I told him I had killed as many as eight or ten in a day on the Bordenown meadows, at which they "smoked right out."

They then arranged for me to go with them up the country about sixty miles, to their great sniping ground, and from the fact that their best shot was along, I suspected that their object was to show me that I was not much of a shot; so I determined to do as they all did at that time—kill as many as I could and go in for the laurels, at the risk of being called "snipe hog" by posterity. At the end of our day's shooting I had 130, and their best shot had about eighty; so the matter of skill was settled. That was the only time I ever shot English snipe in the cover. Toward the close of the day they got frightened at the constant cannonade that one of them flew to the bit of woods and thick underbrush near the marsh, and from that time nearly every bird that was not killed followed him, till a great number had stowed themselves away there for safety, when I went for

them." The gunners all said it was folly, but I knew better. One man from Louisville said he could kill them there if I could, but he soon gave it up, and I had them all to myself; and I never had more satisfactory sport, for, at that time, the more diluient the shooting the better I liked it.

That ground is all owned by a club now, but I've had my share of it. The above is given in promise to try your patience, I hope I'll have time to call at the "Wood and Water" office before I leave. In the meantime I am not a tramp, but your very respectable and obedient servant, A.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

THE whirling dead leaves, blown unnumbered times around, Lie heaped, or loosely scattered over the ground; The cawing Crows now fly from field to field of stalk-of-corn And Owls sound out their sweetest notes from eve till morn. Look you! swiftly to the north the wild Loons wings its way, While on the Eastern Shore, Plover and Duck glide down the bay; Till marsh weeds are waving their heads in the breeze; Erewhile "Striped Wood Peens" vigorously taps the trees.

And to the northward look, and fix your gaze; See the honking Wild Geese wend their tortuous ways; Cull is the air, biting the Grangers' nose with its freeze, While Bears in their cavernous couches snore on at ease. But the Raccoon, where on earth, is he? Surely he dot not stay all winter up a tree! Woodchucks, Porcupines and Rabbits, too, there are Who snooze and gape, and tick smooth their hair; Little Osk-awah silently the tracks of deer pursue, Muttering as he spies the big foot marks of "Piper's shoes. Now the feathery snowflakes in countless millions fly, As 'Bunkum at his steeplebird sits, eating doganits and nine pins, Elkibits, bearsteak, roast coon and turkey bones, And on drinking so much ether that he fairly groans.

Dansville, N. Y. BOCK-JABOCK.

E. Hinnum Piper a noted hunter in Poughkeepsie Canyon, near Dansville, N. Y.

[From Harper's Magazine for November.]

A WEEK IN A DUG-OUT.

BY W. W. THOMAS, JR.

"A DIEU, Moreaud," said I, and we pushed out upon the lake in our dug-out.

"Au revoir, monsieur, et bonne chance," replied Moreaud from the shore; then lighting his pipe, he turned on his heel, and disappeared in the forest.

We were in the backwoods of Canada. We had left the last house of the pioneer habitant on the farther bank of the river, and were now fairly under way on our voyage of a hundred miles, through a forest as yet unmarred by man. Our route lay along the great natural thoroughfares of all wooded countries—the streams and lakes—and our vehicle was a dug-out.

But why a dug-out? Well, I take it that we fellows of offices, professions and books go camping out for much the same reason that Anteus touched the earth, and in that the latter was to our common knowledge the stronger do we become. Our servants have not yet decided, I believe, in what frail bark man first trusted himself upon the wave; but surely, next to the log *au naturel*, the dug-out log must have been the earliest means of transportation upon the water.

So, in selecting a boat for our trip, I had severely discarded the canoe and the bateau as too intricate, complex and civilized, and joyfully accepted the dug-out as nearest the bosom of nature. And now I floated away in my hollow log with all the zeal of an old cave-dweller with his paddle and fish-headed javelin.

Our dug-out, or pirogue, as the habitants call it, once stood a noble piece of the forest. It was a single pine log, twenty-six and a half feet long and two feet four inches wide, rudely hollowed out, and the ends roughly hewed into bow and stern, somewhat after the model of a bark canoe.

The crew numbered three, my two guides and myself. The guides were brothers, James and George Dall. George, the light and festive bachelor, paddled in the bow. James, the dignified, weightier father of a family, wielded his mighty paddle in the stern. Last amidships on a buffalo-robe, with fishing-rods and a light folding-piece on either side. Our plunger was stowed close behind me, and made a most acceptable backing.

Thus we sailed across Beaver Lake—a forest-girt pool dotted with lily-pads, and so shoal that we touched bottom with our paddles at every stroke. We gain the outlet, and glide into the dead water of Beaver Brook. Trunks of fallen trees reach out toward us from either sunny shore, their withered branches covered with long moss. Then the banks grow closer and higher, the current increases, and the stream changes into a rippling brook. The guides change their paddles for setting-poles. Faster runs the brook and shoaler grows the water, till at last, with a gratine jar—a sound I soon learn to hate—the dug-out grounds solidly on a pebbly bar in mid-stream.

The guides jump overboard, and haul and shove the pirogue ahead. This is hard work. I lighten it two hundred pounds by taking to the water myself, and abandon my luxurious seat on the buffalo-robe for a chilling wade in Beaver Brook.

We toil on, floating our wooden canoe through the deep pools, lifting and shoving her over the shoal bars. But worse than this is in store for us. Round a turn in the brook we come upon a mass of fallen cedars lying squarely across the stream. It would take too long to how a way through them, so, by putting out the last pound of muscle possessed by the entire crew, we lift, shove, pull and drag the pirogue over the jam.

Our afternoon was spent in dragging across bars and hauling over windfalls, with now and then the breathing-spell of a deep pool, over which we thankfully floated. This run would hog and destroy any other kind of boat. My respect for the dug-out was continually increasing.

While shoving over a fallen cedar a foot above the water, the pirogue sticks in the middle. As we draw breath for a fresh shove, Jim observes, gently: "A fine place for a camp on the bank up there to your right, sir. Plenty of good wood for the fire, too, sir." I look at my watch; it is half-past six. "Maybe we mightn't find so good a chance for a camp further down stream, sir."

I take the hint. Pirogue bags where she stuck. We unpack tent and needed stores, and pitch our camp on the pretty bluff.

Our tent was in form like a shed—a roof and two sides, but entirely open in front. I was seven feet wide, seven deep, and seven high in front sloping down to the ground behind. Made of the lightest duck, it weighed but a few pounds, and when not in use was rolled up and shoved into a bag twenty-four by ten inches. It was pitched on two upright poles, and stretched tight as a drum, and held in position by side and from guys or ropes.

This was our "house in the bush." Jim cut wood for the fire; George, spruce boughs for our bed. Tent is pitched, fragrant bed laid, fire crackling, and supper cooking before darkness comes on. We eat by the light of the flames, the forest gloom lightened by the bright circle around.

The guides chat with each other in French, and with me in the same tongue as long as I understand them, only changing to English when the expression of my face shows that they have got beyond my depth in French.

My companions turn to a good illustration of the vigor and tenseness of the French language, and its power to hold its own and increase when brought into contact with the English. Jim and George talk of pure English stock. Their parents were the children of British soldiers and their British wives, members of a military colony settled by England in this wilderness. The colony received many privileges, and its original members drew rations from the English Government as long as they lived.

But the Anglo-French settled around this colony of Britons. The two languages came into competition, and today the French is victorious, while the English has almost disappeared. My guides, the grandsons of British soldiers, although speaking English, prefer French, and always use it when talking to each other; while the children of J-mes, who married an Acadian, neither speak nor understand a word of our language, but use French exclusively.

Some fresh logs are thrown upon our birchen andirons; the great gray buck-log glows away, and the flames crackle and leap on high. We sit on the fragrant boughs of the spruce, and feel the fire that bars the whole width of the open tent, and fall asleep, watching the sparks course upward past the tall dark tree-tops, and lose themselves amid the stars of heaven.

The song of a bird awoke us. It was still dark; a dismal fog filled the forest. No sign of day was given to the eye, but the wild bird's song told us surely the day has dawned.

It was a plaintive little twittering—a lone voice of the lonely wood—that ushered in this August day. How different from the full chorus of a thousand songsters that heralds the dawn of a day in spring!

Soon dull gray light began to filter down through the dark gray fog. Then the song ceased. Dawn had come to our dimmer eyes.

The cheerful fire had turned into a feathery mass of white ashes, where one live coal glowed like a fiery eye. Over this George builds a co-honse of chips, and is soon rewarded with a blaze. I take a plunge into the stream, and before I am fairly dressed, G-ge calls to breakfast—buck wheat cakes smoking hot, fried fat pork, and a steaming cup of coffee. We eat, or jog, or pump, or hoc, and with tin plate in lap, make a royal meal.

"Will you have some maple syrup on yer cakes, sir?" "Of course I will; but where did you get this luxury?" "O, we reduce it, sir, with water from our block o' maple sugar."

Delicious syrup it was, too; and the buck wheats were no fancy, fragile, hotel affairs. Each cake was just the bigness of the frying-pan, and half an inch thick; light and palatable they were, though, and in the woods, I am sure you could cherish any animosity toward them on account of their size.

We struck camp, packed our traps, pushed the pirogue over the fallen tree, where it had hung all night, and poed down stream. It was but twenty minutes past seven. The river f-g broke in rifts overhead, and the warm blue sky looked through. The brook grew deeper; our dug-out-s w ill grated on the bars, but we pushed her over without jumping into the water, and poled on d-y shod and thankful. Soon a large brook poured on our right, and with its added volume we glided smoothly along.

Now the current becomes sluggish, the water dark and deep. We cut a rudder-scamp, through which the stream winds and twists like "the sinuous Songo." The alder bushes protrude into the water from either bank, their long stems interlock, and their branches form a plated leafy barrier across our pathway, the brook, which runs under the thickets, and washes as completely as if it flew into the bowels of the earth. Paddle and pole are useless; we lie flat on our backs, catch hold of the network of branches overhead, and pull the pirogue through the jungle that chokes the rivulet. We grope our way slowly. The boughs grate, rub and scratch over the canoe and ourselves, their leaves all dripping with the morning mist. I was the blindest sail I ever took. Better a "oungon o' log" on the open sea.

So we crawl on for a mile, threading the labyrinth of an alder swamp, then with a cheer shoot out into a rippling river thrice the size of our brook. The broad current lapses between pebbly beaches, a stately forest rises from either bank, wooded mountains tower subwart the vista of the stream, and overhead smiles the clear blue sky, into which the last r-gged vestiges of the fog are dissolving.

We stand erect in the canoe, stretch our necks and arms, devoutly thank for a clear sky and an open stream. Then we run the pirogue ashore on a gravelly bar, cast overboard a cargo of leaves, twigs and broken alder branches, bail out, and dive ourselves in the sun, and shove off down the Gateno River, dull hills past and fairer hills ahead.

The water was clear as crystal, yet of a tawny color, like dark amber. It rippled high yellow over pebbly bars, swirled dark and deep and brown round the broad crescent of a curving pool, then rippled on again. Our canoe slid along on its glassy current through a princely forest. The regular splash of the setting-poles into the water and their sharp grate against the gravel bottom were the only sounds that broke the restful calm. Soon Jim chants a quaint French song, and the poles swing in time to the tune. We glide through a wide interval, covered with rich tall grass and dotted with stately elms, which rise like Corinthian columns from the plain.

Now our river strikes a spur of the mountain, is deflected to the north, ripples through a stretch of forest, then opens out into a swampy evil, overgrown with tall rank reeds and grasses, through which the passing breeze waves like a running fire.

Jim ceases singing. The guides noiselessly show the poles away and take to the paddles.

"Are you ready, sir?" asks Jim.

"Ready for what?"

"Here might be a moose along here, sir, or a caribou, perhaps." Out springs my gun. "They comes down to

places like this in the summer, and wadea out into the water up to their necks, and browses round on the grass and lilies and the like o' that, sir; and if you paddle along quiet like this, maybe you'll get on 'em, but if they hears yer pole strike the bottom, never a one'll you sit whatever—they'll be off before ever you comes in sight. But we'll soon come to a banty chance for 'em now, sir, in a boggy to yer right."

"And who's the boggy?"

"That's an Injun name, sir; but maybe you've heard it called *logan*, or perhaps *poke-logan*. They's all Injun names for a place where the dead water backs up out of a river, and makes a kind o' shall-r pond like up into the grass and swamp. But look out, sir," added Jim, dropping his voice to a whisper—"we're right on it."

The pirogue drifted slowly past the mouth of a shallow lagoon, covered with lily-pads, fruited with reeds, and skirted by the forest. We intently watched every object as it slid into view by the narrow mouth of *logan*. Every instant I expected to see a branching pair of snipe arise with a splash as a moose bounded from water into cover. But the lagoon was passed without sight or sound.

Is it merely a coincidence that the sheet of water the Indian calls *logan* we name *lagoon*, from the Italian *laguna*?

As there are no moose, Jim and George take their poles again, and our long hollow log is propelled steadily through the still water of the broadening, currentless river.

Just as we were about to reach the edge of the water, head and neck raised in a perpendicular, and stiff as a skewer. He looked so oddly, standing bolt-upright, with his head pointing to the zenith, that, although we passed within three feet, we made no effort to catch him. I soon regretted that we had not added him to our supplies for the pot, so we hacked the canoe to rectify our error.

"It's a young 'un," quoth Jim; "he can't fly; that's why he was a prayin' with his bill up. This pole is the boy for him. Jest you look here and see me take him in."

As he spoke the water in front swung out of the bush and flew up stream. I at once shot him on the wing. Jim had turned his back on the bittens in disgust the instant he flew, and looking at me as I raised my gun and fired, exclaimed, "Mou Dieu, monsieur, what kind of a gun is that as goes off before you take aim? Was it an accident, sir, or did you fire at anything?"

"Look ahead," I answered.

Jim turned around, and now saw the bittens lying dead on the water's surface.

He picked him up with a mystified expression, and looking at me, asked, "Did you kill him, sir?"

"Yes."

"When you fired then?"

"Of course."

"And the bird a-flyin' through the air all the time! Well, sir, I never saw that thing done before, and you're the greatest hunter for a gentleman that ever came to these lakes."

Imagine, my sporting friend, who you can out down a dozen woodcock in cover without missing a shot, how remote those lakes must be where shooting on the wing was never heard of, and bringing down one lubberly bittens in the open is sufficient to establish one's reputation as a great hunter!

We soon saw a flock of shell-drake swimming on the river. As we drew near, they scampered away over the glassy surface at great speed, using their wings as paddles, and spabbling the water into spray. Each one left a double wake behind him, and all together they looked like a fleet of miniature shells, their stems racing down river, all steam and safety-valve tied down, and paddles whirling around in an king haste.

They will not go far. It is "out of sight out of mind" with a sheldrake. So we paddle cautiously down stream close to the bushy left bank, sure of finding our game wherever their fears left them. Reaching a height in the stream we lie down level with the sunwale. The long dug-out swings round the point as idly as a drifting log. We raise the sheldrakes swimming in mid-river. They eye our log suspiciously; they doubt, they fear, they draw together for another camper. This was the sportsman's opportunity for a raking shot. I stop three of them dead with a shot from the right barrel, and drop a fourth with the left as the flock scuds away out of danger.

As we pick up our game, Jim remarks, "The gun is better than the rod to-day, sir."

True enough. For though I had cast my most tempting flies over many a goodly pool as we glided down stream, not a trout had yet risen to the lure. Now we push on, the river-banks grow lower, the woods more open, glimmerings from a distance shoot between the tree trunks, little vistas penetrate the forest, till at last, rounding a turn, the broad expanse of Great Eagle Lake bursts upon our view—a broad sheet of silver water nine miles long, lying in the lap of wooded mountains, hasking beneath a summer's sun.

Looking at my watch I find it is but twenty minutes past ten, only three hours since we pushed off from our camp, yet we had run many miles of brook and river, and experienced enough of pleasure and adventure to fill an ordinary week.

But one thing we had not seen on the whole route, a single good camp ground—a fact to which Jim repeatedly called my attention, and which he well knew showed the wisdom of his last night's choice. We pulled ashore on the bank of this lake, stretched our limbs, took a lunch, bailed out, and soon were *en route* again. Selecting an attractive east of large fields, I trolled there far astern to entice, if might be, the unwary of the lake, and to give me a little more pleasure. There was a breezless summer day as we paddled down the Great Eagle. The lake lay like a mirror among the virgin hills. We could see nine miles over its glassy surface, to where a notch in the wooded hill crest betrayed the outlet. Mountains clad and plumed with forest primeval rolled up in giant undulations on every hand. No civilized habitation had ever desecrated this solitude. It had ever been free from the sound of the hammer as the Temple of Solomon. Unbroken wilderness, a blue-sailed lake, brimmed by the eternal hills, filled with the hush and best of a summer noon.

George and Jim, bow and stern, kept their paddles dipping in perfect time; the regular whisk of the keen blades through the water whirled broke the noontide calm, and seemed at last the monotonous lullaby of the lazy day. I was getting drowsy; my hand dooped ag-ainst the pack behind. Jim rolled up the end of the buffalo-skin for a pillow, and dozed to sleep on the beach yonder!" It was George's voice that spoke. I was wide-awake in a twinkling, and glancing in the direction of his raised paddle, saw

a black speck over a mile away on the narrow strip of beach between woods and water.

Can it be?—yes, it moves—a hear! Glorious!

The black dot passes down to the edge of the lake, pauses, moves along the shore, runs out upon a low sand-pit, and appears a silhouette against the bright water beyond. "See the cub with her!" whispers Jim. "But the cub stands motionless—a tuft of tall grass, while the bear vanishes over the cape."

The guides dip their paddles deep and strong; the pirogue glides swiftly, noiselessly over the mirror of water. Not a word is said. I proceed to get ready. My only fire-arm was a 7½-pound 12-gauge double-barrelled shot-gun—a light, handy piece for snipe and woodcock. I had brought it with me hoping to make an agreeable diversion in the fish and pork diet of camp life, in case we should fall in with duck or prairie-ge.

As I was loading cartridges with Nos. 6 and 8 shot at home a few days before, I thought, "What if I should see a moose, or bear, or caribou?—so I loaded eight shells with nine buck shot each. The shot were as large as pistol bullets, three of them exactly chambered in a No. 12 shell. I carefully placed them in three layers of three shot each, with a thin wad between each layer."

I drew my gun out of its case, slipped in a couple of the buck-shot cartridges, and put four more in my pocket. We were now close to the littler side of the cape. George lies down in front, the same as usual in the stern; pirogue moves ahead each by inch toward the point of the cape; I sit with gun full cock across my knees, my neck craned out, scanning every object on the further shore as it comes into view over the low sand-pit. Slowly we draw on round the cape; the whole further shore lies before us, but no bear. All was as silent as the sunshine.

As we sit speechless the chattering of a squirrel sounds from the forest. Instantly the guides nod to each other, and dip their paddles. Noiselessly the pirogue touches the beach. George picks up his axe and steps ashore. I follow with my bird gun. The squirrel still chatters angrily from the depths of the wood; George hears not a whisper, but his face is wreathed in the pleasantest and most fantastic grimaces, and he points continually toward the chattering with his axe.

A few stealthy steps, and we gain the edge of the woods. We peer in—nothing bear-like to be seen. Cautiously we press the branches aside, and silently creep on.

The forest is so dense, the sun's rays in the deep gloom of the woods I recollect I have in my shirt sleeves, and consider for a moment the probable resistance a thin woollen hunting shirt would offer to the claws of a bear.

The forest we had entered was a dense growth of cedars, mixed with spruce and pine. The tree-stood close together, with low branches, and were plentifully interspersed with windfalls, lying breast-high on rotten branches, and forming an admirable natural abatis against our advancing column of two armed with axe and shot-gun.

George moves on his back straight for the squirrel that still chatters and scolds and swears from the depths of the cedar jungle. I year to the right. We worm ourselves between the thick trunks, and under the tickler branches.

A low "Sil!" catches my ear. I turn toward George. "Here he is!" is written all over his face. He points directly ahead, then shakes his axe, and points and points again.

I look, stretch up and look, crouch down and look, but see nothing save some tree trunk and a broken twig. George grows impatient. He thinks I do not understand him.

"Le voici! Here he is!" he hisses. But Bruin hears as well as I. "Non le voit! There he goes!"

I hear a whine and a grunt that remind me of a menagerie, and through the thick cedar trunks and the dead branches of a fallen pine catch a fitting glimpse of shambling blackness.

I fire a snap shot, as I would at woodcock darting through the thick tops. The smoke hangs under the thick branches, and shuts out all before me.

"He's down! Nous l'avons!" yells George. The report of the gun has broken the spell of the forest silence, and George changes from a serpent to a tiger.

"No," he cries; "he's off again. Fire!"

I fire my left barrel through the smoke with "eye of faith," and crumming in a couple of fresh cartridges, George and I rush on, if any mode of progress through a tangled cedar swamp can be called a rush. We kick and wrest off the dry twigs and branches, scum over the fallen poles; but the bear? Nowhere a sign of him. Nothing but forest and sky.

George keeps on; I do my best to follow. He glides along like a cat, in one hand an uplitted axe, descending now and then to sever an opposing bough. He goes over the ground two feet to my one.

"Le voici, qui s'en va! There he goes again! Venez! Come on!" cries George; and I perform the speediest c-ming on of which I am capable. Slow enough it is, though.

Every few steps the tangled branches of a fallen cedar must be burst through, but on I press and scramble and tumble and crawl till George is reached. He stands on a prestrate tree, axe upraised, head bent forward and to one side—an admirable statue of alertness.

"Ecoutez! Listen!" he whispers.

A moment's stillness. Then a crackling, loud and near, up the hill-side. George jumps through the thicket, and springs up the slope like a flash.

Follow him? I could as easily flit up to heaven without wings. So I scramble on through the level swamp. It is said that he will tell us where he is, and we will follow. The burden of my two hundred pounds h-bumped me in this swamp race with a bear. Every tickler I crawled through, every windfall I scrambled over, told me, till at last I was forced to halt. With perspiration bursting from every pore, and breath only caught in gasps, I leaned against a tree and imagined the feelings of the losing horse in a race. My heart beat loudly as the drumming of a partridge, the whole forest seemed to reverberate with its quick thud, thud, and, and the blood leaped to head and temples till my brain was in a whirl.

While the trees were dancing before my reeling sight, I thought, "What an unlucky wight am I! After twenty years of small game shooting, to at last actually meet a bear in his haunts in the forest, get within thirty yards of him, on the point of gratifying one of the petambitions of my life, and then to haul away a couple of shots like a fool with the buck game, while my noble quarry coolly makes off, and I am left empty-handed!"

Worse than that the brute runs away so slowly that George sees him again and again—keeps up with him, in fact. Alas, my "too, too solid flesh!" Were I a light, nimble fellow like George, I might have shot a bear—yes, a half-dozen times over. And then my gun. What a fool, to

bring a little snip-gun into the woods in quest of the king of the fore-its, the best before which all others equal, from the At antic to the Mississippi, and then to fire away at his lovely game as I flip pull trigger on a woodcock! One bird missed, up I would another. But where shall I find another bear, which I have been all my life getting up with this first one? Then if I had only shot him, what yarus I would spin to my sporty friends.

"Le voci endear! Here he is again!" sounded George's voice, loud and clear, through the forest, and cut short my reverie.

My heart stilled and my brain staided in an instant. Again I sprang forward. "I may get him yet; I may retrieve my fortunes," thought I, as I dragged, crawled and pushed myself ahead through the underbrush.

George hears me crashing along, and shouts from the mountain-side, "He's makin' down by the lake. Right ahead of yer. Look out for him."

I scramble on, impelled by one single strong desire—to get one good fair shot at that bear.

I keep on and on. Not a word from George. At my right, through the leaves I catch bright glimpses of the lake sleeping in the sunlight. I slacken my pace. All is silent as a sanctuary. "Well, the bear is off, and George with him. I'll keep on slowly, cool off, and perhaps get my 'second wind' that we read about, whatever that may be." So I think, and myself up on a fallen cedar that lay breast-high across my route, swing my legs over, sit and rest for a moment, then resolutely drop down on the other side.

"Khar-r-r-r-r!" And from under a cedar only seven paces away a mass of blackness springs for me, sudden and swift.

I have not time to take a step. Had time allowed, there is no opportunity. The fallen cedar is at my back; I am pinioned between its branches. But no thought of retreat or dodging enters my mind. There is time but for one single instant that is shot. My gun is in my right hand, both barrels full cock. Instantly I pluck it to my shoulder, yet in this instant the whole forest seems, with the on-dashing black brute in the centre, is accurately and indubitably photographed on my sight. I see the bear leaping on all fours, hind quarters high, fore-shoulders low, head down and askew, snout turned to right, lip curled up like a snarling dog, teeth chattering, and black eyes gleaming with a devilish light. On comes the monster with his vibrating, grunting growl, *Khar-r-r-r-r-r!* As the gun swings up to my face, I glance along the barrels, and see the snapping teeth of the leaping brute within four feet of my gun muzzle. I fire. The bear falls forward with a heavy thud at my feet.

I lower my gun and, with finger on the left trigger, press the muzzle against the monster's head. He moves not. Every fibre of my being thrills with wild, intense delight.

"Dead!" I yell, with savage glee.

And from up the mountain-side comes George's answering shout, "Bravo, mon frere!"

And now comes George himself, crashing and bounding down the steep, and swinging his axe aloft. He jumps over our fallen foe, embraces me, dances about like a true Frenchman, shouting, "Bravo, mon frere! bravo, mon frere! Nons avous vaincu notre ennemi. Sacre! You old black devil, you! Voici—here you are, mort. Aha!" and grasping me with both hands, words fall and we give voice to the wild joy of victory in one long "Hullo!" that wakes the slumbering echoes of the summer lake. The veneer of a thousand years of civilization dropped from us like a garment, and the original savage, the fighting animal, the truman within, laughed with a zest that civilization knows not of.

Jim hears our shout from down the lake, catches its meaning, gleefully halloos in reply, and paddles swiftly to us in the pirogue.

"Here he is, Jim," quoth I. "Voici lours."

Jim peers over the shaggy brute, looks up, takes off his hat, and bowing toward me, says, with the air of a diplomat offering a sentiment at a royal banquet, "C'est bien bon, monsieur, beaucoup de pouvoir a votre bras, et meme plus a votre fun."

Taking Jim by the paws, we slid her down the bank.

"She'll weigh about four hundred," said Jim, reflectively, as we lifted her into the pirogue. "But then they're dreadful lean in summer. Late in the fall, now, she'd go another hundred, sure."

Jim picked up his axe out of the pirogue, stepped ashore, and heaved a smooth blaze on the trunk of a large cedar that leaned furthest out over the lake.

"We're in no hurry, sir," said he. "And 'tisn't every day as a gentleman kills a bear. So I thought that maybe you might like to write something about it here. And if ever you comes this way agin, you'll know just where you shot her. And if you never happen on the lake any more, well, other gentlemen and guides and trappers will be along, and I'd like to have them know what we done here this day. So maybe you'll put our names down with yours on the tree, sir."

With a smile at Jim's naive request, I wrote with lead-pencil on the smooth tablet of cedar this inscription:

BEAR POINT.

SHOT A BEAR AUGUST 31, 1920.

W. W. Thomas, Jr.,
George Dell,
James Dall.

I read it to Jim. He was delighted. Poor fellow, he had never learned to read.

We paddled to a shaded bit of pebbly beach, the bow of the dug-out almost submerged by the added load. Here the guides laid Bruin across two logs and, wetting their hunting-knives, commenced to strip off her black jacket.

The skin was stripped off at last, with claws, head, jaws and teeth carefully left on. Then we salted it thoroughly on the inside, rolled it up, bound it tightly together with elder withes and stowed it in the bows of the dug-out. The head, with ears still erect, looked backward and faced us. From the carcass we cut steaks enough for the trip, and wore soon on our course once more, paddling down the lovely lake.

"Yeh excuse me, sir," said Jim, "if I call to yer mind that the ro-day, then we had only how'd his gun is better than the ro'd to-day. Then we had only how'd his gun is better than la seigneurisse grinning at you from the bows," and Jim relapsed into silence in the happy consciousness that he had predicted the whole adventure.

The shadows lengthen, and the lake grows dark along the western shore. The rounded wooded hills present a peculiar softness of outline and surface. The forest which covered them seemed soft and yielding as tufted moss. One could imagine a giant hand squeezing these forest-clad mountains

as easily as a sponge. This tufted softness is a marked characteristic of our Northern woods. It is in noticeable ridges of maple interspersed with beech and birch.

I troll a cast of flies. Soon I am greeted with a rise, and reel in a half-pound trout. I take another, weighing a pound and three-quarters, and as we paddle past the mouth of a r-aring brook I hook a beauty that gives fine play, and brings down the scales to two and one-quarter pounds.

We reach the foot of the Great English after a nightfall and camp on a grassy plateau. Lying on our tent we could look out upon the whole expanse of the lake and hear the water rippling away through the outlet close beside us.

After a hearty trout supper the guides soon fell asleep, the stars looked down at themselves in the lake, the camp-fire shot its sparks upward, and I lapsed into a dreamland where bears of gigantic size and most grotesque shapes were jumping at me from behind every bush.

At earliest dawn Friday I was out with Jim in the pirogue, casting the foot of the Great English brook tolled over gray stones into the lake. White wisps of mist flitted like ghosts over the water and vanished up the mountain side. The trout rose briskly, and I caught two dozen before George called to breakfast.

In the forenoon Jim and I paddled up the western shore on a voyage of discovery. We found a large brook, but its outlet was too shoal for trout. We eaubt but one. Returning to our trout hole of the morning, I took two beauties at the first cast, one three-quarters of a pound, the other a pound and three-quarters. Soon after a pound trout and two chubs, one a pound, the other two pounds and a half, fasten at once to my three flies, and sally buckle and twist my little ten-ounce rod before I can sweep them into the landing-net, Jim holding out of the other end of the pirogue to receive them.

The inquisitive musquito and the investigating black-fly began to trouble us for the first time on the trip.

"Would you like a smudge, sir?" quoth Jim.

"Yes, we'll light one when we get to camp."

"But I'll show you a boat smudge, sir," Jim continued, shooting the pirogue ashore with one shove of his pole.

He pulls four long strips of bark from the nearest cedar. The strips are about four inches wide and three feet long. Jim lays them one upon the other, binds them carefully together with three elder withes, strikes a match, lights one end of the slender bark bundle, swings it a dozen times through the air, then places it at my side in the stern.

The lighted end projects a few inches over the water; there is no flame; the bark slowly smolders; thin wreaths of fragrant smoke rise as from a censer; the flies depart and musquitoes sing disconsolate beyond the charmed cloud of incense floating from the cedar.

"They smoke best when the bark is green," said Jim, removing his pipe, "and one like that will last you all day."

The trout rose briskly, sometimes leaping into air to meet the descending fly. The fishing was excellent, but I could not get absorbed in it. The bear was springing at me through it all, and even when I was casting the fly most gingerly I was shooting the bear over again a few feet.

The mist of morning had not all vanished; a few laggards hung tangled in the tree-tops two-thirds way up the mountain-side; others came to their rescue. The mists thickened; they fell like a pall down the mountain and hid it from view. This was a natural barometer, and a falling one. A fog spread over the lake, slowly clearing the sky, and before noon the pattering rain drove us to camp, not, however, till thirty ruddy trout lay gleaming in the bottom of the dug-out.

We brace up the guys of the tent and lie down within, tent and fire keeping us warm and dry through a pouring rain.

While discussing the broiled breast of a bittern at dinner, I bear a sudden rissling behind me, and discover two pretty spruce partridges tied by the legs to a tent stake.

"I saw 'em on a tree," explained George, "while you was off fishin', and I shot 'em."

"But how did you snare them?"

"With this," he replied, taking up an alder pole eight feet long, at the end of which dangled a slip-noose of twine. "They always sticks out their necks to look at you; so you can slip the noose over their heads and take 'em in very handily."

"We are indeed in the backwoods; even the game — are so unacquainted with man, they themselves look to us."

Our larder now presented a goodly variety. There were bear steaks, bittern, duck, partridge, trout and chub. Verily, one with rod and gun need not starve in the Canada woods.

At sunset the rain held up a bit, and I took a dozen more trout, bringing my basket for the day up to sixty-six, weighing forty pounds. Sixty-four of them I captured from one spot in the lake—at the mouth of the mountain brook. The guides carefully salt all the fish not needed for immediate use.

The clouds thicken with the darkness, and we fall asleep to the music of the rain pattering on the tent just above our noses.

Day dawned cold and gray. The rain had ceased, but great masses of cloud hung black over the lake, and rested low upon the mountains. I skillfully cast the fly, but no trout rises to the glittering lure. A great suspense fills the air. Suddenly far up the lake a line of foam leaps across the water from shore to shore. Then comes a roar like a deluge rising gale. But there is neither wind or wave. A deluge bursts over the lake, lashing the water into spray, and with black edge of cloud above, and white edge of foam below, the rain column advances. A bolt of lightning darts through the gloom. The crash lets loose the gale, and we scud back to the landing before a howling thunder-storm.

For four hours the rain fell in torrents. Lightning struck the tall trees all around us; the thunder crashed overhead, echoed from the mountains and reverberated along the distant shores.

We three humans, huddled together in the tent, occupied but a very insignificant position in this grand commotion of nature. But we heartily congratulated ourselves on our tent, for it stood up bravely against the storm, and, save in one little spot, where the corner of a box had passed wool and warp out of line, it never leaked a drop.

The storm drifts away to the east. The thunder dies to distant mutterings; the wind drops; the rain ceases. A strange silence pervades the air; a paddle dropped in the pirogue sends a fish report of a caubon.

We emerge from the tent, stand erect and stretch ourselves.

A bird twitters from the thicket. That means fair weather. We strike tent, bid adieu to the Lake of the Bear, paddle into the swift, glassy current of the outlet, and rapidly glide down stream under a lowering sky.

A spotted sandpiper skims over the water ahead, lights on a rock in mid-river, teeters, tilts and bobs his little little body, runs across the rock, tilts again, then flits away with quickly vibrating wings.

The current is swift, and we shoot gayly along. Now and then on a rocky bar, the pirogue jags against the bottom. Soon we come to a mile of foaming rapids. George kneels in the bow, his projected paddle in the stream, cutting the water with its thin red blade like the out-reaching submerged prow of a marine ram. Jim stands in the stern ready with his setting-pole. George's eyes are intent upon the river, boiling over sunken rocks, which lie in wait, like foaming teeth, to devour us. Safely he pilots us onward, his broad paddle moving through the water with the slow, quiet motion of a trout's tail as he lazily scans the current.

Suddenly George gives a broad quick stroke, like the flip of a trout's tail when he darts away up stream. In the twinkling of an eye, Jim follows up this motion with the setting-pole. The canoe sheers aside like a frightened horse, and slides by a submerged rock, only to plunge on toward another, and be saved again by another sheer. It was quick work, bow and stern, to safely shoot the rapids.

At a turn in the river we come upon a solid jam of old cedar trees, root and logs, extending from shore to shore. This obstacle we cannot get over, or under, or through.

Here we make the only carry on the trip. Landing on the left bank, we transport our baggage through the woods a short distance to where the Gateno flows free again, above across our dug-out, launch her, reload cargo, and are en route once more in less than half an hour.

The brooks that tumbled into the river were swollen and muddy with the recent rains. The Gateno itself was increasing in volume, and we met but the smallest and most foolishly noisy trout to my fly in the rising water.

Some miles down stream another lake opens out before us. A golden-eye duck comes flying swiftly in from the open water. As she specks past us I drop the trout rod, pick up my gun, shoot the duck, and salute the lake with the same discharge.

This sheet of water is three miles long, yet such is the plenty of lakes and paucity of names in this wilderness that the only appellation yet granted to this pretty lakelet is "No. 3."

On the side down the right shore rises Sugar-loaf Mountain. Fires have swept over it, and burned off both timber and soil. Its naked peak of rock, scarred and burned, lifts itself abruptly from the lake, and towers aloft like a gigantic born.

Down the mountain side tumbles a brook. Near its mouth, when the lake is low and the weather hot, the high trout and drink in the cool flood from the hills. Now the brook is a tawny torrent, yellow as Father Tiber, and the trout are off in quest of clear water. At all events, they are not here.

On a plateau, in a grove of giant cedars, we pitched our tent. Sugar-loaf rose behind us; the babble of its leaping brook ever sounded in our ears, mingling with the murmur of the lake along the pebbly shore. Toward evening the clouds part, and the setting sun throws a bridge of gold over the water. Darkness gathers. The moon shines bright over the western hills. I saddle out alone on the silvery lake. Sugar-loaf towers dark and threatening in the east. The smoke from our camp curls up like a column above the air. Sky, lake and mountains are asleep in the moonlight. I seemed poised in infinite silence. Then the wild wail of the loon quivers through the air—voice of the lonely lake. I turn the prow of my canoe, and paddle back to Innawa companionship.

Sunday dawned bright and fair. Since trout had failed us, we breakfasted off bear steak, then leisurely started on our "Sabbath-day's journey." Leaving Lake No. 3, we paddled down a mile of currentless river, in whose tranquility the banks reproduced themselves, on across the mud basin of No. 2, through a thoroughfare, and into Lake No. 1.

We cross No. 1, and drift down stream to the Forks, where the Gateno empties into the rapid Idalto. Here we camp d, and passed a quiet afternoon.

Camping out makes great changes in one's taste and appetite. In a house, I abominate salt pork. After this length of camp life, I crave it. Nothing else seems so good and satisfying; nothing else so comforting as a piece of a column of white edge, bear steak and fried trout—all become a light, frivolous diet, like cake, puffs and tarts. Fried salt pork, and but slightly fried at that, is the only solid, substantial, filling food—the only thing that goes to the right place. I prefer it to all else, have even discarded butter, and placing a dripping out of pork on an inch-thick slice of dark Canada bread, make a meal fit for a king.

One other change. At home, I am a slave to coffee, and so sure was I that I could not get along without it that I brought an ample supply for the trip. My guides drank tea at every meal—black, poor-looking tea, too. Once I took a dipper with them. This led to a second trial. My liking for it increased, and now I prefer tea to any other drink, in the woods.

Next morning we found our pirogue leaking. The guides turned her over on the beach, dried the bottom with flaring torches of birch bark, and carefully poured melted pitch into every crack. Our ship was tight again, and on we paddled down the broad and swift Idalto.

All modes of travel, from the carole to the steamship, I know of none more delightful than paddling down a river through our Northern American forest. The winding stream ever changes the scene before you. Now a mountain, then the blue sky, fills the vista. Expectation is ever on the qui vive. Around the next bend you may come upon a moose, a duck may spring from the water, or a big trout leap into the air. On your gliding through the green forest walls, Nature shows her best along the river-banks. Rivers are not only thoroughfares for men, but for light and air, and toward the sun and the breeze press every green thing. On either side the woods come trooping to the river, *dona ferentes*. Here the forest offers its choicest gifts. Fallen trees lie their length out into the water. Pennants of moss wave from their withered branches. Bushes hang their bright leaves and flowers over the stream. Above, the choke-cherry and mountain ash display their red fruit; overtopping the trees rise the old forest giants throwing their thick-limbed branches and brightest banners athwart the river.

You recline in the canoe, borne on the current, propelled by swift paddles, and without dust, or jar, or noise, slide through the bright heart of the "merrie greenwood."

Thus for two days we dropped down stream, coasted along

the shores of deep lakes, shot turbulent rapids, and paddled on over the deep pools below.

At noon of the seventh day we sailed out of the Idaho upon Grand Lake, the largest of the chain, twenty-seven miles long. On the way the river from whose banks we had strayed into the wilderness, with our progues lashed upon Moreard's lumber-sled. We had "swung round the circle" of a hundred miles of forest, and were back again close to our starting point. On the hills across the lake were the "habitations of bread-eating men," the first we had seen for a week. Among them glistened the tinned steeple of the village church. The hamlet seemed a city to our forest eyes.

We paddle across the lake. The prow of the dug-out grates on the beach for the first time. I take a plunge into the clear water, and wash the camp out of me. Then we each shoulder a pack, bid good-by to our tough little ship of the forest and, striking into a woodland path, climb the steep slope of the lake basin.

As we emerge from the woods single file into a clearing, whom should we see moving in the stumpy field but Moreard the teamster? Since we left him a week ago on the borders of Beaver Pond we had not seen a human being. He swings his jeyn the will eyes bent on the ground and does not see us. Jim holds up the bear's head and gives a growl. Moreard jumps, he laughs heartily. "Aha!" he exclaims; "voila la bonne chance!"

Natural History.

MIGRATION OF SHORE BIRDS.

NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS., October 23.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I infer from Mr. Hapgood's paper in your issue of October 20, that he thinks that the *Lincoln* migrate as a body from their northern breeding grounds to South America, stopping only at intervening grounds for food and rest for a few days. That this is a mistake can be easily proven by passing a winter on the coast of Florida or on the coast of the Gulf States. Since my party to which I was attached, reached Charlotte Harbor west coast of Florida, in January, 1890, and remained there and on the coast until the latter part of May. Until the latter part of March great flocks of sand-pipers could be seen on every shoal and flat, and on the outer beach on the sand bars exposed at low tide or during the prevalence of an off-shore wind.

On the mud flats were large numbers of sickle-bills, willets, dough-birds, godwits, etc. On one flat, in a short time, I killed 54 sickle-bills, some dough-birds, and some of the larger sand-pipers. In the early part of April I killed one afternoon 115 dowitchers, and a few days afterward 123 dowitchers, 2 sickle-bills, 3 dough-birds, 1 calico-neck and 2 oyster-catchers. In May, at Tampa Bay, I saw a great many sand-pipers, found some eggs, and found a few blue-winged teal and little black-head ducks. I could not get near enough to the sand-pipers to identify them, but think they were either *pusillus* or *minutilla*. At Mosquito Inlet, on the east coast of Florida, I shot a few willet and grey-backs, and saw large numbers in April. The Keys, or small islands below Key West, especially the Marquesas, afford fine feeding grounds and are frequented by large flocks of *Lincoln*, and a few roseate spoonbills in the winter months. I have been told by officers that the Texan, Mexican and Central American coasts are frequented by an abundance of these birds in winter time. It seems probable that large numbers of all of the *Lincoln* stop on their southern flight and winter wherever they find, in warm latitudes, good feeding grounds, which are not hunted by man with the lead-mouthed and destructive shotgun. The Windward Islands do afford such good feeding grounds, and are more so than over them the vast plains and mud flats of South America. The physical conformation of Patagonia and the southern portion of South America is not such as to make it so favorable a ground either for feeding or breeding as the vast flats and swamps and level tracts of northern North America. That they do not breed during their southern sojourn is supported by analogy, and by the absence of "young of the year" when they come back to us in the spring. Some varieties of the *Lincoln* breed in the United States quite freely, and they probably do so, more or less, before the large game was killed off, and man turned his attention to them for food and sport.

I am of the opinion that the small yellow-legs (*Totanus flavipes*) and the jack-snipe (*Tringa maculata*) breed along the Mississippi in Louisiana; for in April, 1879, I killed a large bag of them and was told that they were "papatote," and were much fatter and more delicious eating in July. My informant thought they stayed all summer and bred in the neighborhood. The yellow-legs, at the time I shot them, were in small flocks, and differed such good feeding grounds, and the others around the edges of the pools in the newly sowed rice fields. The Louisiana French call several birds of different varieties "papatote." I think, for the description that one gave me could only apply to a plover.

I forgot to mention that I have only killed of the plover the common kill-deer, finding a great number of them in a flat, boggy piece of ground with a hundred or more Wilson's snipe. I know, however, of plover being killed at Key West and on the mainland during the winter. M. H. STIMONS.

[The term "papatote" is usually, we believe, applied to the Bartramian sand-piper (*Bartramia longicauda*).]

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I think Mr. Hapgood's article on the question of snipe and plover migration carries it about as far as possible. I found them in great numbers on the southern coast of the Caribbean Sea very late in winter, and it is probable that they scatter over a vast territory both north and south of that to winter, but what migrates they may be going further I can't imagine. Who should they cross the equator? My belief is that the birds seen in Patagonia go to that cold region to breed, and, when the propagaing business is over, migrate toward the equator as our birds do, but never cross it, as the temperature is hot enough for them long before they reach it.

They have good snipe shooting at Pernambuco and other places along the South American coast, but if those birds want to get into cooler quarters they would not be likely to come thousands of miles north when they could find the snipe by going a few hundred or a few miles south. I must believe that they fly each way from the equator until we have proof to the contrary, which it will be very difficult to get.

As to the course of our birds in migrating I know but little, but from that little I infer a great deal.

Coming from St. Louis to Chicago, several years ago, in April, I was as much astonished as a man could be by walking through a pigeon roost. Every acre of prairie land between the two cities was literally swarming with plover and snipe. As far as I could see the ground was speckled with millions upon millions of them; and this must have been the case all over the prairie, for there is no reason why they should have collected along the railroad. I have seen a continuous flight of pigeons in Ohio for weeks, but I never had such a conception of limitless numbers as that flight of plover gave me. They all seemed to be resting quietly except those that were flushed by the train.

On another occasion, at Providence, R. I., during a furious northeaster, about the 1st of September—the night being so dark that I could not see the air seemed to be alive with plover and snipe. I remained a long time outside listening to their plaintive calls, but howling it was kept up I cannot say. They seemed to be flying very low, and, judging from their incessant clatter, they must have been as "multitudinous" as they were on the prairie.

I doubt whether their ranks are being decimated to the extent that many suppose, but they are distributed so much on the feeding grounds along their route that I think most of them take advantage of a northeaster when they can, and pass by us in one night, only stopping at wild, unfrequented marshes along the coast, where they are not molested. A friend and myself killed over ninety yellowlegs on the coast of Maryland summer before last, in one day, and we could have doubled that number; but they will give that place, also, the "cold shoulder" very soon. DUDMAN.

FOOD OF THE CALIFORNIA INDIANS.

IN the November number of the *California*, Mr. B. B. Redding has a very interesting article on the "California Indians and Their Food," an extract from which we published a few weeks since. His description of the manner in which the Indians prepare their acorn meal will, no doubt, be new to many of our readers, and we reprint it here:

"The second night after we left Long Bar, we camped on the banks of a small brook, in a valley on the mountains near Coatesville. In the other hand we found that we were near an Indian camp. Curious to learn what the Indians did, I watched the women preparing the morning meal. To the bank of the brook they brought, in conical, water-tight baskets, about two pecks of dried acorns. These baskets, as I subsequently learned, are made from a triangular grass, that grows in the water near the banks of mountain streams, and are frequently ornamented in dark brown patterns, with the outer bark taken from the stems of a fern, *adiantum*, found in great abundance at high elevations in our mountains. The acorns were evidently of the growth of a previous year, as they were thoroughly dried. I have since found that, when readily obtained, the California Indians preferred the acorns from *Q. chrysolepis* or *Q. lobata*, perhaps because large, and yielding a greater supply of food than most of the other oaks.

"One of the women, seating herself on a ledge of rock, commenced shelling the acorns; which she did with great rapidity. An acorn was held with the point upward by the thumb and first finger of the left hand. A slight blow with a small bowlder in the other hand readily drove the kernel from the shell. The kernels were then laid into a basket, when sufficient had been collected, they were carried to a pot-hole in the ledge, which probably had originally been made by the action of the water in whirling a bowlder. Here they were powdered into fine meal, or flour, with one of the stone pestles, which are so frequently turned up by the plow in all parts of California. Upon arriving at the ledge, which was near our camping-place, the first thing the women did was to build a brisk fire, in which they placed small bowlders gathered from the brook. When sufficient acorn-meal had been prepared for their breakfast, a conical hole was made in the dry sand on the shore of the brook, into which the acorn-meal was poured. It was first thoroughly saturated with cold water from the brook, then one of the baskets was filled with water and set in a depression in the ground, the hot rocks were raked out of the fire and thrown into the basket until the water boiled. This boiling water was carefully poured over the meal in the sand, until all parts of the meal were saturated. I concluded that the cold and scalding water acted the double purpose of cooking the food and leaching out the bitter tannin.

"When sufficiently cooked, it was eaten without being removed from the sand; all squatted on the ground and helped themselves, by stirring with the first two fingers, until a mouthful was collected, when it was transferred. A few years afterward, iron pots and kettles became so plentiful that this system of cooking was abandoned.

"Many of the tribes near the southern coast used pots made of soapstone. The quarry from which this was obtained is found on the islands in the Santa Barbara Channel. Mr. Paul Schumacher, of the Smithsonian, has given a description of this quarry, and of the mode in which these pots were patiently quarried out with stone knives and scrapers. At some remote period, there must have been quite a trade or system of exchange between the coast and interior tribes; for I have found broken pots made from this soapstone in graves as far north as the islands in the southern part of Tulare Lake. Some of these pots were made so large that they would contain three or four gallons of water. Their shape was that of an ordinary iron pot. A broken fragment of one that I found at Atwell's Island, in Tulare Lake, showed that it had been quarried so that the mouth flared out, thus enabling it to hold a cover.

"One of these pots, uninjured and capable of holding about two gallons, was recently taken from a mound near the town of Tulare."

A few years since it was our fortune to spend a few months in Southern California not far from Santa Barbara, and being fully aware of the ethnological value of the stone implements and articles which we had met with in the ancient burial places of the aborigines, we devoted some time and money to searching for them.

The collection which we then made was, though not a large one, very typical. It consisted of a number of mortars of basalt and sandstone, pestles, *ollas* or sandstone and soapstone, the only cooking pot with handles that we have ever heard of, pipes and snips of serpentine, fish hooks of abalone shell, small pestles and mortars for mixing paint, flint knives and arrowheads, beads of various materials, *Wiza*, a stone mortar for crushing and increased as dishes, with a number of bones of the former owners of these utensils.

The search for these articles was most interesting, and as we sunk our prospect holes in one place and another on the site of the ancient villages our feelings were akin to those of the gold miner who has struck the color, and only has to go

a little deeper to reach the pay dirt. Had more time been at our command we would have returned with a collection of which we should have been really proud.

—BRAVE.

A FORMER teacher of mine, then and now president of a celebrated institute of learning, sought most earnestly to convince me, during recitation in mental philosophy, when the subject was under consideration, that animals have no faculty at all similar to memory or reason in the human species.

Once when there had been considerable discussion in the class, I attempted to relate an occurrence tending to show that my horse did have a memory, but the good Doctor exclaimed with more than his usual positiveness: "I tell you, sir, an animal never remembers." He then explained, not to my satisfaction, however, that the reason why a horse would take the road over which it had once traveled in preference to a strange one, or manifest fear at a place where it had previously been frightened, etc., was "animal instinct awakened by the law of association."

At another time when I related an incident which showed something wonderfully like reason on the part of a dog, the Doctor broadly intimated that if a puppy did reason it was because nature had made a mistake in the number of his legs.

I do not propose in this article to argue the question of memory or reason in animals, only by the relation of a few facts which have come under my personal observation, and which may prove interesting to those who, like myself, have a special fondness for the canine race.

When I was fourteen years old, and living near the sea coast, in Maline, I became the happy owner of a dog. He was a genial, winsome fellow, a mongrel in breed, black, with shades of buff near his eyes and on his breast, and weighing, when he reached his full stature, about forty pounds, and courageous even to rashness. In consequence of this last characteristic I named him Bravo.

When Bravo was a year old I went to live in a wild, mountainous country town in New Hampshire, and of course my dog went with me. Coons, foxes, hedgehogs, partridges and all sorts of game were plenty, and occasionally a wild animal would make sad havoc in the sheep pen or poultry yard. Bravo and I soon developed a perfect passion for hunting, and many days and nights we spent in the grand old woods.

I have said that hedgehogs were plenty, and as Bravo would unhesitatingly pounce upon any creature he came across in the woods (there were two exceptions after a while), I was not surprised when one evening he came to me with his mouth and head bristling with hedgehog quills. Some of them penetrated his head nearly half an inch, and it required all my strength, with a pair of pliers, to remove them. Could you have seen how well still he held himself during the operation, and how careful to place himself in the most advantageous position, and witnessed his demonstrations of thankfulness when at last he was free from their sting, you would have thought his "instinct" something wonderful.

That he remembered this experience, and, in consequence, exhibited something wonderfully like reason, the following incident will show.

Some weeks after the quill experience, Bravo and I started out for a hunt. We had gone perhaps half a mile into the woods, when, away to my right, I heard him give voice, running a hundred rods or so, guided by his bark, I saw him chasing an unusually large hedgehog. I halted when I saw what he was after, and waited for the beast.

Bravo made no direct attack upon the beast, but contented himself with keeping about six feet in the rear and giving vent to occasional yelps which seemed to express both hatred and disgust.

The hog was making, with its lumbering gait, for a large beech tree, and reaching it, commenced to claw his way upward.

Bravo waited until the hog was some four feet from the ground, and then, making a spring, seized him by one hind leg (a hedgehog's legs to the knee are devoid of quills) and yanked him to the ground, but so dexterously that not a quill touched him. Three times I witnessed this operation, and when, growing myself, hale the dog let the creature alone, and allowing it to climb high up the tree, brought it down with my gun.

For two years we waged a war of extermination upon these pests of the corn-field, but Bravo's wonderful instinct (?) preserved him from quill torture.

That Bravo understood more than the ordinary dog talk I am prepared to assert and prove.

While living in New Hampshire I had a brother residing four miles away, and when I wished to communicate with him, I would write a letter, call Bravo and attach the letter to a neck, and tell him to go to Jacob. Off he would go at railroad speed, and, reaching the house, bark for admission or bound in through an open door or window, manage in some way to call attention to his trust, go to the pantry and by the wag of his tail ask for payment in rations, and, upon receiving an answer to the letter, come directly back to me. Resting at my feet after such a trip his eyes would indicate more intelligence than I have seen in many human faces.

Obedient to my command he would go to any part of the farm, and, when the creature he found trespassing upon forbidden ground.

I remember one incident which demonstrated that he had a remarkable understanding of the English language, or profited by the experience of a disagreeable odor. He came sneaking to me once, acting as though he had taken an emetic, and fairly laced down with the perfume of the skunk.

I scolded him sharply for getting into such a fix, and told him, among other things, that if he couldn't kill skunks without getting his clothing soiled, in that way to let them alone. A few days after I was in the pasture with him, and saw him crawling along with all the stinkiness of a cat, his ears erect and his lips parted exposing his teeth; at the same moment I saw that the cause of his uneasiness was a skunk digging for mice, and totally unconscious of approaching danger. Bravo drew himself cautiously along until within a few feet of the essence peddler, and then, giving a tremendous spring, seized his skinship by the neck, and struck one snap and shake, dropped it and, springing quickly away, came bounding back to me with yelps of satisfaction, leaving the skunk dazed.

He was never known to get scared up afterward. Woodchucks he considered his especial prey, and would even visit neighboring farms hunting for them. If he got one into a hole where, in consequence of rocks or roots, he could not dig it out, he would hide himself a short distance away and patiently wait for the creature to come out; and when it did

Game Bag and Gun.

* * * For table of game seasons see issue of October 16.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

MASSON, Mo., Oct. 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am much pleased to see that you have taken a stand against pigeon-shooting at the annual meetings of State sportsmen's associations, styling themselves Game Protective Associations. I have always looked upon these annual pigeon slaughters as a little out of place, and not in keeping with the claims of the gentlemen indulging in them.

It must be said to the discredit of State associations that they frequently meet and transact no business whatever, except to hold a "grand shooting tournament," elect new officers and locate the plan for holding the next annual meeting. If pigeon-shooting must be done, let it be dropped from the State meeting, instead of being the principal feature. It is my humble opinion that in our own State association there are a large majority of the members against the practice of pigeon-shooting at our State meeting. It is true we have held State shoots in connection with our State meetings, but unlike some other States we have transacted much other business of great importance. It is through the influence and efforts of our local clubs that our State has a first-class game and fish law, and it is the fear of being caught by some of the members of these clubs that deters persons from violating these laws. A member of our State association at the last meeting offered a prize of \$100 in gold to the club procuring the greatest number of convictions for violations of the game and fish law, and at our next meeting we intend to have a fine gold medal prepared to be contested for by clubs in this manner.

Look out for Missouri to take the lead in abandoning pigeon-shooting in connection with State meetings of the Sportsmen's Association.

Keep the same motion, let the subject be discussed, pro and con. The time for a change has come, and the change is virtually made.

BORDER RUFFIAN.

VIOKESBURG, MASS., OCT. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am gratified to notice the growing spirit of disapprobation all over the country touching the sportsman-like practice of slaughtering sick pigeons in large numbers from the trap as a test of skill in shooting.

The few pigeons which I have participated appeared to me rather the comparative toughness of the birds and shooting qualities of the guns than the skill of the shooters. The poor creatures, being suddenly liberated after long confinement, knew not which way to fly, or whether to fly at all, and in many cases did not fly, but remained perched on the trap, or were thrown off, to tumble on the ground near it. Aside from the question of cruelty, about which a good deal may be said, pro and con, in the abstract, the spectacle of a useless slaughter of this kind on a large scale certainly is very repulsive to the sensibilities of a great many true sportsmen, as well as to the more respectable part of the public at large, whose views and feelings, when invited to witness these contests, and expected generally to manifest some interest in sportsmen's affairs, demand some consideration at the hands of the sportsmen's fraternity.

On the other hand, there are many artificial targets, as the various sorts of glass balls, clay pigeons, etc., which afford much more artistic tests of the skill of marksmen, and are free from the objections urged against murdering invalid birds, besides being less costly.

Let us hope that the incensed feelings of philanthropists will have a rest, as well as the invalids. MAROONER.

From the Sacramento, Cal., Dec. 27. R

We heartily concur with our worthy contemporary, the FOREST AND STREAM, in the opinion, as expressed in its last number, that pigeon-shooting (or any kind of trap-shooting, for that matter) should form no part of the business of the annual meeting of State Sportsmen's Associations. These annual meetings are held ostensibly for the purpose of reviewing the work of the year in upholding game protective laws, bringing the members of the several clubs into closer participation, and cementing the bonds of friendship that are supposed to unite them in a common brotherhood. These conventions should be composed of the more intelligent members of the several clubs in each State, and delegates thereto should, therefore, be gentlemen selected for their appreciation of field sports and their superior knowledge of the habits of game birds and fishes, the protection of which is the alleged first consideration of all, or nearly all, sportsmen's clubs. But the introduction of shooting contests at the annual business meetings threatens to change their character and destroy their usefulness. We find nowadays that the first qualification of a member of a club, to entitle him to become a delegate to his State Sportsmen's Convention, is that he be an experienced trap-shot. The club which has the temerity to send a delegation composed of its best-informed members soon finds itself badly left behind in the great "event" of the year—the shooting tournament—simply for the reason that, as a general thing, this class of gentlemen are not experts at the trap. What, then, the game laws are duly violated in every part of the country, and that the sportsmen's clubs take little or no pains to bring the offenders to account? Indeed, occasionally clubs fall almost entirely under the control of one who shoot for the market and for profit. Fortunately cases of this kind are as yet rare, but they do exist, and we can prove it. So long as pigeon or trap-shooting is properly con-

ducted and not allowed to interfere with the legitimate business of State Sportsmen's Associations, and annual conventions, we shall have no fault to find with it. The notion of cruelty is an open one, and men differ widely upon it. The better plan would be, in our opinion, to have no shooting at the annual business meetings of the associations. Let these be devoted to matters of more importance—to a discussion of the game laws and the consideration of subjects that belong to the higher and better order of sportsmanship. Let them be composed of the wisest and best-informed members of the several clubs belonging to the association. Any time in the year will do for a shooting tournament, and for this particular business the club might well and should select their best marksmen. In short, separate trap-shooting from other and more legitimate affairs of the associations, and let each be conducted by the persons best fitted therefor. To this extent, at least, our Eastern contemporary has our cooperation. Here in California the State Association is not yet a year old, but it has started out on the right road by prosecuting violators of the game laws without regard to their social standing or "previous condition." We would like to see (and believe that it will be done in the future) the end that the wild game of the State may be preserved for a few years more and the reckless greed of some creatures be curbed somewhat. It has yet to put in practice any particular plan for the conduct of its annual business meetings and shooting tournaments, and we therefore commend to the officers thereof the above suggestions. We have other reasons to advance in their support, but will defer them till another occasion.

MAINE WARDENS AND VISITING SPORTSMEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After my return from the Maine woods last week, on looking over the copies of your journal, which had accumulated during my absence, I read in your issue of the 13th inst. a letter from the Commissioner of Fisheries in Maine, Hon. E. M. Stilwell.

As I have had the pleasure, for a number of years past, of being one of the "visiting sportsmen from other States" alluded to, I cannot suffer to pass unnoticed the aspersions made by the honorable gentleman, without qualification, upon the character of all tourists and campers who may chance to take game out of season for use at the family tables, and who conscientiously take only what they can use. That the gentleman should term this a "very dirty pail of amusement" causes no little surprise to those of us who have learned to look upon and respect him as a fair-minded man. The adjective he uses in the absence of qualification applies to many persons, who in high-mindedness, conscientiousness and non-esty of purpose are certainly his peers, and who are as much interested as he can be in seeing the game laws fairly interpreted and impartially enforced. The gentleman's conduct with his denunciation the statement that we "become poachers and tempt others to assist" us. I have had guides in the Maine woods, both white and Indian, most of whom in the winter are, or have been, hunters and trappers, and among them some of the most respectable and influential in their several communities, and I never yet saw the time while camping out, but that at sight of game my guides would be the first to say, "Shoot it! Shoot it!" and would take every means in their power to effect its capture, be it in season or out of season. They well know that such a course breaks the law to their shoulders quite as much as it does those of the tourist with them—that their reputation and future capacity to earn their daily bread as guides is enhanced or diminished by their ability or failure to take their employers within reach of game. Nay, I have known instances where guides would be the first to jump for a rifle, and shoot a moose or caribou before the sportsman knew what they were doing, and these guides are by no means "drunken poachers" nor "pot-hunters," but honest, hard working farmers, the home and slayers of the land.

Not many years ago in the month of August a guide in my employment, who now is clad in the rigorous robe of a Game Warden, carried one of the only two rifles in the party, and tried his best to shoot a caribou. That same man is so covered with sins against the game laws committed previous to his appointment to office that he dare not prosecute parties in his own town for flagrant breaches of the law for fear of retribution in kind and rumor says—and she speaks loudly and plainly—that his own carriage breaks the law to-day, and is allowed to ply his vocation undisturbed.

I know of a case, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, this statement is not new to the honorable Commissioner, where, within the past four years, a then noose-warden acting as guide to a party of campers helped them kill two moose together, and in the close season. It is true that this man may not now be a warden, as the Commissioner says, but he was one then. I have never heard of his dismissal from office, and plainly that his own carriage breaks the law to-day. Some few cases there are where inhabitants of Maine have been prosecuted for killing moose, the most notable one in the writer's knowledge being that of a prominent hunter and guide, who was charged with having unlawfully killed several in one season. The conduct of his case happened to be committed to a certain warden, who had in his hands the list of witnesses to be summoned, and other evidence of the offence. Now, what became of this case? Shortly after his indictment the guide went to a third party—a near relative of the prosecuting warden—and told him that if the case were pressed to trial he, the relative, would in turn be prosecuted, as the guide knew several instances where he had broken the law. This relative, who told me the above circumstances, ended his story by remarking, innocently, that "When the court opened and the case was likely to be reached, — was busy down river, and couldn't go to court, so he gave the papers to so-and-so, and asked him to attend to the matter." I don't know how it came out, but I guess it—went off free." As the case involved the slaughter of nearly twenty moose (so I was informed), it is not hard to believe that some pressure had been brought to bear upon somebody.

From these, and many other "straws," it seems to be apparent, and the words of the honorable Commissioner bear out the inference, that it is only "visiting sportsmen from other States" upon whom the wrath of the law is to be poured. Why do not the authorities put down the practice of bounding deer? Why are hunted the slaughter of nearly twenty-seven, as reported to me last week, of moose, allowed to range the woods, driving deer, in one locality or a hundred miles from Bangor? Why are respectable deer-chasers, who keep their bounds near the hunting grounds, in charge of servants, almost the entire season, and use them to drive deer—why are they allowed to break the law thus openly, while we, who bring our money into the State, and

venture to do so, Brave would wait until it was a sufficient distance from cover, and then speedily make it a victim of misplaced confidence. This I did not see him do. I was frightened, furnished the second exception I mentioned of creatures he would not immediately attack. On this occasion I had gone to the post-office, distant four miles, for the mail. I started to return about nine o'clock in the evening. It was a clear moonlight night but when I entered upon the last half of my walk, which was through a dense, unbroken forest, with only a winding and narrow path to follow, I wished it was morning as devoutly as ever St. Paul did.

Having my gun and dog, I plunged into the woods wishing vigorously to keep my courage up. Nearly half the distance had been passed without seeing or hearing anything more formidable than an owl, with its solemn "to-ho, to-ho," when suddenly a large creature started up from its bed of dried leaves, a few yards away, and came toward my path. I could not plainly distinguish it at first, but knew at once from the sounds made that it was a bear. I knew it was no use to think of running, for, in the darkness, there was too much danger of butting my head against a tree or falling over some obstruction in my path; it also occurred to me that if the bear really intended to taste my flavor, my running would only be an expedient to keep me from being eaten. I knew he would be sure to strike a winning gait. As my gun was only loaded with small shot, I decided that it would be folly to fire except as a last resort, and the bear in close proximity. So holding the gun in readiness, I cautiously moved forward, not toward the bear, but toward home. I had taken but a few steps when I stumbled over Brave, whom up to this time I had not thought of. There was an open space among the treetops overhead, at this point, and in the increased light I could see both the dog and bear; could see that the hairs on Brave's back and neck were as erect as were ever hedgehog's quills, and that he was trembling as only a thoroughly frightened animal can quiver.

He looked into my face, gave a low growl which seemed to say, "He is more than my match, Master, but I won't leave you." Had I given the command, I have no doubt but that the faithful fellow would have gone to his death with a spring and ringing cry of defiance; but so great was my attachment for the dog that I preferred keeping myself between him and the bear. Slowly, side by side, we moved forward, and I tried to keep our right feet in the same groove, the dog's under and under his last left foot.

In this way we proceeded about a quarter of a mile, when the bear, changing his mind, or at least changing his course, made tracks for Katocon Mountain. Most willingly Brave and I dispensed with his company and quickened our steps when his could no longer be heard. A few days later a large bear, perhaps our unwelcome escort, was seen in my father's pasture not a quarter of a mile from the house.

Poor Brave! A year later he came home from a ramble suffering terribly, and evidently from poison. The entire family watched and nursed him, doing every thing that affection could suggest for his relief, but all in vain. After two days of suffering, as I sat near him, he looked into my face with the old intelligent look, staggered toward me, and I held him in my arms until he died.

On a sunny, grassy knoll, just back of the house, we dug his grave. I made him a coffin, and the whole family followed as mourners, when in it we carried him to his last resting place.

I have pronounced many funeral orations since, but never one so sadder heart than that uttered at the grave of my dumb companion and friend.

As we turned away, my little sister asked, between her sobs, "Do'nt sink well 'ave dear Brave in 'eaven?" and I answered, "Yes, dear."

Sometimes I think so now. J. FRANK LOCKE.

MUD-INHABITING SWALLOWS.

ABOUT the same period of time which I have referred to above [1870], the small mill-pond in the village of Woodstock was drawn off to repair a leaky dam, and in the mud at the bottom of the pond were found great numbers of swallows, clinging with their bills to fragments of wood, and in the mud of the pond. This did not seem very new, but I heard it testified to by a great number of the people of the village. You are therefore at liberty to believe, or disbelieve, as you please. M.

[The above note, extracted from a private letter written by one of the oldest diplomats now in the service of the country abroad, will be read with interest, we are sure, by Dr. E. Coues. The belief that swallows passed the cold water buried in the mud, just as the frogs and turtles do, is respectable chiefly on account of its great age, but is not believed in by any scientific or prudent man. In fact almost every recent writer on ornithology has, when he felt himself in a combative mood, relieved his feelings by striking a few blows at this ancient and once wide-spread belief. In consequence of the unanimity of these attacks, the whole thing was fast taking a place by the side of the story that the rails turn into frogs, and that the brant geese were engendered from barnacles, when suddenly about three years ago it was slightly galvanized by Dr. Coues, who, in his "Birds of the Colorado" published in October two years ago, was not only the first to give the evidence which had accumulated on the subject could not be ignored. The same author stated at the same time his belief that the chimney swifts hibernate in hollow trees.

We have nothing to say on this subject, for it is one about which we know nothing, and it would be a waste of time to repeat the arguments against the belief. We may hope, however, at some time in the not very distant future, to hear something more from Dr. Coues in regard to the matter.]

SNOWY OWLS.—Specimens of *Nyctala scandiaca* have begun to make their appearance along the Atlantic coast. During the past week in October two were brought into a taxidermian (Wallace). One of these was said to have been killed in Connecticut, and the other in this city, north of Central Park. This date is early for snowy owls, but many collectors will remember that five or six years ago, when they were so common all along the coast, they made their appearance very early—that is, about the last of October and first of November. We have just received from Mr. Chas. Linden, Buffalo, N. Y., a note saying that a large white owl was shot on the 1st of Nov. The bird was the earliest appearance in the latter end of October, which is the earliest instance on record in this vicinity.

ALBINO QUAIL.—Mr. P. Peterson, Little Rock, Ark., has a white quail, which we understand he will dispose of.

pay it out in higher wages than those commonly received for the hardest winter forest work, are not only pounced upon but loaded with abuse in addition? What right have the Wardens to enforce one part of the game law and neglect another? What right have they to see only one class of persons and overlook their own townsmen? Indeed, it is as if we from other States who set a bad example to their farmers and their guides; it is the sons of their merchants, their landowners and their judges who set us the example, and we are made the scapegoats. Is this the way to enforce the game laws?

LUOTUS L. HUBBARD.
Cambridge, Mass., Nov. 1, 1881.

We publish in this connection an extract from a private letter, written to us by a Maine correspondent whose knowledge of the facts and whose motives in writing to us he does not question. He says: "The fact is, visiting sportsmen (?) kill scores upon scores by jacking every summer. In this way they destroy deer, caribou and some moose, and the powers that be wink at it; but let a poor devil of a native go out for meat for his family, and there is a fine made over him. The men come in and tip a guide a big greenback to float them off to the summer house, wonder then, the guides go in for some on their own account? The trouble is, the leading men here are on the make; they wish to reap a harvest of shickels, and so allow it as all right for their patrons to break the law, and the game and fish must be for them alone. Serve all alike before the law."

GAME FOR PHILADELPHIA SPORTSMEN.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Canvas-back ducks are this year showing themselves in our river. Last week between thirty and forty were shot by a police officer of Philadelphia by paddling on them. My informant had not learned precisely where the ducks had stopped, but thought somewhere near Borden town or in the neighborhood of Duck Island, up the Delaware. This is very unusual, and it has been the cause of much comment in Philadelphia. More rail have been hunted this season, so I am informed at Kriders', than for many years. The crop of seed was immense, which may in great measure account for it.

Quail, everybody who has been looking out for the "left overs" and their broods, tells me are scarce in Maryland and Delaware this autumn. The snows of last winter did destroy numbers, notwithstanding reports of some to the contrary. While some shooting may be expected in the Maryland and Delaware sections that were protected from snow by the thick growth of cedars, it is sure it would be best to let the birds alone this year, even if we are to have an open winter.

From Lehigh Valley, Pa., I receive advice this A. M. that ruffed grouse are likewise decimated in numbers, owing to last winter's severity—in fact, I have met but one gentleman since my return to Philadelphia who reports game of all kinds plentiful. The one gentleman who had been hunting from Moorefield, West Va., where he had been deer hunting with rifle, and says he came across numbers of "pheasants," woodcock and quail. But he was forty miles from a railroad station, in a section where there were no shot-guns nor bird dogs.

I do not wish to be considered a chronic growler, but we are fast coming to the time when our guns will have to be hung on the hook unless steps are taken to protect game of all kinds. The first to be made is to abolish all spring shooting—this will favor the migratory birds, the next should be attention paid to the quail which remain with us all winter.

The flight of woodcock has not come on with us. On my reaching Philadelphia, having observed it had made its appearance in New England, I took special pains to inquire from reliable sources, and am able to write you that long-bills must have tarried on their way and the pleasant weather has favored this tarrying. They may be expected—what there are left of them—the very next cold snap.

Joe Kridler has returned from his ornithological trip to the far West with a varied collection of birds, but I am sorry to say it is much broken in health.

Mr. Franklin Jones, ex-vice-president of the Philadelphia Sportsmen's Club, has just presented to the Philadelphia Library two more complete volumes of the FOREST AND STREAM. The library now has every publication of your journal from its first issue.

JOTTINGS OF A CHICKEN SHOOT.

I'VE been on a chicken shoot. Now I suppose all chicken shoots very nearly resemble each other. Two days and two nights on the cars to get to the grounds in Western Iowa. Five or six days' shooting. The same trip home again, tedious in the heat and dust of September first, and almost unbearable but for the comforts of the dining cars, palace cars and sleeping coaches.

There were four of us in the party, who, together with our seven dogs, made quite a "mob." In our party there were dogs and dogs. I will mention the dogs first as the best behaved, temperate and quietest of nights of the assemblage. First there was "Duke." Duke is a red Irish setter, very fast, wide rafter, an excellent nose and altogether a first-class dog, although some birds were flushed at his wild speed with a reckless and others omitted in the wide sweep of his quartering—scarcely ever trailing—hunting for the body scent only. Quite different was Bazil. Poor Bazil—killed at the hand of a miserable assassin immediately upon his return home. Bazil was not so fast, but a wider rafter at times; his forte seemed to be trailing. From Bazil we learned where birds had been; and the gun had always time to keep up with him while roading out and locating the birds. He retrieved at the command, but preferred to simply point dead. He would repeatedly point a winner in the gun, causing much rejoicing in the dog's eyes, which rushed in to once. "Sticks" was another Irishman, very fast and wild—never on a chicken was, and did not seem to get hold of them right; but among so many dog breaking is almost out of the question. "Grouse," the black giant, was willful and headstrong, working well at times and again breaking all the rules of dog etiquette and his owner's patience. Next came "John" the wild, John the unruly. Whistle nor whip, nor briar nor brake, nor hill nor stream could stop his wild course. The steady old pointer, now but sure and perfect backer, his age and flesh were against him. Last is the pointer "Sport"—borrowed—and, his owner said, "staunch as Hades." He was staunch on gophers. Gophers seemed to be his special game. He ran with a kind of hop, as if he feared every mo-

ment to step on or be bitten by a gopher. His neck was arched and his nose pointed earthward at an angle of forty-five degrees, so also his stern. His eyes bunged out of his head, actually starting from their sockets, in anticipation of the all absorbing gopher. Undoubtedly a good dog and staunch, but, although he flushed many chickens, I doubt if he ever winded or saw or heard one of them. My sides ache and the salt sea-brine stands in my eyes as I think of the picture that dog cut out. We dubbed him "The Bloodhound," and I fear the name will adhere to him.

Of the boys there were four of us, and although the shooting was not extra, we killed all we wanted, fifteen to thirty a day per gun; and gave away birds at all the farm-houses. We had any amount of fun. I doubt if there was ever more side-shaking by so small a party in so short a time. We lay awake nights to laugh, which only ended when White commenced his cornet solo. It was very so(n)orous. Then we all tried to sleep. White was the heavy man of the party—a good fellow to hold the seats from blowing out of the wagon—his constitution being in good running order, it was singular that he rode so much, while the slim Jim of the party followed the heterogeneous pack of dogs before mentioned. Rob was the leader of the party, had been over the grounds several seasons, biggest talker, head laughman and a crack shot. Charley was the young blood of the party, no doubt he regretted the lack of young ladies on the prairie, but he fought nobly, and allowed no sentiment to stand between him and the cackling old chick—it cackled its last cack to the crack of Charley's gun.

Charley was the "old man" of the party; nor blisters on his heels nor blisters on his toes could confine him to the wagon; he hobbled and shot and kept up with the boys.

There were seven dogs, and there were, also, seven guns; and I doubt if a better shooting lot are often carrailed together. A new Wesley Richards' hammerless, and, probably, the best Nichols & Lefever in America, did fine execution in the hands of Rob, who took his time. A new Green, of Rochester, and old Greener in the hands of White were death dealers. Charley's English piece—don't remember the make—and Charley's pair of Parker's made up the lot. Seventy to seventy-six pieces were stepped off several times to the dead prairie chick.

May we meet again with dogs better broken.

ME-HIT-ABLE.

THE MISSISSQUOI BAY MARSHES.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Since the open season began the writer and his chums have shot over a large portion of the St. Lawrence and Missisquoi Bay marshes. We can report fair bags of duck and snipe, but very few woodcock—in fact it is becoming quite a rarity now to get a woodcock where a few years ago we bagged dozens. Of the duck tribe, the black ducks have been the most plentiful, though in some localities the green-winged teal have come in large numbers. Sea ducks and geese have not yet appeared in their usual quantities, which means a late open season.

Contrary to expectation the waters in our rivers and lakes are still very low. Early in the season the muskrat houses were built both numerous and large, which was a sign of early rains and high water, but as "all signs fail in a dry season," we can excuse the "rats" the mistake that they made.

In a few days we will turn our attention to ruffed grouse shooting, and will then soon be able to report as to their plentifulness or scarcity.

The "Malden Gun Club" have leased a portion of the Missisquoi marshes in Swanton and Highgate, Vt., but will, methinks, have difficulty in protecting their grounds until the members of the club themselves learn to respect the game laws of the State. A friend of mine caught some members of the club setting "mink traps" for black ducks, and this outside of the limits of their grounds—both poaching and pot-hunting—but perhaps those pot-hunters were not active members of the club, only honorary members. Vermont has game laws, and if its constables would do their duty, those fellows would be taught to obey the laws of the State.

STANSTEAD.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

PATAKALA, OHIO, OCT. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I notice in the last few numbers of FOREST AND STREAM that the care of gun barrels has received considerable attention, and various are the opinions advanced—some advocating no care, others expressing strong faith in cleanliness. I have heard old hunters here say they put their old guns away just as they brought it home and did not clean it out or oil it—in fact gave no attention till they wanted it again—and they invariably say it is as bright as a dollar.

It requires only a moment's reflection to see the absurdity of such statements. Any one who has observed the residuum left in gun barrels knows that it quickly absorbs moisture. A gun may stand in the house during warm, dry days, but the first damp, wet day that comes it will not be found so. Simply insert the finger in the muzzle; on withdrawal, it will be found moist, if not wet. When moisture is brought in contact with iron or steel, oxide of iron, or rust, is formed. What would the farmer say, if one were to tell him that the best way to keep his plow in good condition is to leave it in the fence corner, where he finished his work, or to take it to the barn, with the dirt and mud on it, as he turned the last foot of furrow? He would laugh at you for such advice. He takes his implements to his barn, and cleans them, and either paints or varnishes them. When they are wanted, they are ready and as bright as when laid away.

Only a little common sense and judgment is required to keep a gun as nice and bright inside for twenty years as the day it came from the factory, laying aside the chemical action of some kinds of powder, if such there be. I have used guns six years, and they are as bright as when they left the factory. I never allow a gun to stand over night without cleaning and oiling, but I ever so tired. Even if I only take a gun out to shoot a single shot this same rule is invariably observed. During the close season, if my gun is not used, I take it from the case once a week and wipe off the old grease and oil it again. I use an fine sand paper, and I feel satisfied that the above rule is strictly observed, and the barrels are of good material, nothing but most satisfactory results will be obtained. I have no further use for the wire-scrub brush and the horse-hair brush I find sufficient to remove all dirt and lead, and it does no injury to the barrels.

A. O. A.

Oglesburg, N. Y., Oct. 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*
I have been much interested in the discussion of late ament rust in gun barrels and the way to prevent it; and I have no doubt any one of the various methods are good and will answer the purpose if properly applied. Is it not due in most cases a want of "elbow-grease" and thorough cleaning, which is the root of the whole trouble? Now, my own method is this: I make it a rule to clean my gun as soon after I am done shooting as possible, first using kerosene to remove the dirt, then the wire brush to take out any particles of lead or dirt which will adhere to barrels, wiping out dry of cotton waste. I then take a square of flannel dipped in hot pure mutton fat, the flannel of sufficient size to cover the light (I always keep a supply of those squares on hand), and with it remove every speck of dirt, wiping dry and oiling lightly with Rangoon oil. I place the gun near the stove all night after cleaning and oiling it outside and the action. I have never used water, no matter how dirty the gun may be. I occasionally use jeweler's rouge, and have found it of excellent service in keeping barrels bright and smooth, far better than emery. When I lay the gun up I give it a good coating of mutton fat and a bayonet and a spoke of rust in the spring. I may add that when duck shooting I apply a light coat of boiled oil over the outside of gun. It forms a skin when dry, will effectually prevent rust, no matter how wet the gun may get, and is easily removed. I never berudge an hour or two in cleaning my gun, and in consequence have never been troubled with rust.—TEN BONE No. 2.

Coming, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Allow me to suggest to those interested in the subject of "rust spots in gun barrels" and how to prevent them, that certain grades of powder is the cause, and the manufacturer thereof could explain if he would. So change your powder; and never be so shiftless or lazy as to let your gun stand over night without a thorough cleaning with a dry cloth. Rub dry with flannel, and never put any water, hot or cold, into a gun barrel, and use no lard nor sperm oil, nor any oil that requires water in its manufacture, as it will certainly leave a red rust if you give it time. Use just a touch of vaseline, which is equally good for the steel cutlery and surgical instruments; and you can put your fine guns in the cellar if you wish without any risk of rust appearing.—J. H. W.

WHERE TO SHOOT RAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In making up the members of your paper to-day I observed that you give some prominence to rail shooting by furnishing the scores made during September upon certain grounds in Pennsylvania and Virginia. I have often wondered why those who like this form of amusement have not had their attention called to the two rivers of Cumberland County, New Jersey, the Cohansey and Maurice. Near Bridgeton, on the former, there is an excellent meadow (the only one on its twenty-mile course overflowed by the tide) of about two hundred acres. A great many rail have been killed there the present year. The highest bag was, I believe, 130; the average bag being from 75 to 100. The shooting every year is called very good upon this meadow, notwithstanding its neighborhood to a town of 10,000 inhabitants, but for the superior attractions of the Maurice River, which, I suppose, furnishes the best rail shooting in the world.

At Mauricetown the "gunner" who likes slaughter may have his fill. The village is a pleasant one, inhabited by an intelligent and cordial people, having a spacious and well-kept hotel, presided over by a landlord who is one of the most unobtrusive of men as well as one of the most obliging. He has the rare quality of justly anticipating his guests' wishes, and at the same time without making any fuss or asking any but a very moderate compensation. The village is situated between two meadows; the upper contains about 250 acres and the lower about 800. Two hundred yards from the wharf takes the shooter to either meadow.

There are good accommodations also at Port Elizabeth, at the upper end of the upper meadow.

During the past season the individual scores ranged in the neighborhood of 200 to the tide. The highest was made Sept. 30, by George Bowen, of Mauricetown, who bagged 412 in a tide of about five hours.

I am satisfied from what I saw the day I was there that I could have bagged 500 birds, if I had had the ammunition.

Any of your readers who fancy this most laborious amusement would do well to make a note of this, and next year write to William Royal, Mauricetown, or Henry D. Paullin, Port Elizabeth, Cumberland County, New Jersey, who are the local keepers above referred to.

NOTES FROM MISSOURI.

JACKSON, MO., OCT. 31, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
On last Saturday our sporting men had a target shooting match, with shot-guns, at a target one foot in diameter, with circles thereon, numbering from one to six—the centre or smallest circle being six, and thus back to one, the outer circle. A shot in 10 counted six times the score, and so on in each of the circles. The shot was at forty yards range, off-hand. Our hardware merchant, S. D. Williams, had gratuitously donated a silver cup as the prize, for which there were twenty contestants, each man having two shots. The score of the six best was as follows:

Daniel Milde, 214; R. P. Wilson (m), 231; D. H. Fil-dreth, 420; J. H. Jenkins, 203; S. W. Brown, 242; F. H. O'brailor (m), 196.

Both muzzle and breech-loaders were used, and the breech-loaders made the best score, although some expressed the belief that they would be "left." In the score I designate the muzzle-loader by an (m) in parenthesis. There were twelve who used breech-loaders, and eight who used muzzle-loaders. The average for breech-loaders was 913, and for muzzle, 70 1-10.

The hunting season is now open here for all kinds of game. Quail hunting is indulged in, but the birds are not very numerous. We noticed a goodly number of robins in one place last week. Squirrels were plentiful a few weeks ago, but are scarce now. Our boys are getting ready for the duck season, and some of them are off for the lakes below here this week, and others will soon follow. We had good snipe and plover hunting here early last spring, and hope for the same again. For deer and turkey we go to the swamp, fifteen or twenty miles south of here, and although our first two trips this fall were not very successful, we had a jolly good time. Game will be more plentiful here later, though squirrels are always numerous.

C. R. H.

SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.

WORCESTER, MASS., NOV. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the annual meeting of the Worcester Central County Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, held in this city to-day, the afternoon was given up to the discussion of the following:

Whereas, the sportsmen of this State have caused a law to be enacted that makes the shooting of game by license on their own lands at certain seasons of the year a criminal offence, and

Whereas, the representative sportsmen in this vicinity have offered a more liberal interference with the natural rights, and by limited legal means keepers of game to which they have not a particle of claim, and

Whereas, the object in view is additional sport to the shooting fraternity, and not the good of society in general, therefore,

Resolved, That the agricultural community should resent this interference with the natural rights, and by united legal action, especially the enforcement of the trespass act, cause its interests to be respected and maintained.

Mr. O. B. Wymann, of Shrewsbury, considered the matter was in the hands of the farmers; a majority of them were in favor of protecting game in its season. There are sportsmen who are gentlemen—some are not; all are too apt to forget the interests of the farmer; they are careful to have the law all on their side. The speaker was in favor of a fine of \$20 for every bird shot on forbidden land. The sportsmen frequently do much damage to farmers and pay but little attention to trespass signs.

Mr. S. P. Perry, of Auburn, cited the law, and pointed out that they made no discrimination between farmers and sportsmen, always being on the side of the sportsman, and show evidence of selfishness on their part. The game, he claimed, belonged naturally to the owner of the land where found, and sportsmen can only obtain it by violating the trespass act. The farmer, redress after posting or giving verbal notice, is a civil and criminal suit. The remedy is for the farmers to enforce the trespass act, thus giving the sportsman a taste of their own style.

Mr. Charles T. Fister, of Holden, did not agree with the wholesale arraignment of the sportsmen. He claimed that the farmer has too much protection. The rights of the sportsman were the natural rights of the public, which had no more been surrendered to the farmer. The birds belonged no more to one than to the other; each were sent into the world with equal rights.

Mr. E. B. Knowles, President of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, first referred to the membership of the club which he represented; they could be with credit placed side by side with those of any other of equal number. He could not see why the Grange should take up arms against them. The interests of the two are identical. The game was protected for a proper use by the farmer's boys and gentlemen sportsmen. The only legal positive to ensare is the partridge, and that is permitted. The laws of the club has provided for the punishment of any one using improper or insulting language to a farmer. His own relations with the farmers had been pleasant, and he hoped that no feeling of antagonism would be raised between the sportsmen and the farmer.

Mr. S. A. Newton, of Auburn, was glad the subject had been brought to the notice of the Grange. While he had always found the members of the club to be gentlemen, they would see why the farmers felt aggrieved if they knew of the actual damage done by men who call themselves sportsmen. Forest fires are red with careless shooting, herds of cattle are let out by the tearing down of walls for a rabbit or woodchuck. What the farmers complain of is the mischief-making parties who wander from place to place.

Many others joined in the discussion. J. H. Chickinny, of Grafton, thought the wild game belonged to the people; E. W. Wheeler, of this city, believed it was the property of the man who found it; Mr. J. M. Alger, of Auburn, said the time would come when the farmer would be protected even if they had a land tongue to do it. P. H. Moore, of Worcester, did not think the trespass law was of any practical value; D. B. Hubbard, Esq., a Grafton lawyer, claimed the game belonged to the farmer on whose land it was found, because no one else had a right to it—when it goes off of the land the claim ceases. If game is to be taken to sustain human life let it be done in the same spirit as the beef or other animal is slaughtered, and not as sport; J. H. Gleason, of Holden, believed the trespass law as it now stands should be entirely repealed. Mr. James Drake, of the Mass. Grange, in summing up, said he wanted the matter moved yet he organized, in consequence of the discussion, which would result in the framing of laws beneficial to both the farmer and the gentleman sportsman. E.

The Middletown Conn., Association has made a successful attempt to secure better game presentations by enlisting in the work the co-operation of farmers and land owners. The system works well because it recognizes and provides for the mutual interest of farmer and sportsman.

For a certain nominal payment, the owners of the land agree to confer the privilege of shooting over it and fishing in its streams to the members of the Association, of which they are themselves by the terms of the agreement honorary members, having the same shooting and fishing rights as the rest. Each individual belonging to the Association is furnished with a ticket, which serves as a permit to enter the lands under its control; if others trespass, they are intercepted and driven off. The advantages accruing from its expenditure of funds are thus secured to the Association. The game and fish replenished by them are protected from the pothunter and net fisherman.

The Middletown plan appears well in theory, and we are assured by it will work well in practice. It preserves the game, and involves no clashing of interest between sportsman and farmer. We printed in our issue of May 26, 1881, the form of government of the club, and commend it as a model to be adopted elsewhere. The society is incorporated and can bring suit through its attorney, without involving any individual member in the thankless task of prosecuting offenders.

The President of the society, D. J. W. Alsop, writes us under date of November 3.

In Forest and Stream of November 3 notice an article headed "Farmers and Sportsmen." To meet just such cases, at the request of farmers living near our large cities, the accompanying law was passed at the last session of our Legislature. The complaint was that they were overrun by "runners," who would not leave their land when ordered; and by the time a constable and writs were procured the offenders were off to parts unknown. By this act, as you see, each landowner is made a special constable and property owner. The law has had a number of copies of the law printed and distributed among the farmers of this section. The law reads as follows:

"Chapter one hundred and sixteen of the public acts, approved March 23, 1877, is hereby amended by adding thereto the following section, to be known as section eight of said act:

"Section 8. Any person found with a bird, dog or gun upon lands where birds mentioned in section one of this act are known to exist, shall be deemed prima facie to be there for the purpose of pursuing said birds with intent to kill, and the owner of such lands, with such others as he may command to assist him, may arrest the person, while on said land, if he refuses to leave the same at once, and forthwith carry him before a justice of the peace, who, upon a written complaint of such owner, shall proceed to try said person in all respects as if he had been complained against by a grand juror or other proper informing officer."

HAVRE DE GRACE DUCK SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Duck shooting on Havre de Grace Flats opened Nov. 1, according to the law, was a mighty one, with no wind, and consequently few fowl were on the wing. The first ducks that make their appearance at these shooting grounds in the autumn are the blue wing teal, the next the widgeon or baldpate, and the sprigal or gray duck, then comes the bald-head, the red-head, and last of all the canvas back. By the first of November the several varieties have reached the feeding grounds, where shooting is allowed every other day of the week until March 1 following.

Sink-box shooting is followed by quite a number of sportsmen at Havre de Grace, who have outfits in the way of canvas and fitted scows which carry them and their decoys to the ground and furnish snug sleeping quarters at night after work is over. "The Reckless," the largest and best fitted sporting craft at Havre de Grace, owned by a private party, is the property of Messrs. C. Osbourne and John Dumait Polheimus, of your city. She carries one double and one single sink box and five hundred decoys. The "Carriv," is admirably fitted up, and also carries a double and single battery. The owner of the Reckless opened Nov. 1 at Havre de Grace, with a score of 250 ducks. Those from the Carriv, we hear, about 200. On the "Jno. Russell," we understand, Judge Gildersleeve and other knights of the trigger from New York city were sailed to the lower end of the flats and secured nearly 200.

From Philadelphia, the owner of the "Lillie," had capital sport, but we failed to learn the score. Among the other craft that campaigned against the ducks the opening day, were the Widgeon, owned by Messrs. Jos. Earl and Flint, of New York; the Micon, a steam yacht, owned by Col. Stickney, and a second propeller; the Mischief, belonging to Hon. Dist. N. Esq., of Philadelphia. The Mischief's boxes were anchored near the mouth of North East River, and their guns making much noise, we suppose a good score was counted up—we failed to get the number.

Mr. J. G. Watmough, of Philadelphia, whose steam yacht, it will be remembered, burst her boiler while at B. limore last season, is now building, and has nearly completed, a fine shooting and cruising yacht, but this year will hardly see it on the grounds.

It is a great wonder that the continual every other day shooting at Havre de Grace does not decimate the ducks. We learn, notwithstanding the terrible harassing they are subjected to, that this year fowl have made their appearance in good numbers. Other than the pleasure craft mentioned, there are on those waters over one hundred professional sink boxes, and perhaps twenty-five or thirty professionals who follow paddling on ducks for a living.

Notwithstanding the opening day, Nov. 1, was as unfavorable as could be had for shooting, the following professional scores were made (I do not include those of private parties), from which a faint idea can be gained of the immense slaughter that is made when everything is propitious: Wash. Barnes, 340; W. H. Dolson, 250; Perry Barnes, 198; Thos. Kirby, 209; R. T. Clayton, 107. We learn the wild celery crop is profuse this season. Home.

WILDFOWL NOTES.

SHELTER ISLAND, L. I., Oct. 29.

THE wildfowl are beginning to collect on these waters in considerable numbers, such as coot (chiefly), broadwills, alderlarks and loon. A friend of mine here, Captain C., killed eighty of the former fowl in the hattery this week. The fowl now are assembled in numbers, principally in the lower Gardiner's Bay, but will soon be working their way westward into Noyac, Great and Little Peconic bays. I think the shooting club at Robins' Island will have good sport with them off the southwest point of their island, as the fowl fly past this point. I hear the shooting is very good now in Shinnecock Bay. The geese are just beginning their flight, and several flocks passed over here yesterday. So come on with your breech-loaders and plenty of No. 3 shot, which is my favorite number.

I think the fowlers are beginning to learn that numbers 3 and 4 are good numbers for fowl-shooting. The English fowlers on their coast used No. 4 some years since when I followed fowl-shooting for several months yearly. The old gunners would use only No. 1 or BB shot, thinking anything smaller would be useless; but they have changed that opinion now. In shooting at Currituck a few years since, I called at one of the country stores there for a bag of No. 3 shot, but they had no such large number, saying that No. 6 was the right sort, and that I found to be the case on trial.

In your last number you speak of Mr. Cadwell, of Currituck. He was an old experienced gunner with whom I boarded for several months, and often joined him in his fishing expeditions. He was then so disabled with rheumatism that we had to lift him in and out of the boat. He was a good man and brother sportsman, now gone to the better land beyond the river. ISAAC McLELLAN.

ROOSEVELT'S "GAME BIRDS."—No. 11 Commonwealth avenue, Boston, Mass. "Editor Forest and Stream: Every attempt I have made to obtain R. B. Roosevelt's "Game Birds of America" has been completely floored. I have tried at numerous book stores, both modern and antique, and also at five or six publishers, with no success. I have become stubborn now and am determined to get it. If I can get it, [Mr. Roosevelt informs us that the edition of the book is exhausted. Possibly you may hear of a copy through this notice.]

FOOD OF SQUIRRELS.

HOOSIER HALL, RUSH CO., IND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial from Bedford, Ind., October 30, reports: "For several days past the woods in this vicinity have been full of squirrels—more numerous, in fact, than for a quarter of a century back. They seem to be migrating from the southwest to the northeast, no doubt in search of a section of the country where mast abounds. As there is scarcely any mast in this part of the State, the little animals depend upon the acorns of the subsistence. Farmers say that they even eat black walnuts, something never known before."

The writer of this item seems to be profoundly ignorant of the habits and tastes of squirrels, or else the squirrels themselves which are overrunning that section of country, are very unlike their bushy-tailed relatives abounding in these parts, which prefer the nut of the walnut tree to almost any other nut.

Last winter, while the snow was lying upon the earth a foot deep, I noticed where the squirrels had traveled down through the frozen grass in search of the toothsome nut, and their explorations were rarely in vain.

Squirrels are more abundant this fall in this part of the State, than for many years, and when shot in the vicinity of walnut timber, their ebony-stained lips and paws tell only too truly the kind of forage they have been subsisting upon.

Mast of all kinds is very abundant, and the birds and nut-cracking animals will fare well this winter.

The forests are resonant with the racket of the woodpeckers scolding and chattering with each other, as they busily gather and store away, in safe retreat for the winter use, the sweet and nutritious beech-nut.

The long continued cold, deep snows, and practical hawks during the past winter almost exterminated the quail. What few pairs were left over raised fine broods this season, but there will be no quail-shooting in this vicinity this fall.

U. BREKEE.

[So the woodpeckers lay up a winter store?]

GAME IN DUTCHESS COUNTY.

FISHKILL LANDING, NOV. 4, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As it seems to be in order to discuss the decrease of game birds, I would say that the Dutchess County law this year, prohibiting the shooting for market, has done a vast amount of good in this section—not that there has been any notable increase in the birds, but there has not been any falling off since last season. The poachers do not take the trouble of trapping a lot of birds, as under the present law they have no right to sell them. Last fall our markets were full of grouse and quail; this season there are none, and the game is still in the fields and forests of this vicinity. I am well aware that there are fewer birds now than there were five or six years ago, but it is my belief (although I may be wrong) that the main cause of the decrease has been the poaching. There are more quail about here than last year, and full as many grouse and woodcock. By this I do not mean to convey the idea that they are plenty, for they are not, but I do not hesitate to say that if all our game laws were strictly obeyed, both in regard to trapping and killing out of season, we would soon have an increase of all our game birds. The hawks and owls also destroy a large quantity of young birds, and sportsmen, while out in the fields, should shoot all such marauders as come within reach; it would save enough game to make it worth the while. I very seldom go out for a day's shooting about here that I do not get a shot at a hawk of some sort. The night hawk is an inoffensive bird, and is protected by law. But whatever the cause may be for the decrease of game, I would like to see a law in this State that would prohibit the shooting of any game bird before October 1.—G. F. A.

NEWFOUNDLAND CARBOO SHOOTING—Halifax, N. S., Nov. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream: Being a frequent reader of your interesting journal I have taken the liberty of sending you the enclosed, clipped from one of our evening papers, thinking perhaps that some of your readers in the United States might like to know how a Captain in the Royal Navy feels about being accused of unsportsmanlike behavior. I subjoin his letter to the Evening Chronicle of this city.—D.

"H. M. S. Druid, Halifax, 30th October, 1881.—To the Editor of the Citizen and Evening Chronicle: Sir—I have observed with astonishment that according to several local papers, Sir R. Price has been accused of having slaughtered thirty caribou in Newfoundland paper, and is such a gross exaggeration, I shall be obliged to you to contradict it. If Sir R. Price and I had really been guilty of such butchery, we should be the last persons to boast of it, but, as a matter of fact, we did nothing of the sort. Sir R. Price killed four deer, and I three, all good stags, and I do not think that too much, after working hard for it as we did. I have hunted in Newfoundland three years in succession, and always contented myself with three, or at most four stags. On each of all these occasions, I could have killed birds by the dozen, but I can honestly say that I never shot a hind in Newfoundland. I wish all sportsmen could say as much. As an old deer-stalker, I have naturally been much annoyed at seeing my name in connection with wholesale slaughter, and I know that Sir R. Price would be equally so. In justice, therefore, to us, I beg you to do me the favor to contradict the obnoxious article, and to convey to the author of it that he has been lying under a mistake. For my part I would sooner be accused of forgery or manslaughter than of unsportsmanlike behavior. I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant, W. R. KENNEDY, Captain R. N."

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES—Nashville, November 3.

Within the past week a number of large bags of quail have been made about here. Felix Mitchell brought in forty-three, while Ross killed yesterday a very fine section. In Humphrey's County birds are reported in quantities, and turkeys and deer quite plenty. Up in the mountains of East Tennessee bear are said to be in large numbers. Quite a number of snipe and woodcock have been shot about here recently, though they are too scarce to be seen in market. John Buckholz leaves to-morrow for a day with quail. Steinbauer goes along, and if they fail to find birds, (the latter is a notorious rabbit and possum hunter.) they will certainly go to the mountains and hunt for quail. Quail are represented as being abundant. William Hobbs caught and killed a raccoon the other night which he says weighed thirty-seven pounds (a pretty good coon story).—J. D. H.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. paludis.
Mascareno, Esox nubilior.
Pickering, Esox luciae.
Pike-perch, Walrus luciae.
Mud-puppy, Salamander.
Brook Trout, Salvelinus fontinalis.
Whitefish, Coregonus clupeaformis.
Yellow Perch, Perca flavescens.
Striped Bass, Morone chirocentrus.
Blue Bass, Morone chirocentrus.
Rock Bass, Ambleloides.
Brook Trout, Salvelinus fontinalis.
Whitefish, Coregonus clupeaformis.
Brook Trout, Salvelinus fontinalis.
Brook Trout, Salvelinus fontinalis.

Tramping all day through bush and briar, fighting flies and mosquitoes and branches that tangle the line, and snags that break the hook, and returning home late and hungry, with wet feet and a string of speckled trout in a willow twig—this is pure happiness, the like of which a boy will never have again.—C. DUDLEY WARREN.

FISHES OF VERMONT IN 1810.

WE publish with satisfaction the following letter written by an eminent and veteran diplomat now in the public service abroad.

I now wish to make available, if possible, some of my early observations on facts of interest. The Vermont rivers, White River and Water Quechee, are nearly parallel in their general courses, which are about ten miles distant from each other. I had, in my boyhood, a good fish-hook acquaintance with the piscatory population of both, the species being most numerous in White River, whose bed lies some hundreds of feet lower than that of the Water Quechee, and is consequently less liable to severe frost. The Connecticut River salmon in primitive times entered the mouths of both rivers, but their descent was checked at Hartford on the Water Quechee by a natural dam of from seventy to eighty feet of nearly perpendicular height. Only a single salmon was ever taken above this dam. One, however, weighing six pounds was caught above this fall about the close of the last century.

Although this happened before my birth, this rare and important event was a frequent subject of conversation afterward among the elder brethren of the angle, of whom I, like other truant boys, was a reverent follower. Before this "fish story" was related, it was checked at Hartford on the Water Quechee by a natural dam of from seventy to eighty feet of nearly perpendicular height. Only a single salmon was ever taken above this dam. One, however, weighing six pounds was caught above this fall about the close of the last century.

In the summer of 1811 I was sent to school at Royalton, on White River, and I proceeded at once to investigate the truth of the boys' report that Royalton was in a different ichthyological province from that of Woodstock. The very first day I caught several specimens of a fish unknown in the Water Quechee, which the boys called "divis," and I also secured several fresh water clams, a bivalve equally unknown in my native waters. I was taken to a mill-pond in which, as I was credibly informed by a boy, eels were taken. This last surprise was accounted for by the ancient fisheries of the region from the circumstance that the banks of White River were more generally cleared of woods than were those of the Water Quechee, it being a fish of nature, as those hoary sages affirmed, that eels were never found in forest streams, but only in waters whose shores were cleared and brought under cultivation. How far are these observations in accordance with those of others, and do they suggest any food for thought to your inquiring mind?

FISHING ON THE NEVA.

HOW A TURTLE WENT TO ST. PETERSBURG.

YOUR extract from the London Standard, on preserving live fish in Russia, reminds me that I made a note last year intending to bring that subject before your readers. In Cronstadt, which is the great naval and commercial port having two distinct moles or artificial basins, one for the imperial navy, the other for merchant vessels whose draught of water prevents their crossing the bar which obstructs the channel to St. Petersburg, the fish are kept alive in deeked punts, with large halibut, which are removed when purchasers wish to see the fish. The punts being shallow every fish is plainly seen, and the man in attendance catches any you point out with a dip net. But the most curious part of the business is the mode of fishing on the Neva, which I believe is peculiar to Russia, at least I have met with nothing similar in all my wanderings, and I can only speak of one fishery which stood, if I remember rightly, about midway between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. It was on the left-hand side (port, if you please) of the channel as you ascend the river, and consisted of a triangular-shaped weir.

The sides are formed of timber, solidly driven into the bed of the river, the ends being ten to fifteen feet above the stream. The logs are so placed as to catch that no fish of any size can pass between them. Planks are nailed on the top of the sides, thus forming a roadway to each extremity, so that the men can safely run along each side, for the purpose of driving any fish seen near the ends, where they run into a purse-net and are thus secured. They have long poles to frighten the fish. I can say nothing of the quantity of fish caught during one summer, as I never had an opportunity of visiting the fishery, having merely seen it from the steamer which passes quite close, going up and down, between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Having described the Russian mode of fishing, I shall now direct the attention of the reader to one equally novel, no doubt to him as it was to me. Not a scientific or truly sportsmanlike one I admit, but savoring vastly of pot hunting. The result—that's the point! During a voyage from Nantes, in France, to Messina, in Sicily, where we loaded with oranges and lemons for St. Petersburg, the captain died on the return voyage, and his remains were consigned to the deep between Capri Palos and Cape de Gut on the coast of Spain. We were becalmed the whole day after his death, and about 11 A. M. I spied a turtle at a short distance from the vessel, which I proposed to the chief mate we should make an attempt to capture. The boat was soon lowered, and we had the good fortune to secure this one, being the largest I have seen caught in this manner.

On turning the boat toward the vessel we spied two more, which were also captured, and finally we got alongside with five more. The sailors having gone up aloft told us that he could see several of the other six. We therefore took our attention to these, returning in a short time with five more. Several being yet in sight, and the crew anxious to capture them, the mate and I agreed that we had our share, and others taking our places I finally returned with four, making fourteen in all, which, strange to say, was the number of the crew including the deceased captain. Having had our prizes on their backs in and under the launch we considered that we had turtle for all hands for some days. I must explain that the benefit of the unutilized turtles is always kept on their backs when landed to prevent their getting poor. So say the knowing ones. I have had but little experience in turtle catching or keeping, never having caught another, though I have seen many both in the Mediterranean, and outside from the Straits of Gibraltar to Cape St. Vincent. The next morning I thought I would try the weight of No. 1, I found it exceeded 85 pounds. A bappy thought struck me, that it would be a nice present for our agent in St. Petersburg, the celebrated Steiglitz, the Russian Rothschild. I first had the idea of the new captain who objects to Mr. Steiglitz, who had settled the point. Gladly, then, on the second morning after our arrival in port did we man the jolly-boat and remove tub and turtle to the steamer, about to leave for St. Petersburg, but in charge of two officers of customs, who delivered it to Mr. Steiglitz. He caused it to be delivered to the Emperor Alexander, who, I presume, ordered his chef de cuisine to convert it into soup. This must have been in 1825 or 1826. I write from memory, some honest man having purloined my journal, which at the present time would be of no lower of strength, containing many facts and anecdotes lost beyond redemption. Half a century is a long time to look back to, but, thank God, my memory can yet retrace people and occurrences seventy years ago.

I must state for the information of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, who have not seen the London alderman's tit-bit in his native element, that in warm, sunny days, when the sea is like a mirror, the turtle comes to the surface floating like a buoy. They evidently come up to bask in the sun and bask in the rays of their being so easily caught. But a strange and remarkable fact connected with this aldermanic pet, and which I fully verified on the occasion above alluded to, is that each is accompanied by a small white-grey fish, which sailors call the pilot fish, and which the sea awakens the turtle when any danger approaches. The arc about a foot long, and something like a young shark, but having a smaller body. How far this small fish is or is not the safeguard of the turtle I am not prepared to agree to or deny, but I certainly saw them under most, if not all, of the turtles I assisted in capturing.

Strange that I have never before caused this sporting feat of mine to appear in print, and that it should have been reserved for the pages of FOREST AND STREAM. 'Tis strange! yea, passing strange! But I hope, if I am spared, to fill a few more of those pages with memories of the past. Apropos of memory, it just occurs to me that some of the members of the General Assembly of Virginia may, should they chance to peruse this my reverie, appeal to my superior judgment and well-known experience to be the umpire in that toughly-contested point—'Is the turtle fish or game?' Ye shades of Demosthenes, of Cicero! assist me! One five-long night spent in debating what? Is game fish, or fish game? The first is impossible. A deer or a partridge can't be a fish, but a fish can be game. My turtle was game, or he would never have reached the palace of the Czar of all the Russias! No amount of oratory or special pleading can controvert that; consequently, all turtle must be game. This is my decision, gentlemen; let it be recorded on your state and book. I am anxious to make it publicly known and have it widely circulated throughout the State, let the Clerk of the General Assembly be instructed to order and pay for 1,000 copies of FOREST AND STREAM. Cash, mind you. No truck or trade. PHILIP VIBERT.

"GAME FISHES"—Louisville, Ky., Oct. 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: What is, strictly speaking, a "game" fish, and what are the principal fresh water game fish? Heretofore I have been in my mind as such only salmon, brook trout, white sucker, and muskellunge. I have been to many trout books, and finding nothing of the nature of my so-called game fish, I am put quite at sea, and would like to be set right.—C. W. M.

[This is a question which men answer to suit themselves. Any fish which you catch for sport may be called "game." In fur and feather there are certain fixed rules, or rather an arbitrary standard has been agreed upon, such as birds which will lie to a dog, etc., or animals usually pursued for sport and meat. With the fishes there is no such standard, and the term "game fish" is applied to the constantly changing and any writer puts upon it. Therefore it is an indefinite term, meaning fishes which take the hook and are captured for sport. In Mr. Hallock's "Gazetteer" he includes the suckers and other fresh-water fish, and we see no objection to including sharks in the term.]

The diary of a trip on the Indian River, N. Y., printed last week, should have been credited to our esteemed contributor, Mr. H. H. Thompson, and not to the "Annapolis" correspondent. Our correspondent also claims the spelling "muskannong," which is not the usual form in the section of which he wrote. Printing "Havelton" for Hevelton, "Ropie" for Roese, "head work" for hard work, etc., it is just to Mr. Thompson to explain, was not at all the fault of his manuscript.

A FERRET Muzzle.—Editor Forest and Stream: I received a letter some time ago from a gentleman in Augusta, Ga., saying you had referred him to me as to the proper muzzle for a ferret. I have had a long and varied experience in breeding and handling ferrets, and have tried various devices for muzzling them; but I must admit I have never seen anything in the way of a wire or screen muzzle that I found either useful or ornamental. The head of the ordinary ferret is so delicate altogether to be hampered with anything of this kind. There may be exceptions to this rule, but if so I should be glad to meet with them. The only muzzle that I have used successfully can be made and used with no expense and with very little trouble, and I will herewith append the modus operandi; and as it costs nothing, should it meet the eye of any who differ with my views, they have simply to discard them and adopt another: Take a piece of coarse waxed-cord, about two feet long. Pass through the mouth directly back of the fangs. Pass it down under the lower jaw, and tie with a close knot. Now carry it back up through the mouth and across; then up over the upper jaw in form of figure 8, and tie firmly. Carry the two ends up the forehead back of the ears until you again meet. Next carry the ends down the two sides of the neck and tie again firmly. The muzzle is now complete. There is no cumbersome weight to carry, nor any pain; and when the animal is let loose, if he has been kept properly, he will go to work with a vim. When the hunt is over remove the muzzle with a knife. I have often seen the lips caught together with needle and silk, but I don't believe in resorting to cruelty in the animal without it is very necessary.

Hornsville, N. Y.

BEEB HOLLIS.

CONNECTICUT NOTES.—Southington, Conn., October 31.—I have noticed in two or three last issues of FOREST AND STREAM the loss of all shotguns. Now, to my idea, it is difficult to tell whether the scores were good or not, as the number of shots were not given. I had the pleasure of one day's shooting this year, the first I ever had. In forty-seven shots I captured forty rail. I think that is the correct way to give returns, then we can tell whether the shooting is good or not. Game is scarce in this part of Connecticut; this, I think, owing to being killed off rather close last year. The local sportsmen report quail and grouse scarce.—W. D. C.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, November 5.—We had quite a flurry of snow here Thursday, November 3, and the weather has continued cold ever since. The duck-shooting is A 1 at present. I bagged forty-two ducks Friday on the Kankakee River. Jerome Marble's shooting-car passed through Chicago last week on the way home. They left numerous buffaloes, elk, antelope, etc., in the hands of Mr. R. A. Tuttle, the Chicago taxidermist, to be tanned and mounted.—TEX BORE.

A SOUTHERN RESORT.—The mountain country of Western North Carolina is annually attracting an increasing throng of health and pleasure-seekers. The scenery is of a character to well repay the tourist, and the climate is most beneficial for bronchial and pulmonary complaints. Asheville is in the central part of this region, two days' journey from New York. Strangers will find good accommodations in the Eagle Hotel, whose proprietor, Mr. L. H. Inness, is among the popular hosts of the South.

A PENNSYLVANIA RESORT.—I have had splendid shooting during eight days in October, plenty of partridges, a great many ducks, some woodcock, a great many snipe; rabbits and squirrels in abundance, besides pheasants, woodcock, and quail to arrive in very large flocks. I stopped at Mr. E. D. Huffman's hotel, where I had every comfort and, besides, his company every day shooting. Mr. H. is an excellent shot. Any gentleman going there will require a steady dog, such as I had myself. I never traveled over finer hunting ground. If I was inclined to go ten miles from Mr. Huffman's house he would show me a great many deer. I prefer small game shooting. Mr. Huffman's hotel is at Marshall's Creek, Monroe county, Penn. By dropping him a line he will meet any one at the depot.—JOSEPH A. MALONE.

OHIO QUAIL.—Waufron, O., Nov. 5.—The quail season opened here the 2d, with all the boys in the field, but generally the birds were small. While the quail are plenty, they seem to be hard to find. The reason is, that they are not on their usual feed grounds, the cornfields, but remain in the woods where seed is plenty. I worked over a forty-acre field, with as good a setter—my own—as can be found in North-Western Ohio, and did not raise a feather, while I know that three covets of quail rendezvous in the neighborhood. There are many of quail this year, but just now I will take a search warrant and several dogs to find any shooting, unless one luckily blunders on them.—W. H. H.

SHOOTING AT PORT JEFFERSON.—Jersey City, November 7.—I have just returned from a week's shooting at Port Jefferson, Long Island, and wish to inform my fellow sportsmen that if they want good duck and rabbit-shooting, that place cannot be beaten. There are some quail but not many. Raynor's Port Jefferson Hotel is the place to stop. He is very moderate in his charges, and has permission from most all the farmers to hunt over their grounds.—H. P.

SNEAK-BOX FOR DUCKS.—Canton, N. Y., Oct. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: "Sivard" wishes plans of a sneak-box provided that would enable him to approach ducks in open water. A year ago I built a sneak-box for Judge Longworth, of Cincinnati, and have been told by him and his friends that they had killed many ducks from it under sail where they could approach them in no other way. The sneak-box is the boat for duck-shooting in open water.—J. H. ROBINSON.

ILLINOIS DUCKING.—Fulton, Ill.—High water here has brought the ducks by thousands. Gunners here from all quarters. The old Mississippi has been on a boom this fall, nineteen feet above low-water mark. Our fine snipe grounds have, for the last six weeks, been navigable for the largest steamers.—D. N. W.

STOCKHOLM, MASS., CLUB.—Boston, Nov. 3.—The sportsmen of Stockholm, Mass., have organized a club of twenty members. President, H. Horne; Vice President, J. D. Pearce; Treasurer, H. Home; Secretary, B. H. Houghton. The principal object is to prevent the violation of the game laws.

ROWLAND, Pa., Oct. 29.—We have good deer hunting in this section—two killed yesterday. I have the finest location for a club here, and a fine fire lakes. In a circle of five miles, well stocked with fish. We are 113 miles from New York, via N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.

Kenyon's Gordon setter was by Prince Barotsky's Prince, out of Earl Mount-Edgecombe's famous Cornwall bitch.

C. R. V.—For cabin yacht 30 ft. waterline, give 10 ft. beam and 4 ft. 9 in. deep. Do not cut away too much. Rig as cutter with fixed halyard and jib on stay, but open water, when becalmed, she should be able to run in and jib set flying. Will publish something this winter.

C. T. B., New Bedford.—Please inform me in regard to the pedigree of Frank's gun dog, a 12-gauge in all glass balls, 10 yds. range. Grouse. Ans. on Pinesy (Mr. Edward Howley's Fritz (Ranger II—Fanny II) out of Hancey (Gipsy (Fritz-Nettle). Marbles' grouse by Wakefield's Jack, out of Conslard's Nell, imported from Lord Dunsmore's Kennel.

B. L. I., Frankfort, Kan.—I want fishing and hunting for large game; I have had some experience with deer and bear. Where can I get plenty of deer and bear? I had best use the following for the what part? 2. Would a hunter be allowed to cut timber in or about Middle Park, Colorado, for camp purposes? Ans. 1. You might try Colorado and the adjoining country. 2. Yes.

C. S., Guilford, Ill.—What size charge and what number of shot would you advise for use in a 12-gauge in all glass balls, 10 yds. range, trap trap, which throws a ball 85 yards? Ans. Load with 3 drs. good powder, 7/8 oz. No. 8 shot. We have found this charge effective in our gun. Yours may require a little different loading. Experiment and determine.

T. C. S., White Sulphur Springs, Mont.—1. What will be the effect of a top brace in a Sharp's 44 rifle? 2. How can I make explosive bullets? Can a rifle with takes a No. 44 bullet, be used for the purpose of taking a Sharp's 44 calibre, 11 grain bottle-neck shell with good results? Ans. 1. It will do it on the bullet. 2. They are more dangerous to make than to use; better use bullets split for "mushrooming." 3. No.

C. B. S., Geneva, N. Y.—We have no knowledge of the firm you mention, nor have we seen the advertisement. From the tone of your letter we can infer that it is a case of cheap goods. For our opinion of 55 guns see recent issues. We repeat our caution to the general public, buy of only reputable gun-dealers, and use the common sense in the purchase of a gun that you would in buying a suit of clothes.

E. O., New Orleans, La.—I note your definition of a "bye" in your issue of the 13th Inst., to A. C. L., Philadelphia. I wish to ask if this is the proper definition of a "bye" in the rules of the Eastern Field Trials Club. Ans. The definition is correct, except that the Eastern Field Trials rules say that the dog entitled to a bye is a gun with the same previous series, instead of the first, as has been the practice heretofore.

J. T. L., Dover, Maine.—1. Would it be desirable to use a dog whose sire was bull and dam Irish setter, or Irish setter again? 2. Would breeding the pure breed, and using a pure breed, be a better plan, or in time eliminate the bull blood and leave Irish setter with more grit? Ans. 1. Most decidedly not. 2. We could not say, but can see nothing but evil in the course of such a union. 3. It would be Irish dog, and about the only fault that is found with the breed.

J. W. L., Richmond, Maine.—My pup, eight months old, is very weak in his hind parts, and when he lies down his hind legs twitch and jump. He has a good appetite and does not seem to be ill. Ans. Take equal parts of alcohol and water and apply to hair and hips with gentle friction with the hand, rubbing only with the hair, the plenty of water. When the hair is dry, rub with the hand. Do not do like the twitching as it indicates chills, but should not twitch but paralysis be the trouble be may recover.

A. R. C., Hayesville, Ala.—If convenient please give me process for preparing a salve to rub on the skin of a dog's head. I have a dog named "Honey," and he has a sore on his head. Ans. Take equal parts of oys. each salt and alum, 3 gills water, 1 dram sulphur acid, then, being thickened with flour, stir this to dry on a fire, and give it to the dog. This will cure the skin until it is flexible by folding fur on inside and rolling it. If you want to remove the fur the skin should be soaked for a couple of days in a mixture of water, 5 gallons, slaked lime 4 quarts, wood ashes 4 quarts.

SAMPLE, Rochester.—1. What bore and weight of a gun would you advise to combine duck shooting and partridge and fox shooting? 2. Would a bore of 12 gauge be better than a 10 gauge? 3. What bore and weight for two persons? Ans. 1. The weight of a gun is much a matter of taste, and depends upon the weight of the man using the gun. For ordinary hunting a 12 gauge is better than a 10 gauge. The name you name have an established reputation. We cannot discriminate between different makers. 2. It depends altogether upon what you want it for, size of game, etc. 3. It depends upon the man using it.

A. C. W., Whitesboro, L. I.—I have an old dog broken of the bad habit of "breking shot." My dog, a native English setter about eight years old and powerfully built, has this bad trick of which I am weary of. He has a good appetite and does not seem to be ill. Ans. Try the old remedy of 1/2 oz. of castor oil, 1/2 oz. of turpentine, and 1/2 oz. of kerosene, and eat voraciously. Ans. 1. Try the old remedy of 1/2 oz. of castor oil, 1/2 oz. of turpentine, and 1/2 oz. of kerosene, and eat voraciously. 2. Indigestion may cause the trouble. We should not advise any treatment, as he will probably be cured by the next year.

A. L. S., Smithville, Smithville, N. Y.—The query I made in regard to a dog was this, which is preferable for a red and white English setter, a black or white nose. By declining this you will confer a great favor. Ans. You do not seem to be in a hurry to get the dog, so we give you a proper answer. The end of the nose of the English setter should be black or dark liver white that of the Irish setter should be a solid white. With the English setter the black or white nose of the English setter of an orange and white color that often have spots of pink or flesh-colored markings on the end of nose; if your dog is of this strain it is better.

K. G. H., Kingston, Ont.—Can you from the description below let me know the name of a duck I shot the other day? Size, small, about that of a "nut-bull"; bill, rather wide, and of a bluish-green color; wings slightly drooping; feet, black; tail, broad and flat, with black bars on the breast and throat; tail, black, rather wide, and set like a woodpecker; head, brown, having a narrow white space between the eyes; neck, short and rather stout; and mottled like that of a partridge; neck, short and rather thick; feet, same as bill. Ans. We presume from the description that the bird was a duck (*Erismateres vidua*). It is a nearly ripe plumage.

M. A. T., Washington, D. C.—1. Pointer dog 14 months old has a slight twitching in his foreleg, resulting, I suppose, from distemper, which has been treated. A fair pointer with a good disposition. 2. I saw in one of your numbers a remedy for mange, which I think, was Auriferic acid, 1/2 dram to a quart of water. Was that right? Ans. 1. Undoubtedly a salt bath of chlorea, which is generally incurable, but in young dogs often disappears. Change his diet and give plenty of nourishing food mixed with cooked vegetable, and see that he has plenty of exercise. 2. Yes. This was recommended by a correspondent and has proved successful in several instances where the disease was of a mild type.

J. D. H., Nashville, Tenn.—Are all fish sent to market killed by the fishermen, or do they live? I have seen a fish in a net taken from the water? 2. Is there any reason why a fish so dying should not be eaten? 3. How should fish be killed? Ans. 1. No. Many are dropped from the net, and a few die in the water. 2. No, but fish keep better for being laid and humanly causes many anglers to kill their fish. 3. Small fish may be killed by putting the knuckle of the hand on the gills, or the thumb of the hand on the back of the neck and breaking the neck. Larger fish by cutting the "throat latch," or narrow place below the head which connects the head with the body. Or by cutting the "latch," or by a longitudinal slip in the tail prop above the caudal fin.

E. G. C., Reno, Kan.—1. Can you tell me the correct charge for a 12 bore, 30 inch water, 10 yds. range, trap trap, in England. In England it is used to be 3 3/4 drs. and 1 1/2 oz. chilled shot. The charge we have used here is 4 drs. and only 1 oz. shot. What is the correct charge? 2. Is the English powder stronger than the American? 3. Does chilled shot give better results than regular shot? 4. What is the best powder for the charge of 4 drs. powder and 1 oz. of shot. It gives better penetration. Try different charges at a target and select that one which will give the best penetration. A fair pointer with a good disposition, but a better than a good pointer with fair penetration. 2. There are so many different grades of English and American powder that your opinion cannot be given. It is better to stick to the best powder of American origin will compare favorably with the same grade of English. 3. No.

H. P.—You are right; your 34 ft. boat as a cutter. Think that rig is superior to a run rig in all respects and in all winds from a zephyr up. Opinion gradually working around in favor of that rig. Handle and faster. Cannot furnish sail plans. Should say for boat 17 ft. 7 in. long and 3 1/2 ft. wide. It is a good design. The rig is a moderate rig, but as follows: Mast 2 1/2 ft. from bow, hoist 1 ft., foot of main 1 1/2 ft., head 1 ft. Fore stay from down to stern head, 1/2 ft. from bow, 1/2 ft. from the mast. Fore stay from down to stern head, 1/2 ft. from bow, 1/2 ft. from the mast. Lay out of these dimensions, modify to suit your ideas. Then find geometrical centre or the centre of effort and find that this falls about the centre of longitudinal immersed section, including centre-board.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Roxford, Mass., superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 1, at Gilroy, Cal. Field Trials of the Gilroy Rod and Gun Club. Entries close November 1. H. L. Lavenex, Gilroy, Cal. November 24, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 24. Edward O'Neil, Secretary, New Orleans, La. November 24, Thanksgiving Day, Eastern Field Trials Club: third annual meeting at Hobart's Island, Peconic Bay, Long Island. Entries closed Oct. 1. Jacob Pritz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City. December 5, at Grand Junction, Tenn. National American Kennel Club's Field Trials. Jos. H. Dew, Secretary, Columbia, Tenn.

December 10 (or immediately after the close of the National Field Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn.)—Pennsylvania Field Trials. Entries close Dec. 5. Dr. R. H. Seward, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction, Tenn., after Dec. 1.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

NEARLY all writers upon the subject of dog training appear to think that there is but one course to pursue. That all knowledge that is not beaten into a dog is worthless for all practical purposes, and that the whip, check-cord and spike-collar, with perhaps an occasional charge of shot or a vigorous dose of shoe leather, are absolutely necessary in order to perfect his education.

It may appear presumptuous for us to advocate a departure from the beaten path, but as we have had some little experience in the past thirty years as many sportsmen who should be good authority have seen our dogs at work, and have unanimously united in praise of the manner in which they acquit themselves in the field, we have thought that perhaps a description of our method of training might prove interesting. It will be so at least to the new beginner. The main object that we have in view is the amelioration of the present condition of "man's best friend," and should the perusal of these lines cause even but one to follow the course here marked out, we shall feel amply repaid for our labor.

We have ever been in the habit of teaching our dogs the heart for our engine parts, and this love is the main spring that governs all our actions toward them. We do not wish to be understood as meaning that we never use the whip for we believe with the wise king of old that the rod should never be spared when it is needed. What we do mean is this: There is no dog worth the raising—no arspeaking of pointers and setters—that cannot and will not learn all that it is necessary for him to know without a single blow being struck or a single harsh word being spoken. We are very well aware that this humane course will entail a little more labor, and that a vast deal more patience is required than when independence is placed upon the whip and boot-heel to enforce your commands, but the intelligent and cheerful manner in which your pet obeys your slightest word or motion will much more than compensate you for the extra time that you have devoted to his education. There is nothing that so mars our enjoyment when in the field as to see the cringing form of a noble animal cowering in fear of a whipping, which nine times out of ten he does not deserve half so much as his master.

We do not claim absolute perfection for our system nor that you can by adopting it invariably succeed in turning out a well trained, well behaved dog, for we know that with dogs as well as with men we often find one who for lack of brains will never amount to much, no matter what pains we take with him.

In selecting a puppy there are many things to be taken into consideration. In the first place we must be sure that both in the sire and dam are first class field performers. This we consider of the utmost importance. They must also be possessed of endurance, and must be reasonably intelligent. The more ancestors of this type that our pup can boast the better will be suit. He must also have life and audacity; indeed we cannot but now high strain he is, for although he may not submit to restraint quite so readily as his sleepy brother, yet when you once have him under subjection he will not only mind more quickly, but he will do his work better and with twice the speed. Of course he must be well formed, and we should like him to be of good color and coat, but these last are not indispensable as we much prefer good performance to good looks.

Having selected our pup, we will take him home when he is six to eight weeks old, and at once begin his education. Many writers will tell you that your dog should be much older before you begin to instill into his mind even the rudiments of knowledge. If you are going to pursue their system of instruction, we should advise you by all means to put off the evil day as long as possible; but if you are to follow our plan, begin at once—not a moment is to be lost. In the first place you want to secure his affection and entire confidence. This will be the first lesson, and nothing more should be attempted until you have completely won his heart and taught him to place the utmost confidence in you. At this tender age his mind is easily impressed, and will long retain the ideas now formed; and it will take but a few days to teach him to love you with all his heart. If possible, give him a good run over on the ground, with a warm, well-sheltered house or box in which to sleep, and before long he will be very homesome for a few days, and therefore glad to see you often; and you cannot better employ your time than in paying him a visit every half hour for the first day or two. Always, when you go to see him, have a bit of something for him to eat that he will relish. As you approach the pen you should invariably blow upon your whistle the note that you intend to use to call him in. We sound a long note for this purpose, beginning loud and gradually dying away. This with a short, sharp note to attract attention, is all the signals that we ever sound upon the whistle; the last we do not use until his education is further advanced. By associating this long note with something good to eat, it will soon become fixed in his mind that when he hears it he must run to you as fast as he can. We much prefer to have two pups, for it takes no more time to teach them both than it does to teach one, as they will learn from each other; and if one is inclined to be dilatory we withhold his reward, and he, seeing the other one enjoying his customary allowance while he is himself deprived of his share, soon comprehends the true reason and will be on hand the next time.

Do not fail to abundantly cress him and speak kindly words, and never under any circumstances, no matter what the provocation, allow yourself to scold or strike him, as this

is entirely at variance with our system, and is sure to result in the defeat of our plans. Should he jump upon you with his dirty feet, or tear your clothes with his sharp teeth, do not get angry and cuff him, but gently yet firmly place him upon the ground or unclasp his jaws from your garments, consoling yourself with the thought that in a short time you will have him so well in hand that he will know better than to commit these faults. Be very willing with him at all times; cordially study his disposition, and learn all of his ways that you may the more readily understand just how to manage him. You should be in perfect sympathy with him and humor all his whims and notions and endeavor to teach him that you truly love him. In a short time you will find that this love will be returned ten fold, and that he is ever anxiously watching for your coming, and never so happy as when in your presence and enjoying your caresses.

After a few days you may begin to train him, but do not be in a hurry about it, as nothing is gained by haste. Be very careful now, and do not mix all by an undue haste; go very slow, carefully feel your way, and, above all things, exercise an unwearied patience; and if at any time you find the strain upon your nerves growing a little too tense, leave him at once and wait until you are perfectly calm before resuming the lesson.

There is one thing, of the utmost importance, that we wish to particularly impress upon your mind before we go any further. Do not allow yourself under any circumstances to be in any hurry in any of your ordinary tone of voice. There is nothing that is more annoying when shooting than to have a companion continually yelling at the top of his voice to his dog, and generally without any effect. Now, such yelling is worse than useless, for if your dog is properly trained in the first place, he will readily mind your lightest word. For your own comfort, then, and for the pleasure of whoever may accompany you upon your shooting excursions, use nothing but gentle tones when you issue your commands. When this very desirable habit of shouting for once is formed, you will soon find that your lighter tone is demanded, and that you the lungs of a Stentor, it will not be long before your resources will be exhausted, and you will vainly gape for thunder tones to voice your words of command.

The first thing that we endeavor to teach a pup, after we obtain his love and confidence, is to stop at the words "To he." This is a very important point, and comparatively easy to teach him. He should be very hungry when you issue the first lesson, and, if necessary, you should withhold all food until he has learned to stop at the word "To he," and when he understands that as soon as he performs his task his reward is sure, and that he cannot have it before, he will anxiously strive to do whatever you may require of him. You should begin by giving him a taste of a piece of meat, then secure a firm hold upon his collar, and place a small piece upon the ground in front of him. He will struggle with all his strength to get at it, but hold him steadily, and do not say a word until he becomes partially quiet; then move his nose a little closer to the meat, and when he has learned to stop at the word "To he," with a falling accent upon the last syllable. Do not repeat the words just yet, and when you do be very careful that your voice is not strained and unnatural; we always accompany this word with the right hand raised warily, for it may often happen that we wish our dog to come to a halt at some distance from us, and by accustoming him to the gesture he will soon learn to stop as far as he can see you.

Most sportsmen use this signal to mark their dogs charge, but as we should have further to say upon this point, we will plan to say much better. After a few seconds the dog will become more quiet, and you can repeat the words "Now carefully watch him, and as soon as his attention is fixed upon the meat, and he looks at it steadily for a second, release your hold and cluck to him as a signal that he can now have it, and at once praise and pet him, and give him to understand that he has done something wonderful, and that you are pleased with him. We should have stated before that, from the first, whenever you place his food before him you should always cluck to him, as he will thus learn the meaning of the sound, and understand when he hears it that all restraint is removed.

After the first trial do not try him again until the next time that you feed him; for should you force him he may grow weary and fail to respond with that cheerfulness and alacrity that is so pleasing to see. You must be very careful that he does not get at the meat until you give him permission, for he must understand that you mean business every time, and that he cannot have it until you permit him to do so. After a few seconds the dog will become more quiet, and you can repeat the words "Now carefully watch him, and as soon as his attention is fixed upon the meat, and he looks at it steadily for a second, release your hold and cluck to him as a signal that he can now have it, and at once praise and pet him, and give him to understand that he has done something wonderful, and that you are pleased with him. We should have stated before that, from the first, whenever you place his food before him you should always cluck to him, as he will thus learn the meaning of the sound, and understand when he hears it that all restraint is removed.

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After he once understands that he must mind, your task is half accomplished, the rest is comparatively easy, and you will indeed find it a labor of love to perfect his education. In giving these first lessons do not remove him from his pen, as new surroundings will serve to distract his attention from the business on hand, and your task will be all the harder. Indeed it is much better to avoid all training outside the pen until your puppy is well established in what you have taught him. Should it not be convenient to have a pen for him, any good sized room or inclosure that he cannot get out of, will answer for training purposes. Do not allow any spectators in these first lessons, as you want his undivided attention. We know that there is great satisfaction in knowing off the little fellow's accomplishments to one's friends, but do not let this fact induce you to allow them when strangers are near. It is much better to practice him alone than to have him go back on you before folks where you might feel a little delicacy about enforcing your commands.

DOG TRANSPORTATION.

In response to the article in our issue of Aug. 18, upon this subject, we have received a vast amount of correspondence...

The only feasible plea that we can suggest is for every one to furnish his own crate. This, of course, in many instances would be impracticable...

We do not receive so many complaints as formerly, although they are yet far too frequent of the rapacity and selfishness of the baggage-master...

The Chairman pointed out that as the present field trial rules had been passed at a general meeting of the Club, any proposed alteration would have to be submitted in a similar manner...

It was decided to give prizes at the Alexandra Palace Show for pictures and models of dogs, also for specimens of canine taxonomy...

A letter was read from the secretary of the Foxterrier Club, asking whether the committee would allow the competition for the Foxterrier Club's produce stake to take place at the Alexandra Palace Dog Show...

ATLANTA BENCH SHOW.—Detroit, Oct. 13.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have just received a letter from Atlanta, Ga., saying they will give a bench show under my superintendence...

MEADOWBROOK HUNT.—The meet on Tuesday was at Noon's Hotel, Farmegode, L. I. Notwithstanding the nasty weather, several ladies and a score of gentlemen were present...

QUEENS COUNTY HUNT.—On Tuesday the Queens County Hunt enjoyed a fine and very fast run over a very stiff country, accomplishing full ten miles in about forty minutes...

OFF FOR THE SOUTH.—Mr. T. M. Aldrich, of Providence, R. I., started last week for the small game of Tennessee, with him a fine coveal of Mr. Orgil's choicest dogs to complete their education...

KENNEL NOTES. Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notices...

Mike, R.—Claimed by Dr. C. E. (1931), Anlatowoc Wis., for Irish water spaniel dog whelped Aug. 1, 1931, by Mike, winner of 1st New York, 1888, out of Bridget.

Clare.—Claimed by Mr. James T. Walker, Troy, N. Y., for dark red setter bitch whelped July 1, 1931, by champion Berkshire out of Mr. A. A. Sampson's Nora (Eldo-Erie Fly).

Mancheiter.—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for black spaniel dog whelped Oct. 19, 1931, by imported Benedict out of owner's Rheia H.

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Downland.—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for black spaniel dog whelped Oct. 19, 1931, by imported Benedict out of owner's Rheia H.

DOGS IN THE SOUTH.

Editor Forest and Stream: Five years back there were few if any really good dogs in this part of the country. What articles had been taken in that time...

If I were in the business I should ask \$100 to break a dog in a finished manner. Those who have had no experience in educating a dog have little conception of the task and of the time...

The South, too, can now boast of fine stock. For the past few years Mr. A. B. Hayward, of Rock Hill, S. C., Mr. Gibbes of Columbia, S. C., and Mr. Percy, of Union, La., Mr. May, of Augusta, Ga., and others have been gradually getting fine stock...

LONDON KENNEL CLUB.—A committee of the London, England, Kennel Club was held on Tuesday, October 4. Present: Mr. Shirley, Mr. Beaufoy, Mr. George Brewis, Captain Hutton, Rev. F. L. Lister, Mr. W. G. L. G. M. Leigh Pemberton, Mr. Whitehouse and Dr. Forbes Winslow.

Mr. Brewis called attention to the working of the system of judging at field trials of pointers and setters, known as the "heat system," and presented the following petition on the subject:

The judges for the Alexandra Palace Show were selected; their names will be published as soon as the list is complete. It was decided to give prizes at the Alexandra Palace Show for pictures and models of dogs, also for specimens of canine taxonomy...

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Eorl.—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for black cocker dog whelped July 6, 1931, by Black Charlie out of Gros Grant.

Late.—Claimed by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., for beagle bitch whelped Sept. 13, 1931, by imported Amber out of Glad's Lily.

Holly and Water.—Claimed by Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., for beagle dogs whelped Sept. 13, 1931, by imported Rambler out of Glad's Lily.

Car.—Claimed by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., for beagle bitch whelped June 25, 1931, by Riley (King-Bessie) out of Ringlet (Warrior-Hosey).

Travis, Riley H., and Ralph.—Claimed by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., for beagle dogs whelped June 25, 1931, by Riley (King-Bessie) out of Ringlet (Warrior-Hosey).

Granger.—Claimed by T. C. Faxon, Boston, Mass., for tri-colored (black, tan and white) Scotch collie pup whelped June 22, 1931, by Fessie, both owned by F. B. Thro, Westwood, Mass.

Water.—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for liver cocker dog whelped July 6, 1931, by Black Charlie out of Gros Grant.

Monique.—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for black spaniel dog whelped April 20, 1931, by imported Baron out of imported Queen.

Discoon.—Claimed by Mr. Thos. Campbell, Haverhill, Mass., for Gordon setter dog six months old by Look out of Kenza Kit.

Wassinger.—Claimed by Mr. F. B. Thro, Westwood, Mass., for Irish water spaniel dog by imported Mike out of imported Bridget.

Viola.—Claimed by Mr. P. M. Buckley, Niagara Falls, for liver and white pointer bitch whelped Sept. 14, 1931, by champion Dick out of Fan.

Thunders.—Claimed by Mr. R. M. Livingston, New York City, for bulldog whelped Aug. 19, 1931, by Bonnie Hoy (Slenderman-Nettle) out of owner's Gipsy (Young Gully-Rose).

Patience.—Claimed by Mr. R. M. Livingston, New York City, for bulldog whelped Aug. 19, 1931, by Bonnie Hoy (Slenderman-Nettle) out of Gipsy (Young Gully-Rose).

Mike-Briget whelp.—Mr. J. H. Whitman, Chicago, has sold an Irish spangle dog whelped Aug. 16, 1931, by Mike out of Bridget to Mr. C. E. Querey, of New York City.

Nashville Girl.—Red setter bitch puppy by Campbell's Joe, Jr., out of Belle of Nashville by the Nashville Kennel Club to Mr. L. V. Hart, Nashville, Tenn.

Trin, Musie and Zephyr.—Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., has sold to Mr. J. M. Fisher, Leadville, Col., the beagle dog Trin (Chandlerville) and the imported Musie (Bitch Musie) and the imported Zephyr (Sam-Dolly) and the imported beagle bitch Equity, in whelp to imported Rambler. Trin was repurchased by Mr. Cameron from Mr. Fisher.

Riley H.—Beagle dog whelped June 25, 1931, by Riley out of Ringlet, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. Chas. A. Willis, Rockville, Md.

Lade.—Beagle bitch whelped Sept. 13, 1931, by imported Rambler out of Glad's Lily, by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., to Mr. B. F. Thro, Westwood, Mass.

Archyrah Laddie-Money whelp.—Scotch collie bitch by Mr. J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J., to Mr. Alexander Ramsay, of same place.

Black Cock.—Black and white setter dog puppy by Campbell's Joe, Jr., out of Belle of Nashville by the Nashville Kennel Club to Mr. R. C. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.

Top Terrier whelp.—(Billy-Toots) by Mr. J. Ols Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. W. H. Holmes, St. Peter, Minn.

Spangle dog whelp.—(Dan-Nelle) by Mr. J. Ols Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. Chas. A. Rice, Boston, Mass.

Black Cocker whelp.—(Brage-Tony) by Mr. J. Ols Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. E. P. Tomlin, New York City.

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Gordon whelp.—Mr. Thomas Blyth, Langdon, Va., has sold a Gordon setter puppy to Dr. C. E. (1931), Anlatowoc Wis., for Irish water spaniel dog whelped Aug. 1, 1931, by Mike, winner of 1st New York, 1888, out of Bridget.

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DOG DEALING PRINCIPLES. Editor Forest and Stream: What should a honest man do when he gets swindled in buying a dog? The same as any honest man would do with a bad bill or a base coin—destroy it at once, and not pass it to some unsuspecting person...

Editor Forest and Stream: Five years back there were few if any really good dogs in this part of the country. What articles had been taken in that time since the kind I reach above, field trials and the honest work in our kennels, great and small, have been the means of producing stock so superior in fact that exportation has been tried to England...

Car.—Claimed by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., for beagle bitch whelped June 25, 1931, by Riley (King-Bessie) out of Ringlet (Warrior-Hosey). Travis, Riley H., and Ralph.—Claimed by Mr. Colin Cameron, Brickerville, Pa., for beagle dogs whelped June 25, 1931, by Riley (King-Bessie) out of Ringlet (Warrior-Hosey).

PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.—Pittsburgh, Nov. 1.—Editor Forest and Stream: At a meeting of the Directors of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society held here last night it was determined to hold a bench show on this coming spring, commencing April 4 closing on the 7th. Mr. J. Has Lincoln was selected as Manager. We expect to have one of the most interesting bench shows ever held in this country.

Downland.—Claimed by Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., for black spaniel dog whelped Oct. 19, 1931, by imported Benedict out of owner's Rheia H.

Spangle dog whelp.—(Dan-Nelle) by Mr. J. Ols Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y., to Mr. Chas. A. Rice, Boston, Mass.

DEATHS.

Dell.—Mr. Sam Scranton has lost his black and white setter bitch Dell (Old Man-Seg) and ten puppies by Odd (Dash III)-Chicoy. Fred H. Lovell, of New York City, G. C., lost Oct. 23 his Lovell setter dog Prince (Gladsone-Frost).

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

S. W. B., Irasburg, Vt.—My Irish setter has suffered for the last six or eight weeks from a swelling in his ears. It began in a small blister, size of a silver dollar, on the inside of the ear flap. It soon extended over the entire ear and became the size of a large pear. It was opened and it seemed to contain nothing but blood; next day it became as large as before opening. On the second evening the blood was mingled with a watery substance. It seems to pain him and he cowers when he sees me, and also, once in a while, he shakes his head or opens the ear almost daily and it now discharges matter. Ans. Your dog undoubtedly is canker in the ear and the abscess was caused by the discharge. The consequent swelling of the ear is due to the open scratching with his feet. Wash out his ear thoroughly with warm water and pour into each once a day a mixture of bromo-chloride of potassium, 34; water, 34; and also a little of the same mixture of the ear a few minutes. Put an ear cap if he continues to shake his head. The abscess will heal when the cause is removed.

same time to start a snub of four masts was going against...
yachts made a race also during the year. The sea still will take her place as the record as she has a long run among the racers.

It is now too late to add additional rigging of all sorts, docking...
days after delivery does not prove either the yacht a flat failure...
modification of what has been written concerning the letter...
proper proportions, spars of right length, and flat sails well under control...

MADGE—SHADOW.

A BOSTON yachtsman, who kept a level head while witnessing...
the first race between Madge and the sloop Shadow, writes as follows...
in confirmation of the reports already printed in these columns...

I went down to Newport to see the first race with the Shadow and...
Madge. The boats were not as fast as they were given credit for...
been had the Madge not carried away her starboard spreader...

A SUCCESSFUL CUTTER.

It is quite likely that a number of small cutters will be built in...
this season. The cutter is a very simple and easy to give a...
factory. They were from designs by Mr. A. Cary Smith and in type...

ON THE LAKE.

A series of northwest winds here and strong, drove our yachts into...
the water. The boats were not as fast as they were given credit for...
been had the Madge not carried away her starboard spreader...

THE CATBOAT GLEAM.

A SERIES of communications, purporting to be reports by a...
"fisherman" in the "Yankee" of the "Glean" in the "Yankee" in the "Yankee"...

AMERICAN AND BRITISH YACHTS.

THE London Fleet summarizes the international races between...
yachtsmen of the two nations. The results of the races were...
the London Yacht Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron...

NEXT YACHT.

Nothing less than a sixty-tonner will come across the...
Atlantic to compete for such a prize and to have a dash at the...
New York Yacht Club or is wrested from them by the Atlanta...

Estelles, Ramburs, Wanderers and others. It would be an excellent...
boat for yachting if some of the larger yachts could be induced to...
bring their own crew. The boat is a very nice one and will...

PROGRESSIVE.—Mumma, of South Brooklyn, is to build a sloop...
over all, about 20 ft. waterline, 10 ft. beam, and over 4 ft. deep...
an order been given for such depth a year ago builders would have...

ON THE CUTTER.

Our Scotch exchanges are of course jubilant...
over the Madge's doings and eagerly discuss the chances of one of...
their big ones with us next year. The charm and romance so long...

LIGHTING THE COAST.

The statistics of the Light House Board for...
the past year are as follows: Light-houses, 70; lightships, 29; fog...
signals operated by electricity, 10; lights established on shore...

NEW CRYSTALS.

Mr. E. S. Johnson, formerly owner of the schooner...
"Nettie," is to build an eighty-ton boat for next season. The boat...

LIFE AND WORK OF GARFIELD.

We are glad to see the announcement of the...
life and work of Garfield. The book is a very interesting and...
valuable one. It is a biography of Garfield with a history of...

THE DELAWARE AWAKE.

The following from the Philadelphia...
Echo shows that the Delaware Yacht Club is coming to life and...

MADGE IN EUROPE.

From the London Standard: "In Scotch...
waters the tens had plenty of sport, the Neptune lately indulged her...

THE MISCHIEF SELECTED.

The following will explain itself:...
Mr. G. H. Harrison, Esq., Chairman of the Regatta Committee, N. Y. Y. C.

Dear Sir,—The America Cup Committee of the N. Y. Y. C. hereby...
notify you that they have named the sloop-yacht Mischief to represent...

This selection is an eminently proper one, and the public may...
be gratified to see that the Yacht Club is coming to life and...

Knowing really nothing about the speed of the...
Canadian Atlanta in light winds, it would certainly have been doubtful...

It is to be desired that part of the month of December will...
best suit the convenience of your gentlemen.

ware, bronzes, watchcases, jewelry, bric-a-brac, etc., and many articles...
both useful and ornamental, suitable for presents, with more or less...
of the best quality. The prices are as follows: 1st prize, \$100; 2nd...

To the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th...
of the month. In order of merit, 2 draws; to the 21st in order...

Ownership to be determined by a special drawing of the ten...
competitors themselves. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th draws...

WAKEFIELD, MASS., Nov. 5.—The rifle tournament, under the...
auspices of the Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association, which has been...

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score 1, Score 2, Score 3. Lists names like W. J. Jackson, F. J. Rabblett, A. L. Colburn, etc.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 5.—The attendance was not large to day at...
the annual fall meeting. The day opened with a cloudless sky, a very...

Table with 4 columns: Name, Score 1, Score 2, Score 3. Lists names like W. J. Jackson, F. J. Rabblett, A. L. Colburn, etc.

Handicap Match. W. H. Jackson, 5389; 5500; 5600; 5700; 5800; 5900; 6000; 6100; 6200; 6300; 6400; 6500; 6600; 6700; 6800; 6900; 7000; 7100; 7200; 7300; 7400; 7500; 7600; 7700; 7800; 7900; 8000; 8100; 8200; 8300; 8400; 8500; 8600; 8700; 8800; 8900; 9000; 9100; 9200; 9300; 9400; 9500; 9600; 9700; 9800; 9900; 10000.

Range and Gallery. THE ATLANTA TOURNAMENT.

The following letter has been sent to prominent riflemen in...
various parts of the country: OFFICE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION (AMERICA), No. 75 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK, NOV. 5th, 1931.

The Commissioners of the Cotton Exhibition now being held at...
Atlanta, Ga., have requested the National Rifle Association of America...

Prize-winners All-comers' Rifle Match. G. W. Yeaton, 246; F. P. Twiss, 246; G. Henry, 246.

Prize-winners All-comers' Rifle Match. G. W. Yeaton, 246; F. P. Twiss, 246; G. Henry, 246.

The rifle tournament, under the auspices of the Wakefield Amateur Rifle Association, which has been...

THE NEW YORK SCIPITZEN CORPS will celebrate their 50th...
anniversary on the 10th of December. The celebration will be held at...

THE NEW YORK SCIPITZEN CORPS will celebrate their 50th...
anniversary on the 10th of December. The celebration will be held at...

The Kennel.

ALLEN'S NICKEL-PLATED DUCK CALLER.

The most natural toned and easiest blowing Duck Caller in the world. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of one dollar.



ALLEN'S DECOY DUCK FRAME

Is simply a device for holding a dead duck in a natural position in the water, on ice or land, as a decoy. Sent to any address, C. O. D., or on receipt of price, \$4 per dozen. No. 1 for mallards, etc., No. 2 for widgeon, etc., No. 3 for teal. For sale by the trade everywhere, or by F. A. ALLEN, Monmouth, Ills.

The Kennel.

Lowell, Mass., Bench Show.

THE FIRST BENCH SHOW FOR DOGS WILL BE HELD IN JACKSON HALL, Dec. 14, 15 and 16. Entries close Dec. 6. Apply to CHARLES A. ANDREWS, West Buxford, Mass. for catalogue, and entry blank. Nov 16, 41.

Black Spaniels.

BOB III., Imported, black; First, Strabane, Portadown, Kilmurcree, Belfast, and London, Ont. Special, Bradford, Pa. Stud fee, \$15. HERBERT, Imported, black; First and special, New York, 1881, only three shown. \$20. Puppies by above also by Bug, first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward. HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornesville, N. Y. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE. Gordon setter bitch Nettle, out of F. Tully's Whip (Topsy-Snodard's Duke), by his Duke of Looney Valley (Grace-imported grouse), 18 months old; has been shot over since August on woodcock and ruffed grouse; well broken, and sold for no fault; price very low; pedigree furnished. Address C. F. WATERHOUSE, Merrimac, Mass. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE, a very handsome dark red Irish setter dog, 14 mos. old, by Rory O'More ex Mr. W. H. Pierce's Gossie, winner of first prize at Fittsburg, Jan. 1st (set out and description in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 24, 1881); is particularly handsome in color and all his points, and has an excellent disposition. Will make a grand dog for bench stud or field; has had distemper. For further particulars address J. B. ROHRMAN, 606 Cherry St. Philadelphia. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A finely bred, native setter bitch. She is fairly broken; white, with black markings, and was three years old last April. Address JOHN HERRICK, Glen Cove, Queen's Co., N. Y. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE, my black and tan Gordon setter bitch, 4 years old. Also one red Irish setter pup, 6 months old. These are both very fine dogs. Price very low. Address J. H. WILLIAMS, South Gardiner, Mass. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE.—Ferrets at \$7 per pair. Single—Fennels, \$4; male, \$3. Any one sending in tips in stamps will learn how to make a string tanzele work to a charm. Send post office order. CHARLES H. VAN VECHTEN, Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. Nov 17, 41.

DOG AND BIRD FOR SALE.—My Parker Gun, 16-bore, 6 1/2 lbs., new and little used, and my orange and white setter dog; will be sold cheap. The dog is from blue blood (Leicester-bred), ex-DI. He is a grand field dog; three years old last August. Inquire of REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN, W. Whosead, Conn. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE, one pointer bitch, liver and white; 2 years old, and English setter bitch, orange and white, one year and a half. All the above are all fine stock, thoroughly broken and good retrievers. I will show them on any kind of game; will be sold reasonable. CHAS. F. KENT, Houtchello, N. Y. Nov 17, 41.

BEAGLE PUPPIES, straight and well-legged, (for sale); or extra hunting strain; whelped Aug. 11, 1881. PUTTINGER DORSEY, New Market, Frederick Co., Maryland. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE, two young English setter dogs from Macdonald's noted Ranger stock; 13 months old; black and white; natural hunters; good nose; obedient; will make valuable dogs. Address YALE BOX 6, Birmingham, N. Y. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE.—A brace of "blue blood" setters, also a native setter and pointer. Good, reliable, well broken dogs. Address HOBBS & TUTT, 28 Park Row, N. Y. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE.—Lemon and white pointer dog Jack, by Sensatio, out of Soukeller's Juno (Imp.) 3 years old. Can be seen at New York City Club dogs, Bergen Point, N. J. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE, a beautiful litter of pointer puppies, and other particulars, and evenly marked, out of Bess (Kibb) Phillip ex Ada, she Sleaford and Pride) by Fowler (Signal and Bunnet). Both sire and dam of this litter are first-class field dogs. The pups are 4 months old, well grown and healthy, and are pointing chickens about the yard now. Address A. R. BEYWARD, Rock Hill, S. C. Sept 19, 41.

ST. BERNARD PUPS FOR SALE.—By pedigree and other particulars, address, with stamp, P. O. Box 24, Lancaster, Mass. Nov 17, 41.

OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Eccl. 12: 12.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles.

SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE DAVIS GUN.



As Good as the Best.

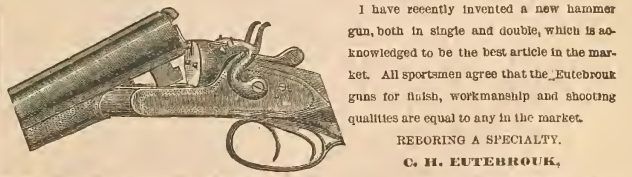
The Strongest, and most convenient action, and cheapest double barrel breech loader in the market.

1 1/2 in. thin twist barrels, without checking or engraving, \$30.

Guns sent by express, C. O. D., and satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for Illustrated Price List and Terms to the manufacturers, N. R. DAVIS & CO., Assonet, Freetown, Mass

THE NEW EUTEBROUK HAMMER GUN.



I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market. All sportsmen agree that the Eutebrouk guns for finish, workmanship and shooting qualities are equal to any in the market.

REBORING A SPECIALTY.

C. H. EUTEBROUK, 27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

The Kennel.

The Kennel.

OUTBOUR COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cockers of all sizes and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21, 41.

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, 20-1 Pier, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Pups and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 235. Sept 24, 41.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find the article by addressing I. W. Box 2496, New York city. These are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and a fair price is therefore asked. Nov 17, 41.

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 5 months old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Phunket. Address, E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Nov 17, 41.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by third world famous sire of North O'More, Augustin dog, Jr. A rare chance, only a few chosen ones to offer, and sold under guarantee. Just right now for fall shooting. Pointers and setters for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn. Sept 23, 41.

RORY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Rory O'More, sire of North O'More, Augustin dog, Jr. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug 11, 41.

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion sensation out of Livingston's Rose (2d New York, 1854, and dam of Barnet), of 1st and 2nd services of Barnet, address, with stamp, HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 133 W. 44th St., N. Y. City. Sept 19, 41.

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

Second Annual Field Trials

OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE FIELD TRIALS ASSOCIATION,

AT GRAND JUNCTION, TENNESSEE, COMMENCING DECEMBER 10TH, 1881, Or on the conclusion of the National Trials. FOR SETTERS AND POINTERS—OPEN TO THE WORLD.

ALL-AGED STAKE. Open to all Setters and Pointers: first prize, one of Westley Richards & Co's highest quality double hammerless guns, to be built to the order of the winner, if desired, \$400; second, one of Parrett brothers' double guns, \$225; third, cash \$50. \$10 forfeit, \$10 additional for star ers.

DEBBY STAKE. Open to Setter and Pointer Puppies whelped on or after January 1, 1880: first prize, silver set, \$100; second, double-barrel breech-loading shot-gun, \$75; third, cash \$25. \$5 forfeit, \$5 additional for starters.

MEMBERS STAKE. Open only to members of the Association, and each entry to be handled by the owner. First prize, a piece of plate, \$100; second, silver cup, presented by Messrs. Caldwell & Co., Philadelphia, \$50. Entrance, \$ 8, to be paid at time of nomination. A special prize, \$50, or a silver cup of equal value, at the option of the winner, is offered for the best red Irish setter competing in the trials.

All entries close 9 o'clock A. M., Dec. 8, 1881. J. PALMER O'NEIL, Pres't. L. R. STAYTON, Secretary, 67 Fourth Avenue Pittsburg, Pa. Address after Dec. 1, Grand Junction, Tenn.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

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

Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid. Area Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY.

Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Price 50 cents per box by mail. Both the above are recommended by IRON AND FOREST AND STREAM.

Conroy & Bissett,

65 Fulton street, N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. WRIGHT & BITON, 550 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

RIVERSIDE COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL,

Claremont, N. H., Box 33. Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Grace (Says ex-Yuletie) stock for sale. Pups ready for delivery, Sept 12, 41.

Cameron Kennel.

Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes. RALLY (Sam-Dolly); stud fee, \$25. ROCKET (Hunt-Ros); stud fee, \$10. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.

POINTERS, young dogs partially broken; just right to put on game; of Rush, Snapshot and sensation strains; very handsome and promising. Also one pair of puppies. Address EDMUND ORGILL, 1996 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Oct 13, 41.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent post-paid, by mail, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 89 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec 30, 41.

PURE FIELD TRIAL SETTERS FOR SALE. Leash by Roybel out of Livy II, born 1878; very handsome; blue Belton; Kate and Clara, blue and lemon Belton, 18 months old, by Hoscoe out of Armida, sister to Yearsey's Countess. Just right for trainer. For full pedigree and particulars address F. A. HIFFENDECKER, 15 Silphen St., Lancaster, Pa. Oct. 27-31.

IN STUD.—Imported Newfoundland dogs. Price \$100. 21 months old, and 1 for black; height, 28 in. For particulars address BLOODGOOD BROS., 346 North 4th Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. Nov 3, 41.

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENNISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept 15, 41.

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept 14, 41.

FOR SALE, two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Nov 3, 41.

RICHARDSON AND RANGLERY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangeley Lake Region, Kennebecago, Caspeneo, Farmachene and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminating and large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail, 50 cents. CHAMBERS A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Kennel.

Dr Gordon Stables, R. N. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," & C. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

PEDIGREE

PRINTING AND COMPILING, CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA, which does first-class work and guarantees satisfaction. Also VON CULIN PATENT SHEET METAL AND BOOK. By mail, for \$3. E. & C. VON CULIN, P. O. Box 22, Delaware City, Del.

FOR SALE, black Gordon setter dog Jet by Horace F. Smith's Hall; Hal by Belmont's Ruben, imported. Jet is a beauty, good and hand-some all over; a splendid retriever from land and water; will retrieve a match; has a good nose; staunch and very fast, and great endurance; no man has a better dog on quail; he is not irritable to be kept in house or with children. Price \$100. Llewellyn setter bitch from the best stock in the country; broken on all game; fast, staunch, good nose and great endurance; retriever from land and water; price \$75. Two full-blooded Gordon setters, color black and tan, 18 months old, fine lookers and will make good ones; dog \$80, bitch \$75. Irish setter bitch, had one litter of pups, only \$15. Native fenon and white setter bitch; good on quail; price \$15. H. B. VONDERHEIMT, Lancaster, Pa. Nov. 3, '81

ADRIUS STOCK FOR SALE.—Mr. T. N. Adrich has gone south for the season and left in his hands for sale six black and white tick puppies, whelped Oct. 8, by Mr. Bradford's Pete (Bout-Tim), out of Lotta (Champion Drake-Wolfe). Also two, same color, whelped March 3, by Mr. Green's Sam (Don-Nettle) out of Saut II. (Trimb-Tim), and a broken cocker. Address for particulars, JOHN E. CARPENTER, Falls Village, Atholboro, Mass. Nov. 3, '81

GORDON KENNEL, Louisa Valley, Long Island. We have on sale young dogs and litters of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel Club, now Williams's, Grouse, Munro's Duke, Goldsmith Kennel's Rupert, Stoddard's Duke, etc. Mr. Malcolm's Malcolm, Col. 100's Retire, Mr. Willard's Dream II. Were all bred at these kennels. Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Brentwood, P. O., Brooklyn, New York. Oct. 11, '81

FOR SALE; English setter dog Dash; liver colored cost \$85 to import; price \$25. Also field spaniel Ned, out of imported Daisy by Warbur first prize winner at Baltimore and Philadelphia. Price \$20. Also setter pup Doctor; brown and white, weak in forelegs. Price \$5. Address FRANK W. CLARK, 45 Montgomery st., Jersey City, N. J. Oct. 14, '81

Sportsman's Goods.



First-class sporting garments. Desires and price sent by post on receipt of letter of request, addressed to

GEO. C. HENNING, One Price Clothier, 410 7th ST., WASHINGTON CITY, For sale by A. SAKS & Co., 1013 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

EASTWARD BOI or, Adventures at Hangerby Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine. Interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendations from the metropolitan press. Handsomely bound in cloth, and contains 316 pages, 6 illustrations. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50. CHARLES A. J. FARWELL, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

Sportsman's Goods.



THE SNEIDER.

Pat. 1505 Reiss. 1850 Pat. 1536

THE ORIGINAL American Hammerless

GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP AND BOLT; AND DOUBLE GRIP ACTIONS. SIZES FROM 4 TO 20. Muzzle-Loaders Altered to Breech-Loaders. Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire. Stocks Bent to Any Crook. GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE. Send for illustrated Catalogue.

Clark & Snelder, 214 W. PRATT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

TATHAM'S Selected Standard

Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag.

Trap Shot! Soft or Chilled.

NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10.

No. of pellets to oz., 238 472 685 1050 Soft. 238 472 716 1130 Chilled.

TATHAM & BRO'S, 82 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

THE CLIMAX

PATENT GUN CLEANER

IS THE MOST PRACTICAL CLEANER AND OILER FOR BREECH-LOADING ARMS EVER INVENTED.

It operates on an entirely new principle, and it is astonishing how quick and well it will clean and oil a gun. Each cleaner is packed in a neat box with full directions for use, and will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

Illustrated Circular sent free on application. In ordering give calibre of gun. All orders and inquiries to us addressed

CLIMAX M'FG CO., Fall River, Mass.

J. & W. TOLLEY,

PATENTEES of the "PERFECTION" HAMMER-LESS GUN. PATENTEES of the "GIANT-GRIP" ACTION. Makers of high-class guns only to the individual orders of gentlemen who cannot content themselves with a gun taken down from the shelf of a gun-store. Illustrated lists, photos and directions for measurement sent on application.

J. & W. TOLLEY, Patentees and Manufacturers, Pioneer Works, Birmingham, England.

VINCENT BISSIC, Practical Gunsmith

9 CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK.

MOOSHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wild-erness. Illustrated. The only comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Arrowsick rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds connected with them. 256 pages, 30 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARWELL, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

WILD RICE SEED 3¢ per bushel, and no custom duties to pay. VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

\$6 a week in your own low. Terms and \$5 \$63 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Hotels and Bontes for Sportsmen

ASSOCIATED SOUTHERN RAILWAYS,

Richmond & Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line. Line. Line. THE Preferred Routes to Florida AND Atlanta Cotton Exposition, October 5 to December 31. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.—Train 50. Leaves New York 4:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives Richmond 12:55 p.m. Danville 1:53 p.m. Charlotte 2:50 p.m. Atlanta 4:55 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans. Train 42. Leaves New York 7:55 a.m. Philadelphia 11:45 a.m. Baltimore 1:40 p.m. Charlotte 4:50 a.m. Danville 7:25 a.m. There connects with No. 42 below. Pullman Cars from Richmond to Danville. This train carries 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th.

Train 40. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. Philadelphia 12:15 a.m. Baltimore 1:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 4:20 a.m. Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 11:40 p.m. Atlanta 1:40 a.m. Macon 6:30 a.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 11:00 p.m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p.m. and Augusta 10:15 p.m. Savannah 7:35 p.m. Jacksonville 7:15 a.m. Train 48. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. Philadelphia 12:15 a.m. Baltimore 1:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 4:20 a.m. Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 11:40 p.m. Atlanta 1:40 a.m. Macon 6:30 a.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 11:00 p.m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line.—Train 10. Leaves New York 4:50 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 9:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 12:55 p.m. Wilmington 1:25 p.m. Charleston 2:50 p.m. Savannah 7:40 a.m. Jacksonville 7:10 p.m. New Orleans 10:20 a.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans. Train 48. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. Philadelphia 12:15 a.m. Baltimore 1:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 4:20 a.m. Wilmington 9:45 p.m. Charleston 7:00 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 a.m. Macon 6:30 p.m. New Orleans 11:00 p.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston.

Bay Line. Leaves New York 7:30 p.m. Philadelphia 15:45 p.m. Baltimore 17:45 p.m. Arrives at Portsmouth 2:40 a.m. Weldon 4:50 p.m. London 7:45 p.m. Wilmington 7:45 p.m. Charleston 9:30 a.m. Savannah 12:30 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 a.m. Augusta 7:40 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars Weldon to Charleston.

Daily, Sundays excepted. For reservation of berths, sections, and for tickets, time tables, and for all information, apply at 1065 Washington street, Boston. 229 Broadway, New York. 55 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Corner of Calvert and West Baltimore streets, Baltimore. 511 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, and leading travel agencies.

"THE FISHING LINE."

TAKE THE Grand Rapids & Indiana R. R.

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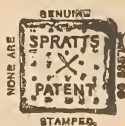
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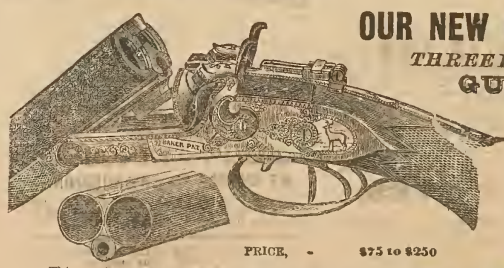
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country.

Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent.

The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 17.

THANKSGIVING.—Next week the FOREST AND STREAM will go to press on Tuesday, one day earlier than usual, in order that all our subscribers may receive their paper at the usual time. Advertisers and contributors will please bear this in mind.

CAPT. L. A. BEARDSLEE, whose letters in the FOREST AND STREAM have made him pleasantly known to many of our readers, sailed for Europe from this city yesterday in the steamer France. Capt. Beardslee will be abroad six months; he goes on a pleasure tour, and is accompanied by his wife. True to his instincts he has taken a fishing rod along, and we are promised an occasional line from his pen.

THE BROOKLYN GUN CLUB is one of the five organizations of Long Island. It has been engaged in posting a digest of the game laws in the stations and baggage cars of the Long Island Railroad, and proposes to follow this up by other measures to make these laws known and obeyed. The club is raising a fund for the liberation on the Island of a large number of live quail. The special committee having this in charge are Messrs. Aten, Walter, Post and Creed. In this practical endeavor to increase the game supply of Long Island, the Brooklyn Gun Club is setting an admirable example, which may well be followed.

THE PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

FROM the letter which will be found in another column, there would seem to be a prospect that the shooting season of 1882 will witness a match between the volunteers of Great Britain and the United States; at any rate the subject is fairly launched now, and it remains to be seen whether all the talk which has been had on the subject is more talk, or whether there is a real intention to have a match. Such a contest if held would rouse the interest of the entire public on both sides of the Atlantic.

England is very proud of her volunteer force, and it is really a body of which any nation might be proud. For twenty years or more this great force has been growing, improving and solidifying, until to-day it is the finest body of its sort in the world. From the very start of the movement special stress has been placed upon the importance of rifle practice. It was impossible to have long stretches of camping duty, though there were such great annual concentrations of the force and field movements as are witnessed at the Easter displays, but every company has either its special range or range privileges, and the men pursue their class practice with remarkable assiduity. The force is not well armed, but out of the Snider, such as it is, they have secured all the results that seem possible. The arm to-day is an antiquated one, and the movement has been to so widen the conditions of practice in matches and competitions as to encourage the men by permitting the use of superior arms. The great gatherings at Wimbledon are sustained almost entirely by the effort of the British Volunteer force. The all-comers matches for the small-bore experts, and those competitions in which the regulars appear alone are insignificant beside the mass of individual, company, battalion etc., contests for members of the Volunteer body.

Against all this array of practice, experience and result, the American militia man can only point to a few records running back less than ten years. We have a glorious record in small-bore work, but in military shooting we have very little to show. The State of New York instituted a system of rifle practice, which, if clumsy and exacting in many respects, was at least of value in enabling us to know where we might place the men in comparison with the soldiers of other countries, and just as we were getting something to show the effects of systematic training a sapient governor and a complaisant Adjutant-General conclude that the citizen soldier reaches his highest development when he serves as a tailor's model for the display of gold lace, and the system is broken up. In the other States endeavors, with various degrees of success, have been made. The majority of the States, however, have no systematic home guard at all. In others there is an organization on paper only, and the whole subject is in the worst possible state of confusion. It is to be hoped that the proposed match with the English Volunteers, or the discussions of it if the project should fall through, will direct public attention to this important subject of the cultivation of a great body of armed civilians, a check on internal dissension and a bulwark against invasion from abroad.

The mere fact, however, that we can show only a handful of men against the half million or more belonging to the Volunteer force of Great Britain ought not to discourage at all. We recall distinctly how, without arms, men, or the first requisite of a successful match except pluck, the roving challenge of the then triumphant Irish team was taken up in the fall of 1873 by the Amateur Rifle Club. We are not quite so bad off now. We know a thing or two about rifle shooting in general. We have much to learn yet about military shooting, and we think we can learn it in time to give the English Volunteers in July, 1882, a lively struggle. Pitting the English years of experience and indisposition to profit by them against the American determination and quick subordination of circumstances to a purpose, we should consider the match as outlined a very even one. There is such a wide chance for flukes in such a contest that it is difficult to foretell, even with all the antecedents in one's knowledge, but the probabilities would certainly be in favor of the American team if it be organized with anything like the system which ought to govern it.

A match of this sort would work benefit in a great variety

of ways. In the matter of arms it would provoke a discussion, which would find expression in many improvements. We take it that neither team would shoot with its official arm. The English Volunteers would surely consider themselves handicapped if compelled to use the Snider, and the American shots would hardly care to blaze away with the large calibre Remington, Peabody or Springfield rifles. We would be enabled to see the best work with the best military rifles of to-day, to note their excellencies as well as to have their imperfections made manifest. The match should be an exhaustive one, extending over all the ranges and made to be a test of the men and rifles as comprehensive as the limits of a range will permit. Too much care cannot be taken in the drawing up of the conditions. No steps have as yet been taken, and with a clean slate before them it remains to be shown how satisfactory a schedule of rules and restrictions the directors of the two National Associations may devise. They may assume from the start that there will be a liberal support from the general public to both teams. National pride will be aroused on both sides, and unless gross blundering shall forfeit popular countenance, the projectors of the match may rely upon it.

At any rate it does seem that international small bore shooting has involved itself in such a skein of confusion that there is little prospect of another civilian long range match in the near future. The foreign teams are pretty well satisfied that the Americans are invulnerable on that point, but a military match is as yet an untried venture. It is on one side an inviting new field of conquest for the American rifleman, and on the other a diversion where the British rifleman may wipe away the stigma of small-bore defeat under the eclair of a popular military victory. One of the members of the committee signing the letter published, put the situation very well in the following words, which he wrote on the subject:

National pride, patriotic feeling, and the rivalry which is seemingly inseparable from the rifle field would all be brought into active play in such a match; and to a greater degree similar notions would sway the popular mind, and draw about an international military match an enthusiasm beside which the excitement of the small-bore matches would appear tame. We here at Creedmoor—speaking now of Creedmoor as a representative American range—have had enough of military shooting to carry conviction that, pitted against an All-England team, in match work, we could hold our own, with a fair showing for first place. Our marksmen are armed with American weapons, and these have before now proven a little better than the best on more fields than one. The average match shooting on American ranges, all things considered, is equal to anything shown elsewhere. Even England, in her twenty years' experience in rifle meeting management, and her ranges innumerable, can show no better averages than those of a dozen State shooting fields. America, surely of all nations, has nothing to shrink from in the undertaking of an international military match.

WILD FOWL ON LONG ISLAND.

ONE of the most foolish and short-sighted pieces of legislative action that has recently come to our knowledge is that of the Supervisors of Suffolk county in this State. Some time ago these officers passed a law that ducks should only be shot on alternate days. This change was welcomed by every one who had given the subject any thought for, of course, its tendency was to keep the birds from being harassed from morning until night, to make them more plenty and gentle, and as a consequence to improve the shooting. The greed of some of the baymen, however, has made a change which cannot but work harm to all who derive either pleasure or profit from the fowl-shooting on the South Shore. A short time before the opening of the season the Supervisors got together, and abrogated the provision of the local law protecting the birds on three days of the week, so that at present shooting is permitted every day, and all day. The night before the opening day there were nineteen batteries in position in Shinnecock Bay, all of them on the feeding grounds. The birds not only are tormented all day, but are disturbed at night on the flats, where they go to feed, by the men who are gathering bait for their eel pots. They get no rest.

We have reason to believe that the recent change of the law was made at the request of certain baymen who depend for support on the gunners who go from New York and vicinity to shoot at various well-known resorts along the South

Shore. We had supposed that these men had more intelligence than to advocate any act in which means such certain destruction to their business as this. Can they not see that by discouraging this constant hammering of the birds they are cutting their own throats? When the birds have been driven away where will their occupation be?

We are informed that the prospects for fowl-shooting on the South Shore were never better than at the opening of the season, but that the birds have since been so harassed that the shooting has been unusually poor. We know of a number of men who have been down to Shinnecock, and have come back disgusted. They had the same old story told them of excellent shooting "last week" or "the day before yesterday," but they get no birds themselves.

If the people along the South Shore do not manifest more regard for their own interests they will make that coast so unpopular that no one will go there to shoot, and they will have to amend the Lord's prayer so as to read "give us this day our daily stranger."

A WORD TO THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

WE feel strongly that some notice ought to be taken of the more than questionable course pursued by the owners of the yacht Gracie in starting their boat as a racer in the recent international matches between the Canadian yacht and the champion of the New York Yacht Club, the Mischief. It was a most uncalled for exhibition of ill-feeling such as has never before been witnessed in this country, and we trust never will be seen again.

When the under-king to defeat the Canadian was delegated to Mr. Busk's yacht, it became the duty of every one connected with the New York Yacht Club to do all in their power to aid and assist him, and while we know he is too good a yachtsman and too clear-headed to allow any outside issue to interfere with the task he had on hand, still the mere inducement to drive his boat inferior than there was any necessity for in an attempt to beat the Gracie, and thus incur the risk of a breakdown, was forced in a most indecent fashion. We were much pleased to see, however, in the first day's race that Mr. Busk fully realized the nature of the undertaking, and remembering that he had a "play or pay" race before him the next day, he put himself under easy canvas in his run out to the lightship. As there was the remains of an old head sea on outside, and as he had the Canadian well beaten at that period of the race, he took in his big jib topsail at the point of the Hook, and went out under plain sail only; in fact all through the race the Mischief was sailed against the Atlanta and against the Atlanta only. We fully concur with the opinion expressed in a letter to a daily contemporary that had the Mischief been driven to try and beat the Gracie, and had she broken down in the attempt, the blame would have justly been laid upon Messrs. Flint and Earle. Nor can we acquit the Regatta Committee of all responsibility in the matter, as by agreeing to take the time of the Gracie they, thoughtlessly, no doubt, gave their countenance to an interlop-er, and are in a degree responsible for the unseemly exhibition.

We do not propose here to enter into the merits of the attack made by interested parties on the America Cup Committee owing to the selection they made of a representative yacht. In such matters the selection must be left to some one, and it is impossible for the Committee to please everybody, but this fact affords no excuse or palliation for personal abuse or the suggestion of an unworthy motive. Fortunately, no attacks of this kind can touch the reputation of any member of the America's Cup Committee, composed as it is of gentlemen noted for their practical and theoretical knowledge of yachting, as well as for their uprightness and determination to do what is just without fear or favor. The wisdom of their choice was demonstrated by the result of the races, and we are much mistaken in our estimate of the gentlemen in authority in the New York Yacht Club if they fail to take such steps as may be necessary to officially endorse the action of their Committee.

By so doing the Club will strongly mark its disapproval of the disreputable attacks which have been made anonymously on its Committee, and will prevent in future any recurrence of the exhibition of bad taste which we have now to deplore. Messrs. Flint and Earle should be brought to account by the New York Y. C., and made to substantiate their charges of bad faith against the Committee, or else withdraw their ungentlemanly abuse in as public a manner as they have seen fit to give vent to their unjustifiable attacks.

The club owes this much to itself and to its appointed committee. A proper disciplining of members who have gone beyond the limits observed among gentlemen, and who in their spiteful communications to the daily press have stooped to misrepresentation, will be especially wholesome.

THE INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE HERON GULL and the Ring-Bill on Georgian Bay, from the pen of the Rev. J. H. Langille, which we publish in another column, will form one of the chapters of a new work on ornithology soon to appear. We understand that this work will contain some features new to the literature of this description.

THE AMERICAN FLAG IN EGYPT—An American pleasure boat will rendezvous to the motley craft on the Nile this winter. Mr. Rushton has built for Mr. August Belmont, Jr., of this city, one of his famous boats, which will be launched

among the bulrushes of that famous Egyptian river. We saw the craft at the establishment of Mr. Squires before it was shipped, and it was a word of grace and beauty. We venture to say that after this no winter on the Nile will be complete without a Rushton boat.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LEAVES FROM A LOG BOOK.

L.—THE MODERN ARK.

"Y-A-P-E! wake up, boys! Daylight!" called Captain Noah, of the "Modern Ark," as he stood by the stove, raking out the ashes of the last night's fire, his tooth chattering with the cold.

"Jimmy! Noah, how's the thermometer?" came from one bunk, where a noise and a pair of eyes were visible for one second above the thick blankets, and were hastily covered up again as their owner felt the piercing cold.

"Water's frozen in the tea-kettle, Slem; but Brewerton ain't in a gig, and we've got to make Frenchman's Island by noon. So tumble out."

"All right, old man," and in a few minutes all three were busy at work; so while Noah makes the fire, and Shem and Japhet are putting up the bunks and stowing away the blankets, let us take a survey of the odd-looking craft that serves as their habitation.

The Modern Ark is a flat-boat or scow, twenty feet long by eight feet wide, and two feet deep, and decked over at each end for four feet, the remainder being occupied by a house built of light stuff, seven feet in height from the floor, having a bowet, wooden roof covered with painted canvas. In each end of the house are sliding doors and a window one foot square is set into each side. The interior, which is lined with thick draughting paper for warmth, is fitted with long, narrow benches, divided into compartments, and running nearly the whole length on each side of the house. These serve for stowing provisions and plunder, and are used as seats and as rests for the bunks which are hinged to the walls.

Near the after-end is a small wood-burning cook stove, with pots and pans hung around it, and from pegs and hooks in the walls depend hunting garments, guns, rods, a dog whip, a buck saw, ax, hatchet and other necessary utensils. The two dogs, Bowy, a native English setter of small size, and Brin, an Irish water spaniel, occupy the space beneath the forward-deck at night, and beneath the after-deck are stowed decoys, canvas tops, etc. The motive power of the craft is a sail hung on a mast forward of the house, and, when wind fails, a pair of paddle wheels attached to a shaft running across the boat, and worked by a lever within, hand-car fashion. The builders of the craft are its occupants. Soon after its completion some friend dubbed it, "The Modern Ark," and its captain came to be known as Noah, and the other owners as Shem and Japhet. A "Hain" was engaged for one trip, but was soon dispensed with, the owners proving better cooks and smaller eaters (except Shem, who was known as a "Square-meal Shem").

The present trip had been begun in the afternoon of the preceding day, and partly accomplished after dark. The many windings of the Seneca and Oneida rivers had rendered the sail useless, and indeed the doubtful bottom of the Gaskin and Caughdenry "rifls" had made it necessary to send one man ahead into the darkness with a skill. Progress in this way was so slow that it was well along in the night before the point was reached where we find the Ark moored.

"Boys," called Japhet who had opened the door to let the dogs out on the decks, "here's a foot of snow, and snowing yet."

"So there is," said Shem, "but I guess we are near Brewerton, for I can hear a train crossing the bridge."

Soon a comfortable fire was built, and one of Shem's "square meals," consisting of fried bacon, slaajacks and coffee was put away, then the Modern Ark was loosed from shore, and with Japhet and Noah at the "pump" and Shem steering they were soon under way, the paddles thrashing the water as they ate. As at first the wind was rounded Shem shouted, "Brewerton, ho!" and after a half hour more of pumping the Modern Ark floated under the two bridges, and was tied to the breakwater at the river's mouth. Here a consultation was deemed necessary. Frenchman's Island, the objective point, was about five miles distant in plain sight. But to reach it the Modern Ark must be propelled over the open waters of Oneida Lake, which was here from four to five miles wide—against a strong east wind and a heavy sea. It was evident that by working the Ark with her regular gear would be extremely difficult on account of the strong head wind and irregular waves, which would not give a "ho!" for the paddle wheels. On the other hand this same wind made it dangerous to try to make the island by sail in such an unmanageable craft. After some consultation the deciding vote to make the latter attempt was cast by Shem, who would rather risk his life than overwork himself at the "pumps," so the sail being rigged with the reefs tied in, the group of small boys on shore was ordered to "cast off."

"Fasten the lee-board!" shrieked Noah who was holding the sheet with one hand and steering with the other, while his hat, which he could not hold on, went sailing away over the water. "Trim 'em up, boys!" and the stove, anchor, guns, dogs and all the movables were piled up to windward. Even then the Ark careened as she sailed more on her side than on her bottom, and the crew had hard work to keep the heavier articles from rolling over to leeward.

"Ain't you ease her up, Noah?" yelled Japhet.

"No; we've got to make it, or we're Point on this leg."

"Can't help it. Get the sails and bail her out."

"Shakes of Neptune! How the old ark flew! The piercing wind and yet sleek boat bite by against Noah's face, as he held on valiantly to the sheet and tiller, his uncovered hair flying in the wind, while anon a crash from within, or the agonizing yell from a dog, told of the struggles of the crew to keep the last water in it braked, and to preserve an equilibrium in spite of the topsy-turvy condition of the cabin. But the old craft here the storm pretty well, considering all things, and ploughed her way gallantly up to T and Hunt's Point, where some duck-shooters held their blind to get a closer view of the strange, uncouth-looking vessel, and stared open-mouthed as the Ark was put about, and headed away on the lough stretch. It was easier riding now, and

the crew "had time to think," as Shem expressed it; and in a few minutes the Modern Ark was run into the narrow passage separating Frenchman's and Dunham's Islands and beached in a sheltered cove.

While Shem went ashore with the ax to cut some wood, Japhet and Noah haled the water out of the cabin, where it was a kile deep, and reconnected the stove with its pipe. Then a roaring fire was built and the doors closed, and as the genial warmth diffused itself through the little cabin, sending the steam up from the wet clothing of the crew, the three men huddled close around the stove, gave three cheers for the staunch old "Modern Ark," accompanied by such a lusty "tiger!" that the dogs slunk away in the furthest corner of the boat, evidently thinking their masters had suddenly become crazy.

"It's worth all the wet and cold of the sail to enjoy such comfort as this after it," said Noah, as he sipped his coffee hot from the fire.

"May be it is," replied Shem, "but a good deal of money wouldn't hire me to try it over again. Why, Noah, if the Ark had capsized I'd never get out of the cabin in the world with that stove a top of me."

"We'd have all been drowned for the profanity you fired at the dogs," said Japhet slyly.

After a thorough thawing out the three took the duck boats and proceeded to the north side of the island, where brush and bushes were cut and a rough house built, and the decoys set out. Ducks were flying in fair numbers, and soon a bunch of blue-hills were enticed to the blind, and four dropped out at the report of the guns. Then a pair of pintails escaped after six barrels had been emptied at them. Another bunch of blue-hills left three of their number, followed by the killing of two single hirls by Japhet. Eight whistlers out of a flock that huddled together over the decoys completed the bag for the day, and the sportsmen were glad to abandon the freezing atmosphere of the point for the comfort of the warm cabin. "One duck apiece," was the rule on board the Modern Ark, and the crew being experts in preparing them for cooking, three ducks were soon picked, cleaned, headed, well salted and peppered inside and put whole into the oven in a pan. In twenty minutes they were pronounced "done," and served up, one to each man, accompanied by boiled potatoes and fragrant coffee, and even Shem could not complain that anything was lacking to make the repast what he continually prayed for, "a square meal."

"Boys," observed Shem an hour later, as he set a kettle of newly-made mush out on deck to cool for the dogs, "it strikes me that that ark they talk about in the Bible never struck such a squall as we had to-day, or it would have taken more cussin' than Noah and those three sons of his could do to keep all them animals on the windward side of the flat-boat."

SENeca.

AMERICAN SPORTING LITERATURE.

SIXTY-FIVE years ago, when the writer caught his first trout in Massachusetts' streams, there was no sporting literature and few sportsmen.

A man of business or of the professions who should have taken his two weeks in the woods with rod and gun would have been considered unsafe to do business with. There were indeed a few persons who ventured openly upon field sports. Men like Daniel Webster were able to defy public opinion, and enjoy themselves in shooting and fishing, but it is probable that these innocent amusements injured them more in the public mind than more serious indulgences would have done. In the town of Boston, at that period one might count upon his fingers the names of all those who fish and hunted for amusement.

As to books upon these subjects the few we had were English. Walt's Angler, Davy's Salmonist, Kit N. White's Recollections in Blackwood, Hawker on Shooting, and the English Sporting Magazine are all that I remember, the latter mainly devoted to fox hunting and racing. A volume of it I used sometimes to get from a circulating library when my finances permitted, and I dared to face its severe maintenance of Colonel P., the librarian, whom I looked upon as the happiest man on earth, owner of that treasure, a full set of the Sporting Magazine. Two young men of that day, rich and independent, used, I remember, to make an annual visit to Blackland in pursuit of grouse and salmon, but this eccentricity almost fitted them in public estimation for the lunatic asylum.

The first sporting periodical published in America was, I think, edited by John S. Skinner, of Baltimore, and called the American Sporting Magazine, about 1839-30. It appeared in octavo form, was well edited and printed and was illustrated with copper-plate engravings of race horses. It died in a year or two for want of support, being in advance of its time.

Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Massachusetts, published a work on the fishes of that State, with angling notes, perhaps about 1835 to 1840. Readable to hungry minds, though full of errors.

About 1843 Thos. Doughty, the painter, published a work in quarto form in numbers upon American Natural History and Field Sports, illustrated with excellent original drawings of animals and scenery. I reached, I think, twelve numbers, and as an interesting and valuable work. I am uncertain about the dates of the work, my copies of them having been destroyed in the Chicago fire of 1871.

We are glad of the early part of the century had to get our knowledge of the gentle art of personal enjoyment, not from that of others. With the recense of Arden Forest, we found

"Books in the running brooks."

Sportsmen being few at that period, game and fish were abundant. In Newton, near Boston, where my childhood was passed, quail, ruffed grouse and rabbits were constant residents in the extensive woods. Woodcock, snipe and ducks were always to be found in their season by those who knew where to look, and almost every brook in the town contained trout—well educated fish and not easily beguiled. The last brace killed by me in that town, about 1825, were taken in an almost inaccessible swamp with very light tackle, and weighed two pounds—very large for that region, where I have heard it doubted by an angler whether any trout in the United States weighed three pounds. Maine and Michigan waters were then unknown, and Cape Cod furnished the only extensive woods. Woodcock, snipe and ducks were always to be found in their season by those who knew where to look, and almost every brook in the town contained trout—well educated fish and not easily beguiled. The last brace killed by me in that town, about 1825, were taken in an almost inaccessible swamp with very light tackle, and weighed two pounds—very large for that region, where I have heard it doubted by an angler whether any trout in the United States weighed three pounds. Maine and Michigan waters were then unknown, and Cape Cod furnished the only extensive woods. Woodcock, snipe and ducks were always to be found in their season by those who knew where to look, and almost every brook in the town contained trout—well educated fish and not easily beguiled.

Wm. S. C. C.

ENGLISH RACES AND AMERICAN TRIUMPHS.

REJOICE for triumphs on the turf, For victories o'er the ocean surf Far as the waves are tost! Our shapely yachts have spread the sail, Have dived the tumults of the gale, The pennants of the waves and hail To anchor by the Britannia's keel.

Along those shores, one summer day, How bright the white-wing'd fleet's display, When England's yachtsmen dar'd the world To meet them with the sails unfurl'd In national sea race.

Now, a more brilliant crown we claim, Won to historic fields of fame; Woo on the English turf renowned; At Epsom and Newmarket won From the best steeds that ever ran; When won the queen's cup was the prize; Dear kibbion, dear to English eyes; Biao o'er all English ground!

For years untold the British breed, Of choicest blood, of rarest blood, Nurtur'd by prince and peer, At Ascot, Don's famous field, Had caus'd all foreign rivals— Yield in the race-car.

And now from realms beyond the sea; From thy vast plains, America! From prairies broad, from pastures green, The steeds of Lottoland and Keene Meet on the British field.

The English nobles as they lead From from the sea the prancing steed, Fear never prize to yield. Ah! little dream they that at last Their miracles, so matchless fast, Shall yield the palm when Trojans Shall lead in van racing war, And glorious Fozall and Parole Shall foremost teach the victor's goal, And win the prize and wear the crown Of grand, illustrious renown.

Look to your laurels! ye that sweep With stately car the ocean deep! Let a new Mægde shall bear away The Conqueror's Cup we hold to-day.

ISAAC McLELLAN.

IN A CHINESE HOUSE BOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An inquiry in your issue of the 3d inst., asking for further information about the pheasant of China and Japan, brought vividly to my mind one of the pleasantest shooting trips I ever took in my life after the same birds spoken of.

I do not believe that I can now furnish you with the kind of information you would like to have about the birds, but I will tell you about my trip after them if you care about that.

I was attached to the U. S. Ship "Kearsage" lying off Shanghai, China, in the month of January, 1876; and as the chances were that the Admiral would let us remain there for a while, I persuaded three of my messmates to join me in our application to the Admiral for ten days' leave to go on our trip.

Our application was granted and early the next morning we had what is called in China a house boat alongside the ship, and began fitting her out. A house boat is very much like a slop yacht. Our boat had four bunks, and a galley in a cock-pit abaft the house. Our crew consisted of two servants, and six Coolies to work the boat.

Going after game in a house boat is the most luxurious sporting I know of. All that part of China back of Shanghai is completely cut up with canals. So if you happen to have a fair wind, you sail; if not, the Coolies do the duties of mules, and tow you along.

Our trip was about one hundred and twenty-five miles up the country. Toward evening, having supplied ourselves with everything we thought we would need, we shoved off, followed by the best wishes of our messmates left behind, and proceeded up country.

In two days we were getting into the heart of the game country, and as this was our first experience after pheasants in China we were all on the qui vive. Our expectations were gratified by seeing one pheasant on the canal bank. Immediately four guns were in line on the forecastle ready to give it to the next one. The first bird we had seen was a beautiful cock pheasant, and when he spread his wings and displayed his handsome plumage in the bright sunlight, you can easily imagine that our sportsman's ardor was at its height.

I will say just here that the pheasants about Shanghai and up the Yangtze River are, I believe, the same as those commonly raised in England. The male bird has a gorgeous variegated plumage, with long, handsome tail feathers, and the female bird is of a dull ash color. The copper pheasant I have only seen in Japan. There is also in Japan what is called there a golden pheasant, but they are not common, and difficult to get. The Chefoo partridge I have shot, and I am under the impression that they are the same as the French partridge. One of our officers bagged a woodcock at Chefoo that weighed the scales at fourteen ounces.

We finally reached the ground which we wished to shoot over, and made fast alongside the canal bank and started out. We shot over a generally level country with occasional ridges and hummocks covered with thick bamboo. Between the ridges and the thick, tall grass, and along the edges of the bamboo is where the pheasant and hog-deer are found. Both the pheasant and hog-deer were in great abundance.

The Chinese never disturb them, so the birds are not at all wild. In fact, I have shot them in a Chinaman's back yard, and just outside the walls of a large city. Once I saw a pheasant flying over the houses in the city of Naukin. The hog-deer are about the size of a goat, and usually lie in the tall grass. We brought them to bag with No. 4 shot, the same as we used for pheasants.

Our daily hag was a godly number of birds and deer, and all sportsmen can easily imagine one's emotions in knocking over a handsome cock pheasant. We saw a few hare, but quite a number of very small quail. I never met them in coveys, but only by single birds, and when they got up they looked very much like a chestnut burr. They flew straight away, and were easy to kill, and sweet and delicious to eat.

When we returned to our boat at night the coolies would track the boat a few miles farther on. So when we started out in the morning we had entirely new ground to shoot over.

Of course we had many amusing incidents, and the usual jokes, which we always taken in good part by the amiable gentlemen of the party.

Thompson shot a deer one day and mortally wounded it. The deer fell into the canal and could not possibly get out of his own strength. Thompson was quietly surveying him, wondering how he could get him out without getting wet, when Sullivan, who happened to be near and heard the shot, came rushing up much excited. When he beheld the deer dying, he hesitated a moment, and would probably have kept on firing to this day if Thompson hadn't brought him to his senses by calling out, "For Heaven's sake, stop firing, Sullivan, or you will fill him so full of shot that he will sink!" Sullivan suddenly realized that he was banging away at a dead deer and ceased firing. The joke was too good, and Jagersoll, who had a happy faculty of working up a good story, and telling it well too, rehearsed it with great glee to our messmates upon returning to the ship.

We found the Chinese very civil, as would every one who would be half-way decent to them. We had but one scare, which was brought about by one of the Chinese servants coming into the cabin just at dusk and telling us that a Chinaman had rapped three times on a coffin which was placed on the bank of the canal, and he thought that was a signal which meant that we would be attacked during the night. As the Irishman said, we thought we would guard against all precautions, and loaded up our arsenal, which consisted of eight shot-guns, four Remington rifles, four heavy revolvers besides our hunting knives, and turned in prepared for earnest work. When morning came, our arsenal had not been disturbed and we were all alive.

At the end of ten days we returned to our ship, and the flattering accounts we gave about our trip so excited our messmates that another party was at once organized and started off.

If one had the time and means I cannot imagine a more pleasurable trip than to go shooting up country from Shanghai in a house boat. During the season periods frequently return with the outside of the boat completely festooned with game—principally deer and pheasant—often numbering several hundred head of game. F. W. DIKINS.

Danbury, Conn.

ANIMAL MYTHS OF THE IROQUOIS.

BY REMINIS A. SMITH.

THE whose hearts are fresh and simple Who have faith in God and Nature, Who believe, that in all ages Ever a human heart is human, That in even savage bosoms There are longings, yearnings, strivings For the good that is in God, That the feeble hands and helpless Grooping blindly in the darkness Feel a God's great hand in the darkness, And are lifted up and strengthened, —Listen to these simple stories:

The hieroglyphics and mummy pits of ancient Egypt, the animal mounds of our own country, the myths of all countries and particularly those of the aborigines of this continent, all point to the fact that between the human race in its infancy and the present there existed an undefined closer communion than in this age of civilization when man looks down with contempt on what he chooses, in his "right of might," to term the "lower animals or brute creation." To the untutored Indian mind, nature was the picture book from which he read such of her secrets as served his simple needs; and only the mysterious—that which he could not comprehend—overawed him; hence Thunder, Echo and the Wind were his divinities. The idea of a "Great Spirit" only came later with teachings.

From this connection with wild animals, stories of transformations of men into beasts and beasts into men are numerous and interesting. In nearly all of these wherever the bear is introduced he figures as a pattern of benevolence, while many other animals, such as the porcupine, are always presented as noxious. One of these bear stories, as told me on the Cattaraugus Reservation, by a grandson of a corn-planter, runs as follows:

A party of hunters, encamped a long distance from home, discovered as they were preparing to return that a young boy of the company was missing. After searching vainly for several days they concluded he had been killed, and sadly departed without him. They were, however, no sooner gone than the lost child, in an almost famishing condition, was discovered by a very kind hearted Bear, who reasoned thus: "If I attempt to relieve the child in my present form, he will surely be frightened to death. I will, therefore, transform myself into a woman and take the boy home with me to become a playmate for my little cubs." The boy was accordingly rescued from starvation and, living in the same hollow tree with the Bear family, fed with them upon nuts, corn and berries. But when fall came, and with it the return of the hunters, the good Bear explained her device to her protegee, saying: "My cubs must now take care of themselves, and you can rejoin your friends; but always feel kindly toward the Bear tribe," upon which she resumed her proper shape and disappeared in the woods. The boy never, even when grown, was known to kill a bear, until after his marriage, when his mother-in-law, who was very fond of tender cut meat, so often grumbled and scolded him that at last, ungratefully forgetting his benefactress, he killed a cub; but as he was carrying it home on his back he fell over a sharp stick and died immediately.

In many of these myths speaking animals play a large part and remind one of the German household stories. The origin of the Bear Clan was of this class.

On one occasion a boy was lost in the forest, when some compassionate animals came to his assistance. Among them were a Wolf, a Deer, a Porcupine and a Bear. The Wolf

offered to take the lad to his den and give him plenty of rabbits' flesh and other delicacies; but "No," said the Bear, "you are too greedy. If at any time you should be hungry you will eat up the boy. We cannot trust him with you." Then the Porcupine offered to share with the boy her cave; but the Bear replied: "Your quills would hurt the child and the roots you eat are too bitter and unwholesome." Then the Deer said: "I will take him on my back and carry him where he will find plenty of berries." "No," returned the Bear, "that will not do, you run too swiftly; the boy will be hit by the branches of the trees and will be killed. I will take him myself. I have a comfortable place for him, and he shall have plenty of fruits and honey." So as the Bear was the strongest, and, in his own opinion, the most sensible, the lad went with him. He lived with him until he had grown to be a large and strong youth. One day some hunters came, who set upon the Bear, and, in spite of the youth's attempt to defend him, slew the poor animal. The young man then left the forest and returned to live among men. He became a noted warrior, and in memory of his early protector took the name of Bear, which he bequeathed to his descendants, who have ever since composed the Bear Clan.

The Turtle Clan originated in a simple, straightforward fashion. There were in early times many tortoises of the kind familiarly known as mud-turtles, inhabiting a small lake or pool. During a very hot summer this pool became dry. The turtles, therefore, perched on the banks, waiting the country to look for a new habitation. One of them, who was uncommonly puffy, suffered a great deal from this uncustomed exercise. After a time his shoulders became blistered under his shell from the effect of his exertions in walking, and he finally, by an extraordinary effort, threw off his shell altogether. The process of transformation and development thus commenced went on with a rapidity which would have delighted Mr. Darwin, for in a short time this fat and lazy creature became a man, who was the progenitor of the Turtle Clan.

Curious myths also exist regarding the transformations of favored animals and birds into the stars. A party of hunters were once in pursuit of a bear, when they were attacked by a monstrous stone giant, and all three destroyed. The three, together with the bear, were carried by invisible spirits up into the sky, where the bear can still be seen pursued by the first hunter with his bow, the second with the kettle, and the third, who, farther behind, is wading sticks. Only in the fables of the Inuit does the bear figure, the bear being his dripping blood tinges the autumn foliage. Then for a time he is invisible but afterward reappears.

In place of the time honored man, lamborn and bush, celebrated by Shakespeare and Mother Goose, the Indian can discover in the moon an old woman weaving a forehead sash. Once a month she airs the boiling kettle of hominy before her, during which time the cat, ever by her side, unravels her work, and so it will continue until the end of time.

The Iroquois fables are also numerous, and if found lacking in the "moral" element of those of Europe, they often excel the latter in path and ingenuity. The following was recounted to me on the "Six Nations' Reserve," in Canada, by Ka-an-eh-aw, one of the four surviving grand children of Brant the Mohawk, and might be termed a modern Indian story. It accounts for the tailless condition of the Bear after this fashion: A cunning Fox saw a wagon load of fish and resorted to the following ruse to obtain some of the coveted delicacy. Feigning to be dead, he hid himself in the road by which the fisherman must pass, who, thinking the skin of the Fox worth the price, tossed him over into his wagon and drove on. After throwing out several fish, the Fox slyly crawled out himself, and securing his fish, soon met a Wolf, who was soon informed of his good luck, and advised to try the same experiment. The fisherman had, in the meantime, discovered the trick, and the Wolf received a good thrashing instead of a fish dinner. The Fox next met a Bear, who was also anxious to procure some fish. "Well," replied the Fox, "down at the river you will find a six hole in the ice; just put your tail down into it as I did, and you can draw out the fish as fast as you wish." The Bear followed the directions carefully, but the weather being so cold, instead of securing the fish, his tail was frozen off. Poor bruiser was very angry and proposed to fight a duel with the Fox, who chose as his seconds a Dog and Cat. The Bear chose a Hog and was awaiting the Fox at the appointed hour. As the latter was late in appearing, the Bear clamored into a tree to prospect, and reported that the Fox was approaching with two men armed with guns. Thereupon the Bear, greatly frightened, begged to be covered up with leaves. Having accomplished this, the Bear returned to his post in the tree. The Fox soon made his appearance, but instead of men, his companions proved to be a Dog and a lance Cat.

While awaiting in their turn, the Cat perceiving the slight motion of one of the uncovered ears of the Hog, sprang upon it, whereupon the squeals of the invisible Pig put the whole company to flight and the Bear never but the satisfaction of avenging the loss of his caudal appendage.

A GREEN MARAY.—Last week a large specimen of the green Maray, *Gymnotorax* sp., came to New York alive in a tank from Bermuda, but died the next day. These ferocious fishes are eel-like in general shape, but with a larger mouth and formidable teeth. The specimen which we saw was about five feet long and had a diameter of about six inches at the thickest portion of its body. There are a great number of species of *Muraena* in different parts of the world, and Prof. Goode, in Bulletin of the National Museum No. 5, Catalogue of the Fishes of the Bermudas, thus mentions the speckled maray, *Gymnotorax moringae* (Cuvier). Goode: "Occasional. The species occurs throughout the West Indies, at Bahia and Saint Helena. My specimen measures three feet, and has the vertical fin edged with white. These fishes are said to attain a length of five or six feet, and are considered excellent food by the lower classes. I am told, however, that serious cases of poisoning have been occasioned by their use. The speckled maray is not rare, but by no means as common as the green maray. I saw a single specimen of the latter, but as I could not obtain it for study I was unable to determine its specific relations. It resembles closely the 'moray' of Cuba (Nat. Hist. Carolina Florida and Bahamas, 20, pl. xx—*Muraena moray*, *Muraena*, *Muraena* and *Muraena*). The latter is not identical with his 'black maray,' as is generally supposed." The great specimen attracted much attention by its formidable appearance.

Specimen copies of the Forest and Stream will be sent free to any address upon application.

Natural History.

ARE GROUSE DESTROYED BY SQUIRRELS?

NEW RUSSIA, N. Y., Nov 2, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed a number of inquiries in your paper as to what becomes of the ruffed grouse, and why they disappear from certain localities that are not much hunted. Having lived all my life in the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, and being a lover of grouse-hunting, I have studied the subject, and I think I have found out what the trouble is.

I make the assertion that the common red squirrel or chickaree destroys more ruffed grouse and quail than all other causes put together, sportsmen, cats and birds of prey included.

Somebody asks, "Why there are some years in which there are fewer birds than in others?" It is true there are summers that bring us but few birds, but they always follow summers in which the red squirrel is most abundant. This impudent, omnipresent piece of mischief is rambunctious as we all know, and when the birds of the forest and field are hatching he goes bird-nesting. All the boys in Christendom couldn't heat him at it. He is up on the tree, has bitten the birds through the head, and dropped them on the ground before you can reach him. Stones and sticks and shov's from below do not disturb him, and when, in a tearing rage, you shout for somebody to bring your shot-gun you get it just in time to hear a triumphant "Chrr-rr rrr-r," from a tree rods away, where the rascal is gallily combing his whiskers, which he has wet in a newly-drawn bird's eye from another nest.

If the squirrels are plentiful, precious few birds escape, for they glean carefully even the shade trees in large towns. It naturally follows that in succeeding years birds are scarce, and then, fortunately, squirrels begin to be scarce too. If they did not, birds would come near being exterminated in some regions.

To illustrate, I will state a few facts bearing upon the above. Five years ago ruffed grouse were very plenty in this section. I went out a few times; saw them in the woods were full of them. Unfortunately we had two successive years of harsh mast, and the red squirrels increased amazingly. The year following we had a plague of red squirrels. The little pests were everywhere; on the ground, fences and trees.

Under my studio windows a robin had a nest with four young birds nearly grown. Hearing an outcry from the old birds I looked out and saw a red squirrel in the act of killing the young birds, and throwing them from the nest. He killed three before I could drive him away, in spite of the determined resistance of the old birds and of two sparrows who had nests in the same tree. I went for my gun immediately, and while I was gone he killed the fourth. I had the satisfaction of putting my foot on that squirrel, and was only sorry that it was not the last red squirrel in existence.

A short time after that my sister was sketching near a small tree in which was a robin's nest. While she was there a red squirrel made an attack on the nest. The old birds with the help of her dog drove him away. He made several attacks during the forenoon, but was driven away by the dog. When she came back from the dinner she found the old robin dead under the tree with a bite through the head. The poor thing had given up its life in defending its nest.

At the same time there was a phoebe or fly catcher's nest under the porch roof, and another in a shed near by, each containing four eggs. Noticing something wrong with the old birds I made an examination, and found every egg in each nest maned by squirrel's teeth.

The above facts account for the complete destruction of the ruffed grouse by the squirrel, which could and would destroy every egg shot.

In anybody's shooting verified my fears. I succeeded in bagging only thirteen birds. Nine of them were old ones. Great scarcity of grouse was reported all through this region. They have been scarce ever since, although they are coming in slowly again, thanks to the destruction of red squirrels by the hard winters following the two years of mast. Woodcock were so nearly annihilated as to be out of the question in shooting. Of course woodcock and quail would suffer with the ruffed grouse.

It has been suggested that ruffed grouse are sometimes destroyed by being imprisoned under the snow by ice storms forming a crust through which they cannot break. They have a curious habit of diving into the soft snow, where they pass the night. They dive from the air while flying. I have frequently found the holes where they went in. It was very amusing to stir them up and see them break through the snow with a whirr. They strike the snow with the wings closed at about an angle of thirty degrees. Their exact position can be determined by a slight saucer-like depression, caused by the melting of the snow by the warmth of their bodies. This place is generally from four to six feet from where they went in. I have tried to catch them in my hands by creeping up and making a sudden spring. I never quite succeeded. Tip, they would go from under me like a flash of gunpowder. When found in the snow they give you a splendid rising shot.

I do not believe that many perish by being frozen under the crust, for the simple reason that the hole by which they entered is always open to them, though they almost always rise at some distance from the place where they enter.

There is no doubt that the domestic cat does catch some woodcock and ruffed grouse, but very few comparatively, and they only about balance the account by killing quantities of red squirrels.

Yes, brother sportsmen, if we could devise some means to do away with red squirrels we should see a wonderful increase in game birds.

BAIRDREDDER BISHOP.
[The suggestion embodied in Mr. Bishop's letter is entirely new to us, but it is not on that account less interesting and worthy of investigation. It is a well-known fact that the red squirrel is one of the most persistent and destructive enemies against which the nesting small birds have to contend, and the suggestion that this little wretch destroys the young of grouse is, to say the least, very plausible. We should be glad to hear whether any other of our readers have made any observations on this point, and especially as to whether, after years when squirrels have been numerous, grouse have been found to be scarce.]

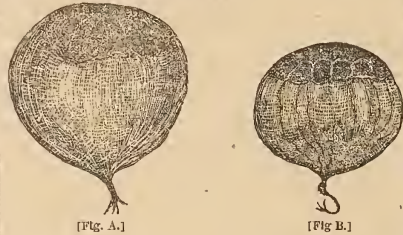
CHESTNUTS.

BY A. W. ROBERTS.

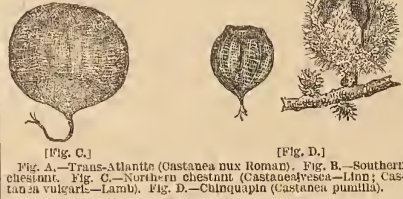
THE chestnut is undoubtedly one of the most neglected of all our native fruits. In Italy, Spain and France, the chestnut has received great attention at the hands of horticulturists, so that many valuable varieties are now under cultivation. In Europe chestnuts are ground into flour and meal, from which bread, pies, puddings and cakes are made. Large quantities are consumed when roasted, parched, boiled and desiccated. They are also burned and used as a substitute for coffee. In the fall of the year the smaller varieties of domestic cattle are turned loose into the forests to feed and fatten on the "mast" or nut food, which consists largely of chestnuts and acorns. In Europe the wood of the chestnut tree is highly valued, while in America it is thought but little of.

I am of the opinion that our Italian and French adopted citizens will some day take in hand our native varieties and, by careful cultivation, judicious crossing and the grafting of foreign varieties on our native stock will teach our farmers and foresters, not only the great value of the chestnut as a food source, but also to more highly appreciate the beauty of the chestnut wood for all artistic and useful manufactures wherein our native woods are used.

The chestnut tree is of very sturdy and clear growth, harboring but few parasites. In habit it is exceedingly graceful and picturesque, and when in full bloom with its thousands of drooping tessellated flowers it far exceeds in beauty any other of our native forest trees.



(Fig. A.) (Fig. B.)



(Fig. C.) (Fig. D.)

In this country we have three native varieties—viz, the Southern, the Northern and the Chinquapin chestnuts.

The Southern chestnut is a large, handsome nut, fully one-third larger than a full sized Northern nut. It is rich in flavor, the shell soon turns dark, and the nut heats very quickly. The tree of this variety is of very rapid and healthy growth, and a heavy bearer. The Southern Chestnut flourishes in all the States south of the Potomac.

This Southern nut will heat in three days if not ventilated, and becomes entirely unmarketable when in close packages in six days' time.

The Northern chestnut flourishes in all the States north of the Potomac. It is a hardy and vigorous grower, good bearer and a valuable timber. In size it is but two-thirds that of the Southern variety, and is inclined to be round in shape when well-grown. It is a bright-looking nut, comparatively free from worms, don't heat and is a good keeper. It grows true to its seed, which is not the case always with the foreign varieties.

There is no doubt but that the Southern and Northern chestnuts are susceptible of very great improvement, and who knows but that in future time to come, America will be exporting vast quantities of Yankee chestnuts and chestnut flour.

The Chinquapin chestnut is found growing in Ohio to Southern Pennsylvania, and attains a height of from six to twenty feet. In Georgia an individual tree of this variety exists, the top of which is seventy feet in diameter.

The underside of the leaves of the Chinquapin are covered with a white down, and each burr contains but a single nut, which is half as large as the common chestnut of the North. In flavor it is very sweet and agreeable to eat.

The Northern and Southern chestnuts (*Castanea vesca*) are considered by botanists to be the same variety of chestnut, differing only in growth, according to climate and location. The wholesale dealers in New York city handle from ten to twelve thousand bushels of chestnuts a year, the entire bulk of which pass into the hands of the small dealers who retail them by the pint or quart, either roasted, boiled or raw. None, so far as I can learn, are converted into flour, meal or desiccated.

The amount of Spanish, Italian and French chestnuts imported to this country is very small, as they are not a popular nut with the consumers, from the fact that by the time the nuts reach this country their shells have taken on a dark color, quite the reverse of the lively rich brown color of our native nuts. Again they are apt to become very wormy during the voyage over, a single nut often containing as many as twenty worms.

the fall by the squaws and are said to be kept in perfect condition during the winter by some system of storage or curing known to them only.

A lesson might be learned from the chipmunk squirrels, who peel the chestnuts before storing them up for winter use. From four to six chipmunks, constituting what might be called a co-operative society, excavate a large hole or chamber in which to store the nuts. This hole is large enough to contain from a bushel to a bushel and a half of nuts, according to the number of squirrels co-operating together. The excavation is not only of sufficient size to contain the winter's supply of food, but also to afford sufficient room as a sleeping apartment for the squirrels during the long winter months.

Cold storage has been used for the preservation of chestnuts, and to overcome their heating when in bulk, with only partial success. Many of the heaviest handlers of chestnuts are pursuing various lines of experiments with a view to discover some method to prevent the over-heating, shrinkage and drying up of the chestnut, and also the development of worms. Whoever discovers a sure remedy against these evils will undoubtedly be well rewarded. I have been shown by a dealer chestnuts which had become heated within six hours after he had received them, and which were absolutely unsaleable, the Italian vendors detecting them at a glance.

I have lately seen a few chestnuts of very large size which were grown by a gentleman in Pennsylvania, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, are the same variety from Spanish seed which I made a drawing of some twenty years ago, and yet during this interim of time not a single bushel of this trans-Atlantic variety has been thrown on the market.

The prices paid for native chestnuts early this season ranged from eight to ten dollars per bushel, of sixty pounds, the State standard. The prices being paid at the present date range from five to six dollars per bushel.

In the latter part of the last century J. Ferron tried to establish in Virginia the best varieties of the French chestnuts, but nothing seems to have resulted from the experiment. In Southern Europe the chestnut delights in deep and waxy locations it proves a failure.

The chestnut was introduced into the Latin countries by the Romans, who found it in Castanea, a town of Thessaly, and who prized it as an article of diet. The French, Spanish and Italian varieties have all sprung from this early Roman stock. With the French the most highly prized variety is the marron.

When in North Carolina I was both amused and annoyed by the negro method of gathering chestnuts, which was to wait till the chestnuts had fallen to the ground and had become more or less hidden by the dead leaves, and then to "hern dar likes to picky de chest nut," which accounts for the scorched look that many of the Southern chestnuts have, they bringing only two dollars a bushel delivered in New York city, and seventy-five cents per bushel to the negro picker.

In England the chestnut is eaten raw, roasted, stewed with cream, made into soups and gravies, sowed with salt fish or used as a stuffing for fowls and fish. Evelyn speaks of the chestnut as being a "masculine and lusty food for rustics at all times, and of better nourishment for farmers than hie of rusty bacon, yea, or beans to boot."

In the south of France and the north of Italy chestnuts serve in a great measure as a substitute for bread and potatoes. The nuts laid by for winter are those which fall off the trees, while those which are beaten off the trees are sent to the large cities for immediate use.

As a means of depriving the nuts of their burrs, they are trodden under foot by men wearing wooden shoes or "saluts."

Chestnuts are dried in France, and preserved for many years. The methods of curing are by air, sun, also dried, kiln dried, and by partial boiling, according to the uses made of them.

The French make many dishes of them. Salette is a thick, flat cake, made of chestnut meal, milk, salt and butter and eggs (about the same as our wheat or buckwheat cakes), which is cooked on a hot stove or griddle. Valenta is a porridge made by boiling chestnut meal in water or milk till it forms a thick paste not unlike oat-meal gruel. Chatinga is made by boiling the nuts whole (without their husks or shells) in water and a little salt, till they become soft, after which they are broken up the same as mashed potatoes. Marrow-grease is made by dipping the nuts in clarified sugar, and then drying them. The nuts are also frequently cooked by boiling them in water containing celery and sage.

On both sides of the Pyrenees Mountain signs are to be seen at all taverns containing the words, "Vin a marron," in other words, wine and chestnuts, where for three cents you can have all the chestnuts you can eat with good wine to wash them down.

For much of the above information I am indebted to R. T. Sullist, of Washington Market.

ELK AND THEIR HORNS.

THE deer-horn question has been debated a good deal, and perhaps all are satisfied except the fellow who thought the "spike buck" a distinct breed. The generally accepted belief is that deer and elk add a point upon each horn for each successive year of their age. The theory is probably erroneous, the horns depending largely for their development upon the condition and vigor of the animal and the nature of his feeding ground. This note was suggested by seeing a few days ago three tame elk with which I have been somewhat familiar since they were a year old. They were three years old last spring; one is a male. The first year he had short spike horns, the second year longer spikes, the third year each horn had three points. These were shed May 20, this year, when he was probably just about three years old, possibly a month over. They have since been replaced by a magnificent pair of horns four feet high, each having seven points. His age is about three and a half years old. These animals live and thrive in a pasture, where a like number of cattle would long since have starved to death. Last winter was exceptionally severe in the mountains where they are, and they were fed hay, requiring during the winter about 1,000 pounds. The bull will now weigh 700 to 800 pounds, the cows about 200 pounds less. The other day they escaped from the pasture and ranged about the neighborhood until the next day, when they were driven back in company with some cattle.

W. N. B.

Denver, Col., Oct. 31, 1881.

NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE.—The publishers of "New England Bird Life" are Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.; Charles T. Dillingham, Broadway, N. Y. The price is \$3.50.

THE HERRING GULL AND THE RING-BILL ON GEORGIAN BAY.

BY REV. J. H. LANGILLE.

THE most characteristic bird of Georgian Bay is the herring gull, *Larus argentatus*. In Collingwood Harbor it sails among the masts of schooners and the smoke-stacks of steamers almost as fearlessly as if no one were present, seeming to understand that that city has a special law for its safety. Every bit of offal is eagerly gobbled up, and even the large quantities of refuse matter cast overboard by the fishermen is devoured by these eager scavengers. As the steamboat starts out numbers follow in her wake to take advantage of anything edible which is thrown into the water, and until the distant port is reached there is scarcely a minute where they are out of sight. One may amuse himself by the hour throwing bits of cracker or meat overboard for them. Though quite a distance away will see a mere crumb on the surface, and, screaming with delight, will pick it up on the wing. If the cook should throw overboard a dish of remnants, a considerable number will alight on the water and take their repast at their leisure. If one discovers a particularly large or desirable morsel he will seize it and rise tele, generally being pursued by several of his esg, squalling comrades. All along on the rocks and shoals they stand like snowy sentinels, here and there float most gracefully on the water, now they fly low over the surface in search of their favorite prey, or they soar most majestically against the clear ether or the sombre cloud, the entire snowy-white figure of their under parts reminding you most forcibly of the purity of the elements around you. Its length being two feet or upward and its spread of wings some four and one-half feet it compares well in size with the larger birds of prey, and its strong, steady stroke of the wings as well as its spiral soaring is very suggestive of the grand flight of the larger buzzards. Pure white in maturity, with yellow bill and red gony, light blue, gray, and black on the neck and wings, ends of the primaries at black tipped with white, feet a delicate flesh-color, this bird is an object of great beauty in whatever attitude one meets it. On a clear sunny day of April I have seen it floating leisurely northward overland, so high up that it appeared at first slight like a bit of stray down in the atmosphere, and only as the eye adjusted itself to the distance could its outline be defined.

The Herring Gull breeds in communities in a number of places about Georgian Bay, sometimes a dozen or fifty appropriate small islands, sometimes a few very large communities taking possession of larger rocky islands and groups of them. One of the most extensive breeding places is the island called the Half-moon, lying between Cape Hurd and the east end of Great Manitoulin. Here the fishermen sometimes obtain hundreds of dozens of the eggs at a time. The nest, generally placed in the most exposed situation on the bare rocks, sometimes under shelter of the bushes, is a promiscuous pile of trash and dirt—consisting largely of mosses and lichens gathered from the rocks, of small sticks and fine grasses, of almost anything to be picked up in the vicinity—practically well heaped up, and with considerable depression in the centre. The eggs—the full complement of which is three—are about 2.75—2.83x1.80—2.00. The color is greenish or brownish drab, the dark brown and light grayish-brown spots, blotches and scratches, extending more or less over the entire surface, but frequently thicker at the large end. The thick and elegant down of the newly hatched young is nearly the color of the egg. As these birds occupy the same site for breeding from year to year, it becomes generally known to the fishermen, and the nests are frequently visited by fishermen and adventurers from a distance, and the nests are robbed most unmercifully, often until late in summer, the gulls continuing to lay in a very prolific manner. The disastrous consequences of this cruel practice, when kept up from year to year, must be very great, rapidly reducing the numbers of these birds, so useful about many of the towns and villages, and so highly ornamental to the landscape. It is probable, in consequence of this continued disturbance, that while colonies about the sea-shore have resorted to the tall trees for nidification, as reported by Audubon and others. Their breeding habitat on the Atlantic is from New England to Labrador.

At their breeding places these gulls are quite noisy. They have a loud, clear note, sounding like chee-ah, every now and then repeated, and a shorter nasal hunk. These notes are uttered in a very spirited manner, as they describe their grand circles high over head when their nests are being disturbed. Then it is also accompanied by a harsh rattling sound, much like that of a rattle.

"How many kinds of Gulls breed on those shores?" I inquired of an old gentleman, as the tug was nearing one of the well known breeding places. "Two," was the answer; "white ones and gray ones." So might any one think who is not acquainted with the history of these birds; but the fact is that the white ones and gray ones are all of the same kind, the young birds in their gray plumage requiring several years to reach the mature coloration. Like the Gull family in general, this bird has two moult, one in the spring and one in the autumn, and during the winter the mature bird has the head and neck streaked with dusky.

From its name one might suppose that the bird subsists, mainly at least, on herring, but it captures with equal readiness almost every fish of proper size, dashing at the surface, or dropping into the water a few moments to secure it, but rarely, if ever, plunging after it. It also feeds on various kinds of mollusks, holding the shell in its claw after the manner of a hawk, and breaking it with its bill in order to secure the contents. Dr. Coues once found remains of marsh hares in the stomach of one of these Gulls. I have seen it pick up the newly-skinned body of a common tern thrown on the water, and gulp it down at a mouthful, scarcely retarding its flight. In fact, it will feed on almost anything, and in certain localities is an excellent scavenger.

In the fall migration, these gulls move southward through the interior, and spread along our whole Atlantic coast, but principally from New England to the Carolinas, where many winter. Dr. Coues gives the following as the changes of plumage in the young. *Immature*—The feathers of the back have gray margins, and the upper wing-coverts are mottled with dusky gray. An imperfect subterminal bar of dusky on the tail. *Young of first winter*—Head, neck and whole underparts more or less thickly mottled with dusky, as are the wing-coverts, secondaries and tertiaries. The gull-blue of the upper parts appears in irregular patches, mixed with gray. Remiges and rectrices brownish-black, with very narrow whitish tips, the former wanting both

apical and subapical white spots. Bill flesh color, its terminal third black. Feet flesh color. *Younger*—Entirely a deep dull brownish, the throat black streaked, and the rump transversely barred with whitish; the feathers of the back with yellowish or grayish-white edges; wings and tail black; bill black; legs and feet, dusky flesh color."

THE RING-BILLED GULL.

In observing the Herring Gulls on Georgian Bay, one will notice certain individuals very much smaller than the rest, while their form and color, as well as their general habits, is precisely the same. On shooting one of these, however, it will be discovered that the bill is greenish-yellow at the base, followed by a broad band of black enclosing it at the gony, while its tip is bright chrome, the angle of the mouth and part of the cutting edges of the bill being red; and that the legs and feet are of a dusky green. On measuring it, it is found to be only 18 to 20 inches long, and some 48 inches in extent, thus being much smaller than the Herring Gull, while the colors of its bill and feet fully differentiate it. From the dark ring around its bill, it is called the Ring-billed Gull, scientific name, *Larus Delawarensis*. It has about the same diet and habitat as its near relative, which it so closely resembles.

About forty-four miles northeast of Collingwood, and somewhat north of the route from that city to Parry Sound, are the Western Islands. They are in two thick groups, the largest containing several acres each, the smallest being mere rocky shoals. One of the largest has a few trees, most of the rest contain a few shrubs, and more or less small vegetable growth and grasses on some of the ledges of rock. They are many miles from any human habitation, resting quietly in the grand solitude of this waste of waters. One of the larger islands of these groups, the Ring-bills breed in immense numbers. As one nears the shores, they are seen to swarm with many hundreds, if not thousands, of these elegant birds. The male and female are alike along the shore are literally white with them. Approaching still nearer they take alarm, and rise like an immense living cloud. The very air rustling with the noise of their snowy wings seems alive with them, and still they rise from the more distant parts of the island until their numbers are overwhelming. Rising high overhead the great mass spreads out somewhat, and describing their graceful circles among themselves form a most complicated and animated figure of large dimensions against the smit ether or the thick veil of dark clouds. Now they become very noisy, their voices being quite similar to that of the Herring Gull. Presently the great excited mass separates into sections. Several large bodies dropping into the water nearby whiten its surface for some distance, others continue their flight further away, while not a few still linger near to watch the fate of their treasures, and keep up an uneasy chattering immediately overhead. The nests on the island are found to be almost numberless, some of them being so close together the sitting birds must almost touch each other. In the style of the nest, the shape, color and number of the eggs, and the color of the newly hatched young there is the greatest resemblance to the nidification of the Herring Gull; only, in accordance with the diminished size of the birds both nests and eggs are much smaller, the latter being 2.07—2.50x1.03—1.70. On the whole the marking of these eggs tends more to blotches than to the case with the eggs of the near but larger relative. Passing by many nests containing newly hatched young, and others with eggs through the shells of which the peeping chicks have thrust their bills, one may gather a sufficient supply of eggs for study scarcely affecting the number on the whole.

The full-grown young, on through its years of gradual change into the maturity of coloration, bears a close resemblance to, in fact, is almost identical in shades and marking with the Herring Gull of corresponding age. The resemblance of these two species also holds good in respect to the mature birds in their annual changes of plumage.

The almost exact likeness of these two gulls, the one being scarcely more than a smaller pattern of the other, finds its counterpart in a number of other cases among American birds. In comparing the Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, the King and Virginia Rails, Cooper's Hawk and the Sharp-shinned, the Large and Small Yellow-shanks, the Common Crow and the Fish Crow, the Larger and Smaller Scaups or Blue-bills, what is the latter in each but a miniature of the former?

The Gulls proper are a well-marked sub-division of the Gull family in general, the family including Jaegers or Skua Gulls, Gulls proper, Terns and Skimmers. Some of the differentiating characters of the Gulls proper are: the rather long, deep and much compressed bill, well hooked toward the point, with peculiar enlargement at the gony, and sharp cutting edges; tail even, generally; body thick and wings broad as compared with the Terns for instance, while they are generally of larger size; feet and legs stout for birds of their class; the buoyancy with which they float on the water on account of their small bodies as compared with the bulk of their plumage. In form generally, the whole sub-family are so similarly moulded that any eye of moderate discrimination can recognize them. In size and coloration they are subject to great variation in different localities.

HABITS OF REDHEADED WOODPECKERS.

BRADFORD, PA., November 8, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last Sunday, while walking in the woods, I came to a small clearing. On one side of this clearing, among the trees, I noticed several redheaded woodpeckers (*M. erythrocephalus*). As I watched them I observed they appeared to be gathering something from the outer branches or twigs. They would keep flying up to these small branches, and would pick something from them, then fly back to some tree in the woods. I walked slowly up and watched them for about thirty minutes. A wood-chopper said they were gathering beechnut for next winter's use, although the trees were so tall I could not say positively that they were doing so, still it looked as though they were. I have never seen it stated that they do this. A friend of mine, who takes care of an old lease near here, saw one perched in the top of an iron smoke stack pounding away, but after a few trials the bird concluded that was not the kind of "tree" he was looking for, and flew away.

[We have seen it stated that the woodpeckers are in the habit of gathering nuts for winter consumption on, but do not remember that such statements have been confirmed by the observations of ornithologists in the case of our common red-headed species. The Pacific *Melanerpes formicivorus* has been reported to do this. The curious habit of drilling small holes in tree trunks, each hole being large enough to contain

a acorn. After drilling a hole the woodpecker selects an acorn to fit it, and by a few taps of his bill settles it so firmly in position that it is in no danger of falling out. We have seen trees in California studded with acorns, some of which seemed to have been there for years. Just what the bird's object is in doing all this work does not appear to be clearly made out. The first thought to occur to one is that the nuts are gathered and stored here as provisions for consumption during the winter, but this is opposed by the fact that the woodpeckers, as a rule, are insect feeders, and that, with a few exceptions, they do not eat vegetable food; moreover, a large proportion of the acorns that are treated as above are disturbed. It has been suggested that they store the nuts for the sake of the grubs that may be in them, and even that they select the nut in which an insect has deposited its egg, and put the acorn away in its hole in the tree until such time as the worm has grown to be large enough to be a savory morsel, but this is crediting the woodpecker with more foresight than we should be willing to attribute to him without pretty strong evidence to support such a claim. So an interesting note was recently read before the California academy of sciences, the purport of which was that the California woodpecker (*M. formicivorus*) was assisted in his labors by the California jay (*Aphelocoma florida var californica*). The woodpecker seems to have made the holes, and the jay to have collected the nuts and carried them to the carpenter, who adjusted them and drove them home.

We would be glad to receive from any of our correspondents facts which may bear on the subject of the habits of this interesting group of birds. Since the above remarks were put in type, the following very timely note has been received, which establishes as a fact that woodpeckers do eat nuts: **LAKES NEST, Delaware County, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1891.**—*Editor Forest and Stream:* When out shooting gray squirrels on a beach ridge the other day, I saw a very large red-headed woodpecker picking beech nuts on the top of a beech tree. I had supposed, and the books say they live solely on grubs and worms, taken from rotten or dry trees and limbs. To satisfy myself that I was not mistaken, I shot the bird and found it carry a most fat and solid nut. Mr. Warner is setting up the bird for me, as it was in splendid plumage and very pretty. Is it not a new thing to find these birds nutting? I ask for information. **NED BUSLINE.**

DIGESTION OF THE ALLIGATOR.

A FLORIDA MONSTER IN A RAGE.

YOUR contributor, who gave us an article on the alligator recently, evidently has "been there." His statement that they carry in their stomachs "light'd knots" though perhaps new to many, is true.

I have heard many affirm it, and have been witness to it myself. I have killed several in the lake in front of my house, ranging from six to eight feet in length, and when I found them empty I shot them up to shooting distance by imitating the whine and howl of a dog. I opened in presence of my neighbor M. to verify the light'd business, when out crept a soft-shelled turtle, "leather-back," six or eight inches in diameter, entirely uninjured, not a scratch upon him. We found the pine knots and bits of pine as we expected, polished like rosewood, perhaps a half dozen pieces, from two to four inches long. My idea was that the gator used them for the same purpose that a fowl does gravel. The gator would eat stones probably if he could find any. Gators and chickens don't have the gravel down here.

I assisted a six-foot gator to a lively scrimmage last spring, unwittingly on my part. It runs somewhat this way: I was the fellow in the lake one morning, and went for my Maynard, crept through the grass and bushes, and put a ball somewhere in his head, as I supposed from the peculiar antics he went, and which generally follow a mortal wound. He came up once or twice, cut a flourish or two, and found it got my head and prodded around in eight or nine feet, but could hit him but once, and finally gave it up, feeling sure he would lose in a day or two.

Near where I shot him the lake has an outlet, a small stream which the road from Sanford crosses near the rear of my place. Two nights afterward Dr. B., a neighbor who lives a couple of miles west, was returning belated at about eleven o'clock from Sanford, in a sultry, pondering in his mind blue mass and quinine, the staple article for those who are so unfortunate as to get the "shaker." It was something of the kind at least, probably, which was whiling away the hours for the Doctor on his lonesome trip. The night was cloudless and moonless. The water splashed from his horse's feet as he drove into the little creek, and the wheel struck something hard that was not there when he drove down. This something hard, dark and undefined in the dim starlight, rose into the air to nearly the height of the wheel, and, grasped the spokes with its teeth in blind fury. The Doctor's horse is quite agile on occasions, and this was one of them. He left that locality on the jump, the gator, for such it was, lost his teeth hold, and the Doctor—well, he never would tell just how he lit, but he didn't go along with the team. Upon resuming his normal position he saw the gator, with dander up, coming for him through the mud and water, in which the doctor was standing. A nice predicament, this, alone and afoot with a hungry gator at eleven o'clock the night, and not a strand of light around him. The gator, behind him as he did so, hoping sincerely every second to find a stick of some sort, for his dander had "ris" now, and he was going to lurt that gator. He had backed off but a few steps when luckily his hand came in contact with a water-soaked pine knot that had been cut out of the road, heavy and just about the size and length for a good weapon. He was bold as a lion now, and awaiting the flourish or two the savage maniac he brought down the root on his head with vigor, and failed to stop the reptile, and it was only after repeated blows that he witted. The doctor now set out after his team, which luckily he found all right not far up the road, and returning he fastened the gator by the hitching strap to the sulky axle and towed him home at a "two-forty" gal, putting him into a compost heap for the benefit of his orange trees.

I have no doubt at all that this was the same gator that I shot two days previous at the ball crated him; he followed the wheel on the road crossing and when the wheel struck the reptile it might be rose in blind rage seizing the first object he touched. The sulky wheel bears the jagged marks of teeth on two spokes as a reminder to the Doctor not to travel after dark.

Twin Lakes, Fla.

THE HOMING INSTINCT.

THAT many animals have some senses more acute and perfect than men well know, especially the senses of sight, hearing and smell. Some of them have still another power of sense, which I have never seen fully and clearly explained that of returning home from a distance by a different route from any they had previously gone.

I was living in the town of Torrey, Yates county, N. Y., and had a cat which I did not want and did not wish to kill. I put her into a sack, placed her into a box beneath the buggy seat, and started for Penn Yan, the county seat, a distance of six miles, going by rail and pack-travelled way, different from the one I usually went; across a large stream, the outlet of Lake Kenos. Over this stream were three bridges.

When about six miles from home I took the cat from the sack and the dark place in which she had been confined, and where it was impossible for her to see out; I let her loose into a small wood and, not near any house, and then drove fast to town, about one mile distant. I returned home by a different route, distant from the one I went from one to two miles.

Next morning the cat was home, much to the surprise of all the family. The readers of FOREST AND STREAM are well aware that similar things have been done by dogs, horses, cats and pigs. — Can any one tell how it is done?

Austin, Texas.

S. B. BUCKLEY.

SHEPHERD'S OSTEOLOGICAL PAPERS.—Two essays of importance have recently been published in the *Bulletin of the Hayden's Survey on the osteology of two interesting groups of birds.* The most notable as it is the most extended of these, relates to the osteology of the North American *Tyrannus*, while the second, a shorter paper, treats of the osteology of *Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides*. The study of the osteology of our grouse certainly deserves more attention than has ever been given to it, and we are glad to see the work undertaken at last by one who is evidently thoroughly in love with his subject, and who is besides fortunately situated for the procuring those immature specimens which are so necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the bony framework of any bird. Many—perhaps most—readers will decline to read Dr. Shepherd's view of some points of the skeleton, since recent investigations have somewhat modified the old fashioned faith in the archetype skeleton. Still all will acknowledge the present paper to be of great value, for too little has been done in this branch of North American ornithology. The paper on the osteology of the grouse is illustrated by eight beautiful plates, and that on the shrub by one. We notice that the proofs have not been read with care, and it is a pity that such excellent papers should be marred by errors that could have been so easily avoided. Dr. Shepherd's investigations of the osteology of *Speotyto cunicularia hypoleuca* and of *Kereuniphila pictaris* are fitly supplemented by the two papers just received, and we may all look forward with pleasure to further contributions from his pen on this most fascinating subject.

Game Bag and Gun.

. For table of game seasons see issue of October 16.

A DAY WITH THE RUFFED GROUSE.

RUFFED grouse are reported very scarce from nearly all sections of the country; yet we venture to say that the sportsman who has carefully studied their habits, and by long experience in their pursuit obtained a knowledge of "the how, the where and the when" to seek these royal birds, can obtain a fair amount of sport even in the sections of country which the ordinary sportsman pronounce to be entirely destitute of this best of all game birds. We do not wish to be understood as intending that even with the best of success in finding, and with the straightest of powder, the bag will be unaccountably heavy, but that the genuine sportsman, to whom "it is not all of sport to kill," and to whom the beauties of nature are a never ending source of pleasure, can abundantly enjoy himself and secure enough of these most wily birds to well repay him for the time devoted to their pursuit.

It was our good fortune last Saturday, in company with the Hon. E. H. Lathrop, of Springfield, Mass., and his celebrated sportsman Dick, to chronicle, except that, with the knowledge from reports of the sportsmen that there were no birds in the low lying covers, we made a break for the mountains, surmising that the birds that were bred in their inaccessible nooks would be found somewhere in the highways, by which they make their annual migrations from the fastnesses of the hills to the better feeding grounds of the valleys. That our ideas were not entirely wrong, our success abundantly proved, for we had followed the downward course of the first little rivulet but a short distance when the welcome sound of whirring wings greeted our ears as an old cock grouse, a very patriarch, suspicious of approaching foe, got from the tangled thicket, a good hundred yards below us, and with unfeeling haste whirled down the narrow gorge, until near its foot, when, with a crafty swing to the left, he disappeared over a knoll. Thankful that our eyes had caught that wicked twist, we calmly followed on and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the sudden departure of three more in the same direction. Although they were a long distance out of reach, we saluted them as an earnest of what they might expect should they seek to escape us by this unsportsmanlike manner, for it is one of the peculiarities of our creed that a game bird should lie to the dog, and we have ever found the warning voice of the gun a most eloquent argument to bring them to a sense of duty in this respect. Our companions carefully marked one of the trio as he settled in an alder thicket, far down the run, and we had one down line in a patch of hazel, toward which we at once proceeded.

We have not mentioned Dick, or as he is appropriately called, "the black whirlwind of the East," as up to this moment there was nothing to chronicle, except that, with the marvelous speed for which he is so famous, he had thoroughly ptered the ground in front, and for a long distance on each side of us, with hardly a break in his tireless stride which, to all appearance, is as far-searching and elastic as when many years ago (for Dick is ten years old) we first saw him cut loose upon the stubble among the quail. But now, as the roar of the swiftly beating wings struck upon his ear, he dropped upon his haunches and, with quivering lip and listening eye, turned his head in the direction of the sound, then with cat-like, stealthy tread, he threaded the mazes of

the thicket, occasionally challenging as the grateful exclamation was wafted to his eager nostrils, "ever with head high in air" ("fleeing") for proof of the presence of any stranger that might seek to escape by lying close; but, soon convinced that all had taken flight, he glances toward his master to learn their course; then he again, but at subdued speed and greatly circumscribed range, he carefully beats every inch of ground in front, until we are near the patch of hazel, when, obedient to a sign from his master—for words are uncalculated here—he takes his place at heel, and silently they steal upward to get the wind, while we, with noiseless tread, take a commanding position upon the upper side. When all is ready, a half wave of the hand sends the eager dog with a flying leap across the little break, where he strikes the bank and seent at the same instant, and all doubled up as he is, he staunchly remains until we, wishing to be in at the death, have taken some twenty steps toward him, when, with a roll of his eye and gentle wave of his stern, that plain-y warns us of a running bird, he takes a step or two right toward us. At the same instant there was a confused tumult behind us that needed no interpreter to explain that this crafty bird had played us a sure trick. Knowing that we were not to be quickly whirled around with gun at shoulder and behold him behind a sapling, the only one in sight, fleeing for his life up the mountain. We did not feel highly honored at the graceful dip with which the sapling acknowledged our salute, but thought it rather a source of sorrow. Sure that we had not with an injudicious defeat, we turned to explain the cause, when a glance at old Dick turns our bitter grief to sweetest joy, for his speaking countenance and rapidly vibrating stern we knew of old as a sure token of successful shot. With a cheery "seek dead," he was off at speed, and soon laid in his master's hand the noble bird with scarcely a feather out of place.

The alder thicket was next in order, and as we neared it Dick came to a point just at its edge. As we could not budge him an inch we walked in, and as the bird rose we both of us gave him a right-and-left, which so demoralized him that he took a bee line for Long Island Sound, and we here give notice that he is our property, and that any vessel plucking him up must return him to our possession. Our next move was for the old fellow, who really turned the corner. Dick soon found his trail in a little run that came down the mountain almost parallel with the one that we had hunted. Clambering up the side we had barely reached a little opening, when we were greatly chagrined to hear this beastly bird burst forth from the thicket a long way ahead, and steer for the top of the mountain. As soon as we caught a glimpse of him we impulsively threw the gun in position, and with a sense of the wrongs he had wrought upon us to nerve our fingers we spitefully yanked the trigger. We were half inclined to think, with Mr. Lathrop, that the bird flew against a tree and killed himself, but we counted him all the same.

There was still one more bird that we had not found, and we started for a likely looking corner that was nearly in the line of flight that he had taken. When we reached the place Dick was told to go on. As an illustrious writer—we are sure that he was a famous grouse hunter—has well said, "silence is golden," so we found it in this instance, for no sooner were the words spoken than out from under a log came not more than thirty yards from Mr. L., came this bird with a terrible racket, steering straight for his highland home. "There was a puff of smoke, a loud report," and, although we could not see the bird, the quick vibrating tail of old Dick assured us that we could complete the quotation with "a fleecy cloud of feathers floating in air." Although the words that were spoken did not lose us the bird, they robbed us of by far the greater part of the sportsman's pleasure—no pleasure that will ever be forgotten that fills us when the bounding fawn suddenly crosses and unerringly indicates the near presence of the game we seek.

The rain which had threatened all the morning now esme down, and we started for the house. As we crossed a little run a brace of birds flushed below us; and just before we reached shelter, Dick pointed still another brace, which rose out of shot, making eight birds that we had found in less than three hours' tramp over ground that neither of us had ever hunted before. This experience was very satisfactory to us, and we were more than ever convinced that a fair sprinkling of these magnificent birds will retain and that the sportsman, who truly loves the glorious excitement that the pursuit of this most gallant bird affords, can yet enjoy many days of sweet sport. — SHADOW.

THE HURLING GROUSE.

McDONALD'S CORNER, N. B., Nov. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:
It did not occur to me when writing the article on grouse shooting which appeared in your issue of the 20th ult., that I might get thrashed for airing my opinions too freely. Now I do not wish "Oeto" to think that I consider the shooting of a flying grouse difficult because I have failed to do it, for I do not pretend to be a first class shot, but rather because it never done by old sportsmen—good shots who have hunted game all their lives, and who, therefore, have the advantage of the relation to some of us young fellows that the Alma Mater does to college graduates.

A grouse sometimes rises and skims along the ground with the intention of alighting within thirty or forty feet of "the place of beginning," as surveyors say, and I do not dispute that he might easily be killed just as he is about to stop, but when he once resolves "to get up and get it" is no easy matter to induce him to change his mind. Our grouse frequent dense timber, and when hunted have the art of doing just what the shooter does not expect. Sometimes he will make his line of flight at an angle of forty-five degrees, or nearly straight in the air, till he gets above the tree-tops, when he will dart forward like a telegram. At other times his course will be a parabola, the highest point of which does not reach the tops of the trees, then again it is the arc of a circle nearly on a plane with the earth. Often when you think you have killed the drop on an old grayback he will depress his line of flight or dash to the side with such celerity that the charge goes wide of its mark. Now I still think that there are a few men who have "artist" enough in their composition to make a successful flying-shot at a grouse under the circumstances described above, especially if the bird be "crossing their bows." For my part I would as soon try to get a sight, through the teeth of a comb, on an electric current passing along on a wire lying parallel to it. The great trouble is the same as that experienced by Josh Billings in killing a muskrat, "You are too apt to hit the place where he recently was."

If ever "Oeto's" friend wish "Brunswick" we would be pleased "to give him of our highland cheer," and land him over that V when he does his work.

I agree with Mr. McKoon as to shooting grouse with cocks, and if he were here he would make good bags when those of setter and pointer men who shoot on the wing would be like that of the "Indian hunter with unsprung bow" whom Longfellow immortalizes, and if they did not, as he suggests, "become a convert to our faith," unless they were fond of pedestrian exercise, "the hunter would, like the aforesaid Indian, be seen on the hills no more."

I killed an old grayback on the 20th ult. at Kingston, N. B., which weighed twenty-four ounces, and had "Oeto" witnessed his evolutions when sprung he would have considered "the hurling grouse" no misnomer. — L. I. F.

ASHFIELD, MASS., Nov. 2.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have insufficient time at present to properly discuss this "treeing" business; but I just want to ask those concerned if it ever occurred to them that there is a vast and essentially increasing multitude of youthful aspirants to shooting fun and the pleasures obtained in the field, who are looking to us veterans for advice and example? And a slight weight may turn the balance to make or mar their white future. Our young and honorable minded men are naturally disposed, almost to a unit, to take the only honorable course and make shooting a matter of skill and recreation and a health-giving diversion, instead of a matter of "meat" and indolence and consequent flabby muscle and befogged brain. However, this shooting business is such a new thing to the average American that he naturally looks to the "tree" for his cue. So beware of giving evil counsel, for the "great American sportsmen" is a power not to be trifled with, as from all present indications not many years will elapse ere the "treeing" man will be left so far behind that all the powers that be cannot bring him up even in sight of the rearmost man of the great army of self-respecting wing-shooters. This, to me, disgusting recital of coming up behind and murdering him while sitting on the line a few yards distant, may tell a few "tree-ers" to the man whose belly is infinitely bigger than his soul; but sure retribution will overtake the sinner against the public opinion of the better class; and the man who, a few years hence, can look his fellow-men squarely in the face and honestly declare that he never aided or abetted pot-hunting in any form will be the "coming man," whether it be in selling "cocks" or any other business. Coopers are well enough, when honorably used; but never will believe that they were designed as aids to murderers.

I have shot grouse over pointing dogs all the way from the Eastern seaboard to "beyond the Mississippi," and the "impenetrable thickets" are all cobwebs of the stoutheaded hunter's brain. It is the very skill and nerve required to bag grouse in difficult places that afford the fascination of the sport and build up the muscle and tone up the system. Let us be men, and not a race of lollipops.

The cry of great scarcity of game comes up from all the lands and still the pot-hunter continues to shoot over "tree-ers" and out of season, and while his victims are breeding and drumming, and in any way to get meat to fill his lazy carcass, utterly regardless of the future. To the youthful sportsman I would say: On which side do you enlist? For here it is to be no half way about it. One side surely goes up and the other down, and that soon. On one side stands arrayed all respectable sportsmen's journals and a vast army of respected sportsmen, possessed of health, energy and nerve to fight the pot-hunter's course, but not least, self respect. On the other side is a downy downy down, drizzles along the gang of self-indulgent, unwholesome stomach-worshippers, sneaking along with their "tree-ers," snares and traps, seeking to murder our noble game and bolstering their waning strength with whisky. Be men in your choice. — REEFED GROUSE.

N. B.—Though no personalities are intended in the above article, if any one is conscious that the eat fits him particularly well he is welcome to the use of it.

TWO DAYS AMONG THE BLUEWINGS.

QUINCY, ILL., Nov. 5.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The water is very high here, in some places the old "Father of Waters" is fifteen miles wide, covering the bottom lands, doing great damage to everything except the duck shooting, which it has made grand.

A few days ago the subscriber, with two friends—Major N. a noble-hearted fellow and thorough sportsman, who has hunted over some of the first grounds in the States and Territories, and Frank B., called the Judge for short—started on a two-day trip to duck-land; our camp equipment all arranged at the boat house the night before, where we were to meet the next morning at the hour of 3:30. We all started promptly at 10:30 P. M., with visions of flying feathers heating our already disordered imaginations. Promptly are we on hand, with dogs, gun, ammunition, and are driven to our boat, which lies two miles up the Bay on account of the high water; then, stowing everything, we proceed to row to our ground in Missouri, ten miles away, with a strong wind and current to fight, until we leave the river proper and enter the bottom-land of Missouri.

The Major and I do duty at the bars, while the learned Judge is seated in the stern, with his trusted breacherload, ready for the first blood. Suddenly, in the early morning air, we hear a great fluttering of wings, and Judge, imagining himself in a myriad of fowl of all known varieties, lets drive. There is a splash in the water, and calling to our aid the Ferguson lamp, the property of the Major, we discover the victim, a grouse, floating down stream, within five feet of us, and it is instantly retrieved by the Judge. We then push on to our destination, much to the disgust of the Major, who wants to stay and kill all the rest, if any there be. We arrive at our stands about ten o'clock, and this being late, we feel kinder dubious, but we finally get our hands in, and the morning shooting sums up—for the Judge, seventeen bluewings, nine mallard, six Wilson snipe, and three king rail; for me, twelve bluewings, eight wood-ducks, six snipe, and three brant, with the Major (who is a solitary bird, preferring to range alone) six in all. As the Judge is the only one who is talking over old times, we cannot the Major out. Twenty-seven bluewings and other game in proportion. There is a smile on his countenance that is childlike and bland, and argues but little good to the man who is out fond of a joke, unless it be at "some other" man's expense. He then opens on the Judge with, "I say, Judge, where is that first blood of yours?"

"Why," said the Judge, "I left him in the boat over there." Now it so happened that in the hurry to get to the shooting, the said goose was left under the stern sheets, where he was thrown, when first shot, and the Major, in coming from his stand, had examined it. So we finally started off to the boat, when the bird was found to be a tame one. We thought it odd, at the time, that wild geese could be shot so near the city, in fact, right in it. Of course there was a great launch, and as the Judge, by way of repaying our silence, said, "Boys, say nothing about this and I'll treat you a good oyster supper; it won't do for the story to get abroad, for it does, the whole town will be invaded by an army of sportsmen." The worst of it is, the Judge does not know who is the owner of the geese, and some poor devil of a poacher may have to bear the blame.

In order to give the ducks a chance we then moved over to a piece of pin-oak timber, made camp, and sat down to utilize the while we had brought along "in case of fire." After that, while enjoying the fragrant weed, I proposed to the Major to go over to a large stubble field and try my dog Carl on quail. Carl is a three year old lemon and white English setter, broken by myself, first on snipe, and then on quail and chicken, and works splendidly. We have some good sport, bagging twenty-one quail, then we return to duck shooting, and between 4 P.M. and dark, bagged eighteen teal.

After supper, over our pipes and their accompaniments, the Maj. relates us a history of his deer hunting on the Black River of Arkansas, after which we return to preparing for the next day's battle of the ducks; and so we pass the second day, with the exception that we have better and more shooting. Our total bag was, for the second day, seventy-four ducks, mostly teal, thirty snipe, besides three chicken hawks. The latter we kill whenever we have a chance. I have lived in this handsome little city over twelve years, but never saw the shooting so good as it is now. We very reluctantly returned home after two days of glorious sport, tired, but with the impression that we had renewed our lease on life, whatever we may have done in regard to those of the ducks.

J. A. B.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

TWIN LAKE, Florida.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The subject of rust spots attracts considerable attention. I attributed mine to Dittmar powder, of which I used some until I became disgusted with it. (How you did squeak that thing) I think much of the trouble arises from neglect to thoroughly dry the gun after cleaning, and then not forcing the oil by great pressure into the pores of the metal. I find nothing so good for this as Brown's cleaner. The rubber cone and disk are brought tightly, and so fill the pores and sprinkle a cotton rag with water, wipe out to order, dry well, and lubricate well the "Brown" with vaseline, which I find by far the best lubricant I have ever used; and my gun stands this trying atmosphere better than by any other plan I have tried. I have tried often the plan of laying the gun away after use without cleaning. If the weather is exceptionally dry, the powder cakes and gives trouble; if moist, all right. Still it is much more satisfactory to me to know how my barrels look. I used the Lafin & Rand Ducking No. 1, for many years. I liked its shooting qualities much better than I think it merits less credit than Dupont No. 1, which is a point in favor of the latter.

Altoona, Pa.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been both interested and amused in reading letters of parties regarding rust spots or freckles in gun barrels.

The train of thought of the writers has not, in my opinion, been in the right direction. It would take a whole page of your paper to explain fully the cause, as well as the means of preventing or eradicating them. But I will be as brief as possible. They are due to chemical action brought about in this way: The barrels are wet with water, with rays, etc., fastened to a cleaning rod tipped with brass—or it may be brass, nickel or silver-plated—matter, the result is the same. The rod is moved up and down more or less rapidly for some minutes, or until on examination it is seen that the barrels are clean. They may look as clean and bright as it is possible to make them, but the mischief is already done. In using the rod its brass tip is rubbed against the inside of the barrel with sufficient friction to leave a very slight coating of brass in streaks in the barrel, and from the rocking motion given the rod when nearly out of the breech, and held up at arm's length these streaks are more likely to be at the breech than in the middle of the barrel.

No. 3, what have we that will start chemical action? Beginning at the outside we have either iron or steel—the barrels; next, a very thin layer of moisture; next, a very thin streak or layer of brass from the cleaning rod. And then we have all the elements to start chemical action, a perfect galvanic battery on a small scale, whose first and almost instant action is to oxidize the clean, raw and finely finished chamber.

The moisture between the chamber and thin film of brass is not sufficient to keep up the action very long—just long enough, perhaps, to give a slight dullness to the part affected; and this would not be noticeable until the next cleaning is through with it. It is sufficient, however, for at every subsequent cleaning more brass and water are sure to be added to the film until it reaches a point where it is no longer a perfect galvanic battery on a small scale, whose first and almost instant action is to oxidize the clean, raw and finely finished chamber.

If sportsmen will call to memory the fact that any two dissimilar metals supplied with water will start chemical action—and thus oxidation of one of the metals—they will at once see the foundation for the theory here advanced.

As a remedy for freckles throw away brass-tipped cleaning rods, use iron tipped or plain wooden ones, the latter preferable at all times.

He who owns his gun the most with brass-tipped rods is the one who is most troubled with rust spots, streaks, etc.

MARKS.

Wauson, O., Nov. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with interest your correspondence on the subject of "gun weasies." I have had a little experience, and that inclines me very strongly to the view that the powder is the most responsible for the trouble. I have a fine Clabrough No. 1 shot for three years with good ducking powder, and up to last spring it never "broke out." In an evil hour I listened to the advice of a friend who insisted that a cheap (40 cent) powder for sale by one of our grocers was equal to that I had been shooting. I tried it; used the same care I

had before in cleaning, etc., and found out at once that it injured my barrels. It was not rust; but something in the composition of the powder eat into the barrels. I firmly believe that if I had never used cheap powder my gun would have been "well" to-day.—W. H. H.

Buffalo, Nov. 6.—Editor Forest and Stream: I own a Fox double barreled gun, which is now as free from rust in and outside as when I purchased it, six years ago. I am unable to decide whether this is due to the admirable finish of the barrels or my own special precautions, which are simple and cause but little trouble. It is well known that salt water is more detrimental to bright barrels than any other agent, and as the gun has been accidentally much exposed to it without suffering thereby, I will give your readers the benefit of the fact. It formed part of my outfit when I started four years ago on a collecting journey to the coast of Labrador, where I was unfortunate and suffered shipwreck, which in its course damaged and deluged more or less all of my baggage with floods of salt water. For over twenty-four hours everything was afloat in the cabin of the schooner, which had been stove in by the breakers, and more or less damage was naturally the result of this occurrence. On leaving Boston I had fortunately taken the precaution of applying to the gun a thick coat of mercurial ointment inside and outside, and when this was removed, after saving the gun from the greasy sea, I was both pleased and surprised to find that not a speck of rust had gathered on it. Since then I simply give the inside of the barrels and other troublesome places the triggers and plungers a good coat of ointment whenever I see inside for any length of time, and have the satisfaction of avoiding the rust difficulty without any of the painstaking labor so many of my friends take with their guns, which, notwithstanding, are always more or less speckled. For cleaning the barrels in the busy season I use alcohol in preference to gasoline or petroleum. The corners around the plungers I always leave left with a thick coating of the mercurial ointment.—CHAS. LINDEN.

Montreal, Canada.—Editor Forest and Stream: Rust spots in gun barrels, my experience has led me to believe, are caused more by the quality of oil used in cleaning the gun than anything else. Some time ago I was greatly troubled to keep the inside of my gun barrels bright. I accidentally left an iron wire in the bottle of Rangoon oil that I was using on my gun, and this wire, in a week or so, became a mass of rust. I was then satisfied that I had discovered the cause of the rust spots, and on mentioning the fact to one of our best gunsmiths, a descendant of the celebrated Manton, my belief was confirmed, and he gave me the recipe for preparing a gun oil that I have used with the best of success. The method of preparing this oil is as follows: Go to a glass manufactory and get a bottle of pure neat-foot oil, put into this some thin strips of sheet lead, then set uncorked, in a light place—in the sun if possible. After a thick sediment has settled, leaving the oil above it clear and transparent, pour off the clear oil and strain through several thicknesses of clean linen, and you have a gun oil free from acids or fatty matters that turn rancid when exposed to the air. Manton says you should keep kerosene oil out of your gun unless the gun is in constant use. Let those who are troubled with rust spots put a bright iron wire into the oil they are using and see how long it remains bright.

STANSTEAD.

THOSE FOUR WILD-CATS WITH ONE BULLET.

FALL BROOK, San Diego Co., Cal., Oct. 24.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see by your last issue that a paragraph has been going the rounds of the paper about my killing four wild-cats at one shot. The article is true, but I do not know who wrote it. One of his regular correspondents who saw the cats. There was nothing remarkable about the affair, except the flogging of four cats in just the right position, a thing that might not occur again in my lifetime. Finding them so, the rest was easy enough, as any one who has experimented with expansive balls will know. There were, however, some features about it of considerable interest and value perhaps to those using or intending to use expansive balls.

For the past year I have been using round ball in hunting, and as some of my correspondents are foolish enough to be out of the fashion in regard to calibre of my rifle, using one that shoots an ounce round ball, No. 16 shot-gauge, about .65 rifle size, I have been experimenting with round balls, with different sized holes bored in the front, to see if I can make a ball that will expand on the "punch" of a deer, yet pass behind the shoulder or other thin parts without expansion. The results have so far been very satisfactory in general, but very unsatisfactory in some cases, the whole result depending upon the depth and diameter of the hole in the ball. (Just as I said in a letter to Forest and Stream some time since), and not upon velocity. That a round ball, with a big enough cavity, can be made into the most terrific of explosives I have, however, fully proved by experiments outside of the wild-cat affair. That, however, is a fair sample of what it will do. The affair was as follows:

While going after some deer I had the evening before killed too late to bring home, I saw at a distance a bunch of wild-cats on a flat rock. Wild-cats are an institution here, and are always seen straggling about, as well as coyotes, foxes and muskrats. But when not hunting, I often stir up any that happen along my way. The chance to try my expansive round ball was too good to lose, so I started for a sure shot at them. Wearing necessaries, it was an easy matter, having the wind in my favor too, to reach a bush within forty yards of the rock. There I completely saw a motley old set of some thirty pounds weight, and three kittens of about the size of the city Thomas, that with his mellow horn more expressively what time the weary editor's sin would sleep. The old one lay in the form of a crescent, with the three kittens lying in the centre line radii of the arc, roused by the mother, all three vigorously engaged in mutual infidelity.

I weakened most decidedly. Had there been no spurs to prick the sides of my intent those blissful pussies might still be living, and the newspaper editor would be compelled to fall back upon the wild man of the woods covered with hair, etc., the child eaten by the scorpion, or the serpent, or some other standard fillet for a short column. But there were no spurs. The firing was the far-off sound of a friend's flock of sheep with whose tendrilous the feline dame was probably in the habit of preparing the wear and tear of her filly temperament. The other was the fact that they lay in such a position that the neck of the kitten nearest me formed the centre of the bunch—that was too strong a temptation.

Now then, giving a round ounce ball with a flaring hole run-

ning half way through it at three-fourths of an inch wide at the mouth, reducing the weight from 450 to about 400 grains of lead, with about 200 grains of the best powder, coarse and fine mixed, behind it, a No. 16 rough-bore shell filled full, and any one who can use anything of Express rifle and expands the balls can readily solve the problem. At this report there was no getting off the rock no scrambling off, no tumbling off. The rock was seven feet in a twinkling. Nothing was visible but some fine fur floating away from it. On the other side of the rock lay the four, stone dead. The ball struck the nearest one in the neck, expanding at once. The two other kittens were struck in the head, neck, breast and paws with splinters of the ball, while the main portion of the ball, the part behind the hole, struck the old one amidships and passed down toward the tail tearing away half the lower part of the body. There was nothing extraordinary in the affair except the finding of the cats in that position, and in having such a rifle. Wild-cats are rare and found elongating maternal dogs and such a killing shot could not be made with a common rifle. The cats once found and the rifle at hand any lockhead could have done it.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

NOVEL HUNTING METHODS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following paragraph is from the Albany Argus: "A Chautauque hunter scooped the inside-out of a large pumpkin, cut a couple of holes through which he could see, and slipping the shell over his head, waded out to where a flock was swimming, unconscious of danger. Grabbing a goose by the legs he gently drew her under, and so proceeded until some were left to tell the tale."

This is somewhat after the manner in which the negroes in Cuba capture wild ducks, or, as they term them, Florida ducks. A large number of large gourds are placed on the surface of a fresh water pond, and are permitted to float at mid-bay at the same time scattered on the water. The ducks very soon settle among the gourds, for the purpose of procuring the bait. Whatever feat they may at first have in consequence of the unusual appearance of the gourds quickly vanishing, they finally regard the queer old cats as a necessary accompaniment to the much desired food. When the birds have become sufficiently accustomed to their surroundings, a negro goes upon his head, like a cow, but a good deal resembling these floating-pots on the pond, and wading in among the ducks from a distance, with merely his eyes and nose out of the water, captures one or more in the manner above described. As to proceeding until none are left to tell the tale, I have no doubts, as it would probably take a long time to draw a duck, or even to bring its neck under water, and while it lived it could, I think, create such a disturbance as would frighten away any others in the immediate vicinity.

While having last summer in the title bay called Pipe's Cove, near Greenport, Long Island, I noticed a cool, shrewd-looking fellow, who I saw some three hundred yards from me. I knew that he was a wounded or maimed bird, which could not fly. Finally he reached the shore, and stood on the sand, about two feet from the water, and occupied himself in arranging his feathers. Remembering the Cuban custom just mentioned, I resolved to make an effort to capture the solitary wader, although I was, of course, unprovided with any vegetable disguise. So I first waded down the bay, in the water, as much as my head and only being as possible, directly opposite to the shore, and slowly advanced toward the shore. When within about ten feet of the bird, the water began to show to further conceal my body. I arose, and made an effort to "show" him back on the shore. Of course this met with no success. He quickly plunged into the water in front of him, and, after scurrying about from side to side for a second, in sight, darted between my legs, and made his escape. During the period of my approach, or while I remained motionless before him, observing his plumage and actions, my head alone was not the least in fear, although he certainly saw and particularly noticed it.

ALKALI.

NEBRASKA FLY-WAY SHOOTING.

LINCOLN, Neb., Oct. 28.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have just appeared in your valuable journal from our promising State of the game question, and a discussion of the latter, occupying three days last week, may have a few of the seekers after fine shooting this way.

To begin: Nebraska is a prairie State, and the Platte River runs the entire length of the State from West to East. Not exactly north-south, but scatters over a great deal of country, leaving numerous sand bars in its bed upon which during the spring and fall millions of geese and ducks pass during the day and night, leaving the river twice each day to flow in the fields.

A party of five or six men—probably no city could furnish an equal number as eager for a hunt—started from Lincoln last week via the B. & M. R. in Nebraska for Juniata, 105 miles west, and our railroad friends put us in charge of Conductor Hutchinson who had been a millionaire, would have his train run itself and gone too, but with due consideration for his family and pocket-book kept in command of his train, and every time he passed I would tell him he would announce to us that he "passed" we would get off at the next station as it made him sick to think of us.

Juniata was reached in time for supper, and next morning we very comfortably sat and ourselves in a spring wagon headed for the Platte River, sixteen miles away.

The ride over was an unusually pleasant one, as "Lord" Hastings, the legal light of our party, had an extremely rare and varied assortment of stories to draw from and he drew, too, amazing y often on account of a number of them concerning persons who had come from the vicinity of "Bach, you know," where our party was no.

At the Platte we were quartered with friend Poole, a model farmer, and husband and father of an interesting family as one would meet with in our State. His home tent is on Elm Island, and I doubt is never known, some quantity is a wealthy man and abundantly surrounded with comforts of life. His estimable wife soon prepared us a dinner to which we did ample justice.

The afternoon was spent in patrolling the river and being the fly-way of the geese, and as we went to and returned from the fly-ways, round up at night with twenty-two geese. The next day set in cold and damp, and the geese left the river at daybreak not to return till late at night, as it was as comfortable for them in the fields as in the river.

Our blinds were all properly constructed on the bars, and the score for that day did not come up to the afternoon previous.

The following day, however, promised to be a good "goose day," and the party tallied ninety-two geese as a result of their prediction.

The next day we were to leave at noon, so we put in a little more powder and aimed closer, thereby bringing our total up to 261 geese, all of which we left the river with.

Our friends at Lincoln were all remembered, and numerous parties immediately organized to follow in our wake, none of which have yet reported.

Quail are unusually abundant this fall, and a little later the sport will be grand.

Our city would be a fine location for a kennel of Gordons, Laveracks and Irish setters, also spaniels for ducking.

C. L. B.

THE LIFE SAVING STATION EMPLOYEES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your last number a correspondent mentions that the decrease in wild fowl on Great South Bay, L. I., is due to their being jacked by employees of the Life Saving Stations.

Now, while I have heard of this being done by the men along Barnegat Bay, N. J., they have the reputation of shooting a great deal of them from their stations as the birds fly over, and from the vicinity. Long Beach contains the best shooting grounds, and many stations being on it, the men patrolling carry guns and have excellent opportunities to observe where the most birds are, thus combining business and pleasure, besides selling their game to the market.

That this continual infiltration scares away the birds is self evident. I have also been told that during a flight of fowl the best points were occupied by Life Saving men in sneak boxes, their close proximity to the places enabling them to get there first.

To a city sportsman coming down here, after hiring a man with boxes and decoys, it must be provoking to find a government employee ahead of him in the choicest spot, the report of his double eighteen-pound seven bore spoiling the shooting all around.

Gentlemen that have been served this way once or twice seldom come again, preferring to go to another place where they can be sure of getting a good brace.

The law for shooting only three days a week is kept pretty fairly, but it sometimes happens that parties that those three days prohibiting shooting are the best time, while the other three days scarcely anything can be seen.

If the government prohibited the Life Saving men from shooting at all there would be more attention paid to wrecks and warding off vessels from the shore. Ducks, geese and brant would increase where they are now scarce, and shooting would be allowed every day. Lastly, more money would come into the hands of the baymen furnishing their services to the New York and Philadelphia sportsmen who annually shoot for wild fowl. CORN.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 31.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We glad to see, in your editorial of Oct. 13, the subject of trap-shooting opened for discussion. Every individual in the community is in some way interested in the wild game of this country, and none will deny their desire to have it protected; but how to check individual greed and avoid extermination is the puzzle of many years' standing. A large class of the public are ignorant of the breeding seasons, and will so consume the bird at any time of year when it can be procured for money. Then comes the huckster who will buy anything which he can sell at a profit to his own pocket, and he calls to his aid his co-worker, who also cares only for the profit of to-day and will shoot the bird any day when he can sell her. Evidently these are men not to be chosen as a committee to tell us how to perpetuate the game interests of our beautiful country. We must have other men, men who would spare the last two birds of the covey, or the mother of the fawn, men who are humane, men who would study the nature and habits of the game and give it protection in the breeding season.

Doubtless all members of our clubs and protective associations will say they are of the latter class, and do exert all their influence to obtain the passage and execution of judicious laws for that professed purpose, but do we ever ask ourselves why we fail to get such stringent laws as we most desire? Why is it that we are so weak? That our influence is feeble no one can deny. We approach the law-maker with carefully drawn document, and we find ourselves confronted by the united forces of the market dealer, professional shooter and the land owner. We can make friends of neither of them, nor bring influence to break their ranks; and are forced to a compromise or temporary surrender, and perhaps, as here in Massachusetts, instead of giving us the law for which we plead, our legislature shows its opinion of the "club sportsman" by passing a law prohibiting trap slaughter of imprisoned birds within the limits of the Commonwealth, which act by them and their constituency is looked upon as cruel, wanton and senseless.

Without bringing up argument to show that it is the least of these three, if it has detracted from the popularity and efficiency of our game protective associations it is proved an evil and should be discontinued. M.

WOOD HATEN, NOV. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

First, let me say that I think State sportsmen's associations have been pronounced of much good in the calling together of men of sound minds, men who are well and favorably known, men who are not found in any scheme for the purpose of pocketing the almighty dollar, but men who have a deep interest in the protection of game; and who would not countenance or uphold any measure unfair, unjust or in any way or manner intentionally commit an act which could cause offence to the most humane, moral or fastidious (male or female) who perchance honors the association with their presence at the business meetings of conventions or at the shooting grounds.

I am well aware that a universal feeling of disgust was manifested by visitors at the late tournament at Coney Island. And not only visitors, but I presume every member of the N. Y. S. A. was heartily ashamed to be compelled to stand at the trap and shoot at what were called birds, when wings were indeed wanting to make a show of life. This, however, is I believe the first time the sporting world has ever been called to witness such an exhibition, and it is to be hoped that it will be the last. If real live birds cannot

be found, then let us try the glass ball or clay pigeon. A State convention held for the sole purpose of discussing the (probable) best and judicious method of preserving game and fish, would find few veterans to "rally round the flag" of (birds' and animals') freedom. And as far as the term cruelty may be applied, I really can see no more in shooting first-class birds from the trap than from the open field.

Again let us consider the humane appeals of Henry Bergh and his followers, and carry them to their nesting places, the poor abused and much slaughtered wild pigeon and let them see what wholesale slaughter is. What is a little matter of twenty, fifty or one hundred thousand birds for State conventions compared with the hundreds of thousands shaken from the nests, clubbed to death, packed in ice and sent to tickle the palates of our fastidious game-preserving friends? This custom has prevailed to such an extent that pigeons are no more seen this side of the Mississippi. Their home within the wilds of Pennsylvania last year was invaded by hundreds of lawless beings—cannot say men—who harassed them from early spring to the close of nesting. They left, probably never to return, and now look for homes where humanity and civilization is little known, and they may rear their young in peace. I do not wish to convey the idea that I fully endorse the convention's movements, but I say let us have time for deliberation, let us have full and free discussions on all matters pertaining to the interests and welfare of the noble State we represent. Spend less time at the trap, and give a full, clear and honest expression of sentiment to all that will go forth to clubs and individuals throughout the land, that public opinion may be aroused, that the laws already made may be enforced, and that by full and free discussion and mature deliberation we shall be enabled once more to listen to the warbling songster, when the partridge, the quail, the snipe and the pigeons, the deer, the moose and the elk shall once more roam among us unmolested over hill and plain, and man, game's enemy, shall lay aside his gun and shoot no more. And shall we all be happy? OBSERVER.

From the Newark Sunday Call, Nov. 6.

"It is very evident that the annual meetings held by sporting associations will in future be held without the adjunct of pigeon shooting tournaments. All such societies have, or should have, for their primary object the preservation and increase of game; but heretofore pigeon slaughter has seemed to be the most important business at all their meetings, and but little else has been accomplished."

TRAPPING NESTING PIGEONS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am a trapper; I have followed it for years, and have taken a great deal of pains to study the habits of wild pigeons, especially when on their nesting grounds. One gunner will do more harm at a nesting place than one hundred netters, for this reason: the pigeons make but a very small nest, almost flat on the top, and the egg (as they only lay one at a time) is very easily rolled out. The hunter comes along and fires into them, and every bird in hearing of his gun gets off from its nest as soon as it can, and a way goes the egg at the same time, and the nest is abandoned. The trapper makes so little noise that the birds pay but very little attention to him, and he never disturbs them.

Now, my theory is this: If the trappers and gunners are kept out far enough so that the noise will not disturb the birds they will not be driven from their nests nor can both of the parent birds be captured, as they both have their part to do, and so they do. If by any cause one goes out and does not return, the other one, be it male or female, stays in the nesting until the young is reared. Therefore you cannot get both without going in to the nesting or on the nesting ground.

Now to their habits. When the time comes for them to nest they pick a location where there is plenty of timber, water and mast or shuck, build their nests, lay one egg and commence to sit. The female stays on the nest and the male goes for food in the morning. When it returns it takes the nest, and the female goes for food. She comes back and the male goes again, and returns the same day. This is kept up for twenty-eight days (if the birds are not shot), fourteen days to hatch and fourteen days to rear the young.

On the last day, the young are filled up full of feed, and the body of birds is care for and nesting. There are always a few old birds left, and in about two days they commence to whip and pull the young birds out, and take care of them and feed them until they are ready for the journey, when they follow the old ones. A TRAPPER.

Champaign Co., O.

CHEAP GUNS.

New York, Oct. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer has, for some time, been on the lookout for a long-range breech-loading single-barrel duck gun, with metal enough in it to prevent its killing at both ends. Search through the principal New York gun stores failed to reveal anything meeting the requirement, except some 4 or 8 bore guns of English make and at high price (\$100 and over), but a really good and well finished long-range ten-bore was not found. Passing up Broadway, attracted by a placard in the window of a presumably respectable firm, advertising a gun, and stating that the gun was the "best single-barrel gun in the world." On entering, the salesman confidently asserted that such was the case, although the price was but \$15. Upon examination, I found a gun of exceedingly rough workmanship. A few minutes conversation induced the salesman to withdraw his assertion of "best," etc. Noticing that there was quite a gap between the barrel and the breech, I passed the ticket bearing the price, etc., into his gap, expecting thus to disconnect the salesman a little. Not at all. He quickly informed me that when the cartridge was in it would be all right.

Now, is it not time to make some effort to discourage apparently respectable firms from dealing in such trash, and by false representations palming it off on the unwary? Is it not time that a proof-house, similar to the English ones, were established in this country? Is it not time that a single ten-bore long-range gun which will offer a first-class 200 yards shot, at a price not to exceed, say, \$50? Greener advertises a single eight-bore "full choked, to kill at 140 yards," for from fifteen to twenty-five guineas. Is it not possible, therefore, to make a ten-bore to kill at 100 yards, of sufficient weight (nine to ten pounds) to stand heavy charges without heavy recoil; and, if so, why is it not done? SINGLE BARREL.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 29.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The advertisement of the "Saxon" gun I saw in Harper's Young People. It caused some considerable talk, and I know that a number of parties called the attention of dealers in guns and asked why single breach-loaders could not be sold as cheaply by them. I am glad you have told the plain truth about these guns, for I had frequently seen them in the country hardware stores for sale for \$25 or \$30. I am glad to see a paper that is ready to do justice to the public by stating facts.

Ruffed grouse are not plentiful this season. It is thought that the wet spring caused the young to die, if they were well hatched. H. N. F.

HIS FIRST MISS.

Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My friend, Capt. Mike Hughes, a railroad contractor, is executing a campaign on the Vicksburg and Ship Island Railroad. He established a construction camp a few miles below here, and has a Irish Jollyman named MacNamara, in charge. When Mac first established his camp he had a fire made under an oak tree on the road side, and his cook suspended a dinner pot over the same.

The whole neighborhood was startled—thought he was blasting rock. Mac had gotten up on a log to get a better view of the tree, and he was laid flat on his back, with a bleeding nose, by the recoil, while the old musket jumped over his head and landed in a pond, muzzle down. Later investigation developed the fact that a negro had loaded it for a Christianus gun last winter and then was afraid to shoot it off.

Mac, with commendable celerity, recovered the position which is characteristic of men, and stood upright. He saw with some surprise that he had killed the squirrel, which, by sprawling in the ashes near the suspended pot. A countryman, who happened to be passing at the time, saw the whole proceeding. Mac, with ready Irish wit, wiped the blood off his nose, and coolly remarked: "Begorra, that's the first time I've missed yet."

The countryman replied: "Why, you didn't miss him, there he lays!"

"'Yis," says Mac, "but I always throp 'em into the pot." MADROONER.

FLUSHING A RATTLER.

SPEAKING of snakes reminds me of an adventure I had with a good sized rattler about three years since. It was late in the shooting season, being the first days in April, and I was out working a young dog that I was anxious might have as much experience as possible before the close season began on the 15th. I had found half a dozen quail in a field, and, after being flushed, they dropped in the swampy ground near by. The foliage on the trees and bushes was far along toward full development, making it hard to see and to penetrate into the thick growth. Arriving at the edge of the swamp I sent the puppy in. After making his way probably thirty feet he pointed. I immediately advanced to flush the birds, and when within a few feet of the dog was alarmed by the vigorous rattle of that terrible reptile, the rattlesnake.

I stopped instant, and so did the rattler's muscle. I examined the ground in front and each side, but could not discover my disagreeable neighbor. Feeling that he could not be very near, I stepped forward again, and again was warned to stay proceedings. With my eye I carefully went over the ground again, but failed to see the snake. By this time the dog was becoming uneasy, and I determined to get him out of the way, fearful lest he should be struck by the snake. Being now within reaching distance of the dog I bent over and lifted him from the ground. The movement alarmed the snake, and he rattled, but this time behind me.

There I was, boxed and thoroughly frightened. I turned about slowly and made one step forward, and again was warned. I looked and looked, and as I could not see the reptile immediately in my path I made a rush and jump and got safely out.

I was now determined, if possible, to kill the ugly thing. Cocking my gun, I advanced cautiously, and soon heard the buzz z-z-z. It sounded some distance in front. I kept him going by striking the low bushes with my foot, in order that I might have less difficulty in locating him. Suddenly I saw something move with great rapidity some ten or twelve feet in front. There he was coiled, head erect and resplendent in his new spring suit. I could not but admire him; he had been good enough to warn me; he really did look beautiful; but the scriptural injunction must be fulfilled, and I determined it was not the heel of man that crushed his head, one ounce of No. 8, backed by 3 1/2 drms. Hazard's No. 4 Duck, did it most effectually. I pulled off his rattles, and counted eight and the button.

During the winter season no danger from snakes attends a tramp through this country. It is only in the warm days of early spring and early fall that the danger is real. In summer the danger is great, hence rambles in the woods and near water courses are not fashionable. Lovers don't take much to sequestered nooks in the woods and Sunday in the fields. The business of courting is conducted on the front porch. DICK SWYLLER.

A FINE MINNESOTA SEASON—Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 8.

The fall shooting in this State has been unsurpassed for a number of years. Fine birds have been made in the vicinity of the city, a friend and myself making a bag of forty-hick duck in an evening and morning shooting on the bridge pass at the Rice Lakes. The St. Paul sportsmen have made a good good bag to warn me; he really did look beautiful; but the scriptural injunction must be fulfilled, and I determined it was not the heel of man that crushed his head, one ounce of No. 8, backed by 3 1/2 drms. Hazard's No. 4 Duck, did it most effectually. I pulled off his rattles, and counted eight and the button. During the winter season no danger from snakes attends a tramp through this country. It is only in the warm days of early spring and early fall that the danger is real. In summer the danger is great, hence rambles in the woods and near water courses are not fashionable. Lovers don't take much to sequestered nooks in the woods and Sunday in the fields. The business of courting is conducted on the front porch. DICK SWYLLER.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

THE new club-house, built to replace the one destroyed by fire, was opened to members and their guests on the 15th of October. It is unique as a specimen of a sportsman's club-house, being furnished throughout with a view to the comfort and convenience of both sportsmen and others who seek a quiet country resort.

There were the following named gentlemen at the club-house during October and November: Thos. E. C. Curtis, President; John Greenough and John Avery, of the Building Committee; A. Da Prato, Superintendent; besides a large party of the members and their families and guests.

The prospects for deer hunting this season are good. The park bounds have started several deer. Two were killed on the Shobola and one near Kleinban's. A driven deer crossed the Millville road on Monday last, and a large buck was seen swimming Lake Giles.

GAME IN SULLIVAN COUNTY.—Monticello, N. Y., Nov. 11.—Editor Forest and Stream: We have at present woodcock, Wilson snipe, ducks and pigeons, with a fair number of ruffed grouse and some quail. Eleven fine deer have been carried through here within the last two weeks. They were captured in the vicinity of Black Lake, eight miles from Monticello, by Orange county sportsmen. Foxes and rabbits are very abundant and owners of trained hare hounds, that are so much talked about, have now an opportunity of trying them in this section. I have no ax to grind, nor do I own a hotel.—CHARLES F. KENN.

WILD FOWL AT CURRITUCK.—Advices from Currituck Sound, under date of 10th instant, report fowl as plenty, though the weather has been so warm that few or none can be shipped. Swans, geese and ducks are on the grounds. A short time since one man killed in one day fifty geese, five of them at one shot. Another man killed forty pairs of redheads November 10. Until the weather becomes colder, we presume that few will care to visit these grounds as it is a pity to kill birds that cannot be used.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

Table with 2 columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species such as Black Bass, Rock Bass, Striped Bass, etc.

For daily blessings most men forget to pray to their patres; but let us not, because it is a sacrifice to pleasing to Him that protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go n-fishing.—LEAK WALTON.

A CAPE COD FISHING RESORT.

THE LARGE FISH OF CHATHAM. Editor Forest and Stream: Any of your readers who have perused the various fish stories which I have contributed to your columns, from time to time, since in the first number of the first volume I started on fishing in Africa to the last of my Alaska letters, in which series there were several allusions to halibut, salmon, etc., calculated to test believing power to the utmost, will admit that at the least I claim to have seen some very pretty fish and fishing while knocking about the world, and will therefore be able to appreciate the value of the statement that, five weeks ago at Chatham Cape Cod, I saw the handsomest sight in the way of fish that I have ever seen.

You, in your issue of October 20, described a handsome lot of even-striped bass, the aggregate weight of which was 175 pounds, and of another lot of seven, of which the smallest weighed twenty-six and one-half pounds and the largest sixty pounds.

I thought that about as high as could be expected, but soon after, sitting in a store window at Newport, R. I., a photograph of ten, which had been captured in one day, at one of the Rhode Island Club fisheries—the name I can't recall—and this lot averaged forty-nine and one-half pounds each, and, judging by the picture, ran very uniformly.

Never expecting to see in reality such a sight I only admired the photo and envied the fishermen. A few days after though, at Chatham, I was describing, or rather speaking of this catch, to Mr. Hiram Watts, a veteran angler and keeper of a summer boarding house for anglers, where, if fresh sea bass comes in, he will have a count for anything, they may be had, with the best of fishing thrown in, and an informed comfortable quarters. I didn't enjoy the breeze much, I will admit. A fresh east wind conveys impressions that are very different when the mercury is at forty degrees and seventy degrees. Captain Hiram said that was a "pretty good catch, but wouldn't I take a little walk down the beach with him." I did so, in sand up to my ankles, and reaching a fish house he showed me, side by side, ten striped bass that had been caught the night before, which aggregated 650 pounds, the largest four feet five inches long, weighing seventy-three pounds, and the smallest sixty-two.

Except as to size and beauty of the fish this lot did not, from a sportsman's point of view, come up to those you described, for they were caught in a net which had bagged a school of them so large that, in the effort to get them in, the net expanded and tore, and but ten fish were saved.

Many large ones are caught daily off this beach, but not many of the sizes I have given. Such are undoubtedly hooked, but are cast aside, without a count for anything, because, as a general thing it is the drail that is captured, not the fish. During my two days' stay several good ones were, however, so taken, the largest, I believe, weighing thirty pounds.

is protected from the sea by a long sand spit, and is safe in all weather.

The waters teem with fish of all descriptions, and the boys keep themselves in spending money by contributing to the cargoes of schooners sailing to New York or Boston, quohogs, blue fish, smelt, pickered, lobsters.

Prices are very low for everything, the climate healthy, plenty of churches and, on the whole, I pronounce it a most desirable spot for a summer's visit.

RED DRUM, OR CHANNEL BASS, AT CAPE MAY.

I am never happier than when "Cap." Miespah Smith gets his sail up and the bow of his yacht pointed toward Sewell's Point, for thence we speed out into the briny deep at Cape May in search of mackerel (bluefish J. S. M. calls them), or the festive croaker and the toothsome "gooley."

And when the Preacher saw the sun set, dying in crimson glory as he went down right hesilo to the U. S. Lightship on a late September afternoon, he said: "The boys are hooking red drum off Denizol's Pier." "I never saw one," continued my brother clericus, "but I would faint catch a drum, for Spicer, one of our quaintest and most clever as well as successful sportsmen, with gun, line, or rod, tells me of a spot off Sewell's Point where they most do congregate."

I did not need a second invitation or suggestion, having never caught but one drum fish, and that one (I was a boy) in the unbroke method peculiar to Atlantic City, to wit—baiting with sand-flea and throwing the line out into the surf and hauling the red drum up with the tide.

There is no favor of salmon or trout catching in that; so I caught Baron Von Roden who drives Muncie's Arab team and hid myself, before dark, to Schillinger's landing, to see Miespah Smith, a veteran fisherman who knew heaps about "Sheepsheadin'," or about catching the bounding mackerel twenty miles at sea. "Really," said Miespah, "I don't take no risks, and fishing off'n that bar and the tide's a'in't in a'in't no fun. Mind ye, my friend, old M'eahp him takin' no risks."

But a sight of three dollars brightened up 'Miespah's' ideas somewhat, and he hid his spy-glass.

"Waal you and me old friends say away down to Atlantic City, when Bob Malack was the Big Gun of that ar' bar, and I reckon if in his drummin' you want and the wind ar' nor east, drummin' we'll go."

The Preacher I had hooked or booked for the trip, but I brought me of a certain gay and agreeable soldier named McGrath, who is fond of life in the Ocean Wave, and who edifies the Daily News. I found him in his sanctum, gazing delightedly at a case of old Virginia wine (or, Franklin or Johnson) sent him by the well-known Hinkle, of the celebrated Egg Harbor Viovarars.

When I said "Drum," the sad-eyed McGrath looked up and replied, "Drumming on the surf? Not if the court understands herself; I had four friends drowned that way once." So my well-beloved and spicy friend McGrath had to be courted out.

But by 8 A. M. "Cafay" (as the boys called him) had a dozen mullets, the best bait for drum, in a bucket, ready for action, and we were soon down to Sewell's Point, and thence bathing with the surf trying to get over the "Harbor-bar" that went moaning."

I have been in tight places in swamps and on e-con-logs, lost in Klukey w-o-l-s with only blueberries to cat for thirty hours, but I never felt my hair "rise" like it did when Miespah's little sick left daring skyward between the waves—along or over the crest of a breaker, the Preacher occasionally getting a mouth full of salt water, and an unusually bounding billow spayed us fair in the face.

Just outside of the bar, where the waves were only six feet high, we anchored.

Right ahead we saw a ridge of moss bunkers, and had reason to think there was fun ahead; for in September and October, whenever you find a school of moss bunkers, you may count on the red drum and the snapping mackerel not being far away.

"Cafay" got his lines out with some pride; but I (aid reeling, "Old man, there is but one line worth a darned stocking in his boat."

"Waal, now, said Cafay, "you yonkers think you know a heap. I've been a sheepsheadin' afore you were borned, and I rather guess I know a strong line when I see 'em."

I was snubbed a little, but only waited future events to vindicate superior sagacity over the lone fisherman's ipse dixit. Nor did I have to wait long.

The Preacher, whose recovery from "O the Mys" was rapid, after he had east up his breakfast, and "Cafay" had east down his anchor, began to feel as frisky as a Texas rabbit (the one with big ears). He tested a line like an amateur, and the one striking his fancy had a big horn spear (a mackerel line) at the end of it.

"That will do, he said," and over it went into the deep sea.

Cafay began to hum, when S—said, "H'st! What is that? I had an awful pull. Maybe it's a shark!" He slowly pulled up, to see if his animated mullet still lived and moved. Alas! horn spoon, hook, mullet and all had disappeared, and the line tore from the bait. The Preacher looked as sorrowful as a politician who had not been called on to speak at the last "grand rally."

"Waal now," said Cafay, "them's drum, sure, certain as death and taxis." He whipped on another hook and a second mullet.

Cercus' eyes began to glisten as soon as the quarter pound mullet reached bottom. At that moment the Preacher, elated the Preacher, as his line began to spin out at the rate of ten yards a second. Suddenly, the line caught around his ministerial legs, and things grew very slack; and the line felt and looked as limp as Bunthorpe's legs when "Patience" sings, "Willy, Waly—Waly, O."

"Gone again," he said, as the Preacher sally banled in the line, to find the hook snapped nearly off above the slank. By this time the Preacher's patience out, more especially as he had ascertained that there was but one drum line aboard, and was fishing with that. The Preacher doubled himself up and lay down to pleasant slumbers in the bottom of the boat.

When younger, there were just two things I thought I was no "dabster" at—making a stump speech, and catching fish!

So I persuaded "Cappy" to seek a sunny spot just outside the surf. I put the hook in the mullet's mouth tenderly, as though I loved him, and watching the moss bunners on our ce. I cast over my line. Quicker than I can think it, or write it, something unearthly had started off with our skiff and all, it seemed, before I could get my breath, and I just let the line spin. "Whizz!" she went over the sides of the skiff and across my bleeding fingers, while "Cappy" and the nepeew, Big Bill, (who up to this time had been moodily silent,) began to jump around, exclaiming, "Cappy, ashlik, by golly!"

I give my sea monster full play, for broken hooks and swallowed horn-spoons had taught me how to drum for drum. There was a lull! O! the wild joy I felt. No four-pound bass in the Delaware above Trenton; no five-pound Adirondack trout in Lake Saranac, no jumping twenty-pound salmon at Ha Ha Bay, above the Marquette, ever made my gizzard leap for joy as did the *salmo*, as I thought it was, tugging at my line out in the deep sea in front of Sewell's Point. Active warfare soon began again. I steadily hauled in until I could see something shiny in the water. But whatever it was, it was averse to the sight of man; for like gressed lightning, running down the Switchback R. R., the red drum made a hold rush for the bottom of the deep, wishing to cry, "Give me liberty or give me death." I thought; old fellow, if it is play you want, play you shall have; and as good Isaac Walton said, I toyed with him as if I loved the fish, feeling as good as if I had a grand old nose and an eye. "Ed, we'll haul this big thing in, or bust." "Go it," said the Preacher, and Big Bill leaped over our little shabby craft and with one wild dive, as he saw the red sides of the drum glowing and pouting, he grabbed a fifty pound fish, and with a skillful whirl, lifted him and laid him in the bottom of the boat.

The Preacher's eyes looked as big as a Monday morning's bill at a Cape May Hotel.

"Now, Bro. S," I said, "if you will pronounce a benediction, we will seek the shore;" for our patient spouses were waiting for us, and the crack soup was getting cold and the beefsteak, a la chateaubriand, had been long overdone. We sailed. "Cappy" took one long look at the big red drum half filling up the little boat and said: "Waal now, Bill, I don't like to run no risks, no way, but to catch that 'a' drum I would 'ent mind 'sketchin' through that surf three times a day, and no mistake."

When the big drum got safely laid out on the green grass of the parsonage, Elder Sitters came in with a big hoe and took off the scales, a sign that I had a lot of nonsense and a Dinah Morris, the cook, waited the head for soup, and the neighborhood fed on drum steaks for a week, for it is as tender as a young chicken. Kridler has now rigged me two lines, with luerick hooks, attached to copper wire a foot long. So, Spicer, look out! and if the drum value their peace of mind, they will absent themselves from Cape May next summer. J. M. S.

FISHING IN THE SUSQUEHANNA.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 9. COLONEL T— and your correspondent made a trip to the Susquehanna River, near the mouth of Deer Creek, to fish for bass about the middle of last month. We left Baltimore at 2 P. M., and went to Hyers de Grace on the P. W. & B. R. R. Here we hired a team and driver to take us to Rapidan, where we were to stay all night. After considerable manuvering to pack three carps, sundry valises, bad huckets, r ds, etc., etc., into a carriage meant to carry two, we started. The driver asked us which road we would take—the country road, or the tow-path—at same time expatiating so highly on the beautiful scenery of the latter that we concluded to go that way. We very soon repented that we took that path, and think that we are fortunate to have now to relate our adventures. The canal runs alongside of the river and the tow-path is about six feet wide, with the canal five feet deep on one side, and a rocky, steep bank ten to fifteen feet on the other. We found that the horse had a very disagreeable way of traveling on one side of the road, and we were in constant dread of being pitched either into the water or on the rocks. We had not gone very far before we met a young man carrying two large chormes. We could not see the subjects but our horse did, and evidently did not like them, for he commenced to back and rear. We were about to take the other side of the carriage in the canal. We calmly awaited the ducking we expected to get, as we could not move we were a closely wedged into the little carriage. Our good fortune saved us; the old horse stopped right there, and the driver getting out larraped the old fellow until he pulled us out on the tow path. Both the Colonel and myself vowed if we arrived at our destination alive, we would not try a tow-path again.

We soon arrived at Rapidan and put up at the tavern there. The accommodations were of the very plainest kind, but the men who keep the place did the best they knew how for our comfort. We had written up several days before for bait and boat, and started bright and early to walk up the river about a mile where we expected to find everything in readiness for us. But alas! we were doomed to disappointment. Nothing was ready; no bait and no man to go out in the boat with us, and the boat could not be leant unless the man was there to go in it. Spencer, the lock keeper, was recommended to us as a man to be relied on to have at any time all things ready if given a few days notice. We were thoroughly disgusted and saw no other left for us than to take the boat and try them with the fly. We went to the bank to see how the river looked for wading, when we saw a colored individual fishing from a boat. He had a maple sapling for a rod strong enough to lift a whale, and in a moment when he hooked a fish he threw the rod behind him and yanked the fish in with the line. We hailed him and he came to us and we soon concluded a bargain for him to take us for the day.

We had about fifty crabs, a fish, which we thought would last for a good day, and we soon had our lines baited and over-board. For about two hours we had splendid sport, taking sixteen bass, the largest weighing three and three-quarter pounds and the smallest one pound and one ounce. Our bait, then gave out and we sent Thomas Dulaney, the

afore-said colored individual, ashore for more bait. He was gone two hours and returned with nine crabs, and with these nine we caught six more bass, making twenty-two for our first day. We made arrangements with Dulaney for the next day to have one hundred crabs and one hundred minnows at one cent apiece. T. D. was on hand early and we started full of expectation for a splendid haul. We fished in the same places that we did the day before, and innumerable others, but when the day was done could only count five bass. We tried every fly we had in our books without success; they would not take them.

The Susquehanna at this point—mouth of Deer Creek—is very rocky, making navigation with a boat difficult. It would be impossible to wade for there are innumerable holes which are six or ten feet deep. In a year or two there will be very fine fishing at and around this point. Parties would do much better to go to Port Deposit than to Rapidan, which is just across the river. It is reached by P. W. & B. R. R. or Columbia and Port Deposit branch of P. R. R. The hotel accommodations are very much better than at Rapidan. The great difficulty is in getting bait. Boats are plenty, and if some enterprising fisherman would keep a supply of bait on hand he would do a good business. E. A. R.

NOTES FROM KENTUCKY.

OWENSBORO, Ky., Nov. 7, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: Sunday, according to the almanac, gets around to this section of Kentucky just about as often as any other portion of the State, still a stranger, judging from the continual crack of the sportsman's rifle, wouldn't hesitate to affirm that it had the appearance of being anything else than Sunday. The river and surrounding water courses abound with wild fowl and fish, and it is not an unusual sight to see two or three men at almost any hour on Sunday with an interlocking point in their eye and a gun or rod in their hand heading for the river.

For the especial information of those who do not know that there is such a place in existence as Owensboro (and, of course, don't care) we will briefly state that it is a thriving, bustling, rapidly growing little city of 10,000 inhabitants, situated on the south bank of the Ohio, in Daviess county, and has connection with the outside world by both river and rail. Her people are energetic and progressive.

Capt. Shinkle, of the elegant steamer Golden Crown, was the guest last week of the writer. During his stay and fishing-trip, which are now over, Green River enjoyed three weeks' hunt. The party who are now at the camp grounds on Green River are Geo. A. Williams, Roy Hathaway, Frank Conway, Sam Waldron, Alex. Thompson, John Marks, Joe Fugna, Lieut. Conway, Henry Thompson, Dick Taylor, Capt. John Woolfolk, Charles Watkins, Zack Taylor, Phil Watkins, Whit Clarke, Bernard Kelley and Judge Alsop. The party have a dressing tent, three good cooks, two sleeping tents and a stable tent. Up to Thursday they had killed one deer, six turkeys, one hundred and ninety-eight squirrels, eight ducks, one quosom, six quail and had, in the language of Capt. Shinkle, "caught more fish than would load a good-sized steamboat." At last accounts the boys were well and hearty. Roy Hathaway, Frank Conway, Jack and Dick Taylor are the musical men of the party, and nightly the silvery tinkle of the guitar and soft strains of the violin blend harmoniously with their merry voices, and sweep across the winding stream until they die away in faint echoes. Capt. S. has enjoyed a royal time with the club, and extended them an invitation to accompany him to his Arkansas nest spring on a grand hunting and fishing excursion.

Sid Barbour, Seth Palmer and "Sonny" Gumberts caught twenty-five large bass at the "Cut-off" last week. They report the fishing at the "Cut-off" to be A No. 1. Estie Smithers killed two wild geese at one shot Tuesday with a rifle at the distance of 153 yards.

Seth Palmer killed a wild turkey gobbler last week that weighed thirty-two pounds. TENNESSEE.

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.

IN conversation to-day with Mr. Frank Furman, that gentleman told me that on his last expedition to Caney Fork, in company with Charles B. Hill, that they had some success, though the elements were against them. Besides forty fine black bass they captured a twelve-pound jack. Mr. Furman is one of the most scientific among our anglers, and has the most complete tackle; to these two essentials, when in the field or on the bank of a stream, he is a hard worker, fighting every inch of the way, and as a consequence, he never fails to bring home game.

Capt. Wm. Stockell, Chief of the Nashville Fire Department, is another most distinguished angler, his duties keeping him closely confined to the city, but he has some recreation in the Cumberland River, from which he manages to catch black bass and jack when every one else fails.

The "bass" fisherman, however, is our indefatigable commissioner Col. Akers. It is a pleasure to watch him as he casts his fly or minnow into a rapid, or lands it artistically along side of a log, shelving rock, or in a deep pool; even though they be many yards away, follow the fancies of some three or four pound bass until he has enticed it to seize the bait, and then manuevre it to his feet, when either "Bill Tate" or "Babe" comes along with a net, and the fish is secured in all his expeditions, and it is dexterously with the hands did the Col. with his eight ounce rod and No. 1 Meek, overcome and capture it.

Mr. Driver, a member of our legislature and an ardent friend to fish protection, told me a day or two since that at the extra session of that body he intends to offer an amendment to our fish laws with a view of stopping fly-fishing at night. He says that at this season of the year an expert at this class of fishing can catch more in one night than a broom man could in half a day with light fly-fishing. These flies are made of two or three bright colors and ingeniously fastened to a hook, the flank of which has been passed through a cork to make it float upon the surface. At these the fish bite voraciously and are caught by the hundreds.

I do not see that there is any good ground for the gentleman's objection to this mode of angling, as fly-fishing is tolerated everywhere, and certainly it is more artistic and sportsmanlike than with the hideous gub, seine or trap. I fear that our protective laws are being respected as they should be, but as the commissioners have no fund from which to enforce it, not even to prosecute infringers, nothing can be done except through local organizations and individuals who have courage to bring charges before the proper authorities.

A few days ago I visited the carp pond of Capt. F. W.

Green, near this city. From ten pairs originally placed in it there have been reproduced thousands of them. Two-year olds would weigh from five to six pounds; the year olds about two pounds. Unfortunately for the successful propagation of the fish, the pond is very small, and they are already too much crowded. If, however, the suggestions of H. Hessel were carried out, both as to building and the number of ponds necessary, carp would be cultivated here to an indefinite extent.

The Cumberland Angling Club, have a stocked pond about four miles from town, which they have splended with bass and white perch; they have erected a Swiss Chalet on the bank of the pond for a club house. The members of the club are gentlemen of means, and they propose beautifying their grounds and increasing the dimensions of their pond later on. If these gentlemen would add a private bathery it would pay them, by keeping up their own supply of fish and selling to others desiring to stock ponds with game fish.

The F. A. C. Angling Club are at present enjoying their annual fall sport on the beautiful Buffalo River. They have a complete camp outfit, and always remain away two or three weeks at a time. Our market is less well supplied with fish and oysters than I remember to have known it for some years, owing to the continued warm weather. The usual shipments from Redfoot Lake will begin so soon as the cold spell comes. J. D. H.

Nashville, Nov. 3.

TROUT IN SIBERIA.

THE expedition now on its way to establish a meteorological station of the U. S. Signal Service at Point Barrow, Alaska, was detained for several days at Plover Bay, a deep harbor on the Siberian coast, near the entrance to Behring Straits. While there we were feasted to repletion with quantities of superb trout, which the Esquimaux brought off and sold us for a small price paid in tobacco, needles and such things. These fish were the *Salmo trutta* variety, the common red-spotted trout of the Pacific coast of North America, a fish closely resembling in appearance and habit the common brook trout of the East. They varied in weight from three-quarters of a pound to three or four pounds, and were remarkably fat and fine flavored. The natives caught them in nets, in a fresh water lake four or five miles long, separated from the sea only by a narrow sand beach, and distant from our anchorage about three miles. Bad weather and various duties prevented our visiting this lake, and we were unable to succeed in several similar small lakes and ponds near our anchorage. Trout have been netted in the e-ponds, but it is believed that these fish were washed in from the bay during unusually high tides, which sometimes flow into the ponds. The abundance of this fish in the lake where the natives caught them may be judged from the statement of one of the natives, who, on the suggestion that some of our party should try fishing in the lake, said: "I jun man, small net, plenty; American man, big net, plenty." Point Barrow, Alaska, Aug. 23, 1881. OSKREYER.

SPORT IN KENTUCKY.

ON the morning of October 10, 1881, you might have seen a party of sportsmen busily engaged in loading all the nerful fixtures for a camping trip in a wagon. When all was in, the good-by said, and the baby kissed, we started up the lovely valley of Tygart, a stream which rises in the mountains of Kentucky and flows north to the Ohio River. This stream is justly celebrated for its fine fishing all over southern Ohio and northern Kentucky, and its banks are annually adorned with the tents of visiting sportsmen. We were met at our camp by Mr. Pat J. Walker, and there camped on his farm and so on had some canoe—which we killed while coming along—cooking for our first supper in the woods, and then laid our plans for the morrow. We determined to catch what bait we needed first, and while waiting for bait some fine bass were taken and served for dinner. This day was taken up in getting ready for the next one, and before daylight we were on our way to the Falls of Tygart, one mile from camp. In ten minutes D. was engaged in a fierce struggle with an old pike and his fish was in a first pike you may imagine something of his condition. He was soon master of the situation, however, with the help of W., who got in the water and lifted the pike out on the bank. Its length was four feet one inch, and its estimated weight forty-two pounds.

W.'s luck somehow had deserted him, perhaps on account of the irregularities of Monday, and he had not a nibble yet. D. soon had another rise, this time from a black bass, which he landed without aid. Its length was twenty and one-half inches, and some powder and a paper estimate the weight of this fine fish. D. was five pounds. B. had taken his tackle and gone up stream, but soon the boom of his gun was heard to break the stillness, proclaiming death to the squirrels. At ten o'clock all were in camp. J.'s fish and D.'s squirrels made a full harvest; he had killed a dozen or so of fine ones. W.'s luck still remained the same, and this is about the way we pit in an entire week out in the wilds of Carter county. We did not take any men with us, and we did not eat a meal without game and plenty of it. We fed the birds inside of five miles from our camp there were 800 wild turkeys, but as we did not know the lay of the land well enough we did not bag any of them.

In conclusion, let me say that if any one wants a camping trip let him try Carter county. We were there from the 10th to the 17th, and had an abundance of game all the time. The people were kind, and all tried to make our visit enjoyable, especially Mr. Walker, who put us under many obligations for services rendered for which we would receive no remuneration. We killed about fifty squirrels, some grouse and caught about 40 lbs of dressed fish. There were only two dogs in the camp. Should any one wish to go there would send his address to FOREST AND STREAM he will receive all the information. Our expenses were only \$3.15 each. D.

GROWTH OF CARP IN NEW YORK.—Mr. J. Reynolds, of White Plains, Westchester county, N. Y., recently lost some carp from his pond which were two years old, last August. One of them weighed seven pounds.

GUT—ITS BRITTLINESS BY AGE.

Of all the miseries the angler has to contend with, there are few things more vexatious than one's tackle giving way when a good fish is hooked, or when the hook or hooks have got wedded to a tree or in out of the water. The whipping of the hook may have become slack, the barb may break off, the line may break, or the rod itself may give way, a knot in the cast may slip; but of all the breakages that I know of and that I dislike, it is a godly piece of stout salmon gut to part company, and leave one "alone lamenting."

I do not wish to have to lament on this count, and I desire to lay the interest of all anglers before brother Francis and all lovers of the art, and see if we cannot doctor our gut, so that there will be no more lamenting.

In the first place, as prevention is better than cure, I should like to know if there is any way of preventing the disorder? Is there anything in the preparing of silkworm gut which causes this tendency? It is a fact which I have observed that all gut has not the same amount of tendency to become brittle, if I may so speak. Have the diseases to which silkworms are subject anything to do with it? Or is it the substances used in the staining of it? I may be wrong, but I think I have observed the brittleness more frequently in the light iron-blue stained gut, and much less in unstained gut. So much for the cause and prevention. What of the cure? We are advised to steep it in cold water. This summer I steeped as fine a cast as any one could wish, for about fifteen minutes. I fixed one end on a round nail, and the other on a pin. I attached to it a spring balance. It gave way in the middle between two knots at three and a half pounds. This same cast, which has never been used, and which is a perfect model to look at, was bought in London in 1879 at a first-class house. When tried in a similar way then it withstood a pull of ten pounds, without breaking. I expect my salmon casts, single gut, to stand a dead strain of ten pounds, and my trout casts three pounds. If they do not stand this kind of cast, I do not trust them with a fish of any kind. The cast will hold together in a mass of pink salmon gut, bluish tinted; never break it it is assumed as good, and tapering from end to end. I have about a dozen of them now perfectly useless.

Can Mr. Francis or any one throw any light? Now is the time, when our casts are lying idle and with a strong tendency to become brittle and useless by age.

Had I not tried my cast in the way I always do, even with a fine trout line, I should most certainly have lost my first fish.

By way of cure I have thought of many things; and I am about to institute a number of experiments, in order to ascertain the best color and substance to use as a stain for fishing gut—one or more substances which will have no tendency to lead to this brittleness. As soon as my fishing tackle returns from the North, and which will be in about a week, as it is coming by sea, I shall pace one of my brittle salmon casts in strong vinegar for twelve or fourteen hours, and I shall report with what effect.

The reason why I shall use vinegar by way of a cure here is that I have already twice before this had discovered the worm and drawing it out to form gut, before the caterpillars in strong vinegar for twelve or fourteen hours. The vinegar, I understand, has the property of converting the secretion in the scieria, or silk-vessels, into gut instead of silk. Vinegar or acetic acid has a similar action upon glue and colloidal substances in general. Anyhow, as my cast can hardly be made worse, I shall try a few experiments with them for the benefit of the present and future race of anglers.—Correspondence of London Field.

GAME PROTECTION IN NEW YORK.—State Game Protector S. V. R. Brayton, of Albany, lately returned from making a successful raid upon evil wits in the Delaware, between Hancock and Milford counties. He has discovered the game laws of eight of these unlawful and destructive fish traps, some of them partly destroyed and others in full working order. He has requested District Attorney J. Curtis, Esq., of Callicon, to institute proceedings against Leander Conklin and Lewis Hill, of Damascus, Wayne county, Pa., two evil wretches, who come from the Pennsylvania border to catch New York State fish by wholesale. He has a memorandum in which are recorded the names of trespassers, and it is hoped that he will secure a list of all the game which has for many years persisted in openly violating the game laws of this vicinity. Mr. Brayton says, regarding the difficulties in detecting this class of criminals, that the effectual suppression of illegal fishing and shooting is greatly in the hands of the citizens where the outrages are perpetrated. It being impossible to provide a patrol of constables sufficient to thoroughly canvass the forests and streams, it is the duty of every right-minded and public spirited citizen to report to the game constable and sportsmen's clubs any violation of the game law which comes under his notice. A vigilance of this kind, were it general, would soon abolish the pothunter, and secure good fishing and shooting in the proper season throughout the State. During the past summer Mr. Brayton has been doing some sharp work about Onondaga Lake and other neighboring lakes of the chain in capturing nets and indicting their owners, some of whom are already under the lash of the law.

A TROUT HIDES IN THE MUD.—Putnam, Conn., Oct. 22.—Forty-five years ago trout were abundant in all the clear spring brooks in this county, Mass., and for such was found weigh one-half a pound and upward I usually got ten cents a pound, and often caught so large a string that I would prefer to return home for the wagon than to try to carry them. I recollect that at one time, on my return home with quite a nice string I thought it better to go to the lower mill on Trout Brook, as there were two or three pools below the mill where I usually secured a nice trout. The water was low and the mill had shut down. With carefulness I ascended a big fellow, but in trying to lift him over the line broke. I was determined to secure him, and waded in as the pool was a foot deep or so, and some twelve feet square. I carefully scouted every part of it, and could not see the trout. It could not get out any way, and I waded up and down, and just as I was about giving up I saw a piece of my line, and carefully secured the end and followed it up, and soon found the trout, which had hidden away in the only little spot of mud in the pool. I secured it, and if I recollect aright it was a trout of full two pounds.—Night.—G. P. F.

THE MAMMOTH COD.—A enormous codfish are occasionally taken is not a surprising fact. That one should be the occasion of poem may, however, seem a trifle strange. We have received such a poem, entitled "The Mammoth

Cod," from the pen of Mr. B. Hawes. The verses are faultless in metre and the style is lyrical, and, were they more directly in our line, we would gladly publish them. No doubt the "Fisherman's Memorial," about to be published at Gloucester, Mass., would gladly embalm them in its pages and the writer of "The Mammoth Cod" would go down to posterity alongside our most gifted poets.

THE "BELGIAN DEVIL."—The London *Fishing Gazette* has an illustrated article with this heading. "The devil" is a heavy implement the four or five lower joints being back to back. It is three feet high, and the inside part of the hooks are sharpened. It is claimed that the Belgian fishermen in the North Sea, engaged in trawling, carry such an implement hanging from the bow, which cuts through the English nets and lets the fish into the Belgian trawl. One was recently lost from an Ostend trawler and captured in an English fishing net. If this is practiced, braches of the peace between the fishermen of England and Belgium may be looked for.

HABITS OF TROUT.—We recently published a letter from Judge Caton on the habit of trout hiding in soft bottom, or burrowing. He cited Capt. A. F. Young, of Escocania, Mich., as having seen this strange habit. We now learn from Mr. W. H. Ballou, an observant naturalist of Illinois, who has charged the same thing in the State of New York. We imagine that some peculiar bottom is favorable for this habit, as it does not seem possible that trout would go in mud. The bottom described by Capt. Young seemed like a whitish loam. Who knows more about this?

THE MESADEX FISHERIES.—Surveyor King, of Greenport, L. I., reports the number of menhaden landed in the district during the past season as 80,000,000. This immense quantity of fish yielded 425,000 gallons of oil and 8,500 tons of fertilizer. Long Island fishermen returned from the Chesapeake report a good season. The Virginia season was a failure owing to the scarcity of fish.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

AS our readers are aware the State work of fishculture in North Carolina is a sub-department of the Department of Agriculture. A monthly bulletin is issued, called "The Monthly Bulletin North Carolina Department of Agriculture," published by L. S. Gating, State printer, Raleigh. Subscription price, one year 25 cents. We have just received No. 9, dated September, 1881, in which Mr. S. G. Worth, Superintendent of Fish and Fisheries, gives a summary of the operations of the Fish-Department of Fish and Fisheries for the years 1878 and 1879 inclusive.

The propagation of fish by artificial methods was undertaken only a few days after the creation of the Board of Agriculture by the Legislature of March 27, 1877. Mr. Frank N. Clark, an expert on the subject of the Fisheries, Fish Culture, was appointed by the Board, and operations of hatchery were immediately undertaken on the Neuse. High water, and other difficulties set at naught all efforts, and the result there and of fry obtained from the Government hatcheries in Massachusetts made a net plant of only 416,000. A number of floating boxes were then used for hatching, the eggs being moved in the process by the natural river current, the box boxes being wire. No hatchery existed in the State, and those boxes were in part a loan from the United States Commissioner. At that time no one in our State knew anything of the theory or practice of fish culture, and such practical knowledge which has spread rapidly in all directions is entirely due to the agency of the Board and a kindly disposed press.

The second step taken was the erection of a salmon hatchery in September following at Swannanoa Park, Duncassee county, making a plant of 234,000 full size fry.

A joint subscription of funds, and the United States and Maryland Commissioners sent their hatchery fleet (of boats) into the Albemarle Sound. They assumed the collecting and hatching, and when the fry were ready for shipment, they were allotted out to the different commissioners for their respective States. The means furnished me were used to best advantage in shipping the fish. The result was 2,243,000. In the season of 1879 we operated on the same plan, merely shipping as many fry as we could secure from the hatchery in charge.

In 1880 the appropriation for the United States Commission was so delayed that no operations were undertaken by them on the Albemarle. We assumed the undertaking of collecting, hatching and shipping, and in part the same plan was followed. We were referred to the Chesapeake Bay and we had no means to build to. Within forty-five days, however, an order was given and a hatchery near-by site was perfected. It contains a four and one-half horse boiler and engine, two powerful force pumps run by steam, and twenty-five hatching tanks, each of 500 gallons, and a capacity of four millions of eggs. The building is of rough plank, twenty-five by thirty feet, single story. All meals are served and eaten in this building, and the corps sleep in hammocks and on cots in simplest style, above the machinery. The hatchery is now ready for shipment, and the engine was steamed up on April 14, and the pumps worked twenty-seven days and nights without an hour's interruption. There was a working force of sixteen men. The hauls occurring every six hours at two fisheries, two miles distant, were attended, and the hatching cages were filled to the utmost capacity, and were empty only at the close. The point at which this work is done is Avoca, the home of Dr. W. R. Capehart. The waters of the Albemarle are here fresh and six miles wide. The scales used for fishing are one and one-quarter to one and one-half long, most of them are shot from two fifty-foot boats, manned by ten oarsmen to each. With long ropes they are then hauled ashore by horse-power and windlasses—some, however, are carried out by steamers and hauled in on drums by two other engines ashore. The annual fish yield of the hatchery is about 2,000,000.

In 1881 the new fish-hatching steamer, Fish Hawk, was sent down by the United States Commissioners to hatch at Avoca. From her cages 800,000 fry were released and the remaining eggs were sent over to us on the eve of her departure, May 15. We had made no preparation to do any hatching, the United States officials having assured me that they would do it all. But on her unexpected departure we began, and with no force except nine men to distribute fry with, and with every disadvantage, we achieved a fine success. With 2,000,000 fish released from the Fish Hawk the North Carolina planting foot up 5,545,000. The work is really twice as good as that of 1880, showing above all things that we are in a line of progression.

No State is more favored in stream-water onna. We are lacking in lake area, however, and need all running waters above the shed limit, there is a very great scarcity of fish. While these localities have engaged thoughtful attention, we have not been able to organize any large work by which we could fully restock them. We have not been able to overcome the scarcity of fish in the headwaters of such streams by the introduction of the Schoodic salmon of Maine and the California trout of the Western slope. Meanwhile I would earnestly recommend persons in the interior to cultivate the German carp in ponds. By far the larger portion of the State is now water, and if we succeed in establishing successful fishways on all the dams in the State, they will yet receive such in only comparative small numbers. The carp grows quickly and almost every farm affords suitable conditions for supplying one or more families with fish.

In 1880 I spawned a large rockfish of fifty-seven pounds and hatched 500,000 fry. I found mid for the impregnation of 700,000 eggs only, but the eggs remaining in the ovaries which were subsequently removed, were to those taken about four to one, making the yield about 3,000,000 in toto. Five spawning and several rods of like size were used in spawning, that spring within four miles of our station. Three of the same, I am informed, were taken last season at Wood's fishery opposite us. Their full period of spawning follows the close of shad-fishing, and we have been compelled from lack of means to close our work without making a special work of it. In 1875 Dr. Capehart made a haul on May 6 (after he had finished his shad-fishing) and took 840 fish; 350 averaged sixty-five pounds, and many weighed eighty to ninety pounds. The total weight of the haul was 35,000 pounds. Though an acute observer, he at first was not much interested in the species of fish taken. It is not known how many may have been ripe, but the spawn of one weighed twenty-eight pounds—over three and nearly four times as much as the spawn contained in the one handled by me in propagation in 1870

"The striped bass," of New York, *Roccus lineatus*.

BLACK BASS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.

MR. JAS. W. ORE, Fish Warden of Camden county, N. J., has just finished his report ending Oct. 1, 1879. His work has been forwarded to Fish Commissioner Howell, of Woodbury, Gloucester county, N. J. Mr. Ore states that during the past year there have been many black bass caught in many Camden county ponds, the result of stocking with fish of five years age. Some of the fish weighed four pounds. The following are the ponds which have been supplied with this game fish, two hundred and fifty being placed in each, measuring from four to six inches in length: C. S. Bidway's, at Brown's Mill; Albert Wood's, near Woodstock; Russell's, near Woodstock; and Wagoner's, near Swedesboro. The fish for the latter were carried down on the Woodbury and Swedesboro Railroad yesterday and liberated. The superintendent of stocking all the ponds south of M-reer county has been delegated to Fish Warden Ore. The ponds which were stocked with black bass three years ago, and this year some of them were caught measuring ten and twelve inches in length.

The large pond belonging to Mr. Black at Swedesboro is not mentioned as being stocked. We wonder at this, as the writer in his youthful days used to catch white perch in this pond weighing one and two pounds, the fish having originally been placed there from a tide water creek (Raccoon) running into the Delaware River, and had become land locked.

The writer was once out of four who subscribed to a fund for the purchase of bass for the Swedesboro pond, but the fish brought were nothing but fallsh, a chub—the person doing the buying, being ignorant as to the appearance of the black bass, took what he thought were the fish wanted, as he saw them swimming in the bottom of the pond.

The result of this experiment is the presence by thousands of the fallsh in Swedesboro pond, where they were never known before. Mr. Ore should not neglect this grand sheet of water. The white perch from tide water will live there and thrive. Why will not the bass?

GROWTH OF CARP IN VIRGINIA.

BALTIMORE, Md., Nov. 5.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: I clip the following item headed "Carp in North Carolina" from the *Baltimore Sun* of to-day: "The carp raisers in North Carolina are rejoicing over the success attending the introduction of the German carp into that State. On that State, one of the best fishermen dragged his pond a few days ago, and the result astonished him. The carp that he deposited in January—two months ago, of infinitesimal size and an ounce in weight—are now seventeen inches long and weigh four pounds apiece. The German carp are now a proof of rapid growth in still ponds favorable to their propagation, and it will give you an instance that will be additionally convincing. While on a recent visit to Winchester, Va., I was informed by Mr. Crump, the collector manager of the State, that he had secured a fine specimen of the carp, a small specimen (such as the U. S. Fish Commissioner distributes) on April 15, placing them in a small pond at the mill. July 15, exactly three months after putting them in, he had the water drawn off, and to his amazement found a remarkable length of ten and one-half inches. Any one acquainted with Mr. Crump will accept his statement without question. He is not a disciple of Isaac Walton. N. P."

FISHCULTURE IN TEXAS.

LAWS RELATING TO PROTECTION OF FISH.

Offenses Relating to the Protection of Fish, etc.—Article 423. If any person shall drag or haul any fish net, seine, or set, place or use any fish net, seine trap or other contrivance of any character whatsoever, for the purpose of catching fish (except the ordinary hook, line and pole), in any stream, lake or pool of water within this State after the tide-water, between the fourteenth day of February and the fourteenth day of June of each year, he shall be fined not exceeding fifty dollars.

Article 424. Each day that any net, seine, trap or other contrivance remains set or placed, shall constitute a separate offense under the preceding article.

Article 425. If any person shall catch or take, or attempt to catch or take, any fish in this State by the use of any poisonous substance put into the water, he shall be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars.—Penal Code, Title XIII, Chap. 1.

An Act for the Preservation of Fish and to Build Fish-Ways and Fish-Ladders.—Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That it shall be the duty of all persons, firms or corporations, who have created, or who may hereafter erect, any mill-dam, water-weirs, or other obstructions, on rivers or streams within the waters of this State, within six months after the passage of this act, to construct and keep in repair fish-ways or fish-ladders at such mill-dam, water-weirs, or obstructions, so that all seasons of their period of season they may be open and free for fish to deposit their spawn. Any person, firm, or corporation, owing such mill-dam or obstructions, who shall fail or refuse to construct or keep in repair such fish-ways or fish-ladders, after having been notified and required by the Fish Commissioner to do so, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars nor less than twenty-five for every such neglect or refusal. The Governor is hereby authorized to appoint a fish commissioner, who shall serve without compensation, whose duty it shall be to see that the provisions of this act are complied with.

Section 2. All prosecutions under this act shall be commenced within two months from the time when such offense was committed, and the same shall be upon complaint under oath before any justice of the peace, recorder or mayor of any city in the county where the offense was committed or where the defendant may reside or be found; and all fines imposed and collected under this act shall be paid one-half to the complainant.

Section 3. All laws and parts of laws which conflict with the provisions of this act be the same are hereby repealed.

Section 4. This act shall take effect and be in force on and after the first day of July.

Approved April 17, 1879.

By the Legislature amended the law of 1879 of the State in 1881. The Legislature amended the law of 1879 by fixing the pay of the Commissioner at \$1,500 per annum, and also making an appropriation of \$5,000 per annum for the protection and distribution of fish.

Mr. J. H. Dinkins is the only Fish Commissioner ever appointed for Texas and is now serving his second term.

RABIES.

On our issue of July 14 we published an account of the biting by a supposed rabid dog of Mr. Walter H. Beebe's setter bitch...

We are extremely loath to go upon record as dissenting from the opinion of an eminent authority as Dr. Porter is universally conceded to be, and it affords us no more satisfaction that we can...

While admitting that many of the symptoms in Mina's case are such as would be shown by a rabid animal, we fail to discover that they are essentially different from those of other diseases...

Regarding apoplexy, it is to be wondered at, that with a tight collar on her neck and an excited man by the other end of the examination table, she should have died. We know Mr. Beebe as a gentleman who has the appearance of being unexcitable and self-possessed under ordinary circumstances...

We have been called to see many cases where the symptoms were very similar to those of the case in question, where, with an exception, the animals were pronounced to be rabid by the owners and the examination by the veterinary assistants...

It is never yet seen a case of rabies; and so very rare is this dread disease that we never expect to witness its horrors. We have not heard of a case in this country since we have testified under oath that they knew absolutely nothing of this disease...

A CASE OF RABIES.

Reported by William Henry Porter, M. D., V. S.

A dog named Mina, and owned by Mr. Walter H. Beebe, of New York, was a valuable English setter, aged four years and three months...

July 5th Mr. B. saw both dogs, and found them in fine condition, the injuries giving no trouble, and his impression was that the wounds were quite healed, and they appeared to be feeling perfectly well...

Mr. B. talked of bringing the animal to the Columbia Veterinary College, but he was prevented from doing so by the necessity to secure from an early necropsy in a well-watched case.

On Saturday, July 23, the owner went to Morris Plains, with the above stated purpose in view, his keeper, Mr. Parrot, having thought the dog too excitable to handle alone. When Mr. B. arrived at the place he found the dog in a very excited state, and anything but mad, and jumped up to meet him as usual...

It might be well to mention in connection with the above history, that Mina was removed from her kennel among some other dogs, and placed in a pair of the large wire dog house as usual.

Unfortunately, was unable to make the necropsy until forty-eight hours after death. Immediately after the dog was killed, the surrounding area was disinfected with carbolic acid.

Unfortunally, was unable to make the necropsy until forty-eight hours after death. Immediately after the dog was killed, the surrounding area was disinfected with carbolic acid.

Adrenal Gland.—The portal vein, its branches, and their tributaries were displaced, and the gland was enlarged, and its surface was deeply congested, and microscopically the epithelium was very granular, but this may have been in part due to the time which had elapsed between the death and the necropsy.

carefully removed, but it was impossible to harden it sufficiently to make any satisfactory section therefrom.

The question as to the case being one of rabies is somewhat doubtful. But from the fact that the dog apparently died from apoplexy...

THE NATIONAL TRIALS.

Editor Forest and Stream: The meeting of Grand Junction promises to be the largest held by the N. A. K. C. There will be more starters in each event than any trials yet held by the association.

Mr. H. M. Short is in Memphis, on his way to L. Grange, Tenn., and expects to start eight dogs in the various events.

Mr. R. B. Morgan, of Canton, Ohio, is at Milan, Tenn., with a string of dogs.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn, of Michigan, is at Martin, Tenn., with Nellie, Nolla, Dashing Novice, Gladis and Gurdy, and may start East the 20th of November.

Mr. Wannamaker, with some of Mr Moore's kennel, will be at Middleton, Tenn., about the 20th.

Mr. H. Laine, of Boston, and some friends will shoot some in Tennessee before the trials.

Mr. W. Waters, of the St. Louis K. C., is in Aakanas, and comes through by land to Grand Junction.

Mr. Wallace has a string of eight belonging to Memphians that will run the Stake.

Mr. McIntosh, of Pittsburgh, will soon be in Tennessee doing some shooting.

Mr. J. H. Smith, of Stamford, Conn., will be on hand.

Mr. L. H. Smith, of Stratford, Canada, will be represented at the meeting.

Mr. Dew, our efficient secretary, will see that the Mont View kennel is well represented.

Quite a delegation will be on hand from the far South.

Pennsylvania will be well represented by many of her generous sportsmen and good array of fine dogs.

The grounds will be drawn next week and the trials carefully noted.

COMFORTABLE QUARTERS FOR SPORTING DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have frequently noticed that the owners of setters and pointers in our cities often do not keep them there, because they give as a reason that they can only exercise them a short time every day...

Now, judging from the way most men keep their dogs, I do not wonder that this is the general impression, because the poor animals are fastened by a short chain to a small kennel, giving them scarcely more than room enough to turn around in the open air.

I have tried for some time a plan of fastening setters that gives them plenty of ground to move about and yet keeps them from going out of certain bounds. In an ordinary back yard, twenty feet by twenty-five feet wide, put two staples in opposite fence posts two feet from the ground. Between these stretch, and tie tightly, an ordinary clothes-line, having first put over it a large ring with a chain attached.

The best bedding to keep off fleas is coarse red cedar sawdust, which must also be sprinkled plentifully around the outside of the kennel.

I think if this method of kennel arrangement and of fastening is used more, attention will be able to keep the setters and pointers in a city with very little trouble.

English, Irish and Gordon setters, pointers, large and small, both dogs and bitches, \$25 to \$50, second, both dog and bitch puppies, \$10 to \$15. Cocker, Field and Water spaniels—\$10 to \$15, first, \$15 to \$20. Foxhounds, \$20 and \$10, hedges \$15 and \$5.

DOG STOLEN.—Boston, Nov. 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having several times seen in your paper that you express your willingness to assist in finding lost dogs I would report one just now.

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EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.—The Secretary of the club, Mr. Jacob Pentz, will be the officer of the Dittmar Powder Co. on Tuesday and Wednesday next, to receive the balance of forfeit money for entries from those who desire to pay it before going to Robin's Island.

ANTIDOTE FOR STRYCHNINE POISONING.—Brooklyn, N. Y.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have had a number of valuable setters and greyhounds poisoned evidently with strychnine.

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PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIAL JUDGES.—Pittsburgh, Nov. 8.—Editor Forest and Stream: The following named gentlemen, Joseph H. Dew, of Columbus, Tenn.; J. J. Sullenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., and W. S. Bell, of Mansfield, Pa., have been selected to serve as judges at the Pennsylvania State Field Trials...

TRAINING FOR THE NATIONAL.—Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 12, 1881.—Have just come in from the vicinity of Milan. Birds are plentiful, but shall have to have some frost before dogs can be worked to advantage.

AN AMERICAN STUDY DOG FOR ENGLAND.—At the request of several prominent English breeders, among them some of the most influential members of the London Kennel Club, Mr. James H. Goss, of this city, was sent to England for a stud dog in the stud his well-known Duke of Beaufort, who will be limited to ten approved bitches.

DEATH OF PONTIAC.—Mr. J. H. Gondall has met with a sad misfortune in the death of the Laverack setter Pontiac, who was choked with a piece of meat October 21, just one day after he came into his possession.

DOG STOLEN.—We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Bryer, regarding his Gordon setter dog that was stolen about November 1. Should any one know the whereabouts of the dog, please call on Mr. Bryer at his residence, 117 West 12th street, New York, and receive a suitable reward, by communicating with his owner.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—At the request of many sportsmen we give directions for reaching the grounds where the trials are to be held on. Take the train at Hunter's Point at 8:35 A. M., or 3:35 P. M., for Centonage from there a stage meets every train, which will take you to McKim's Hotel, which is near the grounds.

OFF FOR THE FIELD TRIALS.—Mr. J. J. Sullenburg, of New Brighton, Pa., left yesterday for Tennessee with his May and Prince Laverack to give them a little preparatory work before the trials at Grand Junction.

KENNEL NOTES.

* Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names claimed, bred, whelped, sales, etc., in this column. We make charge for the publication of such notices, but request in each case that the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Black Baron, Sir Walter and Frederick Dine.—Claimed by Mr. J. P. Kirk, Toronto, Canada, for black spaniel dogs whelped Oct. 13, 1881, by imported Toronto Bred (Kain's-squaw) out of imported Toronto Jet (Nigger-Bitch).

White Prince and Bramble.—Claimed by Mr. J. P. Kirk, Toronto, Canada, for white and black spaniel dogs whelped Oct. 13, 1881, by imported Toronto Bred (Kain's-squaw) out of imported Toronto Jet (Nigger-Bitch).

White Prince and Bramble.—Claimed by Mr. J. P. Kirk, Toronto, Canada, for white and black spaniel dogs whelped Oct. 13, 1881, by imported Toronto Bred (Kain's-squaw) out of imported Toronto Jet (Nigger-Bitch).

Melawak Club.—Claimed by the Melawak Kennels, Clutham, Ont., for lemon and white setter dog whelped July 10, 1881, by Santora's Count Noble out of Princess Belle (Pilkington's Hulus-Dogge's Bitch).

White Prince and Bramble.—Claimed by Mr. J. P. Kirk, Toronto, Canada, for white and black spaniel dogs whelped Oct. 13, 1881, by imported Toronto Bred (Kain's-squaw) out of imported Toronto Jet (Nigger-Bitch).

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WHAT RICE LAKE CANOES MIGHT BE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 31st, "Red Laker" laments the "Commodore and the Cook" to express themselves regarding Rice Lake canoes... I regret to say that neither the "Cherub" nor the "Becky Sharp" survives to vindicate their individual characters.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to the query of Orange Tracer, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 8, I say that at the last annual meeting of the A. C. A., I took no part in voting on the proposed constitution, and at the same time of the appointment of a regatta committee, playfully announced that there should be no more committees, as he was Commodore and the "Commodore" was boss.

The Executive Committee have been delayed, by illness of one of its members, in the work assigned them, but I am informed that they now have their work about ready for printing, so that we may reasonably expect to hear from them in a short time.

MAINSAILS LOOSE ON THE FOOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From the slight notice you make of loose-footed mainsails we infer that they are uncommon in your waters, and for the benefit of any who may afterwards use them I will state a few of their advantages and disadvantages.

the out-haul and set it up taut. Next the halliards were set up till the after leech was snug, then the mizzen halyard was hooked on and set up snug. Result, as "Nat" a mainsail as ever hung over any yacht. When you want to tie down a reef to the out-haul and in-haul...

Michigan, Mich.

QUESTION OF TYPE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am greatly interested in your articles on yachts and yachting, especially in the fight you are making for deep boats of moderate beam and double head rig. None others are fit to cruise, in my opinion.

IT is a common remark: "Measure length and then beam and depth regulate themselves." They will not. Beam will regulate depth, and vice versa, depth will regulate beam, but neither will regulate itself in any precise way to length, except that under the ordinary rule of length measurement the maximum of both will be chosen compatible with winning races under that rule.

As a practical illustration of the first charge, we offer the almost total extension from our waters to boat of moderate form, the NASSAU BOAT CLUB, of this city, was held at the St. Cloud Hotel, on Monday evening, 14th inst.

was successful. The officers for year ending November, 1890, are: President, William Brookfield, Vice President, Walter S. Ward, Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Giffin, Jr., Captain, Wm. A. Leffingwell, Coxswain, Chas. E. Goodhue.

MAP OF LAKE GEORGE.—Canoeists will be glad to learn that a very fine and useful map has been published by S. R. Stoddard, of Glen Falls, N. Y. It is on a large scale, from original surveys and published upon strong lining, very suitable for use in camp and canoe.

CUTTIES.—We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. G. L. Watson in another column. The success of Mr. Watson as a naval architect and yacht designer is known all the world over.

A. C. A.—Commodore Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, writes his seat on the bench as Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, on Wednesday, Nov. 9, to serve under appointment of Governor Foster until February 9 next, when his elective term of five years commences.

SMALL YACHT.—A gentleman on Lake George has a small combination sail and rowing boat, only 15 ft. long, weighing 176 lbs. including the centreboard and rudder of 6 lbs.

NEW RIG.—We learn that Oriva, 30 tons, is to be supplied with Laphorn sails for next season.

Answers to Correspondents.

BEING NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

E. A. C., Rodman, N. Y.—See answer to A. H. S.

C. B., Pittsburg, Pa.—See answer to A. H. S. last week.

J. M., Baltimore.—Has the "American Kennel Club Stud Book '90" been issued? What is the price and where can I get it?

W. H., Ithaca, N. Y.—Will you be kind enough to publish a receipt for a dog's name on my registry about two years since, but have heard nothing further of the book.

H. J. S., Oceanonoke, Wis.—A friend has a water-spannet that is as dead as a stone wall. He is not using it as he usually is ever. His ears are constantly running and emit an offensive odor.

A. H. S., Ayer Junction, Mass.—A setter dog, about 15 months old, seems apparently in good condition, but after he has run a couple of hours he will suddenly come into heat and utter sharp barks.

E. A. M., Toledo, O.—I my pointer dog, 4 months old, has scabby sores on his breast and forelegs. What shall I do for him?

NOTICE!

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue.

Rates promptly furnished on application.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

Always the Best. Keep's Patent Fully-Made Shirts, 6 for \$5; easily finished. Keep's Perfect Fitting Custom Shirts, 6 for \$9, to measure.

FALL UNDERWEAR. White and Scarlet Kent All Wool and Flannel, at lowest cash prices, viz: 55c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and upwards.

SCARFS AND NECKWEAR. In all the Latest Novelties and Latest Styles.

COLLARS, CUFFS, JEWELRY, HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS.

KEEP MANUFACTURING CO. 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

ORDERS NOW PROMPTLY FILLED. CAPACITY OF FACTORY GREATLY ENLARGED.

CLUBS DESIRING EXHIBITION OF SAME PLEASE NOTIFY COMPANY.

FLIRLTATION CAMP; OR Rifle, Rod and Gun in California. BY THEODORE S. VAN DYKE. For sale at this office Price \$1.50.

FLY BOOK

Table with columns for REGULAR, SUPERIOR, PATENT, and RUSSIA, listing prices for various fly patterns.

TACKLE BOOKS.—Regular Styles, \$1.25. Morocco, canvas lined, 6 inches long, \$1.50. Morocco, canvas lined, 7 inches long, \$2. Solid cut, leather lined, 7 inches long, \$3.00.

Table with columns for BRASS, WOOD, STEEL, WHALEBONE, and COLLAPSING, listing prices for various fishing tackle items.

Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

ABBEY & IMBRIE, 48 Maiden Lane, New York.

Water! Water! Water!

Dwellings, Factories or Towns supplied with Pure Wells or Deep Rock Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry made to produce.

Manhattan Artesian Well Co., 240 Broadway.

GREATLY IMPROVED. NOT OVER 1 PER CENT. OF BREAKAGE AT THE TRAP GUARANTEED.

THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, \$10. One-sided operation of the trap, particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR. THREE KINGS. NEW VANITY FAIR. Each having Distinguishing Merits. HARMLESS, REFRESHING AND CAPTIVATING. 8 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD. VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both what has been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excesses or nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory.

Miscellaneous

Iroquois--Foxhall.

We offer a line of Leather Goods made in Vienna...

AN UNIQUE HOLIDAY GIFT.

Van Kleeck, Clark & Co., Nos. 834 and 1 282 Broadway, opposite Post Office

DEMUTH BROS., Manufacturers of



Artificial Eyes for Taxidermists and Manufacturers...

HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

Write for circular to UPTHEGROVE & MOLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND.

FRANK BLYDENBURCH, STOCKS, BONDS AND SECURITIES, MINING STOCKS.

STAINCH steam yacht with crew, to charter to a party wishing to go South.

Wanted.

WANTED--Fifteen dozen live quail delivered at Boston.

\$150.--Wanted centred cabinet stool yachting or skip-jack, or neat smacker.

WANTED an 8-gauge hammerless gun; weight not less than 12 lbs.; 34 in. barrels preferred.

WANTED A few hundred live quail. Apply to FRANK BEVAN, Manager of Connecticut Kennel, Lancaster, Pa.

For Sale Currituck Shooting.

FOR SALE, an undivided half-interest in about 500 acres, more or less (the one-half owned by a son); price \$500.

FOR SALE.--Five three barrel Baker gun, 12, 28, 36, 44, 52, lbs., cost \$125, good as new.

FOR SALE, a 12-gauge Express rifle, made by J. Lang & Sons, London, England; perfectly new and first class in every respect.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN--One Sharps long-range rifle, one Sharps mid-range, one Remington long-range, one Ballard, 35-100 off-hand; one Ballard, 22-100; all the latest models and complete.

FOR SALE, 800,000 brook trout eggs. Apply to F. W. EDDY, Randolph, N. Y.

The Kennel.

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 6 or 7 months old, having one cross of Kitcho and two of Punket.

STONEHENGE ON THE DOG.

TO EXCHANGE, a first-class red Irish setter dog, under one year old, and a cross of Kitcho, 12 lbs. or more, by the name of Stonehenge.

FOR SALE, red Irish setter Don II.; young, well bred, and a good dog in the field.

THE COLT CLUB GUN.



It should be remembered that while we are the chief distributors of the regular Colt Guns, we are sole agents in New York for the Colt Club Guns.

Every genuine Colt Club Gun has the rubber heel plate, with the words, 'THE CLUB GUN' around a circle, within which appears the rampant Colt beautifully embossed.

Address H. & D. FOLSOM, 30 Warren Street, New York. P. O. BOX 4,309.

The Kennel.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Stedman's Flea Powder for Dogs A BANE TO FLEAS--A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned.

Arcaea Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use.

Conroy & Bissett, HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y.

WRIGHT & DITSON, 650 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Lowell, Mass., Bench Show.

THE FIRST BENCH SHOW FOR DOGS WILL BE HELD IN JACKSON HALL, Dec. 14, 15 and 16.

Entries close Dec. 6. Apply to CHARLES A. ANDREWS, West Buxford, Mass., for catalogue, and entry blank.

FOR SALE, a very handsome dark red Irish setter dog, 14 mos. old, by Henry O'More, ex Mr. W. H. Pierce's Gussie, winner of first prize at Pittsburg, Jan. 1881.

FOR SALE, well-broken setters, lemon and white in color; retrieve from land and water. Also 10 class bitches, 1 I have always given my customers good satisfaction.

PRIZE BRED SCOTCH COLLIE PUPS, by champion Marcus (C. S. B. 7539) and Nelson (a winner at shows in England, Ireland, Germany and New York).

BLACK FIELD SPANIEL BITCH RHEA II, and five fine puppies, by imported Bencid, whelped Oct. 19, 1881; healthy and strong.

FOR SALE, dog and bitch Gordon setter puppies, twelve weeks old, bred by Bailey's Tom, formerly Doerens's, dam by Marbles' Grouse, ex Gay's Binky, for sale and pedigree address: H. H. SEE, Barrington Centre, N. I.

FOR SALE--Three pointer dog pups, three months old, out of owner's Fly shot; she by Snap Shot and Fanny II, sired by imported Boog by Mason's Champion Dog, C. S. B. No. 4,201, and New York's best also imported.

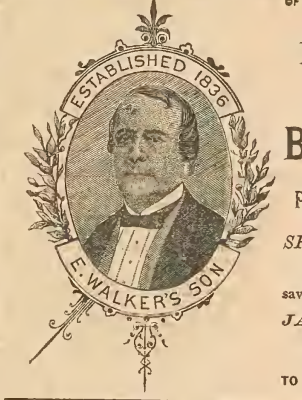
FOR SALE CHIRAP--Fine pair of young setter dogs, and 15 months old. Also bitch puppy 4 months old, by champion Paris. These puppies are first-class stock and will be sold very low if disposed of soon.

SPORTSMEN in want of good, reliable business, field dogs, taken on all game, retrieve from land or water (pointers, red Irish or English setter or dog or bitch), address CHAS F. KENT, Monticello, N. Y. Come and see these dogs at work on game.

FOR SALE, a very fine setter bitch, eighteen months old; broken to flush at command; very staunch in field; will retrieve from water or land. Price \$25. Address W. J. MORTON, Washington, Va.

TO EXCHANGE, a first-class red Irish setter dog, under one year old, and a cross of Kitcho, 12 lbs. or more, by the name of Stonehenge.

FOR SALE, red Irish setter Don II.; young, well bred, and a good dog in the field.



OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END. Est. 1814.

ESTABLISHED 1836. NEAT AND ELEGANT

BOOK BINDING

Plainest to the Most Elaborate Styles. SPECIMENS ON EXHIBITION.

If you want good work, at low figures, and save Agent's Commission come direct to JAMES E. WALKER, 14 Dey St.

A FILE OF N. Y. HERALD, 1847, AND TIMES, TO DATE, AND ODD NUMBERS, FOR SALE.

THE NEW EUTEBROOK HAMMER GUN.



I have recently invented a new hammer gun, both in single and double, which is acknowledged to be the best article in the market.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. C. H. EUTEBROOK, 27 Dock Square, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.

1. Count Fred (Imported), whelped July, 1878. Thoroughbred winner first at Patoka, Ill. Puppy stakes, and second to braces with Lincoln in 1879.

THE CONESTOGA KENNEL offer for sale the following highly bred setters: Cash, a fine up-standing, white and black ticked dog, 2 years and six months old (Leicester ex Nellie); is a grand goer, and had shot over up to date; was very highly recommended at the 3rd Arbor show, 1881; trial allowed; price \$25.

IMPORTED FOX TERRIER FOR SALE--Crib, white and black and tan, 2 years old, about 15 lbs.; very game; will tackle anything; good house dog and companion; will sit cold to make room for pups to come on. Collie puppies, black and tan, bred from imported dogs; very handsome. Spaniel puppies, liver and white, beautifully marked. The best dogs for general shooting; bred from imported dogs. For prices, pedigrees, etc., address A. LEATH, Orange Court House, Virginia.

IN SPUD--Imported Newfoundland dogs, Prince and Bern, 11 months old, 4 and 4 1/2 lbs. Price \$25 in full. For particulars address BIRD-GOOD BROS., 319 North 4th Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

RICHARDSON AND HANLEY LAKES ISLAND RATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Langley Lake Region, Kennebec River, 140 pp. 12. Includes a map of the lakes and the best waters of the country, with suggestions, anecdotes and deer stories; human and animal life, 25 pages; 25 pages on the water and a large map, made directly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid by mail or express, CHARLES S. J. PARKER, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Kennel.

\$50 REWARD--Lost or stolen from New York 20 1/2 Gun Club Kennels, Bergen Point, about Nov. 1, black and tan setter dog Fred; medium size; one hind leg a trifle short from knocked down hip; only perceptible when tired or standing still. The above reward paid for his return or for any information by which his recovery is effected. Address BRYAR, 63 William Street, N. Y.

FOR SALE, setter pups out of Belle of Nashville (property of J. Louis Valentine, Esq.), by that now famous king of the field, Champion Joe, Jr. A rare chance, only a few choice ones to offer, and sold under guarantee. Just right now for fall shooting. Pointers and setters for sale. Address NASHVILLE KENNEL CLUB, Nashville, Tenn.

DORRY O'MORE KENNEL--Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Henry O'More out of Sarah O'More, Maggie and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y.

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, by Champion Sensation out of Livingston's Rose (2d New York, 18-80, and dam of Haronet), or for seed services of Haronet, address with stamps HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 188 W. 4th St., N. Y. City.

OLDBOOT COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL--For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, hitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y.

NEMASKETT KENNEL N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Alder, Mass. Fine dogs for sale and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies sold on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 63.

ENGLISH SETTERS--Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find the article by addressing I. W. Box 24, New York City. There are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and a fair price is therefore asked.

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct.

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs bonded and broken, salt-tongue guaranteed. Address H. R. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Me.

FRANK'S POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable companion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman. Lately corrected and revised, and now acknowledged to be the only correct map of this vast region. Newly bound in cloth covers. Price, post-paid, by mail, 50 cents. CHARLES S. J. PARKER, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

--See Kennel Advertisements next page.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES.



"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 30 Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals; receiving the highest award for Dog Biscuits at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Hannover Dog Show, 1879; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.



Beware of WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X"

Packed in Cases of 112 pounds each.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS,
FRANCIS O. de LUZE & CO.,
18 South William Street, - - - NEW YORK.

To be had in smaller quantities of Grocers and the Sporting Goods Trade Generally.

Miscellaneous

SPORTSMEN'S DEPOT.

(Established 1856).

Premium at World's Fair at New York, and Centennial Exhibition.



JOHN KRIDER,

2 E. Cor Second and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Fishing Tackle, Rods, Reels, Lines, Hooks, Flies, Leaders, Snoods, Artificial Bait, Fly Hooks, Etc., Etc.

Salmon, Bass and Trout Flies, Made to Order. Also "Kriders" Celebrated Center Enamel Split and Glued Bamboo Rods.

Birds' Eggs and Bird's Skins in Great Varieties. Taxidermy in all its branches. Spratt's Patent Dog Biscuit.

Repairing of all kinds.

TO ANGLERS:

JOHN ENRIGHT & SONS,
Fishing Rod & Tackle Makers

Castle Connell, near Limerick, Ireland.

Rods and Lines to match balance of rods. No agents. All information respecting fisheries on the Shannon in this locality, as also catalogues of our greenback rods and general assortment of tackle, to be had on application.

MOLLER'S NOR-WEGIAN GOD-LIVER OIL

FOR General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism or Consumption, is superior to any in delicacy of taste and smell, medicinal virtues and purity.

PUREST OF THE BEST.

London, European and New York physicians pronounce it the purest and best. Sold by Druggists.

W. H. Schiefelin & Co., Wholesale Agents, New York.

BROWN'S PATENT GUN CLEANER.

The Best Cleanser and Oiler For Revolving-loading Arms in Market.

For One Dollar, one Cleaner, Patches, Brush and full directions sent free of postage.

In ordering, give name of gun, and send for circular.

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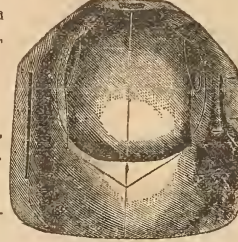
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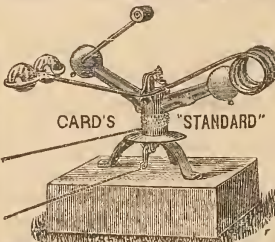
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 17.
{Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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GAME FISHES.

READERS OF FOREST AND STREAM may have seen during the past two years references to a publication by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, of a work called "Game Fishes of the United States," by S. A. Kilbourne and G. Brown Goode, but no extended notice has been made of it. The work was conceived on a grand scale, and has been faithfully carried out, until it can truly be said that it is the most sumptuous work ever offered to the lovers of angling, and one which will take rank with Audubon's "Birds of North America," Wolf's "Wild Animals," and Gould's "Humming Birds," if it does not exceed them in many respects. The book has never been advertised, but was sold by subscription, and only one thousand copies were printed. The stones have been destroyed and the entire edition sold with the exception of about ten copies. Under these circumstances we feel it to be a duty to our readers in distant parts, who cannot have been reached by the canvassing agents, to give some description of this great work in order that they may avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a copy before the edition is exhausted. As we have said; the work has not been advertised, nor has any newspaper received a copy to review, but the sales have been quietly made by exhibiting the work to those likely to be interested, and have sold readily.

It was published in ten parts, at five dollars each. The plates are twenty in number, and are 22x28 inches, being exact reproductions by lithograph, in water-colors, of the late S. A. Kilbourne, who was acknowledged to be the best delineator of fishes in this, or any other, country. Mr. Kilbourne's drawings were criticised by ichthyologists of the Smithsonian Institution before being finished, and therefore the plates have ichthyological, as well as artistic value; and the form is perfect to the detail of every fin-ray, as truly as the fish is represented in color.

The text which accompanies the plates was prepared by Professor G. Brown Goode, well known to our readers as one of our first ichthyologists, and is original throughout and so far superior to anything which has ever appeared in ordinary angling books that no comparison can be made. It includes biographies of nearly all the important fishes of North America, comprising species not illustrated, and, where a fish is not illustrated by a large plate and has a near relative which resembles it, Prof. Goode gives an engraving of it. Thus, while Kilbourne gives a picture of one of the black basses Prof. Goode supplies engravings, eight inches long, of each species, side by side. The same is true of the pompano, and also the striped bass and its cousin, the white bass, from the Lakes. The text is in large type, on rich-toned, calendered paper, the size of the plates. There is also a map of North America, colored after an original plan, showing the geographical distribution of each species, and a complete list of the game fishes of the continent, nearly one hundred in number, with a synonymy of common names and definitions of their geographical distribution, which greatly add to the value of the work, and will be found of great use for reference.

The large colored plates are: The Atlantic salmon; the Eastern red-speckled trout; the large-mouth black bass; the Spanish mackerel; the striped bass, or rockfish; the red snapper; the bluefish; the yellow perch; the mackerel; the squeteague, or weakfish (Southern sea trout); the seabass, or Southern blackfish; the pompano; the sheepshead; the kingfish; the lake, or salmon trout; the bonito; the grayling; the red drum, or channel bass; the quinnat, or California salmon, and the musquallong.

Mr. Kilbourne's work was only beginning to be recognized as that of a truthful painter of fishes, and he had been asked to accept a position in the Smithsonian Institution, when his last sickness overcame him. He did not survive to see all of his work for Scribner's reproduced. He left a few other paintings of fish, a list of which we gave a short time ago. We feel confident that many of our readers will be glad to know the character of "The Game Fishes of the United States," and also to be reminded that the edition is about exhausted, and the plates are destroyed. We write this purely in their interest, for the work has not been advertised nor has any attempt been made by the publishers to attract attention through the press, and we have had many inquiries concerning it. We unhesitatingly pronounce it the finest work ever presented to the angling world, in any land.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

THE third annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club began on Robbins' Island, this Thursday, Thanksgiving Day. The Island has been greatly improved since last year, large portions of the terrible briar thickets have been cut down, and patches of grain sown in many places, which will more uniformly distribute the birds over the Island. Other great improvements have been made, which we shall notice more fully next week. There is a large number of well grown birds on the grounds that were bred there, besides those that the association have purchased and turned down. One hundred of these will be kept in coop, to be let loose should there be any scarcity toward the close of the meeting.

The club have made arrangements with Capt. Smith, of Springfield, Mass., to be at the meeting with the steam pleasure tug *Calla*, to transport the participants to and from the Island.

The hospitable inhabitants of New Suffolk have generously thrown open their houses, and there need be no fears that all cannot be accommodated. McNish's hotel will be headquarters, and can accommodate a large number. Mr. McNish has lately taken a partner, and will devote all of his time to the care of his guests.

That this meeting will be a memorable one, we have every reason to believe. We have received very many letters from all parts of the country from sportsmen, who will be present; and we can safely say that the attendance will far exceed that of any previous event of the kind that has taken place in this country.

The judges are all well-known as gentlemen of integrity and probity, and, what is of far greater importance, they are without exception sportsmen, whose experience in the field particularly fits them for their responsible positions. Hon. E. H. Lathrop, of Springfield, Mass., is as well and favorably known throughout the country as any sportsman of New England. He has had a large and varied experience in the field in all sections of the Eastern States, as well as in many portions of the West; and both by nature and acquirements is thoroughly competent to intelligently discharge the duties of the position. Mr. Justus Von Lengerke, of New York, who so acceptably performed his duties as judge at the meeting last year, needs no introduction to our readers as his indefatigable labors and display of "hunting sense" was chronicled at the time. Mr. T. F. Taylor, of Richmond, Va., is well-known as a thorough sportsman, and is well qualified for the position. Mr. J. M. Kinney, of Staunton, Va., we have known for years. He has long been a valued contributor to the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM; and some of the best articles upon field sports that we have ever published came from his pen. His long experience affords abundantly qualifies him to acceptably perform his duties.

It is no more than we can expect that the disappointed contestants should feel chagrined at their defeat, but if they will only put themselves in the other fellow's place, or ever view the performances as disinterested spectators, we avo no fears that any serious "kicking" against the decisions the judges will mar the harmony of the meeting; and defeated participants will carefully study the causes that to defeat, and profit by the lesson learned, the great object of field trials will be accomplished.

THE ATLANTA TOURNAMENT.—The managers of the Atlant Cotton Exposition have resolved to put the conduct of the rifle tournament, to be held in connection with the Exposition in the hands of the officers of the Gate City Guard, a battalion of volunteers in the city of Atlanta. This takes the matter out of the hands of the National Rifle Association. This may prove to be a politic move, for the Gate City Guards men have shown energy and will in other directions. They ought to be able to secure the attendance of a team of New York City Guardsmen, if for nothing more than to renew the friendly recollections of the Gate City Guard's visit to this city some months since.

EARLY RISING.—The early bird catches the worm. There are other inducements to early rising in New York city. Some of the tenement houses are so rotten that they fall down early in the morning. It pays a man to get up and out

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, November 24.

DO NOT FORGET

That a year's subscription to the FOREST AND STREAM is a most appropriate holiday gift for a gentleman.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?—In the season, which means from the end of November to the first of February, every steamer to Europe takes out from one hundred to five hundred barrels of game—quail, grouse and partridges—each barrel containing about 250 pounds of game, and stated to be of an average value of \$70. If any one wants to know what is becoming of the game, the answer is here. We are feeding Europe with American game birds. It is a big contract. The supply of birds on this side of the water can hardly be expected to equal the annually growing market for it abroad. Another question of moment is, what measures, if any, can be taken to stop this wholesale exportation of game? Is there any practical movement to abate the destruction of American game? Or, must American sportsmen see the annihilation of quail, grouse and partridge? What can be done about it?

OFF FOR NORTH CAROLINA.—"Jacobstaff," with Capt. R. C. Johnson and Dr. J. B. Burdett, started last Saturday for Currituck, via the Old Dominion line of steamers.

"A DOG IS PERSONAL PROPERTY.—A judgment has been recently rendered in the New York Court of Appeals, which is of interest to owners of valuable dogs in this State, since it establishes the principle that a dog comes within the definition of "personal property," in the Revised Statutes, and may be made subject of larceny. The case, as we find it briefly reported in the "New York Weekly Digest," of Nov. 11, was that of *Mullaly, plaintiff in error, vs. The People, defendants in error*; decided Oct. 11, 1881. The plaintiff in error was indicted for grand larceny for stealing a dog of the value of \$90, and was convicted of petit larceny, the value of the dog being admitted to be only \$25. His counsel claimed that stealing a dog is not larceny. Wm. F. Kintzing, for plaintiff in error. Daniel G. Rollins, District Attorney, for defendants in error. "Held, That while at common law the crime of larceny could not be committed by feloniously taking and carrying away a dog, this rule has been changed by the Revised Statutes. 2 R. S., 690, § 1; id., 703, § 33; 1 Park. C. R., 593; 4 id., 386; 10 Abh. N. S., 182. The definition of 'personal property' in section 33 of 2 Revised Statutes 703, as used in that chapter, as 'goods, chattels, effects, evidences of rights of action,' and certain written instruments, is comprehensive enough to include dogs. It is to be taken literally, and the law makers intended to make it the crime of larceny to steal any chattel which had value and was recognized by the law as property. A system for the taxation of dogs having been at the same time enacted, 1 R. S., 704, it can scarcely be supposed the legislature meant to regard dogs as property for the purposes of taxation and yet leave them without protection from thieves. The definition of personal property found in the statute is not to be referred to the common law, but to the common understanding at the time when the statute was enacted. Judgment of General Term, affirming judgment of conviction, affirmed. Opinion by *Earl, J.* All concur, except *Folger, Ch. J.*, dissenting."

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

EIGHTH PAPER.

THE usual full day's paddling against both wind and tide brought us to our camp at Struggle Cove about four o'clock. The country here looked better for hunting than any I had yet seen. The woods were open, the ground carpeted, and the trees draped with a luxuriant growth of bright green moss, on which the foot fell as noiselessly as upon a cushion. Higher up on the mountain side there was the usual tangled growth of underbrush, but the little valley that skirted its base was comparatively open. With the Admiral as a companion I started out to look for deer. We took several fresh tracks, all of which, however, led sooner or later into the thick brush, where it seemed useless to follow them. The last one that we took kept up the valley, and, as it had been made but a short time before, I had strong hopes that we should see the deer. We followed it very carefully, and it grew more and more fresh, when, just as we were about entering a low growth of hemlocks, where I confidently expected to see the game, my companion, who was behind me, caught his foot in a root and fell with a loud crash into a pile of dry sticks. As he did so I heard a deer jump not fifty yards away, and heard off up the mountain side. I turned and looked at the nautical here with sad, reproachful eyes, but did not dare to trust myself to speak. He, all unconscious of the mischief he had done, after disentangling himself from the branches among which he had fallen, seemed prepared to advance. But I had no spirit left for hunting, and, as it was nearly dusk, dejectedly led the way toward camp.

The next day was noteworthy, because during a part of it we had a fair wind. We had paddled to the end of the westernmost of the Thurlo Islands, and on reaching that point a fair wind sprang up, and we made sail, ran through a part of Cardero Channel, and up Loughrough Inlet to its head, camping late in the afternoon in Fraser Bay. The scenery was very beautiful, though not so bold as I had expected. Most of the mountains were rounded or dome-shaped, and timbered to their summits, though here and there would be seen one which ran up to a sharp granite peak and was covered with snow. We saw none, however, that seemed permanently snow covered; that is, none which might not be expected to be bare before the summer was over. The hills are from 1,200 to 5,000 feet in height, and stand well back from the shore, being thus much less imposing than if we could look directly up to them. Like all those which we have yet seen on the mainland they are of white granite, often intersected by dykes of basalt, and often spotted and mottled with fragments of darker rock. The rock, thus included in the granite, is perhaps taken up by a molten granite vein, which in its ejection has crushed the strata through which it passed, and has carried with it fragments which, on the cooling and hardening of the granite, have become incorporated with it. Instances of this kind are not very uncommon, but they are rarely seen on so large a scale as among these mountains. Some of the rock slopes on these hills are so steep as to be quite bare of vegetation, but in most cases the ascent is much more gentle, and the Douglas fir, cedar and spruce clothe the hillsides almost to their summits. We had some difficulty in finding a satisfactory camp in Fraser Bay. We did not wish to spend the night on the meadow at the river's mouth as the chances were that the mosquitoes would be too abundant there for comfort, so we decided to camp on

a little flat, barely above high-water mark. Indeed, as I looked it over before deciding to make camp on it, I saw a few fragments of seaweed on the grass and shingle, but they were old and dry, and the fresh meadow grass growing on the flat assured me that it was seldom covered by the tide. Camp made and supper over, the Sergeant with both the Siwash started off to look for game. Not very long after their departure, I observed that the water was rising higher than I had expected, and as I watched it creep up, it became apparent that we should have to move if it rose four inches more. It advanced quite rapidly, and, at last, I was obliged to shout to all hands to help save our equipment from the water. It took but a few minutes to roll up the bedding and carry it to higher ground, the mess outfit was piled on the drift-logs, and the fly hastily torn down. In half an hour we were all snug again in the woods, and our former camp was six inches under water.

The next day we started down the Inlet following the opposite shore. Part way down we came upon two deer standing on the rocks—a buck and a doe—paddled up to within 150 yards of them, and might have got much nearer had not one of the party through a misunderstanding fired a shot at them. This was the signal for a general fusillade, in which both animals were hit, but neither was recovered. It is too apt to be the case that, when half a dozen men are firing at one object, it escapes. There is always a little excitement, each man is anxious to "get his work in," and is a little afraid that some one else will kill the game before he does. The hurry and confusion throws every one a little off his balance, and the result is poor shooting. At the mouth of the Inlet and between that point and the entrance to Phillips Arm, there is a very strong tide. We had a fine sailing breeze with us, and besides worked hard at the paddles, yet were barely able to stem it. The appearance of the current rushing through these narrow channels is very curious. We are accustomed, in looking at any considerable sheet of water, to assume that it is horizontal, since to the eye its surface appears approximately a plane. But, by taking a position somewhat above the hurrying flood of one of these passages, through which the tides ebb and flow with such tremendous force, it is seen that in the direction from which it comes the water is much higher than that toward which it is flowing. We had no appliance for measuring the difference in level, but in some cases it seemed as if it must be several feet. The effect is very odd and unlike anything that I have ever seen elsewhere. Just before reaching Phillips Arm the wind fell, and we landed and tracked the canoe around the last point into the quiet water beyond it. After dinner we resumed the paddles, not camping until after dark. To find a level spot on which to spread one's blankets is not, in this country, always easy, and when the search is continued after dark it becomes difficult. We were lucky enough to find a place near the mouth of a little creek where the ground was moderately smooth, and by the light of a fire, and with the axe and hatchet plied by willing and energetic hands, brush, stumps, and rocks were cleared away, and holes filled up, so that we passed a comfortable night. In fact, as the Sergeant remarks, "Anything better than that would have been scandalous."

From the mouth of Phillips Arm to Amor Point on Bute Inlet is twenty-two miles. We started on through Cardero Channel in the morning with a gentle breeze, which encouraged us to drop the paddles and trust to the sail. But the wind was not steady, and sometimes failed us altogether. There was a good deal of feeble, desultory paddling and some sailing, and our progress was not rapid. The day was the most exciting we had passed up to this time, for we ran two rapids, which were as swift as anything we had yet seen. The shortest of the two was very narrow, less than a hundred yards wide, and the water was white for its whole length. The canoe darted through the channel at such a pace that it seemed impossible for one to work fast enough to feel the water with his paddle. We could do nothing more than keep the craft straight and trust to luck. We had scarcely time to think about the passage before it was over, for I think no express train ever flew faster than our canoe, and the channel was not more than half a mile in length. In the still water and in the eddies at the end of the rapids, we saw a great number of fine trout from ten to fourteen inches long lying close to the bottom, perfectly motionless except when the shadow of the canoe fell upon them. Then they would move slowly away from it into the sunlight. Threading our way along among the many islands of the channel, we passed a point where there had been a fishery for dogfish, and, turning north, entered the passage between the mainland and Stuart Island. The shore here was strewn with the carcasses of dogfish captured by the Indians, and the trees were in some places almost black with the ravens and crows, which had collected here to feed on the odoriferous *sculpin*. So tame were the birds that they declined to move when we passed by them within a few yards, and the Admiral, a second Ancient Mariner, drew his trusty rifle from its case, and shot one of the respectable black birds. I might carry out the parallel to its legitimate end and show you how by this thoughtless and ill advised act of misery and sorrow, in the shape of rainy weather, were brought upon our whole company for the remainder of the trip, but were I to do so I should perhaps add to the sufferings of our comrade, who has already been sufficiently punished for his hasty deed by the stings of conscience.

Just before we came to the rapids we stopped at a Siwash village, where nearly a hundred years ago Vancouver passed a winter. The village is at the head of a deep bay, into which flowed a beautiful stream of clear, cold water. A method of fishing which I had never before seen was practiced here. A long, stout line, about the size of a clothes-line was anchored on the beach at one side of the bay, and supported at intervals of fifty yards by log floats, ran across to the other, at an average depth of from three to six feet beneath the water's surface. At intervals of twenty feet along the main line were tied smaller lines about six feet in length, each of which carried a baited hook. As the line inclosed nearly the whole bay, no fish could enter or leave it without passing close by some one of the hooks.

On Stuart Island is a very noticeable though not very high mountain, the northeastern face of which is almost vertical, and on looking at the island from this direction, it appears as if a high wall were built entirely across it. We ran Arran Rapids at high water, and meeting the eh near the end we had a hard struggle. At one time I thought that our efforts would prove unavailing to carry us through, for the canoe was going backward pretty fast, and all hands were working about as hard as they could. This was evidently the opinion of Hanset, our big Siwash, as well. He was doing splendid work in the low, hut at last he turned to us and splashed to make for the shore, and at the same time reaching down, he caught up a camp kettle, which he said we must give to the water or else we would all be drowned. Happily for our kitchen, a few strokes carried us to an eddy which drew us into the shore, along which we managed to creep until we reached the more quiet water at the mouth of Bute Inlet. Just after leaving the rapids we came upon a camp of a few families of Siwashes, belonging to the Homalco tribe, whose main village is at the head of Bute Inlet. They had some fresh porcupine meat, a few herrings and one twenty-five pound salmon, which we purchased for fifty cents. They told us that the whole tribe was absent from the village fishing, but described its location, as well as that of some of the glaciers, to one of which they said a trail led from the village. Passing on we entered the Inlet, and by hard paddling managed to reach Amor Point just before sundown.

An early start and a fair wind carried us the next day to a point on the Homalco River about two miles above its mouth, and we camped at the deserted Siwash village under the shadow of Mt. Evans, and within hearing of the roaring torrent, which thunders down its steep and rocky slope. Of the wonderful beauties of the day's sail I can give no adequate description. The ever-changing features of the scene each moment presented fresh attractions, and held us spell-bound and amazed as we viewed the marvellous glories of Bute Inlet.

The mountains are surpassingly beautiful. On either side of the Inlet they rise at once from the water's edge. There are no foothills to render the slope more gradual and thus dwarf the main peaks and make them seem less high. There they stand directly above you. Scarcely anywhere in the world can just this state of things be found. Usually, a mountain, whether it be high or low, is surrounded by others rising to a considerable elevation, from one of which it must be viewed. The height of the point where the beholder stands makes the altitude of the mountain at which he is looking seem less, and it is more or less dwarfed by its surroundings. On Bute Inlet, however, we stand on the sea level and look directly up to mountains which rise from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above us. All the more gentle slopes are thickly covered with the dark green Douglas firs, among which the paler cedars are conspicuous, and in the little gorges and valleys which run up their sides the brighter foliage of deciduous shrubs is to be seen. Many of the cliffs, however, rise sheer for one or two thousand feet, and frown down upon us, black and threatening, their smooth vertical faces only occasionally relieved by some stunted fir, whose roots have penetrated a crevice of the rock, and which seems to cling painfully to the dark wall. At many points, mountain streams fed by the melting of the perpetual snows that lie upon the hills, plunge over these precipices in beautiful waterfalls and cascades. Long before the water reaches the rocks below it is broken up into the finest spray, and a white veil of mist wafts to and fro before the black rock in fantastic and ever-changing shapes. Just to the north of Fawn Bluff is the first glacier seen after leaving the mouth of the Inlet, readily distinguished from the pure white snow that surrounds it by the sky-blue color of the ice. Every considerable height on the Inlet is snow covered, and all the higher mountains showed one or more glaciers. From one point of view as we sailed up the Inlet, I counted eleven, and from our camp on the river I could see thirteen. Many of these glaciers are of considerable size, and when examined with a good glass they are seen to be extensively crevassed. Mount Superb, one of the grandest mountains on the Inlet, has three glaciers, one of which is very large. Just north of Superb, separated from it by a low saddle, is Mount Helen, 8,040 feet, probably the highest mountain on the Inlet. Its rounded summit, pure and shining, stands out above all and lovelier than all. The Needle Peaks, a little further north, are not less impressive, though in a different way. High, thin wedges of granite, three in number, the intervals between them filled with snow and ice, and their cutting edges turned toward the north, and thus toward the water, rise to a height of over 7,000 feet, and terminate in delicate pinnacles, which pierce the sky. Black and weather beaten they stand, monuments of past

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE PEOPLE OF THE PINES.

KITTY HAWK BAY, N. C., Nov. 15. I HAVE just returned to what seems like home here in the Bay, where I am lulled to sleep at night by the roar of the sea beating on the shore hard by, and where I can get my fresh fish, venison and fowl cooked in a Christian style. I board with Captain Willett Mott, who is from Long Island, and knows the art of cooking from A to Z. I am told by Mr. Davis, from Boston, keeping a first-class hotel at Kittrell's Station, on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, between Weldon and Kinston, where one can get good quail and turkey shooting, a first-class meal and good spring bed and mattress to sleep on. The River View Hotel at Washington, N. C., is also well kept. These two places and Mott's are probably the only ones hereabouts where the frying pan does not reign supreme in the kitchen. I have been on a tramp from Plymouth, on Roanoke River, up the river as far as Hamilton; from there to Tarboro, at the head of Tar River, and down Tar River to Washington; from there along the shore of Pamlico Sound to Croatan Sound; from there I found game and fish in all directions—deer, turkeys, quail, squirrel, coons, opossum and, in some parts, the small common black bear. The waters teem with chub, pickerel, robbin, white perch, catfish, suckers, horse-fish and eels. The country is very rough. No railroads. Every town, however, has a pet railroad scheme by which all the people are to be made bloated bondholders. All they want is the railroad and a little help from Matt Ranson on the way of a few shares in the harbor appropriations. School houses are few, and generally unoccupied. The churches are barn-like structures—generally unpainted. The roads are generally very good, as the only travel is by single "sneer" "creeter," or mule and cart, which does not cut up the road.

The country is mostly a wilderness of pine forests, and cypress and juniper swamps, with here and there a small clearing where the people have a few acres of corn, half an acre in sweet potatoes, a few stocks of bees, a scuppernon grapevine, a small garden with a few stalks of collards (a species of cabbage), plenty of poultry, numerous dogs, and a hen "collars" worth of furniture—and there you have an inventory of their apparent wealth. But, perhaps, the family own one, two or three thousand acres of land, which gives sustenance for numerous cattle, hogs and sheep, besides game. They have at the head of the "run" a small "poessin," where they can make cypress or juniper shingles, which find ready sale at the store "down to the landing," or they can make staves or tar. In the fishing season he is in demand at the fishery at good wages. Wood don't cost him anything. The old woman and the "gals" make the best of clothes out of homespun. The boys bring home at night an armful of "light'ood knots," which make a bright light, and the family sit before the wide fire-place with the door wide open. "so they can see any one passin'." The wells are shallow, curbed with hollow cypress butts. The drainage from house, hog-pen and stable contaminates the water, and so they have "chills," and the doctor is a frequent visitor.

They have droves of a razor-backed, alligator breed of hogs running wild in the woods; and now and then one is caught, penned and fed a few weeks on corn and sweet, and the bacon is lean but sweet and wholesome. Some of the planters near the towns call these wild hogs "third row breed," because they can reach through the fences with their long noses and gather in the third row of corn from the fence.

The family have, perhaps, one hundred head of cattle running wild in the woods, which do right well except in winter, when they fare badly." Very few people outside of the towns have any milk or butter, for the cows don't come up. When they have any cream they whip it in a platter with a spoon into a lard-like looking substance, which they call butter.

These are tough people, and can stand a wonderful amount of exposure. They will work from Monday morning to Saturday night on a ration of four pounds of bacon and a peck of meal, with a quart of black molasses. Many of them walk five or six miles night and morning to and from their work.

The hard-shell Baptist Church is the prevailing religion, and next the Methodists. The women are virtuous. These people are all bright and keen, and can take care of themselves wonderfully well in a bargain.

The men and boys all chew, smoke and drink rife whiskey. The women and girls all dip snuff. The young men go into the woods, gather the tender ribs of the sweet gum, peel the outside bark from them, and then cut them up in a new bundle containing twenty-seven sticks (they thus mystify number no one can tell) with some ribbons off cigar bundles, and present them to their sweethearts with their compliments. This is considered a very genteel thing to do, and the fair maid serenely sucks away on the dip-sticks, and thinks of her J-h-n Henry. When the snuff-sticks are worn out they are called "frizzles," and hence the expression often heard, "I'll wear you out to a 'frizzle.'" When they break a person severely they call it "monicking;" and I thought I had discovered a new word until I ran across it in Shakespeare the other day.

In some parts of this country they measure distances by "hollers," and a man told me one day it was "about a look and a half to Robersonville." I found that it was customary in laying out new roads to blaze a conspicuous place, or in a prominent tree, which one could see from some other tree on the route; and this was a "look," or about five hundred yards.

I met some queer characters in my tramp. One old lady invited me to call again "when the days and nights were longer." Some of the old women are great doctors, and their recipes were something wonderful. At one house I saw a "mad" or "suake stone." This is a porous stone, about one and a half inch diameter and two inches long. This belonged to an old man named Goetzinger, and it had been in his family for generations. It will suck the poison from a snake or a gnat if applied within an hour. I heard accounts of its virtues from so many sources that I must believe in it. They are made, it is said, by Wm. Basnight, of East Lake, for \$25 each, and are said to be made from a certain part of a bear.

I was too late to see many snakes, but I heard all kinds of snake stories. One man told of a joint-snake, and of killing one in the woods, and carrying a piece, or joint, home in his pocket. He was sitting after dinner "in a kind of a

cataclysms and upheavals; time has no appreciable effect on them, they can resist its influence. Opposite the entrance of Pigeon River is a point of land from which a wonderfully majestic view is had up the course of its valley. It is narrow, thickly timbered, and walled in on both sides and toward its head, by most impressive snow and ice-covered mountains. The view is, in fact, almost aerie in its character, the predominant features being the snow-clad peaks and the ice rivers which flow down their sides, while there is only enough of vegetation to set off the whiteness of the wintery scene. Just before reaching this point we pass the wonderful cliffs of House Mountains, which rise vertically from the water's edge to a height of 2,500 or 3,000 feet. Running close to the shore their tops cannot be seen, and the impression of their height is almost awe-inspiring, for they seem to reach up to the very sky. The great gorge of this mountain is a narrow cañon, between it and the height next south of it. The defile is so nearly straight that one can look up it and see the glacier, from beneath which pours the thundering torrent which rushes down with impetuous haste to the level of the Inlet. From beneath the blue mountain of ice the tiny white thread takes its way down the slope, constantly increasing in size as it draws nearer and nearer, its volume swollen by a hundred lesser streams which are added to it on its way. Always a torrent and always milky white, it dashes on, sometimes running along an even slope, at others leaping down precipices a hundred feet in height; now undermining a thin crust of soil, green with spruces, again burrowing beneath an enormous snow-drift, which almost fills the gorge. The roar of its falls may be heard at a distance, and when passing its mouth we could only communicate by signs. Just as the Homalak River is entered we come in view of the strangely beautiful Hat Mountain, which is the most prominent object at the head of the Inlet. It rises very steeply from the water's level; so much so that only on the lower fourth of its height can the trees find a foothold. Above this is a huge amphitheatre of great extent and marvellous regularity, filled with snow and ice, from which pour forth several glaciers. Behind and above all rises a vertical wall of black granite, sharply outlined against the clear sky, and unrelieved by any touch of white. Over the whole hung the roseate light of the setting sun, giving to the scene an indescribable beauty and softness. Viewed by the glare of noonday the picture would have been one of stern—even of harsh—majesty. At the approach of twilight its rugged outlines were blended, its frowning walls softened. The undefined but all pervading pink of the after-glow, the curious shadows cast by peaks, snowdrift and ice mountains, presented a view which exceeded in loveliness anything I had ever conceived of.

We found the Siwash village two miles above the mouth of the river, and pitched ourly close to the water's edge, expecting to spend a day or two in exploring the mountains in the vicinity, and then to travel slowly down the Inlet, climbing Mounts Helen and Superb, and examining some of the larger glaciers. When we awoke next morning, however, the dismal sound of the rain pattering on the canvas told us too surely, even before we looked out, that any attempts at mountain climbing would be useless. The rain fell through a thick, white mist, which hid the mountains and even the opposite shore of the river, with a steady, persistent drip, very depressing to our spirits. All day long we lounged about, eagerly scanning the clouds for signs of better weather and watching for a shift of the wind. It was amusing to note the changes of expression that manifested themselves in the countenances of the different members of the party as the day advanced. Before breakfast they all wore a look of disgust, which altered as the hours wore on, and the clouds at one time partly broke away, to one more hopeful, and then as the rain continued to fall with a steady, unintermitting pour, settled down to a look of confirmed gloom. For three days we remained at this camp, hoping vainly for a change in the weather, and then, despairing of anything better, we started down the inlet. The rain continued and the clouds and fog hung low over the water, so that our glimpses of the mountains were few. Occasionally, however, there would be a break in the clouds, or the mist would partially clear away, so that we could see for a moment the snowy top of a mountain, or a glacier would be visible through a rift in the clouds like a picture in its frame. Perhaps the most superb glacier on the inlet is that on the mountain next north of Granite Peak and just south of Bear Bay. It is apparently of very great extent and thickness, and ends abruptly on the edge of a high precipice. It is broken and fluted on its lower border, and extensively cracked and crevassed at right angles to its course. All the glaciers would be much larger were the sides of the mountains less steep. The ice rivers all terminate abruptly on the edge of almost vertical slopes and, breaking off as they advance, fall over these heights. Many of the deeper ravines contain snow down to within a short distance of the water's edge. On Superb Mountain we saw banks of snow not more than 160 feet from the water; and on the west side of the inlet, somewhat further north, snow was visible only about 60 feet above high-water mark.

During the next two days the elements continued to work against us, and our paddling was done through wind and rain. Camps were made at Clipper Point, on Bute Inlet, and Decet Bay, on Redonda Island. An incident of the third day after leaving Bute Inlet, and just after we had passed Point Sarah, was our being wind bound near White Island by

a heavy gale, which lasted about half a day, and against which we were not only unable to advance, but even to hold our own. As provisions were getting a little low, two or three of us started out to hunt. Deer and bear signs were plentiful, and one of the former was secured. The country was a nice one to hunt in, and was in striking contrast to most of that which we had seen. It consisted of open ridges with brushy ravines between, and a little tall timber on the heights. I was interested in seeing the great size of the stones turned over by the bears in their search for worms, bugs and ants' eggs. One cube of granite recently turned out of its bed by a bear was not less than two feet through, and so heavy that I could not stir it, a good indication of the enormous muscular power of these animals. They were evidently extremely numerous here. Next day we were again wind bound, but happily not until the afternoon was half spent, so that we made some progress. Just before reaching camp we passed some low rocks on which were feeding numbers of the black-headed turnstones (*Stercoria melanocephala*), a large number of gulls, perhaps *L. canus*, var. *brachyrhynchus*, and a pair of black oyster catchers (*Haematopus nigres*). The latter acted much like the oyster eater of the Atlantic coast and had the same sharp whistle. During the day we saw many old squaws (*Harada glacialis*) and a few spotted sandpipers (*Tringoides macularius*). The rain of last week had made the brush so wet that hunting was uncomfortable, so I sent the Siwashes out for a deer, the Admiral lending Jimmy his rifle. Hammet returned without anything, but Jimmy, somewhat later, came in with a piece of meat. He told us that he had killed a big huck which he had packed down to the beach, but had been unable to bring any further. The boy—he was only about 17 years old—was immensely proud of having killed the deer. He explained to us by signs how he had seen the deer, how it had looked at him, and he had fired twice, the last time breaking its neck, and ended up by shouting, with a loud laugh, "*Tyass moontle, mo kill.*" He afterward told the Sergeant privately that "the hearts of his friends were very good toward him, because he had killed a deer that was big and fat."

Coasting along the shore next morning, we saw a blue grouse standing upon a large rock on a small island, and landing found a brood of a dozen well grown birds, a number of which we secured. Later in the day, while working along close to the rocks to avoid the tide, two moving objects were descried upon a low seaweed covered point. We paddled quietly along, and as we approached, I made them out to be black eagles (*H. leucocephalus*). When we were about thirty feet from them, one flew away, but the other waited until the bow of the canoe was within six feet of him before he moved. He then hopped to a large log about fifteen feet distant, where he sat surveying us in the most unconcerned manner. Both birds were young, and had probably never seen a man before. Turning over the fish upon which they were feeding—which proved to be a dog-fish about three feet long—I found that a great hole had been torn in his side, from which the entrails were protruding. The fish was still alive. The young eagle remained on his perch near the fish until Hammet tried to shoot his head off, when he flew a couple of hundred yards to a large pine. Opposite Hardy Island, and just within the entrance of Itoham Sound, are the beautiful Twin Falls, to be visited, we hope, on our return.

The scenery at the mouth of Jarvis inlet is much finer than that at the entrance of Bute, the Inlet being narrower and the hills higher. Marlborough Heights are very grand, rising over 6,000 feet almost vertically, and terminating in sharp pyramids of granite. They have, however, but little snow upon them. Moorsam Bluffs rise in a series of steps to a height of perhaps 3,000 feet. The faces of the cliffs are for the most part bare of trees, and are scored by ravines, of no great depth, but running up the whole height of the Bluffs and casting, at certain hours of the morning and evening, beautiful shadows over the rocks. There is just enough timber to relieve the bareness of the rock-faces, without giving the heavy appearance which a tree-covered slope always has. Just above these bluffs the conical peak of Mt. Churchhill comes into view, beautifully patched with snow, and again, above it, Mt. Spenser, a long wall-like mountain, whose northwestern face rises steeply from a deep amphitheatre-like valley lying inclosed between it and Churchill. This depression is a basin, which looks as though a part of the mountain had sunk out of sight, leaving here a great hole with abruptly steep sides. As we move on up the Inlet we pass one snow-capped mountain after another, most of them of very great beauty. Mount Albert, near the head of the Inlet is grand, with lofty peaks and extensive snow fields. At Desert Bay is an Indian village and the view up the valley behind it opens up another series of whitened mountains.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM. An Ontario correspondent writes, under date of October 21: Inclosed please find eight dollars for a two years' subscription to your paper. Although money is scarce where I cannot do without FOREST AND STREAM. When your paper first came here there was only one breech-loading gun in the place, and we now have more than seventeen breech-loading guns and four or five rifles, all bought through the advertisements in your paper. When your articles on Dittmar powder came out we were just about sending for some, but in consequence of that expose we have not, and do not intend to risk our guns in trying the compound. I, for one cannot speak too highly of your paper, and it is eagerly looked for every week.

snore," when he was awakened by something crawling up his leg, and, looking down, "that was that jinn snake crawling into his pocket after his missing jinn." After crawling up his leg about a yard or three tails. These it would braud together and attack its enemy, using its braided tail as a weapon, and could whip all other snakes but the king snake.

I met one old fellow called "Moccasin Joe." He had gained his name from his immunity from snake bites, and was supposed to possess some secret which protected him. I got into his confidence, and he told me something of his snake experience. He said old widow Coit had a cypress swamp on "Devil's Gut," which was full of snakes, and Moccasin Joe would go out like an acorn; but it was also full of snakes, and when the water got down, soil could be worked, the "snakes were so thick that no one would go in there." Moccasin Joe "projected" ever the matter some time, and one day went to the widow and made a bargain with her. He was to have the exclusive right to shingle in the swamp, and was to give the widow one-fourth of all the shingles he made, and to deliver them on the bank. On the next Monday he went to the swamp, carrying with him two pet king-snakes and an old sow, which protected his shingle camp. She had had a flat load made. The moccasins were slaughtered by thousands, and the sow became so fat that she crept lazy. When not ready to take out his shingles to the flat at the landing, he covered his legs and arms with long gray moss, and his hands with sheepskin gloves with the woolly side out, like the breeches of Bryan O'Lynn. This protected him from the snakes as they struck him, and he got out his shingles and made a good thing of it.

In the winter and spring the rains in the mountains in the western part of the State melt the snow and ice, and cause the Roanoke River to overflow its banks; and sometimes the freshets rise at the rate of one foot an hour and cover the swamps on each side for miles. The timber then takes advantage of high water to float out miller for sawing into lumber, and frequently float out logs that make 3,000 feet of lumber to the stock. Cypress is the very best of building lumber, as it never rots. Most of the houses in this country are covered with this lumber and it lasts for generations without paint. Some of the trees grow twenty feet thick through, and keep their size for twenty-five feet with a limb. Six-ck do well in the swamps. Cattle feed on reeds and tender branches, and hogs on oak acorns, swamp walnuts and hickory nuts. When the freshets rise the stock go to the islands in the swamps and remain there until the water goes down; and oftentimes great numbers of deer are killed on the islands. It is said that the old sow will take to a floating tree with her pigs, when she can't reach high land and keep them there for many days floating about in the water. Sometimes these freshets occur in the summer time, and the snakes are driven out of the ground into the water, and can be counted by thousands hanging in festoons among the gray moss on the cypress.

The men who work in these swamps are very healthy, strange to say. They sleep on shavings, with their feet to the camp fire, and drink the dark water that stands at the foot of the trees. The people in the towns are oftentimes cultivated, intelligent, educated people, and the professional men are generally equal to those of any country; but the villages need improvement socially, and a liberal supply of fresh fruit and what was would be a great improvement in most of them. I did not spend much time in the towns, but stopped with the country people, mostly to study their ways and habits. They like all I met, were hospitable and friendly—almost as much so as the clever Irishman who would give you his last potato and thank you for taking it. I only met one cheerful fellow, and he was not a native Tar-heel, but from Tennessee. His face was twisted so that he looked and spit over his shoulder. He said it came so because he spent sleep in the moonshine when a boy and the moon drew his face that way. He began by asking me for a "fladjet of tobacco," meaning what I found to be a very liberal chunk from my plug, which he thrust into his cheek. He then asked me how much I was willing to pay to stay over night, and preferred to have it down and in silver. I had walked all day and was very hungry. He had some cold corned beef for supper, which happened to be very good, and I had a jar of French mustard with me. The milk was good, and the lococake had a nutty flavor. I was making a very fair meal, and was doing just ice to it. Then I met one Jim Shankland—my near me smoking his corncob pipe and spitting over his right shoulder and looking at me with a fixed and steady glance that became embarrassing. At length I looked at him as passantly as I knew how, and said: "Y, u see, Mr. Shankland, that I eat a good deal of mustard with my beef." He did not answer for some time. At last he took his pipe from his mouth, spit over his shoulder at a dog on the hearth and said: "Yes, sir. I also see that you eat right smart of beef with your mustard."

All over eastern North Carolina the country people drink cypress tea. This is the cured leaf of a shrub that grows in all the gardens, and it sells for about thirty cents a bushel. It takes about two gallons of it to make a family drawing. It is very black, and with sugar and cream makes a tolerable fair drink.

I heard a story of a North Carolina captain of a West India trading schooner, who was hailed in the Gulf Stream by a New England captain who had been blown from his course and wanted some stores. He hailed the Tar-heel and asked for bread and spare and about the best "peckoned his mought." Yankee told him he wanted meat, flour and tea. Tar-heel disappeared in his cabin a moment and presently came on deck and said he could spare a little bacon and some meal but no tea, as he had only five bushels and he would use it before he could get any more. The Yankee captain at once cussed the tar-heel from stern to stern and from truck to keel, and went off before the wind to tell strange tales, no doubt, of the stinky captain who would not spare him a few pounds of tea out of five bushels.

Almost every family has a scuppernon vine, covering half an acre and with main vine six to ten inches in diameter near the ground. All kinds of grapes do well in eastern North Carolina, and are generally free from blight or disease, and produce enormously. I have drunk some scuppernon champagne, made by Hunt & Co., of Kittrell, which is sold very black, and is equal, in my opinion, to some of the best French brands. Peaches do not do well here, nor apples, except a native hard, sour apple, called Mananurke, which is a fair winter apple.

I saw in Dare County a fishing machine, or trap, which is something new to me. It was invented by an old negro slave before the war, who belonged to Col. Morning, who lived on Roanoke River about five miles above Jameville. In the spring of the year old Jim was always detailed to fish for herring to supply the plantation. He was very fond of

corn juice, and it was observed one frequently that he had an unusual quantity of fishing and was promptly done. Curious to see his master to his mill watches. One day when he went out to fish with his dip-net they found him about sundown in one of the prongs of Devil's Gut, fast asleep in the stern of a canoe, in a drunken stupor, with a jing of apple jack between his legs, and a queer H-bing machine harl at work picking up the herring. He had taken his own canoe and an old abandoned dug-out and fastened them about six feet apart in the current, and between the canoes had constructed a dip-net, which was fastened to a shaft resting across the middle of the canoes, which had paddles on each side of the shaft outside of the canoes. This was turned by the current and the net was constructed with a shelf or sliding board, so that the fish slipped down into the canoes as the top of the net swung over the shaft. These machines have been used successfully for thirty years in these waters and they have been known to catch 5,000 pounds of fish in one day. I saw about a dozen on Devil's Gut, some of them made with flats four feet wide and forty feet long instead of canoes. If iron shadts and babbit boxes were used and the nets were increased so that one could be opened in a two-mile current.

The first fish hatching done in North Carolina was tried near the mouth of Devil's Gut and was so successful that it was carried on afterward near the mouth of the river on a large scale. Dr. W. R. Capelhart and Edward Wood were the pioneers of the enterprise, and they both own large fisheries on Albemarle Sound near the mouth of Roanoke.

I called down Albemarle Sound on Supperman River with a queer old chap named Neddy Mann, who seventy-five years old and blessed with twenty-five children. He lives on Orateen Sound and I went home with him. He lived in a small, low pitched house with a door taken from some wreck on the ocean beach. He kept me awake until 2 o'clock with his yarns. He is a pillar of the Methodist Church and a great man in revivals. He gave me a history of his religious experience. He was a "tough cuss" when young and his people were anxious for him to mend his ways, and "jinn the church, and he would mend enough, but could not come through." He had been attending a camp meeting on the Lea Banks near Kinakul for ten days and "they had worked over him faithfully but still he couldn't come through." At last he "wore them all out" and went aboard the sloop, on which he was a hand, feeling "unsatisfied" with himself. Soon after leaving anchorage a storm came on, and they ran behind Duck Island for shelter. The captain ordered him to cast anchor, which Neddy proceeded to do. He took the anchor and threw it overboard, but the line caught in his belt and shoulder braces and he went along with the anchor to the bottom. He was soon hauled up by the captain and cork, but was down long enough to have a "change of heart," and came up a Christian and went back to the camp meeting in the morning and "came through," and has been a good church man ever since.

He sat with his back to the fire, saying "sum took liver their breasts and wore flannel and pad, but he aiers left his breast bare and proteed his back," and I think there were "sould chunks of wisdom" in the old man's yarn. He had been alling a short time, and then he said that he had been a saw-trigger which made the old fuse explode. He said he did not believe in doctors; "they killed more men than they saved, and that he always kept coppers on hand, and when ailing took a tablespoonful of it dissolved in a quart of apple brandy; and took a tod night and morning, and that it was the finest thing in the world, and would bring out a dirt-eating boy and make a man of him." A short time before I saw him, however, he got out of coppers, and was "took bad" and died, and he called in an old granny doctor who gave him some Tompkins medicine "to make him swate." He tried to tell me what it was but could not recollect it, and it seemed to worry him. I went off to bed leaving him smoking by the fire and still trying to remember the name of that "sweating medicine." I had just given a sound sleep when I was awakened by a stentorian voice shouting, "Oo, Doctor, oo, Doctor!" I sprang out of bed and tried to open the door, but it was a slip door, sliding in a groove, and I could not open it, not knowing the key of the lock of it. Facing the old patient, who was in trouble I raised the window, jumped out and went around to the front door and found the captain sitting in front of the fire and still calling "Oo, Doctor!" I asked him what was the matter, and he said, "that medicine I was trying to think of—that sweating medicine—I have just thought of it, and reckoned you would like to know what it was. Doctor. It was opildoc, Doctor—opildoc!"

THE WILD FOWL SEASON.

We have had several frosts, and a shooting has commenced. One man and his partner killed 75 pairs of partridges from a battery last Friday, and W. H. Walker killed 50 pairs the same day from a battery. Mr. Sawyer, on Powell Point, killed 50 wild geese on Thursday; 24 of these were killed at three shots. The weather has been so warm, however, that very few ducks have been shipped, as they will not keep. Not many of the chukkers have come down yet, but no doubt they will begin to come this week. Arrangements have been made by which sportsmen can come via Elizabeth City, R., and Swains Island, or Swan's Neck, or to Elward Midgett's, on Church Island, or to Van Slyke's landing, distance about twenty miles. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the best way to come is by team from Shaw's Corners to Currituck Court House, where one can take the steamer "Cygnet" at two o'clock p. m., coming via Knott's Island and Midgett's Landing, reaching Van Slyke's about 6 o'clock p. m.

Non-residents can only shoot in Currituck county from points on land, and the possession of the owner. They are prohibited from shooting afloat or from batteries. In Dare county there are no such restrictions, and any one can shoot from boats, batteries, or on land not posted, or wade on shoals. Good accommodation can be found in Dare county at Captain Mott's in Kitty Hawk Bay, convenient to post office, steamboat landing, and telegraph, or at Captain Edward Makin's, W. M. Brinkley, Geo. B. Blyvins and Lewis Mann's, on Roanoke Island. The Old Dominion boats run from Elizabeth City through Croatan Sound twice a week, and a sloop runs from Kitty Hawk Bay to Elizabeth City three times a week. The schooner "Onward" runs from Elizabeth City to Manteo on Roanoke Island twice a week. The steamer "Harbinger" leaves Norfolk on Mondays and Thursdays on arrival of Bay Line, for landings on Powell's Point, which is near Kitty Hawk Bay. Boats, stools, decoys and fishing-tackle can be hired here, also guides and gunners at reasonable rates. The mails arrive three times a week. Ammunition, oil-cloth,

clothing, rubber boots, and all kinds of hunter's traps can be bought here at low prices at the North. Liquor is not allowed to be sold in Dare County, not even branly peaches.

There is not a doctor in Dare county; so those who need medicines must bring such as they require for their ailments. It would be well for those contemplating a trip to write to some of the above-named parties to meet them.

First-class quail shooting can be had near Elizabeth City, and good dogs can be hired there. It is well to have a good rifle to shoot bear, deer and swan. A No. 10 breech-loader is the best size for general shooting. It is well to have a heavy and a light No. 10, or a No. 10 with adjustable ribs for a good thing to have. A good shot will have no trouble in paying his expenses from the sale of his game, as it can be shipped in good order by the steamers, and from Elizabeth City by rail. Fish and game can also be sold to the dealers here and on Roanoke Island. The fare from Norfolk to Elizabeth City is \$2; by the "Harbinger" to landings on Powell's Point, the same. Brant shooting is very good on Pamlico Sound already, and Currituck and Dare are alive with the roar of the wild geese as they feed on the land. There are more fowl in the waters this year than has been known for years, and the season promises to be a good one.

JOHN BRONSON.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS—II.

BRING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

"* * * 'Who am I?' Well, that is rather difficult to answer. To the common eye, I suppose I appear as a poor school teacher or pedagogue, who occupies ten months of the year in teaching the young idea how to shoot, and the other two in wasting time and money in attempting to shoot himself. (The latter part of that sentence, and especially the perhaps the redutive pronoun, immediately followed the participation of the statement would not sound quite so suicidal.)

To myself I sometimes appear as a wild Indian or an old Berserker, masquerading under the disguise of a Nineteenth Century American. When the strait-jacket of civilization becomes too oppressive I throw it off, betake myself to savagery, and there "loaf and refresh my soul."

I suppose I might be called tolerably well educated. Like Shakespeare have "a little Latin and less Greek," know something of the mysteries of the laboratory and the microscope, write belle-lettres and literature are not totally unknown to me.

I have pedagogy in Ohio, "bullwhacked" across the plains, been a silver miner in Colorado, an editor in Missouri, I have hob-nobbed with the Century Club in Boston, and with Indians in Arizona; been a cowboy in Texas, and a "web-foot" in Oregon—in short, a kind of wandering Jew and peripatetic Jack-of-all-trades.

I love a horse, a dog, a gun, a trout, and a pretty girl. I hate a pot-hunter, a trout-land and a whiskey-guzzling sportsman, and Dittmar powder. I smoke and take an occasional glass of wine, and never lie about my hunting and fishing exploits more than the occasion seems to demand.

There! if you have managed to survive this dose of egotism, please to remember that your question pulled the trigger which made the old fuse explode. Will promise not to offend in that line again, till I drop into your sanctum some bright day and asomize you with a sight of my Apollo-like form, Jovian front and Hyperion grace. * * *

A NIGHT HUNT.

LIGOURNEY sat in the bow. He had wrapped his legs in a blanket and curled them up in the narrow space in front of the seat. We had baited his overcoat tightly around him and pulled his large felt hat down around his face. Against his old enemies, the mosquitoes, too, he had carefully guarded, and his face was black and shiny with a doubly thick coat of the ever-present tar-oil. Every precaution for his comfort he had taken; for his face was to be his first hunt, and he had sworn till he got his deer if it took him all night. He had refused the loan of the Professor's beaver hat, on which that old deer-slayer was wont to fasten his jack to prevent it from rubbing against his head and giving him the headache. Ligourney declared that no true hunter ever went out encased in such an apparatus as that, and he was going to tie the jack to his felt hat as he had seen the guides do. In vain the Professor recounted his experience, and told of many a night hunt passed with sore and aching head. It was no use. The jack had been taken from the heater and now lay in the boat. Hank rested one knee upon the stem of the cedar, and pushing upon the bank, sent the light boat out into the stream. Then, with both hands on the rail, he lifted himself lightly over into his seat in the stern, and they glided slowly down the river.

Just before the camp Dead Creek enters the Raquette. It is a brook wide enough for the boat to work easily. Its banks are lined with alders, but here and there the coveau widens, the water spreads out in broad, still pools, and wide natural meadows, covered with tall grass, stretch away to the woods beyond.

Here in these pug-holes, the crane stands dealing death blows with his long, powerful beak, among the mud due to flogs; and here, through the night, come the deer to feed on the tender meadow grass and wallow in the muddy pools. Into the mouth of this stream Hank turned the canoe.

"We'll go up about a mile," said he, "as I lie around until dark. Then we'll hunt down and lie awhile at the pug-holes."

"Halloo! Here's something new since I was here last—a log square across the stream."

"The boat would just about slide under, but the current was so strong that they had to get out on the log and lit it over. Just about dusk they stopped in one of the pools."

"Keep pretty quiet an' traps you'll get a daylight shot."

Just at dusk the deer often come out to feed. The next gets always, they did not come that evening. Lig kept pretty quiet, but they did not see anything.

The midgets are so insect much smaller than a mosquito. It has no tuncful note to warn you of its approach, but makes its presence felt by its quick, sharp bite, which leaves a burning pain behind. It is superfluous, however, to describe their habits to those who have visited the woods.

Lig renewed the tar-oil. It was refreshing. He would show Hank great promise as a hunter—but oh! those hot-footed little creatures—were at work down below his neck. He dashed tar-oil down upon his spot. Then the mosquitoes gathered about him. One bit through his glove. Others lit upon his face as if unconscious that it was smeared with tar-oil. In vain he dabbed on fresh coats. *Queen ad finem!*

They hit worse than ever. It became agony. He turned to the back woodsman, who had cut a path by ones. He was sitting in the stern holding the paddle in one hand and brushing the other swiftly but silently across his face.

"Blank, these flies are awful."

"Brush them," said Hank. "Tar-oil ain't of much use in such a place as this."

Lig brushed awhile in silence and tried to recall what Murray said about going and coming when you please with a small bottle of "the compound."

"It's most far," said Hank.

"Yes, I guess 't will light up."

The jack was produced, lighted and tied to the felt hat.

"Now try it on that clump of alders. You want it over the left eye so that your muzzle sight will show bright, and whatever you aim at will be right in the middle of the big circle of light."

After some adjusting the jack was made to suit.

"Now cap her."

Lig, pu the little leather cap over the bulleye and all was dark as the current carried them on. Suddenly they turned a sharp corner. A low alder bush swept across Lig's face and carried him over backward. Off went jack and hat, and tumbled into the brook. He plunged one arm into the cold water, caught the hat, and pulled it dripping into the boat. The jack was saved, but the cap was carried down stream. Hank ran the bow of the boat into the bank and held it there, while they lit and adjusted the jack again. Hank's skull cap was substituted as a cover, and his head was tied up in a handkerchief. All was dark and still again for a time, Lig was feeling himself in a doze when Hank whispered "The log." They were right upon it. In an instant a plan flashed across Lig's mind. He had studied the laws of inertia. He knew that if he threw himself over the log, the motion that he had in common with the boat would carry him onward, and he would drop into his seat again. Happy thought! He would try it. Hank lay down, and called to his companion to do the same. But to the amazement of the guide Lig, instead of lying down stood up. For an instant he balanced himself, and then, with a wild leap, flung himself overboard.

But alas! his jump over the boat an impetus which sent it flying from beneath him. He grasped the log convulsively and hung there with his feet dangling in the water, while the guide was swept far away from him down the stream. He crawled upon the log, and sat there until Hank could turn the boat about and come to the rescue.

Once more all was still again. No, not exactly that. It cannot be called still when hundreds of muskrats are plunging, diving and swimming in all directions. Our hunters were at the mouth of the creek. At first Lig took every third mouse of a muskrat for the step of a deer, and wanted to start in that direction. After repeated exhortations from Hank to keep still he relaxed into a deep silence, and wondered why that old fanatic, the Professor, could go into ecstasies after a night-hunt over the beautiful calm of a night in the woods. Lig couldn't see it. The trees wreted and shook themselves in the darkness, loons uttered their weird infernal scream, two cranes squallied as they flew over the water, owls hooted in all directions, a fox barked in a neighboring wood, and a bear finally aided in making night hideous with prolonged howling, at which Lig, who had thought each successive noise the scream of a panther, was now sure of it, while all the time huge bull frogs, with the voices of oxen, bellowed an accompaniment without rests, and the muskrats kept up their plunging and scurrying through the water.

"Bat hawk! What was that louder splash just across the creek?"

"A deer!" whispered the excited boy.

Hank turned the canoe. Lig unwrapped the jack and raised the rifle. At first he saw nothing, then, just ahead, something black in the water. He fired. The black thing started directly for the boat.

"A bear!" screamed the boy. "He's wounded," and he made frantic endeavors to load. Hank, however, raised the paddle and laid it smartly over the nose of the swimming animal. The creature rolled obediently over, dead. Then the guide lifted it over the rail. Its weight tipped the boat. It fell heavily upon the bottom. It was an immense hedgehog.

"Never mind, older hunters than you have taken the quill-pipe or bears before this. Load her up."

No, the hunt went on again. Slowly, silently the canoe moved along the shores of the creek and then out into the river. An hour passed and no sound of a deer. Another hour and the boy was only kept from falling asleep by the aches which were traversing his muscles in all directions. Very much of the perty of night-hunting was gone for him; the rest vanishing fast, when a quiver ran along the boat. That is the guide's way of calling attention. He listened and heard away on the opposite shore a continuous splashing in the water. All weariness and pain passed away on the instant. The poetry of the hunt rushed back again, as his heart beat quicker and the warm blood ran faster through his veins. So it is when long afterward we look back upon our hunts in the woods. The toil and care are no longer remembered then; the exciting pleasure of a moment, the fair coloring of the picture alone remains.

The paddle swept swiftly, but noiselessly through the water. The splashing grew louder, then stopped. Another quiver along the boat. The boy uncapped the jack and the light flashed out upon the darkness. It threw a round disk on the shore. There, right in the centre, stood a noble buck, looking straight at the canoe. The boy trembled. The inevitable buck fever was raging. He raised the rifle. The light gleamed full upon the sight. Still the huck stood there, immovable, head brown back, nostrils dilated, and bracing his antlers rising above him. The boy fired. The deer wheeled about, rained the bank at a bound, and disappeared into the bushes. The boy missed him. A moment he sat silent. The deer's shrill "whistle" as he went back into the forest roused them.

"Well, sir, that was about the biggest buck I ever saw."

"I am afraid, Hank, that I had the fever."

"I'm afraid you did."

About two o'clock they reached camp. Wren and the Professor were both asleep. Lig was careful not to wake them, as he declared that if the Professor saw that hedgehog, he would stand a night of no more morning.

Lig was nervous and did not sleep well. In about an hour he was awakened. What was it? A heavy footfall back of the tent. He looked out—even ventured a few feet. A series of leaps into the brush followed. He rushed back.

"Wren—Hank—wake up, quick—panthers!"

All were roused in a moment.

"Did you see one?"

"No."

"Then how do you know it's a panther?"

"How do I know? Didn't I hear him and chase him into the bush? Don't I know that there isn't another beast in the woods that can jump like that?"

The jack was lit and all advanced, armed with rifles.

"Hark! there he is!" cried Lig, pointing to a brush heap. The light was turned upon it, and out jumped a very inconspicuous looking rabbit.

"Sure enough," said Wren. "Praps you'd like to shoot him and carry home his skin to show in the city. Let me tell you now, so yer won't wake this camp again. One rabbit will make more noise than a dozen cats. Does it with his tail. Fact. So to bed."

A WINTER WALK THROUGH BERMUDA.

MY visit to Bermuda was an involuntary one. In fact, I had engaged passage for the West Indies, but contrary winds and some errors of navigation on the part of the Captain had thrown our vessel upon Bermuda reefs. Fortunately for us the weather was not severe, or we should not have escaped as we did with merely a month's detention for repairs. It was the second day after the accident that a friend and myself managed to get on shore, and two weeks after that I was able to return to the mainland.

Bermuda is the name given to a chain of islands, over 300 in number, lying in the Atlantic Ocean, 600 miles east of the coast of North Carolina. They occupy an area of only twenty-three miles by three, but, from the barrier reefs that surround them, present the most dreaded obstacles to navigation in the sea. They are of coral formation, but it would seem, from soundings taken by the English, that beneath this coral are the peaks of a mighty mountain, rising up from the general level of the ocean floor to a height of 23,000 feet!

There are but three or four large islands, the remainder being rocks and islets—all, however, attractive, with beautiful beaches of sand, deep inlets, with grassy banks, great cliffs, the homes of sea birds, and coral ledges covered with an infinite variety of shells of every shape and color, and plants that wave their delicate leaves in the blue waters.

It was off a portion of the group called Somerset, eight miles from shore, that our vessel was stranded, and in a perilous passage the harbor we encountered was a narrow coral shoal, over which the boat passed harshly and ominously. These coral banks that surround the Islands are as beautiful as they are dangerous, and later in my stay, while the vessel was being repaired, I returned in a small boat and examined these wondrous gardens of the sea that lay submerged in the coral caverns.

The coral that reaches up to the north is dead and bleached, but as it is found in the sea, alive and growing, the appearance it presents is so different that you would not recognize it. In the water it is a brown object, branched like a bush, but covered with a disagreeable slimy mass, to remove which it must be buried, and then carefully cleaned, when it will form as beautiful an object as you can find in the sea in any country. Among the corals, of which there are about a dozen varieties, myriads of bright-colored tropic fishes play hide-and-seek. Fish of all kinds are extremely abundant, and are taken alive in nets and fish-pots, and kept in great wells in the boats till wanted.

The great abundance of marine life, both animal and vegetable, is probably owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, that great river of warm water flowing through the sea from the Gulf of Mexico to the far-distant North. This current, as you well know, exerts a great influence upon the climate of the eastern coast of the United States, and brings to our shores many stray examples of tropic fishes and sea-weeds. It broadens as it goes north, and weakens until it is finally merged in the other streams that help to form the great system of ocean currents of the world. Its course is constantly changing further eastward, and its influence upon the climate of the north diminishing. But hundred years ago it gave to Greenland the verdant valleys that suggested the name of that now desolate country. Even now its warmth is so great that it dissolves those great masses of ice that float down from the Arctic region, and is aptly called the "grave of the ice bergs." This stream of warm water, then, flowing close to the Bermudas, gives to them a climate so delightful during the winter months—from November to April—that they are then the resort of thousands of invalids, who cannot endure the rigor of northern winters. The temperature in those months is mild and equable, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees; but in summer the heat is very great and quite exhausting.

On that clear, bracing day, I started out from Mangrove Bay, one of the many where snowy beaches are hemmed in between blue waters and green mangroves. Not far from this bay is Ireland Island, the refitting station of the Royal Navy, famous for its great floating dock, said to be the largest in the world, and capable of taking in the largest ship in the English navy. It was towed out from England in 1869 by two men-of-war, with another stern to steer it by, and placed safely in its present position, in an excavation 54 feet below low-water mark. On the other side of the bay is Wreck Hill, where the wreckers congregate to watch for wrecks, upon which they mainly depend for their provisions. These wreckers are a ravenous set, even now, though instead of murdering crews and enticing vessels upon the reefs, they are busy with the price, they extort from the wrecked mariners about the price, through the courts as they used to get from direct robbery, judges, lawyers, and wreckers being in league to despoil poor jack of his last dollar. As I walked along over the smooth roads, between hedges of oleander, and past little houses of shell-rock, I could hardly believe that this peaceful island had ever been the resort of pirates and buccannens, and had given aid to the enemies of our country in the last war. Yet it was at one time a rendezvous for smugglers and blockade-runners, and the people grew rich from ill-gotten gains. The surface of the country, though there are no hills above 250 feet, is agreeably diversified with hill and dale, and the many little islets dotting the numerous bays give all the needed variety to make the entire walk one of delightful surprises and lovely views. The principal trees are cedars (*Juniperus barbadensis*) and the underbrush sage-bush (*Lantana odorata*); there are now and then marshy tracts filled with reeds and rushes, and a palmetto here and there, while some of the bays, with muddy shores, are fringed with curious mangroves. Many tropical trees have been introduced, among them being the silk-cotton, India-rubber and cabbage palm. The latter is the most conspicuous, from its great height, even exceeding the royal palm of Cuba, for which it is sometimes mis-

taken. It is, however, a different species, being the *Oronotus oleacea* of the West Indian forests, where it sometimes reaches a height of 50 feet. There are no springs or wells of pure water in these islands; yet, with now and then a drought, there are raised here those supplies of potatoes, onions and tomatoes that have made Bermuda famous. In some portions arrow-root is raised, which brings a price superior to any other in the world. Though cramped for room and stinted in soil the Bermudians contrive (with the help of the products of the sea, wrecks cast up by the sea, and visitors from over the sea) to secure a very comfortable living.

The natural history of Bermuda is so peculiar that I must call attention to the fact that there are but four native mammals (three rats and a mouse), and ten resident birds—not individuals, but species. You would, I think, recognize the names of nearly all the birds, so I will mention them—the blue bird, cat bird, chick-of-the-village (*vireo*), cardinal bird, crow, ground dove, quail, heron and coot. But added to this list are 160 migratory birds, which visit the islands in the winter season. There is one reptile, a lizard; no snakes, but insects are numerous, corals and sponges in great number, and fish so abundant that above 120 species are enumerated.

There is a lighthouse about midway the island, with a light visible for many miles, 300 feet above the sea. The erection of this light was strenuously opposed by the wreckers, who foresaw it would diminish their profits by warning vessels away from the reefs. From the tower the view of the island is very fascinating, the whole chain being spread out before you upon a map. The tower is on latitude north 32 deg. 15 min. It is built of the white limestone used exclusively in the construction of the houses of Bermuda. The rock quarries, from which this building material is obtained, are worth a visit; there you will see men sawing out the blocks of stone, which is very soft when quarried, but hardens on exposure.

The exclusive use of this white rock for building purposes, and the white stannum laid bare in constructing the roads, produce a painful glare that is too strong for weak eyes to bear without the intervention of colored glasses. Great spaces on the hillsides are also denuded of earth and plastered over for the catching of rain water, upon which the inhabitants entirely depend. This glare is very offensive in Hamilton, the principal town, at which the steamers stop, after a passage of three or four days from New York. The island would be more beautiful without the town, though there is a fine church, an expensive hotel and a public building or two. Leaving the town behind us and our guide on toward our destination, along the north shore, of the bits of rural scenery, the most interesting are the country churchyards; *the church yards* are these of Bermuda, for around the place of worship are scattered the graves of former worshippers, with flowers above them and cedar trees shading them. Conspicuous upon a hill is the signal station, whence vessels are signalled a long time in advance of their arrival. Upon other hills may be seen barracks for the soldiers, for Bermuda is a military and naval station of much importance to England, being so near the American coast, and several regiments of the line are quartered here, while the engineers are constantly building new fortifications and strengthening the old ones.

The sand-hills of Bermuda, like those of other and larger countries, are continually shifting and encroaching upon the more fertile land. Some of them have buried houses and trees many feet deep, leaving only protruding chimneys and branches.

Some changes that have taken place since these islands were discovered! Though not playing an important part in the history of nations, yet this discovery is closely connected with that of the American continent. They were first seen by Juan Hernandez, a Spanish navigator, while on a voyage from Spain to Cuba, in 1515, and next described by an English privateer, Henry May, whose vessel was wrecked here in 1593. At that time every part of the island was covered with cedar, but there were no vegetables fit for food. They found a great store of turtle, and lived upon them until they were forced to leave the island, when a vessel sailed for Nova Scotia, and thence to England. Later on another vessel was wrecked, containing 150 persons, among them Admiral Sir George Somers, who had been appointed Governor of Virginia, and was on his way to that new colony when he was wrecked. It is said that the heart of Sir George was buried in Bermuda—St. George's—he having died there on a return voyage made for the purpose of supplying his colony in Virginia with provisions.

Some of our best Shakespearean "Tempest" will recall his "still vex'd Bermoothes," and the adventures of the King of Naples in this, the abode of Prospero.

Leaving its later history, as not particularly interesting, we shall find Bermuda celebrated in the songs of another poet, who once resided here a while. We shall have completed, perhaps, our third or our fourth walk of 24 miles when we reach the caverns in the limestone rock known as Walsingham Caves. They are deep and dark, and a little colored boy comes out at your call, providing you with candies and leas the way. You find the usual hollows, grottoes, and stalactites, and dark subterranean ponds that doubtless have connection with the sea. Then you emerge into outer air, covered with candle grease, and glad to escape from the dark dungeons, and proceed to search for the localities celebrated in Moore's verses. Near the caves are the remains of a calabash tree, beneath which the lazy poet loved to recline, and from which he wrote some pleasant lines to a friend in England:

"Of such a shade of a calabash-tree,
With a few who could feet and remember like me."

In 1803 the poet was presented with an office here under the English Government, but after a short stay he gave it in charge of a deputy and removed to England. This office he held for nearly forty years, but in the end he was rightfully rewarded for his negligence of trust by being swindled by the deputy in charge of his interests.

The vegetation in this secluded spot partakes of the tropical, consisting of bananas, plantains, coffee-trees and papaws. In one of the caves called Chalk Cave, an old negro lived for several years, but only company a pig, which occupied a sty in the cave's mouth.

There is a great cavern, not far distant, filled with salt water, called the "Devil's Hole," where is a perfect aquarium of the largest fish ever gathered together in captivity. The principal fish there, called "groupers," are very voracious, and will try to swallow anything that touches the water; therefore, around them is a good guard fish, which is being very beautiful sporting colors of blue, green and gold, and moving through the water with a slow and graceful motion.

There remains now only the town of St. George's, named

for the good Admiral Sir George Somers, which we reach after passing a long and costly bridge, walking past some beautiful land-locked lakes of salt water. The town is old and picturesque, with narrow streets and high walls, and ruins overgrown with plants and papaws, with here and there a palm tree. The fort was built on a hill, and here the wrecked vessels are browned for repairs, and here I found my schooner, perched upon the marine railway, receiving a last coat of paint previous to being launched. In this quaint town I ended my winter walk just as the sun went down, nor sorry, on the whole, that I had been stranded here. With the "Bard of Erin" I was ready to say—

"Alas! that a vision so happy should fade!"

ORDER.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.

I NEVER considered myself a first-class shot, but I am surprised that, while aiming at the old game, a stray shot from my rifle in your paper of September 13 hit Captain F. C. Barker. Indeed, had it not been for the fitter, I should have been ignorant of the wound in all future time. In answer to two of his comrades—what I write for, and say, I thought his camp came from all the ponds, and I have had to read with coldness my entire article he could have read my write. And I certainly did not "imagine" the camps were built at Ranglee, and brought to their place, on the shoulders of brawny guides, till this new information. I do not now really think they were. As to the ponds, I have been told by the same brawny guides that the so-called Seven Ponds are a very Mecca for sportsmen; that the trout and the hunting of small and large game in the open season is splendid, and the scenery is grand. As to the matter of how to get there, and who shall go, is the question. It estimates that the family sportsman seems about to do, and have them attended and served by man power. Shall I say no sneers at the idea that the invalid sportsman and worn business man may go? I want such to have the privilege, and the hardy sportsman. We enjoyed the society of both last September. The roughest ones could find plenty of reasons to distant streams, ponds and mountains, and on their return with sharpened appetites never complained that our varied and abundant comforts and stores were brought by horse-power. Well, let us look at the two routes to the seven ponds. First, we take the route of the Captain, which is three miles on strong wagon road, on foot of horse and five miles' pull in a boat down the lake, and one-half up the stream to a little lake, a half mile across this lake, up the inlet two miles further, then eight or nine miles' trail, and the Ponds are reached. If we take the route of the brawny guides, it is eight miles. Now, if I take the aggregate of the same route as given to me by old guides and by trappers and hunters that I have before referred to, by guests just arrived, and by their guides still reeling from the burden of their "packs" of eighty or ninety pounds, we have the aggregate of the same route as the Captain has described, I must put it down at thirty-four or thirty-five miles, for this is what they gave us. To be fair, we will take the average, for I do not question the estimate of one more than that of another. Perhaps the shoulders of the "brawny guides" were still smarting, when the family sportsman sneers about the Captain. I say estimate, for I do not know the distance has been "observed." The average is thirty-one miles, as I take thirty-four instead of thirty-five. If we go to these ponds via Smith's Farm and Tim Pond, we have the route of the brawny guides, and the whole trail will leave us at Smith's Home in Enfield, from the house to Tim Pond it is called—I do not know that it has been measured—six or seven miles, from Tim Pond to the Seven Ponds ten or eleven miles. Using the largest numbers, we have an aggregate of thirty-eight miles. The road from Tim Pond to the Seven Ponds, as the lawyers say, I will "rest my case" with these figures, only remarking that as the Captain has described the mode of transportation, via Ranglee, I will say there has been a backroad from the house to Tim Pond since 1873, and it has been much easier. The road from Tim Pond to the Seven Ponds is a little more than a year ago. The first winter, I think, went through in July last. Smith had men at work on it when I was there, and for the last few weeks he has ten men at work on it, and has been with them himself. The whole distance is good walking, and I call it a fair road for a wagon. One day I saw the whole distance, spending a few days at the Tim Pond cabins, or he can ride the whole distance, or he can walk a part and ride the rest of the way. I like the backroad for a change, and to carry supplies, etc., and am sorry if our friend has such experience on his road as to put it that he "imagines" his spirit cabin has been finished six inches through his caput. It must hurt, and cannot be an ornament to a public man. It does not appear to like now "faugled notions," and therefore sticks to his route because it is the oldest. All right, I am glad you shall enjoy it, with the brawny guides (extra), and with the amiable spirit he manifests, I trust he will graciously allow me and my friends to use the new way. We believe in progress, and prefer the rail car to the stage coach, the telegraph to the post horse, the split bamboo road to the older pole, and the brooch-lander to the old flint gun our grandfathers used.

By the way, speaking of "split bamboo," reminds me of a correspondent of yours, who, a few months since, these words as his *nom de plume*. We participated in was just, if his inference was correct, I heard him say in Hartford, Conn., that the brawny gentleman and a very nice, skillful sportsman. I have not the honor of his acquaintance. I did not think to mention it here, but it may explain why the Captain's "travel to the Seven Ponds increases." Now, I have been told by the same brawny guides that you do repeat it to you, I do so confidentially to the brawny gentleman, "Split Bamboo," speaking of the Ranglee Lake region, said Steve Morse remarked "This fishing note rest." Guides told me he is "correct," and that the same is true of the Kennebec Ponds. One of the best and hardest sportsmen of Maine told me the name, and he had just returned from a tramp to the Seven Ponds, via Kennebec. He added, it is fortunate Kennedy Smith has just at this time made this hunting and fishing bonanza so easily accessible. So if we have been too prodigal with our former lavais, let me suggest a variety of visitations. We are in constant communication with good markets of the outer world. If the lady cooks are there at Tim Pond he shall have salads, poultry, sweetmeats and cake, and while zipping our Java and Mocha, we will talk of the exploits of good Zank Wallou, of our own and through the eyes of our correspondent. The brawny and above us, and will be friends all our days. J. W. T.

New Britain, N. Y., 1881.

THE TAMM PARTRIDGE KILL.—Oakham, Mass., Nov. 17.—About two weeks ago I sent you an account of the tame partridge at Colebrook, near Parker's Mills. The fence of this bird has gone all over the country, but it is no more. A miserable wretch, I would send you his name if I had it, recently visited the location, called the bird to him, picked it up, and knocked its head against a tree. This he did in spite of the protest of a man, who was passing and knew the habits of the bird. This poor hunter has the united hate of grangers as well as sportsmen of Worcester county, and I hope that one would do him the same. F.

[Why don't they kill the man?]

Natural History.

CHANGED IN THE CRADLE.

POCASSETT, MASS., NOV. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I inclose a clipping from the *Worcester Magazine*, and if the article be true I think storks can claim a superior knowledge over all other birds.

"While I was in Hjørring (Denmark) last summer there occurred a tragedy in connection with one of these twiggy households which is here worthy of mention. It was one of the many cases where couubial felicity is wrecked by a malicious act of one unprincipled being. It was a case in evidence that a female's good character, with a careless neglect of a hand, he scattered to the winds, never to be recovered satisfactorily to the world, which thinks itself over-convinced of her guilt, and no one and nothing, save the victim's heart, dares avow innocence. It was one of the cases where a true and loving life partner is, by an outsider to her domestic circle, cruelly wronged, is convicted on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to death for a crime of which she is not guilty. It was a case where love between the couple is mutual, where it is strong to excess, and a cause for doubt leaves despondent of the betrayed. It was a case that would bring tears to the eyes of a thinker and its termination to this family was ruin, heart-break, orphanage, misery and death. The story is this:—

"While the hen stork was laying, a mischievous neighbor mounted the building one day when she was out frodging, robbed the nest of one of its deposits, left in its place a duck egg, and then descended to watch the effect. The claimants to the nest took no apparent notice of the trick upon their return, and the perpetrator of the deed had almost forgotten the matter when, some weeks later, his attention was attracted to the nest and its quarreling occupants. The quarrel continued, the male chattering to his mate in an excited and angry manner for an hour or more, and then flew away. Two hours passed, and at length he returned with thirteen other males. They all lit upon the house, surveyed the nest's contents critically, and then huddled together for a protracted council. The female was evidently accused by them of unfaithfulness to her lord and master. She was having her trial, and the learned judges, gathered to deal into justice, each and all took part in the lively argument on the subject. The unfortunate one failed to give a satisfactory explanation to the hearers of her case, and the decision grew warmer until she was convicted. A death sentence was pronounced and agreed upon by judgment of jury, and immediately the flock pounced upon and pecked her until she lay dead on the tiles. Then each flew away to his respective home, while the avenged husband and father went in search of food for his motherless offspring."

I have experimented with the eggs of many different birds, changing them from one nest to another of a different species, and, although the spurious eggs were hatched I never knew any disturbance when the pair imposed upon.

While collecting eggs in the spring of 1873, I noticed the habits of some of the smaller birds when their nests were invaded by the cow hunting. This bird, with seeming unconcern in regard to its young, deposits its eggs in the nests of smaller birds and takes no further care of either. I have never been able to catch a cow hunting in the act of laying, though I have often seen them in the thickets and woods where such birds as they impose upon are likely to build. In one instance I found a cow bird's egg in the nest of a vireo, and not any of the latter's, this showing that the hunting can distinguish between an old nest that has been used and a new one. Had I not removed the egg the vireos would have laid and hatched, not their own eggs, but this cow bird's first, then the young hunting would have turned out the others and monopolized the old bird's care; for in most cases the birds imposed upon perform the task of rearing the brood without any complaint. This fact led me into making a few experiments.

I took two eggs from the nest of a barn swallow and exchanged for two from the nest of a red-eyed vireo. I made this choice as their eggs are somewhat alike, and their food being mostly flying insects is similar, so in case the eggs were hatched the young birds would receive their proper food. It happened that the embryos in the swallow's eggs were so far advanced that on the second day there were two young swallows in the vireo's nest. However, the old birds were not at all disconcerted by this forwardness. They began to care for the little swallows at once, and must have fed them with as much solicitude as any parents would. Of this I am certain, for the birds grew rapidly and on the third day after hatching were the sole occupants of the nest, the two eggs having been removed by the parent bird. She must have thought that they would not hatch. Where she carried them I cannot say, and I never could find either eggs or shells in any case where the birds had removed them under similar circumstances. This nest was in the fork of a small, low limb near a cattle path, and this low situation proved its destruction, for when the little birds were nearly large enough to leave it, some cow attacked the bush after the manner of cattle, and with head and horns destroyed a happy home and most interesting experiment. The tracks on the ground about the bush proved the identity of the vandal. The two vireo eggs which I placed in the swallow's nest were not hatched, as the swallows—of which there were three—came out first, and as in the former case the two remaining eggs did not hatch.

I have observed that in most cases when several young are hatched and one or more eggs remain, the old bird turns them out in a few days, perhaps fearing they may break and defile the nest.

It there are any exceptions to this rule they are in favor of the yellow warbler, as I have occasionally found nests of this species with three young ready to fly and one spoiled egg. Several such eggs are in my collection.

My next experiment was with sparrows. I changed the eggs from the nest of a grass sparrow to those of a Savannah sparrow, and, as in this case, there seemed no interruption of domestic affairs. The addition of an egg of the song sparrow to the nest of a grass sparrow was followed by the same results. In the above cases the different eggs were hatched at the same time as those belonging to the nests experimented upon.

I on a placed the egg of a grass finch in the nest of one of the same species, which contained two half-bledged young. As the egg was about to hatch when the change was made there soon appeared a tiny bird with the two larger. The one hatched last, the first, but the small one was cared for by its foster parents.

Some birds leave their nest at once on finding that any one has disturbed it in the slightest degree. One of the most particular is the mocking bird. My brother and I were collecting eggs in Northumberland county, Va., in the spring of 1877. The first mocking bird's nest which we found contained three eggs. This was examined minutely to enter an accurate description of it in our note books. Wishing to obtain the full complement of four eggs we left the nest as it was, and on returning the next day we found that the birds had removed all the eggs. On the same day, May 15, we found another nest with one egg, and although nothing was disturbed at the time, on the following day the nest was empty. MEMOIRS.

[The somewhat apocryphal stork story (quoted by our correspondent is not new, but it is of special interest as calling forth the relation of his experiments with the eggs of some of our small birds. The character of these experiments is quite novel, and we could wish that they had been more extended.]

FISH AND FROG SHOWERS.

PALESTINE, TEXAS, NOV. 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Does it never rain frogs, fish and so forth? I see that "J. C. B.," of Washington city, states it as his opinion, in your issue of Oct. 27, that it never does rain frogs, fish and so forth. "J. C. B.," I believe, is a distinguished gentleman connected with the Smithsonian Institution. Well, now if it does not rain frogs, fish and so forth, nearly every body in the world is laboring under a wrong impression. I have heard all my life that it does rain such things occasionally. It is certainly a common belief all over the United States and, doubtless, also wherever the human race exists. The question is, could there be a doctrine so universal, touching a matter which may be proved to the eye, unless there were foundation for it in fact? I don't believe there could be. For one, I never saw it rain frogs, fish and so forth, but have been told by credible gentlemen that they had seen such things. A gentleman in North Carolina told me that he returned to his home one day from a neighbor's just after a heavy summer shower and found, as he opened his gate, two fine, fresh fish lying before him. I do not recollect that he stated the variety, but I do recollect that he stated that they were large enough to be eaten, and that they were eaten. I was told by another gentleman, since I read the note of "J. C. B.," in *FOREST AND STREAM*, that he once witnessed quite a shower of frogs on Black River, in Michigan. It was raining at the time, and the frogs came down with the rain by hundreds and thousands. Most of them were small, but one—apparently killed by the fall—and some had the appearance of having been dead for some time. Many a time, just after a summer shower, I have seen the ground literally alive with little toads. I did not suppose that they had descended from the clouds, but some of them may have so descended. I see nothing impossible in such a supposition. I have seen volcanic ashes falling in Texas which must have come from volcanoes many thousands of miles away. True, these ashes were little finer than any frogs or fishes I ever saw, but if these ashes could be transported in the aerial currents thousands and thousands of miles, might not frogs and fish be transported a few hundreds of miles at least? It is known that halibuts of large size often ride in the upper regions an indefinite time before falling, and why might not frogs and fish so ride also if they should be taken up in a water-spout, whirlwind or cyclone? Cyclones sometimes take up men, horses, oxen and even houses and transport them a considerable distance. If they can do this why might they not also take up frogs, fish and so forth. You may put me down as a strong believer in it sometimes raining frogs, fishes and so forth, notwithstanding the opinion of "J. C. B."

As for the fish which appear in ponds disconnected from any other water, I think "J. C. B." accounts for them very well. In most cases they are no doubt taken there in spawn which becomes attached to the legs of aquatic fowl that fly from water to water. But they are transported by other creatures also. The ditch in front of my residence in Houston, Texas, becomes a regular fountain several times during the year, yet when it fills up with a rain of fish, it is never filled with little fish. The spawn from which these fish originate was, no doubt, borne from the neighboring bayous by the little black "willow bug" that we see skimming so rapidly over creeks and rivers in the day. In the night it flies away from the larger waters and alights in many ponds or pools may discover, hastening back to the streams before daylight. Thus these ponds and pools become peopled with fish. Wild water fowl would hardly visit our very doors in the cities. N. A. T.

[We ourselves believe in the possibility of occasional showers of living things which may have been taken up in water spouts, whirlwind or cyclones, but these showers take place much less frequently than is supposed, and most of those reported are to be explained on some other ground than this. We differ from our correspondent most decidedly, however, when he says that the universality of the belief in such showers is any argument in favor of their occurrence. A large number of instances might be given of beliefs which have a very wide currency and yet are unconfirmed by any evidence that is of value. The hoopsake story is a case in point, and there are many others. Some of these might cite and others of which would scarcely bear printing.]

WHAT WAS IT?—Chattanooga, Tenn., November 9, 1881.

On looking over a recent number of *FOREST AND STREAM*, I was attracted to an article headed by "G. F. W. who, in speaking of a snake he killed, says: 'I was surprised to see it was a vicious copperhead. He flatted his head and struck at me, but I soon killed him.' I wish to say to G. F. W. that if he will consult the Encyclopedia he will not find any reptile by that name. There is only one species of snake that will flatten his head when disturbed, and that is the spreading adder. There are two kinds of these, the black and the rattlesnake striped. The 'spreading adder' will not only spread his head out when disturbed, but they are not so poisonous as the innocuous rattlesnake. The snake G. F. W. must have meant is the 'copperhead' or 'high-land' moccasin. It is copper-colored underneath, and will quit the water and go on 'high-land.' I have frequently killed the 'copperhead' in my stables, two or more miles from water, and sometimes in company with the adder, the two being, I think, good friends. I write this to enlighten G. F. W.—H. O. MITCHELL, M. D.

[Spreading adder, we believe, one of the many names of the very large *Spizella* of *Zonotrichia* a species which is notorious for its habit of flattening its head and hissing or blowing.]

STRATEGY VS. STRENGTH.

The sand-hornet is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things all his own way; he lives a life of tyranny and feeds on blood. There are few birds—none that care to swallow such a red-hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher-bird flatters after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada, or drumming harvest-fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of especial interest to witness such an incident as I have here related, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured and slain by the strategy of three black ants.

It had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendent object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continued flight, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutched tightly with its jaws upon the hind-foot of its captive, while with its two hind legs it hung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it carried as a dead weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighboring thicket of pine-tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought escape in flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky little assailant again appeared at another impediment, and this time not only the long pine needles, but a single branched stick also, went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight; and as the ant still yelled for reinforcements, his companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vice-like grip upon the other hind-leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hornet tried to rise, but this second pugilist now laid hold of his foe, he could only buzz along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn-cup in its grasp. Finally, a small rough stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift his body from the ground. He rolled, and kicked d and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for his captors; and the thrusts of that lively dagger were wasted on the desert air, whether or not these ants knew its searching openesses, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity.

How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him; with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine needles to add their impement to the burden of his own body.

Practically the ants had won the victory, but what they intended to do under the cleaving of their hands, I could not seem to see. But it was to them only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been apprised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of reinforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was now only a question of moments.—WILLIAM HANCOCK GIBSON, in *Harpers Magazine for December*.

GROUPS SWALLOWING SNAKES.—Some two weeks ago while camped on the Nicasnots stream, a half mile from the Junction with the Passadunkage, in the State of Maine, I took from the intestines of a ruffed grouse, while dressing a pair of these birds for the roasting pan, a striped adder seventeen inches in length. The snake was whole and perfect, except its head which had entered the gizzard. I should have preserved the snake and gizzard had I had any means at hand of doing so. It is a common occurrence for grouse to swallow such food, and I have seen them do so in their way. I have dressed hundreds of grouse and this is the first instance of the kind I ever saw or heard of. These splendid game birds in the State of Maine feed almost entirely on beech-nuts this fall, at least this is the case in the Passadunkage region where we have been on a three-week's trip. The hard-wood forests consist largely of birch and beech, and the bountiful crop of nuts of the latter having fallen to the ground from the action of the heavy frosts upon the burrs, give the grouse a rich and satisfying winter supply, which will cut off this food supply entirely. Nearly every grouse dressed during our trip had fed on these nuts exclusively, no other food having been found in the crop. Grouse are very scarce here this season. We found only single birds, two being the largest number found together with the exception of a single instance. We learned from the settlers that the chicks were nearly all killed by the cold rain storms in the early summer.—H. L. M. Lynn, Nov. 5, 1881.

THIRTY QUAIL IN THIRTY DAYS.—Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 1881.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I have often heard it doubted if any one could eat thirty quail in thirty consecutive days, but my doubts on that point have been dispelled, a lady in my house having used thirty-four in thirty-four days—a convalescent. They were daintily and cautiously prepared and she did not know they were to be served, and often they were for various meals. I think to kill a *hare* *leg* to eat them, willy nilty, is the reason of failure. Many boarders would like the experiment.

Speaking of Bob Whites I had a unique incident some seasons ago while shooting with Judge S. P. W., on the Quenichet estate. Knowing I would give a salute to every other bird, alternating with him, he wagered me a fine champagne score would exceed twenty-five birds by night. Our game score reported at dawn I had won, as twenty-four was my "head," but near our first shot I was counted positive that I had secured the bird. I was both wrong in the light, and her whisking in with a brace for me cost me a new hat. Couldn't stand the temptation. G. B. G. G. G.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE GAME OF MINERAL MOUNTAIN.

MINERAL MOUNTAIN is in the southwestern part of the great farming State of Missouri; the country included in the following description comprises the counties of Washington and Crawford. The mountains here contain inexhaustible stores of lead ore, while the surface of the ground is covered by nutritious grasses, with abundance of mast, and a grazing range unbounded for hundreds of miles. The valleys teem with fertility, and the farms here are productive. The hills produce a fine growth of timber, consisting of white oak, black oak, post oak, shell-bark-hickory, black hickory, hickory, white and sugar maple, white and black alnut, elm, hackberry, cherry and excellent pine for building purposes and the manufacture of the finer kinds of furniture. Beneath the surface of these hills, below the limestone rock, is deposited a rich store of galena and lead ores.

The numberless chains of gently swelling mountains, which encompass the valleys on each side, are in most parts chockered with cornfields, meadows and green pastures, abounding with cattle and sheep. The valleys for the most part are of rich, loamy soil, producing the finest growth of corn, wheat, flax, hay, oats and tobacco. As a later crop the ground is as profitably as in either Kentucky or Virginia, and equal in quality, producing the price of \$1 per pound. One acre produces 1,000 pounds of this crop, so that ten acres, with proper attention, will annually realize \$10,000.

For stock this country cannot be surpassed. The great mast yearly takes the place of corn in early fall, for fattening all kinds of stock, while the produce of the valleys—corn and hay—need not be used until December. The grazing throughout this entire lumbered region affords nutriment for all stock, on which they are fed. This food is abundant from April until December, and thousands of sheep will subsist all winter on brush, etc., just as do the deer, which abound numerously in every section of hill and dale.

There is great profit in stock raising in this country. Throughout this region good milk cows are bought for from \$15 to \$20 each; yearling steers for from \$5 to \$6 each; two-year old steers, \$8 to \$10; sheep, \$1.75 to \$2, being of the very best breeds for mutton and wool, the latter annually producing a fine grade of the wool.

Dressed beef of the finest quality is sold for from 6 cents to 7 cents per pound; that is when a farmer kills a beast too large for his own family use; but in seasonable weather beefs are weekly slaughtered and sold as above.

Now, take the prices at St. Louis, a distance of sixty-one miles from Potosi, via the Iron Mountain R. R., by which stock can be shipped, or otherwise driven on a good country road, with good pasture all the way. The St. Louis prices are for good milk cows from \$90 to \$95 each; steers, three year old, 1,000 lbs. gross, \$90, and so in proportion to their age and size; fat sheep from \$5 to \$6 each; dressed sheep from fifteen cents to eighteen cents per pound. This shows the great profit in raising stock in this great range of country, and its facilities to the best market in a couple of days. In addition to this, rich mineral deposits of lead are deposited in the Mineral Mountain, which can be prospected and worked in conjunction with farming. In a year or two the poor yielding farmer of the East here attains independence, with peace and plenty around him, and all the beauties of nature for his surrounding, in a climate unsurpassed for health and loveliness. Mineral waters rushing spontaneously from never-failing springs in every direction, emit themselves in the various creeks, as pure as crystal, while clear, sparkling waters abound in fish, comprising buffalo, bass, trout, perch, etc., with abundance of game, as deer, wild turkey, grouse, squirrels, wild pigeons, quail, etc., in surprising quantities, affording in the seasons "dainties of brood of earth and air," the best and to the lover of dog and gun measures exhilarating, healthful and romantic.

The Mineral Mountain and its surroundings presents a scenery of magnificent beauty. On the west side of the mountain is a meadow of some ten acres, gently undulating, at the top of which stands a good log cabin, with outbuildings. This may be used as a sportsman's lodge, while it commands wild mountainous and woodland scenery for miles in extent, and hills of towering hills in their sixty grandeur. Storms in these mountains, and immense forests which cover them, afford a rich and romantic view of wild grandeur as the wind howls through the garbled branches of the old oak and dies away on the mountain tops, with its distant, plaintive sound. The king of the forest, the oak, here stands forth conspicuously in all his majesty, with his fifty arms so strong.

The brave old oak,
That hath ruled in the greenwood long,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

Below are the valleys, relieved by rich pasture and corn lands, while the sublimity of mountains and forests fills the contemplative mind with awe and reverence. In spring time all is changed to serene loveliness. The clear, sparkling waters of pure, limpid springs, the murmuring rill, and distant gushing sound of the cascade, impart a thrill of music which adds its charms to the lover of nature; while the variety of wild roses, the sweet briar, the huckle-berries of various kinds, the wild grape blossom, the fragrance of the morning, and the rosy tints of the sun, give a new poetry to these fair productions of the earth, as the dew hung in pearls of crystal on all the branches.

This country is the best game region of all the places hitherto visited by the writer, during some thirty years of handling the double gun and bagging game right and left, in various parts of England, Scotland and America, the half of which (fifteen years each) having shot in the two hemispheres, and on the great prairies of Illinois having made some large bags among the "chickens, geese and quail." It would be difficult to imagine finer sport than that afforded in the mountains and forest glens, which abound in deer, wild turkey, ruffed grouse, squirrel, wild pigeon. The valleys are alive with large beves of quail, which may be fully accounted for by the fact that they are not hunted, for you may travel fifty miles and not see a shot-gun—merely the ten or fifteen dollar rifle, carrying one hundred and sixty or two hundred balls to the pound; while the setter and pointer is altogether unheeded.

I have frequently made my double toll at squirrels when they scamper the roadside fence, or on a bevy of quail, or a brood of turkeys as they rise, my gun and self are locked upon with indelible surprise "shooting on the

wing." As dexteros, however, as the flying shot may be, these mountaineers are equally good with their heavy rifles, for they seldom fail of "plugging the squirrel in the eye."

It is a common and every day occurrence on one rides through the hills, to see the deer on the hillside, valley and glen, while in every five miles they cross and re-cross your path in the country roads through the forests—and as these mountains extend for hundreds of miles, thickly grown with heavy timber, the number of deer is immense. During the war, however, the inhabitants had no rifles or guns to disturb them, for neither were allowed to be kept by either farmers or ranches, consequently the deer increased. Beyond doubt this is the finest hunting ground for deer in the United States, at least that portion of the land inhabited by the white man.

The wild turkey, this noble bird, the king of all feathered game, is as plentiful here in proportion, as is the prairie grouse in Illinois. The woods abound with their broods until the leaves begin to fall, when they pack, or gather in large "gangs" (so called here) of sometimes one and two hundred. They are easily approached, and shot both from horseback and on foot. When the trees are leafless, and winter approaches, they appear in the valleys and meadows, may be seen flying across a valley from ridge to ridge to their roosting-place; the outline of them is discernible on a clear, moonlight night against the horizon at a great distance. Here they attain a large growth, having such a feeding range while young. The dewberry, straw-berry, huckle-berry, blackberry, etc., which grow profusely, serve as food in the early season, and when grown this mighty region of mountains fully develops them for the sportsman's gun and table.

The ruffed grouse (pheasant frequently termed) abound in plentiful numbers; on the hillsides and the bottoms you can seldom go far without springing them, and most excellent sport for the dog and gun can be here enjoyed. In the spring time the woods sound both far and near with their drumming. This bird is probably the most gamey bird of America, having more of the epicurean flavor resembling the red grouse of Scotland; the flesh, however, is as white as that of the chicken.

Squirrels to the farmers in this region are most destructive. The gray and fox squirrel abound in thousands in many instances when the crop of mast fails, they destroy whole fields of corn, and farmers employ boys, finding them rifle and ammunition and one cent per scalp for all killed around their fields.

A farmer told me that last spring during corn-planting time, squirrels were to be seen, from fifty to a hundred at a time, on the fences and around the field, scratching up the newly-planted grains of corn. As they are twenty have been treed and killed on one tree; this elm stood alone at one end of the field. The farmers lose fully a fourth of all the corn grown annually, by the squirrels, and a good shot on a squirrel hunt may easily kill in one day from fifty to a hundred. They also grow very large. There are a few black ones to be seen in the fall, but these only occasionally.

Wild pigeons are mostly birds of passage, although they have their pigeon-roosts sometimes in the mountains, where thousands are frequently to be seen. They are killed by clubs alone. The wild pigeons annually appear in the fall about the beginning of October and continue through the winter and spring; they fly in large flocks over and through all parts of the mountains, darting through the air with immense velocity. Frequently from twenty to thirty may be brought down by the double shot; they are also caught in nets in large numbers.

Quail abound chiefly in the valleys, being the more domesticated game bird; they are seldom shot at, and as before remarked, are frequently to be seen in the woods, particularly in corn fields and meadows skirted with the hazel bush, and very plentiful. The sportsman with his pointers or setters and double gun can enjoy a day's shooting, varying his sport to that in the mountains.

Rabbits are seldom seen, in fact I have only seen one rabbit during three months in the mountains and valleys; this, however, is accounted for through the number of foxes and wolves. The fox is here hunted by dogs alone, as it should be, and is frequent to be seen in the woods, particularly in the generally brought to grief by a pack of half a dozen or so of good hounds. The wolf, both black and gray species, are "plugged" by the rifle at all chances, as they prove destructive to sheep, of which every farmer keeps some, the wolf affording consumption for his spinning-wheel, which is seen at every house through hill and dale. When a wolf hunt is decided on, in any vicinity, the hunters join in, and take their stands in various parts of the hills, and are abundant in the woods, which have been hunted; the hounds are well treated their sport and work well at the trail. Deer here are seldom hunted by dogs, being so plentiful that any hunter wanting a deer will "pack" his rifle, and return in an hour or less with a fine buck, with the ball planted in the exact mark behind the shoulder—to me, however, still-hunting has not the pure charms that is afforded by the full cry of the dogs, while each hunter is posted near some branch or ridge the deer is sure to take, then with the double gun lay him in his tracks well on the ground. There are abundant in the creeks, particularly in the cove, which runs at the foot of Mineral Mountain, the water running deeper in this creek than in any others. Otters here attain a larger growth, their skins are remarkably fine and valuable, and in my opinion decidedly the richest fur made up, of either the mink or stone martin. Minks are very abundant and of a darkish color. Coon and opossum are too numerous to be considered valuable, although the coon skin in quantities would well repay the trapper; but they do not like the trouble to catch them, and as abundance are the coons that as many as fourteen were taken one evening from one tree, in a "coon hunt."

I have given the sportsman but a faint idea of actual realizations to be made in these primeval forests, but, well knowing that such pleasures are appreciated ten-fold when fully enjoyed with the keen mountain air and delicious springs at the hunter's camp, while the sportsman can recite the glory of the past day, while the mercenary's cloud rises and vanishes, and the song of the hound resounds through hill and dale.

A fire on the earth, and our tent with a tree,
Coursing by moonlight so meretricious we,
Let the Lord best his soul, as the Baron his ball,
But the house of the sportsman is widest of all.

W. KING.

LOSS OF BIRD FARMERS.—It is reported that the farmers in Quebec County have combined to suppress indiscriminate hunting over their lands. They have agreed to put a stop to the slaying of chickens by hunters and to check the destruction of game.

"SOME OLD GUNS THAT I HAVE SHOT."

LIKE all his articles in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, St. Clair's paper in your issue of Sept. 29th, headed "Some Old Guns That I Have Shot," was good and his touching allusion to the friends and companions of his boyhood days doubtless went home to the hearts of many Southern readers. You see so many of us have been through the same experiences. Like "St. Clair," I was brought up with the other little niggers, and learned to call an old negro woman "Mammy," which I kept up till I was a "great big boy." And when I meet her now (she is a servant in our aunt's family) I take off my hat, offer her my hand and call her "Aunt Lucy," and she calls me Mars William, (as master), as in the good old ante-bellum days.

What a perfect picture "St. Clair" paints of the life of the Southern sportsman before the war!

It carries me back to the good old ante-bellum days of long, long ago, and awakens many fond recollections of the past, and I feel like offering my hand to St. Clair.

As Robert Burns said of the many pleasant moments spent with his "Highland Mary":

Still over those scenes my memory waxes
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes
As streams their channels deeper wear.

I was alike interested and amused with St. Clair's description of his cane-gun. I have "been here," too; but perhaps we had the advantage of St. Clair, as an older brother and myself had access to a set of tools that enabled us to give our guns the finishing touches. We would take a soft piece of poplar timber and soon fashion it in the shape of a pistol. Then we would take a gauge and cut a trench in it the whole length of the barrel, and into this we would put one joint of a cane, which was fastened to the stock with leather strips securely tacked. The idea was not altogether original with us. In an evil hour, our father, to satisfy our craving for a "sure enough" pistol, made us one. Little did he dream of the clandestine raios we would make on his powder canister to keep our pistol booming! Hide it? Yes; but it was useless. We would search the house from cellar to garret till we found it. But a great ambition. A pistol that only shot one would not do—we must have one that would rattle away five or six times. The Colt revolver was just being introduced then, and we said we must have one too that shot five times. And we were not long in getting one up, as the sequel will show. Like "St. Clair," after first selecting with great care the joint of a cane that we thought would bear considerable strain and kick up a big racket, we made a small hole at the bottom of the joint for a touch-hole. Then we put in a charge of powder, then wadding, and then shot and wadding. We then made another touch-hole even with the wadding on the shot, then another load as before, and so on until we put in five loads, by which time our pistol was chucked full from breech to muzzle. Our idea was to prime the first load at the muzzle, apply a live coal to it, discharge it, and so on all the way down. We expected to fire all the loads one by one, with great rapidity. The modern Winchester repeater is a toy compared to our weapon, and our own invention. It would not do to let any one see it. We might get a pistol for it. Who knew? We decided to test our weapon. It would not do to practice with it publicly. People might learn the secret of its mechanism. Then they might want to know where we got powder to load it from breech to muzzle. So we decided to have a strictly private trial behind a negro cabin. I held and pointed it while my brother burned the end of a small stick till a live coal glowed on the end of it, and then touched the priming with it. Dear reader, many, many days have passed since I was staked by the burning of that newly invented weapon, but the recollection of it is vivid and distinct as if it were but yesterday. It roared like a young cannon, and I did not know whether I was struck by lightning or a locomotive. That was the last I saw of it. It flew to pieces. The loud report startled the whole household, and brought our father to the scene instantly.

"Where did you get the powder?" was the first question he asked.

And we forgot our little hatchets—yes, we forgot 'em—and, forgetting our daily visits to the cannister, replied; "I've gave it to us"—Jim being an apprentice in a cabinet shop near by, and a chum of ours.

We found that pistols made of wood would not do. So between us and three companions we raised money enough to buy us a "sure enough" pistol—a second-hand one. The "thumb" on the hammer was accidentally broken off, and it was with great difficulty that we could pull the hammer back to a full cock; and we were compelled to go to a tree or fence and pry the hammer back. When I look back now and think of it, I wonder how a crowd of boys could load and shoot such a mechanism without some of them getting seriously, if not fatally, hurt. We dubbed our newly acquired weapon "Old Growler" and it would growl, too. With the charges we put in it you might hear it roar ten miles away. Sunday was our favorite day to practice with "Old Growler." But we would take to the woods, away from people and houses. We were good Missons, and each one knew the other would not tell. I remember one Sunday we practiced with "Old Growler" at a poplar tree. It would send a ball out of sight in the soft bark of the poplar. We were all greatly excited. We had been firing "Growler" at hard, seasoned timber, and the balls would rebound and pass in close proximity to our heads—zip!

Why did "Growler" perform so well at times—sink a ball at times, and then all of a sudden fail to sink the ball, which would come back among us with more force than "Growler" sent it? We solved the problem eventually by observing that when packing was used, and the ball forced down, it did not come back among us. Finally we were pired to the position of a big hammer. When I look back now and think of the sole owner of "Old Growler," sold him to a companion for the enormous sum of ten cents. We then turned our attention to swimming. We must know how to swim, and then we would all be men. Our hearts were as joyous and free as the mocking-bird's that sits in yonder tree and sings so sweetly this beautiful October morning. His sweet carolings reminds me of the

Little bird with azure wings
And song that sale a thousand things

that cheered the soul and revived the drooping spirits of the lonely Bonnyard.

I could go now right to the spot where we would strip and plunge into the water. Ah! dear reader, the many, many happy memories I have since sent upon the banks of that clear, beautiful little rivulet with rod and reel, and dog and gun.

"I've angled in many waters,
On many a summer's day,
In many a tumbling river,
By many a waterfall,
But the idea of that brook has never
Lost its pathos and charm for me,
As it rippled and ran forever
To its grave in the mighty sea."

Long after the boat-brooks cease that send the blood through the veins in the hand that holds the pen that writes these lines will that continue to flow on and on to thy "grave in the mighty sea." Like the stream described by Byron,

Thy banks are fringed with many a goodly tree,
And flowers the fairest that may raise the bee,
and blossom as upon thy banks do the wild flowers now
and blossom so beautifully—nowhere do the sweet notes
of the mocking-birds—those sweet wood-ud warblers of the
South—sound so sweet and musical as those that inhabit thy
banks. Brio.

Port Royal, Tenn., October, 1881.

THE SQUIRREL HUNT.

WHEREVER they are much hunted there is no game so wild, so sharp in hiding and so hard to kill, even when hard hit, as the large grey squirrel of middle New York. If struck to death, and anywhere near a hole in a hollow tree, they will wait till they can die in the death agony and die there untouched by the hunter's hand. The following lines are a bit of my experience:

Leaves are drifting wild in furries,
Thro' the woodland dark and drear;
Swift the game bird Southward hurries,
Knowing well stern Winter near;
But the squirrel staunch remains;
Tempting all the Hunter's skill;
He from swearing scarce abstaineth,
Shooting oft, but not to kill!

See the banner white, 'n' plifted
O'er the soter tint of grey,
As from tree to tree 's shifted,
Quik as shadows, clond-swept, play—
Hear his taunting laugh re-ounding,
While you search the forest o'er,
He from branch to branch is bounding,
Glances showing—tween no more!

Where the oak-tree, widely spreading,
Cast its arms grotesque abroad;
Ours acorns freely shedding
On the sere and frosty sod—
Where the beech to sycamore towers,
And oaks maples taller grow;

There the top of Satan glowers
On his weary dew below,
From his nest-hole, slyly peeping,
Watches he the Hunter's eye—
Keenest and best he keeps,
For if seen he knows he'll die—
Patience have and seek good hiding,
Till he fancies you have down,
Then, with nerve and skill adding,
Shoot, and bring the rascal down!

Eagle's Nest, Nov. 2, 1881.

NED BENTLINE.

* The long tail, white beneath, looks like a flag of truce at times.

HUNTING RABBITS FOR THEIR MEAT.

THE other afternoon, Col. Houston Rucker, Col. Geo. F. Akers, Charley Hollister, Ralph Dodd and myself were seated together, when suddenly the question of rabbit hunting was brought up by Houston Rucker, with the following recollection of the first time he ever saw Col. Akers. "George," said Houston, "you were sitting on the side of the main road leading from Appomattox C. H. to Lynchburg, the sunset looking like a fire over looked at. The snow lay a foot deep upon the ground, and a cold, piercing wind was howling, yet there you were, with a scanty amount of clothing on your back, and bareheaded. Upon closer investigation I noticed that your old wool hat was being utilized by you as a foot warmer, shoes being a part of your toilet apparently unprovided for. A couple of rabbits lay on one side of you, and on the other your Uncle Archie Moon's famous bound Monroe, and Daniel Whitaker's old dog Bryan. I felt sorry for you, and would willingly have assisted you, but for the snow. I gave me up for the first sentence of my commiserating speech, 'None of your derved business. I have just as much clothes and things as I want.' Do you remember the circumstance?"

"Yes," replied George, "bunting rabbits barefooted in the snow is no fun; but then when you have no other meat at home, it's a clear case, and it was many a time that I had to do it. But now that you have recalled to my mind that day, I'll try and tell you about the chase I had after those two rabbits."

"Daniel Whitaker loaned me his dog, and a better one never tracked puss; when he opened his mouth, the sweetest melody rolled out of it I ever heard, and it not only attracted the people's attention, but the attention, too, of every well-bred bound within its bearing. This accounts for Monroe being along, Uncle Archie only allowing me to hunt him once in a while. The morning of the hunt Aunt Milly told me 'thar was no meat in de house, and dat Miss Bryan expected sun company dat day, sich as Mr. Whitaker, Jish Davenport, Parson Hammerly, Wash Hunter, and their wives, and I ain't know no man no, so you must do bes' you kin. I s'dn't got no shous to len' you, but here is a par'ov my thick wool stockin's, dey'll help you mazin' in de snow.'"

"I got into my clothes as soon as I could, pulled on the good old cook's hose, and after drinking a bowl of corn meal coffee, sweetened with maple sugar, salted forth, followed by Bryan. Hardly had we got into the road than fresh tracks of rabbits were seen everywhere in the snow, and the old dog, in his joy at the abundant sign, sat down on his haunches, stretched forward his neck, with head high in the air, began a solo that many opera singers might have envied. I looked at him in admiration, and wondered what would be his next move. Before getting through with the first part of his chant, two or three half-breeds came up, and joined in the chorus. Looking across the field I saw coming, Monroe. It was then sure of good sport, for with those two dogs no rabbit on earth could get away. Bryan now began moving around, the old dog, with the neck simply waiting for orders to come on. They did not have long to wait, as the leader opened, and with heads down to the snow, the others

fell into line and the race began. Before running five hundred yards they caught one rabbit.

"Oh! how I w'd it had been big enough to do for dinner, as I was nearly half frozen, though as it was not, I patted the dogs and said, 'Now, my lads, George wants more meat; let's go for it.' They seemed to understand me, and began hunting in every direction. But game was scarce, and it was only after scovring several fields that they found scent, and away they went, I hobnobbing along after them the best I could, the snow and ice having already worn the bottoms out of Aunt Milly's stockings. I was absolutely bare-footed. The chase by this time had grown more exciting, and I, in my enthusiasm, became heedless of my bodily sufferings and pushed on as fast as I could. The rabbit, a old steger, proved as wily as reynard. He would turn, run into holes and evade the dogs in every possible way. At last they pressed him so closely that he made directly toward Bill Bocock's schoolhouse and there for a while the dogs lost him; but after diligent hunting found him in a hollow log. They barked and kicked up such a rumpus that the boys in the school began tittering and squirming about upon their seats, irritating old Bill until he came to the door to order me away. Just at this moment the rabbit ran out of his hiding place (being forced out by a long pole I had introduced into the log) and insidiously took refuge inside the schoolhouse. Then followed a scene better imagined than described. Bocock did not fear his hair, as he was bald-headed, and they cut his hair, then the boys and then a dogs and lastly the rabbit, and we finally compelled to give holiday for the remainder of the day. I got the rabbit number two and started for home; and it was going there that you saw me. My feet having become numb with cold I used my old hat as a warmer. I hunted many times after under no more favorable circumstances, for when there was meat in the house I had other things to do; or, in other words, when I went hunting rabbits it was always for their meat." J. D. H.

Nashville, Tenn.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PIGEONS IN TRAP SHOOTING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

In the last few years owing to the way in which wild and tame pigeons have been slaughtered from plunge traps at tournaments and club matches, on account of their scarcity it has often been found necessary to use something else for targets in their stead. A few clubs indeed have stopped shooting at pigeons altogether, finding it much sport with balls but they will be better if they had being cheaper and allowing more money to be spent in prizes.

On the Pacific coast and in some parts of the South, the bat has been used from the trap and seems to answer admirably, its peculiar flight making many of the crack shots score quite low at first. These bats are gathered from old barns, caves and hollow trees by men who make a business of it, their profit on the hundred being considerable.

Blackbirds and sparrows can be used by catching them on twigs and hanging them on a wire line. As soon as a case they should be detached, their feet cleaned with sand, and put in large cages or pens. This would be an excellent way to thin out the number of the English sparrows, which at present fill our parks. The bird line can be made from the juice of the holy bark, extracted by boiling, mixed with one-third part olive oil.

"The crow, which covers in countless flocks the fields in winter, has, to my certain knowledge, never been tried, but I know of no particular reason why it should not be used. Every one of our extensive fields is seen going to and from their roosting grounds in a long line that can almost be measured by miles. Any one that has seen a crow's roost at night knows how easily they could be caught, then, no matter how acute their senses may be in the day time. When sprung from a trap, the well-known antipathy of the crow to man's presence would cause it to fly away from the crowd back of the shooter in a style that could only be checked by the best shots with a bad hitting gun. I have occasionally shot from traps, but I think this a practice should be discouraged, because it would soon extend to other game until in time there would be nothing left but crows could point or men shoot in the field, all having been trapped for matches or tournaments. Most of our States have forbidden trapping game birds, besides the idea of shooting them from traps is something which every sportsman should condemn.

Of the list of inanimate objects used as a substitute for pigeons, the iron glass ball is the best. When first used years ago by Carver introduced it here the shooting fraternity regarded it as a big thing and it immediately became popular until at present the numerous designs of traps and hats that were sold at the time have taken a hold on us. Even in England they have used it considerably, the matches shot by Dr. Carver giving many people a chance to see what they were like, who had never heard of them before. It has induced men who would not shoot at pigeons and had no time to go out of the city for field shooting to get guns and take up the practice of breaking the balls, often becoming crack shots when otherwise they would hardly have known the breach of their guns from the muzzles.

Among the different kinds of target balls manufactured, including the slugs, plaster, glass, rubber, suoking, feather-filled and sanded, I think for ordinary purposes the plain glass ball is as good as any; for special shooting, however, the others are often very useful.

In the way of traps, the rotary gives a great variety of shots, the iron glass ball coming back into the face of the shooter, which is unlike any sort of game shooting. There is a knack acquired by skillful shots to watch it as the arm revolves, and to call "pull" in time to give them the ball in any position they wish. The ordinary screened trap that can be set to throw slugs away and quartering shots, is a great deal more like birds in the field, and the new style of using five of them in imitation of English ground traps is a still greater improvement.

Before the iron glass ball came into use, only a stick with paper wings known as the gyro pigeon could take the place of live birds; a modification of this has lately been invented in Philadelphia, that consists of a spring enclosed in a paper representation of pigeon, but which really looks something like a fish; the whole thing is thrown from a suitable trap.

In England, Holland & Holland have brought out on the market an apparatus in the shape of a pigeon, made of a light iron frame; inside of this is a glass ball which breaks whenever the shot strikes it through the frame, the latter of course being made of iron. The frame of course being made of iron also made solid sheet-iron pigeons to be dipped in white-wash after every shot striking them, in order to remove the marks. To make these iron pigeons go, they are at-

tached to a machine consisting of an unstanding rod made to revolve on its axis, at the top of which is fixed at right angles an iron cross-bar which holds a pigeon at each end. Turn the crank arranged on to the revolving rod and the pigeon is at once fast with, forcing a single and double shot. Rabbits made of felt for rifle practice, and of iron for the shot-gun, are hung on an endless cord between two trees or posts, and made to run up and down by turning a wheel, the iron representations being whitewashed automatically by a brush every time they come to the end of their run.

Within the last few months the clay saucer, or pigeon as it is called, has been sold a good deal to clubs, it being a reproduction in another form of a clay bird made some time previous. The principle of the clay saucer has been frequently mentioned in your paper, but to me one who has never seen it work the skimming of a clam shell gives an exact idea of its flight.

In the above list are substitutes for the pigeon at trap shooting I hope some of our sportsmen will continue to use, and others who have hitherto patronized tournaments will take up in place of the wild birds used there, if indeed they really must have an annual State match. Your editorial, published a few weeks ago, I think will convert the ideas of many who have hitherto been its warmest advocates, and in another season or two no more will cause the name of sportsmen to be held in suspicion by the press of the country, as our last tournament at Coney Island did.

SUCCESSFUL ROCHESTER SPORTSMEN.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 18.

Editor Forest and Stream:

So many of your correspondents are this year writing about the scarcity of game that I thought something in another tone would be acceptable to many of your readers as an antidote to the gloomy state of mind caused by so many reports of ill luck. In this vicinity the fall shooting of migratory birds has been better in some respects than it had been for years. Woodcock shooting was about as good as could be desired. Among several excellent bags the best I have heard of was one of thirty-seven birds shot north of Brockport, in this county, by one man in a day. He hunted in a region that has long been famous for its fall woodcock shooting. The birds, it is believed, cross Lake Ontario from Canada, and stop in the first favorable cover they find after their long flight. It is thought that every year some lucky fellow has a high shoot in that region.

There was some very good snipe shooting here this fall also, and several bags ranging from fifteen to thirty are reported. One of my friends found them very abundant on corn fields where he had not seen a snipe for years previously.

Neither the four-footed vernal nor the partridge fly, nor the red squirrel, nor man, has killed off all the ruffed grouse in this part of the State yet. Three of my friends came back from a two days' search for ruffed grouse this week, and brought with them forty net grouse.

The most extraordinary shooting of all was performed by three men from the city a few days ago on the wide waters three miles from the Court House. It is an expansion of the Erie Canal containing 30 or 40 acres in which ducks sometimes drop in. Scores of men are constantly firing on its haunts and no day passes that half a dozen shooters fail to make it a visit. The three men in question went out carrying twelve pounds of shot, with muzzle-loading guns. There came to be three ducks on the water and the wild fowls began to blaze at them, and as the birds seemed to be infatuated and would not leave, the shooters discharged all their shot, finally killing two of the ducks. You can calculate how many shots they must have fired.

Three or four successful deer hunting parties from this city have visited Canada and Michigan this fall. Of individuals John C. Lighthouse was most successful, he having killed seven deer and a wolf in Michigan.

MAINE WARDENS AND VISITING SPORTSMEN.

I AM glad Mr. Hubbard has spoken, for it is an important subject and one that interests us greatly in Eastern Maine. We have labored for years to have our game protected; and now to have it the commodity of a class opposed to us, and who have made us all the trouble they possibly could, is a bitter pill. I have no sympathy for an officer who fails to do his duty. I know our county wardens, as a class, are a failure, and am satisfied that the appointment of local wardens is a mistake; yet I am certain it is not so in all cases. That Mr. Hubbard should abuse our Commissioned wardens, in such an ungentlemanly and unspornsmenly manner, is perfectly unjustifiable in a visitor. I am satisfied Mr. Stilwell is a gentleman, and an honorable man; and I have no reason to find fault with him as an officer.

The animus of Mr. Hubbard's communication is apparent. Mr. Hubbard clearly ignores Maine's sportsmen, and can see none save "visiting sportsmen" and "gentlemanly guides" east of the "Hub," and, more, they must be a privileged class, because they, the "visiting sportsmen," have the money—some have whips.

Let us see how the thing stands to-day. Sportsmen of Maine are doing their best to preserve the game, and have done so for years. The sportsmen of Maine are composed of as good material as can be found in any State, and are entitled to respect. We have been for years obliged to contend with "gentlemanly guides," market hunters, middlemen, cheap landlords, whisky smugglers, deer hounders, crust hunters, "visiting sportsmen" and various other undesired specimens of the human race.

At this time we are sensitive, and feel that our "visiting sportsmen" have insulted us. I do not know that Mr. Hubbard is one of the members who came from Massachusetts last month. The facts are as follows: Messrs. Howe, Weymouth Bros. and others from Merrimack and vicinity, numbering eight, with five dogs or hounds, came to Cherryfield; they were met by the Shopper Bros., guides, residents of Redington, who conveyed them to Cranberry Lake, where they found quarters in Isaac Albee's logging camp; and there they were joined by a party from East Machias. A deputy warden appeared and found the hounds chained and in the care of a keeper. The party set at defiance the law, but being watched, were somewhat troubled; but by the aid of the East Machias party, the Shopper Bros. and a Northfield man, who was camped at the Sabor, they eluded the warden and got a few days' run with the dogs into Little Sabor Lake. Report has it they killed six deer.

What has Mr. Hubbard to say of this? It is perfectly impracticable to allow game to be killed out of season to supply the tables of camping parties. It is game protection we wish, and we have it the law must be obeyed to the letter. There can be no such thing as a privileged class; if we do have, game protection is a dead letter, for we cannot enforce laws partially.

We are asked questions I hope to see answered by some one qualified to satisfy all. "Why do not the authorities put down hounding deer?" We are all trying to do it. But why do "visiting sportsmen" persist in breaking our laws? We do not thank you for bringing your money into our State to tempt guides to break our laws, for we believe the receiver cannot give with one hand and take with the other. "What right have wardens to enforce one part of the game law and neglect another?" Is that proved?

"What right have wardens to see only one class of persons and overlook their own townsmen?" I hope Mr. Stilwell will answer this, for we know that an Indian, by the name of Ketchum, has a camp at Mopang Lake and is accused of having hounds, or that he allows Bangor men to keep hounds at his camp for the purpose of running deer into Mopang Lake. I know Mr. Stilwell has had his eye upon these parties. We are constantly watching our law-breakers, and if Mr. H. will look over the Reports of the Commissioners of Fish and Game of Maine, he will find his assertions need qualifications, to say the least.

We sportsmen of Maine think we have a right to make our own laws for game protection, and enforce them; and, more, we think we shall. As "visiting sportsmen" are bound to trample upon us with their hounds, I advocate "no quarter for the dogs."

I hope to see a more efficient system for game protection, and do not doubt we shall.

Let us protect the game—one and all.

Machias, Nov. 15, 1881. Old Tog.

STATE OF MAINE, Department of Fishery and Game, Dixfield, Nov. 15.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In notice in your issue of Nov. 10 an article from Lucius L. Hubbard entitled "Maine Wardens and Visiting Sportsmen," reflecting on the enforcement of the game laws, honesty of Maine Wardens, etc.

I have had the honor of being one of the Commissioners of Fish and Game, for Maine, since 1872, with the exception of a part of the years of 1879 and 1880, and have never allowed my name to appear in print in any controversy pertaining to the fish and game, as generally it is no advantage to the cause. But when the honesty of our guardians of the fish and game is assailed, a word in its defense I do not think amiss. I do not see how any gentleman and sportsman who is in favor of enforcing our laws, can object to my old friend, H. N. E. M. Stilwell's "vigorous letter from Maine," which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago, unless it might be some one who had killed a moose or deer in close time and paid too dear for the whistle. I think the letter expresses the sentiments of every man who has had the honor to be Commissioner of Fish and Game in Maine. There are certainly many. As to the honesty of the Wardens, if there are those who can be hired to break the game laws would it not be better (if not more honorable) to inform the Commissioner so they could get them removed or dealt with as they deserve rather than attack them through the press?

As to the enforcement of the game laws, I do not pretend they are enforced in every case, as there are some which I presume we know nothing about. Maine forests are large—our means are small—poachers, I am sorry to say, are too numerous, though a goodly share come from outside of Maine. But I assure the writer, and also gentlemen and sportsmen interested in the protection of our fish and game in Maine, that we shall do all in our power to convict any person who kills our fish and game in close time, whether he calls himself gentleman or plebeian. And I would earnestly request any gentleman who knows of any violation of the game laws in Maine, to give us the information and name of witnesses, and we will bring the offenders to conviction if possible. So long as we have been convicted for fail for killing moose, deer and caribou. Cases are good for six years past, of which we hope to prove in the near future.

I am sorry to say the writer is correct about the hounds, but am happy to inform him they have not all come out of the woods alive.

To the sportsmen who visit our State, we hid you welcome. Her woods and waters are free and open to you. We are happy to give you all the assistance and information in our power, and are confident that no person entitled to the name of gentleman will willingly catch our fish or kill our game in close time.

HENRY O. STANLEY, Comr. of Fish and Game.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen many inquiries and replies to the above, and probably not one out of twenty has been correct in their use, until in your last issue (Oct. 20) your correspondent from Columbus, Ohio, has been quoted as saying he had it from an old Californian friend. I gave this to Dr. Fords, then of Lafayette, Ind., in 1858, who went to California about 1860—perhaps the same gentleman your Columbus friend alludes to. I wrote to the old Spirit of the Times in 1856 or '57, stating that I had tried all means to prevent rust inside the barrels, and had found that in using Hazard's Electric Powder, and after a day's shooting I could wipe the gun outside dry and after rub over with an oily rag; put it in a dry place, and then not touch it inside for so many days, weeks or months, as you please. Before using it again wipe out the barrel—then of a brownish powdered ash—and they will be as bright as any steel polished with whiting.

A Mr. Baker, of Charleston, S. C., then ridiculed the idea of a fine gun being put away without cleaning, but I replied again to all sportsmen of these United States to try my plan, and I would guarantee the perfect state of barrels, even after any time.

My gun then being a muzzle-loader, this made it almost impossible to often wash it out, and to adopt any kind of oiling to prevent rust; but with muzzle-loaders we had to use water, driving it through the nipples. With the breech-loader I would never use a drop of water. Put your gun away after a day's shooting "in a dry place." Wipe well the outside, as the perspiration of the hands, or salt air, might rust. After thoroughly wiping dry, add a little oil, either coal oil or sperm, and then pass over the barrel a dry

cloth. This for the outside. The inside is protected by the lining of powder, which becomes in a day a fine ash powder. Now to show you a test of this. My barrels, of the finest laminated steel, after having been used twenty-five years, were altered to a breech-loader by Messrs. Read & Sons, who stated on examination (previous to altering them) that they were in perfect condition, and remarkably well preserved, even if for ten years, much more than for twenty-five years. Therefore I recommend all to try this simple but sure cure for rust spots in gun-barrels. As to water, then oil, you can never prevent rust, if you work at them for a week. Therefore, your correspondent of Columbus, O., is right.

WM. KING.

GAME IN NEW JERSEY.

I HAVE been at some pains to ascertain the truth in regard to the amount of game in the central and lower parts of this State, and submit the result. The severe winter told fearfully on the quail. I have been out with good dogs in Middlesex, Mercer, Monmouth and Atlantic counties, and am convinced that the quail were decimated by the prolonged snow fall. I mean by this that not one bevy can be found this year where there were ten last year, but the open summer has made the broods larger. Pheasants did not suffer from the winter, and are plenty in their usual haunts, except that in some sections they are rapidly being exterminated by trapping and snaring, which is openly and extensively carried on. This is particularly true of the shore counties. In one day's tramp in Atlantic county I found as many as twenty quail traps, and this too in the jurisdiction of the famous West Jersey Protective Association. By the way, I find that this association is very unpopular, as the farmers seem to believe that all the organization does is to sell licenses to Philadelphia pot-hunters. Rabbits are very abundant, and many of them are hardly large enough to shoot, the prolonged open weather having apparently brought out late litters. There were no woodcock in the Middlesex swamps in October, their feeding grounds being dry, but a few are found now in the sprouts. English snipe have been plenty in some parts of the State, and I found a few of them last week along the hotbuns near Great Egg Harbor. Squirrels have not been so thick in many years as this season, and, with no drawback, they will furnish unusual sport next year. There are plenty of ducks along shore, but on account of the mild weather they do not "draw," and our runners are in no flight. The pheasant and quail are the only game that need special attention. We should have a close season for a year or two, and close attention to the law-breakers. In many sections the hucksters and store-keepers buy up snared birds as openly as they do poultry and eggs.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 17.

THE duck shooting at Havre de Grace since the opening of fall has been on the average good, but the main body of fowl appear to be redheads. Few cawbacks have arrived on the flats, owing no doubt to the mild weather. I made inquiry this week among the pointers, to whom a great part of the ducks shot at this point are sent, and learned that a very large proportion reaching them are redheads. Black heads, strange to say, are in a minority—the reverse is almost always the rule. Quail are here selling on the streets, in the hands of "hawkers of the curbstone," at \$4 per dozen. I have yet to hear from a returning sportsman that good quail shooting has been enjoyed. One I met this A. M. stated he had been gone a week, and had four coveys, and bagged, after having hunted twenty birds.

The way your journal is talking against the immense slaughter of pigeons at hippodrome tournaments is meeting with favor here. While gentlemen who wish to practice between seasons at pigeons from the trap will still continue to do so, they are, I think, unanimous in favoring the saving of the large amounts of money expended at these shootings by gun clubs and sportsmen's associations, and devoting it to the preservation and increase of our game birds.

Word was sent to Philadelphia last week from Lower Delaware and Maryland, that a large flight of woodcock had reached these points. A number had been killed by resident sportsmen, but we have not heard of any of our Philadelphia makers making any bags.

Would you believe that a few rail birds can still be killed on our flats? The weather has not been severe enough, it appears, to drive the lazy stragglers southward.

Don't the "hays," duck shooters say, the yearly flock of snow geese that appears in the Delaware below Bombay Hook, has not yet shown itself. For the past four years these fowl have regularly presented themselves in our waters, and are little troubled by our market shooters from the fact that there is no sale for them in Philadelphia. Home.

THE DECREASE OF GAME BIRDS.

WESTCHESTER, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have found that my experience in hunting for game birds of all kinds about the city this fall is the same as expressed by Mr. Holberton, in his letter in your issue of Oct. 27. Tuesday, Nov. 1, I tramped through a good part of Westchester county, and although I found excellent cover and suitable feeding places for grouse, quail and woodcock, not a bird did I see. In a while I saw a man, I met plenty of men from the city, however, who were having fine "sport" shooting robins, blackbirds, chipmunks, etc., and tearing down fences and destroying things generally. One party of Italians, eleven strong, marched through the woods blowing tin whistles "to charm the little birds," and shooting at every living feathered creature, from a chippy-bird to a farmer's boss gobbler. SENECA.

Middletown, Conn., Nov. 18.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have been very much interested in the discussion in recent numbers of your paper in relation to the great decrease of game birds. About here, by snaring and especially by the ravages of the "tick," the ruffed grouse had nearly been exterminated. The last severe winter cut off most of the quail, while many of the survivors are believed not to have bred, remaining together in packs during the summer.—ONE OF YOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream: I've just returned from a two-weeks' sojourn with the ruffed grouse in Northern Pennsylvania. Found the birds very scarce indeed. Almost all of the birds killed were old cocks and "we" found quite a large share of them by listening to their drumming, and then

working them up. In localities where usually I could easily kill from ten to twenty in a day—and all flying—it was impossible to kill more than five or six in a hard day's work, and court in one or two "punches" at that. The farmers say that very few young birds were hatched this spring; and they say that they had the same trouble with domestic fowls.—BUNASA.

Editor Forest and Stream: In your journal I never have seen any intimation that the decrease was ever owing to an epidemic disease, to which I think the Rascals are liable—similar in its speedy work to the flesh without being, though I do not remember but one instance where the bird was found. The farmers say that very few young birds were hatched this spring; and they say that they had the same trouble with domestic fowls.—BUNASA.

Editor Forest and Stream: In your journal I never have seen any intimation that the decrease was ever owing to an epidemic disease, to which I think the Rascals are liable—similar in its speedy work to the cholera," where whole flocks are sometimes found dead in the morning. The only sign evident to the unscientific observer is a lack of blood in the body, and a small clot at or in the heart. Having lived, within the fifty years ago, many dogs, whose ruling passion was to retrieve, would bring me everything that was dead; and when not too ardently engaged, I would examine to see if the birds had been shot or killed by their natural enemies. I occasionally found that there were no marks of either, but that the flesh was without blood, though I do not remember but one instance where the bird was found. The farmers say that very few young birds were hatched this spring; and they say that they had the same trouble with domestic fowls.—BUNASA.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

WATERBURY, Conn., Nov. 16, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream: The practice of making the annual meetings of your State Association for the Protection of Game the occasion of a pigeon shooting tournament seems to be so generally deprecated by all true sportsmen that I am not surprised that the better class of that association desire that its name be so changed as to indicate its real purpose and business.

I would seem to be obvious that the association is directly responsible for the new practices which result from the offer, at high prices, to buy netted pigeons. Such a market for the birds induces hundreds of professional trappers to follow them to their nesting places, where they bare and net vast numbers of them while rearing their young, which young are of course left to starve. If this is not revolting cruelty what name will you give it?

We should feel reluctant to call that man a sportsman who would deliberately shoot the mother of a brood of young quail, or catch trout from their spawning beds, and worse still, leave a snare trap on the ground; and it ought to be regarded as unsportsmanlike, as well as cruel and barbarous, to kill purely for sport.

I had no intention of obtruding my criticism upon the conduct of your State Association when I commenced this letter, but simply, as I now do, suggest that there is a short way to an effectual remedy for the evil about which so many complain—viz., by enacting a law similar to one passed by the Connecticut Legislature in 1875, which provides, among other things, that "no person shall let loose or suffer to escape from any trap, or other place of confinement, or from any method of restraint, or expose in any way any bird or fowl of any kind, for the purpose of having such bird or fowl shot, or shot at for sport, gain or trial of skill of marksmen, or other purpose, or to be shot or shot at, at any shooting match."

[Such a law would include in its prohibition also small pigeon trap-shoots, which are very different affairs from the immense tournament. There is no call to pass a law against such matches.]

DAKOTA TERRITORY GAME.

LOWER BRULE, D. T., Nov. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream: Ducks, geese and sand-hill, or whooping crane, have been here in countless numbers this year. The farmers who live in the vicinity of Lower Brule, who did not game their corn early, have had it nearly destroyed by the cranes and geese. As fine shooting for them as can be found in this country can be had at Red Lake, about six miles from Chamberlain, the present terminus of the C. & St. Paul R. R., on the Missouri River. Nearly all kinds of ducks are found there, and an Eastern snow fowl is no more to be compared to the mallard or the teal shot here than an old squaw is to their black or dusky duck. I shot teal yesterday that were as fat as butter, and broiled over a good hot fire it was a tidbit for a king. Pintail grouse, called by the people here prairie chicken, are rather scarce. Just about now they are settling down on the river in considerable numbers, and I think will give the boys a chance to try their small-bore rifles shooting them from the trees when winter sets in.

Dear me! be very plenty, judging from the signs which are all about on this side of the river. They have been hunted but very little this fall, and the snow last winter bore so deep that the hunters from going out. I shot a splendid buck while duck hunting on a creek, and wounded a doe with my shot-gun. One of our chiefs has been out and killed fourteen deer and a large number of beaver, which are very plenty on the creeks and along the river banks.

Chamberlain boasts of as good a hotel as can be found on the river, the Brule House, kept by Mr. Austin, who will treat the sportsman to the best that the country affords.

LOWER BRULE.

AN EAGLE CAPTURES A PIKE—Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 16.—Last week Mr. Freeman, of Occum, while standing by a mill pond near that place, saw an eagle take a large pike, or pickerel as they are called here. The bird swooped and took the fish with its claws, instead of diving for it. The pike squirmed and twisted so that the eagle, which had at once flown to land, had to let go its grip. The fish fell and the bird at once flew after it, pounced upon it, and, taking it again in its talons, shot up into the air to a lofty height. The onlookers, seeing the bird in its own accord, the osprey let the fish fall and it flowed it. The long tail of course killed the fish, and the eagle then picked it up and flew away.—W.

WILD FOWL AT MONTAUK.

GREENPORT, L. I., Nov. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have just got information from a captain of one of the fishing steamers that there is now good grass-feed in the Great Pond at Montauk, and that some 300 geese were seen there by him some ten or twelve days since. If this is so, and I have no reason to doubt it, there will again be first-rate shooting at Montauk for ducks and geese.

A dozen years since, and long before that time, Montauk was the greatest resort for wild fowl in the Northern Coast. The waters of the Great Pond (400 acres) were then fresh, and the grass feed abundant, and I have been told by an old gunner here that he always found the pond alive with wild fowl, especially with geese. He says there must have been there some ten thousand geese at a look.

Since that time the pond has been leased to eelers, who have opened an inlet admitting the entrance of the salt-tides of the bay, which has killed out the fresh grass, and of course furnished no feed for wild-fowl.

Montauk has, within a couple of years, been purchased at auction sale by Mr. Arthur Benson, of Brooklyn, for the sum of \$150,000, and we presume the pond has been leased up against the salt-tides by his direction. If so, the merits from all gunners a vote of thanks, provided he allows fowlers free use of the shooting-ground.

We knew a Mr. Arthur Benson in Boston, years ago, and was a college friend of his, but had lost sight of him for a long period; perhaps this is the same. ISAAC McLELLAN.

WISCONSIN NOTES—Menomonee, Wis., Nov. 14.—Just think of a rain-storm that has never once let up since—let's see, since—well, that has hardly ever let up, since the chicken-shooting season opened, Aug. 15. Rain, rain, week in, week out, and snowing now, just think, I say, of that, and then expect sporting news if you can. The ducks have given us the most complete supply of the season. The occasional rain-fall swelled the stream till the Chippewa "river," inundating whole farms and driving families from home to seek safety on higher grounds. Stacks of hay and sheaves of grain floated here and there, while bending and nodding to the surging waters stood fields of ripe corn, in which multitudes of mallards floated and feasted. Many hundreds of mallards were killed. (One incident—Dr. Grannis started merrily, singing cheerily, gazed at the thousands of ducks and waterfowl, stalked through the water bravely, stumbled fearfully, and wetted thoroughly, discharged his gun under water accidentally, it burst immediately, and was ruined completely. The dog poisoner has secured enough victims to satisfy the most exacting. Several valuable dogs have recently been poisoned, of which three have died. Sam McKahan's old pointer, Dick, died lately from the effects of a pistol wound, given by some smart Aleck. Dick had hunted faithfully during ten seasons. Rifles are now in great demand. Deer and bear appear to be plentiful enough to furnish our hunters much sport. Venison is now arriving in market, and last week I saw the carcass of a bear, weighing about 300 pounds, that was killed within a few miles of here. Wolves are killing sheep in this vicinity, foxes are barking and wild cats are squalling. Plenty of sport here for one who has time to seek it.

A PENNSYLVANIA WOODCOCK SCORE—Rush, Pa., Nov. 10.—I break my own dogs and take pride and pleasure in the pastime. Wednesday morning, Nov. 2, dawned, not bright and clear, but with a "mist on the mountain" and a drizzling fog. Nevertheless, an hour's drive took me to an older cove of five miles away, in which I knew a brood of woodcock had been hatched and reared. With Snap, my six-months' old red Irish setter at my heels, who never saw a game bird until last July and who never was out with the gun to exceed a half dozen times in all, I struck for the thicket. In crossing a bridge, just before reaching the main ground, I cut off my dog in a small patch of willows, and was gratified to see him on a dead point almost the instant he crossed the fence. I quickly followed, and as I approached within a couple of rods up sprang a magnificent cock with a defiant whistle, but dropped to my shot and was handsomely retrieved by my setter. 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THE FOWL AT CURTICE.—There was a heavy frost at Curtice on the night of Nov. 14, and gunners all did well the following day. Prospects for getting the birds to market in good order are better than they have been hitherto. Only a few club members had started down up to that time, but the last of last week a number of gentlemen left for the grounds. We hope to hear reports—before long of fair bags.

THAT MICHIGAN DEER HUNT.—East, Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 13, 1881.—We did not meet with great luck owing to continued bad weather, too many licks for the deer to run to, accidents to dogs, etc., but as we didn't go to hunt for meat, but to have a good social time, we had it, and all returned, voting it a very pleasant fortnight in the pines.—H. B. R.

LIVE QUAIL.—Brooklyn, Nov. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. David Beck, Carey's Ferry, Indian Territory, writes that he has live quail for sale. Should any of your correspondents desire to obtain any, I cheerfully recommend Mr. Beck to them, as I know him to be a most trustworthy gentleman. C. FREDRICKS.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN NOVEMBER.

Table with two columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species such as Black Bass, Pickerel, Pike, etc., and their corresponding seasonality.

Who hawks doth oft in danger ride; Who hawks lives oft both far and wide; Who uses game shall often prove A loser; and who falls in love Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare; My angle breeds me no such care.

WILLIAM BASS.

THE ENGLISH FLY CASTING TOURNAMENT.

LONDON, Nov. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream: On Saturday, the 20th of October, I took a run down to the Welsh Harp to see the casting tournament. The day was a most miserably wet one, and the wind blew very consequently, every one except the enthusiastic anglers was miserable and the attendance was not one tenth what it would have been, had the day been fine. No ladies were present and the prevalence of umbrellas and water-proofs among the lookers on showed that only those who were bound to enjoy themselves despite the miserable weather held their ground, and would not be driven off in any event. This was a source of regret, as the Welsh Harp is to hold a tournament of this kind in England, and was no doubt, stimulated by the great success of the one held last spring on Coney Island by the New York State Sportsmen's Association, under the supervision of Mr. Mather.

The expert wits who are fond, in a jaunty manner, of describing the science of angling as a process in which there is "a fool at one end and a worm at the other" would have been astonished and perhaps enlightened had they been present at the Welsh Harp in the gale of wind and pitiless downpour, watching the competitors in the anglers' tournament. They would have learned that there can be angling without either a worm or a fool. They would also have found out that there are other modes of angling beside sitting on a grassy bank during a summer day, patiently waiting as the hours go by for the disappearance of the gaily-painted float as it travels down its allotted "swim." They might have learned that the exercises, of which specimens were given, demand skill only to be acquired by long practice, and often acquired by that. I said much for the devotion of the fly-cast and anglers who braved the weather that they ventured abroad on such a day, and were not to be daunted by the most adverse circumstances.

The tournament was organized by Mr. Marston, of the Fishing Gazette, for the benefit of the Anglers' Benevolent Society; and while the latter cannot be said to have derived much pecuniary benefit from the tournament, there is no doubt but that it will be of benefit to it indirectly, in the way of attracting attention to the existence of the society, and also in popularizing such contests in the future. It was a grand day for the employment of wading gear on land, and for invoking that spirit of heroic resignation which the angler, more than any other class of sportsman, has so often to put inside his waterproof garments. Indeed, the spectacle of the crowd, ankle deep in mud, outside the streaming tent, rods and coat-tails blown in one direction by the blast, all blue-nosed and puckered in the cold, yet buoyed up by the interest they felt in the proceedings, was impressive and not a little touching. Altogether it was a novel exemplification of how much angling is really the contemplative man's recreation.

Your correspondent was an entire stranger, and simply looked on and got soaked. As a test of skill the tournament which no amount of rain or storm could dampen. The object of the tournament was, namely, the raising of funds for the Anglers' Benevolent Society—could not fail to commend itself; and it was to support it that gentlemen like Mr. Sprockley, the chairman of the Thames Angling Preservation Society; Mr. Bronham, its secretary; Mr. Alfred Jardine, Mr. Whitefoot, Editor of the Sportsman; Mr. R. B. Marston, Mr. A. Allison, Mr. Ransome, Mr. S. Morgan, Mr. Wheelton, of Bell's Life; Mr. Green, Mr. Clegh, of Mortlake;

Mr. "OUI!" Alfred, Mr. Adlington, and others undertook the expedition. The cause is undoubtedly a worthy one. From the very nature of the sport the brotherhood of the angle include a considerable proportion of poor men. Of the ten thousand certified members of the angling clubs of the metropolis probably more than a half are of what is, for the sake of convenience, known as the wage-earning class. They are "populous city spend" during the long hours of the working week, and spend the little leisure they have in a pastime than which none is more innocent, none more refreshing to the overworked, none more associated with the humanizing influences of all that is sweet and soothing in nature. The Anglers' Benevolent Society is intended to aid the needy in their distress, and the thanks of the clubs are due to Mr. R. B. Marston, the proprietor and editor of the Fishing Gazette, for the time and trouble he has usefully devoted to its success. The tournament of Saturday, by which it was hoped to raise a good sum of money for the society, was originated by him, and it is a pity that the weather prevented the sale of thousands, instead of hundreds, of the sixpenny tickets by which admission to the ground was obtained.

A small tent was provided for the judges and a large tarpaulin was stretched out twenty yards in front of it for the competitors to stand on, and a line was stretched from this about eighty yards to a flag. The line had parchment tags at every two and a half yards, for they reckon casting in yards here, instead of feet. The line was guarded from intrusion by hurdles which widened from the tarpaulin to allow latitude in casting, which was on the ground instead of on water. A pistol was fired as a signal to begin, and the first contest was an "amateur one for castuz in the Thames style." There were four entries, and Mr. Powell won at 45 1/2 yards. Mr. T. Hoole was second at 40 1/2 yards, and Mr. Da Coeta third at 40 yards. Next followed an amateur competition in the "Nottingham style," with an artificial bait weighing one ounce, and with a quarter-ounce lead on the trace, cast from the reel similar to our "Cuttyhunk style." Two entries were made, Messrs. Martin and Little, and the latter won at 52 1/2 yards. This was called the best throw of the day and no doubt would have been better under more favorable circumstances. Even the professionals conceded Mr. Little's excellence.

The "Nottingham style" is a handsome one, and far exceeds in beauty the "Thames style," which is coiled at the feet of the fisher in the hand. Messrs. Ned Andrews, Harry Wilder and his son, cast in the latter style. Mr. Wilder won at 50 yards, Andrews second at 45, and H. Wilder, Jr., third, at 24 1/2 yards; they held the line coiled in the hand. Another Nottingham contest was won by W. Bailey, Jr., at 45 yards.

A feature of interest, and one entirely new to me, was the next contest, which was the casting with the forked stick, a style entirely unknown in America, by Messrs. Leland and Sawyer. They used a manufactured reel with a jointed handle about five feet long, instead of a natural crooked stick cut by the stream, as is usually done. They coiled the line at their feet and hung the "trace" over it, and swung the sinker out by a strong throw. I failed to see the advantage of this style of fishing over the Nottingham, or its American equivalent, the Cuttyhunk. This forked stick style is, I believe, peculiar to the anglers of the Welsh Harp, who fish in this manner for pike. The live baits, which are generally used, are small minnows, and are cast in a high, arched, often hurled an immense distance by this contrivance. The line is coiled out on the ground and the rod laid aside. The angler, with a short stick and a brass fork at the end, takes up the line just above the flat, and so slings it out. The forked stickers on Saturday were, however, at a disadvantage. Mr. Leland making but 40 1/2 yards, and Sawyer (the keeper) 44 yards.

Some fly casting matches which were on the programme were abandoned on account of the weather, but Mr. Marston came forward and cast with Mr. Murphy more to fill up the department than in the hope of doing any long or artistic work in the face of the storm. Mr. Murphy won at 24 yards, beating his competitor by one yard. The match excited much interest, and one could see that both gentlemen were experts who would do themselves credit on a better day. Some promiscuous casting then followed by several gentlemen, all of whom seemed to be good ones, and after an exhibit of a professional style of throwing a bait with the line coiled in the hand, by Mr. H. Wilder, the party adjourned to dinner.

In the opinion of your correspondent, it was a great mistake to have the casting take place over grass instead of on water. No man can recover a line from land as he can where he has the resistance of water to pull against, and the recovering of the fly casters was very bad in consequence. The contest was not as well planned as the last American one, nor were the arrangements so complete; but, no doubt, great improvements will be made in future, and for a first contest it was well done.

At the dinner several happy speeches were made, but that of Mr. Marston was the only one which had a practical bearing. He suggested that an organization should be formed for the cultivation of the coarse fish of the British rivers, which would practically resolve itself into the establishment of studd farms for carp, chub, perch, tench, bream, roach, rudd, dace, gudgeon, and pishops pike. De-populated rivers could be stocked with these fish, and the result, a wholesome and little appreciated source of food supply increased. They manage such things better on the Continent, and Mr. Marston promised to get all the information it was possible to obtain from Germany. The idea was taken at once by the assembled anglers, before whom a definite scheme is to be laid at no distant date. Mr. Marston offered to give five guineas as his own subscription toward starting such an association, which was not to be a money-making affair, but to have for its object the good of the river, and ally the angling portion of it. He alluded to the fact that the continent of North America is now being stocked with carp from Germany, while in England little had been done in fish culture except to hatch a few salmon and trout. His remarks were well received, and after a jolly interchange of thought and a renewal of old acquaintance, the meeting broke up. SALVIENTS.

LARGE STRIPED BASS.—The run of striped bass about the eastern end of Long Island has been good this fall. This week the Blackford Fish Co., of Montauk Point, took 4,200 pounds of this fish, three-fourths of which were specimens weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds each. One opening one of these large fish a mackerel was found inside it which had been split down the back with a knife for salting, and might have been salted for all that is known to the contrary.

DESIGN FOR ROD GRIPS.—Mr. T. W. Chubb, of Post Mills, Vt., a maker of rods, has patented a device for the grip, dated Oct. 31st, 1881. The grip is covered with colored linen thread, braided on, instead of being wound, after the manner of some whips. It is then heavily varnished.

A monster octopus, or devil fish, has been captured near one of the wharves at St. John's, Newfoundland, where it ran ashore. It is thirty-three feet in length from its tail to the termination of the long tentacles.

Fishculture.

CARP RESIST QUICK-LIME IN THE POND.

SARDIS, MISS., Nov. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream: A few weeks ago my father-in-law, while visiting Jackson, in this State, among other places, "took in" the Lusane Asylum and was perfectly carried away by a fish tale related to him by Dr. Mitchell, the highest official of the asylum. It sounds a little "whimsical," but as my father-in-law is quite an gentleman and a strict member of the Methodist Church, and Dr. Mitchell is a man of unimpeachable veracity, I guess it is true. Here it is: There is a small pond on the Asylum grounds, made more for a stock water pond than for fish; nevertheless fish were put therein last December, or about that time, a few carp were also put in. Since that nothing more was thought of them. The past summer's severe and continued drought almost dried the pond—in fact it got so low and the water became so heated by the sun that it was thought that the fish must have died—at least so many of them that two or three barrels of lime were thrown into it to kill the obnoxious odor from the dead fish. The water was not more than twelve or fifteen inches deep. Now, it seems that Dr. Mitchell possesses a buggy, and the tires on the wheels of that buggy became loose and the Doctor had them rolled in the pond that the water might expand the rim of the wheels and tighten the tires. They remained there several days, indeed, sediment of the lime had settled so thickly on them that they had a wicked appearance. When the wheels were being drawn out, fast ways, something flattered by the man drawing them. He was astonished, for he thought the lime had certainly killed all the fish that the heat of the sun had not. But to satisfy his curiosity he waded around in the pond and with his hands caught two lively carp, in good condition, and about fifteen inches long. Remember, these fish had not been in there a year, and had withstood both the heat of the sun and the strong lime water. Ever since my father-in-law heard that wonderful story of the "carp in the lime pond," he has been raved for a fish pond. He complains of supplying his neighbors with fresh carp from almost a "puddle hole." If carp can stand such a treatment as that and do well what would they do in a nice pond fed by springs? W. H. C.

(The fish would not do well in spring water. No water was used only by the sun so hot for carp. If you want to kill them with hot water you must boil them, and boil them hard. The warmer the water the better the carp grow. No wonder that you regard the lime story as a "little fishy.")

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream: At the New York State Hatchery we have completed during the past summer eighteen new ponds, which were much needed to accommodate our increasing supply of brooding fish.

The ponds are each twenty-one feet long by twelve feet wide and five feet deep. They are built entirely of lumber, both sides and bottom, as they can be kept cleaner and the supply of water can be used to better advantage. We have now a total of thirty-one ponds, twelve of which contain California mountain trout, seven brook trout, three McCloud River trout, two salmon trout, one containing both a coho and a chinook salmon, and one containing a salmon, land-locked salmon and large McCloud River trout. They agree perfectly together.

We have finished taking the spawn from the salmon trout, and are now taking spawn from the brook trout hybrids. All the fish in the hatchery are looking well, and we shall have a large supply of young fish for next spring's distribution.—SETH GREEN.

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN CONNECTICUT—Sallybury, Conn., Nov. 17.—A fine land-locked salmon was caught in the Twin Lakes, about ten days ago, by Mr. William W. Stillman, Chief Clerk in the Selection Office at the Hall of Records. The fish weighed four and a quarter pounds, and was very gamey, fighting for twenty minutes and only yielding when completely exhausted. This, I believe, is the second of these fishes ever caught in this State. The lakes were stocked with land-locked wild cutthroat salmon commencing about four years ago, and Mr. Stillman's capture may be one of the original stock. On the occasion referred to Mr. Stillman and Capt. Henry Andrus were fishing for black bass, and they captured twenty-four of them which weighed forty pounds.—R.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW YORK.—The assistants to the New York State Fish Commission returned from Lake Huron Nov. 8 with over a million five hundred brook and salmon trout spawn, which will be hatched and distributed this spring.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATION.

S. M. N., New York.—Have written for the information.

W. N. S., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Colt or Smith & Wesson.

Geo. F., Edna, Minn.—The seed is wild rice, but appears to be poor quality. Not too late to sow now.

Brsy.—The gun is of English make. You can procure one through any one of the importing firms.

J. B. E., Belle Vernon, Pa.—See answers to your queries in Natural History columns, issue of Oct. 27.

SALMAA, Bradford, Pa.—The first volume of the N. E. Bird Life is now ready. Price \$2.50. You can furnish it.

H. L. C., Johnsonston, Pa.—Thanks for pedigree. The dogs are very well bred. Duke exceptional.

L. B. K.—Manton's "Taxidermy Without a Teacher" will probably answer your purpose. Price 50 cents; for sale at this office.

C. W., Southport, L. I.—Weight of shot-gun to be chosen depends much upon your own build. Go into one of the New York gun stores and test the various weights.

E. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. Your gun is choke-bore. 2. Would advise you to have your rod re-barreled by one of the makers. They can do it in much better shape than you can.

W., Hackettstown, N. J.—Where can I get a few yearling carp for my pond? I have applied to Prof. Baird but have not heard from him. Ans. Apply to Mr. E. G. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York City.

W. V. P., New York.—Where can I find a Spanish setter? Ans. Do you not mean pointer instead of setter? There is no recognized breed of setters known as Spanish, but the old Spanish pointer is well known as one of the oldest strains.

E. P. D. Boston.—You will find about Allen S. C. a small wild turkey and deer. The quail shooting is said to be very fine; how it seasons. Make inquiries for the "Old Gage," a sportsman's club, whose members will direct you to the game ground.

E. P. W. Dover, N. H.—Where can I obtain a copy of railroad guide containing time tables for the New England States? Please send for the "Traveler's Official Guide," published by the National Railway Pub. Co., 46 Bond st., New York. Price 50 cents.

SUBSCRIBER, Middletown, Conn.—We believe that it is no secret that the author of "The Breeder-Tutor," a book published some years ago in Rome, Thea, is a local sportsman. He is an able lawyer and a first-class sportsman—a combination by no means rare in this day and land.

J. E. Wheatland, Pa.—Please inform me if Columbus, Ohio, dog, by name of "Duke," first imported into Philadelphia in 1870. Ask the small pointer dash, owned by Mr. Thos. D. Hart of Philadelphia, who first in his class. If this is the dog in question he may now be in Cuba.

C. H. Erie, Pa.—I have a setter dog a little over a year old that is afflicted with worms. He stretches a great deal. I have tried cowitch with poor success. He has had sore eyes, but they are now nearly or entirely well. Ans. I see answer to "W. G. R." in our issue of Oct. 21; also read article on rearing puppies in Nov. 5. The guss are of equal grade.

W. H. Coshocton, O.—My cocker puppy, nine months old, has an enlargement of the glands of the throat about the size of a large lima bean. Ans. Probably an incipient abscess, which may be from the effects of acidity or of worms. It is not a permanent condition. Should it increase in size we should recommend a poultice of flaxseed meal to draw it to a head. It should be opened when you can feel a swelling, and the matter should be allowed to run out. It should be painted once a day with tincture of iodine until it disappears.

W. G. London, Ontario.—My Gordon bitch is lame in near hind leg. She would go on well by a certain time, but she returns and has her very lame. She must have twisted herself while chasing. Her "stifle" joint is in the top and the back swells of the thigh are much swollen and smaller than those of the other hind legs. We fear that this will prove a permanent injury. You should consult a competent veterinary at once. The best treatment that we ever tried in such cases consists of a pint of alcohol, 2 oz. camphor. After the camphor has been dissolved in the alcohol, the wine will be well shaken and applied twice a day, using considerable friction.

E. T. L. Chicago.—I have a hare that I prize very highly (having carried it through the war), but during my recent absence from my home it was nearly exterminated by a fox. I have tried every remedy you give me and restore it to its former bright condition? Is it best to leave the oil in the barrel of a rifle after cleaning it or to wipe it out? My custom has been to wipe it out, but I have heard of putting a chambered plug in each end. Please tell me which is the best way? Ans. 1. You can have the barrel restored by emery polishing. Take it to a shop with a good gunsmith, but he is not a specialist in this kind of skilled man. 2. Wipe the oil out.

S. B. P.—I have a double-barreled, 12-bore, breech-loading shotgun, which I want choked. Is this best done so as to have it carry out a given distance with a limited circumference? 2. Does the length of the barrel make any difference in the performance of the gun? 3. Would you hesitate before having this done to a valuable gun? Ans. 1. Yes; give your instructions to the gunsmith. 2. It does not matter, nor the external appearance of barrel. 3. Provided it were desirable to make it so close, and if it were put into reliable hands. Most any of the firms advertising in this paper will do the work for you in a satisfactory manner.

E. P. New York.—Are there any American gunmakers who change breech-loaders to stocks with concealed hammers, or to what are called "hammerless" guns? 2. I am surprised that so few American makers are inventing "hammerless" guns. Think me, would you then would be inclined to buy them, instead of the foreign, if they were made. Are there any reliable English makers who sell the hammerless gun about the same price as the ordinary gun? Ans. 1. We know of no one who can do this, unless it be Clark Snider, Baltimore, Md. 2. You will find hammerless guns at the stores of all the importers. The hammerless guns come at the same price as others of same grade, but they are all high grade guns.

E. G. Baltimore.—I have a new setter bitch that I have used as a brood bitch, and have now some very promising pups out of her. This summer I sent her to a friend of mine in the country to take care of her, and she returned with a litter of five. I do not know if she whelped by a dog. Will this injure her for future use as a breeding bitch? Of course realize that it will to a certain extent, but what I want to know is if she will be good for anything. I have never owned a dog that I hate to think that I cannot get some more good pups from her. I have several friends to whom I have promised pups, as I do not wish to injure my reputation, or hers. I have a pup that I have had for some time, and I think myself have that you have any occasion for any years that the future progeny of your bitch will partake of the nature of the one in any particular. Although this is a logical case, I think I have never before agreed that the evil which you fear ensues only when the accident happens the first time that a bitch conceives. We have in many instances actually seen cases of this kind, and have never before seen a single animal that would lead us to believe that any male transmitted good or evil to any progeny not his own.

H. L. N. Salem, Mass.—It is impossible to fix upon any one pattern as standard by which to judge the goodness of a dog. There is a wide diversity of opinion as to the degree of choke. We have, therefore, selected the two extremes—a cylinder bore and a very full choke—and give you both patterns as good guns of each class should be used with the thin line of a 20-gauge cylinder and 240 for extra close choke most of our readers will probably find their records to accord with the divergence of their views from these two types. A cylinder bore gun loaded with 1 1/2 oz. of shot should put 11 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. An extreme choke bore gun, loaded with 1 1/2 oz. of No. 1 shot should put 240 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 40 yards. The same gun loaded with 1 1/2 oz. of shot should put 240 pellets into the same circle under the same conditions. There is a golden mean in between. While the cylinder bore gun is better than the 240 pellet gun, it is a big score with it counts more than with a scattering chamber, the game is terribly maddened and butchered.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 6. Chas. A. Andrew, West Boston, Mass., Superintendent.

December 18, 14, 15 and 16, Atlanta, Ga., Dog Show. Entries close Dec. 6. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent. Office at Belmont & Berkeley's, Atlanta, Ga.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 1, at Glynn, Cal. Field Trials of the Glynn Rod and Gun Club. Entries close October 25. Laverley, Secretary.

November 22, Louisiana State Field Trials. Entries close November 31. Edward Gibson, Secretary, New Orleans, La.

December 24, National Field Trials. Entries close December 24. Jacob Reitz, Secretary, P. O. Box 24, New York City.

December 5, at Hampton, Va. Field Trials of the National Field Trials Association. Entries close December 5. J. R. Staylor, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction Tenn., after Dec. 1.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS ENTRIES.

WE give below a full description, with the pedigree and public performance, of each dog entered for the Eastern Field Trials; also of sire and dam, so far as known. Our readers, especially those who attend the meeting, will find these notes of great value, as by giving them careful attention and comparing the performances of the different animals, they will be able to form a correct estimate of their value as field performers, and perhaps gain some insight into the mysteries of breeding that

will be of practical benefit in the future. We look forward to this meeting with anxious hopes that great good will accrue, not only in this respect, but by the powerful influence it will wield for the elevation and popularizing of the invigorating sports of the field.

The following goodly lot of youngsters are entered for the Derby; and as this is their first appearance in public, their performances will be watched with eager interest, not only by their friends, but by many who are awaiting the result of this test in order to decide the important question of the election of the best blood to introduce into their kennels. We publish the list as it appeared in our issue of Oct. 6:

DR. E. BLACK EPITER'S ST. ELMO II. St. Elmo II.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, nine months old. His sire, St. Elmo, now dead, was so well known that it is hardly necessary to mention his performance here. He achieved the highest honors upon the bench, and was also a grand field dog, as his winnings at Hampton, June, 1877; Robbins' Island, 1879, and Nebraska, 1880, attest. Although not placed at the trials on Robbins' Island last year, he beat Warburton by far the best heat of the meeting. His dam is Sheldon's Prairie Rose, unknown to us.

GAME OWNER'S ST. ELMO III. St. Elmo III.—Blue Belton English setter dog, fifteen months old. His sire, St. Elmo, is noticed above. His dam, Diana, is unknown to us.

SAME OWNER'S ET. MARS. St. Mars—Lemon Belton English setter dog, eleven months old. His sire is the pure Laverack Alderhot and the dam is the celebrated Mrs. E. A. Spooner's Queen. Mr. E. A. Spooner. A dachshund is entered for the trials, and notice of him will be found further on. These three are entered by Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DR. H. P. ATEN'S DON. Don—Orange and white English setter dog, sixteen months old, by Mr. J. O. Donner's Ranger II. (formerly Macdon's) out of Mr. John White's Daisy. Don has winning blood in his veins, being a grandson of Macdon's famous Ranger, the winner of innumerable stakes and cups in England, while his sire, Ranger II, is by a first class success all upon the bench. Entered by Dr. H. P. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. C. HIGGINS' PLANTAGENET. Plantagenet—Lemon Belton English setter dog, whelped July 15, 1880, by Mr. H. Higgins' Dashing Monarch—mentioned below—out of same owner's Petrolina. We understand that Mr. Higgins pronounces Plantagenet the best dog that he has ever bred. He is a very promising performer in the field, and if he goes right will make it interesting for the Derby. Entered by Dr. H. P. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. H. GODFREY'S GUYMARD. Guynard—Red Irish setter dog, fifteen months old, by Rover II, who was bred by Macdon's Queen in Fall's Rose of Bradwardine. We hear that he is doing extremely well. Entered by A. E. Godfrey, Guynard, N. Y.; handled by Phil Thurlair.

A. E. GODFREY'S BRUCE. Bruce—Gordon setter dog, sixteen months old, by Moore's champion Bob out of owner's Beauty, first Boston, 1878. This youngster promises well, and if he has had plenty of work, will undoubtedly run a good race. Entered by A. E. Godfrey, Guynard, N. Y.; handled by Phil Thurlair.

SENATION, JR.—Lemon and white pointer dog, about ten months old, by the Westminster Kennel Club's Senation, who ran at the trials last year and divided third and fourth in the all-aged stakes with Dr. Aten's Glen. He has won too many prizes on the bench to recapitulate, and he has never been beaten when shown. He is the sire of Gregory's Belle, winner of first in userey stakes and third in puppy stakes last year, although suffering with a broken toe, caused by a trunk falling upon it in the cage. He is naturally one of the best field dogs, and displays to perfection the traits of a true and capable hunter. His dam, Senation, Jr., has won one second and one first at New York, and is the dam of Gregory's Belle. Grace is also a capital field dog; and Senation, Jr., is expected to do no discredit to his breeding. Entered and will be handled by Dr. H. P. Aten, Brooklyn, Conn.

PERIDA—English setter bitch, sixteen months old, by Ranger II, out of White's Daisy. She is litter sister to Dr. Aten's Don described above.

FOX—Pointer dog. Dead.

Berkley II.—Red Irish setter dog, whelped March 10, 1881, by Mr. Max Wenzel's chief, whose performances will be found below, out of Mrs. W. E. Pinner's Queen, v.h.c., New York, 1880, first Pittsburgh, 1881, and champion London, Oct., 1881. She is a capital field dog, and if Berkley II. does not receive a place it will not be for lack of good blood in his veins. Entered by N. D. Putnam, New York's Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth—Red Irish setter bitch, whelped July 2, 1880, by Macdon's Rover II, out of Hall's Rose of Bradwardine. With the blood of Rover II, and Elio in her veins, she should make a good show when shown at the Derby, New York, 1881.

NOTHMAS—Gordon setter dog, nine months old, by Mr. H. Malcom's Malcom, who was matched by his owner against Joe, Jr., just after his celebrated defeat of Gladstone, but the match was declared off at the instance of Mr. Campbell. Malcom has never been shown in public, but is pronounced by all who have seen him at work to be a remarkably good one. Notthmas's dam, Mr. H. Malcom's Dream III, is a daughter of the Toledo Kennel Club's—Royal Willard's Rogers. We shall expect to see this young aspirant for fame acquit himself as becomes his high breeding. Entered by H. Cossand, Baltimore, Md.

J. H. GODDELL'S REDDIE. Reddie—Red Irish setter bitch, seventeen months old. Winner of the 1st prize at the 1878 Derby at New York. She is a son of the well known Elio and Rose, owned by Dr. Jarvis. They are too well known to need a description here. Entered by Mr. J. H. Goodsell, New York; handled by Martin.

DASHING MONARCH—Black and tan English setter bitch, fifteen months old. She ran in the English Derby last May, 80, to be by the well known Dash II, out of Novel, and was imported by her owner, Mr. D. O. Sanborn, who will handle her.

ROYAL DALE—Black and tan English setter dog, seventeen months old, by Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, out of Daisy Dale, both of whom will be found noticed further on.

GLEN DALE—Black white and tan English setter dog, eleven months old, by Mr. E. Spooner's Daisy, who carried third in puppy stakes, Robbins' Island, 1879, and was h.c. New York, 1880. We understand that this pair are rattling good ones. Entered by Mr. E. A. Spooner, New York.

DEAN—Orange and white setter. Entered by F. H. Wetmore, East Orange, N. J. Dead.

DOND AND DANITIOS—Belton setters, age unknown, by the well known Jersey Blue, 1st New York, 1878, and 1879, and 1880, and 1881. They are also special for best utility, and also winner of five prizes at Pittsburgh, 1879, including first for best setter in the show; also champion New York, 1879. In addition to this Duke has the reputation of being the best setter dog in New Jersey.

THE DAM is Mr. E. A. Spooner's Daisy, who carried third in puppy stakes, Robbins' Island, 1879, and was h.c. New York, 1880. We understand that this pair are rattling good ones. Entered by Mr. E. A. Spooner, New York.

G. ANTHONY'S BEAUTY. Beauty—Pointer dog, seven months old, by Sport out of Flora, which is all that we have been able to learn. Entered by Geo. Snyder, Easton, Pa.

A. Z. HAMILTON'S PONTIAC II. Pontiac II.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, seventeen months old, by Pontiac, who was the winner of Judge (Bob Hoy-Belle), who, we believe, has never been shown. Entered by R. E. Hamilton, Troy, N. Y.

L. SCHUTTER'S CLEMENITA D. Clemenita D.—Black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 7, 1881, by the Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, who won first with Adams' Drake in brace stakes at Nashville Trials, 1878. His bench show winnings are first at Philadelphia, also first for best imported setter dog of any breed, first Boston, 1879, and dividing first in the same class at New York. Gordon setter Gordon and pointer France the \$500 prize for best setter dog on paper; also first whelped 1/2 ounces II. for braces and the Llewellyn special for best field trial winner. Cornelia, the dam of Clemenita D., is a Leicester-Dart, and was awarded a v.h.c. at Philadelphia, 1879, and c. at New York, 1881. The youngster should show good work. Entered by L. Schuster, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.

J. V. ORTH'S GERTRUDE. Gertrude—Llewellyn set bitch, seventeen months old, by a Gladstone-Nellie, which is all that we had heard of her. Entered by J. V. Orth, Fitzhugh, Pa.

A. G. SLOO'S GLADY. Gladly—Black and white and blue ticked Llewellyn setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880. His sire Gladstone, and dam Nellie, will be mentioned below. We know of no other whelping to Gladly's set that he will have so good an extraordinary good work if he intends to do full credit to his breeding. Entered by Albert G. Sloop, Vicesonnes, Ind.

P. Z. HARDY'S POLLY. Polly—Black and white ticked set bitch, whelped May 1880, by the Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III, whose winnings are not below, out of owner's Diana, who won second Boston, 1877, v.h.c.; Philadelphia, 1877, v.h.c. imported sleek, and h.c. in native class, Baltimore, 1878. He is in the hands of Capt. McMurdo, who will handle on the bench. He is in the hands of Capt. McMurdo and Grand Junction. Entered by P. Z. Hardy, Boston, Mass.

The remaining entry in this stake, said to be made by Mr. G. B. Reeder, we have been unable to obtain the slightest information about, and shall therefore omit him out of one of the "dark horses."

Peonies Strives.

We now come to the Peonico or all-aged stakes. Judging from the well-known reputation of many of the entries, and the consummate skill of the handlers, we can safely promise our readers that the results will be well worth the attention of every true and ever taken place upon this continent, if not in the world, and that those who are so fortunate as to witness the running will go home with broader views and an enlightened knowledge as to the qualifications and capabilities of the companions of our woodland sports.

A. E. GODFREY'S CROXTETH. Croxteth—Dark liver and white ticked, large sized pointer dog, whelped January, 1879. Winner of 2d prize at International Show, New York, 1879. His sire—Colburn's Duke—was known far and near as a grand field dog. His dam was also a grand field dog. Entered by E. E. Hardy, Boston, Mass.

The remaining entry in this stake, said to be made by Mr. G. B. Reeder, we have been unable to obtain the slightest information about, and shall therefore omit him out of one of the "dark horses."

DR. ATEN'S GLEN. Glen—Black and tan Gordon setter dog, 7 years old. Winner with Ned, in brace stakes, Robbins' Island, 1879, divided 3d and 4th with Sensation in all-aged stakes, Robbins' Island, 1880, and v.h.c. New York, 1880. His sire is the well known and famous far and near as a grand field dog. His dam was the well known bitch "Mullin's Belle." With his good breeding and experience he should make a good record. Entered by Dr. H. V. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAX WENZEL'S CHIEF. Chief—Red Irish setter dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1879. Winner of 1st in puppy stakes, Robbins' Island, 1880. His bench show winnings are 2d in puppy class, New York, 1880, and 1st in open class, New York, 1880. His sire is the well known and famous far and near as a grand field dog. His dam was the well known bitch "Mullin's Belle." With his good breeding and experience he should make a good record. Entered by Dr. H. V. Aten, Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. C. HIGGINS' DASHING MONARCH. Dashing Monarch—Black and white Llewellyn setter dog, whelped Aug. 20, 1879. Winner of 1st in all aged stakes at Robbins' Island, last year; and h.c. at New York bench show, 1881. Monarch will be remembered by those saw him last year as a level gated, grand moving dog, who only lacked experience to become a star. He is a capital field dog, and in North Carolina, who will undoubtedly bring him out in good form, and we may expect to see some capital work from him. Entered by Mr. Higgins.

E. A. HERTZBERG'S EMPEROR FRED. Emperor Fred—Orange and white Laverack setter dog, whelped Feb. 14, 1877. Winner of many prizes on the bench in England, and 1st New York last spring. His sire, Blue Prince, is well known as the sire of field trial winners, while his dam, Blue Daisy, is equally well-known. We hear that he is going grandly, and will astonish some of the best dogs on the bench.

E. A. HERTZBERG'S ALDERHOT. Alderhot—Lemon belton Laverack setter dog, whelped September 11, 1878. Has never been shown. His sire, Emperor Fred, is noticed above. His dam is Robinson's Nellie, and is expected to be a fine field dog of good form and is expected to give a good account of himself. Both of those are entered by E. A. Hertzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. M. LINDELL'S JUNO. Juno—Lemon and white pointer dog, three years old. We "discount" the name of her sire and venture to call him viscount, who won nearly thirty prizes and cups before he came to this country. Vic, the dam of Juno, we do not know. Entered by R. M. Lindley, Saratoga, Pa.

R. M. LINDELL'S GLEN. Glen—Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped May 29, 1879, by Snapshot, winner of six cham. lion prizes, five of them in England. We believe that he was never broken to the field, although full of point, and of grand action and style. His dam, Gyp-y, was h.c. in the open class at the Philadelphia trials, and 1st in the class of Munn's Payole, and a good fielder. His sire was trained by Mr. A. Winter, of Cairo, Ga., and is said to be a good one. Entered by H. Hall, Marlboro, N. Y.

ALDERHOT—Lemon Belton Laverack setter dog, whelped October 11, 1878. Has never been shown. His sire, Emperor Fred, is noticed above. His dam is Robinson's Nellie, and is expected to be a fine field dog of good form and is expected to give a good account of himself. Both of those are entered by E. A. Hertzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM CUP.

also well known as a good one. Entered by Wm. Tallman, Providence, R. I. Jennie will be remembered as winner of the first prize in all aged stakes at Robb's Island in 1879. She has also won on the beach as follows: First in puppy class, Providence, 1875; second in native class, Boston, 1878; first at Worcester, 1879, and at Brockton, 1880; and second in native class, New York, 1880. She is a grand field performer and we shall look for some good work from her.

WM. TALLMAN'S JENNIE II.

Jennie II.—Black and white setter bitch, whelped March 9, 1880, by Scrauton's Patch, and mother of Copland. She is one of Jennie, winner of all aged stakes the first meeting on Robb's Island. She was second in the nursery stakes last year, when but nine months old and sick with distemper. She only weighs twenty-two pounds, but this does not indicate of merit, as she showed last year wonderful qualities for so young an animal, and if she fulfills the promise then made she will make it warm for her competitors. Entered by Wm. Tallman, Providence, R. I.

VINIE.

Vinie—Liver and white pointer dog, two and a half years old, by Dilley's Ranger out of Corcoran's Bessie. Entered by S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass. Withdrawn.

G. R. WATKINS' TOM.

Tom—White, with orange ears, setter dog. Whelped November 1878. Winner of cup in 1880 and of cup in 1881. By Royal Dnke, whose many winnings on the beach are too well known to be recapitulated here. His dam, Bessie, we believe, was never shown. Entered by G. R. Watkins, Brooklyn, N. Y.

D. C. SANBORN'S NELLIE.

Nellie—Black and white setter bitch, five years old. Winner of puppy stakes, Hampton, Pa., 1877, and the free-for-all at same meeting. She divided third with Countess, at Nashville, 1877, and divided second with row, at Patoka, 1879; also won in brace stakes with Dan at same meeting. She is by Belton, winner of first and special at Pueblo, 1877, out of Dimple. She comes a long way to contest for the honors of victory, and will undoubtedly put her best foot foremost. Entered by D. C. Sanborn, Downing, Mich.

D. C. SANBORN'S COUNTY NOBLE.

County Noble—Black, white and tan English setter dog, two years old; winner of the Derby at Vincennes, Ind., last year. He was shown, but unplaced, at New York, 1881. His sire, Count Wind'em, and dam, Nora, are too well known to need a description here. This Count is not unworthy his famous ancestors his performance at Vincennes attests; and we should not be surprised to see his colors well to the front in the coming contest. He will be run by his owner, Mr. D. C. Sanborn, Downing, Mich.

F. BRUNIGER'S LEO.

Leo—Red Irish setter, about four years old, pedigree unknown. He has never appeared in public; is now suffering from a severe cut on his foot which may prevent his putting in an appearance. Entered by Mr. F. Bruniger, Newark, N. J.

Sandstone—Lemon and white native setter dog, whelped Feb. 19, 1880. He is by Mr. P. H. Bryson's Gladstone, whose many winnings, both on the beach and in the field, have given him a world wide reputation, and are so well known to our readers that it is needless to repeat them here. His dam, Nellie, comes from a winning strain. Her sire is Seller's Dash, and dam, Alice, is a litter sister of Sanborn's Nellie, and if there is anything in breeding Sandstone should show well to the front. He will be handled by Mr. W. W. Titus, Entered by S. W. Weir, New Albany, Ind.

H. C. HAMILTON'S MACE.

Mace—Setter dog, two years old, by Frank out of Post's Ross. This is all we have been able to learn of him. Entered by H. C. Hamilton, New York.

DR. S. F. SPIER'S MAIDA.

Maida—Black, white and tan English setter bitch, four years old, by owner's Dick out of Robert O. Gates' Chit. Maida ran at the trials last year, and worked exceedingly well until an ill-advised chip put an end to her chances. We shall expect to see her retrieve her fortune this year.

LIZZIE LE.

Lizzie Lu—Black and white ticked English setter bitch; winner of the Nebraska Trials, 1880, with a score of 98 out of a possible 100 points. She also ran at the trials last year, but was hardly given a fair chance, being declared beaten before she realized that she was hunting. We trust that she will at least have a chance to show her quality, as we believe her to be as good as she is handsome.

DR. S. F. SPIER'S PRINCE HAL AND CHANCELLOR.

Prince Hal and Chancellor—Black and white English setter dogs, by St. Elmo out of Maida, both mentioned elsewhere. Prince is a little over two years old, and has been doing good work on quail. Chancellor is twenty-one months old, and is thought exceedingly well of by his owner. All four of the above are entered by Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Brooklyn, N. Y., who has entered no less than six.

W. O. PARSONS' GUS.

Gus—Orange and white setter dog, two years and seven months old by F. Forman Taylor's One-eyed Sanchez (now dead) whose reputation as a grand field dog was world-wide. His dam is a native of unknown pedigree. Entered by W. O. Parsons, Jr., New Brunswick, N. J.

D. T. WORDEN'S CHATELAINNE.

Chateleine—Black white and tan English setter bitch, nearly two years old, by St. Elmo out of Maida. Both of them have already been described. We learn that she has been doing very well, and will undoubtedly show us some good work. Entered by D. T. Worden, New York.

C. CASHDAN'S TIP.

Tip—Setter by Knapp's Cap out of Lambert's Peg. We can learn nothing of this dog, or bitch, as the case may be. Entered by C. Cashdan, New York.

J. STEINER'S BELL.

Bell—English setter bitch, also unknown, entered by Jacob Steiner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

P. R. KING'S BOSS.

Boss—Pointer. All the information that we can obtain of this dog is, that Senatus is his sire and that he is said to be a chip of the old block. Entered by P. R. King, Sparkill, N. Y. Handled by Martin.

S. D. HIBLEY'S SUE.

Sue—Red Irish setter dog, three years old, winner of second in puppy class, New York, 1879; and second open class, New York, 1880. Sue ran in the trials last year but was not placed, winning one heat only. Her sire, Duke, is a son of Hamilton Thompson's old Duke. Her dam is Harrison's Belle, unknown to us. Entered by S. D. Hibley, New York.

J. H. CLARK'S PRINCESS DRACO.

Princess Draco—Black and white English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 1877. Her sire, Rob Roy, won first champion stakes at Brewster's, and second in the trials last year. Her dam, Fiddie Trials, Her dam, Lily, was bred by Mr. Lewellin and is a daughter of his celebrated Dan. Entered by J. H. Clark, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. O. CORNELL'S MATCH.

Match—Liver and white ticked pointer dog, nearly two years old, only winner at New York, 1881. His sire, Sensation, and dam, Grace, are noticed above. Match is now in Virginia, being handled by Mr. Luke White. We learn that he is going splendid, and displays much of the style of his sire. Entered by Robt. C. Cornell, New York.

BOY HAN.

Don Juan—Lemon and white pointer, two years old, by Sensation, out of Psyche II. Withdrawn.

W. A. BUCKINGHAM'S GROTTO DALE.

Grotto Dale—Orange Dale, three years old. His winnings are first in puppy stakes, Robb's Island, 1879; and second with Aldrich's Sunat at same meeting. He has been shown on the beach but once at New York, 1880, getting v.h.c., his sire, Waters' Grotto, securing first in same class. His dam, Dora, was won by her owner at the trials last year, and is a good fielder. Three of her progeny are entered for the trials. Grotto Dale ran a capital race at the meeting last fall, in fact so well did he perform in his heat with Gladstone that we looked

upon him as sure to win, until he made an ill-advised and most inopportune chase, which at once destroyed all chances. He is going very nicely now, and Tallman, who has him in charge, will do his level best to bring him to the score in good form. Entered by W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Ct.

J. H. GOODELL'S DAISY LAVATERACK.
Daisy Lavaterack—Lemon Belton English setter bitch two years old. Winner of second in Derby, National Trials, 1880; v.h.c., at Pittsburg; and third New York, 1881. Her parents are the well known Thunder, of Mr. A. H. Moore, and Mr. L. H. Smith's Princess. Daisy, although but one, will take a deal of beating before she surrenders. Entered by Jas. H. Goodsell, New York. Handled by Martin.

RACKET.
Racket—Black, white and tan English setter dog, two and a half years old, winner of third New York, 1881. He is by Bar out of Leoda, whose performances we have not at hand. Entered by Mr. Goodsell. Handled by Martin.

J. H. GOODELL'S DON JUAN.
Don Juan—Blue Belton English setter dog, two years old, winner of cup, New York, 1881. Sire is by Pam O'Shanter out of La Reine, also entered by Mr. Goodsell. Handled by Martin.

H. W. LIVINGSTON'S BARONET.
Baronet—Lemon and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 24, 1879. Winner of v.h.c. and medal for best pointer dog with field trial record, New York, 1881; and third in puppy stakes at Robb's Island last year. His sire is the well known Rush of Mr. Orgill, whose many winnings on the beach are well known. His dam, Livingston's Rose (champion Sapsnot-Gipsy), won second New York, 1880. Baronet is thought well of by his owner, and will undoubtedly show some good work. Entered by H. W. Livingston, New York. Handled by A. L. Titus.

H. A. ROSENTHAL'S FLORA, PRINCE BALM AND PILOT.
Flora, setter bitch, nine years old, by Sport out of Flora I.; Prince Balm, setter dog, three years old, by Nick out of Flora I.; and Pilot, setter dog, two years and nine months old; are all unknown to us. Entered by H. A. Rosenthal, New York. This completes the entries for the Peonic or all-aged stakes, and a grand lot they are. Should we be blessed with good weather we shall expect to see at thirty starters out of the forty-three entries, and to witness some of the grandest performances that have ever graced the field.

Members' Stake.
Open to members of the Club only, each entry to be owned and handled by the nominator.

ST. GLEN.
Spy, entered by S. D. Ripley, is mentioned above; as is also the Glen of Dr. Aten.

ST. PATTI.
St. Patti—Black and white English setter bitch, five years old; c. at New York, 1877, the only time shown. Her sire, Pride of the Border, is too well known to our readers to need description here. Her dam, Herzberg's Jessie, won second at Springfield, 1875; and special for best bred bitch to be shown with one of her



THE FOREST AND STREAM CUP.

progeny, having the best field trial and bench show record, New York, 1871. St. Patti is litter sister to St. Elmo. She should show good work, as her breeding is the best. Entered by E. A. Herzberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOK, COUNTESS, CHIEF.
Brook and Countess, entered by G. T. Leach, New York, are noticed above, as is Chief, of Max Wenzel.

J. O. DONNER'S BESSIE.
Bessie—White, with lemon ear, setter bitch, three years, by owner's Ronger II. (Champion Ronger-Wonder) out of Dr. Mallard's Belle. This bitch was second in puppy stakes, Robb's Island, 1879, when less than ten months old. She did some excellent work at the trials last year, beating St. Elmo and Raleigh, but was not placed. We think her a good one and if shown at her best it will be no soft thing for her competitors. Entered by J. O. Donner, New York.

GROUSE DALE.
Grotto Dale, entered by Wm. A. Buckingham, will be found described above.

CHAS. H. RAYMOND'S AMI.
Ami—English setter, two years old, by Morford's Don. Winner of first Springfield, 1876; second St. Louis, 1878, and was a capital dog in the field. Ami's dam was the well known Fairy, whose history is familiar to all. Entered by Chas. H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J.

MAX HARKAWAT.
Max Harkawat—English setter, three and a half years old, by Guy Mannering, who won the Centennial prize at Philadelphia, 1876, and special for best setter, New York, 1877. His dam, Quinby's Rosie, we do not know. Also entered by Mr. Raymond.

TOM.
Tom, entered by Mr. Geo. W. Watkins, is mentioned above. We had hoped that this stake would have brought out a larger number of entries, and that the members of the club would have come forward and made this the most interesting event of the meeting. We trust that next year we shall see such an improvement in this respect as will give this event the prominence that it deserves. We shall give our readers next week full details of the summing up to the latest possible moment.

SOME months ago we offered the Eastern Field Trials Club a cup to be competed for at the coming meeting by amateur handlers, and the offer was accepted by the association. The importance to his owner of a knowledge of how a dog should be worked is not likely to be overated, and we were inclined to think that the offer of such a prize as this would have a tendency to induce owners of well-bred animals to run them in the coming trial.

The cup which is to be competed for is of sterling silver and nine inches in height. On its face it bears an excellent portrait of a well-bred setter dog, for one of the best known blue bloods—say if we may be allowed the expression. The artist by whom the accompanying cut was engraved has not done justice to this portrait, as the dog is here represented as badly undershot, while in the engraving on the cup his head is excellently drawn. On the opposite side of the cup is the inscription:

FOREST AND STREAM

TO THE BEST AMATEUR HANDLER,

(Space for Winner's Name).

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

1881.

The prize was designed by Mr. C. B. Wilkinson, of Wilkinson & Lemon, and can be seen for a few days in the window of E. S. Harris' Sportsmen's Warehouse, 177 Broadway.

Mr. J. C. Donner, President of the Eastern Field Trials Club, has presented to the association an elegant and valuable piece of plate to be awarded to the breeder of the winning dog in the all aged stakes.

New York, Nov. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream: Messrs. Tatum and I have shot manufacturers, of New York, have presented to the Eastern Field Trial Club, through the hands of Mr. T. Leach, Esq., \$50, to be used to help to defray the expenses of the coming Eastern Field Trial, which commences on Robb's Island on Thursday of the present week. JACOB PRITZ, Sec.

CLASSIFICATION AT FIELD TRIALS.

LAMAR, Mo., Nov. 7.

Editor Forest and Stream: If the system of classifying dogs at field trials were changed, it would, I think, add greatly to the number of entries in the National and State trials. In the nursery and puppy stakes the system is the same. After eight months old it is not eligible for the puppy stakes, and if it does not wish to enter in the all-aged stakes, it must be kept at home; and just for those reasons, the want of time, money, age and experienced men to educate it, to compete with the champions. This education must be the first class in every sportman knows. We occasionally find pups that are very apt at training, but they are, like hens' teeth, scarce and far apart. To accomplish that amount of education at that age is, as a general rule, too severe on the youngster. Sportsmen will know that a pup should not have hard labor work even at the age of twelve months; and should be not be whipped at the proper season, may at the age of thirteen months be obliged, if entered, to compete against those who might be only one day less than eighteen months old. There will be found plenty of amateur sportsmen, who are lovers of the dog and gun, who would gladly enter in field trial sports if there was a proper class for them. Look at our bench shows, and see the different classes we have. We find them far better patronized than our field trials. The brace stakes in our field trials could be abandoned, and also the nursery stakes, as all dogs are run in braces. This would leave room for two classes—a champion class and a class for young dogs between the puppy and free-for-all class. At present the all-aged stakes are left open until the evening of the trial, and who knows until he is there how many of those champions his pup will have to contend with? Just think for a moment! A pup nineteen months old, with six or seven months of moderate field work, must run with that of three or four years' experience. Would any one think of taking a two-year-old colt and enter it in a heavy harness race, best three in five? Oh, no! Why not? Simply because its age, education and experience are not sufficient. If we wish good, strong, well-formed and lasting field dogs, make room for them, so they can be weaned before training them for field trials, and then we shall have some reward for our labor. The nursery stakes as present is the most inhuman practice ever put upon the canine family. Just think of taking a pup in its childhood and putting it to field labor and teaching it to point stanchly, dropping to bring and hold, and to enter in a heavy harness race, best three in five? Oh, no! Why not? Simply because its age, education and experience are not sufficient. If we wish good, strong, well-formed and lasting field dogs, make room for them, so they can be weaned before training them for field trials, and then we shall have some reward for our labor. The nursery stakes as present is the most inhuman practice ever put upon the canine family. Just think of taking a pup in its childhood and putting it to field labor and teaching it to point stanchly, dropping to bring and hold, and to enter in a heavy harness race, best three in five? Oh, no! Why not? Simply because its age, education and experience are not sufficient. If we wish good, strong, well-formed and lasting field dogs, make room for them, so they can be weaned before training them for field trials, and then we shall have some reward for our labor. I have had the pleasure of shooting over the dog upward of twenty-five years, and have stepped out in field trials, I speak only from experience and what I have seen. Old Foot.

HE HAD A HANG-DOG LOOK.

CLEVELAND, O.

AT different times I have bought dogs "sight and unseen," as the boys say when trading jack-knives, and each time very luckily, got all I bargained for—fully as good or better than I had expected. Not so fortunate a friend of mine, who, a few weeks since, sent sixty or sixty-five dollars to a Western town in answer to an advertisement, and in due season received a very fair looking dog, except that he had a "hang-dog" look, neither lively nor cheerful—none of those sleekish brutes that are not at all pleasing.

Of course, a "trial trip" was the first thing in order. My friend put up his team at a farm-house, and induced the farmer to accompany him. Some rough ground was fixed over a fair point one of which fell to the gun. The dog dropped to shot, and, at the command, started to retrieve. Our sportsman began to think he had a prize, and blamed himself for thinking meanly of the dog at first sight; but at this moment, and with the bird under his feet, he discovered that he had a "hang-dog" look, and that his thoughts of retrieving "partridges" were dismissed. In an instant the dog seemed transformed from a mild-eyed, subdued snook to a fierce wolf. His lips were drawn back, and his teeth looked as molting as those of a hungry shark to the man over-board. He sprang over the fence, took the nearest sheep by the throat and killed it in a twinkling; also two more. By this time the owner had him by the collar, and the excited owner of the sheep was trying to take a hand in the fray. But the bloodthirsty creature, being loose, snatched his master's arm, and sprang on and killed the fourth sheep.

It was now high time for the shot-gun to take a hand in the melee, which it promptly did, "trying for a double" on this beating party. If buzzards will feed on so mean carrion, boys—and the man who sold him—are all there is left of this highly advertised sixty-dollar dog.

Eight dollars made peace with the farmer, and my friend again has his eye out for a (non-sheep killing) setter. MZ-HIT-ABLE.
ATLANTA BENCH SHOW.—Everything points to a most successful show. Entries are coming in and the gentlemen having the matter in charge are working like beavers to make this the first show of the kind ever held in this State—something worthy the name. May abundant success crown their efforts.

TRAINING VERSUS BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

WHILE teaching our pup to charge, his other lesson must by no means be neglected, but plenty of practice must be sandwiched in until he appears to thoroughly understand the meaning of To ho, and will readily stop at the word or upraised hand. When he is reasonably perfect in this, you can vary the lesson by placing the food upon your knee, as you sit by him, and bringing his nose very close to it, and after a while, as he improves, you can lay the morsel upon his nose and he will soon learn to hold perfectly still and retain any attitude that you may place him in. As he advances in knowledge, you should take a piece of meat of good size, that he cannot swallow, and carefully open his mouth—this you can do by clasping your hand around his muzzle and gently forcing the thumb and fingers between his jaws—and placing the piece therein, at the same time commanding him to To ho. Do not remove your hand from his jaws, but hold him lightly yet firmly; for although the chances are in favor of his understanding what is wanted, and obeying readily, still it is necessary to retain the grasp as we are not through with him yet; and should the taste of the meat prove too tempting and he undertake to bolt it, you, having a good hold of him, can at once open his mouth and secure the meat. As soon as he comprehends what you require and remains perfectly quiet, gently force open his mouth and take the meat from him, at the same time telling him to "drop," and at once reward him with a piece of some other kind of meat, thus teaching him that he cannot eat the first piece, nor even a bit of it, but must deliver it safe into your hand. We generally use a piece of tough, parily-cooked beef for the trial, and are very particular in our first lessons of this kind to reward him with a bit of liver or something entirely different from the large piece. The utility of this lesson we will explain further on, only remarking here that we consider it of vital importance that our pupil should be thoroughly trained in this, for we think it to be one of his most necessary lessons, and too much time cannot be expended in perfecting him in this branch of his education. He should become so perfect in this that he will take the smallest bit of meat in his mouth and hold it perfectly still, without the slightest movement of his jaws, and deliver it readily into your hand without reluctance.

You should accustom him to the restraint of the chain very early in his career, for the longer you wait the harder will be the task; he should be chained up two or three times each day, for a little while only at a time, taking care that he is perfectly quiet when you loose him. Should he be very restless and uneasy, you must soothe him with kind words and pet him until he becomes quiet, and on no account unfasten him until he ceases his struggles and remains calm for a little while, thus teaching him that howling and struggling will not win freedom. Be very careful to see that he cannot break his collar nor slip it over his head, nor break his chain, for it is of the utmost importance that your lessons should be thorough, and that at no time should he get the idea into his head that there is any possible course except implicit obedience to your wishes. Great care must be taken at all times, in all his lessons, that he is not kept under restraint for too long a time, but the increase of time must be none the less, although very gradual and almost imperceptible. Much will depend upon his disposition in this respect, so that he shall not become disgusted and be an unwilling pupil. At the slightest indication that he is getting weary of instruction, you must let up a little and proceed slower, but with such care and good judgment that he shall not mistrust the reason; and if you pursue the proper course and manage him rightly, you will be amply repaid when he comes to maturity in witnessing the intelligent and obedient manner in which he will obey your commands and submit in long continued restraint without a murmur.

We accustom our pup from the first to the society of fowls, and if possible procure a brood of chickens for him to associate with. We greatly prefer game fowls for this purpose, for we think they are possessed of stronger scent, thus being more attractive to him, and making him all the more eager to investigate them, while the mother being much more brave in their defense than a common dunghill will at his first attempt to chase or worry them give him a lesson that he will never forget. Upon the occasion of his introduction to the poultry, let him be instructed that you have planned the interview, but he himself accidentally come upon them while at play; he may not chase, but the chances are that he will make a rush for them. Do not stir, but calmly say, To ho, and leave the rest to the old hen. Should he hear you and stop, you must caress and praise him. Should he "point" them, do not encourage, neither must you prevent him, but take no notice of it, for should he find that it was pleasing to you he might form the habit that would not always prove satisfaction. Upon the other hand, should you prevent him, he would perhaps think it was wrong to point, so that the best way is to leave him alone, and let him point to his heart's content, thankful that he has the instinct, and content to patiently await the proper time to so direct this wonderful gift that its display shall minister to your pleasure and afford you abundant enjoyment.

There is no other point to which we wish to call your attention while we are upon the subject. If you have hunted much you have undoubtedly seen dogs that would point rabbits and partridges to chase them. Now, that our pupil may not be guilty of such indiscretion, when old enough to take the field, we will proceed to so train him that he will never pay them the slightest attention. We always obtain, if possible, a pair or more of our common wild rabbits; if these cannot be had the tame variety will answer. Then we build them a hut alongside the puppy's pen, with a hole communicating just large enough for them to pass through, that they may visit him at their pleasure and readily escape should he be too familiar, and our work for that day is never done for that year, if the dog is permitted to hunt. We once purchased for catching a magnificent dog, which was entirely worthless from this cause. Although he had an excellent nose, and was perfectly staunch, he would point every rabbit that came in his way, and would "draw" on his trail, and you could never make sure but he was leading you after one of these pests instead of a bird. We took him home and placed him in a large yard, with several of his hot-tailed friends, and left him to his fate. He pointed them steadily all the afternoon, and refused to leave them to

eat his supper. What he did during the night we cannot say, but when we visited him in the morning, although he was lying down, his eyes were keenly pointing, but apparently very tired. He did leave them to go to his breakfast, but as soon as it was down he immediately resumed his work. This went on for nearly a week before he appeared to weaken, and before the close of the second week he evidently had had enough of it. We then took him into the field, taking pains to go where rabbits were plenty, but not once did he pay them the slightest attention, nor was he ever known to notice them again. For the same reason we like to have cats about the house that our pup may become well acquainted with them before he commences hunting.

We should have mentioned before that the pup should be let out of his pen for a good run, at least twice a day, and if he will remain about the house and not stray away, we should much prefer to let him run all the time, for the more exercise that he gets the better will it be for his strength and endurance in the future, and the less he is confined the better will it be for his courage and confidence.

While our pup is yet young he should be taught to love the sound of the gun. This can be easily accomplished if the proper course is pursued. In the first place, we take a couple of old tin pans, and while his attention is attracted by something that interests him we strike them together, lightly at first; and if he appears to be afraid we are very careful not to add to his fright by a repetition of the noise anywhere near him, but take the pans to quite a distance from his pen and leave them, and wait awhile before trying again. When it is time to feed him we go to the pans, and while sounding our whistle, as before described, to let him know that we are coming, we give a strike just loud enough for him to hear plainly, and at once proceed to his pen and give him his feed. By pursuing this course for a few days, and gradually giving a little closer every time, he will become accustomed to the sound, and learning that the noise is connected with our coming, and also his dinner, he soon gets used to it, and in a short time will stand the racket without flinching. When he has become so accustomed to the noise that he shows no signs of fear at quite a loud crash it is time to try him with the gun. In order to do this we carefully load with a light charge of powder and stand at some little distance—say forty or fifty yards away—and be ready at your signal to fire. You will now enter his pen, and after he gets a little quiet call him to you and put a piece of meat before him and bid him To ho, at the same time raising your hand as a signal for the gun. Carefully watch him, and should he display any sign of fear the experiment must be repeated as with the pans. There is no need of your presence only to notice how he behaves, and you can distance with your assistant, unless, as will probably be the case, he does not mind the report when the gun can be brought nearer, and you can make another trial. Great care must be taken not to frighten him with too loud a discharge, nor should it be too close to him, until he gets used to it. By paying close attention to him when under fire, you can readily tell how far it will do to go, and by properly conducting your experiment you can soon teach him to love the sound of the gun, even when fired over his head; indeed we have cured in this way some of the worst cases of gun-shyness that we ever saw. Compare a few dogs are gun-shy, and it is with these only that these precautions are necessary. After your pup has been carefully accustomed to the noise do not lay the gun aside as soon as you have accomplished your object, but let him hear the sound occasionally until his education is complete, taking good care that the discharge of the gun is at once followed by something pleasing to him—his dinner, for instance—or let it be a prelude to giving him his liberty, thus giving him to understand that the noise means something, and soon the noise, even the sight of the gun will cause him pleasurable emotions that he will never forget.

THE FLEA.

BELOW will be found what the current number of Vero Shaw's Illustrated Book of the Dog has to say about the flea. The last paragraph is worth our attention, and we will retain the gist of the whole matter, and should be printed in large type and hung in a conspicuous place in every kennel:

The flea, the *Pulex irritans*, is by far the most common of hair parasites, although by no means the most dangerous and troublesome. They are found on all warm-blooded animals, very difficult to get rid of; for not only must those actually on the animal himself be destroyed, but the animal's bed, the carpet, and everything, in fact, on the dog may have lain for any length of time, and be thoroughly chaste and disinfected.

In long-haired dogs they are usually principally to be found along the spine, in the neck, and behind the ears. Here, then, they exist in colonies, and lay most of their eggs, and lead altogether a very active life. They are generally found in pairs, the male and female, together bearing their nests, however, and often bite, black and hard and numerous, will be found at no great distance, adhering to hairs. Warm weather, a too hot kennel, and filth in general are all favorable to the multiplication of these pests.

Fleas on dogs, we believe, are more injurious than many people suppose; from the constant biting and irritation they render the dog nervous and excitable, and this, combined with the loss of sleep, often causes indigestion, loss of tone and emaciation, and paves the way for the incoming of dangerous and, perhaps, fatal diseases.

By biting himself and scratching himself the poor dog, oftimes so disfigures his skin that he is supposed to be suffering from mange, is taken to some so-called "dog doctor," is dressed—saturated if you prefer—in some irritating paste, however, and often scorcht so quickly—and so "cured" by being sent to his long home.

There are many ways of getting rid of fleas in the dog, but we shall only mention the most simple, and not the dangerous class of remedies.

We have found powderd flowers of *Pyrethrum roseum*, sometimes called Kew's insect powder, very efficient. The hair must be lifted up, and the powder blown in. Little pups of below are sold for this purpose, but are empty, it is cheaper to get the powder in bulk, and to have it produced by means of an india-rubber puff-ball. Next morning the dog must be washed and have a good run, and the process will wait repeating. If a dog is much troubled with fleas, the powder should be mixed with lard or tallow, put in a tin, and the insects are more often driven off than killed.

Olive oil or warm cast oil may be used. If so, we must thoroughly soak the animal's coat with the oil, and we have to take care he does not catch cold in the morning. If we soak the dog at night he will sleep him next morning. This process also will wear repeating.

There is a remedy which is better suited for long-haired dogs. We refer to the quassia wash. With this the dog's body must be thoroughly washed, and he may then be turned out to shake himself, and dry and have a scamper.

There are many other remedies, but we think we have named sufficient. Mr. Gamge recommends the oil of anisee-seed mixed with common oil. We have not tried it, but should think it would do good.

Carbolio acid and tobacco juice, to which we may add corrosive sublimate, are all fatal to flea life, but may destroy the dog as well as the pest.

Why is it that people find it so difficult to rid a dog of fleas? We may keep on poisoning the fleas and washing the dog, and a few days thereafter find he is as bad as ever. This is the reason: he gets a new stock of fleas from the place he lies in, and fleas are wonderfully prolific. The only point, then, is to give the dog a perfect clean kennel. Change his bed from straw to pine shavings, sprinkled with a little turp., and thoroughly clean out and disinfect his kennel. We may also dust a little of the powdered pyrethrum flowers in the place where he lies. You will thus get to the very root of the evil.

NATIONAL TRIALS.—We have received a letter from Mr. T. M. Aldrich, who is at Milan, Tenn. He reports a plenty of quail but is mildly expostulative against the sportsmen and weeds, and fairly eloquent in his denunciation of the burrs and ten-rail fences. He only wishes that he had shot them, clipped and grassed, so as to make a wonderful profit. This is the point, then, is to give the dog a perfect clean kennel. Change his bed from straw to pine shavings, sprinkled with a little turp., and thoroughly clean out and disinfect his kennel. We may also dust a little of the powdered pyrethrum flowers in the place where he lies. You will thus get to the very root of the evil.

THE NATIONAL TRIALS.—Special dispatch to the Forest and Stream: We spent about five hours to-day drawing part of the week-end, and secured a total of twenty-four quail, averaging eighteen birds each. Another draw will be made Thursday. P. H. Bryson.

This confirms other advices received that the supply of birds is all that could be desired to insure a successful meeting.

GONE SOUTH.—Mr. Fred A. Taft, of Dedham, Mass., has gone to North Carolina with a string of fine dogs for a three or four months hunt.

KENNEL NOTES.

* * * Breeders and owners of dogs are invited to send memoranda of names called, bred, whelps, sales, etc., for insertion in this column. We make no charge for the publication of such notices; but request in each case the notice be made up in accordance with our form, that the name of both owner and dog be written legibly, or printed, and that the strain to which the animal belongs be distinctly stated.

NAMES CALLED.

Irish Set.—Claimed by Mr. A. A. Hayward, South Norwalk, Conn., for Irish setter bitch whelped Aug. 5, 1881, by Champion R. O'More out of Callender's Gay (champion Elcho-champion). Irish.—Claimed by Mr. Frank A. Bond, Jessup, Md., for bitch, whelped by imported Benito Boy (A. Imported) by Dog's Baiter, out of Lutin. Myrtle.—Claimed by Gen. Frank A. Bond, Jessup, Md., for black and white spaniel bitch whelped April 18, 1881, by Dog's Baiter, out of Lutin.

Black.—Claimed by Mr. Chas. H. Paley, New York, for red Irish setter bitch whelped Aug. 15, 1881, by Mr. A. W. Miller's Gray (distinguished) out of Mr. A. E. Atwater's Braut (Dandy-May II).

Fennu.—Claimed by Mr. Wm. H. Hamersley, St. Leonard, P. O., for bitch whelped by imported Benito Boy (A. Imported) by Dog's Baiter, out of Lutin.

Lorna Doone.—Claimed by Dr. S. M. Nash, New York, for lemon and white English setter bitch whelped June 4, 1881, by Mr. R. T. Charles' Royal (Royal-Nia) out of Mrs. F. S. Savage's Madge (Distinguished).

Crickle II.—Claimed by Mr. D. P. Bosworth, New York, for liver and white ticked cocker spaniel dog whelped July 23, 1881, by Mr. F. F. Fitcher's Feather-Boots.

WHELPS.

Ohio.—Gen. Frank A. Bond's (Jessup, Md.) bench legged beagle bitch whelped Oct. 5, 1881—two dogs and four bitches, by Dyce (Imported) Sable (Imported) by Dog's Baiter, out of Lutin.

Norak.—Gen. Frank A. Bond's (Jessup, Md.) bench legged beagle bitch Noran whelped Oct. 21, 1881—four dogs and two bitches, by Dyce (Imported) Sable (Imported) by Dog's Baiter, out of Lutin.

Little Nell.—Dr. H. F. Ates's (New York) black and white pointer bitch Little Nell (champion Snaphop-champion Rose) whelped Oct. 13, 1881—eight dogs and two bitches, by Mr. A. E. Goletroy's Croftley. Four of the dogs have since died.

July.—Mr. Chas. Morgan's (Baldwinton, N. J.) imported collie bitch July (No. 1) whelped No. 11, nine—by Mr. J. Lindsay's (Jersey City) No. 1, Arville Laidie.

July.—Mr. F. W. Rother's (New York) cocker spaniel bitch Lon whelped Nov. 11, 1880—six dogs and six bitches—two dogs and six bitches since dead.

Waggon.—Mr. M. J. Norton, Greenbush, N. Y., writes to say that Peggy's pedigree should read "London and Henry's Dash-Bury's Kate" instead of "London and Henry's Kate," as published last week.

Tigress.—Mr. Chas. E. Wallace's (New York) imported mastiff bitch Tigress, K. C. S. B. 10,646 (champion Colonel-Luna) whelped Nov. 18, 1881—by champion Salsbury (S. C. S. B. 9,330).

BRO.

Lilly-Rocket.—Baltimore Kennel Club's pointer bitch Lilly to Mr. E. O'ryll's Rocket (Clarend-Round).

John.—Mr. J. McCann's pointer bitch Gertrude to Mr. E. O'ryll's Rocket (Clarend-Round).

Vella-Toronto Gene.—Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., has bred his new spaniel bitch Vella, imported from England to Toronto Gene (Kain-Squay) Nov. 18, 1881.

SALES.

Rory O'More-Guy Whelp.—Mr. Wm. N. Callender, Albany, N. Y., has sold to Mr. A. Raymond Smith, Norwalk, Conn., a red Irish setter bitch whelped Aug. 9, 1881, by his Rory O'More out of owner's Guj (Elcho-Wirely).

Belco.—Red Irish setter whelped by his 15, 1881 (Gronse-Braut), by Mr. Wm. W. Hamersley, St. Leonard, P. O., by his Belco (Imported) by Newell's Cub out of Hagne's Ruby, by Mr. Wm. W. Hamersley, St. Leonard, P. O., to Mr. R. M. Livingston, New York.

Corvetton.—Mr. Wm. F. Duerr writes that there were only two dog puppies instead of four, in his Sensation-Gipsy letter of Nov. 5, 1881. Sensation-Gipsy Whelp.—Mr. Geo. W. Halliday, Washington, D. C., has sold to Mr. Thomas Love, Washington, D. C., a black and white ticked English setter bitch to Mr. Anthony Eton, same place, a liver, white and tan dog, to Mr. E. W. Allen, Boston, Mass., a black and white ticked bitch, to Mr. Jacob Egan, Cleveland, O., a black, white and blue ticked bitch, to Mr. R. W. Cowan, Warren, Pa., a two ton and white bitch, to Mr. John S. Bodsweil, Paxton, Mass., a black and white bitch, all pedigreed July 10, 1881, by owner's Felton out of owner's Jessie Turp.

Gronse.—Liver litter spotted dogs whelped by Mrs. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., by Mr. A. Sloss, Union, N. Y.

Boy—Lemon and white pointer dog (Snaphop-tuby) by Mr. E. O'ryll, Brooklyn, N. Y., to Mr. Jos. Lewis, Apollo, Pa.

Chic.—Black and white pointer bitch whelped July 10, 1881, by owner's Orgill to Mr. T. W. Grylls, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IMPORTATIONS.

Vorigger and Lilly II.—Mr. E. Lever, Philadelphia, has imported from England the black and tan setter dog Vorigger, K. C. S. B. 10,647, and the bitch Lilly II. Their weights are 15 and 12 pounds, the latter *Stoke Newington* variety of Vorigger that he is one of the best stud dogs living.

DEATHS.

Sensation-Gipsy Whelp.—Mr. Wm. F. Duerr, Watessing, N. J., has lost two dog and one bitch puppies whelped Nov. 5, by sensation out of Gipsy.

January.—Mr. Burr Hollis, Hornellsville, N. Y., has lost his black head spaniel bitch Rosalind whelped Oct. 9, 1881, by Benedict out of Rheia II.

CHOICE GORDONS FOR SALE.—Having too many dogs, I offer for sale one field and one brush-brind Gordon, Fox-Gait, Flona. These dogs were choice selections from litters raised by myself. Are sold for no fault, and offer a rare opportunity to obtain an extra fine pair of birds. For particulars address L. C. Mullins, Annapolis, Md.—Ad.

Ohio, Washington, Nov. 19.—Shooting is very good here. I was out on the afternoon of 16th, with my dogs Felton and Jesse Turner, and killed twenty-three quails and one grouse. G. W. B.

Miscellaneous

KEEP'S SHIRTS

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, ETC., ETC., ETC. Samples and circulars mailed free. KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

Iroquois--Foxhall.

We offer a line of Leather Goods made in Vienna in commemoration of the victories of these horses the past season. They have a fine representation of both horses and the Jockey Archer in metal silver and embossed work.

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HOLABIRD Shooting Suits.

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Skunk, Red Fox, Raccoon, &c. Bought for cash at highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard st.

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Currituck Shooting.

FOR SALE, an undivided half-interest in about 200 acres, more or less (one-half owned by a cub); price \$50. Or will lease by the year for \$50. Parties can suit-lease to those shooting for market and make money. Apply at this office or to owner, R. H. W., 3 E. 45th st., city.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN--One Sharps long-range rifle, one Sharps mid-range, one Remington long-range, one Ballard, 28-100 Old-hand; one Ballard, 28-100; all the latest mode & complete. Address, for particulars, DASH, Station A, Boston. Nov17,4t

FOR SALE, 300,000 brook trout eggs. Apply to F. W. EDDY, Randolph, N. Y. Nov17,4t

FOR SALE or exchange for a fine Parker gun, my liver and white ticked English bitch "Jay C," 2 years old and broken on all game. Will retrieve anywhere from land and water. For information and pedigree apply to CLINT B. WILSON, 240 Superior st., Cleveland, O. Nov24,4t

FOR SALE, A beautifully located country residence. Price, \$7,000. Pure air; fine views; plenty of fruit. Apply to T. C. B., this office. Nov24,4t

FILE BINDERS,

Size to suit FOREST AND STREAM,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,

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This cut exactly represents JAMES & CO.'S GREAT GUN, called the "TRIUMPH." Every Triumph or Trap Gun is choke-bored and targeted.

Wanted.

\$150.-Wanted centreboard cabin sloop yacht or "skip-jack," or neat smack. Sound and as large as possible for the money. Address DUCK HUNTER, care FOREST AND STREAM. Nov17,4t

WANTED a few hundred live quail. Apply to FRANK BEVAN, Manager of Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa. Nov17,4t

WANTED--Complete or part of set of FOREST AND STREAM. Price must be low. F. D. HALLETT, Winsted, Conn. Nov24,4t

The General.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs A BANE TO FLEAS--A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned. It is put up in portable boxes with sliding paper box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Area Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per box by mail. Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOR SALE--Gordon setter jet; color, black; very handsome; well feathered; one of the finest dogs; very fast and great endurance; one of the finest dogs on quail and grouse; a splendid retriever from land and water; does not bite his birds; is a kind of dog that is seldom offered for sale; from imported stock; price, \$100. One dog and bitch, Gordon stock, from the best in the country; just right to break; over one year old; not gun shy; very handsome; price, \$30 apiece. A red Irish bitch, 20 months old, \$15. Llewellyn bitch from best stock in the country; hard to beat in field; good retriever; broke on all game; price, \$100. Address H. B. VONDERSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Nov24,4t

NEW GROVE KENNELS--Send your dogs to the Elm Grove Kennels to board. They will get the best of care and plenty of exercise. Terms easy. Can give best of references. For price, etc., address HOGACK A. SAUNDERS, South Norwalk, Conn., P. O. Box 551. Nov24,4t

HOUND PUPPIES for sale. Out of Ben (Goldsmith's Imp stock) and my beagle bitch, whelped May 25, 1881. Perfect beauties. They run now, and are as true as any old dog. JOHN W. PORTER, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Nov24,4t

FOR SALE--Four fine setter pups, 4 mos. old, 3 dogs and 1 bitch. Bred for business. Pedigree includes Rodman's Dash, Pentz's imported Nellie and Dr. Aton's Laveracks. Price \$20 each, as I wish to sell. E. L. MILES, Sag Harbor, L. I., N. Y. Nov24,4t

FOR SALE--A pair of dachshunds six months old; follow red; the best in the country; pedigree given, WM. H. GOETTING, 406 Third av., New York. Nov24,4t

FOR SALE--Nine well-trained foxhounds; fast and reliable; 7 dogs, 2 bitches; all young; Address, LOCK BOX 12, HOME, Ga. Nov24,4t

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 6 to 12 months old, having one cross of Elcho and TWO of Phœnix. Address, E. J. JOBBINS, Westfield, Conn. Nov24,4t

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent postpaid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec9,4t

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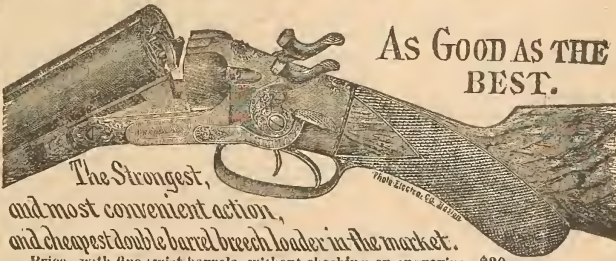
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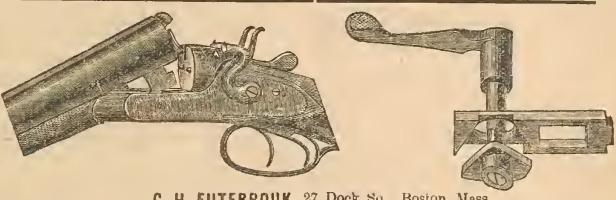
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C. H. EUTEBROUK, 27 Dock Sq., Boston, Mass.

This lever is a solid piece of steel; goes through and through the body. Guns made to order.

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THREE ANNUAL PRIZES TO CLUBS: 1st, \$100; 2d, \$25; 3d, one trap and 1,000 pigeons. For particulars, rules, score cards, etc., address the manufacturers.

[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 448.] " * * * This flight so nearly resembles the actual motions of birds that the Clay Pigeons afford excellent practice for wing shooting." We commend all sportsmen to test its merits."

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Composed of the NERVE-GIVING principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. It restores to both brain and body the elements that have been carried off by disease, worry, overwork, excess of nervousness. It promotes digestion and strengthens a failing memory; it prevents debility and consumption. Best regulates the brain, gives good sleep, and recovers after excesses. Physicians have prescribed 300,000 packages. For sale by druggists or mail, \$1.

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Dr. Gordon Stables, R. N. TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND, Author of the "PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE," & C. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free. Gives addresses of principal English breeders.

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PRINTING AND COMPLAIN. CHEAPER THAN CAN BE DONE BY ANY OTHER HOUSE IN AMERICA, which does first-class work and guarantee satisfaction. Also VON CULN PATENT SPIKE COLLAR AND BOOK. By mail, for \$3.

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BOB HILL, Imported, black; First, Strabane, Belfast, Kilmorock, and London, and Special, Bradford, Pa. Stud fee, \$15. BENEDICT, imported, black; first and special, New York, 1881, only one shown, \$20. Puppies by above sold by Bag, first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward. KENNEL SPANIEL CLUB, Hertsford, Eng. Nov. 11

RIVERSIDE

COCKER SPANIEL KENNEL, Claremont, N. H., Box 33. Champion Bragg and Champion Feather, Grade (both ex-Yulette) stock for sale. Pups ready for delivery. Sept. 24

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Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes. RALLY (Sam-Dolly); stud fee, \$25. ROCKET (Nally); stud fee, \$10. COLIN CAMERON, Brickerville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Perrets at \$1 per pair. Single—Female, \$1; male, \$2. Send post office order. CHARLES H. VAN VECHTEN, Victor, Ontario Co., N. Y. Nov. 21

ADRIDCH'S STOCK FOR SALE.—Mr. T. M. Adrich has gone south for the season and left in my hands for sale six black and white ticked puppies, whelped Oct. 8 by Mr. Bradford's Pet (Sam-Trim), out of Lotta (Champion Drake-Kettle). Also two same color, by Mr. Bradford's Mr. Green's Sam (Don-Settle) out of Sam II. (Trim-Emat), and a broken cocker. Address for particulars, JOHN F. CARPENTER, Falls Village, Attitash, N. H. Nov. 24

GORDON KENNEL, Locust Valley, Long Island. We have on sale young dogs and pups of the purest strains, combining the blood of Toledo Kennel Club, the Waugler's Grays, James Duke, Goldsmith's Kennel, Rupert, Stoddard's Duke, etc. Mr. Melrose's Malcolm, Col. Floss's Belle, Mr. Williams' Dream II. Were all bred at these kennels. Address GORDON KENNEL CLUB, Everoot P. O., Brooklyn, New York. Oct. 13

ROYAL O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter, black and white pointer, Remy O'More out of North O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigrees. Address W. N. KALLINDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug. 11

POINTERS. For very superior pointer pups, h-3 Champion Sensation out of Livingston's Ross dog New York, 1880, and dam of Barnard, or for stud services. Write to Livingston's Grays, HENRY W. LIVINGSTON, 138 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Sept. 24

OLEBOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, HOLEBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21

NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass. Sporting dogs broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies backed on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 335. Sept. 24

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Any gentleman in want of a single dog or a brace of well-broken and well-bred setters will find an article by addressing L. W. Box 250, New York City. These are not worthless curs said to be broken, but are perfect in the field, and at a fair price is therefore asked. Nov. 11

BEAGLE HOUNDS.—Best in America; sire Dodge's "Rattler." The noted prize winner. Are small, long-eared, keen, thoroughbred, handsome and best rabbit hounds. Can spare good ones to \$100 each dog. Have also Scotch and English setters and ferrets. Address W. H. TODD, Vermilion, Ohio. Nov. 11

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs boarded and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept. 11

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address: CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept. 11

RICHARDSON AND RANGELEY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, A thorough and complete guide book to the Adirondack, Catskill, Adirondack, Cuyahoga, Pennsylvania and Connecticut Lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin, Merrimack, Merrimack, and other rivers. Tenth paper, 32 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid, 50 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

\$7 a WEEK \$12 a day at home easily made. A costly outfit free. Address TRUDEE & CO., Augusta, Maine. DIVING DECOY CO., Rochester, N. Y.

The Kennel.

Lowell, Mass., Bench Show. THE FIRST BENCH SHOW FOR DOGS WILL BE HELD IN JACKSON HALL, Dec. 14, 15 and 16. Entries close Dec. 6. Apply to CHARLES A. ANDREWS, West Roxford, Mass., for catalogue, and entry blank. Nov. 11

FOR SALE.

1. Count Fred (imported), whelped July, 1878, thoroughly broken, winner first at Patoka, Ill., Puppy Stakes, and second in braces with Lincoln in 1879. S. Frederick (imported), by Count Dick, ex Phanton, whelped April, 1877, full brother to Mr. Jewell's celebrated Count Windermere; thoroughly broken & Bang (imported pointer), liver and white, whelped April, 1876, by Garia's Drake, ex Graham head; thoroughly broken; winner of first at Pittsburgh, 1880. 4. Joss, champion pointer bitch (formerly Orgill's); thoroughly broken; whelped April, 1876; color, lemon and white. 5. Julia Gordon bitch, by champion dog, ex-champion Mona, whelped June, 1880, now breaker by Mr. E. S. Wamaker. 6. Lady Rapid, imported Gordon bitch, by old B.uben out of Mrs. S. Graham, winner of prizes at different shows (not broken); whelped May, 1875. 7. Jennie, imported Yorkshire terrier, by Mozart ex Nell, winner first at Pittsburgh show, whelped November, 1878. 8. Graham, Italian greyhound, winner first at Pittsburgh show; about three years of age and a beauty; light fawn in color. All the above named sporting dogs have passed through Mr. Wamaker's hands. For prices and further particulars address A. H. MOORE, 1711 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia. Nov. 11

THE CONESTOGA KENNEL offer for sale the following highly-bred setters: Cash, a fine standing, white and black ticked dog, 8 years and six months old (Leicester ex Nettle); is a grand goer, and been shot over up to date; was very highly recommended at the A. B. show, 1880, trial allowed; price \$125. Whitwind, a promising young dog, 6 months old, lemon and white, well made (4-9-1). Bear-ear (Orphe) price \$100. A remarkably quick, lively, red Irish setter bitch, 13 months old (Red Dick) ex Mrs. Settle; price \$25. Pointers—Best, small sized, black and white. Redder bitch, young and fast, with keen nose; price \$35. Belle, lemon with white markings; very staunch, and just the bitch for one gun or to go out and make a large bag with; good nose and steady all round; price \$25. Apply to FRANK BEVAN, Manager and Trainer, Lancaster, Pa. Nov. 21

IMPORTED FOX TERRIER FOR SALE.—Orbit, a white and black tan, 2 years old, about 14 lbs.; very game; will tackle any thing; good house dog and companion. Will be sold out to make room for puppies coming out. Collie puppies, black and tan, bred from imported dogs; very handsome. Spaniel and pointer will be sold out to make room for puppies. The best dogs for general shooting; bred from imported dogs. For price, pedigree, etc., address A. HEATH, Orange Court House, Virginia. Nov. 21

\$50 REWARD.—Lost or stolen from New York Gun Club Grounds, Bergen Point, about Nov. 1, black and tan setter dog Fred; medium size; one hind leg a trifle short from knocking down hip; only perceptible when tired or standing still. The above reward paid for his return or for any information by which his recovery can be effected. BRYAN, 83 William Street, N. Y. Nov. 21

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Fine pair of young setter dogs, 7 and 12 months old. Also bitch puppy, 4 months old, by champion Paris. These puppies are first-class stock and will be sold very low if disposed of soon. C. E. LEWIS, U. S. Customs, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. Nov. 17

SPORTSMEN in want of good, reliable, business, hold dogs, broken on all game, retrieve from land or water (pointers red Irish or English setter dog or bitch), address CHAS. F. KENNEDY, Condit, N. Y. Come and see these dogs on farm. Nov. 11

FARRAR'S POCKET MAP of Moosehead Lake and the North Maine Wilderness, a valuable companion for the sportsman, hunter and lumberman. Lately corrected and revised, and fully illustrated. Neatly bound in cloth covers. Price, postpaid, by mail, 60 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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THAT ARE Selected Standard Number of Pellets to the oz. Printed on Each Bag. Trap shot! Soft or Chilled. NUMBERS 7, 8, 9 AND 10. No. of pellets to oz., 338 472 638 1064 Soft, 345 495 716 1130 Chilled. TATHAM & BROS., 52 BEEKMAN ST., NEW YORK.

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ASSOCIATED SOUTHERN RAILWAYS, Richmond & Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line. Line. Line. THE Preferred Routes to Florida AND Atlanta Cotton Exposition, October 5 to December 31. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 1, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line. Train 50. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Arrives Richmond 7:40 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Philadelphia 7:55 a.m. Danville 7:53 p.m. Charlotte 11:53 a.m. Atlanta 10:35 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 48 below. Pullman cars Richmond to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans. Train 42. Leaves New York 7:50 a.m. Philadelphia 7:50 a.m. Baltimore 7:50 a.m. Richmond 7:50 a.m. Danville 7:46 a.m. There connects with No. 42 below. Pullman Cars from Richmond to Washington, 7:40 a.m. direct via York River Line from Baltimore at 4:00 p.m. direct via York River Line from West Point and Richmond and connecting there with Train 10 and 48. Train 42. Leaves New York 12:40 p.m. Philadelphia 12:45 p.m. Baltimore 12:50 p.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 4:50 a.m. Danville 7:10 a.m. Charlotte 11:00 a.m. Atlanta 10:40 a.m. Macon 6:40 a.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 10:00 p.m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York to Washington, 7:40 a.m. to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p.m. and Augusta 10:15 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 7:15 a.m. Train 45. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:40 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:00 a.m. Lynchburg 7:25 p.m. Danville 7:35 p.m. Charlotte 12:30 p.m. Atlanta 12:20 p.m. Macon 6:55 p.m. Montgomery 7:00 p.m. Mobile 4:40 p.m. New Orleans 10:00 p.m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans. Atlantic Coast Line. Train 40. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:00 a.m. Wilmington 7:45 p.m. Charleston 7:40 p.m. Savannah 7:40 a.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pullman Sleepers Allford, etc., to Charleston. Train 48. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:45 p.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a.m. Wilmington 7:45 p.m. Charleston 7:40 p.m. Savannah 7:40 a.m. Jacksonville 7:40 p.m. Pullman Sleepers Charleston to Jacksonville. Bay Line. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:45 p.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at Portsmouth 7:40 a.m. Weldon 7:40 p.m. High 7:45 p.m. Wilmington 7:40 p.m. Charleston 7:40 a.m. Jacksonville 7:40 a.m. Augusta 7:40 a.m. Savannah 7:40 a.m. Jacksonville 7:40 a.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars Vicksburg to Charleston. Daily. Daily, Sundays excepted. For rates of fare, tickets, and for tickets, time tables, and for all information, apply at 305 Washington Street, Boston, 229 Broadway, New York, or at the Philadelphia, corner of Calvert and West Baltimore streets, Baltimore, 511 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, and leading Ticket Offices East.

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The waters of the Grand Traverse Region and the Michigan North Woods are unsurpassed, if equalled, in the abundance and great variety of fish contained. BROOK TROUT abound in the streams, and the famous AMERICAN GRAYLING is found only in these waters. THE TROUT season begins May 1 and ends Sept. 1. THE GRAYLING season opens June 1 and ends Nov. 1. BLACK BASS, PIKE, PICKEREL and MUSKELGONGE also abound in large numbers in the many lakes and lakelets of this territory. The Sportsman can readily send trophies of his trip to his friends or club by express as he for packing fish can be had at nearly all points. TAKE YOUR FAMILY WITH YOU. The scenery of the North Woods are Lakes is very beautiful. The air is pure, dry and bracing. The climate is peculiarly beneficial to those suffering with Hay Fever and Asthma Affections. The hotel accommodations are excellent, and will be largely increased in time for the sea-on of 1882 by new buildings and additional tables. During the SEASON ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS WILL BE SOLD AT LOW RATES, and attractive train facilities offered to Tourists and Sportsmen. Dogs, Guns and Fishing Tackle Carried Free at owner's risk. In our aim to make sportsmen feel "at home" on this route. For Tourists' guide a handsomely illustrated book of 160 pages sent free. Time Cards, Flyers and further information, address:

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EAGLE HOTEL. (Altitude, 2,350 feet.) ASHEVILLE, WESTERN N. C.

L. L. BASSELL, PROPRIETOR. Open the year round. Rooms with open fireplaces. Only a few guests. Finest scenery in the S. C. Average winter temperature, 37 deg. No better climate in the world. Send for circular.

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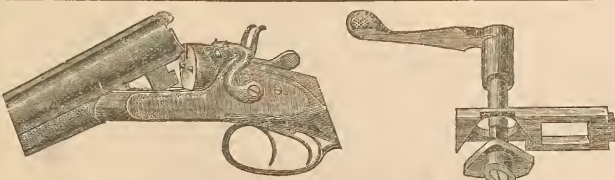
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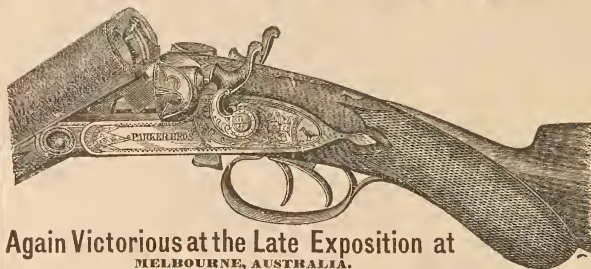
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 18,
{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between amateur sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 1.

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY they first make mad. The modern reading is that the lawyers first make mad the assassins whom they would not have hung.

DR. COUES.—We learn that Dr. Elliott Coues has resigned his commission as Assistant Surgeon in the army with the intention of devoting himself to literary and scientific pursuits, in accordance with his life-long tastes and habits.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.—Two years ago there came in the FOREST AND STREAM's mail one day a letter from a Pennsylvania town, in which the writer assured us that he had discovered a wonderful secret, which was nothing less than a way to prolong human life indefinitely. Our correspondent, in short, claimed to be able to tell us how we might live for ever. The letter was written in a cramped, almost illegible hand, and was altogether quite a curiosity. We were too busy at the time to bother with this man who had the secret of living for ever; but to a second letter we replied. We received no further word from him, but we kept his name and address in mind. In looking over a stray copy of a Pennsylvania paper by the merest chance, the other day, we came across a notice of this man's death. Strange, was it not! And his secret of how to live for ever died with him.

ANGLING AS AN ART.

HOW few there are outside of the brotherhood of the angler who know of what the angler's art consists, or have even a faint conception of the pleasure which it brings its devotees. To the outer world "fishing" is illustrated by the lazy fellow holding a string off the corner of the dock and sleeping between bites. Some have tried it, and becoming disgusted, declare that they might angle if the fish would only bite all the time, but they could not wait for them. Take such a man to a pretty lake, put him in a boat with yourself, and rig his tackle. Show him where the pike are aye lie among the lily-pads, and how to cast for them. Watch him and see the feeble interest developed by the fresh air and change of scene—but not at all by any belief in your story about a mythical pike among the lilies. Keep your eye on him until he gets a strike, and see him turn pale and then flush with excitement at the thought of the "monster" which he lost by striking too soon. A lecture on the habits of the pike is now in order; and he learns that this fish seizes its prey and rushes to a secluded spot to gorge it; and must be allowed to "poach it" before striking. Verily, he thinks, there is some art and sport in this, after all.

It is as difficult to explain the pleasures of angling, with its anticipations, hopes, fears and thrills, as it is to describe how a watermelon tastes. Those who have experienced these emotions know, and the deeper they get into the mysteries of angling the more they enjoy it and the greater its claim to be an art appears. What veteran angler but can recall the taking of some wary old trout, which for seasons had lurked in a favorite pool and spurred the flies and worms of dozens of skilled fishers, until at last it fell a victim to a peculiar fly, presented so artistically that even this wary trout, educated in the wiles of man by many a sharp sting from his steel, was deceived into believing it to be a living insect. Ask such a veteran if angling is an art, or if it is merely luck.

Chance enters into angling merely enough to give it zest. The day may be stormy, the fish are not feeding, or many other things may happen which have not been foreseen, but the angler has become more or less of a naturalist, and his perceptions have been quickened by failures until he is able to reduce these chances to a minimum. He knows the likely pools in the trout stream and the probability of success at certain hours. This is where the standard joke of the country boy with his alder pole and string has its rise. The boy is familiar with the stream and catches more fish than the stranger with better rig, but the angler can soon give the urchin long odds.

Angling is the only sport which does not pall upon the taste with age. In fact, it increases with it, and some of the most enthusiastic fishers are men who have passed three score and ten. It is a sport which leaves no taint upon its devotees, but, on the contrary, brings them health and renewed vigor. It has changed somewhat since the days of Izaak Walton, especially in America, and is not so "content-plative" as in his time. In England still-fishing from punts, for bream, barbel and dace, is followed yet, for want of gamier fish; but the American angler, after graduating from the perch and "sunnies" of the mill pond, aspires to the capture of the pike, black bass, striped bass, trout, and such fish as must be cast, or trolled for, and which fight hard. Let him who thinks it idle sport cast the minnow or the fly for half a day and note the effect upon the tired muscles of his arm, and then say if he has been idle. Let him wade a trout stream, knee deep for the same length of time, and then judge if he has had more leisure than his system can bear.

Give the boys fishing rods, and good ones at that. Never mind the talk about catching as many fish with a sapling as with a fishing rod. This comes from men with no appreciation of the niceties of the art—and can be answered by saying that a net will take more than either. The angler loves fine tackle, the finer the tackle the more enjoyment; and it is as natural as that a man should like a handsome carriage when an ox-cart is stronger, or he can travel as many miles in a lumber wagon. The pleasure that comes from holding a trusty rod, made to the verge of lightness consistent with strength, which kills a fish with its elasticity, is as far superior to a stiff pole, which throws a fish into the treeps before the angler feels the electric thrill of the struggle, as the sun is superior to a farthing rushlight. The angler

with the best tackle gets more enjoyment out of a day's fishing than he who captures more fish with coarser tackle.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

NEXT to fish stories may be ranked pistol shooting by talk. It seems so easy to claim all sorts of posterous performances with this small arm that many give way to the temptation and display their ignorance by their assertions. Even those who ought to know better and will discourse glibly of the parts and make up of the weapons, show how cleverly they can be cocked and snapped, and describe all the minutæ as they would the details of a puzzle, when questioned as to the work and the record of the arms are silent.

There are so many tricks of marksmanship that the descent is readily made from what merely seems improbable to what is absolutely impossible. If a skulking emigrant robber is arrested in the West, we are at once treated to most marvelous stories of his skill with the pistol, whereas in fact the skill lies with the fabricator of the printed account. We have it that the favorite pastime of these Western highway-men is to take line shots at one telegraph pole from the next one. At an average distance of fifty-five yards such hits are barely possible, but to say that they are repeated again and again is to give the assertion the aspect of a fish story.

There are to-day in the city of New York as fine pistol shots as anywhere in the world. In a single show case are targets and hits actually made over known distances and under match conditions, with every detail accurately recorded, which cannot be duplicated in any other city. Occasionally one of these paper shooters ventures into the company of these record-makers and soon learns what may and what may not be done. There is room for great and varied amusement in pistol shooting, but there seems room for far more brag and assertion.

THE ONEIDA LAKE POACHERS.

GEORGE A. CROWNHART, Cicero, N. Y., who has been so active in assisting the Game Protectors of the State of New York in the prosecution of the violators of the laws on Oneida Lake, has recently been outrageously fined by a local justice of the peace for his good work. About two weeks ago he was going from his hotel at South Bay on the lake in the little steamer which has been used to destroy the nets of the poachers. He intended to return the steamer through the canal to Syracuse, where it is owned. On the way he saw some net set in violation of the law, and took them up and destroyed them. This happened to be done on Sunday, and for this he was complained of by the owners and was fined \$100 for Sabbath breaking by a justice of Oswego county whose sympathies must have been on the wrong side. Perhaps the nets belonged to his cousin, perhaps they were owned by his uncle, or may be his brother had an interest in them. We only wish we knew the name of this legal luminary that we might embalm it in ink.

Another splendid specimen of a protector of poachers is an agent of the American Express Co. He has baited the villains who assaulted Lindsley while engaged in destroying the nets in the lake. He offered Mr. Crownhart money to stop enforcing the law in this locality and to keep Lindsley away from the lake. His excoise, as written to one of his superior officers, is that if he does not receive and ship the fish, which are illegally taken, they will be loaded in wagons and driven across to another Express Co., at Syracuse, and so his office would lose the freight, on which he has a percentage.

SHORE BIRDS.—Under this title five chapters have been collected into a little book of convenient form. They are: "Haunts and Habits" and "Range and Migrations," being the article by Mr. William Hapgood, "Range and Rotary Movements of the Linnæole," published in this journal Oct. 20, 1881; "A Morning Without the Birds," from Mr. Roosevelt's "The Great South Bay," in our issue of Oct. 6, 1881; and the editorial articles which appeared last year entitled "By Snipe," and treating of "Nomenclature," "Localities" and "Baits and Decoys." We believe that these chapters in their present form will be welcomed by sportsmen and naturalists. The book will be sent postpaid for 15 cents.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN GALLERY MATCH.—The proposed international gallery match which was to have taken place on the 24th ult. has been indefinitely postponed, and for the very novel reason that an American team cannot be gotten together. The conditions called for an "off-hand" match, and then Mr. Rigby, on behalf of the Miniature Rifle Club of Dublin, defined off-hand shooting to be that in which the left arm was entirely clear of the body. The hip-rest, or the bracing of the elbow of that arm against the body, was not to be allowed. The New York shooters were not prepared for this. Many do shoot in that way, but to have the position enforced upon them as a condition they were not prepared for, and to secure special attention to this style of holding is the object of the call issued by Mr. Conlin. There is no disposition to abandon the match. On the contrary, it is likely that it will lead to an offer from the New York shooters to a general shooting trial, in which pistol shooting will form an important part. The old established firm of Rigby ought not to shrink from a test of these neat little arms so comforting in cases of wounded honor. Conlin's gallery boasts of a fine lot of the old duelling pieces and a match with this style of arm would bring up hosts of reminiscences. Meanwhile the off-hand match waits, and we doubt not that before many weeks the four American gentlemen who are chosen will cable "Ready" and another victory will be placed to the usual credit. It is unfortunate that it did not take place on the 24th as intended, for apart from the fact that it was a national holiday here, it was the 18th anniversary of Mr. Conlin's entry into the gallery-shooting business.

THE LETTER OF OUR CORRESPONDENT "Jacobstaff," to be found in another column, and the accounts of the good fowl shooting uow to be had at Currituck, suggest a word of caution to gunners bound for that point. It is said that an impression has got about that the Kitty Hawk Club, having so much property, will be somewhat lax in protecting it, and that gunners can hope to have shooting from points belonging to this club. This impression is wholly an erroneous one, and should be corrected at once. No one should be allowed to go down to Kitty Hawk fancying that the same shooting is open now that they have been accustomed to enjoy in years past. All the most desirable points in the vicinity of Van Sijke's are now the property of the Kitty Hawk Club, and all the lands of this association are posted and efficiently patrolled. The club has expressed the determination to protect its shooting most carefully, and prompt arrest, followed by rigorous prosecution, may be expected by any one who ventures to trench on its privileges.

It is scarcely to be expected that the gentlemen who have spent such large sums of money to secure these grounds should now throw them open to the public, and their determination to preserve the shooting is in every way worthy of commendation and imitation by other clubs.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The game interests of the Province of Nova Scotia are in the hands of the Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society of Nova Scotia, having its headquarters at Halifax. The society is composed of gentlemen who really have at heart the enforcement of the laws. They have done good work, and sportsmen of the Province, as well as those who visit the country from abroad, have reason to respect the society's efforts and aims. We are glad to see that the law in Nova Scotia is enforced without discriminations. So famous a hunter as the Earl of Dunraven got into trouble there recently, because he neglected to comply with the very just provision of the game laws, which requires non-residents to take out a license to kill game. Incorrect reports of this affair having been printed, we take great pleasure in publishing to-day, from a responsible source, a true statement of the case.

THE MAINE MATTER.—In our remarks on the Maine Game Warden system, the other day, we certainly intended no reflection upon the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of that State. We believe, as we said in our issue of Oct. 13, that they have given abundant proof of their activity and determined purpose in their work, and should receive the hearty support and co-operation of all true-minded sportsmen. We are also sure that Mr. Hubbard in his criticisms of the system, intended nothing personal regarding Mr. Stillwell. We are satisfied that Messrs. Hubbard and Stillwell both desire the same thing—namely, the impartial and thorough execution of the law, without respect to the residence of the offending party.

MORE QUAIL FOR SPRINGFIELD.—The sportsmen of Springfield, Mass., encouraged by the success which attended their efforts last year to restock the neighborhood with quail, are about to repeat the work done a year ago. They have purchased 500 quail, of which the first crop of 50 have already reached them. The birds will be kept in confinement through the winter and will be turned out in the spring. The success of their experiments with the wild rice has proved so great that they are now planting in the river and the ponds the roots and seeds of the wild celery.

AMONG THE SOUVENIRS recovered from the ruins of the Morrell storage warehouse, which was destroyed by fire in this city last October, is a valuable gold medal, the inscription on which shows that it was presented to Mr. George W. Smiley, as a prize for the mastiff "Nell," at the San Francisco Bench Show of 1878.

THE GLAD CHRISTMAS WEEK

IS COMING; and it is time to decide what presents you will then give to your friends. Permit the FOREST AND STREAM to suggest to its readers some of the suitable Christmas and New Year gifts, which mothers, daughters, wives, sisters, cousins, nieces and aunts may select for their sons, fathers, husbands, brothers, cousins, uncles, nephews—and for "the nearer one still, and a dearer one."

A HANDSOME SHOT-GUN.

Many first-class makers—comparisons odious.

AN ANGLING ROD.

See names of makers elsewhere.

A STANDARD RIFLE.

For game or target.

A CANON.

A double one means "you too."

A SHOOTING SUIT.

With a "housewife" for camp.

A TARGET PISTOL.

For winter evening practice.

A BOOK.

See list of those for sale by us.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION.

We need not specify to what journal. There is only one that "fills the bill," as the bird said of the grub.

Besides the appropriate gifts named above there are

A THOUSAND AND ONE THINGS

That a sportsman needs and will appreciate. We have not space to name them here, but they are mentioned in our advertising columns, and may be seen at the establishments of the dealers in sportsman's goods. Go and see them, and select for yourselves.

IN ANOTHER COLUMN will be found a suggestive question regarding the ethics of sportsmen. A correspondent asks: "Arc sportsmen, as a rule, so nicely adjusted in their moral attributes, when engaged in the pursuit of bay birds, as to resist the temptation to knock a black duck over, if he comes within range?" Now, without remarking that sportsmen are probably as "nicely adjusted in their moral attributes when engaged in the pursuit of bay birds" as they are when engaged in the pursuit of birds of any other description, we feel free to say that no man who looks at the question of game preservation in the proper light would kill one species of game in its close season while searching for another in its open season. We expect this sort of thing from the so-called pot hunters—that is, from men who are habitual poachers, and shoot game out of season—but certainly not from sportsmen of the better class. Who that respects himself would kill the half-grown ruffed grouse, while shooting woodcock in those States, where summer shooting is unheppily still permitted? Who would, at the same season, kill the mother quail, and leave the downy fledgelings to perish? The principle is the same in these examples as in the case cited by our correspondent. We should be loth to believe that there are many of our readers whose moral sense is so base as to make them approve such acts; and we conceive that thinking men, as a class, would, without exception, hold their hands in the face of such a temptation.

THE STORY OF THE WILD HOG OF HAMPTON is fast taking its place among myths and legends, along with the story of Apollo and the Python, St. George and the Dragon, and St. Patrick and the Snakes. It is fitting, then, that the authentic history of that famous chase should be put on permanent record in the files of this journal. As stated in the note accompanying the article, the narrative is substantially true, and its incidents will be recollected by many of our Massachusetts readers. Next week we will give an account of one of the famous hunts of pioneer days, the "Hinkley Hunt" of 1855.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS meeting now being held at Robbins' Island is proving a great success. As will be seen from the account given in another column the attendance is large, the birds plenty, and much of the work done by the dogs is unusually good. The Derby was won by Mr. E. E. Hardy's Pollex with Florida second and Sensation, Jr., third. It is probable that the trials will last until to-morrow, and the details of the last two days must be looked for in our issue of next week.

THE PAPERS ON DOG TRAINING, written by our Kennel Editor, are meeting a cordial reception among dog owners in every part of the country. The best test of the merits of Mr. Hammond's system is a practical trial of them. Amateurs who will train their own dogs by this method will find themselves amply repaid for the time and trouble expended by the satisfaction and pride in the result.

A BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.—Mr. H. B. Bailey, of this city, has prepared a digest of all the ornithological matter contained in the first twelve volumes of this journal. This will shortly be printed under the title of FOREST AND STREAM BIRD NOTES. Further notice of the book and publication will be given later.

SQUIRRELS AS BIRD DESTROYERS.—Further notes on this interesting topic are in type and will be printed next week.

"THE CRUISE OF THE NIPPER."—In three parts. By Nessmuk. Part First next week.

The Sportsman Tourist.

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.

11.—THE FIRST DAY OUT.

IT had rained every day for more than two weeks, and the Gypsy's announced time of departure had been postponed day by day, and still there were no signs of fair weather. Every part of the cargo had been stowed for some time to take advantage of the first favorable weather, and every afternoon the Captain had waded through the mud to the river's bank to inspect the little craft lying in the boat house, mentally anaesthetizing October's showers as he thought of the fast flying autumn days that could be made so agreeable if the clerk of the weather would only permit. The Captain's impatience was shared by the crew, too, who would sit on the boat house floor, looking wistfully out of her brown eyes, while the water dripping off her liver-colored coat made her look like anything but the cleanly and ladylike cook she was. "Poor July! Was ever anything so abominable?" would be answered by a low waine, and a slight tap of the fall on the floor, indicating sympathy as plainly as if expressed in the choicest English, and far more satisfactory to the Captain than the "too bad" and "hard luck" of his bipedal acquaintances.

At last there came an afternoon when the sun found a small rent in the clouds and gave one peep through at the earth below. But he must have been disappointed at the dismal sight he saw, for he immediately withdrew his eyes and all was as dark again as before. But that one glance, and a puff of wind from the north accompanying it, made the Captain's heart leap joyously, and in a moment he and July were speeding up stream to the lodging house, where "store clothes" were exchanged for blue flannels, then back again to the river where the Gypsy's maker, Mr. William Jarvis, helped lower the boat into the water. The Captain was soon aboard; at the word "Come" the crew jumped lightly from the dock to her accustomed place between the Captain's feet, and the third cruise of the Gypsy was commenced.

At the first stroke of the paddle the sun shot another glance through the clouds, twinkled merrily for a moment, and then withdrew again. The solitary tortoise fell sideways off a log into the muddy water, and as the Gypsy passed, scrambled quickly up the other side to try to catch another ray from the sun. But his haste was useless, for the orb obstinately refused to show its face again. The high water and rapid current carried the canoe on at a high rate of speed, the captain's paddle being only useful to keep in the middle of the stream in rounding the curves. Past the coal docks, then through acres of marsh grass burned over by fire during the summer, and finally, between the breakwaters at the river's mouth, leaving the lighthouse to starboard, the canoe shot into the water of the beautiful Cuyuga. Ten miles to the north was an unobstructed view of the lake, showing white caps formed by the increasing puffs of wind. On the east was the club house of the Forest City Shooting Club, nestled in a clump of willows, and back of that the last cascade of Fall Creek, roaring and boiling with its unwanted volume of water. Prudence bade the captain hug the west shore, where the abrupt cliffs broke the force of the wind and rendered paddling less laborious; but he had hardly turned in that direction, when a "big" before squall" came a large drop of rain on the deck. This was followed by another and then another, and the Captain was compelled to hastily lift the cork seat, draw from beneath it a rubber coat, which he donned, and then the canoe's apron, which was buttoned on the deck around the well, and tucked in tightly around his body. "We won't turn back now, anyhow," thought the Captain, and with the rain dashing in torrents against his face he piled the paddle vigorously, and with a regular stroke drove the canoe against the oncoming waves. Some fishermen, sheltered by an upturned boat on the beach, laughed heartily at the solitary figure in the rain, and then invited him ashore to share their quarters. "Thanks, I am very comfortable," answered the retreating voyager, leaving the honest fishermen to wonder what "comfort" that crazy fool could find in breasting such a storm. "Where bound?" cried the skipper of a passing coal sloop. "Canada," shouted back the voyager. "Where'd he say?" asked the skipper, peering through the cabin window. "He said 'Canada,'" answered her husband, sentimentally, "but I guess he lied."

Meanwhile the storm showed no signs of abating, and for three-quarters of an hour the rain poured down in sheets; but at the end of that time there was a lull, and the Captain deemed it best to seek quarters for the night. Bushy Point jutted out into the lake close by, and the Captain made a landing on the lee shore. The apron was first carefully removed so as not to spill any water into the well, and only a few drops were found inside; then July started, jumping from her port-quarter, and received the customary caress; the Captain pulled the canoe up higher on the gravelly beach, lifted the large rubber bag of "plunder" from the stern, and then began rigging the Gypsy's "house." A bundle of odd-looking rods, tied together with cord, was produced from alongside the well and untied; an upright was fastened in slots made to receive it at the foremost part of the well; then a stout cord was run from a ring in the top of this upright to a ring in the mast. Along this cord, at regular intervals, were tied three crescent-shaped rods, bent toward the boat, the whole forming the frame for the tent. The rubber apron was laid out on the bottom of the canoe, dry side up, then the bag was opened and a summer carriage robe produced, which was laid over the apron; then a folded woolen blanket upon that; then the tent (of drilling, waterproofed by the sugar of lead and powdered alum recipe found in FOREST AND STREAM) was hung over the frame and buttoned down tight around the canoe. A coffee-pot (of two-cup capacity), a quart tin pail, a tin cup, spoon, knife and fork, two tin plates—one with edges turned up and a ball fastened on—were then taken out of the depths of the bag, which was afterward closed up water-tight and placed on the deck against the mast. The pail and coffee-pot having been filled with water from the lake, the cooking utensils were placed inside, and the Captain followed, feet foremost. Then a zinc box containing the spirit stove was taken from its place through the hatchway in the forward deck, filled with alcohol from the tin can, lighter candles placed on its zinc receptacle. The coffee-pot, with some of Borden's extract of coffee mixed with the water, was soon steaming over

the lamp, while the Captain produced from the hatchway a large, covered tin box, which, on being opened, disclosed several compartments, each with its own cover of tin, and containing eggs (packed in salt), sugar, tea, etc. As soon as the coffee was boiled the tin plate with the hall was "put over," a piece of butter dropped in (from a water-tight earthen jar, which can be lowered into cool water when in camp), and two eggs, one for the Captain and one for the crew, were broken on the plate and soon fried. A loaf of bread, in a tin box of its own, was brought out, and while the Captain ate his supper the tin pail of water was heating, with which the dishes were to be washed after the repast. Meanwhile Judy, who had been waiting patiently without, was fed with bread and egg cut up together, and served on the clean gravel by the boat's side. Although the Captain evinced a certain ignorance of the customs of the *estive* in smoking his briar-root while washing the dishes, that ceremony was nevertheless well done, and each piece of tinware was put away as shining and bright as a new silver dollar.

It was now fairly dark, and a slow rain commenced falling; so the two voyagers, after a race to the end of the point and back, crawled under the shelter of the little tent. Judy was soon asleep in her accustomed place, and the Captain, after lighting a candle and writing up the log for the day, unrolled the woolen blanket, straightened out the carriage robe for a mattress, and at seven o'clock at night, with the cork seat for a pillow, and leaning over the bottom planks of the boat but the thin lap robe, enjoyed as luxurious a bed as any darling of fortune on a couch of eider-down. The rain drops fell in a "patter-patter" on the tent over head, the wind made the branches of the trees creak and groan, and the monotonous "chug-chug" of the paddles of the tow-boat became fainter and fainter as she receded down the lake, the Captain of the Gypsy sank into a sweet slumber, not to awaken until

"The morn is up again, the dowy morn,
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,"

SENZO.

*It was not the general rule to cook under the shelter of the tent, having been done in this instance in expectation of a shower.

CARE VERSUS COOT.

CLOSE and continued application to regular routine of business, reinforced by unusual care, having succeeded in establishing their "first parallel" against our citadel of good digestion and sound sleep, we determined that "discretion was the better part of valor," and ran away. It is the story of this flight which is offered to other weary workers, that they, too, may appreciate the fact in its best sense, that

"He who fights and wins away,
May live to fight another day."

Having decided upon our "skeddaddle," it did not take long to determine upon the plan in general, and route in particular. Something out of office, into open air, away from care, to the full enjoyment of an absorbing pleasure! As we gave free rein to fancy and inclination, old scenes come rushing into view, the pulse quickened as we lived again in pleasant recollection the experience of days thus called to mind.

After due preparation—getting together the whole outfit and paraphernalia, which is more precious than so much gold or silver—the trusty eleven-pound ten-bore, clean and true and close as their outside lines of "hammerless" hotoken, due ammunition, the snipe guns, rubber cloth boots and trousers, sou'westers, Cape Ann oilers, and the whole business of flannels, heavy coats, cleaning rods, oils, etc., etc., we found ourselves toward noon on the 25th of October leaving the cars at Good Ground and looking around for "Syreno" and his "U. S. Mail" to take our traps to Pond-quoque, while we stretched our legs by walking the two miles of sandy road which intervened.

Of this mail wagon and its genial driver let us say naught but the soberest truth. Of modest look, appearing to have approached the "early candle light" of its usefulness, suggesting just a little shakiness, you are surprised to know that "thirteen men, all heavier than I be—and I weigh two hundred and thirty—has been carried in this 'ere waggin to-once."

After lurking doubt as to the strict accuracy of this statement is at once banished when the eye, leaving the vehicle in wonder, travels rapidly over "the team" and harnesses.

A hundred minor and indescribable something at once convince you that "Syreno" only told the truth. The discouraged and resigned flop of the ears, the subdued switch of the tails, the sleepy drag of the eyelids, the pokey gait, the protesting harnesses, with their bent buckles and substitutes and honorable scars—in fine, the speaking *tout ensemble*.

—Curbing our desire to ride in even such a distinguished official van, we walked for the exercise. If you do as we did, however, you lose an enviable chat with an enviable and solid old friend, Syreno Wells, stage driver and U. S. mail carrier.

"May he die fat!"

A swinging gait and heavy roads brought pedestrian and coach to our old friend Foster's together. And for comfortable house, pleasant rooms and good kitchen, and, best of all, for hearty, hospitable welcome to old friends, commend us to his good wife. While Capt. Casius demands him at stated seasons, she maintains the good standard of things at home with graceful ease of true hostess.

As we stretched ourselves before the roaring wood fire in the evening, having unpacked guns, and donned the flannels and garb of the hour, we chatted with her of all changes since last we talked, of the chances of birds, of the weather. We were surrounded with an atmosphere of comfort and rest and pleasure, which promised sound sleep, good digestion and full health without measure. May her life be long, and her friends double never less!

—Would that our pen could picture to each eye the group of old friends who dropped in later. Uncle Ed, George, Joe, and the philosopher, Gill.

Uncle Ed, the hero of many a season's gunning, and today as active and keen in his enjoyment of sport as he ever was, and always full of hopeful prognostications or consoling uncertainties.

George, his little boy. Nothing Casius-like here—no "lean and hungry look" about him. Fat as he is Jolly, and true to friend to needle to the pole.

Joe, whom everybody knows and everybody wants, whom the "children cry for."
—And Gill, the philosopher and orator, and whose tongue "lubricates by its unctuousity rather than irritates by its asperity," who can talk more to the square inch than—well, pen falls—words are inadequate.

There we sat, and as the fire burned, sending its white wreaths of smoke into the keen frosty night air outside, we in the warm glow within talked of seasons gone by and rehearsed the story of successful bags or more frequent disappointment, and laid our plans for the days to come.

The cooler weather, though unseasonably warm, and the hoped-for cooler wind, promised fair sport, if only the birds were in the bay. Many had been seen, and they were surely somewhere. Uncle Ed talked vaguely of "a big bunch" of broad-bills up in the North-east, but they had been shy in coming to stool and bags yet had been small.

Putting all arrangements into the hands of George and his father, (man whom no better fowlers are to be found along Long Island waters, we promised to be aboard by five o'clock next morning, said "good-night" all round, and, after one more observation of wind and weather, went up to bed, if not to immediate sleep.

Crawling in between the sheets, fancy found eyes which penetrated the darkness with which night had veiled the familiar scenes outside. We could see the lofty beacon of Shinnecock Light flashing its guiding rays far across the bar to trusting ships outside. We could see the Life-Saving Stations, away to the east and west, with their sleepless patrol pacing the sandy beach. We could see "The Island" within the bay, as well as "Hole in the Wall," "Goose Point," "Bunker's Bar," and the scenes of many an earlier day's exploit, while we thought we saw broadbill, coot and redhead in unconscious security taking counsel as to the morning's flight.

As our eyelids drooped we almost thought we could hear the monotone of earnest preparation over at "Lane's" for the morrow's start; but a smile broke over our faces, for we knew "old Yish" must start early indeed to interfere with our tried friends. And we slept. Slept, as not for a long, long time at home.

All too early came the rosy knock in the morning, but tumbling out of bed into ready and fitting habiliments, hot coffee, hot breakfast, and Mrs. Foster's beaming face started the day successfully, with guns well oiled with "dead-shot," ammunition bags and cases filled, and all things needful for a day's campaign, we fled out into the dark, each following his leader, before day gave any sign of breaking. The hoped-for wind was treacherous; only southerly, not southwest; only moderate and not fresh. But those comforting souls at the front talked bravely of possible change for the better during the day, and Uncle Ed "threw in his shirt" like a hero. What an anchor is Hope! Although we were off early we saw the dim outline of sails to the westward, and we knew that Lane's fells were all also early starters.

Shall we tell of all the secret counsel and commuings, the depth of profound skill and divination, the subtle knowledge of birds and haunts, that a little later planted our double battery in a certain place, and left us in our snug boxes surrounded by the most seductive of stools? Crumble this pen first.

Never were boxes tighter; never was a "rig" more deftly and skillfully set; never were two minds so determined on doing their whole duty; never were guns so carefully loaded and handled, as when we settled down, while the first bird—a glorious forerunner of coming scores—sped swiftly down the bay against the rosy sky of an awakening autumnal day.

The glory of sunrise! The beauty of early morn! With the ripple of clear water in one's ear, making melody while we watch the dawn in its sacred temple, what wonder the heart acknowledges Supreme Goodness, and pays its willing tribute of recognition and gratitude!

So as it grows lighter the birds begin to fly; singles, in pairs, and fair bunches. We watch them on their swift course, and enjoy all things together, discoursing of the chances, and waiting for the sun to rise, for we are law-abiding, and may not shoot until Old Sol's eye is fairly on us.

It is nearly sunrise, when we see a bunch of six or seven wheeling round to drop to stool. Discussing whether yet to shoot if the chance offers, all doubt is dispelled by the double "hoom" of two guns from another battery away to the east, and judging that the other fellows have caught sunrise in saving time, we rise and bring three with our first barrel and one with our second. A good opening for our first day's ducking in '81.

The hall has opened, and all day long the chances are taken with varying success. A brotherly rivalry between these two boxes lends addition zest to the sport, and individual scores are closely kept, while shouts to the "center" as the sails begin to secure the prizes drifting to the leeward, urge George or Uncle Ed to an unflinching effort to secure the sun total.

The speeding hours fly too quickly. No time can be lost, so much is sent for and eaten in battery, while comparison of shots and scores is made, and the wonderful kills, which every gunner knows are always made, are discussed with gusto.

A bunch of geese, high up, sailed over, and the first brat of the season was noted during the "nooning." After lunch history simply repeated herself, and when toward night we called in the tender, took up rigs and sailed homeward with a goodly pile of birds, we counted (we'll never tell exactly how many) broadbills, redhead, coot, one venturesome sprigtail; and each hammerless was credited with the same score of dead.

But of all batteries in the bay for that day—it came out later—we had the leading scores. In succeeding days the winner's brotherly shot him, and even brought to bay a solitary canvas-back.

And so was spent an entire week. On gunning days, always in battery, fair weather or foul, and one day proved a pouring rain—all day long—"off-days," bagging snipe and different bay birds, or taking long tramps back on to the hills flushing an occasional bevy of quail. Then we wished for "Ray" and "Pet," the faithful partners of our upland sport. How we slept! How we eat! We had found a panacea—better than bolus or draught.

All things temporal have their end, however, and the unwelcome hour came round to leave this heaven on joy and content and active quiet, for further scenes of sport which claimed our renewing acquaintance.

We had ordered "Capt. Bill" to have the yacht waiting at Sag Harbor, with full supplies for a week's cruise, and the time had come to go down and board her. So we again shook hands all round and left Pondquoque for another year.

Quick, peaceful spot! May your bells never fall, may your fowls always fry to have their end, however, and the unwelcome hour come round to leave this heaven on joy and content and active quiet, for further scenes of sport which claimed our renewing acquaintance.

Later, if this long story does not bring sleep to some waking watcher for FOREST AND STREAM, we may spin a yarn of our week's cruise through Gardner's Bay and around Montauk, which may not fall in this, if it does not excite appetite and good digestion.

A RECORD OF HONOR.

BY ANNE G. HALE.

"ANOTHER Victim of Hydrophobia" heads a paragraph in a bitten by a mad dog, and a couple of wretched calculations statements that we would suppose that even the meekest people carried diabolical intentions packed away in his innocent, flower-carried maddie, needing only fit opportunity for their fulfillment.

The evil that men do lives after them
The good is oft interred with their bones

wrote Shakespeare. True as this saying is in regard to human kind, it loses nothing if parodied thus:

The evil that dogs do with fur for eyes,
The good, if reproachless doth live at bones—
Is oft forgotten ere accomplished quite,

for such is the usual apportionment to the canine race. So frequent is the mention of any mischief that a dog does, and so exultant the tone in which his misdeeds are related in most of our public prints, that there is little space for noticing, and little heed paid to the many acts of fidelity and bravery that mark his career. His intelligence is granted, unquestioningly; but who that has taken the trouble to note has not been convinced that for one culpable deed blazoned abroad one hundred worth of commendation have passed without a word of praise—one thing that has been made out of our lives of honor, and which is very fortunate and praiseworthy is allowed to cancel all obligations on the score of the most intrepid bravery, the most complete self-abnegation?

It is refreshing to meet occasionally with some acknowledgment of the valuable services rendered by the useful and noble creatures. If such acknowledgments could be often made public the ill name that weighs so heavily on many of this much-maligned race would be removed, and something like justice be accorded to the general estimation which is so reasonable to suppose that these acknowledgments would be forthcoming, if some systematic arrangement of the matter were inaugurated.

An excellent method of setting the subject regularly before the public would be the establishment of a Record of Honor in the columns of Foster and Hale's Magazine, in which any person may be at liberty to place the name and praiseworthy deed of any dog. The information thus obtained and disseminated would be both interesting and valuable.

It is with some regret that I approve this suggestion. I will commence the Record by mentioning one dog who will always hold a green place in the memory of the little circle who know him.

1. Jack, who rendered several years of faithful service as a watch dog in my father's family. A combination of the mastiff and the granal, he was extremely sagacious and docile. Though occasionally showing high temper, he was very affectionate and gentle to all who treated him kindly. A change of residence for the family made it necessary for Jack to accompany necessary, greatly to the regret of those whom for so many years he had served so well. Soon after the change he sacrificed his life to a sense of duty; for to the last he was faithfully to his trust—brave old hero! He was night keeper of his new master's store. This store, which adjoined the house, took fire. In the dead of night the family were aroused by the barking of Jack's loud and continuous bark. He might easily have been put to rest, but he remained at his post and perished by suffocation.

2. A recent English paper says that a child about two years old was saved from drowning by two dogs—a retriever and a terrier. The child belonged to Thomas Harrington, head gamekeeper to Mr. Bell, of the Thirsk estate. It was left in charge of an older sister. The sister being busy, the child strayed to a pond a short distance from the house, and his absence was not noticed till the retriever ran into the house barking. The sister followed this dog who went toward the pond, where she found the terrier holding the child above the water.

3. An Irish setter, Jack by name, a noble animal, the property of a Romish priest in Newburyport, Mass., early last spring, by the sacredness of his own life by means of saving others. His master was absent from the city, and while he was absent, he had the care of the parsonage. Late in the evening the servants retired, leaving the dog in the dining-room below stairs. Toward morning one of them was awakened by the dog, who was dragging and pulling at bedclothes, and he had to get up to see what the chamber was filled with smoke, and the man had scarcely time to arouse the other servants before flames burst from the walls. Poor Jack went down stairs to his usual resting-place and soon ceased barking. When the fire was subdued his remains were found unburned. He had probably suffocated almost immediately after giving the alarm.

4. A tricolored St. Bernard, who bears the proud title, Don Pedro, was for a long time the pet of a friend and neighbor of mine, and his voice clear as a trumpet. He, however, in my view, is very discreet in the use of it; and, in a way of joke, sending its notes ringing and echoing all around the neighborhood, no one ever had reason to complain of the quantity or the quality of the music he has made. Being playful and affectionate to all who have to do with him, he has a great deal of fun, in sheer make-believe, apparently, having a strong inclination to play with a pretense of biting, one time per mad snake complaint that he was banished from city life. And so Don Pedro lived as he should with a worthy miller, and began to develop a fondness for bucolic pursuits, and a taste for the company of his master's cows and oxen as much as he had that of the city children, no only preferring their society by day but sharing their quarters through the night—a self-constituted guard and keeper. One night the miller was awakened from his peaceful slumbers by a great uproar in the barn, trampling and bellowing of the cattle, but, high above all, Don's voice as if in expostulation and entreaty. He quickly dressed and hastened to the stable, and there he found the oxen had broken from their stalls, and were gorging themselves with the contents of the trough. Don, as he was, aware of the danger, was using his utmost exertions of voice, teeth and feet to dissuade the culprits from their suicidal feast. Had he not aroused their master, who, with no little trouble, succeeded in rescuing them as soon as they were well away from the sacrifice of fat cattle the next morning.

5. On the 24th of last May a house and barn at Andover, Mass., occupied by Robert S. Hayes, were burned. Probably the fire was incendiary. About two o'clock in the morning the family were awakened by the outburst of a fire, and they were so surprised and brave they undoubtedly owe their lives, for everything in the house, even all the clothing, was burned, and, with the barn, nearly all the animals and farming utensils were lost.

It is a great misfortune that the owner of a merry little terrier, who I have had the pleasure of knowing for many years, was a sufferer from barks. "My friend has been sadly tried by this trick of her pet. But he is so affectionate in his disposition, and is such a comical bunch of good nature and intelligence, that his noise might easily be forgiven him. But, alas! some foolish, crabbed, spiteful specimen of humanity in a fit of the blue one day snatched my friend for keeping a troublesome dog. So his rollicking greetings are heard no more. At certain portions of the day Jolly little Prince must be begged, and his touching to see how readily at his master's word the uncomical scene that the discipline—a crash toward tightly rolled serves for the gag. This bundle he carries between his white teeth, holding it patiently till ordered to lay it aside, which at length he does in grateful silence. Though the dog is so obedient to his master, he pays no heed to such orders from any one else, and, as a matter of fact, the churl who stigmatized him as a "troublesome dog" gets a good share of growls and howls when he least desires them.

With these brief notices, our Record of Honor being now fairly opened, let us have enrolled there names of the noblest and bravest of hundreds of worthy dogs. Let them have their full measure of merit, and that with promptness

THE WILD HOG OF HAMPTDEN.

BY B. BOSFORD.

(The incidents narrated in this paper are substantially true. The story has been told in print before, and has been rewritten for the FOREST AND STREAM.)

I.

IT must have been between '48 and '50—particular dates not being necessary—that a little circle of friends made their headquarters in Wallace's saloon, a basement opposite C.urt square in Springfield, Mass. Here they often met to drift health to the community, compare notes and experiences, relate exploits, and not infrequently to all unite at once in discussion, when the weight of argument would be truly overwhelming. As these four persons figure largely in the story, a word of personal history seems necessary. One, a man of blood, a butcher, often sacrificed time instead of hogs when suckers, trout and pigeons were plenty; still his trade was a visible means of support. Another caught pigeons in early spring, shad in summer, and pigeons again after the Glorious Fourth; muskies, muskrats in the fall; in the winter, nothing. Another did—well, we give it up. The last of the quartette was the puny husband of a dashing milliner, and, of course, he was left to help the others. On the whole, they were an easy, vagabond set, a Springfield necessity under the circumstances, and, as is often the case in great events, doubtless raised to meet the emergency.

Somewhere in the lots above lived a man—sometimes called "Doctor"—broken in health and ambition, eking out an existence, if possible, more mysterious than either of the others. Sympathy drew him near, and sympathy and fellowship opened the circle and he was admitted. But a strange depression was at once apparent. Rufus leaned his chin on the back of his chair; Sol bit off the stem of his pipe trying to smoke; Ruel often brought his fist down upon the table with terrible force, but said nothing. By judicious questions and great caution the Doctor at last reached their confidence and the reason why they were so cast down. They had spent a whole summer in futile attempts to capture a hog. Traps, nets, pits, twitch-pots, stockades, alike availed nothing against the extreme caution of the creature. And to think a hog had done it! Had not Sol slain his thousands, and Ruel his —? But we forbear! Here they were obliged to acknowledge defeat with aggravations, and no wonder they felt bad. "Damit," said Ruel, "she escaped in that general stampede down hill we read of, and the same devil possesses her still and helps her on." "My friends," said the Doctor, "the case is truly discouraging, but not hopeless. There is not a creature on the earth that must not fall before human ingenuity and human skill united. You have here the nucleus of all jobs if cunning is to decide it, and the hardest if left to physical strength. You have before you a creature whose caution and endurance has no equal on this continent. Take renewed courage, for you will certainly fetch her at last." The meeting broke up, as it had so often done before, after a unanimous vote that "That Hog must be caught!"

As we can make but little headway without the principal figure, we will go back and bring her up.

Some two years previous to this time Captain H—, of the gun ship Medina, was "up the Straits," beyond the Dardanelles. While at some port in Asia Minor a native brought along a line of five wild pigs for sale. Now, to see fresh pork appreciated, go to a general in war time or to a sea-captain on a long voyage. Only think of it—roast pig and homeward bound! Without loss of time a bargain was struck and the pigs carried on board. But hopes are often raised to be broken, and disappointment lurks where we least expect it. The little wretches would neither eat nor sleep, and the Captain saw with regret one after another given to the sharks as they died, till, on reaching the port of Boston, one sole survivor remained. The idea of pork in that direction had entirely failed out, and skin and bones were consigned to the first friend willing to accept them. Soon exhausting both patience and perseverance, the pig was sent to Mr. Edward Cordis, of Longmeadow, a gentleman of leisure and means, that he might develop whatever might be hidden beneath that rough hide—and surely the chance grounds for improvement were most strikingly apparent.

The creature was placed in a pen, or high box, and showed just as fast as she grew her wild, untamable nature. And one mouthful of food would she take while a human countenance was in sight, but would plunge into a hole she dug into the earth, with the vain hope of hiding from a human eye.

There was a plank eighteen inches high running across the pen to separate eating and sleeping apartments. She would mount on the edge of this plank and walk for hours back and forth without stepping off—ever restless, ever moving, searching for a hole to escape or hide.

After she was one year old a domestic male hog was placed in the pen; she brooked no such insinuation, and flew at him with all the ferocity of her nature, and he was withdrawn to save his life. Another trial was made with a regular old brn-r, and they fought continually till he was taken out sadly demoralized.

After this his old hope of domestication or improvement was abandoned. The creature was kept and fed because—well, they didn't know what else to do with her. She had grown to the height of nearly three feet; long, lean, gaunt—not eight inches through the shoulders or hips—and such a snout! Look at the illustration.

And so the year went by. People would call, look awhile at the creature and go away. At last a neighbor, having filled his pockets with acorns, threw them into the pen. She eagerly devoured them—the first food taken openly while, in confinement.

The night following she went out of a window eight feet from a floor, by either a standing leap or climbing the wall—a question never settled, as two years afterward she went out where there was no hole to be made or afterward, demonstrating the presumption that she might or could have left through the key-hole or a crack in the boards just as well as by the window. At any rate, out she went and scooted for the nearest woods.

II.

The town of Longmeadow is divided into east and west sections by a tract of pine barren a mile or more in breadth, reaching from Pecowick Brook, near Springfield, to the Shaker Village, in Enfield, Conn. This tract of abandoned land is covered with sand-blows, sloughs, swamps and underbrush chaparral. Here the Hog took up her abode; here she lived three years, and here the Pigeoners first made her acquaintance. She would visit the pigeon stands at night, eat the wheat, disturb things generally, leave the smooth heads in heaps, so that a visit from the owners was necessary in the morning to put things right for the pigeons. This caused great unpleasantness—on one side at least—and had the meditations been half as effective as they were energetic, the Hog had been annihilated at once. Be that as it may, at the regular meeting the case assumed definite proportions, for they had each the same story to tell. The discussions were animated, the arguments conclusive, and the vote unanimously that this waste of wheat must proceed no further, and "That Hog must be caught."

About this time a wall came up from the Shakers of spoils not to be endured. "Ye and Nay" had heard that a "school-mistress was abroad," and now they had positive evidence of her proximity. They would plant potatoes through the day but to find them dug up at night by a creature of voracious appetite, while corn, beans and other "deposits" were removed unceremoniously. With proverbial philosophy they replanted again and again with the same results. Nothing was said aloud, but there were indications that pent-up feelings caused expressions the canons did not allow.

The first plan submitted was Hubbard's. He sunk two sugar "hogheads" (no pun was intended) in his pigeon-bed, one below the other, making a large well some ten feet deep, covering it with a trap to let her fall in while eating the bait placed in the centre, the whole covered with two inches of earth. The Hog came on to the bed, walked around the charmed circle night after night eating the wheat, but not one foot would she place on the trap or over the well, although smoothly covered with earth. At last this was voted "no go" and abandoned.

The next plan was Ruel's and Hubbard's together. They made a net of small cord, attaching it slightly to four poles like quilling frames, and suspended it by ropes to fall squarely upon the Hog's back, when, by a jump, she would carry the whole net with her and roll upon the ground, enveloped like a Sioux baby, and just as helpless. The thing was all figured out and the result certain. The net was set and the Hog went under it and, while eating in the centre, sprung the trap. The net had three feet to fall, while she had more than six feet to jump, but she cleared it in time, striking some ten feet outside. But this was only a slight mistake in figures. The net was raised higher, and, after a little coaxing, she again ventured under it; then they lowered it a little more and repeated the operation till it almost touched her back. The trap was again set, and the net fell squarely upon her. As though shot from a mortar she went through the net, making a large hole, but without breaking the slender attachments to the poles. What was said on viewing the premises the next morning is not recorded. Hubbard was too roughly broken at home to express on all occasions what he felt, and Ruel got relief somehow, for he came into the next meeting cool and collected.

The following winter an attempt was made to run the creature down with dogs and either capture or kill her: at any rate, to rid the farmers of an outlaw and relieve the Springfield field of disgrace accumulated until the camel's back was dreadfully warped. True, parties from Hartford, Worcester and intermediate places had hunted the Hog till fully satisfied. But then, they didn't know much; and how should they? "None of 'em ever seen a wild hog."

Notes from a journal kept at the saloon will best describe the hunt with dogs and the result:

Monday night at Wallace's.—The Hog started early and ran well, but the dogs pressed her so closely that she had hard work to keep ahead.

Tuesday night.—She kept clear of the dogs by doubling on her track, but evidently showed great fatigue.

Wednesday night.—She held out wonderfully, but was left near Pecowick Brook, a mile from Springfield, all beat out.

Thursday night.—Found her ten miles from where they left her the night before. The Doctor said she was getting stiff in the joints from lack of exercise, and had merely taken an evening walk to keep in trim.

Friday night.—"She runs like the devil," was about all that could be got out of them.

Saturday night.—"Damit," said Ruel, "I measured jumps to-day of sixteen to eighteen feet, and the brute runs better than she did Monday."

All hope of running down the Hog with dogs was given up; all plans thus far had proved abortive, and the depredations continued. When corn was green she would enter the fields and "eat like a hog." When the corn was out, not one ear would she eat in the field. She would come out of the woods only in the night, walk straight to a shock of corn, seize a bundle and retrace her tracks to the woods, and there, in a dark corner, eat it. She would mount a fence and walk like a cat upon it. Once only was her track seen around the pen of a domestic hog. One day a pack peddler crossing the woods was horrified to see a large black creature bound into the road behind him. Dropping his pack he "went for his life," and the Hog went for "hern." Looking over his shoulder the pack was mistaken for the Hog in pursuit. At any rate he told a terrible story of his escape.

We believe this the only view of the Hog obtained in the three years of constant warfare in which she lived. Invisibly to human eyes she would make tracks just as long as men or dogs chose to follow. She would leave the fleetest with laps of twelve to sixteen feet by actual measurement; she would double on her tracks, and then by a tremendous leap sideways default the surest hound.

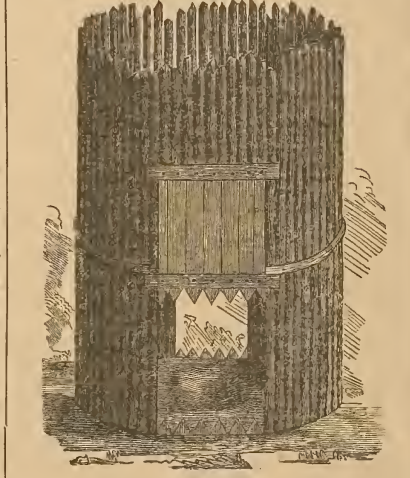
III.

The next effort to capture the Hog was the third summer after her escape. This plan was to stockade around a depression in the ground made by digging out rabbits. She was decoyed to the place by scattering buckwheat from a pigeon-bed close by to a small heap in the hole at the bottom. Leaving a space for entrance, they began a stockade, right and left, of hard pins three to six inches in diameter around this depression, adding to it daily, and setting them over two feet deep in the earth. The plan captivated the Doctor in the outset, who said, "There is science in it and you will certainly catch her, because her hips while eating are full forty-five degrees higher than her head; consequently she must bring her hind feet down to her nose, then raise her head forty-five degrees before she can jump, which will be most certainly a little late to reach the opening. And another thing, when you close the stockade on the other side she won't go in"—as it proved. The opposite side opened, she again went in to feed.

They then closed the stockade some six feet high, and the entrance in the same manner, then hooped the whole and spiked all together. The Hog entered fearlessly so long as the way seemed clear beyond. The trap was so made that moving a little stick in the pile of wheat while eating would let fall both gates at once. A gun was lashed to the stockade which the fall of the gates would fire off.

Having got all things fixed, the friends took their station half a mile away and waited—waited—all night. But she would be hungry, and the next night would surely bring her. This sprung the Doctor, and the second night he lay in the woods with them, but no signal nor sign was heard.

The third night proved that she knew all the time "somebody was round," so the fourth night they all stayed at home. Between nine and ten the next morning the friends having over-slept from broken rest, approached the palisades, and seeing the gates down sprang forward with a shout, and mounting the palisades looked in, and then at each other. Ruel looked at Rufus and Rufus at Ruel. To say that they were astonished is a failure; blank amazement is a failure, and we doubt whether any language short of Feejee could



express their looks—there was no Hog there! Language failed entirely, wrath refused to explode.

Not so though the Hog a few hours before. She was undoubtedly surprised to see a gate shut in her face just as she was going through it, and more surprised to find one shut behind her at the same time. She probably took in the whole scope of the question at once. Caught at last, now to get out, and that immediately. Palisades fifteen feet high—no hope in that direction. The gates locked like Saurian teeth—no hope there. She went round the pen with a ditch two feet deep, throwing the earth to the centre and laying bare the stockades nearly to the bottom; then taking the weakest and only possible spot, drove her nose between the posts and literally "following her nose" forced her body out, the stockade closing entirely behind her.

The next meeting at Wallace's was "so solemn as a court of justice." Little was said, no speeches were made, and the usual vote was brought out only by peremptory demand of eyes and noses—and feeble at that. The truth was, a general demoralization had fallen upon them all. They even doubted the Doctor's philosophy, because he only said they would catch her, implying doubt of their ability to keep her when caught. They doubted everything. But sorrow and disappointment wear off in time, and the cause remaining still fresh and vigorous courage and hope again revived. "That Hog must be caught."

In the southern part of the Hog country toward the Shaker village was what was called the Big Swamp. On its eastern borders there was a tavern or public house where the comforts of life were always obtainable and where foreign parties made their headquarters and recruited strength after the fatigues of a chase.

As the hunt continued year in and year out, the unbelieving and profane began to point in derision at the place with the remark that a "stripped pig" in the barn was the only Hog in the neighborhood, and that the hunt was never off the premises; a vile slander as every one testified who hunted the Hog. But through evil as well as good report the Springfield band held to their first love and first resolution. The Hog still lived, and, dead or alive, "we shall fetch her as fast as Doc's dog said so," and if he don't know, who does? And, besides, there was a terrible weight of responsibility resting on them; their reputation as hunters was at stake. And then the "championship of America" rested entirely on their shoulders, and as men of principle, having a good hold of the plow handles, looking back wasn't there.

There was in all this time occasionally a man to be found "fighting on his own hook," and slyly endeavoring to hear off the honor of capturing or killing the Hog while the regulars were beating the bush. One hunter found himself in front of a switch-up which would have slung Hog or dog from a higher'n a kite had a fawn been put in it. There was also an exhibition of three hristles and a piece which Erskine carried in his walk; and often displayed to the less fortunate, and which he said he cut from her side at less than forty yards. Much of this credit, however, was due to the gun. Wasn't it a-rusher? "I saw him put into that iron a handful of powder, then a plug or wad, then sixteen huckshot, then another plug, then sixteen more huckshot, then another plug, making thirty-two fine rifle balls." Now if "unhitching" the three hristles in the direction of the Hog brought only the trophies mentioned, it was nothing to brag of much. Any man doubts the truth of this last assertion, we give him the full benefit of the doubts. We simply state what was stated to us; we would add, however, that it was and is considered derogatory to doubt each other's word. Isn't the man's word who "saw it done," more reliable than any number of men who did it? "saw" it? In this connection we must not pass lightly over an important part carried by a man in the edge of Somers in Connecticut. He was a thorough sportsman, and a good horse, kept the best hounds in the State, and if his purse had been large, he might have been a champion. It was fitting, therefore, that Sol should be elected general-in-chief, and as the "puss" afore-said was the only one in the company, the election virtually made him quarter-master, sutler, surgeon-general and head of the sanitary commission.

The last plan was matured with deliberation. They met on it; they "sot" on it; they slept on it, so that when unfolded to the public it was such an exhibition of generalship, human skill, and human endurance combined, as is only met in a military. When the plans were laid out, "the standard of the prophet" was raised, and a hundred stalwart men raised their arms. We do not mean guns, for a three-year's war had partly conclusively shown that in hunting this Hog fire-arms were an incumbrance. True, a good many shots had been fired into the swamps where the Hog might or might not have been, in the early years of the hunt; but now it had come to be believed that a man on a smart horse might "re-use the Hog country with tolerable safety.

It was about this time that a member of a party from Hartford, in the fall of 1874, was "struck by a straggler," and had the Hog been when his dog was, his might have been hurt. As it resulted, he told at night how his dog seized the Hog and was quickly dismembered in the contest.

But this is a digression. The hotel on the confines of the big swamp was turned into a camp and filled with men eager to do or die, as might be necessary. Two men were to start the Hog from her lair and pursue with "expedition," stamping out every track as they went. Parallel roads cross'd the Hog country from east and west, and in these roads sleighs were drawn, and forth and back the hunters carried their tracks crossed the road two fresh men were let loose and when the pursuers came up they were taken up to be dropped again or ambulated up to camp for repairs or exchange. You will see that by this method she was driven as no dogs could do it, and soon found there was trouble behind. She would shoot from pursuers but to find them close at her heels. She would double, twist, and repeat on her tracks but lost every time, while the call for tracks was incessant. At dark, the dogs, which were lighted and gleaming through the trees, with an occasional howl for each carried a horn-added terror to the fight. Tuesday and Tuesday night, Wednesday and Wednesday night, and Thursday, passed in this way—and Thursday, first at night, the pursuers caught a fair view of the Hog, the first, with one or two exceptions, in the three years preceding.

That night she made the most desperate efforts to confuse her pursuers—and she lost every time. Friday morning opened in a fog in full view, and the pursuit grew intense.

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Arrived in Springfield and remembering the stockade, a stall in a horse stable was hoarded up and the Hog placed in it, with a double guard outside—a modest insinuation that you don't catch us napping again.

opposite side, and she closed that in the same manner. This was several times repeated, to substantiate a rare phenomenon in natural history—the effect of hopeless terror. The dogs did not tear her flesh badly, in no case touching the functions of life; the exhausting chase could not have done so, but to these add fear, the most powerful emotion known to organic life, and you have an intelligent solution of the "why" she thus squatted on a handful of straw, closed her eyes—and in a few hours was dead. She was sadly scared to death.

Thus perished the Wild Hog of Hampden. The wrath of the Springfield band was assuaged.

The skin of the Hog was set up by the writer, and the stuffed effigy, grim, savage and threatening, was preserved in a glass case in Springfield for many years. Afterward it was taken to Boston, where it graced a private museum, until the great fire came; and it was destroyed in the flames.

There is a truth, broad and deep, underlying this story of the life, which the doctor wishes may never be separated from it. Here is the progenitor of our domestic hog at first, the most untable creature on the earth, just as the Creator blocked it out and left us to finish up. An article of food suited to men as wild and savage as itself, they seem to have followed down the course of time and progress of humanity, merging at last into the creature we now possess; just as we have passed from savage to civilized life. Six thousand years, more or less, was required in either case. The type is not lost, but we have made substantially a new creature. The rule holds good in all our domestic animals and fowls. By domestication we create, enlarge, heighten and increase the capacity of usefulness the orders of life below us. It is our part of the work of creation, just as active and efficient to-day as in the beginning, and successful just in proportion as we study and follow the immutable laws which in every case govern and regulate organic life.

Natural History.

HOW TO PREPARE BIRD SKINS.

A TEXAS correspondent writes: "Can you direct me how to remove and preserve the skins of birds so that they may be mounted by a taxidermist?" We can certainly give directions which will enable our correspondent, if he has patience and perseverance, to make skins which a taxidermist can mount, but we venture to say that his first essays at skin making will not be satisfactory. To unpracticed fingers a bird skin is a very delicate thing to handle, but use will soon give the requisite dexterity. Our method of skinning skins is as follows:

Fill the bird's throat with cotton, and plug nostrils and any large shot holes with the same. Place the specimen on its back on a table with the tail toward you. Break both wings close to the body. Separate feathers along the median line of lower breast and belly, and make an incision from the posterior extremity of the sternum to a little beyond the vent, taking care not to cut through the walls of the abdomen. Push the skin aside and raise it on one side until the knee joint is visible, using the handle of your knife and your fingers, and avoiding cutting as much as possible. Do the same on the other side. Cut off the legs at the knee, skin down carefully as near to the tail as possible, and then divide the vertebrae, taking great care not to cut through the skin. Stand the bird on the point of its breast, and push the skin down toward the shoulders, working it down evenly and using the knife little or not at all. Cut off wings at break, and continue to work the skin down until it has passed over the head, and is thus turned inside out. Pull out the delicate ear membrane with the finger nails and cut that behind the eye, taking care not to injure the eyelid. Remove the eyes, taking care not to puncture them; and having cut off the head, cut away the tongue and all the flesh from the skull. Break away the base of skull and remove brain. Cut away the broken end of the humerus, and flesh lying between the radius and ulna, loosening with the thumb nail the outer feathers from the latter. Skin legs down to tibio-tarsal joint, and remove the flesh. Powder the inside of the skin everywhere with white arsenic. Use plenty. Place a pellet of cotton large enough to fill it in each orbit, and with large birds wrap a little cotton around the legs. Turn the skin right side out again and draw out legs and wings into proper their position. Give the skin a few shakings and the feathers will fall flat in the proper places. Take a long wad of cotton about as thick as the bird's neck and carefully introduce it into the neck, making sure that it passes up into the skull and does not catch the skin and push that into the brain cavity. See that the neck is short and thick rather than long and slender. Introduce another little bit of cotton into the throat from below, to give that the requisite fullness. Fill the body with cotton until it is about the size of the bird in life. Do not get it too large. Close the opening in the belly by two or three stitches, or by a pin or two. Open the eyelids and pull the skin about the head and neck as may be necessary to give the head and neck a natural appearance.

To fix the wings in position is the most difficult part of the whole process. They must be placed close to the sides of the body, as the bird holds them when alive, and to get them in just the right position will take considerable practice. The wing must be pulled upward and backward, that is, toward the head and back of the bird, and the scapular feathers be brought forward over it. It should then be bent and placed close to the side, the feathers of the breast covering its border. If its position is right there will be no feathers standing on end near it; if wrong, the feathers will point half a dozen ways. It must be made right, or as nearly so as possible; for as it is left so it will dry, and then, after the other wing has been arranged, and any stray feathers that are out of place have been lifted into their proper position, the specimen should be placed on its back in a half cylinder of paper, pasteboard or tin, in such a way that its back will be properly rounded, and left to dry. Before leaving it, however, the feet should be crossed and tied together, the bill prevented from opening by a pin or a thread run through one nostril and the throat and tied. A label giving age, sex, locality, date of capture, collector's name, and any other items of interest, should be tied to the feet. Some collectors place the birds to dry in paper cones, others put a wide band of paper about the shoulders, and others still merely support the shoulders and wings by wads of cotton. A little attention paid to the skin while drying will pay for the trouble attending it.

BEECHNUTS AND WOODPECKERS.

LOOST GROVE, LEWIS CO., N. Y., NOV. 20, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the issue of your paper, dated Nov. 17, 1891 (p. 307), is a brief note, headed "Habits of Red-headed Woodpeckers." Its author, "Sialis," writing from Bradford, Pa., speaks with surprise of finding red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) engaged in picking beechnuts, and says that he was told by a wood-chopper that they were gathering winter's supplies. After some remarks upon the habits of a Western congener you append a note from Ned Buntline to the effect that he shot one of these birds in the act of picking beechnuts from the tree. Now, I am not aware that our species lays up provisions for winter's use, but I have long known that it fed extensively upon nuts, and published the fact some years ago. In my "Review of the Birds of Connecticut" (p. 66) you will find the following: In Northern New York (Lewis Co.) during certain seasons, "they subsist almost exclusively on beechnuts, of which they evidently are extremely fond, eating them apparently with equal relish, whether green or fully matured. It is truly a beautiful sight to watch these magnificent birds, together with their equally-abundant cousins, the yellow-bellied woodpeckers (*Sphyrapicus varius*), creeping about after the manner of the warblers among the small branches and twigs, which bend low with their weight, while picking and husking the tender nuts, the bright crimson of the head, neck and breast, the glossy blue-black back and creamy-white belly, together with the scarcely less striking colors of their yellow-bellied companions, contrasting handsomely with the deep-green foliage."

My field notes during the past ten years prove beyond question that the presence or absence of the red-headed woodpecker in Northern New York in winter is governed wholly by the beechnut crop of the preceding season, and is in no way dependent upon the severity of the winter. There is not a large yield of mast every year, but with us a full crop "happens round" pretty uniformly every other fall, at least such has been the case during the period (10 years) covered by my notes. It is also a fact that mild winters are apt to follow good beech-nut years.

According to notes kept by Dr. C. L. Bazg and myself, the species under consideration was abundant here during the winters of 1871-72, 1873-74, 1875-76, 1877-78, 1879-80, and 1881-82, and during the winters of 1881-82, the one still here in numbers, and will doubtless remain throughout the winter. Each of these winters followed a bountiful supply of nuts. During the alternate winters—1872-73, 1874-75, 1876-77, 1878-79 and 1880-81—they were either rare or did not occur at all. Hence with us a good squirrel year is synonymous with a good year for *Melanerpes*, and vice versa. Of course by far the greater portion of the beechnut crop falls to the ground and is buried beneath the snow, where it is inaccessible to the woodpeckers; yet enough nuts hang to the trees to furnish abundant subsistence to those species that feed upon them. Besides the red-headed and yellow-bellied, the hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*) and the downy (*P. pubescens*) eat largely of mast and are most numerous during beechnut years. C. HART MERHAM, M. D.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Since you last asked about the reheaded woodpecker eating nuts, an old woodchopper of this county has told me that he has often found the holes and nests of these birds, which winter here, full of beechnuts and seeds. He says the extreme cold so freezes rotten wood, grubs and all, that the woodpecker, like the squirrel, would starve but for the stores they lay up. They do not bud, as the ruffed grouse will, in cold weather, keeping in good condition on dried buds, etc.

In regard to the damage the red squirrel does to birds, etc., your other correspondent is right. The little crows are regular pirates. They kill and destroy everything in their way, and where they are plenty will drive gray squirrels away, though the latter are three their size. The gray is no fighter. The red is all for light. Yours truly,

NED. BUNTLINE.

Eagle's Nest, Nov. 19, 1891.

* Why many of your correspondents still persist in publishing natural history notes over some outlandish *nom de plume* is to me as incomprehensible as it is detestable. Such notes are often of scientific value, and you or I may be benefited by eminent naturalists if accompanied by the author's name, while as it is they are utterly worthless.

THE DIVINING ROD.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Polytechnic Association, a branch of the American Institute, meets Thursday evenings, from September to June, room 24, Cooper Union Building, New York City, at the regular meetings of the Thursday evening, November 17, an excerpt was read from a Western newspaper, to the effect that so practical business men as the engineers of a large railroad were using a divining rod, presumably the ancient forked twig of witch hazel, to aid in determining where to dig for water along the line of the road.

The President thought it within the province of the association to compare notes on this matter. He did not know of any candid efforts to determine the efficiency or the fraud of this method. Thursday evening, November 17, an excerpt was read from a Western newspaper, to the effect that so practical business men as the engineers of a large railroad were using a divining rod, presumably the ancient forked twig of witch hazel, to aid in determining where to dig for water along the line of the road.

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Two gentlemen said they had known instances where what was called a divining rod had been used, and abundant underground currents found. They could not give particulars. The general result appeared to sustain the ancient notion.

Professor Keith had seen experiments in Colorado with a split stick of the required slenderness. They were not particular what wood was used, or its condition as to dryness. A skillful operator could make it point downward or upward at will, without any apparent change of his muscles.

Mr. Sutherland believed, with the last speaker, that all the magic about the alleged finding of water by the divining rod lay simply in the fact that some men, otherwise ignorant, had, by intuition or by practice, acquired excellent judgment in locating wells. They used the forked hazel simply as a blind.

Mr. J. W. Sutton had known an expert in this line in the Seneca River valley in this State, an ignorant, intemperate man, whose success was remarkable. The wells in that district were from fifteen to thirty feet deep, with great differences in the depth and productivity. It was particularly important to strike one of the strong underground streams. In some formations it is of little consequence where we dig. We would get water from sand on Long Island or Cape Cod, with about the same liberality in all situations.

That man had a great local fame. He used a slender crocheted twig of green wood, alleged to be witch hazel, about three feet long, the butt about one foot and the arms about two feet each. He held it by the small ends, one in each hand. It was sufficiently flexible to describe about a quarter circle by its weight. He walked solemnly and as steadily as his condition would allow, holding the simple twig before him with one fork in each hand, the butt end depending by its weight so as to bob around, say six inches lower than his hands. It was not easy to be certain that there was any marked increase in the descents or plunges of the free end at the place he would light on, but the operator seemed to feel or believe there was a difference, and he usually, and he believed universally, selected favorable places. A remarkably copious well near the public square in Waterloo, N. Y., was located by that man, using the forked twig and proceeding to be aided thereby.

ELK HORNS IMBEDDED IN WOOD.

PINEY FALLS, NOV. 19.

The skull of a bighorn imbedded in the trunk of a tree, as illustrated in your issue of November 3, reminds me of a somewhat similar circumstance, which was related to me in my younger days by an old Indian chief, who was one of the few wise counsellors of the Seneca Nation. Although an Indian, he was a man of rare abilities, and great perceptive faculties, and I may possess all the virtues of an Indian, with but few vices of the white man. He stood six feet in his mocassins, and was considered the best shot and one of the best hunters in all that region. When in his communicative moods I have listened with eager attention to his graphic and matter of fact descriptions of many exciting incidents which occurred during the eventful life of this old veteran of the forest. I shall not attempt to note down the particulars of a very interesting elk hunt, as related by the Indian, except so much as relates to a pair of horns, the substance of which was about as follows: He, with several other Indians, had killed a large elk with uncommonly large antlers, and having packed the meat, which they had to carry a long distance, each one having a heavy load, they were compelled to leave the horns, which were taken off with the upper part of the head, and placed or wedged in the forks of a stout sapling, four or five feet from the ground. Here they remained fourteen years, as he ascertained when passing that way again for the first time since they had left them. The wood had grown to more than double the former size, and still larger where the forks joined. The wood had grown entirely over the skull and had closed up around the butts of the horns, which gave them the appearance of having grown out of the solid timber. They were apparently sound, but were bleached out nearly to the whiteness of chalk. ANTLER.

NOTES ON *FULICA AMERICANA*—Vicksburg, Miss., Nov. 17, 1881.—The bird called "mud hen" at the north; "pull dock" here, and "Indian hen" at New Orleans, must be very prolific, or else their wonderful increase must be attributed to the fact that, being nearly worthless as an article of food, they are not killed off by hunters. Webster describes them as "a bluish-black wading bird (*Fulica americana*), common in the United States—the *Rallus crepitans* of the south." Just before leaving Lincoln, Nebraska, in the latter part of October, in a small lake or marsh near Ashland, I think I saw at least one thousand of these birds. They were so numerous and restless that they interfered materially with the shooting by our party at ducks. I came down here by river from St. Louis about the 1st of November, and found great flocks of them in the water the entire distance. Here the darkeys find them an easy prey to their old muzzle-loaders, and take them in out of the wet on all occasions as a sweet morsel. Last week a commission merchant here received a mud-hen in a coop of chickens that had been shipped him by Mr. Goforth from Delachite, a little town out in the pine woods on the railroad east of here. It being quite a curiosity several called to see the stranger. It seemed to be quite gentle, but had a warlike disposition, and delighted in pecking at any one who came near it. I wrote Mr. Goforth asking him to give me its history. He replied saying that it had been picked up on the roadside by a little boy, that it made no effort to get out of the way, that his son kept it in a coop three or four days, and then, as nobody there would eat it, he thought it would make a nice dish for Vicksburg, winning up by saying that as I seemed to like the bird he would try to send me some more. He said they were known out there by the name of "thumb-pinchers," the name no doubt originating from the habit of the bird of pecking at every finger pointed near its sharp white beak. What was this bird doing out among the pines on dry land, away from its watery element?—BURE H. POLK.

MICHIGAN NOTES.—Cadillac, Michigan, November 17, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Deer hunting in this part of the State can be called a success so far this season on account of too much rain. A party of three of us spent three days in the woods, and succeeded in getting three the last day, two does and a buck. One of the does was a crotch horn and weighed about 100 pounds. I should judge about four years old and had apparently been dry for the last season. The first snow fell November 3, and was all gone by the 17th. A small flock of snow buntings was observed October 15; a fine snow owl seen October 23. The redpoll linnets came November 2, and on the morning of the 3d the first English sparrows rushed Cadillac. If the rain would only hold up the sport could be no more, for there is plenty of deer, ruffed grouse, gress and duck shooting. The black-backed woodpecker (*Picoides arcticus*) is a resident here, as is also the pileated woodpecker (*Lepidotes pileatus*). I have secured one specimen of a band-backed woodpecker (*Picoides americanus*). The pine linnet (*Chrysomitris pinus*) is now very common here. Last summer I found the snow bird (*Junco hyemalis*) and the white-throated sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) breeding everywhere in consideration. I think this is fine field for the ornithologist or sportsman. A. B. COVART.

Game Bag and Gun.

DEER AND PARTRIDGE.

NEAR THE ADIRONDACKS, Nov. 23, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is only a short time since I returned from my yearly trip to the South-woods, as we call the Adirondacks here, where I have been since the first of August, most of the time in camp on the Sixteen-mile Level, above Blue Mountain, in the St. Regis district.

Owing to the uncertainty of getting my mail, I did not leave orders for the FOREST AND STREAM to be forwarded to me. I was nearly repaid for the loss, however, by having such a large quantity of good reading on hand at one time. I have been greatly interested in reading the reminiscences of hunting and fishing trips that have appeared in the late numbers. Nearly all in some part of them remind me of like experiences they themselves have gone through at one time or another in times gone by. I have been interested on the subject of rust spots in gun barrels. There seems to be a great variety of opinion as to the cause as well as to the best preventive. I think, as you first suggested, to be careful and use the barrels perfectly clean, and then use nothing but the best of oils is as good a preventive as any recommended.

Deer were plenty all over the St. Regis district when I came away. Any one wishing for a locality to still-hunt could not find, I think, within the Adirondacks, a better place to go the remainder of the season than to Blue Mt., and hunt in the tract of country south and west of there. There is a great tract of unbroken wilderness there which has been but very little hunted. It is the home of deer and other large animals found within the Adirondack region, and is a sort of reservoir of game, from which the districts on its borders, which are easy of access, keep up their supply as well as a place of refuge for the game when hunted to excess with dogs in those localities.

Those who may wish to go there to hunt will find as good and cheap accommodations at the Blue Mt. House as can be found anywhere at any establishment of the kind within the Adirondacks. The house is just on the northern border of the above tract of wilderness; and one could hunt over the northern part of it as long as he likes at night. There is also a splendid tract of country open to hunting sportsmen in extent, bordering on the river to the east of the Blue Mt. House, beginning only about three-quarters of a mile away, and reaching to Meacham Lake, some eight or ten miles across it. Partridges and squirrels are plenty near the house in any direction one may choose to go.

I was intending to say something about the fishing on the Level in August and also about the slaughter of deer there, through the early part of the summer, but I shall reserve that for another time.

Here in Northern New York, in Franklin county, at least, for the last two years, partridges have been unusually plenty. And we have all these agencies that have been mentioned as destructive—the pot-hunters, foxes, squirrels, hawks, owls, breach-loading shot-guns, etc., all except the "snare." During the forty years I have resided and hunted in Northern New York I have never yet seen a snare set for bird or animal. We have as cold winters as they do almost anywhere within the United States, and plenty of plenty that prey upon the ruffed grouse with the number of potatoes, and plenty of men and boys also; yet partridges are plenty, as the following figures will show:—There is a man here in Franklin county, who has been buying partridges for market ever since the season opened. He tells me he has bought and shipped already this season 2,000 partridges, and expects before the seasons over to get as many more. He had bought on the day I saw him (last Friday) thirty-two. He has promised to let me know how many he has received when it is done laying. A man living near this village has shot at old traps now and then a great number of potatoes this season with the help of a little cur dog he has. During the past month several partridges have been seen in the yards and gardens within the village. I scoured one up myself the other morning out of a yard in front of the school house here, as I was passing by. About a week ago, as a young man living in the village was dressing himself one morning, he saw a partridge sitting in an apple tree near his bedroom window. There happened to be a gun in the room already loaded, and being in a perfectly fair position, he shot the bird and had it cooked for his breakfast.

The 2,000 partridges bought up by the person referred to above were nearly all killed in the northwest portion of the county, over a territory about twenty-eight miles in extent. He has boys and young men shooting for him all over this part of the county, and goes round once in so often and picks them up. Out of the 2,000 bought, I don't think twenty-five were shot on the wing. We have shooters here who can cut off the head of a partridge four times out of five shots, but I know of none that can drop one on the wing twice out of five shots. No one about here thinks it is unsportsman-like to shoot a partridge when sitting or in any position they can get the chance. And I find all sportsmen that come here from abroad think the same after they get here.

I shall not attempt to account for the scarcity of partridges in many localities where they formerly have been plenty. But here I have always noticed, that if we had a cold and rainy season during the hatching time of the partridge, that they are always scarce the following fall. On the other hand, if the weather is warm and dry, they are always plenty, as has been the case here the last two seasons. Although the partridge, like the goose, when grown is a hardy bird, there is no bird more tender when first hatched, except the gosling.

Of course many partridges are destroyed every year as well as other birds by animals and birds of prey. But no year so late years than formerly, when the country was unsettled. So don't think the troublesome charge is limited. It may be, as you suggested, that partridges fly that troubles them in some localities. I have examined a number of partridges here, and have only found one that had the fly on it. The red squirrels were very plenty here last season and are so this year. There is one thing I don't understand, which is, that last year I found on the Sixteen-mile Level more spruce partridges than any other kind, but this year I have not seen the first one. What has become of them all I don't know; but they have either left for other parts, or have been destroyed in some manner. I found the bones and feathers last season of several near the creek that had been killed by minks, as I suppose. The mink tracks were plentiful around some I found on soft ground. But I cannot think the mink destroyed

them all. Good partridge hunting can be found now in the woods south of here, where they have not been hunted so much. Those near the settlements have become very wild, and when flushed fly a long distance before alighting. And I doubt very much that the man who is buying them here will get the 3,000 more he expects to this season. ADRIAN ONDACK.

THE HURLING GROUSE AGAIN.

NEW YORK, NOV. 25.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If your correspondent "L. I. F.," who writes from McDonald's Corner, N. B., will practice on ruffed grouse in the way that all of us who can hit them have done, he will soon learn to kill birds in such a style that his tutors in shooting will open their eyes to a new revelation of possibilities. Let me suggest to L. I. F. that the way to kill ruffed grouse is to shoot at them on sight and not to wait for a straightaway open shot.

When I first began to shoot them, it was in company with an old shooter, who averaged one ruffed grouse to every two shots, day in and day out, and he fired at every grouse that he saw, too, no matter whether the bird was just dodging behind a tree, or describing a corkscrew around a bunch of alders, or exhausting Euclid in geometrical curves. My instructions were to "always get at a bird on sight, no matter where he was, or whether there was any chance of my hitting him or not." These instructions I carefully followed, and now a good many years having elapsed, and a good many ruffed grouse having come to grief, it is a positive pleasure to me to have a grouse do his worst when he bursts forth from the brush. A good many shooters have seen your humble servant in the brush, and although they have often seen much better shots, they can nevertheless tell you that something is liable to happen to a grouse when he gets up within gunshot of

MARK WEST.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND NOVA SCOTIA GAME LAWS.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, NOV. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

My attention has been called to an article in the *New York World* on the above subject, purporting to give the result of an interview with Earl Dunraven, which contains so many gross misstatements of facts, and misrepresentations as to the nature of the game laws of this Province, as to demand a reply. Lord Dunraven is reported to have stated that he was arrested for hunting without a license "under a law of one of the counties of Nova Scotia, and on the ground that he had failed to take out a county license, though he had applied for a general license for shooting in the Province." This is not correct. There are no game laws in this Province applicable to one county more than another, and there are no "county licenses," as Lord Dunraven well knows; for he is perfectly well posted in our game laws, and on a former occasion had to pay a fine for their breach. Our system of game laws is a very simple one, and easily understood by those who wish to do so. Game licenses are granted to persons not having their domicile in Nova Scotia who may wish to hunt therein, for which a fee of thirty dollars is charged for one year. This is a general license for the whole Province, and they are issued in Halifax, but for the convenience of sportsmen, who may enter the Province for sporting purposes at outlying districts, a number of licenses are deposited with the clerk of the peace of different counties in which the game districts lie, who are authorized to issue them. Under these licenses a sportsman can kill two moose and four eribon in any one year, and if he shall not have killed the prescribed number in any one district he can do so in any other, upon making affidavit before the game commissioner of the number he had previously shot. You will observe that Lord Dunraven says that he had "applied" for a general license, but he does not pretend to say that he had received it before he commenced to hunt, and his Lordship is a magistrate ought to know, that he had no more right to hunt without having a license in his possession than a liquor dealer has to sell, after he has applied for, but before a license has been granted to him. The truth is, that Earl Dunraven had no license to hunt whatever, until after he had left the county and gone to another, and was consequently liable to the penalty.

Now, as regards the mode of the collection of the fine, there was a blunder made in this case, by the game warden of the district who, having his assistant arrested under a warrant instead of following the very simple provisions of the law and suing him as for an ordinary debt. But the mistake of the official doesn't alter the fact that his lordship was guilty of a breach of the game laws, for which he was, and still is, liable to a penalty. The story about his having initiated proceedings in Halifax for false imprisonment is all nonsense. The noble earl gave Halifax a wide berth on his return, and if he had come here he would have found the proper legal papers awaiting him.

Now, a word to the *New York World*, whose editor (without probably ever having seen them), undertakes to assert "that the Nova Scotia game laws" (a copy of which I send you) "seem to be made less for the purpose of protecting the game of that interesting region than with an eye to making it impossible, for the stranger and the wayfaring sportsman to shoot anywhere in Nova Scotia without paying at every turn for the privilege." I would beg to inform the erudite individual, whose head appears to have been turned by the unwelcome honor of interviewing "a lion's lord," that the Nova Scotia game laws were framed by a body of gentlemen who are true sportsmen, whose sole desire was to devise means to preserve our game from threatened destruction, and not to make money out of strangers or anybody else; and I think, Mr. Editor, that upon reading them, you will agree with me that they will compare favorably with those of any of your States. As there is now no grant from the Legislature for the protection of game, a license system was adopted for the purpose of raising a fund to recompense in part the commissioners and wardens for their services, and to defray the expense of protecting the game generally, and I am sure no true sportsman would object to paying the small fee imposed, when he knows the purposes to which it is applied.

"Thanking you for the space you have given me, I am, A MEMBER OF THE NOVA SCOTIA GAME PROTECTION SOCIETY.

CALIFORNIA.—Gilroy, Cal., Nov. 16.—Gazze is booming in our country at the present time, and it is a very common occurrence for an amateur to bag from four to six dozen quails in one day. I have seen several at this time, and I have heard of bags ranging from one to five dozen per day near here. As for myself I have not had a turn at the snipe yet, but expect to within the next week.—H. M. B.

WILD FOWL SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.

IT may not be uninteresting in view of your article of November 17, entitled "Wild Fowl on Long Island," to give you a few of the thoughts prompted by reading that article, and of my experience in search of sport near the locality mentioned. I spent a few days duck-shooting at a place between Great South Bay and Shinnecock Bay. In reference to this subject it will be necessary to state the condition of things existing in August last, when snipe shooting was in order on the "meadows." These meadows jut out into the bay from the sand-hilled beach that protects the shoal waters of the south coast of Long Island from old days they have existed for centuries, though situated in a shallow-ness affords an excellent bed for the growth of grass—cut grass—as it is called, upon which, as is well known to every shooter, the ducks in their spring and fall flights feed so greedily. This grass has a more luxuriant growth this year than is usual, ergo, the ducks are unusually numerous. It became evident to those experienced gunners living adjacent to this body of water, that there would be good shooting this fall, so, when August was ushered in, flocks of black and gray ducks were arising, also large bunches of teal, and while sniping parties were getting ready to shoot snipe, they did not disdain a shot at any duck that ventured within the range of their guns; and long before the duck law was "off" many a flagrant act of violating the game law was committed, and many a day witnessed a bunch of black ducks, teal or gray ducks as the result of the day's "snipe shooting." This shooting of wild fowl, before the season opens, I surmise, is indulged in wherever the ducks congregate, be it Long Island, New Jersey, Virginia or North Carolina, and the question is: Are sportsmen, as a rule, so nicely instructed in their moral attributes when engaged in the pursuit of bay birds, as to resist the temptation to knock a black duck over, if he comes within range? I do not offer this as an excuse for violating the law, but isn't it characteristic of a follower of the gun, when arrayed in his plumy of war, so to speak, to blaze away at anything that comes to his "blind"? The fact is, that so far as the waters confined in the shallow bays along the coast of Long Island are concerned, there will always be shooting; there will be "good sport" as there are in crops, but so long as there is good "feed" in these bays you cannot drive the ducks away. Shooting unintercepted will make them wild, which is a wise provision of nature, for if these birds were to remain gentle, and obligingly offer to come within easy gun-shot range, fly slowly, balance themselves in the air, or stand on their tails, while the sportsman takes aim, all the resorts of wild fowl would be thronged with ardent shooters, and the wild duck would soon be a dreary reminiscence—a halloved memory.

I think it a mistaken idea to make the breach-loader responsible for the scarcity of game. As well charge the multiplying reel with the destruction of trout or black bass. It is true one can get more shots with one breach-loader than with one muzzle-loader. But the bayman I am in the habit of engaging, when going duck-shooting and he is not an exception in this respect uses always two muzzle-loaders, and not infrequently three, and I know he gets as many shots as I do with my one breach-loader.

Am now, in summing up, I beg to present to you for your consideration, the following facts: Within a few hours of journey from this city is a spot I have been in the habit of visiting regularly every spring and fall for some years. Last fall the bayman referred to did not use five pounds of shot, and thought somewhat of selling his surplus stock of guns; this fall he has used nearly 100 pounds of shot, and is bound to have a breach-loader.

Last spring I went two days with a friend, and we brought back but six birds apiece; this fall I have seen more birds and got more, and I have not a single English snipe. On the 27th of October a gentleman got fifty-nine broad bills; on the 14th of November two gentlemen got seventy-one black ducks; on the 1st of November a party of eight gunners at Smith's Point shot 108 ducks. They made no effort to get a fifth of the wounded, mostly old squaws, broad bills, whistlers, etc.

I went down the 31st of October for a couple of days' sport and got about forty good birds. I went again November 15, 16 and 17, and brought back about sixty ducks, mostly black ducks, whistlers, and among them being three canvas-backs, two redheads, and four teal.

I missed the big day's score mentioned above, in the one instance by early a week, and in the other, I was a day "behind the fair." But I had royal sport, a healthful recreation, and returned both times rejuvenated, and while firmly believing in the wisdom of making close seasons for all kinds of game I maintain that legislation protects the wild fowl very little as the law now stands.

The true and only sensible legislation would be to enact laws abolishing "spring shot," and the beneficial results would simply repay the temporary disappointment, so that when the wild ducks and geese take their annual flight south in the fall of the year, the prospects for sport would certainly be increased, some forty fold, and some a hundred fold.

PHILADELPHIA SHOOTING NOTES—Nov. 23.—Owing to the great scarcity of upland game this autumn many of the Philadelphia sportsmen are devoting their entire leisure time to duck shooting; and we find at the leading gun stores the demand for large canvas-backs, teal, snipe, shot very materially increased. At Havre de Grace, Md. canvas-back ducks, which had not put in their appearance in very great numbers, have shown themselves in larger bodies since the rain of the 23rd and 24th inst., and during the following cold clear up. Brant, black ducks, blue bills, and a sprinkling of the other varieties of wild fowl are increasing in numbers in the bays along the New Jersey coast, but the continued south-easterly and easterly winds of last week made shooting in those waters poor, as it influenced the flight of all traveling flocks at great distances away from the best islands and points of ambush and decoying. Thus for this fall Canada geese seen to have left Bancroft and Tuckertons bays, N. J., in the lurch, for great bodies have passed "right along, very high in the air, not even answering a hook," said a native to me. Just now your correspondent thinks he could, with Capt. Coffin, of Berlin, Md., find and fool these very geese in Sibexport Sound, using the Captain's sirken boxes on the beach as a hiding place, and having his five wild geese decoys or honkers as persuaders.—Howso.

ILLINOIS—(Charleston, Nov. 23.)—Habit shooting is good. C. Calhoun and George Thrall bagged 18 the other day.—J. B. D.

"MAINE WARDENS AND VISITING SPORTSMEN."

MONSON, Me., Nov. 23, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I read with a great deal of interest both of the recent letters from two different gentlemen upon these subjects.

As I have the honor of an acquaintance with both writers, I can testify to the honor and integrity of each of them.

And although to some there may appear to be a conflict in regard to the facts which both have borne witness of, yet I believe the two accounts are substantially true.

There are many visiting sportsmen who are not as conscientious and honorable as is our esteemed friend, L. L. Hubbard, Esq.

There is a class of these men who are flagrant violators of all our game and fish laws. Their influence is bad. Their operations are often no more nor less than outright poaching.

And yet they help swell the vast amount of revenue which so many of our interior towns and villages annually receive by virtue of "sporting" in general.

But this should not be considered a mitigation of their hold infractions of the law, nor as a reason why their acts should be tolerated.

There are many men of Maine who entertain an honest desire that all of our laws relating to these important matters should be impartially enforced.

But we have a strong local public sentiment in nearly every county (so far as my knowledge extends) which is directly opposed to our laws, and the one great argument which they continually present is that in their enforcement the "sportsmen" are not prosecuted with the same ardor and to the same extent that our own citizens are.

They claim that there is an unfair discrimination made between these gentlemen and the Maine "yeomanry," which smells a little of the ancient "Forest Laws" of Old England.

I do not now, and never have, espoused the cause of these complainants. Every line that I have, in my humble way, written, and every word that I have ever uttered upon this subject has been such as in my judgment would aid in promoting a healthy public sentiment in favor of the enforcement of the laws with equal and exact justice to all; and I only refer to these facts now to show the reason why wardens and other officers of our State labor under difficulties.

Public sentiment is not yet up to the proper standard, and this demoralization is partly owing to the very facts set out in Hon. E. M. Stilwell's letter.

On the other hand, there are many disgraceful cases of willful negligence on the part of wardens and other public officers, just exactly as stated by Mr. Hubbard.

I rejoice that some able and experienced editors of your valuable journal have commenced a discussion of this question which is of such vital importance to the "Pine Tree State," as well as to the sporting world.

These evils exist. They are glaring. The doers of them seem to defy and scorn law and justice, and taunt and sneer at those who have the courage to advocate sentiments and opinions adverse to poaching.

The fact is that any poacher of game and fish who infringes upon the law of the State or who, in the words of one of the Forest and Stream's editorials, "takes trout or venison out of season, except to supply his necessities when beyond civilization, is a thief." This is true whether he comes from a far city with all of the rich paraphernalia of a "lord of the manor" or whether he be the most humble "native" who, with his cheap "set lines," catches his "pung load" of trout and hauls them to the village market to swap with the merchant for the barter and truck of the country store.

Neither class is above the law. Both should be so severely punished for the commission of these sins that future generations shall find out that poaching in Maine is a crime.

But what is the remedy most needed to-day?
I leave this question to be answered by others of your readers more able than myself.

BANGOR, ME., NOV. 23, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I departed from my usual custom when I replied to what I deemed a wholesome and sensible article of yours, and in respect I am proud of. My departure from my usual has met with that result which my experience had taught me to expect—personalities and unsustained assertions. I am again impelled to break away from my resolve, but my statement shall be short, and will be the last from me in response to any attack.

Two years since the Commissioners of Fisheries, with their warden, laid their duties extended by legislative act to include the game of the State, but my own friends made to enable them to execute the laws of their increased duties. The wardens are appointed by the Governor and Council, the law does not even requiring a reference to us of their qualifications. The law directs that their pay shall be fixed by the Governor and Council, and adds "provided that the whole sum paid to all the wardens shall not exceed \$1,500." My list of wardens from the Secretary of State's office at Augusta, a year since, contained fifty-three names. Many of these since been added, whose names even we are ignorant of. I have referred above to fish wardens, whose powers have now been extended to game. The game wardens are such have no salary by statute, their pay being one-half of the penalties when a party is convicted.

It is almost impossible to make out a case of hunting deer with dogs. The dogs can, and are, killed to great extent, but whence is to come the pay of the faithful warden for that duty? Men go into the forests with packs of hounds; we know they intend to hunt our deer, but what then? Men go into the forests, during the close time of our game, armed with both shot-gun and rifle. The "animus" is there the same as in the case of the hounds, and yet we are powerless in both cases. Occasionally one of our wardens is fortunate enough to obtain evidence upon which a conviction takes place, but never, we sincerely believe, with any discrimination as to summer tourists or citizens. Our native poachers, as a rule, kill only when they can market their game. They do not kill for the mere pleasure of the sport, but to get something of no novelty to them. If any of our native poachers are caught they do not run into print. Most of our poaching is done in cold weather by pot hunters. At other seasons they are employed as guides, or are illegally taking salmon, spearing or netting trout in spawning time, rarely, if ever, in any honest labor.

The oft quoted cases of "Mopong Lake," "Lead Mountain," "Citizens of Bangor," etc., have been answered again and again in the newspapers by complaints of loss of dogs. Faithful wardens have been arrested at these various places, and our work is being done. Must we advertise all our

movements, and thus defeat them, to protect ourselves from charges of partiality emanating from those whom our wardens have convicted? We do not think our Bangor citizens referred to credit us with much forbearance toward them.

We know no personality in arrests made. They are made entirely by the wardens, who are only accountable to us when charges are made and substantiated against them. There is no law by which we are bound to warrant to do work when there is no provision made for his payment. Our instructions by statute are "to examine into the working of the law." We have no power of arrest. The wardens have. They are expected, without a salary, to leave their occupations at home, and go into the forest at their own expense, and try and make out a case of hunting deer with dogs, in anticipation of the rich reward of one-half the penalty in case of conviction, and the very remunerative privilege of killing at sight any dogs found running deer.

We cannot admit the right of persons traveling strictly for their own amusement armed with shot-gun and rifle during the close time for our game, "to eke out the scant fare of camp table," by killing either our birds or our venison. For what other purpose do sportsmen ever take down their shot-guns or rifles? Surely not to shoot for market. We do hold all persons responsible for the acts of their guides and employees. Every one, however exalted his position, owes to society the moral tax of a worthy example for all those that look up to him; and there are none in this world so low down that they are not guides to some one humbler or weaker.

The Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have found it not only necessary to protect their game from the utter extermination by stringent laws, but also by requiring a license fee of \$30 in the former, and \$25 in the latter Province, for the right of any visitor to hunt, trap or shoot. The result has been to precipitate upon us all those who formerly sought the amusement or profit of hunting, and increased means to employ and to efficient officers. This will all come in time. We are steadily progressing to a better system of fish and game laws. Are we expecting too much in looking to sportsmen, without distinction of residence, for aid and sympathy? We shall ever believe that with every true sportsman the law of *noblesse oblige* will prove the only true and reliable guide wherever he may go.

E. M. STILLWELL.

A NEW JERSEY PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

NEW'S, Jan Slyke's Landing, Nov. 23.
WELL, here we are; and ye gods! how it does rain! The fountains of the great deep are broken up, and it verily pours down in sheets. The gunners, and there are some eighteen here including our party from Jersey, are disconsolate. With lugubrious countenances they severally and often seek the sombre heavens and pray for a let up. Several have donned their rubbers and oil-skins, and essayed an attempt to cross the bay. But it is too moist, and the fowl will not fly well in a dead rain and no wind. There seems to be plenty of fowl here; and for several days the bay has echoed to the boom of the breach-loaders in every direction. There are a goodly number of geese and many canvas-backs. All are waiting for a cold snap they say. Two members of the Currituck Club on Friday last bagged to their two guns 107 ducks and twenty-seven geese. The good ship was as steady as a clock. The Old Dominion is the largest we believe in the list, a side-wheeler and rolls very little. Capt. Geo. M. Walker, commodore of the line, is too well known to be complimented by us. An old sea-dog from his boyhood, every inch a sailor and for nine years master of the S.S. Fulton plying with the Aragon between New York and Havre, he made many friends. He has been captain of the D. M. Pinker since she was launched, some ten years ago, and Courtsen and attentive to his passengers, they can say so far when he is in command. Jas. M. Gallagher (also a commodore, purser, has been with the line since its organization, fifteen years ago. We found him a gentleman and well posted in the duties pertaining to his position. How from small things great ones grow. The Old Dominion Line now has nine steamships running to Lewes, West Point, Norfolk and Richmond, besides five steamboats plying between Portsmouth, New York and west shores of Virginia, Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds of North Carolina. In the Old Dominion Commodore, commodore steward, we found that personage so necessary to the comfort, good feeling of passengers, the right man for the place, and all were more than satisfied with the good things he provided and in the way it was done.

The Old Dominion has an electric light on her bow, which is used when entering or leaving harbor or running up the James river to Richmond. She has a capacity of 5,000 candle power, and takes a six-horse power engine for the power. The Queen the Old Dominion first came into Norfolk with the light on in full force, there was somewhat of a commotion, especially among the drskeys. They thought they millennium had come, and they fell on their knees, many in the bottom of their boats, calling on the Lord to save them and take them to glory.

We reached Norfolk about 6 P. M. Sunday eve. Had a splashy trip throughout Sunday. We found George, the "boss" porter, awaiting us at the landing, and were soon at the Purcell House. Of course we had a good time there. Mr. R. T. James knows how to run a hotel, as his guest's always come a second time if traveling that way. Six A. M. found us on the Cygnet. With all the freight to carry, and at this time of the year the large number of passengers, it is astonishing to us that they don't put on a larger boat with some kind of accommodation. The Cygnet is a dirty little tub, about the size of the New York tug-boats, no state-rooms and but little room on deck, besides a small room, we believe, down below. As there were some twenty-five passengers, among them several ladies, and it proved a rainy day, you can imagine what a tedious time we had crawling through the canal and down the sound. We were j. Inel with our friend Boel, took the same dose with us, and they both over the next time they come they will come by cars and take the steamer "Hatteranger" at Norfolk and get off at Cain Deck, and then six miles across. So say we all of us.

Monday eve at 7 o'clock found us here at Mrs. Nye's; and in the evening we had business every inch of her, and there are several loches (weighs about 130), with an eye, like a hawk, and a tongue—well, Heaven help the man who objects at," when she is aroused. The Kitty Hawk Club found that out. And she says she is not through with them yet. But she does keep a good hostility; sets a good table, and is attentive personally to the wants of her guests. Looks after everything herself and is emphatically "boss of the ranch."

We made a short call at the Kitty Hawk Club. They are very pleasantly situated temporarily, some 400 yards from here. They expect to build a club house further south. We found Mr. for Bailey, in charge, backed up by Ed. Gray, who came down with us and made those wonderful shots with his new Scott gun. We saw him kill a grouse that we thought was fully 130 yards, and two crows at 80 and 100 yards. He used the thread cartridge. He is one of the enthusiasts in the shooting line, as good shot and good company as all true sportsmen should be. Bailey, the Major Dowd of the club, is a fine, soldier looking gentleman of education, and evidently enjoys the situation of which he is master. We were more contentedly sitting and invited to go down with them on Saturday over the grounds of the club, which extend some 250 miles south, embracing some of the best shooting points in the United States. More of this soon.

JACOBSTAFF.

HINTS ON HANDLING A GUN.

SHOOTING on the wing is a mechanical art like billiard playing, boxing or fencing. There will, of course, be degrees of excellence, but any one with the full use of his faculties and the ambition necessary to success in anything can acquire it.

The secret lies in the hand becoming subversive to the eye. The two must be connected as by electricity. The eye is never at fault; if it were there would be little hope of improvement, but any one may improve the quickness of the muscles of the arm. Look at the expertness of professional card players and conjurers in the art of manipulation. The same practice applied to the gun will make the brilliant shot.

One often hears it said "to be a good shot requires a quick eye." It matters not how quick the eye is unless the muscles are educated to act in unison with it. Every one can see quick enough. Let one bird out of a trap before five hundred people and they will all see it at the same time, but only the practiced shot can throw up a gun to his shoulder with accurate aim and simultaneously pull trigger before the bird has flown ten feet. Take the admit fence or boxer; he sees an opening and his practiced muscles obey the eye and send the thrust or blow home quicker than the unpracticed eye can follow.

Of what use then is the sight on a gun? Very little, as is seen by the successful way gunners kill ducks when it is too dark to see the sight or scarcely to see the barrels.

A sportsman should shoot game the same as an Indian shoots his arrow, by looking at the object with both eyes open. It may be done by closing one eye, but there is nothing gained by this.

There are two ways of shooting on the wing. One to throw up the gun to the shoulder and pull the trigger at the same time. This is termed "up shooting." The other, equally good and better to begin with, and more certain upon the whole, particularly in open shooting, is to follow the bird and when covered fire while the gun is in motion. When you pull the trigger the other hand has a tendency to stop. That misses the bird, but education will teach it not to stop, the same as we teach both hands a different action while playing on the piano.

E. B.

MUZZLE LOADER VS. BREACH LOADER.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Nov. 8.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I would like to hear from some one who can give me a little bit of information through the columns of your much esteemed paper, if it is not asking too much. I will try to state the case so as to make it as plain as possible.

When a boy I had a small muzzle loading rifle with which, after some practice, I learned to pick a squirrel's head for a dead certainty. In loading, I always used a round ball and a greased linen patch. Whenever I pulled the trigger I knew (whether I looked at the target or not) where the bullet had gone. This I mean for distances short of fifty yards.

Well, about a year ago I purchased a new thirty-two calibre breech-loading rifle, thirty-nine barrel and about eight pounds weight, and as I think a well-made arm. It was rim-fire at the time that I bought it, chambered for the regular thirty-two long cartridge. Well, I commenced practice with it, and found that I could not depend upon it for close shooting, as it would, perhaps, pick out three spots of a playing-card and then a ball would go three inches above of the mark, or over or under. I was told that rim-fire cartridges were uncertain, so I sent to the factory where the gun was made and obtained a central-fire breech-loader for it. I then bought some central-fire thirty-two cartridges and went to shooting with them, with the same result. Both kinds of cartridges were made by the Union Metallic Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.

Then I gave up for a while, and thought that the fault was in myself, and that close shooting was one of the lost arts with me. But remembering that when I used to shoot with I used a muzzle loader and a round ball, I went to William Read & Sons, and obtained some No. 1 buckshot (which just fits a thirty-two calibre for muzzle loading, with a linen patch) and went at it again. After getting my sights "tuned," I found that by first putting in a central-fire shell and loading from the muzzle I could cut a spot on a card almost every time, and if I did "pull the gun off the mark," I knew it when I pulled.

I determined to test the matter thoroughly. I arranged a vise so that I could turn it on a pivot, and then clamped the rifle between the jaws in such a manner that I could load from either the muzzle or breech, and proceeded to make my tests. The following is the result of ten shots each, rim-fire and central-fire, breech-loading, and loading from the muzzle with round ball and patch, distance, twenty-five yards:

Breach-loading.—Rim-fire. Seven balls inside inch ring and three inches away to the left, and two about two inches high, close together. Central-fire.—Six balls cut each other out, one one inch below the others, one two inches above, and the other two about half an inch to the right and close together.

Muzzle-loading, with round ball and patch, the ten shots cut out a hole about as large as my thumb-nail.

I would add that the gun was not removed from his view and was swabbed clean after each discharge.

Now, what I would like to ask is this: Is muzzle-loading with round ball more accurate in its shooting than breech-loading with a slug or conical bullet? Or is it the fault of the cartridges made by the U. M. C. Co.? If the fault is in the rifle, why is it accurate with round balls loaded from the muzzle? Of course I refer to the naked enclaved bullet in breech-loading, and not to the patched ones as are used in long-range rifle matches.

IRON RAMROD.

REELFOOT LAKE.

THE number of gentlemen sportsmen who have gone to Reelfoot this year from Nashville, Columbia, Franklin, Bowling Green, and other parts of Tennessee, exceeds any ever known before.

Benjamin Buckner and Tom Waterman led the van from Nashville; they followed Messrs. Burt Bray, T. Morris, I. Cook and Bill Winans, from Bowling Green. On Saturday, the 19th, the aristocratic club of this city started, consisting of Col. V. L. Kirkman, Clarke Pritchett, Geo. W. Darden, J. P. Dronellard and John Thompson, Jr. Maj. Ben, Felix Mitchell, J. Palmer and John Nicholson leave on Saturday next. From Columbia and Franklin the list has been augmented by Alf. Hersely, Tom Perkins, Mr. Cliffe, Ed. Wheat, and several others. These gentlemen go fully equipped for both shooting and fishing.

Col. Kirkman's party got to his shooting box on the Lake, where every comfort and luxury that good taste and money can procure is provided. The other gentlemen have their boats, private stores and servants, though they stop at Carpenters, where they can be cared for in better than ordinary country style. The weather is now favorable for sport, and doubtless large bags and creels will reward them for the hard work they will have to perform.

Partridges (quail) are now plentiful in the market, though the price, fifteen cents each, is high for this market.

General Smedes has opened a restaurant in this city at which woodcock, snipe, ducks, choice fish, frog legs, venison and "pssum" appear on the bill of fare daily. The woodcock come from Cincinnati, and command one dollar each.

Groves in the Cumberland River are more numerous than usual at this season, but they are so wild as to evade the most skillful hunter.

Squirrels have almost entirely disappeared from the State; like the darkeys, they have exodused for a more genial climate.

J. D. H.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1881.

VALUE OF FIELD SPORTS.—The will of the late Ineslee A. Hopper, of Newark, N. J., who, for many years, was President of the Singer Manufacturing Company, gives all his property to his wife excepting his fishing-tackle, guns and other sporting implements. These he bequeathed to his sons, expressing his desire that they will cultivate a love for fishing and field sports. Of the intrinsic value of the outfit we are not told; but the advice we know to be worth thousands of dollars to young men. There are hosts of gray-haired veterans to-day who would not exchange pleasures found in field sports for a very valuable money consideration.

FOREST AND STREAM.

And those old "gray-haired veterans" are the healthiest men in the world. Some people have very curious ideas about field sports. They think if a man owns a gun and a dog, he is of no account. If he goes fishing once in a while, he is "neglecting his business," and "will never amount to anything." We can remember when, in this city, it was considered by some of the old fogies almost a crime to own a dog. We believe in hunting and fishing, and a breath of the glorious fresh country air, and the pleasures that Lord never made man to spend their whole lives cooped up in close, musty stores, and dingy little offices, so absorbed in the business of money making, that they absolutely shrivel up. Their souls come on; they keep them in school till their poor heads are literally stuffed with knowledge, then put them at some confining work, and then wonder why they are not healthy. If the youth asks for a gun, and says that he would like to go out some times and shoot a little, his father holds up his hands in horror, and tells him to come old, yellow, dried-up business man, who knows no God but money, and whose soul is so small that it would rattle around in a gazelle's ear like a pea in a filled balloon, says: "Look at Mr. Skintuldr, he never hunted a day in his life!" If ever we have a boy, we intend to get him a gun as soon as he is old enough to know how to load it properly, and a dog too if he wants it, and if he don't die and leave a vast estate for his children to wrangle over, he will have the satisfaction of actually being afraid to let it be known that they hunt, "for fear that the business men will think less of them." Let the business men think what they please. If a man supports his family and pays his honest debts, whose business is it if he wants to hunt, let him hunt, and the same in regard to fishing. We love both, and we don't care who knows it, and if we go shooting every day for the next seventeen years, it's nobody's business but our own. There are a lot of wooden-headed young squibs running round this town every night, who couldn't hit the court-house with a shot gun unless somebody aimed it and put it in a vice for them, and yet they play billiards, pool, cards and even throw dice, in an airy and graceful manner. Get one, when he is loquacious & e, loaded up with beer, and ask him if he ever hunts or fishes, and he will tell you "Oh no, pa says a man who hunts is no account." If some of the "pa's" around town would insinuate a little more love of honest manly sport, and of exercise in the good country air into the minds of their boys, they wouldn't wake up so often at midnight, and go down and find the night-guy still set, and then "wonder where Johnny is."—*Evansville Argus.*

CROWS FOR THE TRAP.—Camden, Nov. 26.—I notice in last week's paper an article by "Colin" in which he suggests crows as a substitute for pigeons for trap shooting, and saves to his knowledge it has never been tried. I have a friend who became a crack shot by shooting them from a trap. He lived on a farm where crows were plenty in winter, and he caught them in a pigeon net, baited with offal. Then he commenced shooting he would set the bird to the trap by a long cord, and he would open it, would pull him in and try again. Sometimes he would have as many as 150 or 200 crows confined in an old chicken-house, where they were fed and taken out as wanted.

A. A. B.

AN OLD TIME RIFLE.

OUR little party, hungry, tired and thirsty, stopped at the door of a small farm-house, which was beautifully painted by many a fier-e winter snow and blow, tempered and blended on the palette of time. We walk in, and while we are sipping the cider something is said of old guns, when our host at once joined in the conversation with spirit. He "had a rifle—note of our new-fangled things, open at each end or broken in the middle—to let in a charge, but a good sensible gun one could load to suit themselves, and could tell at which end the charge would come out." He led us up in an adjoining room, and we saw his return. At the first sound of approaching footsteps the end of a small round wooden rod appears at the door at which our old friend had disappeared. Following the same along with our staring eyes, we discover a black octagon barrel into which the rod runs. As the sound of steps draw nearer the end of the rod and barrel first discovered disappear somewhere in the opposite direction, and soon our worthy farmer appears grasping this little octagon pipe as if to steady himself as he walks. A hasty examination of the gun convinced us that it had been made by some of the past generations for a rifle. It was in a wonderfully good state of preservation, and seemed to be all in good working order, which led us to inquire if it could be fired now. "Why," he "guessed it could, and if they had had such rifles in the war, there would have been more killed. It had been ruled out of such and such shooting matches," owing to its never-missing qualities. In fact, we were led to suppose it was one of the mysterious pieces described in Nick Whiffles' yellow-covered novels. The writer was seized with a great desire to see it work, and, procuring some loose powder and removing the gun to a safe place, a few grains of powder were placed in the "pan" and the fire, drawn back. A pull at the trigger gave a snap, a spark, then a flash, much to our surprise as well as amusement. But this only marked the spark of curiosity into flame, and the powder would now do but a match with this ancient rifle. After much searching in old and dust-covered boxes, a quantity of bullets were found securely tied up in a time-worn, rusty bag, and, guided by the owner of the rifle, we proceeded to an open level field backed by thick woods, against which he proposed to shoot. We agreed to shoot one each and to be governed by the farmer's rules. He proceeded to step off one hundred yards or paces, we following with boards and timber for a target, which was quickly put up so as to present a face of about three feet wide by five feet high, with a white chalk mark in the centre. Our instructor loads the gun after his own fashion, as he is accustomed after some delay, such as loading the firing, making a priming pin, etc. Then the rifle was pronounced ready to shoot, and one of our number quickly fed the butts and prepared to shoot from a pile of timber, according to instructions from our leader, who wished us to shoot first. All ready—snap, dash, bang! and away sped the ball to some unknown, and we hope, uninhabitable quarter of the globe; ditto the next shot, and so on until all our party had shot, and it came the owner's turn. He took a long, deliberate aim, but an examination of the target failed to reveal any trace of where the ball had gone. Then he "knewed by the sound of that gun that something was wrong with it." As no one had yet hit the white face of the target, and every one seemed to have sent the ball the nearest to it, a second round had to be called, when some very lucky hits were made. It is not at all likely that any more shooting can be done in this vicinity, owing to the enraged farmers in the surrounding towns, who were badly frightened by bullets whistling over their heads, and until they heard of the match they thought that the Washington assassin had escaped from prison and gone up in a balloon and was being shot at by the whole nation.

North Andover.

"GORES AND SWINDLE"—University Club, 370 Fifth Avenue, New York, November 23, 1881. Editor Forest and Stream.—Should I not, my fellow-sportsmen contemplate a party at High Point, N. C., for quail shooting this season, perhaps the experience of myself and friend might be useful. We decided to visit that locality a short time since upon the mis-representations of a New Jersey man, who is now keeping the Bellevue Hotel at that Point. We were assured by this person that he had arranged to secure us the shooting over a large extent of country, whereas, on the contrary, we found nearly every farm "posted," and the nearly all the sportsmen in the most rural and inviting manner. Had it not been for the courtesy of one or two residents of the village we would have had no shooting at all. As a specimen of the innkeeper's rapacity, permit me to quote a few items from our bill: Board, 4 days for two, \$22.50; board for 3 dogs, \$4.50; fires in room, \$2; 3 lunches (when we did not dine at the hotel), \$4.50; corkage on wine, which we sent down from New York city and opened ourselves, 75 cents per bottle, etc. Comment is unnecessary.—W. E. C. M.

GUNNING ACCIDENT AT SPECIATA ISLAND.—Dr. Jos. W. A. Clarkson, a prominent Baltimore sportsman, met with quite a serious accident, while duck shooting at Simmons's fishing grounds, Speculata Island, Harford county, Md., on the 23d inst. He and Mr. Adam, of Adams Bros., Baltimore, were companions on the shooting trip. Dr. Clarkson was in a blind alone about fifty or sixty yards from the shore. Mr. Adams was in another blind on a point about 300 yards distant. Having two guns with him Dr. C. discharged the first at a flock of redheads that darted at his feet, and saying "I'll get you," he fired a second shot when he fell it down took up the larger one, both barrels going off. Part of his clothing was torn off, his ribs scratched and his right arm badly wounded. The blind was set on fire by the discharge, and thus attracted attention and brought relief. It is believed that Dr. Clarkson's arm can be saved, though at first it was feared amputation would be necessary. Strange to relate, this same arm blind where the accident occurred was the very one in which Mr. R. Q. Taylor, of Baltimore, lost an arm by the premature discharge of his gun some years ago.—*Hono.*

"THE OREGON TRAIL"—Did you ever read a little book entitled "The Oregon Trail?" My boy got it out of our school library. It contains an interesting and interesting account of the killing by the author and his friends, of numerous buffaloes for their tongues. It is very instructive and valuable reading for our boys, a good thing for our school libraries, and, if properly recommended, may train up a generation of pot hunters.

W. H. I. I. ["The Oregon Trail," if we mistake not, is by a distinguished historian, Francis Parkman, who would doubtless be amused at the criticism offered by our correspondent.]

CHEESAPEAKE BAY DOCKER.—Mr. Pierre Lorillard is on a duck shooting excursion in the Chesapeake Bay with a select party of friends in his steam yacht Radha. Fowl are in abundance in the Chesapeake Bay and adjacent waters.—*Hono.*

DEER AND BEARS.—Hornellville, N. Y., Nov. 27.—A great many deer have been killed near here this season. Eleven killed in one day at Cedar Run. Five were waiting at depot yesterday to be shipped. Geo. Humphrey and Will Harris killed two in one hour, but the specimens, only a few miles from here. One deer was killed last week inside the corporation limits. Hugh Jordan recently killed a monster bear which weighed 500 pounds. It is said this makes the twenty-ninth bear killed by him in this section. Mr. Jordan is a noted hunter and trapper.—J. OTIS FELLOWS

CORRIDOR FOR SHOOTING ST.—Northbridge, Mass., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Can you tell me where I can get the genuine Irish corridors of dead grass color. My tailor says he has looked over Boston and New York and cannot find it. I want to have a suit made by my own tailor after my own ideas.—H. T. W.

[We have been unable to find the goods.]

ANDRONDAKS.—The deer shooting at Upper Chauteaugy Lake, Ralph's Hotel, has been very fine, it is reported. We understand that Ralph's house is to be enlarged for next season.

LYLE QUAIL.—Ad Hall, Milam County, Texas.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I can supply live quail to those desiring them for stocking purposes. My address is as above.—G. A. VINCENT.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

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| <p>BLACK BASS, <i>Morone americana</i>. <i>Morone chrysops</i>, <i>Morone saxatilis</i>. MASCARENE, <i>Esox nubilus</i>. ROCK BASS, <i>Ambloplites rupestris</i>. PIKE or PICKEREL, <i>Esox lucius</i>. PIKE-PERCH (wall-eye, pike), <i>Stizostedion americanum</i>, <i>S. gregarium</i>, etc.</p> | <p>YELLOW PERCH, <i>Perca flavescens</i>. STRIPED BASS, <i>Morone lineata</i>. WHITE BASS, <i>Roccus chrysops</i>. ROCK BASS, <i>Ambloplites</i> (Two species). WRA-METIN, <i>Channerythrus plumosus</i>. CRAPEYE, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i>. SMALLER POMOXIS, <i>Pomoxis canaliculata</i>. CHUB, <i>Semotilus corporalis</i>.</p> |
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SALT WATER.
POLLOCK, *Polydactylus carbonatus*.
TARTAR or BLACKISH, *Tautoga onitis*.
WEAKFISH or SQUETEYE, *Cynoscion*.
CHANNEL BASS, Spot or REDFISH, *Sciaenops ocellatus*.

With very few exceptions, the game fish are those which do not confine themselves either to salt or fresh water, throughout the year, but visit one or the other, as their habits and taste, but principally the propagation of their species, direct them. These migratory fishes are, without any exception, the strongest, the boldest, and, as such, afford the best sport of their tribe; nor are they, for the most part, to be surpassed by any in excellence, firmness, and flavor, when in their best condition. Those fish which never visit the salt water at all, are unquestionably so much inferior to others of their own family which run periodically to the sea, that they are with difficulty recognized as belonging to the same order with their roving brethren; while of those none of which are known to leave the fresh water, but two or three kinds, are worth taking at all; and even these are not to be compared with the migratory, or the pure sea fish.—HENRY WILLIAM HERRERT.

PIKE FISHING ON THE LEHIGH.

THE Lehigh River at Bethlehem, Pa., affords excellent sport for the lovers of bass fishing, and quite a number of nice bass have been taken at this place during the present season, the largest weighing, I think, four pounds. But for a good day's sport and a fair string of fish (pike), Chain Dam, a station on the L. V. R. R., nine miles below Bethlehem, is no doubt the fishing place, par excellence, of the Lehigh. On that river we spent a day with the pike, the result (3 lbs.) is considered good for this part of the country.

At 5 A. M. we embarked at B. and started on our nine-mile trip, "Jim" seated in the bow and myself wielding the paddle. All went smoothly until we came to what is known as "Jones Island," where we prepared to meet our first difficulty in the shape of a quarter of a mile of rapids, and ugly ones at that, the water being very shallow, and running like a mill-race; but, nothing fearing, we pushed bravely on. When half-way through and while congratulating ourselves on our good luck in not getting stuck, we saw just in front of us an immense rock, partly submerged. In vain I tried to pass it, the current proved too strong, and with a bump and a scratch we were high and dry. After half an hour's work we were once more afloat and speeding onward. Having covered myself with glory in delaying the expedition half an hour, I resigned the paddle and changed places with "Jim," in the bow, and once more we glided on.

In nearing Freemansburg, we struck what we thought would prove a fishy place, so, casting the troll and letting out about twenty yards of line, we pulled silently past the place, waiting patiently for a rise. Suddenly we felt one, and with a quick twist we hooked, as we supposed, a pike. Our supposition proved correct, for on landing him, he proved to be a splendid specimen of this game fish and measured seventeen inches. We fished this spot for half an hour, catching two smaller pike, and left it, well satisfied, as we depended mainly on "filling our creel" at Chain Dam our destination.

Passing Freemansburg we reached our second rapids, which, although worse than the first, we passed without scratch, owing, no doubt, to the skillful manipulation of the paddle in "Jim's" hands. From this place to our third and last rapids, it was plain sailing, and the journey was passed in silence, excepting, now and then, certain uncomplimentary remarks concerning the rain, which had begun falling on our entering Freemansburg, and which was still falling "as though it had never rained before," as Jim remarked. The last obstruction consisted of a dam about three feet high, through the center of which was an opening eight feet wide. Through this the water rushed in one large volume, curving up at the bottom into a wave two feet high. Through this chute we passed in great style, and as our old tub would not ride over the aforesaid wave, we took the next best course and went through it, shipping, in the passage through, considerable water. After a mile of shallow water and aggravating ripples, we struck smooth water, and, passing Redington, we were in the water, and had before us one long, steady pull of three miles over the placid surface of the Lehigh at its finest point, from Redington to Chain Dam.

At three o'clock, exactly, we arrived at Chain Dam, having stopped to dine on "Turkey Island," a beautiful spot in the river midway between the two last named places. From 3 to 5 P. M. we trolled with good results; and as we slid swiftly by the shores of our trout-land, in the smoking car of the 6:15 train, we had no reason to complain of our "luck" on the eight-pound string of pike more than compensating us for our work in getting them; for it was work—not fun—in paddling a heavy flat boat nine miles through rapids and over long stretches of still water, in a driving rain storm, on a cold day, with the section of a broken car for a paddle.

PILOT-FISH.—I was very anxious to obtain a specimen of the pilot-fish (*Naucrates ductor*). Dr. Günther quotes with approval Dr. Meyen's opinion that the pilot feeds on the shark's excrement, but adds also that it obtains a great part of its food directly from the shark, in feeding on the parasitic crustaceans with which sharks and other large fish are infested, and on the smaller pieces of flesh which are left unnoticed by the shark when it tears its prey. On seeing a solitary pilot-fish near the vessel one day I attached a small net-line to a trout-line, and tried various baits, such as dried cod, herring and beef, without success. I, however, succeeded in hooking him with a small piece of pork fat, but unfortunately the point of the hook afterward gave way. Mr. Moseley, in his interesting book, "Notes by a Naturalist on the Challenger," says: "The pilot-fish often mistakes a ship for a large shark, and swims for days just before the bows, which it takes for the shark's snout." This, however, is not, I think, always the explanation of the pilot's appearance without its mate. Sharks are often known to accompany a vessel for days together, swimming unobserved beneath when the vessel is in motion, and only appearing during a calm. This I have been assured is the case by many sea-faring men and competent observers, and it may often account for the pilot's apparently solitary appearance.—*The London Field.*

NOVATING NEW JERSEY FISHERIES.—Seabright, N. J., Nov. 21.—The wholesale destruction of moss-bunkers by the crews of steam fishing-boats sent out along the northern New Jersey sea-coast by the owners of fish-oil and fertilizer factories caused a heavy loss to Monmouth county this year. It has been claimed by eminent lawyers that the State authorities had no right to enact laws prohibiting fishing in New Jersey waters by boats owned in other States, even if they did destroy fish that attract bass, cod and bluefish to the shore of New Jersey. In answer to a letter upon this subject, Spencer C. Baird, Commissioner of Fisheries, says: "It is generally believed that the United States has the right to regulate the sea fisheries off its coast within three miles, but the said right has not been acted upon by the general government, and it is probably within the power of New Jersey to enact reasonable legislation on the subject. The State of Maine has assumed this right by limiting prospecting for menhaden, etc., within a two-mile line." At the coming session of the State Legislature the question will be brought up for consideration. A bill prohibiting fishing by menhaden by the crews of steam vessels within two miles of the beach is being drafted for presentation to the Legislature.—*R.*

THE ANGLER'S NOTE BOOK.—A publication but little known on this side of the water is the "Angler's Note Book and Naturalist's Record" and yet it is of the highest order of merit. The book is a quarto issued monthly until twelve numbers are given, and then it is stopped until convenient to begin another series. The "Green Sides" so called from their cover, ceased with 1880, and now the number will be begun. The prospectus says: "The distinctive feature of this series will be the reproduction of the angling matter, ungarbled, from old, scarce and valuable books, and more especially from such as only deal incidentally with fishing, and which, though necessarily included in the libraries of great collectors, are forbidden, by consideration of space and expense, to those who content themselves with a modest gathering. Of the more important reprints copies will be taken, especially on Dutch and French papers. The price is not given, but that of the last was six shillings post free. It is published by W. Satchell & Co., 12 Tavistock St., Covent Garden, London, W. C."

MAINE FISHING NOTES.—Portland has packed about 100,000 lbs of mackerel this season, an increase of twenty-five per cent. on last year. Six large vessels recently loaded at Eastport within ten days with sardines for other fish. The Eastport Sardinia factories are busy; one week recently the workmen's pay-roll amounted to between \$12,000 and \$15,000; one boy earned over \$14 cutting fish, and several others \$4 to \$10. Small fishing is lively at Bangor; \$23,000 has been paid this season at Bangor as duties on cases containing lobsters from the provinces; the fish come in free, and the cans only pay a small duty. Persons are now employed in Rockland harbor trapping fishermen for the New York market; the fish are worth from \$3 to \$4 a barrel in New York. Some of the Maine fishermen are employed in the waters of Virginia.

A NEW REEL SEAT.—We have recently seen a new reel seat which we think is an improvement on the old-fashioned sliding reel. The reel is held in place by a flat, stiff brass double spring, which is bolted in the seat and held in place by a screw in the center. Each end of this spring bears against a ring which is fast in its place at either end of the reel seat, and to put the reel in position it is slipped under the forward one first and then moved back under the other. The spring is stiff enough to keep the reel in place at all times, and will allow reel-plates of different thickness to be used. It is patented by Mr. C. F. Orvis, of Manchester, Vermont, who will add it to all his rods in future.

WHERE THE TROUT HID.—I notice in my letter to Judge Caton, published by you Oct. 20, in one place where I said, this sediment is softer and not so white as the more solid part. You had it, not so white and the more solid part. Again, where I wrote I took an eight-pound white-fish near the ore dock, you have it near the one dock. There was but one dock at that time; there are three now. I think you were right about the trout hiding in the sediment as there is nothing else for cover in Trout Lake.—A. F. YORK.

THAT NINE-POUND FLY.—Escanaba, Mich., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* That captions critic, "D," in FOREST AND STREAM, Nov. 10, must be off his feed. I think the rule of telling fish stories is not to fail below the mark. I have only to tell you that I have had in my net some nine hundred miles from the truth. He says, "one of our correspondents says, etc." I say it was not one of your correspondents.—A. F. Y.

Fishculture.

THE GOLDEN ORFIE OR IDE.

RECENTLY Mr. George Eckardt, Jr., now engaged in carp culture on a large scale near Cincinnati, O., received twelve fine golden orfs from his German breeder, a German carp culturist in Germany. This we believe to be the second importation of this fish into America, the former lot having been received by Professor Baird and sent to the ponds of the Maryland Fish Commission, at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore.

This fish is a purely ornamental one. It surpasses the gold fish in the depth of its golden scales, which shades off to white on the abdomen. It has been afflicted with almost as many names as it has scales. It is a cyprinoid fish related to the tench of England and to the "shiner" of New York, *Lucania lus.* To begin with its systematic nomenclature, the German name is Gold-Hechel and call it *Ibus melanatus*. It is the *Lenticulus* of Gneather; *Cyprinus idus* and *C. orfus* of Linnaeus, etc. For common names I have in different parts of Germany the following: Gold-orf, nerling, rolling, rus, urf, elft, surfel, in France it is called "l'orfe" and in England golden tench, at the *Finca rubra* it resembles the fish in question somewhat. In America it has been called "golden ide" and "gold orf." The former name has misled by its semi-antique, it has been thought to be golden-eyed, therefore the name of orf, and use the word, *Lenticulus*. The golden orf is an active fish, and from what we have seen of them in the aquaria of Germany, a smarter, handsomer fish than the gold fish for all purposes of ornament. It is said to have some common sense in its selection of water better than the gold fish, which is much abused in the ponds of the country. In a school of golden orfs in a fountain they present a gorgeous sight. We were also informed that the orf obtains its golden color soon after leaving the egg, which makes it more valuable to those who know how to display it. The young fish is not long in coming, few obtaining a golden hue before the second year, may not until the third, and some never assuming it.

We have no doubt of the complete success of this hardy fish in our country, and in fact those in Baltimore have thriven in the large ponds of the park, and use the word, *Lenticulus*, to come a general favorite. We think that Mr. Eckardt is assisted in business with Mr. Hugo Mulert, the dealer in aquaria, etc., of Cincinnati, who lately contributed a valuable article to our columns on the Chinese "Parrot-fish," *Macropodus*, which he had bred last year from an imported pair. True, the latter fish no country can keep all its good things within its borders, especially if it be a fish which a fish-culturist of another land has considered a desirable acquisition to the fauna of his own.

HOW MISSOURI CARP FEED AND GROW.

THE following is a specimen of many letters received by the U. S. Fish Commission, the distribution of carp. It was written by a gentleman in Missouri, and is so interesting, in our publication, we do not give his name. He is evidently enthusiastic enough to make his whole farm into a carp pond, if it could be done. We give it as it was written:

AUGUST 24, 1881.

Prof. S. F. Baird:
Dear Sir—After many months of hope and fear I am ready now to rise and explain. The carp which I received from you a year ago last June showed no sign until late this spring, when I saw one of them, that appeared, and I was glad to see it. I supposed that the rest of them had "gone up the spout;" so I fringed went to the station to get ten young ones for himself and also as many for me. These latter were about four inches long and in fact had just begun to appear. They were sent like bread upon the water, hoping to see them again. On many days that was about the first of June. On the 15th of June, while taking my usual walk around the pond, the water seemed to be moving in some mysterious way, and on looking, I saw a great multitude of little fish, so great that I no man could number them; the surface of the water was literally black with them.

O! Mr. Baird; no pen can write, no tongue express the joy and happiness I feel. Like the little negro, in telling his experience, he said he "felt as happy as if he angels were pouring 'lasses on his head.'" Well, I saw them three days in succession, and then knew it was no idle dream, so I told the neighbors the pleasing story, and they came to see the fish and rejoice a while with me, but many fish we saw. Day after day and night after night I looked upon my growing saw. When more fish came, and where was the happiness I had enjoyed? Was it all a delusion? A fraud? A snare? I got theague (you have done had 'em, haunt you?) and after going through those beautiful, healthy, life-restoring gymnastics of shaking, etc., walked one day, pensive and alone, around the pond, and I could not see the fish. I was not in the mood to see them. I had no more. The placid water became like a blue rolling caddron, lashed into foam by—shall I say it?—by the zephyr.

They were floating so high that their heads, tails and fins were visible chasing one another, and like birds in flight. I believe the least of them to be ten inches long, and think that the first twelve are all alive and fully two feet long. Three of them swam at my feet. I could have reached them with my hand, the head of one at the tail of another. They looked like some great sea-serpent. Yesterday I took some dry bread and soaked it in water. One of the big ones flapping out from the bank, where he was rooting, I dropped some crumbs. He came out and began to eat, and in less than ten minutes (I guess, because I could not count) I could not reach forty of them with a two-foot stick. There is no deception in this! I have seen them eat and seen them play and are more astonished at them than I.

The carp have rooted out the flags, or cat-tail, as thick as your wrist, and flags six feet tall are chawed off as though a calf had done it. Some of the neighbors say that the fish splash in the water so at night that they can't lead their mules up to the trough, and I would not be surprised to find the carp out in the cornfield some morning. Where did they come from? Are not those ten and twelve inches of last year's hatch? One-fourth of them is increased with fish, and I have seen them at the pond to a thousand hills. I will add six or eight cents to the pond this fall. What more can I do? Advise me, lest they eat me up, as they have the moss.

CARP FOR EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA AND SOUTHERN NEW JERSEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have established a rendezvous at 607 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., from which I am now distributing the Government Carp in Eastern Pennsylvania and Southern New Jersey. A few persons in attendance at the rendezvous on Wednesdays and Saturdays of each week. The demands for carp are numerous, but the supply will be equal to it. A large percentage of those receiving carp, however, might as well dump and accept of the carp, as to plant them where they place them—depraved ponds, mud-ponds, etc., devoid of suitable vegetation and already stocked with catfish, pike, bass and other predatory varieties. Commendable preparations are being made throughout South Jersey for carrying on carp culture, and numerous ponds have been constructed according to scientific principles and embodying all the latest improvements. In carp culture, as in any other business, perfect system is necessary in order to insure success. Without a systematic faith will be the best and most profitable.

[While we agree with our correspondent so far as to believe that mud-ponds may not be the best places for carp, we must say that they usually contain vegetation, and we find that gold-fish not only live in them, but that the litter about in lakes where all the fish are names abide, and where the gold-fish lives the carp will also, even though many of the young are devoured.]

WENONAH, N. J.

STOCKING NEW JERSEY WATERS.—In your issue of Nov. 17th last, your correspondent "Home," writing on the subject of stocking waters in New Jersey with black bass, says: "The superintendent of stocking all the ponds south of Mercer county has been delegated to Fish Warden Ore." This is an error. All stocking of New Jersey waters which is done by authority of the State is done under the direction and superintendence of the State Fish Commissioners, and they have not delegated their power to anybody.

HOLLAND FISHERIES.—We have received from Mr. C. J. Rotterdam, Supt. of Fisheries of Holland, his report for 1890. From it we learn that the turbot fishery was poor as compared with the previous year, and also that the fish were not of as good quality. The catch of other fishes, as whiting, sprat, herring and anchovy was not large. The shrimp fishery, which depends upon the English demand, was also poor; the shrimps were small and prices low. Oysters were fair in number and quality, owing in a great measure to culture. The report also includes one on the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin last year, where the Netherlands excelled in the display of oyster culture.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

December 14, 16 and 17, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show, Entries closed December 6. Chas. A. Abner, West Boxford, Mass., Superintendent.

December 15, 16 and 17, Atlanta, Ga., Dog Show. Entries closed December 6. Charles Lucean, Superintendent. Office at Heinz & Berkeles, Atlanta, Ga.

FIELD TRIALS.

December 6, at Grand Junction, Tenn., National American Kennel Club Field Trials, Secretary, Columbus, Tenn.

December 10 (or immediately after the close of the National Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn.), Pennsylvania Field Trials. Entries closed December 6. A. B. Clayton, Superintendent, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction, Tenn., after Dec. 10.

TRAINING VERSUS BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. IV.

WHEN our pupil has become so well established in the knowledge of what is required of him that he will, when at quite a distance from you, instantly stop at the signal of the upraised hand and retain his position until given permission to move, we will advance him another step, and teach him the meaning of that other sound of the whistle, that we have mentioned as being used to attract his attention. We always use for this purpose two very short, quick toots, with the second one following the first instantly. As the meaning of this signal is entirely different from the one that he has become accustomed to, so should the sound be also so different that he can never mistake the one from the other, nor for an instant be in doubt as to what is required of him when he hears the sound of the whistle.

As much depends upon first impressions, we will take good care that we start right, and that we let him hear the first sound of this signal at an opportune moment, and as we wish to teach him that this sound is only to attract his attention, we will be very careful that he is not looking toward us, but wait until he is at some little distance from us, and looking the other way. At the same time care must be taken that he is not particularly engaged about anything else; that he is not looking at you, or that he is not looking at the signal you should sound the signal in a short, sharp, quick way, but only loud enough for him to hear distinctly, and he will at once look around to learn what this means. At the instant he casts his eye in your direction, raise your hand as a signal for him to *To ho*. Be very sure that your hand is raised at the proper time, for, as we have remarked before, first impressions are very important, particularly in this lesson, and he should instantly see and obey your signal, thus learning—if this course is always pursued—that the two short blasts mean nothing but to attract his attention, and only wait to call his attention to something of importance that you wish him to do.

You will find it necessary to vary this or he will come to associate this signal with your command of *To ho*, and at once stop when he hears it. Now we wish to train him so thoroughly in this that, when we come, a little later, to teach him to quarter his ground, he will not slacken his speed at the sound, but merely turn his head in your direction, and quick as a flash obey whatever signal you may give him; therefore, when you sound this lesson, instead of raising your hand for him to stop, command him to charge. Of course you will see that he is near enough to hear you plainly. Perhaps it will be as well at the next trial to sound the long note as soon as he looks around, and call him in, not forgetting to abundantly caress and praise him when he performs his task in a pleasing manner. We think it a very good plan to always have in our pocket something good for him to eat, and when he minds this long note and comes in quickly, we reward him with a bit of something substantial as well as with fine words. This system of rewards must not be carried too far; practiced too often, but used occasionally when he performs his duties in a satisfactory manner; especially when he comes in at the sound of the whistle quickly and cheerfully, a little piece of meat will at least have no tendency to slacken his speed when next he hears this signal. This instantaneous, almost electric obedience and cheerful alacrity is most pleasing to witness, especially when hunting in company with others whose dogs may not be quite up to the standard in this respect. There is no paing should be spared to so perfect our pupil in this, so that when we come to practical work in the field his actions shall cause us no dispute nor reflect discredit upon our skill as his teacher.

There is one word more that our pupil should early become accustomed to, and it will be well to introduce it use almost at the beginning. This is the word *On*. You can say this word alone or, as many prefer, you can say *On on* or *He on*. Either or all are well enough, and your pup will understand meaning just as quickly even should you use it indiscriminately say all three, as it is the word *On* every time, and even if you should paraphrase it, as a well known sportsman is in the habit of doing, and order you dog to *Get on*, it will make no difference.

Let us charge you once more to be sure and issue all your commands in a decided manner, and always in your ordinary tone of voice; and do not fail to deliver each one with a falling inflection, for we never yet saw the man who issued his orders with a rising inflection but was sadly balked at the moment. By using this word, or any of the above variations, when you duck for him to take his food, he will soon understand its meaning if the word instantly follows the duck. Probably he will get the two mixed at first, but

as you practice him at *To ho*, he will soon learn what it means; for as he improves in this and becomes steady, he should be taught to point at gradually increased distances, and the word *On* should be used to move him up; and in a short time, if this is properly managed, he will carefully and obediently draw out to meet you for long distances. Great care must be had that you do not confuse him by seemingly contradictory orders, for he now thinks that your *cluck* and *On* mean one and the same thing, and in order to teach him the difference you must omit the *cluck* when you wish him to advance, and omit the *On* when you wish him to eat the morsel before him. This can be readily accomplished by placing the meat four or five feet from him, and after he has pointed it a short time tell him to *Go on*, and when he goes to it make a noise of encouragement, and then lead him to him as a sign that he may have it. We always partially omit the *On* after the *cluck*, as soon as he appears to understand its meaning, only using it enough to keep him from forgetting it, and as soon as we begin to teach him the difference we are very careful not to use either one in place of the other, until he has the lesson well learned and appears to thoroughly understand both signals, when we can safely mix them again; for oftentimes when shooting we may wish to move him on, especially when trailing ruffed grouse when the capture of the bird depends upon our absolute success, at least so far as words are concerned; therefore he should be taught to advance at the sound of the *cluck* as well as the word *On*.

When well accustomed to the restraint of the chain, he should be taught to come to heel and quietly walk by your side. We greatly prefer that our dog should keep this position with his head just opposite our legs, where we can see him without turning around, instead of having him behind us. In order to teach him this, quietly and well, you should procure a stick, about two feet long and an inch in diameter, and fasten a snap at one end of it. This you can easily accomplish with the aid of a bit of leather. Now spring the snap into the ring in his collar and take a little walk with him. We generally manage a few of these first lessons at his usual meal time by placing his dish of food at the proper distance where we take him in hand. He should know nothing of his dinner until you lead him to it. When all is ready take a firm hold of your end of the stick and walk along at your usual gait, cooing him to follow. Be sure that you intend to have him go. After one or two steps, and when you have got him well under way, you must say *Heel* to him, and repeat the word once or twice as you walk along. You cannot expect that his behavior will be entirely faultless upon the first trial, but no matter how he takes it, lead him straight to his dinner and at once unfasten him and let him eat. After a few lessons of this kind, he will become perfectly reconciled, and you can gradually extend the time of his walk and occasionally give him food at the end, and he will soon learn to keep his place without the aid of the stick. Then you can extend your walk, taking care to be very gradual in the increase of time, and to be very sure that he implicitly obeys you and does not leave his place for even so much as a second's time, until you bid him go on. If this lesson is thoroughly—now do not smile at my frequent repetition of this word, for it is a word that we are very fond of, and one that we wish to thoroughly impress upon your pupil in his education; the first lesson is thoroughly learned, you will be spared much trouble and worry in the future. Should you have occasion to walk the streets, you will not be obliged to whistle at every turn, and perhaps to wait and search for your dog, but you will know just where he is and what he is doing. Then how much better is it, when you come to the practical application of the knowledge, which you have been to so much trouble to impart and take your dog into the field, to have him quietly retain his position by your side instead of rushing wildly around at his own sweet will, and compelling you to shout yourself hoarse and to unstring your nerves in a continual struggle to keep him within bounds, thus placing you at a double disadvantage, for the continual noise not only frightens the birds, causing them to rise out of shot, but the constant worry of mind and strain upon the nerves is a very prolific source of unsteadiness in shooting.

Do not neglect giving your pupil plenty of practice at all his lessons, as well as the one just commenced; not wearying nor long continued practice, but just enough to keep him well up to his work. If you have a spare moment give him a little turn at *To ho*, ever aiming at perfection; and be sure to see that he does his work well, and never allow him to perform his task in a careless or slovenly manner. You should also practice him at *Charge*, until he will not only obey the order readily, but retain his position in a perfectly quiet manner until you shall bid him *Hold up*.

He should be taught to *Charge* when you are out walking with him; and he should be made to remain quiet, while you walk around, and in a short time you can go quite a distance, even out of his sight, and he will patiently await your return. Your orders should be given at unexpected times, when he is not looking for them. By this course you will teach him to be always ready to obey, no matter when or where he may hear the signal. He should also be taught to hold his position at *To ho*, while you walk around and away from him; for it frequently happens, when trailing birds, that you wish to go round to avoid a mud hole, or briar patch, or other hindrance, and when you return to him, you witness one in whose dog has become so well pleased in this pleasant accomplishment, you will be more than repaid for all labor expended in teaching it to him.

Many dogs will pay no attention to strangers, and appear to care for no one except their masters. Should your pup be inclined to notice others, and give you any trouble in this respect, you can very easily teach him better, by having some one call the dog to him, and give him a few light cuts with a switch; and by changing your assistant every time, and addressing him in different tones of voice, he will give you no further trouble. If your assistants will fondle him a little before administering the switch, the pup will all the sooner find out that it is better to have nothing to do with others than yourself, and will not bother you later by running to every one who may notice him.

DOG RECOVERED.—We take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Wm. A. Rao has recovered his English setter bitch puppy, whose loss we noticed in your issue of Nov. 17th. The puppy, who is a fine specimen, is plausible. She is said to have come to the house about ten days ago and tried to get in, and after diving her away several times, they took pity on her starving condition and kept her. She may have escaped from her captor by means of a trap set for her. The puppy was carried off the hours at the Eastern Field Trial Dorby last week, is out of the mother of Mr. Rao's bitch.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.

POLLUX WINS THE DORBY.
FIELD TRIALS.
SENSEATION, JR. THIRD.
PELOVIC STAKER NOT YET DECLINED AS WE GO TO PRESS.

THE third annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club commenced at Hobbs' Island on Thanksgiving Day. There were not so many present as we had hoped to see, although a goodly number of sportsmen from all parts of the country were in attendance. The weather had much to do with the non-attendance of many who put in an appearance later. Wednesday was a very rainy day, with a chilling northeast wind that cooled the ardor of many who did not care to leave their comfortable firesides for the bleak shores of the island, especially as the next day was our national holiday, and the national bird had charms for them that far outweighed the delights of a twenty-mile tramp after the dogs with no chance for a crack at the birds.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee Wednesday evening, Mr. W. A. Costar was unanimously chosen to fill the place of Judge in place of Mr. J. M. Kinney, who was unable through sickness to attend. It was voted to allow the owners of competing dogs the privilege of accompanying the stewards while their dogs were running. This is a very satisfactory arrangement, as it gives gentlemen a chance to obtain an excellent view of the different phases of the heats in which they are interested. After the meeting of the Executive Committee the members of the association joined in a discussion of the prospects of the publication of the second volume of the National American Kennel Club Book.

The meeting then adjourned and the President, Mr. Donner, appointed Mr. Stokes, of Philadelphia, to draw the numbers for the Dorby, and nine of the twenty-seven nominated gentlemen qualified as follows:

- Dr. F. Fleet Spier's black, white and tan English setter dog, St. Elmo II., nine months old. Same owner's lemon Belton English setter dog, St. Elmo I., eleven months old.
- Mr. J. H. Hedges' (now Mr. J. H. Goodsell's) lemon Belton English setter dog, Plantagenet, sixteen months old.
- Mr. A. E. Godfrey's red Irish setter dog, Gynnard, fifteen months old.
- Mr. White's lemon and white pointer dog Sensation Jr., ten months old.
- Mr. John Hecksher's lemon and white English setter bitch, Florida, sixteen months old.
- Mr. J. De L. Blackstone's lemon and white English setter dog, Royal Dale, seven months old.
- Same owner's black and white English setter, Glen Dale, eleven months old.
- Mr. E. E. Hardy's black and white English setter dog, Pollux, eighteen months old.

The following order was drawn to run in the following order: Sensation, Jr., and St. Elmo II. St. Mars and Glen Dale. Pollux and Gynnard. Plantagenet and Royal Dale. Florida. The Plantagenet appeared to be the favorite with the boys, as whippers of lightning speed, immaculate style and wonderful nose were floating in the air, and this, coupled with the thoroughbred look of the set, so completely captivated a majority of those who examined him. Among the many prominent sportsmen present, we noticed Dr. S. Fleet Spier, Mr. G. B. Watkins and Mr. E. A. Herzberg, of Brooklyn; Mr. James H. Goodsell, of Philadelphia; Mr. George H. Siders, of Philadelphia; Mr. John G. Hecksher, Mr. A. E. Godfrey, Mr. J. T. Worden, Mr. J. O. Donner and Mr. A. Taylor, of New York; Mr. E. E. Hardy, of Boston; Mr. F. Perkins, of Providence, and many other gentlemen whose names do not occur to us. The trial commenced on Thanksgiving morning, but owing to a storm it nearly ruined morning, while the northeast wind blew as it only east on the coast. Notwithstanding the war of the elements, there was a jolly gathering of sportsmen in the hospitable homes of the well to do citizens of New Suffolk, who were the hosts of the trial. A crowd of about a hundred people gathered long after all good sportsmen should have been sleeping the sleep of the just.

THURSDAY.

Thursday morning broke clear and dry, except that a light streak in the west was taken that there was hope of a good day. The start was to have been made at eight o'clock, but the weather was so threatening that this was delayed until ten, when a goodly number of sportsmen embarked on the sailboat "The Star," and proceeded to the island. The boat was telegraphed at the last moment that the steamer Calla which had been engaged could not possibly be here. The wind was fair and fresh, and "with a wet sheet and a flowing sea," we were soon at the island. The club who have recently purchased the island, and who are to have the building, have had the ground well and nicely graded in front, which adds much to the beauty and attractive appearance of the island as we approach the landing. Not much time was lost after we arrived, but as soon as everything was ready, the trial commenced. The first heat was the large barn that stands nearly in the centre of the island the president—Mr. Donner—announced that everything was ready, and the judges at once ordered the first brace of dogs cast off at 10.45.

SENSEATION, JR., AND ST. ELMO II.

Sensation, Jr., handled by his owner, Mr. Lanko White, of Bridgeport, Ct., and Dr. Fleet Spier's St. Elmo II., handled by Hart Heigert, were started in the large oval-field east of the barn. Sensation, Jr., started off at a fair rate of speed, displaying very good style, and hunted throughout the heat in a clear and intelligent manner, when we take into consideration that he is but ten months old, and has had but fifteen birds shot over him. Many of his motions remind us of his sire, particularly the way he has of "feeling" for the birds when he strikes them. St. Elmo II. was in good form, and hunted in a good way on ground in fine style, but soon commenced to lag, and before the finish plainly showed that he was all wrong. We examined his nose, and found it dry and hot, and should not be surprised if he were coming down with distemper. Beating the north side of the oval, he crossed the water, and then, with the exception of a skeleton nesty striped bass, by a hawk that we interrupted in his unholy repeat, nothing was found. Swinging again to the south along the fence, both dogs challenged when near the sportsmen, but nothing was found. Crossing the fence, and again swinging toward the north shore, Sensation ranged at good speed, but the buck wheat stubble unit near the beach, when he struck and dropped upon his belly, but soon moved on. A sparrow started under his nose, and he took one or two jumps toward it, but a bird from his handler steadied him, and a light breeze set the matter at rest.

The spectators thrust a few birds from the hedge. Jr. pointed nicely, and roared up to where they were started. He again pointed in hedge, but the bird flushed when handler spoke. Just here we found a hole in the fence, and several birds that had been let by the cold rain of the night before. A few yet alive were picked up by the spectators and put in their pockets, and when revived by the warmth were let go. Sensation, Jr., made a beautiful point in the woods. Mr. White flushed the bird to order, but it did not stay. It was evidently all over, as he had no life, and after a futile attempt to get him up to the last bird they were ordered up, and the heat given to the Jr. Down just an hour,

side the stem, and a job of 75 to 100 ft. on the foot is such a preposterous idea and such a mechanical incongruity that, whether we like it or not, we will have to conform to British experience and build a thoroughbred cutter for the occasion. It may not be flattering to our national vanity, but unless we pecked buccomb and took things square in the face, we may as well make our binds to us sound a thrashing from a foreigner next year as Schmeer, Mistral, Wave and others received at the hands of the little ten ton Medice this fall. To depend upon Gracie in a hard rough match with a cutter is simply to invite grotesque failure. To depend upon a new ship of ridiculous dimensions emanating from some "practical" genius is absolutely hopeless in view of recent experiences with the Fochontas. We are glad, therefore, to find that the leading members of the New York Yacht Club are alive to the occasion, and propose to lay down a grand ship of the cutter type this winter and to have her in the best of trim in the hands of a well-drilled crew in time to meet an invasion from abroad. Her success is the only hope left if we wish to retain the international trophy on this side of the Atlantic.

THE STATESMAN ANSWERS COMMODORE AND COOK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice that both the "Commodore" and the "Cook" have written to FOREST AND STREAM, giving more or less praise to the Rice Lake canoes. Allow me to say that in Canada these canoes are considered to be greatly inferior to the Stevenson open canoes, and that at the Lake George meeting last year there were twenty-one Rice Lake canoes, the fifty canoes there present. The "Admiral" was a "Shadow," and will never use anything else. No higher testimony to the superiority of the shadow to all other canoes could be given. The Rice Lake canoe is practically obsolete.

THE STATESMAN.

HAPPY BOSTON.

THOSE who thought cutters would not become popular in America until winter rain outfits were discovering how poorly they judged the pulse of the yachting community, Lawley & Son, of South Boston, are to build a regular out-and-out Madrazo, 40 ft. on load line, 5 ft. beam, 9 ft. draft of water. The hull is full of new cutters, and we hear already of nearly twenty such craft in contemplation for next season. The good cause is booming!

YACHTING NEWS.

AMERICAN MODELS IN FRANCE.—Among the best yachts at Argenteuil, near Paris, belonging to the U. V. P., are: Miss Helen, five tons ravel, by Texier, 28.2 ft. by 4.4 ft. by 5.9 ft., all lead ballast, built 1879, belonging to M. Paul Leroy of Etolle; Etouppie, six tons schooner, by Le Marchand, 31 ft. by 5.3 ft. by 5.9 ft., belonging to M. de Salinville. Besides the above French built keel boats are the two English built cutters, Para, ten tons, and Thier, 10.2 tons, also the Jersey built Hela, 10.2 tons, by 5.3 ft., belonging to M. de Salinville. There are numerous French built centreboards, besides two Americans—viz. the Stone Yaukie, five tons, recently imported and considered a failure, and the New York cut boat, imported by M. L. More, over twenty years ago. The Paris boats are now consid-

ered far superior to either the old or new American models, as it seems that nearly all the small boats can beat the newly imported Yankee. Among the best centreboards are the cruising cutter Amazon, ten tons, 24 ft. by 13.1 ft., built 1876 by Texier, and the racing sloop Ines, ten tons, 30.1 ft. by 10.1 ft. by 2.6 ft., considered the fastest centreboard of her size in Europe; the Albatross sloop, seven tons, 30 ft. by 9.5 ft. by 2.6 ft., by Texier, 1880, a racer; Turbulent, ten tons, 32 ft. by 11.4 ft. by 3.6 ft., by Texier, and the Gondor, four tons, 20 ft. one-half tons, sloop, 36.8 ft. by 8.1 ft. by 2 ft., built 1880—perhaps the fastest of the whole fleet. Owses her name for her ingenious owner, M. Culbrette, who had sixteen sails made on purpose for her at Lyons, and who by means of that light material has been enabled to show an extraordinary amount of canvas. The only defect seems to be the extraordinary expense and the great care necessary to preserve the "canvas."—London Yachting Record.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—A very successful season was brought to a close with a dance and lunch at the club-house, San-cello, Nov. 5, and a grand ball with the guests. Owing to the want of wind, only the Annie, Frlic and Aggie got under way for the cruise. As the winter months, with long calms and dicker airs, have settled in upon the Pacific coast, most craft have been laid up and stripped. Four new schooners, about 50 tons, are building, and will be shipped in time for next season. Yachting has become the leading sport in San Francisco, and is proving a space every year. In proportion to population the fleet of the Pacific is more numerous than that of any port of the country, New York and Boston excepted. There is Chicago, with half a million inhabitants, and scarce half a dozen craft fit to be termed yachts; there is Philadelphia and Baltimore with no more than a score between them, and a dozen lesser cities where a yacht has never been seen, one and all as advantageous to the population of the city as the building and sailing of the sea exhibited by the people on the California coast. Dr. Merritt, of the schooner Casco, has recently spent some time in the East and with his fondness for the sea, did not lose the chance to inspect some of the best of our metropolitan yachts. He is strongly in favor of keels, and thinks our small craft too much of the butterfly order. When he had not a few tons of lead on the Casco's keel the project was derided. Now, experience has taught him that the only mistake made was in not putting on just twice as much. The Casco has made a cruise of more than 1000 miles down the Mexican coast and among the South Sea Islands, during which the schooner behaved admirably and gained the good will of a number of young ladies who had taken passage with the Doctor.

PRESERVING SAILS.—Several inquirers are informed that there is no royal road to the preservation of sails. They require careful attention all the year round, plenty of airing, and should never be turned nor stowed in a damp. There is nothing which will effectually remove mildew, but yet none of them so effective as some extent by steeping in the well-known mixture of one pound sugar of lead dissolved in one gallon of soft water, then allowing the canvas to drain and again steeping in a solution of one pound of finely powdered alum dissolved in one gallon of soft water. For large areas use more in like proportions. Feints, bags and canvas coats may be made fairly water-proof by the same process. The articles should not be rinsed, but allowed to dry by exposing to the atmosphere. All methods of cleaning sails should be discouraged. The least hurtful is light scrubbing with soft brush, fresh water and castile soap, then sprinkling with dilute lime water and drying in the sun. Every

time sails are scrubbed the face of the canvas is worn down. It is better to use a soft brush and take time to the work than apply hard bristles and quickly ruin the sails. Our own plan is to have a row of gunboats, made of canvas with rubber soles, assorted sizes, ready in the gateway for the guests on a cruise, who are requested to slip the harness, fit and tumble their longshore freight cans down below, and coming over the side. Blackened shoes can generally be charged with more injury and dirt to sails, paint-work and mouldings than all other causes combined.

CUTTERS.—No better evidence of the increasing popularity of cutters could be asked than that the New York Herald deems it advisable to give its readers a column and one-half on the subject. The article which appeared in the Herald Thursday last was fairly well written, and as a lesson in cutters, what they are and why they are superior to sloops, deserves a word of praise. FOREST AND STREAM has for years been prominent in cutters, and it was only a question of time when our provincial prejudice would wear away against a type and type much superior to the raft of boom wavers. We therefore welcome the great help the good cause of honest boats has received through the medium of the Herald's article, which will do much toward making the general public familiar with a style of boat looked from our waters far too long through the narrow-minded prejudices of the old school which cannot see beyond its own little front yard gate.

SEA WANKHA YACHT CLUB.—At the general meeting, held at DeMonroe's Nov. 23, the following members were elected: Leopold Biltz, Jr., Wm. Hall, Thos. B. Brown, E. S. Latrobe, E. F. Post, Philip Little, Wm. Whitcomb, W. W. Tompkins and Paul Tuckerman. The Commodore reported that the yacht anchorage scheme a financial success, as seventeen yachts already availed themselves of the moorings inside the club breakerwater. The following very able committees were appointed to consider the main question: Dr. H. G. Piffard, John Hyslop, M. R. Schuyler, A. Cary Smith and W. E. Iselin. Notice was also given that, in view of the rapid increase in cutters, sections of Chapters' be selected from the regulations. The section refers to keeping logbooks and log books fast.

OSHKOSH YACHT CLUB.—The fourth annual hop of the club was held Thanksgiving Night at Turrot Hall and proved a brilliant success. The arrangements were perfect, and the gathering included all the prominent citizens of the neighborhood and their ladies. After the dancing an elegant supper served to bring to a close a very enjoyable evening, which has resulted in material benefit and moral support to the members of the yacht anchorage scheme. The committee in charge was composed of Commodore G. W. Rumell, Vice Com. G. F. Strout, Capt. A. H. Woodworth and Messrs. Frank Heilig, Charles Emery, W. B. Falck and Adolph Von Kaas.

MIXED.—Our French cousins, who have been tugging so long into the adoption of American models of late, now find themselves suddenly brought up with a round turn. Since the Madge took down our vanity a trifling our French admirers decidedly mixed, and their cherished belief that by copying our light drafts they were saving getting the weather gauge of the British has given away to a feeling of doubt, and they are now upon the ragged edge awaiting further developments and amusing themselves with a side show in sharples in the meantime.

NOTICE!

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate observation, investigation and research. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kenneb" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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Train 42, Leaves New York 12:40 p. m. Philadelphia 1:30 a. m. Danville 7:10 a. m. Charlotte 1:00 p. m. Atlanta 12:40 p. m. Macon 6:30 a. m. Montgomery 7:55 a. m. New Orleans 10:00 p. m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Atlanta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p. m. and Augusta 10:15 p. m. Savannah 12:45 p. m. Jacksonville 5:45 a. m. Train 48, Leaves New York 9:00 p. m. Philadelphia 12:30 a. m. Baltimore 4:35 a. m. Arrives at Richmond 7:30 a. m. Charleston 12:20 p. m. Macon 6:45 p. m. Montgomery 9:00 p. m. Mobile 4:40 a. m. New Orleans 10:02 a. m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Richmond and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line. Train 40, Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:05 a. m. Baltimore 7:45 a. m. Arrives at Richmond 9:25 p. m. Wilmington 11:25 p. m. Charleston 8:00 a. m. Savannah 12:30 p. m. Jacksonville 8:40 p. m. Pullman Sleepers Milford, Va. to Charleston. Train 44, Leaves New York 9:00 p. m. Philadelphia 12:30 a. m. Baltimore 4:35 a. m. Arrives at Richmond 7:30 a. m. Charleston 12:20 p. m. Columbia 6:00 a. m. Augusta 9:30 a. m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a. m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston. Bay Line. Leaves New York 12:40 p. m. Philadelphia 1:45 p. m. Baltimore 7:15 p. m. Portsmouth 11:40 a. m. Weilton 11:50 p. m. Raleigh 7:35 p. m. Wilmington 9:45 p. m. Charleston 9:00 a. m. Savannah 12:30 p. m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:15 a. m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Charleston. Daily, 12 daily, Sundays excepted.

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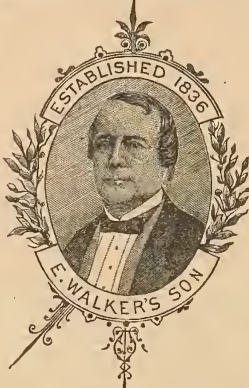
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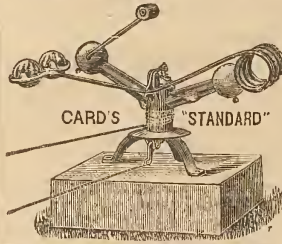
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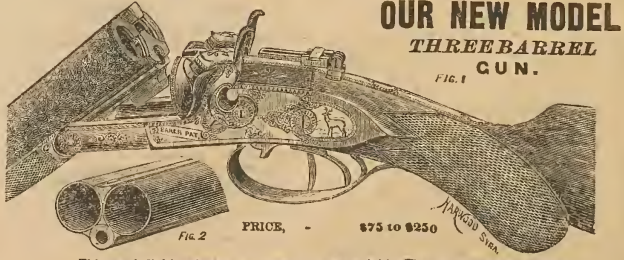
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 19.
{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 8.

THE MICHIGAN NON-EXPORT LAW, which provides that venison shall not be shipped out of the State, is said to be a dead letter. It is reported that the law is systematically evaded by parties who take the venison to small towns near the line and carry it thence in wagons out of the State, and here re-ship it. The law, if it can only be enforced, is an admirable one; we hope to see it carried out. There ought to be a like provision against exporting game from this country to Europe.

SPORTSMEN have always been legitimate game for the punters. Joe Miller (England, 1684-1783), had his crack at them: "A gentleman who had been a-shooting brought home a small bird with him, and having an Irish servant, he asked him if he had shot that little bird? 'Yes,' he told him. 'Arrah, by my faith,' replied the Irishman, 'it was not worth the powder and shot, for this little thing would have died in the fall.'"

THE ATTENTION OF SPORTSMEN is just now largely directed to the field trials of sporting dogs. We have spared no expense nor pains to present to our readers accurate and intelligible reports of these meetings.

HAIR-SNAKES AND THEIR EGGS.

IN the middle of September last Mr. F. W. H. Hahn brought us a hair-snake, *Gordius aquaticus*, which he found in a New Jersey brook. The animal was placed in a jar of water on our desk and began laying its eggs on the 19th, finishing on the 24th. The "snake" was seven inches in length and the knot which its eggs were tied in would if straightened out appear like a fine thread four or five yards in length.

This is the worm which is believed by many to come from a horse's or other hair, but in reality is a parasite of grasshoppers, crickets and water beetles. This worm is quite plentiful but escapes observation by its small size. Trout culturists find numbers of them knotted together on the screens of their ponds at the close of summer. No doubt these little animals destroy many noxious insects, for they are exceedingly prolific, and the insect in which they take up their abode is said to die without increasing its species; and Prof. Riley says that all the *Orthoptera* (grasshoppers, crickets, etc.) which came under his observation which contained a *Gordius*, nine in all, were females.

Prof. Leidy, in speaking of the variable *Gordius*, says: "I observed one nine inches in length by two-fifths of a line in thickness, commence laying eggs and continue the process very slowly and gradually during two weeks. They were extended in a delicate cylindrical cord, resembling a thread of sewing-cotton. At first it broke off, as extruded, in pieces about a foot in length, but toward the end of the process the cord appeared to be less tenacious, and broke off in pieces a few inches, and even a few lines in length. The pieces in the aggregate measured ninety-one inches; the thickness of the cord was about one-tenth of a line. The eggs are very minute, and in the cord were compressed together so as to be polyhedral. In a transverse section of the cord I counted about seventy eggs, and in the length of one-fortieth of an inch twenty-six eggs, which, by calculation, gives 6,624,800 as the whole number of eggs in the cord. The eggs, when isolated, assume an oval shape, and measure about the 1-750th of an inch long by the 1-1,000th of an inch broad. The development of the young from the egg is readily observed from day to day, and it takes about a month before the process is completed. * * * In about four weeks the *Gordius* reaches maturity, and escapes from the egg totally different in appearance from the parent."

Undoubtedly many of the young perish and fail to find a "host," but an animal which lays over six million eggs does not seem liable to become extinct soon. The eggs which were laid by our specimen have failed to hatch, and now, near Dec. 1, they are covered with a fungoid growth, resembling that which comes upon a dead fish egg. According to Dr. Meissner, the young *Gordius* enter their hosts at the joints of their legs and abdomens and become encysted in the muscular system instead of being intestinal parasites. They have also been found in the muscular portions of fishes, where they have probably obtained entrance through the destruction of some insect by the fish.

THE ANGLER IN WINTER.

THE Northern angler, whose business and whose purse allow it, practically knows no winter. He goes South. The Southern angler keeps it up all winter, in fact that is his best season, for the combined effect of heat and insects renders his summer fishing a most questionable enjoyment.

With these two classes our present article has taught to do. We write of the angler of the North whose lakes and streams are frozen and who, for various reasons, cannot spend two or three months in Florida. What can he do? Many of the bolder sort cut fish through the ice for the ever-hungry pike. Holes are cut, fires are built and the angler, well swathed in woollens, keeps his blood in brisk circulation by running from one hole to another to take out the fish which has notified him of its readiness to be so taken by hoisting the flag attached to the "toggle" at the upper end of the line; or he goes to see that the hole has not frozen over and that the line will run free. If the ice be free from snow he does this on skates and, although many affect to despise it as "hand-line fishing with no chance to play a fish," it is a good and a hardy sport, and we have enjoyed it many a time and oft, from Minnesota to New York. The cold air is exhilarating,

and the appetite is enormous. After a week of such fishing, in ordinary fair winter weather, a man returns "like a giant refreshed with wine."

This and smelt angling near the sea coast are about all that the Northern angler gets, unless he takes the lake trout in much the same manner; but the lake trout is not often found in the smaller lakes and is usually taken by professionals, in winter. The black bass in the North hibernates and so do most Northern anglers. Winter is the time that the tackle is overhauled, rods varnished, reels repaired and lines tested. The tackle maker receives orders for new rods, made to a specified length and weight, not to exceed a hair's breadth in the former nor a feather's avoirdupois in the latter, and the old lines are examined foot by foot for flaws that might lose the largest fish of the coming season. Pies are inspected and laid away in camphor or, better yet, in tightly corked bottles, to keep the moths away. The gut is looked at with a criticle eye, and the trayed parts cut out or rubbed smooth with India rubber.

What anticipations of glorious sport, the care of fine tackle brings! What memories of past achievements its contemplation conjures up! The cleaning and oiling of the smooth-running reel is a pleasure. Its sharp click recalls the struggle with a two-pound trout in the pool under the roots of the old sycamore; or the silent whirl of the multiplier suggests the fierce fight with the great bass, which was the envy of the local fishermen and the talk of the town for days after, and which was finally recorded in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

The Northern angler in his hibernation has these enjoyments, and others besides. He now looks back over the printed record of angling in all parts of the country in the pages above referred to, which he only had time to hurriedly scan in summer. He reads the angling books which he has bought during the summer, especially to be read during these long winter evenings; for your enthusiastic angler loves fishing books next to fishing, and always has a corner in his library where a goodly collection of them is to be found. With his slippers on, before a cheerful fire, pipe in mouth, the hibernating angler of the North takes in a world of quiet pleasure and learning from his books and his FOREST AND STREAM—pleasures which those who can fish all the year round know little of.

THE COST OF STUPIDITY.—A Boston correspondent sends us a newspaper slip recounting some thirteen accidents with fire-arms; and our friend suggests that few people are aware of the numerous exhibitions of carelessness in the handling of firearms, or the result of the injuries resulting therefrom. The cases mentioned in the newspaper cutting include the bursting of guns, the shooting of companions in the field, and fatal accidents caused by pulling the guns out of boats and over fences, with muzzles pointed toward the unfortunate victims. As we have pointed out before, these casualties are in almost every instance due simply to the sheerest stupidity and criminal carelessness of the handlers of guns. Every fall the diligent exchange editors of our esteemed daily contemporaries collect a long string of such accidents under the heading of "Sportsmen's Perils." This fall and winter will prove more than usually productive of such items, owing to the flooding of the country with cheap guns, which find their way into the hands of men and boys who are about as fit to handle guns as a two-year-old baby is to play with a can of nitro-glycerine. We may always expect that men will kill themselves by their own stupidity with guns, just as they manage to be run over by railroad trains, blown up by kerosene fire-kindling; or contrive to fall off from precipices, and down into wells; or are kicked by mules, or have their hands taken off by buzz-saws and threshing machines. When the millennium comes, and the lion lies down with the lamb, perhaps the shot-gun and the didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot can lie down in safety together, too; and both get up again. But it must be remembered, as we have said before, that the number of persons who are injured by gunning accidents compared with the whole number of persons who use firearms is exceedingly small. The list of these accidents which do not result from sheer carelessness is still less important.

THE BEST HOLIDAY GIFT for a gentleman is a year's subscription to this journal.

THEODATUS GARLICK.

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN FISHCULTURE.

THE name of Theodatus Garlick, physician, artist and scientist, is a familiar one to most readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. It affords us much pleasure to present this week a portrait of the Doctor. It has been engraved from an ambrotype, taken when he was fifty-one years of age, and shows him as he appeared when at the busiest period of a well-occupied life. Before advertizing to Dr. Garlick's work in fish-culture, the following brief mention of his life will be welcomed.

Theodatus Garlick was born March 30, 1805, in Middlebury, Addison County, Vermont. His father was Daniel Garlick, a farmer, who married Sabra Starkweather Kirby, daughter of Abraham Kirby, of Litchfield, Connecticut, and sister of the Hon. Ephraim Kirby, who in 1804 was appointed by President Jefferson United States Judge for the Territorial District of Louisiana.

In 1816, young Garlick, then but a mere boy, eleven years old, left his home for the West, trudging on foot and carrying a knapsack. At Elk Creek, now Girard, in Erie County, Pennsylvania, he tarried two years, and then went on to Cleveland, Ohio, where he had a brother who was by trade a stone-cutter. Here he spent some years and became proficient in the art of carving and lettering on stone, afterward going back to his Vermont home to finish his education, which had been irregularly received at the common schools and under private tutors. In 1823 he again returned to Ohio, accompanied by his father and family.

In 1829, when at the age of 24, he entered the office of Dr. Ezra W. Glezen as a medical student, afterward continuing these studies under the direction of Dr. Elijah Flower, then a prominent physician and surgeon at Brookfield. After some years of assiduous study, and after attending full courses of medical and clinical lectures, he graduated at the University of Maryland, in the city of Baltimore, in 1834. For many months thereafter he had the benefit of close social and professional relations with Professor N. R. Smith, who at that date occupied the chair of Surgery in the Maryland University. Declining flattering inducements to remain in Baltimore, Dr. Garlick returned to Ohio and settled in what became the city of Youngstown, where he engaged in the practice of medicine and surgery; and following his tastes and talents he made of the latter a specialty. He spent eighteen years here, his fame as a skillful surgeon growing all this while, and then removed to Cleveland, Ohio, where he formed a partnership with Professor Horace A. Aekley. Here he was elected a member of the Board of Censors of the Cleveland Academy of Natural Sciences.

As a surgeon Dr. Garlick soon took high rank among the profession in that city, and of the country. He probably had no superior in that most superior branch of the art, plastic surgery. He performed numerous and most skillful operations of this class, both in the Cleveland and Medical College and elsewhere. One of the most important of these was in the case of a young lady who had lost nearly all of one side of her face and two-thirds of the upper and lower lips by "sloughing" of the parts. The whole side of the face was restored and the deformity removed by the perfect fitting of flaps which were cut up to supply the lost parts. Professor John Delemater declared that there was not a more difficult or a more successful case of plastic surgery on record, and placed its value in money at \$10,000. He performed the operation of lithotomy with unusual skill and success, in one case fracturing first and then extracting a stone which measured three and a half by four and a half inches; in shape like a cocoon. He successfully removed the half of the under jaw twice, disarticulating in each case, and twice tied successfully the carotid artery. He made some valuable improvements in the methods of operation for hernia, and for fistula in ano; introduced new splints and dressings for fractures, and applied the principle of anatomical models to animals and parts of animals, and especially to fishes.

Dr. Garlick had early developed a taste for art, and possessed much talent for sculpture. He began his work in this while in college, and subsequently made most creditable additions to this branch of American art. While at the Maryland Medical University he produced bas-reliefs in wax of five of the professors of the college, which were pronounced excellent likenesses. The statues in basso-relievo of General Jackson and Henry Clay, both of whom gave him sittings, were soon after completed. A life-size bust of Judge George Tod, of Ohio, was another of his productions, admired for accuracy and artistic merit.

His last work of art is probably his masterpiece, and has a peculiar interest because of the circumstances under which it was completed. It is a life-size bust of Professor J. Kirtland at the age of sixty, made in 1874. A disease of the spinal nerves of more than ten years duration, and which incapacitated him from standing without the aid of crutches, kept him closely confined to a lounge, and in a recumbent position, and while suffering acute pain, he modeled this ad-

mirable bust. The bust was modeled partly from an alt-relievo which he produced in 1850, and partly from sittings by the Professor. It was most truly a labor of love. No pecuniary recompense would have induced Dr. Garlick to undertake it. His deep affection for Professor Kirtland enabled him to persevere in it until its completion. Dr. Garlick made the first daguerrotype picture (a landscape) taken in the United States, and himself constructed the instrument and apparatus to take it in December, 1839; besides making in 1840 the first daguerrotype likeness ever taken anywhere without requiring the rays of the sun to fall directly upon the sitter's face—in other words, in the shade.

This talent as a sculptor was applied in a most useful way to the construction of anatomical models. He also made many valuable pathological models, which represented rare forms of disease. "These models were duplicated, and are to be found in the medical colleges of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Charleston, Toronto and elsewhere. They are considered to be superior to the works of the celebrated Anzoux of Paris.

THE PIONEER IN AMERICAN FISHCULTURE.

It is as the pioneer in American fishculture that Dr. Garlick's name will have the most enduring fame. Attracted by the reports of the experiments of Gehen and Remy in France, he at once recognized the practicability of artificially increasing some of our more valuable species; and, being an angler, naturally selected the brook trout to begin with. Associ-



THEODATUS GARLICK.

From an ambrotype taken at the age of fifty-one.

ating himself in this enterprise with Prof. H. A. Aekley, Dr. Garlick started for the Saut Ste. Marie to obtain adult fish for this purpose, in the month of August, 1853, while Prof. Aekley prepared a pond for their reception by making a dam below a spring on his farm, which was some two miles from Cleveland. The first attempt at transporting fish from the Saut Ste. Marie, nearly 500 miles, was a failure; but three subsequent attempts resulted in placing 150 trout in the pond. In September he made a trip to Port Stanley, Canada, and brought more. It was supposed that the journey would interfere with their spawning the same year, but in this the experimenters were agreeably mistaken. On the 20th of November the fish had so far progressed in nest making as to be ready to occupy the beds scooped in the gravel; and on the following day the Doctor caught and stripped the first pair of fishes so treated on the continent of North America. All the details of development, which are now so familiar to fish-culturists, were then veiled and unknown. Were the little eggs impregnated? Would they hatch?

It was forty-eight days, or not until Jan. 9, 1854, when the Doctor placed one of the eggs under the microscope and saw an unmistakable embryo. Thirteen days later a fish emerged from the egg, and the triumph was complete.

On the 14th of February Dr. Garlick described these experiments and their success in a paper read before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Cleveland, O., which was published in its proceedings, and from which the above facts are taken. In December, 1856, he exhibited microscopic views of the embryo trout before the same Academy at three different meetings, and showed the changes in the structure of the embryo at different ages.

In 1857 he published a book entitled "Fish Culture," which was for years the standard authority on the subject; a second edition, revised and enlarged, appeared last year,

and was reviewed in FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 16, 1888. Dr. Garlick's early experiments in fishculture were published in the *Ohio Farmer* and at that time did not attract much attention outside of his own circle of acquaintance, nor did his experiments and successes strike the public as having any practical bearing upon the every-day concerns of life in the way of increasing the food supply, which was in no way scant in his State. Indeed they were rather viewed as a curious recreation of a gentleman addicted to scientific experiments, and as a harmless way of spending his time and money. Unfortunately for trout culture the Doctor was possessed of an ample income and therefore felt no necessity to enter into the breeding of fish as a business venture, nor to push it. He had demonstrated the fact that it was practically to breed fish and proved it his own satisfaction, as well as that of his neighbors; he had published the result of his work in both scientific and popular papers; and there the matter rested. Had he been a poor man his natural enthusiasm, added to his native energy, which in other things showed his great powers of pushing things to their farthest limits, would, even in that early day, have awakened an interest in the culture of fish which would have given it start that it did not acquire until fifteen years later.

Although he saw in the artificial breeding of fish a new and important industry he had no conception of the possibilities that he has been spared to see it assume. He has seen it pass from the stage of scientific experiment to an industrial

pursuit, and from that to become an important department in the internal economy of nearly every State in the Union by the appointment of Fishery Commissioners with State and National appropriations more or less ample for the propagation of food fishes. He has watched the interchange of fish eggs with foreign countries and the safe shipment of ova to the antipodes. He has seen the salmon restored to the Connecticut River, the trout successfully planted and grown on the Pacific coast, where they were unknown, until fresh shad ran a novelty in the markets of San Francisco. He has seen the fishes of the West firmly established in the East, until the trout of California has been perfectly acclimated there. He has noted the fact that the sea-fishes also have been propagated and that the cod and the Spanish mackerel can be increased by artificial means. Truly a grand retrospect for the pioneer in American fishculture, and a glorious record with which to close a busy and useful life.

During the past years of physical suffering with which Dr. Garlick has been prostrated, his mind has been clear; and now in his seventy-sixth year he watches the FOREST AND STREAM for new movements in fishculture. He has been an occasional contributor to its columns and has lately been much interested in the culture of carp, of which he has a pond and hopes to see them increase. He was a diligent student of natural history and other kindred sciences. Professor J. P. Kirkland was his first and only preceptor in natural history, and was his intimate friend and associate for more than forty years. In 1857 the Doctor described the large mouthed black bass of Ohio wates as *Oryzias nuptoma*, its specific name being his own and descriptive of its large mouth, a name so appropriate that it is unfortunate that it has to give way to the law of priority and be passed into the realms of synonymy.

When in health Dr. Garlick stood six feet two inches in his bare feet, and weighed 225 pounds. His magnificent physique and even, genial temperament enabled him to perform an unusual amount of work requiring endurance and patience. The brief outline of his life given above is the record of a busy, well-spent career, well rounded by notable achievements in different spheres of work; it is the sketch of a remarkable man.

Dr. Garlick has been married three times. His first and second wives were sisters and daughters of Dr. Elijah Flower, his medical preceptor. He had two children by his second wife, one son, Dr. Wilmot H. Garlick, and one daughter. In 1846 he married Mary M. Chittenden, his third wife, by whom he had one daughter.

WE ARE INDEBTED to the courtesy of Prof. Alfred M. Mayer, of Stevens' Institute, for the data respecting the relative velocities of a rifle bullet and of sound. The subject was brought up by the reported circumstances attending a target marker's death, it being asserted that the marker heard the sound of the rifle when fired, and then stepped out and was killed by the ball.

THE WIDE CORRESPONDENCE printed in our columns, today, is suggestive of the great variety of American game, and of the extensive territory open to sportsmen in this country. December is in many States the last month for general shooting; with the first of January comes the close of the season.

INVALIDS IN THE WOODS.—We are promised by our correspondent Nessmuk some pertinent facts about the Adirondacks and the people who go there to get well. The subject is of grave importance, and its discussion in our columns will be followed with interest.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE "MASH."

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK.—III.

CAYUGA LAKE gives a straight course for the canoeist of thirty-eight miles. On both sides, for nearly its whole length, are high cliffs and wooded hills, with numerous cascades and tumbling streams dividing them by ravines and gorges of a hundred or more feet depth. The only winds experienced are either due north or south, and are seldom fierce enough to endanger the voyager in the most diminutive craft. The hunter can bag a reasonable number of ruffed grouse or quail on its shores in season; ducks are quite plentiful, and fly-fishing for black bass or trolling for lake-trout is excellent.

At the foot of the lake, where its waters are emptied into Seneca River, begin the Montezuma Marshes, extending along the river for ten miles, and varying in width from one-half mile to two or three miles. Myriads of wild mallards make these marshes their spring and fall resting-place a few years ago, and black and summer ducks found it a safe breeding-ground; but railroads and city sportsmen, sink boxes and batteries, and the native, whose water-spaniels are trained to catch the young ducks before they are able to fly, have so decimated this numbers of birds that a whole day's work now will scarcely bring a score of ducks to bag.

The inhabitants of the marshes are a peculiar class of people—illiterate, poor, shiftless and lazy—and are isolated from the rest of the world as if dwelling on an island far out in the ocean. Their employment consists in "frying" fish in summer, and shooting ducks and cutting "flag" in fall, with perhaps the cultivation of a small garden to supply them with enough "taters" and "trinkets" to last through the winter. Few of them possess horses, the greater part of their going and coming being done by water; but on this element they are at home, and none can surpass them in the pursuits they are accustomed to.

It was nearly dark on the cool, October night when the canoe Gypsy, with Captain and Judy aboard, crossed the bay from Cayuga village to Mud Lock, and entered the sluggish current of the Seneca. The thirty odd miles that had been traversed from Bushy Point had been accomplished without fatigue, a friendly south wind having borne the little boat along at a good rate; but now the sail had to be lowered and slowed, and the feet and back braced for a steady paddle for two or three hours. There is a sort of weary-easy delight in traveling thus along, not knowing where fate will call a halt for the night's rest, a delight only experienced by two of the human kind—the canoeist and the tramp. The former has rather the better lot of the two, for he has a comfortable shelter to rest in, no matter where darkness overtakes him, while the tramp must needs make the best of it as he can, now in a barn, next under a haystack, or, perhaps, beneath the lute vault of heaven, with no shelter but the lee-side of a stump fence.

While the Captain is moralizing as above, the sun has withdrawn its large, bright disk from the horizon, and the noisy cackle of the head-hens betokens with an infallible certainty the speedy approach of darkness. Soon the outlines of the grassy shores become blurred and indistinct, and the stars and the new moon show brightly against the dark blue of the nocturnal sky. There are many cuts and channels through the morass, dividing it in every direction, but the Captain has hunted the marsh through many times and knows the channel well, so whistling a gay tune in time with the paddle's stroke, he threads the winding passages, turning here to avoid a shoal and there to escape the thicket, and with a fisherman's fyke as he skims along. No trout break the monotony of the dim vista, only here and there a tall stalk—driven into the mud to indicate the whereabouts of some "fish-ear"—rises grim and ghost-like, nodding its head with the surge of the current.

By and by the roar of falling water and a steersman's long-drawn "Go-o-o-on, Johnny," tell the Captain that he is nearing the Aqueduct, where the Erie Canal is taken across the river by a massive structure of stone masonry. The river flows beneath this structure through a number of arches, passable for a skiff except at high water, but unpleasant on account of the continual leakage and overflow from the canal above. For a moment the Captain pauses to don his waterproof coat and button the apron around the well, and then strikes out boldly for the most easterly arch, where there is less overflow than at any of the others. The water gurgles and whirls as it dashes through the passage, which looms up black and menacing ahead. The Captain hesitates to trust a wild and untried crew to escape the three-foot fall, with one stroke of the paddle to direct the canoe aright, he bows his head and shoots into the dismal cavern. The paddle is in use here, and he can only direct the canoe by pushing with his hands on the slimy wall above. A sheet of falling water seems as if it would burst through the light deck of the boat, and indeed nearly takes the Captain's breath with its force, but after what seems an age, but is really only a minute, the canoe dashes through on the other side, and the Aqueduct is passed.

Now a dim light, like a will-o'-the-wisp, is seen to glimmer faintly ahead, right in the centre of the marsh, and toward this the Captain makes his way. If his surmise be true, this light comes from the shanty boat of old John, the Hermit of the Marsh, who lives alone the year around in his old ark, fishing, hunting, trapping and battling with the mosquitoes and the "fever-n'-ager." To all mankind this old recluse is a surly, uncommunicative soul, allowing no one to set foot within his strange domicile, and his two dogs are effective sentinels in keeping him from being intruded upon, but the Captain knows him better than does the rest of the world, and recognizes under his rough and repelling exterior the instincts of a true lover and worshiper of nature, and a heart as noble and kind as ever throbbled in human breast. There must have been a bond of union felt between this old hermit and the young Captain, in that each loved the solitude of nature—the one partaking of it in his canoe, paddling whither he would through lake and stream, and the other floating here and there in his awkward craft, back and forth through the great, black marsh. At any rate, the Captain was so well known to have crossed the old man's threshold, and even to him the hermit was rarely communicative, and never demonstrative. Perhaps he had some secret romance in his strange choice of life, but the Captain never invaded the sanctity of his inner self, and his secret, if secret he had, died with him when he was buried in the Potter's Field, with none to mourn him but his two faithful dogs.

As the canoe approached the light, one of the dogs began bark a warning, and the light suddenly disappeared. The

Captain knew the hermit would not show himself, trusting to the dogs to keep intruders away, so he was compelled to hulloa to make his identity known. Instantly the glimmer of the light re-appeared, and in a moment the door of the cabin was opened and the ironed face and grizzled locks of the old man were illuminated by the lantern he held aloft in his hand.

"Down, Jim! down! Is that you, Cap'n?"
"Ay, John."

"Fall up alongside the little hook and hitch to the stake to your left. Don't get tangled in the fykes."
Not a word of greeting nor a shake of the hand did the Captain receive as he stepped into the low-roofed cabin, but the hermit quietly placed a shining tin tea-pot on the little round stove, while intently scanning his visitor from head to foot. At last the Captain spoke:

"I see, John, you have hauled your house out on land."
"Yes, I've hauled her out. She leaks at every seam, and all the pitchin' and patchin' I can do won't make her float again, so I've jest laid her up here, and here I guess she'll stay."

"But next spring's freshet will lift her off."
"She'll stay as long as I do, Cap'n, and we won't neither on us last till the ice breaks up."

The lantern, hanging from a hook in the roof of the cabin, gave light enough to show the scrupulous neatness that pervaded the hermit's quarters. Everything, from the mattresses of dried marsh grass in the one end of the cabin to the old-fashioned wood stove in the other, showed the painstaking care of the old man. The finished stock of a ten-pound muzzle-loader, made by William Greener, reflected the light of the lantern with dazzling brilliancy, as it hung on its wooden pegs. The simple articles of tin and earthenware necessary for the hermit's cookery shone on their shelf as if just from the shop, and bottles of root extracts and oils of his own collecting were ranged neatly in order on another shelf. A pair of fat-irons on the stove and some damp underclothing on the table showed that the old man was just about to do his week's ironing.

"Cap'n, you can get your own supper, for the irons is hot and the clo'es sprinkled, and I must tend to 'em. There's bread, grease and pickles in the chest, and pork in the harl outside, so you can help yourself."

"All right, John," and the Captain proceeded to prepare the meal. While searching outside for the pork barrel he saw that the hermit had a number of wild ducks—winged or wounded birds that he had carefully nursed to recovery—penning in an inclosure. He also discovered a fat pig on the farthest point of the grassy island, whose obesity was due to a liberal diet of fish, which he devoured with the greatest avidity.

"John," said the Captain, returning with his pork, and noticing a pair of mallards hanging near the door, "are many ducks about yet?"

"Not many," answered the hermit; "there's too many sportsmen for an honest man to bag any."

"What do you call a sportsman, John?"

"A sportsman is a city teler, Cap'n, who lives all his life in a brick house and knows nothing about a wild duck and less about a gun; who call every man that shoots a muzzle-loader and don't wear corodurus with brass buttons a 'pot-lunter,' and who fire at a bird forty rods away, not to kill it, but jest to hear his britch-loader hang; a man who wants a stove put up in his high-house to keep his dainty feet warm, and who cuds up his trip by gittin' drunk, rippin' up a fisherman's fyke nets and settin' fire to the mash with his Havany cigar."

"Your idea of him is partly correct, John, I've no doubt."

"Correct? I know it's correct, Cap'n. Before them fellers begun comin' here there was ducks and geese in plenty, and now they fly two miles high to pass over the mash. I've seen 'em, Cap'n."

"Then there's no use putting my gun together?"

"Well, I've hauled 'em pretty well just below in the cove, and mebbe we can get one or two in the mornin'."

The supper over, preparations were made for an early start for the docks next morning, and at a late hour the two men retired to rest on the hard-grass mattresses.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CRUISE OF "THE NIPPER."

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.

SHE met me, by appointment, at Booneville. With surpassingly punctuality—considering her sex—she had arrived several hours before me. The express agent assured me that her conduct had been most exemplary.

The tourist, male and female, were just then thronging into the Wildermass from all sides. Everything on the Northern road brought its quota of seekers for pleasure, recreation or health. The Nipper was interviewed remorselessly. Well dressed ladies, neat young girls, and even children approached her irreverently. They examined her graceful lines. They made comments on her unknown owner, and invariably ended with lifting her gently by the nose, with exclamations quite irrelevant. No gentleman tourist passed her by without critical examination and comments. As they raised her carefully, they said:—if they were worldly—"Holy Moses! who's going to paddle that eggshell?" Dergymen said:—"I do declare! Is that intended to go on the lakes?" The ladies remarked, "Oh, my!" "Did you ever?" "Dear me!" "What a beauty!" etc.

None noticed the little gray-haired fellow, who, dressed in coarse blue flannels, smoking a clay pipe, dangling his short legs off the platform, and reading the last number of Forest and Stream, was quietly taking in the thing—until the agent pointed him out as the Skipper of the light craft they were admiring. He was immediately interviewed, and questions were frequent and fast.

"Do you expect to live in her on Raquette Lake?"

"Can you stand rough water?"

"Can you throw a line from her, and handle a good-sized fish?"

"Isn't she too frail?"

"And what is that little green canoe in the corner? She looks so small!"

The Skipper answered the last question first. The little green canoe is the Nessauk that was paddled last summer over 550 miles, came out tight and staunch, was taken 230 miles to northern Pennsylvania by rail, paddled on the rocky affluents of the upper Susquehanna, and is going back to the wilderness, still tight and seaworthy. The second question, Yes; she is frail. She is intended, both by her owner and builder, to be the lightest canoe of her dimensions ever built of oak, elm and cedar, with light spruce gunwale. (Here the Skipper showed a letter from her maker, Rushton, ex-

pressing doubts as to her strength, and giving pen and ink diagrams of the way she might be strengthened by bracing, thus, etc.)

"But," said the Skipper, growing enthusiastic, "she don't need strengthening. The two pairs of strips nearest the keel are of full thickness—3.16 of an inch. The third pair taper a little toward the gunwale, and the three upper pairs run light, very light. Her weight is sixteen pounds; length, ten feet, six inches; beam, twenty-eight inches; ribs at centre, eight inches; at stem, thirteen inches; rise, forty-five inches. Gentlemen, if any of you are canoeists, you know that you have no business to put weight on the upper strips of the gunwale. All weight in a light canoe must come on the keelson, and the first two, possibly three, pairs of strips. The Nipper is strong enough for me. As to throwing a line from her, she is the very best possible craft for fly fishing. You can make a tunc-ounce trout row you in any direction you please, until he floats helpless. I have done it in the Nessauk.

"As to rough water and squalls, I expect to stay as long as the average guide would the Adirondacks, and ride more steady and direct, sharp sea."

With expressions of sympathy and hopes that they might see the light canoe and her Skipper on the lakes, the tourists went off on the inevitable hackboards, and the Skipper began to organize for a cruise. It was necessary to make the first twelve miles of it overland, and the route was not pleasant. Hills, hollows, sand up to the hub, boulders, and six miles of corodury road. Such was the first twelve miles—as every man knows who has made the route from Booneville to Moose River.

The trip was made in and on a lumber wagon, with the canoes packed in straw and guyed with heavy twine, the Skipper kneeling on the port side and keeping a death-grip on the gunwale of the *The Nipper*, unmindful of the hemlock lee-board that was steadily abrading his spinal column. The charge for the tow was four dollars, with a stipulation that the horses should walk all the way. When the latter clause of the contract was enforced by the Skipper the disgusted driver relieved his feelings by a twelve mile stampede that would have struck a Missouri hulkwhacker with paralysis.

It is a weary trip that road from Booneville to the "Tanuary." But it has an end; and both driver and canoeist felt better when the two canoes made a landing on Tom Nightingale's porch, without crack or scratch. A double nip of whisky quieted the driver, while the hearty greeting of Jolly Tom, St. Holliday, Charley Phelps, Colonel Chnskin, and a dozen others, made the Skipper feel as though he had got home.

Moose River is not, by any means a bad place to stop at. The hotel is well kept, family very pleasant, and charges reasonable, let alone that pretty fair trout fishing may be had in several spring brooks, easily reached in an hour's walk. It took four days to work these brooks and a few spring-holes in the river, the result being a reasonable supply of fine brook trout, saving none under six inches.

The road from the "Tanuary" to foot of the Fulton Chain is rough, though no prudent tourist will send a light canoe in so high the back-boards, and boats are usually sent in from the river side of the Fulton Chain, by the assistance of guides. And even in this way they do not always get through safe. There was a fine new boat sent in that way last July, in which the guide contrived to knock an ugly hole. So the Skipper decided to send his duffle by hack-board to the Forge House, make the nine-mile carry through the woods to Jones', and paddle the twelve-mile stillwater to the lakes, which he did. In fact, he overdid it by taking the right-hand trail where within three miles of Jones', and carrying the *Nipper* over to the little Fall Lake. This lengthened his carry to twelve miles, but the visit to this one beautiful lake more than compensated for the extra labor. It was late in the afternoon when Jones' Camp was finally reached and the Skipper learned that the camp was bare of trout. Pork, potatoes and tea were indulged in to a moderate extent, and the night's rest which followed was of the soundest. The next day was spent in a faithful but vain attempt to inveigle a mess of speckled trout from their old haunts in the Moose; and it was remembered with regret that these same haunts gave a daily supply of trout on the previous season. Every where, so far, trout had been found less plenty than in the summer of '80.

A second night of sound sleep at Jones' Camp, and *The Nipper* was put afloat for the first time, her owner boarding her rather cautiously for a canoeist who had faith in himself and his craft. She proved marvelously steady, however, and a paddle up-stream of three and a half miles in one hour brought her to the carry around the foot-raft, and gave the Skipper the opportunity of his first landing. The first landing was easily made inside of four hours, and, once in the boat-house at Barret's, the cruise of the Fulton Chain was fairly commenced.

And here let us drop the third person singular, and pick up the eternal *Ego*, that I am as sadly weary of as my readers possibly can be.

At the Forge I met very many whom I knew last season; also, many who were visiting Brown's Tract for the first time. Among the latter were invalids of the Lung Disorder type, who did not seem very favorably affected by the damp, chilly weather, which prevailed during July and well into August of the past summer. As to the brigade of consumptives who came to the Northern Wilderness last summer in search of health, which they were destined not to find, I shall have something to say further on. Many were induced to come through reading a magazine article entitled "Camp Lou," and the disappointment felt by most of them was sad and bitter.

It was at 10 on the 16th of July when I paddled out from the Forge House for a rather excited cruise through the Fulton Chain, Raquette Lake, Forked and Long Lakes, the Raquette River, Tupper Lakes, and, by a circuitous route, back to the Fulton Chain. It was a very pretty programme, destined to be carried out only in part.

The afternoon was gusty and stormy. Black, wind-laden clouds went whirling across the sky with ominous speed, and I heard a guide remark, "Uncle Nessauk ain't a cushion to take this in." So I made my gunwale coat into a cushion and struck out. For a mile and a half up the channel the canoe flew along smoothly with the wind dead ast. Then came the open water of First Lake, white and spumy, with short, sharp seas, that I must take fairly abeam to the inlet, where I could see the waves dashing white over the large boulder at its mouth. I hesitated for a minute about trying for the inlet. But it was the trial trip of the *Nipper*. If she would swamp in a blow, better do it on one of the smaller lakes, and I pulled out. When fairly out of the roughest water her behavior surprised and delighted me ex-

ceedingly. She rose and settled on an even keel with a steady list. I should have scarcely looked for in a boat of twice her size, and threw off the steep, sharp seas like a duck. I thought then, and still think, that for a light, comfortable cruising cauce, under paddle, her model cannot be improved.

When about half way across the lake a low, ugly looking black cloud came up from the southwest, and when just over the lake let go a torrent of water that drenched me to the skin in three minutes. It was no time nor place for struggling into a gun coat, and I wended both hands on the paddle, so I took it as philosophically as possible. It ceased as I rounded the rock at the inlet, and I went flying up Second Lake with the wind astern, only dipping the paddle for storage way; and again there came a thunder-gust, with a down-pour of rain. But, as I could be no wetter, I rather enjoyed it.

Rounding the Eagle's Nest, I ran under the lee of the forest-crowned point and sponged out the canoe, for she was getting lily with the water that had fallen into her, and then paddled across to Third Lake camp. Perrie, with several companions, met me at the landing and gave me a woodland welcome, besides lending me dry clothes that I greatly needed.

I had the camp enlarged to thrice its former capacity, and filled to overflowing with boarders and tourists. Four of the inmates were suffering from pulmonary troubles, and did not seem to be getting much benefit from "balsamic breezes," or "ozone." Each one had his or her peculiar cough; the season had been wet and cold, and the bright, open air, that should be inseparable from a camp in the wilderness, was, for the most part, lacking. On the night of my arrival the wind shifted to northeast with a cold, drizzling rain, and in less than forty-eight hours after landing I had joined the little band of coughers, coughing oftener and louder than any of them. As I had made the trip to the woods for health mainly, this was most provoking. I thought it was only a surface cough, so to speak, but it was constant, hard and irritating. There were plenty of cough remedies in the house, and I tried them all, with little or no effect until I resorted to balsam, taken directly from the blisters on the balsam jar, soaked in sugar and allowed to percolate slow down the throat. This gave relief, and I mention it for the benefit of any future tourist who may get landed upon a cruise by a cough and cold.

By the 23d I was sufficiently recovered to assist at a dinner given at Dnnakin's Camp, on Fourth Lake, by Messrs. F. J. Nott, S. F. Fish and H. M. Crowell. The dinner was entrusted to Sam Dunakin as cook and purveyor, and it was a neat affair. The guests, estimated at six, turned out thirteen strong at the table, State Game Comstellator Dodge being one of the number, and I thought he looked a little glum as he tasted the "mutton" which had a rather gamey flavor, as though it "had lain in the roses, and fed on the lilies of life" (or of the lakes.) Whatever he thought, he said nothing, and the dinner was one of the pleasant episodes one never forgets. Our hosts were capable of good red wine, with a bottle of Martel at the finish. The trout were excellent and well cooked, and all three of our hosts sang glees in capital voice and good taste, aided by the game comstellator, who, by the way, struck me as being the right man in the right place. Just at dark I passed leisurely down to Third Lake with an impression that the 23d of July, 1881, would be a good day to mark with a white stone.

Next day I tried salmon trout at the huons, and brook trout at all the spring holes, with no success. In fact, the fishing on Third Lake, after the first of July, was not worth the trouble of putting a rod together or wetting a huuy-line.

NESMUK.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—III.

"NESMUK."

* * * And I remain yours sincerely, NESMUK, which means in the Narragansett tongue, or did mean, as long as there were any Narragansetts to give tongue, Wood-drake, or rather, Wood-drake.

Also, it was the name of the abietic young brave, who went to attend an away from the attic before I was five years old, and carry my name Nedpung and Jankamung lakes, day after day, until I imbued much of his woodcraft, all his love for forest life, and alas, much of his godnaured shiftlessness.

Even now my blood flows faster as I think of the rides I had on his well-formed shoulders, a little leg on either side of his neck, and a dead-grip on his strong, black mane. Or rode, "belly-bumps" on his back across old Jankamung, lugging him tightly around the neck, like the selfish little Eg that I was. He nee? He drove? I would as soon have thought to tire a wolf or draw a whale. At first, these excursions were not fairly concluded without a final settlement at home—said settlement consisting of a head-raking with a fine-toothed comb that left my scalp raw, and a subsequent interview of a private nurse, with "Par," behind the barn, at which a yearling apple tree sprout was always a leading topic. (My blood tingles a little at that recollection too.)

Gradually they came to understand that I was incorrigible, or, as a warden said of the cattle before I was, "given to run, and so they did not run away from school." I was allowed to "run with them dirty Injuns," as the aunt afore-said expressed it.

But I did run away from school, and books of the dry sort, to study the great book of nature. Did I lose by it? I cannot tell, even now.

As the world goes, perhaps yes.

No man can transcend his possibilities.

I am no believer in the supernatural; mesmerism, spiritualism, and a dozen other things are, to me, but as feints. By the same token I respect the force of the healthy, magnetic nature of that Ind an pass into my boyish life, as I rode on his powerful shoulders, or slept in his strong arms beneath the soft whispering pines of "Dunglas Woods."

Poor Nesmuk! Poor Lot! Fifty years ago the remnant of that tribe numbered thirty-six, housed, fed and clothed by the State. The same number of Dutchmen, under the same conditions, would have over-run the State ere this.

The Indians have passed away forever; and when I tried to find the resting place of my old friend, with the view of putting a plain stone above his grave, no one could point out the spot.

And this is how I happen to write over the name by which he was known among his people, and the reason why a favorite dog or canoe is likely to be called

NESMUK.

Natural History.

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

CADILLAC, Mich., Nov. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In reference to your inquiry as to whether the nests of the ruffed grouse are destroyed by the red squirrel, I offer the following remarks. In the spring of 1868 I found the nest of a ruffed grouse, containing four eggs, and as I wished to obtain a set for my oological cabinet, I left the nest undisturbed for the mother bird to complete her laying. I used to visit this nest quite regularly, sometimes finding the mother bird absent, but frequently flushing her from the nest. She would allow me to approach within a few feet of her, and then with a whimper would leave the nest, and in some way generally manage to cover her eggs with the fallen leaves. I never came to a sure conclusion as to how this was done, but think it was accomplished by the use of both wings and feet.

On visiting the nest one day, I found it deserted, and the eggs, seven in number, showed plainly that they had been bitten into by some animal, not one egg had escaped being ruined.

Some four weeks after, and within a short distance of the former nest, I discovered a second, which I have no doubt belonged to the same bird. This nest contained seventeen eggs, and from their weight I knew that incubation was somewhat advanced, and I therefore left them undisturbed.

In visiting this nest about a week after, I caught a red squirrel in the act of destroying the eggs. On my near approach the "imp" took refuge in a tree close by, and with a chirp and a chatter seemed to defy me to stop his destructive work; but with a charge of No. 6 shot I brought him to the ground and put an end to his impudent behavior. On examining the nest I found that but four eggs had been broken. These I removed, and found that the young birds were nearly ready to leave the shell. My next visit a few days after, found the young hatched and gone. The red squirrel has also, for some reason, a decided dislike to the nests of the hummingbird (*Trochilus colubris*) and the blue-gray gnatcatcher (*Poliopelia caerulea*). At my old home at Ann Arbor, the gnatcatcher is one of the most common birds of the woodlands, and I generally found from a dozen to twenty nests every season, and often as soon as the nest was completed, I would find it destroyed by the red squirrel. In fact, I would again be at work, generally on the same tree; perhaps his nest would again be destroyed and then a new tree would be selected and a third nest built. I have known a single pair of birds to keep on this way until seven nests had been built. At first I referred this to various causes, thinking that perhaps the site chosen had not proved satisfactory, or that it was the work of the cowbird (*Molothrus peccator*), but at last, in the case of the seven nests, I discovered the cause and put a stop to it. It was the red squirrel.

In conclusion, I would say to Mr. Bishop, if there is any good done by the red squirrel let us hear of it.

ANOLPHE B. COVERT.

Ferrisburgh, Vt., Nov. 22.—Editor Forest and Stream.—Mr. Bishop's theory of the scarcity of ruffed grouse is novel and ingenious, but it seems to me that the same objection which "Verde Mont" makes to the hawk, fox and owl theory squelches this. There have always been red squirrels since any of us were born, and they were plentier twenty years ago than now, and so worse grouse. Have the squirrels all at once turned their attention to the destruction of young grouse? Almost every owl with now low destructive red squirrels are to the young of small tree nesting birds, but has any one ever seen them killing ground nesting birds? If they would kill young grouse, why not young chickens? They have been plenty about our house ever since I can remember, but I never lost a chicken by them that we knew of, though they have destroyed the young robins and blackbirds at a great rate.

I am glad that the FOREST AND STREAM has drawn the attention of sportsmen to this matter of the increasing scarcity of ruffed grouse, and I do not doubt that some one will get at the true cause, but I do doubt that any one has hit it yet. Meanwhile, I will stick to my theory of partial migration, a theory which is strengthened by the stories I hear of the plentiness of grouse among the back hills. R. E. R.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 20, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inquiries in your paper regarding the gradual disappearance of the ruffed grouse, make any light thrown upon the subject of general interest to sportsmen and others. The enclosed item, copied from the Concord (N.H.) Monitor, may account for the scarcity in some localities. It is as follows:

"To sportsmen and ornithologists there have been several strange circumstances of late in regard to that favorite target for the hunter's aim—the partridge. A large decrease in their numbers has been manifest this season, but very few being shot, and those that have been secured have been scarcely more than skins and bones, and far from being the commonly delicious article of food. A large number have been found dead which have not suffered from the hunters' greed, something very unusual, and especially at this time of the year. A gentleman of this city, a few days since, carefully examining one which was found dead, found an explanation in the shape of three small ulcers upon the sides and top of the head, in each one of which was a small tick, which had made its way through the skull into the brain, causing death. An explanation of this singular pest by scientific gentlemen will be awaited with interest."

Being myself an Oxford and Androscoggin Counties, in Maine, partridge hunter, and having seen many grouse being found dead, their beaks upon examination disclosing ticks. One old resident and hunter had found quite a number, and attributed the diminution in numbers entirely to that cause. Last year it was the same, he said, and he, being a very observing man, and something of a naturalist, I think his observations in that direction of some value.

Mr. Bishop's letter in the last number of your paper mentions it to me a new enemy of the grouse. Squirrels, however, are very scarce in the localities mentioned above, and I do not think they destroy the birds, though probably crows destroy more or less.—J. N. D.

The ravages of the so-called wood-tick have been known to observing sportsmen for many years, although it was not until the early part of the year 1879 that the insect which causes so

much harm was satisfactorily identified and its habits described in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. Since many of our present readers may not have seen the information then printed, we give a brief abstract of it. Any further observations which may have been made on this pest should be reported at once. There is no doubt that it is the most destructive enemy, except man, against which the ruffed grouse has to contend.

The so-called ticks are the larva of a fly, which we have called the partridge fly. It has no other English name but its scientific appellation is *Olfersia (Ctenota) americana*, Leach. It belongs to the family *Hyppoboscidae*, a group of flies usually found in or near forests and woods, of which the common small brown horse fly is one of the most familiar examples. The species included in this group are most of them very troublesome to horses and cattle, and feed on blood. The young of this insect are produced alive, and in their general appearance resemble ticks, but any one who closely examines one will see that it has but six legs instead of eight, which the ticks, as belonging to the *Arachnida*, all possess. These larvae are provided with a very fine delicate proboscis, through which they suck the blood of their unfortunate victims. They are produced alive, and it seems probable that the adult fly deposits the young on the neck or heads of the newly hatched grouse. Instances where young grouse, too weak to fly, have been caught with many of these parasites clinging to them are on record in FOREST AND STREAM, vol. XII., p. 25, Mr. Charles Baylies says:

"Some time in the fore part of June (1878) my dog started a flock of young partridges, perhaps one-third grown, one of which seemed to lag as though he were wounded. The dog caught it and brought it to me. I noticed several ticks (sic) on the side of its head, about as large as a No. 4 shot and about the same color."

We have ourselves seen one young grouse which had no less than thirty of the parasites on its head and neck. These varied in size from a pin's head to a No. 2 shot, and were plump, round and full of blood. It can readily be seen that no young bird could long survive such a drain as this. The one just referred to was picked up from before his dog's nose, the vermin removed, and the bird was then freed. Several times afterward we saw him, for he was readily to be distinguished from his brethren by his small size, and the last time he came under our eye he seemed, though small, as strong and well as any of the family.

Allied species of flies, which resemble *Americana* quite closely, have been taken on many hawks, owls and herons. The red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*) is infested with a similar fly, belonging to the genus *Hyppoboscidae*, and I have found some resembling the partridge fly on the osprey, barred owl, long eared owl, marsh hawk, night heron and great blue heron. It does not seem probable that this parasite destroys the adult grouse, and if not, the damage that it does must be confined to the summer months when the young birds are its especial prey. That it destroys considerable numbers of birds can scarcely be doubted, but at the same time it must be remembered that it is no new thing and that the birds have always been subject to its attacks. When, however, the old birds, from any or any other cause, fail to rear their broods during summer, and are then killed off in fall, the prospects for much grouse shooting in that locality in the future cannot be said to be encouraging.

The adult form of the same or a similar fly we have often found on quail, although we have never seen the young birds with the larvae attached to them. It is scarcely necessary to say that the death of the bird is caused by loss of blood, and not by the insect boring into the brain, as is stated in the newspaper clipping quoted above. If you desire to look up more fully will find frequent references to it in FOREST AND STREAM from Volume XI. to the present time.

DEATH OF THE TAME PARTRIDGE.

WORCESTER, Mass., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The item which appeared in your last number dated Oakland, Mass., and signed "E.," concerning the tame partridge at Coldbrook Springs gives a very wrong impression. One would get the idea that the party who did the killing knew the bird and wantonly slaughtered it, notwithstanding he was urged to do so by a "waster" or any other cause. In fact, the first, and only, learner of the sad death of this remarkable bird, and I give the facts as they were told me by one of the party who did the mischief, and who then did not know this sad thing as a tame partridge ever existed. A real estate broker, whose office is in Worcester, took two men, who are residents of the adjoining town of Shrewsbury, to Coldbrook Springs to look at the wood-lot at Parker's mills which has for the past three years been the home of this wonderful bird, when not in the immediate companionship of Mr. Parker in or about his mill.

The three men were looking over the lot when the bird appeared to them running about their feet. One of the party knocked the bird over with a stick, but, probably, it was not fatally injured. Just then it occurred to the broker that it might be the mother of a late brood of young who was trying to attract their attention while the chicks could hide, and for that reason begged him to try to save the bird alive, but no young ones could be found, and fearing the bird was injured past recovery, he rapped its head on the trunk of a tree. This broker has been a personal acquaintance for many years, and on meeting me after their return to Worcester, and, knowing me to be a sportsman, told me of their adventure with the bird with much eagerness, and then asked me if I had ever known anything like it or could give any explanation of the bird's actions. Before the story was through it was all plain to me, and I told him of the mischief they had done and what a sad loss it would be to Mr. Parker. And here let me say that I no more believe any one of that party would have killed Mr. Parker's pet, knowing it to be such, than that I believe any one would have done and killed his best horse. There is, however, this much for which I think them worthy of censure. Several days afterward these men asked Mr. Parker to show them the bounds of this wood-lot, and while out with them he spoke of his pet, and desired to show it to them and tried to call it for that purpose, and failing to do so expressed fears that something had befallen it. Under such circumstances not every one would have come out with the story. Still, in my mind, that would have been an odd thing to have now done. Mr. Parker feeds the loss of his pet very keenly, and, also, that the men treated him very unhandsonly in not telling him frankly of the mistake they had made. So much has been said of this bird in the papers and, so remarkable seemed the case that a great many people have visited it, especially the past year, many going a great dis-

tance. While Mr. Parker made no charge for showing the bird, hardly any one would allow him to leave his work without compensation, and in some cases parties paid him liberally. I am told that he has taken as high as nine dollars in a single day, so that he is not only that of a highly prized pet but a pecuniary one as well. Mr. Parker has the sympathy of sportsmen, and I might say of everybody. It has, however, been a common remark that it was a wonder that the bird had never met with any mishap. It had become so tame that it would sit on the shoulder and take bits of food from the mouth of a stranger, and sometimes he was almost an annoyance to Mr. Parker when about his work. Subject as he was to fall a victim to some stranger at any time it seems really wonderful that he should have existed so long.

[We are glad to receive the above letter. It seemed hard to believe in the existence of any miscreant, who, knowing the facts, would have wantonly killed Mr. Parker's bird. All that has been published since the bird's death has, however, conveyed the impression that advantage was taken of his tameness to kill the partridge. We are glad that it was not so.]

FISH AND FROG SHOWERS.

I **NDORSE** fully your editorial note relative to the above. What "people say" or believe has but little weight in scientific reasoning. It is generally "believed" that a hair from the tail of a horse, put in water, though merely an empty tube, can become endowed with life and have conveyed to it, in some mysterious way, all the organs necessary to the life and existence of an animal of its class. But who has yet met with the man who can state that he has with his own hands accomplished or brought about this miraculous transformation? That has himself plucked the hair, and watched it as it lay unanimated on the bottom of the vessel for days; that has seen its first wriggle, its subsequent general motion or locomotion, and its first meal? No! No! It is only another "Barnacle Goose" story; and how finally this latter was believed in by "the people" at the time!

There is, however, more truth in the matter of "Fish and Frog Showers" but here, likewise, "the people" have exaggerated their proportion of the mysterious and ridiculous. If a whirlwind has been known to catch up and carry heavy objects for considerable distances, we can readily believe that smaller and less weighty objects might in like manner be carried to very much greater distances. The red ashes of volcanic districts have been known to have been carried off many miles from their original location; so also the pollen of plants. In like manner small frogs and fishes have been so snatched up by a circling wind, and distributed along the track of the storm. But such events are rare and local and hardly worth discussing. They are not "showers" for they do not come from the clouds, but are rather drifts, similar to sand and dust drifts. Small toads come up out of the ground thickly during showers, so do earth-worms, but these creatures come out to meet the rain and do not come down with it. In fine, sir, I am every day experiencing the little dependence that is to be placed in "popular belief," which is an argument as unsound as it is unscientific.

Montreal, Nov. 28th, 1881.

HENRY G. VERNOR.

SUGGESTION ABOUT ACCLIMATION.

The following letters explain themselves:
To J. M. LE MOINE, Esq., President Literary and Historical Society, Quebec:

DEAR SIR—As President of a Society owning an extensive collection of birds as well as on account of the efforts you have made to increase and protect the game of Canada and to popularize the study of Natural History, I beg to draw your attention to the splendid specimen of the English pheasant, black-cock and capercalzie, which I have sent to your rooms for exhibition. You are no doubt aware that the capercalzie is a northern species, a denizen of Norway, living on the top of pine and spruces as lofty as our own; you are no doubt also cognizant of this fact that the Duke of Sutherland and the Earl of Erye have succeeded in adding to the Scotch fauna these magnificent birds, which are now re-introduced and bred abundantly in Scotland. Will no sportsman take the lead in a movement to introduce this bird and naturalize him in Canada? Awaiting for an expression of your views,

I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,

A. WATTERS.

Quebec, 4th November, 1881.

To MR. A. WATTERS, Quebec:

DEAR SIR—I have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of this date, advising me that you have sent on exhibition to our rooms some remarkably handsome English pheasants, black-cock and capercalzie, as specimens of the art of Scotch taxidermists, and asking my opinion as to the practicability of adding to our fauna the splendid game bird known as the capercalzie. It is now some time since I pressed this very subject on the attention of some of my sporting friends. The efforts of Col. Rhodes to introduce here the European house sparrow, show what energy and hard cash can do, and I trust the same success will attend the Colonel's praiseworthy efforts and expenditure to add the Messina quail to our Canadian moors and forests.

I have a dozen of the Colonel's Sicilian quail at present in my aviary. The breeding season being over when I got them, and am awaiting for April to let them loose, in order to test Col. Rhodes' theory about this migratory species.

The capercalzie, without being as delicate a bird to eat as our ruffed grouse, from its size, would be a very welcome addition to our fauna. In Canada he would find a climate, haunts, food and protection similar to what he meets with in the pine forests of the north—in Denmark. It is worth while trying, if he can be naturalized here. I hope yet to learn that some public-spirited sportsman will undertake the introduction of the noble bird, the capercalzie, and succeed here, as has happened in Scotland.

I remain, dear sir, yours most obediently,

J. M. LE MOINE.

Rooms of the Literary and Historical Society, Quebec, 4th November, 1881.

With respect to the above, Colonel Rhodes, of Quebec, writes to the FOREST AND STREAM that the importation of Messina quail has not been an entire success. He has turned them loose at Quebec and at Tadoussac, and they have been freed at Sherbrooke and at St. John's.

Colonel Rhodes has seen two nests of quail, with nine eggs each, and one nest hatched eight young birds, which he saw just as they were born, but he never saw the young

birds again, so he concludes that they perished in the wet weather which followed. The Colonel is of opinion unless Messina quail can be turned out to hatch about the same time as the Canadian grouse (*Perdix*, viz., the first week in June—they will not raise a brood in Canada; and unless young birds can be raised, migration into the country in the spring need not be expected.

There is no doubt that these quail migrate in the autumn, as they remain about the farm until the first of September. The hen birds, when accidentally killed, are full of eggs, so the plan appears to be to place them in a climate where the young birds can grow to maturity, or to winter over a lot of quail and turn loose in the spring. This experiment Mr. Le Moine is now following, and we must hope he will succeed.

Colonel Rhodes is under the impression about 15,000 Messina quail have been turned loose in the North, and that no person has caught or killed one of these birds in the spring.

Game Bag and Gun.

A NEW JERSEY PARTY IN THE SOUTH.

CONCLUDED.

THANKSGIVING DAY proved moist in the forenoon, but it stopped raining about 1 p. m., and some fair shooting was done.

Friday was a better day. Mr. Pray, of the Kitty Hawk, on Rattlesnake Island, bagged 71 red-heads to his own gun, but he was largely helped by a double battery lying to the southwest about three-quarters of a mile, and the red-heads were driven toward him in large numbers. Capt. Bill Henry Walker and his partner Dixie in the battery gathered 102 brace red-heads, and 4 brace of wig-tails. The undersigned and partner on the same day killed a couple of geese, besides a score of common ducks. They style everything here common, with the exception of canvas-back and teal-boat. Widgeon, sprig-tail, mallard, black-duck and teal with us are considered fair ducks, but here they are of little account, some of the market men even refusing to shoot at them, especially when the other two are around. To tell the truth we (that is the subscriber) were glad to bag any of the above variety.

We had out five of Nye's wild geese decoys, but as they had not been used for a year they were very tractious, flittering and pulling at their straps continually, and when geese were in the air, instead of hooking and coiling their tallow buns down, like the trained geese of Bill Lane at Sun-cook Bay, they shut up as tight as the festive clam, and were as much after a while we took the old gander, and asked him down around a point out of sight of his fellows, and immediately we had noise enough, and had it been as good a day as the day before (they always say that, you know), we would have made a big bag.

Previous to this little arrangement of the big gander Dr. Burdett had killed a widgeon flying over our stools, and it had dropped behind us about fifteen yards and lodged in the grass. Some seventeen or eighteen geese were seen approaching to the westward, and our five decoys set up a hooping and popping which, though almost deafening us, Ah! that is the thing they'll fetch them this time. The long line of distended necks stretched out, and seemed to be lowering to us. Now they are dropping. We'll get a shot, sure. Just then increased terror among our decoys caused me to turn my eyes toward them, and I saw that they were indeed in a terrible state, their necks stretched out even with the water, cackling and thrashing about in what seemed to be an extremity of terror. A moment more a rush of wings and a dark cloud seemed passing over our heads. Upon looking up a monstrous gray eagle was seen scooting across our decoys. It was but the work of a moment for the doctor and your subscriber to raise, and let him have a couple of barrels (No. 5), and another one No. 2, with no perceptible effect, as he only went off screaming, but as he flew we noticed something drop and strike the water just outside our decoys. "The scoundrel has dropped a duck," I said. "Yes," replied the doctor, as he glanced backward, "the blasted pirate had my duck." The thief had come in behind us close to our backs and scooped up the bird. If we had only seen him at it, a seven-foot bird from tip to tip would, ere long, have graced the table of the Jersey City Heights Gun Club.

Saturday found the wind still in the north-east, the bay low and the weather warm. Great rafts of wild-fool, geese, swan and ducks of various varieties lay out on the bars. A south wind would fill up the bay and drive these birds for food around and along the points on shore. Several more gunners had arrived, and the tide had come in to all (19 in all) in the morning on Monday evening, showing the effect of a short "ad" of Nye's, in the FOREST AND STREAM, and there was a scramble very morning for the best points. Nye missed it largely when he allowed the Kitty Hawk Club to get possession of Long Point and Rattlesnake Island. They are really good points, and the best the Kitty Hawks have here, but Nye has yet several points equally as good, and better, perhaps, when colder weather comes; but he ought to have held to that one.

We heard of some of the clubs in New York were very much exercised lest some of the J. C. H. boys should shoot over some of their points. Let them rest their souls in peace, the J. C. H. don't propose to intrude themselves on any one's premises, and while your correspondent was there, Major B., with E. P., the secretary of the club, to back him, were too well posted in their duties to the club to extend any invitations to foreigners, no matter what the previous promises or indebtedness may have been. The Kitty Hawk Club have laid out a sum of money in the way of a station and further down, and they are entitled to all it is worth.

In the neighborhood of Van Slyke's are other clubs known more or less to fame. The well-known Currituck Club (Gen. Hancock, who was a guest here, had some good shooting at a point opposite us last week). "The Lighthouse Club," "The Crow Island Club," "The Palmer Island Club" and "The Monkey Island Club," all were buying powder in larger or smaller quantities, and they were excited and re-echoed to the 10,000 rds. the fire was on.

Sunday we were down at the landing (no gunning here on this day) listening to Capt. Bill H. Walker's stories—he is the big shot and best gunner in the bay, so said—when a large canoe was discovered coming across the sound. It proved to contain, besides the boatman, Judge Tuffs and Mr. Keeler, of Boston, members of the Monkey Island Club.

Being Sunday they had come visiting, also, I believe, to get a little corner for baiting their canvas-back grounds. As we wished to see what of the country we could and we learned that Monkey Island was only about four miles from Jasper Wharf, another famous fishing resort like unto Nye's, we made a bargain with the boatman with the very courteous consent of Messrs. Tuffs and Keeler, to take us over with them. So after dinner we bade good-bye to Mrs. Nye (don't her dear heart "I there are far worse nor she"—if you don't cross her) and Thos. Hall and your humblest avowed embarked. We left big-hearted, as well as big-bodied, Ben Payne, Capt. Johnson, Dr. Burdett and that practical joker, Al Heritage, waving their hats on the wharfs as we sped across the bay.

We found Messrs. Tuttle and Keeler most pleasant fellow voyagers. Upon reaching Monkey Island we were cordially invited to land and visit their club house, while the boatman changed our things to a lighter craft. We entered the club house. Ah! what a sportsman's home was here. We were introduced to the other two members of the club, Mr. Ricker and Mr. R. H. Bishop, of New York. The club has but four members, all bachelors, we believe, and men of ample means. They have an ample club house, large gun-room in the centre, with old fashioned wood fire-place; four bedrooms at the four corners. Only four persons are ever allowed at the club at one time. If one member is sick or cannot come, he telegraphs or lets the others know somehow and they cast lots who shall take a friend. They have ample out-buildings, dining-room, kitchen, cellars, etc., etc., and the best points for canvas-backs in the whole bay. And don't they take comfort, those four jolly souls! The club keep a record of all their day's shooting during the season or year, and it is a paying institution financially it seems. We were kindly allowed to look over their last year's work. We do not remember the number of swan, geese and canvas-backs they brought to bag, but each man's count for each day was faithfully kept; and besides the large number they sent North to their friends, the number they allowed their steward to send to market brought them \$651, while their expenses in all were but \$430, leaving a net gain of \$221; and they live well too. They are gentlemen who, we hope, may live long to enjoy their well-earned good things.

We reached White's in due time, found the water here as usual, and very poor shooting. Several gunners were on hand waiting for leading wind and a fair canvas-back fill of the bay and set the fowl flying. Mr. Sanders, collector of the Port of Albany, with his friend, ex-District Attorney for Albany County, Mr. Hotaling, had been there several days, but with the exception of one day, when they bagged 130 ducks, they had poor shooting, getting only some fifteen or twenty birds each day, which is called there poor business. We tried the snipe one day, but found it hard work. Looked over the several fine points Mr. White has when there is shooting, and six o'clock Tuesday morning found us howling across the bay for Nott's Island, where we took the dirty little "Cygnets" again for Norfolk, at which place, after that tedious ride through the canal, we arrived in time to take the steamer Virginia, of the Bay Line, for Baltimore. We regretted very much there was no Old Dominion Line boat until the evening of the next day, Wednesday. We had half a mind to stay over in Norfolk; but as the weather was yet warm, and we had a box of ducks, besides some geese and swan, that we wished to present to our friends, we were glad to get home as soon as possible.

There are three desirable routes to the shooting grounds of Currituck: 1. Old Dominion Line to Norfolk, then little "Cygnets" through canal and bay to Nott's Island, where if you send word in advance John White will meet you and carry you across four miles to his place; or go in Cygnets ten miles further to Van Slyke's. 2. After arriving in Norfolk by steamer you can take cars to Elizabeth City, then steamer Harbinger, a nice boat and very pleasant trip to town dock (this keeps a good history here), then across country six miles to Nye's. 3. Or you can go by cars to Baltimore and then by Bay Line to Norfolk, or continue on through the State by cars to Snowden Station and then across country seventeen miles to Nye's. This trip can be made, they say, from New York to Nye's in twenty-four hours, but I reckon it a rather hard thing across the sand seventeen miles. Many of the Currituck Club take this route. Our next venture shall be the Old Dominion to Norfolk, cars to Elizabeth City, then steamer Harbinger, or to town dock and Bridgeton, as it is sometimes called, then for a dollar across country six miles to Nye's. The Harbinger is a pleasant boat; the living is good, and the Captain is said to be "one of them." May we meet him next year. JACOBSTAFF.

THE MELLOW HORN.

THERE is nothing so sweet, soft and graceful to me, as the notes of a fine fox-horn, when sound'd by one who knows what he is about. There is as much individuality in the notes given by different horns as there is in the human voice. This is very much the case, also, with the report of shot-guns and rifles. I can tell the report of an instant of any gun I ever owned. This I have done upon a wagger. The horns purchased from the shops are generally an shamification from their inception. The best horns are homemade. Procure a fine taper horn, as straight as you can get it naturally; do not have it scraped too much; and do not have the mouth-piece too sharp, nor the hole in it too large. The best horns are not over ten or eleven inches long. They can be heard further when squealed; are mellow and sweeter every way. I have found that the skin off the fore-leg of a wild cat with a broken horn, and single-armed men, dressed in piers, down one-third of the horn and neatly fitted, keeps the horn from jarring, and is a good thing, and need not be unsightly. Hunting-dogs and horses, either of them, can have a beautiful gloss put upon their coats very quickly, when not in work, and otherwise in fine condition (when fitting for the bench or prize ring) if mixed with generous feed in quality and quantity (combined with accurate grooming) a small quantity of flax-seed, or better, flax-seed meal be given. The latter must not be rusty. R. M. CONWAY.

ONE-ARMED GUNNERS.—Several one-armed gunners have made themselves famous. Some time ago we recorded a plover-shooting man named Green, who had lost an arm. Visitors to Havre de Grace would be familiar with the exploits of Wm. E. Moore, who has but one arm, and is among the best duck shots of that locality.

TEXAS.—Houston, Nov. 23.—Ducks and snipe are plentiful quail and chickens very scarce in this locality, but water and mud make it unpleasant sporting. Out of twenty-three days of this month about nineteen of them have been rainy.—WANDERER.

2. Should the bird, when flushed, gradually rise and suddenly dart upward, look for him on the nearest evergreen to where you saw him last; but if he at once rises to the top of the tree and then shoots off like an arrow, don't waste time looking after him, for he is a strong flyer and is way to some distant cover.

3. Should the bird fly up to a steep hillside it will alight on the ground.

4. But if from a hill to the level below, then look for your game well up in some tall hemlock or spruce, standing firm and immovable, on a limb near the body of the tree.

5. If the bird flies from one hill or knoll across a ravine to another hill, it will alight on the ground.

6. When flushed on a side hill and it flies off to the left, it will alight on the ground; but if it flies away to the right, it will alight on a tree-top, or to the right into a low evergreen or dark covert.

7. If it flies down a ravine and you observe it turn to the left, look for it in a low thicket on the bank; but if it turns to the right, look for it in a low evergreen.

8. If it flies by the point of a knoll it will usually double around it, to the left, will seek some covert under the bank; but should the point be to the right, it will alight in some evergreen not high up.

Remember, the shorter the distance the bird flies before alighting the more ready he is again to take to flight. If he trees immediately after being flushed he will take the most prominent limb in view, and, unless your dog holds his attention, will be away when he perceives you approaching; but should he fly some distance and be well followed up by your dog at once jump and cry, he will select some large hemlock or spruce and alight on a limb near the body of the tree, hug his feathers close and stand as motionless as a knot.

Try to get a side shot at him as it is surer than a front or back one. When approaching, if possible get a tree between you and your bird. If there is no cover, walk along in a careless manner as though you did not see him and intended passing by, and when within range shoot the instant you stop or he will be off like a bullet, unless your dog is keeping his attention fixed on him by incessant barking.

I do not claim the above rules to be infallible, but have found them to be generally correct in the settled districts that I have shot over in Northern Vermont and the Canadas. The gun used should be a No. 2, and a better one, if a rifled grouse are, late in the season, very tenacious of cover, and often, after they are shot through and through, will fly a long distance before dropping. As to the breed of dogs for this sport, I would recommend the red collie; they are very intelligent, with good voice and fair nose, with light, foxy movements, which make them well adapted for this work—treating grouse. The young sportsman should try all fair wing shots, and as he occasionally is successful in bringing his bird down he will gain confidence and become a more expert shot and as he grows older will quite likely deny shooting rifled grouse otherwise than when on the wing.

STANSTEAD.

SHOOTING GROUSE ON THE WING.

SOMEVILLE, MASS., Dec. 7, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have just read the issue of Dec. 1, as is "sound as a nut" on the subject of shooting grouse on the wing, and I repeat it. Shoot at them on sight; let them have it, hit or miss. It seems as if this noble bird was possessed of something more than instinct, for if it is a possible thing for him he will surely put something between you and himself when he starts on his electrical trip through the brush. A bunch of brush, the top of a pine, hemlock, spruce, or a large rock, or even the butt of a large tree will answer his purpose; for I suppose he thinks that if he is out of sight he is out of mind. Now, my experience has taught me that it is almost useless to attempt to follow him with a "head," for long before I can take sight on him he has landed in Canada or some other place; and especially if it is a quartering shot to the right. When a partridge starts, I look to see which way he is going, and as they generally rise from the ground I throw my gun up to my face (instead of dropping it to the line of aim) and keeping both eyes open, shoot in ahead of where I last saw him. I am governed by the distance that he is from me as to how far ahead I shoot; but perhaps two or three times, if a quartering shot, as he has just started. His ring behind a tree-top or bunch of bushes is just what suits me, for when I see him going I know just what to shoot at. Now, although this manner may not be the best for open field shooting, I have faith to believe that there is none better for partridges in thick cover. What kept me back in the dark a long time was the use of fine shot. I used to shoot No. 8 and No. 10 at them, and in a while I would kill one when an open, straight-away shot offered; but how many, many times I have fired at them as they were going behind a tree-top, and would see the leaves and twigs fall. The shot struck just where I intended to have it, but the grouse would go on unconcerned as though there had been no shot in the gun; that is, apparently, but I have sometimes found them dead afterward. It is a self-evident fact that to cut down fifteen or twenty feet of bushes or tree-top, you must use heavy shot and plenty of powder besides. In the next place, it wants shot heavy enough to smash any bone in the bird after going through the brush, so as to drop them then and there, and not let them go away and die after long suffering, to be caught by vermin. After using fine shot a long time, I commenced using No. 4. The result was, that the first day I used it I killed four single birds dead in succession, and winged the sixth bird so that I soon got him, making five out of six. That converted me from fine shot for covert shooting. I now use a nine-pound, ten-gauge breech-loader, with 44 drams charge Lightning powder, and 1 1/2 oz. No. 5 chilled shot, and thence, to use the current slang, often literally "rubble to the racket" of IRON RAMBOLD.

HAVRE DE GRAVE DUCKING—Christiana, Pa., Nov. 23.—Since the 1st of November I have made many strolls for rabbits. Find them very scarce. Not one bird have I seen. I spent four of the first days of ducking at Havre de Grace with Broomfield and Collary. We bagged over seven hundred ducks, most all were of the red-head species. Black-heads were not shot. That is why "Hono" found them so scarce in market. They do not bring the price that the good variety bring, and gunners do not shoot them. They were, they were, they were, and so were blue-pate and blue wings. Black ducks were also very plenty. Canvasbacks would not dart to the boxes. The bushbackers got some, and stole lots of red-heads from the box-shooters. They should have a law passed to prevent its occurrence another season.—G. P.

DEER IN MASSACHUSETTS.

ALLEN'S, POCESSSET, MASS., NOV. 30.

THE open season for deer hunting closes with us to-day, and for the last three days little rest has been given to either dogs or game. As yet I have heard no estimate of the number killed, but I think it falls below the amount of last season. One man last year brought two hundred fresh hides, and he could not have got near all of the deer killed, as many are sent off whole.

A great many have been shot this season that could hardly have seen a snow storm in their lives, they were so small. It seems to me that a law which prohibited the killing of fawns, might tend to preserve the deer. Among the deer stalkers of Scotland the aim was not for hinds and fawns, but for stags. Killing these did not lessen the number of fawns in a season, and deer did not decrease as fast as where all are shot that are within range. Of the large number killed this fall very few are found with more than two or three points on their horns. A large number have no horns whatever; for does, and fawns too small to have any, are killed oftener than bucks. Fawns are often killed with the mothers, and one was shot near this village, the live weight of which was twenty pounds—no larger than a turkey cock. Sportsmen, while quailing, lower their gun without firing when the old bird rises from the cover followed by a half-fledged brood of young, the product of a second or third nesting. Why not spare the fawns as well? The hunter whose first deer weighs but twenty pounds has little to be proud of in the way of game.

The deer in this State are found mostly in the towns of Sandwich, Falmouth and Marshpee; a few may be found in Plymouth and Barnstable. Should the Cape Cod Canal be built, those in Plymouth would be isolated from those on the Cape. They used to be plenty in Plymouth woods till the fires burned over so much territory that neither foot nor cover was left.

The question of hunting with hounds has been ably discussed in the *Forest and Stream*. If deer hunting should be the only method, I have never heard of any jacking or torching. Still-hunting is out of the question on account of the dense thickets of scrub oak. The way with us is to surround one of these thickets and send in the dogs. I have known as many as nineteen men in one party, whose shares in a twenty pound deer would be a mouthful apiece.

MERKINS.

[We heartily second the suggestions of our correspondent that the killing of these fawns should be stopped. Such business is simply disgraceful.]

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I not only agree with you fully in your views as to the pigeon tournaments of State Game Protective Societies, but I foresee the disruption of the association in this State if the present programme at its convention is continued. The idea of an association for the prevention of game acting in concert will disgust legislators, and thus destroy the very instrument by which it is prepared to attain their ends.

I was one of the dozen men who instituted the association, and was its president, but I retired in consequence of the abandonment of its purpose of organization.

CHAS. H. HASWELL.

A STILL-HUNTER'S ADVENTURE—Molra, Franklin county, N. Y., Nov. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A report has reached here that a man by the name of William Merriek, of the town of Brandon in this county, was, while still hunting deer, on the 17th, in the vicinity of Deer River, shot at by some person and slightly wounded. Merriek's account of the affair is that he was following the trail of a deer when he found struck in on the same trail he was following, which he shot. A moment after he heard a noise in the woods to a little one side from where he was standing. He went to find out the cause, and came to a ledge of rocks having a cliff-like face on one side, and leaning forward to peer over he had hardly put his face where it could be seen from the base of the cliff, when a gun was discharged from that point, the ball passing along his cheek and through the rim of his hat, without doing any more serious injury than a slight scratch of skin on his cheek. The muzzle of the gun was so near his face that the powder blasted and burned it considerably. The discharge came so sudden Merriek was dazed or stunned by it, so that before he could recover to pursue or even observe his assailant the latter had disappeared and eluded detection. It is reported that the owner of the dog is known and conjectures are made as to the man who fired the shot. But as nothing that is reliable is known as yet, the name is withheld. Some of Merriek's neighbors, it is reported, think that the story was fabricated by Merriek himself, and that he was that he made up the above story to create a sensation. I am not personally acquainted with Merriek; therefore, will not express an opinion as to the truth of his story. I have only heard of him as being one of a number of still-hunters that hunt deer in that vicinity and make a practice of shooting all dogs that they find chasing deer.—ADRIAN ONDAK.

GETTING OVER THE FENCES.—The movements of a young city sportsman never fail to furnish amusement for his older and more sedate companions. His freshness and vigor in the morning create a laugh, and when he crawls along and wants to lie down after a few hours' hunting, smiles are exchanged at his expense. His manner in taking fences is characteristic. The first he reaches with one hand on the top characteristic. While the gun is held high in the air. The second fence calls out a leap which shows considerable less spring. The third is taken with one foot on the lower rail. The next is climbed over with a lively sort of a scramble. He sedately climbs the fifth, lies upon the next and rolls over it, sits a little while on the seventh, crawls under the top rail of the eighth, the middle rail of the ninth, the bottom rail of the tenth, hunts for an opening in the eleventh, and possibly refuses to take the next until he has reached the twelfth. His stretching himself full length on the ground for a while, and hunting, which commenced with a bold dash through all the rose-brier patches and thickets in the first few fields, is now confined to the cow-patches and open places, and he is willing to let his companions start all the game, or even to second any motion to give up and take to the roads, shame alone preventing him from making the proposition.

shoes are cut through at the toes and the bottoms of his trousers worn to fringe in the contact with the briars and twigs in his early rushes; his hands are bleeding, and the back parts of his knees feel very much like giving in; but let a rabbit start or a quail flush, and all the troubles are instantly forgotten, and he is as alert as his oldest and most seasoned companion, but as soon as the excitement is over he relaxes again and shudders at the thought of the next fence.—*ANON. ORK CAL.*

RANGELY NOTES—Raugley, Nov. 25.—Still-hunting thus far has not been satisfactory, the light falls of snow wholly disappearing or forming a crust, making it too soon. Soon after the first snow, some four weeks ago, D. T. Haines and Rufus Crosby, noted guides and hunters, who had been trapping near Arnold's Bog, started a caribou which the first named hunter wounded, but failed to get, owing to melting of snow. Since then they have shot a large buck with unusually fine antlers. Haines got in the first shot with Winchester rather high in the shoulder. The buck ran near Crosby who gave him a charge of buckshot, one of which entered the eye and brain, bringing him down. Last Tuesday Elmer Snowman, while hunting in company with the above named parties near the same place, shot a two-year-old caribou, shooting twice with a light sporting eighteen-inch .32 calibre rifle, hitting at each shot, grassing him while on the run. As it went the air is redolent of broiling steaks of said caribou. Thanks to the generous hunter who also brought me a share of the one shot by Messrs. Haines and Crosby. Last Wednesday was enjoyed by the local sportsmen in a grand hunt with seven on each side, explained by A. J. Haley and Charles Neal, Haley's side winning by thirty points in a total count of nearly five thousand. Sharp practice was charged by the defeated party, nevertheless I enjoyed a capital supper at the expense of the latter at the Oquossoc House. On the day preceding the grand hunt a party of a dozen or more with several dogs chased a three-footed bear till dark unsuccessfully. Bruin, though heavily handicapped, could take care of himself on a long chase. He had been hunted the two preceding days by a party of three and a dog.—WARFIELD.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES—Nov. 30.—The season thus far for upland shooting has been a total failure, as was prophesied. All our sportsmen going out from Philadelphia and choosing their grounds in New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, report equal scarce. Those who happened to strike the light of woodcock had sport, but this was but of short duration. We have not a new gentleman to start in December for North Carolina, where birds suffered less last winter. Duck shooting at Havre de Grace is moderately good. The fowl are fast learning the difference between a body of their own kind and a flock of stools or decoys, and do not give the shooting they did earlier in the month. Ten brant were killed at Barnegat and Tuckerton Bays last week.—HOMO.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN—Washington, D. C., Dec. 1.—Have just returned from a month's trip to Northern Michigan. Found game plenty in neighborhood of Reed City and to the northward. Had only one slight tracking snow up to Nov. 22, which lasted two days and was duly improved, about thirty deer being killed in that vicinity. The new Michigan law in regard to not shipping game out of the State is a dead letter, as venison is shipped to the little towns near the State line and taken across the line in wagons and re-shipped to all parts of the country.—T. F. E.

MASSACHUSETTS—Linu, December 3, 1881.—Birds are quite plenty along all the shores of Massachusetts now; mostly cut and old wives, some widgeon, and now and then a broad-bill. One of our gunners shot fifteen last Wednesday in an hour. An unknown man shot a white-winged teal on the marshes a few days since. I never saw one, but take the word of older gunners than myself. The geese are flying this week quite plenty, but fly too high.—S. M. S.

THE SHREANDOAH VALLEY.—Deer, "pheasants" (ruffed grouse) and turkeys are more abundant this year in the Shreandoah Valley than for a long time. It will really be those of your readers who are lovers of deer and turkey hunting to seek their ground somewhere in this valley. Your correspondent saw a letter from Wilcox Mills, Va., to-day, in which it is stated that quail were comparatively plenty there, notwithstanding the snows of last winter.—HOMO.

WOODCOCK NEAR HARTFORD—Hartford, Conn., Nov. 29.—On Tuesday, Nov. 22, a friend and myself killed several woodcock within ten miles of Hartford. They were large, fat birds, and in better condition than any I have seen this season. While I have occasionally shot a straggler later than this, I have never in twenty years' experience known so many woodcock so late as Nov. 22.—WM. M. HUNSON.

A CORRECTION—New York, Dec. 5, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In issues of Dec. 3 and 7 I advertised Greener Hammerless, 22, 608, as winner of Anybody Cup at the Westminster Kennel Club reception. I am informed I was mistaken as to the gun, and that it was a gun of another maker. I describe the correction to be made.—HENRY C. SQUIRES.

MISSOURI.—Columbia, Dec. 2.—Our game is usually plentiful, i. e., the smaller varieties—turkeys, prairie chickens, quails, grouse, etc., and to be prevented from killing the same in season or out of season, our sportsmen (?) would look upon as a restriction of their rights, and inconsistent with the freedom of an American citizen.—O. B. R.

A WHITE DEER.—Number Four, Nov. 23.—A white deer was brought out of the woods after a few days ago. It was all white but the head, which was the ordinary color. It was caught in the water after being driven by hounds.—MUSSET.

NEW BRUNSWICK—St. Martins, Nov. 23.—Game is very scarce here. Ruffed grouse nearly all gone. Caribou very scarce. Ducks have been plenty, but are now all gone south.—H. V. S.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY—Fort Walla-Walla, Nov. 9.—Sharp-tailed grouse are more plentiful than I expected to find them, and fair bags have been made.—C. BANDIER.

NEW JERSEY—Wenonah, Nov. 21.—As I reported to you last spring, the destruction of quails was almost universal in this region.—MILTON P. FIBBER.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

Table with columns for FRESH WATER and SALT WATER, listing various fish species like Yellow Perch, Rock Bass, and Smelt.

Not shall I leave thee unnoticed in my discourse, O Thymanthus (grayling), whose name is given thee by a flower; whether the waters of the Tieton there, or those of the pleasant Arctics a flower thou art.

ANGLING IN CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 15, '81

Editor Forest and Stream:

Angling as an art is fast increasing on this coast, and where one man indulges in the tackle, and practiced legitimate angling five years ago, I see are twenty now.

There is excellent angling in our bay for smelts, perch, tomcod, etc., and this is a favorite amusement of clerks and others who cannot go to the salmon rivers of the north, nor to the nearer trout streams.

Trout fishing in San Mateo County, in the Pescadero and Purisima creeks has not been good for some years, and the fishing in the Lagunitas, in Marin county, is almost a thing of the past.

WORM AND FLY-FISHING BY NIGHT. We take the two following stories from "My Life as an Angler," by William Henderson, a book published by W. Satchell & Co., London, which we noticed in our issue of May 5.

One evening in June, when seated by the fireside of the inn at Weldon Bridge, Charlie and I fell into a discussion on night fishing, with worm for trout in warm weather, and we agreed that it would be well to give it a trial and ascertain how far our views were correct.

The fact that the hook is so far below the surface, in proceeding only the waters where they fit causes our protective laws to be looked upon as of a somewhat venial character.

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One night when at Gernsack, in the Blackfoot Forest, a strange fancy took such strong possession of me that I felt constrained to bow to it. The night was pitch dark, and distant thunder gave the proverbial warning that all fishing was out of the question; still, mad as the idea seemed, I determined to make one essay in front of the hotel.

It would appear that a California salmon, arrived at maturity, has been taken in this State. Major J. W. Wilson, former President, now Chief Engineer of the Western N. O. Railroad, informs me in a letter of Nov. 25 that he enjoyed one on Thanksgiving Day, which was over twenty inches long, and weighed about five pounds.

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cluded that a passing stick had struck my hook. Another cast of the line, and there was no room for doubt, a heavy fish was pulling violently. It was long before the strength of the current allowed me to land my prize, indeed it was only by the lightning's flash that I could judge where or how to do this.

ANGLING LITERATURE.—Should any one be inclined to wonder at the fascination which this literature exercises over its votaries we would have him reflect that in the plain, almost rustic simplicity of the best books on the subject those charms of wood-land and river scenery which are so dear to the wandering fly-fisher are faithfully reflected.

WHITFISH TAKE THE FLY.—MIRA, N. Y., Nov. 30.—I noticed an article some time ago in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to whitefish taking the fly or bait. We have a fish in the lakes in the Adirondacks that is called whitefish.

THE CARP AS A FOOD FISH.—PHILADELPHIA.—Mr. Richard Holliday, of Queens Co., Md., has presented to Col. Hughlett, State Fish Commissioner, thirty-two German carp, raised by him for distribution in the Potomac and Wisconsin rivers.

THE LATE S. A. KILBOURNE.—In the window of the publishing house of Charles Scribner's Sons, in Broadway, we have noticed a fine crayon portrait of the late Mr. S. A. Kilbourne, the celebrated artist, whose delineations of our game fishes have so often been noticed in our columns.

FISH CULTURE. I have caught them in Chateaufort Lake many a time with a hook, and have frequently caught them with an angleworm when fishing for trout there. About the last of August, I think it was, they used to take the fly which we called the "shad fly," and we could take large numbers of them in this way.

FISH DISTRIBUTION IN NEW YORK. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 25. The N. Y. State Fish Commission are now ready to receive orders from any parties in this State wishing to stock public waters with salmon trout, brook trout, California mountain trout, black bass, rock bass, Oswego bass, yellow perch and bullheads.

CALIFORNIA SALMON IN NORTH CAROLINA. MORGANTON, N. C., Nov. 28. It would appear that a California salmon, arrived at maturity, has been taken in this State.

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I have other evidence of the presence of salmon in that stream, as they were taken and eaten last year. Major Wilson, however, is better acquainted with the fish than I am, and in a fresh state than most of our citizens, and his statement is more conclusive.

CARP IN TENNESSEE.—Nashville, Nov. 24.—Within the limited confines of a double bath-room your humble correspondent is confined, watching the faithful delivery of 1,500 German carp, received here this morning by Col. Geo. Ekers from the National ponds at Washington, D. C.

CARP FOR MASSACHUSETTS.—The result of the experiment of the Hodon Gun Club or Webster to stock the ponds in that town with carp will be watched with interest. The five cars received from the United States Fish Commission arrived safely, and the young carp will be kept in private ponds until they are large enough to be eaten by the pond and bass, which will be transferred to "Channingbamonyamony," or "Big Pond."

IMPORTATION OF TENCH.—On the 2d of this month Capt. Auguste Briand, of the French steamship St. Germain, presented to Mr. W. A. Conklin, Superintendent of the Menagerie at Central Park, New York city, twenty tench—Tench vulgaris. The fish had been twenty-five days from the ponds in France and the passage had been stormy, yet they were in good condition.

MORE CARP FOR NEW YORK.—Commissioner Blackford has received from Washington the second thousand carp fry for distribution in the State. The fry are now being hatched and are nearly exhausted. Mr. Wm. L. Allen, of Newark, N. J., has received from Mr. Blackford several lots for ponds in Morris county, N. J., which he has forwarded to those owning them.

DEATH OF A FRENCH FISH CULTURIST.—Mr. A. Colombe, Administrateur-Directeur of the Societe Anonyme Francaise, died a few weeks ago. The S. city is largely interested in fish culture in both France and Belgium and has a capital of 200,000 francs. It was to this society that Prof. Baird sent 100,000 eggs of the German tench in the winter of 1878-79, and other fish which have been received by the well-known Societe d'Acclimatation.

THE KENNEL. FIXTURES. BENCH SHOWS. December 14, 15 and 16, at Lowell, Mass., Lowell Dog Show. Entries close December 12. (has. A. Andrew, West Exford, Mass., Superintendent.)

FIELD TRIALS. December 10 (or immediately after the close of the National Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn.)—Pennsylvania Field Trials. Entries close Dec. 5 at 9 A. M. J. R. Stanton, Secretary, Pittsburgh, Pa. Address will be Grand Junction Tenn., after Dec. 1.

THE EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—II. (The report of the Trials last week contained a summary of the running up to Tuesday night and the result of the first heat. We give this morning a more detailed account of the running on WEDNESDAY.)

When the morning broke everything was enshrouded in dense fog, but as we left the dock, the sun broke through, and just before we reached the island, a nice breeze sprang up from the southwest, clearing us with prospects of a fine day.

We landed at 9:45, and Monarch and Lizzie were at once used off in the lot just east of the Club House. Monarch had been very sick the night before, but appeared to be better, although his work showed that he was far from being himself.

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THE JUDGES

were Hon. Jas. M. Thompson, Covington, La.; Col. Jas. Gordon, Fort Jones, Miss.; Marion Bankston, Amite, La.

ALL AGED STAKE.

ENTRIES.

Mr. George Smith, of New Orleans, enters red Irish setter dog Branch—(Plunkett-Steel)—4 years old. Mr. Chas. B. McGinnis, of New Orleans, enters Gordon setter—(Rupert-Whip)—5 years old. Mr. Jno. K. Reynard, of New Orleans, enters Llewellyn setter bitch Flossey—(Baker-Dash)—2 years old. Mr. J. W. Jackson, of Opelousas, La., enters red Irish setter dog Mark—(Thorstein-Thack)—3 years old. Mr. W. O. Percy, Thibodaux, La., enters pointer bitch, Dot of Dixie, solid red—(Hoyden-Whit)—2 years old. Mr. Edmond Odell, of New Orleans, enters pointer bitch, Queen, lemon and white—(Pat-Nelie)—5 years old. The dogs were drawn 1 run in the following order: Mark and Queen. Gordon and Vick. Dick and Flossey. Flossey and Dot of Dixie.

THE RUNNING.

MARK AND QUEEN.

The first brace down, Mark handled by Jackson and Queen by Odell, were thrown off in a swale, at 12:30. Both dogs went away slowly. The swale and unencultivated garden beyond were both drawn blank. Passing through a small cornfield they entered a stanch place. Mark refused to back and went in. Queen ordered forward the handler failed to find anything in front of her. In a cornfield beyond, Mark dropped on a point, coming suddenly down wind. Queen brought up, backed in good form. The birds were flushed by Jackson, and Vick by Odell. At the report of the gun, Queen broke shot and retrieved on her own. On being ordered on, Mark retrieved the other bird, but it had style, failing to deliver to handler's hand. Going on Mark flushed single bird in crab grass and dropped to wing. Two coveys having been flushed by Queen, the birds were taken back, and drew the sedge cover without a bird. Two birds were flushed in same cover by Jackson. A cottonfield, with crab grass cover, was now drawn. Both dogs pattered and seemed unwilling to work. Mark came to a point, but nothing could be found in front of him. Going back both dogs were right over two birds in a swale. Queen brought up, backed over a fence Queen flushed two birds in thick cover, and several others were either walked up by the handlers or flushed by the dogs. In a thicket of scrub oak Mark found and pointed a single bird, which flushed some time after the dog had established his point. The brace was then ordered up, and Mark declared the winner of the heat. Down 3 hours and 15 minutes.

GORDON AND VIO.

Gordon, handled by W. W. Titus, and Vio by Jno. B. Watson, were then put down in a cottonfield. Both dogs showed fair style and pace. In briars on the edge of the field Gordon drew to a point on a covey in grass and sedge. He was flushed before handler had time to get to him. Gordon dropped to wing. On being ordered on, he made a point on a single bird. Titus finished, shot, and missed, Gordon dropped to shot, Vio remained steady. Coming up a swale at full speed, Vio dropped suddenly on a beautiful point on a fresh covey. Gordon covered, and if there had been a pack of birds he would not have passed but failed to locate the birds which were in front of Vio and lay very closely. The birds were walked up by the handlers, but not shot at. Going on, Titus shot and killed single bird flushed by spectators. Vio broke shot and retrieved on her own, hitting badly. A bird was then flushed up and gun fired. Gordon sent to retrieve, did so in the most approved style, sitting on his haunches and delivering bird into handler's hand. Dogs ordered up, judges declared Gordon winner of the heat. Down 3 hours and 15 minutes.

SECOND DAY.

BRANCH AND DICK.

Branch, handled by F. P. Watson, and Dick by Jno. G. Watson, were put down in pine woods at 9:45. Going half a mile, Branch pointed, but when ordered on failed to find birds. A covey was flushed some distance away, and the dogs put down on scattered ground. Branch pointed a single bird, but Dick brought up to back, refused, went ahead and pointed same bird. F. P. Watson finished, shot, bird fell some distance away. Dick broke shot, but Branch remained firm. Ordered on, both dogs pointed a wounded bird retrieved by Dick's handler. Dick ordered to retrieve, did so in bad style. Branch then pointed a single bird, which flushed before him, the dog dropping to wing. Dick then made a stanch point, but moved up of his own accord. Neither dog showed much style or speed during the running. At 10:50, dogs ordered up to back, did so, but Dick was shot, but was allowed opportunity to back and retrieve.

FLOSSY AND DOT.

Flossey, handled by Reynard, and Dot by Percy, were thrown off in same cover at 11 o'clock. Flossey immediately found and pointed single bird, and Dot backed in good shape. Branch, brought up to back, refused. Reynard finished and killed the bird. At the report of the gun, Flossey broke shot, but Dot dropped. Ordered to retrieve, Flossey did so splendidly. The bird was then thrown for Branch to retrieve, which he did in a wretched way, mousing it fearfully.

Ordered on, Flossey dropped on a splendid point, the bird flushed, but Flossey continued to point, and Dot backed up to back and could be found. Going along, a gray fox, flushed by the judges, galloped away through the waving grass.

"Laird Ho" My Kingdom for a pack of hounds. We were all in the mood for a hunt, and if there had been a pack of hounds on hand, the Louisiana Field Trials would probably have been organized, or dissolved, into a fox-hunt. After an almost interminable tramp through the pine woods, Flossey found and pointed a small covey, which flushed before the judges came into view. Ordered to retrieve, Flossey did so in good style. Percy moved on, crossed a fence and located the birds. Reynard finished, and killed, both dogs dropping to shot. Dot ordered to retrieve, did so in very good style. Going after the scattered birds, Dot found and pointed a single bird on the margin of the bayou. Flossey came up to back, did so, but Dot was shot. She had passed Dot, and catching sight of her in the bushes, turned her head and backed with her tail toward the other bitch. Percy finished, but did not shoot. Both dogs remained firm. A bit further on, Flossey dropped on a point, but the judges ordered her to retrieve, which was done without flushing the covey. Brace ordered up, and Flossey given the heat. Down one hour and five minutes.

THE JUDGES

The Judges declared Branch winner of heat between him and Dick.

MARK AND QUEEN.

Mark best Queen. Gordon best Vio. Branch best Dick. Flossey best Dot of Dixie.

MARK AND GORDON.

Mark, winner of first, and Gordon, of second heat, were put down at 12:35, and worked up to the cover from which Flossey had been called up.

Gordon immediately flushed and dropped to wing. The dogs were then sent over the fence after the scattered birds. Inside the field Gordon pointed, and then moved on. Then, in a dense thicket, Gordon pointed a fresh covey from a log, and Mark backed. This was the first time that Gordon pointed on same bird. Ordered on, back dropped on a single bird, and Gordon backed. Jackson finished and snarped, having failed to put shell in his gun. Mark then pointed single bird, which was flushed, but not shot. Then Gordon dropped on a point, and Mark coming up, refused to back, but went ahead and came to point on same bird. Titus finished and killed, and both dogs broke shot, but dropped at command. Mark retrieved the bird very badly, refusing to deliver to handler. The bird was then thrown and gun fired, and Gordon to order retrieved it seawards artem. Going on, Mark flushed single bird. The brace ordered up at 1:30, Gordon winning the heat.

BRANCH AND FLOSSY.

Branch and Flossey, each winner in a preceding heat, were ordered down at 1:35. Branch at once came to point. The bird was flushed and shot, when Branch broke shot, but dropped at command. Flossey, who had to retrieve, did so fairly. Branch pointed "stink bird," and Branch backed to order. Keeses of half-hen was then taken for lunch. Dogs were thrown off in pine woods at 2:45. Here Flossey ranged splendidly, showing fine style and pace. Branch came to point on a covey, and held it for a long time while Branch was brought up to back. He refused, came alongside and pointed. Reynard shot and killed, and Flossey broke shot, but dropped to order. Ordered to fetch she retrieved the bird in a creditable manner. Going on, she flushed a single bird, but did not shoot. Branch then pointed a single dog dropped to shot. Branch then pointed single bird, which flushed after he had established his point. Soon after Flossey pointed single bird, and Branch backed her. Ordered to finish, Branch shot and killed the bird. Both dogs were unsteady, and showed disposition to break shot. Branch retrieved bird in bad shape. The brace was then ordered up, and the heat given to Flossey. Down 35 minutes.

SUMMARY SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

Gordon best Mark.

Flossey best Branch.

GORDON AND FLOSSY.

Gordon and Flossey were then put down to run for first place. The cover was the same—thin sedge grass, in pine woods. Both started at a rattling pace, showing good style and action. After a gas-on-place tramp for half an hour, Flossey pointed a single bird, and Gordon coming up, backed her in grand style. The bird was flushed by Reynard, but not shot at. Ordered on, Flossey came to another point on single bird, and Gordon backed. The bird was killed by Reynard and retrieved by Flossey. Gordon then pointed a single bird, dropping on his belly in the grass, and Flossey coming up pointed bird over his head. Titus finished and killed, both dogs being somewhat unsteady under the gun. To order Gordon backed to order, and Flossey backed to order. He pointed, but moved on, and roared the bird some distance, but could not locate it. The Judges, following, flushed the bird to one side. Flossey then pointed, Reynard finished the bird, but his gun failed to fire. The dogs were then ordered up at 4:30, and Flossey declared winner of the heat and best place.

GORDON AND DOT.

After consultation the judges selected Dot of Dixie to run with Gordon for second place. The dogs were thrown off at 4:40 on same heavy of scattered birds. Gordon pointed a single bird, which Titus finished and killed, the bird being retrieved by Gordon, and Dot then pointed "stink bird." Ordered on she pointed a covey in grand form. Arched and flushed, but not shot at. Sent after the scattered covey, the dogs came to a point simultaneously, fifty yards apart. The birds were flushed, but not shot at. Both again pointed in sedge-grass ten yards apart. Three birds were flushed, but not shot at. Gordon backed over same ground, Gordon pointed and pointed a single bird, which was flushed but not shot at. Gordon then flushed a single bird, and Dot, not to be out-done, followed suit. Night coming on the dogs were ordered up, after being down 35 minutes.

THIRD DAY.

Gordon and Dot were thrown off at 10:30, in open pine woods, with sedge-grass cover, and a few scattered birds. The dogs were then sent over the fence after the scattered birds. Inside the field Gordon pointed, and then moved on. Then, in a dense thicket, Gordon pointed a fresh covey from a log, and Mark backed. This was the first time that Gordon pointed on same bird. Ordered on, back dropped on a single bird, and Gordon backed. Jackson finished and snarped, having failed to put shell in his gun. Mark then pointed single bird, which was flushed, but not shot. Then Gordon dropped on a point, and Mark coming up, refused to back, but went ahead and came to point on same bird. Titus finished and killed, and both dogs broke shot, but dropped at command. Mark retrieved the bird very badly, refusing to deliver to handler. The bird was then thrown and gun fired, and Gordon to order retrieved it seawards artem. Going on, Mark flushed single bird. The brace ordered up at 1:30, Gordon winning the heat.

The brace was then ordered up, Gordon winning the heat and second place. Down forty-five minutes. After consultation the judges declared Dot entitled to third place.

FOR SECOND AND THIRD PLACES.

Gordon best Dot.

Dot best third.

NEW ORLEANS GUN CLUB STAKE.

ENTRIES.

Mr. John K. Reynard, of New Orleans, enters Spot, liver and white pointer—(Douglas-Dick-Vic)—1 year old. Mr. Chas. H. Fontaine, of Arcola, La., enters lemon and white pointer Hec—(Dasher-Dick)—1 year and 2 months old. Mr. J. W. Jackson, Opelousas, La., enters liver and white pointer Lorn—(Faust-June)—2 years old. The dogs were drawn to run in the following order: Spot and Hec. Lorn a bye.

THE RUNNING.

Spot, handled by Watson, and Hec, by Fontaine, were put down on covey of scattered birds at 11:30. Spot immediately drew to a firm point, but his handler failed to find bird in front of him. A cornfield was then drawn, and Hec flushed a covey in some briars on the edge of a yard. Crossing over, Hec dog pointed the same covey in the same place. Hec was flushed, but could not be seen by the handlers. Spot then found and pointed a single bird and Hec backed to order. The bird was flushed by Watson, but not shot, and both dogs charged to order. Working on, Spot pointed another single bird, which Watson flushed and shot at, but failed to kill. Both dogs were steady under the gun. A dead bird was then thrown by hand, and a gun fired. Hec sent to retrieve, did so indifferently. The same performance, with a fresh bird, was gone through with for Spot's benefit, when he retrieved the bird fairly well for a novice.

The dogs were then ordered up, and Spot declared winner of the heat. Down one hour and 45 minutes.

Hearing some rapid firing near by, the judges, thinking it was some of our party, went over with the dogs and handlers. They met a native hunter, who was shooting. He knew most of the crowd and hailed us with, "What the thunder are you fellows doin' out with all them switch-tail pointers?" "Goin' to kill every bird in the country?" "Old Fay here can just knock the tops off the whole lot of 'em, if he had his master, and always sets the tarral foot when he gets in company."

Fay was a superannuated specimen of a setter. His eyes were dim with age; his front knees sprung, and judging from certain "laid marks" on him, he was a dog of remarkably sedentary habits, yet Fay was like a single cat—a good deal better than he looked. Lorn was put down with Fay to work some of the wire edge off, before running with Spot. Fay immediately pointed a single bird. Mr. Bank finished, shot and winged the bird. Fay broke shot and retrieved in gallant style. I thought he had swal-

lowed the bird whole, but he brought him in alive. "You should teach your dog to charge, Mr. Bank," remarked one of the judges "Charge thunder!" said he. "You just shoot off a gun and you'll see how he charges; he will get to a bird by the time it strikes the ground, every time." Ordered on, Fay came to a point. The birds flushed and shot at, and Fay "charged" again over the hills and far away.

LORN AND SPOT.

Fay was then taken up and Spot put down. He soon pointed a single bird. Lorn brought up to back, went ahead of the other dog and finished. Watson shot and killed, and Spot sent to retrieve, did so badly. Ordered on, Lorn flushed a single bird. Spot then pointed. Lorn called up to back again, went ahead and finished. Watson shot and missed. The dogs were sent ahead again, both showing good style and pace. Spot pointed a single bird, which was flushed and killed by Dr. Young. Sent to retrieve, Spot did so in good style. The dogs were then ordered up, and Spot declared winner of the heat. Down thirty-five minutes.

Hec AND LORN.

Hec and Lorn were then thrown off. A large covey got up, whether flushed by the dogs or not could not be ascertained. Following the Hec, Lorn flushed, and Lorn two ducks in rapid succession. The handlers then agreed to divide honors, and to draw for the first and second prizes. Fontaine won first and Jackson second prize. The dogs were down fifteen minutes.

SUMMARY.

Spot best Hec.

Spot best Lorn.

Hec and Lorn drew for places, Hec taking second, and Lorn third.

FIFTY STAKES.

The puppy stakes were run near Arcola owing to the scarcity of birds on the grounds near Amite.

ENTRIES.

Mr. John K. Reynard enters Spot, liver and white pointer, whelped December 20, 1880. (Dick-Vic). Mr. G. S. Watson enters Dash, black setter, whelped May, 1881. (Dash-Di).

Mr. J. S. Harris enters Hec, lemon and white pointer, whelped July 14, 1880. (Hec-Di).

Mr. Edward Fontaine, Jr., enters Cliff, lemon and white setter, whelped May, 1880. (Dolb, dam unknown.)

Mr. J. G. Watson enters tip, solid liver pointer, whelped December 20, 1880. (Dick-Vic).

They were drawn to run as follows: Dash and Hec. Spot and Cliff. Tip a bye.

DASH AND HEC.

Dash, handled by G. S. Watson, and Hec, by Henry Fontaine, were cast off in open pine woods at 11:30, on a covey of scattered birds that had been flushed by spectators. Dash soon flushed a single bird. A field was then drawn blank. In a field beyond, the dogs were put down on a covey of scattered birds. Dash soon found and pointed a single bird, and Hec backed in good style. The bird was flushed and shot by Watson. Dash ordered on again pointed a single bird. The brace were then ordered up and decision reserved.

SPOT AND CLIFF.

Spot, handled by John G. Watson, and Cliff, by Fontaine, were then put down on same birds. Spot immediately drew to a firm point, but his handler made a false point. After drawing several fields and a long stretch of pine woodland, Cliff flushed a covey. Then Spot found and pointed a single bird, and soon after drew, and came to a point on a large covey. The birds were flushed by Watson, and shot at, when Spot broke shot. Sent to retrieve, Spot declared the winner of the heat. It was also decided that Dash had won first heat.

SUMMARY FIRST SERIES OF HEATS.

Dash best Hec.

Spot best Cliff.

DASH AND TIP.

Tip was then cast off with Dash in sedge grass cover, in an uncultivated field. Tip soon found and pointed a covey in good style. John Watson finished the birds, shot and killed, but Tip broke shot. Ordered to retrieve, he pointed dead bird, and then retrieved in good style. In the woods beyond, Dash came to a point on another covey. The birds were flushed but not shot at. Dash then finished three single birds in rapid succession, and chased. A bird was then thrown, and a gun fired, and to order Dash retrieved the bird in splendid style. The dogs were then ordered up, and the Judges declared Dash the best.

SPOT AND DASH.

Spot and Dash were then put down on a covey of scattered birds. Spot soon pointed single bird, and Dash brought up to back refused. Spot then pointed another bird. The bird was flushed and killed by Dr. Young, and Spot retrieved in fair style. Dash then pointed a single bird, and Spot backed to order. Spot then pointed a single bird, and Dr. Young and Hec killed, and Dash to order retrieved it. Ordered on, Spot pointed again and bird was flushed and killed. Then Dash pointed. The bird was killed by Watson and retrieved by Dash. The dogs were then ordered up and Spot declared winner of the heat. After consultation the Judges gave Dash second and Tip third prize.

SUMMARY.

Dash best Tip.

Spot best Dash.

Spot wins first, Dash second and Tip third.

PERSONAL.—Among the many good men and true we met at the Field Trials we will mention: H. M. Pathe, Geo. Smith, Jno. N. Reynard, Edward Odell, Chas. B. McGinnis and Geo. Wyclif, Han, of New Orleans; J. G. Watson, F. P. Watson, Henry Fontaine, Grandison Watson and John G. Curry, of Arcola; Howard Williams and Marion Bankston, of Amite; J. W. Percy, of Thibodaux, and J. W. Jackson, of Opelousas, and last though not least "Arch" Watson, the mighty truck hunter of Greensburg.

In conclusion I would say that the gentlemen composing the New Orleans Gun Club deserve great credit for the manner in which they have, in the face of so many difficulties, gotten up those trials. Success is sure to crown their efforts when such men as Odell, Reynard and Fontaine are at the fore. My thanks are due and I hereby tender them, to all those true sportsmen whom I was fortunate enough to meet at Amite.

DAM OF ST. ELMO II.—In our issue of Nov. 24, we spoke of the breeding of Prairie Rose as unknown to us. We have since learned that she is by Berghaus's Bake out of Whitman's Pearl. Prairie Rose won second in the nursery stakes at Nash ville in 1878. Rose is black and white in color, and is said to be highly intelligent, and was an excellent dog. She is the property of Mr. F. L. Sheldon, of Rahway, N. J.

CANINE FIELD TRIAL VISITORS.—We had the pleasure last Friday of looking over a number of canines just back from Robbins' Island on their way to Grand Junction. Among those who accompanied the Ewer, Geo. D. Dyer, and who are at this time in the Grange Dale, Dashing Monarch, Plantington, Daisy Laverack, Ferida, Jennie and Jennie II. With these there were Mr. Donner's Victory, by Ranger II, out of Star and St. John by Ranger out of a native bitch.

THE LOWELL SHOW.—We learn that the U. S. Cartridge Company have offered to the Lowell Bench Show a 6 h. Smith & Wesson revolving rifle, .32 calibre, with an automatic ejector, as a special prize for the best pointer in the show, open to all. Prospects for the success of the show are said to be excellent.

THE NATIONAL FIELD TRIALS.

(Special Telegram to Forest and Stream.)

GRAND JUNCTION, Tenn., Dec. 6, 1881. The meeting of the National American Kennel Club now being held here promises to be a great success. Large numbers of sportsmen, representing almost every section of the country, have assembled here, and the greatest interest in the coming contests is manifested on all sides. The place is admirably chosen for the running of the trials, and there seems no likelihood that, as was the case last year, the elements will interfere with the successful carrying out of the programme of the meeting. At present the weather is delightful, and from all that we can learn birds are to be found in great abundance on grounds chosen for the scene of the contests.

Many leading dog lovers are here, and all those assembled here look forward with high hopes to an agreeable meeting.

We have examined many of the dogs which are to compete, and certainly a finer-looking lot it was never our good fortune to inspect. Many of the cracks have made records for themselves in one place or another, and it is expected that when they meet, some marvelously fine work will be done.

THE DERBY.

Of the forty-eight entries for the second annual Derby of the National American Kennel Club, which closed April 31, fifteen qualified. These were as follows:

- Clarence K. Drane's Adair, black and white setter bitch, whelped July 1, 1880, by Pride of the South out of Cammie.
- Mr. P. H. Bryson's London, blue Belton setter dog, whelped July 22, 1880, by Gladstone out of Gips.
- Mr. D. Bryson's Bessie T., black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
- Mr. J. H. Dew's Glida, blue Belton setter bitch, whelped April 7, 1880, by Gladstone out of Floy.
- Mr. D. C. Sanborn's Gertrude, white, black and tan setter bitch, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Nellie.
- Mr. David McK. Lloyd's Mack Laverack, lemon Belton setter dog, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peersess.
- Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Lu Laverack, lemon Belton setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peersess.
- Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Pet Laverack, black and white setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880, by Thunder out of Peersess.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Clair, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Pollux, black and white setter dog, whelped May 15, 1880, by Dash III. out of Diana.

Mr. Clarence K. Drane's Dashing Novice, white, black and tan setter bitch by Dash II. out of Novel, whelped July, 1880.

Mr. E. F. Stoddard's Lady Friend, red Irish setter bitch, whelped May 7, 1880, by Bob out of Friend.

Harvard Kennel Club's Bess, black and white setter bitch, whelped May 24, 1880, by Dash III. out of Countess II.

Mr. W. B. Gates' Tom Paine, white and ticked setter dog, whelped June 4, 1880, by Gladstone out of Sanborn's Nellie.

Mr. Ed. J. Carr's Shadow, black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped Sept. 11, 1880, by Lincoln out of Daisy Dean.

These are a fine lot of dogs and promise to make the Derby of 1881 an extremely interesting event.

The drawing for the running resulted in the placing of the dogs in the order given below:

Mr. Clarence K. Drane's Dashing Novice against Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Pet Laverack.

Mr. E. F. Stoddard's Lady Friend against Mr. R. H. Bryson's London.

The Howard Kennel Club's Bess against Mr. J. H. Daw's Glida.

Mr. Ed. J. Carr's Shadow against Mr. Jos. J. Snellenburg's Lu Laverack.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Clair against Captain Patrick Henry's Adair.

Mr. David McK. Lloyd's Mack Laverack against Ed. D. Bryson's Bessie.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn's Gertrude against Mr. W. B. Gates' Tom Paine.

Mr. Edward E. Hardy's Pollux a bye.

FIRST SERIES.

The attendance on Monday, the first day of the trials, was swelled by the addition of a large number of late arrivals, so that the number of spectators on the ground when the first brace was put down was large.

DASHING NOVICE AND PET LAVERACK.

The contest between Dashing Novice, sixteen months old, and Pet Laverack, twenty months old, was very interesting, and beautiful work was done by both dogs. Dashing Novice, however, had the best of it, and was finally declared the winner of the heat.

LONDON AND LADY FRIEND.

The next brace put down were London, about eighteen months old, and Lady Friend, sixteen months old, London being declared the winner.

BESS AND GLIDA.

The contest between Bess and Glida was a superb piece of work, and excited a fever of enthusiasm in the hearts of all present. The two bitches were very evenly matched, and the contest was a close one, resulting finally in a well-earned victory for Bess.

SHADOW AND LU LAVERACK.

Shadow not yet fifteen months old, and Lu Laverack twenty months old, were now put down. This heat was not particularly noteworthy, though fair work was done, Shadow winning.

ADAIR AND CLAIR.

When Adair, seventeen months old, met Clair, eighteen months old, we were given another exhibition of most excellent work. The contest was a close one, but the victory at the last remained with Adair.

GERTRUDE AND TOM PAINE.

Gertrude, eighteen months old, and Mr. W. B. Gates' Tom Paine, her litter brother, were next cast off. The heat resulted in favor of the bitch, who won without much trouble.

SUMMARY FIRST SERIES OF HEATS.

- Dashing Novice beat Pet Laverack.
- London beat Lady Friend.
- Bess beat Glida.
- Shadow beat Lu Laverack.
- Adair beat Clair.
- Gertrude beat Tom Paine.
- Pollux a bye.

SECOND SERIES.

The running of the first series of heats had proved so interesting that great things were expected when the winners of the previous heats should come together.

DASHING NOVICE AND POLLUX.

The race between these two cracks, it was thought, would be a grand struggle. Dashing Novice had already shown on this ground what stuff he was made of, while behind Pollux was his record just made as winner at the Eastern Field Trial Derby. The expectations of those present were not disappointed, for the heat was a good one. Both dogs seemed to feel that much was expected of them, and their work was worth taking a long journey to see. Both showed good speed and style, but Dashing Novice won, though his victory was by no means an easy one.

BESS AND LONDON.

were now cast off, and after a short heat, the former won.

SHADOW AND ADAIR.

were then put down, the former winning.

SUMMARY OF SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

- Dashing Novice beat Pollux.
- Bess beat London.
- Shadow beat Adair.
- Gertrude.

THIRD SERIES.

The list had now narrowed down to four and the heats were run with the following result:

SUMMARY THIRD SERIES OF HEATS.

- Dashing Novice beat Bess.
- Shadow beat Gertrude.

FOURTH SERIES.

Dashing Novice beat Shadow without much difficulty, and therefore won first prize. After some consultation the judges concluded to let Bess and Pollux run in order to decide which should compete with Shadow for second place.

BESS WON.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

The following are the contestants in the All-Aged Stakes: Harvard Kennel Club, Bessie by Dash III, out of Countess II.

Mr. C. B. McGinnis' Gordon, by Rupert, out of Whip. Harvard Kennel Club's Dash III.

Mr. J. J. Snellenburg's May Laverack, by Thunder, out of Spyl.

Mr. H. Martin's Maxwell, by Luke, out of Rena. Harvard Kennel Club's Countess May.

Capt. Patrick Henry's Breckenridge.

Mr. George Knowles, Jr.'s Kinnikinnick, by Reed's Druid, out of Bessie Lee.

Mr. J. C. Higgins's Dashing Monarch.

Mr. Geo. G. Ward's Maud W., by Gladstone, out of Juno. Mr. A. M. Waddell's Lad, by Lincoln, out of Daisy Dean. Capt. C. E. McMurdo's Pindce, by Dash III, out of Doll II.

Mr. Wm. G. Best's Leta.

Mr. E. A. Givens' Minerva, by Lincoln, out of Nellie. Mr. J. R. Statton's Belton III, by Belton, out of Floss. Mr. D. C. Sanborn's Nellie, by Balton, out of Dimple. Mr. McIntosh's Biz, by Dash, out of Florence.

Mr. D. C. Sanborn's Count Noble, by Count Windeem, out of Nora.

Mr. J. R. Hendrick's King Dash, by Balton, out of Floss. Mr. E. Orgill's Rush, by Flake, out of Lilly.

Mr. Wm. A. Buckingham's Grouse Dale.

Mr. R. T. Vandervoort's Tom by Bang out of Peg. Mr. D. Bryson's Peep o' Day, by Gladstone, out of Clip. Mr. T. F. Taylor's Dashing Rover by Dash II, out of Norna.

Mr. J. O. Green's Trix, by Birkley, out of Ruby.

These were drawn so run in the following order:

DRAWN TO RUN.

Bessie against Gordon. Dash III against May Laverack. Maxwell against Countess May. Breckenridge against Kinnikinnick. Dashing Monarch against Maud W. Lad against Pindce. Leta against Minerva.

Belton III against Nellie. Biz against Count Noble. King Dash against Rush. Grouse Dale against Tom. Peep o' Day against Dashing Rover. Trix a bye.

BRACE STAKES DRAWING.

The result of the drawing for the Brace Stakes was as follows:

Count Noble and Nellie. King Dash and Belton III. Dashing Monarch and Grouse Dale. Countess May and Dash III.

There is a very large attendance of sportsmen, representing different parts of the country. Birds are scarce, but the work done is fair. The weather is hot to-day, with a rain storm threatening. The Pennsylvania Field Trials Stakes are filling well.

At a meeting of the National American Kennel Club in the evening, Capt. Patrick Henry was chosen President, with Messrs. Luther Adams and J. J. Snellenburg, Vice-Presidents; Mr. D. Bryson, Secretary and Treasurer. Executive Committee, Messrs. Theodore Morford, D. C. Burgenhall, E. C. Nichols, M. C. Campbell, and Major J. M. Taylor; Board of Appeals, Messrs. C. H. Raymond, Anthony Higgins, T. C. Martin and Dr. Jno. Fowler, Jr. Committee on Rules, Messrs. J. J. Snellenburg, C. B. Whitford, and Patrick Henry.

It was voted to hold the trials of the Club here next year if the birds are then plenty.

GOOD DOG STORY.—The following clipping is from the Boston Journal of Nov. 30. If true, the story is most remarkable: "Mr. C. D. Daggett, of this city, is the owner of a little Scotch terrier about ten years old, which has given proof of the possession of something greater than instinct. On Monday morning the dog disappeared and nothing was heard of it until yesterday morning, when Mr. Daggett received a postal card from the Homeopathic Hospital on West Concord street informing him that on the previous evening the dog, which wore a collar bearing the owner's name, had presented itself at the dispensary with a broken leg. On asking for his dog Mr. Daggett learned that the little creature got to the hospital at about five o'clock and barked at the door until admitted. When it was found that he had a broken limb the matter was taken in charge and proper surgical attention was given, the dog being promptly admitted. The question arises as to how the dog, which is not known to have been at the hospital at any previous time, happened to go there on this particular occasion."

TRAINING VERSUS BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. V.

WHAT is more pleasing to the eye of the sportsman than the evolutions of a well-trained dog as he systematically quarters his ground? With what satisfaction and pleasure we gaze upon his graceful motions as with head high in air he gallops across the wind, ever turning at the signal on the promptings of his own good judgment, and crossing just in front covers the whole ground! Pardonable, indeed, is the pride of the sportsman who possesses such an animal, for well we know how rare it is to see this performance in perfection.

Many dogs seem to possess a sort of instinct for this, and without any special training will quarter their ground very fairly; while others appear to have no inherent sense of the matter, but will beat straight ahead in whatever direction they are started, and neither turn to the right nor left, no stop until they find scent, or are recalled by the whistle. Should your pup prove to be of the former class, thank your lucky stars for the kindly fortune; but relax not your efforts to so train him that his performance shall be faultless. On the other hand, should he display no aptitude for this, do not despair, for with proper training he can be taught to acquit himself very fairly, so well, in fact, that his performances will compare favorably with those of a large majority of other dogs that he may meet in the field.

Before commencing his lessons in quartering your pupil should walk around the building of the word "On," and readily move forward on hearing it. He will also have acquired some knowledge of the meaning of the motion of your hand as indicating the direction that you wish him to take from the practice that you have given him at "To ho." For when you have thrown the piece of meat for him to point, he has noticed that this motion is invariably in the direction that he saw the meat thrown, and as he is possessed of reasoning faculties of no mean order, he has figured it all out as has arrived at correct conclusions in the matter, and you will find upon trial that he will readily start in the direction you wish him to take at the first word of "On."

While instructing him in this branch of his education we may as well improve the opportunity to get his head in the air where it belongs, for when we get in the field with him we shall find this accomplishment to be very desirable; indeed, I always adopt this plan from the first in his practice at "To ho" unless he is naturally high-headed; and even then it can do no harm. You must be sure that he is well adapted to the lesson, and should be taught before you attempt to teach him this. Then when he is very hungry take him into a large yard, or a still better into some open field, where he will be free from interruption by any one, and having provided yourself with two kinds of meat (as mentioned in his first lesson at "To ho") and also with two or three sticks about two feet long and as thick as your finger and sharpened at each end, you are ready to commence operations. You should always enter the field from the leeward side as in actual hunting; and after making your pupil charge, you will walk away from him about twenty yards. Do not go directly up wind but diagonally across; thus if the wind is west you will go to the northwest or southwest, as you may prefer; and after impaling a piece of meat upon the end of one of the sticks, set the other end in the ground just firm enough to remain in position. I think that it is better to set it in a bunch of grass or low bushes, that it may be hid from his sight, as it is time to teach him that he must depend upon his nose. If there are any bushes, you can easily carry with you a few leafy twigs or if in winter a few bare twigs, and then knock down one or two in front to hide it from view. In this way you may have one or two more pieces at some little distance from the first one and also from each other, taking care to put them so that you can work up wind toward them, and be sure that you do not forget their location.

Now return to your pupil and praise and pet him for his good behavior in remaining quiet, and reward him with a bit of the same kind of meat that is on the stick. After he has eaten it, and is intently watching for more, take another piece of the same kind and let him smell of it; and then make him lieve throw it in the direction that you wish him to go, which should be at an angle from the meat upon the stick; thus, if the stick is northwest from you, make the motion toward the north, which will take him across the wind and also bring him near enough to the meat to smell it when he gets opposite it. Carefully watch him and the very instant that he strikes the scent you must make him "To ho"; then walk up to him and praise and pet him, but make him hold his position while you advance and pick up the stick and take the meat there; then return to your pupil and put it in your pocket, taking good care to have a good view of the whole performance. Now abundantly reward him with praise and give him a piece of the other kind of meat to eat.

After a few moments' rest you can proceed to give him the next piece in the same manner, and if he shows no sign of weariness you can continue to the third. Beyond this I do not think it advisable to go at the first lesson, nor even so far if he shows the least sign of having had enough of it. Indeed, in all his lessons and practice it is much better to stop far short of satiety than to weary and perhaps disgust him with too long continued application. Your own good judgment will generally tell you when to stop, and you will find that five minutes, or even one minute's practice, that leaves your pupil in a happy frame of mind induced by the bestowal of your well merited praise is much better than an hour's that finds you both fatigued out and disheartened by the failure to accomplish satisfactory results. We have learned by experience that the shorter the time devoted to his lessons the better, provided that he is practiced every day several times if you like, and a satisfactory performance of his task obtained.

After a few lessons of this kind, if he goes through the performance in a satisfactory manner, you can venture a little further and try him with a turn by making the motion in the wrong direction. Be very easy and go careful now, for much depends upon starting right. When all is ready wave your hand in just the opposite direction from the one that you have been accustomed to, and when he has taken two or three strides, sound the two short notes with your whistle, and at the instant he turns his head toward you, wave your hand in the other direction and proceed as in former lessons. Should he be both to turn, you must use good judgment and get him used to it without getting him discouraged; perhaps by making him "To ho" when he refuses to turn, and then sending him in the new direction you will get safely over the difficulty. But it is seldom that you will have any trouble with your pup in this respect, for you will have had several thoroughly instilled into his mind that he must obey. You have often been surprised to see how readily our pup would

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and please their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate observation, investigation and research. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and pisciculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fisciculture," edited by a practical and well-known pisciculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family centre-table, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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The Kennel

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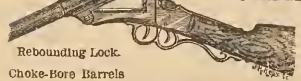
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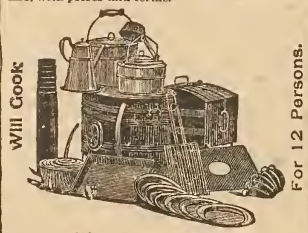
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Fig. 1

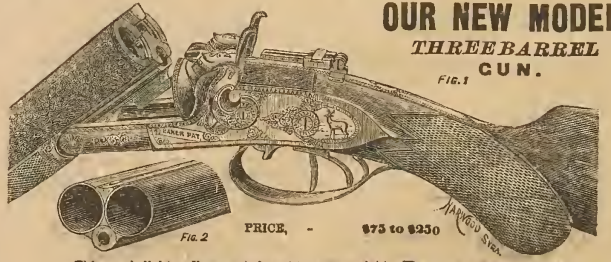


Fig. 2

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ROD AND GUN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 15.

A DISGRACE TO JOURNALISM.—We have never felt called upon to notice the malicious attacks, which certain journals have from time to time made upon the FOREST AND STREAM, or upon individuals connected with the paper. This course has proved so satisfactory that we propose to continue it. We are impelled to make a single exception to it now by our indignation, which all who know the facts share with us, at the nature of certain articles, published as leading editorials, in a New York sporting paper. These articles have been onslaughts upon the character of one individual—he a sick man, on his dying bed. We make this simple statement, that the facts may be understood by the friends of the assailed man and by the public. There is no need of comment. If their own consciences have not already told them, we shall not attempt the unwelcome task of showing the authors of these gross attacks that their impotent attempts to blacken the reputation of a dying man have been outrageously indecent, as brutal as indecent, and as cowardly as brutal—a disgrace at once to journalism and to mankind.

AN ADDED INTEREST attaches to the story of the "Hinkley Hunt of 1818," given last week, from the fact that Garfield's birthplace was just eighteen miles east of the hunting ground; and at the time of his birth the country was still a howling wilderness.

THADDEUS CRANE BANKS.

AFTER a lingering illness, Thaddeus Crane Banks, Business Manager of this journal, died of consumption at his residence in Brooklyn, Wednesday morning, December 14.

It is with the profoundest sorrow and a sense of personal bereavement that we make this announcement. To all in this office, Mr. Banks was much more than a business associate; he was an intimate personal friend, for whom, during the years of our business connection with him, we had come to feel the warmest affection. This feeling had become deepened and intensified by our solicitude for him during the past weeks, after it had become only too evident that his death could not be long averted.

Thaddeus Crane Banks was born at Danbury, Conn., January 5, 1829; and was therefore at the time of his death almost fifty-three years of age. Like so many other successful newspaper men, he had, before entering the publishing world, already achieved a decided success in other fields of labor. He was by profession a dentist, and for more than twenty years held a very high place in his profession in this city. With the unremitting devotion to his work, which was characteristic of the man through all his life, he applied himself so closely that his over-taxed constitution gave way, and his failing health obliged him to surrender the place of distinction which he had attained, and to abandon for the time his office work. He removed to Wallingford, Conn., where he soon won the respect of his fellow-citizens by the public spirit which he displayed; and he was twice sent as representative of his district to the State Legislature.

In 1871 he undertook the business management of the *American Sportsman*, and began its publication at West Meriden, Conn., the editor being the late Wilbur F. Parker. Mr. Banks remained with the paper after its removal to New York, where it was published as the *ROD AND GUN*. In 1877 when the *ROD AND GUN* and the *FOREST AND STREAM* were combined, he continued in business control of the paper; and held the position up to the time of his death. He brought to the exacting demands of newspaper life great business energy, with an unwavering devotion and enthusiasm, which compelled success in whatever he undertook. It is very largely to the untiring labors and the business ability of T. C. Banks that the present position of the *FOREST AND STREAM* is due. His whole thought was given to the paper and its welfare. During the last months of his life, although wholly unfitted for any work, he came daily to the *FOREST AND STREAM* office, overcoming by his determined will-power the weakness of his condition, and through his interest in the paper keeping up his strength and courage. His patient face and silent, gentle bearing among us, touched the hearts of all who saw him, and prompted, almost unconsciously on our part, a feeling of tenderness for our friend.

Mr. Banks had traveled extensively over this country and abroad; and was widely known in newspaper circles, and among public men. He had hundreds of warm personal friends who will mourn his death.

The funeral will be held from his late residence, 453 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, next Sunday, Dec. 17, at 2 P. M.

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY (George J. Coe, treasurer, No. 123 Broadway) has issued its annual appeal for Christmas-time contributions. The appeal deserves, and we trust may receive, a hearty response.

DOG TRAINING.—The sixth chapter of the regular series of articles on this subject now running in our Kennel department is unavoidably deferred until next week.

THE FIELD TRIALS.

LAST week we gave our readers a synopsis of the running at Robbins' Island, from Wednesday morning to the Friday. The weather was all that could be desired, and much better than the most sanguine dared to hope for. The attendance, while not so large as we had expected, was very fair, and composed of well known sportsmen from all parts of the country. The character of the work performed by the dogs was, in many instances, superior to anything of the kind that has ever been witnessed at Field Trials in this country. The handlers, with one or two exceptions, worked their dogs in an artistic, as well as sportsmanlike manner; in fact, to our eyes, they were ideal sportsmen, who appeared to be not only conscious of the faults as well as the merits of their own dogs, but who could also see, and were quick to acknowledge, superior merits when shown by their competitors. In very many instances the one who lost the heat would be the first to indorse the decision of the judges.

The Derby brought out a rare lot, and never before, in this country, were so many young dogs shown whose performances would show so high an average. The All-Aged Stakes had many starters who had before appeared in public, as well as a number of new aspirants for fame, and the quality of the work shown would in many instances compare favorably with that of any previous meeting. The judges were particularly fitted for the position, and more competent and fair minded gentlemen it has never been our good fortune to meet. Upon the whole, the meeting was a very successful one, and we congratulate the Eastern Field Trials Club upon the abundant success that has crowned their efforts. We were not a little disappointed that the Members Stake—which should have been the prominent feature of the meeting—did not bring out a larger number of competitors, and after witnessing the magnificent heat between Brock and Bessie, we were more than ever convinced that this event—if properly supported—would do more to popularize these Trials than all the other stakes combined, and we trust that the next meeting will show at least twenty-five starters to compete for the honor of winning the Members Stake.

Of the Louisiana Field Trials not so much can be said. It was the first meeting and the entries were but few in number, and the character of the work was as a whole by no means remarkable. With two or three notable exceptions, the dogs run failed to distinguish themselves. Gordon, however, owned by Mr. McGinnis, has since made for himself an honorable record as the National Trials, and there were other good dogs shown at Amite and Arocla.

The National Trials have brought out what we may call the very best canine talent in the country, and the work done at Grand Junction appears to have been in all respects worthy of praise. Dashing Novice, Boss and Shadow in the Derby, Peep o' Day, Nellie, Breckenridge and Lad in the All-Aged Stakes are all good ones. King Dash liss not now to make his reputation as a field dog, nor has Bolton III. The Pennsylvania Trials opened on Monday, and with every prospect of being successful. We refer our readers to our Kennel columns for details of the running, which is still in progress. Next week we shall give details of the heats throughout.

REAL OFF-HAND SHOOTING.—The letter from a Worcester rifleman, published last week, represents very fairly the opinion on this whole question of short cuts to high scores. There is too great an ambition to see high figures, and not enough care to see that these stand for excellent personal endeavor. The Englishman who shoots at 200 yards lying on the ground has no right to compare his score with those made on our rifle ranges, where the men stand erect; and so, in only a smaller degree, the score of a man who shoots with the left arm free of the body should take precedence over a record made with the hip-rest. We want a test of men in rifle shooting, and not a gauge of how far clever trickery has been made available.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.—We have received from the Earl of Dunraven a communication in reference to his experience with the Nova Scotia game laws. The letter reaches us too late for insertion this week; it will be published in our next issue.

VICIOUS MILITARY PRACTICE.

IN his work of securing a team of American military shots to compete with the English volunteers at Wimbledon, General Wingate is meeting with some difficulty. It does not seem to be one of men nor of means, but of rifles. Under the delusion that big scores in matches meant good marksmanship, those who shoot military rifles have been gradually turning them into mere shooting machines. Chambers have been lengthened to admit cartridges with heavier charges of powder, special ammunition and special bullets have come into play; trigger pulls have been toned down to nearly the hair trigger point, and then to meet the trials of a balling wind, there have been fine foresights and wind gauges added, until the rough and ready military rifle has become admirably adapted to the production of big scores and as thoroughly unadapted to the wear and tear of a camping life. The men have found that the use of a wind gauge on a rifle was a ready way of receiving high scores, and now when they are brought face to face with the English regulations, which require an untampered military sight, there is a disposition to shuffle out of a match with the English Volunteers.

This is not a desirable position for an American rifleman to find himself in, for the proposed match with the Englishmen entirely out of the question, it shows that our system of practice is defective. Such practice as we have been having is of next to no value in giving our men the drill necessary to make them efficient in the varied circumstances of a soldier's life. Of what use is it to stop at the mere permission to alter the sights? Why not permit more weight in the gun? Why not extend the license of tampering into the fixing of telescopic sights? Pistol-grip, too, would help the piece, if the making of good target records were all that was to be required of it. In short, the weapon may be made such an excellent machine for manufacturing bullseyes as to be useless for any purpose in practical warfare. In how many cases would a soldier find himself so circumstanced as to be able to bring his wind gauge into use? The enemy is not a fixed iron slab at a known distance, and sighting shots cannot be had. Snap shooting is required, and unless the practice on the range leads to excellence in that style of marksmanship, it is little more than a sort of useless sport, very entertaining for those engaged in it, very healthful, but very aimless.

The British rifleman has been falling into short cuts to high scores, and the sight of a soldier standing and shooting from the shoulder is something of a rarity on Wimbledon Common; still there is more reason in this innovation on range practice than in our American falling of turning out big scores at the sacrifice of the very foundation purpose of all work before the butts—the making of men able to hit anything at any rifle range, and to do it on call too.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST,

NINTH PART.

NEAR the head of Jervis Inlet and hidden by lofty mountains, which on all sides wall it in, lies Princess Louise Inlet, the gem of all the beautiful inlet country. Bute is grand and majestic, Loughborough is picturesque and charming, and Jervis combines the beauties of both, but the scenery of Princess Louise surpasses that of any of the others. Its entrance is but a few yards in width, and, except at high and low water, the tide rushes along between the stern walls of granite in a rapid of great swiftness. The entrance passed, we caught a glimpse, on either side, of towering hills, and then plunged at once into a twilight, rendered more obscure by a thick white mist which hung low over the water. Out in the main inlet the sun had been shining bright and warm, but here we were in a gloom almost like that of night. Although we were passing along close under one of the banks of the inlet we could not see the trees, whose branches stretched out over the water above our heads, but moved blindly along almost within our length of the shore. The sun does not penetrate this narrow gorge until it is high in the heavens, and there was something very solemn in the darkness and utter silence of the place. The men seemed awed by the strangeness of the situation, and only occasionally spoke, and then in suppressed tones. No sound was to be heard except the regular dip of the paddles. For perhaps an hour we moved on through this mist, and at the end of this time a sudden brightening of the sky above us showed that the sun's rays were beginning to dissipate the gloom. The mist rose slowly, and there appeared, first, the trees on the beach, then, immediately back of them, the piled up rocks which formed the talus at the foot of the precipice, and at last, as the clouds of vapor rolled higher and higher, like a gigantic curtain, the black vertical cliffs and the snow-clad peaks of the mountains. Smooth as a polished mirror, and like a mirror reflecting with unvarying fidelity the towering heights about it, the inlet was suddenly spread out before us, and its wonderful beauties, heightened by contrast with the recent obscurity, were unfolded to our appreciative eyes. No word was spoken for some little time. The Indians stolidly continued the movements of their paddles, but those of the white men were idle. Immediately before us was a wide basin, which we were entering from a channel less than a quarter of a mile in width. An unbroken line of snow, here close at hand and there miles away from us, patched toward its lower border with occasional masses of dark green or gray, surrounded us to the

north, south and east. Nearer the water's level were the sombre grays or browns of the mountain rock, dark and forbidding. Still further down the slope, the scanty and ill-nourished timber grew in scattering clumps, or by single trees, reaching to the verge of the sheer precipices that overhung the water's edge. To the south and to the east the hills rose sharply and continuously, there being no opening between them until the snow level was reached, but toward the north-east this wall had been broken down, and a wide, but precipitous, valley, the ancient bed of a tremendous glacier, stretched away for miles toward the snowy heights of the interior. Down this valley, among, over and under enormous rock masses, whose harsh and rugged outlines were softened by no appearance of verdure, poured, in a series of foaming falls, a large river, the course of which could be traced far back toward the heights. Here it became no more than a delicate white thread, and at length it was impossible to distinguish it from the snow drifts which were to be seen in every ravine. Still further toward the north, the mountains again become precipitous—overhanging precipices rise from the water's edge, and the rocky slopes which surmount them bear a few trees. Above, extensive snowfields stretch away toward Mount Albert, showing here and there through their whiteness the sky-blue color of some ice river slowly plowing its way down the slope. The rugged and massive peaks of Albert stand clearly out against the blue background of sky, and are flanked by others, not so high but equally impressive. A bare needle of granite rises to the east of the main peaks nearly to the same height which they attain, and still further to the east a towerlike mass, its turrets ornamented with dark green spruces, attains an almost equal altitude.

The enormous cliffs, under whose shadow the canoe passes, are patched with lichens of various colors, so that sometimes the granite looks as if it had been painted. One of a vivid canary yellow, seen on the lower side of the overhanging rocks, catches the reflection of the sun from the water, and brightens the rock to a likeness of hammered gold. Trickling from narrow crevices, the water has carried out iron solution, and given to the granite beautifully shaded tints of yellow, red and brown. Here and there a pale green fern has thrust its roots into a seam in the rock and has spread out its feathery frondage before the cold gray background. Mosses of rich brown, gold color, and velvety green grow wherever they can gain a foothold; the brilliantly-colored rock crevices with its tiny rosettes the cold, hard stone, and the delicate *Campylopus*, undismayed by its arctic surroundings, waves its bells cheerily in the passing breeze. Just here at least there was no want of color. But as a whole the scene was one of forbidding harshness. The absence of any considerable masses of vegetation, the cold gray of the mountains, the presence everywhere of ice and snow, give to the whole an unspeakable sombreness and gravity. Everything is cold, hard and repelling. There is no warmth, no brightness, and but little life—and yet I think Princess Louise Inlet the most beautiful spot in the world, in its own peculiar way.

The inlet is about four and one-half miles in length, by less than one-half in average width, being narrowest near its mouth and widest at its head. In general terms it may be said to resemble more nearly in its essential characters some of the Norwegian fjords than do any of the other inlets of the northwest coast which I have visited; yet it differs from the fjords of Norway in that from it you have constantly in sight snow and ice-covered mountains.

Like all the others, this inlet was formed by glacial action, and the traces of the ice river which cut this deep channel in the solid rock of the mountains are still plainly visible. During the ages which immediately followed the close of the Tertiary period the whole of northern North America was covered with an enormous ice sheet thousands of feet in thickness. The whole of British America, a considerable portion of the Rocky mountains, all New England and a very large portion of the middle States were for ages buried beneath this frozen mass. In the White mountains the upper surface of this stupendous glacier was at least 6,000 feet above the sea level, while still further to the northward, it is estimated that it was not less than 13,000 feet in thickness. This enormous mass had a general slant, but more or less constant, motion southward—a motion permitted by the now well-known plasticity of ice, and due to the constant pressure of the mass behind. The movement was to the southward, because there the ice was constantly melting and disappearing, while to the north it tended constantly to increase in thickness. To the north there was no escape, for its movement in this direction was blocked by an unyielding ice mass which became more and more thick and immovable as the Pole was approached. Urged on by this ever-increasing pressure, the ice sheet moved steadily southward, creeping up high mountain slopes, and then, when their summits were reached, overtopping them, and pushing its way down on the other side. No better illustration of the movement of such a body can be given than the one employed by Professor Dana, who says: "If stiff pitch be gradually dropped over a horizontal surface it will spread and continue so to do, so long as the supply is kept up; and if that surface rises at an angle in one direction, and there is no escape in any other, it will first fill the space to the level of the edge, and then drop over and continue onward its flow. So glaciers, if their accumulation is adequate, may go across valleys and over elevated ridges."

It has been clearly established that ice has a certain degree of plasticity. Thus, it can be made by simple pressure to copy a seal or mould, like wax. Dr. Kane speaks of a table of ice, eight feet thick and twenty wide, supported only at the sides, which in two months became so deeply bent that its centre was depressed five feet, and this while the temperature was constantly below the freezing point. It may also be made to take the shape of a long cylinder, by pressing it through a round hole. In such cases, even if the ice is broken by pressure, it unites into a clear mass by freezing along the fractures, when their sides are in contact. The glaciers of to-day are the remnants of the ancient ice sheet that once covered the northern portions of both continents. They are simply rivers of ice of varying thickness and extent, having their origin above the level of the perpetual snows, by which they are fed. The grandest glaciers of the temperate zone are those of Switzerland, but one must travel to arctic climes to behold the most stupendous exhibitions of these ice rivers. A glacier, in its origin, consists merely of compacted snow, but as it advances down the mountain side it is gradually changed by pressure into an ice-like mass, and as it reaches a point where there is alternate melting and freezing it becomes truly ice. Now, as we know that the glacier tends constantly to move in the direction of least resistance, and as the momentum of such an enormous mass is something almost inconceivably great, we can see that its course will be in a bed not unlike that of a river. A glacier is an enormous plow, which cuts a furrow both wide and deep. In its course it at once scrapes away all the surface soil and the loose stones, reaching down to the bed rock against which it continually grinds, and wears itself away. The glacier, in its course, takes up and carries with it gravel, pebbles and boulders of different sizes; and these, whether torn away from the sides of the bed, or dropping on to the ice from overhanging cliffs, soon sink through the ice to the bottom. Here they are rolled along, crushed beneath the weight of the superincumbent mass, against or into the rock over which it is passing. In this underlying rock long scratches and scorings are thus made, its irregularities of surface smoothed and planed off, and sometimes its surface highly polished. In glacier regions such surfaces are frequently seen, as well as the smoothly rounded knolls of rock, called *roches moutonnées*, or sheep-backs. The debris carried along in and beneath the glacier is constantly being ground up, like the wheat between two mill-stones, and the water of the stream formed by the melting ice, is charged with the pulverized rock. Such streams are, therefore, usually more or less milky in color, and can be recognized by this character far away from their source. The water of Bute Inlet, down to and beyond its mouth, has this peculiar character, and thus warned us of the glaciers near its head long before we came within sight of them. At the lower extremity of the glacier are vast heaps of earth and stone, deposited there by the melting ice. Such heaps are called terminal moraines. Some of these moraines are of great size, and very many of them bear the scars and scratches, which tell plainly the story of the hard knocks to which they have been subjected since they were first torn from their beds.

Everywhere along the cliffs of the inlets the marks of the erosive force of the old glaciers had been visible, but they were nowhere better seen than on Princess Louise and Jervis Inlets. High upon the rocks the deep scorings appeared, long continuous scratches, which told of the slow passage of some enormous mass of rock, held by the ice close to the wall-like side of the channel, and pressed against it with a force, of the magnitude of which we can form no conception; smooth rounded depressions showing where a mass of granite had been held, and slowly turned over and over until it had excavated a hemispherical cavity eight or ten feet wide and nearly as deep; and down near the water's edge flattened rounded surfaces, smoothed and polished by the prolonged friction of the ice. At the mouth of Princess Louise is a low rock, rising ten or twelve feet above the water, on which are half a dozen parallel horizontal grooves, two feet or more in depth, and extending along its whole length. The cliffs on the north-west bank of Jervis Inlet, above the mouth of Princess Louise, are everywhere smoothed and ground away by the action of the ice. The scorings, which are constantly seen, are often of great length, and from four to six feet in height. Many of them curve very gradually, and they are often semicircular-shaped, and terminate in a rounded depression. Opposite Moorsam Bluffs is along, low point, on which the ice markings are admirably shown. The rock rises from the water at rather a steep incline in a series of steps, showing the *roches moutonnées* on a gigantic scale. The granite is blackened with a growth of lichen, and from the crevices in it spring mosses undergrowth and some small pine timber. The enormous masses of rock look like the backs of so many sleeping elephants.

At the head of Jervis Inlet is a small camp of Hanchetchin, or Hanchtsin, Indians. The only man at the village was an old fellow whom we found mending his canoe on the beach with a stone hammer of most primitive type, and who could speak neither Chinook nor any other language at the command of the members of our party. We held animated dialogues with him, in which the burden of our speeches was an inquiry as to whether he had either potatoes or salmon to sell. What he replied will ever remain a mystery. Hanset, who was the orator of the day on our side, would hopefully reply, after hearing the old man through: "Wike nika kumtun nika wahwah," (I don't understand your language).

At last, in despair, some one caught up a potato and threw it at the old fellow, and as he picked it up it was beautiful to see his perplexed expression clear away and the light of intelligence and satisfaction irradiate his countenance. He shouted a series of orders to the *Klotochmans* at the houses, and we soon had a lot of excellent *sepiolites* at the canoe. I purchased here a two-pronged salmon spear, which I thought might prove useful later, as the fish were now running up into the fresh water streams in considerable numbers. We camped a mile or two down the inlet, and as we were about to start next morning, we received a visit from the *Sivashes*, who brought some more potatoes and a lot of salmon just taken from the water. They also brought a *potlatch* of berries, presumably in return for a piece of tobacco that I had given the old fellow the evening before. From here two days run brought us to Twin Falls on Hotham Sound, near the foot of which we camped. These falls are by measurement of the Professor's aneroid barometer 1,510 feet in height. They are much more impressive when viewed from the water at a distance of a mile or two than when seen from a point nearer at hand. The enormous timber obscures the view when the falls are approached too closely, and although you are deafened by their roar only an occasional glimpse of the water is to be had. The river which supplies them flows from a depression on the top of the mountain, and just as it leaps over the cliff is divided into two streams by a large island. A great body of water passes over the fall, the river being a very considerable stream. We estimated the first leap of the water at 600 feet clear, the succeeding ones being less high, perhaps from 300 down to 150 feet.

The next morning we made a late start, and before moving I spent an hour or two leaning over the side of the canoe and watching the occupations of the different marine animals which were moving about at the bottom of the shoal water near the shore. There were hundreds of little crabs, the largest about the size of a silver half dollar, clambering about like so many goats over the rocks, and apparently feeding on the vegetable matter that grew upon them. They walked slowly about plucking the food with their curiously swollen white claws, using the right and left alternately, so that while one was holding the food to the mouth, the other was gathering a fresh supply. They seemed wholly absorbed in what they were doing, their jaws moved continuously, and altogether they had a most business-like and methodical aspect. The largest of these animals were of a deep purple color, while the smaller ones seemed to be almost always of a dull grayish green, which corresponded very closely with the hue of the rocks on which they fed, and is no doubt in a measure protective. They seemed to get along very peaceably together, though, once in a while, if a small crab came too near a large one, the latter would make a threatening dash at his neighbor, which would at once retreat with many defensive demonstrations of its claws. Then there were the curved white tubes of the marine worms, fixed to the sides of many of the stones; some of them deserted and empty, while from the mouths of others protruded a cluster of deep, crimson tentacles, the whole looking like some beautiful white-stemmed flower. If the red cluster was cautiously approached and touched, it was instantly withdrawn, and the tube appeared empty. Five minutes later, perhaps, a small spot of red would slowly be noticed far down in the tube, the arms would gradually appear, and resume their flower-like appearance. The barnacles which covered the rocks above a certain line were not the least interesting of the living creatures which were to be seen here. At those stages of the tide when the water did not reach them, the shells remained closed and showed no signs of life; but as soon as they were fairly covered, each little pair of valves opened and the tiny arms were extended and swept through the water with a regular motion, which ceased only when they had grasped some morsel of food which was floating by. When this took place, the arms were quickly drawn into the shell, the valves closed and the animal remained quiescent for some little time. It was interesting, too, to watch the sea urchins or, as they are sometimes called, sea eggs, and the star-fishes as they moved about over the bottom. Both progress very slowly; the sea urchins, perhaps, the more so of the two. The latter advance by a continuous motion of their long ambulacral spines, and can make journeys of considerable length, though apparently so ill-provided with organs of locomotion. If one be turned over on its back on a flat rock, it can readily right itself by means of the same gradual but continuous movement of the spines. If removed from the water they have a continuous motion of the mouth and soft under parts as though striving to obtain air. These sea urchins are eaten by the crows and ravens, which find them uncovered at low water, and, carrying them up into the trees, remove the soft body by breaking away the shell about the ventral aperture. These shells I have found thus broken on the ground in the forest, half a mile from the water's edge, and often covered with the long white Spanish moss. The star-fishes move much more rapidly than the sea urchins. They progress mainly by means of the suckers with which their arms are provided, but also to some extent by hooking their arms around the angles of the rocks and thus pulling themselves forward for short distances. These animals are found along this coast in great abundance and variety. I saw them black, brown, yellow, orange red and purple, and ranging in size from the diameter of a five-cent piece up to ten inches. They seemed to be most abundant just about low water mark, though by

no means confined to any particular depth. They are frequently seen clinging to the rocks where they have been left bare by the tide, and when a great cluster of the large red or purple ones are seen collected in an angle of the rock against the shining black mussels and the brown seaweed, the effect is very pretty. In Princess Louise Inlet we saw in the early morning great numbers of the smaller starfishes clinging by one or at most two arms to the rocks, it being then low water, and these, whether from cold, or whatever other cause, appeared to be half dead and were shrivelled up and stiff. When placed in water, however, they soon revived and became apparently as well as ever.

From our camp at Twin Falls our course for a few miles was southeast, and passing between Captain and Nelson Islands, we entered Agamemnon Channel, and early in the afternoon came out into Malaspina Straits. A fresh breeze was blowing and, as it was fair, we made sail and bowled swiftly along, camping at evening on the mainland a little beyond Merry Island. Our next camp was on Bowen Island, where we were nearly burnt out. We had been looking vainly for a good spot to camp and, at last, in default of anything better, had pitched upon a little bay, full of driftwood, but where we could at least be certain of water. The rocks rose steeply from the water's edge and we were obliged to make up our beds on the beach, not feeling at all sure that the rising tide would not disturb us before morning. We found a little level spot where there was barely room enough for four to sleep, and spread our beds here, the camp fire being made against a large drift log near at hand, and as we were all pretty tired after our long day's pull we went to sleep soon after supper. How long afterward it was that I was awakened by the sound of dashing water I do not know, but when I looked out from under my blankets I saw the great log glowing like a furnace, and Charley, very lightly clad, dashing water over it at a great rate. It was soon extinguished and our only loss was some of the kitchen utensils, but had it burned a little longer our blankets would have been scorched and we ourselves would have been thoroughly warmed. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE "MASH"—CONCLUDED.

WHEN the Captain awoke it was not yet daybreak, but the Hermit of the Marsh was already astir, and the fumes of hot coffee and bacon were borne to the Captain's diatories. After a hurried wash at the river the breakfast was dispatched, and preparations were made for a try at the ducks. The captured fowl in the pen were shod with a "hook," to which was attached to a cord for anchoring them, and then placed in the bow of the duck-boat; the two men with the guns, accompanied by a single dog, embarked, and the light, shallow craft was pushed off.

"Here we are," said John, after they had poled through the marsh a short distance.

"But where is your blind?"

"I will show you when the stools are out. Put the big one on the outside, so—anchor first. Now t'other, not too near, or they'll get tangled. Put the mallard drake in the corner and string the others well out. Now for the blind."

The blind was a marvel of architecture, built of marsh flag and large enough for the boat to be drawn within it. The opening at which the entrance was made was closed up by an ingeniously constructed mat of flag, plaited together, so that the shooters were wholly concealed, while from without it presented a similar appearance to the surrounding morass.

"There comes a bunch of ducks," said the Captain, as the first gray streaks in the east made the surrounding region visible.

"Them's blue-bills," said the hermit; "they won't stoop to live decoys. They alius fly before the other ducks do in the mornin'."

Soon a large flock of black-duck came working up the river. The stool ducks instantly set up a loud calling, and the flock in the air swerved from their course and swooped down to join their supposed friends. As they wheeled up wind to sight two reports came from the blind, and then two more, and seven fine birds floated helplessly in the water, while a cloud of feathers sailed off with the wind over the marsh.

"A lucky shot," said the Captain.

"Humph! ort to got more out o' that bunch. How much lead you shootin'?"

"An ounce and a quarter."

"Better put in half an ounce more. Them on your side carried off all you give 'em."

"But half an ounce more would kick me out of the boat."

"No business to have such a pop-gun, then. You can't shoot ducks with less than ten pound of iron, and no use to try."

Just then a solitary blue-hill skimmed by at a good sixty yards' distance, and the Captain, drawing a quick sight, pulled trigger, and, as if to disprove his companion's words, the duck fell to the water, stone dead.

"Humph!" growled the hermit; "accidents don't prove nothin'. I can drop ten times that length by puttin' my shot into a linen rag, and poundin' it home tight. But I can't do it every time, and the man don't live high Mosquito Pint that can."

Several more difficult shots were accomplished by the lighter gun, however, and the old man finally admitted that it was "a powerful good gun for a pop-gun." At length, with two dozen birds in the boat and several lying wounded among the grass, the latter being afterward brought to bag by the sagacity of the retriever, the Captain declared himself satisfied with the sport, and the boat was poled back to the shanty.

As several miles had to be paddled before a village could be reached where the Captain might ship the ducks to his friends at home, the Gypsy was soon made ready for the voyage, old John was supplied with sufficient tobacco to last him through the winter, a hasty good-bye was said and the canoe resumed its voyage. As he rounded a turn in the channel, the Cap-

tain looked back, and saw the Hermit of the Marsh wielding an axe as he cut the wood to prepare his noonday meal. The ducks sat on their haunches in silence near him, the wonderful pig lay in the mud near the shore and the ducks gabbled as they fought among themselves for a few kernels of corn. This was the last time the Captain was ever to look upon the old man, for before the ice left the river in the following spring he succumbed to the combined efforts of age, rheumatism and old age, and was laid beneath the ground. I kind-hearted, simple old John! May his spirit live forever in the happier land, where the dull vestments of an outer garb are not suffered to conceal the purity and goodness of the heart within.

The canoe now travelled through what was at one time the great hunting ground of the Senecas and Cayugas, situated on each side of the river known to them as *Thiashero*, "River of the Rushes." Many remains of Indian villages and forts are still to be seen, and the whole country around is rich in such relics as arrow-heads and spear-heads, stone tomahawks, kettles, pottery, etc. The branches of the Five Nations dwelling in this region were far advanced, comparatively, in agriculture and domestic arts, before the white man invaded their country. They cultivated maize in abundance, beans and some sort of peas, and their implements for hunting, fishing and cooking were of a superior kind to any used by other tribes. A few miles east of Howland's Island, near what are known as "Hickory Island Riffs," the remains of a well-built stone cel-weir could be seen a few years ago, before the sea-mud-dredge was put at work to enlarge the channel. This cel-weir was built so carefully and thoroughly that it had withstood the annual spring floods for ages, and its plan of construction was not at all behind that used by fishermen to-day.

Cross Lake (*Indina Te-anig-oo*), which the Seneca River crosses near its southern end, has many circumstances of interest connected with it. Here have been found stone implements for turning up the ground, carved pottery and pipes, curious spear-heads and other relics in abundance. It was here, according to tradition, that the Indian deity who presided over fish and streams (*Qi-on-ya-wat-ha*) died after he had relinquished his title of deity, and assumed the name of *Hi-a-wat-ha*, or Wise Man. It was he who cleared the streams so that cones could pass through them, and he who taught the Iroquois to cultivate corn and beans. It was he, too, who advised the union of the original five tribes into that powerful confederacy of the Five Nations, which the whites found so difficult to subdue. The tradition of the formation of this confederacy, as told by the Onondagas, is one of the most beautiful legends of his-tory. Although never in print, to the writer's knowledge, it is well worth embellishing in verse, and is a poem even as told in the rough gutturals of the Indian's broken English. Longfellow has taken the wise man of the Senecas for the hero of his well-known poem, "Hiawatha" (which is pronounced *Hee-oo-wat-ha*, not, as elocutionists have it, *Hi-a-wat-ha*), but the poet's account of this character differs widely from that of the Indians' tradition, and the writer hopes in some future number of this paper to give the version of the latter as it was told to him.

All this has little to do with the voyage of the canoe, Gypsy, although the Captain's thoughts, as he paddled through this historic region, were all upon the traditions and lore of this ancient people, the Romans of the Western Hemisphere. With every dip of the varnished blade a new idea was brought to the mind. On that round hill was a Seneca or Cayuga village. On this eastern shore of Cross Lake, near the old spring, is where the great *Hi-a-wat-ha* had his lodge, with his beautiful daughter and his white canoe. At this shallow "riff" the warriors of the confederacy forced the river to confront their enemies from the north, and perhaps even here was fought one of the bloodiest battles of their conflict.

Passing Cross Lake we shoot down the rapids of "Jack's Riffs," and eight miles further reach the village of Baldwinville. Here the voyage of the Gypsy is interrupted for a few days, while the Captain pays a visit to some hunting friends residing near by, and here we will leave the little craft for the present, reserving for another time the chronicle of the renewed voyage down the Seneca and Oswego rivers to the Great Lake, and close around the shore of old Ontario to the St. Lawrence River and Canada.

SENEXO.

CRUISE OF "THE NIPPER."

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

THE NIPPER was up for a rather extended cruise, to start July 3. I quote a brief entry from my journal, under date of July 23: "Slept later than usual, and on rising found my gun missing. The missing 'riff' the warriors of the confederacy around the lakes, trying to trace it. It was near Blue Mountain in the dnfil of Mr. Durant and his guide Moody—taken by mistake." The guides assured me it would come back by the first boat coming from Blue Mountain, or, perhaps, the Raquette. The mistake was a most natural one. The knapsack was of oiled ducking, black, not heavy, and easily taken as a part of the oilcloth goods that hung on the same large nail. I was fain to wait with what patience I could.

De passed, and the knapsack did not come back. I put the time in by climbing the hills—Blue Mountain especially; paddling, botanizing, digging blisters of the fir trees for the few drops of balsam contained in them, and fishing for lake and brook trout—with little success. I interviewed guides and tourists, studied maps of the Wilderness, and strove—in vain—to keep dry. To give an idea of just what the weather was like at this time, I will give a few brief quotations from a journal kept faithfully on the spot:

13th. Got up early. Gale and heavy rain. Frequent showers wind mainly from the north.

14th. Heavy wind and cold rain from the North, every one shivering with cold. Five people in the house with hard, chronic coughs. Bark, bark, all night.

15th. Rain, rain; blow, blow, from the north, as usual. Cough, cough. Five of us keep it up. Two will most likely never be better.

16th. Like the 13th, cold and misty. Rained all night.

20th. Put on a gun coat, to k my little batchel, and went for the woods. Made a fire, and would roast an ox, and got nearly dry on the ox. Still raining. Rained all night. Fine. 'Tisn't the most favorable weather for lung diseases; not the healthiest region, I should say. Parties who come for health are every day going out, disgusted and sick. Still the camp is full.

21st. John D. Fraser visited us. He has been taking views of the scenery in Brown's Tract, and taking them well. But

what American pays for American skeeches? Let him go to Switzerland or the Rhine. He painted, artistically, a name on my canoe; I was hurried back so that he did not have time to do it, and I would as soon have a wife's daughter without a name as an unnamed canoe. Still it rains, and still we miserably cough night and day. Is it cherty? Do we feel exhilarated? "Like the Grand Turk?" as Mr. Quill remarks. Not to any great extent, I should say.

22d. Weather a little better. Pictor myself. Dinner at Sam Dunakin's. Warner. Wind S. W., and showers during the night.

23d. Already noted.

24th. Paddled to Forge house. Wet again. Am wet all the time. The whole Wilderness water-soaked.

25th. Just a repetition of 24th for rain and wind. Tried the spring holes just before and after sundown—with the usual luck. Guides, boats and parties coming and going all the time.

26th. More parties and more rain. Many going out disgusted. Tried fly-fishing again—with no luck.

27th. Weather better. Am making up a blanket-roll, and getting ready for a good start to-morrow, if it is clear.

28th. Rain again. Paddled on the day, but cleared off in the afternoon, and I started for a cruise at 6 a. m. rather late, as I found; got, with stopping at Ed. Arnold's for a visit, and loitering on the way, night overtook me long before I reached the head of Fourth Lake. Here I found a roaring torrent coming down the inlet from Fifth Lake, which after an hour of hard work I was unable to stem, and so drifted back into Fourth Lake, where I paddled around until midnight, finally landing on an island where Fred Hess has a good house and camp. Here he lives, with his family; but happening to be absent just then, could not welcome me, so I made myself welcome to his open camp, found a lamp and a good bed, lighted the one and took possession of the other, managing to put in a few hours of solid sleep before sunrise. Started early, and tried the inlet by daylight; but the current was too swift, and I was forced to back down and take the carry to Fifth Lake. Found the fishing camp at the foot of the lake partially submerged and untenable. Last year it was a fine camp to stop at; but the State has seen fit to back up the water in Sixth and Seventh Lakes with a ten feet head. The present season the water is higher, and the pent-up waters were rushing downward to the Black River, to turn mill-wheels and swell the profits of some manufacturer or corporation having influence at Albany.

Making the three-quarter mile carry from Fifth to Sixth, I landed at the dam, and rested for a time to take in the desolate scene.

The water at and above the dam was clogged with rotting vegetation, slimy tree-tops, and decayed, half-sunken logs. The shoreline of trees stood dead and dying, while the mass of decaying vegetable matter was sickening. Last season Sixth Lake, though small (fifty-three acres), was a wild, gassy place, and the best of the chain for boating. Its glory has departed. None care to stop there longer than is necessary. Seventh Lake, containing 1,600 acres, is the second largest lake of the chain, and lies but a trifle higher than Sixth. There is no rapid water and no carry between the two, and a dam that raises the water eight or nine feet in the Sixth will raise it almost as high in the Seventh. The channel up to Seventh was as plain as a highway last year, and pleasant to sail. The present season the channel was wiped out, the forest of balsam, spruce and hemlock, converted into a dismal swamp of dying trees, foul, discolored waters, and foul smells; while the channel has puzzled more than one guide who had been used to the route for years. However, by the help of a few blazed trees and fallen timber, with short sections cut out of the trunks for the passage of boats, I contrived to keep the channel and drenched into the once pleasant Seventh, only to find it a scene of desolation and decay. All along the shores the timber was dead, lying, and the odor of rotting vegetation was not suggestive of "ozone," or balsam laden breezes.

As you enter the Seventh by the outlet, turn to port, follow the shore for 100 rods, and you will find an open, free-for-all bark camp. It has been there for many years, and many are the names and dates carved on the squared logs of which the sides are built. I expected to find Sam Dunakin, with Doctor Nott and party here, but they had left, though their fire was still burning. So I stopped for a rest and dinner. Across the lake, looking up the high rocky point, you could see, last season, a white, long strip of clean sand-bank. Just back of the beach was a hedge-like row of green shrubbery, some fifty yards long, and just here came in the stream of Eighth Lake—the inlet of Seventh. This, too, is all changed. Beach, hedge and inlet are all drowned out, and the dense forest, for a long distance, is under water on either side. This is bad; for the open spaces among the trees are easily mistaken for the inlet by a stranger, while the tortuous channel is hard to follow and the landing still more difficult to find, and thereby I came to grief; for, taking an after-dinner nap, I must have slept too long. The afternoon was cloudy, and my watch, that very useful companion of the lone tourist, had got wet, and, though keeping up a feeble semblance of life, had become utterly reckless as to any proper division of hours and minutes. The hands pointed to half-past two. The hands lied.

Probably it was nearer half-past five when I paddled leisurely across Seventh Lake, and, after losing half an hour looking for the inlet, started up the blundering flight. I ought to have found the landing in less than one and a half miles; but I went on and on, until the roar of the rapids admonished that I had gone too far up stream. Also, I had lost the marked trees which the guides have blazed to indicate the route. So I turned and paddled back, looking carefully for some sign of a landing. None was to be seen. I skirted along the north shore, as near it as I could get, and got into a fearful mess of dead logs, submerged tree-tops and snags, but, no landing. All at once darkness shut down on that miserable, dismal forest, like a wet blanket. A heavy black cloud showed in the southwest, and thunder began to grow ominously. And now for the open channel; for any place, where dry ground may be found, with a chance to put up the shelter tent. Too late. One end of the canoe was fast on a floating log, and the first attempt to back off resulted in sticking the other end in a scraggy tree top, while the log stuck tighter than a brother. I began to look like an uncomfortable scrape. The canoe was lumpy up, stem and stern, and the furrows just that usually precede a thunder-storm were now in the forest, like a wet blanket. A heavy black cloud showed in the southwest, and thunder began to grow ominously. And now for the open channel; for any place, where dry ground may be found, with a chance to put up the shelter tent. Too late. One end of the canoe was fast on a floating log, and the first attempt to back off resulted in sticking the other end in a scraggy tree top, while the log stuck tighter than a brother. I began to look like an uncomfortable scrape. The canoe was lumpy up, stem and stern, and the furrows just that usually precede a thunder-storm were now in the forest, like a wet blanket.

almost incessant, and the thunder was highly creditable for a country of such lakes.

I unjoined the paddle, and, using the single blade, got free of that execrable log. Then I worked free of the old tree-top, and, aided by the flashes that lighted the whole forest momentarily, got out into clear water, but quite idiotic as to the points of the compass. So, as there seemed nothing better to do, I sat still and watched the strange, wild scenery, as shown in different colors by electricity. There were white flashes that appeared to dash all over the forest in a broad, white glare of light, with no distinctive color. Pale-blue, zinc, zinc chains, that gave a peculiar ghastly light among trunks and limbs, and orange colored bolts that seemed to my eye like round globes of fire. These last struck twice within a short distance of the canoe—once, a tree that stood in the water, and once on dry land. I could tell by the sound of the shattered tops, as they plashed into the water, or clattered to the ground. Comfortless as the situation was, it was a grand display, also—a little unearthly and a trifle scary. It was some satisfaction to reflect that I was insured in two companies, and a random bolt or a tumbling tree might be worth a dollar to the owner.

The storm lasted an unconscionable time, but was followed by a bright, clear night, and when I had made out the north star, I slowly worked down the channel, got into the lake, and made the camp again just as the eastern sky began to show streaks of light. There was plenty of dry kindling wood in the camp, and a rousing fire was in order, with a pint of strong, hot tea, broiled pork, bread and potatoes. Thanks to the waterproof shelter-tent, I was capable of a dry blanket, shirt and drawers, so, hanging my wet clothes to dry by the fire, I smoked myself snugly in blanket and tent, lay down on fragrant browie, and slept the sleep of the just man.

It is not to be supposed that a man, far on the wrong side of fifty years, can take an all-night soaking in a wicked storm, seated in a 16-lb. canoe, where, to rise, or even turn round, may mean a drowning—can turn out, after needed sleep, with a general disposition to throw haid-springs, or perform feats of muscular agility. I awoke at about 10 A. M. on the morning of July 30, lame and sore, unwound myself from blanket and shirt, and, to my great relief, but to my great grief, made some strong coffee, and tried my best to make a cheer of the thing. It wouldn't do. The miserable dead-line of timber was about the only cheerful outlook; it was a long distance either way to human habitation or to human sympathy, and—I was just mad. I leaped down to the sodden beach, sat down on a soaked log, and "nursed my wrath to keep it warm." I cursed the weak, selfish policy (if it deserves the name) that is turning the finest valley region on the face of the earth into a disgusting marine nuisance. I cursed the miserable, illogical localities who, from high positions, sing the praises of the Adirondacks, as a finer, more romantic lake than the Swiss Alps; begging that it be kept as a "State Park—an inheritance for our children's children," while, from the other corners of their mouths, they explain how the waters that, by nature, seek the St. Lawrence, may be dammed, backed up and turned, to flow into the Hudson. (See Vexplanck Colvins' reports, which I have before me.) Now, let any man, with as much brains as a hen-turkey, be in charge of Colvins' reports, and, from high positions, sing his suggestions as never practically carried to their consummation. * * * But, enough for the present. "An' if the bear sit' branks be spared" I will ventilate this subject by another year, quite to the satisfaction of all those who advocate the damming of lakes and rivers, regardless of health, recreation and the preservation of a region the like of which does not exist on the surface of this globe.

More anon. NASSAUX.

A WESTERN TRIP IN A HUNTING CAR.

DOUBTLESS many of your readers are more or less familiar with the plan for an annual hunt of certain members of the Worcester Excursion Car Company, and have heard or read of their success in the Great Northwest for five or six years. At the risk, then, of repeating some things which you may have already published, I will ask you to allow a little space to what I opine may be at least a rarity in your columns—a lady correspondent that I may record some particulars of this fall's hunt. It was my good fortune to be a member of the hunting party which left Worcester on the 27th of September last in the new and beautiful car, the "Jerome Marble." I can readily see the look of surprise on the faces of some who wonder who could have been so foolish as to take ladies on a shooting trip. And why not, pray? We enjoyed it, our husbands approved it, and although we could not shoulder a nine-pound gun all day, day in and day out, as the gentlemen did, we frequently carried our lighter breech-loaders, and climbed the hills and scaled the rocks, and crossed the plain, and tried to make the car a pleasanter and happier home for the gentlemen than it would have been had we been left at our own houses. We gained information, pleasure and health. Our husbands say they enjoyed our company, and we are already agreed to one thing—if we are fortunate enough to have the opportunity, we are going again.

Two new cars were completed by the Jackson & Sharp Company for the W. E. C. Co. on Sept. 15, the "Jerome Marble" and the "Charles B. Pratt." As you have heretofore printed a description of the "City of Worcester," the original car of this company, I will not burden you now with a description of the new and improved vehicles, but as the result of three years' experience. The main saloon—which is parlor, dining room and dormitory in one—is large, airy and even luxurious. By a new arrangement of berths, the room in daytime bears no signs of them. Beds, framework, mattresses, pillows and curtains are all stowed away elsewhere in lockers. A large private stateroom, containing a cabinet bed, may be used in cases of sickness; but, fortunately, it is not often in demand for that purpose. Of the reading room, the ample wardrobe, lockers and dressing rooms, the comfortable kitchen, porter and refreshment rooms, the roomy lockers beneath the car for provisions, and, and, and, and of the three attendants—porter, cook and waiter—accompanying each car, you have heard before. Every one of these beautiful cars is indeed a home on wheels.

Both the "Marble" and "Pratt" were chartered to hunting parties long before their completion, the former to start from Worcester, the latter from Philadelphia. The "Pratt" party was composed of gentlemen alone, and as the wives of some of its members were given places on the Marble, the latter party will start in the new car, and returning on the same route met frequently first in Chicago and afterwards at the hunting grounds. As I have said, we left Worcester on Sept. 17, going to Chicago direct by way of Hoosac Tunnel. Here we tarried long enough to learn the more re-

cent reports from the prairie chicken country, and decided to go on the Minnesota Division of the Northwestern R. R.

At Redwood Falls we remained a week, and were very successful, as well as at Canby, considering the moist condition of the prairie. The unusually severe rain storms of the summer and early fall made chicken shooting more like work and less like sport than under ordinary circumstances. Chickens were plenty, and notwithstanding the discomforts of getting them on account of the water, we had more than our fifteen ravens' appetites required, from the day the first one was killed until we left them for larger game.

Somewhat earlier than we originally intended we left the Northwestern Railroad for the Northern Pacific, starting from its eastern terminus, St. Paul, on Oct. 3. We found geese and ducks in great quantity and variety wherever we stopped. At Troy Farm, D. T., gray geese were very abundant. One of our party, its youngest member, shot sixteen in an afternoon with less than a quarter of a mile from the car. He did not bring them all in at one carry, but brought all he could and returned for the rest. Our baggage car was by this time so overcrowded with game that we decided to cross the Missouri and spend a few days in sight seeing.

The bridge between Bismarck and Madan is not completed, and we were ferried across the river on the N. P. Transfer boat. Starting from Madan early in the morning, we went directly to Little Missouri Crossing in the heart of the wonderful Bad Lands.

I would gladly attempt a full description of this curious country if I felt that I could do so without doing meagre justice, without encroaching too much upon your space. The strata of black and red and gray, the scorched pines, the weird, desolate appearance of a city ruined by fire, the yawning canyons, varied in their colors by the green cedars, the red scorria, the neutral tilted clay and rocks, and the brown and black clinders and ligute, and, stranger than all, the hissing, burning pits, themselves the cause of all this devastation, are things which once seen will never be forgotten. By the courtesy of the officers at Cantonment "Bad Lands," we were enabled to ride nearly an mile from the track, over the rough country to a group of burning pits. And as if to make our surroundings even greater picture of ruin, we were shown, as we crossed it, the trail made by Custer when he went to his death. The largest of the pits which we visited was half forty feet deep, and wide enough to enable us, while standing on its brink and looking into the white-heated mass of burning lignite and taking clay below us, to feel that we were indeed looking into the jaws of hell, and that we could not be quenched. In reply to our inquiry, "How long have they been burning?" we are told to imagine for ourselves, for the space already burned over is twenty-five miles wide by a hundred and sixty-five miles in length, and we instantly conclude that the fire was not lighted by one of our race. Pieces of scorria taken from the pits while hot and fragments of petrified wood from the neighboring plain were among the relics gathered and preserved by those of our party who cared for them.

On our way to our camp and the ground covered with snow when we reached Glendive, Montana, on the evening of Oct. 11. It was only a scare, however, for the warm sun of the next two days left the ground bare and dry again. At Glendive we had our first view of the now famous Yellowstone, and through the kindness of the Northern Pacific Construction Company our cars were taken to the then extreme end of the track at O'Fallon, giving us a ride of nearly forty miles along the beautiful bank of the river. O'Fallon is distant from New York over two thousand miles, and we had not a single mile of track between us and our destination the same day to Glendive, our gentlemen decided to accept an offer of wagons and escort from the Commandant of the military Post for a buffalo hunt. We ladies could not well share in this sport, and willingly agreed to remain at the car. A three-days' camping outfit was soon ready, and early Thursday morning, under the guidance of five mounted soldiers, all but one of the gentlemen started for a point thirty-five miles northwest.

Just at the appointed time and while we were looking for the car on Saturday afternoon they came in sight, loaded down with all the beef they could carry, and with the hides and some of the heads of the eight buffalos killed on Friday. This was indeed success, even beyond our most sanguine hopes, and we will not soon forget the kindness of the officers of the Post, to whom we are so greatly indebted.

After leaving Glendive, on our return trip, we halted at Keith and South Heart, at this season the best points on the route for antelope. I could almost say we saw thousands of them on our way, but I will not say so, as I do not remember the same day to Glendive, our gentlemen decided to accept an offer of wagons and escort from the Commandant of the military Post for a buffalo hunt. We ladies could not well share in this sport, and willingly agreed to remain at the car. A three-days' camping outfit was soon ready, and early Thursday morning, under the guidance of five mounted soldiers, all but one of the gentlemen started for a point thirty-five miles northwest.

After stopping at Steele and Crystal Springs, where ducks and geese were so plenty that it seemed almost like murder to kill them, we came back to Minneapolis. A special engine took our cars to Fort Snelling, giving us time to enjoy the magnificent view from the Fort tower up and down the Mississippi, and up the Minnesota, and a charming view to the Falls of Minnehaha. One of our party having become so fatigued with the country that he declared he was not ready to return home, had us good-bye at St. Paul, with the avowed intention of returning to the buffalo country.

After our return home we had our first experience for the entire trip, including everything, were about five dollars per day. Can you imagine a more delightful vacation?—HENRIETTA.

OSPREY OR EAGLE—STEVENS PLAINS, ME., Nov. 20.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice a communication in the last issue of your paper, signed "W," giving an account of an eagle taking a pike from a mill-pool. "W" calls the bird an eagle, then osprey, and then eagle again. Now, I never saw an eagle, neither *A. carolinensis* nor *H. leucophaea* take fish in that manner, but have repeatedly seen the osprey, *P. carolinensis*, do so. I suppose "W" meant osprey when he said eagle. If not, I would like to ask if it is a common habit of the eagle to procure his food in that manner? The shooting in this part of the State has been very poor this fall; no ruffed grouse to mention, squirrels fairly plentiful, and a few rall about make up the list. Have seen but one flock of geese, and that a small one. I have seen several of the fish hawk, but it may have been *H. ustulatus leucophaea*, the white-headed eagle. On the Pacific coast we have seen the latter seize fish in the water, though we believe it to be unusual for them to do so.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENTS.—IV.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM AN EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

* * * I first saw the light in the ancient county of King George, lying between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, Maryland. In this country is a variety of game, nourished by a good supply of food and protected by a splendid cover. My fathers before me were lovers of the chase, and I presume that from them I inherited my predilections in that direction. Had I the time I might tell you how my great-grandfather, while struggling in the water, into which he had been drawn by an immense sturgeon which he had just hooked, opened a knife with his teeth, cut the line, and saved his life.

I could tell you how my father killed wild ducks with a stone, when he was deprived of a gun by his father, who considered him too fond of hunting.

I could tell you how this same parent of mine bagged forty foxes in one season with his faithful hounds, Sportsman, True Boy, Stormer and Countess. How he quizzed a greenhorn who undertook to point out to a disappointed hunting party the exact spot where a fox was to be found. The greenhorn, in fact, knew nothing about it, but the fox was found there, just where he had said it would be.

The gun with which my father performed many notable feats of marksmanship was an old flint-lock. It kicked so hard that it one day knocked out two of his front teeth. Of this untoward event I always had a lively recollection when charging the old piece, and how my heart would flutter when I was about to pull the trigger! Many a miss was due to the snapping of that clumsy flint-lock; and I will remember the wonder excited by my first sight of a percussion-lock.

Were I not admonished by these twinges of pain (for you know how I suffer from insomnia) I should have to relate for the Forest and Stream some of the bright and dark days of my life as a sportsman. I could tell you how a companion once killed an elk at Mare's Island Navy Yard, Cal., with buttons torn from his vest at the moment. There used to be acres of geese and ducks in that same country; and once, at Mare's Island, I killed thirty-four sand-snipe at a shot. * * *

Natural History.

THE RABBIT NUISANCE IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE common English rabbit (*Lepus arizonensis*) has for the last seven or eight years increased so alarmingly in certain parts of these islands, as to make the question of their future effect a serious one for the whole colony. Originally introduced by private individuals, and turned out here and there in small numbers, they now promise, unless effectually suppressed within a short time, to work something approaching ruin to the pastoral interest in localities where they have taken hold, if not over the whole country. The question was taken in hand by the Legislature in 1876, and since that time four statutes have been passed, each giving more extended powers to the officers appointed, enabling them to compel property owners to take steps to clear their land of the pest. Until this year, however, no provision was made for the clearance of the vast areas of unoccupied Crown lands and native reserves, which formed perfect hot beds for the propagation of rabbits, and rendered the efforts of adjacent owners and occupiers almost futile. The Rabbit Inspectors have now power to take such steps as they may deem necessary in respect of such land, and the expense is to be met by an annual vote of Parliament. In the case of all other lands, the Government is empowered to levy an annual rate of not more than a twelfth of an acre within all districts proclaimed under the provisions of the statute, which rates are recoverable in a court of law, and are to be expended in paying the officers appointed under the statute, and other necessary expenses. Owners and occupiers of land are compelled, under a penalty, to take efficient steps to clear their property of rabbits on receiving notice to that effect from the Inspector of their district; and continued neglect of such notice gives the Inspector a right to take whatever steps he may deem necessary for the destruction of the rabbits, and to recover the cost, summarily from the defaulting owner, in addition to the penalty.

The statute, moreover, exempts from taxation all dogs certified to by an Inspector as kept solely for the purpose of destroying rabbits; and imposes a penalty for the destruction or capture of ferrets, weasels or such other animals as may be officially proclaimed to be the natural enemies of the rabbit. With such a trenchant measure at his heels, we may fairly hope that the hitherto retarding progress of this enterprising little rodent will receive a salutary check.

Various methods have from time to time been adopted for destroying rabbits wholesale. Small armies of men are still employed on many sheep-runs for no other purpose than this. Dogs, guns, and wheat or oats steeped in oil of rhodium and phosphorus, are the most effective means employed; the latter with but little injury to sheep, though a few are occasionally poisoned.

Some idea of the serious aspect which the rabbit question has assumed may be gained from the following particulars, which are taken from the evidence given before a select committee of the House of Representatives appointed for the purpose:

Three sheep runs in the middle island, of 50,000, 40,000 and 19,400 acres respectively, have been totally abandoned.

Ten other runs, with an aggregate area of about 490,000 acres, have been within the last year or two abandoned and since relet at a gross rental of £209 per annum; whereas their original rental reached close on 23,290. Some of these are let to rabbits, a more numerous and profitable sheep to be found on them. The effect on the sheep-growing capacity of the colony may be gathered from the statement in the official returns for 1878 and 1879, which show that in the latter year the colony possessed only 11,405,339 sheep, as against 13,069,338 for the previous year, being a deficit of 1,663,940. The departmental returns for 1880 and 1881 are not yet compiled; but it is estimated on good authority that the deficiency in numbers will have now reached 2,000,000, and that the loss to the colony of the wool may be calculated at £500,000 per annum. The same official returns show the number of rabbit skins exported from the colony during 1878, 1879, 1880 and the first quarter of 1881, to be 38,250,270, of the value of £159,110; and, as the evidence given before the committee seems to bear out the conclusion that not more than one rabbit is found for every ten killed, some idea may

be formed of the swarms of the little pest with which the colony is infested.

That New Zealand should, notwithstanding this heavy handicap on one of its main industries, continue to flourish and progress, is a striking proof of its natural advantages and resources, and of the energy and enterprise of its population. *Dunedin, N. Z., Nov. 3, 1881. L. M.*

HABITS OF WOODPECKERS.

HOOSIER HALL, Ind., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In a communication touching upon the food, etc., etc., of squirrels, which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM of November 10, I stated that the woodpeckers were busily laying up their winter's store of beech-nuts, to which statement you put an interrogation point.

That woodpeckers are red-headed kind in particular—do not depend exclusively upon insect food for their subsistence, and that they do lay up stores of nuts in autumn for use in winter's bleak days, is a fact with which I have been familiar for many years, and considered it an accepted fact by all observers of the habits of these birds.

In the early summer time, when the cherries and various kinds of berries are ripe, no bird is found a more persistent frequenter of the trees and vines than the red-headed woodpecker. In the summer and fall, when the apples hang ripe and tempting in the orchards, the woodpecker always the fat wood-worm to gnaw away beneath the tree-bark in peace and safety, while perched on an apple hanging to some slender bough, swinging in the mellow breeze, he gorges out mouthfuls of the juicy fruit.

Then in autumn, when the acorns, beech nuts and chest-nuts ripen, this red-capped raver goes to work with a will, and from rosy morn till dusky eve busily gathers and hides away in holes and crevices in the trees generous stores of nuts, on which he fasts during the dreary winter days.

A few days since I examined an old beech-stump or stump some forty feet long, with the sap-wood soft with decay and full of burrows and tunnels made by the wood-worm, which had recently been prostrated to the earth, and found *pints* of beech nuts stowed away in the holes and cracks. From one hole, originally made by a wood-worm, but enlarged by the woodpecker so that at the surface the hole barely admitted a nut, but deeper in widened out sufficiently large to chamber two or three, I extracted six plump nuts, and the circumference of the tree was perforated with hundreds of just such store-houses. In some of the holes I noticed the hull of the nut remaining, the bird having pecked away the seed and removed the sweet kernel. The treasures secreted in this old tree evidently belonged to one bird, for, so far as my observations go, each bird selects a tree for its operations, and defends it bravely against all comers.

The cunning squirrel, who loves nuts better than the birds do worms, frequently while in search of provender discovers the hidden treasures of the woodpecker, and in attempting to secure the booty he soon discovers that he has a first-class fight on hand, and after the ferocious bird has rained down on his unprotected peak a shower of fiercely-delivered blows with its ivory-pointed beak, the squirrel suddenly remembers that he has important business elsewhere, and departs on the double quick. This very day I witnessed a fight between a red-headed and a golden-winged woodpecker, caused by the latter bird trying to steal some of his red-headed brother's treasures, and he was compelled to abandon his pillaging operations, and beat a hasty retreat, although much the larger bird of the two.

An inch auger-hole in a gate-post, standing near my house, was selected by an ambitious red-headed woodpecker as a likely place for storing away a few nuts for future reference, and after cramming the hole full of nuts the bird plugged it up with a piece of bark. Wishing to test his watchfulness I removed the bark and the nuts. On the following day the bird discovered his loss, and after considerable fussing and scolding, went to work again, and refilled the hole and sealed it up with a piece of tough bark.

When the beech-nut crop fails, few, if any, red-headed woodpeckers winter over in these parts, but when the crop is abundant, as it is this season, hundreds remain the winter through and brighten and cheer the desolation of the forests with their presence and voices. *E. BEKKE.*

FERRISBURG.

I am surprised to learn that the red-headed woodpecker is a winter resident as far north as Lewis Co., N. Y. In all my winter tramps in the woods for the past thirty years I have never once seen him nor any woodpecker but the hairy and downy, which are common, and the pileated, which is not common. One day—since the first of this month—I thought I heard the peculiar tree-toad-like note of a red-headed, and I never before heard it so late in the season.

Thompson, in his Vermont, puts this bird down as a migrant, and, as concerns this State, he certainly is not a winter resident. *R. E. R.*

VICKSBURG, Miss.

Information is asked for by your correspondent, "Ned Buntline," as to the habits of the red-headed woodpecker. This bird is migratory in its habits; makes its appearance in this section early in the spring, stays the summer and fall months, and disappears in cold weather. Some, however, spend the winter with us, and are seldom scarce, as they repair to the dense forest for protection from the cold. Their appearance in the spring needs no herald to introduce them to your notice. The first intimation of their coming will be signalled by a great hammering on the top of some dead tree, and if the male bird can find a shivered piece of timber to vibrate to his hammering, he is in the height of his glory. This is the season for mating, and there can be witnessed a pantomime of love-making not surpassed on the stage. Should the male bird be successful in winning a companion, he will busily engage in building a house for their future abode. In this they never make a mistake; no architect is consulted, no plan is agreed on, no alterations are made in any building they undertake, each being by nature a perfect architect. They raise two to three broods of young a year and generally about five young in each brood. They are great insect feeders, but have a wonderful appetite for fruits, nuts and corn. The first fruit that ripens is the native black mulberry, of which they are exceedingly fond. Then come the winter berries, grape, peaches and apples. As soon as the Indian corn is in a state to eat, they take to the fields and feed on that. In the fall months they eat black-berry, hackberries, beech-nuts and acorns. The beech-nuts and acorns they gather and store away for future consumption. Faithfully do they apply themselves to the task of pecking every nook, crack and hole with these fruits, and

when driven from their homes to seek a temporary shelter in warm places, they know by instinct that they will still be in store for them on their return. But the blue-jay stays behind, and when the woodpecker is far off in his sunny home, steals from the larder of a more provident bird. The woodpecker, the provider; the proacher, the jay. And often have I, when listening to the receding notes of a peck in full cry, or when listening to the faint strut of a distant gobbler, been vexed by the incessant hammering of these little birds. But yet, "Ned," I love them still. I love them because they are so affectionate to their mates. I love them because they are so kind to their young. I love them because they rid my premises of insect pests. I love them because their incessant noise relieves the monotony of a bachelor's life. *LOWMEDES.*

STANLEY, New Jersey, Dec. 6, 1881.

When returning from school the other day, I noticed a young red-headed woodpecker (*Meanerpes erythrocephalus*) on a post, busily pecking at something. He allowed me to approach quite close to him without flying. When I went up to the post I found that he had been eating acorns. He had excavated a small hole in the top of the post, in which he placed the acorns, so they would not slip when he cracked them. There was a crack in the post, in which he had put another acorn. It must have been his habit to eat his food there daily, for the ground was strewn with shells. *HARRY PAGE.*

THE COLORING OF RUFFED GROUSE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Dec. 8, "Stanstead" gives "Eight Rules for Treering Grouse." It seems to me that if a person who had hunted grouse in any part of the country, except Northern Vermont and Canada, should try to make a bag of birds according to the eight rules, he would meet with very poor success. I have hunted grouse more than any other bird, and, as a naturalist, have studied their habits very closely, but should not dare to give any set of rules, because each individual bird is liable to change his mind after he starts, and only a thorough knowledge of the ground, and of the habits of the grouse, will enable one to find birds successfully.

Although "Stanstead's" rules are undoubtedly very good for his locality, they would not answer for Connecticut, where it is a rare thing for a grouse to alight in a tree; nor in parts of Maine where I have hunted, and where it was the exception for a bird to alight on the ground. Most of my shooting has been in New York and Pennsylvania, in localities where grouse were so plentiful that it was not worth while following one up, nor trying to find him if he went into a tree; but "Stanstead's" rule 1st is exactly reversed in these two States. He says "When this bird has been flushed on level ground, should he fly swift, and low out of sight, he will frequently swing to the left, and alight on the ground." Now, according to my experience, a bird that flies low always alights in a tree at the end of his flight, but a bird that flies high alights on the ground.

Every hunter who has enjoyed a thorough experience with the ruffed grouse knows how the habits of the bird vary in different localities. But now let us bring up a new subject in regard to local variations, and that is the variation in color of ruffed grouse from different sections of the country. This is a subject that I tried to have discussed in the FOREST AND STREAM several years ago, but no one seemed disposed to answer.

In New England I have found the prevailing color of the grouse to be of an ashy gray. In Pennsylvania the color is tawny, almost approaching a red in some specimens. In eastern New York both red and gray birds are found, but gray is the principal color. In western New York this is reversed, and a gray bird is the exception. If we draw a line on the map, then, from Boston to Pittsburgh, we shall find that the ruffed grouse at the Boston end to be of a dead gray. As the line passes through New York the gray will merge into the tawny type, and at the Pittsburgh end of the line we shall not find any grouse that are not red.

I have not had an opportunity to examine large quantities of grouse from other States than those mentioned, but have examined hundreds of specimens from the States in question. Neither age nor sex seems to have any influence in this color distinction, any more than they have in determining the color of the mottled owl (*Scops asio*). If care should be taken to take the tail of the bird displays the type better than any of the other feathers; and if they will carefully notice the birds in their respective sections of the country, and not speak from memory, we shall have contributions on the subject that will be valuable to the naturalist and interesting to the rest of hunting mankind. *MARK WEST.*

AN EAGLE'S FOUR WITH GEASE.—Our correspondent, Jacobstaff, last week related an experience with an eagle, which we supplement here with an extract from the Little Rock, Ark., correspondence of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* of Nov. 23. He says: "A gentleman from Stone county gives the particulars of a remarkable incident which he witnessed while crossing White River on the ferry just above the mouth of Sycamore Creek. When nearly half way across the stream an enormous eagle swooped down on a flock of geese which were swimming in the river some eighty rods below the ferry. The eagle, upon observing the birds, approached instinctively dived under the water just as the bird struck the waves. Baffled in the first assault, the eagle flew slowly upward, and when the geese came to the surface darted downward again, and burying its talons in one of them attempted to bear it away. The goose struggled violently, while its companions swam around it uttering shrill cries, and the persons on the ferryboat watched the strange scene with keen interest. Once the eagle lifted its prey clear out of the water, and secured on the point of carrying it to the mountain cliff that rose grandly in the sky on the other side of the stream, but the struggles of the goose forced the eagle downward. When water was again reached the goose made a supreme effort and plunged below the surface, dragging the eagle after it, and causing the latter to loosen its hold and rise upward with a fierce scream. The eagle next attacked another goose, but with the same result, being compelled to relinquish its hold when its intended victim plunged beneath the surface. The water once again became fully strewed with geese, at the end of which time the eagle gave up the fight, and, rising, soared away to the mountains westward, while the flock of geese swam further down the stream. None of the flock were killed, but the water in the vicinity was dyed with blood, and the surface of the stream was covered with feathers for a considerable distance."

SNOW GEESE IN THE DELAWARE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have lately received a letter from Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of your city, making inquiry relative to the yearly presence in great numbers of the snow goose in the neighborhood of Bombay Hook, Delaware Bay. In my communication to you a week or so since, I stated that "duck shooters say the yearly flock of snow geese that appears in the Delaware, below Bombay Hook, has not yet shown itself." This may lead persons to think the flock makes a regular autumnal appearance there. I should have stated the yearly flock of snow geese that makes its appearance every spring in the neighborhood of Bombay Hook has not shown itself this fall. Further inquiry leads me to believe it is only seen in great bodies in the spring, and for the benefit of those interested in the movements of this fowl I would state that, to my knowledge, ten years ago an occasional brace or two of snow geese, shot in our bay, could be found at the game dealers of Philadelphia. I generally purchased them whenever I found them, and no one seemed to know what they were, or of their delicacy when served for the table. About four or five years ago two of our most expert professional duck shooters, John McCullum and John Brown, were down the Delaware, below Bombay Hook, and finding ducks very scarce came across immense flocks of snow geese. Not being acquainted with the fowl, but knowing that it belonged to a goose family, they paddled on them, got several shots, and filled their skiff. This was in the spring of the year, either the last of March or 1st of April. The birds were sent to Philadelphia, but could not be sold, hardly given away. Mr. John Krider and Mr. Abbott got a number of skins; at least your correspondent saw them at Krider's store. The flock has yearly made its appearance since then, so I am told by these gunners, but are not molested. Last spring, Capt. A. H. Clay, of Philadelphia, one of our best amateur duck shooters, found them in the same neighborhood, and, not being the fowl resorted to the burned meadows to feed on the young grass just shooting up, cut out from an inch and a half board several profile decoys, and painted them white. From an impromptu blind he got several shots, and killed some of the fowl. He stated to the writer that where the geese started from the bay (where they were sitting in immense flocks) for their feeding grounds, the noise their gabbling made as they flew in almost deafened him, and instead of coming to him in small parties, in some cases he would have the better shooting, the great body seemed to take its flight in two divisions, and thus became alarmed together when shooting began.

Capt. Clay told your correspondent, for a long distance along the shore the grass had been so pulled up by the fowl in their feeding as to resemble the roofings of swine.

If I am not mistaken, the writer saw among the skins of the snow geese which were killed in Delaware Bay at Krider's, those also of the white-fronted goose. Of the information I give of the former I am positive. I know of no local summer at Bombay Hook, but Mr. Dutcher can get all additional information he may desire by addressing "Capt. A. H. Clay, care John Krider, Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; or of John McCullum and John Brown at same store," either of whom, or both, would be glad, I think, to procure good specimens for Mr. Dutcher next spring. HOMO.

"THE TAME QUAIL "BOB"—Editor Forest and Stream: N. D. Eting, of Huntington, W. Va., has a quail domesticated, so tame indeed that he can be carried through the streets upon an umbrella. Mr. E. will take him into the middle of the street and let him roll in the dust. A crowd will gather and vehicles pass, but "Bob" goes on with great gusto and nonchalance, taking his dust bath with a chuckle of perfect satisfaction. He was taken to the woods one day, and he called up another bird that was piping in the fence, and offered him battle. The conflict was sharp, but Mr. E. parted them before victory was decided. In fighting the quail strikes as the barnyard cock does while holding on with the bill. Mr. E. has had several quails, but could not tame them as thoroughly as he has "Bob."*

A BRANT READILY TAMED.—Mr. Franklin Satterthwaite, at present shooting in Virginia, writes in a private letter, of the 5th inst., to one of the editors of FOREST AND STREAM who has had a little experience in domesticating wild fowl, and wishes to try again. "I have two crippled brant for you. Both are wing-tipped and one of them took food from my hand on the second day of his incarceration in an old pigeon, where they are kept. They are beauties and I have become much attached to them. They will be shipped to you soon. They eat corn, cabbage, grass, etc. The weather has been too warm for the geese to come, but ducks and brant are plentiful."*

A NEW SUB-SPECIES OF LOXOTILIA.—In the current volume of the Proceedings of the United States National Museum, Mr. Geo. N. Lawrence has described a new variety of *Loxotilia portoricensis*, collected in the island of St. Christopher, W. I. This bird, to which the sub-specific name *grandis* has been given, was taken by Mr. Ober in May 1880. It resembles *L. portoricensis*, but is larger, the bill, as a rule, markedly so. Mr. Lawrence's investigations of the birds of the West Indies Islands have been most valuable contributions to our knowledge of American ornithology.

A DUCK'S APPETITE.—Toms River, Ocean Co., New Jersey, Dec. 1, 1881.—A friend of your correspondent at Manahawken, in this county, owned a Muscovy duck two years old, which had never had a "square" meal. Desiring to ascertain the storage capacity of the duck my friend gave it an unlimited quantity of corn. The duck succeeded in consuming two quarts of the whole amount, and then lay down and died.—N. H. B.

A QUAIL'S MOMENTUM.—Editor Forest and Stream: Some idea of the solidity of the quail and his velocity in flight may be conceived from the fact that a man riding on the cars was struck in the face by one of these birds, and was killed as if by a stone. He arose to his feet, and asked to know who had knocked him down. It was shown the quail that had fallen at his feet, which he picked up, and in passion hurled it to the ground.*

LOADING FOR GAME.—Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the correct loading for different kinds of game. It is a subject upon which we should like to hear the experience of gunners.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE VALLEY QUAIL AS A GAME BIRD.

THE THREETHREADED "QUAIL-GANNERY."

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Reading in your interesting journal of last week an editorial paragraph concerning regular shipments of vast quantities of American game to Europe, reminds me of the fact that strong legislation will be necessary one of these days to prevent the extermination of the quails of this State. That these birds are yet numerous in some places, is due only to the fact that ours is but a young State as yet, and sparsely settled. The thirst for slaughter is rapidly growing, however, and where one will in California to day, he will find that the pot-hunter and representatives of that class of shooters, whose sole idea of sportsmanship is to kill the greatest number of birds in the shortest possible time, have been there before him.

When the writer came to California, twenty-seven years ago, game of all kinds was abundant—quails particularly so—everywhere. To-day one must go at least twenty miles from this city, to the nearest foothills of the Sierras or Coast Range Mountains, in order to find enough of these birds to make even a reasonable bag in a day. Formerly the birds could be found any where, even in the valleys, where they frequented the bushes along the watercourses, and mornings and evenings could be seen running in the public highways in flocks. But, like the deer, they are yearly being driven into the less frequented places, and even when found in any considerable numbers, it is generally where the cover is so thick that it is difficult to hunt them successfully. This is the case in central and northern California, while in some of the southern counties they are said to be still very numerous. But even there the plumbers have commenced their nefarious work by resting the birds by wholesale, and sending them to the San Francisco market. Here they are offered for sale at from 75 cents to \$1.25 per dozen as long as they will keep; and when they begin to spoil they are disposed of to itinerant peddlers, who hawk them about the streets for about 50 cents per dozen. This fall the newly organized State Sportsmen's Association took this matter in hand, and caused the arrest of several parties engaged in the business of trapping, who were prosecuted, convicted and severely punished for their disregard of the law. Still it will be difficult to prevent the depredations of the quail for the market, as the trappers can pursue their illegal calling in such out-of-the-way places that it will be next to impossible to hear anything against them. The result will be that in a few years we will hear no more of flocks of quails numbering from 500 or 1,000 in the counties of Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino and elsewhere in the southern parts of the State.

This brings me to the matter suggested by the paragraph in the FOREST AND STREAM, above alluded to. It is said that there are persons who have actually in contemplation the starting of a quail gannery in this State. This is an establishment for canning quails! Of course, in order to keep such an institution running during the season, every locality frequented by the birds would be scoured by the pot-hunters and trappers; the conscienceless emissaries of the creatures who would enrich themselves at the expense of robbing the people of the State of their choicest game birds. From quail-gannery they would come in a short time to shipping the birds out of the State by rail, and I can see no way in which to prevent such a result, except by the Legislature awakening to the importance of the occasion, and making it a penal offence for any person to do otherwise to engage in quail canning or quail exportation. With proper care the quails in California can be so protected as to furnish excellent sport—even a reasonable market supply—for at least another generation, and at least in some parts of the State; and it behooves the sportsmen of California to take an active interest in the matter.

The California quail is not a stranger to some of our readers in the Eastern States, as many of them have visited our State and enjoyed the rare sport of hunting them. I refer, of course, to the "valley" quail, the other species known as the "mountain" quail being rarely met, with except in the higher mountains, close to the snow belt. The former is a very game bird; that is, he is wary and cunning. It has been asserted that he will not fly well to the dog, and this is true to some extent, but is not the rule. A great deal depends upon circumstances. If you can get the birds on favorable ground, where the cover is low and the brush is not too thick, and the undergrowth sparse, the bill—after a first flushing—lie so close that a staunch dog might point one of them for half a day, and often the hunter has to kick them out of their hiding places.

One day last fall, while enjoying an afternoon's hunt in a little wood, on the ranch of a friend a few miles down the river from here, my dog, running very fast, came suddenly upon a quail crouched by a little sprig of oak, in the grass. The dog was running so fast and came so suddenly upon the bird (the day was warm and the ground very dry, so that the scent was very slight), that when he drew up his nose was probably not more than six inches from it. Whether unduly excited by the proximity of the bird, or whether the latter made a movement of some kind, I know not, but the dog so far forgot himself as to make a spring and catch it, bringing it to me unhurt. This I proved by giving it wing until it had reached twenty or thirty yards, when (of course) I brought it down.

That the bird give out a strong scent there can be no doubt. About three years ago I was out duck-shooting about three miles from Iowa, when a storm came up and I was forced to seek a vacant shanty in a neighboring pasture, in which there were fifteen or twenty acres of trees, wild-rose, thickets and cockle-burns. While waiting for the shower to pass over, I heard some quails calling near by, and changing my No. 6's for 8's soon made off toward where the "no-you-don't" notes were coming from. I had not gone far through the briars and wet grass before my setter, which had ranged close to my right side, was then coming toward me (against the wind) came to a beautiful point. It had been worked but a very few times on quails and I was not a little surprised to see him stand so well. I walked toward him, and when within about fifteen yards flushed a quail almost from under my feet and in a direct line with his point. The bird flew over the dog and I killed it, the dog retrieving. As soon as he reached the same spot, however, with the bird in his mouth, he stopped, sniffed the air a second or two as if to make sure, and then came to another staunch point as before.

I advanced a few steps and flushed a bird (the one he had first pointed) at least ten yards in front of him. This was worth more than a cartload of ducks would be, and so I confined my attention the rest of the afternoon to that field. The ground was moist, which must have increased the birds' scent, as the dog made upwards of thirty points within a couple of hours, there being two or three coveys and quails on the place. In one instance he caught a bird that had been nearly fifteen paces distant and thirty feet from the ground, in a tree.

This convinced me that, under favorable conditions, there is no bird that affords better sport for the gunner, nor prettier work for the dog, than the blue valley quail of the Pacific slope. Of course we cannot hunt them in stubblefields, nor in cornfields, as our friends east of the Rockies do their quails and prairie chickens, and we have to go a good distance from some of the towns to find them at all; but when they are found they will give the best of shots, enough to do to brag them. I hope to see them introduced in the Middle and Southern States some day, and then you can try them yourself. N. E. W.

OLD TIMES AT MONTAUK.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 3.

In a recent issue of your paper I notice a communication from Isaac McEllan, of Shelter Island, in which he speaks of Great Pond, a once famous shooting locality situated on Montauk, the extreme eastern end of Long Island. It is some twenty years since I visited there, but at that time it was a paradise for sportsmen, and one of the very best points for wildfowl shooting on the coast.

Montauk proper contains some 9,000 acres, if I remember correctly, and when I knew it was one vast grazing ground, or at least so much of it as was known as the Indian Field. The land was owned principally by farmers in the adjacent towns of East Hampton, Amagasset and Bridge Hampton, and at stated intervals the cattle were driven on and off, and these drivings were the great events of the season in that locality. The ride from Sag Harbor to East Hampton was delightful, and from there to Amagasset tolerably so, but across Napeague Beach and on to the light-house it was a terror, as many an upset would fully prove. The light was kept by Pat Gow, and he "entertained" in the most hospitable manner. Judge Abraham T. Ross, of Bridge Hampton, was a regular visitor there, and Hubbard Fordham, Henry Preps, Henry Hantling and Daniel Z. Bellows could be depended on to respond at short notice when Gow sent a message to them at Sag Harbor that game was abundant. It was told of Judge Ross, that he was trying an important case when Fordham sent word into court that geese were on Montauk in great numbers, when the Judge suddenly discovered that important papers were missing and the case must lie over for one week; and it was positively ascertained that in a half hour's time he was seen cleaning out his gun in the back-yard. These gentlemen were enthusiastic sportsmen of the old school, and were a credit to the sporting fraternity in their day and generation; but they have passed away.

One of the institutions in those days on Montauk was old Ptinam, a negro, who lived with Gow; and to hear him describe the acres of geese and duck he had seen and the swarms he had brought through them with his old flint-lock was really a treat. For he had told the stories so often that he believed them himself.

Referring to the pond again, I was not aware the salt water had been let into it, and if the present owner, whoever he may be, will put an end to it he will be amply repaid; and I would really like to see the experiment tried of sowing it, or at least a portion of it, with wild rice. I don't, however, if there is ever a return of the old drift, for it is this incessant hammering, this constant dropping, that wears away the stone, and the fowl naturally seek pieces of greater safety and away from the centres of civilization.

The breech-loader may not be directly responsible, but its advent among sportsmen has increased their number by thousands; and who would think of going into a sick-box with a muzzle gun, or how many city sportsmen especially would go to Bill Lane's, for instance, and go through the old process of loading with frozen fingers and shivering bodies. The game would not be worth the candle after using a breech-loader for one season, and in fact is hardly worth the candle now in many localities, as I was lately and along the New Jersey coast. See no cure for that, except to abandon all shooting until the fowl get wotted back again, and then pass laws suitably protecting them, and another thing, enforce the law. The business of some world no doubt suffer, and the pleasure of many of ours would be curtailed, but the results obtained would, I think, most amply compensate for the temporary restriction. Years ago the shooting about what is now Atlantic City was most excellent for duck and snipe, but now, when game ventures to alight in any one of season—there is a charge of lead after them from all points of the compass, and if they succeed in running the gauntlet they draw a blue line for

Some better world in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,

and one that cannot be reached in thirty minutes by rail, with a smoking-car full of gunners. I have visited every shooting locality from Montauk Point to Cobb's Island, Va., and I hear the same old story of what used to be before the shooting had become such a favorite pastime, and before the "electric light" of the time had become a habit of life had become so common. We must go slow, gentlemen, or we shall soon have no shooting worth the name at all.

I will close by asking, what has become of your old-time correspondents "Engineer," "Forty-five," "Straight Bore," "Glean," etc., etc. They were easy and graceful writers, and their letters were read with much interest, and I think it high time they were stirred up and given to understand that they must come to the front or be read out of reach.

PINK EGG.

CARRIOW KILLED WITH A 32-CALIBRE REVOLVER.—Buffalo, Dec. 4.—Editor Forest and Stream: The Quebec Daily Telegraph, under date of November 18, contains a sworn affidavit by Francis Kennedy and Elias McRae, of Douglastown, Province of Quebec, wherein they certify to the killing by Smith & Wesson 32-calibre revolver, at a distance of forty-two yards, of a caribou of 175 pounds weight after being dressed. The caribou was shot through the heart to the great astonishment of the hunters, who probably never dreamed of the great power of the revolver of that calibre. The scene of the occurrence was near five miles from Gaspé Basin, one of the best hunting grounds for caribou, as the country about Gaspé is an immense and almost impenetrable wilderness.—CHARLES LINDEN.

REDUCING EXPANDED SHELLS.

SOME time since I had an English breech-loading 12-gauge gun, in which I used paper shells. Being desirous of using brass ones I got 430-cal-plated ones, and after firing them in the gun they came out with difficulty, and after closely examining them I found they were not in perfect shape, and upon looking at the chambers of the gun noticed for the first time that they were not bored true.

I disposed of this gun and kept the shells; and shortly after bought a "factory-made" American gun, of which the chambers were bored true; but I found these shells would not enter this gun, although I tried in many ways, by dressing down with emery, and subjecting them to the action of acids, to a length and not again in this way. I had a piece of steel bar, 3-inch thick, put in the face-chuck of a lathe, and a very slightly tapered and polished hole put through the bar of such size that a new shell which had never been fired, would, after being oiled, enter the larger end of the hole about half an inch if introduced with considerable force and with a boring motion. Then, taking the shells and smearing them with oil and driving them in at the larger end of the hole (with a mallet of wood, up to the flange, I extracted them with a wooden plug (of slightly less diameter than the inside of the shell), in which was bored a 1/4-inch hole so that it would not strike the anvil seat. I put this in the shell and drive the shell out, using the wooden mallet. Shells which are treated in this way are reduced to their original dimensions. It often happens that a person using brass shells in his gun has allowed them to be fired in another gun, and upon attempting to use them again has found them to be expanded so as to be useless; to all such this communication may have some little value.

I would state that the charge made for making this "sawge" was twenty-five cents; and as labor is cheaper over on your side it could probably be done for less.

Coyote.

THE MOBILE GUN CLUB DINNER.

MOBILE, Ala., Dec. 1, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The first annual side-hunt of the Mobile Gun Club, Nos. 27 and 28, resulted in a tie, each side scoring 476 points. The dinner was, therefore, a joint affair. The editor of the Register has described it so well that I will let him tell the story for me.—J. F. S.

The report incidentally is as follows: Last Wednesday night the spacious and elegant dining-room at the Battle House presented a memorable and not to be forgotten appearance. On each side and across the head of the room forming three sides of a hollow square, were long lines of tables laden with every variety of game in profusion and served and prepared by masters in the art of gastronomy. There were seats for one hundred and twenty participants, the Gulf City Gun Club had invited guests.

At 9 o'clock sharp, the doors were opened and the seats quickly filled. Attention was first paid to the tempting display spread before them and the manner in which the edibles were attacked showed the persistent and due appreciation. The waits of the inner man having been satisfied the dining was commenced by Mr. H. P. Vass, whose remarks were noticeable for their exceeding brevity. Judge Semmes came next and roused the first hearty laugh of the evening. Capt. W. J. Brainard was the next brief speaker, after which the Hon. R. B. Owen spoke in deserved praise of the club and its object in furthering that most important condition, "a sound mind in a sound body." W. B. Holt was next called on, but not being ready, gave place to Dr. T. S. Seales, who spoke in a commendable and congratulatory words upon the success, the gratifying success, of the scheme of a gun club, of which he was one of the originators, who had believed in its ultimate success from the start. He was proud of the Gun Club, and now that its success was an assured fact, he hoped its future would continue as bright and prosperous. He concluded by calling on one of the invited guests, General James Gordon, of Pontotoc, Mississippi. General Gordon responded in eulogistic terms of the members of the Gun Club and the magnificent spread that was spread at the annual hunt. After indulging in some reminiscences he called on another invited guest, Mr. Fontaine, of the New Orleans Gun Club. This speaker alluded to the time when some of the members of his club met those of the Gulf City Gun Club, and handsomely acknowledged that they found their fowmen worthy of their steel. One of this gentleman's allusions brought up C. J. Semmes, who made a very neat point, and then called on one of the members of the Club, General J. W. Burke, who gave a very interesting description of his first hunt after wild geese and his remarkable success. Some of the most interesting and modern Nimrod, Mr. Joseph Sten, but he bore his blushing honors very meekly, and could not be persuaded to talk. Captain Billy Brainard took the witness stand, and in glowing words described the adventure of his party on the Spray, how they embarked at 6:30 on Saturday night, bound for Hickory Ridge, and how every hour after that so nothing happened. Near half the night had gone before they reached the bridge, and still they sailed. Next morning a little before daylight, the pilot of the motor launch, after indulging in some surprise and delight (?) they were at the railroad bridge, having sailed up the river, turned around and came back again, without knowing it. Then they burst their water gauge, ran the Spray full head on a big sand bank, and still they had not reached that promised land, Hickory Ridge. This was a very sensational narrative and it was greatly appreciated. One of Captain Brainard's moving allusions brought up Captain Rachenstein, sometimes known as Old Hook, who asked for information on some incident of the trip. Captain H. P. Vass called upon the representative of the Register, but that representative was fortunate in securing the assistance of Dr. Seales, who, after a few remarks, called on Mr. Dreisbach for an account of his trip after game and his party, and the trouble they had with a magnificent freight conductor. Mr. Dreisbach narrated their troubles and showed that they had gone further, hunted harder and had more trouble than ever before, all to the glory of their side. Judge Semmes had some questions asked them. Dave Layton was vociferously called for. Not heeding the suggestion to "get up on a chair," Dave deliberately perpetrated a succession of puns which brought down the house and successfully retarded the career of the smoke of the explosion. Then Recorder Owen had some questions to ask the tax collector, which were decidedly personal, and which brought Major Shellfield all p standing. He also narrated some of their troubles

and aggravations in the State of Alabama. He finally alluded to a game man who with them, all game, and wanted to hear from Mr. D. H. Lay, who gave another chapter in the adventures of their party and what was done on that memorable occasion. And then allusions were made to the telegraph man and what he did, and this brought up Mr. C. A. Holt, who gave an outline of their trip after game down toward Fort Morgan, of the sand banks down there, and any duck ought to be shot who was fool enough to try to live there. He expressed, confidently, a belief that he would not go in that direction at the next annual hunt. Capt. Wm. H. Williamson was the next speaker, and he spoke of the predicament of the hunters getting where there were signs of game, only to be stopped because there was a church within four miles. And then that march in the swamp, the sight of a bird, the first shot for twenty-three years and the safe escape of the would-be victim.

Under the inspiring influence of the Roederer the talk became more general, and Mr. E. Carré, Captain Williamson, Dr. Seales (who told how Vass shot his deer), H. P. Vass, Judge Semmes, T. T. Dorman, L. H. Kennolly and Dorman all took part. The entertaining description of Mr. Fontaine's fox hunt, by that gentleman, was one of the most entertaining things of the whole evening, and brought out enthusiastic roars of applause. He certainly deserved to score 500 points for that.

The three hours' session was then adjourned over sincere wishes for many happy returns of the annual hunt of the Gulf City Gun Club.

MENTO.

Gun Club Gumbo.

Tenderloin of Flounders, en Carouche.

Vol au Vent, à la Russovite.

Roast Wild Turkey, with Water Cresses; Mallard Ducks, stuffed with Olives; Saddle of Venison, Currant Jelly Sauce. Broiled Squirrel, à la Maitre d'Hotel; Gray Ducks, Poivrade Sauce. Mashed Potatoes, Baked, à la Villars; Timbale of Macaroni, à la Reine.

Supreme of Carvass-back Ducks, à la Chevraino.

Partridge en Clauxfroid, à la Vert Pres.

Pate of Tenderloin of Black Duck.

Escalof of Squirrel, Hunter Style.

Escalof of Venison, on Saïad.

Puree of Venison, à la Polonoise.

Leg of Duck, à la Colbert.

Duck Liver Pate. Loïn Sauvage.

Roast Saddle of Venison, à la Russovite.

Lady Fingers. Macaronis. Pound Cake. Fruits. Nuts. Coffee. Hare. Sauternes. Chat. Leoville. Roederer Carte Blanche.

MORE ABOUT TURKEY CALLING.

WILLIS, Texas, Nov. 18, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am in camp now in the woods, have a good staunch cabin "by the lake," probably for the winter. We feast daily on venison, ducks, squirrels and fish. So far I am happy, but I see that your correspondent "Keouk" is not, and he calls on me to help him call his turkey.

In the first place he must make a "caller," or "call," such as I will describe presently; then he must go to school (a turkey school) with the young turkeys, as I did, and grow up with them, to learn their language, otherwise he will not succeed. If he has a flock of tame turkeys about his house let him get up at daybreak and go and sit down a short distance from their roost and watch them. Let him notice everything they do, and he will be much interested, if not edified, with their performances. Wild ones act in precisely the same way.

In the fall and winter, when turkeys are in flocks, they usually roost in the same tree, or in several trees close by. At the dawn of day you will hear them begin by occasional "clucks," then, shortly afterward, frequent yelpings before they fly down. Sometimes the old henfirst, and at other times a young one or two, will begin first. This you cannot always tell, for the notes from either are not always the same; however, experience will teach you. But if you will learn the "cluck" note, and begin when they do, it will attract their attention to you, and if kept up more frequently than they do, they will be more apt to pitch down near you, when they come down off the roost. You must "cluck" and yelp, too, at intervals, and at the same time.

The "cluck," when well made, is an excellent call note, accompanied with the "yelp," and if you make both well (as I do), and use proper judgment at same time, you cannot fail to meet with success in getting all the turkey roasts you wish.

Some will tell you to yelp once or twice or three, but I tell you to yelp and cluck as often as you please, or as loud or low as you like, it makes no difference as to number of times so you do it well, not almost like a turkey, but just like a turkey.

If it be in the spring of the year, in gobbling season, then you have to use the best turkey lure. You must put in your best skill, and if you use good yelping, clucking and plenty of patience, you will out-gener the cunningest old gobbler that ever came from an egg.

Use a rifle to shoot him with, a .38 cal. Wesson or Remington or Ballard—all good. Don't shoot an old gobbler with a shot gun. If I thought you would I would not tell you a word about calling him up.

The turkey call, in my opinion, is the best turkey call that was ever made. I am, in fact, the inventor of the instrument myself, and if you will practice it right and take notice what you want to produce with it, you can soon become expert in the art.

I take the smaller bone of the second joint of the wing of the turkey hen. Cut it off square and smoothly at each end. I use a file in cutting off and in squaring and smoothing the ends. Clean out the inside and outside nicely. Then get a seasoned or dry cane reed just that the round end of the bone will fit snugly into the hole into the round point about three quarters of an inch and wedge it snugly with white pine wedges, but not tight enough to split the cane. Let this piece of reed be about two inches long, which must then be inserted into another piece of reed just large enough for it to enter. Then begin back from the joint three quarters of an inch and pare down sloping toward the bone, both joints alike, and wrap nicely with a waxed thread. Let each section of reed be one and a half or two in the long. The wrapping of the joints by the joined parts strong and air-tight, which is essential in making clear notes. When completed the instrument should be six or seven inches long.

Now if "Keouk" does not understand, then write to me at once and let him give me his name and address and I will make and send him one.

Now, when the call is made after this method, try to yelp and cluck with it. Place the bone end in your lips and "pucker" and—goodness! I don't know how to tell you to do with the reed, but go to yelping, that's all. Practice as you would a flute or fiddle until you have learned, then you will never forget it. The following is a rough penning of the "call" as best I can draw it in the woods where I am. It



gives the design, and it seems that any one could make it. In order to "cluck," place the tip of the bone against the end of the bone-mouth-piece, and by a quick suck and jerk of the tongue you can learn the cluck. I make any note that the turkey does with the use of this instrument. I call like old hen or young hen, young gobbler or old; cluck like either as a call note, or "put" like either as an alarm note. I have used every contrivance that I ever heard of, but I have yet to find anything but the real turkey that can equal this call, and I have yet to find an old gobbler that I cannot bring with it. I will put myself on one side of an old gobbler and let another man with all the "fixes" he ever saw, put himself on the other side, with a live turkey hen to boot, and if the old chap is an hour or two in making up his mind which to go to, I will give my gun if I don't get him. I made one of these things for a friend in Mississippi once and taught him how to use it, and have been sorry ever since. The first spring after I made it he killed nine old gobblers with it, and has been making havoc among them ever since. He broke up my "roostin' ground," so I left the country; but I did the same service for my brother out there, and he is now a stand-off for the other man, and even beats him a little, for my brother can gobble just like a turkey, and Smith, the other fellow, can't—that's all. C. L. JORDAN.

A MISSISSIPPI CAMP HUNT.

Editor Forest and Stream: Thinking, perhaps, that some of your many readers might like to hear from this section of the country, I shall try and drop you a few lines which may fall in a fertile spot or land in the waste. A party of some eight or nine of us left on the 13th for our annual camp hunt, and only one who has participated in these jaunts can appreciate the pleasures that such an anticipatory, except the missionary, who is the draught-horse of the trip; and unluckily this has fallen to the writer's lot twice in succession.

A merrier or happier party never entered a forest than ours as into the sombre woods we defile, and with blowing of horns and the deep baying of hounds we plod our weary way along, till, near night, we draw up to a deep bayou, where we select a camp ground. After a refreshing night's rest, ere the golden orb of day has begun to tinge the eastern horizon, we are up, and after a cup of coffee and a few cracks we are on our feet. After a short ride through some cane we enter the hunting grounds. Scarce had we debouched ere the thrilling notes of our noble hounds reached far through the stilling aisles, and the heart of many a timid deer beat responsive to its sweet and stirring sounds. Only a few minutes after three or four shots are fired, and we have a beautiful doe stranded on the brown and sere grass. But we have no time to tarry. On we go to a regular fusillade, to find two boys with the buck axe, worse frightened than the noble monarch that they had endeavored to bring down. With the dogs all gone, we try it breathing; and after a little while we see a monster black bear, too fat to run fast, and our bear hunter on horse-back in hot pursuit. After a spirited run of fifteen minutes and after several shots the bear finally succumbs to the inevitable, and lies prostrate and lifeless. He weighed six hundred pounds gross and cut four inches of fat. Some of the boys return to camp with him, while the rest go on. After a ride of an hour we are satisfied to return to camp having bagged three large bucks, which are killed by the boys, jumping from their beds in such a way as to give the hunter a bad Monday's work.

Tuesday morning breaks upon us, beautiful, calm and cold; and after a tasty breakfast we are off again, and during a most enjoyable day we bag three large bucks and one fine gobbler. On our return at 4 P. M. we find our chief cook, Stephen, "a cullud gemman," ready with dinner. It was undoubtedly, under the circumstances, the best dinner that I ever sat down to. Our menu was as follows:

Beef Steak, Roast Liver Fried.
Venison Steaks, Breaded.
Venison Braised Meat.
Biscuits, Corn Cakes, Coffee.

Our dinners and breakfasts were just about the same, with the addition of fried and broiled squirrel and fried turkey. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday passed in the same way as the above, and after a most pleasant week we had bagged the small number of thirteen deer, two bears, three turkeys, one otter and forty-seven squirrels. We kept an account of game that we saw. There were seen fifty-three deer, five bears and nineteen droves of wild turkeys, with smaller game not counted. We arrived home safe and sound, tired and dirty on Saturday, the 19th. J. K. W. Como, Miss., Nov. 23, 1891.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Spartanburg, Dec. 4.—Now is the time that the Foxglove and Strawberry should have chosen to ventilate the 'possum question, as there never were more of them than this winter and of a finer quality. William Hobbs, the champion 'possum hunter of this section, gave one to Col. Geo. F. Akers last week which weighed eight and three-quarter pounds dressed. To-morrow he will be served to a select few of our old pencil drivers. Charley Holtester's noted chef, "Jinks Mullens," has been entrusted with the parillin', pepperin', tellerin' and lakin' of it. The chief reporter of the American Sportsman for ten days saw one in the mountains in preparation of the savory dish. The tail of the beast was amputated with a view of making a dog-whistle of it for Joe Clarke or Jack Bently, whichever succeeds in killing the first bird on the wing. Col. R. M. Edwards leaves in a few days for the mountains of East Tennessee in quest of bear and panther. The colonel says that quail shooting is too tame sport for him. All my reports from Redfoot Lake state that ducks and geese are more abundant than ever known; but birds of this kind are shipped from there to this place and I have seen a number of fine fat deer in market lately, but they come from a gentleman's preserve a few miles from town. Yesterday in the market house was a fine display of quail, squirrels, rabbits, possums and a few wild turkeys. I regret to say that the majority of the quail brought here for sale have been trapped or netted.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

FRESH WATER.

Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. pallidus. Muskellunge, Esox nobilior. Pickerel, Esox reichertii. Pike or Pickerel, Esox lucius. Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) Stizostedion americanum, S. gireum, etc.

Yellow Perch, Perca flavescens. Striped Bass, Morone lineatus. White Bass, Morone chrysops. Rock Bass, Ambleloides, (Two species). War-mouth, Channobryus gulosus. Crappie, Pomoxys nigromaculatus. Bachelor, Pomoxys annularis. Chubb, Semotilus corporalis.

SALT WATER.

Smelt, Osmerus mordax. Sea Bass, Centriscus arcturus. Pike-perch, Morone rockfish, Morone chrysops. White Perch, Perca americana.

Pollock, Pollachius carbonatus. Tautog or Blackfish, Xystocheilus opacitatus. Weakfish or Squeteague, Cynoscion regalis. Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, Sciaenop ocellatus.

The fisherman has a harmless, preoccupied look; he is a kind of vagrant who nothing fears. All his approaches are gentle and indirect. He tunes himself to the meandering, soliloquizing stream; he addresses himself to it as a lover to his mistress; he woos it and stays with it till he knows its hidden secrets. Where it deepens his purpose deepens; where it is shallow he is indifferent. He knows how to interpret its every glance and dimple; its beauty haunts him for days.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

ANGLING QUOTATIONS.

AS long ago as our issue of October 13 we published an editorial article headed: "Are They of Any Use?" In it we referred to the choice extracts from brothers of the angle which had then headed our columns of "Sea and River Fishing" for six months previous. It was, in sort, a wall of despair at the fact that during that time none of our readers had ever acknowledged their existence in any way whatever, and was intended to find out if they had read them, and if it was really of use to continue thumbing volumes of forgotten or forgotten lore in order to pick out the plums.

We have had several responses to that article, some of which have been published, and one, on a postal card, which said in the most laudable manner: "Quotations well selected. First rate. Keep on. Read 'em first thing." That was encouraging and to the point. It was written by a man who never writes a word for publication and who will read his first printed words with surprise.

The most comforting and valuable ones, on this subject, we have just received from our long-time correspondent, Mr. S. C. Clarke, the veteran angler whose frequent valuable contributions to our columns would, if collected, make a most instructive and readable book on fishing in Southern waters. Mr. Clarke not only writes encouraging words to us, but, what is of greater value, sends some quotations for use; some of which are new to us. He writes: "You complain of the want of recognition of your ingenious collection of matter for the fishing column of your paper. To show that I appreciate the industry therein displayed, I send a few extracts from a note-book in which I put down all that I find relating to angling in the course of my reading. Perhaps you may find something among them fit for your purpose."

In Plato I find this on angling: "Then you and I have come to an understanding, not only about the nature of the angler's art, but also about the definition of the thing. One half of all art was acquisition. One half of this being the kind which strikes with a hook upward, is the kind which is denoted angling.—ARISTOTELICUS. (The Sophist, V. 1. p. 58. Jowett's translation.)

Who has not seen the scourge rise, Leared and caught by fraudulent lies? MARTIAL.

Around the hook the chosen fur to wind, And on the back a speckled leather bind. ARIAN.

The above quotations show that fly-fishing was known to the ancients.

Give me nine angling; 'twill to the river, there I will retire tawny-lined fishes. ANT. AND CLEOP., Act II. Sc. 5.

The pleasantest angling is to see the fish cut, with his golden ornaments, the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait. MUCH AD ABOUT NOTHING, Act III. Sc. 1.

Which seems to refer to fly-fishing. (Other quotations sent by Mr. Clarke are reserved for the head of the column.)

FRESH WATER FISHERIES AT THE BERLIN EXHIBITION.

WE have received Part III. of the Official Report of the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, 1880, by Dr. A. Metzger.

We have already reviewed Part I., Pisciculture, and Part II., The Sea Fisheries, and have yet to notice two parts more, Fishery Products and Water Animals, and the scientific portion of the exhibition. In the report now under consideration, as in all the other official reports, the exhibit of Germany occupies the largest part of the book, making forty-eight octavo pages in the fresh-water fisheries, while the remaining thirty-nine are devoted to the exhibits of Switzerland, Italy, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Great Britain, Russia and the United States, averaging less than five pages each.

Among the singular methods of taking river fish in nets is the "Stockergang," used on the upper part of the river Weiser. It has long pouches, much like the fingers of a glove (fig. 1, p. 9), and the "Loak" (fig. 2, p. 12). The latter is like a three-cornered dip-net with a long handle; one side is opened and provided with leads and is pursued by a line running up the handle; it is only used for small bottom fish, called barben, or barbel in English. Traps for salmon, eels and lampreys are figured. In the Italian Department, a "frog rod" was shown, being a simple rod and short line (hook?) with a piece of frog skin, or parchment, on the end.

In Sweden the salmon fisheries are the most important, twenty-four streams yielding about 1,175,000 yearly. In Norway are only thirty species of fish, namely, 8 salmonoids, 12 cyprinoids, 3 percoids, 2 sticklebacks, and a cottoid, a pike, eel-pout, eel, and the small river lamprey. Of the salmonides, the salmon, lake-trout and brook-trout are generally distributed, and from the principal part of the

inland fisheries, there being no less than nine thousand salmon fisheries, whose catch amounts in the aggregate to \$500,000. The salbling is found in the north, where they are of interest by their habit of migrating like the salmon, from the rivers to the sea. The southern limit of this habit is the Sjoman in Northern Helzeland (Nordland), south of this they are only known as a fresh-water fish, never visiting the sea. The grayling is found in great numbers south of the Dove, in the streams of the Oesterdalen and Gudbrandsdalen, north of the Dove, it occurs in the streams of Fiumarkn.

The fresh water fisheries of Denmark and Holland are not very important. Great Britain showed some salmon traps (salmon putchers), of wicker-work, of which, in 1874, 255 were licensed at 2s. 6d. each. At the mouth of the Severn, and in the Bristol canal, millions of small eels (elvers) are taken in spring, as they are ascending from the sea, on their montee, and are sold from one to two-pence per pound; or offered boiled and pressed into cakes in the neighborhood of the traps.

Very interesting plates (figs 12, 13, pp. 80, 81), are given of taking the "Weisslachs," Coregonus leucichthys, in Russia, through the ice. The fish, which comes from the Caspian Sea, is only found in the Volga during December and January. A tripod is erected, and a pole with one end weighted is swung on it like a well-sawed. A toggle is erected near the hole and the light end of the pole, with a line and hook, is bent down and caught under the toggle. A fish bites, and, on the principle of a rabbit snare, he loosens the toggle, and is swung up in the air by the weight at the other end of the pole.

The gill-nets, pounds, and seines of the United States are described and illustrated, but no mention of the angling exhibit is made. The illustrations and typographical work are most excellent.

AN ANGLER'S GUIDE.

WE find on our table a small "Angler's Guide" published in England. The book appears to be very largely an advertisement of the fishing tackle house of G. Little & Co., whose prices list forms an appendix. It is a handsome little work, and the twelve pages of colored lithographs of flies are finely executed on heavy paper. The famous "Alexandria" and minnow flies, whose work has been so deadly in some waters of England as to call forth protests against their use, are illustrated. This reminds us that it may not be out of the place here to say that a prominent dealer in fishing tackle, who is also a skillful angler, told us that he did not consider the "Alexandria" particularly killing, in American waters.

The illustrations of tackle are very fair, but those of the fishes we cannot speak highly of; the salmon and the grayling are particularly and remarkably bad. A table of the "fence months," or close seasons; the weights under which the different fishes must not be taken; the power of river-keepers; and the different fishing stations, with names of fishermen, railway fares, etc., are given. Also the tollage on boats; annual tolls; ordinary times of high water at the different stations, and much other information.

"[This Angler's Complete Guide and Companion; being a Practical Treatise on Angling and its Requirements, with beautifully executed illustrations, in colors, of the artificial flies for the different months, and the various stages of the life of the most necessary tackle. By G. Little. (scrolled) London: Published by the Author, 15 Potter Lane, E. C. W. Case, Hogarth House, 9 and 11, Bride's Avenue, West End, Market Place, Bedford, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.]

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 9.

THE carp sent here on Thanksgiving Day by Professor Baird, to Col. Geo. F. Akers, has been distributed; upward of fifty persons were supplied.

A gentleman, whose name I could not learn, received here a few days since five hundred salmon-trout for his ponds. They were in fine condition, measuring from four to six inches long.

I understand that the ponds are splendidly built, and fed by a fine system of overhead springs in the country. This is a move in the right direction.

Mr. William McConnell and son received the right from the Fish Commissioner of Middle Tennessee, Col. Geo. F. Akers, to seine Red River for a number of bass to stock a series of ponds they have built near here, and which they propose to exploit as a business. The same parties say that they intend constructing a hatchery, and do things on a grand scale. *Nous verrons.*

Our fish market on Saturday was very handsomely supplied. On the stall of Andy Meadows were at least twenty varieties of fish, from the diminutive "sun perch" to the superb "salmon." Oysters of excellent quality are being brought here from Mobile and Biloxi, in addition to the enormous quantities from Baltimore. If some of our female ancestors, who a century or less past wore oyster shells as jewelry, could wake up and see the cart loads of the then great curiosities, they would want no better evidence of our progressive state.

The Cumberland Angling Club are determined to have a nice place to amuse themselves. They have a very large pond, well stocked with game fish, within four miles of town, on the banks of which they have erected a handsome club house, and where every comfort will be provided the members. A carp pond has also been dug, and is now stocked with the little fish sent out here lately.

Another association is being formed with a view of imitating the above, and from what I hear their ponds will be something grander than any yet built here. The season is now over for angling in our waters, and the Washingtonians have gone into winter quarters, there to spin yarns and make plans for the next spring's campaign.

J. D. H.

FLYING-FISH AND CONORS.—Perhaps the most toothsome denizen of the sea (or air) is the flying-fish. Barbadoes is the place to get them—say the husband women, bring out ready-cooked flying-fish alongside newly arrived shrimps among their stock in trade of bananas, shells, guava paste and pepper-punch. The Barbadian fishermen catch them at night by means of a net spread after the fashion of a sail in their boats, and it is no uncommon occurrence for one or more to fly in through the open ports of a vessel at sea when she is low in the water or rolling gently. Every one knows the big conch shells—some as large as a man's hat—which are brought home from abroad, and stuck about in all sorts of inappropriate places, from graters to greenhouses; and every one has heard that in many lands they are blown like

from to summon cattle or used as war trumpets; but everybody does not know what delicious soup the original inmates of those shells serve to make. Sea, as well as land, slugs are used for this purpose, too.—Chambers' Journal.

NIGHT FISHING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: I saw in your paper of the 8th an article on night fishing for trout in England, in which I am much interested, although not a trout fisher myself, as there are none of these fish in this vicinity. I will give you what I know of fishing at night for "rock," or striped bass. This experience is entirely confined to fishing off the Anconetia or Navy yard bridge, spanning the Eastern Branch of the Potomac on tide water.

Rock fishing commences here in the month of July and ends with cold weather, generally in November. The rock caught in the early part of the season are of small size, say from five to eight inches long; but in the latter part of the season they increase to fifteen and sixteen inches. Of course, I change hooks, commencing in July with a No. 2 Aberdeen, a charming little hook for small fish. The best bait is a young smelt, about three inches long, but as the rock always goes for the head of the bait, I have caught small ones with smelt which were too large to be swallowed. As to the best time to fish, I have found a half-flood tide to half-draw ebb tide the time; as the rock likes the swift water most.

I have found that in very clear water, and particularly after a bright moonlight night, the fish would very seldom take the hook in the daytime, and, therefore, have tried night fishing, which, on account of the gas lamps on the bridge, is not a very unpleasant task. I would place myself directly under one of the lamps for two reasons: first, to be able to bait my hooks well; and, second, to fish in the water illuminated by the light, and in this manner have been very successful on dark, but never on moonlight nights, the moonlight enables the fish to feed over the whole river, while at dark night they seem to come to the lights of the bridge to see and find their food.

One morning I went to the bridge at four A. M., just in time to see the lamps extinguished, and leaving me in total darkness. I commenced fishing, but could get no strike until daylight appeared over the hills in the East, after which time they bit lively, enabling me to carry a fine lot of fish home for my breakfast.

From what I have seen I don't think rockfish can see, or will feed in the dark. I hope this argument may be kept up, as angling is my greatest pleasure, and requires a small amount of exertion, and is very interesting if treated as a science. C. A. K.

VORACITY OF PIKE.—The following story, which we take from the London Sporting Times, illustrates not only the rapacity of the pike, but also the entire truthfulness of one writer for the English sporting press. It can, no doubt, be relied upon. He says: "A curious incident happened at Warner's Welsh Harp last week. Mr. George Botham, the popular lessee of Croydon racecourse, who has been staying at Warner's, was out early with his gun and shot one of the bobtail blue rocks which had escaped the batue of the previous day. The rock fell in the water, and, on approaching the spot, the well-known shot was surprised to see an enormous flock of some 200 pike draw the bird under water and disappear; but this was not all, for on the edge of the water were a sow and pigs looking out for their maternal meal in the shape of dead bait left by the fishermen. One of the youthful porkers, anxious to secure a fish floating at a little distance from the edge of the water, stepped in, when he was seized by an enormous pike, who dragged him out of his depth, where he was joined by another member of the finny species. Then came the tug of war; and the pig being fat, and one of Warner's own breeding, was wedged so tight into the mouth of both pike, that, unable to breathe, they were choked, and in the struggle were both dragged ashore by the worthy Oxfordshire farmer.

WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK.—Niagara, Canada.—In regard to whitefish taking bait I will say that some three years ago several were caught off the steamboat wharf here, I think it was in May. The small boys who caught them were fishing for herring, using minnows for bait.—W. S. L.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME SALMO.—Scaliger has the following line, which shows the origin of the name of the genus Salmo: Et salmo pikeus aversa frequens guttis, And painted Salmo with his golden spots.—C.

Fishculture.

DISTRIBUTING CARP IN TENNESSEE.

THE trials of a Fish Commissioner, who not only serves with out pay, but also without a dollar of money from the State to work with, is set forth in the following correspondence, which, with the preliminary remarks, we take from the Nashville American:

Within the last few days, Col. George F. Akers, State Fish Commissioner, has distributed between eleven and twelve hundred German carp to at least fifty different persons, who, owning suitable ponds, propose engaging in the cultivation of this excellent variety of food fish. The instructions received from the United States Fish Commission being positive as to the number of fish to be given to each applicant, and the character of ponds into which they were to be placed, only a comparatively small number of persons could be supplied. These circumstances were the prime causes for the vexations to which the good-natured Colonel was subjected. Scarcely a single applicant failed to want more fish than his quota, and but few who were not dissatisfied at not getting them. Then the question of sex gave rise to much discussion, to say nothing of the thousand and one explanations demanded as to the mode of breeding, feeding and the general management of them. These vexations, however, were more than counterbalanced by the many indignant remarks, opinions and incidents connected with the task of distribution. One writes me, in regard to the matter that was acted upon by the carpward here; and that his (the pair) must be held on to till he comes fur 'em; and that he can't give his family till his youngest gal gets over the mumps. Another wrote: "I have a pond in which there are five varieties of fish—white perch, minnow perch and buffalo. The latter kind is immense, and I caught one weighing twenty-four pounds. Herring as the carp grows bigger than that I wanted to try a few of 'em."

"They instructions from Washington with regard to my fish," writes another.

Antliche Berichte über die Internationale-Ausstellung [Zu Berlin 1881. (Seit der Society III. Internationales Fischeri) von Dr. A. Metzger, mit in den text gedruckten Holzschritten, | Berlin, Verlag von Paul Parey, 1881.

PENNSYLVANIA FIELD TRIALS.

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO FOREST AND STREAM.

GRAND JUNCTION DEPOT, Dec. 14.

The Pennsylvania field trials commenced on Monday morning, Dec. 13.

MEMBERS' STAKES.

The Members' Stakes were first run, for which only six competed, with the following result:

SUMMARY FIRST SERIES OF HEATS.

May Laverack beat Skip.
Belton III, beat Pat Laverack.
Biz beat King Dash.
The heat between Biz and King Dash was hotly contested, and lasted three hours.

In the second series May Laverack and Belton III, were put down together, but as Mr. Styrton had not handled Belton, and could not control him, the dog was withdrawn, thus giving the heat to May Laverack and Biz divided first, and King Dash took second.

ALL-AGED STAKES.

In the All-Aged Stakes, which were begun on Tuesday morning, thirteen dogs were put down to run, as follows:
Dashing Monarch against Gordon.
Olie against Dash.

Maxwell against Count Noble.
Grouse Dale against Ned.
Belton III, against Nellie.
Mack I, against August Warwick.
King Dash, a bye.

DASHING MONARCH AND GORDON.

The first brace race on Tuesday morning were Dashing Monarch and Gordon, who were put down at 8:15. Monarch had the best of it all through, and was declared the winner at 9:20, after being down an hour and five minutes.

OLLIE AND DASH.

Ollie and Dash were next put down, and after running an hour and a half, during which some very fair work was done, the former was declared the winner.

COUNT NOBLE AND MAXWELL.

At 11:15 Count Noble and Maxwell were cast off. The heat was a long one, lasting two hours, Count Noble winning.

GROUSE DALE AND NED.

The next brace to run were Grouse Dale and Ned, who were put down after lunch. After half an hour's running Grouse Dale won, having performed some excellent work.

NELLIE AND BELTON III.

The heat between Nellie and Belton III was by no means a brilliant one. Nellie won. Down two hours.

WARWICK AND MACK LAVERACK.

At 4:15 Warwick and Mack Laverack were put down. Mack was sick, and at the end of twenty-five minutes' running, he was withdrawn, leaving Warwick winner of the heat.

SUMMARY FIRST SERIES OF HEATS.

Dashing Monarch beat Gordon.
Ollie beat Dash.
Count Noble beat Maxwell.
Grouse Dale beat Ned.
Nellie beat Belton III.
Warwick beat Mack Laverack.
King Dash, a bye.

SECOND SERIES.

In the second series Dashing Monarch and King Dash were put down, but after running half an hour, were ordered up, to go down again Wednesday morning.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF FIELD AND FOX DOGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The following observations the writer has found of use:

PUPPIES AND POUTRY.

It is often the case that pointer and setter puppies are very destructive to young poultry. I have never seen a pointer or setter which turned out to be anything, which did not, when a puppy, kill young chickens. If they do not "nuzzle" to. Such whelps are a terror to all good house-wives who raise poultry. To break all such, place around the neck of the offender a collar made of a soft cotton rag. Pass through this collar a bit of whip-cord; hold one end of the cord in your hand and attach the other to the leg of an old hen which has a clutch of newly-hatched chickens. Draw the old hen (game hen preferred) up to the pup. Stop up both of your ears and look. Repeat next day if necessary.

DOGS THAT WILL NOT FOLLOW.

It often happens that young timid, bird dogs wish to follow their owners when they are not going shooting and are not wanted. They are, consequently, a nuisance and a great back ache at the end of a hunt. I have known, after such treatment, when the sportsman did wish to hunt his dog would start off merrily, and after going some fifty or a hundred yards stop and sit up on his hind end as though he had grown right there, and no entreaty or threat could induce him to follow or to obey.

To remedy this trouble, call the young dog to you before you start, and feed him lightly, mount your horse and bid him in a cheery voice, "High boy." After you have seen him start with you, "Remember Lot's wife," and never look back to see if he is following you; if you do, you will stop him as surely as though you had used your gun upon him. The solicitude the sportsman feels causes him to look and see if the dog is following, the dog, seeing his master look back at him, remembers former dealings and is afraid to follow further, and so sports is spoiled.

HOW TO REMOVE LICE.

Lice upon dogs are very hard to get rid of. I think black setters far more liable to them than any other dogs. A dog has not always to be poor or scratch much to cause one to suspect these vermin. There is, however, a very funny, feathery louse the animal gives himself (when once seen is never forgotten) which is very suggestive of this trouble. A simple solution of quassa, made from the chips by steeping a day and boiling, applied with a stiff brush every other day for four days, is a dead shot.

RED MANE.

The red mane is the scourge of all dog owners. I have never failed to effectually and speedily eradicate it by immersing the affected animals in a blacksmith's slack-tub frequently.

When bird dogs or fox dogs are out on their feet today, (which is often the case when first put to full work) wash their feet every chance you get in hot liquor or stale buttermilk. It is very comforting and curative, especially if you let the poor devil lap his foot bath after the operation is completed.

FOOLISH RETARD.

And now, with regard to fox hounds. If one hunts them regularly and observes them closely, many things may be learned about them. It is often the case when hounds are trailing hurriedly and gathering their trails rapidly, one may be seen to mount the stump of a felled tree, and then the "butt cut" of the tree, and proceed on their way. When this is observed, get yourself ready to ride, for it is fifty dollars to certify you will bounce your self in less than two minutes by the watch. Upon the other hand, should the dog get on the lap end of the tree and trail toward the stump, there is no immediate chance of catching him. The dog will mount the "butt cut" of a tree, he walks toward the lay end, looking for a place to lie down. At daylight, however, or an hour before, upon the first sound of hound or horn, the old fellow will get up, stretch himself, listen

a moment or so, mount with haste the lap end of the tree, give his brush, as he walks the stump, several quick whisks, and in a moment is "gone away." They delight in an elevated start, even should they seek the end of the chase a dirty hole, or be overtaken by a draggled, sloshy deuce.

KEEPING HOUNDS.

Many of our sporting journals speak of keeping hounds as though there was a world of expense attending it. This may be the case to some extent about cities. There attaches, of necessity, no such expense in the country, and such articles have a tendency, with regard to young country fellows, to throw a damper upon this sport, which men love a sport which gives a youngster a sure seat in the saddle, and imparts endurance, health and manliness.

(Nov. 30.—Since mailing you on the 26th inst. the notes on Care of Dogs, etc., in your issue of the 24th, came to hand, containing recommendation of a decoction of quassa to be used upon dogs for fleas. I observe also in chapter III. (same name) under "Training versus Breaking," an application of game hen to pug is commended to cure the latter of too great a fondness for young chickens. Now, for four persons should think I have been stealing the thunder of others, I write this note, knowing if my article is used I will be set right. With regard to the use of quassa for fleas, I will also state there is nothing better when used as an injection upon your hunting horse, if he is ever troubled with the little white internal worms which came them so much annoying, and make them to spoil their tails by rubbing. R. M. C.)

DAISY.

DAISY had not a long pedigree, but she had that which is better in both man and dog, meritorious qualities of her own. She would not have been a kennel dog, and she would have been prevented that, but in the field she easily outdid those dogs who for mere display would have ranked her. And yet I have never seen a prettier or more trim little dog. "She is a delicate, dainty little creature," said a gentleman one evening as I lifted her into the wagon after the day's shooting—and she is.

She was not one of those dogs that "never make a mistake" (I have yet to see one), but I know from actual comparison that she would find more birds in a day than these same infallibles. On my very first day, she was careful in the extreme, and when she had gone over a field and had pretty sure she had secured the birds in it had been found. Possessed of a remarkably acute nose, I have seen her come to a stiff point long before her companions were aware of the presence of game. She was unusually staunch.

One day I tested her on a fence which she had to jump, and she remained behind for some ten minutes. Without turning round, she came as an eye to see where I was, she kept her point, standing till the strain on her nervous system became too great; then she quietly dropped upon her haunches, and in this position kept her point till I called her.

As a retriever she had few equals; if she saw a bird fall or even supposed it to be wounded, she would find it no matter how long it required. I have seen her point a live bird with a dead one in her mouth. To shoot over such a dog is a high pleasure to any one who appreciates such qualities; and that pleasure was mine last winter.

The extreme cold of the past winter forced me to seek the more genial climate of Southern Georgia. I never in any of my trips in search of sunshine had so enjoyable a time as I did during three months spent there. Every one seemed to try to do something to promote my happiness, and they succeeded. To no one am I so much indebted as to my friend W. He was a friend in need, in deed and always. And while I know that I should of friend him did I mention his name in any way, but he had to put on record my appreciation of his goodness to me. It was this kind friend who loaned Daisy to me. For three months she was my constant companion, and to her sterling qualities as a field dog I am indebted for many days' sport and much needed health. To her intelligence and kindly, affectionate, I might say sympathizing disposition, I am indebted for the pleasantest brute companionship I ever knew.

The other day there came to me a letter, which, I am not ashamed to say, made a choking in my throat. It ran: "I know that I have here and now said a little of the sympathy with me over the death of dear little Daisy the other day. I did not wish to see a personal loss, and I cannot help the wish that death may not be the end of so much intelligence and affection as were combined in that little dog. There comes back to me very vividly many incidents connected with her, and I do not wish to see her again. My sorry residence was not a happy one, but kindness and good did it work, and while not losing her love for her master and mistress—she was the special pet of the latter—she soon learned to know me and her best friends. At night she was chained to her kennel and I was not allowed to go in to see her, and she would look at me as she would at a hero. She would then come to the door of my room and patiently wait for admission. When the door was opened, with a single bound she would land upon my bed, put her nose under my chin and give me a friendly human sigh of relief and satisfaction. Remarkably intelligent at other times, she would do nothing sufficient to displease her from the bed. She would nestle as close as possible, and then actually hold her breath as though to make me think she was not there.

And that Daisy utterly refused to make the acquaintance of the village dogs, but when her timidly were away, she greatly enjoyed a frolic with them. At such times she was apt to lose sight of me, but she seemed to know that I was certain to be found sooner or later at the post office; and I have known her to sit quietly on the steps all day waiting for me. I did not wish to see her, but she would come with a rush, her every look and motion indicating the joy she felt at seeing me again. When she learned that I was willing to romp with her she would often come with a challenge in her eye and posture, and great was her enjoyment when the play began.

As innocent of evil as any little child, she often attempted to play with the pigs we found during a ramble. Now, the pig of the South has not the fear of dogs before his eyes, nor yet the love of them in his heart, and Daisy's kindly overtures were not taken in the spirit in which they were made; the pig, much to her disgust, would charge upon her. She never seemed to understand why the pig would not play with her.

It was a delightful thing to see her manifestations of delight when I took her out on a walk. When she was out for an hour or even when I went for a walk only. Putting all her feet together like a bucking horse, she threw her whole body three or four feet into the air, while her eyes seemed to be made of light.

When I took her up from home she absolutely refused to leave the room in which she was, and generally insisted upon climbing into my lap, and though much less comfortable in that position than on the mat by the fire, there she would remain. While continuing to be fastened to the kennel at home, she would cry pitifully if I was not near, and generally insisted upon my going when disposed of for the night unless she was allowed to lie at my chamber door.

Only once was she downright disobedient, but she showed her penitence so plainly, and tried so hard to make amends by her manner, that I took no notice of the matter. She was in such circumstances were as follows: While snipe shooting by some ponds I found some ducks, of which I killed three. Daisy was sent up after them. She poked up one and immediately dropped it; nothing would induce her to touch it again. Calling her out, I punished her and sent her back to the kennel. She was in such a shallow water by the duck, and looked at me as if to say, "What are you going to do about it?" I loaded, threw little sticks, but Daisy never moved. When I had her come to me she rose, and slowly walked to the pond, and sat down near to me, looking at me in the most careful manner; still I gave no heed to her; she came closer. I then spoke to her in a kind tone, when she ran to me

and looked and acted her penitence and affection as plainly and completely as did ever a man. For the remainder of the day she was better than the best.

One day on coming to an annually high fence, I grasped her collar and helped her over; from that time on she made me help her over it as was her former habit.

And now this bright, affectionate, intelligent and most useful little dog is gone. She will never again fondle upon those who care for her. She will never again delight us by her performance in the field, or by her affection at home. We miss her, miss her sadly. "No living" creature that lives will share Daisy's place. "In my own heart there is an echo near akin to that which is felt at the loss of a human friend, for Daisy was to me more than a mere adjunct to my field sport and recreation; silent though she was, her companionship was a perpetual delight, and I feel, as I close, that my imperfections which has not done half justice to the best little dog I ever knew. C. B.

GERMAN HUNTING DOGS.

THE sportsmen of Germany have a great many different descriptions of dogs for their hunting, which are altogether unknown in this country. The Schweiss hund is a most useful aid to the forester, for he is gifted with a marvellously keen nose, and can take the track of a deer two or three days old, and work it up with infallible certainty. These dogs are much like the English bloodhound in appearance, but do not stand quite so high. They have very musical voices, and are trained to give tongue when they find the wounded animal, whether it be dead or alive. Sometimes they are trained to bark and bark only, and to keep it up. They will follow the wounded animal either by the warm blood, or the day following will take the trail and follow the cold blood until the quarry is either found dead, or started again. These animals are so trained, that they will distinguish the track of the stag from that of the hind, but to train them to do this point is not an easy matter, and requires more patience and care than most men have. The Leicht hund was, however, formerly used in Germany for this purpose, and was thus a valuable assistant to the forester in tracking and finding the stag. It is a dog of a forest, to learn just how many stags had gone into it, and how many had come out, the dog standing or dropping at each stag's track crossed.

"Perhaps the most curious of all dogs," said a German sportsman to us recently, "is the Dachsbaud"—a tiny animal scarcely bigger than a toy terrier, will not infrequently tackle a badger several times his own weight. These little dogs are sometimes very useful adjuncts to a bear-hunt. They will chase the animal, and if he is tired, they will even bite him, making an interesting and dangerous sport, bear having no fear of his tiny persecutor. In doing, merely threatening the little dog when it comes too near, and the hunter, led to the spot by the noise, is enabled to get within shot and fire, before his presence is discovered by the growl.

The best packs of dogs for hunting the boar consist of a lot of mongrels; those which have been used by the swineherds being preferred. At the close of the season they are separated and are boarded at the different farms on the estate. One farmer employs the dog with him in watching his hogs; another uses his as a cattle dog, and a third makes a house dog of the one in his charge. When the season opens they are collected for use. These dogs are not bold enough to seize the boar, a proceeding which would result in immediate death, but they follow and worry him, and at the same time make noise enough to keep the hunters informed of their whereabouts.

KENNEL NOTES.

We wish to impress upon the minds of those who send us items for our Kennel Notes, that to avoid mistakes all names should be printed in plain letters, as we find it very easy to make mistakes where this is not done. We would also like to be informed whether the animal is male or female, and to know the date of birth and the breed to which they belong, whether pointer, setter, or bulldog. A careful study of the notes in this number of the paper will show just what is wanted. Our aim is to have everything correct; but until contributors will take the necessary trouble to conform to the above request we cannot answer for the mistakes that may occur.

NAME CLAIMED.

Toy—Claimed by W. B. Todd, Vermilion, Ohio, for black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped August 18, 1888, by Darwin (bred by Gen. Rowett) out of Lady, she by Gen. Rowett's dog Rock out of Baker's champion Old Fan.

Toy—Claimed by W. H. Todd for a black, white and tan beagle bitch, whelped April 27, 1888, by champion Leo (Warrior—Rosey) out of Ringlet (Warrior—Rosey).

Toy—Claimed by W. H. Todd for a white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 16, 1888, by champion Leo (Warrior—Rosey) out of Maud (Spot—Mille).

Toy—Claimed by W. H. Todd for a white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 7, 1888, by champion Leattler (Warrior—Rosey) out of Leo (Darwin—Lady).

Toy—Claimed by W. H. Todd for a white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped July 7, 1888, by Leo (Warrior—Rosey) out of Maud (Spot—Mille).

Toy—Claimed by W. H. Todd for a white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped May 4, 1888, by Leattler (Warrior—Rosey) out of Leo (Darwin—Lady).

Toy—By Mr. Wm. B. Mershon, East Saginaw, Michigan, for his Gordon setter dog, whelped May 25, 1881, by Norman out of Maria.

Toy—By Mr. J. M. Edwards, Wheatland, Pa., for his red Irish setter dog puppy, formerly Perfecto, whelped August 8, 1881, by champion Rory O'More out of Clander's Gay (champion Elcho—champion Fredy).

Toy—By Mr. J. S. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for his white and tan terrier dog, four months old, by Mr. Thos. Orgill's imported Nip out of same owner's imported Nettie.

Toy—By Mr. J. S. Reynolds, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for his black, white and tan fox terrier dog pup, four months old, by Orgill's imported Nip out of same owner's imported Nettie.

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Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.

- C. H., Harrisburg, Pa.—The gun is a full choke.
- DROOP.—We never heard of India-rubber decoys.
- W. T., Danbury, Conn.—The address asked for is care this office.
- H. D. C., Midland Park, N. J.—The articles will be printed in book form.
- F. M. H., Ranocosa, N. J.—The rabbit season in your State closes Dec. 21.
- T. V. S., Jr., Little Rock, Ark.—The address of the firm is Birmingham, Tenn.
- SQUARE DEAL.—The subject upon loading is one upon which we have invited criticism.
- B. C. HILL.—Your inquiry will be answered upon return of our kennel order from the National Field Trials.
- O. W. BELMONT.—If the disfigurement is so serious as we infer from your note we would take off the two inches in any case.
- W. MOF., New York.—The stock has a good reputation. You will have to wait about two weeks, when we will give you particulars.
- G. W. H.—We have repeatedly refused advertisement of firm you mention, because we thought such refusal for the interest of our readers.
- "MILLS"—Will a Western correspondent, who some months ago sent us an article on game protective methods, please send address to this office?

HALL, Syracuse.—The man is a second-hand book dealer. Try "Florida's" outlets for known "Gales to the Turf" for the year 1892 will be on a much larger scale than the previous editions.

14 D. W., Dover, N. H.—Dealer in foreign stamps is Jno. W. Adams, 146 Fulton st., New York. Dealers in scotch-saw patterns, Adams & Bishop, 46 Beekman st., New York.

KRICK'S GUN.—Mr. H. C. Crickmore, of the World, 31 Park Row, New York, has the only known "Gales to the Turf" for the year 1892 will be on a much larger scale than the previous editions.

J. N. W., Frederick, Md.—Of the "cheap John" guns you mention I have no rate and another note. If you were to send us such an order about the farm write to some of the respectable dealers for a second-hand arm.

J. L., Rochelle, Ill.—Does choke-boring a gun enlarge the gauge? For instance, if I get a No. 10 choke-bore, will it take a No. 10 shell same as before, or will it take a No. 9? Ans.—It takes a same size of shell as before.

F. N. W., New York.—What are the charges at Havre de Grace for duck shooting? Ans. The charges for whole equipment, with boats, and a gun, is \$10.00. If you wish to go on a party of 10, the shooting there at the end of this month will depend upon the weather.

GENNER, Bangor, Me.—The New York agents of the gun say that they never have known of one of their lamiated steel or twist barrel guns bursting. The guns, they say, are made of the best material, and are all proved with more than twice the usual force.

W. E. P., West Lebanon, Ind.—The American guns will not get more shaky than the others without excess rick. The names you mention as put on guns by no one, except the makers, are not names of the manufacturer. The guns are of inferior grade.

PHILADELPHIA CORRESPONDENT.—The revolver which is advertised as a free presser premium by the New York firm is a cheap and undesirable affair. The "Ivory handle" is a cheap and inferior imitation, the handle really being of wood painted to resemble ivory. It is a sham from the word go. Beware of it.

C. A. F., Milford, Mass.—Joseph Manton was a famous English gunmaker, and his guns were of the highest quality. They were made by John Manton. The Mantons guns are now rare, and much prized by their possessors. We saw one the other day, a muzzle-loader, which had been bought by a friend at an auction in this city.

CHERRYCK, Hudson, N. Y.—The arm you inquire about is sold at the "extraordinary low price" because it could not be sold at a legitimate price by its manufacturers and has been in consequence turned over to the "Johannes" who are the only ones to get the gun purchasers. The claims made for the arm are about as sensible as those printed on the opposite page of the circular setting forth the wonders which it will perform.

K., Troy, Pa.—1. Are the Creedmore rules and those of the National R. A. the same? 2. Is it the rule to add 3 to the score of open shots in shooting with globe and peep sights? 3. How do they count the score in case of a tie? Ans. 1. At Cherryck you will find open shooting grounds at Mrs. Nye's and at White's. Last week's paper, article "A New Jersey Trial in the South," for information about this. 2. At New Jersey the shooting is done with peep sights for match, birds, etc., with quail, turkeys, deer, etc. See issue of July 25, 1891. At New Bern stop at boarding-house kept by Miss Sarah West, \$1.50 per day, \$3 per week, \$25 per month. You will be all right so far as open season goes.

J. W., Foxboro, Mass.—Last winter I sent on to Washington for German carp, received the barrels filled them out, and sent them to our representative, but have heard nothing since from them. Now I do not care to try that way again, but are there out some of those fortunate ones, whose carp are multiplying by the million, who would be willing to part with a few of them for a consideration? Ans. No doubt there are members of Congress who do not forward applications for carp. There are none for sale. If you recollect, we have often published the names of the dealers in the Fish and Game Market, New York City, was the Eastern agent for the distribution of carp and we have announced each new lot that has received. Various clubs and you will get the names of the dealers in carp from New York and return the can, or pay two dollars and keep it. The fish are safely shipped, without an attendant, every week.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

RANGE AND GALLERY.

GYMNASTIC MARKSMANSHIP.

THE San Francisco Alta California, of December 2, contained the following response to Dr. Carver's last manifesto:

DR. CARVER:—In response to your sweeping challenge emanating from London (I beg pardon, in regard to fifteen years), through his representative, the undersigned, challenges you to a competitive trial of skill in marksmanship for the sum of \$5,000, the affair to take place in London at such time and place as you may determine, and other fit and proper methods to be governed solely upon scientific principles, and accepting your line of shooting with his own, and yourself adopting his with yours; such shooting as with mirrors and other fit and proper methods to be wholly ignored as unworthy of recognition from a scientific standpoint. As this is to be simply a trial of skill, the various classes of shooting to be included in the trial, and the trial, jointly, must be confined to twenty shots each, as no further number is necessary to demonstrate skill in marksmanship, anything over being merely indicative of physical force.

In much of the nature now contemplated—viz., of simple skill in marksmanship—the tireless feat of breaking 10,000 glass balls would be of no use and not legitimately comparable with the purpose of the occasion, also unworthy of the enormous prolongation of time consumed in its essay. As you have introduced the horse as

THE STREAMS OF NEW ENGLAND are drying up. Proof: the fact, noted by President Wilson at a recent meeting of the New York and New England Railroad Companies, that in Massachusetts "many mills which have depended upon water for their motive power have been obliged to stop during dry seasons, and most of them are now putting in other machinery, and will in the future rely upon coal as their motive power." This is of interest to transportation lines and coal companies, and also to anglers. With dams, sawdust and the cutting down of forests, and unseasonable fishing and netting, the fish have been pretty well depleted already. Now that the water supply is growing less the fish will go too.

THE MONTHLY MEETING of the New York Game Protective Association was held at Pinard's last Tuesday evening. The counsel of the Association, Mr. Wagstaff, reported that there were no cases of violation of the law now in his hands. The Secretary, Mr. Cuthbert, read letters and complaints from many parts of the State. Complaints were made against some of the State game protectors, but they were in such an indefinite shape that we cannot reproduce them. Mr. Roosevelt, the president, spoke in the highest terms of the rainbow trout of California, extolling it beyond our native species. At 11 p.m. a supper was served, at which fish and game predominated.

OUR ADVERTISERS.—We invite attention to the notices of leading firms in our advertising columns. The principal houses of the trade are there represented. We rigidly discriminate against unreliable dealers in firearms, and thereby make the respectability of all who use the advertising columns of the FOREST AND STREAM relied upon by readers and purchaser.

WE REPEAT IT because it is the truth, and will bear repetition: A year's subscription to this journal is the best possible holiday gift for a man, old or young. Send it to your friend and prove for yourself if our advice is not right.

THE LATEST THREATENED OUTRAGE is a California "quail canny." If such an engine of bird destruction is got up, the sportsmen of that state may as well sell their guns and dogs, and look for some other form of recreation than shooting.

ONE OF THE WORSEST HUNTING CARS will go to Florida this winter with a party of excursionists. An account of the last Western trip of the "Jerome Marble" is given by a correspondent to-day.

THE SPIDER'S POISON.—Boston, Sept. 10.—A short time ago I saw a grasshopper minus a hind leg struggling in the web of a large spider in a fence corner. The spider rushed from his silver tube, but, not knowing the size of his guest stopped, and for about ten minutes remained at a standstill. I was called away for a short time, but when I returned I found a smaller spider biting the grasshopper, while the owner of the nest stood by awaiting the result, and apparently urging the other on. A friend suggests that perhaps the large spider had not the means of poisoning his victims, and called in the other as one would a policeman to take care of the intruder.—V.

TRYING TO RHYME "TARRAPIN."

A question grave disturbed the land,
To know if the beautiful Tarrapin
Was fish or game. Some took the stand
That it was game, although no hairy skin
Had it. But I, for one, contend
That it is a fish with here a fin.
And if these lines the prize should win
Just send it along, sir,

CLARA FLYNN.

A DOMESTICATED WILD TURKEY.—Devil's River, Tex., Dec. 3.—Visiting a contractor's camp a few days since, my attention was called to a domesticated wild turkey hen, which was captured when a chick a day or two old. It was caught last June on the Mucres River, and for a few days was very timid. Being allowed to run about the camp, it very soon became accustomed to its surroundings, and is now thoroughly domesticated. It was very much attached to a young man in the camp; would follow him about, feed from his hand, jumping into his arms, and showing the greatest affection for him. Since the departure of the young man the turkey seems quite lost and disconsolate, running about the camp calling for its lost friend in its most plaintive notes. It will make an excellent decoy to bring some old gobbler to bay. This is the first instance we have of a turkey being so tame and being domesticated. I have known of the eggs being hatched under a hen and of all the brood running off as soon as they were old enough. Isn't it something unusual?—Geo. W. POLK.

A. J. M., Bridgeport.—How can I brown my gun-barrels? They rust very easily in my hands. Ans. We should advise you to send your barrels to a competent gunsmith. Like most other things in which practice makes perfect, browning of gun-barrels is best done by those who make it a part of their business. If you want to try it yourself, you may follow this formula: Make a preparation of tincture of muriate of iron, one ounce; nitric ether, one ounce; sulphate of copper, four scruples; run water, one pint. Securely plug up the barrels, leaving the plugs of sufficient length to be used as handles. Thoroughly clean the barrels with soap and water; cover with a thick coat of slacked lime, and when dry remove with an iron wire scratch brush; this is to remove all dirt and grease. Then with a rag apply a coat of the fluid, and allow it to stand for twenty-four hours, when a rust will have appeared. Then immerse the barrels in boiling water, after which scratch them well with the scratch brush, repeat the process until the color suits, which will be after three or four applications. When the process is completed, let the barrels remain in lime water until neutralized by acid which may have been generated. Do not touch the barrels themselves during the operation.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Skates, Finest Quality Cutlery, Fine Opinel Knives, and other articles, at the lowest prices. Write to the best makers, with latest improvements at lowest prices.—Ans.

Fanny Fern—Eloho—Dr. Wm. Jarvis' (Claremont, N. H.) red Irish setter bitch Fanny Fern whelped Dec. 1 three bitch puppies by champion Eloho.
Little Pet.—Mr. E. F. Merrellott's English pug bitch Little Pet has whelped 6—4 dogs and 2 bitches—by Mr. John Harper's imported English pug bitch.
Lella.—Mr. F. H. Andrews' (Charlotte, N. C.) Llewellyn setter bitch Lella (Leicester-Kirby) whelped Dec. 1, nine—5 bitches and 4 dogs—by champion C. T. Waterhouse, Merrimack, Mass., has sold the Gordon setter Nov. 29, 8—6 dogs and 2 bitches—by Mr. W. A. Rea's English setter dog Belmont. Two bitches black and white, three dogs white with lemon spots, two dogs lion with white feet and one lion with some white. Two dogs seen dead.

SALES.

Racer.—By Mr. J. N. Dodge, Detroit, Mich., to Mr. W. H. Todd, of Versailles, Ohio, the celebrated stud dog haced by Italy (Sam-Dolly) out of Jini (Warrior-Rossey) Racer is two years old past, past, was bred by Gen. Robert, and is fine in bagee points and an excellent stock dog. Mr. T. proposes to use him in his stud for a while.
Nelly B.—By the Centreville Kennel, to Messrs. Hurion and Colevill, Millbury, Mass., the black, white and tan beagle bitch Nelly B, three years old to be by Dan out of Katie. She is thoroughly broken.
Fanny.—By Mr. Isaac Phelps, of New York, to Mr. E. F. Merrellott the one year old red, white and ticked setter bitch puppy Fanny.
Vivette.—C. T. Waterhouse, Merrimack, Mass., has sold the Gordon setter bitch Vivette out of Whip (Gypsy-Stoddard's Duke) by Duke of Louisa Vale (Graec-Grouse) to Mr. C. H. Thomas, Duxbury, Mass.
Roussotte.—By Mr. Leroy Z. Collins, Lancaster, Mass., to Mr. A. V. Bennett, Hyde Park, Mass., the imported St. Bernard dog Roussotte (Monarque II-Bosmit).
Belle.—By Mr. W. H. Todd to Mr. C. E. White, Cleveland, Ohio, the beagle bitch Belle, by champion Rattler, (Warrior-Rossey), sis out of (Darwin Lady)—Belle was white, black and tan.
Sara.—By Mr. H. Todd, to Joel H. Ridgeway, Penn., the white, black and tan beagle dog Sara, by champion Rattler, out of sis (Darwin Lady).
Fidley.—By Mr. H. Todd, to Garrett Sharrock, Bucyrus, Ohio, the white, black and tan beagle bitch, Fidley, out of Vic (Darwin Lady) by champion Rattler, (Warrior-Rossey).
Lula.—By Mr. H. Todd, to S. E. Smith, St. Paris, O., the white, black and tan beagle bitch, Lula, out of sis by champion Rattler.
Sam.—By Mr. H. Todd, to L. O. Bird, North Easton, Mass., the white, black and tan beagle dog, Sam, by champion Lee out of Maud Sister.
Panic.—By Mr. W. H. Todd to Capt. D. M. Morris, Peoria, Ill., the white, blue and tan, called blue-pied, beagle dog Panic out of Besse (Warrior-Rossey) by champion Rattler.
Sis.—By Mr. W. H. Todd to A. K. Barnes, Wakeman, O., the white, black and tan beagle bitch, Sis, out of sis by champion Rattler.
Eloho-Vivette whelp.—By Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. B., to Mr. John Good, West Lebanon, N. H., a red Irish setter dog puppy by Eloho out of Vivette.
Eloho-Rose whelp.—By Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., to Mr. Geo. W. Farwell, wd. of the same place, a red Irish setter dog puppy by champion Eloho out of Rose.

MISSED.

W. H. Pierce's (Cortland Kennel, Peekskill, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch champion Gussie, due to whelp Nov. 13, has missed to Larry.

DEATHS.

Reno III.—Eugene Hale Ritter—Mr. E. Merrellott's black pointer bitch Reno III, has lost by death the litter of pups—eight in all—six dogs and one bitch—by same owner's fiver and white stud dog Eugene Hale.

BRED.

Rose-Fido—On November 25 Dr. Wm. Jarvis' champion Rose to his champion Fido.
Fanny-Sasha Pedro.—Mr. E. F. Merrellott's (New York city) white, red and ticked setter bitch Fanny to same owner's red and white stud dog Sancho Pedro.

EVOLUTION IN PAPER CHALLENGES.

THE curious catalogue of performances with the rifle, which is given in the challenge to Dr. Carver from the representative of the Indian boy, Otto, seems to reach the very top notch of absurdity in the way of these paper pronouncements. They are gradually growing into an interesting department of the literature of rifle shooting, and each one is more bombastic than the preceding ones. Why it is necessary to combine flip-flap with marksmanship we fail to see; but since the thing has become epidemic, we think it only fair to give notice to young Otto and others of his ilk that we have a champion carefully laid away on paper, who, while riding at full speed on the wild horse of Tartary, catches a loaded rifle shot at him from a 15-inch Rodman cannon, springs through a ring of fire, pulls the trigger of the rifle, making the bullet carom on a soap-bubble floating a thousand feet high. The bullet then enters through the chimney of a factory hard by, caroms again on a revolving fly-wheel and knocks the eye out of the Goddess of Liberty on a three cent piece in the engineer's pocket. If Otto cares to enter such a trial we shall expect him to supply the engineer, the chimney, the Rodman gun and the wild horse of Tartary. We will furnish the soap-bubble and the three-cent piece.
Dr. Carver just now is engaged in an animated quarrel with the members of the London Gun Club, and has been firing some pretty spicy paper bullets at them. We hope he may find time to pen an acceptance to the Otto effort.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Will be published next Thursday, Dec. 22. We have prepared for our readers upon that occasion a rich fund of entertainment; and we hope that the FOREST AND STREAM may add to their holiday pleasures. Among other contents of that number we may mention the following:

- THE BIG BEAR OF HERMOSEA.
 - A RIVERBIRD ROMANCE.
 - THE CRUISE OF THE NIPPER—III.
 - A TALE OF WACOMAW LAKE.
 - SPORT AS BRAIN-FOOD—I.
- Besides these there will be the usual compliment of good notices in the several departments of the paper.

SOUTHERN GAME GROUNDS.—Very many sportsmen are now seeking information about the resorts for sport at the South. Will Southern sportsmen, who are familiar with such localities, oblige by supplying us with data for publication?

THE NEW ZEALAND rabbit plagued farmers, whose woes are told by our Dunedin correspondent, would doubtless welcome "cannery" down there. Cannot the California quail canners be induced to emigrate?

NEW NONPAREIL.—Mr. Clapham is to send a new nonpareil boat to England, probably for experimental purposes.

GRACE.—Is to have more lead. At last the so-called practical school is giving in adhesion to the value of weight—something they should have understood long ago. The light displacement fallacy is well nigh smothered.

HULL YACHT CLUB.—Has now 180 members and 53 yachts, and last year, for the September matches, distributed \$46 in cash prizes. A new clubhouse is to be erected in conjunction with the Duncanson Y. C. is effected, which at present does not seem likely. Corinthian ideas are to be encouraged in every way.

SOLD.—Sloop Franca has been sold to Mr. Morris Ketcham, Jr., and will hereafter host the Savannah burgee. Rumor has it that Phig, Elsworth is clipping out a block for a new schooner for Mr. Pringle; also one for Mr. Howell, of the Atlantic Y. C.

MANXING.—A new circular has been issued by this well-known and popular yacht agency, giving a long list of yachts of all kinds now in the market. It would be hard to please any one who cannot find in the list just what suits his fancy and his pocket. Send to him for a copy.

TYPE.—The battle of type has got across France, and it has even been proposed to exclude the centred from French rallies together. The French yachts, built in imitation of our American boats, have been so roundly beaten by British cutters that French ardor in favor of the light-draft machine is cooling off.

EASTERN YACHT CLUB.—The membership is growing fast; it now numbers over 400 names. The club promises ere long to become the largest in America. Its clubhouse at Marblehead has proven a great success. Schooner Stive, steamer Adelta, sloop Viking and cutter and cutter sloop are being added to the fleet since publication of the last club pamphlet.

BOLUS.—This is the name of Mr. S. A. Wood's new schooner, now fitting out for of 231 dead weight. She is from a model by Mr. A. C. Gray. The hull is of iron, and is that does not fancy butrous, and his new ship shows more depth than usual, still we think another foot of hold and a reduction in beam could have been indulged in. The schooner is 85 ft. over all, 35 ft. on the line, 22 ft. in extreme beam, and 9 1/2 ft. deep with about 7 ft. water.

NEW RIG.—The schooner Dream, of Boston, will come out as a sloop next year, for which purpose she is being fitted. She is from a model by Mr. A. C. Gray. The hull is of iron, and is that does not fancy butrous, and his new ship shows more depth than usual, still we think another foot of hold and a reduction in beam could have been indulged in. The schooner is 85 ft. over all, 35 ft. on the line, 22 ft. in extreme beam, and 9 1/2 ft. deep with about 7 ft. water.

NEW YACHTS.—There are not slow in San Francisco to appreciate a good depth, dearrise and an easy hulk. Successive yachts had down by California builders are improvements upon their predecessors in this respect. Geo. Farmer, of Oakland, has a noble 47 ft. schooner planned. Light topsides and low ballast are better understood on the Pacific coast than in New York. This new schooner has a bent oak frame and plenty of through fastening, making the hull light and strong. She has much dearrise and a slow hulk, which will insure good rough water qualities. Wm. Stone, 'Ogden's favorite builder,'

NEW SCHOONER.—Alonso Smith is under way with a three-masted schooner for Col. Josiah Porter, of New York. She is 51 ft. on deck, 21 ft. beam and 9 ft. hold, with 7 ft. in water. Smith has produced some of our best yachts, and the Hilda is one of his notable first ones. His boats are characterized by more depth and hold than customary, which we consider a good point. Yachts from his yard are well put together and built in a stronger fashion than about the city water-front, where the art of both modeling and building was never at a lower ebb than now.

ALL THE GO.—The board is nearly dead. The Boston yachts Rosetta and Titania will shed their fins and come out with deep backbones and low weights. Weiber will do the job. It is said that Rosetta are to receive long overhangs by Smith, of South Boston. Schooner Little Horn is to have the benefit of an iron keel, and will mashhead the yellow and black diagonal cross of the Hull Y. C. next season having her home the property of Mr. Theo. Phelps. Commodore Mansfield, Washington Village Y. C., is to have a new 22 ft. cat, with a keel, of course.

THAT CUTTER.—In the words of the immortal hero, whose name just at this juncture I fail to recall, "We have met the enemy, and we are his." The blasted Britishers have sent one of their non-sensical lead-mines over to New York—and beaten us. Their sending the cutter Madge over was bad enough, but their beating us was adding insult to injury. I am metaphorically clad in sackcloth and diamond-dusted with ashes; but, like Beau Brantôme, who was consoled himself with the reflection that his wife had at least paid him the compliment in desiring him to do so for the handsomest man in London, so I console myself with the thought that they sent us over the heat they had, at any rate.—Correspondence San Francisco Olympian.

OBITUARY.—In the death of Col. H. G. Stebbins, which took place Dec. 10, the yachting community loses one of its foremost men, and we an old family friend. Col. Stebbins was born in 1811, and after launching into business for himself at an early age, assumed a leading position among New York's best citizens. From 1842 to 1870 he was Commodore of the New York Y. C., an office which he filled with credit to himself and the club. After experience in a number of small craft, he bought his abode, George Stebbins' famous yacht, and rigged her as a schooner, after her return from British waters, where she had been badly beaten by English cutters while yet rigged as a sloop. In 1865 he transferred his colors to the new schooner Phantom, one of Joe Van Dusen's best, and in her won a number of prominent races. In later years he retired from active sailing, but maintained a lively interest in the sport.

NEW YACHTS.—There are not slow in San Francisco to appreciate a good depth, dearrise and an easy hulk. Successive yachts had down by California builders are improvements upon their predecessors in this respect. Geo. Farmer, of Oakland, has a noble 47 ft. schooner planned. Light topsides and low ballast are better understood on the Pacific coast than in New York. This new schooner has a bent oak frame and plenty of through fastening, making the hull light and strong. She has much dearrise and a slow hulk, which will insure good rough water qualities. Wm. Stone, 'Ogden's favorite builder,'

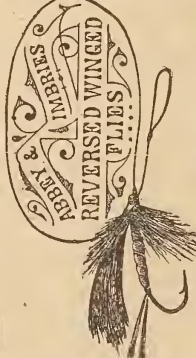
has also a nice little two-sticker of 45 ft. length well along. She is built "on spec," but is pretty certain to find a purchaser. San Francisco is fortunate in being too far away to purchase discarded New York rattlers for the sake of the low figures at which they are offered. Commodore Harrison proposes to keep his yawl Frolic in commission all the year round.

CANOE PHOTOS.—Mr. S. R. Stoddard, of Glens Falls, N. Y., sends us a fine notion of canoe photos. They refer to an important event in canoeing history. One of the photos is a fine broadside view of the "official" Sludown, with her originator, Commodore W. L. Alden standing by her side. The Sludown is now the most popular model in America, and in a few short years has been spread all over the country, strictly on her merits. Commodore Alden will receive the gratitude of future generations for the fortunate way in which the most desirable points wanted in a canoe for general service have been incorporated in the now universal Sludown pattern. There is also an excellent photo of the venerable canoe Elywate, showing her haul out on the beach, tent erected, and her owner, Col. Norton, snugly reclining inside, looking a pleasant canoeing letter to Forest and Stream. Another photo of the cat and shore, with innumerable canoes of all styles and sorts, some with their rigs ready for a breeze, gives an excellent idea to strangers of the great meet on Lake George last year, and the free and easy fun the canoeist may partake to the benefit of mind and body.

CUTTERS.—The Olympian believes in progress, and it is really glad to see that the New York skimmers have been beaten by a deeper type of boat. The New York skimmer is utterly worthless in any place where there are rising seas and strong breezes. They have never been successful here in San Francisco Bay. Here we have to build deeper and stiffer boats. On every occasion where the light-draft New York type has been pitted against a California built boat, in a breeze, the New York type has gone to the wall. We here do not believe in the New York type. We need all seaworthy boats. All of our boats are given some considerable dearrise and draught. Boats are not wanted here which have to lose everything and let go the port hulk when a 25 mile breeze comes on. We have to stand worse winds than that eight days out of ten in summer in the channel. We are glad to see our worthy and esteemed contemporary, Forest and Stream, come out plainly and admit that Madge is not a type which should be built here. Forest and Stream has made a strong fight for cutter rig and model, and when this extreme proved his assertions, which were doubted by his contemporaries, it has seen fit to reason to rejoice with exceeding gratification. Many of its sailing readers no doubt thought the yachting editor "stopped over," to use an expressive phrase, but now he has confessed the judge an undesirable type, we are disposed to forgive extravagant expressions and attribute them to excess of zeal. For we know said editor to have practical knowledge of the subjects on which he writes, which is more than can be said of all who have given their views on the subject. We think, moreover, that he is laboring simply to improve a type of boat which all builders or people of experience think should be improved. It is working to raise the standard of both yachts and yachtsmen to something more worthy of the great sport. We cannot fail to admire his persistence and hope his efforts toward "bonst boats" will bear fruit.—San Francisco Olympian.

TELEGRAPH POLES AND WILD ANIMALS.—

Some interesting facts are brought out in a paper by M. C. Nielsen, of Christiania, on the impression produced upon animals by the resonance of the vibration of telegraph wires. It is found that the black and green woodpeckers, for example, which hunt for insects in the bark and in the heart of decaying trees, often peck inside the circular hole made transversely through telegraph posts, generally near the top. The phenomenon is attributed to the resonance produced in the post by the vibration of the wire, which the bird mistakes as the result of the operations of worms and insects in the interior of the post. Every one knows the fondness of bears for honey. It has been noticed that in many of our districts they seem to mistake the vibratory sound of the telegraph wires for the grateful humming of bees, and, rushing to the post, look about for the hive. Not finding it on the post, they scatter the stones at its base which help to support it, and, disappointed in their search, give the post a parting pat with their paw, thus showing their determination at least to kill any bees that might be about it. Indisputable traces of bears and about telegraph posts and scattered stones prove that this really happens. With regard to wolves, again, M. Nielsen states that when a vote was asked at the time for the first great telegraph lines, a member of the Storting said that although his district had no direct interest in the line proposed, he would give his vote in its favor, because he knew the lines would drive the wolves from the districts through which they passed. It is well known that to keep off the ravages of hungry wolves in winter the farmers in Norway set up poles connected together by a line or rope, under which the wolves would not dare to pass. "And it is a fact," M. Nielsen states, "that when, twenty or more years ago, telegraph lines were carried over the mountains and along the valleys, the wolves totally disappeared, and a specimen is now a rarity." Whether the two circumstances are casually connected, M. Nielsen does not venture to say.—Nature.



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I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and ichthyology; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known pisciculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family, readable, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT: DECEMBER 4, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line.

Train 54. Leaves New York 4:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 4:55 p.m. Danville 7:05 p.m. Charlotte 12:25 p.m. Atlanta 11:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 55 below. Pullman cars Danville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Train 55. Leaves New York 10:30 a.m. Philadelphia 11:45 a.m. Baltimore 12:10 p.m. Richmond 11:25 p.m. Danville 7:35 a.m. There connects with No. 56 below. Pullman cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from Baltimore at 7:40 p.m. direct via York River Line for West Point and Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 52. Leaves New York 12:40 p.m. Philadelphia 15:45 p.m. Baltimore 18:50 p.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 7:45 p.m. Danville 7:50 p.m. Charlotte 10:45 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. Macon 7:55 p.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 10:02 p.m. 54 hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 6:00 p.m. and Augusta 10:20 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 7:40 a.m.

Train 50. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. Philadelphia 12:05 a.m. Baltimore 4:35 a.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 7:45 p.m. Danville 7:50 p.m. Charlotte 10:45 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. Macon 7:55 p.m. Montgomery 7:50 p.m. Mobile 7:14 a.m. New Orleans 10:02 p.m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Lynchburg and Danville and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line.

Train 10. Leaves New York 4:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:45 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 7:50 p.m. Charleston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 10:30 a.m. Jacksonville 7:50 p.m. Pullman Sleepers Washington to Charleston.

Train 13. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. W. Philadelphia 12:30 a.m. Baltimore 4:35 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a.m. Wilmington 7:50 p.m. Charleston 7:45 a.m. Savannah 10:30 a.m. Jacksonville 7:50 p.m. Columbia 7:20 a.m. Augusta 7:20 a.m. Savannah 7:20 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Savannah.

Train 14. Leaves New York 12:40 p.m. Philadelphia 15:45 p.m. Baltimore 18:50 p.m. Arrives at Portsmouth 7:40 a.m. Weldon 7:50 p.m. Raleigh 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 7:50 p.m. Savannah 7:20 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars Weldon to Savannah.

Train 15. Leaves New York 12:40 p.m. Philadelphia 15:45 p.m. Baltimore 18:50 p.m. Arrives at Portsmouth 7:40 a.m. Weldon 7:50 p.m. Raleigh 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 7:50 p.m. Savannah 7:20 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:50 p.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars Weldon to Savannah. Daily, 7 days, Sundays excepted. For reservation of berths, sections and for tickets, time tables, and for all information, apply at 306 Washington street, Boston. 229 Broadway, New York. 154 and 158 Chestnut street, Phila. Office of Carver and West Chester streets, Baltimore. 511 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, and leading Ticket Offices East.

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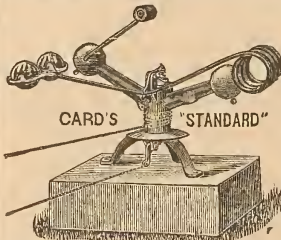
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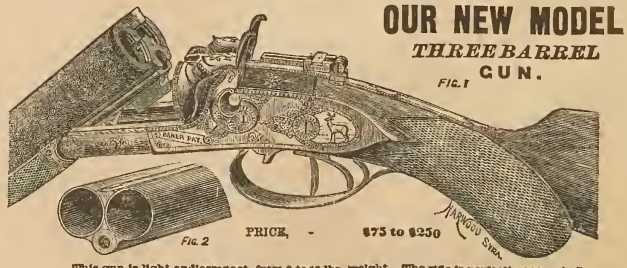
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Advertisements.

Inside pages, nonpareil type, 25 cents per line. Special rates for three, six and twelve months. Reading notices 50 cents per line—eight words to the line, and twelve lines to one inch. Advertisements should be sent in by the Saturday of each week previous to the issue in which they are to be inserted.

Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, December 22,

IF YOU HAVE A FRIEND who sometimes goes fishing or shooting, or "would go if he only had the time," show him a specimen copy of the FOREST AND STREAM. Any issue of the paper will do for this. Some publishers make tremendous exertions to get up specially attractive numbers at this season, and then spread them broadcast over the land as "specimens" of the regular all-the-year-around issues. That is not our plan. We try to turn out a tip-top paper just fifty-two times every year. That is the fair, honest way, and it pays. If you file your papers, and do not wish to break the file, send us the name of your friend and we will furnish him with a copy.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, in a communication published in another column, explains that his recent misadventure in Nova Scotia was due wholly to a natural misconception by him of the requirements of the statute, and that instead of having intentionally disregarded the law, he had, as he thought, fully complied with it.

We had a pleasant call last Tuesday from Mr. Edmund Orgill, who had just returned from a shooting trip in the South.

THE THIRD CHAPTER of the "Cruise of The Nipper" is unavoidably postponed until next week.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

THE spicy odor of mountain spruce boughs greets us. Christmas-tide is at hand! THE FOREST AND STREAM joins in the universal salutation of good cheer. A Merry Christmas to you all!

This is the festival that has the strongest hold on the hearts of civilized men, and the widest acceptance among them. It is the season when charity scatters its gifts with most lavish hand, when kindly sentiments move every heart, enmities are forgotten, and good feeling is universal. At this time does the message of peace and good-will, first breathed nearly two thousand years ago, beneath the quiet starlight over the sleeping hills of Bethlehem, seem to have a real force, which is binding on each one of us. At this time we are shown the tenderest, the most loving aspect of human nature.

And it is now, at Christmas, that we remember, though perhaps unconsciously, that our forefathers were dwellers in the forest. Their lives were spent beneath the green woods and the open sky, and their camps were pitched by the running brooks or the peaceful lakes. To-day we recall that time by going forth into the woodland and bringing thence sweet-smelling branches, green leaves and bright berries to adorn our homes at this, our greatest festival.

Fragrant are these evergreen boughs, with tender memories of the past. Their woodland perfume pervades the house and brings fest-rushing recollections of the Christmas circles of other days. Again, in the early morning light do we see the dear familiar faces from which we parted long ago, and hear again the well loved voices now stilled for ever. Beneath the outward merriment of the day these deeper influences prevail; happy is he who yielding to them finds new courage and a manlier heart for the struggles of the year to come.

To each one of our readers this Christmas will bring the memories of happy anniversaries past and others hoped for; and to each one we offer our heartiest good wishes and a

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE FIELD TRIALS.

THE last of our report of the National Trials at Grand Junction, as well as a complete description of the Pennsylvania State Trials, will be found in our Kennel department this week.

The National Trials were the most successful that have ever been run in this country, and will compare favorably with anything that the world has ever seen. We heartily congratulate the members of the National American Kennel Club upon the abundant success that has crowned their efforts. Much of this success is due to the indefatigable labor of the President of the association, Mr. P. H. Bryson, who has expended much time and labor in arranging the details, both before and during the meeting. There was no lack of birds, and the grounds are extremely well adapted for the holding of the Trials. Many prominent sportsmen from all parts of the country were present, and the utmost good feeling was manifest throughout the meeting, and all appeared to thoroughly enjoy the occasion. A large number of the most noted dogs in the country competed for the very valuable prizes offered, and the laurels there won were well earned and we warrant will be proudly worn.

The Pennsylvania Trials were very successful so far as the number of entries and quality of the dogs were concerned, but coming as they did immediately after the National Trials there was not so large an attendance as there would have been had more time intervened. Great praise is due the energetic members of the Association for planning and so successfully carrying through this important meeting.

The judges, without exception, were well qualified to perform their duties, and, although we could not quite agree with one or two of their decisions, we believe them to be thoroughly honest and to have impartially awarded the honors without fear or favor. The wide-awake proprietors of the Stonewall House, Messrs. Peoples and Branum, were equal to the occasion, and the hungry crowd were provided with well cooked and well served food.

We should, perhaps, state that our report of the Trials is

not compiled from the decisions of the judges, nor from hearsay, but that we carefully watched the different phases of each heat, and noted at the time the performance of each dog just as we saw it, seeking to chronicle the history of the running simply as history, extenuating nor criticising aught save as our instinct as a sportsman prompted. To those of our readers who have never attended a Field Trial the many false points and flushes will perhaps seem to indicate that the quality of the work done was not of a very high order; and they may perhaps be led to think that had they but been there, with their own Dssh or Sport, quite a different record would have been shown. While not in the least disparaging the good qualities of the many Dash's and Sport's scattered throughout the country, we are free to confess that, although we once entertained the same belief, we have seen reasons to change it, and among the many really good dogs that we have seen afield we fail to recall one that we should deem it safe to back as a winner at a Field Trial. Not perhaps that in an ordinary day's shooting Dash and Sport might not acquit themselves as well or better than the first prize winner, but this is not a Field Trial by any means, and when we take into consideration the accessories that are inseparable from these public trials, we can only wonder that the record reads so fair. In reading our report and criticising the work therein described, there are many things that should be taken into consideration. Perhaps the most prominent of these, and for which great allowance should be made, is the high strung, nervous temperament of our canine pets, which is subjected to a far greater strain than when they are quietly taken out for an ordinary day's shooting; for the noise of the crowd, and the presence of many other dogs exercises anything but a steady influence upon their excitable nerves. The tramping and talking of the spectators also scares the birds, making them wild and less likely to lie to the dogs. This will account for many of the false points, which are undoubtedly often made to the scent of a frightened bird, who has just taken flight unseen. Many of the flushes would not be scored, were it not for the noise which puts the birds upon the alert, and causes them to rise before the dog has a chance to locate them. Then again the handlers are not always quite so cool and collected as they should be, and we have ever found that there is nothing more conducive to unsteadiness in a dog than to have his master go to pieces. Let us then give due credit to the dogs which pass through this very trying ordeal and acquit themselves fairly well; for the chances are that away from the excitement attending a public trial, they would prove themselves to be excellent animals. As we have before mentioned not the least of the benefits derived from the Trials is the greatly improved manner in which the dogs are handled, and the consequent lesson that the spectators are quick to learn and apply, to the manifest improvement of their own style. This, in itself, were nothing else accomplished, would stamp the Trials as a wonderful success. But a still greater good has been wrought in the vast improvement of the quality of the companions of our sports. Gentlemen who attended the Trials go home with more exalted ideas and broader views of matters pertaining to the sports of the field, and are no longer satisfied with the mediocre performances of the animals who have heretofore shared their outings, but at once institute radical changes and rest not until they achieve something approaching Field Trial form. Thus our Field Trials are accomplishing their mission, and the whole-souled sportsmen who so generously support and sustain them are reaping their reward, as with a pardonable pride they rejoice at the abundant success and brilliant future of our American Field Trials.

CANOE AND CAMERA.—A most timely book for the holiday season is Mr. T. Ledgwick Steele's "Canoe and Camera," the third edition of which has just come from the press. This is the most artistically and elaborately illustrated volume of the kind published in this country. The present edition contains a large map of the Northern Main regions, including the canoeing routes of the Main, St. John's, the Aroostook, and the East and West Branches of the Penobscot. Mr. Steele has been engaged several years in the preparation of this map, and sportsmen tourists owe him a debt of gratitude for his thorough work.

MAGAZINE RIFLES FOR THE ARMY.

AN important duty devolves upon the Board and officers now in session at Governors' Island, who have been charged by Gen. Sherman with the recommendation of a magazine gun for the use of the U. S. Army. It is not intended to make any sweeping change in the armament of our soldiers until the whole subject of repeating weapons has been more thoroughly worked up by our inventors; any change or step in the arming of the troop must be of a tentative character. That the magazine gun is the coming piece for the ordinary soldier is regarded as a foregone conclusion by the leading military authorities of every Commonwealth possessing an armed force. A dozen commissions are now free to face with the problem of selection. It is a sort of competition between the nations as well as between the arms, and the verdict of the representatives of one nation is eagerly looked to by the examining boards of other nations. Especially will this be the case with the report of the Board now in session here. America has gained the front rank in the making of small arms, and the rifle championship, now resting with the American team, shows that she can shoot as well as invent. Nations desiring to buy a supply of these weapons come to America as the readiest and best market. The "rain of lead" at Plevna was fired from rifles made in Connecticut, and from the same State hundreds of thousands of stands of arms have gone to other nations of Europe, to the States of South America, and even to far away Japan. The leading magazine model, pushed for adoption before the German authorities to supplant the breech-loading Mauser, is a pirated copy of a gun invented by a Lieutenant of the U. S. Army. It was displayed at the Centennial Exhibition, and there a German Jew of a mechanical turn of mind saw it, and stole the idea for reproduction at home.

The modern rifle has had a marked effect in modifying the art of war. The skirmish line has taken the place of the old movement in force, and the necessity for accuracy of marksmanship on the part of every soldier is every day becoming more imperative. The rising problem, too, is one of supply. The breech-loader gave the men an opportunity of rapid firing, and this they improved to such an extent as to make the supply of ammunition to the fighting line an important question. With magazine guns the consumption of ammunition runs up to alarming proportions, and to meet this difficulty the German Army authorities are adopting the "firing discipline." In this the fighting unit is represented by a skirmish line of a dozen men under an officer. Instead of random firing, as now under an engagement, the men shoot only on special orders of their officer. The intention is to prevent the men from falling into the error of an excited fusillade. The same object as this novelty in discipline is aimed at in the requirement that all arms shall be adapted to use as single breech-loaders as well as magazine guns. In that way the use of the reservoir for shots can be delayed until the supreme moment, when a dozen seconds in as many seconds is an element of victory.

FLYING SQUIRRELS.—English misapprehensions of American geography are proverbially gross and frequent. We are always pleased, then, when an English press really does display familiarity with the subject, as is the case with an esteemed London contemporary. Speaking of the animal plagues of Winnipeg, which our readers will remember is up in Manitoba, *Land and Water* tells us that in the autumn, "the time when the [Winnipeg] cotton and corn seeds were ripening and maturing, myriads of squirrels left the woods and attacked the cotton and cornfields; they tore open the balls of the cotton plants, ate all the seed, and scattered the cotton on the ground; they devoured the kernels of the corn and then scampered off to Mississippi and Tennessee, where they met with a warm reception, and were shot down by hundreds." Now, from Winnipeg to Mississippi, the distance is, as the crow flies and the squirrel scampers, only a trifle over 1,200 miles, and to an American squirrel, as any man who has ever hunted them knows, a little "seamper" of 1,200 miles is the merest play. He can go very fast and very far, when he once makes up his mind to travel away from a man with a rifle. Indeed, we have seen squirrels that in going from Manitoba to Mississippi would take in Mount Washington and Pike's Peak on the way, and then not get up fiction enough to set the Michigan woods on fire.

DEATH OF A FISHERY PIONEER.—We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Aaron S. Vail, of Smithtown, Long Island. Mr. Vail owned a fine trout-stream; and he entertained many prominent men in days past. Danie Webster and Henry Clay fished in his stream and partook of the hospitalities of his table. Mr. Vail engaged in trout-breeding when he first heard of it, about 1846, and his ponds are mentioned in Norris' "American Fish Culture," published in 1875, as among those of the early trout culturists.

MICHIGAN SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—The seventh annual session of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, for the protection of Fish, Game and Birds, will be held at East Saginaw, commencing Tuesday, January 17, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M. Every sportsman's and game protection club in the State is earnestly requested to send five delegates, and in localities where no club has been formed sportsmen are cordially invited to attend. One of the results of the last session was the present game law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE BIG BEAR OF HERMOSA.

IT was evening, and our late dinner was over. Pipes, and a tin-eup full of mild grog soothed the fatigues of a ten hours' hunt, and steeped our souls in blissful balm. The day's sport had been good—two elk and five deer the net result—and we felt that we had a right to loaf and refresh our souls. The day was dying, a peaceful death, and behind us the gray cliffs of Wailua were slowly darkening in the fading light. Out of the valley below we heard the voice of the Hermosa, as it babbled to the spruces which leaned above it, or chafed at the cold rocks which barred its passage. It was one of those hours when the hunter, if he be anything more than a purveyor of meat, or a killer of deer, feels as if he stood within the very presence of the great Mother herself, and knows the radiance of "that light which never was on sea nor land." Half unconsciously, I repeated the drowsy words of the Lotos-Eaters:

"The charmed sunset lingers low adown
In the red West; the mountains gleam the pale
We see far inland; and the winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale.
And here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the wood the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

Roused by the murmur of the words, Ignotus took his pipe from between his teeth long enough to languidly remark, "Somebody coming down the trail."
"How do you know?"
"Hear 'em."
"Foot or horseback?"
"Horseback."
"White or red?"
"White; horses shod."
"Know who they are?"
"The May boys, I reckon. Camp over on the Larriweep. Hunting. Taking meat down to the ranches."

As he spoke, a horse's head came round the shoulder of the bluff, a quarter of a mile above, and in a few minutes, three horsemen stopped on the trail, while we sauntered slowly down to them.

"How?"
"How?"
"Which way?"
"Down to Trippe's with meat. What luck?"
"Pretty fair. And you?"
"So so. Deer gettin' scarce. Cussed Utes burnin' off the woods. Say, you boys want some fun?"

"Depends. What kind?"
"Well, Slippery Dick's back, up here at the head of Hermosa. Crossed his trail just this side of Batteres Spring. There's a chance for ye, Tenderfoot, if you want sport. Reek on he'll give ye enough of it. So long. Go to be gone! Give ye a dollar for his skin, when ye get it. Yamaoi! Pia-a-a!" and they clattered down the trail.
"Slippery Dick? Who the mischief's he, Ignotus?"
"He's a she."

"A she? What kind of a she?"
"A she-bear, and a dead-end too, if all accounts are true," and he went on to tell me, how, for several years, hunters had reported that they had found, now and then, the trail of a bear, so large as to be phenomenal—how she would be found one day on El Conquistador, and the next on Dos Hermanos, fifty miles away—how she seemed to bear a charmed life, minding a .44-bullet no more than a flea-bite—how, at uncertain intervals, some unlucky prospector, pale-faced and knee-kneed, would stumble into camp with incoherent jargon of the dumrattest biggest bear 's ever see; "big as all nut down, and savage 's I be!"—and how Fat O'Brien, who had killed more bears in Nevada than ever Grizzly Adams himself, swore, after being tried by her for a day and a night, "that the hid of her was s big as a flour barrel, and the claws of her like rapping hobs, an' whin she rached fer me, as I clim the tray, be jabers, she made the bark fly, fifteen fut from the ground, sor."

Making all due allowance for exaggeration, Ignotus was inclined to believe that there was a monstrous bear which had his haunt in that section of country—that she was an exceedingly cunning old beast, as well as fierce and dangerous—that to kill her would be a feather in the cap of any hunter—and finally, warning with the subject, that, if I said so, we'd move camp up to the head of Hermosa, and see if we might not "be lucky enough to get a crack at her."

As I would have gone to the mouth of the pit, or even further, with Ignotus, and as, besides, I "thought no small bear of myself" as a bear-bunter, having actually slaughtered two or three small cubs by my own unassisted prowess, I gladly agreed to the proposal.
"Ever see any of those explosive bullets?" asked Ignotus after a pause.

"Yes, why?"
"Wish we had some of them; they'd come in mighty handy, if we should happen to have a see-aneer with the old lady."

After cogitating a while—"Got your loading outfit with you?"

"Yes."
"Let me see your bullet moulds."
"These produced and inspected."
"Got any of those .33 cartridges you use in your grouse rifle?"
"Why? What do you want with them?"
"Make our own bun-shells, by thunder!"
"How?"
"Get 'em out, and I'll show you."

And show me he did, in a way I will endeavor to explain. My moulds were of the Sharps pattern. .44 calibre, conical bullet, lead pointed in front, small end. Covering butt of bullet, a plate which uncovers. So much explanatory—now for detail. Taking a .33 rim-fire cartridge, be cut off the bullet, flush with the shell then, finding a nail, be filed it down, leaving on the head, (till it was just the size and length of his prepared cartridge. Inserting this into the lead-hole in the moulds he unscrewed the butt-plate, poured in his melted lead, shook out the bullet, extracted the nail, inserted his .32 cartridge, and lo! an explosive bullet. Trial proved them to be a grand success. If a bone were struck, they never failed to explode, and a second shot was seldom needed. By a lucky chance, I once dropped one into the shoulder of a large cinnamon bear, at three hundred and fifteen

yards, and he dropped as if struck by a flash of lightning. They are had of deer or elk, as they spoil so much of the meat but for Ursus they are just the thing.

Early dawn sees us toiling up the rocky trail which leads to the head of Hermosa. Nonad though I have been for the greater part of my life, I cannot leave a place where I have comfortably settled down for even a day, without feeling a slight touch of regret.

The camp-fire becomes a sacred hearth, and one does not take away with him in the morning all that he brought the night before. Somewhat he leaves behind—invisible, intangible, but none the less real. A part of his true self, of the "inner me," as Emerson would term it, is caught and retained by the branches of the tree under which his bed has been made, by the boughs on which he has lain, by the air which he has breathed, and by the sky which has arched above him. As we rode along, there came into my mind some verses which the Rhymer had read me a few days before, and which expressed so well my present mildly regretful feelings, that I offer no further apology for presenting them here.

Ah! happy he
Who 'neath the greenwood tree,
Doth loose his mind from every carking care!
Nail gross exuvie, which from him fall away,
And leave revealed his bestor self, divinity fair!

Green forest boughs,
Under a fir-tree house,
Bring sweeter sleep than Sybaritic couch;
And simple hunter's fare, with walk of spacy air,
Excels all Capuan feasts Lucullus dare avouch.

Each baser thought
From crowded cities brought
Upon these breezy heights doth pale and die,
The dull and puzzled brain grows clear and strong again;
The alling, purblind soul sees Truth with clearer eye.

Ah! blessed school
Where Wisdom plays the fool,
And Nature grants perpetual holiday!
Where volunured lore is none, save tree and brook, and stone,
And he doth win the highest prize, who spends his time in play!

Each charmed spot
Where I hath been my lot
To pitch white tent, and lake nonad;
Some tender memory hath, some bounty eued aftermath
Of sweetly fragrant thoughts that blow o'er in my breast.

A balanced good—
Here in the play wood
New thoughts, new hope, and never life I find;
And yet, O deile heart! when comes the time to part,
Somewhat of thought, of hope, of life, is left behind.

A paradox
At which the dullard mocks!
Who whacks my riddle, bin I hall as wise.
That which I spend, I have, and what I take, I leave;
If mine the Sybil's tongue, be yours the Seer's eyes.

At the very head of the canyon was a little circular park of perhaps ten acres, where bubbled up the spring which fed the head waters of the Hermosa, and here we pitched our tent.

The remainder of the day was devoted to reconnoitering, and after supper we developed our plan of battle. Half a mile below us was an extensive patch of wild parsnip, and here our friend Richard had left his sign manual in profusion, the night before. We felt certain he would return to-night, as the wild parsnip is to a bear, what Cherystones or Saddle-rocks are to a New York Alderman. From this ursine super-room there were but three passes leading to the rocky fastnesses, where, we felt assured, he had his lair. Of these, one was the canyon itself, and that was blocked by our tent and camp-fire; the others led respectively, to the crests of Wsuta on our right, and El Conquistador on the left. We would each occupy one of these, and it would go hard, if one or the other did not succeed in intercepting the prey, as he wended his way homeward in the morning twilight.

The jewels that sparkle in the sword-belt of Orion had not yet lost their lustre, when I was singly encamped in my ebosen blanket. Joseph Cook would have pronounced the position "proudly selected, and langly strategic." Backed by a hill a hundred feet in height—my flanks defended by perpendicular escarpments of rocks—in front, the vertical banks of the gulch which was the only outlet on that side, from the canyon below—I was equally well situated for attack or defense. From my eyrie, I had a clean sweep of the gulch for a thousand yards below, while screened from observation by the boulders which left convenient peep-holes between. The only access to my mountain fortalice was by a narrow path from above, so steep, that, having with difficulty descended, I had serious doubts as to whether I should ever be able to return. Strong in the possession of explosive bullets and an impregnable position, I felt that I was equal to twenty bears, even should they all attack me at once. I hoped that Slippery Dick, like myself, loved the sterner side of Nature, and would therefore choose the path to Conquistador with all its gloom and grandeur, rather than the softer approaches to Wailua, where Ignotus had posted himself. Besides, the death of one bear, though he were the largest in all the San Juan, would add but little to his fame, while to me it would furnish a blast, with which "to fill the sounding trumpet of fame," for many a year. (In justice to Ignotus I must say, that when he found that all the signs pointed to our enemy's having his den on Conquistador, he insisted on my taking that stand for my own.)

Wrapped in my blanket, and propped comfortably against the rock, I prepared myself for the due observance of a hunter's vigil. The air was keen and frosty, with just stinging enough in it to stir the sluggish blood, and redolent with those woody odors that only the trackers of the wilderness know. There was the balsamic odor of the spruce, giving a tingling tingle to every vibrating nerve—the aromatic fragrance of the wild celery, like a faint aroma from the Spice Islands, and the far off Celebes—the quiet, domestic smell of the lavender grass, recalling tender memories of Eastern homes, and the opening of ancient bureau drawers, from which are brought, by loving hands, the old-fashioned garments of those who now wear the shining robes of Light—and, reinforcing and at times overpowering all, wafts of the cloying sweetness of the wild buckwheat, stirred by the wind, as it flows in the valley, a thousand feet below, phantom of forms dimly marked the line of the hurrying brook, and, faintly audible from those lower depths, came, like the stir of a mighty congregation, that in

describable surrusus which precedes the thrill of a waking world.

The stars were losing their fiery lustre, and now shone with a pale glow, like the "brightening" on the surface of molten silver. Slowly they faded, one by one, slipping out quietly, like lesser beauties from a ball room, till only Venus, Mars and Sirius were left. These still shone on in regal splendor, but they, too, yielding to a power greater than their own, scarcely yet gracefully withdrew from the unequal contest, overpowered but not subdued—as the haughty Maria Theresa turned her back upon the Magyar Diet. Over beyond Waluta, the olive of the sky changed to a steely gray—then to a faint pink, such as tints the petals of the wild sweet-brier, and then to a roseate bluish which climbed higher and higher, till the whole Eastern firmament glowed with Tyrian splendor.

Over grass came that strange dush, and over linn and heather, over hill and over dale, and over gulches brown; And each scattered cloulet, crossing, drifted like a scarlet feather Torn from the folded wings of cloulets, before they settled down."

On the rock-side opposite, the cones came out to greet the dawn—a yellow butterfly floated past on noiseless wing—in the spruce woods below, a Canada Jay pitched the note for a raucous chorus which split the silence of the hills—and the night, with its sweet silence, was gone, and "jocund Day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops."

Taking my glasses from their case, I swept the hill-side opposite—distant a mile—the crowd of the rocks, unless—the circling glass is arrested for a moment, and—yes, that brown spot in the lee of yonder porphyry boulder, proves to be Ignotus, keeping faithful watch. But what has become of our expected prey? He surely must have quit his banquet of succulent roots ere this, for the Sun god's chariot has fairly left the gates of Aurora, and his couriers are stretching away, in the full burst of their speed, toward their Hesperian goal.

Confound Slippery Dick, anyway! He's foiled us, as usual, and here the flutter of a white handkerchief from across the canyon signals that the watch is over. I rise from my rocky lair, and, stiff, cold, hungry and cross, join Ignotus in the valley below. By mutual consent, we turn our steps toward the parnip bed, to see if Dick has breakfasted. Yes; the trampled steus, the debris of rejected tubers, and the freshly trodden soil, steaming in the morning sun, proclaim his recent presence. Gone, but where? We give it up, as an unguessable conundrum, and start to camp, for breakfast and a nap.

A brisk walk of ten minutes brings us in sight of the clump of trees where camp is pitched, but where is the tent?

A hundred yards further, and from Ignotus' lips breathes forth softly, the half sun question—"Who's been here, since I've been gone?" The tent is down and torn to ribbons—the flour sacks rent from top to bottom and their contents strewn upon the ground—the mess-chest overturned—sugar and bacon missing—and a wild conglomerate of canned goods, plates, cups, knives and forks, blankets, spare socks and shirts, coffee pots and frying pans, and a hundred odds and ends of camp impedimenta scattered about in every direction. Into a nitro-glycerine factory exploded here, or an East Indian typhoon dropped down upon us?

A single word breaks from my comrade, but it is as expressive as all of Garcilasso's seven hundred and twenty-nine volumes. It is simply the name of that place which Bob Ingersoll and the Revised Version both ignore, but the Ananias Mananath of Holy Church conveys not more weight of obprobrium with it, than that one monosyllable. Turning, I see him gazing intently at something on the ground, by the stream, which I am joining him. I recognize, at a glance, the cause of his outburst. There it lies, in the marshy ground before us; a track, huge, uncouth, grotesquely human, broad as the two hands, and as long as from the ulnar condyle to the metacarpus. A glance telegraphs from brain to brain—"Slippery Dick!" Another telegram and answer dash to and fro— "I shall follow him!" "And I'll lead on!"

A few biscuits gathered from the wreck which streus the ground, and we press on up the canyon. Ignotus' blood is up—the old Berserker stirs within him—his tenderest feelings have been outraged, and heart's blood alone will wash out the stain upon his honor. "Wrath in his port, and vengeance in his eye," he leads the way, sure-footed as the cimarron, untiring as the gray wolf—and as stern and fatal as the wool-shod Nemesis. Woe to the dastard who hath heaped such foul scorn upon a freeman's head! By the thunderbolts of Jove, dearly shall he pay for his morning's pastime! We are him, not enough. O Glorious Richard! that by the spear of the warrior we were favored for three long hours, in futile amush for thee, but that thou must needs flatter the dove-cotes of Corioli, when the Volscians were absent? "Better that a mill-stone were tied around thy neck, and thou wert cast into the uttermost depths of the sea," than to have violated the sanctity of our tabernacle.

Up, still up, till the head of the gulch is reached, and we stand among the splintered crags and wind-swept tors that mark the crest of Hermosa pass. Here it behooves us to move cautiously, for, fence with vengeance though we are, we do not care, upon this broken ground, to come too close to a savage grizzly. Silently we work our way over and between the shattered rock-masses, until we look down into the Canon del Christo upon the other side. Ha! what is that brown mass, a thousand feet below? By the spear of the great Nimrod, we have him at last! "Try him," whispered Ignotus, unselfish, even at this supreme moment.

It is a long shot, but I rest my heavy Sharps upon a jutting point, clear to the sights, and fire. A jet of white dust, twenty yards the other side, tells me I have overshot. At the crack of the gun, he turns, catches sight of the smoke, and with a "woof!" of snarling rage, charges straight for us. Another cartridge is slipped in, the rifle pitched to the shoulder, when Ignotus knocks up the barrel. "Hold on! Wait till he gets abreast of that rock there"—about twenty yards away—"and then aim steady, and we'll both take him between the eyes. Steady, I tell you—if we don't fetch him, first pop, one of us will have to go home alone!"

His coolness is contagious, and I drop my gun to the hollow of my arm, and watch our enemy as he comes shambling up the pass. His red eyes gleam with savage hate, as he plunges onward, his sickle-like claws ringing against the porphyry rocks, every hair bristling with rage, and that vengeful "woof! woof!" tearing the air at every step. Every second he grows in size. Now he's as large as a year-

ling steer—now, as a log school-house, and now, as he comes abreast of the designated rock, he looms up as large as the "Tribune" building.

"Ready!" whispers Ignotus, and the rifle barrels drop to an aim.

"Fire!" and the reports are simultaneous. There hardly comes to our ears that indescribable "thud!" which tells us that the bullets have struck flesh, before the bear rears to his full height, stands one moment clear cut against a blue background of sky, then crashes prone upon the ringing rocks. A long-drawn yell—the Dakota war-whoop—puls from the throat of Ignotus, and the death-song of the "Big Bear of Hermosa" shrills from peak to peak, and startles the slow-winged eagle hovering above our heads.

There it lies, a huge, uncouth, inert mass of gray fur, gleaming teeth, and savage brawn and muscle. Over the fiery eye creeps the gray film of death—from the cavernous mouth lolls up the red tongue, flaked with foam—while the white slaver dripping from the massive jaws, relieves the scarlet of the blood that splashes slowly down upon the rocks. From the gaping wound in the centre of the low forehead, a thin stream of blue smoke tells that the explosive bullets have done their deadly work. The fierce man-slayer, the terror of the mining camps, the incarnation of brute ferocity and savage hate, has succumbed to the superior knowledge and deadlier skill of his biped consin, and another victory is scored in the never-ending warfare of Mind vs. Force. Animal cunning against human skill—the instinct of the beast against the reason of man—thews and sinews arrayed against explosive bullets—fangs and claws opposed to breech-loading rifles—what chance has Ursus as against Homo? It is the old story of the oxen cudgel and the snail rapier—the green turban and Ceur de Lion's battle-axe—of Montezuma against Cortez, and of Caliban against Prospero.

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I shall not say how much our victim weighed—what was the girth of his mighty fore-arm, or the length of the ivory scimitars that arched his huge splay feet. Enough, that Ignotus, who had killed more than one bear since '49, after looking upon the vast proportions spread out before him, expressed himself in the words of Holy Writ, "Lord! now tell us from thy servant, when shall we have peace."

Some envious souls there were in Argentum, "I would fellows of the baser sort," who declared that it was not Slippery Dick at all, though they magnanimously admitted "he wur a pretty far-sized bar, fur a tenderfoot to help to kill."

Be that as it may, that night we slept the sleep of the just, having avenged our ravaged camp, and wiped out the stain upon our honor; and thenceforth Slippery Dick has been missing from his accustomed haunts, and no more does the picturesque prospector start in dread as the harmless rabbit hops across his path, starting each rattle in the leaves, or the tread of "The Big Bear of Hermosa." H. P. U.

A RIVERSIDE MEMOIR.

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK—VI.

A KINGFISHER darted from the limb of a dead tree with a downward swoop, chattering noisily as it flew. A muskrat rolled lazily off the bank into the river, and made a hundred bubbles rise where it sank. And Barry Newton sat upright in his canoe with a start, recovering from the drowsy reverie that the warm, still summer day had cast over him, and plied the double-bladed paddle with more vigor. A muscular, well-knit pair of arms they were, too, feathered the spruce blades with such a neat turn, and the whole figure was not one whit behind them in development; while the ruddy skin and clear, blue eye told of the out-of-door exercise that this young man had always enjoyed.

"It can't be many miles further to John's," mused he, as he turned a bend in the river and peered anxiously ahead. "John wrote that after I reached Pleasantville I would pass under four bridges, and would then be abreast of his domain, with the mansion to the west of the river. And now, I have passed under four—no, three bridges, and the other's not in sight; and it's getting late, and I'll soon have to look out for an inn to spend the night. I wonder what sort of a place John has got. Old and sombre, probably, like himself. And he married! I'd sooner thought of old Prexy's markish butt marrying than John Sanders. Such a staid, awkward old 'digger' he was when he used to preach to me about my sophomoric escapades. I don't think I shall fancy his wife. Some sedate, blue-stocking, with eye-glasses and a dismal countenance, knowing all about the minutiae of the extra-curricular quantities that she does about—'Hello! what's that. Something in the water. It's a dog—no, by Jove, it's a girl, and she can't get out,' and the paddle flew like lightning, as the canoe was turned toward the struggling object. With a few quick strokes he was brought alongside, and the light drapery was grasped by one strong hand, while with the other the canoe was pushed ashore. Stepping out upon the bank Barry Newton laid his burden, now insensible, upon the grass.

"Well, this is a go. Nice looking girl, half drowned; no house in sight, getting towards dusk. Wonder what I'd better do. If she's drowned I ought to let's see—roll her on a barrel, I think. But the water there surely isn't deep enough to drown any one. She must have been walking close to the river, and the bank caved in. More scared than hurt, I guess."

Just then the girl opened a pair of large brown eyes and fixed them on the young man. For a moment she hesitated, as if collecting her thoughts, and then, trying to rise, she said, with a blush and a half smile, "I was awfully frightened in the water, and—you must have fished me out."

"I did that service for you, miss; and now, if you will tell me in which direction we can soonest find a house, I will wrap you up in a blanket from my boat and carry you there."

"My own house is just across the field, and can be seen after passing the grove of cedars; but I am quite able to walk if you will aid me with your arm, and I would not ask that if the fall had not quite taken away my breath, and I still tremble from the fright. I am not a bit brave, as you see."

"Your trembling is from cold more than fright, I imagine. But you must let me get you a wrap from my boat," with which Barry Newton made a hasty trip to the canoe, took a warm blanket from its recesses, and hastened back to wrap it around the young girl's shoulders.

"There, now, I fancy you will be a little more comfortable. But let us hasten, for standing in wet garments is not conducive to health."

"Dear me, I don't know what my mother will say at my latest adventure," laughingly said his companion, as they hurried across the field. "And I know I deserve a sound spanking for being so careless. But I was so wrapt in watching your pretty boat that I did not notice how frail a support you beneath me. My absurd fright was utterly inexcusable, considering that the water was not deep enough to drown me. It must have afforded you great amusement."

The eyes that glanced up at the young man, so emphatically repudiated the idea of being amused at her misfortune, were certainly the most bewitching eyes he had ever seen. And he noted, too, that his companion was not the immature girl he had at first thought her to be, but a young woman of at least eighteen, of short stature, but of a rounded figure, beautiful in its symmetry, that lost none of its charm by being so faithfully depicted in the damp and clinging garments.

"Here we are at last," said the little lady, as they approached a neat stone mansion, nestled among some shady oaks, "and there is mamma watching for me."

A middle-aged lady, with a pleasant face surrounded by waving hair slightly tinged with gray, stood on the porch, looking with some astonishment at the approaching couple, and making a loss to deny, beyond the meaning of an Indian blanket of the one, and the blue flannel costume of the other.

"For mercy's sake, Fanny, what has happened?" "Only another of my ridiculous adventures, dear mamma. You see, my love for the water led me too close to the river, and the bank gave way and I went. And this gentleman was good enough to fish me out."

"Bless me, child, you are in a frightful state. Run to your room at once. And you, sir, I dare say my daughter hasn't so much as thanked you for your kindness,—she is such a thoughtless creature. Pray come in and let me offer you some refreshment. Are you from Pleasantville?" "My name is Newton, madam," replied Barry, "and I am traveling alone upon the river in a canoe. I hoped to reach the house of a friend to-night, but fear I shall not. I am grateful for your kind invitation, but beg of you to excuse me, as I must hasten on to find an inn before dark where can lodge to-night."

I beg you not to think of such a thing, Mr. Newton. Our home is at your service for a lodging to-night, the inn at the next village is a very good place, and I do not think of, and I shall never forgive me if I let you go without giving her a chance to thank you for 'fishing her out,' as she calls it."

"But—" "But me no buts, sir," pleasantly said the lady, "I insist."

"Well, I agree, on one condition: that my canoe be given a place also. The stable will do for it."

"Your canoe shall be sheltered, of course. Michael, help Mr. Newton to carry his boat from the river. I shall expect you directly, sir."

Half an hour later found Barry Newton in a room in the mansion going rapidly into the reflection of his substantial, fastidious guest in the glass. After performing a hasty toilet and giving himself as presentable an appearance as he was able, he descended to the drawing room, where he was so kindly greeted by Mrs. Gardiner and her daughter that he was soon at his ease, and forgot his boating togethery in the free, informal and home-like hospitality accorded him.

By the time tea was over Barry Newton felt himself completely at home, and thanked his lucky star that he had been led to the pleasant country house. The daughter played and sang charmingly, and Barry's old college songs, sung in a clear, strong voice, were very agreeably appreciated, so that the evening passed very quickly, and it was quite late when bedtime was announced. Barry found it quite impossible to address the daughter as "Miss Gardiner," for her small figure, merry laughter, and naive, child-like manners made that appellation sound too stilted. In introducing her Mrs. Gardiner had merely called her "Fanny," so Barry easily dropped into "Miss Fanny," and as it did not seem disagreeable he continued thus to address her.

Not at all a common girl, thought the young man, as he lay that night on the soft couch in his room, listening to the rain that had begun falling in a measured "rat-tat" on the roof. "In fact, quite an uncommon girl. She's just like a child in her ways, but she's a clever, pretty little thing, and she's got a—something, I don't know what, but it's just deucedly captivating. I wonder if she knows many men. Of course she don't, though, in this out-of-the-way place. The mother spoke of 'my son,' who seems to be away at present, and Miss Fanny said she wished 'John' were at home. This 'John' must be the young man who was here a steady party, that showed no sign of abating. The Gardiners would not listen to Barry's proposal to depart in the storm, and insisted so strongly on his remaining that he could not refuse. It must be confessed, too, that the prospect of spending a day in the delightful society of Miss Fanny was very agreeable to contemplate. During the morning, while Mrs. Gardiner was busy directing the household affairs, Barry and Miss Fanny were discussing the canoe trip, and the farmer was relating some amusing incidents that had occurred during his trip.

"And who is this friend that you are on your way to visit, if it be not impertinent to ask?"

"His name is John Sanders," said Barry; and then he continued, without noticing the start which the mention of the name had caused Miss Fanny, "he is an old college chum, and the best fellow in the world, but he's an odd sort of stick, so old-fashioned and precise in his ways, and as uninteresting a specimen of humanity to those who do not know him well, as any I have met in a week's journey. At college he was always the butt for our practical jokes, being ready to credit our most extravagant tales. He has lately been married, and to some staid creature like himself, I imagine,—probably some old maid that no one else would think of choosing."

The little lady's face was now blood-red, and her eyes sparkled strangely. But she caught a little, and replied composedly, "I believe I have heard of him; and, if I am not mistaken, his residence is not a great way from here." Then, without an excuse, she rose in a twinkling to the room where she was dressed very pleasantly, notwithstanding the storm without, and at its close Barry was still more enchanted than before with the vivacious Fanny. When, therefore, the next morning showed the storm still at its height, it was without great difficulty that he was persuaded to remain yet another day.

"But to-morrow will be Sunday," said he, and I must

INQUIRIES ABOUT THE SNOW GROUSE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to thank "Homo" through the columns of your valued paper for his detailed answer in this week's Forest and Stream to a note of inquiry I recently sent him relative to snow geese (*Anser hyperboreus*) on the Delaware.

In the early part of October I received from Wm. Lane, Good Ground, L. I., a very fine specimen of the snowgoose, and immediately became interested in the species, owing to the diversity of opinion regarding it.

The older authorities generally, I think, make the snow (*A. hyperboreus*) and the blue goose (*A. carolinensis*) one species, while the later authorities seem inclined to separate them. I should like to enquire whether any of the readers of the Forest and Stream have ever had blue geese in captivity until it changed its plumage to that of a snow goose. I have one such record from a very responsible source. I should like also to get its Atlantic coast distribution. We hear of it in great numbers at Chincoteague and Currituck, but on Long Island it is extremely rare.

Any facts on either of the above points will be appreciated, whether received through the columns of the Forest and Stream, or direct. WILLIAM DITCHER, Member Linnean Society of New York.

320 Broadway, N. Y.

HORSE HAIR SNAKES.—I would not bother you with this note but to help disabuse the "popular mind"—or rather no scientific mind ever entertained it—as to the theory that horse hairs turn into snakes, as referred to by Mr. Vennor in your issue of Dec. 8. He asks if any one ever saw the miraculous transformation, and, of course, he will never get an affirmative answer. In the fall of 1875, S. L. Wilkinson, Esq., postmaster here, put two so-called hair snakes in a fruit jar, and placed them in a window exposed to the sun. He thought nothing of them for several days, but, on examining them again, found the jar literally alive with little "serpents" about three-quarters of an inch long, no larger than a fine human hair, and pure white in color. There was literally thousands of them present, and there were several knots of them in the bottom of the jar. As hundreds saw the parents and baby snakes, it would be difficult to make the old story go down in this place.—J. J. STRANAHAN.

Chagrin Falls, O., Dec. 10, 1881.

[The supposed "little serpents" seen by Mr. Wilkinson were probably broken fragments of the egg chain, and not young at all. The individual eggs are very minute, and the newly hatched young would scarcely be visible to the naked eye. On the other hand, the chain of eggs exactly resembles what our correspondent describes above.]

HOW TO CATCH A TARANTULA.—Three years ago as I was starting off on a camping trip to Mt. Diablo, Cal., I met a Mr. Perkins, who was deeply interested in natural history, and especially in spiders. Knowing that tarantulas were numerous in that locality, he, in a half-joking way, asked me to bring him back one. As luck would have it, the very next day I saw a large tarantula sunning himself on the hot sand of the road. How to catch him puzzled me for some time. I cut a long twig and poked him with it. He crawled and bit at it furiously. This gave me an idea, and tying a piece of twine to the twig and making a noose at the other end, I managed to slip it over Mr. Tarantula, gave it a jerk, and had him fast. The way he doubled himself up and kicked was very ludicrous; but knowing that his bite was as deadly as a rattlesnake's, I took good care to keep him at arm's length. On reaching camp, I put him in a box, twine and all, and a few days later delivered him to my friend alive and in perfect condition. He had managed, however, to free himself from the twine. He was a monster in size, and with legs extended would cover a dessert-plate. I heard from him a year ago; he was still alive and seemingly content in captivity.—JURIS P. Boston, Dec. 11, 1881.

THE SPARROW CURSE IN AUSTRALIA.

It is not so very long since the question of the usefulness or injuriousness of the English sparrow was discussed at length in the columns of Forest and Stream. The importance of the question fully warranted the ample space then given to it, and the testimony offered on the opposing side was very full, and came from all classes and professions. Agriculturists and ornithologists alike gave their views, and many of our leading scientific men presented the results of their observations on the habits of the bird in America.

The evidence presented made it quite clear that on this continent the sparrow, which was imported for a certain specific purpose, has not fulfilled the expectations that were indulged in about him when he was first brought to these shores. It had been supposed that he would be of the greatest service to us, as a destroyer of insects. It was shown that he lives almost entirely on grain, seeds, buds and fruit. Dissections of many individuals, made during the late summer and early autumn, failed to show any considerable amount of insect food in the birds' crops. Moreover, from the testimony of farmers and fruit-growers, it appears that the sparrows do a great amount of damage to fruit-trees, as well by feeding on the buds in early spring as by eating the ripening fruit later in the season. Ornithologists and observers generally, with but few exceptions, agreed in stating that the sparrow is quarrelsome to the last degree, and that by its pugnacity and its numbers it drives away from the localities, where it abounds, our native birds which are more beautiful, sweeter-voiced, more useful, and in all respects more desirable than the sparrow. North America is not the only foreign country into which this bird has been introduced.

Imported into Australia, they have so increased and multiplied, and have proved such a curse to the farmers, that the Government has been obliged to take active measures for their destruction. To this end, a commission was appointed in August last by His Excellency Sir William Jervois, "to inquire into and report upon the alleged injuries caused to fruit-growers, gardeners, farmers and others by sparrows, and to consider the desirability of taking steps for their destruction, and to report upon the best means to be employed therefor." The Commission was also instructed: "Without delay to report to me (the Governor) the result of your (the Commissioners') investigations in the matters aforesaid."

The progress report of this commission, issued in September last, shows a terrible state of affairs brought about by these wretched little birds. An analysis of the testimony taken is as follows, and shows:

Natural History.

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

RUTLAND, Vt., Dec. 10, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been greatly entertained by reading the various communications brought out in your columns in response to my inquiry some weeks since, as to what had become of the ruffed grouse. Your suggestion of ticks seemed to me, on the whole, the most rational, and I have been investigating it as I have had opportunity. Not having bagged a bird since November I have had no opportunity for a personal examination; but from conversation and correspondence with sportsmen in various parts of the country I am growing to believe that that is the real secret of the trouble, although the authorities are not agreed. An old Adirondack friend, a guide of long experience, writes me that he has never seen a tick on a grouse, although he has found them on owls, hawks and eagles. Others tell me that they have often overheard them on old birds, but never found the young of the birds under such circumstances as to warrant an indictment against the tick. One gentleman told me that he shot a bird only this season that was so emaciated that he made examination for the cause and found the sides of the head and neck infested with burrowing insects, which I suppose must have been the insects in question. Others have told me that they had often observed them, but never before suspected them of being destructive to either old or young birds.

The various theories that have been advanced seem to me to be not well sustained. Hawks, owls, skunks, weasels and squirrels are all much more abundant a year ago than now. If they, or any of them, are the destroyers, the grouse ought to be more plenty now, for their natural enemies are welligh exterminated, in this country at least.

The theory of your Ferrisburg correspondent that they were, to some extent, migratory in their habits, and have gone to the back-lying towns and to the mountains, is not, I fear, tenable. They are not, I think, migratory birds in any sense, and so far as being abundant in the mountain towns is concerned, you will recollect that my first letter on this subject was brought out by the fact that an expedition to a mountain town where they were said to be in great numbers, and where they are certainly not hunted to any extent, was entirely barren of results. It is easy to hear of a place where they are plenty, but let your correspondent verify the reports and tell us about it on his return.

A fact of great interest to us here has just transpired. A large bevy of quail is known to exist in the town of Sunderland—some fifty miles south of this place. Whether the birds came naturally to that place and bred there, or whether they were brought there, is not certainly known as yet. I suspect the latter, however. Still, we hope that it may prove that they are working their way northward, and that they may become naturalized among us.

By the way, it is difficult to keep quail in confinement over winter? I have a place for importing some hundred or two, and liberating them in the spring; not with any great idea that they will winter here, but in the hope that they will breed here and give us a little shooting in the autumn, after the woodcocks are gone. I wish some of your correspondents who have had experience in keeping them in confinement would give us the benefit of their experience and some hints how to treat them. VERDE MONTZ.

AMESBURY, MASS., Dec. 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: Precinct indications this season so far point favorably for a mild and open winter; snow buntings and shrikes have not put in their appearance yet. Within a week I have seen a flock of robins numbering sixty or seventy, and to-day I saw two. Several flocks of quail have been started here this fall, but very few have been shot. The disappearing of the ruffed grouse within the last three years so rapidly, without any apparent cause more than that of past years, is something that should interest every sportsman; and I have been pleased very much to see the notes bearing on it in your journal. Five years ago ruffed grouse were plenty compared to what they are now; and a crack shot could bag fifty in a season's shooting. This season the number can be counted on the fingers. During my rambles the past three seasons I discovered three nests of the ruffed grouse, containing respectively, eight, ten and eleven eggs, within five hundred yards of my home; and I had the pleasure of seeing that they all hatched and left a nest of shells. Now the question to me is, where did all of these young grouse disappear to? Did they die before they matured, or were they captured by some animal or bird of prey? In my opinion two animals most destructive to the feathered tribe are the mink and the weasel. Their work is so silent, their range of territory so large, and their eagerness of search so complete, that I believe that they destroy more game around those parts than all the hawks, owls and foxes put together.—JNO. O'L.

RANGELY, M.—Editor Forest and Stream: Of the grouse brought in here fully ninety per cent are old cocks. If the red squirrel theory is correct, this preponderance can be accounted for, as the female while nesting would be most subject to attack. While hunting last spring in York county, New Brunswick, the woods fairly swarmed with red squirrels. Lately I have received letters from there mentioning great scarcity of ruffed grouse.—WARFIELD.

THE COLORING OF RUFFED GROUSE.—Williamatic, Ct., Dec. 18.—In your issue of the 15th I noticed an article by "Mark West" referring to the different coloring of the ruffed grouse in different localities. My observations are that it is owing entirely to the absence or prevalence of sunlight. In the spruce and hemlock forests of Maine you will find this bird of a very dark grayish color when seen at a distance, but on examination you will find its color to be the richest blending of brown, gray and black, shaded and tinted in a most exquisite manner, the colors being remarkably bright and clear; but in the hard-wood districts, where the bird is more exposed to the sun, you will find its color faded and bleached. This is true particularly of Pennsylvania and Virginia, where the bird has but little clove cover and much more sunlight. The bird is bleached and faded in color to such an extent as to destroy all the delicate shades and tints above referred to.

In Virginia, where I have shot many a one, they are so nearly the color of oak leaves as to make it almost impossible to see them when sitting among the leaves.—CLIFFORD.

my clearing which I never allowed to be disturbed, because I loved myself to see and to show visiting friends, sometimes as many as eighteen and twenty deer in sight from my porch at once. They seemed to know they would not be harmed near the house, for I never shot any within a mile, in any direction, on the house.

I had six men engaged to trap fur for me in the winter of 1859. And in the month of October all of that year, with my double-barreled rifle, made by Lewis, of Troy, I shot sixty-three deer, hanging the venison up frozen in my meat house to use as we wanted, smoking and drying my hams, to use on the tramping lines, several of which were over forty miles long, the men carrying provisions to last out and back as they rat over their route.

When I wanted grouse, all I had to do was to walk to a birch or beech ridge and find them in flocks. A dozen or more would tree at once, and by keeping up a jolly whistling, I have held their attention until a half dozen heads had been decapitated with my rifle. I never used a shot gun while in that region, yet scarce a day passed, when I felt like it, that I did not have pleasant or duck on the table.

The old guides and hunters in that section still talk of my rifle-shooting, which, with my well-known modesty, I acknowledge, was not bad, considering my almost daily practice, year in and year out.

But this paper is long enough. NED BURLINKE.

A CRITICAL EVENT.

A JEWELLED young innp came down from the North On a steep autumn day; His sandals shod with a silver woor, His mislague shield was sunbeam proof, While high at his back he carried a sack Full of orushes and tints of the morning.

He grasped a brush of a dery hue And swept it along the vales; But the critical trees all quivered and said, With a breeze of contempt, "It is red, brick red!" As he gave to his wrist a singular twist, The broad leaves would most adorning.

Nothing daunted he seized a different tint, With an artist's eye to his work; But the trees complained that 'twas all dun gold, And made them yellow, sere and old; So he started, a-lack! on a different tack, Their acres of wisdom scouring.

For his sack disappeared, and his pencil turned To a lance of polished ice; And he smote each leaf of the difficult trees A death blow straight through the "silver-de-freeze" Of their carping eyes, and to Paradise He carried their robes with the dawnting.

J. P. T.

A DECEMBER DAY.

AND now the bleak December day Frowns grimly on the landscape gray The rosy clouds that flush'd or ewelle The vaulted air-fields with their smile, And cast their soft reflected shade O'er upland height and bowery glade, Have faded, and a sombre vald Shrouds the horizon, cold and pale.

The woods that late I lov'd to tread When spring-time blooms were o'er them shed; When earliest leaves would clap their hand Responsive to the wind's command; When, wak'd in the dew-droxy sleep, The first wood-sticks would peep, And a faint, tremulous tint of green, Would quiver o'er the vernal scene; And later, when the summer woods Were dense through all their solitudes, And scarce a chequer'd ray might fall Athwart the forest's leafy wall.— Those grand old woods, now brown and bare, Stand shivering in the bitter air, Despoil'd of all their garlands brown, Of flowing robe, or royal crown, Disrobd, disorder'd, like monarch dead, Lie the kings dethroned, like grandeur's dead! Each knotty bole of oak and elm Wears curtains bright and icy helm, Russet'd in armor, sleekly bright, Like plated mail on harness'd knight; And on each crystal sprig and spray, They, jewels of the frost display.

The brook that late in laughter stray'd With dimpl'd pool or full cascade, Where late the angler's footstep trod, The flower-enamell'd, mossy sod, Now pallid, lifeless, mute and cold, Lies corpse-like in the icy fold. The river, border'd by fair trees, That leant to catch their images, Lies silt'd to iron shore to shore, Where now the wild-owl flocks no more.

Yet merry is the winter day With jingling bells and joyous sleigh; With skater's laughter, and the bright Gay carols of the Christmas night.

Shelter Island, Dec. 1. ISAAC McLELLAN.

A WALKING CLUB has been organized in the Nassau Boat Club, for the purpose of making pedestrian excursions into the suburbs on stated days, weather permitting. The second autumn walk took place on Sunday, 11th inst., from the rendezvous at One Hundred and Thirty-first street and Fourth avenue, the following named gentlemen taking part: C. E. Goodhue (acting as scout in the absence of Capt. W. A. Lenthall), A. P. Gould, Charles Badgley, John Jewitt, Seymour Hall and G. W. Scott. The course led them to New Rochelle, where a heavy dinner was partaken of at the Huguonot House, and thence to West Farms station, from which place a train conveyed to this city. A bowling class has also been formed, limited to twenty-five members, fourteen gentlemen having thus far joined. Alleys have been secured at 74 Third avenue. It is the intention of the club to engage the use of a gymnasium for the winter months.—H. W. LIVINGSTON.

First.—That the sparrow is established over an area of the colony comprising Adelaide and its suburbs from the sea-coast eastward well up into the hills; southwards to Happy Valley, Coronand Valley and Willunga; northwards to Allendale, and far on—though we hope as yet detached—at Beetaloo, near Wirrabarra. In the south-east, Mr. G. G. G. reports the centre of a flock of 1,000. It is also reported that the responses of songsters within the foregoing area cry for relief from sparrow depredations as if from a pest; and with what reason the following statements, as examples, may show: From Mr. John Chambers, of South Richmond: "In a short space of ten days, I have seen a total of 1,000 of these birds. They straggled all the five of five trees. They kept low fifteen acres of income during summer." From Mr. Tuden, of Salisbury: "This season they (the sparrows) took £30 worth of fruit;" and from Mr. Wilcox, of Lower Mitcham: "Has three times this season sown peas, and they have each time been destroyed by sparrows."

III. That the species of sparrow domineering in South Australia damages or consumes fruits, cereals and vegetables. Its fecundity is astonishing. A few to-day, are thousands next season. Its work is done on a magnitude despairing to the cultivator, and under conditions he cannot control; for the seed is taken out of the ground, the fruit-lod of the tree, the sprouting vegetable as fast as it grows, and the fruit ere it is ripe, and, therefore, before it is housed.

IV. That the cultivations attacked by sparrows, are as follows: Of Fruits—Apricots, cherries, figs, apples, grapes, peaches, plums, pears, nectarines, loquats and olives. Of Cereals—Wheat and barley. Of Vegetables—Peas, cabbages, cauliflowers, and garden seeds generally.

V. That the means of defence tried against sparrow depredations have been scarecrows, traps, netting, shooting, poison of phosphorus, arsenic, and strychnine applied through grain, bread, and bran with sugar. The results are totally stated as being unobtainable, which may be due to the mode of administration rather than to defects in the means employed.

VI. To the above expedients the following are suggested by our correspondents, namely:—The tender of rewards for sparrows' eggs and heads says: "A few to-day, are thousands next season, and poisoned water in summer. It is further declared that the united action of all property holders, including the Government, in infested districts, is essential to effective results."

Second.—Without reference to ulterior measures, which may be induced by the above, we have no fault to find, their object in tending this Progress Report is to submit for the approval of your Excellency the propriety of at once setting to work one useful means applicable to the breeding season now commencing, namely: A system of sparrow-egg and head bounty, which, through responsible agents readily accessible in the various sparrow districts; and we suggest, as a trial, that the rate of payment should be 6d. per dozen for sparrows' heads, delivered; and 2s. 6d. per 100 for sparrows' eggs, delivered.

Third.—We have sought proof of his insectivorous habits, but a yet with little result.

Signed by the Commissioners.

The testimony of the individuals who were examined by the Commission is unanimous in condemning the bird as most destructive to vegetation. No man speaks of them as "fifty times worse than rallois." No good word is said for the birds. To give some idea of its character we append some extracts from the testimony—

Joseph Barnes says: "Great damage done to fruits—apricots, grapes, figs and plums."

Mr. John Chambers, South Richmond, testifies: Sparrows have thoroughly established themselves in his orchard and garden. Calculates that he grows annually one and a half tons of grapes, but last season he was reduced to half a ton in the same space of time. They also took nearly all the figs from five trees, and nearly all the plums. Had cabbages growing under the plum trees which were infested with aphids, but the sparrows never went near them. In November he sowed a patch of peas and lucerne, and in the last week of the year they fed down during the summer. They have also destroyed a bed of peas as soon as they appeared above ground, and is quite sure that if they are not destroyed it will be no use attempting to grow anything. Has tried poisoned bait, barley, and other means, but all have failed. Has also been told by Main & Geyer's; but, like crows, sparrows soon smell powder. Untied station should be enforced to destroy them.

Mr. C. J. Coates, North Adelaide, states that having heard that the sparrows destroyed noxious insects, he had made a careful examination of the sparrows which he had killed, and found every month in the year, but their crops had never shown any insects; they were generally filled with fruit or grain. Last October his roses were covered with aphids, other shrubs with the nearly winged, and his pear trees with *phylloxera* *pyra* and other insects. Sparrows attempt to feed on them, but they are never poisoned with phosphorus and strychnine, but the birds have refused to take it. Suggests the levying of a sparrow tax to pay for sparrow heads and eggs.

Augustus Davies, Beaumont: Sparrows are in thousands in his locality, and destroy cherries, apricots, figs, American plums, olives, pears, grapes, and also eat small patches of grain which have been left to ripen. As to destroying grub, etc., he says the damage done by grubs last year in his garden was greater than done before, and the trees are covered with nettles. They are poisoned with arsenic and strychnine, and also poisoned water, but the birds soon get knowing and avoid it. Traps and scarecrows have been tried, but are useless. Suggests poisoning, and also a repeal of the Gun License Act. Is certain if they are allowed to increase unchecked they will become a regular curse, and the crops will suffer enormously.

C. L. Dulous, Lindero: Sparrows are in his neighborhood by tons of thousands. They destroyed half his grapecrop—say two tons per acre—and other fruit in proportion. They eat up of poisoning wheat, and the property trying sugar of lead in water in summer time. His neighbor informs him that they have destroyed all his cauliflowers and cabbages—attacking the little shoots as they spring up. Has not seen them take aphids, for he had some cauliflowers covered with aphids. Last year the sparrows never touched them. Thinks the sparrow-hawk should be introduced, and the small predatory birds should be protected and fostered.

Thos. Gill, Glen Osmond: Strongly urges immediate action to destroy sparrows during the present pairing season. The injuries caused by sparrows to the trees are reversed with netting. They are eating grain at sowing and harvest time, it being estimated that fully one-third has been lost; to vigorous, by eating grapes wholesale; to gardeners, by eating off peas directly they appear above ground; and, consequently, by driving away and frightening away the insects which are necessary to the success of the farmer's and most effective method of destroying them.

S. A. Milne, Drimmmer: Year by year sparrows are becoming more numerous, and are now seen in droves. They live in hedges, and make a mid-day noise which is very annoying. They are very noisy, which he had sown for seed. The sparrows took the corn; he only had the straw. They have done extensive damage in the garden, destroying the stone fruits wholesale, more especially grapes. They have driven away smaller insectivorous birds which would be of great service. Last year he sowed wheat with the most effective means of destroying them, and hopes active measures will be taken to get rid of them.

Henry A. Price, Mount Gambier: Sparrows have thoroughly established themselves in his neighborhood. It is needless to attempt growing fruit under the trees, as they are covered with nettles. They destroyed his cherries, plums and apricots before they were ripe, and garden seeds are scratched up and eaten as soon as planted.

Last season, planted one particular seed four times before he reached the plants, and the trees were covered with grubs. The feathers tried to thread. They pull up young plants, and eat the heads off young and tender shoots. At present they are about the farms in thousands, living principally on grain, and must reduce the yield of crops. No systematic steps have been taken to destroy them. Has tried poisoning with sugar of lead, but it has failed for a few days, after which the sparrows would not touch the pois-

oned grain. Then tried traps, but they soon got too knowing for them. Thinks much action is absolutely necessary to keep them down, and is also of opinion that destroying the eggs and netting the old birds by every landowner at breeding time would greatly diminish them. When in flocks a considerable number may be shot.

James T. Ralph, Marion, Sturt: Sparrows have established themselves in his neighborhood for years, and the district is now infested with them. He has a fruit garden of four and a half acres, the produce of which was nearly all eaten by sparrows. From one and a half acres which he did not have more than 150 lbs. of grapes. Cherries, apricots, peaches, pears, figs and plums were also destroyed by these birds. Had a paddock of seven acres, surrounded by a prickly hedge, which proved a good harbor for sparrows, and for ten feet from the hedge, the corn was taken by the sparrows, even when without plants being sown, and the seed taken from them. The only means taken to destroy them has been shooting by himself and neighbors; but this has little effect. He suggests the distribution of poisoned wheat before the fruit season sets in, and also the destruction of their nests. He states that many persons who are dependent on rain water are very much inconvenienced by the pollution of the water by sparrows, which build in the spouts and gutters.

The extracts from the testimony of the forty-two witnesses examined by the Commission during the first four weeks of the past winter, will give a rapid and fair idea of the way in which practical horticulturists look upon the sparrow in Australia. The testimony given was unanimous that the sparrows did not destroy insects when other food was accessible.

Game Bag and Gun.

TWO COLD DAYS AT THE CLUB HOUSE.

THANKSGIVING DAY bloomed at the usual hour; and we turned out of our snug beds to find the thermometer showing about eighteen above, and the wind half gale from the westward. Six members gathered at the breakfast table, and after some discussion decided to carry luncheons and have the Thanksgiving dinner after the day's shoot. (His bodied ill for turkey—think six men sitting down to turkey after a long day's work in the cold.)

Breakfast dispatched, there was hustling and hurrying, cars must be covered, cardigan jackets under the heavy shooting coat, gun coats of olive color, Mr. G. overcoats, ski jackets, etc., transform us into odd looking creatures, together with the variously costumed punters, make a party that would astonish our uninitiated city friends. Boats laden with decoys, blinds, ammunition pails, guns and other needs, complete the picture—six boats only from the hundred that fill the capacious loch house.

Nearly an inch of ice covered the shallow waters of the marsh and bay, so our shooting must be confined to the open waters of the river, down which we pull some three miles. This is an easy task as the "wintery blast" is all in our favor. We indulged a hope that it would hold or change before night. We did not envy those who took punters; for the exercise being a complete countercheck to the piercing winds. Some of the party were stationed under the lee of the high grass along the shore, avoiding the wind. Not so fortunate we; our blind was in an open space, with water on one side and ice on the other, where the wind had full sweep, but by pulling out often to retrieve we managed to keep comfortable, except the feet, which although covered with a pair of woolen socks and hip boots, ached with the cold.

Only twenty decoys were used, and these became nearly useless on account of the ice which accumulated on the heads, and the great winds of ice on the sides, causing some to turn wrong side up and all to have anything but a natural appearance. If you have never handled decoys in such weather it will be useless to try to convey an idea of the work it is, in the almost irresistible wind and with icy fingers, notwithstanding rubber gloves, the long anchor lines to wind up, would say to the beginner don't stop to wind up each line, but drop several of the decoys into the boat quickly, leaving the anchors to hang over the guavale until you have pulled into shallow water, where you can hang on to an oak stump into the mud or to your blind, wind the cords at your leisure and warm your hands for a new start.

Shooting was not as good as we had hoped, several holes being still open (unfrozen) in places inaccessible to beings without wings. The blind had been shot out of for many days, and the ducks were shy of it. The bag to one gun was only forty-four in two days, composed of red-heads, mallards, dusky ducks, pintails, shorelets, widgeons, blue-bills, butter-balls and ruddy ducks. These were got by "sky-scraping" and some water-scraping, shooting probably one hundred and fifty shells. Many chances were lost by pulling out after ducks rather than letting them drift away down against the edge of the ice, where the wind had kicked up a little sea, making it unpleasant and not wholly safe to work a small skiff, for the water would swish in, freezing to everything and sometimes binding the oars in the locks. This is one of the objections to fancy rigging. A good plan or that can be feathered and pulled quickly inboard, being as good as anything. Outriggers are also unbandy when pulling in and out of a blind often.

During part of the first day we took pains to drop ducks on the ice; this was a mistake, the ice being heavier than we had thought, taking nearly an hour to break a channel around the dead bird.

We took occasion to try coarse shot, 2's, 3's and some B's; but were only confirmed in our long habit and opinion that 5's are, day in and day out, (after September,) the shot for ducks. When a duck is crippled and within forty yards, we prefer 7's or 8's, which are very likely to puncture the head. Mem.—Two charges of 2's were fired at a winged duck, at, perhaps, forty yards; both lifted him off the ice; he laid his head down to a charge of 7's.

A blue-bill swung in within twenty-five feet of the blind; the thought was, while pressing the trigger, "he will be down all to pieces, so give him a tip of his bill and catch his head." Not so. He turned tail at the first barrel, and a clean miss was scored with both. Speaking again of shot—if one could always tell what his next chance would be, or had always time to change shells, the 1's or B's would add materially to the bag, but taken all in all but few of these sizes should be carried, and used as the exception rather than the rule. No. 4's are, to me, an abomination. I have no confidence in them, and find that several of my friends have the same feeling.

The second day was even colder and more windy than the first, and pulling up the river each night was a terry. Shooting half a dozen quails, over Sancho, in the morning, and the journey home consumed the third day. A day or two, and

accumulated business is worked off; cold and fatigue are forgotten and the desire to go again is as strong upon us as ever.

By the way, we had a discussion upon the subject of guns. A gun of American make—of long standing—received the very highest praise for shooting qualities. One gentleman, who has an extended shooting acquaintance, affirmed that nine-tenths of the guns used by clubs in this country were of this make, and although he was then shooting his fine English gun, he preferred his American gun by long odds, except in the matter of plungers. "If it only had solid head plungers," he would ask for no better gun. In confirmation of this idea, plungers were broken in two of these guns that day.

MR. H. T. ABLE.

INDIAN METHOD OF CATCHING MUSKRATS.

NEW WESTMINSTER, British Columbia, Nov. 1881. A MOST ingenious and successful method of catching muskrats (*Fiber tibeticus*) is practiced by the Indians in the interior of British Columbia, and as I believe the particular mode is one that is peculiar to them alone, I thought it worthy of being communicated to your paper so that a more extended knowledge of it might be obtained.

When the lakes are frozen up, the Indians repair to one that contains muskrat houses. They go with a large number as they can muster; the more people the larger the catch, as the necessary operations cannot be successfully carried on by a few. The boys and girls, as well as the squaws, play an important part in these hunts. Say a lake contains a hundred houses and the number of hunters and "huntsresses" are fifty. About forty of the houses are broken open, and is a comparatively easy matter. The muskrats leave these houses, and taking to the water under the ice, swim away to the other houses, which, of course for the time being, are tenanted by neery double the usual number of muskrats. The Indians being provided with sufficient of the downy substance that envelopes the seal vessels of the bag, known as the cat-tail (*Cypera latifolia*), which resembles in a high degree the pulce of commerce, strew it on top of the ice in the bottom of the broken houses. Then a person is stationed at each broken house, armed with a stick or spear as the case may be, and the remaining ten Indians proceed to break open the other sixty houses as rapidly as they can and with as much noise as possible. The poor rats, by this time thoroughly frightened at this new invasion, desert their new quarters and, accompanied with those with whom they took refuge, retrace their former route. The downy part of the cat-tail on the surface of the water prevents them from seeing the Indian stationed there, and they pop up into the openings in the ice that lead to their former homes; and, blinded for the moment by the down which adheres to them, they are completely at the mercy (?) of Mr. Mrs., Master or Miss Lo, who either spears them or knocks them on the head, throws them out on the ice and gets ready for the next.

If the colony is not too large almost all the animals will in this manner be secured, the only individuals escaping being those that take refuge in the underground burrows in the banks of the lake.

Thus it is that the plant [the root, leaves and stalks of the cat's tail form the greater part of the materials of which the muskrat houses are built] that affords the muskrat the material for shelter from the rigor and inclemency of the weather, at the same time supplies the medium to the genus *homo* to insure its destruction. It is a curious and interesting thing that we have supposed and believed to be our best friend proves to be our greatest enemy.

MOWITT.

A TRUE TALE OF A DUCK PASS.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 10, 1881. WINTER has again settled down upon us, and we can but gossip of the happy days and bright evenings of the shooting season. Sometimes I think it is even better so, for our enforced confinement sends us out when the season again opens, with bright hopes and new determination to enjoy more fully the gallant sport we so delight in. And after all, is not the retrospect one of the greatest enjoyments of the sportsman. All the dangers, annoyances and fatigues are forgotten, and there only remains the memory of the lucky day, the happy shot, the well-aimed creed, sent in the light of anticipated repetition; and then the savor of those merry nights, just tired enough to enjoy a rest, the sparkling story, and the jolly laugh re-echoed round the circle. Ah! the sportsman, could not each of you fill a volume and yet leave the half untold?

But to the gossip. Here in our fair city are to be found a band of sportsmen, than whom none more enjoy and appreciate the forest, stream and prairie, and who, in kindly, hearty feeling, cannot be excelled. As in the fall months the principal and best sport is duck and goose shooting, their attention is largely directed to that class of game, and I think we could fairly stand our ground on a "pass" with any like number of duck shots in the country. Notable among those *Commodore DeVear* are the Island Pass Club, who include some of our best men and shots, and who own a most "happy hunting ground" at Rice Lakes, the ducking ground, "pat excellence," nearest to our city. A comfortable and commodious house, with excellent attendance, is not the least attraction of the Island Pass Club, and most of the members, have been constant visitors to it for the last fifteen years, some for more. Ah! the memories of this and "other days."

Oh! for a collection of the "tales of the duck pass" told within those walls on those merry nights; they are worthy of the pen and genius of Mark Twain. But this is not gossip, and so for a true tale of a duck pass.

Among the most recent, yet kindest and brightest, members of the club is the Rev. R. W. Matthews, called by the members aside, "Pious B." Matthews, a clergyman, who is passionately devoted to field sports. He, therefore, gives his well-earned leisure to the hunting field, finding, no doubt, "sermons in stones and books in running brooks." Now, unfortunately, our dominion's practice on the pass had not equalled his precepts, nor indeed his own opinion of his shooting abilities, and, as a result, while his theory was perfect his game bag was light, and his elegant imported retriever was rapidly forgetting how a dead duck looked; indeed, our friend had become somewhat disheartened and, in reaction of the Island Pass Club, and most of the members, and that he would give up shooting and retire from the club. But this would never do, he was too much of a *bon comrade* to lose, even if he could not bring down his bird; so some of the club spirits of the club got together and it was

arranged that Mr. H. E. Thompson, one of the best shots, should invite our friend to a quiet afternoon on the pass. Now "Bob" shoots a light 12-gauge with 4 drs. of powder and 1 oz. of shot. Thompson finds a number 8 with 7 drs. far more enjoyable. The realer can now see how easy it was to put the scheme in execution. T. stationed himself quite close to the Rev. "B." and as duck after duck appeared would manage to shoot almost if not precisely, at the same time, and would the gravely inform the astonished Dominic that he, "Bob," had killed the bird, which almost invariably fell upon the discharge. T would, of course, once in a while, shoot a bird in an opposite direction, or make a double, in which case he would claim one of the birds. The sport went on, until the light ceased, when a count was had. Rev. Matthews' pile counted thirty-nine, Thompson's eleven. A more astonished and delighted clergyman never existed. The secret would have been well kept had that night, in arguing that the capacity to hit a bird on a very sharp one, and not as pitched, our friend cited his large bag of that day, and admitted that whenever he fired he closed his eyes, saying, however, that, "before closing them, he carefully determined the exact locality of the bird." Respect for the cloth saved him from the wiper super penalty, but not from the laughter which followed the discovery. He now devotes himself to a pet deer, kept at the lodge, to whom he has taught many tricks, their joint gamboling a source of much amusement to the members. MARK NORTH.

THE EARL OF DURVAEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, N. S., Dec. 8, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in the Halifax Morning Chronicle of this date an extract containing a letter headed, "Lord Durvaen on the Nova Scotia Game Laws," and signed, "A Member of the Nova Scotia Game Protective Society." I am sorry to find some editorial remarks hereon, which I consider it my duty to leave such a letter unnoticed, but, as it may mislead some of my brother sportsmen in the States, I think it better to make one or two remarks concerning it.

Your correspondent asserts that I am perfectly well-posted in the Nova Scotia Game Laws, and on a former occasion had to pay a fine for their breach. The *scquitar* that because a man is fined for the breach of a law, he must, therefore, be well acquainted with it, is somewhat peculiar. The letter says: "Our system of game laws is a very simple one, and easily understood by those who wish to do so." In proof of the simplicity of the system, and of the ease with which it can be understood, "A Member of the Nova Scotia Game Protection Society" immediately falls into a serious error, and, strangely enough, makes precisely the same mistake that I did. He says: "Game licenses are granted to persons not having their domiciles in Nova Scotia, who may wish to hunt therein, for which a fee of thirty dollars is charged for one year; this is a general license for the whole province (the italics are the writer's), and is equally valid in Halifax counties." This statement is entirely incorrect. On the back of my license, I find the following: "Extract from Chap. 24, Statutes of 1879: No person not having his domicile in the province of Nova Scotia shall be allowed to kill, or pursue with intent to kill any of the animals or birds included in the term game as defined in this act without having first obtained a license for the purpose signed by the provincial Secretary and chief Game Commissioner from the Clerk of the peace of any county in the district where the same is to be used and have effect, and the same shall be void in all other counties, from any Clerk of the municipalities within such district."

(The italics are mine.) It appears, therefore, that it is necessary that a license should be taken out in the district in which it is to be used. In consequence of my ignorance of this peculiarity of the law, an ignorance shared, I am consoled to see, by a member of the Game Society of Nova Scotia, I got into difficulties. In common with him, I entertained the belief that a general license for the whole province could be obtained in Halifax, and acted on that belief. I entered Nova Scotia from St. John, New Brunswick, by way of Annapolis, telegraphed from St. John to Mr. James Scott, of this city, to send stores to Caledonia, and to obtain and send with them licenses for myself, and my friend, Mr. Jennings. I received a reply from him to the effect that the stores would be sent next morning by express, and that the licenses would follow by mail. Acting on this advice, I went into the woods in the full belief that my license had been obtained. On former occasions, on which I had adopted this course, had received my licenses in Halifax, and I was aware that any alteration had been made in the law, and the license applied for in Halifax, a fact which the authorities must have known, for the warden who took out the warrant against me told me he was aware of it. The money was tendered, but it could not be issued for the reasons mentioned in the above quotation from the act of 1879. Of this fact I received no notification whatever.

Your correspondent is also in error in stating that if the bearer of a license shall not kill the prescribed number of animals in any district he can do so in any other, upon making affidavit before the Game Commissioner of the number he previously shot. The affidavit must be made before a Clerk of the peace. "A Member of the Nova Scotia Game Society" credits me with superhuman attributes, and declares that on my return I gave Halifax a wide berth. How a man can return to a place, and at the same time give it a wide berth, is difficult to understand. At any rate, I did not perform that complicated manoeuvre, for I went straight to Halifax from Queen's county, where the arrest took place. Your correspondent is right in saying that I am a little better looking upon it as a mere probable blunder. He would probably consider it merely a blunder on the part of a sheriff to hang a man without waiting for the ordinary formalities of trial, conviction and sentence. Such loose views as to individual liberty are not accepted by Englishmen in general. I do not know how far familiarity with the process of being arrested might breed contempt for it, but as far as I am concerned, the experience was novel and disagreeable. I entertain the strongest objection to being arrested for a fine before a fine is imposed. Whatever peculiar views your correspondent may entertain as to the courtesy due from man to man, I think he must allow that even "a live lord" has a right to be treated in a legal manner.

The explanation which your correspondent gives of the motives of the Game Preservation Society is totally uncalled for. No one supposes that their object is to make money out of strangers. No one can regret more than I do that their efforts to preserve the game of Nova Scotia from threatened destruction have not met with greater success. Their object is to make money for the purpose, and is inadequately understood. I believe one or two convictions

have been obtained against inhabitants for killing large quantities of moose out of season by illegal means; but as a rule the law is a dead letter as far as the natives of the province are concerned. More especially is this the case in respect of the number of moose and caribou that may be killed. The rule is openly broken in all directions. It is considered only to refer to strangers, and is absolutely and avowedly inoperative against natives. In such cases strangers and residents ought to be on an equal footing; as regards licenses the case is different.

I have heard Nova Scotians call in question the wisdom of a policy of taxing the importation of foreign capital by demanding license fees from strangers, who spend a good deal of money among the poorer classes at a time of year when labor is difficult to obtain. They think that it tends to deter sportsmen from visiting the country. But it is not likely that any man who could afford to come to this country from Europe or the States to spend an autumn holiday would object to paying for the privilege of shooting, and as money is required for the purposes of the game societies, I think a system of licenses affords a legitimate means of doing so. Whether it should be restricted to strangers only is a matter for consideration.

Should you or any of your acquaintances be going into the woods you would do well to take with you a copy of the game laws, the problems contained therein would beguile the long hours of the winter nights. It remains to be seen what will take out his license in the county or municipal district in which he proposes to pursue moose; but, if he pursues his moose into another county or district he is liable to a fine if he does not get his license indorsed. The county lines are not very clearly defined in the principal forest; it would not much mend matters, however, if they were. A man might pursue a moose and wound him in one district and be compelled to follow it into another to kill it. The proper course, I presume, for him to adopt on arriving at the county line would be to go to the trap, pack up his traps, and go out to settlements, which might take a couple of days or so. He should then proceed to the residence of the Clerk of the peace, which would take a day, and having got his indorsement on the license should return to look for the moose, which would occupy several days more. But by this time the moose would be dead and the meat spoiled, and for allowing it to spoil the hunter is liable to a heavy fine. It may be said that such a case would involve a mere technical breach of the letter of the law. That is true, but it would not be so in the opinion of the magistrates. It appears moreover by the act that if a game warden, who would be half the fine should choose to take action in such a case, the magistrates would have no option.

I leave it to you, sir, to judge whether the game laws are remarkable for the extreme simplicity claimed for them, and whether you are quite correct in stating, that, in the letter of "A Member of the Game Protection Society," you were "publishing from a responsible source a true statement of the case."

DURVAEN.

A NEBRASKA DEER HUNT.

O'NEILL CITY, Neb., Dec. 1, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Nebaska sportsmen evidently do not appreciate your valuable journal as they ought; at least, they do not make use of your columns to tell of one of the best game countries in the west. One of the most interesting and popular features of any paper is the correspondence. This is particularly the case in the case of the Forest and Stream, and I am sorry to cast reflections on the ability of its corps of editorial writers, but simply because the lover of true sport likes to read of the exploits of his brethren, even though he himself is hundreds of miles from the scene of action. This being the case I will tell of a week's hunt just made in the sand hills of Northern Nebraska by Mr. Ed. S. Kinch, an old hunter, recently of Edinburgh, Pa., Mr. Charles Shepard, a jolly railroad contractor on the S. C. & P. R. R., Mr. Merritt, a disciple of Blackstone, located at Penitentiary, this State, and the writer, who, being a *Frontier* newspaper man, knows how to fully enjoy a good hunting trip.

Well, the party left O'Neill, which is the county seat of Holt county, on the night of Thanksgiving, going by rail to Long Pine, the present terminus of the S. C. & P. Long Pine is 75 miles west of O'Neill in the unorganized territory, is only about two months' old, and is an ideal frontier town, where saloons, railroad men, and the festive and much-liked about cow-boy take the prominent parts in the theatre of life. It is, indeed, a red-hot place, and getting hotter every day. There is a large number of these cowboys hanging about, and several times they have visited the town, and at each visit several have been killed, the citizens grabbing their guns and revolvers, and banging away with great recklessness and indiscriminately.

From Long Pine we took a livery, and a twenty-mile ride over the beautiful rolling prairie brought us to Plum Creek, a fine stream of pure, soft water, running in a very deep gulf, either bank being lined with pine, cedar, oak, and cottonwood, and a favorite resort for both white and black-tailed deer. Just now, however, they are very scarce along the creek, the railroad graders and settlers having driven them back into the sand-hills. It was necessary to get back into the hills, and so Shepard rigged up his wagon with cover, and loading an ample supply of grub, blankets, cooking utensils, etc., the party pulled out. Reaching the head waters of the Plum, the boys took a tramp in the adjacent hills, and when night came and all had returned, it was found that Shepard had bagged a fine black-tailed buck fawn. This was encouraging, and we turned in for the night, dreaming of deer innumerable. The coyotes sang a terrible racket, but we managed to get a good night's sleep just the same. Bright and early all hands turned out, and, after bracing up with coffee and bread, the boys struck out full of hope. At noon all had returned. Kinch was the only one that smiled. "Boys, fetch up the mules; I have some work for you." And he did. About two miles from camp he had struck a bunch of five deer, two bucks, two fawns and a doe, and he had done some of the best shooting on record. He killed every one of the fine firing fawn shot from his Winchester. This was the total for the day, but it was enough to make us all happy, though perhaps a trifle envious of the lucky Pennsylvania. The afternoon and evening was devoted to dressing the game. It was estimated one of the bucks (a black-antler) would dress over 200 lbs.

The next morning early we pulled stakes and headed southwest to the Sand Hill Lakes. Three of us struck out on foot. In a couple of hours the report of a double-barreled aimed shot-gun was heard, and in a few moments the figure of a man appeared on the point of a high hill gesticulating in a frantic manner. It was the newspaper man. As it was

not far, Shepherd headed the mules that way, and soon all heads were gazing in admiration on a magnificent buck and doe, both having succumbed to the call of the 12 lb. Scott breech-loader. If an editor was ever proud it was this one, and don't you forget it. We load our shells for deer hunting with 6 1/2 grams of powder, and 12 buck-shot encased in a portion of No. 12 paper. This will carry 100 yards before breaking and with the accuracy of a rifle ball.

During the afternoon Merritt got a shot at a doe and broke one of its forelegs. After considerable chasing he was again shot and brought down.

That night we camped by one of the several lakes about twenty miles southwest of Plum Creek. The next forenoon Shepard got another fawn and a doe. The rest of us had no luck. Kinch's five, it seemed, was his allotment. Although we hunted here two days we failed to make another score, and time being up, we started homeward. We had got about half way when the keen eye of the lawyer detected a bunch of deer feeding on the side of a hill about a mile distant. Hurriedly unhitching the mules we proceeded to surprise the unsuspecting enemy. Three of us made a circle so as to get on the side favorable to the wind, and one struck out straight toward them. The sequel we are all ashamed of, and will make it brief. There were eight deer and although we all had fair shots, not one was successful. The buck fever raged high. The writer fired two shots at a fine doe not very far distant, and never raised a hair. He was out for the game, not for the sights of his gun. We all returned to the wagon—disgusted, each one cursing his neighbor for his own ill luck.

We now pulled straight for the Plum, where we arrived in due time, from there returned to Long Pine and took the cars for home. Everything considered, it was an enjoyable trip and we are determined to repeat it in the near future.

W. D. MATTHEWS.

P. S.—Hallock, in the *Greenlee*, says that black-tail deer are only found in the thick brush on the Pacific coast, and that they are not good eating. We differ with him. Here we find black-tail in the sand-hills, far away from timber, and they are, if anything, superior to the white-tail as an article of food.

[This is not the true black tail, but the mule-deer, which is one of the most delicious of the *Cervidae*.]

DEER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the "Cruise of the Nipper," published in your last issue, mention is made of a dinner given at Dunkin's Camp, on Fourth Lake, Fulton Chain, in July last, and that State Game Protector Dodge was one of the guests. The "glum looks" of the officer, as he tasted the gamy flavor of the "mutton" (?) mentioned by "Nesmuk," must have meant something, for suit was brought against Dunkin for having venison in possession during the close season. Others, who thought it a good joke on Dodge to invite him to eat "crooked meat," have also had an opportunity to tell what they know about eating venison in July. The gentlemen mentioned by "Nesmuk" are royal good fellows, and entertained their company grandly on the occasion spoken of; but they were setting a bad example by putting venison on their bill of fare at that time, and had the State officer allowed it to pass unnoticed, it would have established a bad precedent, for no matter how flagrant a violation might have occurred, after that he would have been powerless to enforce the law. The majority of the guides on the Fulton Chain are anxious to have the laws for the protection of fish and game enforced. They realize that to perpetuate their occupation the close season must be respected, and that class of guides were glad to see the case mentioned above prosecuted.

Protectors may be fastened and flattered into shutting their eyes to open violations, but that is not the record of the officer referred to in this article. Wherever he has found a case he has prosecuted it, no matter whether it hit a friend or foe, but always, too, with the best of feeling, with no ill-will or malice on his part, but simply a performance of his duty. During the last year he has brought, or caused to be brought, between twenty-five and thirty cases for violations of the different sections of the game laws, and his work is having quite a visible effect. Although the violations probably can never be wholly stopped, any more than violation of all other laws, yet it is already evident that there begins to be a general feeling that the laws are going to be enforced, and the open high-handed disregard of the law we have been so long accustomed to in the Adirondacks, already begins to be a thing of the past. I hope that the good work may continue, and that the State force may be reorganized, so that it will be still more efficient. ZACK.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The suggestions made by your correspondent "Musit" in regard to the laws for protecting deer are most excellent. I judge him to be a man of great experience and thoroughly acquainted with the habits of deer.

We want laws for better protection of deer in the Adirondacks, adjacent territory, and other regions of wilderness of this State, and laws that will provide for an increase of the deer supply instead of otherwise. Considerable correspondence was elicited through the publications of "communications" to your valuable paper last year and good information obtained. Sufficient, however, has been the experience of the best hunters of this State and the regions referred to above to make their suggestions of the law we have been so long accustomed to in the Adirondacks, already begins to be a thing of the past. I hope that the good work may continue, and that the State force may be reorganized, so that it will be still more efficient. ZACK.

I see "S. S. N." comes to the front with anxiety, in a letter published Nov. 3. Perhaps he would be too exacting; but that some changes should be made is very evident to all who feel an interest in prolonging sport. The sale of venison is to be permitted this winter to our markets, as it was last, in open violation of the law. If so, there will be a necessity for more

such patrolling, as "Musit" speaks of, than the private purses of individuals will be able to care for or the State protectors possibly attend to. Although the illegal killing of deer can better be prevented by them than it is now or has been attended to in the past by anybody. Duties of our Fish and game protectors in attending to fish protection must become less important at a season when deer need the most looking after, owing to the lateness of the season and a great deal of fishing with nets being stopped by fresh water freezing over. Should our laws receive attention this winter, it is to be hoped that provisions will be made for the State protectors to have more adequate means for thoroughly attending to the protection of game, and especially of deer. The number of offenses committed is not enough money is provided for their use, and not severe enough punishment meted out to violators. In my opinion imprisonment should be connected with fining.

Withdraw the privilege of hounding certainly during August and October, if it cannot be stopped entirely, that the deer may get some rest. A deer driven in August, even if not killed, is, without doubt, very much injured, for there seems then to be almost no limit to his powers for going. Consequently great heat is induced, to be followed by a shock upon plunging into water, which in itself is very injurious to the health of any animal. No sensible man would compel or allow his horse to plunge into cold water after a fifteen-mile fast drive, and then allow him to lie down, without expecting permanent injury. It is quite as bad for deer; they will always go to water and plunge in, their instinct telling them there is no other way to get rid of the hound after which they seek some secluded spot and lie down. A guide told me last summer, he found in the middle of a lake a dead deer, without a wound anywhere. No doubt there was consequent upon taking to water before hounded. A comparison might be made in the hounding of deer in warm water to driving a beef creature a long distance just before killing it, the meat in either instance is very poor food.

It is getting to be a recognized fact that the chances are very much against capturing deer by their "taking to water" before hounds during warm weather at specially good runs, and sportsmen are more inclined to stay out of the woods with hounds until cold weather sets in, and the deer are fat enough to give a short race, then the destruction that takes place is enormous. Some men get ashamed of killing deer, and others never do, but pursue them as long as their time holds out. Consequently, as a matter of benefit to the preservation of deer, I hope the warm-weather driving will be stopped, and the time for driving in cold weather be very much shortened.

It is my opinion that those who are strong advocates of driving will admit that hounding tends more to deplete our stock of deer than any other legal method of killing them; and I believe they will heartily uphold a law that will, without doubt, tend to the preserving, and the increase of our most noble game.

WOLLAT.

THE DUCK RIOT AT GUNPOWDER BRIDGE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 8, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On yesterday I visited Gunpowder Bridge on the line of the P. W. & B. R., for coat shooting. I took the 7:15 A. M. train and reached the Bridge about 8 o'clock. As I got on the Bridge and saw to my surprise, about sixty or seventy gunners, I picked out a position about 200 yards west of the bridge. A pair of coots came up, and without suggestion, about twenty shots were fired to the two birds, one of which I think is a happy cot yet, and the other one, not so fortunate, was killed. About a dozen different men claimed it. The language and wrangling of the parties concerned would, to my notion, become anybody but brother sportsmen. I patiently sat a half-hour or so before I got a shot. Finally, there came along a single black mallard, when taking out one of the shells loaded with No. 6 and putting in No. 8 shot I put it on him, and it was, I think, a pretty long shot for a No. 10 gun. I then he came as dead as a stone. Soon I had another shot at a cot, which I killed with both barrels. I had good shooting for a while, my ducks being gathered for me by a man in a bateau, whom I had engaged for the purpose.

By the time I had been there—about one or two hours—I noticed five or six gunners inching up to me, and at last they were close to me. There was one man, who belonged to a ducking shore in the Hollow below, sat himself down about thirty feet from me. He had a man by the name of John in a skiff waiting on him. Presently a cot came over to me to the right, when I killed him; and on looking for my duck this man yelled out at the top of his voice: "That's my duck; get him, John!" This thing happened regularly five or six times in succession. I finally made up my mind to move away; but I tell you, sir, everywhere one would go the words of "My duck" would ring out above all others. I noticed three men from Baltimore. They had ninety-two coots, and I was told by them that they had shot away 550 shells and had killed ninety-two coots. I think that there is about one duck killed for every twenty shots fired; and if the thing is not stopped the shooting on Gunpowder will be one of the things passed by.

I got eleven coots and one mallard, and the man with his man John on coming in had seventy-seven coots, about two-thirds of which were killed by other parties, but claimed and gathered by him. I tell you, a good claimer is better than a good shot on the bridge. The shooting on the Bridge is a fair representation of a battle field. There are great many good ducks in the river—canvass-backs, red-heads and black heads; also a great many marsh-ducks at the head of the river. I think that when I go down again to get ducks at the Bridge I will have a man John, and do more claiming and less shooting.

CHEE. A. PEAKE.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Do not let yourselves be deluded by Ches. A. Peake's letter in a late issue about duck-shooting on the Gunpowder Bridge. The danger attending the sport is great, and the most successful gunner is the object of envy on the part of those who, although they do not know how to shoot ducks, nevertheless take their stand in close proximity to a first-class shot, and then put in their modest demands every time a duck falls. The passing trains of cars, the slippery timbers of the bridge, forty or fifty guns, many of them in very inferior condition, the excitement of the sport, the presence of the gunners—all these strike me as very decided impediments to amusement. Some time since a man was caught between two trains on the bridge and so jammed and battered that he may be an invalid for life. Another one had a shot put through his hat.

There have been several sportsmen par excellence on the bridge this season. The leading one was formerly a member of the Carroll's Island Ducking Club, where he was considered one of the best overhead shots on the Island. He generally shoots a No. 12 or No. 10 at coots, and a No. 8 gun at larger fowl. He is now a member of a club composed of gentlemen who formerly shot with him at Carroll's Island. Ches. A. Peake's vision is evidently bad, and his information worse. I advise him, as he does not understand duck-shooting, not to take the part of a bad-tempered critic, but to possess his soul in patience until experience may come to his aid.—J. S.

LONG ISLAND WILDFOWL.

GREENPORT, L. I., Dec. 11.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There are plenty of coots and old squaws in Peconic and Gardiner's bay, and off Montauk and Napeague Bay, and on Ram Island shoals. Captain Bill Ross, the experienced skipper of the best yacht out of Greenport, has just called in at my room after a recent cruise with a party of gunners from New York and Massachusetts, and says they had a good many fowl by sailing on them, but that the water and weather were too rough to set batteries or use decoys. The better sort of fowl, such as black-duck, whistlers, widgones and broad bills are more plentiful in these waters, especially round Gardiner's Island, than they have been for years. This is owing, it is thought, to the fact of the Great Pond at Montauk being now filled with grass, the chosen feed of duck and geese. When the fowl find plenty of good feed in that once favorite pond they are numerous in all this region, or such seems to be the case now. A large house for the accommodation of sportsmen and others is about to be erected at Montauk, near the Great Pond, and the building of several cottages is to take place in early spring; at least such is the report here. As the fowling, fishing, and snipe and grouse shooting have been always so excellent there, it will be a great resort for gunners, who have neglected the place for the last few years. ISAAC McLELLAN.

NEWS FROM RICHMOND.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We are now in the midst of the open season for hunting quail and most of the other kinds of game in this State, and the season will continue in the Eastern counties, embraced in the tide-water region, till the first of February; but the past month, open in law and in fact, may be considered the height of the season. From this city many parties have gone out on little excursions for a day, or for several days, in all directions in the country around, seeking recreation and pleasure—not to speak of the profit—in the most manly, noble and agreeable of sports that a gentleman can engage in, viz., shooting quail, or partridges as they are commonly called in this State. On one train one bright morning we saw three separate parties, numbering two or three persons in each, armed with the best equipment, bright English twists and highly bred and highly trained setters and pointers, made the writer regret that a different mission was taking him from the city. These parties all got off at different stations short of thirty miles from the city, and each of them, doubtless, had a fine day's sport, for, on inquiry as to their luck on our return, we found that one gentleman bagged twenty partridges that day, but he was an exceptionally fine shot.

Although there was a dry summer, and thus the conditions favorable for breeding and raising, from all the information we gather from several quarters, and from our own experience in the field, we find that birds are scarce. This is the greatest obstacle to the huntsman's sport; and while it affords delight, not offered by any pastime or diversion that can be named, to drop a partridge as it goes with "winged swiftness," following the likeness of lightning through the air, when that pleasure is to be attained at the expense of weariness of the flesh, hunger and seven leagues of hooted land, the amateur is much disposed to answer his friend who presses him to go on such a pastime as did the Frenchman his English host, who thought to entertain him by proposing a fox hunt, "Ah, Monsieur," said he "I have been."

Whether an increase of this feathered tribe will be promoted by stricter man-protective laws, or by traps and snares set to catch the hawks, foxes and such enemies as they have ever present with them; or by both means, are questions for discussion. Our own opinion is that nine months out of the year, the best sufficient "protection," which a law can willingly give to its user, but which that premium should be placed upon hawks, bids and foxes' scalps.

There are many devotees of the gun and dog here, and they are of a character for gentility and sterling business qualifications that makes it thoroughly respectable; and as to dogs, great interest has been manifested within the past few years, and with the requisite training, many are owned that would doubtless make their mark at national benches or trials. By the way we dropped in to see Mr. F. E. Taylor to-day. He was just back from the Eastern Field Trials at Robbins' Island, where he had spent a delightful, though laborious, week, acting as one of the judges. We are glad to observe the high commendation so universally bestowed upon the decisions of the judges at this Trial, and it is very gratifying to Mr. Taylor's friends, considering how difficult a matter it is to give anything like satisfaction to all; but we who know him—how high-minded and conscientious he is, and how intimately versed he is in dog-lore—feel that it must needs have been so.

COLORS.

KANSAS LARGE GAME—Cimarron House, Cimarron, Gray Co., Kan., Dec. 13.—This place is on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R., nineteen miles west of Dodge City, on the north bank of the Arkansas River. With a field glass almost every day antelope can be seen from the hotel porch coming in to water on the south side of the river. They are so plenty that I can buy carcasses at two dollars a piece, and can kill one or more any day at the cost only of getting tired. I saw forty in a day's hunt within ten miles of town last week. I killed only one. I use a Winchester rifle—model of '76—calibre .45, 60 grains of powder, straight shell. It is the best antelope gun I ever owned. Twelve buffalo were seen within the forty-miles limit on Dec. 3, but the aggravating thing will get a little outside at times. They can be found in the woods on the hills on the west side of town, and kill mistakes occasionally to feed their dogs. There are more than 1,000 wild horses within seventy-five miles of Cimarron. Hunting buffalo is hard work and involves camping out several nights on bare prairie, but you can hunt antelope and camp at the hotel.—W. J. D.

ON THE CHOICE OF A GUN.

It is a great mistake to believe that in buying from a first-class maker you are paying a fancy price for mere name. You are really not doing so. The money represents the actual value of the gun, the prime cost of which leaves, at the low prices of the present time, compared with those of fifty or sixty years ago, a very unremunerative return. One reason why some sportsmen fancy that fine guns are inordinately dear, is the supposition that they are, or can be, made in unlimited numbers. A high-class gunmaker can no more turn out an unlimited number of guns, than an artist can of pictures. The moment he tries to increase his business by undue means, down goes the quality. For a year or two he flourishes and makes large profits; but Nemesis is at his heels. His former reputation goes down with accelerating speed. I write from facts occurring from year to year, and am not talking a fanciful picture. Guns are simple things to look at, but are far from being so in reality. Give ten men the same materials and they will produce ten different guns in quality, style, mount, apparent weight (!), and shooting powers. I quote from a remarkably talented monograph on breech-loaders by "Glean." "It is no economy to buy a low-priced gun, because it will soon become useless. . . . On the question of price I have some very decided opinions. To my mind, there should be something higher to a sportsman than his gun than a mere tool, with which to work. A fine gun is the work of an artist. . . . I advise the sportsman as to the purchase of his gun—'Let it be as costly as thy purse can buy.'"

Sportsmen apt to fancy that gun-making is a free and easy "sporting" kind of affair. It is, on the contrary, one of the most exhausting and responsible of professions, many gunsmiths breaking down in health in middle life in consequence.—From Douglass' "Shooting: Its Appliances, Practice, and Purpose."

A MINISTERIAL GAME DEALER.—The Rev. Halsey W. Knapp, of the Laight Street Baptist Church, has resigned his pastorate. The members are anxious that he should continue, and have not yet accepted his resignation. Mr. Knapp is a very remarkable man. Like Paul, he labors with his own hands, but his occupation is not like that of the apostle. Mr. Knapp is a butcher and is to be found every morning at his stand in Washington Market. No better purveyor of meat is there. What he does not know about turkeys and beef is not worth knowing. In the afternoon he is doing pastoral work or studying in his large and handsome library at home. He is a good speaker and magnifies both callings.—New York Observer.

A SMALL GUN.—Bergen Point, N. J., Dec. 15.—This piece is a double-barrel breech-loading pin-fire shot-gun, 30 bore. The barrels, which are 24 inches long, are of the finest laminated steel. The stock is of rosewood, rather short, and very handsomely carved. The locks are also very finely engraved, as is the action, which is the original Lefaucheur. This gun formerly belonged to Prince Murat, of Bourbonville, who gave it to Dr. Coleman, of Trenton. It is now in the possession of Mr. B. T. Kissam, who claims that it is one of the oldest breech-loaders in America.—C. N. D.

A PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—Perth Amboy, N. J., Dec. 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: In the interests of game preservation in this State allow me to suggest, through your columns, that if those who have occasion to drive over country roads at this season would carry a gun, they might kill the large hawks, which are the quail's worst enemies. Hawks do not seem to fear a horse and wagon, and may be easily approached and shot from a vehicle. The death of one hawk means the life of several coveys.—A SPORTSMAN.

VELOCITIES OF RIFLE BULLET AND OF SOUND.—Bethlehem, Pa., Dec. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: I notice in your last edition a letter from Prof. A. M. Mayer, concerning the velocities of rifle bullets. Allow me to add my experience. In 1873 I did some marking at long ranges, and noticed that the bullet got to the target a trifle ahead of the sound, at 800 yards, just with it at 900 yards and at 1,000 there was less than one-half second difference between them, the sound being ahead.—J. S. D.

HOW TO KILL WOUNDED WILDFOWL.—In answer to the inquiry of your correspondent "Bay Ridge," the best way to kill wildfowl wounded in the head is to take the bird in the left hand, placing the thumb and fore-finger under the wings, just back of where they join the body, and bringing a strong, steady pressure on the body. This will cause death in a very short time, without ruffling a feather.—EARLYBIRD.

BRINGING DOWN THE GRIZZLIES.—Bozeman, Montana, Dec. 7.—Have just come in from my annual hunt. I spent a very enjoyable summer and fall. Killed twenty-four grizzlies, nineteen of them in a little over one month. I killed what I maintain bison, elk and mountain sheep were required for meat and bait. I always prefer to tackle bear alone, as one man is as much as I care taking care of and the above does not include any killed by my men.—P.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—Malden, Mass., Dec. 11, 1881.—At the annual meeting of the Malden Gun Club, Dec. 5, 1881, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year. President, F. T. Noble; vice-president, J. Buffum; secretary, C. H. Lanegan; treasurer, A. H. Jones. The club numbers some forty-five members, and is in a flourishing condition.—C. H. L.

"I KNOW," said a little girl to her eldest sister's young man at the supper-table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks." Then there was a silence, and the Lünburger cheese might have been heard scrambling around in its tin-hox on the cupboard-shelf.—Norristown Herald.

IN ISSUE DEB. 8TH in article "Shooting Grouse on the Wing," "once in a while I would kill one when an open straightaway shot offered," was incorrectly printed "and in a while;" "44 grains Orange Lightning powder," was incorrectly put "charge Lightning."

CERRITOS—Watterson, Va., Dec. 10.—Have returned from Cerritos with nineteen other disguised sportsmen. Didn't averse one duck a day's expense. Expenses \$5 a day. Query, does duck shooting pay?—CHASSER.

FLORIDA PARTY.—Companions for a Florida trip are desired by a Philadelphia gentlemen, whose advertisement appears elsewhere.

THE FUR MARKET QUOTATIONS are given on page 416.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN DECEMBER.

Black Bass, Micropterus salmoides and M. paludis. Masagoose, Esox nubilus. Pickereel, Moxo reiculatus. Pike or Pickereel, Esox lucius. Pike-perch (wall-eyed pike) Stizostedion americanum, S. griseum, etc.

Yellow Perch, Perca flavescitlis. Striped Bass, Roccus merula. White Bass, Roccus chrysopterus. Rock Bass, Ambloplites, (Two species). War-mouth, Channobryttus glivosa. Crappie, Pomoxys nigromaculatus. Sunfish, Pomoxys annularis. Chub, Simulitis corporalis.

SALT WATER.

Smelt, Osmernus mordax. Sea Bass, Centropristis atraricus. Striped Bass of Rockfish, Roccus inermis. White Perch, Morone americana.

Pollock, Polachius carbonarius. Trout or Blackfish, Tautoga onitis. Weakfish or Squetague, Cynoscion regalis. Channel Bass, Spot or Redfish, Scetopom ocellatus.

But he that shall consider the variety of baits for all seasons, and pretty devices which our anglers have invented (peculiar lines, false flies, several slights, etc.), will say that it deserves like commendation, requires like study and perspicacity as the rest, and is to be preferred before many of them.—BURTON, Anatomy of Melanchohy.

ANGLING IN IDAHO.

BELLEVEUE, Wood River, Idaho Territory.

In your late lists of fish in season in September, you should have had, to make it complete, what are called trout in this region, which are now in their prime. I am told that they have been successfully crossed with the speckled trout of the Adirondacks, and they resemble in all but the bright colored spots. There seems to be three distinct varieties, differing in form and color of meat.

The largest variety weighing from one to five pounds, sometimes six. I now mind of one this season, murdered with giant powder, that weighed nearly eight. It looks in every respect, except the bright colored spots, like those caught in the dead waters of the Adirondacks, very short in proportion to its weight; very dark in the back; changing to reddish brown on the sides. The flesh when cooked is a deep flesh color.

The second, which are called silver trout here, do not, in this river at least, seem to grow to weigh over one-half to three-fourths of a pound, the most of them less than six ounces. They are long and slim, with hardly any spots on their sides; dark on the back, with bright silvery sides; flesh as white as the purest snow, and when first caught are of the most delicate flavor imaginable. They take a fly readily, and when hooked spring clear from the water and try to shake themselves loose, as I often have seen bass when trolling in Eastern waters.

The last variety, called here "mountain trout," and found in the spring brooks, are from four to six inches long; dark in the back with yellowish sides, and having, in addition to the dark spots, a dark band about one-fourth of an inch wide and half to three-fourths of an inch apart, running about two-thirds the way up their sides, and are equal to the regular speckled beauties of the East.

None of these trout have the white tips to pectoral fins, and all have very fine scales. The first two named species spawn in the spring. I am inclined to think that the latter do also, as in those caught now there are no signs of eggs.

This, the Wood River country, was the Eden of the Banocks. Its rivers swimming with trout; elk, deer and antelope were abundant; bears more than plenty, mostly cinnamon and bald face, with occasionally a grizzly to make it interesting; and otter, beaver and mink are found on all the streams. In another season the scream of the "iron-horse" will waken the echoes of these valleys and send the game into the impetuous mountains, to be secure for a while from the ever-onward march of the white man.

Notwithstanding the stringent game laws enacted by the Territorial Government, the use of giant powder early in the season has, in one season, cut off more than half the supply of the trout in this valley, and another such slaughter next spring will destroy the fishing almost entirely.

I found accidentally this last week that there are plenty of the small fish in this river which were mentioned in a late article in your paper, "Do Garter Snakes Eat Fish?" They are perfectly identical with those of mountain streams in New England and your own State, and I have often used them very successfully two or three times since. G. B. F.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE CARP.

SOFTENBODY, N. Y., Dec. 19.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I was much interested in the quotations from Shakespeare on fly-fishing, from Mr. S. C. Clarke, in your last issue. I now send you the following from the Antiquary:

Among fresh-water fishes the carp was held in high esteem in Shakespeare's time as a fish easy to rear and keep in preserved fish-ponds, and so readily available for the table. He mentions it twice:

Here is a pair of fortune's, Sir, or of fortune's cat (but not a musk-cat), that has fallen into the unclean fish-pond of his displeasure, and, as he says, is mudded withal. Pray you, Sir, use the carp as you may.—The Third Ent. Well, Act I., Scene 2.

Polonius. See you now;

Your bait of falconhood took the carp of truth.—Hamlet, Act II., Scene 1.

There is a peculiar fitness in Polonius's comparison of his own worldly-wise deceit to the craft required for catching a carp—for the carp was proverbially the most cunning of fishes. "The carp is a deynytous fysh, but there be few in Englande, and therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. He is an evyll fysh to take." "The carp is the queen of rivers," says Walton; "a stately, a good, and a very subtle fish." And it is the fact that the brain of the carp is six times as large as the average brain of other fishes.

SACRED FISH.—In Northcote's "Account of the Roman Catacombs," it is stated that: "In the Catacombs at Rome the fish is the most sacred symbol, the most important perhaps of all, and certainly as ancient as any. Origin speaks of our Lord as figuratively called 'The Fish.' 'We little fishes' of Tertullian, 'are born in water, after the example of Jesus Christ, our fish.' The fish was the recognized conventional sign for Christ. Hence we find a multitude of little fishes in crystal, ivory, mother-of-pearl, in the graves of the Catacombs—some of them with holes drilled through the head, to be worn round the neck."

SWEDISH POPULAR BELIEFS.

The teeth of large fish should be burnt, in order to be lucky in fishing.

One ought to tell no one when one goes out to fish, and not mention whether one has caught many or few.

Nor should any stranger see how many fish one has taken.

When one rows out from land to fish, one must not turn the boat against the sun.

Pins found in a church and made into fish hooks catch the best.

If a woman passes over the rod, no fish will bite.

Stolen fishing tackle is lucky, but the person robbed loses his luck.—Thorpe's Northern Mythology.

AMERICAN BROOK TROUT IN GERMANY.

In a recent letter from Mr. H. Hasck, the celebrated fish culturist in charge of the Government hatchery at Hurlingen, he tells us that he has had poor success in obtaining impregnated spawn from the fontinalis this year, for the reason that among all his fish he had not one male. He says: "Salmo fontinalis is not an American trout, but an American char. I have found that out by making hybrids with our German trout, Salmo fario, using a female of the former and a male of the latter species. The result was nearly nothing. The fontinalis is a river char, and not a sea char, more beautiful than our trout."

Mr. Hasck is right in calling our fish a char, although the popular name is too well fixed and endeared to Americans to ever be changed. The definition separates it from the true trout. It is for this reason that in the revision of the Salmonidae by Gill and Jordan new genera were made for both our Eastern brook and lake trout. The genus is changed from Salmo to Salvelinus for the brook trout, and to Cristallinomer for the lake trout. Therefore, if the nomenclature is accepted they become Salvelinus fontinalis and Cristallinomer namaycush. The common brook trout of Europe is Salmo fario.

THE ANGLE IN MISSOURI.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 13.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Years ago there was excellent fishing, for such fish as our State was blest with, but now the sport is almost a forgotten one which many who formerly enjoyed it. The nets have ruined our streams for several years past, and either lack of law, or of its enforcement is the main cause of the present barrenness of our waters. True, there have been fishing-clubs, but they have lacked influence because they have contented themselves with their own enjoyment, and lacked the public spirit necessary to carry on a fight with the violators of the law.

It was hoped that the appointment of Fish Commissioners would either remedy or at least alleviate the evil, but it has not done so. The Fish Commission propagate, but do not protect. They do good enough work in their way, but are powerless to stop the wholesale depletion of the waters which has been going on for years, until those who do it look upon it as interfering with their vested rights to forbid them to use nets at all times and in all places where fish may be found.

Murdoch Lake, about thirty miles south of this city, is a splendid sheet of water, and fishing is tolerably fair there. The same may be said of King's Lake. Both these lakes have their fishing-clubs, and their waters are protected partly by the clubs and partly by the state, but the latter make it impossible to haul a net in some parts of them. Murdoch Lake is probably the best of the two. These clubs do little or nothing in the way of propagating, or of enlisting the Fish Commission in the work, but simply fish. It contains black bass which are as gamey as those of any waters, dog-fish, catfish and croppie. This last is a fine little fellow, and well worth cultivating. E. B.

ANGLING FOR ALBATROSS.—In January, 1879, when off Cape Horn, on the ship Twilight, we were becalmed for some hours. A great many albatross had been following and circling round the ship, and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" having no effect on our non-superstitious minds, we determined to secure by the same means a "Chips" immediately rigged up a hook and line, baited it with a piece of pork attached a float about a foot from the hook, and threw it over. After fishing (would you call it fishing?) for some time without success, the hook being very large and pulling out of the birds' mouths, we gave it up as a bad job and went to dinner, leaving the line hanging over the stern. Hardly were we seated at the table when we heard a shout from the man at the wheel. We rushed on deck and found that an albatross had taken the bait and was severely hooked. He was as gamey as a twenty-pound salmon, but we finally got him aboard and releasing him from the hook, allowed him to waddle about the main deck, he being unable to fly over the bulwarks. After examining him fully, he was killed, preserved and mounted by "Chips," who, like most ship-carpenters, was a regular jack-of-all-trades. I brought him to Boston with me, and he makes a pretty little ornament for a small room, as he measures 7 feet 8 inches or 8 feet 7 inches (I cannot remember which) from tip to tip. In color he is like a white on the body, with the exception of some pink markings on the throat. There are also some gray streaks on the wings. That night a heavy gale began, which lasted until the next afternoon. Killing an albatross and storms have always been associated, regardless of the fact that the albatross is only found in stormy latitudes. In the "Encyclopedia Britannica," (9th edition—subject, Albatross) it is said that these birds sometimes measure 17 feet from tip to tip. This hardly appears possible, and I think it must be a mistake, as mine is only half that size and is as large as any I have seen.—JAMES P. Boston, Dec. 13.

LET THE ICHTHYOPHAGI LOOK TO THEIR LAURELS.—The famous Ichthyophagus Club, of this city, has a rival across the sea. Food and Health says: "If ever a small but heroic federation of philanthropic enthusiasts was fairly entitled to the epithet of civilly and substantially an article with a few additional and omissions, under the head of 'Fish poles and Fishing.'" I now wish to say that all the statements in the Call in regard to the quantity of game and fish formerly taken in and around what is now the city of Newark were grossly exaggerated, and those in the Times were still more so. Also that the account of my exploits with the rod and gun in company with Mr. Herbert, or "Frank Forester," as he was called, were an entire fabrication. I never hunted nor fished with him in my life, nor did I ever tell any person that I had done so. The remarks concerning the character and habits of Mr. Herbert, which followed in the account of the interview, were pure fabrications. I hope that I would be the last man to attempt to traduce a man so well known as "Frank Forester," especially after his death.—CHARLES F. MURPHY.

THE COMING TROUT.—At the recent meeting of the New York Association for the Protection of Game, President R. B. Roosevelt said of the rainbow trout of California (Salmo iridea) that they are twice as strong as our Eastern brook trout, and twice as rapid growers, often reaching a weight of eight to ten pounds in California, while in our waters they grow to four and five, while the S. fontinalis is growing to less than half that weight. The complaint against them, said Mr. Roosevelt, is that they are too gamey—they smash light tackle with their tremendous rushes, and the angler must be especially prepared for them. They can be easily introduced into our trout streams, will live where our trout will, and in some places where they will not. "They are the coming trout! They are perfection!"

THE MANUFACTURE AND CARE OF GUT.

REDDITO, England.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Nov. 17 I notice the correspondence respecting silkworm gut. I have for the last thirty five years purchased and sold large quantities, and always have at my works an extensive stock, which has had my personal supervision, my firm having in Murcia, Spain, a manufactory of silkworm gut. I have been in Murcia superintending the manufacturing and have discovered two causes which make gut brittle, and have instructed our manager in Murcia to see as to the process of the gut to improve upon them the importance of keeping the gut out of the sun.

The great evil is this: After the worm has been drawn out it is put in the sun to dry, and the great heat of the sun takes the moisture out of the gut and makes it brittle. I also discovered another danger in the manufacture of it. In bleaching it, if the bleaching-oven is too hot, and the gut is too long in the oven, it makes the gut brittle. If gut is made without an excess of heat it will be more pliable; consequently, more strong. I have never found gut get brittle by keeping. The best way to keep it is in wash-water. If large quantities, in drawers or rooms which are not over-heated. Some tackle dealers will expose gut, gut leaders, etc., in their windows. The sun gets on it and consequently takes the nature out of it and it becomes hard and brittle.

The cause of flat gut is disease in the worms. Healthy worms produce round gut. The manufacture of gut is very simple. The gut from the worms is hought from the small country people who breed the worms in their houses. The first process in making is to put the gut in a furnace with water, a little soda and soap. After boiling a short time the outer skin comes off. It is put in a tub and comes out white, after it is put in the bleaching ovens. Then girls rub it straight with wash-leather, holding one end in their teeth. The next process is to sort out the different strengths. It is then rubbed again; counted into bunches of one hundred, then a man puts in the red jute on each bunch, and then ties it in bundles of one thousand.

This may interest your readers and prevent gut being spoiled by exposure to the sun. S. ALLOOCK.

A CARD FROM MR. MURPHY.—Newark, N. J., Dec. 16.—

Editor Forest and Stream: I wish to urge your columns to correct some errors and exaggerations which have appeared in the newspapers as having come from me, knowing that in this way the sportsmen of America will see the retraction and that they will not hold me guilty of such absurd exaggeration, or of attempting to cast a slur upon a brother sportsman who has long been dead. It is now some six weeks ago since a reporter from the Newark Sunday Call visited me and held a long conversation on shooting and fishing in the old time. He took no notes, but relied on his memory for facts concerning the old anglers and fishermen; and his memory must have distorted my conversation wonderfully. I gave him merely a plain statement of facts, showing how much more plentiful fish and game were in the early day than at present; and as for Mr. Herbert (Frank Forester) I merely said that I knew him well. I was surprised at the way the interview appeared in the Call under the heading of "Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman." Perhaps I would not have thought it worth while to refute the article, had not the New York Times, of Sunday, December 16, published substantially the same article with a few additions and omissions, under the head of "Fish poles and Fishing." I now wish to say that all the statements in the Call in regard to the quantity of game and fish formerly taken in and around what is now the city of Newark were grossly exaggerated, and those in the Times were still more so. Also that the account of my exploits with the rod and gun in company with Mr. Herbert, or "Frank Forester," as he was called, were an entire fabrication. I never hunted nor fished with him in my life, nor did I ever tell any person that I had done so. The remarks concerning the character and habits of Mr. Herbert, which followed in the account of the interview, were pure fabrications. I hope that I would be the last man to attempt to traduce a man so well known as "Frank Forester," especially after his death.—CHARLES F. MURPHY.

THE FISHLESS PASSAIO.—The Passaic River, New Jersey, formerly contained many valuable fish. It was especially famous for shad, smelt, striped bass and white perch. Since it has been used as a sewer for all kinds of chemicals the fish have died, and now there is to be little fish, which a Newark newspaper thinks may improve the fishing. The Call says: A score of years ago the project of building a dam across the river at Bellevue would have met with the stoutest resistance from all Newark anglers and fishermen. Now scarcely a word will be heard in remonstrance. Gas-tar, lime and various chemicals flowing from our sewers have been thorough in the

work of destroying the bass and shad fishing in the Passaic, and it is scarcely worth while for net-owners or anglers to speak against the project of building the dam. On the other hand, the fishing above the dam may be greatly improved. Black bass and other strictly fresh-water fish will thrive in the clear water and afford even better sport than the striped bass in their best days, and the shad will still have a chance of pms log up if they will consent to hang around the gates until low tide.

INFORMATION ON SALMON FISHING.—I want some information about the salmon fishing of Newfoundland and Labrador. If you have a reader who is familiar with these sections I should be greatly obliged to place any information he would be able to gather there as salmon in the rivers of those countries, and if so, whether they rise to the fly, and if so how to reach the ground and all about it. I have been so unfortunate as not to secure any fishing in the Canadian waters, and the good streams have all been taken up, and I am informed.

VERDE MONTZ.

MOUND-BUILDING FISHERS.—In our issue of June 23, 1881, we published a communication from our valued correspondent, D. H. B., Syracuse, N. Y., on stone-lugging fish. He gave an account of the mounds of fish of ten or twelve fathoms in length, which would be carried stones in its mouth and heap them up. This, no doubt, had some connection with an increase of its species, and could hardly have been for the purpose of a monument to its ancestors, nor to erect a mound to preserve the archives of the great family *Cyprinidae*. In our remarks we hinted that the fish might be either *Semotilus corporalis* or *S. bullaris*. A specimen was sent, and we inclined to consider it the latter species. It was sent to Prof. G. Brown Goode for further identification and he decides that it is *S. bullaris*. This fish is a truly game fish and is the largest of our Eastern cyprinids, often reaching fifteen or eighteen inches in length. It rises to the fly, as does its congener the "the corporal," but does not occur in sufficient numbers to be angled for especially. It is popularly known as "fall-fish," "chub," "dace," and sometimes "roach." It is a beautiful fish, with large shining scales, and in the breeding season, has bright red fins. Its habit of stone-toting was new to us, and on looking up its written history, we find no mention of it.

GRAYLING FISHING.—Jesse, in his "Angler's Rambles," in speaking of grayling fishing, says: You will always see any person who is a stranger to grayling fishing, and I may add, many who have fished for them all their lives, when the stream is low and very clear, betake themselves to the stream and curis, from the idea that their fish will see their line in the water. Let them do so; they will, perhaps, catch a few trout and some such grayling. But go yourself to a deep, clear part of the river—never mind if there is no wind, and the sun is hot—use the finest gut you can procure (even if you have to give a guinea a knot for it), and two flies, and, when you have thrown your line as light as a gossamer, let it sink eight or ten inches. You will not see a rise, but a slight eir in the water, which, by a little practice, you will understand quite as well, and, when you strike, you will have the pleasure of finding a pounder, or more, tugging away at the end of your line.

KILLING FISH WHEN CAUGHT.—Caledonia, N. Y., Dec. 16.—Much has been said upon the subject of killing fish when first caught, but only a few anglers practice it. Of all the persons who visit my trout ponds and fish in the creek here, not one in ten do it, although most of them will admit that fish are better for the table, and keep better, by being killed instead of suffocating in the air. There are differences of opinion as to the best method of killing fish when on the stream. I think the best and quickest is to take the fish in the right hand and strike the back of the head a quick, sharp blow on the top of your rod. If you do this, you will strike the head before removing the fly or hook from its mouth. When you break the trout's neck, it spolls the fish for a nice show on the table, as the head will in some cases come off when you dress them, but will always do so when cooking.—J. ANNIS, JR.

NIGHT FISHING.—Baltimore, Md.—A friend and myself have on several occasions, during the past summer, chosen dark nights and taken the late train to Bush River, Harford county, this State. Our preparations consisted of lowering an ordinary railroad canteen from the bridge to a height of one foot above the water. Our lines contained a spreader, two hooks, and a cork about ten inches above the hook. Our bait was shrimp. We cast our lines in eight feet of water, the corks floating on the edge of the canteen's light reflection. The fish, attracted by the light, came around, and we were kept busy from 10 until 4 o'clock in the morning, when by actual count we had bagged 359 fine white perch, some measuring between 10 and 15 inches. I have found in night fishing for perch the hook is as good, and some-times better, than fishing by day.—J. R.

THE RAINBOW TROUT.—We are permitted to publish the following: Danville, N. Y., Dec. 12.—To Seth Green, Esq., Superintendent Fishery Commission: During the past season we have taken special pains to protect the California Mountain trout, pointed by our fish during the past three years. The young trout were received from the State Hatching House at Caledonia. It has been understood that none should be killed by members of clubs. The fish are doing splendidly and are taken three miles above where they were planted, weighing over one pound each. A friend took one in Gouverneur Creek last July, the specimen after being out of the water eight hours, eighteen and one-half ounces. He did not know what it was until I told him. There is no doubt about their being the trout to take the place of our old natives.

JOHN HYLAND.

CLARK'S HATCHERY.—At the hatchery of Mr. Frank N. Clark, assistant to the U. S. Fish Commission, at Northville, Michigan, there are 22,500 *S. fish*, 125,000 brook trout, 150,000 eggs and 60,000 eggs of the lake trout. He will soon make some shipments to Germany.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.—Marlboro', Mass., Dec. 19, 1881.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: At a meeting of the Marlboro' Sportsmen's Club held the 16th inst., it was voted to accept the offer of the Fall River Gun Club, published in a late issue of the FOREST AND STREAM, to shoot a team match at glass balls. In accordance with that vote I have to transmit to you our acceptance of that offer. Teams to consist of from eight to fifteen men each, at the option of the Fall River Club, and a match to be shot upon our grounds in this place, as such as the U. S. Fish Commission. We also voted to accept the challenge of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club to be shot at this place, Jan. 13th next.—HARLAN S. FAX, Secretary Marlboro' Sportsmen's Club.

Fishculture.

GROWTH OF TROUT IN WISCONSIN.

MILTON, WIS., Dec. 9.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I send you the following history of my experiment for the purpose of demonstrating the ease and facility with which barren or depleted streams may be stocked with beautiful fish.

About four miles south-east of the city of Ripon are two large streams, which may be called the "fry" and "the trout" streams, through the city and, after supplying power to several mills, empties into Green Lake, about four miles west of the city, running by the stream, about fifteen miles. In the spring of 1881 I proposed to stock the stream with brook trout, but not with much discouragement from the wise ones of this locality. One said that the water was hard and trout would not live there. Another claimed that the drain of the basins into the stream would kill them in twenty-four hours. Others, again, were certain that the dace and chub would devour every one of the fry, and that it was fooling away time and money in putting trout in there.

Notwithstanding all this, in April, 1880, I procured from the State Hatchery, at Madison, 20,000 brook trout fry, and planted them in the springs and left them to live or die, to fight the battle of life and forage for themselves. In the summer of 1881 I inquired of those living on the stream about the trout. Nobody had seen them. Some said there was not a trout in the stream; others slowly shook their wooden noddies and said, "We told you so; sorry for you, but you should have taken our advice. I told you that trout would not live here. I felt worse than you did. I had lost my mother. What was to be done? To suck up my nose and not only a loss of time, money and wind in procuring the fry, but also a pretty good share of self-esteem, and shattered my faith in Prof. Baird and other dunces. That would never do; so I resolved to brace up and keep a stiff upper lip. I told the doubting Thomases to keep their shirts on and wait until November and we would see what we would see.

In the 28th of November, 1881, I made a visit to the spring where the fry were placed, and the trout were found as follows: I expected to find some trout there about eight inches long, and there, within four feet of me, were great magnificent fellows fourteen inches long that would weigh over a pound each. The spring contained a few trout from ten to twelve inches long, and in their brilliant costume, got up to regard me; so I resolved to brace up and keep a stiff upper lip. I told the doubting Thomases to keep their shirts on and wait until November and we would see what we would see.

It concentrates beyond question that our waters are admirably adapted to the trout, and if our too ardent fishermen can be restrained for another year Silver Creek will be fully stocked with these beautiful and delicious fish. A. COOKEY.

Fish Warden Green Lake Dist.

CAMP.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 5, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I came to this city on a business trip a few days since and found Dr. Hassel, superintendent of the carp ponds near Kipp's Island, west of Babcock Lake, was draining off the water by direction of Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute. It was found that the increase of fish had been very great during the past season. It was estimated that fully as many have hatched as were discovered in Babcock Lake when it was drawn off, and the number is estimated to be upward of 100,000.

Prof. Baird is sending these young fish off to all parts of the country, very much to the South State, where the temperature of the water is higher and more uniform, and they consequently grow faster. Dr. Carey, State Fish Commissioner of Georgia, was present at the drawing off of the pond. He takes much interest in the breeding of the carp in his State, and says it has been in every way successful.

Superintendent Hassel is making some great improvements in and about Kipp's Island and through his labors Prof. Baird will be able to distribute more carp yearly, as many old fish will be added for stock purposes. Several hundred were lost from the ponds last spring, owing to a freshet, and many were washed into the Potomac-River. Capt. Knight, a well-known fisherman on the river, was present and stated that carp are now frequently caught about the river flats among the grasses and that they are delicious for the table.

Two car loads of carp were shipped last Monday night for New York and New Jersey for stocking the ponds of numerous gentlemen of those States.

I met while here Mr. H. J. Fenton, of Windsor, Conn. He is the superintendent of the Connecticut State Fish Hatcheries, and was on his way homeward with carp for his State. He has already distributed 1,000 and gets altogether 1,500. Distribution was made in lots of 39 to applicants all over Conn. In the autumn of 1880 he distributed about 800 about 3 inches long. Some of these fish are now 10 inches.

At the Conn. Hatchery, at Fenton, there are now 480,000 trout eggs, 300,000 Penobscot salmon eggs, and of land-locked salmon fully 275,000 ready for State purposes at Twin Lakes. Mr. Fenton tells me a land-locked salmon was lately taken at the planting of 1878—that weighed 4 lbs. 2 oz.

Mr. F. and myself attended the Guiteau trial together, but I assure you the fish question interested us much more than the gabbling of the cranky assassin.

Why do not the Pennsylvania men who wish to try the experiment of growing the carp make application for a few fish before they are gone? Home.

THE GERMAN FISHERY ASSOCIATION.—We have circular No. 6 of the Deutsche Fischerer Verein for November, 1881. From it we take the following notes: Mr. Schuster reports having taken 23,000 eggs from four four-year-old California salmon which he reared, and which had never left the ponds of his breeding establishment at Frensdorf, in the Kingdom of Bavaria. His report of the society, writes that they received eggs of the quinnat salmon, *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*; the land-locked salmon, *Salmo salar* var. *seborgi*; the brook-trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, and the minnow-like *Coregonus albina*, from America the past year. With the exception of all brook trout, all came in good order. Some from Mr. Annan had endured exposure and met with considerable loss; others from Mr. Stone arrived safely. The use of sawdust as a packing material for eggs is not approved. When the fresh fish is inclined to live and thereby was considerable loss in sending eggs of the quinnat salmon from Geestemünde. Carp fry, at Valenciennes, were fed with blood at first and then with bread, and in the 12th of July were from five to six centimeters long. At Summerlin they were fed with bread; at Falmouth with ground meal (Belgian) and with potatoes; at Valenciennes with potatoes, wheat cake and with "water-pot" (a water plant of some kind). At Dessau the old carp are fed with nuts' eggs, bread, barley, potatoes, blood and refuse meal. Carp, goldfish and the golden shiner are particularly fond of oil-cake, and large pieces can be thrown to them. I have not succeeded in getting as rapid growth in carp in a small space with artificial food as in larger waters where there is more range and plenty of food.

EGGS FOR GEIMANN.—Several lots of eggs are either on their way or are being sent to Geimann, the proprietor of the North German Lloyd steamer *Mash*, took out 20,000 eggs of the lake trout, *Cristiöoner namaynashu*, from Prof. Baird to the Deutsche Fischerer Verein. They came from the hatchery of Frank N. Clark, Northville, Mich., and were re-packed by Mr. Mather, of FOREST AND STREAM.

On the 21th the Oeder, of the same line, will take out 300,000 eggs of white fish, *Coregonus albus*, from Prof. Baird, to the same destination, also from Mr. Clark.

QUINNAT SALMON IN GERMANY.—In a private letter Mr. von Behr, President of the Deutsche Fischerer Verein, writes that the California salmon, from eggs sent by Prof. Baird this year, are doing capably. He says that Mr. Schuster knows not how to deal with the fry with which his tanks are swarming until he deposits them in the Danube.

FOOD OF CARP.—Those of our readers who are interested in carp culture will read with interest the report on feeding them in Germany, under the head of "The German Fishery Association." We give a translation of Mr. von Dum Burne's report of the management of this fish in different parts of that country.

The Kennel.

THE NATIONAL FILM TRIALS—CONTINUED.

BELTON III. AND NELLIE.

Wednesday morning a start was made at half-past seven, and fifteen minutes later Belton III. and Nellie were put down, just east of the Fortification, to run out down, to run out down, to run out down, to run out down. Belton did not commence very well, as he soon ran into a small bevy and flushed them. Following them into some sprouts, Nellie made a point, which Belton backed off indifferently. The bird was flushed to order, and missed. Nellie soon found another point, which she pointed to order, and missed. She then pointed, to order, winged a bird that Nellie failed to find. She again pointed, and Belton backed, a little better this time. Short, to order, killed, and Nellie retrieved nicely. Out in the open, Belton did not get a point, but he did get a point, which he pointed to order, and missed. Belton pointed, and Nellie, coming up in the tall grass, also came to a point. Short flushed to order, and his gun missed fire. Belton again flushed, and the dogs were ordered up and Nellie awarded the heat. Down altogether one hour.

BIZ AND COUNT NOBLE.

Biz, handled by Mr. McIntosh, and Count Noble, handled by Sanborn, were at once cast off. Great interest was felt by all in the result of this heat, as Biz is considered one of the crack dogs of Pennsylvania, and the Count is well known as a good one. In fact, many who had seen his work confidently expected him to come to the front. Both dogs went at a good rate of speed, but Biz was the fastest. He pointed to order, and Nellie quartered, Biz scored the first point on a bird that flushed almost as soon as he stopped. He remained steady, and carefully feeling the wind, he drew on a few steps, and again pointed and held the birds a long time. Mr. Sanborn withdrew the Count, who finally came and backed in good style. Biz was flushed by the spectators, and followed, and two or three of them were put up by the spectators, but the dogs failed to find any of them. A spin was now taken in the open, where all could see the dogs, and compare their merits. Biz had the advantage in range, and was clearly in the lead. The legs of Count. He also ranged fully as wide, and quartered as well. Turning back to where the birds were first found, and going east, Biz pointed, and then roared very carefully. Count took the same course a little to his left. Both roading on, Count first detected the birds, and Biz, who had been pointing the same line, dropped to point just as a single bird rose. Sanborn, to order, flushed a large bevy, and killed neatly. This work was simply perfection. Moving on, Count scored a flush. Both then quartered a large field of sedge grass in grand style, doing exceedingly nicely. Biz was the fastest, and pointed to order, where he pointed in good style. Biz came up and swung round behind him, and pointed just as the birds—which were seen running—rose. Both were steady to wing. Count was flat and Biz drove the birds. Count drove the birds to a point, which Biz refused to back. Sanborn flushed a single bird which he hit hard, but did not stop. Count again pointed, just as two birds rose. A little further on, he flushed a single bird, and a few yards further he ran into, and flushed, a bevy, dropping to wing nicely. Biz now roared a little too close, and flushed and dropped at once. The rest of the bevy flew on up wild. These finishes were all down wind. The dogs were then ordered up, and the judges, after comparing notes, awarded the heat to Biz. Down just one hour.

This heat was greatly admired, as it is not every day that one has a chance to see so good a dog as Count Noble beaten.

RUSH AND KING DASH.

Rush, handled by Aldrich, and King Dash, handled by Short, were put down at 10:30. Rush is the well-known champion small pointer, and was drawn finer than we ever saw him. He ran fast and hit Robbin's Island, but was so grossly fat and unsteady that he did not make any great advantage. He was unfortunately killed in falling in with King Dash, who is a little slower, but as he warned by his work he showed a much faster gait than he had in his previous work. King Dash was the faster, and flushed, and only a lark was found in front of him. Rush, when going at speed through a cornfield, suddenly brought up all standing on a very stylish point, but moved on into the woods and again pointed staunchly, but as nothing was found he scored a false point. Following him, King Dash, who was the judge, flushed a bevy, both dogs got to near a bird, and it flushed, Dash crouched as the bird got up, and Rush was fairly steady, but did not drop to wing. Dash roared a bird very fast, but getting too close, scored another flush. He soon drew to a good point, but the bird flushed wild. A little further on, both pointed single birds. Short failed to order, and Dash retrieved. He then flushed a bevy, and Rush pointed on trail and roared very well up to where they got up. On a little further, Dash dropped in a gamey point on a fresh killed rabbit, which was called a "fall" by the spectators, and he swung to the left, and made a beautiful point, which was backed by Dash; both roared, Dash shed, and the bird flushed. Both now pointed false. Both pointed again, but the birds flushed wild. Dash drew on and the birds got up all around him. A bird was flushed, and the bird tried to get up, but the bird, both dogs did very well. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to King Dash. Down two hours.

DOX AND GROUSE DALE.

Dox, another pointer, handled by Mr. Vaudorvert, and Grouse Dale, the winner of first prize at Robbin's Island, were now put down in some sprouts. Going but a short distance, both dogs pointed the same point, and then Grouse Dale did a fine bird. He was found in front of Dox. Grouse Dale had a bird, which got up almost as soon as he stopped. Then out near the edge Dox pointed, and his bird did the same. Then Grouse scored a flush. A little further on, Dox came to a good point, and Grouse backed a little further. Dox moved on and roared to order, and his bird followed. After which they were put down in a cornfield at 1:30 and worked through to some woods where Dox pointed false. Grouse coming up started a hare, which ran close to Dox, and both dogs took on a hare two jumps toward it, but stopped to order. Moving on, both dogs pointed a fine point, which was backed by Dox. The bird was started some little distance behind them. Then on across an open lot and into another piece of woods, which were drawn blank, we crossed a valley into some sprouts. When near the top of the opposite side, Grouse made one of his magnificent points on a large bevy. Dox came up, but did not

back, but swung for the scent and also pointed in good style. Tallman, to order, flushed the birds, and killed one. Both dogs returned steady. Don retrieved. To retrieve, did so fairly with some help from his handler. Following these birds, Grouse found first and made another grand point, while Don either backed or pointed, we could not tell which, but were inclined to think that he pointed. Tallman, to order, killed very neatly, and Grouse retrieved. This was of an excellent work. Turning back through the sprouts both challenged, but moved on to some timber, when some birds flushed wild. Turning down wind Grouse did a fine piece of work. He roared a short distance, and located a bird in good style, displaying good judgment. Tallman, moving up, flushed the bird. Swinging round to get the wind, and working back Don scored a good point, also down wind. The birds were flushed to order by the handler and missed. Grouse soon pointed again, but the bird flushed almost at the same instant. He soon pointed again, but this was a false point. The birds had evidently run, as he roared on them. A little further on Don pointed, and Grouse moved up to him and also pointed. Some very fine roading was now done by both dogs, but the pointer had the good luck to locate the birds. By swinging to the left, he got wind of a large bevy and drew to a staunch point just over a ditch. Grouse meantime roading them out, but before he got up to them they had gone, and with them his chance of victory, as they were now ordered up, and Don declared the winner. Down altogether two hours and five minutes. This was a hard heat, but we will finish the performances of the dogs were watched with absorbing interest.

PEEP 'O' DAY AND DASHING ROVER.

Peep 'O' Day, handled by Wallace, and Dashing Rover, handled by A. Winter, were put down in a cornfield in a valley at 8:30. Peep started off at a slashing gait, ranging well and moving very gracefully. Rover is also a very good moving dog, but was clearly out of his head. He soon pointed some distance from a large bevy, and Rover brought up to back, refused and moved on ahead for several yards, and came to a beautiful point, which he soon broke, and going on scored a bad flash. Winter shot and missed and Rover broke shot, but stopped after a few jumps. Following the birds, Peep dropped to point, and Rover brought up to back, backed out and went away a few steps, where he stood still, but his tail was moving. Wallace winged a bird, but as it could fly a little, Peep was not allowed to retrieve it. Rover was now withdrawn and Peep declared the winner at 3:55. Down twenty-five minutes.

MAXWELL AND TRIX.

Maxwell, handled by Short, had not run, as his competitor, Countess May, had been withdrawn, and he was cast off with Trix, who had a bye. She was handled by Winter. At the word Maxwell was off like a rocket straight away and soon lost to sight. He was found after a long search, and started again when he ran over a knoll out of the sight of the judges, and flushed a bevy. He then settled down and went much better. On the hillside he made a false point which Trix refused to back. Then a turn was made and we started toward home, but nothing was made, the birds being out of the wood. On reaching the hotel, Trix was withdrawn and Maxwell declared the winner of the heat.

This ended the first series of heats with the following result, as published last week.

FIRST SERIES—ALL-AGED STAKES.

- Bessie beat Gordon.
- May Laverack beat Dash III.
- Maxwell beat Countess May (withdrawn).
- Breckenridge beat Kimminknick.
- Maud W. beat Dashing Monarch.
- Lad beat Pindee.
- Countess May beat Nellie and two birds.
- Nellie bo Belmont III.
- Biz beat Count Noble.
- King Dash beat Trish.
- Don beat Broncksted.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Dashing Rover.
- Maxwell beat Trix (withdrawn).

SECOND SERIES ALL-AGED STAKES.

BESS AND MAY LAVERACK.

Friday morning the same route was taken as on the first day, and Bess and May Laverack were cast off at 8:05 in the cotton field. Both went very well, but Bess appeared to be in the best form and ran an excellent heat. Don did some as well in her heat, with Dashing Notice on Tuesday we cannot but think that the result would have been different. Working through the cotton and cornfield, in search of the bevy previously found here, the dogs did not swing quite far enough to the north, and the birds were starting to appear. Bess and May Laverack were out in front of the sprouts, and the rest flew east into the woods. Swinging round into the edge of the sprouts, both dogs pointed just as the birds flushed. May being a little ahead. Moving on May challenged, and Bess backed, then both roared a short distance, and May established a point, but Bess backed nicely, and two birds were flushed, but not shot at. A little further on, May pointed false, and Bess backed. Working east, Bess made a beautiful point, and May called up, went round her, and we thought, pointed instead of backed. Moving on into the wood, May pointed, and Bess backed. Roading up, Bess scored a flash. Turning round, Bess made a grand point, while May was stopped to order, but moving on she scored another flash, two or three birds getting up all around her. Bess remained steady. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Bess. Down thirty-five minutes.

BRECKENRIDGE AND MAUD W.

Breckenridge and Maud W. were at once put down in a field of sprouts and corn, and working to the east, Maud dropped a beautiful point. Breck called up to back, passed by without seeing her, but as he turned back, he caught sight of her, and backed nicely. Dr. Ware killed to order, and Maud retrieved fairly. This was a very pretty performance. A little further and Breck dropped, and Maud backed very gracefully. Capt. Henry flushed the bird but missed. Maud came to a point soon after, and Breck came up and half pointed, but both handlers moved close to the dogs, and Maud became a little untidy and flushed four or five birds. We thought the handlers to blame for this. Maud then swung out to some woods and roared a capital point on a fresh bevy. Breck came around behind, and dropped also on point. This was good work. Capt. Henry flushed to order and missed with his gun. A little further on, Breck pointed a running bird, and Maud being the first to see it, called up to order, which he did. Maud backed the first point, but went on to order, when Breck moved, and passed by the bird, which was flushed to order in front of Breck. Maud, now ranging at speed, flushed a bird that she should have pointed, and the judges, after comparing notes, awarded the heat to Breck. Down thirty-five minutes.

LITA AND LAD.

Lita and Lad were now cast off in the spruce and woods, and after a short spin, were sent into the corn, where Lad, going at speed, struck the scent of a large bevy and dropped, as if shot, on a point, which he held until Lita was brought up to back, which she did fairly. The birds were flushed to order, and one killed, which Lad retrieved very well. Following the birds, Lita was challenged, and moved on, when Lita made a good point, which Lad backed. The bird was killed, and Lita went to retrieve, but not finding it readily, Lad moved up and came to a point, just as a bird got up. Both got scent of the dead bird, and moved toward it, but Lad retrieved it first. This was a pointed heat, as the birds flushed, and a moment later Lad did the same. Lita now roared nicely a short distance, and dropped on the point. Lad backed, but nothing was found, and they were ordered up, and Lad awarded the heat. Down twenty minutes.

NELLIE AND PEEP 'O' DAY.

Nellie and Biz were at once put down. Both ranged and pointed in grand style. Biz soon swung to the left, and made

a very handsome crouching point, which he held some time for Nellie to come up, but as she did not come Mr. McIntosh flushed to order and killed, Biz drooping nicely to wing. The bird was very much flushed. Biz was not retrieved. Then crossing the railroad, Nellie challenged and roared up to a bevy that was feeding, and pointed in grand style. Biz went around her and the birds, but showed no sign. Nellie again pointed, while Biz roared to her left and half pointed, but no bird was found before him while one was flushed to order for Nellie. Biz now pointed in a patch of pine trees, and Nellie to his left pointed at the apex of the same patch. Sautborn flushed to order and killed, and the bird fell close to Biz who retrieved it nicely. Both then roared running birds, one of which got up wild before Biz, while Nellie passed by a bird that was flushed behind her. She roared grandly into the woods, and established a point, but the dry leaves were so much for Biz, who roared too close and flushed two or three times, while Nellie remained staunch. He was at last brought up to her, but failed to back or wind the bird, which was flushed to order a few yards in front of her. The heat was then awarded to Nellie. Down forty-five minutes.

KING DASH AND DON.

King Dash and Don were put down at 10:40. Across the gully both challenged, but nothing came of it. After a long time, Don again challenged in some sedge and roared a short distance, when he swung to the left and caught it again in grand style, but the countess was not retrieved. Don soon got another good point, which Dash backed nicely. Mr. Vandervoort flushed to order and missed. Swinging round by the railroad and up a swale, both challenged, and Don roared in fine style up to a bevy and was backed by Dash. The birds were flushed very nicely, and Short killed. This was good work, as the birds were down wind, and Don showed excellent judgment in landing them. Going on, Don scored a flash, but soon came to a point, and Dash dropped very nicely to back. The bird was flushed to order, and Short winged it. Don sent to retrieve, but failed to do so, and when he started on, he ran into the bird, and retrieved it unharmed. Across the gully, Dash made a splendid point at the edge of some brush, and Don backed him, but as Short moved up, Dash upset his chances by making a wild flash. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Don. Down a half hour and an hour. We now went to lunch which was awaiting us at the cotton gin.

PEEP 'O' DAY AND MAXWELL.

At 1:05 Peep 'O' Day and Maxwell were put down at the head of the gully to the east. When near the fence, Peep pointed false. The spectators flushed a bevy on top of the hill, which flew into the woods. Working toward them, Peep pointed under a tree-top, and one bird flushed very nicely. Capt. Henry flushed to the other side, and made a beautiful point, and Max backed in good style. Wallace slashed to order and missed, both dogs remaining steady. Then over the hills and through the fields, Peep showed the best pace and much the best style. Across the railroad, Peep drew to a point on a large bevy. Max backed and then went in ahead. He was a little untidy, but finally pointed. The birds were flushed to order, and one was killed. Following on, Max made a good point at a tree-top, when a bird flushed wild, but he remained staunch until his bird was flushed to order. This was very good. Peep finished a bird soon after at the same place, which bird was thrown up and shot at for Peep to retrieve, which she did well. They were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day. Down nearly an hour.

SUMMARY SECOND SERIES OF HEATS.

- Bessie beat May Laverack.
- Breckenridge beat Maud W.
- Lad beat Leta.
- Nellie beat Biz.
- Don beat King Dash.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Maxwell.

THIRD SERIES.

BRECKENRIDGE AND BESS.

This ended the second series, and Breckenridge and Bess were put down at 2 o'clock. At the first heat of the third series in some woods. Running along the railroad, Breck made a beautiful point, the dogs flushed a bevy. Bess dropped to wing nicely, and Breck was fairly steady. Swinging round to get the wind, Bess challenged at a tree-top, while Breck tumbled off a log on a staunch point, and the scene being a very pretty one. Capt. Henry flushed to order and killed very neatly, and Breck retrieved very well. Then across the railroad Breck dropped on a point, which Bess backed. Roading a short distance, he dropped again. The bird then got up. Moving back into the woods both pointed false, and then out into the open, where they were ordered up. Then across the field to the bird, which was sent to run ahead. Bess, ordered on, scored a flash, and both dogs dropped to wing. They were then taken up, and Breckenridge awarded the heat. Down an hour and a half.

LAD AND NELLIE.

Lad and Nellie were at once put down and worked across the open. Lad pointed at a bunch of brush, where Nellie took a sniff and went on, and Lad charged and pointed on also. Nellie quartered very wide across the wind to the left, and pointed a nice bevy, which she held until we came up, when Sautborn flushed the birds to order. Meantime Lad found and pointed a bevy, which he was flushed by Dew, when he killed one, when Lad broke shot, but at the same time, he flushed a second bird, and Nellie drew to a splendid point on a bevy. Lad, called up to back did not see her, and crossed in front and dropped on point as if shot. Dew flushed to order, and made a very neat double. Nellie flushed a bird up to her, which she retrieved very well. Then Peep, then swinging back the judges compared notes and awarded Nellie the heat. Down one hour.

PEEP 'O' DAY AND DON.

Peep 'O' Day and Don were put down at 3:30. Working through the woods into a large field of weeds, Don challenged and roared to order, which Peep backed. Don pointed a flash of him. We could not see which pointed first, but thought that Peep had killed it. The birds were flushed to order by Wallace, who backed, and Peep retrieved nicely. Moving on south, both challenged, and Don called toward a bevy that flushed wild. He appeared to be all right, but he was flushed by Peep, who had dropped to and on which he should have backed. Then Peep flushed one in the briars. Don now made a blunder by roading a trail the wrong way in a cornfield. The judges flushed the bevy behind him. Peep pointed in the briars, and held her birds for Don to be called up to her, which he did very well. A little further on Peep flushed. Don then scored a false point, which Peep backed. He then pointed a hare, and Peep again backed. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day. Down one hour.

SUMMARY THIRD SERIES OF HEATS.

- Breckenridge beat Bessie.
- Nellie beat Lad.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Don.

FOURTH SERIES.

NELLIE AND BRECKENRIDGE.

This concluded the third series, and Nellie and Breckenridge were cast off at 4:30 for the first heat of the fourth series. Breck at once scored a false point, and Nellie, a few minutes later, did the same thing, and Breck backed. Nellie then swung round, and flushed a single bird, which he flushed to order. Then Peep flushed and her birds, which were now flushed to order, and Capt. Henry killed one, which Nellie retrieved. She then made a grand point, which Breck backed, and the bird—a cripple—was caught. Breck then flushed a single bird in the swale, and Nellie was

awarded the heat at 5 o'clock. Down half an hour, this left Nellie and Peep 'O' Day the only ones in to compete for the first prize.

NELLIE AND PEEP 'O' DAY.

Saturday morning they were put down at 8 o'clock in a field of weeds east of the cotton gin. Both soon challenged where birds had evidently been feeding, but the second dog was not allowed to work out. A little further east they again struck what we thought the trail of the same bevy. Nellie, a little ahead, roared on, and Peep swung around her and dropped flat, Nellie free-jugstiff at the same time. Both then roared on, and a dog was seen as if they had a light alone would undoubtedly have flushed the birds, but the handlers crowded ahead, and a flush was the result. Swinging to the left Nellie was lost, but soon found, flat on her belly. Peep came up and backed nicely, and three or four birds were, to order, flushed, and very cleverly missed by Sautborn with both hands. Crossing a hollow Nellie ran up a single bird. Nothing more was found here, and the dogs were worked cast through a large field of weeds and sedge, which was drawn blank. Then turning north both dogs challenged, and Nellie turning to the whistle, ran into a large bevy and flushed them. This was a little to the north and partly behind the judges, who had the sun in their eyes, and as larks had been getting up all around, they did not notice that these were equal. We had only a glimpse of them, and also thought them larks, but just then we obtained a view of Sautborn's face and all was as plain as day, and was at once scored her a flush, and the judges as being on a lark. Following these to the east, across a gully, Nellie went up the bank and a single bird flushed in front of her. She at once stopped and remained steady, while the bird flew a few feet ahead, and soon after she started up behind her. She undoubtedly thought that more birds were to be seen by when the first one got up, and showed good judgment by remaining quiet. Down the gully Nellie challenged at what proved to be the trail of a large bevy. While roading them out one bird jumped and flew a few feet ahead, and soon after a stranger dog flushed and flew back over the crowd, but she stuck to the point and finally established a grand point, which Peep backed nicely. Sautborn flushed the bevy, to order, which settled in some weeds and sedge beside a gully. Peep here made a bad flash, putting up a large bevy, but a short distance, and Peep was ordered up, and before he drew a short distance across the gully. She did not chase, but followed the bird, and as she went up the bank the bird again flushed. Working on up the gully, Peep made a magnificent point, which she held for a long time, while Nellie was called up to back, which she did not do, but went in and stole the point, and the birds were flushed, to order, and both dogs were steady to wing. They were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day, who was declared the winner of the first prize, at 3:40. Down one hour and forty minutes. Both handlers had hedged in the early part of the heat by agreeing to divide the stakes, no matter which won.

DON AND MAXWELL.

Dashing Rover having been withdrawn, Don and Maxwell were the only ones remaining who had been beaten by Peep, and they were at once cast off to decide which one should compete with Peep for second place. A wide circle was made to the north before anything was found, when a large cotton field and cornfield, which had never failed us, Don swung to the right, and would not be called off as he had struck scent, which he stuck to and located a bevy very well indeed. They were flushed, to order, and one bird flew but a short distance, and dropped down again while the rest went on. Don then drew a nice point on the stand, which Mr. Vandervoort flushed, to order, and missed. This was all first class work. Then a wearisome tramp was taken without result, except that Max dropped on point to a hare. After a long time, Peep drew to a point, and the railroad was crossed, and which flew into the woods along the gully. Beating through the woods nothing was done except that Don pointed a hare. Working along near the gully Max pointed a single bird, which Don backed indifferently. Short flushed to order and missed. The birds were now ordered up, and the heat awarded to Peep 'O' Day. We could not reconcile this decision with the result as we beheld them. Down two hours and a half.

NELLIE AND MAXWELL.

Nellie and Maxwell were put down at 12:15 to compete for second prize, but after running 10 minutes Maxwell was withdrawn and Nellie given the heat and declared winner of the second prize. We now went to lunch, and Lad and Breckenridge, who were the last two dogs beaten by Nellie, divided the third prize.

SUMMARY FOURTH SERIES OF HEATS.

- Nellie beat Breckenridge.
- Peep 'O' Day beat Lad.
- Peep 'O' Day was first, Nellie second, and Breckenridge and Lad divide third.

BRACE STAKES.

NELLIE AND COUNT NOBLE.

This ended the All-Aged stakes, and immediately after lunch the Brace stakes were commenced by Sautborn's Nellie and Count Noble. Peep 'O' Day was cast off at 12:30. Peep was ordered up, and the brace was to run a short time, in order that Mr. Durgenthal, who was obliged to leave on the train, might mark on the range, quartering style and speed of each brace which could be put down against the necessary complete their score on birds. Count Noble was the winner of the brace, which was a large cotton field, where some elegant work was done. Both were nearly perfect in quartering, turning to the whistle and obeying signal of hand very well. Both showed fair speed. Across the road, Nellie flushed a single bird, and a signal point, which Count Noble scored, and dropped to back when near her, but she moved on and flushed a bevy, which she should have pointed, as she had the wind. Then on over a rise both disappeared, and when we came up were pointing, but nothing was found. Nellie now pointed once or twice and was backed, but they moved on each time. Count made one or two jumps for a hare, but stopped to order. Count then made a capital point, which Nellie backed. The bird was flushed to order, but the gun missed fire. Count was not quite steady, but dropped to order, and soon made another point, but nothing was found, where when the spectators were ordered up, Count had pointed a single bird in a bush, and they were ordered up.

GROUSE DALE AND DASHING MONARCH.

Grouse Dale and Dashing Monarch were at once put down. Working through the woods to the open field, both showed good speed and ranged and quartered fairly. They then swung to some brush, and Monarch backed in grand style, and on a little further Grouse made a magnificent point, which Monarch backed very fairly. Then Monarch pointed, and Grouse backed. Just here the handlers and judges were ordered up, and the heat awarded to the trail, which, we have no doubt, they would have tracked out, as the spectators, coming up, flushed a large bevy close by, which flew into the woods ahead, where Grouse soon found them and made one or two signal points, which Monarch backed in grand style. The bird was flushed to order by Tallman and missed. Grouse then flushed a bird down wind and dropped to wing. Ordered on, another got up close by. Monarch pointed close to the fence, and Grouse laced him fairly. Tallman flushed to order and killed. They were then taken up, and the heat awarded to Grouse Dale, who was put down and worked through to the large field to the north. He at once dropped flat almost as soon as they were started, but nothing was found. Out in the open both showed up very speedy, ranging very well and quartering well. Nothing was found for some time, when Dashing Notice went in and flushed a bevy, and they were then. Following the birds into the woods nothing could be done with them, as they got up wild. Turning back, Belmont pointed a nice bevy in a bushy corner and King backed. Short flushed to order and killed. They were then taken up, and the heat awarded to Grouse Dale and Dashing Monarch third. This ended the N. A. K. C. F. T. of 1891.

The following is a complete list of the winners in the National Trials:

SUMMARY DERBY WINNERS.

- 1st, Dashing Novice.
2d, Bess.
3d, Shalow.
4th, Glida.

The 4th prize was a very handsome silver cup presented by Mr. Geo. H. Will, of Red Bank, N. J., as a Consolation Cup.

SUMMARY ALL-AGED STAKE WINNERS.

- 1st, Peep 'o' Day.
2d, Nellie.
3d, Breckenridge.

RACE STAKE.

- 1st, King Dash and Belton III.
2d, Count Noble and Nellie.
3d, Dashing Monarch and Grouse Dale.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE ASSOCIATION FIELD TRIALS.

GRAND JUNCTION, TENN.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

The Pennsylvania State Association Field Trials commenced on Monday, Dec. 12, at Grand Junction, Tenn., on the grounds where the National Trials had been so successfully run the week before.

Capt. A. E. Woodson, Mr. Jas. H. Dow and Mr. Wm. Tallman acted as judges.

May Laverack (Thunder-Spot), lemon Belton setter bitch, whelped May 11, 1879. Owned by Mr. J. Snellenburg, New Brighton, Pa.

Pet Laverack (Thunder-Peersa), lime Belton setter bitch, whelped April 2, 1880. Same owner.

King Dash (Belton-Stayton's Floss), liver and white setter dog, whelped June 5, 1875. Owned by Mr. J. R. Hendricks, Pittsburg, Pa.

Belton III (Belton-Stayton's Floss), black, white and tan setter dog, whelped June 5, 1878. Owned by Mr. J. K. Stayton, Pittsburg, Pa.

Max (Dash-Flores), red Irish setter dog, whelped June 12, 1878. Owned by Mr. J. S. McIntosh, Pittsburg, Pa.

Skip (Dog Whip-Daisy Dale), black, white and tan setter dog. Owned by Mr. J. R. Hendricks, Pittsburg, Pa.

They were drawn to run in the following order: May Laverack and Skip, Pet Laverack and Belton III, King Dash and Max.

MAY LAVERACK AND SKIP

were put down for the first heat at 9:15. May is a sweet moving little bitch and catches her points in a very taking way.

She swung ahead in the sprouts and got the first point, which Skip hacked, but was a little misdeaf. Skip dropped to order.

A bird further on Skip made a false point, which May backed rather indifferently. Skip was then withdrawn and May declared the winner of the heat after being down only fifteen minutes.

PET LAVERACK AND BELTON III.

were then cast off. Pet very soon dropped on a point and was handsomely backed by Belton, but nothing was found and Pet scored a false point.

It was half an hour before anything else was found, when Belton found a very and pointed them in good style. Pet dropping flat to back as soon as she saw him. The birds were flushed to order, and one was killed by Mr. Snellenburg, while Mr. Stayton missed.

Pet retrieved the bird fairly. Belton was soon pointing again and Pet backing flat on her heels. Mr. Stayton ordered to order and killed neatly with his second barrel.

This was very pretty although Belton was not quite steady to wing, but at once became quiet to order. When ordered to retrieve he failed to find and flushed a bird while searching for it, and when the handlers, moving to the left, he saw the bird back and ran.

Belton, however, was not quite steady to wing, but at once became quiet to order. When ordered to retrieve he failed to find and flushed a bird while searching for it, and when the handlers, moving to the left, he saw the bird back and ran.

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BIZ AND KING DASH

were now put down; and Dash after a few jumps dropped on point, but nothing was found and he scored false point.

Moving on he again pointed and Biz jolled him, when both moved on. Biz swung around to make a false point, to a beautiful point on a very just as a single bird started. Dash was close by and both remained steady while the bevy flushed a little wild.

Gang on, Biz challenged on trail of a single bird but got it the wrong way, and roared to the end; and he failed to find it.

They were then taken up for lunch, and again put down; but the scent was very poor, as the dry wind was very unfavorable, especially in the middle of the day, and it was a long time between birds.

Dash was the first to find, but it was not until he had swung back and ran that he had used one of them but missed him as nearly as any of the professionals could have done.

Dashing Monarch, Llewellyn's Dash II-Countess Moll, entered by Mr. J. C. Higgins.

Grouse Dale, Waters' Grouse-Daisy Dale, entered by Mr. Tallman.

Warwick, light red setter, 4 years (unknown), entered by Mr. S. S. Brown, Pittsburg, Pa.

Warwick, orange and white setter dog, 3 years old (Leicester-Petrel), entered by Messrs. Tallman and Martin.

Ollie, black, white and tan setter bitch, 5 years (Dan-Petrel), entered by Messrs. Tallman and Martin.

TUESDAY.

Tuesday morning the All-Aged stakes were commenced at 8:15 by casting off.

DASHING MONARCH AND OGDON

just east of the old fort, near the pines. Monarch was handled by Martin and Gordon by Titus. Both dogs appeared to be feeling well, Monarch especially, showing by his more animated movements that he was feeling better and that he was more himself than he had previously shown either here or at Robbins' Island.

Gordon was also going well, and was the first to find. Swinging into the thick scrub oak he dropped on a capital point to a bevy. Monarch at once backed him in his own grand style.

The birds flushed wild and were at once followed. One was seen to flush wild, and Monarch pointed where it got up, but soon moved on and located a half dozen birds, which he pointed magnificently and Gordon backed him very gracefully.

Monarch flushed the birds to order but did not shoot. Swinging into the pines, Monarch again pointed, but this time he was not so steady to wing as he was nicely. Titus then put up a single bird and Gordon dropped to wing.

though he had been shot. Working down into a ravine, Gordon dropped suddenly on point to a single bird and remained steady as a rock, although the bird ran away down wind between the corn rows in plain sight of him. He was trying to get a bird, and speaks well for his training, as just then Monarch swung round below him and, catching the scent, made one of his magnificent points, which Gordon honored by partly rising and backing him handsomely.

This was the grand work, but a little too exciting for both handlers, who flushed the bird to order and missed him again. They were now ordered up and the heat awarded to Dashing Monarch at 9:20. Down one hour and five minutes.

OLLIE AND DASH.

Ollie, a litter sister to the celebrated Gladstone, handled by Martin and Mr. Brown's Dash, handled by Short, were at once cast off close to the pines and worked east. Ollie is said to be a capital field dog, and is well known about Pittsburg as a setter.

He has a very gamy look and is very strong and in a many way that is very taking. Short trained him, but has not handled him for a long time. The honors were equally divided on the first find, as both dogs pointed a very nearly the same amount.

The birds were flushed to order in a kind of one while Short missed with both barrels. Both dogs were steady. Ollie ordered to retrieve, did so very well indeed. Following the birds, Dash made a capital point, but running on was steady by Short, when he again stopped and Ollie backed him. Nothing was found, however, and he was scored a false point.

Soon after, Ollie going down wind flushed a single bird, and instantly dropped on a beautiful point to the rest of the bevy, who lay until flushed to order, when both handlers killed. Dash retrieved very well. They were then ordered up and the heat awarded to Ollie at 11 o'clock. Down one hour and forty minutes.

COUNT NOBLE AND MAXWELL.

Count Noble, handled by D. C. Sanborn, and Maxwell, handled by Short, were then put down at the celebrated hays and between the dogs, handlers, judges and reporters, the birds were put up all around.

At each rise the dogs would drop to wing, but they failed to locate any of the birds, for which they could not be blamed. Count Noble, however, flushed a single bird. Both dogs then started a bird, which ran away to the margin of the pasture of Max, who was uneasy, but steadied down to order and backed Count very handsomely, who remained steadfast.

In fact, the Count was so sure of his bird that it was with great difficulty that Sanborn could get him to shoot. He was prepared to move, but alas! the bird had moved before him and he failed to find it and scored a false point.

Both dogs were evidently demoralized from their wretched start, and for some time no good work was done by either. Both soon dropped on a false point. Working on, Count Noble, however, flushed a single bird, which he pointed nicely and Count backs. A little further Max again drops on point and Count backs. This time a bird was flushed to order and the Count took two or three noble jumps after it, but at once dropped to order.

Max soon after dropped very nicely to a bevy and Count backed him in his own grand style. The birds were flushed to order and one was killed, which Max retrieved in good style. Count then pointed a single bird, but moved on past it, and it was put up a moment afterward by the spectators.

Both then pointed and roared alike, and Count Noble was awarded the heat at 1:05. Down two hours. A move was then made for lunch.

NEED AND GROUSE DALE.

At 2:10 Ned, handled by Morgan, and Grouse Dale, handled by Tallman, were turned loose and worked west. Ned showed good speed and ranged very well, but was quite untidy and no match for his partner.

Morgan was the first to find but he walked into the bevy and scored a flush. Both handlers shot and a bird was killed, which Ned retrieved fairly. Working on Grouse Dale scored a false point, which Ned backed and retrieved.

Ned, however, pointed a single bird in grand style, which Tallman flushed to order, but failed to kill. In the meantime Ned pointed a bevy very nicely at a long distance, but he drew on too close and scored a flush. Morgan shot and missed; Ned dropped to shot. The dogs were now sent to where a single bird had been marked down.

Grouse caught the scent and made a magnificent point, which Ned refused to honor, but went on and put up the bird. Working south Grouse again pointed and Ned again went in and flushed. They were then ordered up and Grouse Dale was awarded the heat at 3:50. Down forty minutes.

NELLIE AND BELTON III.

Nellie, handled by Sanborn, and Belton III, handled by Short, were at once cast off in the woods. Belton challenged, but soon moved on. Working through into a cotton field, Nellie dropped very nicely to a single bird, and Belton dropped to order.

Sanborn walked in and backed her. Belton pointed a single bird in grand style, which Tallman flushed to order, but failed to kill. In the meantime Ned pointed a bevy very nicely at a long distance, but he drew on too close and scored a flush. Morgan shot and missed; Ned dropped to shot.

The dogs were now sent to where a single bird had been marked down. Grouse caught the scent and made a magnificent point, which Ned refused to honor, but went on and put up the bird. Working south Grouse again pointed and Ned again went in and flushed. They were then ordered up and Grouse Dale was awarded the heat at 3:50. Down forty minutes.

WARWICK AND MACK LAVERACK.

Warwick, handled by Martin, and Mack Laverack handled by Short, were at once put down. Warwick was quite ready to be going to a track as fast as he could, but the excitement notwithstanding this drawback, he went very well.

FIRST SERIES ALL-AGED STAKES.

Dashing Monarch best Gordon.

Ollie best Dash.

Count Noble best Maxwell.

Grouse Dale best Ned.

Warwick best Max Laverack.

King Dash a bye.

KING DASH AND DASHING MONARCH.

King Dash who had a bye, handled by short, and Dashing Monarch were put down at 4:35 to run the first heat of the second series. Both started off in grand style, Dash getting over the ground at good speed while Monarch ranged very well with his head well up, most notable fact, he had had a hair-cut in the season.

Except a slight challenge by King nothing was done; and they were taken up at five o'clock to go down again in the morning.

WEDNESDAY.

Wednesday morning was cold, damp and cheerless, with every indication of rain. In fact the dense mist was quite as wet as rain would have been, but a start was made, and at 9:30 Dashing Monarch and King Dash were again put down in a cordial attempt to complete their unfinished heat.

Monarch was still "a coming" and let himself out with that abandon which so captivated all who saw him at Robbins' Island last year. Dash also went well and some fine ranging and quartering was done in the open fields.

Working on through some woods, Monarch swung round and straightened out on one of his magnificent points. Dash passing between him and the birds, caught the scent and dropped on a beautiful point; flushing the birds to order, but handlers greeted the birds very meekly. Both dogs dropped to shot, and both retrieved in good style. This performance was truly a gem and not excelled by anything that transpired during the meeting.

One gentleman remarked that he was almost sorry that he had witnessed this performance, as his future sports in the field would be marred by the knowledge that he had had the honor of seeing it. Working over the hill and through some woods a single bird flushed a little wild just ahead of Monarch, who at once croaked and then pointed another, while Dash backed him in good style.

Martin put up the bird to order and secured a kill. Both dogs dropped to order and Dash retrieved very nicely. Both dogs pointed, but Dash drew a trifle too close and got a flush. Swinging to the north, Monarch forged ahead into a swale and made a grand point to a large bevy which was flushed to order, but not shot at. The dogs were then ordered up, and the heat awarded to Monarch at 10:50. Down one hour, altogether one hour and fifteen minutes.

This heat from start to finish was about as near perfection as possible, and both dogs covered themselves with glory, and achieved honors worthy of the noblest of hounds.

COUNT NOBLE AND OLLIE.

were now ordered down and cast off at 10:55. They worked over the hill, where some birds had been marked down. Count found first and dropped to a single bird, Ollie backing him very gracefully. Sanborn flushed to order and missed. Count straightened out and instantly dropped on another point.

When this bird got up he made a jump of two, but as at once dropped to order. Working on to a swale Count, while going at speed, carelessly flushed a bird, and soon after scored a false point, which Ollie backed. Swinging to the east some fine ranging was done by both dogs. Count showing the most speed and ranging the best.

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of second place were equally divided between Grouse Dale and Warwick, Martin and Tallman taking the Parker. The third was awarded by King Dash and Belton. This division was, perhaps, as equitable as could have been made, but we would have preferred to see it run out, as the day was a capital shooting day, and we would have seen some excellent work; but the baulders had got tired and wanted to see the end of it and go home.

THE DERBY.

ENTRIES IN THE DERBY.

Pet Laverack, Lug Laverack, Dashed Prince, Mack Laverack, Bessie T., London, Hector (formerly Tom Payne), Gertie, Kinnikinnick.

The pedigrees and owners of these have already been given. Christmas Hill, lemon and white pointer dog, whelped June 9, 1880 (Lack of Edonhall-Ready Money), entered by Mr. R. T. Vandervoort, Pittsburgh, Pa. Ned, Red Setter, whelped April 14, 1880 (Con-Nan), entered by Mr. R. H. Bailey, Canton, Ohio. Nettimah, Gordon setter dog, 11 months' old, Malcolm-Dream III., entered by H. Cossand, Fall, Mo. Foromoni, black and white setter, whelped July 26, 1880 (Dashing Monarch-Fairy III.), entered by Mr. H. B. Harrison, Tilsenburg, Ont. Lug, black and tan setter, whelped May, 1880 (Shafto—) Jora Laverack, black and white setter (Young Laverack-Petrel II.), entered by Mr. J. B. Hoy, Pittsburgh, Pa.

By mutual agreement of the exhibitors, the rules were waived and the judges—Capt. E. A. Woodson and Mr. Jas. H. Dew—were requested to select the winners after seeing the dogs down long enough to judge upon their merits. Starting from the hotel at 9 o'clock, the dogs were put down at 9 o'clock, Lug Laverack having been withdrawn.

GERTRUDE AND LUG.

Gertrude, handled by Sanborn, and Lug, handled by Short, were the first brood to run. They were cast off in a patch of scrub and worked through there and the pines, and a field of weeds east to the old field, which they went south, when the pointed Gertrude made a little way, and then swung south. Gertrude then made a point, but soon moved, and was steadied by Sanborn, who saw the birds in front of her. She then held her point in fine style, while Lug backed rather indifferently. A large bevy was flushed to order and both dogs brought down their birds, neither of which was found, although a long time was expended in looking for them. Then the bevy was followed. Lug pointed a hare, and a little further on Gertrude ran into a portion of the bevy and flushed them, although she had the wind and was close to the birds, which she did not seem to blame, as she was a little behind. Swinging into the sprouts Lug pointed, but Gertrude flushed a little too close and put up the bird, and soon after flushed another one. They were then taken up at 9:50. Later in the day a bird was thrown in the air, and a gun fired for them to show they were equal as retrievers. Both acquitted themselves very well.

FOREMAN AND MACK LAVERACK.

Foreman, handled by Stafford, and Mack Laverack, handled by Short, were then put down. Both are very stylish, good moving dogs, and are possessed of a fine turn of speed, and will, undoubtedly, be the best dogs that the best dog would win. Working through a large field of weeds, Foreman started a hare, which at once gave chase to Mack, who was ahead and going at speed, but the hare had the legs of him and soon passed him. Both dogs were perfectly steady through this very trying ordeal. A little further on both dogs challenged where birds had been feeding. Mack swung the pig t way, and catching the scent instantly stopped on a grand point with his head high in the air. Foreman, brought round to back caught sight of him and crouched, but at that instant he wended the birds and slightly turning his head in their direction also pointed in capital form. This was splendid and the beautiful attitudes of the dogs were greatly admired. Flushing the birds to order, Stafford scored a killed and shot a male, Foreman retrieving the bird fairly. Moving on, Short made one or two flushes, one of which he killed, but it fell a long distance, and was not found. Working through some thick woods, Foreman put up a bevy which flew into a gully where they were followed, but not much was done and the dogs were ordered up after being down an hour, and a bird thrown for Mack to retrieve, which he did.

NETTIMAH AND PET LAVERACK.

Nettimah, handled by Titus, and Pet Laverack, handled by Short, were now put down among the scattered birds. Both moved very careful, and Pet challenged once or twice, and then dropped on a beautiful point. Short flushed to order and missed. Moving on very carefully, Pet again dropped almost on top of a bird, which he pointed very nicely, and then being the gun he hit with the result. In going through a bare field Nettimah put up a single bird, and soon after another one rose. Both dogs were steady to wing. A bird was then thrown for each dog, and both retrieved very well. They were then ordered up after being down forty minutes, and the next brace called.

KINNIKINICK AND RED NED.

Kinnikinnick, handled by Stafford, and Red Ned, handled by Morgan, were cast off at 11:35, and worked north. Both showed good speed, but Ned, we thought, a little the fastest. Kin showed challenge and roared a short distance, but the spectators flushed the birds which were very nice. Ned commenced with a very nice point very much as Ned retired to back and the bird was flushed to order, but not shot at. Ned again flushed and soon repeated the offense. Working down the ravine, Kin got a grand point on a nice bevy. Ned dropped to order, and the birds were then flushed to order and missed. Capt. Woodson deserves the credit for finding this bevy, as the dogs had been over the ground, but insisted upon closer work and sent them in again, when the birds were found. A bird was now thrown, and both retrieved well. Kin very well indeed. They were now ordered up after being down thirty five minutes, and the last brace were put down at 12:15.

DASHING MONARCH AND XMAS BILL.

Dashing Novice, handled by Sanborn, and Mr. R. T. Vandervoort's imported lemon and white pointer dog, Xmas Bill, eighteen months old, by Lack of Edonhall out of Ready Money, handled by Morgan. Novice commenced with a very nice point very much as single bird in a ploughed field, and a little further on in the same field, she redeemed herself by nicely pointing another one on the bare ground; Bill backed her and Sanborn put up the bird to order and winged it. Some time was spent trying to find the birds and the dogs were ordered up, when Novice swung round on a beautiful point, which Bill backed very nicely. Novice then moved on, and picking up the lost bird, retrieved it unharmed. We then went to lunch, after which they were again put down and worked through some wood into a cultivated where both challenged, and Novice taking a cast along the fence, struck the scent and dropping to a sitting-post, pointed a bevy that were in the next field, Bill backing her. Morgan flushed to order and killed a bird, which Bill retrieved fairly. They were now ordered up, and the judges decided that

DASHING NOVICE AND KINNIKINICK.

were the best two, and ordered them down to run for first and second places. They were at once cast off and worked toward where a bird had been marked down, but they passed by it and it was put up by Mr. Dew; then turning east into some prairie where the bird was, Kin and the dog were ordered up, and Novice then pointed and Kin backed nicely. Sanborn put up the bird to order

but did not shoot. Beating through the aprons, Kin pointed a single bird in the open just at the edge. When the judges rode up a bird got up out in the field, and Stafford, thinking that it was the bird that his dog was pointing, moved up and flushed a bird right under the dog's nose, when several others got up all around. This was an exhibition of first-class work, both animals showing off to great advantage. The judges decided that Dashing Novice was fairly entitled to the first prize and Kinnikinnick to the second, and ordered Mack Laverack and Pet Laverack as the next best to run for third place, but Short, who handled them both, divided the honors equally between them at 2:40 a. m., time ended the Field Trials of 1881.

The following is a list of the winners in the Penny Lyvaia State Trials.

MEMBERS' STAKE.

1st, Biz and May Laverack divided. 2d, King Dash.

ALL-AGED STAKE.

1st, Count Noble, Dashing Monarch and Nellie divided. 2d, Grouse Dale and Wash which divided. 3d, King Dash and Belton III. divided.

DERBY.

1st, Dashing Novice. 2d, Kinnikinnick. 3d, Mack Laverack and Pet Laverack divided.

ATLANTA DOG SHOW.

ON reaching here it was most difficult to find accommodation, the "Kimball House" being full to overflowing, and cots in requisition every night. This, of course, was owing to the vast multitudes from all parts of the States visiting the Exposition, which, as the time draws near for closing, appears to attract more and more interest.

The show was arranged for by the managers of the Exposition, but at the seventh hour taken hold of by a few energetic gentlemen, lovers of field sports, who, with the aid of Mr. Lincoln, knew no such word as fail, and through downright energy and pluck they succeeded in drawing together, for their numbers, a most creditable collection. Mr. Berke, Capt. Heyward, Col. Hoge and others were indefatigable in their exertions to make it a success, and Major Taylor being secured to occupy the position of Judge, with associates from the immediate vicinity, gave the utmost confidence to exhibitors that the best dog would win. Among prominent admirers we noticed Professor Legare, of Wall-halla, S. C.; Mr. Orgill, of your city; Mr. Vandervoort, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. Vance, of Chattanooga, Tenn. (the last three gentlemen having been at the Grand Junction Field Trials); Judge Hopkins, of Thomasville, Ga.; the Messrs Foster, of Madison, Ga.; Dr. Holmes, of Rome, Ga.; Mr. Willard, of Jonesborough, Ill., and many others.

Class 1—English Setter Dogs.—Brought out five entries, Mr. Taylor's of Richmond, Va., being first, with his recent importation, Dashing Rover. This dog, under the care of Mr. Winter, was directly from the Grand Junction Field Trials, and was thus out of show form; still his good points brought him to the front. The second prize went to Ben, Jr., owned by Mr. Woodward, and he was closely pressed by Mr. Veal's Mountain Dew, etc.

Class 2—English Setter Bitches.—Brought the same number of entries into the ring, a very nice class, too. Mr. W. Legare's entry, Vic, a beautiful little bitch, of splendid black, white and tan markings, or it might be called mottled, and of high on to perform form, took the judges' eye for first. She is of the Llewellyn strain. The second was awarded to Dr. T. B. Legare for his Videau, who was also a beautiful animal, Kate Claxton and Duchess of Devonshire, each gaining a v h c, well merited the mention, as did also Opal, gaining a h c.

Class 3, 4—English setter dog and bitch puppies contained but two entries in the former and none in the latter. Class 5—Irish Setter Dogs.—The only entry Captain, owned by Mr. J. C. Vance, was awarded first prize. Captain is a good specimen of the Irish setter.

Class 6—Irish Setter Bitches.—Three entries; all good. We thought at first that Trix, owned by Mr. Green, of Boston, would carry off the blue ribbon, and were surprised to see Major Taylor give her a v h c only, and award first to Gypsy Queen, belonging to Mr. Vance, of Chattanooga, and the second to Mr. Chapman's Pink. On close examination we could not indorse the judges' decision, finding Trix both long and weak in quarters.

Class 7—Irish Setter Dog Puppies.—Two entries, the prize being awarded to Mr. Vance's Comanche.

Class 8—Irish Setter Bitch Puppies.—Three entries, and prize awarded to a promising youngster belonging to Mr. Edmundson, of Washington, Ga., named Daisy.

Class 9—Gordon Setter Dogs.—Five entries, and all dogs of considerable merit. The first was awarded to Judge Hopkins, of Thomasville, Ga., for his Scott, a dog of unusual quality and power, having such a back and lon as we have not seen in many a day. As Judge Hopkins proposes to send Scott to the next N. Y. Show, he will be again heard from. The Messrs. Willard captured second prize with a young Grouse dog named Lang, and a v h c was given to the Gordon Kennel Club, of Locust Valley, N. Y., for Rakc.

Class 10—Gordon Setter Bitches.—But two entries. The first prize was awarded Messrs. Willard Bros. for Toot, a nice specimen. Second money to Gordon Kennel Club for Mab II.

Classes 11, 12—For Gordon Setter Puppies.—No entries. Class 13—Georgia Setters.—This class was for the best setter dog bred and owned in the state. Two entries. Prize awarded to Capt. Heyward for his Sport, a very strong, useful dog.

Class 14—Georgia Setter Bitches.—Three entries and prize awarded to Mr. C. Fairbanks' Sadie.

Class 15—Georgia Setter Puppies.—Prize was awarded to Lee, owned by Miss Ann C. Dixon.

Class 16—Pointer Dogs over 55 lbs.—Five entries, and probably the best and most closely contested class of the show. The first premium was finally awarded to Prof. W. W. Legare's lemon and white Rab; the second to Mr. Vandervoort's liver and white Don (who recently distinguished himself at the Grand Junction Trials); v h c to Mr. Orgill's lemon and white Riot; v h c to Mr. H. B. McComb's St. George, who was afterward claimed at catalog price.

Class 17—Pointer Bitches over 55 lbs.—One entry. Belonging to a beautiful lemon and white bitch, belonging to Prof. W. W. Legare, was awarded the premium.

Class 18—Pointer Dogs under 55 lbs.—Eight entries, among which were some of note. The first and second honors were awarded Mr. Edmund Orgill's Rush and Random; v h c to Mr. Appold's, of Baltimore, Md., for Bravo;

h c to Mr. Fambro's, of Atlanta, Chance, and Judge H. W. Hopkins for Nip. Mr. Berke's Ralph was commended.

Class 19—Pointer Bitches under 55 lbs.—Four entries and all good ones. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Orgill's Rue; for second place it was a squeeze between Judge Hopkins' Peggy and Mr. Vandervoort's Luck, the former, however, secured second honors, and Luck took v h c. Luck although best-n for second money, is a very handsome little bitch.

Class 20—Point r Puppies Dogs.—This was a walkover for Mr. C. B. Hargrove's Senny.

Class 21—Pointer Puppy Bitches.—Prof. W. W. Legare's brace were the only ones to compete.

Class 22—Water Spaniels.—No entries.

Class 23—Field Spaniels (dogs or bitches).—The Hornellsville Kennel Club had no competitor against Beedick, who took the premium.

Col. Frank E. Howe, of Boston, showed (not for competition) his beautiful large-sized black spaniel Jet. Jet is a rare specimen, whose satin coat showed the best of care, and one cannot be surprised at the Colonel being so fond and proud of him.

Class 24, 25—Small Cockers and Puppies.—No entries. Class 26—Foxhounds.—Seven entries, and among them some grand dogs. The first prize was given to Mr. A. W. Foster's Jim Skinner, a splendid specimen, showing more points than any dog we have seen. In conversation with Mr. P. Ester he remarked that he kept an imported "greyhound" to cross in with his hounds occasionally, as they would not give a pin for dogs that had not plenty of gun in them. 3d prize was awarded to Forrester, owned by Mr. Smith, of Atlanta; h c to Lead, owned by Mr. Perkinson, and c to Hop, owned by Mr. Echols, of Rome, Ga.

Class 27—Foxhound Puppies.—No entries.

Class 28—Beagle Dogs.—Two entries; both very fine; belonging to Judge Hopkins. First prize was awarded to Ned.

Class 29—Beagle Bitches.—Crock, owned by Judge Hopkins, was the only entry and was well worthy of the first prize.

Class 30—Foxterriers, Dogs.—One entry. Prize awarded to Nipper, owned by Mr. W. Graham, of Rome.

Class 31—Foxterriers, Bitches.—No entries.

Class 32—Greyhounds.—Prize awarded to Mr. L. H. Foster's Jim, a fine dog and only entry.

Class 33—Scottish Deerhounds.—None.

Class 34—Collie Dogs.—Five entries. First awarded to Mr. Wm. M. Jones' Tobie. Second going to Mr. Wm. C. Parks' Fritz.

Class 35—Mastiffs.—Two entries. The first prize given to Turk, owned by W. R. Smith, of Atlanta, and it is seldom that a finer specimen of this noble breed is put on exhibition anywhere. Lady, owned by same party, scoring second.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—Professor Legare took the premium for the best setter in show with his beautiful Llewellyn Vic. For the best pointer, it was divided between Rush and Rue, both owned by Edmund Orgill, who also took the special for the best brace of dogs in the show with Rush and Random.

SUMMARY.

The prizes were principally \$25 for the first and \$10 for the second, below are the awards:

Class 16—Pointers over 55 pounds.—First, Rab, W. W. Legare, of Washington, Ga.; second, Ben, Jr., Butler Woodward, owner, Red Clay, Ga.; commended, Mountain Dew, J. Sam Vale, Rome, Ga.

Class 17—Pointer bitch dogs.—First, Vic, W. W. Legare, Wall-halla, S. C.; second, Videau, T. B. Legare, owner, Camden, S. C.; commended, Opal, Butler Woodward; Kate Claxton, R. I. Hampton, owner; Rome, Ga.; Duchess of Devonshire, W. W. Foster, Madison, Ga.

Class 5—Irish setter dogs.—First, Captain, J. C. Vance, Chattanooga, Ga.; second, Pink, John P. Chapman; Trix, J. O. Green, owner, Boston, Va.

Class 7—Irish setter dog puppies.—First, Comanche, J. C. Vance, Chattanooga, Ga.

Class 8—Irish setter bitch pups.—First, Daisy, W. L. Edmundson, Washington, Ga.

Class 9—Gordon setter dogs.—First, Scott, H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville, Ga.; second, Lang, Gordon Willard Bros., Jonesboro, Ga.; Raks, Gordon Kennel Club, owners.

Class 10—Gordon setter bitches.—First, Toot, Willard Bros., Jonesboro, Ga.; second, Mab, Gordon Willard Bros., owners.

Class 13—Georgia raised setters.—First, Sport, W. I. Heyward, Atlanta, Ga.

Class 14—Georgia raised setter bitches.—First, Sadie, C. Fairbanks, Atlanta.

Class 15—Georgia setter pups.—First, Lee, Annie Dixon, Atlanta, Ga.; second, over 55 pounds.—First, Rab, W. W. Legare, Wall-halla, S. C.; second, Dan, R. T. Vandervoort, Pittsburg; H. E. Orgill, New York; St. George, H. B. McComb, Memphis.

Class 17—Pointer bitch dogs over 50 pounds.—First, Beloua, W. W. Legare.

Class 18—Pointer dogs over 55 pounds.—First, Rush, Edmund Orgill, second, Random, W. W. Legare, and Nip, H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville; Ralph, J. Berke, owner, Atlanta.

Class 19—Pointer bitches.—First, Rue, E. Orgill; second, Peggy, H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville; third, Vandervoort's Luck, Rome, Va.

Class 20—Pointer dog pups.—First, Senny, C. B. Hargrove, Rome.

Class 23—Field spaniels.—First, Beedick, Hornellsville Kennel Club, Hornellsville, Va.

Class 26—Foxhounds.—First, Jim Skinner, A. W. Foster, Madison, Ga.; second, Forrester, Dock Smith, Atlanta; Lead, A. M. Perkinson, Atlanta; H. Water Echols, Rome.

Class 29—Beagle dogs.—First, Ned, H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville, Ga.; second, Beagle bitches.—First, Crock, H. W. Hopkins, Thomasville.

Class 32—Collies.—First, Tebe, William Jones, Atlanta; second, Fritz, W. C. Sparks, Atlanta.

Class 35—Mastiffs.—First, Turk and Lady, both owned by R. W. Smith, Atlanta.

Class 37—Newfoundlands.—O. C. Edmund's dog, Miscellaneous.—W. O. Sparks' bitch Lucy, and J. M. Elliott's Siberian bloodhound.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.—At the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Field Trial Association, held at the Stonevale House, Grand Junction, Tenn., Dec. 12, the following gentlemen of Pittsburg were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, J. Palmer O'Neil; Vice-president, Wm. A. McIntosh; second Vice-president, J. R. Henricks; Treasurer, D. McK. Lloyd; Secretary, I. R. Stoyton. Executive committee: B. W. Orton, Edward Gregg, R. T. Vandervoort, Howard Hartley, J. W. Fish, W. C. Bringer.

PITTSBURG BENCH SHOW.—There will be a bench show at Pittsburg, Pa., commencing March 7, 1882. Chas. Lincoln will superintend, and liberal premiums will be given. We hope to be able to give all particulars next week.

KENNEL NOTES CROWDED OUT TO NEXT WEEK.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—Skates, Finest Quality Cutlery, Fine Opera Glasses, Parlor Mirrors, Air Pilots, Spirit Mirrors, Outing Caps, and all Broadway, above 2d st. All goods by the best makers, with latest improvements, at lowest prices.—Ado.

Messrs. Bonner, Fels & Co., of 37 Beaver street, this city, are offering some very choice champagne, suited for the holidays. The firm's wines have earned a high reputation, and their brands are favorites.

YACHTING NEWS.

NEW STEAMER.—Mr. Egbert T. Smith is to have a brig-rigged steam yacht, to be called Tanager.

LOW BALLAST.—Cutter Neva, of Boston, will have her ballast on her keel increased from 1,100 to 3,000 lbs.

MORE CUTTERS.—Mr. E. M. Paddock, of Philadelphia, is to have a racing twelve tonner from Lawley & Son, of Boston.

STILL ANOTHER CUTTER.—D. J. Lawlor, Chelsea, Mass., is about to lay the keel for a smart dink deck cutter, 28 ft. long, 14 ft. beam and 5 1/2 ft. water. His last year's Alga is evidently taking.

NEW CUTTER.—A gentleman of Boston, having found his 28 ft. dink deck cutter such a success last season, is anxious to build a larger one this winter, and will sell his last year's ship. Bon-a-fide inquiries will be sent him through our care.

NEW SCHOONERS.—Capt. William Smith, of Bayport, L. I., has a new schooner in frame. Palmer, of Noank, Conn., is soon to be busy with a big one for Mr. Miller of the Pro-spero. She is to be 97 ft. over all, 22 ft. water line, 23 1/2 ft. beam and 9 1/2 ft. hold, with 7 ft. 9 in. water.

LETHEA.—This schooner has been bought by Mr. Henry C. Ward of this city from Mr. J. W. Chandler of Boston. She was built by J. T. Marsh, Patuxent River, Md., in 1874, for General Sargent of Baltimore. Over all, 65 ft.; water line, 55 ft.; beam, 15 1/2 ft.; hold, 6 1/2 ft. and 4 1/2 ft. water without board.

ELECTRIC MOTORS.—A boat with electric motive power is in course of construction at one of the yards on the banks of the Seine. It is to be eighteen feet long and five feet wide. The proprietor, Mr. Teller, proposes to cross the Channel in it—namely, from Boulogne to Folkestone. If it is successful he will be able to claim the distinction of having inaugurated the application of electricity to maritime traffic.

MEASUREMENT.—We are in receipt of an alarming array of letters concerning measurement. A number have been published already. Several more appear this week, and others will be printed

in our next issue. A great many, however, must remain unpublished, as they are in the main repetitions or variations of ideas brought forward by others. While we appreciate the ready answers from every one, we must ask those whose letters do not appear to bear with the apparent want of consideration, as space is so limited, and answers to their communications can be gathered from the remarks appended in review of those published.

MEASUREMENT.—It would seem as though this subject had been worn threadbare; not so, however. It should be kept continually before the yachtsman's eyes, until some plan of measurement shall be adopted and framed in a common-sense form. We refer our readers to some of that kind of talk from the indomitable fighter, E. Knab, of Forest and Stream. He says:

"We must not seek measurement rules to tax what gives speed in the result or finished boat, but what gives speed before the shape and elements of the boat have been determined upon; and this is the amount of bulk given the builder to handle, thereby leaving him a free choice in every respect as to dimensions, location of bulk, and one and all the relations of boat, ballast, sails, resistance, weather-lines, etc. Only in this way is an absolutely logical comparison of results possible."

He gives us the whole thing in a nutshell. The genius of the draughtsman who has spent years of toil in scientific research, whose lines and figures "do not lie," if faithfully carried out, is eternally crippled by false ideas and rules of time allowance and measurement. Give two men a pound of putty apiece, and let each mold his boat to suit himself, no matter how loopy, wide or deep their designs may be. "Either extreme" will then be found faulty.—Philadelphia Echo.

NO DANGER.—It is an axiom with practical designers that a really good boat can carry the tax on her bulk much sooner than risk her qualities by seeking to evade a proper payment. The effect of a bulk rule to prevent an excess in the use thereof—there is such a thing as having too much bulk even in a cruiser for her good—on the one hand, and on the other offers no inducement to cut down below the best, allotment, for then the boat loses faster in qualities than the saving in tax would make up. We have designed many boats of all types and know this to be true, for we would never venture to spoil an effective design for the sake of a trivial saving in tonnage. Under a bulk rule the best racer is also the best cruiser.

A success in the first respect implies a right proportioning of bulk—neither too much nor too little—and such a boat is likewise the most profitable as a cruiser. She does not lose her qualities by being too bulky, nor does she fall short by not being bulky enough.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—At a meeting last Thursday the report of the America Cup races was received and adopted. Resolutions of thanks were returned to the owners of the Albatross and Gracie. Commodore Kane offered the following resolutions, which were passed:

WHEREAS experience has proved that the terms and conditions of the deed of gift under which the New York Yacht Club acquired the America's Cup are inadequate and not sufficiently defined to meet the intentions of the donors, therefore be it

Resolved, That the club return the said cup to Mr. George L. Schuyler, the surviving donor thereof.

Resolved, That the secretary, when communicating the foregoing resolution to Mr. Schuyler, be directed to express to him the unabated interest felt by the members of the club in this national trophy, and to state to him that should he decide again to offer it as a challenge cup, under such new conditions as may be necessary to carry out the intentions of the donors, the New York Yacht Club would esteem it an honor to be again selected by him as its custodian, and that no effort on their part would be spared to retain it against all comers or to regain it if lost.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the Chair to hand Mr. Schuyler the communication of the Secretary, and to consult with him as to the terms deemed necessary to accomplish the original designs of the donors in the event of his deciding to again present the cup to this club.

The Chair appointed ex-Commodors S. Nicholson Kane, Commodore J. R. Waller, J. Frederic Tams, J. H. Bird and ex-Commodore W. H. Thomas as the committee to wait on Mr. Schuyler. Vice-Com. Smith offered the following, which was unanimously passed: WHEREAS the members of the New York Yacht Club have heard with deep regret the death of ex-Commodore Henry C. Stebbins and his offer, or exchange for first class breech-loading guns; and that through his death they have been deprived of a kind friend and of one whose former services to the club will always be gratefully remembered.

Best Quality Braided Fishing Lines. G. G. GUNTHER'S SONS

Table listing fishing line specifications: Cotton Lines (84 feet long), Linen (100, 75, 50), Silk (75, 50, 25), Braided lines (staple cotton, Irish linen, Teasles silk), and Enamel waterproof braided silk fly lines (Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6).

Seal-Skin Sacques & Cloaks; Fur-Lined Garments; Fur Trimmings; Muffs and Collars. 184 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

ALL LINES STANDARD SIZES AND FULL LENGTH. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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This cut exactly represents JAMES & CO.'S GREAT GUN, called the "TRIUMPH." Every Triumph or Trap Gun is choice-bored and targeted.

We now offer a full line of ENOS JAMES & CO.'S Superior Breech-Loaders. What is the use of paying an absurd price for a gun made by some old maker when you can get a JAMES GUN as good or better for half the money? ... We are sole agents at New York for the Colt Club Gun. ... H. & D. FOLSOM, P. O. Box 1,114, 80 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

THE SNEIDER. Pat. 1865, Reiss, 1880, Pat. 1880. THE ORIGINAL American Hammerless GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP AND BOLT; and DOUBLE GRIP ACTIONS. SIZES FROM 4 TO 20. Muzzle-Loaders Altered to Breech-Loaders. Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire. Stocks Bent to Any Crook. GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE. Clark & Snider, 94 W. PRATT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

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Send \$1, \$2, \$3, or \$5 for a retail box by express of the best candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Refers to all Cincinnati. Address L. LUCERNE & CO., 216 and 218 West Seventh st., Cincinnati, O. FRANK BLYDENBURGH. INVESTMENT and MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES, UNLISTED MINING STOCKS. 66 Pine St., New York.

Skunk, Red Fox, Raccoon, &c. Bought for cash at highest prices. Send for circular with full particulars. E. C. BOUGHTON, 5 Howard st.

EASTWARD HO! or Adventures at Rangely Lakes. A capital story of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine. Interesting alike to old and young. Has received the highest commendations from the metropolitan press. Has already been in cloth, and contains six pages. Illustrations sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, \$1.00. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

On receipt of \$5.00 we will forward to any address, free of charge, 500 delicious cigarettes, each beautifully decorated with monogram or name, manufactured from Vanity Fair tobacco. ... RICHARDSON and RANGELY LAKES ILLUSTRATED, a thorough and complete guide book to the Rangely Lake Region, Kennebec, Cuscutum, Paradoxes and other lakes and the head waters of the Connecticut, Magalloway, Androscoggin and Dead rivers; illuminated covers, tinted paper, 22 pages, 60 illustrations and a large map, made mostly from accurate surveys. Price, post-paid, by mail, 60 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE and the North Maine Wilderness Illustrated. The only complete and comprehensive guide book to Northern Maine and the head waters of the Kennebec, Penobscot, St. John's and Aroostook rivers, and the numerous lakes and ponds, is now ready for issue. It contains 30 illustrations and large map. Tinted paper, illuminated covers. Price, by mail, post-paid, 60 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE CLIMAX PATENT GUN CLEANER IS THE MOST PRACTICAL CLEANER AND OILER FOR BREECH-LOADING ARMS EVER INVENTED. It operates on an entirely new principle, and it is as simple as breathing. It cleans and oils a gun. Each cleaner is packed in a tin with full directions for use, and will be sent to any address, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.50. Illustrated Circular Sent Free on Application. In ordering give calibre of gun. All orders and inquiries to be addressed. CLIMAX MFG CO., Fall River, Mass.

FOR SALE.—A splendid English breech-loading, snarred, rifle (made by case, tools, etc., complete. Just a gun for deer or alligators. Cost \$300. For sale cheap, or exchange for first class breech-loading or 12 gauge shot-gun. Inquire of HENRY C. SQUIRES, No. 1 Cortland street. Dec 22, 81.

FOR SALE.—My stock and trade of a taxidermist's and naturalist's store. This is the best, central and desirable location in Boston. Particulars, quality, rabbit and duck shooting, also good fishing for bass and pickerel. For particulars address N. E. J., at this office. Dec 16, 81.

FOR SALE.—A Greater trap gun, 12 ga., 30 inch barrel, stock 14x12 inches, 54 pounds. Has never been used. Cost \$85. Will sell for 50c cash. Owner has no use for it. LOCK BOX 53, Hudson, N. Y. Dec 24, 81.

FOR SALE.—A beautifully located country residence. Price, \$1,000. Pure air; fine views; plenty of fruit. Apply to T. C. B., this office. Dec 23, 81.

Wanted.

WANTED.—Company of one or two for a pleasure trip to Florida. Reference exchanged. THOS. HOLT, 515 Green street, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—One hundred live quail. D. SUMMERS, Argyle, Pa. Dec 22, 81.

A GENTLEMAN who is about to take an extended business and pleasure trip through Texas, Mexico and Lower California, leaving here about the 1st of January, would like the company of some one whose taste for field sports would render him an agreeable companion. Any one wishing to take such a journey can receive further information by applying at this office. Dec 21, 81.

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Kife and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family entertainable, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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The Kennel.

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Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned. It is put up in patent boxes with sliding paper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

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FOR SALE.—Black Gordon setter dog Zep, by Hal, Hat by Belmont's Return, imported. He is a beauty, good size, well feathered, good retriever from land and water, does not bite his birds and quarters his ground second to none in the U. S.; is very fast and best of nose there are. But few offered for sale like him. Broke on quail and snipe. Price \$75. May Egan, Lewelin setter, good and white, well bred, 1880. Hunter, this fall; will make a good one. Sire Zaa by Champion (Grandson, one of the best Llewelin setters in the U. S. Dan, Lady Egan by Garkovitz Queen Bess. Price \$50. H. B. VONDELSMITH, Lancaster, Pa. Dec21,11

FOR SALE.—The Llewelin setter dog "Cash," 2 1/2 years old, out of Champion Leicester and the field champion Nellie. Cash is broken on quail and chickens, and is a first class field dog. He was v.b.c. at Ada Arbor Show, 1880. Black and white ticked. Price \$125. Will send him on trial to responsible person. The tempo is a white pointer bitch Belle, a beauty and a good field bitch. Price \$25, very cheap. Sire sold for no fault. Address FRANK STEVANS, Manager and Trainer of Conestoga Kennel, Lancaster, Pa. Dec16,11

FOR SALE.—Druid and Nilson pup, cheap if taken immediately. The well bred, Llewelin setter pup Don Pedro, 18 months old, has been in my hands as trainer since July. He is staunch, is a careful worker, has a good nose and has been worked on woodcock and quail this season. Now if your chance for a good field dog. Price \$50. Sold for no fault. WILL DAVIDSON, Quailwell, Ont. Dec19,11

FOR SALE.—Three pointer dog pups, three months old, out of owner's Fly shot; she by Snap shot out of Fanny H. H. sire by imported Fox by Mason's champion Don, K. C. S. B. No. 4, 201, and Almsworth, beauty. Also one pointer pup nine months old, out of C. H. Goodman's sire by his Rattler. Zip, by Snap shot and Fanny H. H. Rattler, by Corcoran's Bess and Dillie's Rancer. C. N. GABB, 111 Main St., Todd's Block, Northampton, Mass. Dec21,11

FOR SALE.—Red and white setter dog, 6 years old, strong and quick, unfiring hunter; has been broken on and hunted all game, excellent worker, good nose and perfectly staunch. Is hard of hearing, but will hunt close and look for motions. Is well bred, and six will buy him, and I will guarantee him as I say. Address, J. B. HALSTED, Peekskill, N. Y. Dec22,11

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S Sanitation, in the stud, for \$20. Address, Secretary W. K. C., Room 11, 206 Broadway, New York city. Dec24,11

FOR SALE.—Two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address, A. WEEKS, Locust Valley, L. I. Dec22,11

CHESEAPEAKE BAY DUCK DOG wanted. Must be well broken. No fancy price. Give full particulars. Must be a perfect retriever. S. A. M., care FOREST AND STREAM. Dec22,11

FOXHOUND puppies and young foxbonds for sale, from imported stock. Address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT, Montclair, N. J. Dec21,11

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners of 1880, printed on the tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1 FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec31,11

\$12 will buy a pure dark red Irish bitch, 12 months old, having one cross of Elcho and two of Trunket. Address, E. J. ROBBINS, Wethersfield, Conn. Nov24,11

ROY O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red Irish setter puppies for sale, by champion Roy O'More out of Norah O'More, Magenta and Pearl. Full pedigree. Address W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Aug11,11

OLEBOUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker pups of all ages and colors, also dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21-11

FOR SALE.—Cocker pups, out of Lou (d. N. Y., 1881) by Guess (2d pup, 1880). Color liver and white; very handsome; whelped July 4, 1881. Apply to C. V. SEWELL, 68 W. 45th St., N. Y. Dec21,11

POINTER PUPS, two months old, for sale; male and female, by Speck out of Wing. Pedigree on application. J. H. STEWART, Middle Haddam, Conn. Dec3,11

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs, bitches and broken, satisfaction guaranteed. Address H. B. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sep22,11

FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sep13,11

—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

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Beagle Hounds bred for bench and field purposes. RALLY (Sam-Dolly); stud fee, \$25. ROCKET (Hally-Rosy); stud fee, \$10. COLIN CAMERON, Breretonville, Pa.

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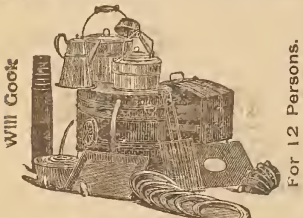
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THE NEW AMERICAN Breech-Loading Shot Gun.

SIMPLE AND DURABLE. R rebounding Lock. Choke-bore Barrels.

For close, hard shooting exceeds all others. Extra heavy gauge for ducks a specialty. Send stamp to circular. C. S. SHATTUCK, Manufacturer, Hatfield, Mass.

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ASSOCIATED SOUTHERN RAILWAYS,

Richmond & Danville Atlantic Coast Bay Line. Line. Line. THE Preferred Routes to Florida AND Atlanta Cotton Exposition, October 8 to December 31. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 4, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line. Train 51. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 4:55 p.m. Danville 7:05 p.m. Charlotte 12:25 p.m. Atlanta 1:40 a.m. There makes same connections as No. 50 between Richmond and Danville to Atlanta, and Atlanta to New Orleans. Train 52. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Richmond 11:25 p.m. Danville 7:25 a.m. There connects with No. 52 between Pullman Cars from Richmond to Danville. This train connects Wednesday and Fridays from Baltimore at 4:00 p.m. direct via York River Line for West Point and Richmond and connecting there with Trains 50. Train 53. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 15:45 p.m. Baltimore 7:40 p.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 4:45 a.m. Danville 7:15 a.m. Charlotte 11:50 p.m. Atlanta 12:05 p.m. Macon 6:30 a.m. Montgomery 7:55 a.m. New Orleans 10:05 p.m., 64 hours from New York. Pullman Cars New York to Washington, Washington to Charlotte and Augusta. Arrives at Columbia 7:00 p.m. and Augusta 10:30 p.m. Savannah 7:45 p.m. Jacksonville 7:00 a.m. Train 50. Leaves New York 7:00 p.m. Philadelphia 12:30 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Lynchburg 1:35 p.m. Danville 4:30 p.m. Charlotte 10:45 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. Macon 6:55 p.m. Montgomery 7:00 p.m. Mobile 7:14 a.m. New Orleans 10:25 p.m. Pullman Cars New York to Atlanta via Lynchburg and Danville and Atlanta to New Orleans.

Atlantic Coast Line. Train 10. Leaves New York 7:30 a.m. Philadelphia 12:30 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 7:25 p.m. Wilmington 10:50 p.m. Charleston 6:45 a.m. Savannah 11:30 a.m. Jacksonville 7:50 p.m. Pullman Sleepers Washington to Charleston. Train 48. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. W. Philadelphia 12:30 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a.m. Wilmington 7:55 p.m. Charleston 6:45 a.m. Savannah 11:30 a.m. Jacksonville 7:50 p.m. Columbia 7:20 a.m. Augusta 10:45 a.m. Savannah 7:20 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:30 p.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars New York to Savannah.

Bay Line. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 15:45 p.m. Baltimore 7:45 p.m. Arrives at Portsmouth 11:50 a.m. Weldon 7:50 p.m. Raleigh 7:55 p.m. Wilmington 9:25 p.m. Charleston 6:20 p.m. Savannah 10:45 a.m. Macon 7:45 p.m. Savannah 7:20 a.m. Jacksonville via Augusta 7:30 p.m. Pullman Sleeping Cars Weldon to Savannah. Daily, 7 days, Sundays excepted. For reservation of berth, seat, and for tickets, time tables, and for all information, apply at 306 Washington street, Boston. 292 Broadway, New York. 15 and 28 Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Corner of Calvert and West Baltimore streets, Baltimore. 511 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, and leading Ticket Offices East.

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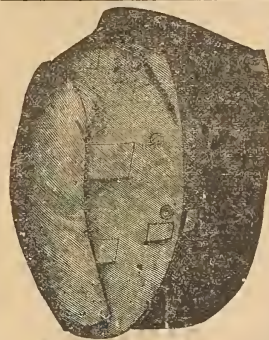
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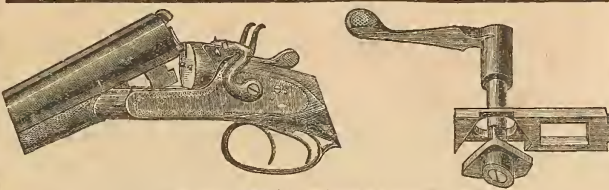
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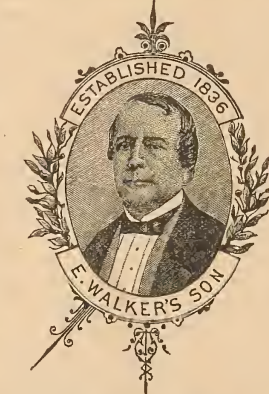
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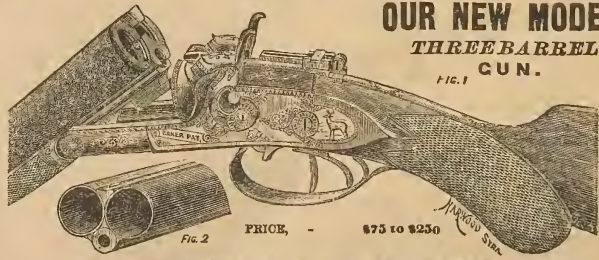
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1881.

Vol. 17—No. 22.
{Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Advertisements are not published except with the consent of the Editor. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, December 29.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WITH the first day of January comes the close game season in most of the Northern and Western States. It need not mean, however, a cessation of sport by those whose circumstances will permit them to follow the birds to the South. Our game columns from time to time describe rare hunting grounds beneath the Southern sky. The American hunting territory is so wide and varied that a sportsman may, and without shooting the nesting birds, follow the pleasures of the field all the year through.

The shooting during 1881 has not been of the best. Several causes transpired to lessen the game supply; the unusual severity of the winter of 1880-81 decimated the birds in several States; other localities were affected by the summer's drought; and the extraordinary open weather of the present season has precluded fine sport with the ducks. The year has witnessed a great pigeon shooting tournament, which in magnitude will probably never be equaled in the future. There has also been wrought a notable change of sentiment regarding the propriety of such wholesale pigeon slaughters by ostensible game-protective societies; and in this respect it may be said that in 1881 the cause of true manly sportsmanship has made a decided advance.

To the angler the past year has, in most parts of the country, been an average one. The Southern sea coast angler always has a good season, and a great variety of fishes to choose from. The Northern salt water fisher is more dependent upon the migration of his favorites, and some of them

were late in coming last spring. The bluefish did not appear until late, and it was feared that there would be none. In August they came more plentifully, and in September blue-fishing was good along the coast of New Jersey, Long Island and Massachusetts. Other salt water species were rare, and sheephead scarce. A few minor inventions in tackle have appeared, and the usual crop of new reels. In fresh water the season has not been good, but as in most places the fishing is gradually growing poorer, year by year, perhaps it was as good as could be expected. The Adirondacks are being skinned by the trout-hog, and the grayling are nearly numbered with the past. The progressive fishcultivist has noted several discoveries, the most notable being the hatching of the Spanish mackerel; and fishculture has spread over new territory, and some fish commissions have been created in States which heretofore have not had such useful officers. In the States where fishculture is older, the ravages of the poacher have been partly compensated for by an increase of fish for this free American to kill out of season. But for the work of the fishcultivist he would long ago have poached the last one. Altogether it has been a fair year for the angler.

In the matter of Natural History events the year has not been without interest. Ornithologists have to thank Mr. Robert Ridgway for his new check list of North American birds, which is the most important contribution recently made to the subject. A number of additions have been made to the North American avifauna. The first volume of New England Bird Life has made its appearance. Among the papers published in these columns Mr. Hapgood's essay on the Migration and Range of the *Limicola* is especially noteworthy, as being a suggestive discussion of the intricate problem. The march of science during the year 1881 has not been retarded by any lack of earnest workers, nor by any lack of diligence and enthusiasm on their part.

There have been an unusual number of important events in the kennel world. The bench shows and field trials have been more numerous than in any previous year, and also more decidedly successful. The performances of the competing dogs have been of a high character, and the meetings have been noticeably free from the trickery and jockeying which has in former years marred some such occasions.

The year in rifle shooting circles has been a busy one, though we have had no great international match to dazzle the general public with its show and bubb. The year opened with Creedmoor, the parent range of the country, free of debt, and the Association in possession of an establishment and plant that it would require \$50,000 to replace. In the country at large there has been an abundance of target practice. Our files will show records of shooting from Albany, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Boston, New Orleans, New Bedford, Newport, Washington, Chicago, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, and many other points. Several of the State Rifle Associations have done good work in carrying out annual meetings. The fall meeting at Creedmoor brought together a good company of contestants, with scores in some instances beating the record in the staid matches. In small-arm shooting the pistol tournament of the past winter in this city was a great success; but somewhat of a rebuff was met when the off-hand shooters found themselves unable to meet the challenge of John Rigby, of Dublin, on his own terms. The year closes with a good prospect of a military shooting by our American Guardsmen at Wimbledon next year. There is no good reason why a strong team should not go over next July, and add another to the series of American triumphs with the rifle. The year 1881 has shown any retrogression. The score list of the year will show that the riflemen of the country have not lost their cunning.

The year has been especially fruitful in yacoting. Not only have we had an international match for the old honored trophy won by the schooner "America" in 1851 from a British fleet, but, through the visit of the cutter *Madge*, we have been taught some most valuable lessons in the science of building and the art of sailing. These lessons, it is true, will bear fruit in the future rather than at once. Yet their import is none the less worth chronicling now as belonging to the season just closed. Great strides have been made in the knowledge of the principles governing naval design, and

much old fogysm and many musty misapprehensions have passed away. The peculiar antipathy to wholesome depth, keels and low ballast, as well as hasty rigs, which has so long characterized our yacht builders, now bids fair to give way to a more intelligent understanding of the whole problem. In the future safe, seaworthy boats, with sailor-like rigs, seem destined to displace the dangerous oversparred light draughts of earlier days. In congratulating the sailing public upon the turn of the tide, now fairly set in, favoring the able ship in preference to the machine, FOREST AND STREAM may justly claim to have contributed in no mean share toward bringing about the healthy reform.

This is not a season for review only. Anticipation paints pleasant pictures of pleasures to be realized in the months of the coming year. May the fields and streams of 1882 be of pleasantness and peace.

FORUM, FIELD AND FLOOD.

WE find in the last number of the *Hour* an appreciative sketch of Hon. John E. Develin, of this city, a gentleman who has won distinction at the bar and in legislative halls. He is also well known to members of the craft as an expert and enthusiastic follower of field sports. "While leading a busy professional and political life," says the sketch, "Mr. Develin has found time to indulge the love of field sports inherited from his father. He is a true sportsman, ready at any moment to shoulder gun or rod and start for the woods, the prairies or the streams. There is something remarkable about the rapidity and facility with which he merges from dusty law books and complicated authorities to plunge into the midst of his favorite sports; or chains up his setter and throws aside his birds to resume the study of intricate legal problems with which he is soon to puzzle a court or astonish a jury." Mr. Develin has also rendered valuable service to the cause of game protection; several of the wisest provisions of the law were originated by him and carried through the Legislature largely by his personal influence and exertions. For his labors in this field credit and honor are due him from the great body of sportsmen who have been benefited thereby.

Our esteemed and evidently well-meaning but mistaken contemporary thinks to add to its praises of Mr. Develin by depreciating the present standard of American sportsmanship, that by the contrast his may appear the more creditable. "Between gamblers, cockney huntsmen, glass ball breakers, and gentlemen riders," says the *Hour*, "American sportsmanship has reached a low ebb, at least in this part of the country." All of which is simple nonsense. The truth is, that never before in the history of this country, or of any other country for that matter, has the standard of sportsmanship been so high as at the present time. Never have the legitimate field sports of rod and gun been accorded greater dignity than now, nor has the ideal sportsman's character ever been nobler and worthier. That man must be willfully blind who fails to recognize the vast and radical difference which to-day distinguishes the great host of American sportsmen from the "gambling fraternity." The sportsman who seeks his recreation in the field and along the stream knows as little of pool-rooms, faro-dens and sawdust walking-match swindles, and has as little sympathy for them, as the gambler knows and feels for sunshine, forest aisles and purring brook. And the public—which in some things is wiser even than newspaper editors—is fast coming to find this out. The public is ready to accord the manly sportsmanship of the day its due; indeed, it has already done so. Instead of being at a low ebb, the tide of sportsmanship is at that flood which is leading on to fortune.* The *Hour* could have turned a neat compliment for the subject of its remark, had it said, as with propriety it might have done, that the tone of sportsmanship is at present exceptionally high, and that among the worthiest exponents of its spirit and practice, Mr. Develin holds a distinguished rank.

By the way, now that the *Hour* has employed the term "true sportsman," will it rise and explain what it understands the expression to mean? Meanwhile, we refer our contemporary and our readers to the admirable picture of "The Ideal Sportsman" given elsewhere.

* If any ambiguity attaches to the fortune, the reader is respectfully referred for a solution to any of the sportsman's goods stores.

AMATEURS AND EXPERTS.—It is but a narrow mind which would estimate the value of a day's field shooting by the number of birds brought to bag, or of a day's fishing by the quantity of trout or bass in the basket by sundown; and so it is but poor judgment which rates a man's standing as a "whole-souled, genial sportsman" by the number of times out of a hundred shots that he can kill his bird, or by the number of fingerling trout he can land, as against his neighbor's count. As long as a man commits no offenses against the written and unwritten laws of the field, and earnestly tries to enjoy and appreciate the health-giving and purifying influences surrounding him, while at the same time promoting the enjoyment of his companions, so long is the merest beginner as fully entitled to fellowship in the guild of sportsmen, as the greatest expert of the day. Not that we would have him always a beginner, in point of skill. What is worth doing, is worth doing well, fully as much in field sports as in anything else; but the disposition of some so-called sportsmen to frown upon a would-be shooter because he was not born a crack shot, cannot be commended. The scoffers forget that they ever were beginners themselves, as some grumbling and gouty old gentlemen forget that they ever were boys, when the young people annoy them. Skill in field sports is gained by enthusiasm and practice, but enthusiasm in some cases grows up with the youth, and in some cases comes to the man with the sudden discovery that he somewhat enjoys a branch of sport which he would have equally enjoyed before, if he had known anything about it. In the latter case, give the man a chance, and in these days of improved guns and tackle, neat and well balanced, he will, urged on by enthusiasm and encouraged by practice, in all probability become as expert as any amateur could wish, and a thoroughly "good fellow" in all appearance, as well as at heart. We wish to see more, every season, of the fifteen-penned, deck-bound, care-worn men of this busy age, taking a few days of recreation, from time to time, among the brooks and by the ocean, in the fields and the mountains, and returning to their labors with minds and bodies renewed and strengthened; fully able, in their increased power, to more than make up for the few days passed away from business. If a man's sense and bodily health are unimpaired, and he is inclined in that direction, he can scarcely be too old to become a sportsman, in deed as well as in thought. It should, therefore, be a matter of pride, with those who are already members, to welcome him to the fraternity, rather than to repel him by criticisms upon his inexperience.

A GREAT SPORTSMAN'S ROUTE.—Hon. Hinton Rowan Helper, of St. Louis, ex-Minister from the United States to the Argentine Republic, author of that once famous book, "The Impending Crisis of the South," is now in this city on business connected with the projected "Three Americas Railway," planned and promoted by him, intended to run from Manitoba through the North, Central and South Americas, longitudinally to Patagonia. What a glorious "sportsman's route," on a large scale, this line will be when finished! Think of the varieties of game, large and small, to be met with throughout the entire length of the route, and the untold possibilities of "stopping off" to fish in the Amazon! Certainly, for a sportsman with spare time and a lumpy purse, no one trip could furnish more varied attractions or greater changes of scene and action. "Dogs, guns and fishing tackle carried free," of course. We can imagine the enthusiastic "thorough sportsman" leaving the Northern terminus with a baggage car filled with the entire sporting department of a beach show, all kinds of tackle from a split bamboo flyrod to a set of explosive harpoons, and everything in firearms, from a twenty gauge hammerless to a Gatling battery. "Going to Buffalo to shoot buffaloes, ah, y'know," would be nothing to it!

THE WIMBLEDON CHALLENGE. As we go to press a communication has arrived from the Secretary of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, informing Gen. Hancock, the President of our National Rifle Association, that the Council of the British organization will welcome a team of American Guardsmen at Wimbledon next summer. A special sub-committee has been appointed, and they are now busy arranging a scheme for the competition, which will be submitted to us in a short time. In our next issue we will publish the letter in full.

THE RULING PASSION.—A curious letter came to the FOREST AND STREAM office the other day. It was written by a deaf mute, who had seen an advertisement of this paper and wrote: "I want to know if you have pictures of lions, tigers, elephants, and any animals or beasts in that illustrated weekly journal," and in the letter to us was inclosed another one to a gun dealer, asking for an illustrated catalogue, that he might look at the pictures of guns. There is the ruling passion.

DOES THE COLLEGE AMATEUR PRESS represent the student life of the day? Baseball, cricket, foot-ball, lawn-tennis and boating appear to be the most prolific topics of discussion. These, with growlings at the faculty, slangy "grinds," and downy love poems make up the average college paper. Are athletic sports and flirtations the absorbing occupations of American college students?

"DON'T HULLA BEFORE YOU'RE OUT OF THE WOOD," says the wise old saw, and there are still two more momentous days left in 1881, but—who will care for Mother Bhipston now!

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

TENTH PAPER.

THE next morning we passed Point Atkinson and into Burrard Inlet, and by noon were at the little town of Granville. We made a brief stop here to purchase some supplies, and then passed on, reaching Hastings an hour or two later. Here we were cordially welcomed by Mr. Fannin, who agreed to accompany us to the head of the North Arm. Our arrangements were soon made, and the canoe started off again, while I remained behind, to follow in a single canoe with Fannin and the Sitwah Seammux, whom we intended to get as guide. When we went to the rancherie, however, we found that our worthy friend, and all his brother Indians, were hopelessly drunk, as a *Kootchman* had died the day before, and they had been mourning for her. They would remain drunk as long as their whiskey lasted, so it was useless to wait for Seammux. We, therefore, took our things aboard Mr. Fannin's light canoe, and started for the head of the Inlet, which we reached the next day.

On our way up the Arm, we met several canoes loaded with salmon, which the Sitwahs had caught with spears and gaffs in the river which empties into the inlet at its head. One of the canoes had a four pound trout, which had been speared. Here, too, I noticed, for the first time, a number of great holothurians, or sea-cucumbers, lying on the bottom. One of these being brought to the surface with the spear, proved to be ten or twelve inches long; an unsattractive creature, brown in color and studded with great warts. The Indians eat them, as they do also the octopus, and pronounce them excellent; but none of our party seemed inclined to try them. We paddled up Salmon River nearly to the first jam of logs and camped on a sand bar. A little later, in the light canoe, we started up the river on an exploring tour, which, however, did not carry us beyond the jam. As we were passing through this our attention was drawn to the immense school of salmon slowly swimming round and round in the deep pool under the logs. In this pool, which was, perhaps, twenty feet wide and forty long, were swimming slowly about or lying quietly near the bottom, four or five hundred salmon, each of which weighed from eight to ten pounds. As the canoe passed over them they would make a rush to one side or up stream, but would almost immediately return to their former position. The water was clear as crystal, and looked about six or seven feet deep, but, in reality, was over eighteen, and our sixteen foot salmon spear was not nearly long enough to reach the fish upon the bottom. The sight of these splendid salmon excited the members of our party not a little, and the spear was in great demand. It was an instructive and amusing sight to see the learned, scientific light of our number, a mathematician of high attainments, a man who is supposed to take pleasure only in measuring the angles which the various faces of a crystal make with one another, and to whom the mysteries of differential calculus are rather more simple than a chapter in one-syllabled words would be to the average man—it was an instructive and entertaining sight, I say, to see the Professor stroched out at full length on his face on this jam of logs, his eyes glued to a crevice through which he watched the fish below, while his right hand grasped eagerly at the air above him, and his lips repeated these words: "Oh, please let me have the spear for just a minute; they are so thick here that I know I can't help catching one if I only thrust it at them." But although the Professor made many a thrust, as did all the others, the total result of the afternoon's work was one single salmon. Afterward, however, when the depth of the water had been measured and a longer handle rigged to spear and gaff, we caught all the fish we required.

We had hoped to have had a day or two of hunting on the North Arm of Burrard Inlet, but during the three days of our stay there it rained constantly. The woods were so wet that travel through them was extremely uncomfortable, while the mountains were shrouded in a dense white mist. Once we climbed part way up one of them during a lull in the storm, but it was impossible to see fifty yards ahead of one, and hunting was out of the question. So one morning, we carefully broke camp, and paddling down to Hastings, unloaded our baggage, and paid off and dismissed the Sitwahs. The next day we bade farewell to the beautiful Inlet, and took our departure for New Westminster.

There is something wonderfully impressive in the forests of British Columbia. The gigantic trees, straight and symmetrical, like the pillars of some great cathedral whose dark green roof spreads out far above us, and whose height cannot be measured in feet, awe the traveler by their size and their regularity. The stillness is unbroken. No voice of bird or beast is heard to disturb the solemn quiet of the scene, only sometimes the sad moaning of the winds among the lofty branches, or the whispered echo of the salt waves breaking unceasingly against the iron bound cliffs is felt though scarcely heard. Occasionally, it is true, as in contemplative mood you yield to the influences of the silence, and give yourself up to the melancholy reveries to which the surroundings incline you, the intense quiet is broken by the harsh chatter of the red squirrel, or the hoarse, ill-omened voice of the raven, far more in keeping with your surroundings, may be heard. But as a rule these woods are voiceless. The cedars, the firs and the cypresses are swathed in a funeral drapery of moss, which hangs in long, motionless festoons from the branches. To find bits of color we

have to look carefully among the undergrowth, where we can detect bright berries and particolored lichens, while the ground is covered with the brown and withered foliage of the evergreens, the accumulations of many a long year.

The sawmills and logging camps of Burrard Inlet and of Washington Territory are too important to be passed over without some mention. One may see among the gigantic red woods of California individual trees which are much larger than those of this northern country, but, so far as I know, there are on this continent no forests where the timber will average so large as it does here on the North-west coast. The two most important species, as they are the largest, are the Douglas fir (*Pseudotsuga Douglasii*), and the cedar (*Thuja gigantea*). It was informed that the largest tree of the first named species, which had been cut for the mills on Burrard Inlet measured 318 feet when felled, and was 9 feet in diameter at the base inside the bark, and a stick of timber sawed at Hanson & Atkinson's mills, at Tacoma, Washington Territory, measured 96 feet in length by 14x22 inches. The cedar grows quite as large as the Douglas fir, but not as tall. The largest tree that I saw measured eleven feet in diameter, six feet from the ground, and in the hollow in its butt, three or four men could have slept very comfortably. These trees are usually felled by cutting through them some distance above the ground. This is done because the hole of the tree at its base is knotty and unfit for timber, and is thus much harder and more difficult to chop through than it is a few feet farther up the stem. The chopper begins operations by cutting a notch six or eight inches deep in the tree trunk, three or four feet from the ground. Into this he drives a "paddle," a piece of timber four or five feet long, four inches wide and strong enough to support a man's weight. Standing on this "paddle" he then cuts another notch, a few feet higher up, into which he inserts a second "paddle," and mounting to this one, draws out, if necessary, the one below, and drives it in again still higher up. Almost all the stumps that one sees in these forests bear the marks of the position of two "paddles." I am informed, however, that of late years another method of felling these trees has been adopted, by which the chopper is saved much of his labor. Four holes, opposite one another, are bored with a large auger in the bole of the tree, and in each of these a fire is kindled, which burns, it is said, without any further attention, until the tree is so weakened that it falls of its own weight. A man can fell trees in this way much more expeditiously than with the axe, and two or three hundred trees can be felled before they begin to fall. It would seem that this method is, however, open to serious objection on the score of wastefulness. Aside from the danger that the fires thus started are likely to spread, and may burn over a considerable extent of country, much of the timber felled in this way must be lost. An expert chopper, with an axe, can lay the top of a tree within a yard or two of where he wishes to, but when the trees are burned down they will of course be as likely to fall one way as another, and there would thus be more danger of their being broken, or of their falling in places where it might be impossible to get them out. The timber when felled is stripped of its branches and dragged to the water, and from time to time a steamer calls at the different camps, makes up booms of logs, and tows them to the mills.

These mills are curiosities to one who has been accustomed to the sawmills of the East, where nothing but small timber is sawed. Starting with the ordinary sawmill machinery, with which all are familiar, a process of evolution has gone on, which has developed the appliances by which these enormous sticks can conveniently be handled and sawn, so that at present the sawmills of the Pacific coast are unlike any thing to be seen elsewhere on this continent. One mill at Port Ludlow, W. T., which, when we passed it, was only just being completed and not yet in operation, is five hundred feet in length.

The vast extent of the forests and their general accessibility to water has made lumbering on this coast extremely profitable in the past, but already we hear complaints that the timber lands are all taken up, and that the loggers have to go farther and farther back to find sticks that are worth cutting. These complaints, however, are heard mainly south of the boundary line. The vast forests of British Columbia are as yet almost untouched, and with reasonable care in cutting the timber, should yield lumber enough to supply the west coast of America for many years to come. The mills at Moodyville in Burrard Inlet can saw sticks 120 feet long by 7 in diameter, but at the time of our visit they were handling what they called "small logs," which were only about four or five feet in diameter.

It was pleasant on reaching New Westminster once more to meet our friend Mowitch and his charming family and receive his cordial welcome. Once more we sat on his piazza and watched the mountains of Pitt River glow, pale, and then grow black as the sun went down; again beheld the glories of Baker as its pure white peak first glistened and faded, and then again grow rose in the afterglow and once more became blue, hazy and indistinct, until at last, as the clear stars one by one appeared and the constellations took shape in the heavens, and night resumed her sway, the grand mountain stood for a while like a spectre and then was gone from our sight. So keen a sportsman as Mowitch could not let us depart from New Westminster without suggesting a hunt, and I was by no means loth to listen once more to the music of the hounds. So by four o'clock next morning the Professor, who had never killed a deer, Mowitch and I were

tramping briskly along toward Mirror Lake. A thick mist curtained the landscape, and we missed the wonderful sunrise that I had hoped for; even the treetops were not visible. Arrived at the lake, Mowitch started off to put out the dogs, while I cut an armful of hemlock boughs for the canoe, and before long, with the Professor amidships, firmly grasping his trusty rifle, and Mowitch and I wielding respectively the steering and bow paddles, we passed out on to the surface of the lake. The fog still hung low over the water, and though the upper air was rosy, the rays of the sun had not yet pierced through the white vapor which hid the surrounding forest on all sides except that from which we had just pushed off. From out of the still whiteness which surrounded us came from time to time the bell-like voices of the hounds. The trumpet-like notes of Captain, the shriller tones of Diana, the short, sharp bay of Wallace and the excited ravings of Dolores, blended and softened by the distance, formed a quartet whose melody was most sweet. And as I knelt in the bow of the canoe, and bent my ear to catch their "musical discord," it seemed to me that indeed—

"A cry more tuneful
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn."

So for a while we waited, and as we sat there, the sky grew brighter and gradually the mist disappeared, and the dark green of the woods was once more seen. The clamor of the hounds had died away, and now the voices of forest and lake began to be heard. The shrill piping of a cross-bill sounded from a tree-top, and was replied to by the grating notes of a rollicking company of Steller's jays that were foraging among the branches of an enormous fir. Faintly from the direction of Lake Burnaby was borne to ear the mournful quavering cry of a loon, and a great white-headed eagle, who from his perch on the summit of a blasted fir overlooked the scene, threw back his head and laughed a shrill answering scream, and then unfolded his enormous wings and floated out of sight. From the other side of the lake came a series of mysterious sounds, a splashing in the water and a breaking of small twigs, which made us suspect that a hoaver was hard at work behind a fringe of low willows. Further on in a little bay was a tiny grebe dallying with his breakfast. He evidently believed that life was made for enjoyment, and dawdled over his meal like a man of unlimited leisure. When he had satisfied his appetite he went through an elaborate series of evolutions connected with his toilet, and then, deliberately clambering upon a bunch of floating vegetation, turned his breast to the sun and in meditative mood closed his eyes. I was wondering whether he was merely ruminating, and really thought best with his eyes shut, or whether as a matter of fact he had gone to sleep, when I felt the canoe shake and, turning my head, saw Mowitch dipping his paddle in the water, as he motioned toward the bird that I had been watching. Without the slightest sound the little vessel moved toward the grebe, but when we were within twenty yards of him, I heard once more the faint cry of the hounds and turned to listen for them, and when I again looked for my feathered friend he had vanished. Silently, and without making a ripple in the water, he had disappeared beneath its surface. We moved slowly on, and reached the end of the lake, and just as we were about to turn, a low groan from the stern caused me to look round, and there, two hundred yards distant, was a deer swimming away from us, parallel with the shore, and not twenty yards from it. Although the chances of our getting a shot were infinitesimally small, we turned the canoe and started in pursuit, but before we had made half the distance, the animal turned in toward the bank. Mowitch, for the sake of the hounds, most anxious that the deer should not escape, called out "Try him, Yo." The canoe was still darting along as I raised the heavy rifle, and fired at the delicate head that was cleaving the lake's surface, now within a few feet of the shore. As I lowered the gun, I saw the water splash high from about the mark, the deer reared nearly half its length out of the water and then for a few seconds lay floundering on the surface. I could scarcely believe that I had killed, but for a moment it looked so. Then the animal recovered and crawled slowly out of sight into the long grass. In a few seconds we were at the spot, and as the canoe shot by a little passage way that led through the meadow toward the shore, both the Professor and I saw the deer lying in the water. The channel was but a foot or two wide, so that we had but a glimpse of our game, but it was enough. I shouted exultantly to Mowitch, "There lies dead." If I had omitted the last word of this sentence I should have done better. Better still, however, if I had quietly backed the canoe and fired another shot, for when Mowitch stepped ashore with drawn knife to cut the animal's throat, it sprang up, almost under his hand, and danced derisively through the high grass off into the forest. I think we all felt a little foolish. I felt particularly so, but the idea that a deer should quietly lie down less than ten yards from the spot where it had been shot at, had never crossed my mind. I was confident that it had been hard hit, and proposed going to the lower end of the lake, where Diana was now to be seen, and getting her, to put her on the trail again. But at this moment old Captain made his appearance on the shore and started to swim out toward the canoe. We paid no attention to him, however, so he went back, and started along the bank after us, and presently his sonorous tones told us that he had crossed the trail, and was off again after the deer. It was not long before I saw behind a little point, a ripple that showed that the deer was again in the water, but before we could get sight of it, it had once more sought the shore. Dolores, however,

now took the trail, and in a short time, we had a beautiful view of the deer advancing over the meadow with long, graceful leaps. Once more it plunged into the clear waters of the lake, and now for the last time. It struck out boldly for the opposite shore, but the light craft propelled by sinewy arms gained rapidly upon it. As its feet touched the bottom we were not a dozen yards away. When clear of the water a shot was fired, but did not check its speed; another report rang out on the still air, a small red dot appeared in the blue coat behind the shoulder, and the animal, after half a dozen bounds, fell dead on the meadow. We leaped ashore and while two stepped up to the spot where it lay the third man lifted the canoe well up on the bank and then joined his comrades. We carefully looked over our quarry, but there were only two holes in the glossy skin, one where the ball had entered and one at the point of exit.

While galloping the game the good dogs came up one by one, and were gratified with a hearty meal of the warm meat. Then with our deer we sped swiftly back to the landing place. To pack the animal out to the road did not take long, and soon Mowitch and meat were put on the stage for town, while the Professor and I started with the hounds to do the four miles afoot. Yo.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CRUISE OF "THE NIPPER"—III.

THE 30th of last July was a bright day along the Fulton Chain, clear and cloudless. The shelter tent and blanket were made into a snug roll, the canoe lay hidden from the heat in the shade of a thicket, and everything was ready for the start to Raquette Lake, when two sharp-dressed Long-lakers darted from the thicket into the placid Saranac, and I recognized "Slim Jim" and Fred Riveit, with parties bound to the eastern side. Seeing me on the shore they came to a halt, and Jim saug out, "Come on, Uncle Nessuk, go through with us to Raquette."

"You'll outrow me. I'll get left."

"No, we'll keep company; come along," said Jim.

"Can you wait five minutes," I asked.

"Yes, fifteen of them," answered Fred.

"These gentlemen would like to see your canoe work; come on," said Jim.

It struck me that the guides had got the idea. They had been at it all the season, and knew just where to strike the landing that had eluded me the evening before. So I launched out and soon laid them alongside. The gentleman who headed the party was much interested and pleased with the canoe. He asked many questions and was a little sceptical about her weight, and the three youngsters who composed the balance of the party were enthusiastic. Their questions "little meaning" little relevancy bore, but the guides made some queries with meaning in them. For instance, Fred asked, as he cautiously picked up his oars, "Did the storm keep you awake last night?" And I, remembering that my little hatchet had gone on to the Raquette, answered stoutly, "Not a bit; never slept better in my life."

As the guides took up the easy, effective stroke that sends the Long-lakers through the water so speedily, I crept under Fred's counter, took the draw of his waist, and made the inlet without making a ripple. Then I said, "Boys, your boat can and ought to beat an paddle on open water, but when you come to these crooked channels, outlets and inlets in the form of the letter "S," where you have to look over your shoulders right and left to see the course, and pull first to starboard, then to port, why you see the paddle—the double blade—has rather got the bulge on you." We had stopped under a huge cedar for a modest nip, for which the leader of that party has my thanks, and as Jim and Fred very quietly resumed their oars, a meaning glance passed between them. They said nothing, but I thought it as well to lay aside extra clothing, split my hands and settle down to work. For the first half-mile the odds were rather in my favor. The water was deep, channel crooked and the chances for cutting off bends and "going as you look," rather made an easy thing of it. Then the course grew straighter and less distinct. The swift Long-lakers drew rapidly away, and I saw them turn a bend forty rods ahead. I tried to cut off the bend and ran on to a sudden log. Backed off, took the channel and put all the steam I had at command, but in vain. I was left. I paddled up the stream until I lost the blazed trees which mark the course, stopped, listened a moment, and then used my spare wind in a long, loud la-whoop. An answer came from the swampy forest far to the left, where I found the party landed on a shaky sort of corduroy platform, which is the landing now. They were waiting for me, they said. And Fred remarked, "A double blade does take the skates on these crooked channels. Notice how he hits the corners and went the way he looked?" Boys, I hope that wasn't "sarkus." I have faith to think you wouldn't make fun of grayhairs!"

I like to see the guides organize for a "carry," and I watched Jim and Fred as they prepared for the trip over to Eighth Lake. First, the "party" was loaded up with fishing rods, guns, pack-baskets, gun blankets, and the usual impediments of the average tourist, and started over the carry looking like a crew of pack-peddlers. When they were out of sight, Jim remarked loudly, "We can take it easy; they ain't going to hurry." Then he and Fred tied in oars, seats, etc., snugly and neatly, made the neck-yokes fast at the balancing point, and then, inverting the lightest boat, Jim held the stern high in the air while Fred crept under and adjusted the neck-yoke nicely to his muscular shoulders, saying, "All right; let go," which Jim did; and the inevitable blue boat, with the pair of sturdy legs beneath, disappeared rapidly up the trail. Jim raised his own boat, and said, "Think you can hold her up?" I thought I could, and did, though, balancing on point at the stern, and weighing over 100 lbs., she was a lift. And then Jim quietly seized my blanket roll and hung it on his broad shoulders without comment, before shouldering his boat. It was a kindly thing to do, and like his generous nature; but I was ashamed, and raised a feeble remonstrance; he went away with a long, quick stride, paying no heed, and I thought of honest old Jack Falstaff, that Prince of Deadbeats—"Hal, an thou seemest me down in the fight and bestirre me, why so; 'tis an act of friendship." Was I best?

I organized my own canoe for the carry, and tried to overtake the party, but the guides walk fast. I found them at

the clean, sandy landing; and it was a relief to see the fresh, green shores, wholesome waters and healthy trees of Eighth Lake, after an experience of Fifth, Sixth and Seventh. At the Eighth the leader of the party began to feel hurried. He wished to reach Bennett's Landing on Raquette in time for the little steamer to Bine Mountain, and guides always follow the wishes of employers so far as they can. I saw I was likely to get left; but, meaning to keep up as far as possible, I paddled out with the party, and rather got down on the double blade. The guides went in for an ash breeze. The distance is less than 1½ miles, and they led me to the landing just about 100 rods. Yes; the Long-lakers are fast—but cranky and uncomfortable to ride in.

As you strike the landing at the head of Eighth Lake, there is a path, leading along the shore to the right, which leads you to a cool spring. Here the guides, having seen the party off, stopped a few minutes for a lunch. Let me comment that spring, with its bright, cold water and resful surroundings to any lone canoeist who may happen to strike the landing at the head of Eighth Lake. Again the boats and canoe were shouldered. Jim, as before, toting my blanket-roll. Again the guides beat me over the carry, though they stopped for a rest and I did not—and when I arrived at Brown's Tract Inlet, guides and boats had disappeared. I was in no hurry. The carries were all made, and six and a-half miles of paddling lay between me and Ed. Bennett's. The day was fine. The wind just brisk enough to be lively, and I recalled Bennett's about, three-quarters of an hour behind the guides.

Going over the Inlet I was interested by the movements of the fish that lay basking near the surface among the lily-pods, and darted off with a splash and swirl as the canoe neared them. A man with oars would hardly have seen this. But, paddling silently down stream, looking the way I went, I probably started more than a score of good-sized fish, without being able to decide on the species. I intended to return and try them, both with fly and bait, but failed to do so; though I certainly shall, if I find myself there in the summer of '83. I thought they might be the same as the guides wanted, there were no shad in Raquette Lake. I found Bennett's hotel crowded with tourists and sportsmen, and was unable to get a room, or even a bed. But the bark-roofed guide camp, "For guides only," had a bright fire in front, with balsam browse for bedding, and was preferable to a close room. I took up my quarters there while on the Raquette, and had no cause to regret it. As to the fare, whoever has stayed with Ed. Bennett knows that his table would rank as first-class anywhere. And there is no pleasanter lake than Raquette in the North Woods. It is the largest; the water is clear, and the shores, while being well-wooded, are mainly rocky. Large as the lake is, I should not know where to paddle to get more than a mile from the nearest land. The numberless bays, coves, indentations and islands, make it difficult to describe on paper; and even the best maps fail to give just the correct idea of it.

I do not know a better place to investigate the now popular bass question. In the summer of '80 the small-mouth had got a pretty strong foothold, and was evidently making his way. A few were being taken with spoon and bait. His increase for the next twelve months was no marvelous. Starting from Bennett's landing with an hour's sun, and paddling to the mouth of the Marlow I could get all the sport I wanted, and more fish than I needed before dark. I used an 8oz. rod and the scarlet ibis fly, with silver body, as the best. But a brown hackle was also killing. And the gold-bodied ibis is about as good. The breeze, taken as a cast, and no others are needed. Arthur Gavan, an Anglo-Canadian sportsman and enthusiastic bass fisherman, and used a powerful rod with minnow or spoon. His favorite ground was the mouth of South Inlet and adjacent shores. He was nearly always successful. I liked the mouth of the Marlow and the rocky shores below, with the islands in front of the hotel. There was not much to choose. His fish averaged about twice the size of mine, and I could take about two to his one. On the whole, I should say the bait fisherman had the best of it. The guide's complaint, that the bass has destroyed the lake trout, would have any point had there been any lake trout worth mention to destroy.

I took a lively interest in the tourists, or boarders, who had worked their way into the wilderness for health, and not for sport. There were many of them on the waters of the Raquette, and more on the Saranac. News travels fast in the woods. Every day that I was on these waters I saw guides and tourists from almost every route you can mention. I heard that more than a dozen consumptives had already died on the Saranac. In particular, a certain gentleman, who had been in the woods, had been ordered to die at home among friends and relatives.

Paul Smith had said he would, by five hundred dollars, rather the article entitled "Camp Lou" had never been written. I saw for myself that parties who had sought the Adirondacks for health, were sick, disfigured, and only anxious to get away anywhere that dryness, warmth, and rest were easily attainable. I was interviewed and questioned time and time again as to the healthfulness of the mountainous region about the headwaters of the Susquehanna; and truth compelled me to say that all my observation and experience led to the conclusion that the high lands about the headwaters of the Delaware and Susquehanna afforded more hope of healing to the sufferer from pulmonary disease than the damp, cold high lands of the Northern Wilderness. That some unexpected and surprising cures have happened in both regions is certainly true.

And it is equally true that the Northern Wilderness is unfavorable to boating and wooding facilities, and hardly to be excelled for scenery. All this is most attractive, and it is not to be wondered at that the average tourist much prefers a wild region, where, by making short carries, he can travel hundreds of miles by water.

But, as regards the single question of health, I can name half a dozen localities, easily reached in one day from New York, where I would rather take my chances as a consumptive patient, than in the Adirondack region. One spot, in particular—unhallowed and little known, within twenty-two miles of where I write—has struck me often as the healthiest resort I know of in these United States, for weak or diseased lungs. I allude to the high plateau between Little Pine and Otter Pine Creeks. A flat-iron-shaped section of country, dry, sterile, breezy, and well supplied with living springs of the purest and coldest water. Gamy too, so far as hares, grouse and deer can make it so. No boating; but Little Pine and Otter Pine afford good trouting. There is the healthiest resort I know of in the Adirondack office. It is a little hotel, where permanent board may be had for four or five dollars per week, with plenty of fresh eggs, and best of butter and milk. But it is out of reach of mar-

kets to a great extent. If this short notice should lead any individual to seek "Oregon Hill," Pa., as the hamlet is called, I feel bound to add, as an inducement that may have weight with naturalists, that you may secure a fine specimen of the rattlesnake on almost any hot summer day.

At Raquette Lake I met Mr. Durant, in whose boat my knapsack had gone off. I accosted him; and before I could make any inquiries, he smiled and said, "I guess I know what you are going to say. Your knapsack is over at my camp. You can get it in two or three days." I found the camp well-furnished summer residence, and the genial proprietor quite capable of keeping not only guides and boats, but a neat little steam yacht. Money is a good thing—when one knows how to use it. I found the knapsack all right, to the last fish-hook, and was more than glad to get it. When I had it well-packed with blanket, shelter-tent, hatchet, tinware, etc., I felt at home again, and went over to Leavitt's on Forked Lake, bound down the Raquette River, and—just where the notion might take me. At Leavitt's I found some guides whom I knew the previous season, and got some useful notes and points on routes, carries, etc. Also met the Justice of the Peace who issued the warrant for Charles Parker, the man who caused such a scandal in the Long Lake region last summer. I gave a summary of that unhappy affair in FOREST AND STREAM last August, and it is pretty well understood now that it throws no stigma on the "guide class."

Forked Lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the wilderness, and a healthy, delightful region for a summer camp, of which there are several on eligible points—well-furnished summer residences, owned by men of taste, wealth and leisure, who have the good sense to take their families to the forest for three months or more, rather than to such resorts as Long Branch, Newport, etc. It is especially quite as expensive; but, I should say, worth the cost.

It was a most delightful morning in August. I got an early breakfast and launched out for Long Lake, intending to stop awhile with Mitchell Sabatis and investigate the fish question, of which I had heard a good deal in connection with this fine sheet of water. It is said that two guides who had been prosecuted for crusting deer, stocked the lake with pickerel out of revenge, and that the pickerel have exterminated the salmon trout. And now there are black bass in the lake, which, in turn, are demolishing the pickerel. Such is the tale as it was told to me.

I doubt it. I do not believe that any fresh water fish can exterminate the agile, shark-nosed pickerel. Though it is fair to add the testimony of Mr. E. Rose, who has a fine summer resort on Silver Lake, Susquehanna county, Pa., as a life-long sportsman. "I have certainly plenty of pickerel in that lake every year," he says. "The lake was stocked with small-mouthed bass; and now he assures me the pickerel are gone. The bass has cleaned them out. Maybe, I dunno; I dunno. I cannot believe that the small-mouth whips the pickerel in fight. But he may starve him out."

From Leavitt's to the outlet of Forked Lake are four miles of as pretty water and scenery as a tourist could ask. If you are a canoeist don't swing over to port for the sake of an open channel. Keep near the right shore, and when you open the course to the left you will have a mile or so of heavy paddling among the lily-pots, but you will cut off considerable distance, and the double-blade works in lily-pads, while oars tangle up. You will be interested, too, in seeing at every open space fair-sized fish drop away from the canoe, leaving a funnel-shaped swirl on the surface, and you will be puzzled, as I was, to name the fish. I am sorry I did not put the rod together and try them with the fly; but I promised myself to do that when I came back. When you reach the landing at the outlet, take the double-blade apart, turn the stems to the right, and you have a fine, open, straight, four-mile run for the carry, and then spend an hour following along the bank and taking in the rapids, with the scenery on either side. If you have an eye for nature the time will not be lost. The carry is one and a half miles, and a man who lives there will drag your canoe across for a dollar and a half. As you can carry it in thirty minutes more safely, you had better trust your own shoulders.

As you reach the foot of the carry you launch again for an easy trip of one and a half miles; and another and a shorter one, then a mile or more of the easy, rocky, and a carry of 100 rods, and you strike the head of Long Lake. It is four miles to the landing at Kellogg's, and a little less to Mitchell Sabatis' landing. To make the latter you turn to the right on sighting the bridge at Kellogg's, and steer to the right end of the sandy beach before you. Take the steep path that leads up from the landing, and Auntie Sabatis will take care of you. She has been doing that sort of thing for a good many years. What the famous Indian guide, Mitchell Sabatis, is in the woods, his wife can supplement him as camp-keeper.

I found no tourists at the Sabatis house, but it was not lonely. Two noisy children, a son and his wife, with eight grandchildren pretty nearly of one size, made it quite lively for Grandma Sabatis. She managed the household well, and kept the unruly youngsters in order to a degree that won my admiration. I was glad to meet the son, Ike Sabatis, whose acquaintance I had made in the summer of '80, and was sorry that Mitchell was away guiding. I should have been pleased to meet Ike's suggestion that we go down Long-Lake floating; but, alas, we were both on the sick list. Ike was suffering from a severe attack of cholera morbus, and I had been growing weaker every day since leaving the Forge House, coughed almost incessantly, and had sweating spells every night. I lost appetite. My knees jekknifed going over the shortest carries, and I began to realize that I might get laid by the heels in the middle of the wilderness, hundreds of miles away from home. I have little feeling for myself or any other man, as a sick patient. But no man can transcend possibilities, and, as it happens, sickness does come to us all, soon or late. The muscular young guide, Ike Sabatis, was on the back. The next young guide, Hall and Staunton, were far gone with consumption. The water in a dying condition, at the Long Lake settlement. All the same I was abashed of the physical weakness that steadily leached me off from day to day, and did my level best to beat it, but in vain. I kept my feet, however; fished, excused in the woods, paddled down to Kellogg's every day, and picked up all the information possible.

Not a day passed that I did not hear of a death in the Baraque region, from consumption. Landlord and guides looked serious at these reports, and tried to dissuade them. They said, "They are past help when they came in." They should have staid at home." Perhaps; but it does not go to prove that a residence in the North Woods is a cure for lung diseases.

It was on the sand-beach, in front of Kellogg's, that I met a young invalid of the feminine persuasion, who interested me

more deeply than any human being had ever done on so short an acquaintance.

It was a perfect morning. The lake was like a mirror. I had paddled down without particular aim or object, and was drawing the canoe up the beach, when I noticed a little girl, walking with cat-like tread up and down the shore, and humming an opera catch softly to herself.

Suddenly she stepped up to the canoe, raised it by the stem, turned it to port and starboard, read the name, and said sharply, "Humph! 'Susan Nipper.' Dickens. 'Master Doubey is a permanency: 'Miss Edith is temporary.' Why don't you name her Miss Edith? She looks sufficiently temporary?"

She was about the first one who had recognized the name, and I looked her over with more interest. Why, she was a woman! Hair and eyes like an Indian princess—weight and size like a girl of ten years. A thin, attenuated form, a bright glow in either cheek, and a sharp, intellectual expression, with the worn, womanly outlines, told the story. She pushed the canoe afloat, drew it back and forth, hauled it up on the beach, and in a low, soft voice, "Oh, I should so like a ride in it—would you like to let me?"

"Dare? My dear young lady, can you trust yourself?"

"I am used to boats and water; we have a guide and a good boat," she answered, "but I would like to ride in it." So I took the old handkerchief with its stuffing of hemlock browse and ferns that serves me for a seat, placed it well forward; made the shelter-tent and blanket into a comfortable lean-back in the bow, and seated her as I would an infant. Got in carefully myself, with the old grass coat between the keelson and the terminus of my spinal column, and paddled cautiously up and down the shore in three feet of water to test her sea-going qualities. She was steady and immovable as a sand-bag.

Then she said: "You see I am safe? Now cross the lake, and land me in the woods."

I did. When we were more than half way across there came a loud "halloo," from the landing. She opened her large black eyes, waved her sailor hat, and settled back, saying, "It's my father. He will understand."

I landed her on the beach just where the ferns and spruce were thickest, spread tent and blanket on a dry sunny spot, and left her to herself. For an hour she reclined on the improvised couch, or gathered the trifling ferns and lichens of which young ladies are so fond, and then she said, quite as though I had been her guide: "Now take me back to my father. I am tired—so tired." So I landed her on the clean, white beach, where *patrifamilias* was impatiently poking the sand with his gold-headed cane, and resigned my position as amateur guide. She held out her little hand at parting, saying, "I trust you will understand me? I am a dying girl. Let me do as I please, now. I have left conventional fetters and forms behind, with a good deal more that I value once—but no matter. Good-bye." Was there a little romance connected with her case, I wonder?

As the old gentleman seemed nervous, I thought it a good time to leave, and went up to the village to call on Ike Sabatis. Found him much better and disposed to go down the lake floating. Thought, "I could 'put me on to a liver.' But no man who is liable to have coughing spells at a minute's notice is more likely to scare three deer than to get a shot at one, so I declined, and paddled around the point to the grove near Sabatis' landing, where I spent hours, sitting on a log—a style of amusement in which I was fast becoming an adept—bidding fair to rival "Old Phelps." Indeed, it was getting to be my "best hold."

And here while listlessly watching the calm, clear water, I witnessed one of the little incidents that the lone tourist who knows the value of silence never after picks up. It was only a couple of little fish, a bull-head four or five inches long, and a bass much smaller. The former was working his way laboriously along the beach, his nose at the surface and his rudder gone, while the bass was spitefully nipping him at the counter. It was evidently a hopeless case for the bull-head; and such a piece of uncalculated cussedness on the part of the bass that, unthinkingly, I seized a stick of flood trash and made a vicious clip at him. As often happens in this world, the innocent suffered while the guilty rascal in this case, the bull-head, may be grow to a four-pounder, to be worried and tormented along that same beach, with a sharp hook in his gills. NEMMUK.

(The continuation of "Nemmuk's" narrative, detailing the further incidents of his story at Mitchell Sabatis', forms a stirring story of Adirondack life. It is given below.)

A NIGHT RACE AGAINST DEATH.

AFTER dark, as I was smoking by Auntie Sabatis' gale, two brisk-stepping young guides came hurriedly by through the yard and made for the landing below the hill. They carried a sharp-stemmed Long-Lake and a lantern. They were bound on a night trip to Raquette Lake and return, to be back before sunrise; for young Staunton, the sick guide, lay dying, and his one wish was to see and know a favorite brother before crossing the Dark Carry. And the doctor had said that, if the brothers were to know each other again on earth, the meeting must take place before another sunrise.

It was rather a manly, plucky thing to make a night cruise of between thirty and forty miles, mostly in a fog, and with four carries, two stretches of rocky, torturous current and two lakes, all to be "doubled" in the darkness. The lantern would only be available on the carries. On water the course is better seen without it. I followed the guides to the landing, and watched them with interest as, bending to oar and paddle, they disappeared swiftly into the darkness.

Then I went up to the house, consumed the time waiting up plug and snoring till half past twelve. But how the guides absent brother somehow got in on my nerves. I mentioned that I would like to know just how the sick man was getting on; if he was likely to pull through the night. "You'll know," said Auntie Sabatis, "when any one dies here, the bell is tolled as soon as a man can get to it, night or day."

I went to my room. The night was very warm, and I was unwell and weak. I am not nervous. I have no sympathy or pity for nerves in my own or others. But how the dread of that bell did worry me. I pictured to myself the guides racing over the course in the foggy summer night, going quickly over the slippery carries, one carrying the boat, the other lighting the path with glimmering lantern; rowing swiftly across long stretches of water by the shimmer and glitter of starlight; reaching the camp on an island in Raquette Lake, only to find George Staunton gone off, floating with his "party." I thought of the "ride from Ghent to Aix," but that race was on horseback. The strain

of muscle came heaviest on "Roland." Here, the Roland was a cranky, narrow Long-Laker, and the muscle was of World War type. I walked the room, smoked and listened. A stroke of that bell would have made me stagger like a drunken man. But it came not.

At midnight I turned in for a few hours of drowsy, feverish unrest, and at 3 A. M. I dressed and walked down to the landing, where I made a fire against the rock used as a washing station by the House of Sabatis, lighted a pipe, and resumed my favorite exercise of sitting on a log. The fog still hung over the lake, thick and dark.

Then came faint, dull streaks of light, gray and brown, from the east. It grew lighter, gray and brown turned to dull yellow. "Owl's Head" began to be visible. The fog grew denser, brighter, and began to rise in well-defined line from the foot of the water, like the lifting of a blanket, and from under that blanket darted a sharp-stemmed regulation Long-Lake, the same oars and paddle playing with unabated vim, but with three men instead of two. She came to the landing with a swift, silent rush, and, before she was fairly still, an athletic young man sprang to the beach and took his way through the gravel toward the settlement at a seven-knot gait. I had no need to ask if it were George Staunton. It was less than a half mile from the landing to where his brother lay dying. Now, suppose, just as he came in sight of the house where his brother lay that the bell should give his nerves a trial with its first, fearful death-announcing clang! Would he stagger some? Would he sort 'o' swerve off to port, and sit down on a log, faint, and white as sick? It might be. It was painful. I took out my watch, as he disappeared in the fog. I said, "He will be there in five minutes." The minutes passed. One guide said, "How long?" "Six minutes," I answered. "Six minutes is enough to get there," he said. I still held the watch. Ten minutes passed. "He is there," I said; "has been there five minutes." Then the guides tied in oars, paddled and seats, took up lantern and boat and started for the little hamlet, called on the maps "Long Lake P. O."

I never did and never shall like the Long-lakers. They are swift, but frail, weak, cranky, and tiresome to ride in. Nevertheless, as the fogged guide, husked and dead, instinctively raised my old felt hat to the craft that had run an all-night race against death—and won. NEMMUK.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY D. W. PROWSE.

THIS year's campaign of fishing and grouse shooting over the dogs is ended. It has been a very wet and cold summer with a stormy autumn, and at present (November) there is every appearance of a hard winter. The fishing during the summer has been much affected by the weather.

From all quarters I have heard bad accounts of the sea-trout fishing, as compared with former years. Captain Kennedy, R. N., ("Mariner" of the London Field), had some good fishing; and one clergyman, quite a novice at the gentle craft, landed thirty salmon in the Salmonier River, landing also two or three. The falling off in the fishing in St. Mary's and Placentia Bays was attributable, no doubt, in a great degree to the exceptional weather this season. Partially, however, it is due in some places to the barbarous practice of barring the rivers with nets. Several parties have been fined and their nets confiscated. This doubtless will have a good effect. The thanks of all sportsmen are due to the learned, active and assiduous Stipendiary Magistrate of St. Mary's for his exertions in pushing violators of the law. May Sir James Harvey's praises be sounded through the whole American continent.

Caribou shooting in October was splendid sport. "Mariner" and his party killed seven stags in Hall's Bay. Two young sportsmen killed three deer in one day within about thirty-five miles from St. Johns. Two other sportsmen at the head of La Poile Bay, on the southern coast, had fine sport with the caribou. Sir Rose Price and several other deer hunters have been shooting in the interior, and all, I believe, have been very successful.

It has been the best year larger than usual this year, and that there were more than the average number of coveys in most localities; but owing to wet, cold and stormy weather, and the prevalence of cold winds in October, shooting was not good, and heavy bags the exception. The willow grouse is *par excellence* the game bird of Newfoundland, delicious to eat, and still more delightful to shoot. In the interior, and especially on the southern and western parts of the island, ptarmigan abound on the rock, bare hills. They are so abundant, and so tame, that they afford very little sport. But the willow grouse, they stand well to the dogs; and when flushed the covey rises with a whirr and rapid flight that tries the nerves considerably. Grouse shooting is my favorite sport. I love the wild, wind-swept barrens, the hard exercise; and I delight to watch the sagacious working of good setters.

Grouse shooting in the old country is the pastime of princes and potentates, and though only a small brown bird *Tetrao lagopus* is a political power in the land, Parliament rises in his honor, and be rises for the pleasure of sporting M. P.'s. Any one who has witnessed the stirring scenes on the Scotch lines about the 10th and 11th of August, will never forget the teams of splendid pointers and setters, the endless gun cases, and the eager sportsmen, all bound north for the laud of the bonnie heather. Punch has a comical picture of an irate Station Master at a small Scotch station, addressing an over-driven porter, who is vainly striving to hold half a dozen eager setters: "Now then, look alive with thy dogs, whenever you see a bird." Porter—"Look, they're eating their tuckets, an' dinna ken fa' the 'rag' gen' tae." Far different from the Scotch grouse shooting with the gaitered and well-got-up sportsmen, the garbs of old Gael, the gillies, and all that, is the Newfoundland sport. Here there are no limits or restrictions to the shooting, no beats, no fences; the whole unbounded barrens are your own; the fisherman, who is your guide, gillie and gamekeeper, may not look so picturesque in his old canvas clothes as his Highland competitor, but for fine physical health, for endurance for quickness of eye and skill in striking, I will back my countryman, on his native heath, against the bravest Saundie that ever scratched himself in the early dawn, or drank raw whisky. In the matter of drunks my stalwart fisherman, too, could fairly hold his own with the MacTavishes; but his choice is quite distinct; his taste in liquor is tropical; it is caused by commerce. He sends the tigger fish, and his colored brother returns the southern rum, mellow Jamaica, or fiery St. Jago. With the younger generation temperance has made great progress; but the older fishermen commonly regard the teetotaler as a harm-

THE SEVEN PONDS AGAIN.

Camps Beams, Me., Dec. 12.

BACK to the old Rangeley once more after a month's cruise, and not in the woods as usual at this time of year, but on a twenty-two ton steamer yacht, all the way from Augusta, Me., to Norfolk, Va. I had a great weather here from the start, a week ago in Norfolk. The twenty miles of sleeping from Phillip to Rangeley is as good as I ever saw. To-morrow I start for Parmanchee Lake to join my friend Danforth on our annual still-hunt. The condition of the snow and weather is strongly against success. I am going just the same, however, and as John has about a peck of mail that has been coming along for the last two months, which I shall take to him, he no doubt will be glad to see me.

In looking over my Forest and Streams that have collected during my absence I find a letter about seven months old. "J. W. T.'s" reply to it. Surely, it is not the most affectionate answer that I ever received from a letter; and, lest Mr. T. should think that I finished me this time, I will "lutter" again, though it brings another and a more deadly volley. He handles his weapon with ease that speaks of long experience, but his imaginary powder, it seems to me, is a little smart for his face. In this case possibly he might do more execution with a little lighter charge, and before he shoots again, perhaps it would be for his advantage to know that I have no interest whatever in the Seven Ponds, camps, boats, roads, or any of the things that the Seven Pond travel touches. My route is by steamboat on Moxeelake and Rangeley Lake and my camps are Camps Beams on the same lake.

I really seemed to me that some one ought to say a word or two in favor of the Rangeley route. It is a long one, but the least used to be a way to get to Seven Ponds from there. As Mr. T. prefers the rail car to the stage coach, suppose we start from where the car leaves us. He has generously allowed me thirty-one miles from Seven Ponds to Rangeley, and the twenty miles to the horse camp. This makes a total of fifty-one miles. By the other route he has given us eighteen miles from Seven Ponds to Mr. Smith's house. Now, adding the fifty miles from Smith's house to the rail car at Farmington, we have sixty-eight miles, a difference in favor of the Rangeley route of thirty-seven miles. I will not say that I am sure that the ten or eleven miles from Tim Pond to Seven Ponds will probably hold out according to the time it took Mr. T. to walk it last summer. If I remember right he was until well into the afternoon doing it. He probably is not a great walker.

Since we have been so confidentially reminded that our Rangeley fishing "needs rest," I will say that the fish have been having a rest for the last four years. During this time the Union Water Power Co., of Lewiston, who control these lakes, have kept them a little higher than nature intended them to be; and the trout have been making a change in their location since then; and perhaps "Steve" has not found just the place, since the change, where he is sure of one every time he "chucks a bng." The Fish Commissioner says that the fish are increasing. Guides generally say they are increasing, and from what I have seen by taking notice of the different spawning grounds and the spawning seasons for the last nine years I should surely say they were increasing. The waters of our lakes are wide and deep, and the several fish that live on are plentiful enough to warrant a good fishing in the Rangeley lakes for years to come, in spite of the increase of travel. There are many ponds woven in with our lake, and in some of them I have seen as good fishing as I ever saw at Seven Ponds.

Many thanks to Mr. T. for so kindly inviting me to his cabin. If it ever comes in my way I will surely call, and I should be glad to be introduced to him, to his loved ones and to his friends; and I would also be most happy to see the entire circle at Camps Beams. I would again "manifest my amiable spirit," and they should have the best the camps afforded. I would tell them all the interesting stories I could think of, and, as business is business, the charges would be two dollars per day apiece. I am sure we should be the best of friends. CARR, F. C. BARBER.

Natural History.

THE POISON IVY.

THERE is one danger to which people who spend much of their time in the fields and woods are exposed, which is not generally appreciated. There are a few native plants that are so poisonous that contact with them is to many people productive of severe and long continued suffering. The best known, as they are the most injurious of these plants, are two species of the genus *Toxus*, and very many individuals are susceptible to their baneful influences.

We have known men who believed themselves unable to approach within several yards of either the poison ivy or the poison sumac without being very painfully affected, and it is quite common to find many farmers and workmen, individuals who have been severely poisoned from standing in the smoke of the burning brush. As a natural consequence of the different degrees of susceptibility to the poison in different individuals, it follows that, while to some contact with these plants brings intense and long continued suffering, to others there results only a trifling and temporary inconvenience, while some people are not at all affected by it.

Sportsmen are especially exposed to danger from this source, for in traveling through the brush they are extremely liable to come in contact with these plants, and that at a season when, the leaves being off, they are not so readily recognized as when in full foliage.

In a recent article in Harper's Young People, Mr. A. W. Roberts contributes some interesting information on the Poison Ivy, from which we quote below:

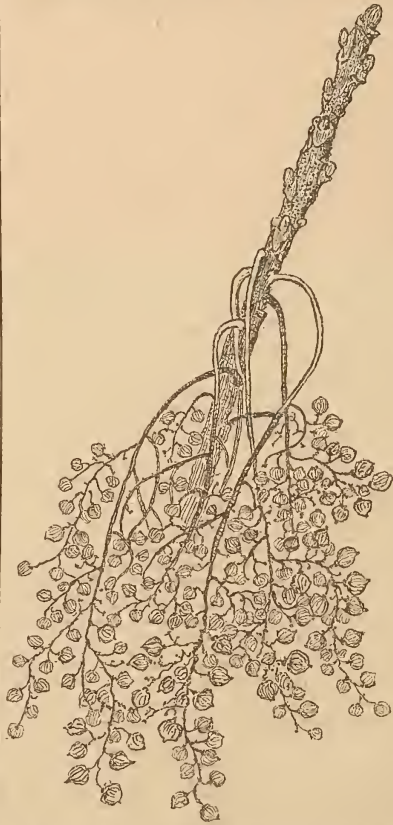
"Poison ivy, poison oak and mercury vine are the common names for one and the same vine, found climbing up the trunks of trees on hill, board and stone fences, over rocks in bushes, in meadows, in woods, in meadows, in fact, everywhere and anywhere it can secure a foot of ground, no matter how poor, or how much exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, this wretched vine prospers, happy and contented to spread out its poisonous arms hidden beneath its glossy and graceful foliage."

Rhus Toxicodendron.
This plant, which is the more abundant of the two poisonous species, is often found growing in great profusion on the seashore. "Here, when the ivy has a chance to climb up trees or bushes, up it goes, throwing out its aerial rootlets in all directions. In this way it grows away from any support in the sand which is being constantly displaced by the strong ocean winds, it then grows stout, erect and bush-like. Under these peculiar circumstances of growth it has received the name of poison oak, and was supposed by many botanists to be a separate variety, though in fact the poison ivy and oak are one and the same thing. When the stem of the poison ivy is wounded, a milky juice issues from the wound. The leaves, after being separated from the vine, turn black when exposed to the air."
The stem of the ivy is nearly smooth in texture; the aerial rootlets, which start from all parts of the stem, are of a bright brown color when young. The masses of berries when unripe are of a light green color; when ripe, of an ashen gray. Below the mass of this year's berries are gener-

ally to be found those of last year. The leaf has a smooth and somewhat shiny texture, and curves downward from the midrib. To many people the slightest contact with the leaves of the ivy will produce poisoning. I have known of instances where persons in passing masses of ivy vine, particularly when the wind was blowing from the vice toward the passer-by, became severely poisoned. One of our most beautiful native vines, the so-called Virginia creeper, which frequently grows side by side with the ivy, is often mistaken for it and blamed for the evil doings of its neighbor, and yet is an innocent and beautiful vine. The Virginia creeper has a leaf consisting of five lobes, which are distinctly notched, and which curve upward from the midrib. Instead of aerial rootlets like the ivy, it has stout tendrils more or less twisted and curled, often assuming the form of a spiral spring. These tendrils are provided with a disk, by means of which an attachment is made to any object within reach. The stem has the appearance of being jointed. The berries are large, and grapelike in the form of the cluster, and when ripe are of a deep blue color, with heavy bloom. In the fall of the year the leaves turn to a deep red and brownish red color.

"The poison-sumac, swamp sumac, or dogwood, is ten times more severe in its poisoning qualities than the poison ivy. It grows from six to ten feet in height in low, marshy grounds. The berries are smooth, white or dun-colored, and in form and size closely resemble those of the ivy.
"This sumac is terrible in its effects, often causing temporary blindness."

The poison oak, or poison dogwood, as the *Rhus venenata* is indifferently called, sometimes grows to a height of not less than twenty feet, and becomes as thick as the calf of a man's leg. It does not always grow in swampy ground, being often found on knolls and moderately elevated ridges. It is a plant which once known will always be recognized, as its foliage and its mode of growth are very characteristic.



The leaves are 7 to 10 pinnate, and bear, in shape, a general resemblance to those of the hickory, but are smaller. The bark is smooth. Some persons are so easily affected by this plant that a leaf drawn across the hand will leave a red streak, resembling a scratch, on which blisters will almost at once appear.

This variety is not a vine but a shrub or small tree, and early in the fall the leaves of this plant assume very beautiful tints of red and yellow, and from their attractive colors they are often plucked to adorn country houses. We have known of a number of terrible cases of poisoning which resulted from this carelessness. In one instance, which came under our immediate observation, three ladies, who in September had gathered branches of these brightly colored leaves, held them, during their walk back to the house, close by their faces, as a protection from the afternoon sun. As a result of this, all three were so severely poisoned as to be confined to their beds for six weeks. The berries, too, are sometimes gathered for the purpose of home adornment, and give rise to similar poisoning. Instances are on record where people have been poisoned by sleeping in a room in which a cluster of these berries hung. We give a figure of the berries of this species.

Many remedies have been suggested for this poisoning, but most of them are either ineffectual or so slow in their action as to be practically worthless. A solution of 60 grains of sulphate of zinc in 8 ounces of water was recommended some years ago in the Forest and Stream as very effective, but we have had no personal experience with it. Another remedy is said to be to eat the leaves and berries, but this is an experiment that we fancy most people would hesitate to try. An infusion of the bark of the tamarach (*Larix*) is another popu-

lar medicine. The most effective and speedy treatment that we have ever seen tried is the following: As soon as the "blisters" appear, paint them and the surrounding parts with the tincture of iodine as strong as can be borne; then puncture the vesicles, dry up the moisture with a cloth, and dust freely with rice powder, sometimes called shaving or baby powder. Of course, different remedies may be used with varying effects, according to the susceptibility of the system of the patient to the poison, but we have found this very efficacious.

The poisonous sumachs are not without a certain economic value. From the leaves of *Rhus Toxicodendron* a strong indelible ink is made, and from the juice of a poisonous sumach which grows in Japan a beautiful lacer varnish is manufactured. The fumes of this juice are said to be so potent that Europeans passing the factory are poisoned by it, and it is even stated that those who handle the varnished good are likely to suffer.

A QUEER FOX.

CLINTON, Ct., Dec. 15, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Very recently Mr. George Buell, a gentleman living in our neighborhood, killed a peculiar looking animal that has bothered me to classify. At the first glance no one would hesitate to say it was a fox; and, doubtless, that is just what it is; but a closer examination would incline one almost to believe, if such were possible, that it is no very distant relation to a woodchuck. Let me give a careful description of the animal, as I saw it, after Dr. A. H. Stevens, who is a skillful taxidermist, had set it up. The comparison is made with a specimen of the common red fox:

The general shape was that of a fox; the body was round and fat, and the size about two thirds of that of a full-grown fox; legs rather short; ears more rounded than those of a fox; the tips blunt. The whole back, sides, shoulders and flanks were a mottled gray, caused by the hairs being each black and white above the fur, beginning white and ending black—the hairs of the red fox beginning white above the fur and ending yellow. Down the tail, the upper side was a jet black, running to the very end, and instead of being round and bushy, like a fox's tail, was like that of a setter dog; in fact the tail looked more like that of a setter dog than it did that of a fox. Back of the ears the color was a continuous red down to the shoulders on either side. The fur was not so reddish gray, caused by the same reason as the mind of the hair of a woodchuck. The gray color of the body extended down to the feet. In short, as in the red fox, the reddish yellow is the predominant tint, and shades off into the other colors; in this animal the woodchuck gray predominates, and there is but little of reddish yellow color, except the under side of the tail.

We should like to know if you or any of your readers can tell what kind of a fox the above-described animal is, as we have never seen one like it before in this country?

Mr. George Buell, mentioned above, has quite a record as a fox killer. Some years ago a fox jumped on a fence in front of him as he was about to water his horse. The fox hesitated a moment on the fence, when Mr. Buell hurled a brickbat at him, and struck him just back of the head, and killed him. That, perhaps, was the first fox ever killed in this way; and Mr. Buell's friends thought to equip him with a sling and leather bag, but we believe that his modesty made him decline the honor. C. W. R.

[May this specimen not have been a gray fox (*Urocyon cinereo-argenteus*), but if so, how about the tail?]

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

NEW RUSSIA, Dec. 17th, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your Ferrisburg correspondent R. E. R. says: "If squirrels kill young grouse, why not chickens?" One of my neighbors who lives near a grove, informs me that hearing one day an outcry in a coop of young chickens, he went out and found a red squirrel attacking them. It had already killed one or two. He drove it away three times, but each time it succeeded in killing some of them. A shooting friend also informs me that he found a grouse's nest of a dozen eggs, each egg bitten into by what he thought was squirrel's teeth.

Now, it is nonsense to think that they destroy tree-testing birds and would not do the same for those that nest on the ground.

When red squirrels are about as thick as we generally see them, the harm they do to the grouse may be classed with hawks and foxes; but when they get to be as thick as house flies, one to every square rod of woodland, as they do sometimes, and take it upon them to move through the country in May and June in a half-starved condition, then look out for your grouse crop. It will not take a very shrewd guesser to foretell what the next autumn's shooting will be.

I should think the tick might destroy some grouse where the soil is hard, clay for instance, because they have no soft dust to wallow in. Grouse wallow in the dust as persistently as barn-yard fowls. They do it to free themselves from vermin. I have never observed any ticks on the ground in this part of the country, but it being a sandy region may have something to do with it. BALNBRIDGE BISHOP.

THE DECREASE OF RUFFED GROUSE—Sherbrooke, Canada.
The decrease of ruffed grouse is also a matter of interest to us. I don't know but we can kill as many in a day now as we could five years ago, but we certainly have to go further. Out of twenty-one grouse picked up last month, only one was a female. Do you any of your readers attach any significance to this fact?—CANADA.

RESTAURANT NATURAL HISTORY.—In front of a popular restaurant in New York City there hangs a young caribou one and a half years old. An explanation is placed on the wall following truthful legend, which we give verbatim, capitals and all: "Caribou. Native of Greenland. Captured in the Neighborhood of the wreck of the Jeannette. Procured for this Hotel Direct. These Animals the caribou are not of their Peculiarity as Relative to their Mode of living, being nothing but Water Ice & Snow visible to the human Being For their Sustenance."

TAME QUAIL.—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 20.—I have a tame quail at home, which was caught last June just after being hatched. He runs at liberty through the house and will respond to a whistle readily.—TEN BORA.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SONG BIRDS are the subject of an article by John Burroughs in the January *Curcifer*.

THE WEIGHT OF GRAY SQUIRRELS.

ABINGDON, Va., Dec. 17, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

While out walking one afternoon last week I shot two gray squirrels. One of them struck me as being unusually large, and when I returned home I weighed them both. One, which I considered a little above the average in size and condition, weighed sixteen ounces, the other drew down the scales to twenty-four ounces. This was gross weight. It seems to me that twenty-four ounces is an unusual weight for a gray squirrel, and I would like to hear something of the experience of your correspondents on this point. Both the squirrels had ivory markings on the sides, and the larger had also rather a broad yellow stripe extending from a little below the shoulders to the root of the tail. Do gray squirrels and fox squirrels ever cross breed? If so, this might account for the increased size. In all other respects the squirrel resembled the common gray squirrel. WILL. [May not the heavier animal been a fox-squirrel? They vary much in size.]

ABOUT WILD TURKEYS—Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 17.—Editor Forest and Stream: "Keouk" has sent his name and address to Mr. C. L. Jordan, who has so kindly given his views to the readers of your paper on the 15th inst. on "Callers and Turkey Calling." I should like to have some more information about wild turkeys. Are they in plumage and markings the same as the tame turkey? The wild turkeys that I have shot all had reddish legs and chestnut brown in the extreme end of their tail feathers. Those that I see hanging in front of restaurants have black legs and white in the extreme end of the tail feathers. Do wild turkeys have black legs and white tails? How is a person to distinguish? Will some one tell us through the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. I am told that wild turkeys carry their tails over the ground like tame turkeys do, and that if you will one can be distinguished while among tame ones. How is this, and who will tell us?—KNOX.

Wild turkeys have reddish legs and chestnut-tipped tail feathers such as "Keouk" describes. The black legs and white tipped tails appertain to the domesticated bird.]

BLACK SQUIRRELS—Kingston, Ont., Dec. 19, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: A friend of mine has had a pair of black squirrels in his possession for three years, a very handsome pair they are too, and very tame. Have you, or any of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, ever known of their breeding in captivity? The owner alluded to is anxious to have the opinion of those who have kept them caged. I have, I think, something of a *Sciurus niger* in the way of a black chipmunk, which is exceedingly rare. I kept him alive for a time, when he died. I mounted him and have him now in my collection of stuffed birds and animals. Some years ago a friend of mine here had a white one.—JAMES COLWELL.

THE IDEAL SPORTSMAN.

You ask "What is the American sportsman?" Verily, a hard question to answer. I think I know what he ought to be, and what, if I mistake not, FOREST AND STREAM is endeavoring to make him.

This ideal sportsman is, first, a thorough-going business man—whether his business be banker, merchant, teacher or author—and not a loafer, dead-beat, pot-bummer. He is honest to the core; his word is as good as his bond, and he hates lying, dishonesty and fraud, as the Devil hates holy water. Next, he is cheerful and good-tempered, being the happy possessor of a sound mind in a sound body—sunny-dispositioned, careful to avoid giving needless offense, and not prone to take it, where none is meant.

He is a votary of art and science—not a mere dilettante—having a genuine love and admiration for the true and beautiful, wherever found. He is kindly and merciful, and abhors giving needless pain, impaling even "a worm as though he loves him;" and kills, when he must, without needless torture, and in a way which would make even his victims grateful, could they but know it. He is not a two-legged bog, keeping selfishly to himself any chance-discovered trout-stream, but rejoicing to share such bonanzas with kindred sports; not a son of the horse-leech, crying for "more, more," but ready to stop when he has had a fair day's sport; not a sneaking pot-hunter, slaughtering coveys of overweening victims upon the ground, nor a professional shot, mangling half-starved pigeons, dizzy from long condiment, as they are hurled into the air from a rotary catapult; but a lover of fair play, willing to match his keenness of sight, his coolness of nerve, his endurance of fatigue and his subtleness of wood-craft against the speed of the hurling grouse, the wariness of the trout, or the sagacity of the red-deer. He is a gentleman, not a butcher, and makes of hunting and fishing a noble pastime, and not a money-getting trade. He takes to the field, not because he loves to kill, but because of the healthful influences with which a hunter's life surrounds him. He is, emphatically and above all, a lover of Nature, and rejoices more in the study of her subtle woods than in the blood of slaughtered victims.

Moreover, though he has never touched brush to pellets, yet the glory of the scarlet leaf, the tapering lines of the fir-tree shaft, the swaying slenderness of the ground pine, the silvery meanness of the birchen bark, and the tender green of the budding larch, all satisfy and delight his artist's eye.

Though he never sang a note in his life, yet he has a musician's ear, and the sighing of the wind in the tree-tops, the babble of the waterfall, the tinkle of the rain-drops on the leaves, the plunge of the surf upon the shore and the shrilling of the wind through the rigging of his boat, are to him the gamut of a higher melody than Donizetti or Beethoven ever knew.

Guiltless of ever having attempted to rhyme one word with another, yet the tender beauty of the dawn, the lustrous radiance of mid-moon, and the solemn glory of the starry night, the sober splendors of the russet uplands, the ineffable majesty of the heaving ocean, and the ston loneliness of wind-swept mountain crags, rouse within his soul thrills of true poetic rapture.

Such, then, is our ideal American sportsman—honest, alert and wide-awake—manly, tender and true—artist, musician and poet—in fine, "Ood's last, best work, a gentleman."

Some few such I know—would that their number were greater—and of such, I am glad to feel, FOREST AND STREAM endeavors to be the true mouth-piece and exponent. H. P. U.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE A. B. C. OF WIND-SHOOTING.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Dec. 16.

NOTICE in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM that a correspondent asks why he does not kill ruffed grouse on the wing. I will try to give a few more hints on grouse shooting. Let us commence at the beginning and suppose that we are about to initiate a boy in the art of wing shooting. In the first place he wants a gun that he can handle easily and not too heavy. Great care should be taken that the gun "fits" him. This he will ascertain by grasping it with both hands and throwing it up to his shoulder, as if to fire it. If the eye catches the centre of the rib and the "bad" all right, the gun will answer, if not, probably the stock is not crooked enough. I do not recommend too much crook or drop of stock. Another important point is to ascertain the right length of stock.

We will suppose that the gun is selected and our first lesson commenced. We will now direct our conversation to the boy in question. Go out by yourself where you can put up some object about the size of your hat, say about twenty yards away. Then take your position and commence to throw up your gun to your shoulder, and, keeping your eyes open, see how near you can bring the bead in line with your eye and the object at the instant that the butt-plate touches your shoulder. Try this a few times and then rest a few minutes. Then try again, but do not fatigue yourself. After you can throw the gun up to the mark with your eyes open, shut up both eyes and throw the gun up to your shoulder in the same manner as before, and the instant that you feel the butt touch your shoulder open both eyes and see where your gun is pointed. Keep up this practice until you can throw your gun into line with any object that you may select, whether it is above, below or on the same level with your eyes. One thing I wish to impress upon your mind in particular as the greatest help in shooting grouse in cover, always bring the muzzle of your gun up on your bird from below if rising, and down if falling. All right. Don't try to shoot on the "drop," as it is termed, for then the gun is falling and the bird is rising, and you have twenty chances to miss where you have one to kill.

After you are perfected to a satisfactory degree in the practice of throwing your gun up to some object, take a piece of paper about two feet square, and with some tacks fasten it up on an old shed, barn or old building, where you will do no damage, and then step back twenty or thirty steps and load your gun, cock it and hold it in position with the muzzle toward the ground at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Fix your eye on the target, shut both eyes and instantly throw up your gun and fire, keeping your eyes closed until after the discharge. If your practice has been faithfully performed before this you will probably find the paper riddled with shot, and if you do not you will readily see where the charge did strike, which will help you to remedy it at the next fire. When you can hit that paper (with a moderate degree of certainty) with your eyes closed you have more than "half the battle," for you have mastered the "hang" of the gun, and the rest is comparatively easy after a little practice.

Supposing now that you can throw your gun up in line with any object that you wish to, we are about ready to start for the woods, but before we go it is necessary to give some attention to our ammunition, for as much depends upon good ammunition and having the gun properly loaded as it does upon having a good gun. Much has been said and written upon the subject of loading guns, and hardly any two think alike. But there is much to be said, and the best powder that you can get, if it does cost a little more. The difference in the shooting will more than repay you; besides, poor powder injures the barrels of your gun, causing them to rust and spot. Use good powder and plenty of it; use the best plunk-edge wads, two or three of them over the powder, and one over the shot. Don't use paciboard wads any way. If you wish to cut your own wads, cut them from soft, spongy, clean leather, and lubricate them well with tallow and plunk-edge.

In the early part of the season No. 6 shot (chilled) is good for grouse. Later, say in November, you will want No. 4, for grouse will carry away a big load of fine shot, and seemingly mind nothing about it. If you use a muzzle-loader, use nothing but the best water-proof caps. Having our ammunition all right, we will now see if we can find a grouse to try your hand at, so will walk along down to the woods. Now, remember, when a grouse starts, nine times out of ten he will start from the ground. If he is going straight away from you, throw up your gun so as to shoot a little over where you see him, and by the time you get up you will be discharged, he will have flown right into the shower of shot. If he starts toward the right or left, throw up your gun so as to shoot a little high and in advance of him, say from one to three feet; you must use your judgment about that, and be governed by the speed of the bird and the surroundings, etc. Follow the bird with your eyes and your hands will unconsciously follow your eyes with the gun. I have to make more allowance for speed when a bird is flying to the right than I do when it is going to the left. I know that way, my boy, you see that in. We are now here we are in the brush. You go ahead with your gun and I will follow and pick up the birds. What? "Shall not get any?" That will never do. You must have confidence in yourself. Make up your mind that you will get the first bird that starts; and when one does start, if you can see him, let him have it, if there is even a ghost of a chance of killing him. Now we must stop talking, for the sound of the human voice will scare grouse as much as any thing that I know of, and—*Quik, gate, quik. His wings are down.* Well done, my boy, excellent! Good, but you did not need to fire the second shot, for the first barrel fixed him so that he will never drum any more old legs. Fortunately for you, your first shot was a straight away. I am not surprised that you look pale, feel faint, and tremble all over like a leaf, for such joy as is felt by a boy when he knocks over his first ruffed grouse (this kind of game birds and one of the most difficult to kill on the wing), is probably never felt again this side of those "happy hunting grounds" in the rainbow future.

Now, my boy, you are a little better off than you were in the brush, but this wing shooting is like swimming; after you have once taken a few strokes, you will never be drowned, no matter how deep the water is, if you have a fair chance; and after you have once killed a ruffed grouse on the wing, you will be astonished to see what confidence you will have in yourself to kill the next. And if you do not bring him down you will still live in hope, and with patience, perseverance, and practice as often as it can be made convenient, you will

sooner or later be killed by your friends a "crack shot." I have not tried to write up some fancy theory on wing shooting, and could not if I should try, but the above hints are taken from my own practical experience of twenty-five years in what I call my specialty—hunting partridges. My first bird was killed in exactly the same manner as I have described. IRON RAMBRO.

THE HURLING GROUSE.

TREBING CO. WING SHOOTING.

McDONALD'S CORNER, New Brunswick, Dec. 16.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Where shall we draw the line between sport and murder? This question was suggested by a communication in a recent number of your paper, signed "Ruffed Grouse," in which the writer denounces, in language which seems to me rather epithetic, the practice of "murdering" grouse while they are in trees. After drawing a picture of the poor whisky-punishing tree-shooter, which must have strained his imagination considerably, he assures us that "if any one is conscious that the coat fits him well, he is welcome to the use of it." All of your readers, I think, take the latter phrase at its face value, and recognize it as a foolish parent's warning to his child, and not as a warning against personalities, and also as an over-convenient parry to shield from "returo dro." I always suspect the manufacturer of a garment of the sort of talk—the pattern from a reversible article that was originally made from the same measure.

Are tree-shooting and "whisky-guzzling" necessarily associates? Not much. It is absurd to try to fasten the vice of intemperance on any particular class of hunters, and an argument that needs better ground than necessary to sustain it is a little lame. Of the grouse-shooting readers of FOREST AND STREAM, I will venture to say that fully one-third will openly declare that they "pull trigger" on a ruffed grouse (in the open season) wherever they see him; and among them you will find as little whisky drinking, "if they muscle" and "be foregone brain" as among the same number of self-respecting wing-shooters.

"I am no orator, as Brutus is," but I would like to see this subject thoroughly ventilated, even though I be carved up in the process by some able knight of the quill.

If, after three days' patient manœuvring, I have the sight of my antiquated Snider full on a caribou standing one hundred yards away, on a barren, mist I jump the animal and try to shoot him on the run? Would it be "murder" if I sent that ball to his heart (if I could), or would it be more sportsmanlike to run the risk of wounding him and allowing him to suffer for days, or of missing him altogether? If the latter is the proper method, I would like to know the name of the person who practices it, yet any one who has tried both will admit that you can hit a running caribou in the open as easily as you can a flying grouse in thick cover. Some may say, "We don't still-hunt grouse; your comparison is illogical." We are not discussing the question of difficulty of approach, but that of "sport ex. murder." Which is the "murderer," the man who shoots the head off a grouse in a tree, or the wing-shooter who mangles him, leaving him to end his sufferings some hours or days later? Do not wish to be understood as advocating tree-shooting, nor do I usually try anything that rises within range, nor do I accuse those who advocate the shooting of grouse solely in this way, of writing in the interest of ammunition factories. The questions I wish to see answered are simply these: Why should we be partial to the grouse? (What is sauce for one gender is usually considered good for the other.) Secondly, is every man a "murderer" who shoots at game which is not in motion? If so, it is time there was a radical change. Let the editors of sporting papers speak out. Let the sportsmen of America stand up and make a crusade against raking shots at ducks in the water, the shooting of any bird when not on the wing, and short-range rifle-shooting at any animal not in motion. Let him that is without sin cast the first stone; and then, instead of applying a seven-by-nine practice to several square miles of theory, let us stand up for "the right," and practice what we preach. Again I say, give the sportsmen of America light on this subject, and let us know just what is expected of us.

I was interested in the letter of "Stans'ed" which appeared in a recent issue. He has evidently "been there" often, and his advice is "solid." "Try all fair wile-zots," and perhaps in the course of time you will shoot them in no other way. An old sportsman whom I once knew used to say that "a chance shot would kill the Devil." I don't vouch for the truth of the assertion, neither do I believe in a material devil upon whom the sight of a gun would be brought to bear; but I think it is well that you should shoot a little at a flying grouse, and the letters of some who kill them (that of "Iron Harry," for example) serves to strengthen this theory. I have been to the woods twice since I read the advice of "Mick West" "to shoot on sight." On the first day I hit one, but he dropped in a bog, and, as we had no dog, we scored 0. On the second occasion we took our dog and made him work near us. My brother scored one on a "pot shot," and I can assure you that a big fir-bird which an old fellow took a boner for "fall" was fearfully mangled by the author's "O's" attempts as we waded our way home might be embodied in the following parody:

What? I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for being a mark,
For slitting his eye-chain,
The "burring grouse" is peculiar;
When some I am free to maintain.

Had I not already written too much, I would tell you a true tale of what befell one of our crack shots who was attempting to scoop in a flying partridge, but as it is, I am satisfied by wishing all Forest and Streamers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. L. I. F.

FRANKLIN, New York.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I agree with "Ruff d'Grouse," where he says: "It is the very skill and nerve required to bag grouse in difficult places that afford the fascination of the sport and build up the muscle and tones up the system," and as far as myself is concerned I could convince him that I am no "slouch shot" in cover or open field, and can snap-shot as many in close timber or thicket, without the gun to the shoulder, as the best of them I have ever met. But in the Eastern and in some of the Middle States and Canada, where abundance of thick timber and brush preclude the possibility of wary

shooting and grouse are abundant, and die of old age and natural causes, and are certainly "good for man to eat," then cockers are a pleasant aid in preventing a few from going to waste. Stop the snoring and trapping of grouse, and the clearing of timber, and grouse will always hold their own in spite of the gun or treble cocker. I have watched this in sections where cockers and guns were out almost continually during the open season, and even some few years I have known them to grow more and more plenty each year. We can readily perceive that "Ruffed Grouse" is an advocate of setters or pointers, but we hope he will not show the disposition of the "dog in the manger," and wish us not to use the legitimate cocker because he does not choose to.

He tries to impress upon you that we are "pot hunters." 'Tis true that we put our birds in the "pot" and do not send them to market, or willfully destroy or let them go to waste by spilling on our hands. But are we to suppose that "Ruffed Grouse" has never put any in the pot, or is doing the opposite from what we are with our birds? We certainly hope not. The very best of our honored present and old time sportsmen that have had extensive experience with ruffed grouse all acknowledge that shooting this bundle of witchcraft and feathers upon the wing, or over shells or treble cockers is as sportingly legitimate and exciting as any sport with the gun known, and is not "pot hunting" in any form of its definition. M. P. McKos.

LOADING FOR GAME.

LOADING FOR GAME.—Much diversity of opinion prevails as to the correct loading for different kinds of game. It is a subject upon which we would like to hear the experience of gunners.—FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 15, 1881.

No two gunners will agree, probably, as to just what constitutes the most killing charge for any given kind of game, in a 16, 12, 10 or 6 gauge gun.

Of course all will agree that different gauges require different charges of powder, because a 6 gauge will but a "squib" in a 6 gauge gun, and an over-load for a 20 gauge, 34 drachms of No. 1 (fine) powder in a 20 gauge gun would, with a corresponding quantity of No. 3 shot, increase the recoil without increasing the penetration; besides, the powder would not all burn before leaving the gun (which will account for the decreased penetration), while 34 drachms of No. 3 (coarse) in a 6-gauge gun, with a corresponding charge of No. 8 shot, would be little more than a "squib," producing but slight recoil and poor penetration. It is also clear that different gauges require different charges of shot as well as of powder. As to some extent the charges of both powder and shot should vary in the same gauge as the sizes vary from fine to coarse.

Powder and shot should be weighed, not measured, if great accuracy be aimed at; for, bulk per bulk by measure, the coarse graded powder (No. 3) will weigh about 1.9 more than fine (No. 1), and it will be found about the same between coarse and fine shot (No. 1 and No. 8).

In order to answer your inquiry correctly, or rather with an approximation of what might be fairly considered the correct loading for different kinds of game, it will be found necessary to take into the account: 1st, gauge of the gun and its weight; 2d, size of the powder and shot; 3d, weight of the powder and shot, and 4th, the size and toughness of the game and the distance off (assuming that to be from 55 to 60 yards, according to the size of the shot used).

Keeping these points in mind, and omitting to particularize each kind of game, but grouping them according to their size and toughness, I give the result of over forty years' experience, trusting you may do some good and lead to further and more scientific investigations.

FOR 10-GAUGE GUN.

1. For large game, such as deer, turkey, geese, etc., use 32 to 44 drachms of fine, and No. 3 (coarse) powder, and half and half, with one pink-edge wad or one felt wad over the powder, and 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 oz. shot, from No. 1 to B. B.'s inclusive, with one Baldwin wad over the shot, the wads in metallic shells to be two sizes larger than the gauge of the gun; in paper shells one size larger if metallic moulds are used in loading, to prevent the bulging and enlargement of the paper shell.

2. For medium-sized game, such as canvas-backs, mallard, red-head, dusky-ducks, wildgeese, gadwall, pintail, and birds of that class, when in full plumage, use 4 to 4 1/2 drachms of fine and coarse mixed powder, as in No. 1, and same kind of wads; with 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 oz. shot, from No. 5 to No. 2 inclusive, using your judgment in choosing about the proper size of shot for the kind of shooting, whether canvas-back, etc., on points, or mallard, etc., over decoys.

3. For small game and birds that usually lie close, such as snipe, woodcock, teal, quiver, gallinule (rail), pinnacled and rounded grouse, plumper ducks, etc., etc.: 4 to 4 1/2 drachms mixed powder, as in No. 1, wads the same, with 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 oz. shot, from No. 9 to No. 6 inclusive, judging always which is the proper sized shot for the work in hand, say 9's and 8's for snipe, woodcock, etc., and 7's and 6's for grouse, etc.

From a great number of trials it is found that in a 10-gauge gun, 32 drachms of mixed powder (1 and 3), with 1 1/4 oz. shot, will produce the maximum initial velocity and penetration of which the gun is capable, and probably will give the best average pattern.

FOR 12-GAUGE GUN.

1. For shooting large game: 28 to 3 drachms of mixed powder, Nos. 1 and 2 (Oriental, for instance), one pink-edge or felt wad over the powder and one Baldwin over the shot (in all small gauges two wads over the powder increases the recoil and adds but a trifle, if any, to the penetration and pattern), with 1 oz. of shot, from No. 1 to B's inclusive.

2. For medium-sized gun: 8 to 8 1/2 drachms powder (mixed 1 and 2), with 1 oz. of shot from No. 5 to No. 2 inclusive.

3. For small game and close-lying birds: 3 1/2 to 4 drachms mixed powder (Nos. 1 and 2) and 1 oz. shot from No. 9 to No. 6 inclusive, 8's best.

FOR 14, 16 AND 20-GAUGE GUNS,

and for medium and small game, load with 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 drachms No. 1 (fine) powder, and 1 oz. shot for 14 gauge; 2 1/2 to 3 drachms No. 1 powder and 1 oz. shot for 16 gauge; and 2 to 2 1/2 drachms No. 1 powder and 3/4 oz. shot for 20 gauge.

FOR 6-GAUGE GUNS.

1. For large game: 4 1/2 to 5 drachms No. 3 (coarse) powder and 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 oz. shot from No. 1 to treble 8, G, using two pink-edge wads or one felt wad over powder and one wad over shot, two sizes larger than gauge of gun.

2. For medium game: 5 to 6 drachms of No. 3 (coarse)

powder and 1 1/2 to 2 oz. shot, from No. 8 to No. 2 inclusive, wad the same as in No. 1.

These charges may not always produce the greatest initial velocity and penetration, but it is confidently believed that, taking into the account the penetration and pattern, they will be found, in the long run, the best and most killing charges. The impact of three or four shot with less velocity will be more likely to kill than one or two shot with greater velocity. It should be borne in mind that there is found to be a difference of from 15 to 25 per cent. in favor of metallic shells over paper, in penetration and pattern combined.

Heavier charges have been and may continue to be used, but the chief result will be more noise, greater recoil and black-and-blue shoulders, without any increase of pleasure or bag. D. W. Cross.

Cleveland, O.

AN ARKANSAS GAME COUNTRY.

IN looking over notices of the many game resorts of our country I see nothing from this region, which is, I think, the best of all for general sport. By this region I mean the lower White River country, or Arkansas and Prairie counties, Arkansas. The Memphis and Little Rock Railroad traverses Prairie county from east to west, making it easily accessible to the Memphis and Little Rock sportsmen, therefore it is becoming somewhat popular. But yet immense quantities of deer, bear, turkey, chickens and quail have been brought to hog their this season.

But the region for sport par excellence is Arkansas county, immediately south of Prairie county, and lying between the junction of the White and Arkansas rivers. This is a region seldom reached by outside sportsmen, and game of all kinds abounds. The county is about half prairie and half timber, and abounds in nearly all the game found in any of the older States, except ruffed grouse. Here we have bear, deer, panther, beaver, wildcats, opossums, coons, rabbits, two kinds—turkeys, geese, ducks, prairie chickens, quail, squirrels and minks in great abundance. In December, January and February ducks and geese swarm on the prairies and in the great hays, lakes and lagoons of the White and Arkansas river bottoms, in countless millions; and sandhill cranes on the prairies in February—all these making a variety of sport great enough to please all.

The large bays and lakes (old river channels) in the White River bottoms, deep, clear pools, abundant in black bass and other game fishes, and the beautiful White River, the finest stream on the continent, navigable for 700 miles, contains both these and great blue or channel catfish. This patient follower of "old Izak" can satiate himself with his favorite sport.

The winter climate of this region is the finest on the continent; its people are hospitable, glad to see and kind to visitors. This town of Crockett's Bluff, founded by the descendants of the ancient and renowned Col. David Crockett, is the centre of the fine game region. The old town has come to seed and dried up since the war, but still good accommodations can be had here at reasonable prices. The old Crockett family is worthily represented by Col. "Bob" Crockett, a "chip off of the old block," a pleasant, genial, hospitable gentleman. He has in his possession the old Crockett rifle, presented to his grandfather, Col. Davy, by five hundred young men of Philadelphia, while he was member of Congress from Tennessee, and other mementoes. This old rifle is yet one of the finest deer guns in the nation.

The best hunting season here is from December until March, and we are sorry to say that they kill deer here as late as April, and then again in June. But the deer are so plenty that the people are forced to kill them in self-defense. (Don't mistake my meaning, please; deer don't "bite," but they eat up their field peas and watermelons.) But this kind of deer murder should be stopped. Arkansas needs, and needs very badly, stringent game laws.

This county is at this time the best stock country on the continent—that is, for cattle and hogs. They neither of them now need any care whatever, and generally remain fat the year around. Cattle have the prairies in the summer and the immense cañons to winter in. Hogs have the immense mast of nuts, acorns, persimmons and berries, and even this season, when all of these were almost an entire failure, the hogs (great herds of them) are in fine condition—many of them fat enough for good pork. Land is very, very cheap here. The climate is as healthy as in any of the Western States where the soil is very rich. Crockett's Bluff can be reached by the White River steamboats from Memphis, by very pleasant trip boats first-class—or by railroad to De Wall's Bluff and then to Crockett's Bluff by White River boats.

One fine male one shipment of 183 deer from this region by one boat, besides other game. BYRNE. Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas county, Ark., December, 1881.

FLORIDA WINTER NOTES.

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 20.

FOR three months the weather has been out of joint—but seasonably. It has not cleared off, and it is probable that in the future we shall have a dry atmosphere, a bountiful supply of sunshine, and the glorious winter weather for which Florida is famous.

Ducks have appeared in great numbers on the St. Johns river, below this city. As usual, quail are very plentiful in every portion of the State.

Last week I enjoyed several pleasant visits from the great canoeist, Mr. Bishop, of Lake George, N. Y. He is accompanied by his estimable lady, and they intend indulging in a boat trip of some weeks on the Indian River. On Tuesday last, too, Dr. Henshall, the great authority on black bass, called on me. He, in company with his wife, started on Saturday for Titusville. On arriving at that point they will take possession of a small schooner, and will devote over three months to a cruise around the coast from Indian River to Cedar Keys. The Doctor promised that he would write up for your columns certain portions of the Southwest Coast that I have not described.

This city has long been famous for its superior hotels, and it affords me pleasure to state that the National Hotel, in Bay street, has been purchased by Mr. Nathaniel Webster, of Gloucester, Mass., and has been named the Everett. It has been repaired, extended and refurbished, at an expenditure of over \$90,000. The house, containing 120 large bedrooms, is supplied with luxurious furniture. The ladies' parlor has been supplied with gorgeous fittings and a grand piano. The house fronts the south, and from its spacious veranda

a charming view of the St. Johns is obtained. Nearly every room is supplied with an open fire-place, and the entire house is heated by steam. Filtered rain water will be used for domestic purposes. The building is substantially constructed of brick, and for the safety of patrons every modern appliance has been secured and introduced, embracing fire hose on every floor and Bahcock fire extinguishers. The hydraulic elevator was built by Moore & Wyman, of Boston, and it is supplied with safety appliances which render accidents impossible. The Everett has been leased by Mr. Everett Webster, of Gloucester, Mass., and Mr. William P. Davis, late of the Carleton Hotel, of this city. Mr. Davis, Sr., will give his personal attention to the business, which will be a sufficient guarantee that guests will not be disappointed. The names of the parties connected with the hotel are: Day clerk, J. W. Potter, late of Highland Home Hotel, Martha's Vineyard; night clerk, W. S. Bigelow, late of Sea Foam House, New Haven, Conn.; cashier, W. F. Young, Fitchburg, Mass.; \$3 to \$5 per day. From what we know of the proprietors and the superior fittings we can confidently recommend the Everett to the favorable notice of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

On several occasions we have referred to the advantages of the Southwest Coast of Florida as a winter resort for canoeists. Two weeks since Mr. Moore, editor of *Harper's Young Folks*, called, and I furnished him with necessary information. He launched his canoe, Psyche, at Ellaville, and descended the Suwanee River. At last accounts he was at Cedar Keys, en route for Charlotte Harbor, the Caloosahatchie River, Lake Ocheechee, Kissimmee River, Indian River, and St. Johns River to this city. AL. FERRO.

SANFORD, Fla., Dec. 15.—Quail are fairly plenty in this vicinity. There are, to my knowledge, at least four coveys within half a mile from our place, four miles out from the town of Sanford.

Ducks and snipe are reported as plenty on the river, and yesterday several deer were brought into town from the surrounding country.

The heavy rains of the past week or so have kept me from taking any trips. I have, however, managed to get some quail around the place. By the way, I had quite an interesting experience the other day. My dog stopped at a clump of palmetto, and I gave it a kick, expecting there was a bunch of quail there. Immediately the dog made a jump and landed on a large skunk. The skunk came up to the mouth and held on. I whistled at the dog and killed the skunk. I think there is no danger from rabies in the dog, as I have had several dogs bitten by skunks with no bad results. TRUMP.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND THE NOVA SCOTIA GAME LAWS.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia, Dec. 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

SIR—In your issue of the 23d inst. you publish a letter written by Lord Dunraven, which is intended as a reply to some remarks of mine on a public notice in your paper on the subject of his lordship's arrest in Queens county some time since for a breach of the game laws, which requires some comments from me.

I observe that a Halifax morning paper, the *Herald*, characterizes his lordship's letter as a "very clever one," and laments that "a gentleman of such distinguished literary ability, and one whose influence in England is very great, should have been subjected to such an unpleasantness as being arrested for a breach of our game laws, and hopes that he will not give our people a bad name."

Now, I have no wish to cast any reflections upon the noble Earl's ability, both as a mighty hunter and a writer of several very interesting works, which I have read with much pleasure, but in this letter I submit that his cleverness is only exhibited by his aptitude for special pleading, and his attempts to evade the real points at issue between us, as I shall endeavor to show.

His lordship charges me with falling into the same error as he did in supposing that the game licenses are good for the whole Province and are issued in Halifax. I did say so, and I now repeat it, and will prove that I am correct. It will be remembered that I was combating the assertion made by his apologist, the *New York World*, that the only mistake his lordship made was in not taking out a county license, and I stated that no such licenses were issued under our laws. The assertion that the game licenses are issued in Halifax is proved by the fact that they must be signed by the Provincial Secretary and Chief Game Commissioner, and who reside in Halifax. It is true, as I stated in a former letter, that for the convenience of sportsmen entering the Province, in remote districts, a certain number are deposited with the Clerks of the Peace or municipalities, from whom they can be procured without reference to headquarters. That a license is good to hunt "over the whole Province," as I asserted, is easily proved. The Province is divided, for the purpose of the act, into six districts, each comprising several counties, over which are appointed a Commissioner and several Wardens. A hunter is allowed to kill in any one season two moose and one caribou—two animals in all—so that it might happen that he could kill one in each district of the Province under the same license, taking the precaution to make affidavit before the Clerk of the Peace in the district to which he removes of the number of animals he is yet entitled to kill. And here it appears that not having the Act by me when I wrote my first letter I committed the error of stating that the affidavit should be made before the "Game Commissioner," a not very material point. Having thus, I think, clearly shown that it was correct in my view of the law upon these two points, I pass on to the real question in this case, which his lordship very conveniently winks out of sight—viz., was he, or was he not, guilty of a breach of the game laws of this Province by hunting without a license of any sort?

Out of his own mouth I will convict him. He says that he was "telegraphed to his agent in this city (Mr. James Scott) to send his stores to Cheladonia and several Wardens, who are appointed a Commissioner and several Wardens, and he received a reply that the licenses would be sent by mail, and that, acting on this advice, he went into the woods (he went) in the full belief that his license had been obtained." Suppose that he had killed moose the next day, and that something had happened to prevent Mr. Scott from getting or sending the license (which was really the case), would he not have been liable to a fine for a breach of the Game Laws? Surely his lordship, as a magistrate, ought to know that he was not justified in hunting under a prospectus, and in this case purely *imaginary*, license. And his excuse that he was ignor-

ant of the fact that he ought to have procured his license in the district is a very lame one, indeed. *Ignorantia legis neminem excusat* is a maxim that his lordship ought to be familiar with. He could easily have rectified his error by inquiry of the Clerk of the Peace or Game Commissioner (who resides at or near Galadonia) or any Warden. His lordship was clearly liable to a fine for hunting without a license, a word as to the way he was dealt with. He complains that he had not all the formalities of "trial, conviction and sentence," and asks if it is right to hang a man without these preliminaries. Certainly not. But this is a very different case, and his lordship having been caught *in flagrante delicto*, I do not think there was anything to try. A clause in the Game Laws (Sec. 29) reads that "every holder of a license must produce the same when required so to do by any Justice of the Peace, Game Commr. Sinner, or Warden, or officer of the Game Protection Society," so that if his lordship, being a non-resident, was found hunting, and could not produce his license when called upon, I am inclined to think he could be fined on view, as is done under the Fishery Act. However this may be (and I am only expressing my own opinion), I believe, upon reflection, that his arrest under a capias was not illegal. The section (31) relating to the collection of penalties, reads:

"Any penalty imposed by this Act may be recovered in a summary way, *in the name of a private debt*, in the name of any person who may sue for the same."

Now, in the case of a private debt, any person can take out a capias against a debtor by swearing that he is about to leave the county, etc. That could have been easily and properly done in this case, and then his lordship could have given bail, and had his trial if he wanted one. And this right to arrest by capias is a very necessary one in order to carry out the law—for what would be the use of issuing a *warrant* to a resident person so to do before the day of trial, would be out of the county—so that anyway I fail to see where the "hush treatment" comes in. There are several other points in his lordship's letter which I would like to remark upon, but this letter has already grown too long—one let me briefly allude to. He says that "no one supposes that the obje of the Game Society is to make money out of strangers." He forgets that his champion, the New York *World* (inspired no doubt by its interview with him), very incoherently remarks that "the object of the game laws of this State is to restrict the sports of those who are not entitled to them by the wayfarer sportsmen than the preservation of the game, and compares the officials of the law to the vipers who infest Niagara Falls demanding money from hunters at every turn," and one of the objects of my first letter to the FOREST AND STREAM was to correct this misstatement, so calculated to injure the character of our game officials among sportsmen abroad.

I am sorry that his lordship holds the opinion that our Game Laws are not adequate for the purpose and inadequately administered." The statement that the law is a dead letter as far as the natives (under which term, I suppose, he includes Indians and other Nova Scotians) are concerned is not correct. I know of many prosecutions and convictions of residents—so much so that the poor backwoodsman (for whom there might be some excuse if they killed more than the prescribed number of animals for food for their families) complain that they are punished, while, too often, the gentlemen sportsmen, who kill for pleasure, escape with but no punishment. I am free to admit that there may be imperfections and discrepancies in our Game Laws. All that I can say is that a great deal of care and attention were bestowed upon their preparation by the gentlemen who framed them, and that their sole desire was to endeavor to put upon the statute book a law suitable to the requirements of the country. In conclusion, I would invite his lordship to join our society. A contribution of ten dollars will make him an honorary member, and he will thus be assisting the funds of a very useful society, and at the same time be able to give us the benefit of his varied experience as a sportsman in amending and removing whatever incongruities may exist in the present Game Laws of this Province.

A MEMBER OF THE NOVA SCOTIA GAME PROTECTION SOCIETY.
Halifax, N. S., Dec. 10, 1881.

THE POT-HUNTING SON OF HAM.

HEARNE, TEXAS, Dec. 3, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am indignant. The cause of my wrath is this: One day this week, two fellows came into town, each with a covered wagon or "prairie schooner;" and they were peddling live quail, which they claimed to have trapped, to the number of thirteen hundred in four days. Now, at one time I was a boy; and that boy dearly loved to set traps and catch quail, and I think I know enough about it to know that this exploit of catching thirteen hundred in four days is manifestly impossible. They must have used nets and driven the quail into them. Is there no way in which this wholesale destruction of game birds can be stopped? Is there no law to protect them from these wretched pot-hunters? Why don't our Legislature do something to protect the game while there is plenty here to protect; and not as some of our sister States have done—visit until the game is all destroyed, and then make laws to protect birds that are extinct or very nearly so? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." If laws were made and enforced now, while game is plenty, there would still be plenty for generations to come.

Another thing that is driving the game away, though destroying comparatively little, is the negro with his old army musket. He is very numerous in Texas, and especially so in the vicinity of the Brazos river. He is not afraid of very nearly so. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." If laws were made and enforced now, while game is plenty, there would still be plenty for generations to come.

When he finds where a covey of quail "use," he takes his gun, and goes out early in the morning or late in the evening and watches for them. As soon as he gets them as nearly as a bunch as possible, he "turns loose" his old cannon. When he "comes out" and finds his gun hasn't "busted," he takes what he has killed, never getting what have only been crippled and hobbled off to die, and goes to town to sell his booty.

It is one of the evils with which this country has been afflicted ever since the war. You can't get rid of him, nor drive him away from him. He is in every clump of bushes in the country. If you ask information of him about game, he tells you willingly all he knows to be a lie. But he can't shoot on the wing, and he never owns any dog but a manny cur. Pointers and setters and their workings are a mystery to him, and I hope they will remain so.

I wish some of our Texas sportsmen would look into this making and trapping business, and see if it cannot be removed by law. Please bring it before them in your valuable paper, and stir them up.

When I wrote you last, we had promise of a fine season, but since then it has turned warm and no wild fowl are stopping here at all. Quail and deer are plenty; but no snipe.
B. C. H.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Having an office near the river, and being compelled by business to remain there after dark, I have noticed something which is contrary to all law—the gunning of ducks at night by the aid of a light fixed in the bow of the boat. The ducks being attracted by the light, swim up quite close to the boat, and are then easily killed with an ordinary gun. This practice is one which, I believe, is quite new in this vicinity, but which has existed and been stopped in Chesapeake Bay. Upon inquiry I have found this shooting is done by two negroes, who use sail-boats.—H.

NEW YEAR IN THE WOODS.

ON the First of the Year every fish, bird and beast, Protected by law, sat down to a feast; 'Twas a Thanksgiving Dinner, hence all of them came, As the time had expired for taking of game. First came Mr. Bass and his wife, Mrs. Deer, Mr. Gobbler, and Mrs. Wild Turkey were there; Then came Mr. Ruffed Grouse, and pretty Miss Quail, With Mr. Buck Rabbit, and Miss Cotton Tail. Mr. Fox Squirrel, Miss Grey Squirrel and Black Squirrel, next came, With Woodcock and Snipe, too numerous to name, Mr. Pickered and Lady, and beautiful Miss Trout. And old Mr. Black Bass brought Widow Pike out. When all had arrived and the cloth had been spread, And the guests were all seated, Mr. Duck rose and said, "It affords me much pleasure to see you all here. At our annual reunion this first of the year. Yet many old friends, it grieves me to say, I miss at our Thanksgiving dinner to-day. Let us all return thanks that our lives have been spared," Cotton Tail said, "Amen! for I nearly was snared." "And I," said Wild Turkey, "came near to my end, And an thankful that I have escaped being penned." Mr. Woodcock, Miss Quail and Miss Snipe all said that they were thankful to have escaped the Hawk and the Cat. Mr. Ruffed Grouse was thankful the Fox and the Mink Had left him alive, for he really did not think Several times through the summer and fall of the year That he never would live to meet with them here. Buck Rabbit declared the Owl was his foe, And would watch him at night wherever he'd go. He was glad he was living to give thanks to-day, And now wished to hear what the squirrels might say. Mr. Fox Squirrel, Mrs. Black Squirrel, and also Miss Gray, Declared they had nothing before them to lay, Except that through vigilance strictly applied, They had managed thus far to keep their tails safe. The Pickered, the Bass, the Pike and the Trout, Had various things to be thankful about. They'd escaped the fish basket, the net and the seine, The Fish Hawk, the Heron, Kingfisher and Crane. In addition to these they'd escaped all along, The angler who caught fish not four inches long. When all had given thanks then Mr. Buck said, The Pot-hunter was always his greatest dread. That while to the sportsman he'd lay down his life, And so would his daughter, his son and his wife, He trusted that Pan, the god of the chase, Would spare all his kindred the shenic and disgrace Of being killed by a hunter to fill up his purse. For certainly nothing on earth could be worse. When the repast was finished a motion was made, That "a premium on scalps of destroyers be laid, Whether Pot-hunters, Foxes, Cats, Weasels or Mink, Or on Owls or on Hawks, for we really do think. That if ten dollars per scalp were laid upon these, All sportsmen could find game wherever they'd please." A motion to amend was indignantly spurned. The first motion passed and the meeting adjourned.

SANCIO PANZA, No. 2.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Nashville, December 21.—John Nicholson has just returned from Redfoot Lake. He reports ducks and geese abundant, and a large number of sportsmen to shoot them. Many of these gentlemen are from Indianapolis, Springfield and Cincinnati. The hotel at Idlewild is admirably kept, and the shooting close by is the best on the lake. This point is most easily reached from Union City, where Messrs. Cardwell or Williams will only be too happy to give visitors all the facilities within their power. Our market is now overstocked with game; quail are down to a dollar per dozen and rascals from twenty-five to fifty cents, according to size. Venison only brings two cents per pound. Wild turkey the same. Two novices in field sports went out last week, and although they emptied one hundred and seventy-five shells, only brought home a highland turtle and two woodpeckers, the other killing shot taking effect in their dog. John Burkholz said very justly, "Ten wools better stany in ze haub, abee de next die day pin gillin zum veller, and den dey pin getting in ten benedictinary." Fox hunting has been magnificent this fall; game plentiful, and neither as if made to order. William Hobbs still keeps up his nocturnal chases after 'possums.
J. D. H.

TEXAS—Abilene, Taylor Co.—Antelope, wild turkey and quail are quite plentiful in this vicinity.—W. S. H.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I most heartily endorse your views in relation to the slaying of pigeons at the meetings of the "Game Protective Societies" of our country. With you, I think these societies at their annual meetings can find enough to engage their time by taking active measures for the protection of our game. But, not then let there be consistent in the eyes of the world among the flag of game protection, and raise in its stead the flag of game destruction. It has long ago been written that we cannot serve two masters, and this is as true to-day as it was then.

I find in my travels, wherever I go, that the public sentiment is emphatic against these pigeon slaughters, and yet more decided against netting pigeons under any circumstances whatever. They speak the truth when they say these birds are becoming very scarce under this awful netting system, and that the time has now arrived when it should be stopped by stringent laws in every State and Territory of the Union. I heartily endorse these sentiments.

Game societies should never forget that nearly all the sporting grounds of our States are the private domains of the people, and that it is to them we are indebted for all the sporting amusements we enjoy. Hence, we should not be blind to the privileges we receive at their hands, nor deaf to their righteous judgment. For myself, I believe in the kindness of the people, and I would I treat them with ingratitude by ignoring their wishes.

Besides, these shooting matches are cruel and barbarous. I allude more particularly to the one held last year, where, under the banners of "game protection," over 40,000 pigeons are said to have been killed. These were specially netted for this occasion, and nearly 2,000 miles away, in the deep and secluded forests of the Indian Territory, bordering on Texas, where they had collected in great numbers to build their nests, to lay and hatch their eggs and to feed and raise their young. Here, among the Indian villages, they would have been safe from the barbarism of the treacherous net. Had not the greedy white man followed them there to gobble them up by thousands while they were upon their feeding grounds and seeking food for their young. Here the unsuspecting parent birds were caught and huddled into coops and carried away in wagon loads for over 100 miles, through the rough forests, and over the yet rougher roads, to the nearest railroad, and from thence they were carried as prisoners of war to Coney Island, there to await in debility and sickness their coming fate.

It is to be presumed that the young of these birds numbered at least 2,000. These were left to perish with hunger in their nests. Day after day, in their lonely nests, with mouths wide open, they anxiously await the usual return of their watchful parents to give them food. But they wait and fast in vain. The parent birds do not return. So, the young birds pine away from the stress of hunger and thirst, until death finally comes to their relief. Now, all this is no fancy sketch of mine, but is a fact and half an hour's reality, and may it be received and treasured up as a lesson, pointing to that humanity of feeling and action which we should all observe and follow as the rule of our lives. Especially should this be the case with all who profess to be true sportsmen. Our motto of "game protection" is good, and it is up to us to build it up.
H. W. MERRILL.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

INDIANA—Angola, Dec. 27, 1881.—The first thing in last issue that struck me was "Real Off-Hand Shooting." Now, I have attended some of these rifle shooting matches here in the country, and find they all short from rest. That does not show any ability or nerve on the marksman's part, but only the quality of the gun. I like to see them stand up like men and hold their arms free from their body and shoot at a good distance and come as near the centre of the mark as they can. That shows both the nerve of the man and the qualities of the gun. I should like to hear through your columns from some of the "coon-hunters. There is plenty of "coon here, and a few bits from some of the "older heads" may add some improvement on my way of catching them. Quail and squirrels are scarce here; a few rabbits and turkeys in the swamps. I killed one of the latter on Saturday last that weighed 8 lbs., with a 14 bore muzzle-loader, using double B's, which I think is a little too heavy to shoot well in that size gun.—E. R.

AN ECHO OF THE CHEAP GUNS.—Quebec, Quebec, Dec. 15, 1881.—Editor Forest and Stream: God speed you in your war against cheap guns. One thing you do not mention, that is, that the "Saxxon" is a few shillings more than several different names. The "Zulu" and the "Ranger" are identical with the "Saxxon." We have them here in the hardware stores. They are awful. But what surprises us most is that such high-class publications as the *Century Magazine* will advertise them. They may not burst for some time; but they will kill, there is no doubt of that. And what a swindle to say they are well-made and finely finished. They are the roughest, vilest, meanest, meanest looking earth-quack-handled ever made. One advertisement says they were made for the French army, another for the Zulus. Strange that even the Zulus wouldn't have them.—CANADA.

ANDRONAUX WINTER NOTES.—Moira, Dec. 26.—We have had no snow here yet. Winter returns as October. It is favorable for deer, and if we don't have a late spring they will be likely to come out in better condition than ordinarily. The open weather also prevents crusting, which is better still. Beechnuts are very plentiful also, and all kinds of animals and birds that feed on them cannot fail to have plenty of food. Partridge are quite plenty about here yet, and a good stock will be left over to breed next season. I do not hear they are hunted to any amount since the open season closed. The fact is, that they would hunt them do not care to unless they can sell them for market and they dare not do that. Besides, they could not find buyers now. A. C.

ONTARIO DEER—Belleville, Ont., Dec. 3, 1881.—Deer hunters have been very successful this season, despite the destruction of large tracts of woodland by the bush fires. One party of four from this city got five deer, and another party of three got a big number, in ten days' shooting. A party of two from Henderson, N. Y., shot seven deer in as many days, and fifteen deer were got by a party from Campbellford. The method of hunting pursued here is chasing into lakes with hounds, and the game do not seem to diminish in numbers.—R. S. B.

ELKS FOR GERMANY.—Canada hunters have been for several months engaged in collecting for Mr. Hermann Reiche, the Chatham street dealer in birds and beasts, elks for exportation to Europe. A shipment of twenty-three Canadian elks, intended for zoological gardens and private purchasers in Germany, arrived by railroad last Monday, and will be forwarded to Bremen in the steamer Gen. Werder. The arrivals are mostly good-sized, though young specimens, without antlers. Several of the old ones had antlers two inches in diameter near the base. But for convenience of transportation the antlers had been sawed off. The elks have evidently suffered from confinement and their long journey. Each one is encased in a narrow wooden cage, which permits him to stand upright or to lie down in a cramped position. They are still easily frightened, and start restlessly when approached. Their large, lustreous eyes shine like polished agate, and seem to cast appealing and reproachful looks upon their attendants. Two men are kept busy looking after the comfort of the animals.

THE MAINE HOUNDING CASE.—We are in receipt of a letter from "Old Tug" reasserting and confirming by the testimony of the game wardens his charges made in a former letter, that the Howe parties, from Merrimack, Mass., hunted deer in Maine last summer. We have also a letter from Mr. Howe, of which the only important point is this: "Old Tug" charges the Shoppen brothers with acting as guides and assisting us in violating the laws of the State. This certainly is unjust and untrue. I have no knowledge that these men have ever acted in the capacity of guides to any party, certainly not to ours. They merely met us with their teams and took us to camp and returned home immediately." The matter has already been given sufficient prominence in our columns, and we must, therefore, decline to devote further space to it.

SOME NEW JERSEY NOTES.—Hackettstown, N. J., Dec. 18, 1891.—Quail are very scarce. The notes from your correspondent printed last spring are about correct, as I think there is not one covey now where there were five last season. Ruffed grouse are almost exterminated. I have seen but five individuals this season. I should like to ask if it is usual to find the partridge fly on the birds at this season of the year? The three birds that I have killed have all had from one to three on them, being the first I ever saw. Rabbits are not as plentiful as usual this season. Woodcock gave us no summer shooting worth speaking of. There were a few light birds this fall in November, but the writer was not fortunate enough to find any. Foxes are very numerous. Quite a number have been killed, and tracks can be found within ten minutes walk of town in the snow. My catters have started several.—DALY.

IN A QUIK SAND.—Perth, Ont., Dec. 1891.—When out shooting this fall, and after a noble buck, the canoe upset, and I was plunged into a species of quicksand, through which I could not swim far, and the result was that I remained in the ice-cold water for three hours and nearly lost my life. When I first upset I fired my repeater three times at the deer while I was in the water, but the slimy matter getting into the barrel burst it, so that in getting a new one I chose a Winchester Express, which, in my humble opinion, is the best repeater made for deer hunting.—RIVLIX.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, Ill., Dec. 20.—We are having fine rabbit-shooting here now, although there is no snow on the ground. I was out yesterday and bagged seven rabbits, three fox-squirrels and four ruffed grouse. Quail are scarce. Duck-shooting is over. There is a half an inch of ice on the marshes at present. Several good bags of Canada geese were made last week. One man shot eight, and another five last Saturday afternoon within fifteen miles of the city.—TEX BOW.

KILLING WOUNDED WILDFOWLE.—St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 18, 1891.—In your issue of 15th inst., your correspondent "Bay Ridge" asks how wildfowl wounded in the head may be speedily put to death. Many years ago the writer shot ducks in Maryland and experienced the same difficulty in killing ducks so wounded, but found an easy way out. Hold the duck's head under the surface of the water and it will soon cease to breathe.—TALBOT.

A BIG DEER SCORE.—Cleveland, O., Dec. 1891.—Our club grounds in Sandusky Bay yielded grand sport this season. 8,000 game ducks were registered up to Dec. 3. Of that number I had the good luck to bag 1,416, a large number of which were canvas-backs and red-heads.—C.

OFF FOR VIRGINIA.—Mr. G. W. Bassford and Messrs. H. B. Hall and Albert Hall, visit Virginia next week on a grand shooting trip. They take with them the noted dogs Chick and Iron Duke, and expect to have a good time.

WE ARE REQUESTED by the inventor of the new air gun, mentioned in these columns the other day, to say that he has in consequence of that notice been overwhelmed with more letters than he can possibly attend to. When the gun is ready Mr. Chamberlain will announce that fact in our columns.

NORTH OF LAKE ST. JOHN.—A correspondent wishes information about the country north of Lake St. John, Province of Quebec, Canada. Can any of our readers give some particulars about the country, its game, etc.?

BOSTON, Dec. 24.—Good attendance of marksmen and weather; conditions were fairly good, wind northwest, but some trouble with the ice on the ground, covered with snow. The birds made are appended:

Table with columns for bird species and counts. Includes 'Sharpshooters' Match' and 'Handicap Match'.

CARVER VS. GORDON.—London, Dec. 29.—A pleasant shooting match for 2500 marks, 100 pigeons each, came off to-day at the Union Gun Club Grounds, Hendon, between Dr. Carver and Mr. Gordon. The latter stood at twenty-four yards, and was restricted to one or two shots at each bird. Dr. Carver shot 10 birds, Mr. Gordon killed sixty-eight birds and Dr. Carver sixty-seven.

Sea and River Fishing.

Table titled 'FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.' with columns for 'FRESH WATER' and 'SALT WATER' listing various fish species.

The merring fly I see him cast, That as a roscel falls his soft, A dash; 'a whirr! he has him fast! We try, how that struggle lost Confuses and calms us out. Unflattered he calls as the sky Looks on our trout comedies, This way and that he lets him fly A sunbeam shuttle, then to die Lands him, with cool aplomb at ease."

J. R. LOWELL. THE SOUTH SIDE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

WE recently had the pleasure of visiting the grounds of the celebrated South Side Sportsmen's Club, of Long Island, and of inspecting their lakes, streams and fish hatcheries. Although the Club has extensive grounds and pays some attention to stocking them with birds and animals, it is mainly interested in fishing, and especially in trout fishing. The Club was formed in 1868. Mr. Jones Rogers was elected President and served one year. From 1867 Hon. J. K. Hackett presided, until his death, in 1879. Since then Mr. James Bankard has been its presiding officer. There are 879 acres now belonging to the Association, and it is favorably situated, being surrounded by neighbors who hold large lots of land and are equally interested in this question. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, one of the members of the Club, owns 700 acres adjoining the grounds, and on other sides are Mr. Lorillard with 1,000 acres and Mr. C. R. Robert with 1,400 acres. The Club is now in treaty for 1,400 acres more, which, if obtained, will extend their line to the railroad, and thus make a tract of 5,379 acres, including that of their neighbors, which is effectually protected from promiscuous shooting and fishing. Of the land now owned by the Club, fifty acres is water, mainly in two lakes, and they have four streams which make four and a half miles of trout brooks.

Fishculture was begun on a small scale in 1877. Its success has so marked that it has gradually increased, and is now largely carried on under President Bankard, assisted by the Secretary, Mr. R. Redmond. Those who are familiar with the grounds will remember the old ponds and hatchery below the club house. They will find them well filled, and ten or a dozen new ones above the large lake, a new hatchery and ponds farther up the brook, where the fishcultivist, Mr. Riley, lives. Both hatcheries are filled with eggs, about four hundred thousand being at present on the screens, and the season is not yet over. Some fish are already hatched, and spawn was taken during our visit.

The Club numbers 100 members, and no more can join until vacancies occur. The capture of trout was limited to twelve per day to each person, without regard to weight of the fish, until the past season, when the number was restricted to eighteen. This rule is adhered to, notwithstanding that the lakes are full and the surplus is sent to market. Last year \$2,000 worth were sent to market, and this year Mr. Blackford, of Fulton Market, has ordered 2,000 pounds for the first day of the coming season. As the trout openings South Side trout are preferred by buyers, and many New Yorkers believe that no trout in the country equal those of Long Island.

Table with columns for year, fish count, and weight. Shows data for 1876-1881.

Among the trout in the breeding ponds near the house is a rainbow trout, one year and a half old, which will weigh a pound and a half. It was taken up in a net for our inspection. Also a quinnat salmon of about two pounds weight, and now five years old, which ourselves hatched in the New York Aquarium in November, 1876. A fine lot of rainbow trout occupy one of the breeding ponds above the lake.

The grounds are well kept, and quail are fed in severe weather, many having been killed by the severity of the past few winters. Attempts have been made to breed deer, and this work will be continued. We spent a most enjoyable day, and hope again to visit the beautiful and interesting grounds of the South Side Club.

NEW LAW IN STEUBEN COUNTY, NEW YORK.—The County Supervisors of Steuben county, N. Y., at their last session, passed a law prohibiting all fishing in the Canisteo River and its branches above the village of Canisteo for a period of three years. Thirty thousand California or rainbow trout were planted last year (1891); this year (1892) we are to have 60,000 more California and brook trout planted. Four years ago I was instrumental in having our beautiful river (that is what Canisteo means in Indian dialect) stocked with black bass, but the heathen would not give them a chance to increase, and actually speared them in their spawning beds, when I made a complaint to our game constable; he would not prosecute, as he was afraid it would hurt his trade. I shall run for game constable myself this year (1893).

—J. OTIS FELLOWS. ANGLING NOTES will be found in the letters of "Nesmuk" and "Byrnie." It is not always convenient to classify matter strictly, and anglers will often find in other columns matters of special interest to the craft.

ANGLING NOTES FROM CANADA.

SHREBROOKE, Quebec, Dec. 15, 1891. Editor Forest and Stream: Whited-bay will certainly take the fly in Lake Mackinaw. We saw the m caught so last June. But what do you say to suckers taking the fly? We did not see that, but had it on good authority that two had been caught at the outlet of the lake with the fly.

In this lake is a species of sucker of which I would like to know the name. It is about the same shape as the common sucker, but marked with irregular patches of bright red. We saw them in small groups of half a dozen or so among schools of thousands of common suckers on their way up the inlet to spawn. We caught some from trout from among these schools of suckers, that had been feeding on sucker spawn. Do the suckers eat the trout spawn?

We are now living in anticipation of next fly time. June will see us fighting mosquitoes and black flies, and enjoying ourselves generally, for there will be the big trout to throw all other flies into the shade. What if we can't open our eyes half way! What if our necks are so raw that we can't turn from north to northeast without lifting our feet? Trout fishing makes it all heaven, and a fried half-pounder served on a chip is a sure cure for fly sickness.

What do you or your readers use as a culetage? We use oil of tar and olive oil. We have used cod tar and olive oil, but don't anticipate using it any more. Almost anything will do for a day's fishing, but the Canadian trout fisher in June wants something that he can keep on night and day for a week at a time without having it taking the skin off! What can you recommend? CANADA.

TENNESSEE FISH NOTES.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 21. FROM the demand being made on Capt. F. W. Green for Gernan carp, raised in his pond, it would appear that the mania for cultivating these fish is still on the increase. I look forward to grand results from this class of pisciculturists, satisfied as I am that they would not pay one dollar per pair for the fish, unless their ponds were properly prepared and free of other varieties.

As to those distributed by Col. Akers, although that gentleman took all the precautions possible, may have found their way in unsuitable ponds, to say nothing of the ones which died from inanition.

A great many fine bass have been taken lately from Reelfoot Lake, one gentleman having caught twenty-one a few days ago within an hour. I fear the pot hunters in this State have begun their depredations again. A large number of "jacks" have been sold in our market recently, and I am confident that they were caught in nets.

White perch seem to thrive remarkably well in the ponds of this State where any have been placed. They form excellent food and are quite game. Squire W. A. Knight proposes stocking several ponds next spring with game fish, and I hear of several other gentlemen who contemplate doing the same. Any live man could come to this section of country, and in a few years make a fortune out of the fish culture business. In this State, in any creek, water abundant and transportation facilities unsurpassed.

Mr. Wm. Woods, of Maine county, told me on Saturday that the increase of fish in Duck River within the last two years was astonishing. Almost any day he could take as many as would supply his table in a couple of hours.

J. D. H. FISHERY PRODUCTS AND ANIMALS AT BERLIN.

PART IV. of the Official Report of the International Fishery Exhibition at Berlin, 1890, by Dr. H. Dohrn, is before us.* This report, which is accompanied by an appendix containing an account of the pearls, by Mr. F. Friedlander and Dr. H. Nitsche, is uniform in size and appearance with its predecessors and comprises ninety-two pages. It gives an account of the sponges, corals, medusa, hydroid, polyps, anemones, echinoderms, worms, crustaceans, insects, mollusks, fishes and their products, birds and mammals. Those which are useful to man naturally receive more attention in the report, but most products are noted. The elegant display of amber (which formed an interesting feature; and its production constitutes an important industry in parts of Germany) receives little attention. The leeches also are neglected on at least, dismissed with the notice that anatomical specimens were shown by Professor S. Richiardi, of Pisa. The report shows that Dr. Dohrn has viewed the collection with the eye of a mere naturalist, and has little regard for the uses to which an animal may be put to benefit man. This, in our opinion, is the wrong view to take of a collection gathered to illustrate the fishery resources of the different countries in this report. In the next one, No. V., the scientific division, this course is to be expected, but from the report on "Fishery Products and Water Animals," we expected a treatment from the standpoint of a political economist, and not from a natural history point. We expected to learn how leeches were reared and sent to market, how sponges were prepared and amber fished for, with statistics of the value of the fisheries, etc., and in this we are disappointed.

Under the head of "Fish of all Kinds and from all Zones," Dr. Dohrn enters more into the commercial aspect of the case, and under the title of "Fish-oils and Other Fish," he gives the statistics of Norway. Among the mammals we find merely a list of them regard to their commercial value or of the processes of preparation of their products, and the report is a very unsatisfactory one.

The appendix is much better and the report on the pearls by S. Friedlander and Dr. H. Nitsche, is much more complete. The color of pearls, we learn, is very variable and is affected by locality. They are white, blue, yellowish, brown and deep black, with brilliant reflections in the sea pearls, while the fresh-water pearls are mainly luteo-colored with but small brilliancy. Pearls vary in value from their shape as well as color, and the round ones are most highly prized, and next to these, the pear-shaped. The river pearls have small value, and do not approach the beauty of the oriental ones.

The exhibit of pearls at Berlin was a most extraordinary and beautiful one. Of the three rarest strings of pearls in "Antique Berichte über die Internationale Fischerei-Ausstellung zu Berlin 1890. [Beal of the society.] IV. Fischerei products und Wasserthiere von Dr. H. Dohrn. [in deutsch] perlin von S. Friedlander und Dr. H. Nitsche mit 100 den text gedruckt holzschnitten. — Berlin: Verlag von Paul Parey, 1891.

point of beauty, there was noted: One string of white Pash pearls, worth \$25,000; one yellowish or gray-colored string of oriental pearls, worth \$20,000, and one black string, worth \$30,000. Single pearls of rare sizes, shapes and colors were seen, and their value was great.

In Japan pearls are found in several species of mollusks which do not yield them in other waters. They occur in a species of scallop, *Pecten gemensis*, in *Arca subarenata*, *Cytherea pectinifera*, *Tapes semiostralis*, *Habotis gigantea* and a snail. There are statistics and chemical analyses of waters where pearls are found, and much valuable and interesting information in the appendix.

MAINE WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK FREELY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note from time to time, in letters from your correspondents, the taking of whitefish with baited hook mentioned as a rare incident. A speck of the whitefish is found in many of the lakes of Maine, in the St. John, New Brunswick, and on up to the Arctic regions. Your Western whitefish is much larger than ours, weighing from two and one-half to an occasional six pounds; with us it seldom exceeds one and one-half pounds, the average being one pound. In Moosehead Lake it is taken with a baited hook alone, in fact no other mode of taking it is permitted. A summer seldom passes without some of these beautiful fish being taken on the fly by anglers who are fishing for trout. It spawns in the autumn, about the same time as the trout. It is in good eating condition for the table in March, having had time to recuperate from casting its ova, and is then taken in considerable numbers through the ice, with hook and line.

My colleague and myself have taken as many as seventy-five in five hours' fishing. They are a very delicious fish, preferable, I think, even to trout. The same foregone conclusion exists in regard to this fish not taking bait as with the famous blueback trout, *Salmo ogusssa*, of the Rangeley lakes, when the real fact is that they may both be readily taken by this mode of angling, in their proper seasons, if fished for "grunts" or "lakers," like they are only netted, indeed, no other way of taking them is known or believed in; the result is that they are only brought to market when full of spawn and least fit for the table. In Maine it is a rarely beautiful fish, more delicate in its outline and coloring than the fish of the Western lakes, a very dainty biter, and to be fished for with a small hook and minute bait, owing to the size of its mouth. The bait is kept in constant motion by slowly hitting and falling the hand about a foot, and when a slight obstruction is felt, as if hooked into a small fish, or a grass, strike quickly and you have your fish. As we have said, it has a very small mouth, and hence its peculiar mode of biting.

It is the custom with our Moosehead Lake fishermen to roast a cusk in the ashes, the flesh of which is very white when cooked, and then rub it between the hands into the hole in the ice, to attract the fish. Others anchor a bullock's lights or liver on the body of a large cusk, well slashed with the knife, as an attractive ground bait. That coarse, fleshy fish, the toque, or "laker," feeds largely on the whitefish, and is apt to visit our favorite fishing grounds in pursuit. We then assume a heavier line and coarser hook with a larger bait, a live chub if possible, and soon capture and send him where we hope the assassin Giteute will soon be conigned to a limpon lue. We think the Western whitefish may be taken if fished for, as easily as our own. We propose to introduce our Eastern whitefish into all our lakes so soon as we can afford the proper apparatus for hatching the ova. Unlike our trout the young fry are too delicate, as is also the parent fish, to be transported. They must be hatched where they can be allowed to swim directly into the waters they are intended to stock as soon as hatched.

E. M. SWILWELL.

A FISH IN AN OYSTER SHELL.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, December, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

For the edification of your readers and to satisfy my curiosity, I send you herewith a cut or drawing of a small fish, species unknown to the writer. From this and the meagre description I am able to give I hope you will explain to your readers to what species it belongs, and how you account for the peculiar and extraordinary position in which it was found.

The drawing was made by laying the fish on the uncolored slip of paper, and with pencil I proceeded to take the outline, making it life-size. The dorsal fin, you will notice, is continuous to the caudal fin, and the anal fin the same. The pectoral fin appears to be larger and longer than in fish of its size. There is a full row of fine teeth on the upper jaw, and on the lower jaw about one half the number of teeth less. The head is of a dark green color, with black spots or dots, as you will notice in the cut. The pectoral fin is also covered with black dots nearest the head. The body is of a darker hue, nearly black on the back, and gradually changing into a fish yellow toward the belly. Seven or eight lines or streaks of white run on each side of the body, parallel with the spinal column, from head to tail.

It came into my possession in a very extraordinary manner. During the first week in November last I called at one of our oyster dealers for shell oysters, and noticed it lying in a half shell on the counter. Expressing my surprise at it as a curiosity my friend C., the dealer, presented me with the same, and had his son, a fine lad of about seventeen summers, relate to me how it was found. The boy was out oysters, which had arrived from Baltimore, and in handling them one attracted his attention by a hollow sound. His curiosity being aroused he and a colored help proceeded to open it the usual way with a shucking knife. Falling in this they finally succeeded by the use of a hammer and visorous pounding, and in the shell found enclosed this fish. It was not alive, but in an excellent state of preservation, and floating in dirty-looking fluid like water. No oyster or anything else was found in the shell.

The shell is nothing different from that of a common oyster shell after the oyster is taken out. It has the dark spot on the inside to which the oyster is usually attached. I preserved both.

I have been a reader of ROD AND GUN, and then of FOREST AND STREAM for many years, and do not remember of having read of anything similar. No doubt many of your readers, like myself, are anxious to know several things connected with this matter. First, to what species does the fish belong? Second, how came it in the shell? Third,

why was the shell so hard to open after the oyster had been devoured, if it all?

ALCIBIOMON.

[Your figure is imperfect, having no ventral fins, and your description does not say whether the fish has scales or not. We think you recognize the "toad fish" or "oyster fish," *Labridius lais*, a scaleless fish common to the muddy bottoms of the Atlantic coast. The following is a partial description from "The Fishes of New York," by DeKay: "Body thick and rounded before, attenuated and compressed behind. Head broad, depressed; its width equalling its length. Skin without scales, * * * lateral line obsolete. Facial outline sloping. The eyes large, lateral, but with an almost vertical aspect, and nearly covered with a fleshy membrane. Opercle with three concealed spines. Numerous cirri about the head and mouth, and a series of from five to seven cirri on each side of the lower jaw."]

DeKay described what he supposed to be another and smaller species, but which is now known to be identical with the former, and in his description ("Two-spined Toad Fish," *B. celatus*, p. 170) he says: "This little fish, which I have never known to exceed the above dimensions (1 in.), is usually found on muddy bottoms. It has frequently been brought to me between the two valves of an oyster." The fish must have entered when small and found it a good hiding place. When an oyster dies its shells often remain fixed in position.]

EFFECT OF MOONLIGHT ON FISH.

KEY WEST, Fla., Dec. 14.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some time since I mentioned the belief prevalent here that moonlight spoiled fish, and you suggested that experiments be made to determine the question. I have acted upon the idea, and can positively say, from the result of experiments that moonlight does not *always* spoil fish. That it *never* does, I can not say. I purchased five small fish, called here "grunts," freshly caught, and preparing them all in the same manner as is always done to keep them over night, I kept some of them in the house, hung some out of doors where there was no shade or protection, and the moon could shine on them all night long, and hung the rest up out of doors where they would be subject to the influence of the night air, but out of the influence of the moon.

The next morning all were equally good, and could not be told apart, either before or after cooking. This was about two nights after full moon. Some say that it should have been tried while the moon was on the increase; but, as I have already said, I am satisfied that moonlight does not spoil fish *always*.

Still, from the testimony of many old fishermen with whom I have conversed, I am fully convinced that fish do many times spoil when left on deck or hung up in the moonlight, while those below, out of the moonshine, keep well. What the cause of this is remains to be found out. Whether it is the night air, the heavy dew, or some other atmospheric influence can not be positively said. The fishermen naturally say it is the moon, that being the most prominent phenomenon. Whether it is a factor or not, and what the other factors are, I intend to find out if it can be done by any experimenting within my power.

NIGHT FISHING.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Touching the above subject I beg to add that I have had, and seen others have, very good success in night fishing for trout in California streams—notably in the Merced River—by candle or lantern light, better, perhaps, than in the same places in day time. The process there was to set a good lamp at the edge of the water and use worms for bait. The California trout, as a rule, are not educated up to the point of rising to the fly; at least, so far as my experience and observation go.

I have also tried night fishing for trout with the fly—never with worms or other live bait—in the Maine Lakes, but always without success in those waters.

FOOD OF THE ANGLER FISH.—New York, Dec. 19, 1881.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last week a strange fish was seen struggling on the water off New Rochelle, and was shot. It was a large angle fish, and on being opened a coot and a gull were found in it, in their natural condition.—F. O. DE LRYE.

[We ascribed on one occasion at New Haven, Conn., at the autopsy of a large specimen of the angler fish (*Lophius*), which contained no less than seven large coots. He was, as they say out West, "plum full."]

Fishculture.

THE "GOLD-ORF."

(*Idus melanotus auratus*.)

THE "Orfe" also "Ladies' Fish," is distinguished by its beautiful orange colored back and its body scales, which glitter like silver. To give to the gold fish, their young looking about in large schools, even when leaving the eggs present a remarkably beautiful appearance. Having a thickness of about two lines and a length of one-half to one centimeter, their color being a bright red with a black head, the easily frightened school swim with lightning-like rapidity from one place to the other.

There is scarcely a fish which as an ornamental fish, so satisfactorily meets all the demands made of it as the *Idus melanotus auratus*, which, in summer and winter, is constantly seen near the surface of the water. It does not winter like the carp and perch, and never makes the water muddy. Ever restless, the "orfe" constantly swims near the surface to seek its food, and even when ice thickly covers the pond red spots indicate that this active fish is alive.

Gold fish, gold tench and carp only occasionally rise to the surface of the water, while they seek their food at the bottom and thus make the water muddy.

It is certain that a fish which immediately on leaving the egg answers its purpose as an ornamental fish so completely is preferable to the gold fish, which does not so soon assume a brilliant color.

In the year 1858 Gesener wrote, in his "Natural History," that the "Orfe" enjoyed a high reputation as an article of food, especially when fried, particularly in the months of April and May. Formerly to sell the "Orfe" was only given when it had reached a certain size, as they were considered an excellent food for the sick and, consequently, it was desirable not to let the species die out. This fish was also considered a wholesome and strengthening food for women in confinement.

The "gold-orfe" is native of Germany, and sought after by keepers of aquaria on account of their beauty. We have imported a few specimens of this new fish to America, from which we intend to propagate.

Cincinnati, O. HUGH MILLBURN.

EGGS FOR GERMANY.—The North German Lloyd steamer ODER, which sailed on Saturday, the 24th inst., took out the following lots of eggs:

- 300,000 whitefish eggs for you Behr, Berlin.
- 12,000 whitefish eggs for F. Busse, Grestenau.
- 20,000 brook trout eggs for G. Ebrecht, Grestenau.
- 12,000 brook trout eggs for G. Ebrecht, Grestenau.

The whitefish eggs were sent by Prof. Baird from the ponds of Frank N. Clark, Northville, Mich. The brook trout eggs were sent by Mr. Livingston Stone from the ponds of Mr. W. L. Gilbert, Plymouth, Mass.

CARP FOR PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, Dec. 24.—In a show window on Arch street, near Sixth, Philadelphia, an Assistant to the Fish Commission has in an aquarium a number of carp on exhibition. They are attracting great attention, and many more are demanded than can be supplied. The great trouble in the neighborhood of Philadelphia will be to prevent conditions from inducing this fish into ponds where there are gold fish; the two varieties will cross and the result of the cross will be an inferior fish to the C. S. Ponds should be laid out for breeding of the carp alone.—C. S. WESTCOTT.

The Kennel.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. VI.

RETRIEVING is an accomplishment that nearly all sportsmen place a high value upon, and even its opponents generally become quick converts to the practice as soon as they are fortunate enough to own a dog that is well-trained in this indispensable branch of canine education. We have often been amused at the sudden change in the mind of some of these out-spoken adversaries of the practice upon their acquisition of a really good retriever. How quickly their fears that it will make him unsteady vanish; how soon their belief that it will ruin his nose takes flight, and henceforth the system has no stronger advocate until they get another worthless animal. We do not propose to argue the question here as to whether retrieving is detrimental to the dog or not, but will, instead, state that it is our firm belief that if a dog is properly trained in the first place, and kept up to his work as he should be, no possible harm can accrue either to his nose or steadiness; and that in no single instance where evil results have ensued was it the fault of the practice or the dog, but entirely the fault of the man; for the dog is certainly not to blame for breaking shot and chasing the "big" broken bird when his master sets the example. Neither should he be blamed for repeating the indiscretion. Here we can see that the check cord and spiked collar could be used to very great advantage, but we should by no means test his efficacy upon the neck of a dumb animal.

We will now resume our lessons, reserving further remarks upon this very important subject until we come to actual work in the field. We do not think it advisable to commence teaching our pup to retrieve until he has shed his puppy teeth, and his permanent set are pretty well grown; for until this time his mouth is generally more or less inflamed, and his first teeth are sharp as needles; and we may not hope to succeed in achieving that dainty, delicate mouth—that is so indispensable to the good retriever—until we have done this. If we wait until his gums are bared and he has become somewhat accustomed to his new teeth. He will also have acquired all the more experience with the added days, and will all the more readily understand what you require. We shall now derive no little benefit from our so-called "fancy training." In fact, should our pupil possess no natural taste for retrieving, we shall find it almost indispensable; and should he prove never so hard-headed and never so headstrong, we shall find it equally indispensable. We will say the same fancy training we shall be able to bring him safely through, and that you doubting fears will disturb our mind when we send him for his first bird.

Our pupil should be well up in all his lessons by this time, and so perfect at *To ho* that he will not only "draw" on a piece of meat one step at a time, but he must be also so well trained that when you cluck to him as a signal that he may eat it, he will, after taking it in his mouth instantly, at your command *To ho*, hold it perfectly still and deliver it into your hand without any hesitancy. If this has been thoroughly taught him, one-half your task in teaching him to retrieve is accomplished, and you will find it an easy matter to complete his education; for you will have no trouble in inducing him to take a single step toward you when he has the piece of meat in his mouth; and by using great care that you do not tax his patience too much by an undue haste to perfect him too soon, he will, in a short time, readily take two or three steps, and with proper care and good judgment on your part he will soon learn to readily bring you the smallest bit of meat from across the yard, and to deliver it into your hand intact.

We must again caution you to go very slow, and to be satisfied with a very little progress. In this lesson special care must be had that each successive step is well and thoroughly learned before proceeding any further. Thus, when you have succeeded in getting him to take a step or two toward you, do not try him at a longer distance until he has had considerable practice at it, and with readily made the step or two at the word "*bring*;" or you can use the word "*fetch*," if you prefer, but do not use more than one of them, at least until your pupil is further advanced. Of course you will have taught him to come to you when called, long before this, and by prefacing your call with the word *bring*, or *fetch*, it will not be long before he will understand its meaning; but until he does understand it and comes readily at the word, do not increase the distance.

Do not be greatly disappointed if, in learning this, some of them will give you scarcely any trouble and from the first appear to know just what you want and take delight in

bringing anything you may throw for them; while others seem to be stupid and will never bring anything, or will bring accord. The first is a natural retriever and will be easily taught, and also easily spoiled. The last, although harder to teach, will make nearly as good a retriever as the former if the proper course is pursued. We very much dislike that a pup should retrieve before his mouth is all right and his permanent teeth well grown; for this propensity, if indulged before this time is very apt to give you a hard-mouthed dog. Hence, for this reason, we never encourage a pup to bring anything while he is playing. In fact he should never for a moment be allowed to think that he is at play while under instruction in any of his lessons, for there is nothing that is so conducive to bad behavior and disobedience as this. Therefore, make him realize that when you require him to do anything you mean work and not play.

Do not forget that he must never be allowed to eat the piece of meat that he has held in his mouth or brought to you, but that he must be rewarded with something different. This is a very important point, and you will find it very useful in perfecting the catch-mouth, that all adults so much. You may also insist on instant obedience to every command to drop. This can be obtained at the outset by practice with your hand, clasping his muzzle as we have before described, and this must be resorted to should he show the slightest inclination to hesitate or roll the morsel around in his mouth; for we are aiming at perfection and must be satisfied with nothing short.

When your pupil has become so proficient in this that he will pick up a piece of meat and bring it a few steps and deliver it safe into your hand, you should take a piece of cloth and loosely wrap up the meat inside of it, and commence as in the first place by putting it in his mouth and proceeding as in your first lesson at this. He will probably understand what is required and very soon perform as well with this as he did with the bare meat; but should he not like this, you must proceed with the same painstaking perseverance that we have endeavored to impress upon your mind as being of the utmost importance, until your end is attained. You will find that a piece of old cotton cloth that is clean and about as large as your pup's head will serve the purpose. You should let him see you wrap it around the meat, that he may the more readily understand your object, and if he gives you any trouble you must be very careful that you do not try to force him too fast. Perhaps you will find it expedient to leave the meat partially exposed until he understands what is wanted. Or you can merely tie a shred of the cloth to it for a while, and very gradually increase the amount until you have it entirely covered. Your knowledge of his disposition will aid your judgment in so limiting his lessons and in so conducting his new experiments that he shall not become disgusted or sulky, thus giving you no end of trouble. Your aim should be to so handle him that his lessons shall prove a source of enjoyment, and he be ever anxious to receive your instructions. Thus you can easily accomplish by a proper system of rewards when he does well, and by lavishing upon him untended caresses and praise when giving his lessons. To bring about this result you may find it advantageous to be chummy of your caresses at other times and to reserve your words of praise for a few hours of practice; but this will be necessary only in extreme cases.

When our dog brings in his birds in the faultless manner that we have been at so much trouble to teach him, we shall want to see him deliver them into our hand in the same faultless style. And to secure that end we will teach him to come with his captive directly in front of us and to sit on his haunches with his head well up and quietly await our pleasure. Proceed to do this by calling him up in front of you, and placing one hand upon his hip and the other under his chin, gently, but firmly, and so that he may feel you hold up his head, at the same time telling him to "sit." This will be enough for the first lesson, and by continuing in this manner he will soon sit at the word, and then you can give him the order every time that he brings the piece of meat, taking care that he sits directly in front of you every time and remains quiet for a second or two before delivering it; and in a short time he will become so accustomed to this that he will do it of his own accord. We prefer that our dog should bring his birds in the good old-fashioned way, by taking them into his mouth. This becomes necessary only when the bird is only wing-broken, and to our mind it is far more preferable at all times. Especially is it so when among close lying birds; for with the bird in his mouth, back away from his nose, he will not be nearly so apt to flush game that may be in his path. Still we have trained dogs to fetch the bird by one wing, which is easily done by taking half a dozen of the stiff wing feathers of any game bird, or if these cannot be had, those of a fowl will answer. These should be braided together and then sewed in place with stout pack thread. This braiding and sewing is to give him a hold with his teeth so that he will not be obliged to grip them, thus giving him a hard mouth. This should be regularly used after he has learned to bring his piece of meat. Perhaps it would be well to tie a bit of meat to it first, and when he will bring it readily, a small stone that will weigh two or three ounces should be attached to it, and as he improves you can gradually add to the weight until it approaches the weight of the bird, say nearly half pound. Care should be taken to make the stone sit in the good shape you can try to get it to come apart. We do not recommend this style, but as many think that it is quite an accomplishment, we give our method, which has proved successful. Should you wish to adopt this course you should confine your practice entirely to this bunch of feathers, and when he brings it readily you should vary the performance by attaching different articles instead of the stone—your knife, for instance, or a bunch of keys or a bit of wood, and by always making him bring by taking the feathers in his mouth, so he will readily learn to bring his birds in the same manner. If you show him how with a few of his first ones by placing the wing in his mouth, or perhaps the mere showing him the wing will be sufficient.

Should you decide for the old-fashioned way, you should procure a soft ball. We have found a ball of lampwick to be the best possible thing that could be devised—it is soft and just about the right size. This should be stitched through and through, so that it will not unravel, and after he brings his bit of meat in good shape you can try him with it. You will find that the best plan to pursue is to commence at the beginning, and place it in his mouth as you did the first piece of meat, and to pursue the same course by asking only one or two steps, until he gets accustomed to it. And be sure and do not try to accomplish too much at once, but go no faster than your pupil's progress will warrant. When you think that it will answer to order him to pick it up and bring it to you, watch him very closely, and if there is going to be any trouble, and he does not seem inclined to

pick it up readily, you must instantly go to him and place it in his mouth, and be content to let him bring it this way for this time, and wait until he has brought it, and then try him by tying a piece of meat to the ball, and he will soon learn what is required and give no further trouble when he brings his ball readily. You should procure some feathers—from the body of a game bird if possible, but those of a fowl will do very well—and commence by sewing two or three of them on the ball; and as he becomes accustomed to them you should add more until the surface is entirely covered. This will accustom him to feathers, and he will not refuse to take a bird in his mouth as we have known some dogs do to that were really good retrievers. We should not advise you to require your pupil to bring anything except his bit of meat and this ball; until he does this in good form and appears to fully understand what you require. Then you should gradually accustom him to bring other articles—a half sheet of newspaper crumpled into a ball the size of your fist is a good thing to practice him on, always remembering to commence with anything new, by first carefully placing it in his mouth and requiring him to bring it but a few feet the first time. This may seem needless to you, but you will find it necessary with some dogs, and we have ever found that the best results have been obtained by strictly following this course, no matter how intelligent our pupil may be, nor how willing to bring anything that you may wish him to.

THE CLUMBER SPANIEL.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over the prize lists of bench shows held in different parts of the United States, I notice an entire absence of classes for clumber spaniels. For the Western States, where a large proportion of the hunting is done on clear ground, I can well understand that the setter and pointer would be the favorite, and perhaps the more useful animals; but in the Eastern and Middle States I should suppose that one of the clumber would have made a name. Whether it be that they are not used on account of the scarcity of good specimens of the breed, or that they are not suitable for the grounds shot over, I am at a loss to determine. It certainly cannot be that they are not suitable for the woods, for they are known to other dogs take precedence of them for their sagacity, docility, keenness of scent and general usefulness in the field. It can hardly be that the covers are not suitable, for many of the hunting localities of the Northern States must be similar in character to those of the clumber, and the latter is well adapted to being to the front is the want of good specimens of the class to make the breed known, and for it to take the place it should in the front rank of sporting dogs.

In Nova Scotia, for cock and snipe shooting, they are the most valued, and long experience has taught the sportsmen here to prefer them to any others. A clumber can be used where a setter or pointer would be almost useless; and in a country where a dog has to endure the extremes of heat and cold and to beat his swamps and wet cover, and to find his way out into the open, the clumber stands ahead for strength and endurance. For putting up a cock from a close thicket of alders in August, or in retrieving a duck from a half frozen pond in November, he is equally at home.

In training there are no dogs known to me more easily taught their work or more tenacious of what they have once learned; and, in comparison to a setter or pointer, or even their sisters and rivals—the cockers—the training of a clumber is mere child's play. This is a great advantage, for a sportsman may devote time and money to the training of a retriever dog for the next season, much of the labor has to be gone over again, or the dog sent out into the country to be kept up to his work. For residents of cities, or where the want of a good run would soon ruin a setter or pointer, the clumber would be quite at home and thrive where the others would languish.

An idea was at one time held that this breed was delicate and more liable to disease than most sporting dogs. Such is not now the case. If it was ever so, some cause, such as in-breeding, has become the terrible enemy of the breed. The clumber is a good kennel, and without the introduction of new blood, such results would be natural; but since the breed has been more generally distributed no such evil has shown itself. I have been induced to write these few lines in hope that some of your readers may have been so much excited by the clumber as to inquire for particulars, through the columns of your valuable paper, how they have suited in the United States, and why, so far, they have not been shown at any of the great bench shows; or, if shown, they have taken no prizes. An information tending to improve the sporting facilities or make known any new feature in the breeding or introduction of good sporting dogs, will, I know, be acceptable to you and to the readers of your paper.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A gentleman residing in 135th street, in this city, has in the yard of his residence, an admirably arranged kennel for city use. The building is of wood, substantially jointed and roofed, and occupies the full width of the yard at the rear of the house. It is about six feet front from front to back. The doors in the centre of the front, opening into a plain, square room. On the left hand is a door of slats, leading into the sleeping apartment, which is furnished with a bunk or bench raised from the floor, and runs against the rear wall. Opposite the bench is a window, with shutters and a sash. On the right hand side of the main room is a closet for the storage of kennel traps, dog biscuits, brooms, feeding dishes, etc., and in the rear is a door opening into the vacant lot. The entire building is painted about twice a year, reduces the size of the yard but little, and furnishes excellent quarters for a small number of dogs. Of course, portable benches could be placed in the centre room if necessary. It would, perhaps, be better to have all benches portable, so that they could be moved into the open air, be scrubbed and cleaned. Ventilation through the roof would also be an improvement. In fact, many alterations and improvements would be suggested to the mind of any dog-keeper erecting another such building, but the general idea of the structure, as it stands, is good, and we would be much pleased to hear of many more exactly like it rather than to find our city-kept sporting dogs in the parlor, fed with cakes by the children, in the man-servant's bedroom, in the cellar, in the usual bow-legged canning barrel, or in the flea-breeding and never-cleaned "dog-house."

The catalogue of the English Kennel Club Bench Show this month, at Alexandria, contains a list of about two hundred and eighty. A list of exhibitors is appended, comprising one hundred and eighty. An exhibition of paintings, drawings and prints of dogs and sporting subjects was given in connection with the dog show.

The annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club, for the election of officers, will occur on Thursday, January 12. The place of meeting is not yet announced.

Mr. George T. Leach, winner of the FOREST AND STREAM and Members' Cups, at the Eastern Field Trials, is shooting in North Carolina, over the winning dog, Brock, and Hitter sister, Sunbeam.

The managers of the Westminster Kennel Club propose to purchase, in February next, at the expiration of their present lease, the property now occupied by them, comprising seventy acres, with club-house, kennels, etc., at Babylon, Long Island. The club has also the exclusive right of shooting over several farms adjoining the club property, extending about one mile to the

northward, and enjoys a five years' lease of a fine trout pond of several acres, five miles to the eastward. Important additions to the buildings are in progress, and will be completed by January 1. The kennels have been enlarged and are to include a canine hospital, properly drained and paved with concrete. The entire kennel buildings will form three sides of a square, the fourth side facing southwest, and surrounding the sun, thus furnishing a bright but sheltered yard for the dogs. A small house for the accommodation of gunners has been erected on the trap-shooting grounds. It is arranged with movable front, facing the traps, so as to admit sunshine in winter, or to be cool and shaded in summer. The trap-shooting grounds are among the finest and most pleasantly situated in the State. The dogs are all in fine condition now, particularly Chambliss Sensation. The club is composed of seventy members, of which number it is at present 60. On Monday, January 9, the next meeting of the Board of Managers will be held.

"Hello, Smith! Fine dog you've got there. Ever get a prize at a show?"

"Yes, but he won at a trial."

"At a trial! Indeed? You don't say so? I suppose he bit some man, and you didn't have to pay any damages. Must have had a mighty smart lawyer? Who was he?"

"We are happy to state that Mr. Smith is now rapidly recovering from this terrible blow to his feelings, and that his friends expect to see him on the street again within a few days."

THE WELCH BENCH SHOW.

The exhibition of dogs at Jackson Hall, Lowell, Mass., on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst. was largely attended, the visitors and exhibitors expressing themselves well pleased with the management and arrangements. It is considered by all to have been one of the best shows which have taken place. About one hundred and fifty dogs were on exhibition, under the superintendence of Mr. C. A. Andrew, of West Roxford, and the judgment of Mr. George Walton, of Boston. The following is the prize list:

English Setters—1st, Grouse, D. P. Waters, Salem, Mass. This is the sire of Bunkingham's best winner Grouse's 1st, 2d, Leah, H. McLaughlin, Boston, Mass.

Irish Setters—1st and special prize (silver medal), presented by J. C. Plunkett, of Lowell, for the best winner in the show, Dash, Thos. W. Plunkett, of Dan. W. Bagshaw, Lowell.

Pointers—1st, Tom, C. T. Bailey, Dedham, Mass.; 2d, Ruby, Bacon Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Setter Puppies, under one year—1st, Lady Jessica, William E. Quinn, Dedham, Mass.; 2d, Spruce, same owner.

Pointers—1st and special prize (Smith & Weston revolving rifle, offered by the United States Cartridge Company), for the best pointer in the show. Snipe, Dr. F. C. Plunkett, Lowell; 2d, Polo, E. C. Allen, Dedham, Mass.

Pointer Puppies—1st, Zouave, W. F. Todd, Portland, Maine; 2d, Dash, Irving Tenney, Haverhill, Mass.

Spaniels—1st and special prize for the best spaniel in the show (silver medal, presented by Dr. F. C. Plunkett), Judy, Thomas J. Egan, Halifax, N. S.; 2d, Lingo, same owner.

Pointers—1st and special prize (Smith & Weston revolving rifle, offered by the United States Cartridge Company), for the best pointer in the show. Snipe, Dr. F. C. Plunkett, Lowell; 2d, Polo, E. C. Allen, Dedham, Mass.

Field Spaniels—1st, Ponto, J. H. Maginness, Lowell; 2d, Brandy, J. R. Stepanak, Lowell.

Pointers—1st and special prize for the best foxhound in the show (cavalry shooting coat and cap, presented by O. A. Richardson, Lowell), Rough, W. H. Hope, Lowell; 2d, Joker, Michael Stanton, Lowell.

Beagles—1st, Roxey, N. Elmore, Cranby, Conn.; 2d, Missio, same owner. This dog was also awarded the special prize (a handsome collie pup, presented by Charles A. Andrew, West Roxford), for the best beagle of beagles.

Fox Terriers—1st, Albert, Fred W. Flech, New York; 2d, same owner.

Staffordshire Bull Terriers—1st, Knap, Clipp G. Porter, Draught, St. Bernard's—1st, Jack, E. N. Wood, Lowell.

Newfoundlands—1st, Rover, D. C. Halloran, Lowell; 2d entry of John McKeen, Lowell.

Yorkshire Dogs—1st, Gullies—1st, Rox, J. Lindsay, Jersey City, N. J.; 2d, PUNCH, Charles Morgau, Bordentown, N. J.

Collie Pups—1st, Madie, Benj. F. White, Dedham, Mass.; 2d, Lassie, same owner.

Bull Terriers—1st, Silk, James Mortimer, New York; 2d, Squib, George B. Loring, Boston, Mass.

Bull Dogs—1st, Blister, James Mortimer, New York; 2d, Bonnie Boy, Bacon Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Black and Tan Terriers—1st, Billy, Charles A. Andrew, West Roxford, Mass.

Sky Terriers—1st, withheld; 2d, Schneider, J. F. Arlin, Lowell.

Yorkshire Terriers—1st, Tattors, Bacon Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Scottish Terriers—1st, Puck, C. A. Andrew, West Roxford, Mass.; 2d, same owner's entry.

Dalmatian or Coach Dogs—1st, Spot, F. W. Worthen, Chelmsford, Mass.

Greyhounds—1st, Sharper, Bacon Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Spitz—1st, withheld; 2d, Prince, Mrs. William Holland, Lowell.

Dobermans—1st, Blister, James Mortimer, New York; 2d, Bonnie Boy, Bacon Kennel, Boston, Mass.

Pugs—1st, bitch entered by Mrs. R. W. Sargent, Kittery, Maine.

Miscellaneous—Setter and Spaniel Cross—1st, entry of Charles A. R. Dimon, Lowell. Trick Dog—1st, Spance, F. E. Robbins, Lowell; 2d, entry of Charles H. Whitehead, Lowell. English Pug Pups—1st, entries of Mrs. R. W. Sargent, Kittery, Maine.

A special prize for the person making the largest number of entries (a collie pup presented by I. K. Fells, Natick, Mass.) was awarded to J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston, Mass.

A special prize for the best brace of collie dogs (a pair of silver velvet shawls, presented by August Peis, Lowell) was awarded to Benjamin F. White, Dedham, Mass., for Lassie and Madie.

Second special prizes were awarded to D. P. Waters, Salem, Mass., for the best pointer, and to William F. Todd, Portland, Maine, for Pointer Pup Zanetta; and to Thomas J. Egan, Halifax, N. S., for spaniel Lorie. A third special prize was awarded to C. T. Bailey, Dedham, Mass., for black and tan setter Tom.

The English Bull Terrier, which has won two hundred shillings for the best kennel of dogs owned and exhibited by one person, was awarded to J. P. Barnard, Jr., Boston, Mass.

The Irish setter Elcho III was on exhibition, but not competing.

RETREVING—Boston.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have a thoroughbred Irish setter, will broken for the field, except that he will not retrieve a bird. In fact, he will not hold anything in his mouth for me. I have exhausted every knowledge I possess, but in vain. I have endeavored, whipped him in fact, doing everything that I have ever heard of to teach him this, and cannot do it. I purchased him as he is now two and a half years old. Will some of your correspondents who have had experience with these dogs tell me to do with this dog or, at least, give some reason for his dog's perverseness in this, when he is quick to learn and ready to do almost anything else that he is told? If so, they will confer a favor upon one of the constant readers of FOREST AND STREAM.—NONPARE.

THE DOGS ARE SPILLED FOR RETREIVING BY WHIPPING THEM FOR BITING THEIR BIRDS. Mr. H. I. Torry, of Palmer, Mass., can teach him to retrieve, and we would advise you to communicate with him.]

CORRESPONDENTS.—Our time has been so taken up with the Field Trials for the last few weeks that we have found it impossible to properly attend to the correspondents who have favored this department with their communications, and we beg their kind indulgence for yet a little season, until we get things straightened out.

Forest, Prince 2d, Mr Lavrence Booth, Duke of Edinburgh; 2d, Mr William Bunsley, Lady Flora.
 Class 115. Toy Terriers (smooth haired, dogs and bitches)—1st, Mr Tom Sullivan, Spain; 2d, Mr George Tilly, Janet.
 Class 116. Toy Terriers (rough haired, dogs and bitches)—1st, Mr Thomas Greenwood, "Fleekle"; 2d, Mr Alfred Anst, Princess.
 Class 117. Extra class, for any unclassified foreign dogs—1st, Mr W. C. Vaughan, Sir John Franklin, Ex-Quintan.

NAMES.—Berkerville, Pa., Dec. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I do not suppose that any honorable gentleman or breeder would, with purpose and forethought, appropriate the property of another—and I write this not in any spirit of recrimination, but only in the hope that it may lead to the finding of more care on the part of breeders in the future.

In your issue of December 15, 1881, my friend, Mr. William H. Todd, of Vandalia, Ohio, has been especially unfortunate in this selection of names for animals both kept and sold. Certain names become—and of right—private property. No one should be allowed to take names from Messrs. Fowler, Powell and Elmour. "Spot" is the special property of Messrs. Chandler and Baker—the name as well as the famous old dog.

"Belle," winner of the first at Pittsburg's last show, should surely remain unchanged by author; and there is the same impropriety in claiming "Lily" as another prize winner at the same show. I am very well satisfied that Mr. Todd would correct all this, by private appeal, only then I would fail to reach the many who are making "confusion worse confounded" by using, for their own ends, the names of dogs well known either as prize-winners or of the authors.

[We know just how it is ourselves, and cannot blame our correspondent for complaining of this. We are confident that no one would knowingly select names for his puppies that of right belong to other animals of the same breed. Breeds cannot be too careful in this respect, especially when the name appropriated belongs to an animal who has a well-earned reputation, and we trust that in the future not only the breeders of beagles, but those who breed other dogs, will select names for their youngsters that will not lead to mistakes on the dog for another.]

WARWICK AND OLLIE.—An error appeared in our report of the Pennsylvania Field Trials, which we demand prompt correction. In this report, Warwick and Ollie were spoken of as being entered in the Old Trials by Tallman and Martin. This is incorrect. Warwick and Ollie are the property of Mr. H. W. Gagne, of Wilmington, Delaware, and were loaned to E. J. Martin, by whom they were run at the Pennsylvania Trials.

THE HORNELL COCKER KENNEL.—Mr. J. Otis Fellows, of Hornellville, N. Y., requests us to say that he is the sole proprietor of the Hornell Cocker Kennel, and that no other person is in any way connected with it.

ATLANTA BENCH SHOW.—The special prize of the Atlanta Bench Show for the best brace of dogs exhibited, which was won by E. Orrell with his pointers, Bush and Random, was an elegant lemon-colored bitch, purchased, presented by Mr. Geo. G. Stedling, of New York.

PEDIGRES.—We are indebted to a large number of our readers for pedigrees of their dogs, for which they will accept our thanks. We often find them very useful, and should be pleased to receive others that we may place them on file for future reference.

BYRON FOXHOUNDS.—The address of owner of Byron strain of foxhounds,

KENNEL NOTES.

We wish to impress upon the minds of those, who send us letters for our Kennel Notes, that to avoid mistakes all names should be printed in **PURST LETTERS**, as we find it very easy to make mistakes where this is not done. We also would like to be informed whether the animal is male or female, and to know the date of birth and the breed to which they belong, whether pointer, setter, or bulldog. A careful study of the notes in this number of the paper will show just what is wanted. Our aim is to have everything correct; but until contributors will take the necessary trouble to conform to the above request we cannot answer for the mistakes that may occur.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Grassie—Fly.—Claimed by Mr. Philip W. Schuyler, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for a black, white and tan setter bitch, whelped May 15, 1881, by Chorus Dale out of Fly (champion Drake—Lima).

Spang—Strandy.—Claimed by Mr. H. W. Kingston, New York city, for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 10, 1881, by Grassie out of Strandy.

Bess—Strandy.—Claimed by Mr. H. W. Kingston, New York city, for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Dec. 10, 1881, by Grassie out of Strandy.

Frankie.—Claimed by Mr. Fred H. London, Rock Hill, S. C., for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1881, by Foster (Key-City Signal—Hinnette) out of Bess (King Philip—Ada).

Gracie—By.—Claimed by Mr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., for an all red Irish setter dog, whelped June 13, 1881, by champion Echo out of Nora.

Gracie—By.—Claimed by Mr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., for an all red Irish setter bitch, whelped June 13, 1881, by champion Echo out of Nora.

Shot.—By Mr. Clarence A. Parman, Westville, N. Y., for his liver and white pointer bitch puppy, whelped May 15, 1881, by champion Frank out of June (London's Sander—Heddings Kate).

Royal.—By Mr. W. A. Coster, of Plattsburgh, L. I., for his pointer bitch puppy, whelped May 15, 1881, by champion King out of June (London's Sander—Heddings Kate).

Belle.—Claimed by Mr. H. M. Brooks, New York, for lemon and white pointer bitch, whelped May 15, 1881, by champion King out of June (London's Sander—Heddings Kate).

Black and white.—Claimed by Dr. Edward J. Forster, Boston, Mass., for black and white setter puppies whelped Sept. 23, 1881, by Claid (Colby—Jule) out of Zou (Drake—Daisy).

Schiller.—Drove and Bess—Claimed by Mr. W. L. Percival, Palo, Mich., for beagle puppies by sport out of Fallfair.

Snag.—Claimed by Mr. W. L. Percival, Palo, Mich., for pointer puppy by sport out of Bess.

Nabina.—Claimed by Mr. M. B. Bradford, Springfield, Mass., for black and white setter bitch, whelped Oct. 8, 1881, by owner's Pete (King—Smith) out of Nabina (Wm. Jarvis—Claremont).

Fritz.—Claimed by Mr. A. C. Collins, Hartford, Conn., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Aug. 1, 1881, by Dr. Layman's (London's Sander—Heddings Kate) out of Fritz (London's Sander—Heddings Kate).

J. Frank John's Loch (Doane's Tom—Gay's Fanny) (imported Fitz-Gibbon)—**Prize.**—Mr. John N. Nickerson's (Hedding, Conn.) brown and white bitch Fan (Zig—Boly) to his liver and white dog Prize (Prize of the Irish Setter Club).

Whelped—Dick Laverack.—Mr. Halley Harrison's (Thimbury, Ont.) black, tan and setter bitch Twilight (Gladstone—Morsley) to his Dick Laverack.

Whelped—Dick Laverack.—Mr. Halley Harrison's (Thimbury, Ont.) black, blue and tan setter bitch Dawn (Gladstone—Clip) to his Dick Laverack. Dawn is litter sister to Peep of Day, winner of the All-England Show.

Lilly—Bessie.—The Baltimore Kennel Club have bred their lemon and white pointer bitch Lilly (Sana—Lilly) to Mr. E. Orrell's Rocket, and the litter sister to Lilly (Sana—Lilly) to Mr. E. Orrell's Rocket.

Countess Nellie—Hedding.—The Baltimore Kennel Club have bred their Countess Nellie (Hedding—Lena) to their Hedding.

Whelped—Sensation.—Mr. Charles Heath, Newark, N. J., bred his liver and white pointer bitch Lily, Dec. 15, to the Westminster Kennel Club's Sensation.

Whelped—Chief.—Mr. Fred. E. Lewis' (Tarrytown, N. Y.) red and white Irish setter bitch Nipp (Doctor—Bessie) to Mr. Max Wenzel's red Irish setter bitch Chief (Doctor—Bessie).

Whelped—Caradoc.—Prof. H. B. Roney's (East Saginaw, Mich.) imported bloodhound bitch Juno (Hugo—) to owner's imported Caradoc (Forester—Maythorne).

Whelped—Mr. J. H. Winslow's (Haltmore, Md.) cocker spaniel bitch Bonfanti (Ned—Daisy) whelped Dec. 15, seven-and-a-half (one since died) by owner's Norfolk Jack.

Whelped—Mr. J. H. Winslow's (Haltmore, Md.) cocker spaniel bitch Black Bee whelped Dec. 15, seven-and-a-half (one since died) by the Hornellville Kennel Club's Ion III.

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Yachting and Land Yachting.

MEASUREMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream.—The subject in the minds of most yachtsmen at present is the question of measurement. I hope you will allow me a word or two in its discussion.

It is a well known fact, let me announce myself a "enter man," and so no fondness for the subject, influences my better than length. The load water-line is the fairest standard for racing measurement. Of all systems, except, perhaps, a displacement one, a bulk rule seems to be the most correct. It was first proposed by Mr. A. C. S. Palmer in FOREST AND STREAM two years ago. A few examples will easily explain this. Can you name a more undesirable boat for a real sailor-boat than the "Tidal Wave" built by Mr. Burgess? It is a heavy water-line measurement, for to add the overhanging length is, as lately well put in the London *Field*, about as sensible as to add half the length of the bowprit beam to the depth. 3.35 cubic contents, 4.12. The *Vesta*, of only 39.50 ft. L., 24.5 ft. S.D., has 350 cubic contents of 10.50 ft. beam, the *form* you suggest in your last issue. *Tidal Wave* is 24.5 beam, 10.25 depth, with cubic contents 14.84, or 140 tons. Intrepid, 10.50 water-line, 24.4 beam, 11.5 depth, 14.52 cubic contents, or 140 tons. These examples can be added, and are unnecessary to show the inherent faults of the cubic contents system. Surely, most people would call *Tidal Wave* the largest of the craft mentioned, and *Intrepid* the smallest. It is a fact that *Tidal Wave* is 40 tons smaller than *Intrepid* and 40 tons smaller than *Palmer*. These absurd results come chiefly from measuring the size of the hull above water, so that a yacht of 100 tons will give but a whif of a ton's weight for sailing purposes. It would probably hurt the fairer's present measure.

Would you not wish, if you owned the *Madge*, to give her, say, six inches of extra beam for sailing purposes? It would probably hurt her speed somewhat—Capt. Ducean told me it would cost him to do so—and yet it would increase her cubic contents by some 100 feet. If you own the *Intrepid*, you may as well add the cubic contents of the water-line, if it is most undesirable to a depth, however measured, as a factor in measurement, for it is taxing the most important element of speed, and thus of success.

I find less fault with any rule taxing beam, because it cannot be dodged, and because beam does not add necessarily to a boat's good looks. It is a fact that the *form* does add to the weight of the boat, and therefore to the size of crew and cost of maintenance. If the beam is to be taxed, it must be but very lightly, otherwise the narrow-boat is so taxed as to simplify water-line measurement, the chief objection is that it will produce such monstrous craft as *Fantia* or *Elephant*. I do not believe, for my part, that well designed, narrower boats will be built, and that the *form* will be taxed. It is a fact that the *form* is a factor in measurement, for it is taxing the most important element of speed, and thus of success.

Even should we be driven to *Fantia* for racing it will be no worse than to be forced into *Madge* or into *Intrepid*. Both shallow and narrow, *Intrepid* is a craft of the *form* type, and the gentleman must smile at the hope of a universal cubic contents rule!

In fact, we must remember that whatever system of measurement we adopt, it will be a factor in measurement, for it is taxing the most important element of speed, and thus of success. It is a fact that the *form* is a factor in measurement, for it is taxing the most important element of speed, and thus of success.

The examples of yachts in the N. Y. C. Instance do not, to our mind, prove the case of our correspondent. In the first place, what is the *form* of the *form*? It is a fact that the *form* is a factor in measurement, for it is taxing the most important element of speed, and thus of success. It is a fact that the *form* is a factor in measurement, for it is taxing the most important element of speed, and thus of success.

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OWEN WANTED.—Mr. E. S. Douglas, 34 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., wants snowy and great-horned owls that are not too badly torn by shot. He offers a dollar apiece for them and will pay express charges.

E. G. Jr., Albany, N. Y.—We send you by-laws of sportsman's club. There is no National Sportsman's Club. There was a National Association, but it is practically dead.

may be imported for you by the Orange Judd Co., of Broadway, New York. It ought not to cost over \$2. It is hardly applicable to American fishes.

excellent scores have been recorded. C. Marshall has gone to the front with a total of 285, while H. Gray and C. Goodwin are tied for second place, each with a total of 274.

Table with columns for names and scores. Includes sections for 'Experts' Pistol Match', 'Amateur Pistol Match', 'All Comers' Match', and 'Amateur Rifle Match'. Lists names like J. H. Williams, E. F. Richardson, and C. Marshall with their respective scores.

W. T. D., Uniontown, Pa.—Please give the proper treatment for red birds. I have caught several and, after being caged for a short time, died, with what some persons here term gaps.

W. R. O., Norwalk, O.—In one of our rifle galleries three prizes are offered; each one worth or allowed as many targets as he chooses, but not more than one prize.

WALLINGFORD, Conn., Dec. 19.—The following is the score of a match between Ned Post and James Brogden, 100 balls cad trap, shot Dec. 19 (cad rotary trap) at Wallingford, Conn.

ABBEY & BROS.'S "Highest Quality" Spring Steel English Hand-Made FISHHOOKS. Table with columns for sizes (10-0 to 1 & C) and prices. Includes text: 'FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE. DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY.'

NOTICE! Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application. HOLAIBIRD Shooting Suits. Write for circular to UPTHEGROVE & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND. YOUR MONCRAM. On receipt of \$5.00 we will forward to any address...

3 KINGS CIGARETTES MILD, FRAGRANT, HIGH WROUGHT, AND Particularly Agreeable. 9 FIRST PRIZE MEDALS. By WILLIAM S. KIMBALL & CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. Peerless Tobacco Works.

THE ORIGINAL American Hammerless GUNS WITH HAMMERS ON OUR GRIP AND BOLT; AND DOUBLE GRIP ACTIONS. SIZES FROM 4 TO 20. Muzzle-Loaders Altered to Breech-Loaders. Pin-Fire Guns Altered to Central-Fire. Stocks Bent to Any Crook. GUNS BORED TO SHOOT CLOSE. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Clark & Snelder, 214 W. PRATT STREET, BALTIMORE, MD.

KEEP'S SHIRTS. Always the Best. Keep's Patent Party-Made Shirts, 6 for \$5; easily finished. Keep's Perfect Fitting Custom Shirts, 6 for \$9, to measure. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. FALL UNDERWEAR. White and Scarlet Knit All Wool and Flannel, at lowest cash prices, 7½, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

J. & W. TOLLEY, PATENTEES of the "PERFECTION" HAMMERLESS GUN. PATENTEES of the "GIANT-GRIP" ACTION. Makers of high-class guns only to the individual orders of gentlemen who cannot contact themselves with a gun taken down from the shelf of a gun-store. Illustrated lists, photos and directions for measurement sent on application. J. & W. TOLLEY, Patentees and Manufacturers, Pioneer Works, Birmingham, England.

G. G. GUNTHER'S SONS Seal-Skin Sacques & Cloaks Fur-Lined Garments; Fur Trimmings, Muffs and Collars. 184 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special and prompt attention.

For Sale. Live Prairie Chickens. WANTED—A number of Live Prairie Chickens (plumaged grouse) for stocking a preserve. Must be delivered safely boxed, in coops of twenty, birds each, at a railroad station, with food and water to carry them to delivery. Address, stating price per hundred and all other particulars, S. C. C., this office. Dec 29, '31.

FOR SALE—A beautiful Brazilian monkey. Perfectly gentle and kind to children. Price \$12. Also a beautiful black Newfoundland dog. A good ducking dog and good playmate for children. Price \$15. Loves the water better than to eat. Address W. J. MORSON, Portsmouth, Va. Dec 29, '31.

TO FLORIDA TOURISTS—A splendid English breech-loading double-barreled rifle (Jaw maker) with case, tools, etc., complete. Just the gun for deer or alligators. Cost \$300. For sale cheap, or exchange for first class breech-loading 10 or 12 gauge shot-gun. Inquire of HENRY T. SQUIRES, No. 1 Corlandt street, Dec 29, '31.

FOR SALE—A fine country residence, about 80 miles from New York; 45 acres in proved land. Partridge, quail, rabbit and duck shooting, also good fishing for bass and pickerel. For particulars address N. E. J., at this office. Dec 29, '31.

Wanted. WANTED, second-hand D. E. L. gun, 10 or 12x Bore; Damascus; close, hard shooter; in excellent condition. Cheap. Address W. P. O. Box 18, Bendley Lake, N. C. Dec 29, '31.

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future.

I.—FAINTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Cones, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

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Train 52. Leaves New York 12:40 p. m. Philadelphia 1:45 p. m. Baltimore 3:50 p. m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a. m. Danville 9:15 a. m. Charlotte 11:15 a. m. Atlanta 12:45 p. m. Macon 5:30 a. m. Montgomery 7:55 a. m. New Orleans 10:02 p. m. Savannah 10:20 p. m.

Train 50. Leaves New York 9:00 p. m. Philadelphia 11:00 p. m. Baltimore 12:30 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 2:50 p. m. Richmond, 11:30 a. m. Danville 5:55 p. m. Charlotte 7:25 a. m. Atlanta 9:30 p. m. Macon 7:15 a. m. New Orleans 10:02 p. m. Savannah 10:20 p. m.

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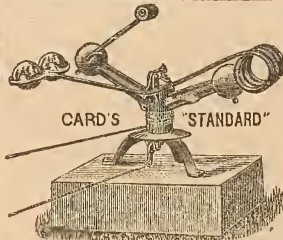
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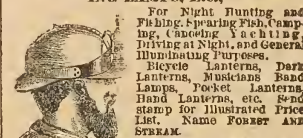
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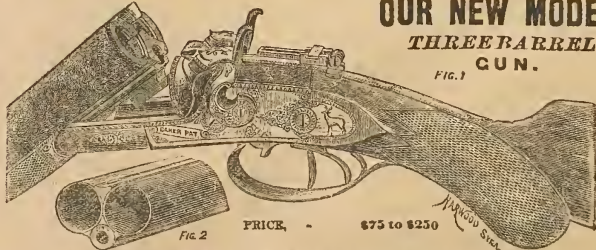


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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1882.

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{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, January 5.

FLORIDA TOURIST.—Many sportsmen are visiting Florida this winter. The game along the beaten paths of travel has been so depleted that there is very little sport now to be had. But the recently constructed railroad lines and new routes to the southern and western parts of the State have opened up new game countries, where abundant reward awaits the tourist. Our issue of December 3 contained a description of the Kissimmee River country, which is now among the best game districts of the State.

THE REMARKABLE ACCOUNTS which we have published of duck-shooting performances, gone through with by gunners on the Gunpowder Creek Bridge near Baltimore, should, it seems to us, have a tendency to make self-respecting sportsmen forswear the locality. If a man cannot get the birds which he kills without fighting for them, he had better give up using the gun where such annoying squabbles are likely to take place.

THE WALKING MATCH MANIA has run its course. There are spasmodic rag-tag-and-bob-tail attempts to revive the nest scheme of whedding the public money into "the management's" pocket. One such sorry attempt was made in this city last week, with the usual dismal ending financially.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH OF 1882.

WITH the receipt of the courteous note from the Subcommittee of the Council of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, given in our columns of this date, everything seems to promise well for a good contest at Wimbledon during the coming summer. Where there is a will there is a way, and certainly there is desire enough on both sides to have a match. The British rifleman is just now under a cloud. He had for years been vaunting his superiority with the rifle, and then somehow seemed to stumble and make a bad break of it when he met the American marksman on his own range, and had no better fortune when the Yankee crossed the sea to meet him. He had, extending over a period of four years, a series of matches in which the picked shots of the British Empire—first pitted against us in teams made up from the separate nationalities, and later in a magnificent team sent out by the National Rifle Association itself—were all defeated after full, fair trials before the butts; but all these contests were at long range. They were fought with special rifles by a set of civilian shooters, and were, in a certain degree, artificial tests. They simply showed how proficient men could become in a certain art, but that art had its sole aim and purpose in accomplishing good scores. The long-range shooters are but a drop in the bucket to the great sea of marksmen. If rifle-shooting had no other purpose in being than score-making at the target, then it would soon die out, but if the scores thus made are tests of a proficiency in the real use of the rifle for war or sporting purposes, the practice at the butts takes rank as an important pointer. The coming match, in place of being a struggle between men who represent less than ten per cent. of the entire body of range-habitues, will be one in which the great majority will be interested as possible contestants; and there ought to be, and no doubt will be, a corresponding popular interest in the match. It will be fought out with military rifles, and the result will be taken as a verdict upon the weapons which have been put into the hands of our troops. These weapons have been selected by boards of public officers, and have been provided at public expence by the outlay of large sums. While it is, of course, possible to have bench tests and private trials of the competing rifles, the general public will, very naturally and rightfully, view a public test in a set trial by marksmen as far more satisfactory. It is the man and the gun that become one acting whole, and it is to try that unit that matches on the range are organized.

The entire detail of the match has not yet been settled, but within a few days or weeks at most the conditions of the proposed contest will have become known. They should be severe and stringent enough to make the test a thorough one, and if the match could be extended over several days it would seem that enough variations in weather conditions would be secured to give the shooters equal chance of striking their favorite wind, or sky, or light, etc. In any case there ought to be no hesitation on the part of our American shots in accepting any fair set of conditions, though they may differ somewhat from the rules under which we have been accustomed to shoot. There will be an abundance of time if it be not wasted to bring together a strong team of American National Guardsmen armed with an American made rifle to contest with good prospect of success with any team that may be pitted against them. To be sure, our National Guardsmen, numbering, perhaps, through the whole country, less than 50,000 men, and having in the most favored instances about half a dozen years' drill, will have to meet the pick of over 500,000 men who have been assiduously trained in rifle shooting for twenty years past. We have somewhat of a record with which to compare our ability with theirs, and that will not discourage us. We have every reason to believe that our rifles are just a good trifle better than the best that have been turned out of the English armories, and as for familiarity with perplexing conditions of the weather elements our riflemen have little to learn. At any rate, be the chances ever so much against us, the courteous challenge must be accepted, and promptly, and the match fought over to whatever conclusion fate may bring. We have a plucky example in the acceptance of the challenge of the Irish team in 1873 by the American Rifle Club. At that time we had neither rifles nor men. Now we know just what we are

to do in order to win, and are not rushing blindly forward to stumble upon good luck. Whatever we get in the way of honors must be won, and won by hard, systematic work.

The attempt of the directors of our Association to secure a team has developed some curious facts about the tendency of our rifle practice. When the Creedmoor Association was started on paper in 1871 the rules of the N. R. A. of Great Britain were adopted entirely. With the opening of practice on the range in 1873 these rules were put in operation, and from that time on there has been a constant changiog and tinkering of the regulations, until now it seems that it will require concessions on both sides to bring about anything like a fair regulated match. The British riflemen have abandoned position in shooting, as we knew it ten years ago, and shoulder shooting has become obsolete. Here it has been strictly insisted upon, and, we think, very wisely, keeping in view our distinction that rifle shooting is something more than the making of a certain score, and is rather the preparation for some real work in another field. An overwhelming percentage of the shooting in war and hunting is necessarily done from the shoulder, and so many arguments can be brought to sustain the desirability of retaining this style of marksmanship that our American directors will be very loath to make the concession of "any position" at any distance to the British marksmen. But the question of position may be agreeably arranged, giving to the Britishers plenty of time to become proficient in off-hand work, much more readily than the matter of rifles may. Our Association have been too lax in the matter of the manipulation of rifles. The files of the FOREST AND STREAM will bear testimony to our protests against the turning of the rifles, especially of military weapons, into more shooting machines. The Board of Management of the British Association have all along insisted on treating a military weapon as such, and would no more allow each man to exercise his own individual judgment in changing it than they would allow each soldier to interpret the tactics according to his own ideas. A wind gauge on a military gun is an anomaly. It has no business there, and its only *raison d'être* is that it may, in the hands of one accustomed to it, and under the quiet work of the range, after, perhaps, the requisite sighting shots, etc., enable the marksmen to show a good string of bull's eyes; but then to assume from this that he is any the better soldier is so manifestly absurd that no one will for a moment press it. We will have the same charge that the test was a purely artificial one, if fought out with these mongrel rifles, as we had against the old long-range weapons, and it will be much better founded, too. That good scores may be made without the use of this "hubber hole" to high aspirations is shown in the fact that two of the best military marksmen at Creedmoor, Messrs. Dolan and Van Heusen, have resisted the temptation to employ it. It is possible they fired to overcome any difficulty of strong winds, by "holding off." They have trained their individual judgments, instead of relying on a device which, under a good coach, reduced their function to that of merely holding on the bullseye. Our own judgment would be in favor of the off-hand holding and the use of a practical military rifle as such.

The proposition for the match has met with the heartiest approval from the press of the two countries. There is a disposition to help on the contest in every possible way. The fact that this is to be a match with military rather, than with small-bore rifles, gives much satisfaction. The scribbling contingent of the British shooting men have opened their batteries and are firing suggestions with the utmost freedom, and all sorts of curious conditions are urged for adoption. None such are needed; the simpler the rules are made the better, so that every non-shooting citizen may know and readily understand just what the champions of his country are trying to do. In its issue of Dec. 1, the *London Telegraph*, speaking of the match, says:

We have become accustomed to the presence among us, from time to time, of American riflemen, and our own picked shots have reason, more than once, to entertain for their Transatlantic rival the highest possible respect. Hitherto, however, competition between the marksmen of the United Kingdom and the United States has been limited to the match rifle, a delicate and very complicated weapon of very little practical value except in so far as the improvements to which it is continually subject tend to further the better construction of fire-arms generally. Efforts are now being made across the water to send to Wimbledon from America next year a strictly military team, composed of members of the National Guard,

armed with a military weapon. The expense will be considerable, and the difficulty of selection great; but these are obstacles which the energy and patriotism of our Transatlantic kinsmen are sure to overcome. The Volunteers of this country may reckon, therefore, upon a doughy foe next July, and have need to do their best, lest the laurels of the rifle range follow those of the race course. Whatever the result, the representatives of the American National Guard are certain to receive a cordial welcome and all the admiration their skill may deserve. The contest will do good service by giving additional distinction to the military rite, as compared with the small bore, and will tend to increase the practical character of the doings at Wimbledon. In this respect there is much room and urgent need for reform. Fancy shooting is all very well in its way, and no one wishes to discourage it, but Wimbledon should be first and foremost a tournament of military marksmen, competing as far as possible under military conditions. These requirements will be distinctly met by the advent here of American soldiers.

ANOTHER SWINDLE EXPOSED.—The daily papers announce the arrest of a swindler who has been advertising extensively in the newspapers his Solargraph watches. Just what these watches are we do not, of course, know, but we remember a few weeks since, when the advertisement was offered to us, wondering whether it was possible that this man could find any people foolish enough to respond to his advertisement, and smiling in admiration at the impudence of the fellow in bringing it to us. Another amusing incident in connection with advertising, is the wonderful unanimity with which our contemporaries, esteemed and otherwise, have, all on a sudden, dropped the flaming notice of apent preservative, which has, up to within a short time, occupied a large portion of their advertising space. This advertisement was brought to us in due course, but like hundreds of similar things, it failed to find a place in our columns. One reason for the high estimate put on the advertising space of the FOREST AND STREAM by its patrons is the fact that it is so well-known that all possible care is exercised to prevent the appearance of anything that can be questioned. That we take especial pains to keep our advertising pages clear is not at all to our credit. We are only performing our plain duty; but that this action is appreciated by advertisers is shown by the eagerness of Chichester rifle companies, Saxon, Zulu, and Champion gun men and other preyers upon the unwary, to find a corner in the paper. That they will not succeed in this, our readers may feel sure. These men know the advantage of being seen in good company, and this, added to the advantage of the paper's circulation and influence, makes them most anxious to advertise their spurious wares with us. We can afford to let the business of these men go by, and to steer very wide of anything that has a doubtful appearance. We do not pretend to be infallible, and once in a while we get caught, but we venture to say that there is no newspaper in the world which has a cleaner record in this respect than the FOREST AND STREAM. We examined, the other day, a truly curious breech-loader—we forgot what it was called, but it belonged to the same class with those mentioned above, but with another name—and found it a marvel of elusiveness, rude work, and last, but most important, of insecurity. Men may safely enough buy cheap fishing-rods, solargraph watches, or even send a three-cent stamp for a superb steel engraving of Washington, Jackson or Lincoln, but we warn our readers against cheap guns. To be swindled out of one's money by some cunning device only hurts one's feelings, but to have one's hand or head blown off, is a more serious matter.

MR. A. ALFORD, who has been with E. Remington & Sons, of this city, for nearly fourteen years, has severed his connection with that firm to assume the management of the Greenfield Tool Co., of which he is the President. The firm title is Alford, Ward & Davenport, their establishment being at 85 Chambers street. Mr. Alford is widely known among sportsmen, whose best wishes will go with him in his new work.

DOGS ARE PROPERTY IN INDIANA.—We are indebted to an Indianapolis, Ind., correspondent for memoranda of an important ruling by Judge Howk, of the Supreme Court, of Indiana, declaring that "dogs are property of value." Following close upon similar action by courts of other States, the decision is full of promise for the future protection and safety of "man's unselfish friend." The abstract of the decision is as follows:

9,780. Henry Kinaman, versus the State. Lagrange, C. C. Howk, J.—Appellant was prosecuted for maliciously killing a dog. The affidavit charged that said killing was "to the damage of the property in the sum of twelve dollars." It is claimed that a dog is not necessarily an animal of value, and that the affidavit was bad because it did not charge the dog to be of some value to the owner. Under the law of this State dogs are taxed as property, and any article which the law subjects to taxation is prima facie an article of value. (60 Ind., 295; 62 Id., 362.) The affidavit was sufficient. On the trial the court permitted the State to ask a witness, and compelled the witness to answer, whether the latter was not on bad terms with the prosecuting witness. This was not error. (See Whart. Crim., Ev., 8 ed., §447; 1 Greenl. Ev., §450-455; 64 Ind., 400.) One of the instructions given by the Court was as follows: "It is not sufficient for the State to prove that the defendant killed or injured the dog merely, but the evidence must show beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant maliciously or mischievously killed or injured it." This instruction was erroneous. The charge against appellant was that he killed the dog and this charge told the jury in effect, that if he injured it, that was sufficient. Judgment reversed.

SAMPLE COPIES OF FOREST AND STREAM mailed to any address free, on application.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE HUNTER IN AFRICA.

THE hunter roams'd far in the broad Afric land,
Where the pallans and gnus are gathered in band,
And the cryx and springboks and sable harleboost
Over green boundless pastures collect to the feast;
Where the herds of wild elephants crash thro' the woods,
And the black rhinoceros wallows in floods,
Where the lion and leopard devastate the plain,
And hyenas and jackals feed on their slain;
Where the stately giraffe and swift antelope
Sweep the vales at the base of the grand mountain slope.
How fair are those woodlands, those pastures of green,
Where the timbered d'haags wave an emerald screen,
So deep in their gloom, that scarce may the light
Pierce the roof of the grove with pencillings bright.
There boundless the iron-wood forests extend
And the lofty acacias gracefully bend,
And mimosa and willows and fragrant white-thorn,
Whose rich yellow blossoms the woodlands adorn,
Where gay blooming flowers embroder the grass,
And birds of rare plumage and sweet melodies pass.

In the belt of the woods, with their green colonnades,
The fern and the passion-flower brighten'd the glades.
O! noble game of this African land—
The lion, the leopard, the elephant grand,
The wild boar and buffalo sweeping the plain,
Their measureless pastures, their endless domain.
The hunter takes rifle, then summons his men,
Bechuannas and Bushmen, from mountain and glen;
Tall, stalwart and lithe as leopards in fight,
Some true as the steel, some trembling with fright.
He bids them take knife and sharp assagai
When the herd of wild elephants threaten the way.
Bull elephants, arm'd with tusks so strong,
That trample and crush as they thunder along,
So majestic in stature, colossal in height,
It is peril and death to meet them in fight.

In these vales and ravines and forests of green
The foot-paths of elephants thickly are seen,
Where for ages untold these monsters have trod,
And whose white, bleaching bones still sprinkle the sod,
And jagged and broken the skulls and horns around,
Where mimosa thickets overshadow the ground;
Where the yellow-wood, cedar and iron-wood grow,
Crown'd with vine wreaths perennial, a wonderful show.

"Tis Jao, the lion, is monarch of all!
Whose roarings terrify the Bushmen appal!
When you meet him alone in the forests beyond,
Beware when at night he stalks forth from his lair,
How majestic in death—the cybals of his roar,
The great, rounded head, once rhythmic in fire,
The vast, massive arms, the black shaggy mane,
The sharp crooked claws, blood-red with the slain;
The powerful jaws, the symmetry fine,
In beauty so perfect in every line;
And you feel that the noblest of prizes is won
When he lies grim in death, the spoil of your gun.

Ah! hear him at night when all nature is still
And darkness and silence hoid forest and hill;
Hear his low, growling moan, his full, solemn roar,
Now muffled, now hoarse, like the surge on the shore;
Hear the roar of two troops that meet at the brink
Of the forest-shat fountain its crystal to drink.
Hear the roar of defiance, so fierce, so intense
That it defends and damps the terrified sense,
Then say if the thunder that rolls in the sky
Hath a tone so sublime as this menacing cry!

Greenport, Dec. 17. ISAAC McLELLAN.

IN THE FORESTS OF YUCATAN.—I.

THE scene of this mild adventure is laid in the interior of Yucatan, which the writer visited last March. After a great deal of rough riding in strange vehicles we reached a town in which resided an American, a naturalist-and-collector, who was practicing as a physician. He had invited us to go on a grand turkey hunt, but we were detained on the road at every town we passed by the hospitality of the inhabitants, and especially by the General of the district, who gave a ball every night in our honor. It was at the end of the third performance of this kind that I fled my party and the story opens.

After the last ball the good General insisted upon remaining and ascertaining the quality of the balance of the Doctor's three dozen of beer; and at 8 A. M., seeing that it was likely to be an all night session, I crept into the kitchen and took possession of one of the hammocks. This kitchen was the usual structure devoted to that use in Yucatan, of loose poles driven into the ground, forming a square pen, topped by a roof of thatch. Lorenzo Azabiz, who owned the house the Doctor hired, and who piloted me to this retreat, had a "rancho" in the logwood district, which he invited me to visit, promising plenty of flambeaus and wild turkeys. We were to start early in the morning, before the Consul and John would be stirring, and as the ride was to be a long one, had made good our escape from the General in order to gain a few hours' sleep. Two old women and a boy occupied this apartment, but the latter was unceremoniously ejected from one of the hammocks, which Lorenzo and I appropriated. Perhaps the reader is not acquainted with the Yucatan way of sleeping, two in a hammock, and I will proceed to enlighten him.

As the first one lies down in the hammock, he carefully takes up only one-half, measured longitudinally, leaving the remainder for his friend. This the latter occupies, with his feet toward and parallel with the other's head, so that the two are packed "heads and points" like sardines. This leaves a kind of partition between the sleepers which effectually separates them; though if one is inclined to kick in his sleep the other must guard well his nose. In any event a person who at first is a little object to this style of sleeping, and prefer sleeping amply fashion, acrosswise the hammock. But when one abandons himself to the guidance of a stranger, upon whose hospitality he is dependent, he must promptly check any qualms of his sensitive soul, and be duly grateful for what he can get.

It was so cold that I awoke several times during the brief space we occupied the hammock and tried to remember that

this was what they term the "hot" season. From the great flat surface of rock exposed to the rays of a powerful sun during the day in Yucatan, and the extremely rapid radiation at night, a degree of cold is sometimes reached that produces nocturnal freezing. During the hot, dry season the cool nights are in most cases refreshing contrast to the heated atmosphere of day, and induce a wet slumber if one is properly guarded from extremes of temperature.

At about seven in the morning we were off for the logwood camp, by the way of the town of Olan. This inverted C with which Olan is spelled, is a necessity arising from the retention of the ancient Maya names, and has the power of "Ts," the word, consequently, being pronounced 'Tsalim. Don Alonzo could speak excellent Spanish, but what availed that to me when I was but in my first lessons in that language? He could not speak English, but he had a new "Ollendorf," and with this and my "conversation book" in our hands, we rode through the cool woods, startling the birds with our blunders and laughing at our mutual mistakes.

After an easy ride of four short leagues we arrived at Olan, entering its principal street between low, white-walled houses. Going to a house near the great square we tied our horses and I paid the man who brought my luggage two or three twenty-five cents—for his services and four "reals" for the horse, and he returned to T'imax. We are provided with breakfast in a "tenda"—a shop—and while we are eating the proprietor plays on a guitar. After a siesta in a hammock, drowsily watching a girl with graceful figure, clad only in a snowy "nipil," combing for an hour her abundant tresses, I am taken out and introduced to the President, as the learned naturalist, author and discoverer, el Senor Don Federico. By him I am promised seven Indians with whom to make an excavation in the great mound. I should explain here, that Olan is celebrated for its great aboriginal mound, four hundred feet in length and fifty in height. This occupies one side the great plaza of the town, and towers above the church and principal buildings, which were all built of stone from its ruins. It was visited by Stephens and carelessly examined by him, a somewhat fanciful sketch of it being given in his second volume on Yucatan. He attached great importance to it as being the centre of a population at the time of the first visit of the Spaniards, quoting Herrera in confirmation that the first Spaniard who saw the ruins hereof was a youth of the Race of the Choles, then a Christian, and he had a new Captain Francis de Montejo, who received and entertained them.

From the summit of this mound the country for leagues around can be seen, and the eye ranges over a vast extent of scrub, with no village in sight but the one about its base. A second mound lies north of this one, running east and west, while this larger and contiguous one has its longer axis north and south. The limits of these great mounds once greatly exceeded that present area, as dressed stone can be seen in the streets, in position, a long way distant, and made of great rocks run out into the street. Under guidance of Don Juan we climbed the smaller mound, and some little boys commenced to throw out the dirt and stones from a small hole in the top. They soon brought out fragments of pottery and plaster, the former finely glazed and tinted, the plaster colored bright red, drab and green, and all the tints fresh as if put on yesterday. After the adult Indians arrived, the work was exhausted, and a room disclosed, filled with debris from above. It was to be ascertained, in a way similar to the "Akabau," at Ahé. They opened it sufficiently to show its shape, but did not find any more pottery or plaster, which was evidently above and outside the building. So I caused the earth to be removed from the top, and soon revealed great pieces of stucco, showing bright colors and elaborate ornamentation and design; not enough to satisfy me, though I was obliged to desist jiggling before finding much, as the sun was setting. Its last rays shone directly into the chamber we had opened. Half the men and boys of the village were gathered by this time, and all assisted eagerly at the work, even the President and schoolmaster. I paid the Indians a "real" apiece, and the boys a "medio," and all were delighted. The ruins of a building upon this mound would seem to indicate the use of these vast accumulations of earth as foundations for palaces or temples. In a flat country, like Yucatan, it would be necessary to elevate the public buildings in this manner in order that they should be seen from a distance. Though the ruin of the structure was so complete, no satisfactory outline could be obtained, its stones, covering all sides of the mound, and large trees and agaves growing upon the summit, yet it seemed to have been composed of successive platforms, each one covered with a thick layer of cement or plaster. Stephens did not visit it, but states that the padre, a young man of thirty (when he was here, forty years ago), remembered when a building still stood here, with open doorways, pillars in them, and a corridor all around, and was called "el Castillo." Fragments of the stucco, some of the ornaments and sherd of pottery I collected and sent to Merida, intending them for Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution; but the best of them were ground to powder in transit, and this opportunity lost of ascertaining their analogy, or dissimilarity, to the decoration of the ruins.

Alonzo and I occupied a hammock in a large empty building belonging to Don Juan, and slept again in the Yucatan manner, the feet of each in the proximity of the other's head, which, almost as compact a style as the denominated "spoon-fashion." We were to start at four the next morning, but didn't arise till five, and though I expected to get on our journey by sunrise, it was nine o'clock before we left the town. This might have been expected, for the day before it was to have been "muy temprano"—very early—and we left T'imax three hours behind time. No one was stirring in the plaza, but a baker's shop was open, with the usual knot of men in cotton pants, shivering in their "sarapes," and here we got a cup of chocolate. While waiting for my horse, we visited the old churchyard, a walled-off corner with orange trees in it. It must have been formerly used as a cemetery, for there were heaps of boxes—wine cases, brandy and soap boxes—full of dead men's bones, and in a recess in the church wall were arm and leg bones, and grinningskulls that seemed inclined to dispute our entrance. Don Juan took us to see an old stone with a strange inscription on it—probably, as he said, the work of Indians, under Spanish direction—and he told us a wooden cross which was raised from it the boxes of bones. Having thus been cheerfully fortified for the journey, I thought Alonzo would start, but he hugged here and there, buying meat and bread, till eight o'clock, then we mounted our horses, bade our friends "adieu," and rode down the street to a hut, where he asked for breakfast. This consumed another hour, though the "Mesitza" girl worked hard to prepare it for us, being hindered by the admiring and

amorous Alonzo, who haunted the kitchen, teasing the pretty cook for a caress. Her mother, a wrinkled old lady, leaning that I could not speak Spanish, pulled a dolorous countenance and called me "pobrecito" — poor little fellow—and wanted to know why I could not speak Spanish. I said I couldn't speak "Castillano." We finally got fairly strident over stunts at the cross of San Jose, near a big cypress tree, and turned into a narrow trail that was, its whole length, very stony, or "my piedragozo." This led into the forest, forming part of the belt that lines the eastern and northern coasts of Yucatan, the trees gradually increasing in size and becoming more open as we advanced. Birds grew more numerous, especially the queer bird called the road-runner—very sore-cumbersome species of cuckoo, or the chapparral cock. We had to walk over the rocks, the road very slippery, very little soil covered the coral rock, which was full of holes, caves and "senotes," nearly all leading to water. At noon we halted at a small "senote," where there was an opening in the rock about three feet long and two feet wide, down which our Indian went and got a calabash full of pure water. A team of pack mules came up just then and their owner sat down with us and joined in a "Yucateco refresco." Into the calabash of water Alonzo put a big ball of corn mixture and of the *Meliza* in the morning, and stirred it up with his fingers. When of proper consistency it was passed to me, and drinking of it I found it sweet and refreshing. This is prepared by the women, of maize, spiced and sweetened, and is in universal use in Yucatan and Southern Mexico, forming, with water, a pleasant and strengthening drink. We drank all around from the same calabash, they mounted and went on again. The great woods were open at times, sweet, clean and inviting, and the leaves lay on the ground as in autumn in the North; but I had no stomach for them, desiring to reach the end of a ride that promised to be interminable. Late in the afternoon we reached a change in the dry, hot road, an "aguada," or small pond, and here, at a sign from Alonzo, I got off my horse and crept toward the water with my gun. Through the bushes I saw a gallinule, a beautiful bird, which I shot, and immediately after another that flew up at the report of the gun. These Alonzo secured by wading into the dark pool, though he had sore feet, and our Indian, though bare-legged, refused to do. The "aguada" was deep, its bed covered with lilies and water plants, and fringed with an abundance of dead small shells. My friend had hitherto ridden perched upon two packs of luggage, while I had used his horse, while the Indian carried a great load on his back, supported by a band passing across the front of his forehead. We both dismounted here and pursued the rest of our way on foot, and shot a "chachalaca," a kind of pheasant, and from a little gun of an "aguada" we put up three large ducks. The gallinules, Alonzo tells me, are "cacharos preciosos," or very precious birds, and they are, indeed, a rare species and valuable addition to my collection. The whole character of the forest changed at or this—the "aguadas" were more frequent, and the entire country appeared as though at times submerged. Of this, in fact, my friend assured me, adding that when he came here last June, where he had his camp—now dry land—was entirely under water.

I was very weary when we at last reached a meadow, in which some horses were feeding, and was told that we were near the "rancho" — the "rancho" was a large open field, from which, from the name of which I was led to expect a small farm—proved to be nothing more than a collection of four huts of palm-leaf, merely a roof to shed the rain, with open ends and sides. They were on the southern rim of a lovely "aguada," surrounded by palmetto and deciduous trees. A pile of logwood, thatched with leaves, a bush house of palm leaves, and a leaf roof over some hollow logs that served as bee-hives, completed the establishment. A dozen horses, with loads of wood, had evidently just come in from the forest.

On the road we had met a train of mules, each with a great plank, fifteen feet long and two wide, lashed on each side, one end projecting beyond his ears, the other dragging on the ground. This is the only way in which Western Yucatan can get its timber, all the west and central portion being covered with scrub or second growth.

About twenty Indians and Mestizos, with bare bodies and rods, sandals and coarse outasses, were lounging about as we rode in. Three Indians were of a very valuable and busy about their household duties. Upon a large plank, four feet wide, supported on four logs, were two "metates" with rollers used for grinding corn for tortillas, and in addition to this there were a few tubs, a grind-stone, and all the things necessary to a camp in the forest. From pole to pole, under the thatched roofs of the open huts, were stretched hammocks of Sisal hemp, and two great mosquito bars told their own tale of insects at night.

We rode into this logwood camp, and I was invited to a hammock while they went over the business, for Alonzo had been gone some time. I noticed one man, a "Mestizo," who had an uneasy look, and one woman, a "Mestiza," who was comely and had an anxious look, though a very sympathetic one, as they say here "my sympathy." Of the other women one was fat and restless and the other old and honest. They all worked well, not interrupting their labors for a minute.

Supper was soon ready. After the fashion of the country we first washed our hands in a calabash, and five minutes later that same calabash was brought in full of water to drink.

Poor Alonzo had but two bowls besides calabashes, for he was only camping, and no knife, fork or spoon, so I took my jack-knife while they ate with fingers and "tortillas." Our companion was a Spaniard, lately from Europe, a pleasant, black-eyed young man, who was sent by a firm there to look after their interests in the logwood. There were no chairs, of course, and we sat in hammocks, and the food was placed on a box of cedar, and as we ate, more and more in fact, were crowded out of the box, handed to us on a cloth by the cook, and taken by us and clapped down on the table. Quite a pile was heaped up before we left, and these were taken and warmed over for the men. After eating, a calabash was passed round full of water for rinsing the mouth. The proper way is to fill the mouth with water, and, after inserting the finger and scrubbing the teeth, to spit it out. This custom prevails throughout Mexico, even in the houses of the rich. Coffee and cigarettes, the only food, in fact, were enjoyed all the time. By this time darkness had settled down and some of the men retired to their hammocks. Though surrounded by strangers and some with not very pleasant faces, I left all my arms outside the mosquito bar, as I retired, conscious that, as they as well as myself were safe. Later in the season, in the Highlands of Mexico, I would have sooner slept without my blanket than without

my revolver, for the people of Yucatan are as honest and true as the Aztecs arc treacherous and faithless. After a second coffee we all sought our hammocks, where Alonzo and I reclined smoking and chatting. I was anxious to go on to the coast for flamingoes, but my host told me that I could not do so, as I was at his disposal, which remark rather irritated me, until he added, with a smile, "and I am at yours, also." I had got accustomed to this, polite insincerity, however. On the way, I asked him if the horse he rode was his and he replied, "Si señor, y de nated, tambien."—"Yes sir, and yours as well." After that I ventured but one more question of the kind, and that was when in the house of the young lady who had prepared our breakfast, I asked if she was his sweetheart. The customary reply came readily to his lips:—"Si, amigo mio," and yours also."

I had fallen asleep, as soon as the insects feasting on me-ticks, sand-flies, fleas and chinchés—would permit, but soon awoke suddenly, conscious that Alonzo had darted out from under the bar and was in angry expostulation with the man with the evil eyes. This man, early in the evening, had gone raving to his hammock, and after crying three avuile he had come tearing out and seized his woman, she with the pretty face, dragging her away from her work. She had submitted, though expecting a beating, merely glancing at her toru "nipil," but one of the men jumped at him as he drew her along, and quieted him for a while. Now he had broken out afresh, threatening to kill Alonzo if he did not immediately pay him his wages, and brandishing a great "machete" furiously. Alonzo was in nowise frightened, but sprang at him like a jaguar, promising him a beating that would answer for his wages. And I have no doubt the Indian would have got it, though my friend is a little man, for in gillam he had flown at a man who talked insolently to him, slapped his face as he pounded him well, until he ceased from talking. So they had it out in talk and piled fresh fuel on the fire as though they intended to be at it all night, making my hut as light as day. The fight ended, Alonzo quietly entered the mosquito bar, which was made large enough for two hammocks, and ordered coffee and cigarettes for two. When he asked me to enter he said in Maya, "Kom in," which is the equivalent in that language for come in. There are also other words similar in sound and signification to ours. In the morning, after coffee and cigarettes, we went into the woods to inspect the logwood—the "palo lina" or "palo de Carapche"—which the men had cut during Acosta's absence. It was then very hot, though the night had been freezing cool, as we entered the logwood forest. The logwood tree, "hematoxylon campechianum," grows to a height of 20 or more feet, is rough and gnarled, with one trunk that divides soon from the ground, with ob-ovate leaves.

The wood they had cut lay in little heaps where they had cut it, and was trimmed of all the little bark and white outer wood and was in color from light red to dark purple. One of the men had a steel yard with him, and this was hung from a tree and the wood piled on a suspended platform and weighed, four "arobas" or 25 pounds, at a time. This was noted down, with the name of the man who cut it, and we passed on to the next, being engaged in this way several hours. The horses were then led up and a load of four "arobas" packed on each and carried to the camp.

The sun was blazing hot, butterflies played about us, birds sang in the thin-folaged trees, and a native quail, or "faisan," got up at intervals. We saw one deer, "venado," and one turkey, "pavo del monte," but not near enough for a fair shot. There were many caves and depressions in the limestone surface, with water in them looking cool and inviting for a bath, but numerous adders swimming across them rendered them less attractive. Thousands of dead snails lay in windrows, but not a live one was to be found, though I searched diligently under dead logs and leaves. The logwood was brought into camp and slacked, whence it will be carried to the port of gillam and shipped. There seems to be vast quantities of it, but it is in remote sections where it is difficult and expensive to get it out. As we returned to camp, my friend was taken with cramp in the stomach, and howled and cried, and the man with whom he had quarrelled in the morning was the first to hasten to his aid. I suspected then it was but a ruse to bring about a change of sentiment through sympathy. In the evening Alonzo brought out a big bag of silver which he had brought to pay the men with, and proceeded to divide it that purpose. I admitted the pluck of my little friend, but did not let him be brow-beaten into paying it out before he was ready, though in apparent danger from the Indian with the bad-looking eyes. We walked out in the cool of the evening toward the "aguadas," or ponds; the birds were still and a quiet brooded over the lovely place, except for the cries of the gallinules in the marsh. One of these birds Alonzo shot, and waded into the water waist-deep to secure it. Sometimes the simplest thing will awaken thoughts of home when in a strange country where the scenery is different, and mine were carried back to the North by the sight of a group of cat-tail flags, growing as in Northern meadows.

The industry of the Indian women of Yucatan is a matter of wonder. From long before daylight till late at night, after we had retired to our rest, they were toiling at the "metates," grinding corn for the morrow. It is the most laborious of occupations to work the stone roller over a smooth slab of stone all day long. I saw two girls in Tuxmax who worked twelve hours a day at "metates" grinding castor beans for candle, at the rate of "eight cents per day." Our women were kept employed unusually late that night in cooking up a store of tortillas for our journey next day, for we were to go to the coast for flamingoes.

WILD CHERLEY.—A very valuable description of the wild celerly is given elsewhere. We understand that several attempts have been made to transplant the seed. Mr. Cross having very kindly furnished the seed. The results of these trials will be awaited with interest.

QUAIL IN CONFINEMENT.—Many clubs will be interested in the report published elsewhere of the Springfield Gun Club experience in keeping live quail for stocking purposes. We hope that other persons who have tried keeping quail will add what information they may.

A Book containing much information about guns is Greener's new work on the Gun and its Development. We can still furnish copies to those desiring them. Price, \$7.50.

ONE DAN'S HUNT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(The following extracts from a private letter written to our correspondent, "Yo," and by him furnished to us for publication, will be read with interest by our readers. The scene of the hunt is a locality which, though not very far distant from the settlements, is yet seldom penetrated by the white man, and where, as will be seen, the game is abundant and tame.)

BURRARD'S INLET, British Columbia, Nov. 25, 1891.
EVER since your departure from Burrard's Inlet I have felt to annoy at my failure to furnish you a day's sport with the goats that I could not settle myself down to work until I had got some sort of satisfaction. While I was considering whether it was best to make the trip alone with Seammux, the door opened, and in walked a fellow in a red shirt, his hat on the back of his head, and a Ballard rifle slung over his shoulder; and as he reached out his hand I recognized Dick G., an old companion who had been with me last year trapping up the coast. So, with Seammux and a younger Indian, Sillicum by name, the party was made up, and leaving the hotel at daylight one morning, we took our way up the North Arm. We went as far as a point on our left, at the foot of the big island, which, if you remember, is near the head of the inlet. At the time of your first visit up the Arm I think I pointed out to you, from the deck of the steamer, a bare peak on which a considerable bank of snow was lying. It was at the foot of this peak that we landed, and dividing our blankets and grub into two packs for the Indians to carry, we commenced the ascent at half-past twelve, noon, and after five and a half hours' traveling, pitched our camp within the timber, a few hundred yards below the barc summit. The Indians advised this, lest by camping in the opening our camp fire might warm the game of our presence.

The next morning by daylight we had devoured our breakfast of bacon, codfish and coffee and leaving the timber behind, we passed up a beautiful grassy lane to the summit. We had scarcely reached this, when a dense fog enclosed us in every direction. It was so thick that objects two hundred yards distant were totally obscured. This was aggravating, the more so as appearances indicated a continuation of this state of things all day.

The air was chilly, and as we had left our coats below, we were obliged to unpack our blankets and wrap them around us. And in this state, grumbling at our luck, we moped the *delate* *Malhatana* (from spirits) in the fog.

Presently the chatter of a flock of red crossbills (*Chrysomitris americana*) came up from the tops of the pines just below us, and I looked at the old Indian, thinking this might be an indication of clear weather. But the stoical savage gave no sign, and I was about to ask Dick's opinion on the subject, when out of the murky darkness flitted two birds, which I identified as Bohemian waxwings (*Ampeles garrulus*). This was a chance I could not let slip; so, picking up my shotgun, I was about starting in pursuit when the old Indian caught me by the arm, telling me, "if I fired a shot I would forfeit the chance of seeing a goat that day. So I let them go; but had I known as much about mountain goats then as I learned a few hours later, I would have secured the birds if I had been obliged to fire a dozen shots to do it.

At half-past eleven, a slight breeze sprang up, a few faint shafts of light penetrated the darkness, and then, as if by magic, the great bank of fog rolled away, the sun burst forth in all its splendor, and daylight was with us. We were now enabled to determine our position, and found we were on the summit of the divide between the North Arm and Seammur Creek, a broken and uneven back bone, made up of sharp ridges, deep ravines and level stretches as smooth as if graded by human hands, and everywhere, except on the very tops of the rocky ridges, was heather—"beautiful, sweet scented heather"—over which we moved as noiselessly as if treading on carpet. We now picked out a place for a permanent camp, leaving our grub and blankets there, and then started out on our hunt. At every step we came upon fresh signs of the game, but for a while the Indians appeared puzzled as to which way to steer; for, although the country was quite open and the eye could reach for miles in any direction, yet the broken state of the ground was such that goats might be within a few hundred yards of us, and still out of sight.

At length Seammux left us and started down the side of the ridge. Seammux had but hardly got two hundred yards away when he turned and shot at a goat falling back. Surprised the game to be at least three or four hundred yards away, we hastily scrambled down after him, but what was our surprise upon reaching him and peeping over the clump of cypress, behind which he was standing, to discover four goats within thirty yards of us.

There was a clear open field for a running shot, did they attempt to escape, and feeling confident that my Winchester was good for two of them before they got beyond its range, I took them in an open view to watch their actions. But there was none of that startled look about them which we always notice with deer and animals of that kind at the approach of danger. There was no throwing up the head for a moment, and then a bound as if a whirlwind had undertaken to pack them out of your sight. On the contrary, these silly brutes appeared to look at us from under their eyebrows—trotted off about a dozen yards to the right, then wheeled and retreated their steps. I felt almost ashamed to shoot, but hearing the level of Dick's barrel falling back to its place, I opened fire, and with four shots we dropped the four within fifty feet of where we first discovered them.

Just here a rather laughable incident occurred. I had laid down my rifle and was instructing the Indians how to take the skin off, when, as Dick took hold of one of his goats by the horns to drag it to a level place to skin, the animal suddenly sprang to its feet and started down the hill. I turned to pick up my rifle, but before I reached it Dick had grappled with the animal, and they both, falling on the slippery heather, rolled down the hill at least fifty yards.

When they reached the bottom the life was out of the goat, and Dick so bespattered with blood, that he looked as if he had just escaped from some of the disturbed districts in Ireland.

It was past one when we had the pelts off, and feeling somewhat hungry we decided on making our noonday meal of mountain goat. So, building a fire, we soon had choice slices of mountain kid broiling—Indian fashion—before it.

The final finished up my rifle to Seammux, but had come without a gun) and taking my shotgun started toward the top of one of the ridges, on the lookout for ptarmigan, while Dick and the two Indians moved along the bottom to a gap which cut through this same ridge, about a quarter of a mile from the point at which I was ascending. Before reaching the top I turned to get a look of the country behind me, and just here I picked up a little experi-

ence concerning at least one mountain goat, which I wanted, when the Siwash stopped me from shooting the goat. I was on the top of a ridge which ran from right angles with the one I was on—the two being separated by the gap before mentioned—I discovered a large buck goat poking along on the very edge.

The side of this ridge appeared to me to be almost vertical, and its height about seven or eight hundred feet. About half way between it and the one I was on, the smoke of our camp fire curled up and drifted off in the direction of Seasmour Creek.

But this goat didn't care anything about camp fires, he was going to come down the side of that ridge if he broke his neck in the attempt; and so I sat down to watch him. His distance from me was not over five hundred yards, and with my glass I could watch every move he made. About thirty yards below him, growing out of the side of the cliff, was a bunch of broad leaf plants, which the Indians had told me were a favorite food of the mountain goat. This spot appeared to be the objective point in his operations, and carefully he worked his way down, till he reached it, when he commenced feeding.

Just then I was startled by a *kak-kak-kak* just above me, and looking up, discovered a flock of ptarmigan not twenty yards off. There were eight of them, and I shot them all, firing seven shots, and yet that goat stood there the whole time, as unconcerned as if he was a thousand miles away. And still he must have heard the shooting, because Dick, who was double the distance off and nearly in the same direction, heard every shot. I felt somewhat disappointed in picking up my birds and seeing they were the black tail instead of *Lagotis leucurus*. There were also in the last stage of summer plumage, and scarcely fit for specimens to mount. Hanging my game on the limb of a cypress, I reached the top of the ridge, and found I commanded a view of the opening into which my companions had gone through the gap, and I at once began to look round for them. Presently I discovered two dark objects beneath the shadow of a spreading pine, with the aid of my glass, I made out to be Dick and the younger Siwash, while further on, near the foot of the opposite ridge, was Seammux, creeping along as if on the look-out for some animal ahead. The younger Indian got up and started back toward the gap, and just then I heard a shot in the direction of Seammux, but before I could bring my glass to bear on the spot, a dense fog rolled up the opening and enveloped the whole scene in darkness. Then came another shot, and another until I counted nine shots in quick succession. I became alarmed, thinking probably that my companions had stumbled on to a mountain bear. I was at the point of starting down the ridge, and through the gap to join them. A voice of Dick came up through the thick fog, "Catch 'im alive," and then a hearty "haw-haw-haw" from the same individual, satisfied me that nothing very serious was wrong. So I resumed my seat and waited for the fog to lift. It rolled away, however, almost as suddenly as it came, and I then discovered Dick and Seammux lending over some animal, which, with the aid of my glass, I made out to be a goat. I turned to look for my friend on the side of the cliff. He was sitting in the same place looking away, but another had come upon the stage. A dark object was creeping toward the white one. It was the young Siwash. Stealthily he picked his way along the side of the ridge, until he got within what appeared to me fifty yards of his prey. Then he halted, a puff of smoke shot out in front of him, the goat sprang backward, in full turned completely over, and fell, a distance of full five hundred feet, to the bottom.

In a short time the young Indian joined me, bringing, with him the mutilated skin of the unfortunate goat. Ever since that start I have had a little misgiving as to the fate of the two Indians, who were on the part of Seammux, because I had engaged the young Indian as guide, and all points as to routes and the chances for game were referred to him. I did this out of spite, simply to punish the old fellow for the way he acted during the time of your visit here. He, however, missed no opportunity to sneer at any proposition of the young fellow made, and now it was Seammux's turn, and, as he seated himself beside me, he asked if I had heard the shooting in the valley below. I replied that I had, and he said, "Well, that was a fine shot. With a bit of cunning you can see his greasy face he answered, "*Klonas sogers*" (Perhaps it was soldiers). It turned out that Seammux had fired the same shot at one goat, and the young Indian had stood by and laughed at him. In the meantime Dick had brought down her goat, which made seven, more than we could manage. So I gave the order to shoot no more, to pick up our skins and head for camp.

It was five o'clock when we reached a spot about three hundred feet above our camp, and looking down and seeing the mountain rising just as we left it, we decided to rest before going down the slope. We had scarcely seated ourselves when Seammux, pointing across the valley in the direction of Seasmour Creek, exclaimed, "*Nika tun-tem spa?*" (I think that's a bear.) All eyes were turned in the direction, and, sure enough, a dark object was discovered, which, with my glass, I made out to be a large black bear, and with it, three pretty good sized cubs. They were in the bottom of a ravine, the mouth of which entered the valley directly opposite where we were sitting, and was about a hundred yards in width. The bear was sitting on the ground at least fifty feet high; that to the left timbered, the one on the right, with the exception of one solitary tree, bare. But that tree proved afterward to be in a very favorable position, for the wind coming from the left, the approach had to be made up the slope on which it stood.

After all there is a good deal of murder in the shooting down of a wild animal. At least so it has seemed to me in very many cases of my own experience. This one I am about to relate in particular. Here is a wild animal enjoying the freedom of a wilderness almost unknown to man. There is no cautionness—no thought of danger—because there is no animal of her surroundings that she dreads. She strolls leisurely along, stopping now and then to pick up some choice root or caress a favorite cub. The sun is sinking lower and lower behind the hills. The shadows of approaching night are creeping higher and higher up the opposite slope. She stretches her great length on the heather covered ground, and placing her head between her paws, quietly waits the time to rest. But, lo! from the lips of a human being, and, as if seized with the dread of some terrible danger, she raises her head and, turning it in the direction of the sound, the object for which that whistle was given is attained and the next instant a bullet from a Winchester rifle crashes through her skull. She springs to her feet, and uttering the most piteous wail I ever heard from the lips of human or beast, drops dead at the

feet of her three cubs, who a moment after share the fate of their mother. This was murder in the first degree.

We had not been hunting but seven hours and a half, and had bagged seven goats, four bears and eight ptarmigan, the most successful day's sport I ever was engaged in.

That night, as we sat round the camp, I took out my notebook, and by the light of our fire wrote down your name as the one by which this camp should be known. The Indians, who were watching me, and, Indian like, having a curiosity for everything in the shape of paper and writing, asked what I had put down; and when I told them, the old fellow's face lighted up, no doubt with kind remembrance of his trip with you up Salmon Creek, and your killing of the bear, and he replied "*Klosh koga?*" (Very good). JOHN FAIRBANKS.

DOWN WITH THE FLOOD.

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer, And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. Birds of passage sailed through the laden air from the ice bound, Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

SAM and I were waiting for this. It was the fall; and up to the first week in November the weather had been so mild as to offer no inducements to make the big, long-talked-of trip for ducks down the Savannah River. We had every thing ready. Two large boats had been built under Sam's special direction and skill, made strong to undergo hard usage—one built to shoot from, the second to carry all the plunder, comprising food for ourselves and two darkies, cooking utensils, extra clothing and ammunition. We went in comfortable style, in the plenitude of time, and anticipated sport in every sense of the word. An added pleasure was the possession of two new 10-bore Scotts, fresh from the Reads; we had tried these guns and found nothing lacking in pattern and penetration. We just knew that any mallard, or any individual of the duck species that would get up within two hun—one hund—well, call it eighty yards, was just so surely dead, if these guns were held right on to. Even our two Fifteenth Amendments appreciated those heavy 10's, and as they gazed on their soft Danesens barrels and fine proportions, the grimace of delight and anticipation of future duck feasts. Alex said, "If dem guns fails to brunt what dey's aimed at, dey'll bring sunfin else, su." Joe remarked that "We's gwon jes to scopp all de ducks in de Savannah."

The boats must be hauled six miles before launching, and so an early start must be made. At 4 A. M. we were under way.—two wagon loads of plunder, boats, shotguns and jiggers. The town was asleep as we passed silently out and beyond. At 8 A. M. we were eating breakfast on the banks of Horse Creek, four miles from where it empties in the Savannah. A wood-pile was close to the bank. With the rope in my hand I was hunting for a place to tie the boat which I was to take charge of. I stepped between that infernal wood-pile and the brink, and slightly lost my balance. Grasping an innocent and deceptive stick on top to regain my lost equilibrium, it slid—so did I—we both slid, and I swam!

No time to lose. I plunged. The boat was surely pulling me down stream. I grasped a rock. Then came Sam to the rescue. I felt myself in his strong hand, and I was lifted clear of the water and landed high, if not dry; but I bravely hung to that rope.

It was a most exciting run down the rapid Horse Creek. Alex had taken several nips from a mysterious flat bottle. This was unfortunate, because Alex steered my boat. He ran the dangerous points scientifically and successfully for a while. Finally we rounded one very nice place and came within twenty or another, when he turned the boat's prow to the right, and the next instant we were heading for a large tree top bending over the water some two feet from the surface. I seized a paddle, but too late. I had only time to dodge. Looking back I beheld a sight. Alex had stood up and caught the limbs, thinking to arrest the speed of the boat, if not to stop it altogether. But he had calculated beyond his strength; he might as well have tried to stop a freight car going ten miles an hour. He hung desperately to the tree until he was nearly as high as much of his weight in the boat, as possible. The boat pressed him up against the tree and then slid from under him, the last impulse being to cause the thoroughly frightened darkey to turn a complete somersault over the limbs. For one awful moment he hung suspended, head down and eyes as large as trade dollars, and then, with a yell of fear, he dropped into the ice-cold water fifteen feet deep, with a current ten miles an hour. What must have been his thoughts, when hung between sky and water, he himself only knows. He could not swim, and he was in the fact, the boat had struck the shore and was wedged in the bank. I was incapable of doing anything; if it had been my last hour I must have had that laugh out. I stood up and laughed. I lay flat and laughed, I knelt and laughed, I hung over the mess-chest and roared. Alex came up a sober uigger. Fortunately, his first grab was at the side of the boat and he scrambled in. I could not do anything, for I was rendered helpless by his fearful look, as he sat there soaked and shaking.

We at once reached the Savannah, and that night made camp just below Sudsbur Ferry. The river was low. We pitched the tent on the sand quite near a cornfield, which was on higher ground. This was Wednesday night. As supper was announced it began to rain. All night it poured. It came down in buckets all day Thursday and Thursday night. Friday opened gloomy. It was rainy most of the time, but not that steady, discouraging downpour. That afternoon Sam shot some nice birds, the first game he had shot since Monday night, we turned in, and soon all was quiet. I woke up once at 12:30 o'clock, and heard, or thought I heard, the rushing of water. I remember the bed felt mighty comfortable, and then went to sleep again. I was aroused by a tramping of feet outside, and exclamations of amazement and almost of fright, "Dick, Dick, get up! Kick Joe and Alex out. The river is rising. We will have to work for our property and perhaps for our lives. The water is within ten feet of us." Up in an instant, I roused

the boys, and they made a rush for the boats, through water that came up to the wrist. Each one seized a rope, cut it from the stake and dragged the boats up until they grounded. Following our traps, we dumped everything promiscuously into the boats. Sam brought the last haul, his gun case and the frying pan. But he forgot the pot-hooks, and I was only when the water was four feet deep over our recent camp that those venerable hooks were remembered—and those relics of bygone days rest in peace at the bottom of the Savannah.

A miserable crew we were. It was two in the morning; the rain came down and the river came up. All through those dreary hours we were showing the craft toward the head of the canal. As the water came up, it was a black, cold, wetful night. At dawn we struck the oar-field bank, and after some trouble got a fire started. All was then changed. Gloomy faces and fears departed. Joe soon had breakfast under way. The aroma of coffee was wafted to our nostrils, and soon we were cheered by a hot breakfast, and then we cast off and away we sped booming down the river with the flood. It was magnificent. Alex, with strong and steady hand, guided my boat as it rushed on. My spot of observation was the top of the mess-chest. Sam's colossal figure loomed up ahead in the other boat. Swiftly we went on past bending willows, likely places for ducks—past forests, grand and beautiful trees, whose tops were sixty and eighty feet in the air, stretching out their giant arms for yards; great cypress knoop, the impetuous canebark, and for reaching swamp—on, on, we rushed, with the rapid flow of the river, the water now clear out of its banks and the flood spreading out into lakes where it encountered the low lands. At about nine o'clock Silver Bluff was sighted and soon thereafter we made a landing. We conversed a short time with some of the natives who had come down anticipating the little steamer from Savannah, and from what we could glean, coupled with Sam's experience, found it about useless to go further, as what ducks there were on the river would most probably be away back in the woods, and consequently impossible to get at.

Dropping a half-mile further down the stream we found a splendid camp ground, with plenty of wood and water. At this time it had been raining intermittently, but as night closed in, the sun shined brightly.

Sunday morning broke bright, with only a few clouds, and by noon old Sol came right out and stayed there. Camp was immediately turned inside out to dry. During the day we received visits from the gentleman on whose land we were camped and others of the neighborhood, and accepted an invitation from a planter living some two and a half miles distant to join him in a quail shoot on the morrow. The next morning Mr. H. sent us miles to ride up to his house. Arriving, we were most cordially welcomed. We started out with four negroes, two dogs, five shooters—all the nule-back but the canies. Striking the field back of the house, we found a covey at once, and when the dogs pointed each shooter discovered, leaving his mule with his attendant. At these five birds fell. We had the covey well scattered and were just in for good sport when the rain began pouring again, and we were forced to retreat to the house, where the rest of the day was spent with our host. The sitting-room was filled with neighbors and friends of Mr. H. and friends of Sam, and all being game, the seat legs were piled in the fire-place, and as the flames lit up the room, we sat in a circle around the pleasant warmth, and stories of the field and river were in order. Every man there was a sportsman, and each had "the best dog in the country," and such yarns as were told. Veracity was pretty well adhered to until we sat down to dinner, eight of us, and each individual entertained upon his personal recollections and imagination amid roars of laughter. Some of the participant's in that day's festivities have "passed beyond," but their memory lingers with us still.

Thursday morning we break camp, the river being at a fair stage for the shooting. Sam sits in the forward seat, I immediately behind, Alex at the stern with the paddle, and Joe in command of the provision ship. On we go. The boat glides by the bending willows with scarcely a ripple. Mark's seven mallards spring from under a thick bunch of willows twenty yards in advance. I rise to cover my bird. The boom of Sam's 10 bore awakes the echoes, followed by mine right and left. Four ducks are the second spawl an old Drake is the third, sixty yards away. Alex's strong arm sends the drake close to the willows. The fowl fly within eye range, and as the guns are brought up they clump, but only three go on. Joe retrieves the fallen.

We made camp at 4 P. M.; and strung in a log thirty-seven ducks, mostly mallards and teal, a few black backs making up the total. Dinner was served at about 6 o'clock, the camp fire heated up the pipes filled, and we lay on our beds in an instant. It had a amazing amount of a good preacher. The time wore on to nearly 9 o'clock. Suddenly a low moan is borne to us from up the river. All of us are hushed to silence. It grows louder, louder, louder. The woods echo and re-echo the sound. The steamer from Savannah is coming. We pile on the logs and wake our camp fire blaze. We will let them know that we are here. She rounds the point above with many a light, pouring great clouds of smoke and sparks from her stacks, and sweeping swiftly and gracefully onward is soon a host of us. The passengers see the great fire and cheer. We yell in reply. Soon the little steamer is lost to sight. Presently all sounds cease, and we turn in for the night.

Onward we go, 175 miles down the river, with good sport and fine cold weather all the way. We reach our boats at Burton's Landing and take steamer for Augusta. The trip lasted three weeks. I gained seven and three quarter pounds. Sam was so frightened at what people said of his increased adipose that he would not go near the scales. We both felt better. The business of the day did not drag, and outside of business we had something pleasant and profitable to think of. DICK SWELLBURN.

ONE of Mr. Van Dyke's most charming works is his "Filtration Camp," a story of shooting in Southern California, where game is abundant and out-door life is a delight throughout the whole shooting season. There is a thread of romance running through the details, which renders it very attractive. We have a few copies left, which we can furnish at \$1.50 each.

Fritz has named his dog *No Sequitur*, because it does not follow.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Natural History.

SOMETHING ABOUT WOLVES.

"BEEN camping out among the bears and wolves," was the remark of my young friend and sportsman, Bill Sykes, who had just returned from a two weeks' cruise in the mountain range.

Ab, glad to see you again, if you have had a tussle with the critters and come off with a whole skin and—

"Hold on, there, you know as well as I that I never saw a wolf, nor more than one bear, which was chained to a post and kept walking back and forth, and came as a near perpetual motion as anything I ever saw. Come, now you old antediluvian, sit down and tell me something of the nature and habits of wolves, not those little nasty prairie wolves, them I know. Now, if I had lived in the days of my great-grandfather Sykes I should—"

Yes, yes, you had lived in the days of your great-grandfather you would have known more about wolves than you do now. I knew old Sykes right well when I was a boy. He caught wolves when the scalps brought \$600 bounty each, and he accumulated more money than I ever knew any other Sykes to do since, and paid the whole amount for a large tract of land which in after years became very valuable. She was robbed of her cubs about the first days of June in each year, the old wolf generally keeping out of gunshot distance, even while being robbed of her young. There are comparatively few wolves killed by gunshots. Instinct seems to have taught them the potency of firearms. When they are shot, as sometimes happens, they are almost sure to escape unless broken down or struck in some vital part. I once followed a wounded wolf for days when it seemed to me that every drop of blood had run out of him; and the second day of the chase I thought he ran as he had before.

The wolf is rather cowardly, and would generally prefer to run from a dog rather than fight. But he is a powerful fighter when he does fight. Notwithstanding some reports to the contrary, I believe that there never was a dog that could master a full-grown wolf. There are few dogs that will attempt to fight a wolf, and when they do they are badly cut up if not killed outright. The bite of a wolf is not like the bulldog grip, but is a succession of snaps, which are about as quick as lightning. The wolf leaps back and forth over the dog, his jaws snapping like a scudtrap, and the dog is cut up with knives in less time than it takes to write it. Wolves will occasionally run down a deer, but it is a rare thing that they hunt that way. They have a more easy method, which is to get on the windward side of the deer while lying in his bed and creep up cat-like and pounce on him before he fairly makes the first bound, as has been frequently ascertained by the tracks in the snow. Wolves were more often caught in steel traps than any other way. It requires great skill and patience to succeed in trapping them, as they are shy and wary. The wolf is not going to run into any pens or deadfalls, nor slip his neck into any noose or snare.

I have seen two animals, the progeny of a cross between the dog and the wolf. They were ill-looking nondescripts, which were neither wolves nor dogs; and were the most vicious, surly, ill-natured brutes I ever saw. It became necessary to keep them chained before they were fully grown; and they proved a decided failure toward improving the breed of either wolf or dog.

The dismal howl of the wolf is what we often see written and often hear quoted; but I contend that there is nothing dismal about it. I would be willing to travel some distance to hear a concert gotten up by a half-dozen wolves. Not that I claim any very sweet melody for the sounds except that they would bring back to my memory pleasant reminiscences of other days.

The wolf, like the Indian, is fast disappearing before the march of civilization, and we may safely predict that at no very remote period they will be counted among the extinct races.

Piney Falls, Tenn., Dec. 27.

THE DIVINING ROD.

MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN KENTUCKY, Dec. 10, 1881.

IT was by a curious coincidence that not a week before I was reading your FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, in some column of which I found allusions to divining rods and supposed relations between beechnut crops and winters—the only instances of those identical items which came under my immediate cognizance—had been discussed. A night spent with an old friend took me off my accustomed route to your town and past the spot where I had seen the water-wizard's manipulations of his rod. This was so vividly impressed upon my boyish memory that after a lapse of thirty years I located the well (now filled), though the house had been razed and the road changed. Arrived at town I met my old schoolmate and old friend, now living in Central Kentucky, who while on a visit to me in July, 1859, directed my attention to the remarkably heavy beech crop, and after informing me that a certain native of the mountains had a few days before told him that such a crop always forebodes a "hard winter," added: "Now, let's remember and watch that." The winter of '59-'60 did not counterpart in severity in the memory of the oldest observer.

Dr. Carter, an observer, that mild winters are apt to follow good beechnut years in New York. The reverse obtains here.

Not only retain an abiding faith in the approximate infallibility of the divining rod in locating the meanderings of subterranean streams, and no believer doubts that volume, course, depth, abundance and divergence can be accurately determined by the aid of the rod in peculiarly gifted hands. It is averred that the bark has been wrenched from the divining rod in particularly gifted hands, when crossing the course of subterranean streams, and sudden and violent dips of the switch have proclaimed underground rivers. I am

not positive as to accuracy of memory in associating the introduction of water-witching with the time that spiritualistic phenomena were so intensely absorbing a theme in our community, but remember well that about the time the Foxes were so interestingly notorious, developments of mediumistic gifts with the rod were scarcely a secondary amusement. In this famously spring-watered country, wells and cisterns are few, and he is thought rash who essays a well without appeal to the water-wizard's rod. Professional well-diggers waded the wad in my boyhood, but principally amateurs practiced the art now. A peach-tree twig, three to four feet long, and straight, used in one hand by some, forked and a prong held in each hand by others, was the popular wad when the practice was in its glory a score and a half of years ago.

I suppose I was ten years of age when I visited the farmer, for whom a water-wizard was at the time digging a well on contract—no water no pay, but board whether or no. The peach-tree twig, forked and held in both hands, had located the confluence of two strong streams, at a certain depth, in the most convenient hollow, so far below which the old gentleman had tediously blasted his way through expending strata of limestone that he made daily appeals to the rod in hope of new revelations, or detection of some miscalculation. After showing me the persistent but deceptive movements of the rod, he placed it in my hands for trial. My recollection is that I was led in his courses, and that I agreed that his interpretations of indications were in perfect accord with mine. A gentleman who has lived on an adjoining farm for more than forty years told me that the hole was abandoned, filled, and a spring half a mile away is still the dependence of that farm house, no owner having had the enterprise to dig a cistern. My observation has been that topography is a prime motor with all operators left to their discretion—a natural fallacy, in view of the illiteracy of the average wizard.

Some years ago a charlatan gravitated into our neighborhood, in whose hands the divining rod performed such wonders in the estimation of many concerned within prescribed bounds that many believed him either a wizard or a charlatan; and he had a soft time sponging his board and a few dollars, till a skeptical old farmer, in discussing his abilities, led him to a climax from which he could not decline a proposed wager without virtually confessing himself an impostor. The old gentleman was to conceal a half-dollar in a field of growing corn, within agreed limits, which, by aid of the divining rod, the wizard was to find on first trial. He was accurately led in the bottom, and so strong was his faith in the sudden deflection of the treacherous rod—where the keen eyes of the rascal discovered a very slight disturbance of the surface—led the unsuspecting to exclaim: "Here it is." But it was not there; nor could repeated efforts locate it, so skillfully had the old man concealed the coin and "set his traps." That was the last performance of that magician in that locality.

A neighbor began building a new house last spring, near a point where one of our popular amateurs had located a strong, superficial spring in the bottom, and so strong was his faith that he sold off that portion of his farm on which was the house and surroundings and pushed the new house up much faster than he did the well down. Result: After digging much below the indicated depth and drilling four feet deeper, without sign of anything to drink, he availed himself of a lucky chance to sell out, and invested in a perpetual spring, of which he had some knowledge.

I know of no statistics by which conclusions can be reached as to the comparative value and success adopted by the water-wizards, and comparisons made of successful and failures, but there is a preponderance of failures in this limestone region. Some persevering individuals, confident of water at insignificant depths, in their disappointments have obstinately pushed on till artesian depths, coupled with pecuniary stress and insufficiency of human power to run the hoisting apparatus, constrained suspension of operations. Allusions to water-witchery is all-sufficient in most such instances to earn a cordial rebuff or thrashing. In the new year I visited a Kentucky faith in the divining rod is extinct, and the party who decides upon it well selects a point most convenient to the cook-room, and puts a well-borer to work, though the nearest alluvium is ten thousand feet below his site.

KENTUCKIAN.

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 1, I notice an article, headed "The Divining Rod." Evidently the writer of the article thinks the divining rod a delusion and a humbug. I have no more to say regarding that science of quackeries, and can do so clearly and satisfactorily demonstrated. I can show you several men down here who can convince the most skeptical that the rod is not a fraud. I can show you a man who can not only locate underground streams with the rod, but will manipulate the rod in such a way that it will point as unerringly and indicate the direction that underground streams flow as the mariner's compass points toward the north. The divining rod is no more of a humbug than the mariner's compass. All rivers and creeks are fed by subterranean water, and his unerring rod located face indications of their existence. Now, I know a man who, with a rod, can find every underground stream that flows into a surface stream. You might see him down in California, or any strange place, might lose him in the "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save its wave dashings," and he would find every underground stream in the neighborhood and trace them from source to mouth. I have seen him do that very thing—I have seen him put to the severest test by skeptics, and never failed in a single instance to demonstrate clearly and unmistakably that the rod is not a fraud. Carry him to a well, and in an instant he will show you the direction the stream flows that sustains the well, and the side on which it flows into the well. Carry him within, say, a quarter of a mile of a spring that "he knows not of," and with the rod he will find it. Where his rod indicates that there is water, dig and you will find it. I sit now within a few hundred yards of two new wells falling water that has its unerring rod located. When people want water below the surface they send for him. He never fails to find it. My father once put a rod man to a severe test. He claimed that with his rod he could locate deposits of precious metals as well as water. My father thought him and his rod a fraud. He thought he would test him. He said to him, "Please walk with me to my business house and work your rod, and see if you can find water." Now, the rod leading to my father's house ran parallel with a creek for some distance, and he knew the existence of several creeks crossed the creek and ran into the creek, and he wanted to see if the rod

would indicate them. He found every stream and traced them to the water's edge. He could not have been guided by surface indications, for there were none; for at the time the creek was flooded, and the streams flowed beneath the surface. My father is now a believer in the rod. Some years ago a certain journal in our State discussed the rod question quite elaborately pro and con. Correspondents had it up and down. The rod men offered to let large sums of money on the rod. The anti-rod men would cry "fraud," "humbug" and "delusion," but did not dare come to the scratch with money. Then the editor came out and said the "rod" thing was a fraud and a delusion." But, remember, the editor was a pompous, conceited individual, with A. M., Ph. D. stuck to his name, and had learned and forgotten more than the balance of mankind knows. Because they do not know the whys and wherefores in regard to the workings of the rod, many people are ready to cry "humbug." Does any one know why the needle points unerringly toward the North Pole and guides the mariner across the trackless ocean? There must be a cause, and when we see the effect must we write it a humbug because we do not know the cause? Effects are more obvious than causes. Intelligent people contend that the science of astronomy is a humbug and a delusion. Can it not be easily demonstrated? It can. So can rhabdomancy. BRD.

THE SNOW GOOSE AND BLUE GOOSE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read Mr. Dutcher's communication to you in reference to the snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*) and the blue goose (*Anser carolinensis*) in last number of your journal. I am quite sure an examination of adult and young specimens of both will convince one that they are an entirely different species. I have to-day visited our Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, and last week the Smithsonian collection at Washington, and find the full plumaged adult bird of *A. hyperboreus* is no larger than specimens of the young of the same species, yet the latter is of entirely different color, being a dull bluish or lead color, while the young of *A. carolinensis* is much smaller, and has the bill shorter and the laminae less prominent. In color I find the latter darker and of a more solid shade than the young of *A. hyperboreus*—gradually, as it grows older, assuming the brown hue and attaining the white head and rusty markings of the parent bird—while the young of *A. hyperboreus* changes from its bluish or pale-lead colored markings as it grows older to the lighter hue, and at last dons the snowy plumage of the full feathered bird.

Prof. Elliot Coues informs me he deems the species undoubtedly distinct. Prof. Baird likewise inclines to the same belief, and my friend, Mr. Spencer Trotter, writes me: "*Carolinensis* is certainly a distinct species from *Hyperboreus*. From specimens I have examined in the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the blue goose was apparently smaller and very differently marked than the young of the snow goose." It has struck the writer, in his examination of specimens of the *Anser* family of this continent, that very possibly species of the varieties which exist and have become numerous, and bear marked peculiarities of plumage, may be prolific crosses of older known species. Without venturing an opinion, it struck me that a full plumaged blue goose would be just what the result of a cross between *Anser albifrons* and *Anser hyperboreus* should be.

I will take this opportunity of stating to Mr. Dutcher that the bodies of snow geese that yearly appear in Delaware Bay make their appearance in the spring, and not in autumn, although occasionally a stray bird is killed in the fall and winter.

Another variety of the snow goose exists which should not be confounded with *A. hyperboreus*. It is named by Cassin *Anser albatrus*, and is much smaller and more delicately outlined than the first named. They are plumaged alike in every respect, save that in the smaller variety the rusty head markings are seldom as distinct as in the larger; in fact, adult birds are often found without it.

Since writing the above I would mention that I met John McCullum, one of the market shooters who has posted himself as to the habits of the snow goose, and he told me that winter before last (it was a remarkably open one, it will be remembered) the bodies of snow geese remained in Delaware Bay, beyond Bombay Hook, until spring, and that they are there now. Daniel Wells, a professional gunner, well and favorably known to all Philadelphians, is at Bombay Hook at this writing, in charge of Mr. Chas. Matthews' yacht, and several of the news articles in the presence of the snow geese. McCullum is about going down the river, and could readily procure for Mr. Dutcher all the specimens desired. Using McCullum's words, "The geese are not all of one color. Some are pure white, with red hills and feet, and black tips to their wings, and russet-colored heads; and some are of a light gray, with black bills and feet." Doubtless there are many grades of plumage in these flocks at Bombay Hook.

It is an opportunity now presents itself for collectors who wish specimens. A letter addressed to John McCullum, care of J. W. Kridler, Second and Walnut streets, Philadelphia, will reach him.

I was not aware that the snow goose appeared on our bay excepting with spring, and have so written it, but the information received to-day assures me that it is now a regular spring and autumn resident, and that in mild and open winters they remain with us until breeding season, when they move to more northern regions. The attraction seems to be the immense meadows which border the lower Delaware River and Upper Bay, in which they feed, and from the fact that they have not been molested owing to an ignorance regarding their merit as a food, and a consequent slow sale for them at the poultryer's, it is safe to suppose their numbers have gradually increased. It may be that among them the *A. carolinensis* and possibly the *A. albifrons* can be found.

O. S. WESTCOTT.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was under the impression that the want of identity between the blue goose (*Anser carolinensis*) and the snow goose (*A. hyperboreus*) had been clearly settled, but the question is again raised in your correspondence column of last week. Permit me to say that in September, 1875, the Zoological Society procured eight specimens of the former species in company with several of the snow geese still living, and have since the no change except possibly that the dark coloring has become slightly intensified. I cannot speak from personal observa-

tion, but authorities seem to agree that the young of the above species, and probably also *A. albifrons* resemble each other to a greater or less extent. As all ornithologists know how difficult it is to identify immature members of many closely allied species without a long series of specimens for comparison, any single element of the supposed change from one of these forms into the other should be accepted with much caution, particularly when it can be shown that a considerable number of individuals, at least seven years old, have not gone through the transition.—ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

THE SPARROW PEST.—South Norwalk, Dec. 23, 1881.—Your article on the sparrow course in Australia should be read by every farmer and fruit grower in America. It cannot fail to open the eyes of the most ignorant to the destructiveness of this importation from old England. As you have already given much valuable space to this subject, I will make my remarks as brief as possible. I have three large bird houses on my place, each house containing seventy or seventy-five compartments, making 225 nesting places. They were formerly occupied by bluebirds and other birds. The sparrows have driven all these entirely off my place. For six months in the year every compartment in these houses is occupied by them in breeding, and the backs of nearly all signs over the stores in the town are used by them for that purpose, causing much annoyance to the owners. To say that the sparrows are very prolific is simply drawing it out. Within a few years they have increased to an alarming extent, and if not checked will become more numerous than the leaves on the trees. A general war of extermination should be waged on them by every one. The past two years they have destroyed every grape on my arbor, picking each berry on a bunch as fast as it ripened. I have a friend whose peach buds were all destroyed by them, they not leaving one on a tree. They commenced nesting in bird houses as early as February, and I shall shoot them off as fast as they go to them. In the fall and at this season of the year they collect in large flocks and offer good opportunities to make "pot shots." My humble servant has made some heavy ones by scattering cracked corn and oats near the thick shrubbery, where they come to roost at sundown in large flocks. I have an 8-hore gun, and with 2 oz. No. 10 shot, backed by six drachms of powder, one barrel directed on them while feeding, the other just on the hop, this arm will do more to exterminate them than anything else I know of. They are very cunning, and after one or two pot shots of this kind will not alight on the ground to feed within a long distance of where the shots have been made. Poisoned grain and water will not work to any great extent, as they soon take the hint. Shooting them, breaking up their nests, and offering a bounty for their scraps and eggs will be the only way to get the upper hand of this most destructive of birds.—H. B.

THE WHITE-HEADED EAGLE AS A FISHERMAN.—Stout City, Ia., Dec. 10, 1881.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: To corroborate your reply to "Jack" in your paper of the 15th, with reference to the fishing propensities of the bald eagle, I have to advise that during the past fall, when on a hunting and bird observing tour on Lake of the Woods, B. A., my companion, Mr. George Mitchell, informed me that many times he had watched the eagle of that section catch fish. Oftentimes the fish would be so large—his estimate of six to eight pounds—as to be almost too heavy for the eagle to carry off. In 1874 on the Big Lake, a tributary to the Lake of the Woods, Mr. Mitchell killed a very large eagle whose head was just turning gray, and which was shot while in the act of killing a fish it had just caught, my informant having witnessed the catching. Mr. M. has, for a number of years, been a resident of this lake country, and who lives at Rat Portage, on the north end of the lake, and is well acquainted with the habits of the osprey and other birds of that section, and having confidence in his statements, and from the description given me, I am convinced that the fishers this gentleman has so many times noticed are none other than our Big Lake Washington emblem of the Nation—*Haliaeetus leucoccephalus*.—D. H. TALBOT.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE CARE OF LIVE QUAIL.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., December, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
I have lately received from gentlemen in different localities many letters making inquiries about quail; and though I would be glad to answer each one in detail, it would take more time than I have to spare; and the fact that I have been for over a year under treatment for my eyes, and am still under strict orders from physicians to use them "little as possible, and for only necessary work," compels me to ask, through courtesy of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the privilege of answering some of the many questions, and giving such information as a little experience has taught me, and she is said to be a wise teacher.

A correspondent asks: "Will they breed in confinement?" I have never tried the experiment, and do not think it would succeed with birds taken wild. Birds hatched under chickens are said to be easily tamed, and I learn upon good authority that a farmer, only a few miles from here, now has quite a brood that live and feed with his chickens and are equally tame. I am told that his mowing machine killed the old bird last summer. He caught the young, took them home and put them with his chickens. I shall drive out, my first opportunity, and learn the truth of it: think it will prove that he took the eggs and hatched them under a domestic fowl, as the young, even when very young, are hard to catch. It seems reasonable to believe that, these birds will mate in the season.

Do they become tame if kept in a white? No; not by any method of handling I have ever practiced. On the contrary, those that I liberated last April had been kept, most of them, through the winter, and though fed and watered every day, grew more wild the longer kept. Same is the case so far this year.

Can I keep them in a barn? Should advise not, for unless their wings are trimmed they will soon batter their brains out. Better not to mutilate them in any way; but if so, pull out the flying feathers from growing. It may have to be done more than once in a season, and they will grow out if they are cut but they will not grow until after the moulting season; and if the birds are liberated in this condition they will soon be prey for the skunk (their worst

enemy) as they must walk to their resting place for the night and leave a trail easily followed, instead of making a flight to it, as is their custom. I speak of skunks as their worst enemy. These vermin are constantly running about, night and day, and if they cannot find the old bird on her nest, they will suck the eggs. Hawks are also very destructive in winter. I have seen, on six occasions, one or two hawks in the neighborhood of a nice bay of quail, which would dwindle day by day until only a few feathers were left to tell the story. The birds are a shining mark on the snow while feeding, and getting terrified, become an easy prey for the hawk.

"How much do they cost?" This must be guessed at, as it cannot well be estimated. Shippers usually charge \$2 per dozen. Not more than half a dozen, which makes the cost \$4. Add, perhaps, \$1 transportation charges, and you have something near first cost. The best success we ever had was to save forty out of a shipment of fifty birds. Of the last lot received forty-five were sent; sixteen were dead when received, and at the end of four days only nine were alive. None died after the first week; they then grew fat and strong. Why this mortality at first I cannot explain. The cages indicate rather good handling by transportation companies. Possibly a little water put in for them to drink during the four or five days' journey would help them, but perhaps it is too much to ask, as the companies are only paid for carrying. The fact is that the cage this last lot of birds came in was the same one sent us from Messina with 300 birds in. They were over two months on the way, and not one in the whole lot died, or was in any way disabled. It looks as if the native birds were very weak or the expressmen very strong.

One correspondent says he would prefer not to buy the birds before March or April, even if they cost more, as he has no suitable place to keep them. Last year we could not get any after February, as the season was such they could not be taken. One must recollect that the spring is earlier in Tennessee than in Massachusetts. A few hours' work will make cages to keep them in, and the barn, if no cats or rats are around, is as good as any place to keep them. The boxes I have used are about five feet square, and seven inches deep, with holes bored in side and ends, and covered with lath, leaving spaces of about an inch, with feed trough at one end extending whole length. These boxes will keep fifty birds each comfortably. Give them fresh water every day and feed mixed seeds, rye, oats, wheat, buckwheat, cracked corn, etc. Put in clean sand occasionally, and bay-seed; sweepings from barn floor are excellent for them. Be careful when making box that it does not exceed seven inches in depth, for it is in flying up that they do themselves the greatest injury, and they are liable to be panic stricken any hour of the night. What causes the alarm I do not know, but have frequently, on hearing the commotion, gone into the room and turned on the gas when all would quiet down, but dirt and feathers would be found flying from every cage, and a good many sore heads in the morning.

A correspondent from a hill town of Hampshire county, this State, asks if they would probably eat seeds from the weeds and support themselves. They probably would, unless something else was provided, but only until they could find some locality furnishing grain stubble. They are great travelers, and will go until they find feeding grounds to suit. The thing for him to do is to sow broadcast on ground, not cultivated, grain of the kinds, which will come up. Do not cut it. See that it is sown near running water and good harel or alder cover.

When liberating the birds see that they are well distributed. Don't put many in a place; two pairs is better than more. We have attained best results in this way, and put them about a mile apart. WM. M. WILLIAMS.

MARIETTA, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1881.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:
In your issue of Dec. 22, your correspondent "Verde Monte" asks if it is difficult to keep quails in confinement. I am a lover of birds and have had some experience in just this thing.

Two years ago I bought ten quails and put them in a cage which I had made for them, 24 feet long, 7 feet high and 6 feet wide. A small part of it was tight or inclosed—the front and open part shut in simply with laths 7 feet long and 1 inch apart. The quail were very wild and would fly from end to end in a full rush against the laths; but they soon learned that by running along them, they could get in and out. I kept them all the winter and until midsummer, when I opened the door and let them out.

They became in a measure tame or at least quiet and I enjoyed very much their answer to my call of "Boh White." When I came home at noon I would rap upon the window-sill looking out upon their cage; they would jump up on the perches and answer me back as I softly whistled their beautiful notes—and very beautiful creatures they were.

I fed them scrumptious, corn, wheat, and kept a cake of cracklings or residue from the lard kettle all the time in the cage. I remember with what avidity they ate the seventeen-year locusts we gathered for them during the summer.

A box filled with straw or some covert place is necessary for them to hide and rest in. I have had a new cage, half tight and half open and a very much better one made this fall, in which I have at present twelve beautiful quails, and I expect in a few days twelve more. I have also a wire cage (woven wire) about 10 feet square and 13 feet high in which I have kept ten birds for several months. During the fall I kept them in Shelbyville, Tenn., for live quail, and the birds came all right. I hope soon to get more from the Indian Territory and also from Kansas. H. B. S.

A GAME CHRISTMAS TREE.—Buffalo Farm, Forest County, Pa., Dec. 24.—A wide spreading apple tree in front of the old farm house. Suspended from the limbs are eight deer-fawn fawns, one yearling spike, one three-yearling and a four-yearling buck, and one large doe. The live white and gray rhabbits, as they are called here; numerous black and gray squirrels and ruffed grouse; also the skin of a porcupine. This fully describes our Christmas tree. I will say to the many readers of your valuable paper that we cooked and eat the porcupine, and found the meat nicely flavored, and I think wholesome. I have never known of the "porkey," as we call it, being used as an article of food, and would like to know if others have tried it. It is quite numerous and sweet. Falls all the year, but the best is after the very dry months. There have been but six deer killed within a radius of ten miles, by different parties, all still hunters. I have heard of no dogs as yet, and think it would not be healthy for any in this section. Our party, of three, use Sharp's, Winchester and auxiliary rifles.—LAUGHLIN OWL.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF WHITE TOP.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE, }
Washington County, Va., Dec. 24, 1881.

AS our open season for game is drawing rapidly to its end, and with the closing year, perhaps a few notes from this remote corner, overshadowed by the mighty White Top, king of all the Virginia mountains, may not be unwelcome to the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In most localities west of the Blue Ridge quails have been less numerous than usual, no doubt chiefly owing to the cruel cold of last winter, as the past inhabiting season was exceptionally favorable. Here and there, however, a well sheltered valleys it has been possible to make a good bag. A few days ago, four gentlemen of this neighborhood, all square and honest shooters, bagged fifty-one quail and five hares before 12 o'clock, when the weather grew so stormy as to drive them from the field, and all four confessed to having shot badly, and to having done great injustice to their opportunities. Ruffed grouse (called here pheasants) are very abundant, but it is no child's play to beat the ground where they "do mostly congregate." He is lucky or skillful indeed who makes back on a hill ponds and on the various branches of the Holston River, perhaps because, so far, we have had no winter. One swan "*rasinaria avis in his terra*," a straggler from some passing battalion, lost, no doubt, and perplexed in the extreme, has been shot on a neighboring mill pond, the "first seen here for many years." There are a few wild pigeons, and the woods are fairly alive with gray squirrels, that time-honored delight of the ancient countryman with a gun taller than himself, or a mountain rifle carrying a bullet of a hundred and forty to the pound, wild turkeys and hares are scarce, but are to be had by the persevering. Two hares were killed ten days ago on the slopes of old White Top.

The last deer hunt of the local club would have been most enjoyable, even without the trophies which marked its success. Those who only see the mountains in the glow of summer know less than nothing of what their height is; and on this occasion, landscape, weather, noble dogs, the presence of charming and gracious ladies, all combined to make a perfect scene, long to be remembered. The meet was on a height, crowned with grand old oaks and overlooking the lovely valley of the Holston. Our leader

"Glew an inspiring air, that dole and thicket rung,
The hunters call to Fawn and Bryad knock,
The oak-grown sisters and their chaotic-eyed queen,
Sisters and sylvan nymphs, all in a row,
Peeping forth from their alleys green."

and away, away flew the hunt, the "notes of the mellow horn by distance made more sweet" mingling with the ringing echoes of hoof and hound. 'Twas enough to quicken a groves image into life. The trophies of the day were two bucks, one to the gun of W., the other to that of R., both of them crick shots and good sportsmen; and if any of the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* think it nothing to knock over a deer from the saddle at 50 or 80 yards, while both hunter and hunted are going at racing speed, and every muscle is quivering with the excitement of the chase, why, all I have to say is "Let them try it." But I might say of such sport as good old Walton said of something else, "This is too good save for very honest men."

Later I will send you notes of our late sojourn on one of the great sora marshes of the coast, with its mixture of all sorts of sport. DESIGN.

STATE PIGEON TOURNAMENTS.

BY CLOAN.

THE indorsements you have already received of your views in condemnation of wholesale pigeon shooting have been so numerous and strong that probably any other is superfluous, but yet I would like to add my concurrence, which has been unwisely delayed. I never could understand how such a practice came to be tolerated at the meetings of sportsmen's conventions. I never could understand how any competition for gain, bringing with it the usual concomitants of gambling for money, could be considered a branch of sportsmanship or an adjunct of field sports.

It has been a task arduous enough, in all conscience, to educate the American public up to the point they have now reached as to sportsmen and game preservation. And even yet, outside of a few large cities, I fear that by the majority of the people, the name sportsman is held to mean a sporting man—i. e., a gambler, and that having gone that far in nomenclature, they generally go a little farther, and associate the name with criminal practices.

It has been the effort of your paper and of your co-laborers to remove this prejudice and ignorance, and to endeavor to inculcate a knowledge of the benefits to be gained to the individual from out-door life, and the good to be derived by the masses by the supply of cheap and nourishing food.

But how fatally are these efforts counteracted by the annual meetings of some of the clubs. There are gathered together ostensibly the very pick and flower of sportsmen, presumably the best representatives of the game and fish preserving sentiment, and the highest attraction offered in the contest at the traps, with either money or money's worth at stake, to be contended for with all the carelessness of gladiators. Bitter-humors, jealousies and disappointments are not a few instances, the only results of this strife. Charges of foul play have been too frequently made, and, if not proved, have nevertheless been believed and constantly reiterated.

This is not the way to promote high sportsmanship in this country. We may talk as we please of the open air, the beautiful sky, the green fields and the sparkling brooks, which bring bloom to the cheek and vigor to the frame, but these will be of no avail if it is supposed that to be a sportsman is to have a perversion of the moral tone, worse may be than physical disease.

We should draw the line here as it drawn is in England. There they have no such difficulties as we have as to game preservation. Consequently there do not exist all any associations similar to ours, formed for such purposes. There is no need of them. There are many gun clubs existing, however, of high and low degree, all devoted to prize shooting, and men of title and men known to be fine field sportsmen, have been known to them.

And it is distinctly understood and accepted, that when they go to the gun clubs to shoot, they go there, not as sportsmen or as game preservers, but solely and simply to win money by their skill with the gun, precisely as they would go to a card club to win money by their skill with cards, and they are estimated accordingly.

gun maker's name, and he will make you a gun that will do it every time, guaranteed. Above all, be sure that your powder is good; not necessarily expensive.

In concluding this brief paper I should state that the charges named above are for guns weighing from 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 pounds. But I am sure that I have given the maximum of shot for any gun that a gentleman ought to use. Pot hunters have their peculiar guns and they lead them to suit themselves.

But I have found several very surprising things in my experiments, "things which," as Lord Dundrory says, "are past a fellow's finding out."

With 3 drams of powder and 1 oz. of shot I obtained nearly or quite as good penetration at a target as I did from 3 1/2 drams of powder and 1 1/2 oz. shot.

Who will rise to explain? In the old muzzle-loading days a man who would use 4 drams of powder was considered as a mere pot hunter, and, indeed, the jar, smoke and general discomfort produced as a general thing, the use of more than three drams. Now, the addition of more the pot hunter, which takes more than half the recoil, and a better idea of making guns, have improved the modern breech-loader so that but little improvement can be asked by the most exacting.

If sportsmen will try the above named charges, now that most good guns are bored alike, I think that they will be satisfied that they have obtained the true charge for game shooting.

ST. CLAIR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your last issue (which, by the way, let me say in your correspondent's judgment, is the best number he ever read) is an article on "Loading." I was very glad to see it, and hope the subject may now be fully discussed as you invite. In your gun you had an assistant, who when I spent my 14 days hunting. He used an 8 lb. muzzle loader 12 or 14 gauge. Once I asked him, How do you load? "I always load the same; I would put in the same charge to shoot a robin as I would to shoot a bear," was his reply. This friend had the most uniform success in killing any hunter I ever knew. He was very careful about his gun, and equally so in the selection of his ammunition, and never varied the amount of powder nor the quantity of shot, but would use different sized shot as others do. His theory was, that when the capacity of a gun was found as to the quantity of powder it would use to best advantage, to never vary from it. I have had the opportunity of late to test a No. 12, 9 lb. breech-loader with different charges, and as I experiment, lean to the belief that my friend above alluded to was right. I have followed in many instances suggestions made in your journal—to use "plenty of powder"—using from three and one-half to four and one-half drams to one ounce and one and one-eighth shot. I expected to get greater penetration from four and one-half drams and one ounce than from three and one-half drams and one eighth, but they have failed to discover it. The recoil coming from the larger charges was not at all unpleasant, but somehow both at target and at game three and three-quarter and one and one-eighth has done the best work even at sixty yards. Why there should not be a decided difference in penetration with four and one-half drams and one ounce, over three and three-quarters and one and one-eighth, is something I cannot account for. Your valued correspondent speaks of "impaction" in his article—that he considers a number of shot driven with a very low velocity more valuable than two or three shot at higher speed. Perhaps he is right, but much of our game must be shot for at long-range, and penetration seems the great essential. So far as my experience has gone, I think guns of the game weight, bore and make, differ very much as to the kind of loading each needs to bring out its very best qualities. (Why this is so, let the gun-makers tell us.) What that load shall be is no easy thing to determine, both as to how much powder, how much shot, and the size, how coarse the powder shall be, how many wads to use on the powder, how hard to press them down, etc., etc., but I leave this subject to able hands, and trust to see the whole matter thoroughly ventilated.

QUINCY, KY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

All the varieties of game we have here are geese, ducks, quail, and quail. There is in the spring plenty of snipe and a few woodcock. For all but the last two my favorite charge is 3 drs. Hazard sea-shooting and 1 oz shot. In my gun, which is a modified choke, I have no use for any shot larger than No. 6. I once, while after geese, loaded some shells with 1/2 drs. powder, and 1 1/2 oz. No. 1 shot. I found my old 3 drs. and 1 oz. No. 6 charge much more effective. My gun is a Parker, and on the card was this target: "3 3/4 drs. powder, 1 1/2 oz. No. 6, 45 yards, 24 in. circle, 140 pellets in circle." I cannot get that pattern, but the gun is entirely satisfactory. Now my experience affords me that the 3 drams and 1 oz. is the best charge. With 3 1/2 drs. and 1 oz. I do not get as much penetration as with 3 drs. In this part of the country we can never tell what will be next to shoot at, whether a grouse with his rapid whiz, a squirrel with his tough skin, or a quail or woodcock, and we have to load to meet the wants of them all. I have owned and shot No. 10, No. 12 and No. 14 guns, and in none of them would the big load of powder and shot fill my bag as well as the lighter ones. In the 10-bore I only used 1/2 dr. and 1 oz., the same in 12 bore, and 3 drs. and 1 1/2 oz. in the 14-bore. The game is wild and much shot at in these parts, and it requires a nice shot to get any game.

MIDDLETON, Conn., December 24, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of the 17th inst., you invite the relation of experiences of our readers in loading for game. I think that some of your correspondents will give their ideas as to the proper proportion of powder to different sizes of shot.

I have known the theory advanced and plausibly supported, that the charge of powder should be less with large shot than with small. This theory is, I think, contrary to the generally-received idea, but its supporters urge that the greater momentum of large shot will give them sufficient penetration, even with long distances with small charges of powder, while large charges will scatter the shot too much to be effective at long-range, and the argument seems reasonable.

I find that the best method of keeping a gun clean is to use refined benzine, or water and a little oil, such as is sold for use on sewing machines.—STANBROOK

FOUR QUAIL AT ONE WING-SHOT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps you may consider these two incidents of a recent day's sport of sufficient merit for publication in your "valuable paper." Tuesday, Dec. 20, was a beautiful day for our sport, and I took advantage of the opportunity and enjoyed a fine day's shooting. Although late in the season, the day was as pleasant as in October, and all that remained to make it equal to an October day was the bright-hued foliage on rough winds lately cast. I had been informed where I could probably start a bevy of quail, and upon reaching the desired locality my setter, Scout, made a fine point in a stubble, and then commenced tracking, finding the birds in the centre of a low swale adjoining. It was a large bevy, and we raised them with good success. They then scattered in the edge of a wood. My dog worked well, finding two or three single birds and then made a staunch point in a little opening. I stepped in ahead of him and flushed four birds, which flew between hunches of brush. And here comes the almost incredible part of my story; but a young man that was with me at the time will corroborate the following: As the four birds gathered in their flight, between the brush, I fired, and with the contents of one barrel killed every bird. Two birds fell where they were when I shot, about three rods distant, and the other two fell further on, but perfectly dead. The gun I used is modified choke, and, considering the short distance, I think the shooting was remarkable.

The other incident which I mentioned above was not as disastrous to quail as the foregoing one, but was quite laughable. My dog made a good point, after the birds were well scattered in the edge of the wood. The bird lay close, rising almost under the dog's nose; it flew right into his mouth. Scout led the bird until, in my excitement, I commanded him to "close." He obeyed, and the imprisoned quail made good his escape, notwithstanding the volley of shot we sent after him.

I wonder if any of your readers ever did better than to raise four birds and kill every one with a single shot, at short range? NIMROD.

MOODUS, Conn., Dec. 26, 1881.

KILLING WOUNDED WILD FOWL.—Deering, Me., Dec. 26.

Editor Forest and Stream: To kill wild fowl that have been wounded in the head, I have found the following to answer as well, if not better than any other way, and I have tried them all. Take a long and rather slim-bladed knife, open the birds bill and run the blade up through the roof of the mouth into the brain. A little practice will enable you to touch the brain, or shoot through it. "Early Bird" does not wish to practice on a living specimen, let him take a dead bird. Split the head open from the top down; then open the bill and introduce the knife, and he will see at once where to put the steel. I should hardly want to try to press the life out of an old drake with my thumb and forefinger as "Early Bird" suggests.—JACK.

Answers to Correspondents.

R. L.—Rabbit season in New York State will close Feb. 1. Rip.—The "poison story" was published in this paper long ago.

W. N. L., Belaire, Mich.—Wild rice may be procured of Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, Fort Hope, Ont., or of Mr. Richard Valentine, Jamesville, Wis.

W. B., Portage La Prairie, Manitoba.—The gentleman you refer to is the regular accredited American agent for the guns, and has a wide reputation for square dealing.

J. B. T., London, Ont.—I would infer from the pattern that the gun was a choke-bore. 2. See our game columns of last week and to-day for hints on loading of different game.

G. H. B., Watertown, N. Y.—Where can I purchase cartridges for a Snyder sporting rifle, English manufacture? Ans. Made by T. M. Cartridge Co., and for sale by New York dealers.

YOUNG NATURALIST, Greenville.—Manton's Taxidermy without a Teacher will help you to learn to make up ornithological specimens. For information as to where to get Dr. Coues' works see our Natural History columns.

W. A. F., Lenoxville.—See hints on loading in our game columns last week and to-day. Buck-shot should be chambered to fit the choke of the gun. This may be done by pressing a wad down into the choke and pulling the shot on it.

DEVIAND, Abingdon, Va.—The rifle felt best on the market, and the company manufacturing it were compelled to close out for what they could get. The breech-action is clumsy. Should advise you, if you want a rifle, to get a bolt-action rifle. The cost is immaterial compared with the superiority.

SUBSCRIBER.—I have a half-setter half-shepherd puppy, both parents full blood. Will he make a squirrel dog, bird dog, or can he be made to follow rabbits? Ans. Your dog may—if properly taught—make a good pointer, and a good retriever. He should be a better retriever than a pure blood retriever. He should make an excellent farm dog.

W. E. M., N. Y.—In a rifle shoot on three prize does it follow that in shooting off the winner has third and his competitor fourth? or does the winner of the fourth prize remain undisturbed? This applies to match with our cash prizes. Ans. See answer to W. R. C. in our last issue. Draw up your conditions before shooting, then there can be no dispute.

E. P. T., Norfolk, Va.—What can I do to make my dog go into briar patch? He is highly bred, fine pointer and is thoroughly broken in in all other respects. But I cannot coax or make him go into the briars. Ans. We have ever found—four dogs was possessed of life and courage—that he will go into the briars, but he will not go into the briars unless he is driven into them. The example and showed him the way, instead of remaining outside and trying to send him in. You will probably find this course successful, especially if you take care to bribe.

W. H. T., Watson, O.—Will you hurt the shooting qualities of B. L. shotgun, 28 in. bore, by firing a shot midway in the barrel, which is 20 in. long? Or will it not do me well to choke after cutting off? 4. What effect? 5. In chinking are the barrels bored or contracted at the muzzle? 6. My gun muzzle heavy? 7. What is the reason? 8. Is it a cylinder-bore. 2. From 2 to 10. 3. If you want it to shoot closer, 4. 30 or 34. 5. See Game Bag and Game Column of last week.

F. M., Summit Station, O.—1. Do you think a 12-gauge, 28-inch barrel, 9 lb. gun, a well-proportioned one? 2. What length chamber and shell would you advise for such a gun? 3. Will a 28-in. barrel shoot as close and hard as a 30-in. barrel? Ans. 1. Right point would be in better proportion than the one you mention. The length of chamber is usually determined by the maker, and would be probably 28 in. if you wish to load with heavier charges it might be made 28 in. 2. Practically. 3. The English gun mentioned has good reputation.

G. E., Milton, N. C.—1. Out on a turkey hunting expedition some days ago I carelessly placed my gun on the ground where it was struck by lightning, being a few inches from the barrel, which is very perceptible from the inside and out. I have shot several times since and do not think the shooting qualities of the gun injured, but it is disgusting. 2. What kind of powder and what number you think best suited for my gun, 15-bore, 30-inch barrel, choked, breech-loader? I have been using F. G. and Dupont's F. G. and in both I find it to be better than the other. Ans. 1. You gun can be righted by a competent gunsmith without injuring it in the least. 2. Try Osgood ducking No. 5, or Dupont's ducking No. 2.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Table with 2 columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species like Yellow Perch, Rock Bass, etc.

A PICTURE of the best visiting the present, as time glides on, making more perceptible the cruel changes which come to mortal strength. How now do his feet touch the heath? Not as of old, with a bound, but with slow and unsteady step, supported on the one hand by his stick, while the other carries his rod. The breeze quiver moves his locks, no longer glittering with the light of life, but dimmed by its decay. Yet are his shoulders broad and unbent. But his presence is somewhat softened down, but not gone. He surely will not venture into the depths of the water, for only one on the bank sitting with his feet on the water, laughing at his daughters' horror, and obstinately continuing the sport in spite of all remonstrances. At last he gives in and retires. Wonderful to say, he did not seem to suffer from these imprudent liberties.—The Last Cast of "Christopher North," in a Memoir of John Wilson.

GAME FISHES.

IN our issue of November 24 we noticed the work entitled "Game Fishes of the United States," basing our remarks mainly upon an inspection of the truthful and elegant plates by Mr. Killohourne. The character and importance of this work demand that the text accompanying the plates should receive more than a passing notice, for, instead of being a mere compilation of what others have written, as is too often the case in fishing books, Prof. Good has given us much new material from his studies of fish life and habits. The fact that the text was prepared by him is a sufficient guarantee that this portion of the work is of a high order. The descriptions of the fishes and their habits were originally intended to be subordinate to the plates, and, with this in view, they are limited to two pages for each fish pictured, which Prof. Good has filled with matter mainly new. Wisely omitting discussions of tackle and other questions over which anglers dispute, and which can be found in detail in any angling work, he has taken higher ground and given an array of facts and observations on the life history of the fishes of which he treats that places this book far above any popular work on the subject ever published. He has kept it as free from technical terms as possible, in order to make it truly a work for the people, and yet he has not impaired its value for scientific readers.

In the introduction we are told that a definition of the term "game fishes" is particularly difficult, and that Isaac Walton's usage may be taken as a basis. He discourses so lovingly upon the matter, and with so much of the spirit of our day and nation. The meaning of the term varies from year to year, and few would be likely to share the enthusiasm of Capt. John Smith, perhaps the first patron of this art on this side of the Atlantic, who wrote in 1616: "And is not pretty sport to pull up two pence, six pence, and twelve pence, as fast as you can hale and veer a line?" A study of the American authorities shows opinions much at variance in their choice of fishes to be considered "game," and after forming our own views Prof. Good proposes the following: "Game fishes are those which, by reason of their cunning, courage, strength, beauty, and the speediness of their fish, are sought for by those who angle for sport with delicate fishing tackle." It was the design in preparing this book that twenty species only should be illustrated, and after consultation with several prominent anglers the selection was made. The fishes chosen belong to both salt and fresh water and to several families. No technical descriptions are needed with the admirable pictures of Mr. Killohourne, but the habits and geographical distributions are the prominent points in the essays. Acknowledgment is made of assistance from Prof. Baird, Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, Mr. J. Matthew Jones, Prof. David S. Jordan, Mr. Fred. Mather, Mr. James W. Milner and Mr. Berard Phillips. Other acknowledgements appear in the body of the work.

THE EASTERN SALMON AND RED-SPOKED TROUT.

Part I. contains plates of the salmon and brook trout. The plates of all the fishes are of uniform size, 2 1/2 x 3 inches, and we have before spoken of them as being the best illustrations of fishes yet made. The salmon (S. salar) inhabits the North Atlantic and its tributary waters far beyond the Arctic Circle. One hundred years ago Mr. Killohourne had the habits and geographical distributions are the prominent points in the essays. Acknowledgment is made of assistance from Prof. Baird, Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, Mr. J. Matthew Jones, Prof. David S. Jordan, Mr. Fred. Mather, Mr. James W. Milner and Mr. Berard Phillips. Other acknowledgements appear in the body of the work.

The Eastern brook trout, or, as often called in localities, "speckled trout," "mountain trout," etc., is now called Salvelinus fontinalis by Gill and Jordan; the former nomenclature was introduced by Gill and Jordan; the former nomenclature was introduced by Gill and Jordan; the former nomenclature was introduced by Gill and Jordan.

"Game Fishes" of the United States [by] J. A. Killohourne [Text by] G. Brown Good [New York: Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 157 N. 4th St., New York, 1891. Copyright 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

ture having been *Salmo fontinalis* of Mitchell, a name which has become so popular that it will be regretfully laid aside. Our crimson-spotted trout belong to that group of the salmon family known in England as "charrs," characterized by the minute size of their scales, and by the arrangement of the teeth on the vomer, a small bone in the roof of the mouth. The name of the genus (*Salvelinus*) was formed by Willouby in 1846, from *Salbing*, the German name of the *omble chevalier*, a European species very like our blackbacked trout, and has since been used as the specific title of this fish. The *Salmo salvelinus* of Linnæus. The exact range and boundary of the habitat of this trout has not been well defined. No man has had better facilities for determining this than Prof. Goode, from his connection with the United States Fish Commission and his position as curator of the national museum. It is, however, a boundary that has been extended, and will be further widened by the efforts of fish-culturists. Prof. Goode gives its range as between the latitudes 32° and 55 degrees in the lakes and streams of the Atlantic water-shed in the mountain sources of a few rivers flowing into the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico and in some of the southern affluents of Hudson's Bay. Its range is limited by the western foot-hills of the Alleghanies, and nowhere extends more than three hundred miles from the coast, except about the great lakes, in the northern tributaries of which trout abound. At the South they inhabit the Georgia trouts of the Chattahoochee, in the southern spurs of the Georgia Alleghanies and tributaries of the Catawba in North Carolina. They also occur in the great islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Anticosti, Prince Edward's, Cape Breton and Newfoundland, temperature being the chief factor in determining their range. Prof. Goode regards the question of the identity of the brook trout and the Canadian sea trout as settled in the affirmative by competent authorities, and we are inclined to believe that no one who has followed the discussions of this subject in FOREST AND STREAM and other papers has not decided in like manner. The author gives much valuable information on the temperature at which trout thrive, their coloration, etc., and drawn from sources which show that he has attentively studied the literature of the *fontinalis* as well as the fish itself. The picture is one of the gems of the work, and one that despite the copyright has been followed by many who wished to illustrate a leaping trout when fast hooked. No words can express its beauty.

THE SPANISH MACKEREL AND THE DRAPE BASSES.

Two new species with the Spanish mackerel, *Cybinus maculatum*, and its congeners. Up to a few years ago this was considered a most mysterious fish, and at the time when Prof. Goode writes in this work: "No one has yet discovered their breeding grounds." It was true. During the only day, however, Messrs. Earl and McDonald have not only made this discovery, but have hatched the young. When Mitchell described the fish, sixty-five years ago, he summed up all that was known of it in these words: "Comes in July." "The Spanish mackerel visit the North only as marauders," writes Prof. Goode, but he would probably qualify that statement now in the light of the investigations of the past year, for now that we know that they breed in the Chesapeake we may not be surprised so far north as Maryland. Mr. Goode has dissected them in the waters of Martha's Vineyard Sound, in July and August, only to find that the spawning season was past. This fully accords with the fact that Earl found ripe fish in Chesapeake Bay in June and July, 1890. In addition to Kilbourne's fine plate Mr. Goode gives a drawing in the text, and also of two allied forms.

The black basses were written of when their scientific nomenclature was in dispute, if indeed it can be said to be settled now, and we are given *Morone saxatilis* (Raf.) of Gill and Jordan for the *big mouth*, and *M. chalcodon* (Gill) for the small mouth. The different local names of these fishes are given in full, together with their distribution. According to Prof. Goode both species are widely distributed over the Atlantic slope of the continent, and dwell together in the great lakes and in the upper part of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi basins. The small-mouth is found as far north as latitude 47, and west to the Wisconsin; while southward it ranges to latitude 33, where it is found in the head-waters of the Chesapeake and other rivers. The latter being the only instance of its presence in a stream emptying east of the Alleghanies, into which it is not known to have been introduced. The large-mouth ranges further to the West and North, occurring in the Red River of the North, in latitude 50. It abounds in all the rivers of the South from the James to the St. Johns, and in the lower reaches of the streams and bayous of Texas in latitude 27. The small-mouth found its way into the Hudson in 1825, or soon after, through the New York canal, where it was introduced by the fisherman by man into hundreds of lakes and rivers. Their habits of spawning are described; and it is stated that a large-mouth was caught in a lake at Gainesville, Fla., which weighed nineteen and one-half pounds. Mr. Kilbourne's picture is of a later species, but is turned on its side so that the distinguishing character of its dorsal fins is not readily seen, and the printer has brought out stripes on the side which were not in the original. Two correct figures, drawn by Mr. H. L. Todd, of the Smithsonian Institution, which are approved by Prof. Gill, show the specific characters of each fish.

THE STIPED BASS AND THE RED SNAPPER.

Part three opens with the fish called striped bass in the North and rockfish in the South, *Morone chalcodon*. It would be difficult to give anything new with regard to this well known and familiar fish, but its kindred of the great lakes, *Morone chalcodon*, and of the Lower Mississippi River, *Morone chalcodon*, are illustrated. The former's plate is evidently taken from some specimen, but is mistaken. The red snapper, *Lutjanus blackfordii*, is a new fish to Northern anglers, whose range, as now understood, is limited to the coasts of Georgia, East and West Florida and Alabama. They bite at a white rag, and according to Norris take a silver or pearl squid. It has long been a favorite fish in the South, and Dr. C. J. Kenworthy is quoted as furnishing valuable memoranda of a trip on which many were caught. Strangely enough this fish had no scientific designation until 1876, when it was found by Goode and Bean, and belonged to a well known genus, and was described by them and given its specific name "in compliment to Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, of New York city, whose enthusiastic labors have greatly aided all students of American Ichthyology, and who has aided at least ten species to the fauna of the United States." The red snapper frequents coral reefs and feeds on corals, prawns, squids, and the shells of small fishes, such as mullets, etc. Kilbourne's picture shows this highly-colored fish in its natural life, and it is a fine specimen. Part four gives these well known fishes. The bluefish, *Pomatomus saltatrix*, is the "Taylor" of Southern waters,

THE BLUEFISH AND THE YELLOW PERCH.

It is found all along our coast, within the temperature limits, but strangely it does not occur in the Bahamas. Their history, as first appearance on our coast some fifty years ago, and subsequent increase to their present numbers, is a curious one and is given in detail, as well as instances of the rapacity of this ravenous fish which may be said to be shark like in its destructiveness. Kilbourne has a life-like portrait.

The yellow perch, *Perca flavescens*, is too well known in all our Eastern ponds to need description. It is the common perch of England. We would here call Prof. Goode's attention to his statement: "Three species of fresh water pike the pike the perch and the turbot—are common to North America and Europe." We have not the slightest doubt that he wrote burbot [*Lota*], which would be correct, and this is of course a printer's error. The yellow perch is one of the first trophies of the juvenile angler, and the fish here is represented by Kilbourne as taking a "red this," cast by an unseen fisherman.

THE MACKEREL AND THE WEAKFISH.

Part five is devoted to these fishes. The history and commercial value of the mackerel form an interesting chapter, while Kilbourne's superb picture of a freshly-caught fish is one of the finest bits of painting in the work. The iridescent tints are strikingly beautiful.

The weakfish is called sea trout in the South, and squeteague, or shortened into "squit," in the East. There are two species, *Cynoscion regalis* and *C. carolinensis*, which are common, and another, *C. nothus*, which has been observed at Charleston and about Florida. The range of the first is from Cape Ann to the mouth of the St. John's River, and possibly to the Gulf of Mexico; that of the second from the Chesapeake to the Gulf and Lake Ponchartrou. Like many other fishes it is known by many local names, among which is that of the "bluefish" from Southern New Jersey to Virginia, while the Indian names of chick-wig, squeteague and scicoteague prevail in New England. Its natural history is not well understood. Kilbourne's plate is of its Northern form, and is excellent.

THE POMPANO AND THE SEA BASS.

Part six gives a description of the Pompano, a fish but little known in the North; and of the sea-bass or Southern blackfish. The pompano, *Trachinotus carolinus*, has gradually acquired favor among New York epicures within a few years. It has been a deserved favorite at New Orleans for a long time, where it is usually called "pompeynose." It is a lot of water, appearing in only local numbers, among which is that of the "bluefish" from Southern New Jersey to Virginia, while the Indian names of chick-wig, squeteague and scicoteague prevail in New England. Its natural history is not well understood. Kilbourne's plate is of its Northern form, and is excellent.

THE KINGFISH AND THE SHEEPSHEAD.

Part seven opens with the kingfish, or barb, *Menticirrhus nebulosus*, and its relative, the whiting. The kingfish is found about oyster beds, where it feeds upon the worms and crustaceans which lodge among the shells. It has a barbel on its lower jaw which is very sensitive, and which assists it to find its food on the bottom. It bites readily at a half of shrimp or soft clam. The Southern limit of the kingfish and the Northern limit of the whiting are not yet defined, but both species were collected by Dr. Yarrow and Prof. Jordan at Cape Hatteras. Kilbourne has caught their peculiar expression, as well as the color of freshly-caught fish. Those who have only seen this fish on the market slabs might consider Kilbourne's color too light.

The sheepshead, *Achochrocyx probatocephalus*, must not be confounded by our inland friends with their worthless fish of the same popular name in the great lakes. It is one of the finest of marine table fishes, and is often sought by the angler. Its common name is appropriately given on account of its sheep-like dentition. It is common to the coast in summer, south of Cape Cod. "It feeds with a grazing motion upon barnacles and shells, particularly young oysters, as they grow, attached to stones and the piles of wharves. With its incisor teeth, reinforced by heavy jaws and strong muscles, it can easily nip off thick clusters of mollusks, and burrow through the shells in the great lakes. It is more than that of gathering." Kilbourne's sheepshead is contemplating a group of mussels, and the broken shells below show how they are crushed.

THE LAKE TROUT AND THE HONITO.

Part eight begins with the great lake trout, *Cristiomer namaycush*, a fish that sometimes reaches a weight of one hundred and twenty pounds. They are usually found in the same lakes with one or more kinds of whitefish, whose slow, helpless movements render them an easy prey. Prof. Goode considers it probable that this fish may have been developed from the brook trout, as its affinities are with the latter more than with the salmon. Its dentition is smaller, and its burrowing to the lakes in North America which were surrounded by streams inhabited by trout, make it appear possible. The lake trout, like the brook trout, shows a tendency to variations in form and color, so much so that each lake has its fish with distinctive marks, and which the local angler stoutly maintains to be a distinct species. The late James W. Milner was inclined to combat the theory that this fish fed largely upon young whitefish, and Prof. Goode quotes him at length. Kilbourne presents to our view a fine specimen lying upon a bank.

The honito, *Sarda palamys*, and the tunnies, form the accompanying chapter. We do not know why Mr. Goode selected this fish, which is as uninteresting as a fish can be, unless it was because Kilbourne had made a good picture of it.

THE RED FISH AND THE GRAYLING.

Number nine is of interest to both the salt and fresh water angler, containing accounts of noble fish in both sea and stream. The redfish, branded drum, red drum or bass of the South *Sciaenops ocellatus*, is an important game and food fish from the Chesapeake to the Mexican boundary. The fish is sadly in need of a characteristic name of its own, for although it is called "red fish" in the general market, it is called "drum" and is not distinguished by the fisher-

men from the large fish called by that name over a wider range. In the Carolinas and Florida we meet the name "hass" and its variations "red hass," "red bass," "sea bass," "reef bass" and "channel hass." The latter name only refers to large specimens taken in the channels, to distinguish from small "school hass" in shallower waters, and has been mistaken for a distinctive name. The redfish grows to forty pounds or more, and their food and habits are much like those of the striped bass. Kilbourne shows a freshly-caught specimen in all its beauty.

The grayling of Michigan, *Thymallus tricolor*, is a fruitful theme for account of the few years since this fish was discovered in the United States. Dr. Parker, of Grand Rapids, Mich., described them as *Thymallus michiganensis*, and an early day, but neglected to properly publish the name, and so it has been supplanted by one given later by Cope. We do not quote the date given, knowing it to be an error of the printer. There are two other species; one in Montana, named *T. montanus*, by Milner, and Richardson's *T. signifer*, of the Arctic region, about Mackenzie's River. A pen drawing of the latter is given and its enormous dorsal fin flares out like a comet and is eyed like a peacock's tail. Of the Atlantic species Prof. Goode writes: "There has been much discussion over the claims of the grayling as a game fish, and also its excellence for food. It has many admirers and detractors. The enthusiasm with which it was greeted ten years ago has somewhat subsided, and it seems doubtful whether a vote of the guild of American anglers would now place it in the first rank of noble fishes." We very much dislike to believe this, and are disposed to attribute the subsidence of the enthusiasm to the scarcity of the fish, now nearly extinct, and the distance to its habitat. We certainly have not abated in our worship (that's the word for it in our case) of this graceful fish. As for Kilbourne's picture we think it fully equals his trout in beauty and truthfulness. We expected to be disappointed in this picture, and were prepared to be severely critical, but we do not know where to begin to find fault with it.

THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC SALMON AND THE MUSKELLUNGE.

Part ten, and last, opens with an account of the cutthroat salmon, by Livingston Stone. Mr. Stone's long experience in gathering the eggs of this fish entitles him to be considered very high authority upon its habits. Mr. Stone tells us that the fish is restricted in its distribution to the North Pacific, and its range extends from the Bay of Monterey to the Arctic Ocean, and the coasts of Northeastern Siberia. It is taken in the largest quantities in the Sacramento and the Columbia, these being the largest rivers of the American continent, and in smaller streams from California to British Columbia. The largest known specimen was taken in the Columbia River, and weighed eighty-three pounds. It readily takes a hook in fresh water, but does not so readily take the fly. Nothing is known of its ocean history; it goes to sea at certain times, and returns, but where they go, how they fare, or what motives guide their course no one can tell. When they first appear in the rivers they are deep-sea fish in their stomachs and often have took much of such food as lobsters. Mr. Stone gives a most interesting account of the life history of this salmon in fresh water, which is unfortunately too long for our space. He has qualified his former statement, that they all died after spawning, which was so severely criticised some years ago when made, by saying: "Under this head I will only say that it is probably true that those that spawn near the ocean return to the ocean and recover their vitality, but those that pass the United States station on the McClellan River in the summer never do." In investigating this subject Mr. Stone took testimony of all the white men who have lived or worked on the river, and all the Indians he could reach. Kilbourne's picture is a fair one, representing a salmon with a hook in his jaw, and head and tail out of water. The tail is somewhat foreshortened.

The muskellunge (as Prof. Goode chooses to spell it), *Esox nubilus*, and its relatives the pike and pickerel form a short chapter. These fishes have been generally described in America, although the muskellunge (as we prefer to spell it) has some friends and supporters. In Europe the common pike, which is identical with our lake pike, or "great northern pickerel," *E. lucius*, is thought to be game of the highest character. We do not like Kilbourne's picture; the fish was evidently a small, slim one, and he has exaggerated its snaky character by curving it in a singular manner.

A "Catalogue of the Game Fishes of North America" follows, in which the places where they are usually angled for, in the order of their relationships, and are given by a "Provisional Map, showing the Geographical Distribution of the Game Fishes of Eastern North America." In this Prof. Goode, by a system of differently colored lines, shows on the map the distribution of each fish treated of in the work, according to the latest authorities. This map exhibits at a glance the limits occupied by each fish, and one gets a comprehensive view of the ranges of each species.

We have before spoken of the "Game Fishes of the United States" as a great work which will take rank in future with Audubon's "Birds of North America," Wolf's "Wild Animals," and Gould's "Rumming Birds," in point of artistic and scientific value, and will add that it is one that will increase in value with time. As only a limited number were printed and the stones destroyed, the present edition will be the only one. It is not only an article of luxury but a necessity to the angler who hopes to keep up with the intelligence of the age.

THE ROUTE TO NEWFOUNDLAND.—The following information is kindly furnished by a gentleman who has recently returned from Newfoundland: Steamers of the Allan line run fortnightly from Baltimore to Halifax, N. S., and to St. Johns, N. F. From Halifax, steamers go fortnightly through the Strait of Cans to Sydney, C. B., and from Sydney the tourist can reach St. Pierre de Miquelon in the George Shattuck, which leaves Halifax once a month for that port. The steamer Curlew makes fortnightly trips between St. Pierre and St. Johns, and once a month she calls at Sydney, C. B. From St. Johns the northern ports of Newfoundland can be reached fortnightly by the Plover, which during the months of July, August and September goes as far as Battle Harbor, Labrador, connecting with another steamer (this year the Kite) which touches at very many of the fishing ports of Labrador, as far north as Cape Harrigan. From St. Johns, the Neptune, makes irregular trips during the summer months between St. Johns and the northern ports of Newfoundland. Information should be obtained early in spring from the agents of the various lines to enable the tourist to make his plans.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S birthday present to the Crown Princess of Germany was a marble statuette of the dog of the late Prince Waldemar, by Mr. Bohm.

SALT WATER VS. FRESH WATER FISHES.

THE issue of FOREST and STREAM for Dec. 1 contains as a motto for its fishing columns an extract from the writings of H. W. Herbert, which affirms that "with very few exceptions, the game fish are those which do not come themselves out to salt or fresh water, but visit one or the other as their habits or taste direct them."

This seems to be one of the generalizations of that great writer, who, however, was familiar only with the fishes of New England and the Middle States, as known in his time.

Recent investigations show the incorrectness of these statements.

Professor Jordan in a late work describes of bass, 7 species; perch, 4 species; pike, 2 species. Total, fourteen species of game fish found east of the Mississippi and north of North Carolina, which inhabit fresh water exclusively. Besides these there are several species of *Salmonidae*, which live wholly in fresh water; the lake trouts of Northern New York and New England, as well as two species in the great lakes.

West of the Mississippi, in the waters of the great plains and the Pacific slope, are other game fish which never visit the sea.

Mr. Herbert also affirms "that those fishes which never visit the water at all are unquestionably so much inferior to others of the same family which run periodically to the sea, that they are with difficulty recognized as belonging to the same order with their roving brethren; while of those none of which are known to leave fresh water, but two or three kinds are worth taking at all, and even these are not to be compared with the migratory fish."

Either Mr. Herbert had never tasted the brook trout of Wisconsin and Michigan, the silverside, the black bass, the muskogue, the great Northern pike, the pike-perch, and whitefish of the great lakes (referred by many to be the best of fresh water fishes), none of which visit the sea—or he might have brought with him his British prejudices.

Another of Mr. Herbert's theories was that there were no large trout in America, and that trout in this country were confined to small streams, and never occurred in rivers of any size. He had never fished the Maine lakes, the Penobscot, or the Magalloway—the Restigouche or the Nouvelle in Canada—or the big rivers of Lake Superior. His experience was confined to the trout of New York and New England. As far as that went his writings and descriptions are valuable, and as one of the earliest of our sporting writers, especially so, but he did not live to know the works of the new school of American observers and writers upon natural history and field sports. Perhaps they also will appear obsolete in 1920.

SILK WORM GUT.

THE color and quality of gut is a most important topic of consideration to the angler. It may have the best of rods and the strongest of lines, but if the gut that composes his leader, or "casting line," as it is called in England, be of poor quality, or contain one poor strand, his whole outfit is rendered worthless. In gut the first requisites are strength and pliancy, and it is not easy to judge of these. The color is important, many people being in the habit of regarding the gut invisible to the fish, which see it from below against a cloud, a tree, or a clear sky. Some of the coloring processes employed render the gut brittle. There have been lengthened discussions on this subject in the London Field, which are still being carried on, and we propose to quote from them for our readers, without expressing any opinion on that point.

Mr. Francis Francis says: "I quite agree with your correspondent as to stained gut—viz., that, a deep stain makes it brittle and more apt to be cut in the water than gut which is unstained. If you want to prove this, get some strands of gut stained of various shades, take a glass shade such as you put over ferns, etc., half fill it with water, lay the strands on the surface of the water, and then look at them from below with only the sky for a background, and I doubt if you will ever stain gut again. The color which is affected by many anglers, particularly some of our Winchester friends, is perfectly absurd. I have seen it often almost black; and as they use very fine-draw gut, it is almost impossible to tie it in a knot if kept very dark, and when an oak water you can do so at any distance off. If it is not colored at all, the palest salmon color is sufficient. If you can only do the exceeding brightness of new gut, it would be far better than any stain. I have heard of waxing the gut slightly, but though that would dim it and waterproof it slightly, would it not materially add to the weight?"

Another correspondent, Mr. John L. Moulans, of Scotland, writes: "Fine fishing, go where you may, is necessarily in our day, more especially on open public rivers. I have been charged with long unwarmed light, delicate casting powers of English anglers, but most unjustly so. On the contrary, I have had occasion frequently to admire and envy the skill and deftness which several of these fishermen exhibited on reaches of water difficult to approach and dangerous to kill in. But then I said to myself, 'Matters are pretty even; here in Scotland we have little or no private water on any river of importance; our best fly reaches are daily waded through and fished over by hundreds of anglers. The same thing is repeated during the long summer nights; and although our streams present more rough broken water than the British rivers, where the current is more sluggish and canal-like, still we on the Tweedside have to deal with trout as wary and wide-awake, as well fed and willful, as any down south.'"

"Such being the case, two questions naturally present themselves: Of what color and quality should my gut consist? These two points deal with the whole subject raised by your correspondents. A third one might be suggested—the length of each casting line. I would briefly refer to the first—viz., color.

This is a much disputed point. For salmon fishing I consider stained gut quite superfluous, though its use is perfectly harmless. What does a salmon in its sober senses take a gaudy parson or a glittering Jock Scott for, and why? Let this matter be settled before we become over-finished in our notions of dyeing. I have seen a Galashiels weaver, coming down over a salmon 'lie' after it had been carefully fished some half-dozen times, hook and kill the capricious brute which had obstinately rejected the most tempting looking lures noseless to one of E. J. J. J.'s dyes stained gut was; that weaver's tackle was a caution to behold. There was no disguise about the gut. It was double twisted, old, worn, frayed and unstained. Yet I saw from the high bank, with the forenoon sun glaring upon the water, the dainty

little fish of 11lb. swiftly shoot upward from behind the stone where she lay, and, regardless of the white, stringy-looking gut walloping over her nose, take down the quiet composure of a trout at a wing.

"As regards trout fishing, the matter is a much more difficult one to settle, if it ever will be settled, which I doubt. Mr. Brander prefers opaque gut, while 'Cornubian' argues in favor of the unstained material, because it "is far less observable in the water than the stained," having tested it on the Uak; and, in *The Field* of the 19th, Mr. Francis lends the weight of his wide experience in upholding this clear gut theory. I cannot, in the limits of a letter, enter fully into the discussion here opened up. I trust others will give the result of their experience, and we are not the same as you."

Your correspondents, in their strictures against the use of stained gut, fall into the common error of trying to prove too much. Granting, for a moment, that unstained gut, as a general rule, is superior to the dyed material, I would ask: Are there no exceptional cases in which the latter is not only preferable but absolutely necessary if you want to kill? I hold there are. And these instances are so numerous and critical that I am constrained, in the absence of further proof, to refer them all to one head, general rule, universal in its application and true in all circumstances. In every condition of water, weather and sky, whether clear or discolored, still or broken; calm, wet or windy; bright or dull, stained gut is an essential. This rule, however is constantly violated by indiscreet anglers. Some stain their gut over-strength; others, the great majority, use colors which, when the gut is drawn through the water, must convince the astute trout that the deception is too 'thin.' The great thing to be aimed at is to get a dye which will harmonize with that dark grayish-bluish light which floats between sky and water when seen from the trout's point of view. Opaque gut cannot give you this, still less can clear gut. Accordingly, we must resort to staining. Logwood, coppers, coffee and tea, however skillfully combined, produce too strong a dye. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that, to obtain that light gray slate shade, a mixture of walnut and ink, well diluted, is about the nearest approach one can make in the present state of matters. Mr. Francis' test of stained gut, by placing it in a large glass globe filled with water, is not to the point. The color of the water in a river, with its rapid current, its swirls and eddies, its combination of shade, sunshine, and shadow which trees and hills and passing clouds help to deepen or soften—these and many other circumstances of river life render the comparison one sided and the test fallacious.

"In fishing a stretch of not over-deep fly water, you observe an exceptionally heavy trout leisurely feeding in mid-channel. The sun is not over bright, the current is not too swift, but nicely broken; an odd fly is only coming down now and again just so long to whet his appetite and disarm his suspicion; the cast is not a long one, and you are eager to draw blood; the case is now on its trial—stained vs. unstained gut. What will the verdict be?"

We will continue this subject from *The Field* and other papers, and would invite our correspondents to give their views. It will be seen that there are two questions at issue—the best color, and the dye which does not impair the strength of the gut.

PIKE FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

LEWISTON, ME., JAN. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream: The people of our State there is none more vigorous nor exciting than that of taking the pike, or pickerel as we call it, through the ice. It is one of those sports which have an exhilarating effect upon the human system, and instead of fatigue one feels refreshed the day after.

Pickered bite well after the ponds have just frozen over, and the fishermen like to get on the ice about as soon as it will bear their weight. Talk with an incorrigible angler for half an hour and you will generally find him full of old stories and corner superstitions and traditions of the forest and stream. One of the current beliefs is that the first time a green hand goes out he is bound to have good luck. Another tradition is that pickered sometimes swim or seep on a down grade, and that when they have their noses pointed toward the bottom, you can't catch one, if your pickered bit were peaches and cream.

The piscatorial belief in the influence of the signs of the almanac is profound. And prior to any old fisherman generally consults his almanac before he catches his bait. "When the signs are in the belly they'll hit well every time. I don't know what the meaning of it is, but I s'pose they're h'many," said a veteran whom we consulted on the zodiacal question. Fish will not bite well when they are spawning. Their many traits afford a wide range of study. "Fish are dead-end country critters," is the way the aforesaid veteran sums up his philosophy.

When the pickered fisher finds the signs and the weather fair, he takes his dip-net and goes down to the river after live minnows for bait. These foolish little fish are attracted into the fine meshes by meal liberally fed to them. The pickered doesn't relish dead food, and must be caught with live bait. The fun of pickered fishing is in your ability to have so many strings a-going at once. Twenty-five is a fair number, although two men can fish with 40.

Outting the holes through the ice is fun, if you have a sharp chisel and the ice isn't over four inches thick; but when you have two feet of solid ice frozen under you, and an old axe with which to penetrate it, it's more like business. Two men generally go together, and one sets the sickles and arranges the lines while the other cuts the holes. The man who sets the lines first gets the bottom and adjusts his bait about two feet above it—more or less, perhaps, according to his own idea of the correct thing. The lines are attached to poles set in the ice at an angle of about 45 degrees, over the holes. Each line is also looped over a bob secured loosely on the pole, so that when a pickered bites and darts off, the hole is turned and forms a cross with the longer stick, thus signaling to the fisherman.

One of the ways of the pickered is to chew his bait a little while, and this is in favor of his catcher. When the pickered begin to bite before the lines are all set, as they frequently do, the excitement is at its pitch. "There goes one!" shouts one man. "There's another!" shouts his chum, dropping his axe and running to pull him up; and when the 25 or 40 lines are all in and are pulling sharp, who then wouldn't be a pickered fisher? Lewis.

FRANCIS AND LOBSTER. No. Maiden Lane, this city, publish a book, "HUTCHINSON'S RECIPE BOOK FOR 1882. It is just the kind of note-book that almost everybody wants."

Fishculture.

MAINE LOBSTER CULTURE.

WHITING to Mr. E. M. Stivell, one of the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, Professor Spencer F. Baird says: "There is a very great promise of success in cultivating lobsters on a large scale by inclosing them in small salt water bays, where there is a free circulation of water, and the eggs of the lobsters can be prevented by grading or netting. They can be bred, as I understand, very largely upon clams, and will not only grow very rapidly under such circumstances, but carry on the propagation of the young. The young can either be kept in the inclosure or go out to sea, and increase rapidly. The greatest objection to the most feasible way of solving the problem in regard to the depletion of lobsters along the coast of Maine and the Provinces, is there any provision in the fishery laws of Maine by which an individual undertaking this work can prevent unauthorized persons from going in and rearing the benefit upon the individual cultivator actually owns or leases the adjacent shore? Of course no man will be willing to go into the business unless he can be protected, and if there is no provision in Maine; as there is in Massachusetts, by which the Fish Commissioners can lease a pond to particular individuals for the purpose of propagating fish and secure to them thereby exclusive rights in the waters, it would be well to have such a provision, with the understanding that it be applied to salt waters as well as to fresh. If the experiment proves as successful as I confidently anticipate, the interest of the State, as there are hundreds of localities where such ponds could be established to the best advantage. Of course I suggest no interference with high seas navigation."

TROUT AND SALMON IN NORTH CAROLINA.

RALPHIGH, N. C., Dec. 22, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream: I captured two specimens of *salmonidae* in Mill Creek, McDowell county, differing from the brook trout, *Salmo fontinalis*. I recently forwarded them to Prof. Baird, and I have received from him to-day the following letter: "Washington, D. C., Dec. 22, 1881. Dear Sir:—I have reports that the two specimens you forwarded me on the 24th of November, the smaller one of 7 1/2 inches is the land-locked salmon, and the one of 8 inches is the California trout, *Salmo viridanus*. Yours truly, Spencer F. Baird."

On above specimens are of the planting of 1850, and it affords me great pleasure to record the fact that they are flourishing in North Carolina. Mill Creek contains but few brook trout, but is of the same pure character of most of the head streams of Western Carolina. Over two hundred land-locked salmon were taken in the same stream in the same place, but the fish were all returned to the water alive from the traps, and the latter (13 in number) torn out and destroyed by individual citizens by authority of S. G. WORTH, Sup't Fisheries.

STICKLEBACK BREEDING.—Cincinnati, O.—To articles which have been published on the stickleback I am able to add the following: A water temperature of 60 to 70 degrees F. seems to be the most favorable during breeding time. After the female has deposited the eggs and left the nest the male chases her away from the nest and enters it himself, remaining in it from two to three weeks. During this time he closes the hole of the nest with his female left the nest and takes his position before the entrance, fanning the eggs day and night, only leaving them to take a little food. He takes the eggs out of the nest from time to time to assort them, carrying away the bad ones and placing the good ones back into the nest. During the first four days he takes out 100 to 150 eggs in one deposit of a female is from 30 to 40, and about five such deposits are made into different nests in intervals of about a week. Only two-thirds of them, however, become young fish. Considering that one female lays 400 to 500 eggs, the number of young that survive is not large. The stickleback is a very intelligent fish. The first stickleback that engaged in nest building in one of our aquaria, when he had completed building, had no other chance to get material than by stealing it from the nest of the other. To that effect he made himself appear too busy to notice anything else than his own affairs. But as soon as the other stickleback left his nest to "make improvements on it" or to "go courting" to the other end of the tank, he snaked through the cavity of the rockery—taking advantage of every stone or plant to hide behind and keeping close to the bottom of the tank. He would then return just as carefully over the same road to his own nest, which was one-third time as far as if he had used the straight road. Once he was caught in the net of stealing and a foul fight followed, which lasted about five minutes and was fatal to the female, who took part for the thief and drove the other back to his estate. The twelfth day after the eggs are deposited the young fish make their appearance. The old ones should now be taken away from them, as they will eat them, and placed in another aquaria, where they will be safe. The young fish should be introduced in their new home when they commence to build a new nest; but now not so much pains are taken in constructing it. Perhaps that in higher temperature the eggs would need less protection. In accordance given by other authors I find stated that sticklebacks are very sensitive to the sun, and that the sun can strike them. We have just found the contrary. Our experiments extend over three seasons: during that time we have raised hundreds of young sticklebacks, of which some are yet alive, now being one year old.—H. H. McLEWY.

AMERICAN CARP IN SCOTLAND.—Douglas Hall, near Dalbeattie, Scotland, Dec. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: You will be pleased to hear that the leather carp which Professor Baird so kindly sent to the care of Mr. E. G. Richardson, of Glasgow, for me, has not only survived, but is now swimming about in a large tank inside the hatching-house of the Solway Fishery, where they will have to remain till my brother can have a suitable pond made for them outside. The temperature of the water here varies from 38 to 50 degs., at 10 degs. below zero. There is no mystery about carrying carp, I only wish soles and turbot would travel like them. The *s. s.* "Sevith" came right through those fearful gales, Wednesday, Nov. 23, the wind blew with hurricane force and we had to "heave-to" for 22 hours; the wheel-house was struck, and the boats carried away across the deck, knocking down the chimney-stack of the donkey-engine; four seamen were disabled, one having two ribs broken, another awfully cut about the head, and the other two injured. Yet while all this was going on the carp were not harmed in the least. The water was stirred up during the voyage, and aerated the water twice daily; also gave them a little oatmeal and boiled potatoes occasionally. Dr. W. ARMISTEAD.

"VANITY FAIR," the well-known smoking tobacco manufactured by Messrs. Wm. S. Kimball & Co., Rochester, N. Y., maintains its superiority over all other brands. It is of uniform excellence, and the smoker can always count on finding his "Vanity Fair" just right. There are several different brands, giving grades of strength, to suit the varying tastes of those who use the weed. The "Vanity Fair" has won lots of prizes at exhibitions, and deserves many more.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

1892.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 11 to 19. Terre Haute, Ind., Fifth Annual Bench Show. J. B. Morris Secretary.
January 17 to 20. St. John, N. B. Second Annual Bench Show. H. W. Wilson Secretary.
March 7. Pittsburg, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.
December. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. B. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

YANKEE.

BY JEROME BURNETT.

CONCERNING dogs—you ought to know
"The pointer we call Yankee;
He's smart and sharp and full of 'go,"
And never dull nor cranky.

Bring forth the gun, he leaps to life
In all his proud condition;
He's eager for the joyous strife,
The soul of animation.

Say but the word, he's right with you,
Whatever the wind or weather,
He'll take the field and work it through,
And never miss a feather.

And when he strikes the subtle trail,
You'll watch him every minute,
His action shows he cannot fail,
Because his soul is in it.

Then when the steady point is made,
The climax he intended,
No workman better knows his trade—
"This art and nature blended.

The rigid form, the foot upraised,
The breast that's gently swelling,
The beaming eye so often praised,
Of rarest sport are telling.

A picture list, here rudely done,
Of wondrous combination,
A pose of grace that e'er has won
Our greatest admiration.

It tells of one that's true and tried,
As friend we have no dearer;
Whatever may come, whatever betide,
No love can be sincerer.

He's taught us much that men receive
Their doubt with faith to leave,
For knoweth him we can believe
That good dogs do to heaven.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN PARTS—CHAP. VI.—CONTINUED.

SHOULD you desire that your dog become proficient in the fancy department of this accomplishment, there is no end to the tricks that you may teach him; but until he is fairly proficient in bringing his bit of meat and ball, you should confine your practice strictly to these; for although he may understand you and readily bring anything that you may ask him to, you will find it the better way to grow slow and sure, ever bearing in mind that anything that is worth your while to teach him, should be taught in a thorough manner, that he may not forget it should it happen that he should go a few days without being called upon to perform it.

We like our dog to carry, as well as to fetch, and deliver his bird to our companion who has shot it; and we wish him so well trained that he will carry any article and lay it down at the word "drop" in any place that we may designate. This he may be taught to do understandingly if you pursue the proper course with him. To teach him this, you will require an assistant, who should be one of your own family, or some one that the dog is well acquainted with. When you give the first lesson, your assistant should be a few feet from you. Calling your pupil to you, give him his ball and bid him "carry" it, at the same time motioning with your hand in the direction that he is to go. Your assistant should not say a word, but should merely hold out his hand for the ball, and when the dog delivers it, he should praise and pet him a little, while you should make much of him, and if he has performed the task in a pleasing manner, reward him with a bit of meat. After a few lessons of this kind, the distance can be gradually increased and he will soon carry as far as he can see your assistant. If there is any difficulty in getting him started right, let your assistant take the ball and send him to you, until he understands what is wanted, which he will do after a few lessons. Of course, you have told him to "drop" every time that he delivers anything to you, and as he knows the meaning of the word, it will be an easy task to teach him to lay down his ball or bit of meat in any place that you really wish him to. In order that he may learn to do this in a proper manner and readily drop his burden at the word, and instantly leave it without regret and come to you, we will commence at the beginning and give him the order for the first time when he is close to us, and with our hand extended as if to take it. As soon as he opens his mouth the hand should be instantly removed and the article allowed to drop on the ground. At once praise and pet him and give him to understand that this is all right. On no account must you pick up the article or he may be led to think that he should have delivered it into your hand as usual, nor should you allow him to pick it up, but at once call him away and interest him with something else. This will be enough for the first lesson. This should be repeated until he appears to understand what is required, before you attempt to increase the distance. Your pupil must be made to understand that when he hears the order to drop he must instantly lose his hold, and leaving the article, at once obey whatever signal you may give him. You should so teach him that when coming in with anything that you have ordered him to bring he will at the word drop it and wheel at the motion of the hand in any direction that you may indicate. You will derive no little benefit from this accom-

plishment should you ever get in a "hot corner" on a duck pass, and not only save yourself much worry, but also spare your dog much labor, by bidding him drop his dead bird and first secure the water for one, which may make good if its escape unless attended to at once. The same thing often occurs in quail shooting, and many birds are lost that might be brought to bag, did your dog but understand this fancy training.

The careful reader will readily understand that our so-called "fancy training" is in reality not so useless as some would-be critics would have us believe; but is a part of our system whereby we not only bring out our pupil a "killing" dog but we make of him an intelligent companion and elevate him to our own plane, as it were, and thus the wonderful development of his reasoning faculties we not only greatly increase his capacity for intelligently entering into the enjoyment of the ever changing phases of our woodland sports, but we greatly add to our own pleasure in witnessing the marvelous manifestations of reason and intelligence that he will display in his encounters with some wary patriarch of the forest, whose tricks and subtleties will outvie the wily strategems of a Tallyrand.

There are many things that you can readily teach your pupil after you once get him fairly started on the road for the more you teach him and the more pains you take with him the more readily will he understand what you wish. You must use great caution when you begin teaching him to bring anything that is new to him; and be very sure that he will understand your orders before you issue them. This point is worthy your careful consideration and you should strive to make yourself perfectly understood at all times. This you can easily do by closely watching his disposition and the workings of his mind as he performs his tasks. Some dogs are possessed of remarkable reasoning faculties and appear intuitively to understand just what you wish, while others are slow to learn and require more time to develop their latent powers. From personal experience we are well satisfied that the former require to the full as much painstaking, careful handling as the latter in order to perfect his education, and make of him a steady, reliable dog. Therefore, unless you wish to see explicated the truth of the old saying "quick learning, quick forgotten," go slow, and be very sure that you stop in each lesson, until he has learned, before you advance any further. You should never ask your dog to bring anything that will tax his powers too severely, especially should this rule be observed until his education is complete. Your judgment will tell you better than to bid him bring the crossbar or a piece of eustard pie; you should likewise refrain from asking him to bring you anything that is hard or bulky, at least until he has arrived at maturity and is well established in all his lessons. Many good retrievers are ruined by allowing them to bring articles that they are obliged to grasp hard in order to hold on to. For this reason we never allow our dog to bring our knife nor anything of the kind, for just so sure as this is allowed just so sure will the dog acquire the habit of pinching his birds.

We once owned one of the best retrievers that we ever saw. In an evil hour we bade him carry into the house the earthen plate from which he had eaten his dinner. After this it became the regular thing for him to do at every meal, but also that finally, delicate morsels, such as our pride and boast, was no longer, and after this every bird that he brought that was not stone dead, would show the marks of his teeth. We are well aware that there is a great difference in dogs in this respect, and that we occasionally see one that will bring anything that he can drag along and at the same time he will hardly ruffle a feather of a struggling bird; but for fear that you may not possess such a paragon we advise you to be very careful about trying any experiments that may ruin your dog, especially when there is no practical benefit to be derived that is at all commensurate with the risk that you run. Your hat and gloves and slippers, you can safely allow him to bring you, and it will take but little time to teach him this if you carefully follow the instructions that we have given. You can even teach him by constant practice to distinguish between them so that when you send him for either one he will make no mistake, but, understanding your order, bring the article you wish.

In order to teach him this you should first accustom him to bring each article in the same place, and then to fetch him his name. Take, for instance, your hat, and after placing it in his mouth, bid him "bring the hat," and be sure to use the same language every time that you practice him at this. The same course should be pursued with the gloves or any other article that you may wish. After he has had practice enough to bring readily the article desired you can place several articles close together. Put your hat and gloves with his ball and other light articles, then order him to bring the hat, should he be in the first trial, as he is, is very likely to do so, must praise and pet him. As you talk to him you should speak the word "hat" in order to impress upon his memory the meaning of the word. This should be done in an intelligent manner, perhaps by saying he "is a good dog to bring the hat," just as you would talk to a boy. Should he pick up his ball, or any other article, at once tell him to "drop," and repeat the order for the hat, and do not allow him to bring you anything else. After he brings the hat readily every time, you may change to something else, your gloves for instance, but as he has learned the meaning of the words and brings the articles readily, do not place the hat near them, nor where he can see it, as it may confuse him. When he has become accustomed to the gloves you can place the hat with them and he will soon understand which to bring. This course should be pursued with each article, and in a short time he will understand the meaning of the words; and when you send him for any article that you have thus taught him the name of, he will seldom make a mistake. While teaching your pupil to retrieve, you should never allow yourself to become careless, nor let him do this work in a slovenly manner. Always insist upon a perfect performance of his task, for if he is once allowed to depart from the accustomed manner that you have taught him he is sure to get the impression that this is right and pleasing to you, and you will have a harder task to set him right than you would to have kept him straight in the first place; and worse than this, he will be very likely to forget what he has learned, and you will not get just what you want; therefore, firmly insist upon implicit obedience to your orders, and never allow yourself to deviate one iota from the course that you have marked out.

We have ever found that all intelligent dogs are very prone to look to their masters for guidance and instinctively to take their cue from them as to their behavior. You should take every advantage of this trait, and by cool and collected behavior, under all circumstances, strive to impart to your pupil a steadiness that will ever be to you a source of pride.

This trait is especially to be cultivated when trying to make a careful, tender-mouthed retriever. You should always handle with the greatest care any article that you are teaching him to bring. There appears to be something in the carnal mind of a dog in which it is so potent that is potent to impress upon his mind a corresponding carefulness in taking hold of it that is not apparent when the object is roughly thrown upon the ground; and we have frequently taken pains to go, and with ostentatious care lay the article down instead of throwing it, and have in this way succeeded in obtaining the best of results, especially when our dog was a little inclined to be rough or hard-mouthed.

There is one rule that we have carefully observed for many years that we can assure you that it is of a worthy four considerations. We never allow a pup to retrieve a bird his first season, until we have first handled it, and found that it was stone dead. You should allow him to point it for a short time and then daintily pick it up; and, after smoothing out the feathers very carefully, lay it down in front of him, taking care that he can see your every motion. Now retreat a few steps and very quietly bid him "bring dead." By pursuing this course you will improve, not only his mouth, but his steadiness as well; and also give him a chance to be acquainted with the dead bird, in the same manner as a live and a dead bird; and so render him less liable to make a mistake by pouncing upon a close-lying bird that chances to be near where he has marked the dead bird down.

Having intimated in the first chapter that we are in favor of using the whip when it is needed, we will briefly explain. As we have before stated we never use the whip until our pupil's education is complete, and there is no occasion to resort to it even then, unless our orders are willfully disobeyed. When we find that our pupil is willful, and deliberately refuses to perform his task, we occasionally give him a lesson that he will never forget. We are very careful to select an occasion for punishment when the order disobeyed is of a passive character, like *To ho* or *Charge*, as better results are obtained than when the command is of an active nature. Provided with a heavy whip, we take the opportunity when our pupil is very much engaged about something that will be pretty sure to cause him to disobey, and give him the order to *Charge*. If we are positive that he plainly understands and willfully refuses to obey, we instantly take him by the collar in such a manner that he cannot bite nor break away, and repeating the order, strike him once with all our force. Retaining our hold, we calmly wait without speaking, long enough to slowly count ten. We then repeat the order and blow simultaneously. This we continue until our judgment tells us that he has had enough. You may depend upon it that a dozen blows thus administered will accomplish more in the way of reform than a hundred whippings as generally inflicted, for your pupil not only knows why he is punished but he has plenty of time between the strokes to reason it all out, and he will surely come to the conclusion that you really want him to change when you give the order; and that the best thing that he can do is to instantly obey. Unless he is uncommonly stubborn, you will find that one or two such whippings will last him his lifetime. You must be very careful to issue your commands in your ordinary tone of voice; and on no account must you display the least sign of anger or impatience; and as soon as you are through with the punishment, give him a few kindly words to him in order to let him understand that you are still his loving friend. As soon as he recovers a little, you should repeat your order, which he will at once obey, when you may pat and praise him without stint, thus indelibly impressing upon his mind that the way of the canine transgressor is hard and that obedience will bring a sure reward. We very much dislike to punish a dog; but if this has to be done, we greatly prefer that the lesson should be given before the dog enters the field, as the lesson which is imparted may prevent the necessity of resorting to this extreme when among the birds.

GERMAN HUNTING DOGS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I saw in your paper of the 15th Dec. a short description of the German dog, the schweisshund, and their use. Thinking that you would be interested to know of the German description of the dogs used in Germany for sporting purposes.

The English setter and pointer are used as well as in the United States, but you will find very few retrievers. There are in Germany the similar breeds of the *schweisshund*, *pluescher*, *saupe*, *woodcock* and other shooting, called *kurzhaar*, *langhaar jagdhund* (smooth-haired) and *lang haariger liebescher jagdhund* (long-haired). The former is very like the English pointer, with which he shares the derivation from the old Spanish pointer, but is much more like the field, as the kind very much improved, which are much in fashion now, are, however, almost as strong as they are, and the well known champion Wagg, winner of many prizes at English and German dog shows, who was considered in England a typical dog of his race, looked very much like a German smooth-haired jagdhund. The color of these smooth-haired dogs is liver, white and liver, or white and black. Of the long-haired dogs, liver, white and liver, red, or black and white. They have coarser hair than the English setters. Both kinds are used for the same purposes. They will, if of a good breed, point as well as any English pointer or setter, and range as speedily as they do, but are very obedient to their handler. This is of special advantage when in search of pheasant or woodcock in a thick cover, where, to order, they will only range a short distance from their handler. Both kinds are very hardy, and can do their work in very warm weather, needing very little water in comparison to the English setters and pointers. The long-haired jagdhund will also do the work of the water spaniel, being in a very fond of the water, and being a very good swimmer, and can be used for bitter cold weather, or even the ice covering the surface, but will go into the water anywhere you send him to stir up some wild ducks hidden in the reeds, or to retrieve a wounded or dead bird. Both kinds will sit for hours doing the work of the schweisshund, following the foot to follow the passing game, but when ordered will retrieve anything you can carry, or kill a wounded fox. I have seen some of the smooth-haired kind, which are a little stronger in their loins, retrieve a big hare, carrying it on its back, and being able to walk. They will follow you when walking on deer, going in the most cautious manner, avoiding any noise which would frighten away the deer, and, if properly broken, will not run after the deer after you have shot. I saw some of these dogs long employed in the forest, doing the work of the schweisshund, following the foot to blood of a deer. But this quality is found rather seldom, and only if the dogs are used for a long time in the forests. They are extremely courageous, and will defend their master against any assault by man or beast, and will attack any other animal. Notwithstanding this they are a very friendly and gentle animal, and are good playmates for children. During the last fifteen years the German breeds have been much mixed with English blood, but for the last five years much has been done to keep the German race pure, and the result is a breed especially called "Verein zur Veredlung der Hundzucht in Deutsch-

land," has done a great deal for our dogs, through giving good prizes for dog shows and field trials and by founding a stud-book.

As a specimen of the schweishund is sufficiently described in your paper of the 15th Dec. I need only add that they are especially bred in the "Doister," the mountains in the south of the ancient Kingdom of Hanover, and in the "Harz," the timber-covered mountains in the centre of Germany, where plenty of foxes are met with. In these two countries are renowned as good trainers of those dogs, which become very wild if inappropriately treated.

The dachshund is employed to hunt the fox and the badger. At the close of the day, the fox and the badger are shot in Germany, except in some very small sections, the fox is not spared for this purpose, but is killed whenever found to preserve the other game, to which cunning Reynard does much damage. In spring, when a fox hole is found with a litter of young ones, you send the dachshund in at one of the openings after closing the other one with stones, earth or nets. If the bitch is in the hole the dachshund will attack her and drive her to the central chamber of the hole, where she will defend her puppies. The dog will either kill her, drag her to daylight and afterward the young ones, or he will make such a noise by constantly giving tongue that you will be enabled to dig through the earth just to the point where the fox is lying in order to kill him and take the puppies out. If several old foxes are in one hole you will generally need several dogs, because the foxes will drive you away from them come tumbling back to daylight, covered with blood and half suffocated, and after recovering for half a minute, again enter the hole, more eager than ever to attack their natural enemy. Sometimes the fox retreats and tries to go to daylight, where he is either shot or driven into a hole, where he is again driven in the same manner, but you must only use the most courageous dogs for this purpose, because the badger is much stronger than the fox and would kill the dog immediately if he is not very skillful and bold; and, in the second place, the badger will, if not content with occupying the hole, dig out, and then drive you further into the earth and, in a short time, put so much earth between him and the dog that the latter, though also digging, cannot follow him. In some mountainous parts of Germany the dachshund is also used to do the work of the schweishund, for he is griffed with very keen nose in some of his parts, able to drive wild boars out of thick covers. The dachshund is a very odd looking fellow with his long head, body and tail and his short, crooked forelegs, which enable him to dig so well. On account of their queer looks they are much ridiculed in England, but in Germany they are of a finer color or black than here. The breeding of the dachshund of good qualities is much encouraged by a club in Berlin, which gives valuable prizes for dachshund trials.

Greyhounds—the English breed—are much in use in some parts of Germany for the purpose of hunting foxes and badgers. They are very few packs of foxhounds, harriers or beagles to be found. The strongest pack is a royal pack of foxhounds kept near Berlin for the purpose of hunting wild boars, which very often give a good run and a good fight at the kill. Various smaller packs are kept, especially by the officers of some cavalry regiments, to follow the drag.

Various other kinds of home and foreign bred dogs, as, for example, the French griffon and other French breeds, are used in Germany, but they are found very seldom. I may, therefore, mention in this short account of the sporting dogs used in my country.

H. L.

[From a Special Correspondent.]
ALEXANDRA PALACE DOG SHOW.

London, Eng., Dec. 14, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The week between Birmingham and the London winter show came to all of us as a very much needed rest for men and dogs alike, and in the quiet times we were glad to turn our attention to the many interesting articles which have appeared of sound raised by our canine friends in angry protest against such long and undesired confinement, and also the no less constant and energetic disputations and protests loud and deep (what you call "solid") uttered by exhibitors and forming a surging sea of conflicting opinions, which, alas! have not been the subject of argument in the columns of our newspapers. That there always will be difference of individual estimates of the actual and relative merits of exhibited live stock is a state of things arranged for by Providence and for which all those who run dog shows or in any way take money out of their pockets ought to be especially thankful; but I must say, the more I see of dog shows, the more convinced I am that there was a standard of excellence for each breed accepted and dogs judged by it on the point system, instead of as now by rule of thumb—every dog having his own standard, and the standard of one as very different from that of another. The expediency of the occasion requires—we should find less that is inexplicable in awards of prizes and after discussion of such awards would then rest on an intelligible basis, and on that very account such arguments would lose much of the authority which they at present command. It is a common maxim must devoutly to be wished.

As at many of the Kennel Club's previous shows, the exhibition suffered somewhat from very unfavorable weather—rain, fog and snow being with us during the entire time. The central hall of Alexandra Palace, however, was so arranged that the dogs had at least a much better place in which to hold a dog show than Curzon Hall, at Birmmington. In fact, nothing much better could be desired, for this time of year, than the accommodations furnished at the Palace. Besides the dogs, an interesting exhibit of models of paintings, of the "Deltanian," a very attractive ornament to the hall. The conveniences for judging were very satisfactory, four ranges having been provided (one more than formerly) in which all of the classes were judged on Friday, the 9th inst., except two—Dandie Dinmonts and collies—which went over to Saturday.

The rings in which Bassets and dachshunds were judged were furnished with platforms, designed to enable the judges to properly examine the peculiar formation or "crook" of the dogs' legs and feet. Of the twenty-nine classes of dogs, twenty-five were judged and ninety-five put in an appearance, some of these, however, being entered in more than one class. The feeding of the dogs was in charge of Messrs. Spratt, who provided the entire show with their new patent biscuits, which differ from the old style in the addition of beetroot, designed to prevent the attacks of constipation, to which dogs in confinement, as at shows, are so liable. They seem to have been very successful in accomplishing the desired result, as the dogs remained, in almost all cases, in a normal state of health, in so far as it could be controlled by their food.

The management was in charge of Mr. John Douglas, who gave thorough satisfaction, in the capacity in which he acted, as did also Mr. H. B. James Stephen, as Secretary. The judges were: Rev. Wm. G. B. Woodhouse, Mastiffs, St. Bernards, Newfoundland, Bourdeaux, extra classes and Skye Terriers; Rev. S. T. Mease sub Rev. W. J. Mellor for Dandie Dinmonts; Mr. W. P. Ackright for Pointers, Cocker Spaniels and Sheepdogs; Mr. A. Fitzroy for Fox Terriers (smooth and wire-haired) and Bedfords; Mr. H. Shayer for Bull Terriers, Cocker Spaniel, English Setter, Deltanian, Pomranian, Poodles, Bull Terriers, Smooth-haired Terriers and Harl-haired Scotch Terriers. Mr. H. Maplebeck for Black-and-tan Setters and Yorkshire Terriers, Pugs, Maltese, Blenheim Spaniels, King Charles Spaniels, other Toy Spaniels, Italian Greyhounds and Toy Terriers; C. Cooper for Irish Setters; Rev. W. Seargenton for Retrievers; Mr. A. Byron for Dachshunds; Rev. A. L. Willett and Major Willett for Irish Water Spaniels, Sussex Spaniels, black and other field Spaniels; Mr. H. G. Musters for Deerhounds and Greyhounds; Mr. R. Krell for Basenounds and Irish Terriers; and Mr. W. Oliver for Bull Dogs.

In the Bloodhound champion class, Napier, being the only contestant, received the card. My opinion of this dog I wrote you upon the occasion of his recent appearance at Birmingham.

There is, therefore, no occasion for further comment concerning him here. Mr. Mark Denton's Nestor, who was awarded merely v.l.c. at Birmingham, was well placed here, receiving first prize in the open dog class, and second prize in the bitch class, with excellent legs and feet, and bids fair to win many prizes at future exhibitions. Mr. E. Nichols' Vampire, winner of second, is a litter brother to Nestor, by Holo ex Diana, and shares many of his good points. In the bitch class, Mr. L. G. Morrell's B-lindona was awarded first prize, and second prize, respectively, in the class of first card, last June, being given an extra third. Norma and Regency were the remaining exhibits, of an excellent class, and were very deserving of the h.c. which they received. Puppies were a very ordinary lot, not deserving of any individual criticism.

In champion Mastiffs, the prize went to Dr. L. S. F. Winslow's Crown Prince, a famous winner by his six- to seven-year-old pup already carried off eight first prizes and six silver cups. In the open class for brindle dogs (a color I think, almost unknown in Mastiffs, on your side of the Atlantic), the aged Union was an easy star, his only opponent, Banner, on the contrary, wanting age and development.

The class for brindle bitches, embracing six, was a remarkably even lot, in size, color and conformation, and the awards were rightly placed, throughout, the exhibit being a fine one. In the open dog class, (other than brindle) Pontif was correctly placed first; for although he is rather small, he is well built, and has an excellent head, and muzzle of the proper type. The award of second to Nero was very generous and justly disapproved of, as, with the exception of the head, he is good in neither head, body nor legs. Cedric the Saxon should have been placed second, with Chief Justice third. Othello, Lord Darley, and Bosco II, merited their v.l.c. In bitches, other than brindle, another very even and admirable lot was shown, most of the exhibits being full of quality. If Mr. Burgess' Isis was the best, she was, certainly the whole, although it may be considered that her body, legs, and feet are much superior to her head, which, although furnished with a good broad skull, and the proper sort of ears, (small and laid), and a broad skull, he is good in neither head, body nor legs. Duchess of Connaught was in the proper position, as second. Hecla, winner of third, I did not like, as she added water to size to many faults in head. I should have preferred either Lena, The Lady Rowena, or Sybil, for the last mentioned was the best of the three. In the open dog class, the winners in both, a son and daughter of champion Crown Prince, deserving their places.

St. Bernards showed the winner in the champion dog class to be Mr. E. C. Joplin's Cadwallader, who, although won, although we have seen him in better places, and second prize in the open dog class, is also a grand animal. In champion bitches, Mr. J. Valentine's Ida was properly given the card. The open class for rough-coated dogs was really splendid, evident superiority being visible in the head and neck of the winner, who, although not better in head than The Duke (second prize), but in the superior in body qualities and bone. Save received third prize, for which he was hard pressed by two or three of the v.l.c. dogs, of which there were twenty-one out of the entire class of twenty-six, and this is a very good record. In the open dog class, honor were distributed so freely that many in a measure lost their value. Messrs. Towley and Carr's Bollinza brought their first prize in the rough-coated bitch class. She is a grand bitch, but might be a trifle better in coat. Second and third well given, the first going to the winner of the open dog class, the latter to the dog, Dunstan deserved the first prize which he received, although he has no dew claws, and second was correctly awarded to Bruce. Smooth-coated bitches were headed by Silber, a very good one, but a trifle light in jaw, with Irons a good second. The class, as a whole, was very good, and the winners were well placed, the dogs being a very promising lot, of great quality, and the bitches very fair.

Of Deerhounds a small lot was shown, of no great merit. Mr. Stiles' Red Rover, both in the open dog and bitch class, was awarded the prize. The judging in the open class was satisfactory.

In Champion Pointer Dogs Mr. R. G. Lloyd Price carried off the prize with his grand dog Wagg, who is well advanced in years, and his dog, which should have given place to Bang II, the Birmingham winner.

In Champion Bitches Mr. G. Tilghman won with Lilac, who was v.l.c. at Birmingham in the champion class, for bitches under fifty pounds, but on this later occasion beat Maggie, winner at Birmingham. Of the champion prize for bitches over fifty pounds, which is accounted for by the fact that Maggie is beginning to show her age. The open classes here were divided by color instead of by weight, being "liver and white" and "other color." In the former, the winner, showing. For the other, an unobtainable reason Don of Devon, winner at Birmingham at Birmingham in the large dog class, was given merely h.b. here, a wonderful decision regarding dogs so good in nearly all points. He was the best in the class, and so should have been, but with Leo, Birmingham, the winner, second, and Don II, who was given second, not sharing the money prizes at all. In the liver and white bitches, the winner fairly earned her place; second should have gone to Daphne, who was given v.h.c., but was good enough to win a first prize at Birmingham. Duchess of Devon, who took second, was a very good dog, and a very good class. Only one dog other than liver and white was entered, and the prize was withheld for want of merit. In bitches the magnificent Beryl won, with ease. She also took the breeders' prize. Puppies (any color) showed good class, excellent quality, and very few faults. Good class also shown in the open dog class, that she will probably develop into a Devonshire line show bitch.

In the champion English Setter Dog class, Mr. Lewelin had a very even with Goude, and in the absence of the only other entry, Royal Gok; and, in the champion bitch class, the same gentleman won easily with Puzzle, who has an excellent head and coat. In the open dog class, another winner for the same kennel, with Prince Royal, who deserved the honor. Second and third were correctly given, both Sir Allister and Count Paragon being very well formed and excellent dogs. Royal Rock, the Birmingham winner, got v.h.c., which he well deserved. Cleve, a.c., is a very attractive young dog, but was shown in poor coat. Mr. Lewelin again won in the open bitch class, with the field trial winner, Nova, who was very good, and in the open dog class, a dog fault with in any other points. She was fully entitled to her place as was the second prize winner to Mrs. Coaness Rose who was worthy of her v.l.c. In English Setter Puppies, the winner, Ery, is a very grand dog, with perfect head, good legs and feet, and a wonderful body appearance. In the open dog class, the high sickness of loin and want of spring in his ribs. A brace from Mr. Lewelin's kennel, Pet Boudha and Pearl Bondin, second and v.l.c., were very beautiful animals, and well deserved their honors.

In the Ayrack Setter, first prize went to Mr. T. B. Bowers' Comet, a judgment I cannot coincide in, as besides suffering from chort in the head, he has a slack loin, also bad hindquarters and hooks. Meg Marville, who was placed second at Birmingham and was very good, was a very good dog, but was not by any means a prize winner so heavy in the head. The class was not by any means a great one.

In the Black and Tan Setters, in the dog class, Mr. Jacobs' Marquis secured his sixth. Fausto victory. In the bitch class, the best dog, in head, of the heavy type, and poor in coat. The third prize winner, Banger I, much the same as the second, and which tamed on the hindquarters, besides. Young Jack, v.l.c., might have been a better dog, but was not by any means a prize winner, as he has both size and quality. Mr. Jacobs won again, in the bitch class, with Kate, a daughter of Champion Duke, and winner at the last Alexandra Palace show. She is a little light in tan, the second prize winner, staying very good, and in the open dog class, was placed second. Beld, third prize winner, is bad in ears, they

being too high up on her head, and having a white chest, she should have been in the black, tan and white class, as should also Jewess, v.l.c. In the puppies, a very poor lot, the only fair specimen being the bitch, which was given a v.l.c.

In the Black, tan and white class, Marquis II, won, although early in coat and having too much length of tail. Gypsy Girl, a pretty bitch, should have had first place. Rupert, second prize, is too heavy and coarse. In the champion dog or bitch class, (three entries) the awards were satisfactory, but as the class was a very even one, some persons would have preferred to see Count in first place. In the open dog class, the awards were not good. Sir Peter, who had been merely named for being in the class, in color, was given first prize. First and second should have gone to the order awarded to Ganymede and Young Palmerston, both v.l.c. Ennis was correctly placed third, but Bogardus, second prize, might well have been left out of the money, as he is early in coat, not good enough in color, and his ears are set on high. Viscount Palmerston, an unnoted one, is a dog of excellent quality. In the bitch class, Polly, the winner, has good color and shape, but was hard pressed for her place by Sheela, the second prize winner, and Hubs, third prize, the contest being very even. In the puppies class, Handy Andy, first prize, and Ennis, who took third prize in the open dog class and second in this, were very nearly matched, next best being Derry, h.c., from the same kennel.

In the champion class for black Spaniel, the beautiful bitch Squaw, shown by Mr. T. Jacobs, gained the prize, also the extra prize of £5, for the best field Spaniel, in any class, exhibited by the breeder. She is considered the best black Spaniel ever shown, and is but one of Mr. Jacobs' very fine lot, as he also bred Zulu, who was the best dog in the class, and was the winner of the second prize winner. Boverley Dog, v.l.c., is poorly feathered, has white on his chest, and is somewhat short in body and high on his legs. In the open bitch class, first went to Boverley Dog, undoubtedly the best, although furnished with a topknot, which is quite against her. Second, second prize, was given to the bitch, who was heavy in whelp, and I am sorry to hear that she died, at the show, on Tuesday morning. Skye, v.l.c., I preferred to Leah, for second place, as she is a good one, with the exception of a slight fault in her coat, which, a good one, won in the class for Spanish and other, under fifty pounds.

In the Fox-terrier classes, some fault was found with the decisions of Mr. A. Fitzroy, but considering the extreme difficulty of his task, and the fact that infallibility cannot be expected, at the best, I think I had better say nothing more. The most of my confidence. He certainly spared no pains in the performance of the task allotted to him.

The special cups offered by the Fox-terrier Club were awarded as follows: Grand Challenge Cup (Smooth): Brokenhurst Bally, who was the winner of the two challenge cups, was also won by this dog. Challenge Cup for best Puppy owned by a member of the Fox-terrier Club: Corcoran Bill. Cup for best Dog owned by a member of the Fox-terrier Club: Diamond Duck.

The Third One, or Prodiges Stakes: First, £18; second, £15; third, £10 10s.; and fourth, £7 10s. There was a class for each sex. Same prizes in each class.

In the Dog class, Towler won; Oercoer Bill, second; Diamond Duck, third, and Inland, fourth.

In the Bitch class, Rander won first; Olivette, second; Hatchment, third; and Onus, fourth.

In the Spaniel and Terrier classes, numbered fifty-nine, one of the largest and best exhibits ever shown in London. The breed has given a champion class now. The judging of Messrs. Moss and Mellor was generally held throughout.

PRIZE LIST.

- Bloodhounds—Champion, E. C. Joplin's Napier. Open—Dress V. M. Beaufroy's Nestor; 2, E. Nichols' Vampire; 3, E. Brogus's Havers; 4, L. G. Morrell's Maltravers; 5, R. Ray's Noddeman; L. Smith's Lawley; Captain W. Clayton's Lulu; Mr. D. G. Parry's Oscar; 11, W. G. Parry's Dick; 12, E. Nichols' Isis; 13, E. Nichols' Isis; 14, E. Nichols' Isis; 15, E. Nichols' Isis; 16, E. Nichols' Isis; 17, E. Nichols' Isis; 18, E. Nichols' Isis; 19, E. Nichols' Isis; 20, E. Nichols' Isis; 21, E. Nichols' Isis; 22, E. Nichols' Isis; 23, E. Nichols' Isis; 24, E. Nichols' Isis; 25, E. Nichols' Isis; 26, E. Nichols' Isis; 27, E. Nichols' Isis; 28, E. Nichols' Isis; 29, E. Nichols' Isis; 30, E. Nichols' Isis; 31, E. Nichols' Isis; 32, E. Nichols' Isis; 33, E. Nichols' Isis; 34, E. Nichols' Isis; 35, E. Nichols' Isis; 36, E. Nichols' Isis; 37, E. Nichols' Isis; 38, E. Nichols' Isis; 39, E. Nichols' Isis; 40, E. Nichols' Isis; 41, E. Nichols' Isis; 42, E. Nichols' Isis; 43, E. Nichols' Isis; 44, E. Nichols' Isis; 45, E. Nichols' Isis; 46, E. Nichols' Isis; 47, E. Nichols' Isis; 48, E. Nichols' Isis; 49, E. Nichols' Isis; 50, E. Nichols' Isis; 51, E. Nichols' Isis; 52, E. Nichols' Isis; 53, E. Nichols' Isis; 54, E. Nichols' Isis; 55, E. Nichols' Isis; 56, E. Nichols' Isis; 57, E. Nichols' Isis; 58, E. Nichols' Isis; 59, E. Nichols' Isis; 60, E. Nichols' Isis; 61, E. Nichols' Isis; 62, E. Nichols' Isis; 63, E. Nichols' Isis; 64, E. Nichols' Isis; 65, E. Nichols' Isis; 66, E. Nichols' Isis; 67, E. Nichols' Isis; 68, E. Nichols' Isis; 69, E. Nichols' Isis; 70, E. Nichols' Isis; 71, E. Nichols' Isis; 72, E. Nichols' Isis; 73, E. Nichols' Isis; 74, E. Nichols' Isis; 75, E. Nichols' Isis; 76, E. Nichols' Isis; 77, E. Nichols' Isis; 78, E. Nichols' Isis; 79, E. Nichols' Isis; 80, E. Nichols' Isis; 81, E. Nichols' Isis; 82, E. Nichols' Isis; 83, E. Nichols' Isis; 84, E. Nichols' Isis; 85, E. Nichols' Isis; 86, E. Nichols' Isis; 87, E. Nichols' Isis; 88, E. Nichols' Isis; 89, E. Nichols' Isis; 90, E. Nichols' Isis; 91, E. Nichols' Isis; 92, E. Nichols' Isis; 93, E. Nichols' Isis; 94, E. Nichols' Isis; 95, E. Nichols' Isis; 96, E. Nichols' Isis; 97, E. Nichols' Isis; 98, E. Nichols' Isis; 99, E. Nichols' Isis; 100, E. Nichols' Isis.

THE SCOTCH COLLIE "REX."

DEX is a pure-bred Scotch collie dog, the property of Mr. J. R. ...

Old Lassie, grandchild of the Dog of Rug-Clonide, dam Bleck (1st ...

CANINE WAIFS AND STRAYS.—Col. Oscar Thompson, of Tebia, was going home with a big and choice ...

Open-Dogs: 1, Rev H F Hamilton's Roderick II; 2, J Bisset's ...

Open-Dogs: 1, Rev H F Hamilton's Roderick II; 2, J Bisset's ...

Smooth-haired Terriers, except black and tan.—1, F Littlefield's ...

Yorkshire Terriers.—M Foster's Bradford Hero, 1; Mrs J B Lindsay's ...

Maltese.—1, 2, Lady Gifford's Hugh, Rob Roy and Lord Clyde. ...

King Charles Spaniels, black and tan.—1, Mrs J A Buggs' Alexander ...

Irish Greyhounds.—1, J. Roy's Bankside Daisy, 2; Mrs M ...

LOOK AT HIS MOUTH.—We often wonder how arose the ...

breeds and with not a few mongrels, and we are so satisfied that a ...

MASSACHUSETTS KENNEL CLUB.—At a meeting of the Massachusetts Kennel Club ...

CHALLENGE.—Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 27, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: ...

ST. JOHN'S BENCH SHOW.—We have received a copy of the rules, regulations and premium list ...

CORRECTION.—Mr. Washington A. Coster desires us to say that the name of his pointer by Croxteth ...

KENNEL NOTES. NAMES OBTAINED. Dog.—Claimed by E. S. Pitch, Ridgewood, New Jersey, for red and white pointer, whelped Oct. 15, 1891, by Post's Joe out of same owner's Nellie.

Brook.—Claimed by Mr. H. D. Chauncey, Midland Park, N. Y., for red and white pointer, whelped Oct. 15, 1891, by Post's Joe out of same owner's Nellie.

Gay.—Claimed by Mr. L. O'Connor, Merrimack, Mass., against the name of Gay, whelped Oct. 15, 1891, by Post's Joe out of same owner's Nellie.

Walter.—Claimed by Mr. W. E. Spicer, Glen Falls, N. Y., for orange and white pointer, whelped May 28, 1891, by Fairmount Kennel Club out of same owner's Nellie.

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"In the winter sloops are almost useless for our fishing business, and schooners, as they are commonly rigged and modelled, are not much better; so we want to try the way to see if a boat so rigged will be able to stay out longer and to work over the grounds more easily in bad weather."

YACHTING NEWS.

MEASUREMENT.—Mean length, however, is received with derision by many in America; and our writer, bolder than the rest, pronounced it "foliose." We need not apply any indigestible adjectives to this Transatlantic suggestion, as a similar proposal has been made in this country. But, at any rate, there will be no harm in showing that there is no more reason for including the counter in a length measurement than there is the length of bowsprit. Each is used to extend a sail; but the counter, whilst forming a sort of outrigger for the mainsheet, also provides some extra deck room. The idea, however, sometimes prevails that the counter, when the boat is heeled, helps to support the boom, or gives additional power in some way by adding to the stiffness of the boat. It is almost needless to say that a counter could not help to support the boom any more than a life buoy on deck could; and if the counter is made so full and heavy that it becomes immersed as the boat is heeled, and thereby adds to the volume of the "wedge" of immersion, the boat had much better be without the counter at all, as the counter would tend to aggravate the boat's pitching in a sea, throw her out of trim, check her speed, and make her generally unhandy. The fact is, in designing a boat which has a counter, the greatest care is taken to provide against its becoming immersed as the boat heels; and the supposition that "power" can be gained by immersing the counter involves the absurdity that the buoyancy of the boat can be made greater in the heeled position than it is in the upright. This would be an entirely unknown achievement in hydrostatics, and is simply an impossibility. There is not the smallest doubt that the counter is included in any expression for the rating of boats of yachts in competitive sailing, it should be length on the load water-line, as that length cannot be exceeded by any conceivable means so as to impart additional power to the boat. For many years length from stem to stern in a line with the gunwale was used on Southampton water and other places; but there was no objection to this, as, owing to the slight step and sternpost, length so taken was the same as length on the load water-line. Now, however, for the sake of small additional comfort, and for greater convenience in working the sheets aft, a counter has been introduced on many of the boats in the South Sea; to put a penalty upon them would be almost as absurd as taxing a man for having a spring mattress in his berth instead of two inches of hair and a deal board.—London Field.

COLORS.—The new club of small yachts be formed according to the plan of Commodore Franklin, and before the regatta this week, how would it do to call it the Corinthian Yacht Club, and adopt for a burgee a blue field with yellow (gold) wreath of laurels, as bestowed upon the victors of the Corinthian games held by the Greeks in ancient times? We have heard enough upon the red, white and blue triangles with stars interjected here and there. A flag with some idea in its composition would seem more appropriate as well as more easily distinguished from the usual ones. As it is, most flags of our yacht clubs are unmeaningly copied patterns—one commonplace borrowed from another—and very confusing in their similarity of plan or shade. There should be some derivation to club colors, conveying a distinctive meaning, a trade-mark of character, locality or purpose, so to speak, and not the tiresome repetition of variegated patches and bars of three prime colors.

EXHIBITION OF SPORTING ARTICLES.—It is intended soon to hold an exhibition of articles used in sports in London. The show is to include everything appertaining to yachting and sailing. This suggests the advisability of instigating a similar exhibition of yachting appliances here. Could not some club take the matter in hand? A collection of models, drawings, books, miniature craft, all kinds of articles in use—such as binoculars, slide lights, logs, fittings, amids of boats, canoes, prizes, photos, historical records, etc.—grouped together in a hall would be pretty certain to attract a paying number of visitors. The surplus profits obtained might be devoted to the furtherance of the sport in some public way. By this means, if properly managed, the general public might have its interest drawn prominently to the most fascinating, instructive, useful and manly of all sports.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—The following officers have been elected for 1882: Commodore, C. Boyer Vaux; Vice Commodore, Chas. P. Oudin; Secretary and Treasurer, W. P. Stephens; Bayonne, N. J.; Executive Committee, William Whitlock and C. L. Norton; Regatta Committee, C. K. Moore, F. E. Ward, W. M. Cook, Fred Reed and W. P. Stephens; House Committee, Dr. E. B. Bronson and Win. Whitlock.

WHEN.—Mr. C. G. Y. King, well known as one of the leading canoeists of the Clyde and as a writer over the cognomen of "Wren" has arrived in this city and may remain with us permanently. It is that case his Clyde canoe will be shipped to him and a welcome addition made to our fleet, bringing about very interesting trials between the most advanced style of Clyde canoe and our native productions.

ATLANTIC YACHT CLUB.—The Atlantic Yacht Club have finished their new anchorage basin at 187 Huddle. The club's new steam launch Atlantic is about finished, and next season will run daily between the club house at Hay Ridge and the dock of the Sea Beach Pier, between the pier and passenger boats, near by.

NEW NONPARIELS.—Mr. Clapham, of Roslyn, L. I., is getting out the frames for two 50 ft. nonpareils. He has just shipped one of 23 ft. to France to race with the 50 ft. ballast boats. She has a 29 ft. mast, 5 ft. in. at partners and a 29 ft. boom.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB.—Commodore Asbury has returned his thanks to the club for the friendly attentions bestowed during his recent visit to the California coast.

THE OTHER SUNDAY evening, down at the village of Greensboro', Md., religious services in the church were greatly disturbed by the persistent pursuit of a coon by a dog in the immediate vicinity. The colored portion of the congregation was greatly excited, and when it became evident by the barking of the dog that the coon was in a tight place there was a general exit from the church, and on the following day one of the colored brethren was smacking his lips over "roast coon and plenty of grabby."

ABBEY & IMBRIE'S "Highest Quality" Spring Steel English Hand-Made FISHING TACKLE.

TWO WEEKS ago 600 partridges were received by Mr. Churchman, Secretary of the Delaware Game Association, at Wilmington, Del. They came from Danville, Va., and will be distributed in lots of twelve, six males and six females, among the Delaware farmers. Another lot of 1,000 arrived subsequently and will be similarly distributed. It will be some years until the bird again becomes numerous in Pennsylvania if like efforts are not made to propagate it.

Table with columns representing different sizes of fishing tackle (10.0 to 7.0) and rows of numerical data. Includes text: 'FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS IN FISHING TACKLE. DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE ONLY. Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price. 48 Maiden Lane, New York.'

G. G. GUNTHER'S SONS Seal-Skin Sacques & Cloaks Fur-Lined Garments; Fur Trimmings, Muffs and Collars. 184 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

3 KINGS CIGARETTES TURKISH, VIRGINIA and a small portion of choice PERIQUE—a mixture not found in any other Cigarette. By WILLIAM S. KIMBALL & CO., Feeless Tobacco Works, KEEP YOURS! GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, UNDERWEAR, FRG., ETC., ETC. Samples and circulars mailed free. KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, N. Y.

HOLBIRD Shooting Suits. Write for circular to UPPEHROV & McLELLAN, VALPARAISO, IND. For Sale. Live Prairie Chickens. WANTED—A number of Live Prairie Chickens (pinnaed grouse) for stocking a preserve. Must be delivered safely boxed, in coops of twenty birds, in a rail or other station, with food and water to carry them to this city. Address, stating price per hundred and all other particulars, S. C. JACKSON, Decatur, Ga.

The Kennel. Cameron Kennel. Beagle Hound, bred in England and field purposes. RALLY (Sam-Doby); stud dog, 55. RACKET (Rally-Louis); stud dog, 55. COLIN CAMERON, Bricksville, Pa. FOR SALE—A foxhound dog, three years old, coming four, color, black, white and yellow; always run alone and is a stayer; medium size, good voice. Price \$30. Ready for selling, am going West. ROBERT WENTWORTH, Hudson Centre, N. H. Jan5,11.

Orders by mail, or information desired, will receive special attention.

NOTICE! Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted until the following week's issue. Rates promptly furnished on application.

Water! Water! Water! Dwellings, Factories or Towns supplied with water by Pipe Wells or Deep Rock Wells. Dug wells that have gone dry made to produce. MANHATTAN ARTESIAN WELL CO., 240 Broadway. FRANK BLYDENBURCH, INVESTMENT AND MISCELLANEOUS SECURITIES, UNLISTED MINING STOCKS. 66 Pine St., New York. THE DOG, By DINKS, MAYHEW & HUTCHISON. Price \$3.00. For Sale at this Office. Wanted. WANTED, second-hand D. B. L. gun, 10 or 12x box; Damascus; close, hard shooter; provokes; cheap for cash. Address W. P. O. Box 134, Findley's Lake, N. Y. Dec29,11. WANTED on Chesapeake Bay shore, or some other near, a small house for a shooting box with from ten to fifty acres of ground. Send description and cash price to P. O. Box 1,928, Phila. Jan5,11. WANTED—A young man as salesman, who is acquainted with the fishing tackle business, must be active and intelligent and willing to begin at moderate salary. Address FISHING TACKLE, FOREST AND STREAM office, Jan5,11.

A AUBURN'S BIRDS AND QUADRUPEDS FOR SALE.—A copy of Auburn's Viviparous Quadrupeds of America, superbly illustrated with colored plates, 1 volume, 600 pages, 100 woodcuts, a title ribbon. Also Auburn's Birds of America, in 7 volumes, octavo, the first volume wanting. With beautiful colored plates, same size and binding as the Quadrupeds. For price apply to this office. FOR SALE.—A fine country residence, about 30 or 40 miles from New York; 45 acres improved land. Partly good, partly bad and pickered. For particulars address N. E. J., at this office. Dec15,11.

WANTED, one or two well-bred and well-broken Irish dogs (setters preferred); must retrieve from hand and water. Address, with full particulars, name and address, CHAS. DENISON, office FOREST AND STREAM. Jan5,11. NEMASKETT KENNEL, N. H. VAUGHAN, proprietor, Middleboro, Mass.; Sporting dogs broken and handled, also a number of broken dogs for sale. Dogs and puppies boarded on reasonable terms. P. O. Box 555. Sept21,11. BLACK SPANIEL dog and bitch for sale, three months old. Also chestnut and tan dog, fourteen months old. Will be sold very low. Address BURR HOLLIS, Houlsville, N. Y. Jan5,11. FOR SALE, pointer puppy, born Sept. 15. Price \$15. R. M. LIVINGSTON, 16 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York City. Jan5,11. FOR RED IRISH SETTERS and Cocker Spaniels of the most fashionable blood address CHAS. DENISON, Hartford, Ct. Sept15,11. FOR SALE.—Two pure bred Gordon setter puppies, dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881. Address W. E. S. LOCKY, West Valley, L. I. Jan5,11. FOR SALE.—A very handsome bitch, also a No. 1 Irish setter, and a pair of black L. I. setters. MEXER, 81 Eighth street, Jersey City, N. J. Jan5,11. FOXHOUND PUPPIES and young foxhounds for sale, from imported stock. Address ESSEX COUNTY HUNT, Montclair, N. J. Jan5,11.

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future.

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishcultivist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family, readable, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

A LIBRARY OF PERMANENT WORTH.

The weekly issues of the FOREST AND STREAM form two volumes each year, of twenty-six numbers, or 500 pages each. Seventeen such volumes have already been published. We furnish handsome file binders (price \$1.25) which hold twenty-six numbers. Each volume when completed may be returned to us for binding, the cost per volume being \$1.50. At this slight additional expense each reader may preserve a unique library of substantial and permanent value.

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Per year, \$4; \$2 for six months. To clubs of three or more, \$3 per year each. Remit by post-office money order, draft or registered letter. Give name, town, county and State.

Address FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO., 39 Park Row, N. Y. City.

The General

Portraits of Celebrated Dogs

NOW READY. FIRST PAIR OF THE SERIES OF FIELD SCENES BY J. M. TRACY. A 'Grouse Moor.—EMPEROR FRED. Snipe Shooting in the Mississippi Valley.—THUNDEG. Correct Portraits of the Two Leading Laverack Dogs in the World.

These pictures are large Album Cards. Photographs reproduced on oil paintings by Tracy, Executed by the ARTIST'S PHOTOGRAPH CO. They will not fade like ordinary photographs, and are equal in effect and finish to the best steel engraving. Price 75c. each.

For sale by SCHUYLER & DUANE, 139 Broadway, New York, or J. J. LAMER, 67 N. 5th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price by FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO. Large plates suitable for framing are now being printed of these pictures, and will be advertised in the next issue of this paper.

FLEAS! FLEAS! WORMS! WORMS!

Steadman's Flea Powder for Dogs. A BANE TO FLEAS—A BOON TO DOGS. THIS POWDER is guaranteed to kill fleas on dogs or any other animals or money returned, if it is put up in patent boxes with sliding pepper-box top, which greatly facilitates its use. Simple and efficacious. Price 50 cents by mail, Postpaid.

Areca Nut for Worms in Dogs. A CERTAIN REMEDY. Put up in boxes containing ten powders, with full directions for use. Price 50 cents per box by mail.

Both the above are recommended by ROD AND GUN and FOREST AND STREAM.

Conroy & Bissett, 65 Fulton street, N. Y. HENRY C. SQUIRES, 1 Cortlandt street, N. Y. WRIGHT & DITSON, 850 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Dr Gordon Stables, R. N.

TWYFORD, BERKS, ENGLAND. Author of the 'PRACTICAL KENNEL GUIDE,' &C. exports champion and other pedigree dogs of any breed. Send for "PLAIN HINTS TO WOULD-BE BUYERS." Price 10 cents, post free. Give addresses of principal English breeders.

Black Spaniels.

BOB III., Imported, black; First, Strabane, Portadown, Kilmarnock, Belfast, and London, Ont. Special, Franklin, Pa. Stud fee, \$15. HENRY III., Imported, black; First and special, New York, 1881. First Atlanta, 1881-2. Puppies by above also by Eng. first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward. BURNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Ironsidesville, N. Y. Nov. 11.

For Sale.

BULL TERRIER, SHIR IL (Imp), by Sir, exp. age 1 year to 12, 20 lbs. 1896. Bull terrier, Pittsburg, 2nd, 1881; 2nd, New York, 1881; 3rd, London, Ont., 1881; 3rd, Lowell, 1881. He is a pure white, and one of the best young dogs ever imported, combining the best bull terrier blood in England. BULL DOG, BLISTER (Imp), by Sir Anthony, ex-sister to Henshall's Duchess, Winner of 1st, London, Ont., 1881; 3rd, Lowell, 1881; the only times ever exhibited. This is one of the grandest blunders in the or any country, and is a sure winner in good company. For price address J. MORTIMER, 3 Morris Street, New York. Dec. 27, 96.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE OF Von Culin's Fat, Spike Collar, No. 1, sewed, 22.00; No. 2, riveted, 21.25. Book of Instructions Free with each collar, by mail. Beware of worthless imitations. Ours the only patent one. Indorsed by the sporting press and used by all the prominent professional trainers. E. & C. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del.

(Pedigree Printers.)

BOYD O'MORE KENNEL.—Thoroughbred red R. Irish setter puppies for sale, by Champion Boy O'More out of Nora O'More (Berkley, III.) and Gray (Eloho-Fire Fly). Full pedigree. W. N. CALLENDER, Albany, N. Y. Dec. 21.

FOR SALE.—At a reasonable price, an Irish setter bitch and pair of pups 6 months old; one or all. Full pedigree. M. A. DIMSLOUE, Angus, Mass. Dec. 21.

WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S Reception to the stud for \$50. Address, Secretary W. K. C., Room 11, 26 Broadway, New York City. Dec. 22, 96.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial winners of 1886, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1. FOREST AND STREAM PUBL. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec. 21.

QUEBOLT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For owners of all sizes and colors, dogs, hitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBERT W. R. 214, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 21-97.

FOR SALE, a number of well bred and well broken pointers and setters, also dogs, hitches and broods, well-bred and guaranteed. Address B. E. RICHMOND, Lakeville, Mass. Sept. 21.

SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT "FIBRINE" DOG CAKES.

"SPRATT'S PATENT" are Purveyors by Appointment to all the principal Shows and Kennels in the United Kingdom and abroad. The Patent "Fibrine" Cakes are used at the Dogs' Home, London; Jardin d'Acclimation, Paris, etc. They have been awarded over 30 gold, Silver and Bronze Medals; receiving the highest award for Dog Biscuits at the Paris Exhibition, 1875; Kennel Club Special Medal; Grand Gold Medal, Liverpool Dog Show, 1879; Westminster Kennel Club, New York, Gold Medal; Irish Kennel Club, Silver Medal, etc., etc.

Beware of WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.
Please see that Every Cake is Stamped "SPRATT'S PATENT" and a "X"

WHOLESALE AGENTS,
FRANCIS O. de LUZE & CO.,
18 South William Street, - - - NEW YORK.
WESTERN AGENTS—B. KITTRIDGE & CO., Cincinnati, O.



Packed in Cases of 112 pounds each.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

To be had in smaller quantities of Grocers and the Sporting Goods Trade Generally.

Miscellaneous

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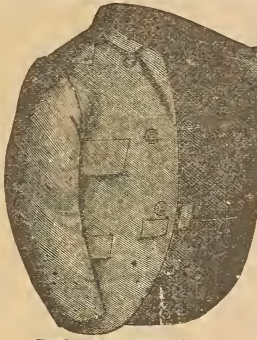
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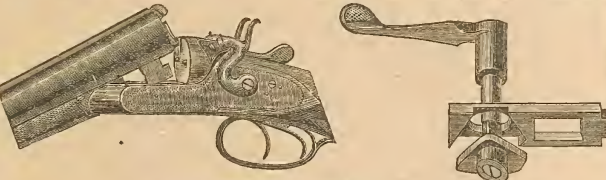


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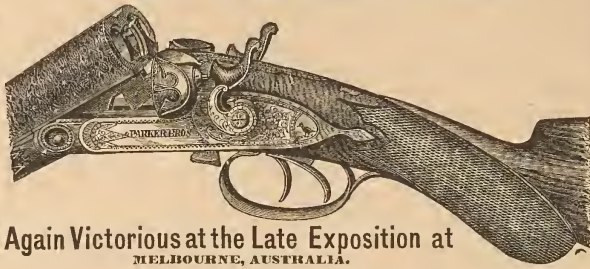
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{ Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, January 12.

BOSTON BENCH SHOW.—The energetic sportsmen of the Massachusetts Kennel Club have decided to hold a bench show at Boston next May, commencing on Tuesday the 9th and continuing four days. Well knowing that the gentlemen who have the matter in charge will be content with nothing short of a first-class show—with all that this implies—we heartily congratulate the sportsmen of the country upon this opportunity to see and compare the most prominent dogs from all sections, as well as many new aspirants for fame and for the privilege of enjoying the generous hospitality of the whole-souled sportsmen of the old Bay State.

THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.—No new steps have been taken in the matter of the visit of a band of American National Guardsmen to Wimbledon in July next. On this side the water there is a willingness to have the match, but there is a desire to wait until the conditions under which the Englishmen would like to have the match fought have been received and examined. The Eastern States are coming forward with promises of assistance in the way of men and money, and if a proper care is taken in pushing the matter of the match, there is no doubt but that the visit will be made and an interesting contest ensue.

BOUNTY FOR SPARROWS.

FOLLOWING closely upon the recommendations of the report, which we noticed a week or two since, of the injury done to the agriculturist by the English sparrow in Australia, comes the news that the government has offered a bounty for these birds. A premium of sixpence a dozen for the heads, and of 2s. 6d. per hundred for the eggs, ought to have some effect in reducing their numbers, and thus relieving the farmers of the burden with which they are now saddled. The testimony printed in the article above referred to gave a very alarming idea of the amount of damage that these wretched birds may do, but it is to be hoped that they may never so increase in this country as they have in the Australian colonies. Traps, nets and poison seem ineffectual to check their increase or their depredations, and to destroy them in any large quantities by shooting is scarcely practicable. Here, in North America, they have severe winters to contend against, which, of course, check, to some extent their increase, and the severe cold undoubtedly kills more or less of them every season. The small hawks and the shrikes, which are the natural enemies of the sparrow, kill a few, and would do good service if they were encouraged during the winter months. The sparrow-hawk and the sharp-shin and the mottled owl are too small to do any serious injury to our game birds, while the shrike, although sometimes killing our smaller song birds, is in reality one of the farmer's best friends. Its food, and the same may be said of the sparrow-hawk and the screech-owl, consists very largely of insects injurious to vegetation, and of field mice.

We certainly have no pity for the sickly sentimentality which expresses sympathy with the sparrow grasped in the strong claws of these birds. As well shed tears over the capture of the rat that is taken in the trap set in your corn crib. Sparrows are vermin just as rats and mice are, and should be destroyed whenever it is possible. It is to be hoped that the energetic measures put forth by the Australian government may succeed in ridding this flourishing colony of the plague of sparrows, and although we can imagine that the bounties paid out on this account will at first be heavy, we cannot doubt that they will prove to have been well expended.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

A LITTLE fish is the menhaden, and its importance is not at all commensurate with its size. It is, indeed, one of our most valuable coast fishes. It not only gives employment to thousands of men and fleets of steam and sail vessels, in the oil and fertilizer interest, but indirectly it is one of the greatest sources of fish food, as it feeds many of our best fishes. It has also entered into politics in the State of New Jersey, where the fishermen near the coast favor a law prohibiting the capture of the menhaden by steam vessels, on the plea that the fishes which formerly fed upon them are forsaking the New Jersey shores on account of the present scarcity of this favorite food, which has been nearly destroyed by the purse-net.

There exists also a Menhaden Association, which is composed of the owners of steamers and other vessels engaged in the capture of the fish, and the proprietors of the "factories," as the oil works are termed. This society meets yearly in New York city, usually in the month of February, and discusses questions of interest to the business and often listens to essays from men of science. This society is also troubled about the decrease of the menhaden, and at the coming meeting will probably consider plans of remedy.

We would respectfully call their attention to the following facts: The capture of the menhaden, for manure only, begins with the appearance of the first fish in the bays of Long Island and elsewhere. The fish then contain little or no oil, and would not yield enough to pay for their capture; but they are carted off and plowed under the soil for manure. This continues all through the spawning season, and, in fact, as long as the fish remain upon our coast. Any fishculturer could preach a sermon with this for a text. Any farmer could tell what the result would be to his poultry yard if he killed every fowl on sight, all the season. The Menhaden Society know this as well as either the fishculturer or the

farmer. But the society is composed of individuals; each individual says to himself: "If I don't catch the fish some one else will, although I know it to be destructive to my interest."

What is the remedy? Let the Association obtain concurrent legislation in all the States, on the coasts of which the menhaden are captured, forbidding the taking of the fish for any purpose whatever before the middle of July or the first of August. Then will the fish fulfill their destiny in increasing their species, and consequently their numbers; and waxing fat, they will furnish food for our valuable fishes and also oil in increased quantities for the factories. Such a law, and this only, will restore the menhaden to their former abundance and remove all complaints against the use of the purse-net.

THE INVASION OF THE GERMAN CARP.

THE introduction of the carp from Germany has been a fruitful topic for the past two years, and it promises to be more so in the next two years. There are several reasons for this. The fish grow fast and they are new. The same may be said of the rainbow trout of California; and yet they have not made the stir that the carp have; and those persons who only look at the surface of things suppose that the reason lies in the fact that the carp is a fish for the farmer to grow in his duck-pond, while the trout is a fancy fish for the epicure, and demands a spring brook.

The fact that the carp is a monarchical emissary in disguise is not perceived.

We now publicly throw off the mask from the disguise, and will show how this foreign-born fish threatens the liberty and permanency of American institutions, and how if this fish is not immediately expelled from our land our Republic is in danger. The object of the introduction of the German carp is to furnish cheap food for the coming swarm of Chinamen who are spawned along the coast of Asia and, having almost rendered California uninhabitable, are now preparing to overrun the Middle and Eastern States. It is well-known that the carp can be cheaply grown in great quantities in water that is now useless, and which will support nothing else. Carp can be grown on a large scale (no levity intended) at two cents a pound. The Chinese bred the carp, it is alleged, before the Germans did. A Chinaman can live on carp and rice and work for so near nothing, that a low grade of decimal approaching the infinitesimal, will represent his day's wages. It is most significant that this introduction of carp did not take place until some years after the abolition of slavery in the United States. It is also worthy of note that the carp thrives best in the most Southern States where labor has formerly been cheap. But the carp can be cultivated very cheaply even in Vermont, and will furnish a cheap food to a frugal Chinaman in every State.

At first the introduction of this fish was regarded by all as a great boon; and enthusiastic fishculturers, who saw no ulterior object in its introduction, regarded it as of great economic value to our people in the way of cheap food, and we must admit that we thought the same, so carefully was the Chinese project covered up. This imported imperialism may drive our native grass from their hayous and the catfish from the sloughs by quietly devouring the vegetation on which these native species indirectly depend. Every true American must feel his blood tingle at the thought. True, the grass are worthless, but they are American. Certainly the gross catfish are eaten in all their oleaginous rankness by the native American of African descent and are despised by the epicure, yet they were hatched beneath the banner of freedom and should not be crowded from the enjoyments of life by a fresh importation, even though that imported fish comes under the disguise of an edible fish which has the merit of cheapness.

We will admit that this view of the subject is new even to ourselves, and came as a sort of inspiration when we learned that the United States Fish Commission had proposed to invade the Trans-Mississippi with the carp; and that Colonel McDonald left Washington on the night of January 3 with a car-load of them, and that thousands more are to follow by express to stock one thousand ponds and lakes in the great interior of the continent the fertile fields of which are destined to support a dense population. It then flashed upon

us that this was but a preparatory step to a flood of Chinese cheap labor, and that it was a step which threatened the very existence of our people by making food so cheap that the Mongol would set up a "washee" on every quarter section.

Oh, for the lungs of a stump orator to exclaim in stentorian tones over the land where the buffalo now grazes in quietude and the wolf howls in solitude "Beware the introduction of this cheap food which is but a prelude to an invasion by a cheaper people!"

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER has reached the green old age of sixty years, having entered upon its sixtieth volume last week. It carries its years with dignity and strength; and to-day is the most able journal of its kind in the world. The IRENEUS Letter in the current number recounts some interesting facts in the history of the paper. "Very few are now living who subscribed for the *Observer* in 1823. Many who as children read it then, are its constant readers. A few of the original subscribers survive. Four families are now residing in 37th street, in this city, to whom the paper has been going in the same name from its first number. Rev. Calvin Yale paid his sixtieth subscription last week, and, more remarkable still, he began with the *Boston Recorder*, six years before the *Observer* was begun. Mr. Cunningham, now our Superintendent of printing, was a boy in the office in 1823, and he has been in it ever since. He remembers the first line he set up at the desk." The life of a good paper is not measured by the span which limits the career of the men who make it. Men may come, and men may go, but the paper goes on forever. The *Observer* has the wisdom and experience of old age; it has also the vigor of young blood; and time will be when these first sixty years will be accounted its youth.

PSYUDONYMS IN NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—The point advanced some time ago in our natural history columns by Dr. Merriam, and again referred to this week by Dr. Fisher, is, undoubtedly, well taken, and deserves the serious consideration of our contributors. The value of any published note on natural history depends on its authenticity, and this cannot be determined unless the name of the author is given. We should much prefer to have all our contributors on this subject sign their articles with their full names, for there are numerous observations recorded each year in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM which are of great value, and might prove of much importance to naturalists, were it possible for them to learn more of the topics recorded and the individual by whom the record is made. The matter, of course, is one which each writer must decide for himself, but in the interests of science we hope to see the plan advocated by Drs. Merriam and Fisher, generally adopted by our natural history contributors. There is no reason why articles outside of this special department should not be signed by pseudonyms, and we have no desire that any change in the manner of signing should be made.

BARON ERNEST LAGRANGE, of FRANCE, well known to readers of our Paris contemporary *La Chasse Illustrée*, and a prominent sportsman in his country, has come to America for a two-years' stay, to visit some of the famous game grounds of this country, of which he has heard so much. Accompanied by J. U. Gregory, Esq., Naval Agent at Quebec, Canada, Baron Lagrange called at this office last week on his way to Florida. They propose going into the Kissimmee game country, the charms of which we may believe will, in due time, be eloquently described in *La Chasse*.

PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.—Mr. Edward Gregg, the President of the Pennsylvania Poultry Society, under whose auspices the coming bench show at Pittsburg will be held, writes us that the prospects for a large show are very flattering. They have already received many applications from prominent sportsmen for a place in the hall for their dogs. Mr. Charles Lincoln is there, and the premium list and entry blanks will soon be ready and may be had by addressing the Secretary, Mr. C. B. Elben.

NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.—The Westminster Kennel Club will hold their sixth annual bench show in April. The date will be determined at a meeting of the club this week. Full particulars will be found in our next issue.

FLORIDA.—Dr. C. J. Kenworthy's "Climatology of Florida," contains just the information that very many people are seeking now. It may be had from the author, whose residence is at Jacksonville, Fla.

KILL THE OWLS; kill the hawks; kill the foxes; kill the skinks; kill the red squirrels. Remember that this destruction of vermin means something toward the preservation of the game supply.

MUZZLE-LOADING RIFLES are discussed in our game columns to-day. Mr. Van Dyke will find many to agree with him as to the muzzle-loader's accuracy at short range.

THE FLORIDA CATTLE GROWERS.—Can any of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM furnish information about the life of the stock growers of South Florida?

SECRETARIES OF GAME ASSOCIATIONS will confer a favor by notifying us of the coming meetings of their societies.

The Sportsman Tourist.

IN THE FORESTS OF YUCATAN.—II.

THE glassy surface of the "aguada," soon after dawn, reflected the rosy hues of the sky, and the sun crept slowly up, dissipating the coolness of the night, and before seven it was very hot. The sand-flies came out and enlivened us, while the birds commenced their cries. I dressed and went out. Coffee was ready and cigarettes; and after taking breakfast we were ready to start for the coast. We were to have started "many temprano"—very early—but the sun climbed higher and higher and still the horses were munching their corn and my friend still unprepared. It is always "mañana"—to-morrow—in this country; "mañana temprano"—early to-morrow; but is over "mañana" and never "temprano." The people lose the best hours of morning and work in the heat of the day.

Across the "aguada" there was a strange bird called the "maniro" or "sailor" that uttered a succession of harsh cries for hours. The woods were full of birds of certain species, such as orioles, flycatchers, blackbirds, doves, and a host of others. I shot a very beautiful trogon with a yellow breast, and parrots were crying out all the time. "Temprano" meant ten o'clock, when the sun nearly blistered our backs, yet even then Alonzo wanted to know if I would not like to wait till later.

The trees that composed the wood we first entered, many of them, supported great nests of the white ants, which looked at a little distance like black bees. We passed through a broad area covered with wild "tamequac"—sandal-wood—showing where the plants come from whence the plantations are stocked. Near some lovely "aguadas" was a new "ranchito" with a nice-looking girl preparing tortillas, and some hundred rods beyond we saw an Indian mound of shells. An hour later I saw a man-o'-war bird (*Aethya aquila*) and felt that, from this sign, the sea could not be far off; nor was I mistaken, for we soon struck a sandy plain with small sand pebbles and espied the great lagoon that connects with the sea.

Mangroves and stunted trees had been features of the landscape thus far, but a mound of green cocoa palms now rose up and relieved the monotony. This was the "cerro" or hill—we were looking for, a shell-heap made by the ancient Indians, covered and surrounded with a few hundred cocoa palms. Here were two small thatched adobe huts, dilapidated and dirty, within which were two Indian women cooking some fish. They had but little corn and nothing else but fish, but they brought a great fish called "hisa," which had been broiled on the coals in its own fat, and this was delicious. It was, as it lay split open, nearly two inches thick, and we ate and relished exceedingly great flakes of it. These women had never seen a spoon, knife or fork, and as we had none with us, we used our fingers and tortillas, each taking his turn at the fish and gravy. Fortunately, we had hundreds of coco nuts at hand, and were not obliged to drink the nasty coffee they boiled for us, but had, instead, the refreshing water of the cocos. A man came along as we finished our cigarettes and we engaged him to take us in his boat to a point up the lagoon where there were, according to him, "muchos maniros." This "cerro" is at a point where the lagoon meets the sea, called "Boca de Olla" and "Punta Arenas"—or point of sand. There are here long sand-bars and shoals, and naturally the fish congregate here by millions and the sea birds by thousands. A wall of mangroves comes down to the border of the lagoon, and beyond the sand point is the open ocean. Flocks of pelicans, sea gulls, terns, cormorants, "peeps," plover, snipe, herons, egrets and spoonbills were flying, wading and swimming in and about the water. Here, it is said the flamingoes come by hundreds on the bar, about a gunshot from the mangroves and the palms; but they were not there then, they would come that night or "mañana." The man poled the boat up the lagoon, disturbing hundreds of snipe and sandpipers, to a point where the stream narrowed and where the mangroves came down to the water's edge forming solid green walls with the placid water between them. These trees were dotted with white herons and cormorants, and at a place where there was a spring—a spring of fresh water bubbling up in this salt water lagoon—we put up a hundred ducks and two dozen spoonbills—"patatea ejido"—which were roosting on the trees.

Having shot some of these birds we tried to land, but the mud was so soft and we sank so deep that it was impossible, and we had to leave them there. Leaving the main channel we entered a narrow water lane, where many egrets and night herons, with broad boat-bills, flapped across our bows. The mangroves were in bloom, the small concealed flowers being hardly perceptible. At last we reached the point where the flamingoes ought to have been, but where they were not, a broad mud flat, where they always have fed till to-day. Disappointed, we turned the boat about, after causing it to be pushed over the mud as far as possible, and returned.

The sun was down then and the water smoother, and all the little water birds and the greater ibis and herons were going to roost, some on the sand bars, others on the trees. Our dinner, when we reached the hut, was the same as our breakfast—a large broiled fish laid out on a palmetto fan—which we ate by the light of an attenuated candle stuck near by on a "manate" table. The interior of the hut was dark, with smoke, dried fish were stuck up all about, nets and other paraphernalia of a fisher's hut hung in the corners, and one end was filled by a great pile of coconuts. Into the six hammocks, hung side by side in the centre, ten people at once at once as night came on, though Alonzo and I, in virtue of our silver, had a single one each. I slept easily because they told me the flamingoes would come in the night and we must get up at midnight and hunt them. Insects of some kind—I could not tell what nor how many, save that I knew they were numerous and at intervals were crawling over me all night. The hammock next to me was occupied by an old woman with two babies, and she, with the men and boys on either side, was smoking and spitting all night. It was very dark, and the wind was howling through the spaces of the hut all through those weary hours,

Perhaps the reader may recall the accounts given of the wonderful beach water spring in the Atlantic States, on the Florida coast, known forty years ago "as the northern coast of Yucatan," says Humboldt, "at the mouth of the Rio Lagartos, 4000 feet from the shore, springs of fresh water, with spots of shells, rise to the salt water. It is probable that from some strong hydrostatical pressure the fresh water, after bursting through the banks of calcareous rocks between the water of the sea and the level of the salt water." Florida and Yucatan are of similar geological formation, hence the appearance of these springs on the coast of both peninsulas.

and in the morning there was a perfect "norther" and the long leaves of the cocoa palms were lashing their trunks in fury. At sunset the Indians told us the flamingoes would come at midnight, then at dawn, and when daylight came they were on an island two leagues off, and would appear "mañana." When I heard this last I knew the case was hopeless, and prepared to depart. The only sight of flamingoes we obtained was early in the morning, when two long lines appeared over the water far at sea, distinguishable miles away from their bright color. Forty years ago Mr. Stephens and Dr. Cabot had similar fortune to mine in this same locality, having been lured here from the port of Chum by the stories told them of the abundance of ibis and flamingoes, and having returned empty-handed. Then, as now, "Punta Arenas" was simply a station for fishermen, and had but a single hut. I perfectly agree with the distinguished traveler that, "for mere sporting, such a ground is not often seen, and the idea of a shooting lodge, or rather hut, on the shores of Punta Arenas for a few months in the season presented itself almost as attractively as that of exploring ruined cities."

COZUMEL, AND THE ISLA MUGRES.

STEPHENS was then on his way back from an extended exploration of the ruins of the island of Cozumel and the east coast of Yucatan, and perhaps, as this is the first point we shall reach in that direction, it will be well to interpolate a short description of that portion of Yucatan. The first point at which the Spaniards under Cordova landed upon the then unknown kingdom of Mexico was at its northeastern extremity, now called Cape Catoche. An Indian chief invited them ashore, saying "Coo-Escoteo," which signifies come to our bay, and it was from this that he gave it the name of Punta de Cotoche. It was determined by us to accept the invitation, says the old chronicler, observing the proper precaution of going all in a body, and by one embarkation, as we received the shore to be lined with Indians." They were attacked by these, the first acquaintances of the new country, and fifteen of the company wounded. "These warriors were armed with thick coats of cotton, and carried besides their bows and arrows, lances, shields and slings; they wore ornaments of feathers on their heads.

Near the place of this ambushade were the buildings of lime and stone, wherein were idols of clay, with distasteful countenances, and several wooden chests, which contained similar idols but smaller; some vessels, three dields, and some imitations of birds and fishes in alloyed gold. The buildings of lime and stone, and the gold, gave us a high idea of the country we had discovered. On our return to the shore we had the satisfaction to find, that while we were fighting with our companions on shore, the Indians had taken care of the chests and their contents, which he had, with the assistance of two Indians of Cuba, brought off safe to our ships. Having re-embarked, we proceeded as before, reaching to the westward." The island of Cozumel was discovered the next year, 1518, on the voyage of Grijalva, and for it Cortez set sail in 1516. "There was," says Bernal Diaz, "on the island of Cozumel a temple, and some hideous idols, to which all the Indians of the neighboring districts used to go frequently in solemn procession." These idols were of the same shape as those seen at Yucatan, and substituted the crucifix in their place, which the Indians finally consented to accept. Here they heard of two Spaniards of captivity among the Indians, one of whom they rescued and proved of great service afterward as an interpreter. North of the great island of Cozumel is Isla Mugres, about six miles from the coast, five or six miles in length by half a mile wide. Here some of the sailors of Cortez were taken on shore, and found in the town, hard by four temples, or idols, in which represented human (male) figures of large size, for which reason we named this place Punta de las Mugres." They thought the island a cape, or point, and called it Point of the Penasiles. When Stephens in 1842 did for Isla Mugres and Cozumel, in a superficial manner, the learned archeologist, Dr. Le Plongeon, has also done more thoroughly and satisfactorily. In a communication to Stephen Salisbury, Jr., of Worcester, in 1878, he gives a complete survey (the first) of the Isla Mugres, locating the ancient buildings, the shrine, or temple, and the altar. The valuable discovery by the Doctor was made there of a terra cotta female figure, which formed the front of a "brasero," or incense burner. It was of excellent workmanship, and valuable, not only from this fact, but owing to the extreme rarity of works of ceramic art in and near the peninsula of Yucatan. The Doctor's description of Mugres is so delightful that I cannot resist quoting it, especially as the book in which it is embodied not accessible to the general reader. "The village of Dolores built on the beach of the pretty little bay, where the fleet of fishing snags from Havana, as the pirates of old, had a sure shelter from the violence of the stormy northers that dash the waves against the iron-bound shores of the eastern side of the inlet, producing a terrific and deafening noise. The houses are snugly ensconced in a thick grove of cocoa trees, whose evergreen foliage shields them from the scorching rays of the tropical sun. Three streets run north and south, the principal street, the middle one, half a mile in length, covered with deep sand, as are all the others, leads in a straight line to the necropolis. The dwellings, with but very few exceptions, are mere thatched huts. The walls are made of palisades of trunks of palmetto trees. They are stacked inside and out and then whitewashed. Among the five hundred houses of which the village is composed, a dozen may have their walls of stone and mortar, but all are covered with the leaves of the palmetto trees. Each hut is separated from the next by a courtyard. In some the owners, with great patience and labor, try to cultivate in the sandy soil a few rose bushes and other flowers of stately appearance, of which they are very proud. The interior of the houses is the same for the rich as for the poor, consisting of a large single room, which serves during the day as parlor and reception room. It is converted at night into a common sleeping apartment by hanging hammocks from the rafters which support the roof. Oftentimes an old sail, hung across the room, divides it into two apartments, and serves in lieu of a curtain. The articles of furniture are few and old (fashioned—some wooden chairs and tables, supported on pedestals to isolate them from the damp floors of 'huetun' (lay for concrete) and the shining of 'patoates,' containing the wooden statuette of the patron saint of the family, before which is constantly burning a small lamp. A coarse hammock or two, together with 8-ling nets, ours,

See also Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, for 1878 article entitled "Terra Cotta Figure from Isla Mugres."

masts, sails, and divers other tackle, complete the list, not forgetting a few cheap colored lithographs of the Virgin Mary, and some saint or other.

"The inhabitants are, as a general thing, a fine set of people. The men, mostly of Indian race, speaking among themselves the Maya language, are sinewy and athletic. The women, of Mexican height, are handsome, graceful, not over shy and rather starchy.

"I carefully surveyed the ruins and made photographs of the 'temple,' which shows that it has suffered from the hand of time since the visit of Stephens. He, however, locates it at the south end of the island, while Stephens erroneously places it at the north. The building is twenty-eight feet long and fifteen deep, of stone. The interior is divided into two corridors, the ceiling has the triangular arch, and according to both Le Plougeon and Stephens, it gives evidence of being the work of the builders of the main land. Portions of the structure have been used for building purposes, but to-day, says the doctor, the people obtain stone from a large ruined city on the main land opposite Mngeres, where they go with fear and trembling, lest they should meet with Indians from Tulum and be made prisoners.

"A very happy confirmation of the statement of Diaz that these people burned incense was made here. "Desiring to varnish the negatives, in order to carry them safely home, I put some live coals in the bottom of the incense burner, and entered the shrine to be protected from the wind, when I saw a slight puff arose from among the coals, and a sweet and delicious perfume filled again the antique shrine as in the days of its splendor, when the devotees and pilgrims from afar used to make their offerings and burn the mixture, carefully prepared, of styrax, copal, and other aromatic resins on the altar of the goddess." The northern and eastern shores, especially the latter, are dotted with ruins, a cordon of ruined villages, cities, temples and palaces is drawn along the coast. "None more interesting has been described than the City of Tulum, which Stephens identifies, with much show of reason in his support, with the great city of Tulum and stone seen by his first Spanish visitors. Here he found a grand 'castle' and extensive buildings, some with roofs of beams still supporting a crust of mortar. Buried in a dense forest he found sculptured stones, altars, watch-towers, paintings, stucco work and a beautiful style of architecture.

"The whole northeastern portion of Yucatan is a wilderness, a section of country that was once teeming with people and full of populous cities. It is almost unknown and it is to-day not important, as Stephens identifies, within this secluded region may exist, unknown to white men, a thriving, aboriginal city, occupied by relics of the original race, who still worship in the temples of their fathers."

"From this long detour to the north, let us return once more to Puntas Arenas, where I left my friend Alonzo ready to renew the search for flamingoes. He was determined to find some and to put me within gunshot of them, even if we had to go to the Rio Lagartes, fifteen leagues away, for he had promised the Consul he would. But I was determined to leave for Yilan and civilization, as by another day's delay I might miss the steamer down the coast and be hindered another week before I could return to Yilan. Finding me obstinate, he yielded gracefully, and to his already numerous favors added the crowning one that I should take his horse to ride, while he returned to the rancho. Then he embraced me and patted me on the back, commended me to the old Indian who had been our guide, and started on his walk of three leagues to the rancho, while I turned his horse's head westward and we parted to meet no more. My guide, a withered and wrinkled old man, mounted astride a little stallion, between two packs, and his legs hanging down by the sides of the neck, led the horse, which I found to be a good one, but this was an ill-starred trip, for we had not been ten minutes on the trail before my horse got stuck in soft mud of the shore and rearing up fell over on me, pinning one leg in the soft ooze. How I escaped from the wildly floundering animal is something I do not understand to this day, but I remember scrambling over the mud like a crab, on hands and knees, and afterward picking up cartridges, silver and a broken watch chain, while my guide captured the horse. As he being scared, I again mounted, experiencing much trouble after this, for the horse, much fatigued by his sojourn, started and fell to trembling at every soft place in the sand. At the frequent sloughs I was obliged to dismount and pound the horse with the branch of a tree from behind, while the old Indian dragged him ahead from in front. There were two long leagues of this kind of traveling and we were much rejoiced when some straggling huts announced the approach to the seaport of Yilan. A large portion of the way was through a mangrove forest, where I had good opportunities for shooting birds, but I was so fatigued that I sent out and down its aerial shoots for a foothold in the water and a friendly border of the sea, and the entire absence of such shoots and lateral supports back a little distance on firm land. At the Puerta—a collection of thatched houses and a half-completed church—we sought for breakfast, and seeing a nice-looking girl in a doorway I asked if we could get it there. She said, yes, and gave me some tortillas and frijoles, but the table was guiltless of plate, knife or spoon, though it was clean. After breakfast I reclined in a hammock in an inner room, while the young girl swung in another a few feet distant, with a plump babe of a year or so on her back. She was hardly fourteen, large and finely formed, with lovely oval face and large dark eyes. She looked so young and childlike, despite her maturity and maternity, that I could hardly believe her the mother of such a bouncing child, and asked if it were really hers. "Si, señor," she answered, slowly raising the lashes from her beautiful eyes, "es mio."—It is mine—and she added with a charming frankness that was new to me, and yours too," had intended saying something new in Spanish before she gave me this answer, but such an excess of politeness as an offer of joint paternity in a child I had never seen before that hour, fairly overwheeled me, and I silently withdrew, settled my bill, mounted and rode away. The two leagues between the port and Yilan proved more soon gone over, and I slept that night in the "casa" of Don Juan "el Viejo"—of Mr. John, the old man. "Manyaná temprano," was the order I gave my Indian for the morrow, and for a wonder he appeared at daylight. We were delayed for about half at the "tienda" of Don Juan, the younger, who, while I sipped the drink and ate my "pan dulce," or sweet bread, played for me on the guitar.

"It rained at intervals as we rode toward Timax, but the air was pure and sweet with the odors of flowers, and the many birds in the thickets enlivened our journey, so that we arrived at our destination without fatigue. I was in season to go the rounds with the doctor among his patients of the village, and was pleased to find that he had lost but three

during my absence, and had only two in a critical condition. One man, who had been expected to die of a prostrated drink, the Doctor had physicked in vain, and this morning had mixed up some powerful calomel pills, quietly remarking, "If these don't do the business that Indian will land in his checks before noon." They did not kill him, and my friend thereby added another laurel to his wreath, and had another opportunity to extend his fame as a *medico*. I could not help reciting those classic lines of the poet:

They prepared some pills of hydrargyrum
And their patient yielded to the golden cone.

"The last day of my stay the Doctor naturalist arranged for a grand "poor" or turkey hunt, and early in the morning, after giving his patients some quieting medicines, we galloped out to a rancho, ten leagues distant. It was almost entirely abandoned, being solely in charge of Indians. The mayord or head man had on, like all the rest, simply a breech-cloth, hat and sandals, and carried a machete of great knife. His skin was hard, brown and polished. These poor people had nothing to eat except roots from the woods and what they could kill. The corn crop of this year had failed, and half the population of Eastern Yucatan were subsisting on roots, small game, lizards and snakes. Speculators had got control of American corn, though every steamer was bringing vast quantities to Yucatan, and many people were starving in consequence. We wait an hour under a large *ciebro* tree—a silk cotton—while an Indian knocks down some coconuts, and brings us paw-paw fruits as large as pumpkins, which taste like milk musk melons. Then we are taken across a large *milpa* or field, in the blazing sun, and posted in a wood, while our Indians range about to beat up the game. In the dry dead woods, which in this dry season much resemble our Northern woods in autumn, we waited for hours. My only visitors were a brown and golden humming-bird, a chachalka and some inquisitive blue jays; but the Doctor got a shot at a flying gobbler, which escaped, and that ended the hunt. We walked back to the rancho in the heat, covered with garzapatas or ticks, that are so small as to be hardly visible, yet bite like red ants. In the evening we strolled through the town, seeing many pretty faces, as at that time the ladies appear and sit in their doorways and chat and smoke.

"The next morning the Indians brought in three turkeys, the result of our inciting them to hunt for them, and among them was one fine old gobbler, whose plumage was resplendent with sheen of polished copper and gold, who had two buckshot through the lungs. This was undoubtedly the one the Doctor shot, and which the wild Indians had traced out after our departure. This magnificent bird, representing the finest of his race, the Doctor presented to me as a souvenir of the occasion, and his assistant aided me in skinning and preserving him. Small game, lizards and snakes, and ocellated turkeys, having killed and bugged over one hundred. All were shipped to Paris, to a large dealer in bird skins, who supplied the museums of Europe. Never before had so many been sent to the museums, and even now there are not a dozen in the United States. Since my departure the Doctor has returned to his home in the North. If he can be prevailed upon to prepare his adventures for publication, the record of his three years' sojourn in the solitary forests of Yucatan, the world will be delighted with the richest mine of forest and aboriginal lore ever opened to the public.

"The *correo*, or mail coach, left at two in the afternoon for Merida, with myself and two Yucatecos as passengers. In learning that they were Yucatecos we naturally inferred that they were gentlemen, as they were, and that they would linger at every possible point on the road, which they did, first at "Acah," where there had been a bull-fight—a "toro"—and then at a dance. We reached the town-house of the General at nine in the morning, stayed with him an hour or two, and parted with him with an affectionate embrace, and arrived at Motul at dark. Here my companions ordered supper, refusing to let me pay for it or share in the expense, saying that I was a stranger and their companion, and that it was their duty to see me through. It is the custom here, before eating or drinking, to offer what you have before you to the people about and they thank you, but don't accept.

"We changed rooms at Motul and galloped nearly the whole distance to Merida, stopping at Merida and soon to the catch our limbs and smoke. As there were four of us, including the driver, the "volan" was full. There was no room for reclining, and we were cramped in unnatural positions throughout the long twenty leagues. It was one o'clock in the morning, by the dim light of a waning moon, that we entered the silent suburbs of the capital, and waked the echoes of the silent streets by driving furiously to the plaza.

ONER.

MY FIRST ROGUE ELEPHANT.

DINBLED, Ceylon, 16th Nov., 1881.

I SUPPOSE that long since you have given me up and I have fully made up your mind that my oft repeated promises to write to you and give you a full, true and particular account of men, animals and things in general in this far away isle was never going to be fulfilled. Well, I plead guilty of delay, but better late than never, and I'll promise faithfully to make up for lost time and tell you exactly how we live and "how it's done." "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." So from the East I will touch you up in something I know is common to us both—viz, the love of the sport, and try and relate briefly and succinctly my most interesting and high from here and the price of coffee is low how I had that never-to-be-forgotten joy of shooting my first elephant.

"It is early morning. The pale light just beginning to show itself eager to throw off the dark mantle from the land and expose all its loveliness. Brighter and brighter it grows. The delicious cool breeze is wafted through the jungle and over the small strip of patna (or open ground), on which we were encamped—laden with all the "spicy aroma" of Ceylon's Isle, as Bishop Heber sings, but where he carefully adds, "only man is the more morning grows still brighter, that faint 'shimmer' of the atmosphere, which betokens, however cool the morning, a day of intense heat, warns us all that it is time to be on the track of that old rogue that we have been following up so assiduously for the last two days.

"The jungle cocks have done crowing. The tent is struck and safely packed in the bullock cart; and Appahuni, our Cingalese servant—a man tall and gaunt, but singular to say, not cadaverous looking; on the other hand, like all Cingalese,

he has the appearance "as to" a certain part of his body of a well fed elderman—has received his last orders "to be sure and be ready by ten at latest, at that strip of patna behind the village; and that if he is not there he will get the 'snack,' as sure as his name is Appahuni." "Suah, suah! certain I be there; master hungry; master want breakfast! Why I be there by ten. All the same it is odds on Appahuni not being there by ten to-day. But, suah, if you come on Mr. Rogue it is equal odds on our not being there.

"Now, Jack, have you got that rill: all right to-day? You know it was all that beastly carriage that made us lose the foot yesterday; and if we don't get him to-day, I'll be hanged if I'm going to tramp after him any more, but go in for small game. Much better fun."

"All right," replied Jack, "there is no fault with the old gun to-day; but as you couldn't hit a haystack at a yard, I don't exactly see what it matters to you."

"All the same, mon and jaks, as I happen to be the one that is to have the honor of carrying, and I hope firing with the said gun, and as elephants, and especially this old boy are rather apt to charge sometimes, and, moreover, as I happen to be at the present moment in the possession of good health and very full of life, I don't see why I should not be a 'leete partikler' about this 'ere shot-gun, do you?" "Oh dry up, and let's get along," was the rude remark to my very natural appeal.

"Now, Monsieur, lead on. Strike right over there and hit that bit of jungle at the corner, and I'll go over here, while you, Jack, take the centre and meet at the big rock, and *coo-ee* if you hit the trail."

"Off we started, each to our several points, with the gun bearers bringing up the rear, each bearer with a spare gun and ammunition, we going like human sleuth hounds, eagerly looking out for tracks. Soon we were in the jungle. Dense masses of undergrowth and creepers, thick as a man's wrist on either side—undergrowth so thick that if you went off the road, it would take a sharp cut out through it, and even with a knife one could hardly make one's progress in a day than the crew of an abandoned ship are said to make in the Arctic regions. The jungle is teeming with life. "Twitter, twitter, twitter," right and left, above, and, I was going to say, below, and I don't think I would be exaggerating if I did add it. No matter, however, tempting though—no matter if the graceful "cock" comes with a "whirr!" over your head and you get a chance of a shot that makes your fingers itch to pull the trigger—you mustn't fire if you are after big game, not Monsieur Rogue. Elephant is just as cute as you can make him. It is really marvellous how such an enormous beast as his Lordship is can keep himself so quiet and be so hard to find. I have known an elephant to come right down through a coffee plantation where the trees are planted about five by four, and be being so minded has hardly broken a single branch. But, let my gentleman be in a different mood and woe-betide the place he has set his elephantine mind on destroying. There won't be much of that crop to assess on.

"Presently a long *coo-ee* was sounded to my right, and pressing on I soon found myself at the edge of the jungle we had been passing through—a strip of patna before me, and Jack just beginning to give another vigorous *coo-ee*!—on my right. "Don't make such an infernal roar, you idiot. You would frighten any elephant within ten miles." "He's here! He's here!" said Jack, jumping like a maniac, and indicating a small island of jungle just in front and surrounded on all sides by patna; "I saw him just going in. Heavy foot on the trail, it is no doubt of it now. There they were with the ground hardly yet recovered from the pressure of the huge carcass. In fact, as we looked, one little sprig of grass slowly raised itself and once more renewed its life.

"Now, Jack, he's there sure enough, and it is your turn for first shot. He won't turn on his tracks, so you whip round to the other side with your gun bearer, and I and the rest will beat through here. But, mind you, *coo-ee* loud, if you miss him, for then he is sure to turn, and I must look out."

"Here let me explain that the great difficulty and danger in shooting a rogue elephant, or, in fact, any elephant, lies in this: that there is only one really vital spot in the body of the Ceylon elephant, and that is just above the trunk. It is about seven inches in circumference, and I believe you might discharge a mitrailleuse into other parts of his body without doing any further harm than perhaps giving him an attack of indigestion. When an elephant charges, he raises his trunk to the position of this vital spot, and it is just above the trunk that is about fifteen to twenty yards off, he lowers his trunk and head simultaneously and comes straight at you. This is your time; and woe betide you if you miss and are not quick on your legs. If you have a quick and steady bearer, you may have a chance of a second shot, but it is only a chance, and it is odds on the bearer having bolted before you have fired your first shot.

"But to resume, Jack had hardly got round to the other side, and I had not yet begun to beat when I heard a shot. A loud *coo-ee*, followed by something that sounded like "Look out for yourself," proclaimed that Master Jack had missed; and that the man "that couldn't hit a haystack at a yard" ran a pretty good chance of killing his first elephant, or his first elephant killing him, a case of paying your money, etc.

"Soon I heard a crash a little to the left of me, and I quickly retreated further from the jungle, and placed myself, with my hands behind me, opposite to where I heard the crashing of the bushes. A deadly silence followed—not a sound. A white man, standing like a statue, with the butt of a heavy elephant rifle at his hip ready to present, and a bronze statue behind with a rifle in his hands, eagerly bending toward the white statue—patna around—the brilliantly green jungle in front—and, above, the clear blue sky. I remember thinking this at the time, and what a good photograph it would make; and all the time I was, to tell the truth, in a mortal "funk." "Not that I thought of 'bolting,' for my nerves were so braced up that I don't think I could have run if I had tried, but I had a sort of feeling that I would not be angry with M. Le Rogue if he went another way. In less time than I have taken to write this there was another crunch! crunch! crash! of the jungle, this time on the right, followed by a trumpet loud enough to wake the dead, and out came the huge brute and made right at me, his trunk waving in the air, and a hoogh, hoogh! coming out of his open mouth. On he came, and just as he was about to reach my feet, he was checked by the trunk of my rifle to the "present." One glance along the shining barrel, a strong pull on the trigger, and what was two seconds before an infuriated "roque," by whose side, in point of height, Capt. Bates would have looked a pigmy, now came with a run to the ground, and lay a huge inanimate mass at my feet,

* This turkey is now in the museum of Wheaton Seminary, North, Massachusetts.

Alas for Casar! I am not ashamed to say that when I did see him tumble the high-strung nerves of the bold hunter gave way, and that it was not until Jack came round and we had loaded him in some good "Scott" that I had the power to join Jack in his way dance round the slain.

After that all went to work with a will to cut off his head in order to preserve his skull and his tail, which went to use as the trophy, and his feet to be made into footstools, with polished ivory toes or liquer stands. I have eaten elephants' feet, but take warning by my experience, and when you have the chance, don't. Dreams! Why, sir—but I can't detail them all, only this, if you want to know what it is to fall over a precipice, to be murdered yourself, or be hung for murdering some one else, trial, judge, black cap and all thrown in, then eat elephants' feet—well-baked and with some native pudding to follow.

It may appear cruel to shoot such a noble animal as the elephant, so docile and sagacious as he is in captivity, but one must remember that only "rogues" are liable to be shot, and that all others are strictly preserved by the Ceylon Government, who capture and tame them, and then utilize them in the Department of Public Works, where their sagacity in moving and placing in position huge blocks of stone is simply marvellous and must be seen to be believed. A "rogue," I may here explain, is an elephant which, from some cause or other, has been ostracized by the rest of the herd and wanders about by himself. He is the terror of a native village and does an incredible amount of damage to their crops, so his removal is as much to be desired as it is that of the man-eating tiger.

And now all our operations are ended. The sun is beginning to beat down with its full strength on our devoted heads. We send a boy up a coconut tree to send down a fresh, cool nut full of delicious milk, and, after one more toast, we return to camp to breakfast, and in the after "snooze" I dream of again shooting my first elephant.

SHUKARRE.

Natural History.

BIRDS OBSERVED IN CENTRAL DAKOTA.

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1881.

BY W. L. ABBOTT.

1206 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia, Dec. 29, 1881.

THE following is a list of birds taken on a trip through central Dakota, during the past summer, by Jos. C. Krider and the writer. We arrived at Huron, on the Dakota River, July 15, and remaining there about a week, started out with a team on a trip to the Missouri River, through the region known as the *Coteau des Missouris*. First stopping at the Westington Hills, twenty-five miles west of Huron, we traveled north and west for about one hundred and twenty miles to the Bourbeuse River. From there we went westward until we reached the Missouri, at a point about ten miles south of Grand River Agency. Thence we kept southward along the Missouri, past Fort Sully to Siding No. 8, on the Dakota Central Railroad. Then, following the railroad line back, we reached Huron, August 9. The whole journey occupied sixteen days, much of it through country as fertile as the desert of Sahara. We saw a few traces of deer and antelope, but none very fresh, and did not see a mammal larger than a prairie dog on our whole trip. Back from the Missouri and north of the railroad (Dakota Central) water was scarce, and the country generally very barren. In some places there was nothing to be seen for miles except bare, gravelly hills, without a blade of grass. In the absence of larger game we lived mostly upon upland plover and sandpipers, the first of which were generally very abundant.

1. *Harpophycus rufus*—Thrasner. A few met with near the Missouri, above Fort Sully.
2. *Sitta canadensis*—Red-bellied nuthatch. We noticed a single individual of this species fifteen miles west of Huron, many miles from timber; it was running up and down the sides of a railroad cut, apparently perfectly at home.
3. *Troglodytes aedon parkmanni*—Western house wren. Common in the Westington Hills, twenty-five miles southwest of Huron.

4. *Colistrotus stellaris*—Short-billed marsh wren. Taken at Huron and in Hand county.

5. *Neocerys spraguei*—Thrasner sky lark. Generally common in the hard soil when on the ground, so that we took very few specimens. Their song could be heard in almost any place, however barren, especially in the mornings, the bird itself being scarcely visible as a tiny speck in the sky. The song does not seem to me to be inferior to that of the European sky lark, the only objection to it being its briefness.

6. *Dendroica aestiva*—Summer yellow bird. Common in the Westington Hills.
7. *Lanius ludovicianus excubitorides*—White-rumped shrike. Quite common near Turtle Creek Siding, on the railroad (Dakota Central).

8. *Petrochelidon lunifrons*—Eave swallow. There was a large colony under the eaves of the round-house at Huron, and we found them throughout our route, often in places that were many miles from cliffs or anything else that could afford them nesting places.

9. *Hirundo erythrogastra*—Barn swallow. Common along the Missouri.

10. *Ottila riparia*—Bank swallow. A number met with about twenty miles southeast of Grand River Agency.

11. *Empidonax virens*—Rough-winged swallow. A few noticed at same place with last.

12. *Centropus ornatus*—Chestnut-collared bunting. One of the commonest birds, and abundant in the most barren localities; and of the specimens were in extremely worn and bad plumage.

13. *Centropus bairdi*—Baird's bunting. Very common everywhere, excepting in the neighborhood of the Missouri. We did not see any within twenty or thirty miles of this river. The specimens were mostly in fresh and good plumage.

14. *Pooecetes gramineus confinis*—Western bay winged bunting. Common at Huron.

15. *Coturniculus passerinus*—Yellow-winged sparrow. Very common at Huron and along the railroad line.

16. *Chondestes grammacus*—Lark finch. A flock met with fifty miles north of Fort Sully.

17. *Zonotrichia querula*—Harris finch. A male seen at Turtle Creek.

18. *Spyella pallida*—Clay-colored sparrow. Common near the railroad.

19. *Melospiza fasciata*—Song sparrow. Common in the bushes by the Dsk to River and near the Missouri.

20. *Passerina amoena*—Lazuli finch. A male taken near Swan Lake, Missouri River.

21. *Sylvia americana*—Black-throated hunting. Common wherever a few tall weeds were to be found on the prairie.

22. *Calamospiza bicolor*—Lark hunting. Very common everywhere. The males had nearly all lost their black breeding plumage by the first week in August. They were shy near Huron for some cause, but we found them nearly always quite tame in other places.

23. *Dolichonyx oryzivorus*—Bobolink. Everywhere abundant.

24. *Molothrus ater*—Cowbird. Common and extremely tame, coming about the camp within a few feet of us to forage for crumbs and scraps.

25. *Spizella monticola*—Yellow-headed blackbird. Common in many places along our route.

26. *Agelaius phoeniceus*—Red-shouldered blackbird. Common.

27. *Sturnella neglecta*—Western meadow lark. Very abundant.

28. *Icterus spurius*—Orchard oriole. A few seen by the Dakota River.

29. *Bascocephalus cyanocephalus*—Brewer's blackbird. Common about Fort Sully, and near the line of railroad we met with vast flocks of blackbirds of which this species formed the majority.

30. *Corvus corax carolinensis*—American raven. One seen near Huron.

31. *Corvus frugivorus*—Crow. We saw a few at the mouth of the Okaloja Creek, Missouri River.

32. *Ereophila alpestris leucolama*—Shore lark. Generally common. I think all the shore larks we met with belonged to this pale colored form.

33. *Tyrannus carolinensis*—Kingbird. Not so common as next.

34. *T. verticalis*—Arkansas flycatcher. Very common. Wherever there were a few trees or bushes to be found, this species was sure to be present. At Huron they were not so common as the kingbird.

35. *Empidonax pusillus trillii* (?)—Traill's flycatcher. A flycatcher which apparently belonged to this species was seen in the Westington Hills.

36. *E. leuciventer*—Yellow-bellied flycatcher. A single specimen taken thirty miles southeast of Grand River Agency.

37. *Chlorodites populi heryi*—Western night hawk. Very common everywhere.

38. *Melanerpes cyaneus*—Red-headed woodpecker. Common along the Missouri, near Swan Lake.

39. *Colaptes auratus*—Plicker. Not very numerous; obtained a male at Swan Lake that had the red cheek patches of *C. mexicanus*. Other specimens, some from Northern Iowa, show red feathers in greater or less amount in their cheek patches.

40. *Ceryle alcyon*—Kingfisher. A female shot on Turtle Creek.

41. *Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*—Black-billed cuckoo. Met with in the Westington Hills.

42. *Spizella socialis hypogaea*—Burrowing owl. We met with a small colony near the mouth of the Little Cheyenne, and a large one in a very large dog town on Medicine Creek. They were very shy and hard to shoot.

43. *Hierofalco mexicanus polygynus*—Prairie falcon. Very numerous along the line of the railroad about August 10.

44. *Troglodytes sparverius*—Sparrowhawk. Common near the Missouri, less so near the railroad.

45. *Circus hudsonius*—Marsh hawk. The commonest hawk.

46. *Buteo borealis*—Red-tailed hawk. Common.

47. *B. borealis calurus*—Western red-tail. Several hawks of this variety met with about fifty miles southeast of Grand River Agency.

48. *B. swainsoni*—Swainson's Buzzard. A female taken on Medicine Creek.

49. *Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*—American rough-legged hawk. A female shot on Medicine Creek.

50. *Cathartes aura*—Turkey buzzard. Several seen at Huron.

51. *Ectopistes migratoria*—Wild pigeon. One seen in the Westington Hills.

52. *Zenaidura macroura*—Carolina dove. Numerous along the Missouri and near Medicine Creek, and in places many miles from timber.

53. *Pipilo fuscus columbianus*—Sharp-tailed grouse. Said to be common along the Missouri and at Huron, but we only met with one specimen.

54. *Botaurus lentiginosus*—Bittern. One seen at Huron.

55. *Nycticorax nycticorax*—Night heron. Several seen near Huron.

56. *Oxyechus vociferus*—Killdeer. Common.

57. *Gallinago media wilsoni*—Wilson's snipe. Several met with thirty miles west of Huron.

58. *Mareca americana grisea*—Bay-breasted snipe. Common near the railroad.

59. *Actropalana himantopus*—Stilt sandpiper. One specimen taken.

60. *Actropalana maculata*—Jack snipe. Common.

61. *A. minutilla*—Least sandpiper. On August 7, thirty miles west of Huron, we fell in with vast flocks of sandpipers of many species, this being the most numerous. All kinds were very fat and unfit for specimens.

62. *Limosa fedoa*—Marlin—Several taken forty miles southeast of Grand River Agency.

63. *Totanus melanocollis*—Greater yellow legs. Common.

64. *T. flavipes*—Lesser yellow legs. Very common.

65. *Symphyla semipalmata*—Willet. Less common than either of the last two species.

66. *Rhyacophilus solitarius*—Solitary sandpiper. Rather common.

67. *Bartramia longicauda*—Upland plover. Abundant everywhere.

68. *Tringoides rufescens*—Buff-breasted sandpiper. We met with one flock near the mouth of the Little Cheyenne.

69. *Tringoides macularius*—Spotted sandpiper. Not common.

70. *Nunentius longirostris*—Sickle-billed curlew. We met with large numbers about thirty miles southeast of Grand River, in company with flocks of marlin and willet; they were mostly young birds, and extremely tame and unsuspicious.

71. *Steganopus Wilsoni*—Wilson's phalarope. Met with once in a slough in Walthworth county.

72. *Sororia carolinensis*—Sora rail. Common in all the sloughs about Huron.

73. *P. noveboracensis*—Yellow rail. One met with in Walthworth county.

74. *Bernicla canadensis* (?)—Canada goose. A flock of

geese that seemed to be of this species were seen forty miles west of Huron.

75. *Anas boschas*—Mallard. Generally common.

76. *Querquedula discors*—Blue-winged teal. Common.

77. *Lopholytes cucullatus*—Hooded merganser. Two young ones seen west of Huron.

78. *Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*—White pelican. Three seen in a slough in Walthworth county.

79. *Larus* (sp. ?)—We saw a flock of gulls on a sand bar in the Missouri River, but were unable to determine the species.

80. *Sterna forsteri* (?)—Forster's tern. A tern that was probably this species was seen flying over Medicine Creek.

81. *Podilymbus podiceps*—Carolina grebe. Rather common.

THE RED SQUIRREL.

A WELL-KNOWN inhabitant of our "forest primeval" is the red squirrel or chickaree (*Solarius leucostictus*). In those parts where the spruce and pine clothe the country for miles around, it is especially numerous, and may be seen jumping from bough to bough, stopping meanwhile to nibble at the cones and scatter their parts over the ground beneath. A merry, sociable little fellow he is, too, loving to come near the farmer's house, and even to the very door; how running with a nut in his mouth along the walk, then suddenly surprised by the opening of a door, scurrying off to the nearest tree and quickly appearing at the summit.

Let the frost be ever so severe, and the snow storm rage in all its fury, our little friend takes his daily rounds in search of something wherewith to please his appetite. It may be a nut, or tasty fungus, or a pine cone, it matters little which, he quietly takes his seat in some cozy nook—generally in the angle formed by the junction of a bough with the trunk. Here, with his back pushed up against the sheltering tree, and tail held like an umbrella above his head, the red squirrel munches away, heedless of the gale which roars through the forest. He is a fearless and confident creature, for often and often have I tried to get as close as possible to one when thus occupied, and sometimes have succeeded in getting my face within two or three feet of his, and as long as I remained quiet he would continue his repast, as if aware that the eye of one who would not willingly injure was upon him.

In summer time the red squirrel makes a nest in some convenient spot—the hollow of a tree, or outside on the bench. In the latter situation it is made of a rounded form of sticks, with a small hole for entrance at the side. I have also known one to rear its family of six young ones in an old nail box, left on a beam in a barn a little distance from the house.

This squirrel will sometimes change its usual color to black, and skins of this color are sometimes sent from Labrador.

I find it much more numerous some years than others, and can account for this by stating that it occasionally migrates from one district to another. During sunny days in early spring these squirrels, amorously inclined, chase each other from tree to tree, uttering a peculiar screaming noise while in pursuit.

A more cleanly little creature could scarce be found, and well would it be if the dirty, swarthy Indian who traverses these never-ending forests would take a lesson of neatness from this humble denizen of our northern woods.

MATTHEW JOSIAS.

Fern Lodge, Waterville Station, N. B.

THE ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

FARMINGTON, Vt., Dec. 31, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Mr. Bishop's novel theory of the disappearance of ruffed grouse will certainly not hold for this region, for red squirrels are no plentier here than they were thirty years ago. They are not "as thick as house flies," nor is there "one to every square rod of woodland," yet, for some cause, our grouse seem doomed to destruction.

The decrease in their numbers is very noticeable this year, for many times since the last of October I have ranged through miles of woodland while fox hunting without flushing more than two or three in a day's tramp, whereas ten years ago I should not have thought it remarkable to have flushed thirty. Four years ago, after several seasons of scarcity, they suddenly became quite plenty, and this greatly strengthened my belief in their partial migration. But now it seems as if I must give this up—which I am exceedingly loth to do, as it is like giving up the grouse—for "Vernie Moore" tells us that he has been to the back-towers where they were reputed plenty and found them even scarcer than about Rutland. It looks as if the tick must be the villain who is murdering our grouse, and if so, how is he to be circumvented? If he is the same fellow that infest owls and hawks, may it not be that the scarcity of his old victims has driven him to getting his living off the grouse? Not an unpleasant change for him, one would think, but very bad for the grouse and for us.

"Canada" finds only one female in a score of twenty-one killed in November. The nesting bird is, of course, most likely to fall a victim to the prowling fox, the owl and the hawk, and very likely the tick would take kindness to a quiet bird, but this will not account for the lack of females in this year's broods. Will "Canada" please tell us whether there were more old birds than young among those he killed? This grouse question is a puzzling one, and if we find that our theories will not hold when discussed we must give them up. Mr. Bishop dislikes to give up his—as I do mine. I would like to believe that chick was correct, for the squirrels might be exterminated and the grouse might come back to the old haunts, where cover and food in plenty await their return; but alas and alas, if it is the tick. I do not see the nonsense of thinking squirrels destroy tree-nesting birds much more than ground-nesting ones. Which are the most conspicuous? And where do red squirrels mostly keep, on the trees or on the ground? Compare the number of robins' nests, black-birds', vireos', hairbirds' and other common tree-nesting birds' nests you have found with those of the bobolink and the meadow lark both found in the open fields, with nothing but the oven grass to hide them. The squirrel does not stand so good a chance as a man does of finding a ground nest; a much better one of finding and getting at a nest built in a tree.

R. E. ROBINSON.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The decrease of our game birds seems to be meeting with considerable attention in your columns, and it is well that it is so. This matter cannot be discussed too much. Allow me

to quote a few lines from a letter just received in connection with this subject. The letter is from Fishkill, N. Y., and dated Dec. 27: "Something is playing the mischief with game birds about here. Early in the fall there were a good many quail and grouse—more, in fact, than for four or five years before—but all at once they were gone. A number were found dead in the fields and forests, but I have not been able to account for it, as I have only seen one with any mark on it, and that looked as if a weasel had killed it. It was a grouse and in fine condition, with no ticks or flies on it."

My friend goes on to say that hawks are unusually numerous and this, I think, is the reason of the disappearance of the birds. When we think of the many enemies our game birds have, as enumerated in your many letters, it is a wonder that any live over. In the first place, there are the hawks and owls, always on the watch from one year's end to the other. A pair of hawks will stick to a bevy of quail day after day, and if not disturbed, will use up a bevy, sometimes, to the last bird. Then there are the weasels, minks, skunks, cats, crows, foxes, etc., all of which are on the alert for quail and grouse from the year through—say nothing of the constantly increasing number of pothunters, armed with the deadly choke-bore breech-loader, and all this destruction is assisted by pot-hunters, nets, traps and severe winters. Plies and disease I have left out of the question.

Now, when you think of all the poor birds have to contend against, no wonder they constantly diminish while their enemies constantly increase. If every sportsman would do his share toward protecting, restocking and feeding game and killing vermin this might be remedied, but talk is cheap and will not help the birds much.

I have just returned from a shooting trip to Virginia and the quail are scarce there also. A hard winter and an immense number of hawks are the causes. Almost daily we found the hawks at work on a bevy of quail. W. HOLBERTON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—During my annual vacation for a short time in Vermont, in October, I found ruffed grouse in places where there were none last year; and since the red squirrel question came up it brings to my mind that in 1880 the rods were very plenty and the grouse very scarce; this year, more grouse and less rods. Sportsmen can draw their own conclusions. On Monday, October 24, I killed a ruffed grouse that had in its crop twenty-seven white oak acorns (*Quercus alba*), several rose grapes and one of the red partridge berries. Was not that rather a large meal? All the birds that I found, if they were not killed at the first flush, were invariably found in a tree at the end of first flight and afterwards. I think this a fashion with Vermont grouse. I join the call for a law to prevent the export of game.—J. H.

PSUDONYMS—Sing Sing, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1891.—Editor Forest and Stream: It has always surprised me that so many of your correspondents still persist in using a pseudonym *non de plume*, initials and the like, especially in matters relating to natural history. *Non de plume* may be tolerated in articles which are of no scientific value, but in natural history, where all facts should be endorsed by their writer, it is unfortunate that so many still adhere to the use of an assumed name. Many notes which would be of great value and interest, even to professional naturalists, have to be thrown aside as worthless, on account of their anonymous or pseudonymous character. The only reason that I can see why they are used is either from modesty or fear of ridicule on the part of the author. I can only say that writing a truth no one should be ashamed or fear ridicule for the simplest thought or original observation is an addition to our knowledge, and hence thankfully received. I was glad to see that Dr. C. Hart Merriam, in a footnote to one of his articles, commended their use.—A. K. FISHER, M. D.

WRIGHT OF GRAY SQUIRELS.—HENDERSON, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1893.—Editor Forest and Stream: I noticed in your issue of Dec. 26 "Will," your Virginia correspondent, asks for information concerning the weight of gray squirrels. I shot one this fall that weighed 28 ounces. It was a common gray squirrel, but extra large for this section. We often kill those that "Will" describes and call them a cross between the black and gray; they are generally quite large.—GRAY SQUIRREL.

Game Bag and Gun.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER, MASS.

Jan. 3, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream: In almost the entire month of December the ground remained bare and the weather exceedingly mild and tempting to the sportsman. We have, in common with sportsmen all over the country, been wailing and lamenting the scarcity of partridges, at the same time relentlessly pursuing the few remaining ones, even up to the last hour of the last day in which shooting was legal, more partridges having been killed in December than in any other two months of the shooting season, and during the last few weeks a much larger number of them birds have been killed than in the early part of the season. We shall settle for this season's next year and it will hardly be becoming to lay it all to the partridge fly, ticks, red squirrels, etc. However, there are a few birds left, and if the "pest," whichever or whatever he be, will let them alone we shall have some birds next year. The woodcock flight commenced about Sept. 20th and continued much later than usual, a few stragglers being killed in this vicinity in December. Not so large bags were made as in seasons when the weather turns suddenly cold and the birds come with a rush, but those of us who keep a record of our shooting find that the footings on woodcock are fully up to the average. A good many quail lived over last winter, and during the summer seemed to be nesting well, but when the time for shooting arrived not many were to be found. A few good bags have been made, but they certainly cannot be said to have been plentiful. Worcester county is not good quail ground anyway, and when we make a business of quail shooting we must go either to Cap Cod or Connecticut.

The fox hunters are having a regular picnic. As a good many foxes have been killed since the list appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago, I will give a revised list as it stood on Jan. 1. Our party are residents of Worcester, with the exception of Mr. J. M. White, who is the general proprietor of the Tourlettole House in the adjoining town of Millbury. The old veteran, Mr. N. S. Harrington, is now in his sixty-eighth year and likes the sport just as well as ever. Six years ago, while out fox-hunting, he fell and shot him-

self in the foot, necessitating amputation at the instep, and was obliged to lie by about a year, but "blood will tell," and as soon as his foot was well enough to allow it he was at it again, with all the old relish, and can now put in a good day's work at either bird or fox-hunting. He has proved himself "no slouch" this season, having already killed S. J. M. White and partner 19 John A. Slocomb 13, W. S. Perry 7, Horace Adams 7, E. T. Balcom 3, Henry Locke 3, A. B. F. Kinney 1, J. K. Thayer 1, E. H. Smith 1, L. Rand 2—a total of 65.

Now that the bird shooting season is over it begins to be lively at the club house on Friday afternoons. The team is now in practice for the match which is pending with the Marlborough Club, and which is to come off on our grounds on Jan. 13. The two clubs have already shot five matches, three of which have been won by the Worcester Club. The new rifle club is in a flourishing condition and hold their weekly shoots at the new range at Lovell's Grounds, where they have recently erected a cozy club house. They number about thirty members. K.

A VIRGINIA PHEASANT HUNT.

SOUTH WEST, Virginia, Jan. 2.

"RUFFED GROUSE" seems to have raised the "in-jin" in some of your correspondents in his denunciations of what he calls the "murder" of the king of game birds; and some of the goodnatured fellows are coming back at him with a friendly vim. Now, this ought not to be; because a moment's reflection will demonstrate that "Ruffed Grouse" sees the insufficiency of game protection laws, and wishes to inculcate the practice of shooting pheasants (as well as other birds) on the wing for their protection; and if he succeeds they will be effectually protected. But suppose a person does not just want to have his gun crack in a crazy manner all the time, but wants to broil (or stew if he likes better), this delicious bird, how then? I'm going to tell you, in confidence, how I proceeded to hunt the other day, and if it should leak out, pray let "Ruffed Grouse" restrain his wrath.

During the week of holidays, some beautiful days came for hunting pheasants; and I concluded a happy thought, excuse myself from my partner. Entering an office one morning, I said, "Henry, don't you think it a shame to have an old father as near as I have, and not spend a day or two during Christmas with him. I'll go and see the old gentleman, if I can be spared." "Certainly, I'd go," said he. "Soon gun and traps were ready. Horse saddled, and my little iron-works red setter whining, barking, tumbling and springing around my horse's head. Into the saddle I got, and a ride of seven miles, through a muddy road, brought me to the old gentleman's." "Hello, boy!" said he. "Tell the truth, did you come to see me or to hunt?" "Truth? well, both." After dinner the old gentleman says: "Up the branch yard, in the hollows, in the laurel, mountain tea and green briars, they say there is a gang of pheasants, but, son, I've grown too old now to hunt and walk with you in the rough. I will go up the path and get a tenant living near the grounds to show you." Up the path we go. A walk of a quarter mile brought us to the gap in the ridge—and down to this gap along the edge came a ravine, fenced on each side high by tall sandstone cliffs—on which grows the rough-barked birch, the fragrant and lithe hemlock and the dwarf ivy. Down the ravine comes the mountain branch, gurgling under occasional windows of ice, trickling over tiny falls; the ice tipped ferns touching the current and dancing to the little ripples—all inclosed with frequent groups of rank laurel. Say, you've seen all this kind; do you remember how your blood shot through your veins? How you could hardly suppress a yell!

I cannot wait until my father sends my guide, but up the ravine I start. My headstrong little dog is brought to heel. No listless sneaking behind with him, but he takes an oven chance by my side, half crouching, his feet hardly tipping the ground, tail straight, mouth half open, eyes only displaying excitement. Say he don't know as well as I do what I am after? My gun is cocked and at a position for quick work. Up the hollow we continue stealthily, when a stick snaps behind and I turn to greet my evening's companion. "Wait till he comes up, and hold your fire!" says he for a hearty shake, he hugs to his shoulder his squirrel rifle. The hummers of my gun are down. Just as we grasp hands, *whirr, whirr, whirr*, up flies a pheasant like a streak of lightning. I wheel. Just one lock has time to click. Bang! the vicious crack, round and round swings the bird and to the ground it comes. Rover don't understand whether it is down safe or not, so out of abundance of caution he runs up and puts his paw upon it. Now, under all the circumstances this was a fair victory shot.

After modestly, a shower of flattery from my companion, off we go again. Three hundred yards tramp, dog still at heel. "Look yonder! see that pheasant sitting by that tree," says my man. There it was, sure enough, looking precisely like the leaves, tail tucked, neck stretched. My gun comes up, and he lay "murdered" on the ground. We turn for home, and as we neared the old side of the farm, my companion told me that a brood of pheasants had, in the last year, been raised in a thicket near by. A notion from the brood he had, and he had gone to the spot. See how cautious. He gallops up to a log, puts his forefoot on it and looks around. Maybe he'll be laughed at for using his eyes as well as his nose. Presently he gets windward of the thicket and proceeds, not to quarter, but to go where his experience (or reason, perhaps), his taught him to believe a pheasant is apt to be. We truce upon the ground and watch his movements by keeping under the boughs of the brush. There he stands, his body half-curved. "What's that dog stopped that way for," said John. "Oh! he's waiting his reply and down we creep, but before we get near, *quet, quet! quit!* whirr! whirr! whirr! One lights in a tall birch sapling, another two hundred yards away in a tall oak, among the still hanging dead leaves, two fly up the knolls on the branch. A sharp, foxy bark from Rover, and the bird in the hush looks down at him. Maybe you think a setter is a dumb dog; any way he holds that bird's attention until I "murder" it. Now for the one in the oak. Whistle and rattle along in the brush and he won't let us see his mountain deer. "Whist! then" This bird is "murdered," too. Oh we go after the two on the knolls of the branch. "Careful, Rover," I caution him as he trails with the wind. He stops and seems to reason that if he proceeds he will flush, so he quits the track, comes back and circles around some distance, gets against the wind, then turns and half trots, and gallops back carefully, with head high. See now quick he turns his head to the left, cranes, draws and stops still, with one foot up. "Too brusky for me to flush and kill, John. I will go to the

opening at the branch, where you can drive him across as you flush." He was accordingly flushed, and through the brush just the wrong way he went, and he wasn't murdered worth a cent.

Now for our last bird. Its hiding place is approached, and Rover gallops off to come back to us against the wind, which he does in a careful pace. His hind feet fly off a shock log, but just in that position he stands pointing straight toward me. I stoop, peep under the thick brush and see the bird sitting on a fallen limb, two feet off the ground, right between me and the stanch little dog. Who in thunder can kill that bird on the wing when you can't raise the gun to your shoulder, much less turn it? Should I flush it idly and make my business canine believe I am joking with his stands? Not much. I crawled till I got out of the range of the setter statue and "murdered" this fellow. My excited comrade, the executioner of many a deer, turkey and pheasant, could contain himself no longer, and a hearty whoop rolled from his broad lungs, breaking the dusky stillness of the closing day; and as I followed the reverberations up the rugged steps, I raised my hat to the forest wilds in reverential thanks, and a whispered "good evening."

So, to be honest, I kill these birds on the wing and consider it a feat highly honorable in myself; I kill them from the tree and consider the feat highly honorable in my dog; I kill them on the ground for fear I won't kill any at all; and in neither of these ways do I ever have time enough to kill more than myself and a genial friend or two can eat. This is the honest truth—if it hangs me. It may be unbecomingly sport, but if it be treason, make the most—I beg pardon. Am I benighted? GRAEME.

THE RIFLE OF THE FUTURE.

FALL BROOK, Cal., Dec. 1891.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM for Dec. 1, a correspondent signing himself "Iron Ramrod," under the heading of "Muzzle-Loader vs. Breech-Loader," asks the following questions: "Is muzzle-loading with a round ball more accurate in its shooting than breech-loading with a slug or conical bullet? Or is the fault of a factory-made cartridge? The fault is in the rifle, why is it more accurate with round balls loaded from the muzzle?"

These questions are based upon experiment with a .32 cal. rifle, which, when loaded from the muzzle with round ball and patch, far excelled its best shooting with either rim fire or central fire cartridges. I have myself tried the same experiment with different rifles and always with the same results, and the answer seems to me easy enough.

During the many years that breech-loading rifles of the best quality have been upon the market, and at low prices, too, a large class of hunters have persisted in adhering to the old muzzle-loader. It has been the custom among those who deem themselves advanced, to denounce this class as fools or old fogies, and lavish unqualified praise upon the breech-loader. Unfortunately, however, for this theory of their action, that class consists largely of men who have thoroughly tried the best breech-loaders, and men like Major Merrill, who know just exactly what they are talking about, and it is useless to deny that this class is on the increase. I know several who belong to it. And one of the most successful and skillful hunters of my acquaintances this year laid aside the most popular of repeating rifles, bought an old single-barreled muzzle-loader, and has killed more deer with it than he has killed in any year before, and has done it with one-fourth of the shots formerly required to get the same number with the breech-loader. He says no one can ever again talk breech-loader to him.

Although myself a firm friend of speed of fire, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in the breech-loader I have ever tried—and I have tried many—this advantage is attained at the expense of some accuracy. Those who have never shot a muzzle-loader may talk of the breech-loader's accuracy. But he who has never shot a muzzle-loader, knows not what accuracy is. The man who has grown up with the breech-loader is only a callow youth, who knows nothing of what a rifle can do.

For very long the ball necessary for me ahead, because the extremely long ball necessary for a long flight cannot be fired from the muzzle by the best system of patching. The patch will wrinkle too much if put on in the ordinary way and, if patched as for the long range breech-loader, it cannot be fitted tightly enough to the grooves. But I believe it impossible to make a breech-loader that at short range will excel the muzzle-loader; and I believe there is now nothing that will equal it. You may talk about the "muzzling" this or "never-failing" that; the makers may baptize it "Old Sureport" or "Old Centre Splitter," or whatever they like, but this is no matter. It is a matter of fact that a rifle loaded at the breech against one loaded from the muzzle to be fired 100 times with dead rest and telescope sights at a hole the diameter of the bullet at 50 yards distance. I admit that some breech-loaders shoot splendidly; that they will throw few wild balls, and those but slightly out of the way; but for every time one will hit a silver dollar at 50 yards the muzzle-loader will hit a silver dime by its side; for every one that will cut into the edge of the same bullet hole you may find a muzzle-loader that will shoot into the hole without cutting it at all.

By muzzle-loader I here mean a rifle loaded from the muzzle with grease patch in the old style, with the bullet left in the grooves near the bottom. It may be an old-fashioned muzzle-loader or a modern breech-loader. There will be no difference in the results, provided, of course, that the breech-loader is well made and is not choked at the muzzle—as many very uselessly are made. It must also be well fitted to the muzzle, so as not to cut the patch. The two modes of loading might almost be predicted without experiment. In loading from the muzzle the ball is wedged gently to its place in the barrel; all parts of the bullet yield about alike; the patch prevents any scraping off of the lead or cutting by the edges of the grooves. It is pushed gently to its place at the bottom, and—mark now an important point—it is left in the exact place from which it is to start. It goes out exactly as it went in, without a bruise, jam or smash upon any side, and being pushed without any leaning of the barrel, it is straight. When loaded from the breech the ball lies below the place where it is to be fully and firmly adjusted to the grooves. Instead of being pushed gently into that place it is dashed into it with tremendous force, and it is thrown across an intermediate space in which it rarely if ever fits tightly enough to prevent a slight wobble, even in case the ball should leave the carriage on a line true with the axis of the bore of the rifle. Several results may follow. The ball may be induly thickened or "upset" by the blow of the powder against the dead weight. The patch (if it has one) may be stripped,

cut, frayed, or have an edge doubled over by collision with the shoulder of the chamber or the place where the barrel first tightens upon the ball, which even if bevelled would, under such violent speed, have nearly the effect of a square shoulder.

It is also nearly impossible for the ball to adjust itself so freely to the grooves as when it is fired slowly and gently. Thrown in at such a speed, if its point be turned a fairly breadth from the centre line of the barrel, one side will strike the grooves first. That side is sure to be bruised, and the opposite side of the butt of the ball scars the same fate. It may go out of the barrel in this way, with its point deflected from the line of flight; or it may be bounced and jammed nearly into place by bouncing against the other side of the barrel. But two things are certain. First—That the ball in the barrel is left in the grooves this is what happens. Second—When fired below the grooves and passing over an open space that is wider than the ball in order to reach them this must occasionally happen.

There are other causes of the superiority of the muzzle-loading rifle to the common breech-loader as generally treated by its owner. But space allows consideration only of this one which is, by far, the most important, and is, in fact, the only fundamental difference between the two. The problem for the rifle maker of the future is this: How to adjust the ball fully, firmly and gently to the grooves before it is fired, so that it will retain the gas advantage of rapidity of fire. The accuracy of the breech-loader keeps even pace with the approach to this. The long-range rifle owes its accuracy mainly to its ball being pushed in so far before firing, and the 22-cal. owes its accuracy to the extreme lightness and lack of momentum in its bullet. It cannot jam so badly as a heavy one.

Until such an invention comes to the front, there is one sure way to accomplish the same result, viz.—Load from the muzzle whenever you have plenty of time. This plan I now follow with my double rifle. I load in a loading-rod. I never make it shoot as well as any sporting breech-loader I ever saw. But its very best performance when loaded from the breech is nothing compared with its work when loaded from the muzzle, than it is the old muzzle-loader in every respect, and with all its advantages. I keep it loaded with two round balls patched from the muzzle in the ordinary way. I carry a rat in a long pouch like a quiver over my shoulder, and a few bullets and patches. In my belt I carry some shells loaded in the ordinary way for coating and, and for feeding into the muzzle-loading. These bullets and shells are loaded to the end with powder and wads. When there is no need of haste in loading, I take out the rod, wipe out the gun and, loading from the muzzle, push a ball nearly to the shoulder. Then putting a wad in the breech, I put in the blank cartridges, close the gun and then push the bullet gently home. If one of those balls fails to hit, I know positively that the fault is solely and exclusively my own, for, fired from a rest, they will all enter the same hole at forty yards.

The wad, I speak of putting in ahead of the blank cartridge, is to insure the stoppage of the ball before it comes to the slightest looseness in the barrel at the shoulder. So necessary is this that if the ball drops a trifle too low, or where there is the slightest widening or beveling at the shoulder, its accuracy will be at once affected.

In this way the round ball and the old-fashioned one, two of the best balls in the world for 100 and 250 yards, respectively, can be shot as well as from a muzzle-loader. These balls, as well as a cylindrical one with very short boring, it is nearly impossible to get away from a breech-loader without great care in loading. And that the truest and swiftest ball ever known for from 200 to 300 yards—cannot be shot at all. It is impossible to get a ball with so short a bearing delivered true into the groove with a violent jam.

Any breech-loading rifle, if cut straight, bevelled a trifle at the muzzle, and furnished with a ramrod can thus be given all the advantages of the muzzle-loader without losing any of the advantages of the breech-loader. A ramrod should be carried any how, for wiping, and for a jointed rod, and good enough, and can be carried in a pouch hung to the cartridge-belt behind. The first section may be used as a "starter," a counter-nick for being put on the end of the handle. If I were a rifle-maker I should quickly have on the market a muzzle-loading breech-loader of this sort. Any rifle and any action will do. Then the hunter can put in a handful of powder behind an express or light conical ball, and have the highest velocity attainable. He can have one shot or two shots if he has a double gun that will forever and eternally go where the gun is pointed, and not occasionally where it is.

If "Iron Ramrod" will try a few more rifles in the same way he will find that the fault is not in the rifles, all of which are now cut well enough, not in the factory ammunition, which is now made as nearly perfect as possible, not in the bullets, all of which will always go well when loaded from the muzzle, and often badly enough when loaded from the breech. Everything else being equal, of course the difficulty lies in the ball being violently smashed into place. This may be partly, though not entirely, remedied by excessive handloading. I have noticed as high as forty per cent. of the shells steady increase in accuracy, but still there was a tendency to occasional wildness of flight.

The repeater has advantages that will always commend it to many, and it will always be a popular rifle. But there is a large class of hunters who demand absolute precision. Probably no repeater will ever shoot well enough to suit them. For such I believe the rifle of the future will be the combined breech and muzzle-loader. And many of this class will rest satisfied with nothing short of that numerous breech-loader, built just like a shot gun, next, light and well balanced, having a ramrod beneath the barrels. Use shells with moveable anvils, so that nothing but a bit of stick is needed to de-cap and re-cap them, and such a rifle is good any where where powder and lead can be obtained. It will cut a squirrel's head as neatly as the old Kentucky rifle, and will be, if recoil be made even, a short range, express and mid-range rifle to your pleasure, and still can be fired as fast as a repeater. This is my *best ideal* of a hunting rifle. I can hardly conclude without saying to that numerous class who own a choice breech-loader (one of those that "shoots exactly where you hold it," I have seen lots of them and owned them myself,) that if he wants a little conceit taken out of him, let him try it against itself, loaded both ways and fired fifty times at a hole of its own calibre at fifty yards, with telescopic sights. But see that it is not choked-bore too much, that the muzzle is not sharp enough to cut the patch, and that the ball does not get into the shoulder in the least.

T. S. VAN DYKE.

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec., 1881.

There has been considerable discussion from time to time,

about the relative merits of the breech-loading and muzzle-loading rifles for short range hunting and target practice. The long range theory has been clearly demonstrated by the wonderful success of our national teams, against the crack shots of other nations armed with muzzle-loaders—the breech-loaders invariably winning, and making a better score when both kinds were shot by one person.

For short range—from fifty to one hundred yards or even under—the champions of the muzzle-loader claim much finer shooting than can be done with any breech-loader. If we carefully consider the conditions to which the average breech-loader is subjected, we have no cause to wonder that it does not go quite as well. In the first place it has a much greater charge of powder than is necessary for one hundred yards, the conical or cylinder-conical bullet, gives a greater recoil, disturbing the aim by getting a fine bend on any thing, and the high block on which the fore sight is set, cannot be caught as easily by the eye for snap-shooting.

The muzzle-loader, on the other hand, had low sights, the front one being the broad knife-blade style, made of silver or nickel, and in the rear was one of the Rocky Mountain pattern in the shape of a buck horn. The muzzle-loader also could have the powder charge regulated in a second for the distance fired at, and the round patched bullets gave no recoil, holding the shooter at rest to make a dozen cut in the same hole at forty yards. The advantages of round balls are so apparent at short range in shooting small game and in fancy marksmanship that I have often wondered why cartridge companies do not make their shells of the regulation sizes, filled with half the ordinary load of powder and a round ball, of course I refer to rim-fire, as those who shoot central fire rifles can reload them in any desired way. Many do not do so though, because they imagine nothing is better than conical and cylinder shaped bullets, often saying that only muzzle-loaders are good for round balls and the patch must be used invariably with them.

Some years ago I had a small muzzle-loading rifle, taking one hundred balls to the pound, and which, when loaded carefully, was very accurate at close distances. This I tried against a Ballard and Maynard rifle with their conical bullets, and it beat them badly, but as soon as the cartridges of the latter were loaded with round balls there was no apparent difference between them all in accuracy. Lately, I have tried round balls with extremely light charges of powder, in a regular .45 calibre Government cartridge shell, giving excellent results at the distances where they were used. Using a paper wad over the powder, and bullets fitted to the pound slightly greased, I loaded, for fifty or under, with five grains of powder, at one hundred feet ten grains, and at fifty yards fifteen grains.

These loads made no perceptible recoil, the charge of five grains, in fact, could be fired in the house, as it was not any longer than a Flobert rifle.

The round balls and small charges of powder will prevent pistols from rebounding as much as they do now, besides allowing persons to aim directly at an object instead of a foot or two below it, which is now necessary, as any one knows who has shot with a revolver of modern times. I loaded the shells of a Smith & Wesson improved .44 calibre with half the usual load of powder, and a round ball, fifty-five to the pound. There was no kick to the weapon then; it shot up to fifty yards nearly twice as well as before, and could be aimed directly at the mark. With these cartridges on one occasion it struck an ordinary telegraph pole off-hand three times in succession. If my friends, who are with the factory made ammunition it would not hit more than three out of five. Pistols more than rifles would be benefited by shorter size cartridges, instead of the long ones now in use, which have more powder than is necessary to kill a man when held straight, besides giving so much recoil that it has to be aimed almost at persons' toes at fifty feet to hit him in the head. There is a special short size .33 calibre cartridge made, which I have fired in a rifle and pistol with favorable results, but the bullets seemed to be too small for the barrels of other than the particular pistol it is intended for, and, of course, will not carry as far as it might.

In conclusion, I wish to say that if more persons favoring muzzle-loading rifles would load with round balls and slight charges in their breech-loaders, letting us know what are the results, there would be a change of opinion in those who admit the convenience of the breech-loader, but doubt its accuracy at short ranges.

COLIN.

TREEING VS. WING-SHOOTING.

ГЛАВНОЕ МЯСО, Vt., Dec. 31, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Now that the grouse have become so scarce that one can hardly get three shots in a ten hours' tramp, it is late in the day to learn how to shoot them, but I like "Iron Ramrod's" idea of shooting with both eyes shut. When one gets the hang of doing this successfully he may reasonably expect to become a fair wing shot on ruffed grouse even in such cover as they are often found in here, that is among low evergreens and thick white birch and poplar spruces, where half the time the bird will precede one of having bushes in view and the thick clatter of its flight through the maze of branches. If one could learn to shoot straight at the neck, and had a gun that would drive its charge of shot through fifteen or twenty yards of brush, he might decide to have a grouse do its most in such places. But for my part, with my lack of skill, I would rather have the grouse make it as easy for me as possible, and would not think him running what a life insurance agent would count any great risk at that.

Our wise forefathers have made it unlawful to use dogs in the hunting of grouse, making no discrimination between curs and cockers or setters and pointers, so in Vermont the law-abiding sportsman must find and flush his own birds, and the law-abiding pot-hunter must hunt his. Yes, most gentlemanly sportsmen, if shooting ruffed grouse sitting makes one a pot-hunter, such an anomaly as a law-abiding pot-hunter does exist. Without shame I confess myself such a one. I shoot ruffed grouse wherever I find them, on trees or on the ground, and blaze away at them on the wing, and they give me a chance sometimes getting them offener too. But though I had carried a gun more years before there was any law for their protection in Vermont than I shall again this side the happy hunting grounds, I never yet shot one out of season, nor did I ever kill any game bird, animal or fish at any time or in any manner prohibited by the laws of the land. But for all that I suppose I am a pot-hunter. It is time some one arose to explain the inconsistencies of sporting rules; to tell us why it is more sportsmanlike to shoot into a hole at ducks sitting on the water than to single grouse on a tree. Why it is legitimate sport to shoot a deer or a hare before

hounds, and an outrageous act to kill a fox under like circumstances. Why ducks and snipe may be shot in spring and other game not, just because some of the ducks and snipe do not happen to breed among us. Why it is a mainly and noble spirit to crust-hunt a moose, and not, as it is certainly not to crust-hunt a deer, and why it is fair to call a moose and not fair to call a wild turkey, or fair to fool a fish with a feathery semblance of a fly, and unfair to fool him with a bit of metal that to him seems a minnow, and so on and so on, almost without end. As L. I. P. says, "give us more light." I like his and M. P. McKoon's manly letters in the last FOREST AND STREAM. In my opinion all the difference in practices of those writers and those who kill their ten-out-of-six grouse on the wing, and like to have them go in the worst pieces, is that the first tell just what they do, and the others—well, if they ever do find themselves and "murder" a treed grouse, he can't tell of it, and they don't.

R. E. ROBINSON.

CAPERCAILLIE FOR AMERICA.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1881.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Several years ago I suggested, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, the experiment of introducing the Capercaillie into our Michigan and Maine pineries, where I believe it would thrive and multiply largely, as it is a much harder bird than our native wild turkey and much slyer. Our Canadian cousins are likely to take the initiative in so laudable an effort, as the following extract from the Quebec Chronicle shows:

"An application was made at the last monthly meeting of the Literary and Historical Society, by Mr. Adam Waters, on behalf of a Scotch taxidermist, to exchange the duplicate bird skins belonging to the Society for fine specimens of the Scotch game, such as Scotch grouse and partridge, black cock, pheasants, capercaillie, etc. The Society had much pleasure in giving its fullest concurrence to a movement calculated to still enlarge the collections in its rooms. Though the museum of the Society was twice destroyed by fire, it has attained such dimensions as to render it very valuable for the study and identification of species. It is to be hoped measures will soon be taken to increase its locale so as to be in a position to exhibit the large denizens of Canadian forests. The moose, caribou, wapiti, red deer, long-tailed deer, etc., would make a splendid group. Mr. Waters made a further request that the Society should obtain its countenance and help in the likely to be a rich and successful introduction of the capercaillie in our Northern pine forests. The capercaillie is a large and beautiful game bird of the size of a turkey. It is found in the Northern portions of the European Continent, flourishes even in the intense cold of Siberia, where Mr. Waters stated it was observed and noted by our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Rowan. It existed of yore in Scotland, and was some years back re-introduced by the Marquis of Breadalbane and Earl of Fife. It lives on spruce, larch, and fir, in winter—oaks and other insects in summer, and roots on the summit of the loftiest forest trees. If the capercaillie and Messine quail can be added to our fauna, it will indeed be a great achievement. Mr. Waters thought \$50 or \$60 would suffice to bring over a large number of capercaillie eggs in April next, to be hatched under the domestic turkey or placed in the nest of the Canadian grouse. The Society was appealed to as being interested in Natural History pursuits and asked to allow a subscription list to be deposited on its tables in order to raise the necessary funds for an experiment. We commend the success to our veteran sportsmen—Col. Ribbles, Charles Temple, Mr. Gregory, Messrs. Dobell, Becker, W. Joffrey, Col. D'Orsonnes and others."

Why not join forces with them and thus insure the success of the undertaking beyond a peradventure of doubt?

G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR.

DEER HUNTING IN ARKANSAS.

A DOUBLE.

LAST evening I shot a "spike" buck, at about seven 1/2 yards, with my 5-horn, 13 pound gun, charged with 8 hrs. of powder and 3 oz. of No. 3 buckshot. This gun is choked especially for buckshot, and shoots them closer than any gun I have ever seen. I can put an average of twenty-two No. 8 buckshot in a foot square at 40 yards. She shoots larger sizes in the same proportion, and when loaded as she was last night, she makes a fine fly. But as she was loaded for the brush at a lively mix. I saw he was hit very hard, but as it was getting dusk, and the White River bottom is not by any means a pleasant place to get lost in, and as the ground was strange to me, and I was a long way from camp, I concluded to let him go until morning. This morning I took his trail and found him about two hundred yards from where I shot him, hung him up, and concluded to "haze" a trail to a lake two miles away. I traveled along, marking the trees with my hatchet, and when within about four hundred yards of the lake, while going along without any care whatever, I saw three deer raise up in a patch of green briars to my left, about eighty yards away, and moved diagonally to my right behind a tree top. I sprang forward quickly and softly a few steps, expecting them to "lope" off in the direction they started, but I saw nothing of them. Stepping a few paces further, I saw four deer gazing at me. Two of them were near breast—a large doe and a yearling—about sixty yards away. I brought the old gun to bear on them so as to give each as much amount of lead. The yearling buck dropped in his tracks with a broken neck, and struck with several other shot. The doe started off with the others, but soon fell behind, and I knew she could not go far, but still went out of sight. I took her trail, and so on found her dead, not over one hundred yards from where she was shot. She had one shot square through the butt of her head, a shot through her buck just behind the shoulder, her left fore leg broken in three places and a shot through her neck. She was very fat, and the best I ever had, weighing 145 pounds after disemboweling.

This shows that the right kind of a shot-gun is deadly to deer, and that a deer can get over a good deal of ground carrying a big load of lead. The buck shot last evening had a thigh broken and four shot through the body—one of them through the lungs. He had lived quite a time after lying down. These incidents prove also how tame the deer are here, in these immense white river bottoms. The buck, last evening, I thought I might have shot as he stopped at the edge of a low brush eighty yards away, and would, diagonally about ten steps, so as to bring him in sight. When I shot, another

deer, that could not have been forty yards away, bounced off at the report of the gun. In both these instances I was walking down the wind. I think neither of the deer last evening knew anything of me until the report of the gun. At least the one I shot did not, for he had his head down eating when I shot. So far as I have observed, the deer in the White River bottoms, across the river from Arkansas county, are not so wild nor so hard to approach as the wild domestic hogs occupying the same ground. There are large tracts of heavy timber, and the best of deer ground over there that, perhaps, a human being does not pass over once a year.

Owing to the very mild winter so far, ducks and geese have not come down this far very plentifully yet, but they are now coming with a rush. January and February are the prime months for sport here.

Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas county, Ark., Dec. 20.

CARTRIDGE CARRIERS.

CARTRIDGE belts, vests and bags are the usual appliances employed in the field for the conveyance of cartridges, to say nothing of the ordinary pockets. Bags and pockets are, I think, the least satisfactory. Belts and vests with attachments for shells should be light, and when empty, should take up the least possible amount of space. Having experimented with most of the contrivances in the market, the writer has abandoned them in favor of a simple and inexpensive appliance that any one may make for himself. To make a cartridge vest, procure two or three dozen $\frac{1}{4}$ inch curtain rings at a cost of five cents a dozen and, with strong linen thread, sew them to the front of an old vest. These rings will take a 12 gauge paper shell, being large enough to permit the body of the shells to pass through, but not the rim. Of course, when the cartridge is removed for use, the ring falls flat against the vest and occupies a minimum of space. Thirty of these rings weigh about three-quarters of an ounce.

To make a cartridge belt, make or obtain a plain belt of suitable material and sew the rings to it, or perfectly attach them with shoe button fasteners. This arrangement fulfills the requirements of lightness, cheapness and minimum space when not in use, and to me has proved very satisfactory in the field. I inclose sample of ring and fastener used.

H. G. P.

RUST SPOTS IN GUN BARRELS.

CINCINNATI, O.

I wish to take one more turn at the wheel which has been at work of late trying to grind the rust spots out of gun barrels, and give the crank a gentle turn, for I respect the various experiences and opinions as presented in your columns. I have noticed very plainly that, while one sportsman could find nothing but coal oil that would keep his gun in desired condition, another was positive it would not do. There have tried neither medicine and have got wet with success, while there undoubtedly still remain a few whose experience would be directly to the contrary. Often have I gone to my tent after dark, tired and hungry, and before I would give any attention to satisfying my appetite, would get out my wiping rag, tow, rags, sperm oil and vaseline, and go to work; would rub ar derub and clean my gun and lay it away carefully, and then in the morning take a peep through the barrels and find a spot here and there, which I gave credit to not quite enough digestion the night before. Now, my way is to wipe off the outside and oil properly; break the gun and oil breech piece, plungers, and, in fact, clean the outside, but do not touch the inside of the barrels, and I am positive that my gun is in as good condition today as it was when I first tried the experiment.

The information that I obtained from an old Californian (as per FOREST AND STREAM, Oct. 20, 1881) was from Col. Horace Park, a resident gunsmith of this city, with whom I am well acquainted and know to be a man with great experience and a superior hand. Herewith a very interesting letter, which he has kindly written at my request, and I hope it will be of benefit to brother sportsmen.

FRANK N. BEUBE.

COLUMBUS, O.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Gun barrels made of clean, refined, homogeneous iron will not get the "measles." My theory, from observation, is that the finer the grade of barrels, as our manufacturers grade them, the more they are to "sweat," as I call it. Take the Cheik-Damascus barrels (so-called), that is, the barrels with the fine, beautiful, curly figure. In the manufacture of such barrel the maker must use great care in welding—that is, nurse it carefully with the hammer so as to preserve the curl regular. As a result, the iron is not so close grained as it would be if spalked down right hard with the hammer, without reference to the shape of the figure, as in the common barrel. Of course all understand that the different figures and colors in gun barrels are made by a mixture of steel and iron, or different kinds of iron. In case of steel and iron being used, the iron—being softer—will rust easier, leaving the steel brighter, clearly showing the figure of the barrels. If nursed too much in welding, the figures will not be so perfect; but in case of steel twist, or any irregular twist made of small scrap iron and steel, such as needles, fish-hooks, nails and screws, the forgots are put under a heavy hammer, and so thoroughly incorporated as to almost make the iron of one nature and texture. Gun barrels made in this way will not spot under ordinary care. The discoverer of this, the various correspondents that the finer the barrel and the more the care, the more they spot. I believe that conclusion is almost an axiom; but some of your correspondents, on their dignity, appeal to "common sense" to prove such is not the case. If a farmer would daub his plow with a mixture of common blasting powder and water he could leave his plow in the fence or under with no fear of their rusting. The real cause of spots in gun barrels are various.

I believe, with one of your correspondents, that the grades of powder, that are called the best have more or less to do with it. The cheaper grades of powder, in our days of adulteration, have incorporated in them more or less soda in some shape. In blasting powder, soda is used altogether instead of nitre; and soda is known to be one of the best rust preventives we have. Any machinist who has ever used a solution of sal-soda for drilling, or as a drop on the tool when turning shafting, knows the same will not rust even if allowed to lie about the shop or yard for a month or two. The ordinary sal-soda is, of course, the higher to the one of your correspondents chaps, and I believe to be the lower grade of powder and found a cure for the rust business.

I believe, in all business, results are what men are after. I have used, in comparison, the very best grades of powder, from C. & H. down, and have found by actual experience that just as good results are obtained from the lower grades of our best powder crackers.

I am a Californian; referred to by Mr. Beebe, and the fact referred to, that carrying your gun after shooting without cleaning until the gun is to be used again would preserve the inside in good condition, was first brought to my attention in California at Lawson's Meadow, on the head waters of the North Fork of Feather River, where I was prospecting. In going to the meadows I found the slough and bayous literally covered with ducks of all kinds. With my rifle I could make poor headway with the ducks. I went to Mr. Knight (who was running a ferry and the only man living in the meadows at the time) and asked if he had a shot gun. He had not; but thought there was in his woodshed an old army musket that some 49er had left there. He did not know what condition it was in, as he had not seen it for several years. This was in 1856. We went in search of it, and finally found the old musket buried in chips and dirt. I, being a mechanic and iron-worker, took off the lock and with a little repairs found that it would work, but it was badly eaten with rust. The outside of the barrels was coated with rust and the stock nearly rotted off. I took off the barrel and with a hammer and iron wedge succeeded in getting the breech pin out; it took but a moment to wash out the gun, and, to my astonishment, with the exception of two or three inches of the muzzle-end, the polish was as perfect as on the day the gun left the U. S. Arsenal. The gun had been banged about, without cleaning, for four or five years. The perfect condition of the inside of this musket led me to the conclusion that the proper thing to do was to leave a gun, after shooting, without cleaning—a practice which I have followed ever since and never have had any trouble with rust nor do my barrels ever lead.

Another sure test that a gun will not rust if left after shooting, was furnished at the Licking Company reservoir near here, last winter. "Johnnie Webb" as he is familiarly known, an old and expert hunter who lives at the reservoir, was out shooting, a year ago last fall; and by some mishap he capsized his boat and lost his gun, a Parker fine twist. He did not find the gun until late this summer after the water was very low. The gun lay in the water and mud over six months. The outside of the barrel was rusty and rotten away until it resembled an old rusty file, but the inside after being wiped out was bright as the day it was lost in the water. I overhauled this gun myself, so I know.

There is no preparation that I know of that would have as well preserved the gun as the burnt powder did, and it confirmed my experience that it is safe to put away your gun without cleaning the inside; the outside must be looked after. One of the best ways to prevent rust on the outside, is to take a piece of heavy chamois skin and rub into it well some mercurial ointment; wipe off your gun properly and carefully, and you will have no trouble with the outside.

Now, for the benefit of those very nice men who say to leave your gun without cleaning after shooting, is a very shiftless, slovenly way of doing things, I will say that if some ingenious man would get up a preparation of the residue of burnt powder, put it up in very small bottles, and labeled in gilt letters, some outlandish name, ending with "rust preventive," these men would buy it at the rate of fifty cents per bottle, and go to the trouble of wiping out their guns with it, and swear it was perfection.

No man, using a medium grade of powder, will ever have any regret for putting his gun away without cleaning the inside if he will try the experiment.

Will some one, familiar with the manufacture of powder, give some items through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, as to whether the best grades are strictly nitre, saltpetre and charcoal, and whether the lower grades contain soda in any form; if by using soda gun barrels will be better protected from "scabbing." I think it would be well to know it. These discussions are valuable; let the good work go on.

CALIFURNIAN.

FLATBUSH, L. I.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the last twenty odd years I have handled a number of muzzle loaders and breech-loaders. It is with pride and pleasure that I can claim that I have yet to record my first trouble with the rust. But I always give first-class care to my guns. During the muzzle-loading regime, often after a light day's work, when I had fired my gun only four or five times and intended shooting the next day, I have laid the gun aside after carefully wiping off the outside, and inside as far as the load, with moderately greased rags, and have repeated this for a week or two, as this was in dry mountain air—and never experienced any bad results. The reason I write so positively is that, even against the gunsmith's instructions, I would insist on having him once a year, in my presence, remove the breech pins, and the barrels were given a careful examination by myself and gunsmith. Since the adoption of the breech-loader, in consequence of its manifest and vast superiority, I can at my pleasure look through the tubes. I have made the following rule: Immediately on my return from a shooting trip I feed my dog before he becomes stiff from the breech-loader, where it is so easily taken, there is no excuse for delay. My method is this: I take a rag soaked with common kerosene, pump out the barrels well, and leave all the oil in the barrels I can; I put something down to protect the floor and stand my gun muzzle down ward until after supper, when I take up my gun again and swab it out with a dry, clean rag. Then I look through the tubes at a strong light and, if perfectly clean, put in a rag greased with the best winter-strained sperm oil. Then I rub the gun carefully over with a greased cloth and scrub the iron furniture, especially that which is engraved, with a stiff toothbrush soaked in sperm oil; oil the stock well and place away in the driest spot in the house—alongside the kitchen chimney is a first-class place, as it is always warm and dry summer and winter. If this plan is closely followed I don't think you will have any more complaints from this plague than the writer.

BLACK NED.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I now use the following method and have no trouble. First with a bit of new flannel, jampaned, loosen the dirt and wipe clean. After the pieces of rag are longer soiled, wipe with a piece of dry cloth, then rub thoroughly with one of the ordinary waxes at swabs, filled with either pure sperm oil or what is perhaps better, petroleum butter, or cosmo-line. Finally, put some mercurial ointment on another wool swab

and give the barrels a heavy coating inside. In a week or so, remove the coating and put in fresh. Your gun will; ow keep without rusting indefinitely.

I have tried putting away my gun with the dirt in the barrels, and it works well, sometimes; but since I never ruined my new Col. in that way, I have quit. In my opinion, the rust is largely induced by the powder dirt, apart from the moisture, and there is undoubtedly a great difference in powder in this respect. I have used several brands since adopting this method and now have no trouble.

Although the above looks rather formidable, it rarely takes over ten minutes to clean my gun. The object is to get the gun perfectly clean and to mix no dirt with the oil left in the barrels. I am assured by a friend who has used the above method for many rust except years, that he never had a gun from neglect.—C. E.

FLORIDA SHOOTING AND FISHING.

PALATKA, Florida, Jan. 4, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have not written you for a long time; have just located here for the winter. Palatka is a very pretty place, almost all orange grove, sixty miles above Gainesville, 2 1/2 south, good hotels, no better in the State, and good boarding-houses. A new railroad, called Florida Southern, has just been opened nearly a hundred miles, and all through a new country full of game and fish, making it a real sportsman's paradise. The road now runs down nearly to Ocala and across to Gainesville. I have been over the road twice. The country is full of ponds and lakes filled with ducks, waders and fish. The birds rise in clouds as the ears go along. Just the place for collectors and naturalists as well as sportsmen. One place we pass called Pat's Prairie, only a few years ago was a nice, dry farming land, covered with cattle and crops. It was drained by what is called a sink-hole. That filled up and the prairie turned into a lake nearly twenty miles long, and six miles wide, water now over the telegraph poles, now a great feeding-place for water birds of all kinds. Orange Lake near the road was swarming with birds, and no end to the fish, and if I should write you the size of the haek bass the colored men has to sell, you would say it was a fish story.

I have bought a season-ticket to go out on the road at any time or place, good until May 1, for only fifteen dollars. Cars run twice a day to Gainesville, once down toward Ocala. Take the morning-train out, and back on the evening train gives a good day's shooting and fishing. No good stopping-places on the road, unless you go to Gainesville or Ocala. A small light-boat or canoe for the ponds would be useful. Quail are very plenty, but a good dog would be required.

GEORGE A. BOARDMAN.

THE GAME AND TRESPASS LAWS—Sutton, Mass., Dec. 28.—

The Auburn Grauge, Patrons of Husbandry, of Auburn, and the Millbury and Sutton Farmer's Clubs, of Millbury and Sutton, held a joint meeting here to-day. Hon. H. L. Bacon, of Millbury, presided. One subject discussed was the Game and Trespass Laws—Are They All That the Interests of the Farmers Requires?" Mr. S. Paysou Perry, of Auburn, in a paper which he read, took the ground that the present law was enacted through the influence of sportsmen. At certain times of the year the farmer cannot kill game on his own land without being liable to a fine of \$20 and costs. He claimed that the object of the game laws was not for the protection of the society but the selfish interests of sportsmen. Hon. James M. Cook, of Sutton, a member of the State in 1870, did not agree with Mr. Perry. He was in favor of a law which prevented the killing of game at the time of breeding, and even farmers should not have the right to kill them at that time, even on their own land. He took the ground that the present law was as much for the interest of the farmer as for the sportsman. Rev. Hiram A. Tresey, of Sutton, referred to the laws of England, where the farmer in many instances received damages from the sportsman who robs over their farms. He was in favor of the farmers standing up for their rights; make the law for sportsmen weaker and the trespass law stronger. Mr. John McClellon of Grafton, denounced the present law; it was all wrong. Sportsmen, as they were called, had been on his land, torn down a rod of stone wall for a rabbit. They had also cut down valuable trees to get squirrels. Down in his own town, he said, so though the sportsman did not care what they did, to secure the game. The discussion ended at the noon recess.—C.

MARSHALL'S CREEK, Monroe county, Pa.—Our prospects are very good in regard to the Marshall's Creek Sportsmen's and Shooting Club. Several gentlemen from different parts of the county have showed their willingness to become members by sending their names. The members propose organizing early in January to make arrangements for a supply of quail to liberate on our preserve, as quail are the only game that has been scarce this season on our club grounds. I would take charge of the first consignment of quail and care for them.—E. D. HUFFMAN.

MEDINA, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.—A party of four from this vicinity have just returned from Chesapeake Bay duck hunting; they report moderate success. A white owl was brought in; our taxidermist to be mounted, a week ago. It was a beautiful female specimen, shot fourteen miles northwest of this place, near Lake Ontario. Grouse and woodcock shooting has been very poor in this locality this fall. Black and gray squirrels have been moderately plenty. The writer and a friend went to the swamp, hunting pigeons last October. Thirty were bagged in a few hours, more wild pigeons than have been brought into town in several years.—SAL NITZER.

AN AMERICAN SHOOTING GROUNDS IN SCOTLAND—I learn from Baltimore that Mr. W. L. Winans of that city has taken the extensive farm of Koekein, on the Chisholm estate, and almost the whole estate of Kintal belonging to Mr. J. T. Mackenzie, of Glenmuick, Scotland. These grounds are all now under sheep, but Mr. Winans will convert them into a deer forest. Mr. Winans's shooting grounds now extend from the west to the west coast in a straight line. The length is sixty miles. He is having plans prepared for an extensive shooting lodge, which, it is said, will be one of the largest and most handsome in Scotland. Truly, our countrymen cannot be outdone when abroad.

Homo.

THE LEHIGH VALLEY.—A friend writes of his last shoot of the season in the Lehigh Valley, Pa. "We closed the season yesterday with a nice bag of birds, five pheasants and about twice the number of quail. There are some birds left over where we were, and if there are no deep and continued snows we may look for good shooting next year. If the snows come we have made arrangements to have the quail trapped and housed. The pheasants can take care of themselves, and there are lots of them. The winter has been so open they have just come down off the mountains into their winter quarters since the late rain and cold snap of last week. We never followed covcys when they went into the woods, and that they invariably did on first flight. Vixen is looking well, and, I think, will come out all right." I have taken to pointers lately, and "Vixen" is a jewel. Nobody shall hear a word more of her until she is ready for the field, and then I wish to show her work.—HOMO.

A SOUTHERN EXCURSION.—Messrs. Leve and Alden, 207 Broadway, New York, announce a personally conducted Southern tour, from January 23 to March 25, 1882, visiting most of the prominent southern cities and winter resorts. Nassau, P. Matanzas, Cuba, Cayes of Bellama and Yumuri Valley, Havana and surrounding country, Vera Cruz, Mexico City, New Orleans, the Mississippi River, Vicksburg, Memphis, St. Louis, and many other places of interest, returning thence by rail to New York, comprising sixty-one days of first-class traveling, including palace cars, hotels, carriage rides, fees for passports, etc., for \$450. An interesting pamphlet containing full particulars of the trip may be obtained by mailing a postal card to the above address.

A WHOLESOME FIRE-ARM LAW—Philadelphia, Miss., Dec. 8, 1881.—Our State has a law to prevent the careless handling of fire-arms, which I think is a step in the right direction. According to this law any person who shall intentionally point or aim any gun, pistol or fire-arm, at or toward another, except in self-defense, or in the lawful discharge of official duty, shall be punished by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars or imprisonment in the county jail not longer than six months, or by both. If the gun should be discharged while pointing it in this manner the fine and imprisonment is doubled, and if the person aimed at shall be maimed, killed or injured, the person pointing or aiming the fire-arm shall be punished by imprisonment in the penitentiary not exceeding five years. This law reaches the "thought-it-wasn't-loaded" class.—FOREST FIELD.

MARSHBUSHES COAST SHOOTING.—Lynn, Mass., Dec. 27, 1881.—No gunning here just now to amount to anything. Thomas Stanley, of Swamscott, has shot 425 coots this season, and is not done yet. The best day's work was put in by Harry Proctor, he getting thirty-eight coots in thirty shots. J. Porter Thomas, one of the most successful gunners alongshore, has not been out but twice this season; "too much shot in the air to be perfectly comfortable" is his reason; and on a good morning when the birds are here there is a fusillade. I should think they would drop dead from fright. The most of us have set aside our guns, waiting for summer and the shore birds, and in the meantime to read and enjoy our numbers of FOREST AND STREAM.—T. M. S.

CAZENOVIANI IN FLORIDA.—Cazenovia, N. Y., Dec. 31.—Will THOMAS, George Atwell, Seymour Brown and George Brown are camped a quarter of a mile from Titusville, Florida, awaiting the arrival of Mr. M. E. Card, who leaves this place next Thursday to join them there. They intend to build a boat and to do the Indian River country. Mr. Card has been there before, and the boys are anticipating fine sport with him for guide. They write home even now some good-sized stories about fishing and hunting. It makes one a little uneasy to think about the fun they will have.—HAMBLETT.

CHAS. A. PEOCKE.—The "Chas. A. Peocke" who wrote the letter referring to the Gunpowder Bridge duck shooting, in our issue of Dec. 8, 1881, was not the "Chas. A. Peocke" whose letter on the same topic appeared in our issue of Dec. 22. The person in question is the first writer by virtue of his profession, and his claim to it cannot be out-claimed by another, as the ducks at Gunpowder appear to have been.

THE REMINGTON ARMS are among the most approved patterns and grades of rifle and shot-guns. The firm manufactures a great variety of long range target and game rifles, and shot-guns to suit varied tastes. The name of Remington is one which has gained a high honorable place among American manufacturers; and their goods are first-class.

TORONTO, Canada, Dec. 31.—Several gentlemen in the Bay of Quinte interested in sporting matters have formed a club to be known as the "Bay of Quinte Sportsman's Club." Messrs. G. M. King, P. J. M. Anderson, R. J. Bell and D. R. Leavens were appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws.

ILLINOIS—SAYABRA, Dec., 1881.—Duck shooting has been unusually good this fall, bags of twenty and sixty to one gun have been the usual average; as high as 150 to one gun have been made for one day. Snipe have been scarce, owing to the high water overflowing the low ground. Winter mild. No ice in the river.—S.

CALIFORNIA.—The Sportsman's Club of California offers a reward of \$50 for the arrest and conviction of any person engaged in violating any portion of the game laws of the State of California, applying to game fish and game birds. No reward shall be paid unless the fine imposed shall be at least \$50, or the imprisonment at least thirty days.

ILLINOIS—Charleston, Dec. 29, 1881.—On the 27th inst. five business me of this city and one farmer left for Bay Bridge, Arkansas, for one or two months' hunt. They were C. Swarts, B. Hazelton, A. N. Bain, James Skidmore, Daniel H. Calvert and Jacob Linder.—J. B. D.

SHERBROOK, Canada.—We have read the articles on "Gun Mosaics" with some interest, but what we are looking for is something that will keep a gun in good condition in camp, where it may lie all night in the rain. Blue ointment is our favorite protector.—CANADA.

THE NEW JERSEY SHERTZENS CORPS, Capt. A. B. Hardekopf, will have their nineteenth annual ball on Jan. 18, 1882, at Odd Fellows' Hall, Hoboken.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

FRESH WATER.

Pickering, *Esox reticulatus*. Yellow Perch, *Perca flavescens*. Pike or Pickerel, *Esox lucius*. Warmouth, *Chromis virgatus*. Pike-perch (wall-eyed), *Pike*. Crappie, *Pomoxis nigromaculatus*. *Silozetich americanus*, etc. Bassholer, *Pomoxis annularis*.

SALT WATER.

Snelt, *Osmorus mordax*. White Perch, *Morone americana*. Striped Bass or Rockfish, *Morone*. Pollock, *Poliachius carbonarius*. *linetaus*.

Carga, dice and tables pick thy purse, Drinking and drabbing bring a curse; Hawking and hunting spend thy ehnik, Bowling and shooting cost in drink. The fighting-cock and the horse race Will stink a good estate apace. Angling dith bodies exercise, And maketh souls holy and wise By blessed thoughts and meditation. This, this is angling, the best of health, profit, pleasure mixt together, All sports to this not worth a feather.

NAPOLN NOTTOLÉ, in *Darlers' Delight*, 1655.

NIGHT FISHING ONCE MORE.

AN attractive feature of FOREST AND STREAM to me is the conversation which runs through its columns upon topics which do not relate to the rapacity of landlords, or the knavery of guides, or the rejoinders and counter-charges of the parties concerned. One of these topics is night fishing, lately discussed. By some of the editors the feeding of fish after dark with hook and line seems to be thought a dis-courtesy. Assuming that others of your readers besides myself like these secular "experience meetings," I will tell a part of what I know of night fishing.

When a boy of ten—*eh! fugues!*—now a quarter of a century gone—my summer days were spent at a farm in Cape May county, New Jersey. In front of the house, and across the main road which formed the dam, lay a large mill pond. The country is nearly flat, and the ponds in that region are formed by making a low dam across a cedar swamp. The water is thus backed over a large tract, and makes a broad, shallow pond, furnishing water power sufficient to drive a small saw-mill three-fourths of the year. After the newly-made pond has reached a head, the best of the cedar and swamp timber is cut off four or five feet above the water, leaving the stumps standing high and thickly over the whole surface. Here and there are clumps of cedar bushes growing greenly out of the water, and shadowing dark pools where lean and hungry pike lurk to snatch fiercely the chance of pork abandoned over the surface by the urchin who has secured the saw-mill saw, the only boat. Pike and catfish are the only fish abundant.

The daylight was not long enough for me in those days. Every evening after supper, and at the end of a long day's pursuit of pike, I, equipped with a short line with a cedar pole tied to one end, and a square piece of pork to the other, would meet the village boys on the dam, and, standing close together, we would begin an hour's "catlin"; as they called it.

The first operation was to call the fish. This we accomplished (or thought we did) by throwing him in air, a riddle which, falling vertically, would "chug" into the water with a noise similar to the rise of a catfish. We would then throw in our lines, and when a pul was felt, by a dexterous jerk throw the fish upon the bank, the bait leaving his mouth as he passed through the air. I tried, at the first, using a hook, but found that the greater part of my time was passed in very unpleasant surgery upon the slimy vermin. That summer ended "catlin"; and with it my first experience of night fishing. There is another and more profitable kind which furnishes the best sport piscatorial to be found in this region during the month of June.

Any one who has passed over Delaware Bay will recollect Ship John Lighthouse, which rises like a gigantic black rocket-head, or top of a campanile, sheer out of the centre of the bay, about midway between Bombay Hook, in Delaware, and Ben Davis' Beach, in New Jersey. Upon the latter beach is a comfortable hotel, or excursion house, called "Sea Breeze," distant an hour and a quarter's drive from Bridgeton. In early June, and a month before the weak fish, or sea trout, begin to take bait on the oyster beds in the lower bay, they bite ravenously at times, during the day time, at Ship John Light, but the night fishing is almost invariably good during pleasant weather. At that season I sometimes drive down to Sea Breeze toward evening, and after supper, with a party of friends, pass over, in the comfortable sail boat belonging to the hotel, the five miles' sail to Ship John, tie to the iron cylinder, and fish until midnight.

At this part of the Delaware the tide runs with great speed and power, and the eddy formed by the lighthouse furnishes a harbor and resting place for the trout, and, it may be, a refuge from the porpoises which abound in the channels on either side. At all events, the eddy is at times swarming with these beautiful lilac-sided trout, which are of much larger size than those caught later in the season. The fishing is good only during the months of June and September at Ship John. During favorable weather the fish bite very rapidly. Upon some nights small trout are taken, but usually they run not less than two nor more than four pounds. Moonlight or darkness seems to make little difference, although the former, of course, is more agreeable to the fisher. The best fishing, both for size and numbers, is when the schools are swimming at the surface and the bait is allowed to float.

The huge sombre lighthouse, with its crimson eye glowing angrily above; the great, shadowy forms of the ships steaming or sailing in the channel close by, and the sounds, too, weird and merry both; the rush of the tide around the immense cylinder to which our boat is moored; the impatient sigh of the porpoise; the steady grating burr-r of the fish beneath the surface; and last and pleasantest, the joyful screams of the ladies of our party, as fish after fish, and simultaneous fishes, are pulled struggling into the boat, make an experience which shows that night fishing, if it does not rise to the dignity of sport, is truly an amusement.

F. S. J. C.

ANOTHER TALE OF AN ALBATROSS.

IN a late number of FOREST AND STREAM is an account of the capture, with hook and line, of an albatross, of which the dimensions were 7 ft. 8 in., or 8 ft. 7 in., from tip to tip, which the writer thinks of average size. This was off Cape Horn.

In July, 1836, while off the Cape of Good Hope, returning from China, these birds being abundant about the ship, I captured one with hook and line which measured 10 ft. 6 in. from tip to tip of the wings, and I saw many of larger size, perhaps from 12 to 15 feet.

To haul in a bird as large as a swan, with ten feet expanse of wings, is a very precarious—was too much for me, and, finding I was more likely to go overboard than the bird to come aboard, I called for help, and we turned the albatross loose on deck. On account of its great stretch of wing the bird cannot rise from a plain surface, and when it takes to flight has to start from the top of a wave. So it was safe on deck, where it remained, sullen and savage, snapping with its strong hooked bill at all who came near.

Our colored steward had brought with him from Batavia two of the large Javanese game cocks, which stand two feet high and are very pugnacious. One of them had killed the other a few days before, and there was nothing on board for the survivor to fight with. So John turned it out of its coop, and it attacked the albatross on sight—perhaps the first instance of a battle between birds of such different climes, habits and species.

The albatross, squatting on the deck like a great goose, took no notice of the cock at first—perhaps did not understand what he was after—but when it received two or three digs with the spur it slowly raised itself to its feet, darted out its long neck, and seizing its antagonist with its beak, proceeded to devour it, and it which would have done had not John come to the rescue. As it was, the game cock retreated, with his comb out, and quite crestfallen. The next day the Captain ordered the albatross to be made into sea-pie: it was rather tough and fishy, but served as a change from salt beef, and the crew, not being familiar with Cole-ridge, enjoyed the dish.

We also caught in the same way a small species of gull called the Cape pigeon, and the stormy petrel, or Mober Carey's chicken. At that time canned provisions had not been added to sea stores, the pigs and poultry were soon exhausted, and we were glad to eat anything unskilled. People on shore may inquire: "Why not catch fish?" being ignorant that in mid-ocean there is a desert barren of all life, and that anywhere off soundings few fish are to be found.

Diomedea exulans can hardly be called a game bird, though it made game of our game cock—nor can it be hunted among the game fishes, though fishy—and taken with hook and line. S. C. C.

GAME FISH.

IN the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for October 27, 1881, I was pleased to see, under the caption of "Sea and River Fishing," a quotation from the writings of Mr. Hallock on the above subject, and considered them very timely.

The fish there described should belong solely to the pot-fishers who so wontonly use the sportsman's privilege and privilege to kill good fish and bad indiscriminately, and sadly deplete the waters that have been stocked by the State or private enterprise, and who do not deserve the name of anglers.

It would be well if such fishermen—if men they can be called—could be confined to the dark and sluggish waters where catfish and other ignoble fishes abide, and there, and only there, made to disport themselves at will, leaving the clear streams and bright waters for the true brothers of the angler.

There is no denying the fact that the preservation of good fishing waters and the re-stocking of others will henceforth receive the close attention of legislative bodies and of angling clubs, and all interested in the "gentle art" should be alive to their interests, now that the law-makers—and, in too many cases, law-marrers—of several States are about to convene.

Fine fish and fine tackle make fine sport, and how best to secure all three should be the present problem of all sportsmen. Although shooting and fishing are so unlike, they have much in common, and their devotees should be close allies and ever ready to help each other in the preservation of game and in the keeping of their several crafts above reproach. Every sportsman is, in a certain sense, a Chevalier Bayard, and should eschew all ignoble ways and means as well as all abuses of their rights and privileges.

Every angler, shooter and huntsman, I am sure, will be glad that they have such a helper as the FOREST AND STREAM, and to make the paper of wide interest and benefit all should strive. Personal incidents and adventures in field and by water should be sent to its columns, that all and many may share a pleasure once enjoyed by the takers of an "outing."

Wishing all sportsmen a happy New Year, I may follow the above suggestions and write more anon. O. W. R.

SCIENCE AT THE BERLIN FISHERY EXHIBITION.

NUMBER FIVE of the official report on the International Fishery Exhibition in 1880 is before us. This is the last of the series, which when bound will form an attractive and instructive volume.

The report opens with a consideration of instruments for investigating the waters, those of the Royal German Admiralty coming first. Plummet for shallow and deep-sea sounding of various patterns and most complicated forms, which would puzzle a landsman to even guess what such intricate machinery might be used for; thermometers for deep sea, surface, hot springs, etc.; apparatus for bringing up water or specimens of the bottom; ground nets; stream gauges for surface and bottom, appear in great variety. These are followed by implements from the scientific observation station at Kiel, where devices for obtaining the specific gravity of waters and more deep-sea thermometers are shown. Carl Bamberg, of Berlin, showed several implements: and the hauling for a compass is illustrated. P. Dorffel, Berlin, showed an aneroid for specific gravity and a plummet.

A stream gauge from M. J. Arrivison, Stockholm, and implements for deep sea-sounding and searching the bottom,

*Antliche Berichte über die Internationale Fischerei-Ausstellung zu Berlin 1880. [ed. of the society.] V. Wissenschaftliche Anstalten [von J. L. Assmus; E. Friedländer; Dr. O. Hermann; Dr. F. Heide; Dr. G. H. Müller; Dr. H. Thomsen; Dr. H. W. W. Müller; in den text gedruckt] Holschmid. — Berlin: Verlag von Paul Parey, 1881.

together with similar exhibits by Eisner David, completed the Swedish exhibit. In the Netherlands exhibits were nets for the capture of small life near the surface or beneath it; ground drags and oyster catchers.

In the display of the United States we notice that the Coast Survey made a creditable exhibition. Sigbee's apparatus for deep-sea sounding is figured and described as one that saves time and labor. It appears to be a complicated machine to the uninitiated and two full-page views of it are given. Sigbee's apparatus for bringing up specimens of water is figured. Dredges, oyster-swabs and "tangles," and similar implements, together with Prof. Hillgard's apparatus for determining the specific gravity of the water, receive commendation.

Under the head of Meteorological and Signal Apparatus appear implements from the lighthouse at Hamburg; John Holmes, Regent's Park, London; the Meteorological Council, London; and Otto Bohne, Berlin. Reflecting instruments, compasses, balancas, ships' glasses, etc., were represented by E. Spruener, Berlin; G. Heckelmann, Hamburg; A. Oerling, Berlin; H. Haecke, Berlin; J. Wancuffch, Berlin; L. Reimann, Berlin; Voigtlander & Soa, Vienna and Braunschweig; Picht, Bros., Rittenow; A. Meissner, Berlin; and T. Wegener, Berlin. Many useful and curious implements appeared in this collection. The display of microscopes was also interesting and the report on them is well made up.

The history of the fisheries occupies considerable space and includes that of many nations. It descends at the ages of stone, bronze and iron, those of Germany receiving much attention. The ancient hooks of Switzerland are illustrated and their history is the most interesting of all. No mention of the fine collection of Esquimo and Alaskan wooden and bone hooks, which appeared in the Smithsonian collection, is made.

Chemical and physical experiments follow, and include analyses of water, the flesh (of fish of fat and lean kinds), sea fish, etc., and of many nations. The biological investigations continue the above analyses in comparison with beef, the development of the herring, by A. W. Malm, Director of the Museum of Nat. Hist., Gothenburg; the eel, by Dr. Hermes, model of the zoological station at Naples. Notice of the large chart by Professor Goode, of the U. S. Fish Commission, showing the distribution of the important coast fishes of the United States. Statistics then precede an article on the injury to fish from infected sewers, with analytical specimens.

The transportation of live fish is, in Germany, not entirely a fish-cultural question, as in America. Fish of fresh waters are taken to market and sold alive, hence the separation of the question of their transportation from the fish-cultural department. The firm of Busse & Co., Berlin, have a steamer with a well in it to bring live fishes from the coast of Sweden and Denmark to Stettin. Mr. Schuster, Freiburg, showed a cask with air-pump for transporting fry. Dr. Hermes, of the Berlin Aquarium, exhibited a large apparatus, consisting of one great tank, which overflowed into a small one in the rear, from which the water was pumped into a third tank standing on the two lower ones, from whence it flowed again into the first.

Botany of the waters is followed by an account of the amber fisheries, which we missed from former reports. A good description of the amber industry and the elegant display at Berlin will be found in FOREST AND STREAM of June 3, 1890, from our staff correspondent at the Exhibition. The literature of the fisheries of the different nations is referred to by the titles and dates of the works and includes general zoology, the lower animals, fishes, aquatic mammals, fishery products, packing, etc., the in-land fisheries and pond building, sea fishes in general, descriptions of implements, oyster and lobster fisheries, angling and fly fishing, culture of water animals and the literature of scientific explorations relating to the waters, history of fisheries, biography and catalogues. So extensive was this literature that the more titles cover forty pages with double columns. The history of the Berlin Fishery Exhibition is a history of the fisheries of the world from pre-historic man down to the year 1890.

MORE GAME PROTECTORS NEEDED.

Dec. 24, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As our Legislature will soon convene it is not improvable the usual number of changes and amendments to our game laws will be presented for consideration; and, therefore, it seems a suitable time now to protest against any such action, except possibly to make penalties larger and punishment more certain for infringement.

The laws are now sufficiently plain and guarded to accomplish their designs if they be enforced, but by whom they will be enforced is the unsolved problem, and the one thing lacking to preserve and protect game and fish, not for amateurs alone, but for the many, the laboring class, who have neither time to spare, nor money to spend, in going from their homes for recreation or pleasure.

To accomplish this and to make the laws something more than dead letters, I would suggest, instead of using the annual appropriation made for the propagation and distribution of fish, that the sum be used in securing the services of thirty State Game Protectors, at a salary of \$250 each, to be located in such counties as naturally would most need their services, and the selection of these men be made by local protective clubs, and the appointments made by the Governor.

It seems to me, with such a number of men distributed over the State, and acting under the advice and surveillance of local clubs, having a direct interest in protection of game and fish in their immediate vicinity, there would be an effective work done that has never before been accomplished, and a result attained that would meet with general satisfaction and approval.

It is simply absurd to make annual appropriations for hatching and distributing fish, only to have them, in fact, when grown to maturity, illegally caught, as they now are, and will continue to be, unless laws protecting them be stringently enforced.

There is no chance for an argument about this. The depletion of waters by many portions of the State, and the disappearance or scarcity of game are incontrovertible evidence that laws are of no consequence in the eyes of poachers and marketmen. They must be made to respect and obey these laws. Therefore, let us this year have the appropriation for the thirty game protectors.

STRAUBER.

SALMON AS PICKER POOD.—A pickerel (*Esox*) was recently taken in Lake Auburn, Maine, which had several salmon in

its stomach. The latter were of three inches in length. The fishermen about there think that a pickerel fed upon salmon ought to be finely flavored.

ANOTHER ROUTE TO TIM POND.—New Britain Conn.—There is another good route which I have before spoken of. Leave the railroad at North Anson and proceed by stage or private team through North Newportland and Dead River and Flagstaff to the Smith farm. The scenery is grand. There are good pickerel ponds near North Newportland and Flagstaff, and good trout ponds, not far from Parsons' Mt. Bigelow House at Dead River. Parsons' sold me last August that he was about to put up cabins at "Corry Pond," not far from his hotel. I have not my notes by me, and cannot state the number of miles. The guests at the hotel told us the trouting would be good. There is an excellent place for a few hours' trouting on this road, just before going upon the so-called "horseback," and all along the road from here to the Mt. Bigelow House ruffed grouse are very plenty. As we rode along the banks of Dead River we found ducks on the water. There appears to be everything along this route in the spring and summer, and when we get to Smith's, six miles takes him to the Tim Pond cabins, and ten or eleven more to the Seven Ponds, by a forest road out wide enough for a buckboard wagon with a span of horses.—J. W. T.

HOW CAN THE OYSTER SUPPLY BE MAINTAINED?—The consumption of the oyster is constantly increasing, and as the demand increases so will the disposition to fish the beds, and, should there be any failure of the supply, the increased price consequent upon that failure will induce even more exhaustive fishery; and it will become so great, if it has not already, that only strict protective laws, rigidly enforced, will be sufficient to protect the beds, and prevent the destruction of the industry. There is, however, another means of maintaining the fecundity of the beds which merits consideration. During the summer of 1870, Professor W. K. Brooks was successful in securing, by artificial means, the fertilization of the eggs of the female, and in producing the offspring for some time. Though, owing to various unforeseen combinations of natural causes, and to the accidents incidental to all tentative work, he has not been successful in maintaining the embryos until such a time as they could be deposited upon the beds with a certainty of survival, yet he has accomplished sufficient to show that the impregnation of the female cells can be easily and certainly achieved by a very simple process; and, as probably the greatest loss of the young is due to the failure of the ova to meet the male fluid at the proper time, any method which will secure such contact and protect the embryos, for even a limited period, is of great value, and well worthy of the attention of those interested in the preservation of the oyster-fishery. Any protection afforded the young oyster assures the maturity of a great number, and, as the beds are falling from a want of reproduction, due to the absence of mature oysters, any method which will insure the maturity of an abnormal number should be brought, if possible, to a point of practical benefit.—LIEUTENANT FRANCIS WINSLOW in *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.—We have received the seventh annual report of the Boston Fish Bureau from its Secretary, Mr. W. A. Wilcox. It opens with an interesting history of New England fisheries which is followed by the report, with nine pages of statistics which give "large catches and 'stocks' by the mackerel fleet in New England waters—season of 1881." "New England fleet catch of codfish, as reported to the Boston Fish Bureau." "New England catch of mackerel—amount of inspected barrels packed at home ports, as reported to the Boston Fish Bureau." "Receipts of fish by Boston dealers from foreign and domestic ports," and "Massachusetts catch of mackerel for 73 years." The record for the past year has been the most successful one for years. The loss of life and property has been great, as usual, nearly all falling on the Gloucester bankers.

A HANDSOME GIFT.—Winsted, Conn., Dec. 17, 1891.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to acknowledge through *FOREST AND STREAM* the present of about four volumes of your valuable journal from C. C. Boszwick, of Hudson, N. Y., which completes my set from the start.—FRANK D. HALLERT.

TRYING TO RHYME TARRAPIN.—IV.

There is an old lady, named Sara Pin,
She's trying to rhyme the word tarrapin.
And she'll sing, dance and shout;
She'll not, I'm sure, she don't care a pin.
Good day.

Somerette, Mass. LION HAMROD.

Fish Culture.

CANADIAN FISICULTURE.

THE following paper, the facts in which were gathered from the annual reports of the Canadian Fish Commission, was prepared and read by Mr. E. B. Miller, of the Michigan Fish Commission, at a recent meeting of the Commissioners of that State, at Detroit, December 29, 1891.

There are now erected ten hatcheries in the Dominion; the first one was erected by Mr. Samuel Willard, the Superintendent of the fish breeding establishment, at his home in New Castle, Ont., in 1863. Two more were constructed for each of the years 1873, 1874, 1875 and 1876, and one in the year 1880.

The running expenses of these hatcheries for the year 1890 was \$29,169 61, (our entire appropriation for that year was only \$5,000). The Canadian work for that year was as follows: Total number of fertilized eggs put down, 26,212,000, of which there were white fish, 1,000,000; salmon, 4,384,000; lake trout, 4,600,000; brook trout, 125,000. There were hatched and planted same year, 21,520,000 fry.

During the time the Canadian Commission have been engaged in this enterprise, over 200,000,000 fertilized eggs have been laid down in their hatcheries. The total number of live fish planted during these years I am not able to state.

The value of the fish taken in the northern districts of Ontario in 1879, was \$367,134, being an increase over the previous year of over \$200,000, and that for 1880 speaks as follows:

"The yield of fish in this division continues to show a steady increase; and for the present season being considerably in excess of any previous year. Overseer Doolan feels no hesitation in attributing this happy result to the breeding operations of the Sandwich hatcheries, and that the most credit is due to this year as the fry put in the Detroit River and which are now coming into maturity. The yield would have been greater had not cold

weather taken every one by surprise, and interfered with the fishermen's operations."

The Canadian catch of whitefish in the Detroit River division of fishery was 45,800 in number, in 1879, 77,700, in 1880, 103,500; showing a remarkable increase in the number of fish taken, which is attributed by the people following the business to the plants made by Canada and Michigan as appears by a voluntary statement made December 3, 1880, and signed by between thirty and forty of the principal fishermen and dealers on the Detroit River.

It will appear by the foregoing, gathered from official reports, that our brethren in the Dominion are zealous, active and successful in this enterprise, and appear to have funds provided by the Government to do much more than they are able to accomplish. We have, however, as appears by reference to our books, planted since the commencement of the work in 1873, nearly 100,000,000 of living fishes in Michigan waters. Judge Potter, Superintendent of Fisheries in Ohio, in the first report of that State made in 1875, speaking of the work accomplished by Canada and Michigan, says: "Lake Erie may be so replenished with the whitefish as to bring its consumption within the reach of all, and instead of ten cents, it will ultimately be afforded for three cents per pound." The same gentleman, three years later, in his annual report, rejoices thus: "There is no uncertainty about the whitefish, their multiplication by artificial means is reduced to a certainty, whitefish for the last season have been sold at the fisheries at an average of three cents per pound, a little more than the cost of raising."

These and other facts in the increased output of whitefish in waters planted, encourage our Commission to continue the enterprise to the full extent of our financial capacity.

COLORADO.

DENVER, COL., Dec. 31, 1891.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our last legislative assembly made an appropriation of \$5,000 from the State Treasury for the establishment of a fish hatchery and to begin the business. That was in February, and in three months passed before a location was made, but that was finally accomplished in the latter part of the summer by the donation of ten acres of ground eight miles north of this city. It is near Platte River, but far enough away to be safe from frosts, and embraces about two-thirds bottom land and one-third bluff, or second bottom, about thirty feet above the bottom. About ten feet above the foot, in the side of the bluff, a great number of springs break out, supplying an abundance of water, at least for the present season, the temperature is as tender as 51 deg.

A few rods from the foot of the bluff is a long, narrow pond, filled with vegetation and admirably adapted for carp, but, unfortunately, it is now filled with catfish, wall-eyed pike and other native fishes, and it will be pretty hard to get them out. The pond is about 100 feet long and 15 feet wide. A dam has been removed to the ground and placed for the present in a very small pool near the springs, but it is too small and will be too cold for them in summer.

Between the bluff and the pond is a natural grove of cotton-wood and box elder trees, and the hillside is covered with wild plum and other shrubs. About one hundred feet from the springs Commissioner Sisty has erected a frame building about 25 by 35 feet, in which are arranged sixteen hatching troughs of the latest improved pattern. Early in the present week he laid down the first trout spawn (100,000 from New England) and will add a like number weekly for the next three weeks. He has placed in charge a practical fish-culturist—Mr. Bogart—from our Eastern hatchery. So we will soon see what can be done toward the new mountain fishery. The hatchery is a pleasant office is provided in the front part of the hatching-house, and Mr. Sisty says he can get through comfortably with his present plans upon the money provided him until the next meeting of the Legislature, January, 1893.

There is a man carp sent here and distributed to private parties are reported as doing remarkably well, but the public stock, I am sorry to say, have not grown to be whales by a long shot. First, they were kept for a time in a spring pool at the foot of the bluff, and they degenerated in the stream. A pleasant office is provided in the front part of the hatching-house, and Mr. Sisty says he can get through comfortably with his present plans upon the money provided him until the next meeting of the Legislature, January, 1893.

SALMON CULTURE IN MAINE—1891.

IN published extracts from the forthcoming report of the State Fish Commissioners for 1891, furnished by Hon. E. M. Stillwell, we find facts of interest relating to the hatching of salmon at Mr. Atkins at Grand Lake Stream. It appears that they form a successful and profitable business. The contributions to the Grand Lake Stream fund were as follows: Maine, \$300; dividend, 100; New Hampshire, 100; Vermont, 50; Massachusetts, 50; Connecticut, 50; total, 500; dividend, 100,000 eggs; United States, \$1,450; dividend, 230,000 eggs. Total money \$3,000; total eggs, 360,000 (net).

Total number of eggs taken at Grand Lake Stream is..... 800,000
Losses estimated at..... 100,000
25 per cent. reserved for hatching for benefit of Grand Lake Stream..... 200,000

Net dividend..... 600,000
With regard to the salmon culture on the Penobscot we gather from State papers the following: For this year's work, the contribution of Maine to the Bucksport and Orland works was \$2,000; dividend of salmon eggs, 1,980,000, all of which are to be contributed and hatched in the rivers mentioned below. The contributions to the Orland works were as follows: By Maine, \$2,000; dividend of eggs, 1,980,000; by Massachusetts, \$500; dividend of eggs, 270,000; by Connecticut, \$300; dividend of eggs, 162,000; by the United States, \$1,757; dividend of eggs, 950,000. Total—\$4,557; dividend, 2,462,000 (an advance having been already made for 100,000 less).

This much we have gathered from newspaper extracts taken from the coming report, which we will review when received. From private sources of information we learn that the facilities for hatching salmon are greatly improved in the year. At Grand Lake Stream they have built a hatching house covering about 1,450 square feet of ground, on a side hill close by the lake, with facilities for a fall of nine feet between the upper and lower troughs, which will insure well watered water, and there are now facilities for developing three millions of eggs.

At Bucksport-Orland they have built a cement aqueduct 1,500 feet long, with a 4-inch bore, and have now at command copious supplies of both brook and spring water, sufficient to serve many millions of eggs. The water is treated in the usual way, and water, and obviates the necessity of shipping the eggs in December, as had to be done with a large number of them last season. Mr. Atkins expects now to begin shipments in January and finish in March.

There has been most extraordinary weather up to the end of December—warm, with rain. It is thought that its result on the spawn at Grand Lake Stream will be to retard the hatching if anything. There has been a great deal of snow and ice water mingling with the ordinary supply, which is largely spring water.

FISICULTURE IN SCOTLAND.—The extracts from a letter written by the gentleman who brought the furbot and sole to America and took out carp in return will be read with interest, as in the letter he gives a glimpse of his brother's fish-culture. It is as follows: "I have been to the fish-culture at Hall, Dalkeith, Scotland, 6th December, 1891, and read as follows:—

Professor S. E. Baird; You will be pleased to hear that the

twenty-five leather-earp have been safely landed, after a very stormy voyage. The gale was a very severe one, and on Wednesday, November 23, the wind blew with hurricane force, and we were obliged to "heave to" for twenty-two hours. The boats were very hard indeed, and the ship, on during the night which disabled the four seamen on watch; one had two ribs broken and another his head badly cut; the other two were lamed. The wheelhouse was "stove in" and the galley gulged in. One boat was carried away on deck, breaking down the chimney stack of the donkey. Through all this storm the carp did well. The temperature of the water was 50 degrees F. at New York, and during the voyage varied from 54 to 62½ degrees. I also fed them with a little oatmeal and potatoes four times. The temperature of the water here at this time of year is about 44 to 50 degrees, which, I suppose, will be rather cold for the carp. I give them a little oatmeal but think they don't touch it. My brother is much pleased with the carp, and would wish me to thank you for all your kindness. He will value these fish very much, remembering how he came to the fishery. We have got our fish-hatching house up now and a few hatching troughs with *Schnee* oecosis ova in, but the ponds outside will be laborious work. The hatching house is 80 feet long by 30 feet, and built of granite. The first fry pond is just finished, and is 60 feet by 4 feet. The bottom is made of concrete and the walls built of granite and Portland cement (three of sand and one part cement). This makes a capital pond.—A. WILSON ARMISTEAD.

THE EFFECT OF CULTURE ON THE SPawning TIME OF TROUT.—The following is a translation of a communication by Mr. Muller, of Teichschdorf, to the *Fischerei Zeitung*, of Stettin: "During the past year the time occupied by the spawning of my trout (in Stettin) was, on an average, five weeks. Year by year it becomes more apparent that artificial culture has changed their habit in this respect. Before I began stocking with artificially bred fry the time of spawning was divided into two periods, part of the fish spawning generally about the 1st of October and occupying from nine to ten days, and the rest of the fish spawning afterward, sooner or later according to temperature. If the frost were early they spawned sooner, but if the weather continued mild the spawning covered a long time. Those which spawned first were the brighter colored ones with reddish tints, while the late and very dark ones were the duller. Year by year, however, "Now we find the fish all come up together to spawn, and this last season they could be seen on the spawning beds every day for five weeks. As a consequence the later ones used the same beds as the first and thereby much spawn was lost. This cannot be done, and the result is an advantage for the reason that if a flood should occur during the time of first spawning all the eggs in the stream would be lost but would be replaced by a later deposit."

FISHERY ON LONG ISLAND.—The lease for the Cold Spring property has been signed by Mr. John D. Jones and his brothers, and by the Fish Commissioners of the State of New York, and the lease will be in force on the 1st of January. The Fish Commissioners is talked of in order to determine when to begin and what to do.

Mayor Grace, of New York, is having a trout preserve to coat 50,000 built on his place at Great Neck. Trout ponds are also to be built on the farm of General Lee, near the city. There are several of the ponds on the south side of the island that have been depleted by eels and pike the Gorman carp have been introduced with success.

William Farman, who for many years has owned trout preserves at Masspel, owing to his heavy losses at the hands of poachers, has moved his establishment and fish to the Smithtown river, where he has created several hatching shanties. He is having a boat built to take his fish alive to the New York market.

CONNECTICUT SEELL FISHERIES.—The Commissioners on shell fisheries of the State of Connecticut will soon issue their annual report on the fisheries of the State. At a recent meeting of the Commission Mr. Bogart, their Surveyor for the Commission, stated to the members that the coast to the State of a survey of some sixty acres of ground made recently was about 320, while the revenue was only \$5.50. In large tracts, however, there was a very large quantity of oysters. In the case of the State, in the State. B. E. Cutts, of the United States coast survey, has sent the Commission 100 bottles containing samples of the sound bottom at different points in the oyster grounds of the State, and also three packages of oyster shells, showing the growth at one, two and three years from the time of spawning. The specimens of soil were dredged up from the United States steamer Palmarus last summer, and are expected to prove valuable in showing the relative productiveness for oyster growing of different kinds of bottom.

A STATE ASSOCIATION PROPOSED.—It is proposed to form a fisheries association for the State of Ohio, and we have received the following call, which has also appeared in some of the local papers: *Editor Forest and Stream:* As fish culture is growing rapidly within this State and others, it seems advisable that those already engaged in this profession, as well as others who take an interest in fish culture, should form an association which should be organized and supported in a private as well as in public waters within this State, by collecting facts regarding pisciculture, protection or cultivation of our own good varieties, introduction of new ones, and arranging for the culturists interests. The members of this association should be invited to please communicate their ideas on the subject, and oblige, yours truly, HIRSH MULBERT, 507 Race street, Cincinnati, O.

DEATH OF A FISH COMMISSIONER.—We regret to learn that Mr. J. H. Dinkins, Fish Commissioner of Texas, died recently from the effects of injuries received by falling under a moving railway car while attempting to board it. Mr. Dinkins was a prominent citizen of the State, and respected in every respect. He was an efficient and active fish commissioner and an enthusiastic sportsman. He had already accomplished much in the way of awakening the people and the Legislature of Texas to the importance of pisciculture. His usefulness was just beginning to be felt. His wife is a loss to his State.

TRUCK CARP. A blue variety of carp is cultivated in Germany and France. It has lately become a favorite, and is called by some the best of all carp. On Saturday last the North German Lloyd steamer *Donau* brought a car containing a dozen specimens to Mr. Blackford. That gentleman afterward learned that they were from the ponds of Mr. Eckardt, at Lubbechen, and intended for Professor Baird.

TROUT EGGS FOR GERMANY.—The steamer "Hosel," of the Bremen line (North German Lloyd), which sailed on Saturday, the 6th inst., took out 15,000 brook trout eggs for Mr. F. Danse, Geestemünde, this being the second shipment made to Mr. Buse this winter by Mr. Livingston Stone.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ART INTERCHANGE publishes colored plates from time to time, and these plates, besides being of great value to the artist, are an excellent attempt to raise the standard of art appreciation among readers by the use of full titles and simple captions. The colored birds accompanying the Holiday issue is an admirable example of the art interchange. The plates are in the form of a card, and are for a hand-made wood panel or china plaque. The Christmas number is further enriched by an extra double sheet supplement containing a large and beautiful illustration. Published at 14 Nassau street, New York. \$2 a year.

"COUNTRY PLEASURES." by George Miller. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston. The author has looked at nature with the eye of a painter and the soul of a poet, and his chronicle of a year's rest in the woods of Marlow's Fossinate Shepherd, who invites his love to come and

All the pleasures prove That hills and fields and woods of steep mountain yields.

Mr. Miller's work is merely a transcript from a diary of a year spent

in the country. It represents impressions and moods of mind induced by the scenes portrayed, with special reference to that little nook on the southeastern side of Lancaster, where this cartoon, whose every phase is represented in the picture is situated. The book is rich in quotations, and the author has not only been an appreciative observer himself, but a keen student of other gifted readers of nature, and from their words he has culled our new world metaphors and beside one of our hard cold trees, the pages brought with them a delicious odor of the forest, while the splash of the water in the mountain brook added much to the effect of the scene. As to her poetic moods the book will be a volume to be read and read again.

THE LIVE STOCK JOURNAL ALMANAC FOR 1893.—We have received from the publishers, Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., the above-entitled volume. It contains, in condensed form, but conveniently and attractively arranged, much matter that will be found useful to the farmer, the stock raiser, the dealer and the country gentleman. The work is attractively produced in illuminated paper cover. It can be furnished by mail from this office, on receipt of the price, fifty cents.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.
January 11 to 19. Terre Haute, Ind., Fifth Annual Bench Show. J. B. Harris Secretary.
January 12 to 13. St. John, N. B. Second Annual Bench Show. H. W. Wilson Secretary.

March 7. Pittsburg, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent.
May 9, 10, 11 and 12. Boston, Mass. Third Bench Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Edward J. Foster, Secretary; Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.
September. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.
October. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. VII.

IN the preceding chapters all of our work has been of a preliminary character. We have expended much time and patience in order to perfect our pupil in the rudiments of the education that is so indispensable to that pride of the sportsman's heart, nor had dog. Long ago we thought our pet was just about perfection in the performance of his duties and we have anxiously awaited the coming of the crisp October days that we might put to the test our hopes, and, by a actual trial in the field, demonstrate how much of wisdom pertains to the course that we have pursued. Do we live among the forest-crowned hills, the home of the lordly ruffed grouse; long ago we have located several broods of these regal birds, and as we have paid them an occasional visit, how our blood has warmed up, how our nerves have thrilled as we fondly dreamed of the sport in store for us when the falling leaf should proclaim that

The hunter's glorious days have come,
The best of all the year;
When through the woodland shades we roam
With royal sport and chase.

Should our love be toward the setting sun on the broad prairie, whose vast expanse teems with numberless broods of the toothsome chicken, with ever-growing delight and satisfaction have we witnessed from day to day the added strength of the whizzing pinion, and with ever-increasing impatience at laggard time's slow flight have we awaited the dawn of the auspicious day that brings such wealth of joy to the sportsman's heart. Or, perchance, our hopes of happiness are turning to the pride of the stubbles, the gamy, beautiful quail. How eagerly have we beaten the feeding grounds, and as we have roved, and our eyes have been upon our sight, how have we, with throbbing pulse, watched the flitting wings, and carefully marked their flight as they settled in the friendly cover or upon the distant hillsides. What visions of little bounding forms suddenly transformed into living statues, mingled with flashing brown sprites, the crack of the gun, and the cloud of feecy feathers floating in air, have filled us with anticipated satisfaction, as we thought of the pleasure in store for us when the early flocks should call us forth to the field, and our thoughts of that long-billed aristocrat of birds, "woodcock" and "partridge" alone engage our thoughts. Well, we know their sure hiding place, and as we have paid them our debt and seen them dart through the openings, and heard their querulous whistle, how have we thought that the serene and yellow leaf would soon be here to bring to us most royal sport. Do not look upon this as a digression, for we dearly love the pursuit of every one of these favorites; and we hope that you, dear reader, like ourselves, will so train your dog that, no matter which of our lines are such, you may please sport in success.

Our favorite sport since we have had the pursuit of that best of all game birds, the magnificent ruffed grouse, and we have ever found, when our dog was anywhere near perfect in circumventing this most wary bird, that but few days, or perhaps hours, of practice were required to make him equally adept in the pursuit of any of the others. Many writers pronounce this beautiful bird unfit to train a dog upon; they rail against his subtle cunning, and are unstinted in condemning his swiftness of wing; and they will give you columns in the management of his preternatural wisdom, which they miscall "wildness and vagabondage" and will keep your young dog away from the ruffed grouse's haunts. Notwithstanding the evident sincerity of these writers, we must beg to differ from their views, and can only regret that their knowledge of the habits of this king of birds is not equal to their skill in framing sentences for his vilification.

Having decided to give our pupil his first practical lessons with this most potent instructor as our co-worker, let us "hie away to the fields with eager dog and trusty gun," and test the sport so long anticipated. Our pupil should be kept at least until we reach the usual haunt of the birds, who he should be encouraged to go on. Let him go where he pleases, taking care only to keep him within bounds and always under your eye, that you may see just what he is doing. Do not bother him with any orders, if you can possibly avoid it; above all, do not make him beat each particular corner that you may think desirable, but rather allow him to take the lead and to have his own sweet will, content to follow him until he has gained some little insight and become somewhat accustomed to the new life just opening before him. See with what eager pleasure he follows the hidden notes of the covert, how his eyes gracefully motion tell of joy; how his sparkling eyes mirror his delight; but look, and proudly feast your eyes upon the welcome sight, he has discovered that something is in the wind and the "heaven-born instinct" within has frozen him rigid as the rick by his side. Choke down that rising lump in your throat; quiet the quick throbbings of your heart; and, while blessing your good fortune, be cool and collected, for

never more need of cool, deliberate action than now. Your dearest foe is near, and faltering eye or trembling hand will insure his triumphant escape and cause you unwelcome discomfort. Do not hurry, but, with deliberate haste, walk forward and force a rise; calmly now, and, as though on parade and about to shoot at a chip tossed in air, coolly bring your gun into position, glance along the trusty barrel's end, with "eye of faith and finger of justice," "cut loose," and fortune grant you aim be true. The chances are greatly against your obtaining a close shot at the first rise, unless among young and unsophisticated birds; but shoot you must, nevertheless, even should the flashing game be far beyond your reach or, as very often happens, entirely out of sight, for we have not done with him yet; and most potent is the sound of gun and whistle of the hunting lead to drive from his crafty brain the wisdom that causes him to shun our close acquaintance. Should your shot prove deadly and the conduct of your dog be all that you could wish, with a loving pat and kindly words, lead your pet straight to your victim and as soon as his sensitive eye locates the bird, at once pet and praise him without stint and talk to him as to an intelligent companion. After a few seconds you should pick up the bird in a dainty manner, and while carefully smoothing out the feathers, allow the dog to sniff the grateful perfume, but on no account let him mouth it, nor poke his nose among the feathers, thus teaching him that the greatest care must be taken that not a feather should be displaced.

When your pup first shows sign that he has scent, do not on any account speak to him nor make any sign, but allow him to act his own pleasure. Should he go through the trying ordeal to your satisfaction, congratulate yourself that you are possessed of a wonder; should his earnest inclination overpower his innate sense of duty and cause him to become unsteady and flush the bird, you must at once call him in and place him as near as may be in the exact position that he occupied when he should have pointed, and commanding him to *to do*, give him the command that you are displeased with the performance. If you have killed the bird, and can readily find it, you will add to the force of this lesson if you oblige him to retain his position while you go and bring it to him, and as you hold it a foot or two from his nose, repeat your command of *to do*. This, you will find, will cause him to be more careful in the future. Should he become demoralized at the rise of the bird and give chase, do not despair, but calmly say *to do*, and if he disregards the command, let him go, and be thankful that he has any ambition, something to accomplish with the knowledge that in a short time you will eradicate the fault, while the virtue will remain and afford you great satisfaction in the future. When he returns you should at once replace him in the position from which he broke, and make him *to do* for a short time, while you talk to him about the enormity of the offence. It is not advisable to shoot when he starts to chase, as, should you kill, he may seize the bird and handle it too roughly for his future good. Neither does the sound of the gun exercise a steady influence up on his excited nerves. Above all else, do not fail to keep perfectly cool yourself under all circumstances, and to issue all your commands in your ordinary tone of voice, for there is nothing so conducive to unsteadiness in your dog as his knowledge of the fact that you are demoralized, and he is sure to become possessed of this knowledge almost before it is apparent to you. Therefore earnestly strive to retain your self control, for without that you can never succeed in turning out a steady dog.

Should your bird escape the first flight, let no common occurrence prevent you from immediately following him up. Do not undertake this in a half-hearted manner, but put your whole soul into the work and rest not until you have again routed him. Give him a shot as he rises, and if he again escapes be not discouraged, but with renewed efforts try him again, secure in the knowledge that, can you but find and keep him moving—although he may be the wisest and, consequently, the wildest grouse of them all—at last your reward is sure; at last, utterly demoralized by the relentless persistency of your pursuit, he has changed his tactics, and waits for you to pass. Fatal mistake! The keen-nosed dog, more eager at each successive defeat, again becomes stung and unerringly indicates the bird's hiding place. Now is the supreme moment. With nerves of steel—hardened by the excitement of the long continued chase—you literally kick him from his retreat and coolly bring him down. What satisfaction is in your heart as you smooth his beautiful plumage. What light is in your eye as you gaze upon his plumed form. What pride in your breast as you proudly display the prize so gallantly won. A glance at the speaking countenance of your four-footed friend tells you that he, too, is happy; and, our word for it, a few days among these crafty birds will do more to develop the hunting sense of an intelligent animal than thrice the time devoted to the pursuit of any other game.

CANINE AILMENTS.

WE give below chapter fifteen of the appendix to Vero Shaw's Illustrated Book of the Dog which will be found to contain much valuable information regarding the course of treatment to be pursued in some of the most common cases of illness and accidents which are liable to befall our "dumb friends." This appendix is a treatise on Canine Medicine as compiled by Dr. W. Gordon, and should be in the hands of every breeder, as many of the prescriptions are invaluable. This number concludes the series of this valuable addition to the canine literature of the day. We should have published many of the more important articles contained in this work, had not our price been so exorbitant. It is our intention, however, to give our readers from time to time such selections as we deem of interest to them. The work can be had of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Co., New York.

ABSCESSES, DISLOCATIONS, FRACTURES, WOUNDS, STRAINS, ECCHYMOSES,

Abscesses may be defined as matter or pus generated and collected in any of the glands or tissues of the body. They are met with in all regions of the body, and are sometimes small and sometimes very large. They are usually very painful, and in some situations may be highly dangerous, from the effects of their pressure on important organs.

The causes of abscess are numerous; the presence of some foreign body, as a thorn, may give rise to it, or the deposit of unhealthy matter from constitutional reasons. In dogs I have very frequently given rise to large abscesses by the use of Dr. Gordon's (there is swelling, a glazed and glittering appearance of the skin, which is considerably reddened, and there is great pain and tenderness, accompanied with heat, and the dog is more or less restless, and sometimes delirious, and finally it bursts. Mammary abscess is common in the teats of a bitch, frequently occurring there is a milk in them that is not removed, at about the time she would have had pups had she been in whelp.

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCUCLATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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BOB III, imported, black; First, Strabane, Portadown, Kilmarnock, Belfast, and London, Ont. Special, Franklin, Pa. Stud fee, \$15. BENÉDICT, imported, black; first and special, New York, 1881. First Atlanta, 1881. \$30. Puppies by above also by Breeze, first and special, New York, 1881, for sale. Price from \$10 upward. BORNELL SPANIEL CLUB, Hornellsville, N. Y. Nov'81.

For Sale.

BULL TERRIER, SILK II (Imp.), by Silk, ex-puss, age 1 year 10 months, height, 30 lbs. Winner of 1st, Pittsburgh, 1881; 2d, New York, 1881; 2d, London, Ont., 1881; 1st, Lowell, 1881. He is a pure white, and one of the best young dogs ever imported, combining the best bull terrier blood in England.

BULL DOG, BLISTER (Imp.), by Sir Anthony, ex-sister to Henshall's Duchess. Winner of 1st, London, Ont., 1881; 1st, Lowell, 1881; the only times ever exhibited. This is one of the grandest bulldogs in this or any country, and is a pure white in good company. For price address J. MORTIMER, 3 Morris Street, New York. Dec'81.

GRATE REDUCTION in price of Von Culla's Pat. Spike Collar. No. 1, sewed, \$2.00. No. 2, riveted, \$1.25. Book of Instructions Free with each collar, by mail. Beware of worthless imitations. Ours the only patented one. Indorsed by the sporting press and used by all the prominent professional trainers. E. & C. VON CULLIN, Delaware City, Del.

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WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB'S Sensation, in the stud, for \$50. Address, Secretary W. K. C., Room 11, 206 Broadway, New York City. Dec'81.

PORTRAITS of Eastern Field Trial Winners of 1880, printed on fine tinted paper, will be sent post-paid for 25 cents each, or the five for \$1 FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., 39 and 41 Park Row, N. Y. Dec'81.

OUTLEUT COCKER SPANIEL KENNELS.—For Cocker of all ages and colors, dogs, bitches and puppies, address with stamp, ROBT WALKER, Franklin, Del. Co., N. Y. July 31-81.

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—See Kennel Advertisements next page.

The Kennel.

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Train 41. Leaves New York 9:00 p.m. W. Philadelphia 12:30 a.m. Baltimore 4:45 a.m. Arrives at Richmond 11:30 a.m. Wilmington 9:55 p.m. Charleston 12:45 p.m. Savannah 10:20 p.m. Jacksonville 12:45 p.m. Jacksonville 12:45 p.m.

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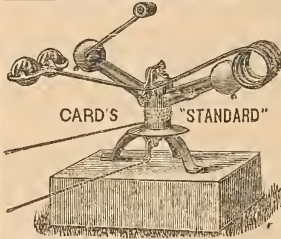


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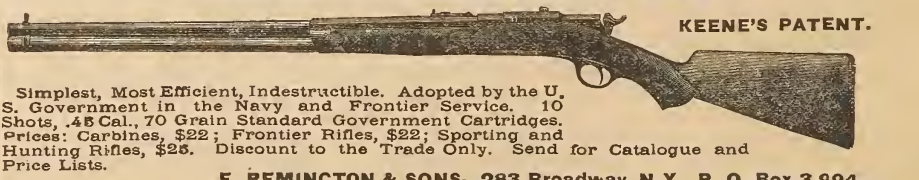
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ROD AND GUN

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S JOURNAL.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

Thursday, January 19.

PISTOL SHOOTING.

THE doubt with which some of the correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM met the assertion that the story of the cowboys of the West and South-west hitting telegraph poles from sixty yards off was somewhat of a myth, opens the question as to what may fairly be done with these small arms.

The subject is very barren of record. We have pistol shooting displays in plenty and, probably, in one case in this city may be seen as fine a showing of *bona fide* targets as can be met with anywhere in the world. Each record has upon it, too, the exact conditions under which it was made, and those conditions were the best possible for the production of high scores.

The pistols used in gallery practice are made specially for such employment, with ten or twelve inch barrels, single breech-loaders and carefully balanced, with sights open, but capable of the finest adjustment. It is very rarely the case that peep sights are employed, but they may be if thought desirable. With such a weapon the good holder may rely on securing satisfactory results. Using the short .22 calibre cartridges these pistols afford an endless amount of amuse-

ment at a very limited cost, and up to moderate distances are unexcelled. With them shots may be grouped by ten or a dozen on spaces to be covered with a silver half dollar. It is such shooting as this that stands recorded in our weekly accounts from the shooting galleries.

But there is another class of small arms, and they outnumber the gallery shooting machines one hundred to one. They are the revolvers of all classes that are turned out in such immense numbers from the various factories. They are marvels of strength, ingenuity and cheapness, and in many cases are as inaccurate as they are pretty to inspect and handle. What these weapons will do under careful test is very wide of an unknown quantity. A few days ago the question was put to the agent of one of the most popular and generally regarded as the best of this class of weapons, whether any test was made of them before shipment from the factory, and the idea of trying a pistol for accuracy seemed to strike him as a novel one. With him a pistol was a pistol, and having been carefully made, as he knew this particular brand of revolver to be, he could not conceive how it could be anything but an accurate and exact shooter. There is a great deal of pot-luck work in the pistol manufacture, and the majority of those turned out are blank failures when called upon to do any hitting, even at the most moderate distances. Taking, for instance, the regulation distance of 12 paces or 36 feet; over this any pistol worth the making ought to shoot with the utmost exactness.

We have received many letters from correspondents speaking of fine scoring done; and we should be pleased if the writers would send on a target of 10 consecutive shots fired strictly off-hand at 12 paces distance. We will measure the string and publish the results. In each case particulars of the sort of pistol used ought to accompany the score diagram. In this way something practical in the way of record may be arrived at as showing what the various classes of small arms will do. We have seen 10 shots from a smooth bore dueling pistol, carrying a ½ ounce ball, crowded on the space of a trade dollar, but this was fine holding and the weapon was of a capital make. What is wanted is some determination of the average value, as shooting implements of the million odd pocket-poppers of every description which are scattered here and there over this land.

THE DELAWARE FISH COMMISSION.

ONE of the last to enter upon pisciculture, as a State industry, was Delaware. A reason for this might be found in the fact that the culture of salt-water fishes has but just begun, and her fisheries are mainly in salt and brackish water. With the exception of the Delaware River on her Eastern borders she has no large rivers; and her small streams, which mainly flow into that river and the great Delaware Bay, are short.

But little interest had been taken in the culture of fish in Maryland, until the appointment of Col. Enoch Moore, Jr., as Commissioner, on the 22d of April, 1881. His appointment was for two years, and the sum of three hundred dollars was appropriated to carry on the work, allowing the Commissioner \$2 per day for each day of actual service. This fall Col. Moore received and distributed 3,000 German carp, mostly to private ponds, and, such is the desire of the people for more, he has over fifty applications for them, which he cannot fill until next spring. This is a very good showing for the few months during which Col. Moore has been in office, and shows how an energetic man can awaken public interest in this subject, even with such an insignificant appropriation, by merely taking hold of it.

Since the appointment of a Commissioner an interest in the good work seems to have sprung up in all parts of the State, and in the city of Wilmington a piscicultural club has been formed, called "The Delaware Piscicultural Association." Its officers are: Dr. E. G. Shortledge, President; Hon. Mayor John P. Almond, Secretary; S. N. Pusey, Treasurer. This society has for its object the stocking of the streams with food and game fishes, and they have one pond of seven to nine acres with a few carp in it; one pond of three-fourths of an acre, containing 30 leather and 29 scale carp, which will spawn this coming spring. From these small beginnings we expect a future for pisciculture in the State of Delaware.

OSCAR Y^o WILD GOETH a-ANGLING.

THE advent of the English esthete Oscar Wild has nearly turned the heads of the ultra-impressables of New York; and we felt flattered when a highly-perfumed note, in an envelope which exceeded in glory the cover of *The Century*, invited us to a little lunch and fishing excursion.

We missed the lunch and hastened to Pier 42, East River, the spot designated as the one to be honored by the poet, artist and piscator. It was a bright morning; and the end of the pier was occupied by little Patsy Hooligan, and a few friends of his own age, seven to nine, who were fishing from the string-piece. The sun, glancing brightly upon the liquid surface of a passing mud-scow, caused Mickey Gilhooly to turn his face to avoid its glare, and looking up the dock, he exclaimed: "Hi, Patsy wots this a-coming down the dock?" Patsy turned quickly, and dropping the broken barrel-hoop which did duty for a rod, simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be blowed!" We also turned and saw a tall form enveloped in an ulster which reached to his shoes, a sunflower stuck in his button-hole, hair down to his shoulders, and a general lankiness which, to our trained optics, plainly denoted the esthete, even if he had not been accompanied by "twenty love-sick maidens," each with her waist under her arms, or none at all, and decorated with daisies, lilies, cat-tails and other emblems of the Renaissance.

We lifted our hat as we bade him "good morning," feeling that its nine dollar's worth of Broadway style paled before the artistic seal-skin cap with beaver trimmings, which surmounted the esthete's dome. The maidens exclaimed in chorus: "O, isn't this the utermost verge of the uted?" Patsy Hooligan picked up a stump of a Third Avenue cigar and chewed the end in meditative silence, as became a disciple of the gentle Izaak. The gulls flitted toward Blackwells Island, and the breeze laden with the spicy odors from Hunter's Point played with the flowing locks of Oscar the Wild.

The poet produced a rod made by Keats & Co and a reel by Walt Whitman, and using a silk lily for a fly proceeded to cast. The maidens folded their hands and sighed. Patsy Hooligan whispered to Mickey Gilhooly. We caught the words: "She's a-lying on top of a spile down under dere; slip down and fix it." "Won't you give me away?" asked Mickey. "Naw, what dye yer take me fur?" scornfully answered his preceptor; and the younger of the two disappeared up the pier, and then down under it.

The gulls screamed and the water lapped merrily against the pier. We were wrapt in admiration of the beauty of the scene when one of the rapturous maidens exclaimed: "A hite!" The poet's eye and his reel, both in fine frenzy rolling betokened resistance on the plant rod, which bending under the weight of its prey seemed a sentient thing of life enjoying the struggle. The maidens clasped their hands firmer. We held our breath. He landed on the pier at our feet, his feet and the forty feet of the maidens, a drowned kitten, which was not a recent one. The gulls laughed, the maidens flushed twenty blushes, and the odors of Hunter's Point subsided in deference to superior force. We ordered a horse-car, on the "belt line" and gave directions to drive to Fulton Market, pondering in the meantime upon the uses of the cat-tail in decorative art, and sorrowing that on Pier 42, there was only one to divide between those twenty-one persons of refined and elevated tastes.

THE ST. NICHOLAS GUN CLUB has recently been organized. Its membership is limited to the members of the well-known St. Nicholas Club of New York. The new organization starts out with a roll of sixteen names, and includes some experts with the shot-gun. The management is in excellent hands, and the club's future most promising. A novel feature of the published set of rules is the provision of some blank score leaves bound up with the book to serve as a permanent record of the scores made during the year. We welcome the St. Nicholas Gun Club to the long list of similar societies of business and professional gentlemen, who seek relaxation from their work in the manly sports of the field.

A MACHINE FOR TESTING GUNS has been devised by Mr. F. G. Farnham, who publishes a description of it in this paper. We understand that it answers its purpose most admirably. It is a very important addition to this class of machines.

BYE-WAYS OF THE NORTHWEST.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

THE year 1881 will long be memorable in the annals of British Columbia salmon fisheries. As indicated in a previous letter, a good run was looked for in the river this season, but up to the middle of July no fish had been taken. The boats had, however, been drifting for them for a week previous, and the presence at the mouth of the river of great numbers of bonaparte gulls, or, as they are called here, hoolachan gulls, was regarded by the fishermen as a sure sign that the fish were at hand. About the twentieth of July salmon began to be taken, and it was not long before the run had so increased that it became impossible for the canneries to use all the fish caught, and a portion of the boats were taken off. Early in August the catch was from 75,000 to 80,000 fish per diem, with only one-half the boats employed. The canneries were all run at their fullest capacity, and the enormous catch was the talk of the town. At all hours of the day and night some of the steamers employed in collecting the fish from the small boats which do the drifting, were tied up at the wharves, unloading their glittering freight, and great piles of the shapely fish were to be seen at the landing-places all along the river. No matter how fast these piles were removed, they were almost at once renewed. The fish were mainly the sockeye salmon and averaged from eight to ten pounds in weight, but there were not wanting specimens of the quinnat, the so-called spring salmon of the Fraser, which ran from fifty up to seventy, and even eighty and one hundred pounds.

The nets used in the capture of the fish are ordinary drift gill-nets with a 5-7-3 inch mesh, about forty meshes deep and one hundred fathoms in length. They are cast off in the usual manner and drift down stream with the current, meeting the advancing salmon which are swarming up the river. From Ewen's cannery I procured a record of the catch of a few of the boats on one or two average days, which is as follows:

August 9, five boats took 970 fish.

August 9, six boats took 1,067 fish.

August 10, six boats took 1,492 fish.

August 11, six boats took 1,593 fish.

Which gives an average of about 244 fish, or rather more than 2,000 pounds to the boat. All the canneries employ steamers to patrol the fishing-grounds, and as soon as a boat has a load, it proceeds to its steamer and transfers its catch, the fish being counted as they are received. In this way no time is lost by the fishermen, who are enabled to keep their nets in the water almost all the time. When the steamer has a full load, she proceeds to her wharf, where by means of iron forks and pikes, the salmon are tossed on to the platforms. A steamer will land from 8,000 to 20,000 fish each trip. All the canneries are at the water's edge, and the fish are no sooner landed, than the work of preparing them begins. An Indian throws them into a large tub of clear water, from which they are taken one by one, by a woman who places the fish on a table before which she stands, and with a large knife removes the head; she then slides it along to a man who, by a single cut of his knife, removes the entrails, and cuts off the fins and tail. The offal is pushed aside into a gutter which leads into a chute, and that into the river. The fish is now passed on into a tub of clean water, and after being washed is carried to the cutting table. Here there is a man armed with knives about four inches apart, which cuts the fish into lengths, and the pieces are then placed in the cans, which are filled up even with the top. These are then passed to another set of workmen, who put on the covers, and then go to the solderer. Several new inventions have been recently patented for soldering on the covers, so that the rendering of each can perfectly air-tight occupies but a small fraction of a minute. Twelve dozen soldered cans are placed in a shallow tray made of strap iron, and this tray is suspended by a chain in a vat of boiling water. The cooking occupies but a few minutes, and on its removal from the water, the rack is placed on a table, and a Chinaman with a small wooden mallet taps each can on the top. The expansion of the contents has made the cover bulge outward, and by tapping it with the mallet the operator is at once able to determine whether the soldering is perfect, and the can air-tight, or not. If on being tapped, the cover yields noticeably, it is evident that there is an escape for the air, and the can is rejected. The operator then reverses his mallet, which is armed on the other end with a small tack, and with a light blow punctures each can, allowing the escape of the air and steam confined in it, and often of a portion of the juices of the fish. As soon as this is done, another workman seals up this aperture with fresh solder, and the cans are ready to be labeled, boxed, and shipped to a market. The amount put up at this cannery was about 500 cases each day, each case holding, on an average, ten fish. The run of sockeye salmon lasts usually from four to six weeks, and during this time the factory is run from four o'clock A. M. to seven or eight o'clock P. M., and the work goes on without interruption on Sundays as well as week days.

Notwithstanding the enormous numbers of fish which are caught, it was said by old fishermen that in their opinion not one out of ten thousand of those that enter the river were taken. That the proportion of escaping fish is large,

can be inferred from the great numbers that are secured, and that without any special effort, by the Siwash and others further up the river. Two million fish is a very small estimate for the number taken to supply the New Westminster canneries during the fishing season, yet further up the river the salmon are scooped up in purse nets by the Indians almost as fast as the net can be swept through the water.

An excursion up the Fraser River to the town of Yale, the head of navigation of the lower Fraser, had been planned by Mowitch, and taking one of the comfortable river steamers, one afternoon, we set out with a charming party of friends. The river near its mouth is very muddy, thus resembling the Missouri, but as progress is made up its course, it becomes less and less turbid until when Yale is reached, the water, though not yet limpid, has lost its muddy appearance and is beautifully green like that of Niagara. The current is everywhere very rapid, and at certain points, where the channel is narrow and the banks steep, its violence is so great that it seems as if it would be impossible for the vessel to overcome its force. The valley of the river for some distance above New Westminster is rather broad and the bottom extensive and covered with a superb growth of large cottonwoods. The mountains are not very high, seldom exceeding 4,000 feet, and only occasional patches of snow are to be seen on them. Their sides are for the most part very steep, and we saw frequent evidences of extensive landslips, which had laid bare great areas of dark-red rock, which served as beautiful contrasts to the prevailing dark-green of the foliage. Sal's Peak is a noteworthy mountain of great beauty, and Silver Peak, another fine mountain, takes its name from a silver mine which has been opened near its summit. In many places along the river are to be seen the evidences of the mining operations which began here twenty years ago. The gravel and sand bars, and often long stretches of the bottom land, were in many places mere piles of cobblestones, which had accumulated after the finer sand and the soil had been washed for the precious metal which it contained. Many of the bars had been worked over a number of times; all of them twice. Here, as in most other sections of the country where placer mining has been extensively carried on, the white man had gone over the ground at least once, and had been followed by the more patient and persevering Chinaman, who found in the abandoned claim enough to reward his industry.

On the way up the river I talked with a Mr. Hunter, a civil engineer of great experience, who had secured a grant from the Dominion Government for a mining enterprise of great interest to me. From Quesnelle Lake a river of the same name runs to join the Fraser, and its bed is supposed to be very rich in gold—so rich that it is said that the Chinamen, anchoring their boats in the river, and dredging up the dirt from the bottom, make good wages from washing it. Mr. Hunter has obtained the right to mine this river, or so much of it as he can make accessible by turning the water from the bed, so that it can be reached and worked in the usual way. His plan is ingenious, but very simple. He proposes building a dam across the river near Quesnelle Lake, by which, during three or six months of the year, the water can be held back in the lake, so that the volume flowing through the river channel shall be greatly diminished. Of course, the practical success of the scheme depends on a good many contingencies, but if the dirt is as rich as is supposed, it seems likely to be very profitable.

During our passage up the river we passed at frequent intervals the fishing camps of the Siwash, and could see that they were taking great quantities of fish. Their drying stages—thickly hung with the bright-red flesh of the salmon—stood out in bold relief against the green of the deciduous trees or the cold gray of the rocks. Only a small portion of each fish is saved by the Indians, the greater part being thrown back into the river. By a single slash of his knife the Siwash cuts away the whole belly from the throat back to a point behind the anal fin and extending up on the sides as far as to where the solid flesh begins, and this portion he retains, throwing the whole shoulders, back and tail into the river again. The Indians of the coast, however, save the whole fish.

The method employed in taking the salmon is sufficiently simple, and yet owing to their abundance very effective. A purse net is arranged to run by means of wooden rings on a wooden oval, about four feet long by three in breadth, to which a long handle is attached, the frame resembling that of a gigantic landing net with an oval ring. When the implement is to be used a string is pulled, which spreads the net, and it is swept through the water with a slow motion, against the current. The string which holds it open is passed by a loop over the little finger of the left hand, and, as soon as the fisherman feels anything strike the net, is loosened, the rings run together, and the object is held securely in the bag. The fish, in their efforts to stem the current, pass close to the steep banks, where the force of the water is least and the eddies help them along. The fishing is for the most part done from stages, which are built of poles and extend a few feet beyond the rocky points which here and there project out into the stream. The right to occupy these points descends from the father to the oldest son of the family.

A short distance below Yale is the town of Hope, a small settlement beautifully located in the wide bottom. It is from this point on the river that the trail for Kootenay, distant about 500 miles, starts, and all the mail and express

matter goes by this route to this inland settlement. Hope was founded during the early days of the mining excitement, and when it was thought that the diggings of the Fraser were inexhaustible. Great expectations were entertained of the future importance of the place, and an active speculation was carried on in building lots. But the tide of emigration passed on as the washings on the lower river ceased to pay; Hope was left behind, and the owners of town lots will be obliged to wait long for the return of the money invested in them.

We found Yale an orderly and respectable town. It was on a Sunday that we reached there, and that the Sunday after pay day, and yet we saw no fighting on the streets, and but few drunken men, probably not more than one in twenty. It is from this point that the Canadian Pacific R. R. is being built eastward, and this is thus the supply point, and the locality where all the laborers employed on the road congregate during holidays. Liquor saloons, of course, abound, and at frequent intervals one stumbles over a drunken man who is sleeping off the effects of his potations unheeding of the clamor that is going on about him. Yale is cosmopolitan. You may see here men of all races, but English, Scotch and French predominate. There are a few Germans and Scandinavians and some Americans. Of course Indians are numerous, as are also Chinamen. Negro cooks and washerwomen jostle Mexican packers and mulcters, while mixed bloods, whose parentage can scarcely be conjectured from their countenances, abound. From this point stages run to Lytton, where the river is again practicable for steamers, and this is the route taken by those who go to the mines at Caribou.

I had learned that there was at Yale a taxidermist who had quite a collection of bird skins, and as soon as the town was reached I set out to find him. In this I was unsuccessful, but I managed to obtain access to his collection, which was in some respects interesting. Among the species noted were the cat bird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*), Maryland yellow throat (*Geothlypis trichas*), evening grosbeak (*Heisterphona esperitina*), pine grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*), a species of *Leucosticte*, snow bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*), black-headed grosbeak (*Zamelodia melanocapilla*), lezuli finch (*Passerina amoena*), white-tailed ptarmigan (*Lagopus leucurus*), in winter plumage, gray snipe or d wick (*Macrorhamphus griseus*) in summer dress, and many others. After looking over the birds, which, however, had to be inspected through glass, owing to the absence of the owner, I walked along the railroad track two or three miles up the river and into the canon. The scenery here is very beautiful, the stream rushing along between high mountains, which rise steeply from its very banks.

Just above Yale, at the entrance of the canon, is a large rock, or, perhaps, more properly, a small island, which divides the current into two streams of nearly equal size. About this rock there is told an Indian legend of some interest. The salmon fishing has always been the most important event of the year to the Fraser River Indians, as it provides them with their winter food, and, indeed, with provisions for almost the entire year. The advent and capture of the first salmon of the season was, therefore, eagerly looked for, and in old times was celebrated with solemn religious rites. This first fish was regarded, not as the property of its captor, but as belonging to the Good Spirit. It was, therefore, as soon as caught, taken to the Chief of the tribe, and delivered into his keeping. A young girl was then chosen, and, after being stripped naked and washed, crosslines in red paint, representing the meshes of a net, were drawn upon her body, and she was then taken down to the water's edge, and, with solemn ceremonies, the net was washed off. This was supposed to make their nets fortunate. Prayers were then made to the Deity, the salmon was cut up, a small portion sacrificed to him and the remainder divided into small pieces, one of which was given to each individual of those present. The story of the rock runs somewhat in this way. One season the first salmon caught was taken by a woman, and she, being very hungry, said nothing about its capture, but devoured it at once. This was neither more nor less than sacrilege, and for the crime she was changed by the Great Spirit into this rock, which was placed where we now see it, to remain for ever as a warning to wrongdoers. Some believe that, although changed to stone, she still retains her power of thought and feeling, and that each year she is obliged to endure the misery of seeing, re-enacted about her, the scenes in which, as a child, a young girl, and, at last, a mother, she had taken part. Each year, too, she must see her people change, little by little, their habits; each year perceive their numbers lessening, and the land that once was all theirs passing into the hands of strangers to her race and to the soil. Already the thunder of the blasting has shaken her, although so steadfast, already the scream of the locomotive and the rattle of the paddle wheel have sounded in her ears. Some day an enterprising engineer, who wishes to improve the navigation of the Fraser, will introduce a charge of dynamite into some crevice of the rock, and the poor sinner, whose punishment has surely by this time expired her crime, will pass from our sight and at last find rest.

At a point above the first tunnel, an old Siwash was fishing with a purse net, catching a salmon at every sweep that he made. I clambered down the rocks to his stage, and, after watching him for a while, borrowed his net and fished while he dressed those already caught. In about five

minutes I caught as many salmon, each of which would weigh about ten pounds.

The next morning at three o'clock the steamer started down the river and by ten we were at New Westminster. Here we had to part with our friends Mr. and Mrs. H., whose kindness to us, strangers, I can never sufficiently acknowledge. Then we passed on down the river and across the island dotted waters of the gulf; through the narrow passages, where the Indians were still catching their herrings; out again into the straits, whence were to be seen white, majestic Rainier, and the snow-capped peaks of the Olympian Range, and then around Clover Point and into the snug little harbor and Victoria was reached.

A day of hard work enabled us to pack up our traps and take the steamer next morning for Tacoma. All our friends in Victoria had been so kind to us that it was a real pain to me to leave the town. Never have I met more charming or more cultivated people than in this far-away place, and certainly never were strangers more hospitably and genially received than the three whose wanderings I am detailing. But good-byes have to be said, although I think that they are repeated more regretfully each time that the word has to be used, and the traveler who feels a lively sense of gratitude for kindnesses conferred upon him, by those on whom he has no possible claim, uses the word with a deep appreciation of its meaning which most people would never understand. He has perhaps been received into the home and, although never seen before, been treated as an old acquaintance or as a family friend, and he must, if his spirit be at all sensitive, be deeply touched by treatment such as this. Money can procure ease and comforts wherever he goes, but it can never furnish that friendly solicitude for comfort and well-being which is so grateful to the heart of the stranger in a strange land.

The sail over the blue waters of Puget Sound is delightful, but too short, and the evening finds us at Tacoma. A day was spent here, part of which we devoted to an excursion to a rich coal mine at Carbonado, thirty miles distant, since purchased by Colonel Crocker for the Central Pacific Railroad. The branch of the Northern Pacific R.R. which we took passes through a country of great beauty and fertility. Near Puyallup the principal agricultural industry is hop growing, and it is said that 2,000 S.Washes come in every year to help harvest the crop. In 1879 the growers received, we were told, 40 cents per pound for their crop; in 1880 the price had fallen to 19 cents, and in 1881 it was estimated that they would get 16 cents, but even at this price there is a fair margin of profit. The houses for drying the hops are a feature of the land-cape. There is a large stove factory at Puyallup. Much of the land along the track is cultivated, but as the mountains are approached we pass through valuable tracts of timber land. At Carbonado is a sawmill where splendid timber is put out. On our return to New Tacoma we met a number of gentlemen, enthusiastic fishermen and hunters, who gave us valuable hints in regard to our proposed trip over the lines of the N. P. R. R., hints which when adopted, as they afterward were, added greatly to the interest of our journey eastward.

From here we proceeded by rail to Kalama and thence by steamer to Portland, the sail between these two points being marvellously lovely. At one time we could see from the steamer's deck no less than six enormous snow-clad peaks from nine to over fourteen thousand feet in height. These were Mrs. Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, Hood, Jefferson and the Three Sisters.

Portland we left early next morning, and proceeded, on a very comfortable steamer, up the Columbia. The river is magnificent, and the lava country, through which it has cut its way, is very beautiful. For the first few miles the bottom is wide and the hills are distant, but after a while we enter a stretch where there is no bottom land, and the river flows between walls of rock. We lounge on the steamer's deck and lazily watch the changing features of the scene. The long grass, over which the maturing touch of summer has passed, shines yellow on the gently undulating curves of the hills which sweep upward from the river banks, but in the shadow of the numberless walls and piles of lava it is brown and dull, without the glimmer and sheen which it takes in the sunlight. The country is open and park-like, the slopes, dotted with dark spruces and pines, which grow most thickly in the ravines and on the steeper hillsides. Their dark foliage and the paler greens of the deciduous trees and shrubs at the water's edge are the only pronounced colors of the landscape. Except these, there is only the dark gray of the rock piles and the yellow of the ripened grass. Over all a dome bluer than the serenest of Italian skies, a hot August sun and a purple haze that veils the more distant hills and, while not hiding them, softens their sharper outlines and gives to them a vagueness and a dreamy indistinctness which add to their loveliness by calling in the imagination to aid the eye. The beds of lava between which the river hurries are the most striking characteristics of the landscape and are, indeed, the real reason of its beauty. Without them it would be almost commonplace. A sheet of lava of great thickness covers the whole face of the country and appears everywhere, taking the peculiar forms which characterize crooked volcanic rocks. The vertical bluffs which rise from the water's edge are composed sometimes of a breccia which, weathering easily under the influence of wind and water, has assumed a thousand fantastic shapes, seeming sometimes like columns, or like statues, or obelisks, or great ovals set on end. Or we see

a precipice composed of small, basaltic columns, which easily break up, and, falling out in small cubical fragments, form a high talus at the base of the cliff. Sometimes the columns are of large size, and these offer a greater resistance to atmospheric influences, so that there may be no visible wearing away, and the bluff rises bold and bare from the water that dashes against its base. Often bold headlands extend out into the very river, crowned with a fringe of graceful evergreens, and from these rise rounded, smoothly-sloping hills covered with the yellow grass, and above these are lofty, frowning bluffs. Along the bank of the river the O. R. & N. Co. are building a railroad, and thousands of blue-clad and broad-hatted Chinamen are busily at work on it. At the Cascades we took the train which carries us seven miles around the rapids, and then, boarding another steamer, proceeded, until, just at dusk, we reach the Dalles. Here again we change from steamer to rail, reaching Walla Walla early next morning. This is a charming town of 5,000 inhabitants, with a delightful climate and a fertile soil—a veritable garden spot.

ALL HANDS ASLEEP.

LEAVES FROM A LOG-BOOK—VII.

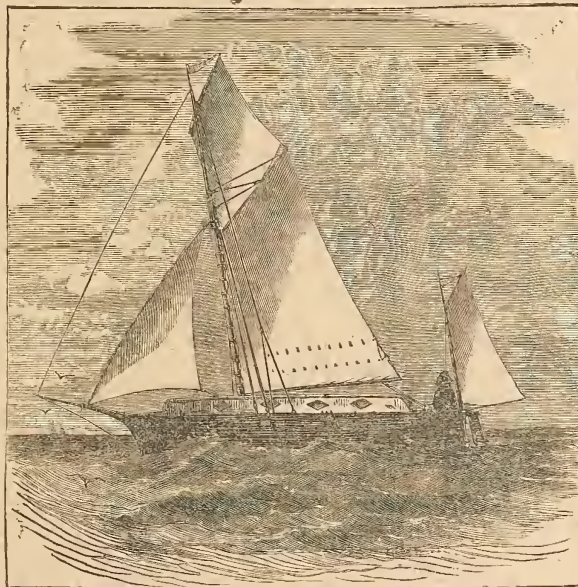
SHE was built—no matter where—by an old oysterman; and, as to her age, it isn't quite the polite thing to inquire a female's time of life, so the Captain forbore asking this question. She was hearty and strong, however, was Peggy, and cheap as dirt; and if bulk gives speed, as our friend of the yachting page declares it does, she should have been a clipper. But whether it was the model, or the barnacles on her bottom, or the undersize of her sails, or the faulty handling of her skipper, certain it is that the Peggy's pace was a very moderate one, and she was more famous for a steady, sober plodding along in all weathers, than for any

good-bye at the dock, and, verily, his words were not without reason. As the hooked end of Crah Point was passed and the open ocean lay before us, the breeze freshened considerably and the topsail was lowered. The little eight-foot life-boat that served as a dingy, which hitherto had lain to the windward of the house, was shoved into the water, and its painter made fast to the Peggy's stern. Then the Captain leaped back against the dandy mast on the first long leg out to sea and smoked his pipe, while he watched the porpoises playing and the distant sails of a fleet of fishing vessels on their voyage home. There is something soporific in thus sitting silently steering under the rays of the summer sun, with the light waves plashing around, and only enough wind to rock one gently up and down as in a cradle, and soon the Captain began to feel a drowsy sensation stealing over him. An inmate facility of sleeping anywhere and under any circumstances, which was a very happy possession in most cases, was here very unwelcome. For a while the somnolent sensation was pleasant, and the Captain abandoned himself to a dreamy reverie, but as his head nodded forward there came a sudden "rat-tat" from the loosed jib-sheets, and, awaking with a start, he found the Peggy rounding to; so, bringing her to her course again, he sat up straight, and began to puff vigorously on the brier-root to keep awake.

It was no use, however, and again the head dropped forward on the breast, the pipe fell from the lips, and the lone sailor was in another doze. This time the Peggy kept her course, and worked her way gradually further and further out into the open ocean. A party of young people, passing in an open yacht, saw the sleeping steersman sitting at his post, but took no more notice of the passing craft than to remark the peculiar rig, so seldom seen in those waters. A lumber schooner passed so near as to endanger the safety of the little smack, and the angry skipper bailed with a gruff, "You blasted lubber, haul off! 'D ort to run you down!" But the Captain of the Peggy gave no answer, and had the lumber vessel sailed away still burling maliciously back at the solitary voyager. And on and on went the Peggy, and further and further out to sea, and still the Captain slept. At length he dreamed. He seemed to hear a rocky island, searching for a harbor for his little smack. None appeared, and every moment the waves were growing fiercer. He would certainly be lost. A huge, jagged rock was dead ahead. He seized the helm to change his course. The tiller would not stir. He gave it a sudden wrench. It broke in two, and he fell over with the force of the shock. The hissing waves engulfed him, and as he struggled vainly to combat them he awoke. The tide had turned, the Peggy had rounded to, and a wave had "splashed" against the Captain's face. Rubbing his eyes and looking around with amazement, he saw the faint dark line of the shore far away. He looked at his watch. He had been aloft four hours, and during the greater part he had slept.

But now work must be quick, for the hours of daylight are passing quickly, and there are low growlings of thunder away off in the West. The Peggy is put about, and away we speed for shore. If we can make Cornerstown Harbor before dark we are all right. If not, we may be lost. Let us examine the chart. Cornerstown lies in a bay midway between two points, Rodney's and Henderson's. These are nine or ten miles apart. The Peggy's nose is headed for one of these, but the question is, which one? If Rodney's, we must bear off to the southward to find the harbor. If Henderson's, we must change our course northward. The distance already sailed cannot be accurately calculated, because the wind has doubled its force since the start, and it is impossible to tell how long its present strength has been kept up. From the distance out at sea the captain is led to believe that Rodney's Point has been passed and that Henderson's is the one in view. There is no craft of any kind in sight, so information from that quarter cannot be expected. A nearer peal of thunder warns that hesitation is dangerous, and the prow of the smack is turned immediately northward, though not discern the expected harbor as the Peggy howls along. The wind has increased to half a gale, and with reefs turned in on every sail the smack still heels fearfully. A sudden wave dashing into the cockpit wets the chart, and its lines are rendered almost illegible. The Point is left a mile behind, and still no signs of the harbor. The Captain begins to feel that he has mistaken his bearings, but it is too late to turn back now, and hoping that by some chance he may find a safe anchorage, he keeps blindly on. A great black cloud, obscuring the light the darkness seems almost like that of night. It is now a certainty that the Captain has taken the wrong course, so, determining to prepare for the worst, the Peggy is laid to, ship's lamps lighted, hatches all tightly closed, heavy coat donned and some of the water in the cockpit pumped out. By the time all this is done the gloom of night has fallen on the water, and, avoiding the perils of an unknown shore, the Captain steers boldly for the open sea.

One of the dangers of a summer thunder shower is the perplexing way the wind has of blowing now this way and now that, and then seemingly from every point of the compass at once. It was this waywardness that troubled the Captain, the sails being at one moment distended to their utmost, and in another moment flapping wildly as he tried to "catch" the new direction of the wind. The whale-boat's compass used on the Peggy had to be scanned by a lantern held between the Captain's knees, and after gazing for a moment at this bright light it was impossible to see a boat's length ahead in the darkness, and the rain, which beat down into the face at an angle, made looking out ahead so



spasmodic bursts of speed in certain winds. After the old oysterman had made such alterations in rig, cabin, etc., as the Captain demanded, and cleaned, to the best of his ability, the interior, which was redolent with the odor from many years' hauls of fish and oysters, the Peggy was, withal, quite a trim little ship, and, before completing his first cruise in her, the Captain conceived a lasting affection for the easy-steering, comfortable-handling, and safety-assuring old smack.

The tide was ebb in Cob Creek as the Peggy dropped down toward the sea, floating slowly, while the Captain cooked his dinner on the spirit-stove near the cabin door, occasionally peering over the bonse to see that her nose was right. The sails were loose, ready to hoist, ropes and rigging coiled or belayed in place, and everything prepared as carefully as if the Peggy were a man-of-war, or fitted out to find the Northwest Passage. And with good reason. The Captain, crew, supercargo and all were one man—a so-called consumptive at that—and where the sailing, cooking, —ay, and the scrubbing, of a twenty-two foot two-master depends on so small a crew, there are many things to be carefully pondered that would receive but slight attention were there a man or so "before the mast."

As we—the Peggy and Captain—drop down through the mouth of the creek and into the bay, a slight whiff of air is felt as we clear the range of the forest of hackmatacks, and preparations are made for action. The little mizzen is first hoisted and the halliards made fast. Then the jib runs up, the Captain not leaving the cockpit to hoist it. Now the Peggy begins to feel the breath of the light land breeze and, as the mainsail is hoisted, ripples the water from her bow with a musical gurgle. With such a light zephyr we can use all sail, and, as we are anxious to see how our hitherto untried topsail will work, that, too, is sent aloft, and the Peggy has donned her "racing rig" complete.

The voyage is to be made through waters entirely unknown to the Captain, but the chart shows a plenty of harbors along the coast, and the sea-going qualities of the little smack are so well-known that but little anxiety is felt for the possible dangers to be encountered. "She'll find her way all by herself," said the old oysterman, when the Captain bade him

uter failure. Occasionally a bright arch would shoot across the heavens for a moment, then all would be pitch dark, the air and water blended in one color, lumpy black. The red light of a passing vessel became suddenly visible within bailing distance, and the Captain cried out, "Hello! Where's Conoverton?" "God knows!" came back over the water, and the red light passed away in the darkness. The little dingy behind began beating like a battering ram on the side of the Peggy, and the Captain crept back to secure it in a different way, steering the while with his ankle pressed against the tiller. Finally the wind settled in a southwest direction, and although it blew a hurricane the little fishing smack stood up to it bravely; and the crew, gradually becoming accustomed to the state of affairs, began to feel a sort of pleasure in thus flying along at full speed over an unknown course, and even essayed to light his pipe in a momentary lull of the storm. But the matches were all damp, and only spluttered without lighting, so he had to content himself with shouting a gay song to the accompaniment of the roaring elements. The storm had lasted over an hour, when straight ahead there appeared a line of light on the water. "Boaters!" shouted the Captain, instantly putting the helm to starboard. But they were not breakers, being instead the reflection on the water of the summer full moon, which had just shown his face at the ragged edge of the black thunder cloud. Now the force of the storm was nearly spent, and the clouds were fast passing away; but the wind asserted its right to stay awhile longer, and the waves still rolled angrily. As the moon shone out with all its brilliancy the Captain saw, to his astonishment, that the smack was only a short distance from the shore, when he had thought her to be far out to sea. And did not that hooked point of land and that forest of hackmatacks have a sort of familiar look? It was, it surely was, the bay at the mouth of Coho Creek—the same place from which he had started the afternoon before. He was aware of this as the Captain gave a shout of joy, and running the Peggy into the well-known channel he soon had a safe anchorage, and with everyting made snug, was soon lying comfortably in the little cabin, sipping a hot glass of grog to take the chill off.

"I told ye," said the old oysterman, when the Captain afterwards related to him the adventure. "I told ye that 'er smack could find her way all alone by herself; an' you needn't tell me she didn't know what she was doin' when she brought you straight home out of 'at gale." SENROA.

MEMORY IN LIONS.

DURING the month of September, 1869, whilst residing in Natal, South Africa, I came into possession of a fine pair of lions, about one year old, and as they were exceedingly tame and good natured, I had a large cage especially constructed, and was constantly in the habit of going in and romping with them. It was always my custom to go inside the cage and feed them from hand, and January, the Kaffir who brought the meat, never failed to take a stand in front of the den, in order to see the last of "N'kos," whenever the lions should see it to add him, by way of dessert, to their regular diet of fresh beef. He always met me, on my exit from the rear of the cage, with the astonished ejaculation of "Wau!" and I never could succeed in convincing him that that some sort of sorcery had been exercised.

In the year 1870 I was suited with the "diamond fever," which was raging throughout South Africa, and leaving my lions with a friend, with directions to sell them, I started with January and a Basuto pony, used as a pack animal, on a weary tramp of 550 miles to the "Fields." Having repeatedly traveled with wagons over the road before, the whole country was well known to me; consequently, I was frequently able to leave the main road and make short cuts across the country, so doing we would often pass in the neighborhood of Kaffir huts. So sure as one happened to be seen some little distance off our path, January would suddenly remember that it was the residence of a brother, or some other relative, and would ask leave to pay a passing call. Generally I would stop, light my pipe, enjoy a whiff and allow the pony to graze while the ceremonious visit was being made. Immediately after the arrival of my henchman at the kraal I would notice that there would be a sudden emptying of all the huts, whose inmates would assemble in clusters and view me with all the indications of awe and fear. In the meantime January would harangue the crowd for a short time and then return, reporting how much pleased his relative had been to find him traveling in such good company. These visits finally became so frequent that I began to suspect January either of eluding consanguinity back to Ham, or of using me, for some purpose best known to himself, to advance his own interests. A few nights after my suspicions were aroused, and January hid during the day in a several ceremonious visits, I was lying rolled up in my blankets with my attention was attracted by his suspicious movements about the expiring fire. Feigning sleep to throw him off his guard, I saw him cautiously procure from underneath his only garment—an extremely dilapidated and abbreviated woolen shirt—several pieces of shriveled meat, which he proceeded to grill over the coals. Knowing the perfect care which all Kaffirs have for meat, even in a pure condition, there was but little difficulty in arriving at a solution of the visiting mystery. Springing to my feet I made the prisoner and made him acknowledge that he had been exhibiting me to his people, and that he had some relatives relating the wonderful things he had seen me do with the lions, and threatening his end with dire evil if they did not instantly seek my good will by sending as a present a bit of meat. From that time forward there were no more relations of our road; and whenever I thought January needed meat, a bit of hind (red antelope meat) was handed him from the small store carried in the pony's pack.

A few months after my arrival on the Fields, my friend, in whose care I had left the lions, came up also, and informed me that they had been sold to some party, who wished to take them to England. After some two years' fruitless digging, I started overland to Cape Town en route to Australia, whilst January turned his face homeward, in company with some returning ox teams, instead of N'kos.

In October, 1873, I reached Melbourne, and the day after my arrival very unfortally found my way to the Zoological Garden. It was a fine Sunday afternoon, and after wandering around the grounds for some time, my attention was attracted by a crowd of people, in front of a large den standing close under a huge eucalyptus tree. On going up and looking into it, I saw that it contained a pair of splendid lions, which, on a closer inspection I was sure were my old South African pets. In order to test the matter, I drew back until I reached the outer edge of the group, and concealing myself behind a slanting umbrella, held by one of the visitors, I

called out to my old friends, as I had been accustomed to do before leaving Natal. Both animals instantly sprang up and began rapidly pacing to and fro, anxiously looking out between the bars, as if they were endeavoring to ascertain from whence came the sound. Finally the female reared up and looked for some time over the heads of the visitors, but the umbrella screened me, and I gradually worked away unseen for some distance, when I met a keeper, whom I accosted, remarking that the Society were in possession of a pair of fine lions.

"You may well say that, sir."
 "How did you get them?"
 "I brought them from South Africa."
 "But how did you get them from South Africa?"
 "I went up in the interior and got the natives to catch them in pitfalls for me."
 "My friend, the natives of South Africa are not in the habit of catching lions in pitfalls. Moreover, I am positively certain that those lions were not on my property."
 "Beg pardon! but you must be mistaken."
 "Do you really think so? Let's go back to the den and I will convince you that I am right."

I instantly began to retrace my steps with the keeper following, and looking very much as if he had "caught a Tartar." On getting up to the rail in front of the cage, I found that both lions had lain down and were dozing. On calling their names, they again hounded up, and I, in spite of the frantic efforts of the keeper to prevent me, and the terrified ejaculations of the visitors, scrambled over the rail, ran up to the bars, and, no doubt in the eyes of many of the spectators, made a great fool of myself in fondling and caressing my old pets. At length the keeper ventured to approach and say:

"Be kind enough not to hlow on me, sir?"
 "I will keep quiet under one condition."
 "What's that, sir?"
 "That you never attempt to tell that pitfall story again."
 "I'm bluffed if I do, as I've managed to tumble into the blasted thing myself."

By this time it had been noised around the garden that something unusual was going on at the lions' den, and in a few moments the space in front of it was filled with people, all anxious to see the Yankee play with the lions. After satisfying their curiosity I got the venacious keeper to pilot me to the office of Mr. de Soof, Secretary of the Society, who kindly informed me that the animals had come direct from Natal, in a vessel laden with sugar, the Captain having purchased them from the party who originally intended to take them to England. FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Zoological Gardens, Cincinnati.

MINNESOTA GAME RESORTS.

THE first point is Sauk Centre, a quiet little town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It is 117 miles from St. Paul, on the line of the Great Northern and Manitoba Railroad. This town lies at the foot of Sauk Lake from which it derives its name, and is in the very heart of a splendid prairie-chicken country. Sauk Lake abounds in game fish of a superior quality, is nine miles long, and its sandy banks afford fine shelter for the snigler. There are some five sail hoists on the lake, notably one owned by E. J. Harrison, who is a true lover of the rod and gun. One can find plenty of sport on this nice little sheet of water—fishing, ducking (in the fall large numbers of ducks congregate here), yachting, bathing and picnicking.

Westport is ten miles due west of Sauk Centre, and here is where one will find the ducks and geese in quantities to suit. Between this point and Sauk Centre is a broad prairie country, partly settled, and with plenty of grain fields wherein *Tetra capidus* hovers in with plenty undisturbed by the sportsman's gun. You can enter any of these fields and rest assured no one will disturb your "piece of comfort" while you make the prairie ring with the brock-lark's brazen voice. A man can be had at Sauk Centre for \$3.50 to take you out to this place, where you can then find both wild and tame farmer, who will show you every attention. Board, \$3.50 to \$5 per week.

Birch Bark Lake lies twelve miles east and north of Sauk Centre, and is one of the most attractive resorts, especially for "variety hunters," or those who desire to fish a little, hunt a little, sail a good deal, and have a general good time, driving dull care away.

The lake in question extends on all sides by a wide waterway, where the red deer bounds lightly in his wildness, where the grave yet fierce-looking "bruin" meanders leisurely over hill and dale; where the partridge rises on whirring wings, and fits like a shadow away from his strange intruder; where the plunge of the pickerel, as he makes a grab at some lesser than he, is heard, coupled with a nice little waterfall which sings a wild, soothing lullaby, and where I nearly baptized myself and companion in "running" the rapids.

Swan Lake, proper, is situated twenty miles northeast of Sauk Centre and four miles southwest of Pillsbury, Todd county. It is a broad expanse of bright, blue water, about four and a half miles long and from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide. Immense beds of wild rice form a very attractive lure for the wary old mallard, blue-wing teal, canvas-back and "whistler." The bank on the east side is heavily timbered. In this forest are found plenty of deer, bears, panthers, squirrels, etc. At this lake my old friend, Frank Lockie, who is a true lover of all the beauties of nature and a genuine sportsman, and who has had some capital sport with rod and gun. On one trip he killed sixty-seven ducks, and we did not count those that went away, either; only the dead ones which were brought to boat. Mr. Locke still resides there and could, no doubt, entertain a party of four.

Bass Lake derives its name from the endless quantities of black and striped, or calico, bass, with which it abounds. In company with a gentleman I took forty as fine bass as ever one saw, in about seven hours' time. Some of these beauties weighed as high as 8 lbs. They are "clean grit" and will make a reel sing the time merrily. This lake lies one mile east of the one above-mentioned, and is about a mile long by one-half mile wide. It is very deep, and on the east bank may be found a limpid stream of ice-cool water away up on the bluff above and overlooking the lake. There I have lain and enjoyed the view of the surrounding scenery; or have read, and drank the cooling spring water and listened to the merry rattle of the dashed over moss-covered stones and finally to mingle with the waters of the lake. This would be a grand place for some wearied business or professional man. Here he might refresh and lighten life's heavy burden. It would be necessary to take a boat at this point, for there

were none on the lake but an old Indian's dug-out when we were there. The proper way for a party to get to this point is to come direct to Sauk Centre, and then hire a team and go out by the way of Round Prairie.

Rice Lake is about ten miles northeast of Long Prairie, and twenty-eight miles north from Sauk Centre. It is a large sheet of water, well supplied with wild rice, whence its name. Messrs. A. W. Shells, of Todd County Argus, and W. C. Brower, editor of Sauk Centre Tribune, in company with several other gentlemen, spent a most enjoyable time here among the ducks last fall. All would have passed pleasantly enough had it not been for W. C. B.'s unucky plunge into the lake, with the mercury a "little low." But more than one hundred ducks were brought to lag by the party in a very short time. We think that any one desiring to visit Rice Lake would find capital sport, and if they wanted a jolly good boy along, let them take Arth.

Goose Lake is situated in one of the best sections of country I know of for the pursuit of this magnificent game bird. It is 8 miles northeast of Sauk Centre, and is 123 miles from St. Paul, on the M. St. P. & M. R. R. The sportsman should leave the train at Sauk Centre and hire a team. He could go nearer by rail, but would not be likely to get so good an overland rig at West Union, the nearest place by rail. A camping party could have a grand time by hiring a team and go for a two weeks' sojourn in this splendid resort. I have killed many a wry old "honker" here, and sent many a "whistler" to his long home. Around this lake is a good settlement, and plenty of stubble fields, fairly alive with prairie chickens and mallard ducks. There are other smaller lakes in this vicinity which abound in ducks of all kinds. No fish worthy of note are found here.

The Ashley River heads in West Port Lake, and winds around among hills, through valleys and level prairies, for a distance of about fifteen miles, the bends taken into measurement, and finally empties into Sauk Lake at a point about a mile above the town site of Sauk Centre. The way I do this river after ducks is to take a good working skiff with a team up to West Port; there launch the boat, and with a good pilot, or in fact any one who can keep a boat in the centre of the stream, paddle and float down, keeping a sharp lookout for ducks in the bend and bays. In some places the boats will require a little "working" in order to progress properly. In this way one may go for a distance of fifteen miles or more and find most excellent shooting all the way, and without getting fatigued, meeting your team at Sauk Centre in the evening, or next day if you choose to hire by the way. First class shooting is to be had. Your boat is back where you started from with little or no trouble.

Some of my best ducking I have had in this very river, where, at times, they flew so fast I hardly had time to throw out the empty shells; and I did most of my shooting on the wing.

I have given a brief sketch regarding several important points, and by the great variety of every reader will see I have written in the sportsman's interest only; as I have no "axe to grind" or any desire to visit these places can do so and will find my figures facts, not fiction. I have been as explicit as possible. DELL.

Natural History

DO CROWS HOLD COURTS?

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Jan. 1891.

GOAT ISLAND, as the little world both know, is the island which divides the falls of Niagara. It is now, and has been time out of mind, a great roosting place for crows. Thousands of these dusky scavengers roost there every night, scurrying off in all directions with their discordant crowing at the first streak of daylight, but always returning at dusk every evening no matter how stormy the weather or how far they have strayed during the day in search of food. It is curious to notice how cunningly they find one of their "holes" until they get over to the island, where of course they are protected, no one being allowed to shoot there. There, feeling themselves perfectly safe, they seem to call a meeting, appoint officers and call the roll, each member answering to his name separately, after which they all join in a chorus flitting from limb to limb, and gradually quieting down for the night. I have never seen them start in the morning, but have no doubt they go through some such regular routine.

One evening last fall, while on the Island, I noticed three crows in a row on a limb of a tree, two of them being terribly noisy, the other quite quiet, but looking sick; his feathers seemed all to grow the wrong way and a more miserable looking crow it would be impossible to imagine. I came to the conclusion that the middle crow had been shot at and wounded, or was sick, and the other two were looking after him. After a while I noticed the two outsiders make a start to fly, like starting for a race, but as the sick one, which was in the middle, did not start, they immediately came back to roost. This they repeated several times, the centre crow not appearing to pay any attention to them. Suddenly the two crows commenced to behave the sick one with beak and wings, until he screamed most piteously, and on the next trial there was a good start, and the three crows flew away together in a line as they had sat on the tree. I have thought much about this incident since, but could never satisfactorily explain it to myself until I noticed the following clip from an English paper, which has concerned me with the matter of the powers of the law and the third culprit. The extract says:

"I have just now an authentic case of curious intelligence or instinct in birds, which I have verified for the benefit of my readers. A clergyman living in Yorkshire tells me that in the spring of a few years ago he and his daughter were walking in some fields, where the crows were busy in the trees building their nests. Always noisy at this time, they were more than usually so on this occasion, and a number of the latter coming home to dinner stopped to see what was the matter. Close by the gate where my friend stood he saw about a dozen crows engaged in the most noisy and violent gesticulations, and on the branch of a tree at hand sat two crows, with a third dejected and miserable-looking crow between them. When the clamor had in some degree subsided, a crow stepped forward from the crowd and seemed to address those seated on the trees—when, quick as thought—the two side crows flew up on the unfortunate wretch between them, and with their beak dealt him such a blow on the head that he fell dead without a single flutter. After this act of justice, as it undoubtedly was, the birds ceased to make any sound and then flew off as if satisfied.

"This tale is corroborated and supplemented by an incident

of a similar kind, seen by a lady whom I knew, who was present at a court-martial in a field of crows, formed in the same way; and the execution of the criminal took place in a precisely similar manner. Who shall say that gregarious birds have not their judges and juries, and each of laws by which their colonies are regulated, as well as condign punishment for transgressors?" P.

THE MISTLETOE.

THE mistletoe of England (*Viscum flucosens*), of which mention is made so frequently in ancient superstitions and legends, is a true parasitic plant, that is, it not only grows on trees, but penetrates their bark and draws its support from the sap of the tree. In this respect it differs from the parasitic mosses, ferns, fungi, lichens and orchids, that are to be found growing on trees, but which obtain their support from the atmosphere; these are simply lodgers, while the mistletoe demands both board and lodging.

The word mistletoe is of Anglo-saxon origin, and is derived from the word mistlestan—mistle, different, and stan a twig, a prong, a shoot of a tree. The mistletoe belongs to the natural order of Larnatiaceae, which contains more than 400 known species, mostly tropical evergreen shrubs that are parasitic in their habit, some having showy and odorous flowers.

The mistletoe, when very young is succulent, but as it attains age becomes woody. Its repeatedly forked branches form a pendant bush of from one to fivefeet in diameter. The mistletoe is very brittle and breaks readily at its joints, particularly so after it has been separated from the tree on which it grew. At each of the joints on the terminal branches grow a pair of opposite sessile, thickish, nearly nerveless leaves, which vary from narrowly oblong to obovate, but are always entire and obtuse. The flowers are deciduous, inconspicuous, of a light green color, and are situated at the ends of the terminal branches (see Fig. 1). The male and female flowers (Figs. 2 and 4) are borne on separate plants.

The berries are about the size of currants (Fig. 3), are white and semi-transparent in color, and contain a very viscid juice. Birds, when feeding on the berries, reject the seed which, becoming attached to the bark of the tree, in time takes root. In this way the mistletoe becomes disseminated. In establishing the seed artificially a small section of the bark is raised and the seed is placed beneath it. To hide the seed away from birds and small animals, it is planted on the under-side of the branch. No matter in what position the seed may be placed, the radical, which in ordinary plants extends downward, will, with the mistletoe,

toe was considered the most potent of all substances as a cure for diseases, an antidote for poisons and a charm against all evil powers, and was distributed to the people and carried about their persons.

Another powerful talisman these enterprising and cheerful Druids greatly valued was the egg of a serpent, which, according to Pliny oozed out of the mouths of serpents when knotted together, and when supported in the air by their co-operative hissings was the propitious moment in which to seize it or otherwise it lost its magic virtues; but he who attempted to so seize it must suddenly dart from his hiding place and catch it in a napkin, mount a horse (the first one he could get on top of, no anxiety as to who owned it) and gallop off at full speed until he had placed a river between himself and the serpents.

The only uses to which the mistletoe is now applied in England are for feeding cattle when a scarcity of other food prevails, and in the manufacture of bird-line, which is produced in the following manner: The berries and bark are placed in boiling water for several hours until the viscid and adhesive material contained in them is extracted. This is strained through a cloth to get rid of the woody portion,

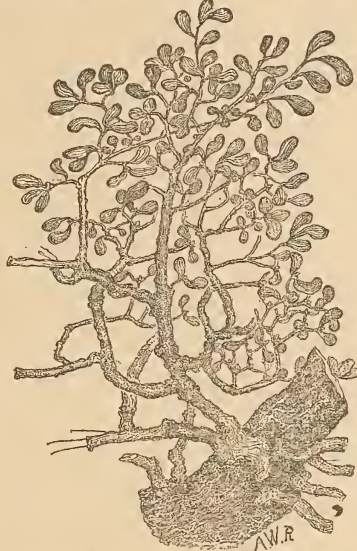


FIG. 2.—MISTLETOE OF SOUTHERN STATES

after which it is concentrated by evaporation, when the substance assumes a consistency like that of dissolved caoutchouc. This substance is known to chemists as viscin. The bird-line when used is smeared on the branches of trees, a live or stuffed bird being used as a decoy. When a bird alights on the charged branches it sticks fast, and as it beats with its wings they also become defiled with the bird-line so that its wings become useless to a greater or less degree. Only the vilest of pot-hunters and bird catchers use it. It is the most utterly ugly, dirtiest of dirty mean ways of catching small native birds.

The mistletoe in England is in great demand during the Christmas holidays, both for the purpose of decoration and from the custom that if a gentleman discovers or can beguile a lady under the "mistletoe bough" he is entitled to a kiss from her. This is a very ancient custom which has been handed down from the feudal times.

Some years ago the mistletoe was considered a valuable remedy for epileptic fits, blind-falling and other ailments; but it has passed out of use of late years.

The mistletoe of the Southern states differs from the English not only in having both the male and female flowers on the same plant, but also in the form of the leaf, which is stouter, shorter (see Fig.—) and of a more yellowish-green color. This variety was first described by Nuttall, who made a new genus for it—*Phoradendron*—"a tree itself." We have many species of *phoradendron*, the commonest being *P. flucosens*, which ranges from southern New Jersey to Illinois, Texas and Mexico. In Texas the mistletoe is so abundant on the mesquite trees that their natural foliage is hidden. Some years ago a Mrs. Millington made known a minute variety which she found growing on the black spruce in Warren county, New York, it being scarcely more than an inch long, but so plentiful as to injure the trees. In the cider-producing districts of England the mistletoe is so abundant on the apple trees as to cause great injury to the crop, often absorbing the entire juices of large trees in a few months and causing their entire destruction.

Few people are aware that large quantities of the English mistletoe are sent to this country during the two weeks preceding Christmas. This mistletoe is handled by the large dealers in the Christmas greens which are used for the decoration of churches, stores and private dwellings during the holiday season. From the hands of the wholesale dealers it passes to the retail florists, who dispose of it to their customers of English birth and extraction, at the rate of from one to two dollars per bunch. This season the dealers were stuck with the mistletoe because the English shippers did not send it here in season. It is not safe stuff to handle unless it reaches our markets from ten to twelve days before Christmas. It should be packed in a light but solid and firm case, and shipped as soon after being gathered as possible, so as to avoid its becoming dry and brittle before reaching Northern markets.

The Southern mistletoe was a drug on the market this season on account of its being nearly destitute of berries, a condition caused by the very dry season in some parts of the Southern States. The Southern mistletoe is sent North with the leaves of the palmetto and other palms, as well as large quantities of Spanish moss.

I find that very few people know the history of the mistletoe and the strange legends and superstitions associated with it, and very many persons are surprised when told that in the South and West it is so very abundant that it is often destructive to valuable trees. A. W. ROBERTS.

QUESTIONS ABOUT WILD TURKEYS.

SPARHILL, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This year while hunting in south-eastern Virginia, I had the pleasure of killing specimens of at least two different species of wild turkey, viz: The "mossy-head" or "branch" turkey and the "red-legged" or "great woods" turkey, as they are called. I had heard for several years that there were at least two separate kinds, but until this fall I had never seen any save the red-legged. The "mossy-head" is one-third smaller, and on its head are many small feathers, which give it the appearance of being moss-grown—whence its name. They frequent, principally, the sides of branches and "bold fields," but are sometimes found in the big woods with their congeners, the large one, whose head is smooth, with pink markings, and whose legs are of a much brighter pluck or red. These are generally found in oak or large pine woods, and call much more freely than the mossy-head and are a bolder bird in every respect. There is also considerable difference in their note.

My experience was as follows: During the month of November, having some spare time, I ran down to Sussex and Greene counties, South Va., to try deer and turkey shooting for a few weeks; having heard that in that region the deer were quite plenty and that, although the turkeys were getting scarce, still there were quite a number to be found.

One Sunday afternoon found me at "Pleasant Shade," the hospitable residence of Col. Spratty. As Monday was Court day and his son (Masser Willam, as he was called by the darkies) having to attend, there was nothing special on hand. The day opened rainy; so I did not go out until after dinner, when, taking the turkey dog, who was also good for geese,rels, Sam Barrow and myself started for the woods. We had not gone more than a mile from the house when we heard the dog bark. "Down," exclaimed Sam, "there are the turkeys." Hardly had we crouched when, sailing over the tops of the pines, came two large birds, which I declared to be a gobbler and a hen. Bang—bang, went both barrels; the hen sailed on untouched, but the gobbler pitched down, about 200 yards off. The underbrush was quite thick, and, although we hunted thoroughly, we could not find him; so giving up the search we went back to where the hen was flushed and built a blind. There, hiding ourselves, we yelped and yelled until dark, but no response came. Very downcast were we when we went back to the house, but the Colonel told us they were probably "mossy-heads," and that they would call to-morrow morning about daybreak. So before day Masser Willy and I were in the blinds. Mr. Spratt, who is a fine turkey hunter, had not made more than four or five yelps, when an answering whistle told us a young bird was coming through the woods. One little chuck brought the bird up, there was a report and some feathers flew, while on the ground lay a fine young gobbler. Flouring the bird we again hid ourselves, and in about ten minutes he called up a pair, which were killed.

About a week after that Messrs. Buford and Spratty proposed that we should go in search of a gang of hybrids that were in the neighborhood. These hybrids are said to be a cross between the large and small varieties. They have some of the markings of the large kind, and also some "moss" on their heads. Originally there were a gang of 12, but only ones in that piece of woods, but four or five years ago they got crossed. We found them without much trouble, and killed two on the flush and one from the blind. The following week our same party got on to the "red-legs." We were riding through a bottom when old B-pops gave tongue. Jumping off our horses, we fired at the birds as they came over our heads. I had the good fortune to drop an old hen, and Mr. Buford two young gobblers. The old hen was a beautiful bird, weighing fully 15 lbs. with a richly bronzed plumage, a plump on her smooth head, bright legs, and, what to me was strange, a heard some 50 in. long. Judging from the beard, they decided she was at least 10 or 12 years old. Thus, you see, I have met two distinct kinds, with a cross between the two, inhabiting one locality. Now, will you please inform me how many varieties there are, for I have heard it claimed by some who profess to be well up in the fauna of our country, that there is but one variety, and yet, as I have just told you, I have seen two.

[Ornithologists recognize but one species of wild turkey in the Eastern States. This is what our correspondent calls the "red-leg." We should be glad to hear more on this subject from turkey hunters at large. A cross between the wild and the domestic turkey occurs to us as a possible explanation of the foregoing statement.]

PHILADELPHIA, January 8, 1893.—Editor Forest and Stream: E. Gray Pundleton sent us last week a white wild turkey, which he shot near Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. It was beautifully marked with stripes of black, and is considered very rare. This week he sent us an old gobbler, weighing 20 lbs., which was as singularly marked as the white one. It was the most brilliant bronze, shined down to a blue green, and here and there on the breast and wings were pure white feathers, giving the bird a most peculiar appearance. The tail, which is very large, has a white feather on each side of it. The beard is but six inches in length. Are not these very old specimens of genuine wild turkeys?—VICTOR.

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER IN VERMONT.—Ferrisburgh, Vt., Jan. 7, 1893.—Editor Forest and Stream: I must correct a statement which I made a few weeks ago that red-headed woodpeckers never winter here. To-day I saw quite a party of them, probably a family, and shot one. It does not quite agree with Wilson's description of the bird's plumage at any age, and the legs are gray and the middle of the bill brown color. But I suppose there is no question that it is a red-head. I never before saw one here in winter, but this has been an uncommon winter. I send you today, and they were quite plentiful till the cold weather set in, about the first of the month. They are not often seen here after the 1st of December. R. E. R.

HAIR SEAL AND PORPOISE SKINS.—The skins of the hair seal (*Phoca vitulina*) are now used for covering many articles of ornament, especially albums and books. The hair is left on, and its irregular spotted surface presents a handsome effect. They have also been used for ladies capes and muffs. The tanned seal skin is also extensively employed in the manufacture of ladies hand bags and belts, and for pocket books, cigar cases and other small articles, and is also imported from England and are exceedingly strong and durable. They will outwear two pairs of shoes so says the shoemaker of FOREST AND STREAM.

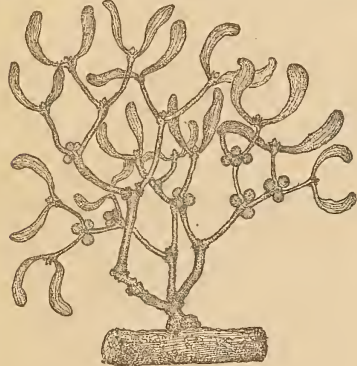


FIG. 1.—ENGLISH MISTLETOE.

always reach to the surface of the bark without reference to sunlight, heat, gravitation or other influences. So strong is this habit, that the radical is often obliged to curve itself over before reaching the bark on which to attach itself. The attachment is effected by an expanding or flattening out of the end of the radical into a disc, which gives a firm hold after which roots are developed from the disc, and penetrate the bark till they reach that part of the tree containing the most sap and juices. Numerous in England often establish young specimens of the mistletoe on apple and other trees by means of the artificial propagation above described, and dispose of the trees to dealers in the most northern parts of Scotland and England, where the mistletoe is not a native. The superstitions and legends associated with the mistletoe

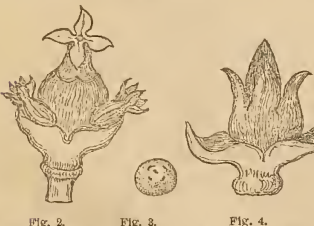


FIG. 2. FIG. 3. FIG. 4.

by the ancient Britons and Germans were many. By the ancient order of Druids its collection was attended with great solemnity and religious display and form. In England the mistletoe is more rarely found growing on the oak than upon any other tree, although this fact is contrary to popular belief; hence, that which was found growing upon the sacred oak was considered more powerful, and was regarded with greater honor and sacredness than that which grew on other trees. As soon as it was discovered, the Druids assembled about the tree and a banquet and sacrifices were prepared. These sacrifices consisted not alone of the carcasses of animals; living human beings, also, were offered up on the sacred altars. A priest robed in white vestments caught the sacred mistletoe in an immaculate white cloth as it was detached from the oak onough with a sickle of solid gold, after which two milk white heifers were hastily dispatched and roasted in the way of a burnt offering, the rest of the day being spent in rejoicing, prayer and feasting. By the Druids the mistle-

THE CAUSE OF RUST IN GUN BARRELS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have followed the correspondence on "Rust in Gun Barrels" with careful attention. It has the great merit of throwing light upon the subject from many different standpoints, and, I believe, will have the ultimate result of producing not only a cure but also a preventive against these "measles of the gun." Now, to arrive at this much desired result, the nature and the causes of this disease must first be studied and understood, then the remedies may be looked for and properly applied.

And here I would wish to direct attention first to the fact that many spots in the barrel are produced by scales of lead adhering to the iron, especially toward the breech; these, of course, can be removed by brushing and friction, and I shall not refer to them hereafter. But the rust spots, which are the result of an oxydation or corrosion of the iron, and which invariably produce unevenness and roughness of the barrel, will form the subject of my remarks. The following observations will assist us in arriving at some definite conclusions:

1. The iron which is used in the manufacture of guns does not oxydize or rust in dry air. In moist air, and especially in changing the amounts of water in the air—sometimes moist, sometimes dry—the iron oxydizes from the surface, and the rust or oxyde is left on the iron, will gradually be eaten, as it were, until nothing but rust is left.

2. Water, when free from air, corrodes iron but little; and when it is in its natural state and temperature it not only contains considerable quantities of air but also carbonic acid gas, as well as saline matter. This will assist materially the rusting process.

The above two points will at once suggest the rule of preventing the access of air and water to the metallic surfaces of the iron, and indeed all the different varnishes, oils and rust preventers are in first line based upon the principle of covering the metallic surface with a thin covering, which will protect the iron from contact with air and moisture. It is, of course, of first importance that such oils and rust preventers do not decompose themselves in contact with the metal; and oils which are liable to produce in any instance free acids are to be strictly excluded, or else the process of oxydation or rusting might be going on quicker than in moist air or water. Perfectly neutral bodies, which are not liable to any decomposition under the given circumstances, are the best rust preventers, and I could suggest nothing better than solutions of pure paraffine in benzine. The fats and oils contain fatty acids, which are liable to produce an acid reaction under influence of warmth and air, and this, once commenced, does not prevent rusting or corrosion. I believe that the presence of substances in such fatty matters which are liable to oxydation, and probably more so than iron, would prevent the corrosion of the latter at the expense of the substance in the fat, and the good effects of blue umcennum, which is an intimate mixture of mercury and animal fat, is most likely caused by such circumstances.

I have already indicated that it is not only the air which is apt to carry oxygen to the iron, but that also other substances are apt to do so; and I pointed out that oils and varnishes, which under any circumstances can do so, should be, and may easily be, avoided.

I now come to the consideration of the effects of the remnants of discharged gunpowder upon the gun barrels; and, as it appears that this question can be investigated, I will endeavor to explain what I think of it. No doubt some of our sportsmen friends will at their views corroborated by what I say; some may still continue to adhere to their own explanations, but I hope all will do me the justice of finding my remarks pertinent and made for the good of the fraternity.

"Californian," in your last number, has already referred to the possible difference in the composition of gunpowder and the effect thereby produced upon the gun barrel. I am not aware that any manufacturer uses soda saltpetre; in my opinion they do not—only potash saltpetre, and that as free as possible from all other salts and impurities. It appears, however, that, except in reference to its containing soda and moisture, all analyses of gunpowder have lost their significance after it was once ascertained that our suppositions in regard to the composition and the process of decomposition in the explosion of gunpowder were wrong. It was generally supposed in theory that gunpowder should be composed of one atom of saltpetre, one atom of sulphur and three atoms of carbon, and that, as a result of its explosion, three atoms carbonic acid, one atom nitrogen, as gas, and one atom desoxidum sulphuric should be formed. Instead of this the powder gases contain, besides carbonic acid and nitrogen gas, considerable quantities of carbonic oxyde gas; a part of the charcoal remains unburned, and, besides potassium sulphide, the residue contains large quantities of potassium sulphate and carbonate. This process, within certain limits, is also quite independent of the grainage of the powder, and, therefore, not much is gained by analysis or external examination of the powder. These may be considered as facts, and I have, therefore, always used one brand of powder after finding it good, and would even stick to that against all other judgments.

According to the above, the residue which is left in the barrel after discharge, consists of potassium sulphate, sulphide and carbonate. If this residue is left dry, it will remain unchanged; if left in moist air, it will change, form sulphurous acid and corrode the barrel; the charcoal, which is always left in it, will act as an absorbent of air, moisture and carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and thereby serve as a medium, keeping more or less porous, the residue distributed over the iron, and will accelerate the exchange of oxygen between potassium sulphide and the iron. This can be in some way experienced, if iron is left with powder residue and water or moist air together. It is also palpable that some little time will elapse before the chemical process will commence. It seems, therefore, to be the right way to clean the gun barrels from this residue.

That some powders are worse in this respect than others, and some barrels resist the corroding influence of the undischarged powder, and that some powder residues are soft, others hard, and the best methods of preventing their action on the barrel, would form an interesting subject of further discussion.

Dr. VOLNEY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If the subject is not threads here let me add any note of testimony; and as to make an opinion of any weight the length and time spent in forming it should be given. I am sorry to say that I have gained what will next summer be forty-two years experience. In your last number your corre-

pondent "C. E." hit it exactly; leaving the dirt from shooting on the barrels will protect them from rusting "sometimes," and sometimes it won't, and when it does not your gun is ruined. One of mine nearly was for I discovered this discovery long ago, and I am just lazy enough to make the most of every labor-saving arrangement. So I work the others against putting too much faith in it. I notice the uncertainty it caused by the grade of powder, as "Californian" says, or not, I cannot tell; and as I generally use common powder, having been cured of the weakness for expensive ammunition when I was quite youthful, I hardly think that is the reason. Let your readers try the experiment, but do not trust their guns to it too long at a time. The better plan is to get a warm nook in the house, say the corner by the kitchen chimney, and put up a closet. Keeping guns dry is, in the salt air near the coast, the only preventive of rust; and, my friends, "I don't you forget it."

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

DUCK SHOOTING ON MORICHES BAY.

I HAD looked forward to having a duck shooting expedition all through the fall, at some point on the eastern end of Long Island, where or when I had not yet determined, when I received from my friend, J. S., the following characteristic letter: "Moriches, L. I., Nov. 6, 1881.—My Dear Mr. Hunter: I have been out on the bay to-day, and have seen a very large number of ducks flying about. The prospects look very good, indeed. Bishop has plenty of room and is anxious to see you."

This settled the question, and the following afternoon found me with packed valise in one hand and gun in the other, on the way to the Long Island Railroad station. Securing a seat in the train, I resigned myself to the situation, knowing that when one has occasion to travel on this marvel of intricate railroads one is in constant anxiety lest he should be landed at a station miles away from his destination. But by a stroke of good fortune, backed by frequent inquiries of the conductor, at the end of a three hours' journey I reached Moriches in safety, and huddling into "Sylph's" ancient vehicle yclept a stage, awaited shiveringly the end of my expedition, which proved to be the cosy quarters of John Bishop.

This worthy host was at once farmer, landlord and guide, and by hook or by crook managed the three occupations with both credit and profit.

We were awakened at three o'clock the next morning. The birds had started from the south, and the early part of the night, but had not changed a whit, and a day of fog hung over the bay. Nothing could be heard save the dull booming of the surf as it broke on the outer beach. Before break of day we were on our way making good speed for our landing—Doctor's Point—a piece of land jutting out into the bay about a mile. In choosing the best points these baymen, whose power of perception is wonderfully acute, always prefer a lee shore, so that when the wind is from the northwest, which is considered to be the best quarter, they select a point on the lee side of the bay, and string out decoys to the leeward side of the point with their heads to windward.

Having arranged the stools in a duck-like and life-like a condition as possible, but which the fog caused to loom up twice their natural size, we encamped ourselves in the bottom of the boat and awaited the breaking of day. Suddenly to the westward there was a bright flash, and a second after another, followed by two dull, muffled sounds of "ploong! ploong!" of guns, we knew the ball had opened. The morning voice of Bishop, "Look out, here they come from the eastward," the next moment showed, as painfully raising our heads above the gunwales of the boats, a bunch of ducks, which proved, on closer inspection, to be broadbills. They rapidly approached, and, with almost the velocity of a cannon ball, swooped over the decoys and were off, but not without leaving three of their companions behind, one dead and two crippled so badly that they were soon dispatched. Presently, a large flock of old squaws, numbering perhaps several hundred, started on their resting place, first out on the bay, by a passing flock, came swinging by just out of gun shot. The guide, seeing they were likely to pass by without noticing the stools, performed the curious action of kicking his feet up into the air, and at the same time uttered, in a semi-falsetto voice, "how-ab-ablik," which he afterwards assured me was the cry of the old squaws. The ducks, perceiving this strange feat, and at the same time catching sight of their supposed friends snugly nestled in the sheltered cove, changed their course and came to investigate, but, finding a point of interest, they came to a halt, and followed their course for an instant and discharged their contents, and four ducks, arrested in their rapid flight, leave the flock and fall heavily to the water, rebounding from the shock, and lay on their backs stone dead. The fusillade is now general, as far as can be heard. Away to the westward, in the neighborhood of Smith's Point, comes the faint ploong! ploong! of a double report (a peculiar sound on water), and soon after a flock of whistlers appear, their low tremulous whistle proclaiming their species. Rising from the cramped position which the cautious gamester naturally assumes to remain unseen, we pour a volley into their rank, and have the satisfaction to see three drop.

Five o'clock in the afternoon found us with decoys packed away on the way back to headquarters, with fifteen broadbills, three sheldracks, seven coots and ten old squaws. Early the following morning we were on another point, in consequence of the wind having shifted to the north and blowing great guns. Not a cloud, nor a duck, could be seen in the sky, and the guide, accompanied us with old squaws and local incidents, of which you believe have quite a lot to fall.

He told, in his quaint way, of an old gunner of Moriches, who had owned, for the greater part of his life, a muzzel-loader, but his curiosity having been so excited by a city friend, who had extolled the merits of the breech-loader, that he was at length persuaded to purchase one. One morning he set out on the bay, bringing both guns with him for the purpose of seeing for himself which the merits or demerits of each lay. Presently a flock of old squaws came flying by. He leveled the breech-loader at the leader and fired—a very fair aim, he thought—but, greatly to his surprise, they only wagged their long-tail feathers, and cried out, as if in derision, "How dry're you!" Again another bunch flew by, and the derisive cry rang out as they flew off unharmed. The blood of the old bayman was now fairly boiling. Muttering a word which is not found in polite reading, he flung the breech-loader in the bottom of the boat, and snatched the muzzel-loader. "Scream and Blazes," he affectionately termed his old gun, just as he leveled it at a bunch of four passing by, and, to his extreme delight, saw

them all drop. Surveying them with grim satisfaction, as he picked them up, he exclaimed, "Now, d—n ye! how dry're you!"

Our second day's sport proved as barren and monotonous as yesterday's had been fruitful and exciting. But along toward 3 P. M. a black duck passed by, and, yielding to increased ballist in the shape of No. 4 shot, set his wings and dropped far out in the bay. Bishop showed out and got it, but it was difficult to tell whether he would be in the return, as he battled against wind and tide, and reloaded me of a picture of Ajax defying the tempest. Darkness put an end to an unsuccessful day's shooting; for on counting the spoils we found we had only a green-winged teal and a black duck. Nothing daunted by the ill-success of the previous day, we were again at our post the next morning. Now, fortune—that fickle goddess—again smiled, and before noon we counted twelve good ducks; but as it was necessary that we should take the afternoon train for home, we reluctantly packed away the decoys, and, "casting our lingering, longing look behind," at places rendered charming by our short association, we bade farewell to duck shooting till next year.

GOLDEN EYE.

WING SHOOTING VS. TREEING.

ASHFIELD, MASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

First, as to the "whisky." It was mentioned incidentally and no issue sought on that point; but since L. I. F. insists on it, I would say that whoever it may be in his section, wherever you find a downright pot-hunter here, the amount of whisky drunk is only limited by the supply; but I had not supposed that either the FOREST AND STREAM or its teachings was particularly acceptable to this class. Next comes the caribou comparison. Yes; when a scatter-gun is invented that handles easily and possesses the power to make it as certain of riddling a caribou at twenty rods as a modern choked breech-loader is of finding game by grouse at a few yards, and when the caribou has the alarming habit of squatting and lying in pointing dogs after a short flight, then, by all means, start him up before you shoot and give him a chance, by a lucky jump sideways or behind some friendly bush, to escape your deadly fusillade.

As to the term "murder," the sense of honor and fair play possessed by the true sportsman should intuitively inform him when sport ceases and murder commences. Is it not surprising, that, while the terms "trout boys," "quail murderers," "buffalo butchers," etc., are constantly found, without eliciting any rebuff from the sporting fraternity, the instant a voice is raised to prevent the extinction of the king of game birds by the most disgraceful hatchery a tremendous opposition is encountered? What would be thought now of the sportsman who should send in for publication a full set of elaborate rules with valuable suggestions for the most successful method of huddling quail for a murderous shot, or for netting trout in the most killing style, and framed after the manner of our late directions for the most deadly method of grouse?

And yet, good friends, 'tis not a few years since that they were all lurchered alike to fill the capacious maw of the pot-hunter. He has swallowed almost the last one of the quail and trout, and a few grouse alone have escaped by their superiorunning. Doubtless when, in a few years, he has—if unchecked—reduced the grouse in like manner he will hardly have the stomach to reply while we all stonour about the "honor" of the "manner of their taking off," and talk loudly of their proceeds as we now sit in relation to trout and quail.

The fact is that New England is in the same fix that our northern brethren soon will be. We have comparatively few grouse left, and an army of shooters coming on; and after all our efforts to get them started shooting in a sportsmanlike style, it is hardly to be wondered at that we regard with little favor efforts to proselyte them to pot-hunting. No one that lacks the amount of pluck and esprit de corps necessary to prefer fair play before "baz," need ever expect to acquire much skill in wing-shooting; or ever to taste the slight esthetic delight that fully possesses the true sportsman as he views his hard-earned spoils.

While we desire to deal justly in our discussions, we must say that a disposition to boast of slaughtering treed birds and giving minute directions for the best methods of accomplishing the same, plainly indicate which side is favored and are about in the same vein as that "solid" advice to our boys, viz., "try all fair wing shots, and perhaps in the course of time you will shoot them in no other way," though of course you will fill up the bag with all the "pot-shots" possible. That's training for wing-shooters with a vengeance. Why! it reminds me of the advice that an old sharper gave his sons: "Boys, get money honestly, if you can; but boys, get money anyway." Wouldn't it be a curious temperance reformer that would tender the following "solid" advice: "Boys, drink all the whisky you can get, and occasionally take a drink of water, if handy; and perhaps in the course of time you will drink nothing but water."

Boys, I give you a motto which (though the pot-hunter might not consider it "solid") is a faithful embodiment of through a wide and varied experience of twenty-five years has brought to me much solid pleasure. It is, *Take no sitting shots!*

Emblazon it on your banners. Practice it invariably, and you will never regret it. RUFED GROUSE.

CAMBRIDGE COUNTY, PA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some weeks ago I wrote a short article, which appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, in answer to L. I. F., who had in a previous issue supported the theory that a man was an artist who could kill one ruffed grouse in twenty wing shots. I have noticed in almost every subsequent issue, correspondence bearing pro and con on this subject.

I do not wish L. I. F. or any one else to imagine that I would not shoot a ruffed grouse sitting, whether on ground or tree, for I most undoubtedly will, and always have done so, whenever an opportunity afforded itself. L. I. F. and myself differ on one point only, I believe, and that is the number of grouse which may be killed on the wing, out of a given number of shots. I have never been so far north as New Brunswick and an out at all acquainted with the character of the cover wherein lie the whirring grouse. L. I. F. and friends so frequently fall to kill when on the wing; but my shooting is mostly confined to the ridges and spurs of the Allegheny Mountains, where the grouse are almost invariably found in thickets of hemlock and laurel.

It is writing of this article I decided to keep a record of my shots at grouse during the remainder of the open season and report the same.

Sea and River Fishing.

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

Table with 2 columns: FRESH WATER and SALT WATER. Lists various fish species like Pickerel, Rock Bass, and White Perch.

THE ANGLER'S DREAM.

The earth is sad—mist dark and gray / Enfold her ancient breast; / The waves, all wearied with their play, / Have tumbled into rest, / And silently the god of Day / Is sinking in the West.

Now dead delights, like ghosts, arise / Within my haunted brain; / The tender blue of April skies— / The sound of April rain— / The foaming break—the gentle rise— / The princely poulder stain!

Then fade the flowers from my sight, / O'ershadowed is the stream, / As yonder through the waning light / I see the pier-lamps gleam / And in the dead November night / I waken from my dream!

F. B. DOVETON.

In the London Sporting and Dramatic News.

THE ALEWIFE IN INLAND LAKES.

IN the autumn of 1880 interesting accounts were published of the exhibitions which a man gave on Keuka, Seneca, and other lakes of western New York, showing his method of trolling for salmon trout. His successful bait was the mysterious alewives, or "sawbellies," about which there is so much speculation, the problem being how they got into those waters.

So far as appeared, this man obtained the indispensable bait by catching a salmon-trout with a hook baited with a young pickerel, opening the trout at taking the alewives out of its stomach. Then he proceeded to troll with the bait thus obtained, and kept up his supply of it by opening every fish that he caught. As a young sucker with which to take the first salmon is not always obtainable by the average fisherman, it may interest some of your readers to learn of a more direct method of procuring the alewives. This is by fly fishing for them late in the evening.

Last July, one evening, I was catching large minnows for bait from a dock on the shore of Seneca Lake, using a fly-rod with the smallest of flies. When it had become so dark that the minnows ceased to take the flies, I began to catch alewives, and soon had five. The next evening, at the same hour, I tried for them again, and took fifteen in a short time. They continued to take the flies after it was dark.

These lively little interlopers are not welcomed with universal heartiness by the sportsmen on Seneca Lake. It is true that they furnish an excellent food for the game fishes, but the supply is so lavish, so recklessly prodigal, that the salmon-trout and the glass-eye-pike are sadly surfeited, and regard with supreme indifference the most attractive lures of the angler. This is one reason they give in explanation of their inability to capture these fish. If this were all, it would not be so bad. Naturally enough, the alewives, too, have excellent appetites, and they are charged with satisfying them with the spawn of their persecutors. It may be a question of "the survival of the fittest," and so far the alewives seem to be having the best of it. It is certainly a fact that trolling for salmon-trout and glass-eye-pike on Seneca Lake has become practically abandoned. Salmon and gill nets are largely accountable for this, but still the conviction remains that alewives have damaged the fishing.

Up to within a few years past every grass patch in the lake was full of yellow perch. They have all disappeared excepting a few stragglers. Happily the black bass hold their own, and better still, are on the increase. They protect their spawning beds and have it all their own way with the multitudinous alewife. They, too, devour the little stragglers without stint, but nevertheless are always ready for a tussle with the angler properly equipped with fine tackle and experience.

KANADISAGA.

COLOR OF GUT.

"THE FOREST CITY," Ontario, Jan 9, 1893.

Editor Forest and Stream: I observe in your issue of 5th inst. an article upon "Color in Fishing Gut." This is a question upon which men will never agree as long as there is a piece of gut to be had. There is, however, one color which I do not think has ever been tried and which has just suggested itself to me, viz., "green." In all paintings of water scenery the water is represented as being of one or more of the various shades of green, excepting, of course, in sepia and neutral tint pictures. As the past and present artists of Europe and America were and are, without doubt, deep students of nature in that respect, their adoption of green in its various shades in representing water (with the afore-named exceptions) would tend to prove that such is its normal or natural color, and that those who indulge in the noble art of fly-fishing would do well to color their "leaders" with a green tint.

I have fished in many waters in Ontario (in its western section), from the clearest pond to a turbid stream, and have used both blue-tinted and white gut for "leaders," and never found that I caught more or less with one than the other. It is the flies that the fish see, not your casting line or leader, and it is the fly only that he goes for, which is easily proved by casting your "leader" over the water without any flies on it; the entire absence of "flies" will solve the problem. Our salmon trout are of such a variable temper that while in some days rising to the flies as fast as you can throw your line, on other days the most delicate tackle and skill will not lure them from their cosy beds at the bottom of the stream.

rifle, 12-inch barrel, 32-calibre. "L. I. F." will accept my thanks for his kind expression regarding my former letter. Yes, I have been there many times, and trust that I may be spared to go there many times again. To "Mark West" I would say that every hunter knows and every naturalist should know that all wild birds and animals have certain fixed habits according to their several species, and a thorough knowledge of their peculiar habits make the hunter and trapper successful in their vocation.—STANSTEAD.

SHOOTING IN THE SOUTH.—I have just returned from a two week's shooting trip to Georgia, and can report finding ducks fairly plentiful. I went up the Savannah River about twenty miles and got seventy-two ducks, mostly bluebill, spoonbill and mallard in four days' shooting, and did not work very hard either. The weather was very warm, and, consequently, the ducks not flying well, or I should have made a much larger bag. I did not try for deer, though from reports should judge they were very plentiful this year. Quail and doves abundant everywhere. The best way to shoot the Savannah is to hire a ducking skiff (about 50 cents per day), go up the river, say 150 miles, and drift down. There is a steamer up the river every Tuesday and Friday at 6 P.M. A dozen decoys are useful, but most of the shooting has to be done by sculling up on the ducks. You can hire a darkey to go with you at from 75 cents to one dollar per day. I had a very intelligent fellow that knew every nook and turn of the river and where to find the ducks. A trip of this kind is inexpensive, compared with Currituck, or even Cobb's Island, and, to my thinking, is quite as enjoyable.—JURIS P.

ASTRIDE OF A STAG.—Murphy's hero has been outdone by a European rival. In the London (Eng.) Telegraph we find the following: Since the Azapega people unwillingly refuse to doat the wildest Tartar steed of his period, few such surpassing feats of horsemanship have been recorded in the pages of history or romance as that which publicity has been recently given by the majority of our Hungarian contemporaries. Perhaps horsemanship is scarcely the correct term to apply to this extraordinary performance: deermanship would probably be the more appropriate word. The other day, while a noble stag of ten was being hotly chased by the Kaposztaszegyer hounds—a subscription pack—one Karl Poros, a discharged hussar, managed to bring the terrified animal to a standstill in some close cover through which it was forcing its way, and, by an almost superhuman effort of strength and agility, to vault upon its back. After several desperate but unsuccessful attempts to dislodge its rider from his seat, the stag, stimulated anew to flight by the cry of the fast-approaching hounds, resumed its course, but it soon broke down under the weight of its unaccustomed burden and gave up the ghost through sheer exhaustion and terror. Poros was found by the huntsmen sitting on the wounded carcass of the stag, which he had literally ridden to death and resolutely claimed as the just reward of an achievement unprecedented in the annals of the chase. [The FOREST AND STREAM office boys suggests that Poros should have fired that name at the stag, Kaposztaszegyerexyzetc.]

KILL THE OWLS.—Canal Fulton, Starke county, O.—I believe a true sportsman takes as much pleasure in killing all enemies of game as he does in killing game. All owls are great enemies of game, killing them while they are asleep and then sleeping in the day in hollow trees away out of sight of the hunter. I have discovered a way to shoot them. When I learn that an owl has located in the woods I get on a horse and take my gun and ride around through the woods where I think the owl are in a hollow tree, examining carefully every tree that has a hole in it. I don't talk any, but don't care how much noise the horse makes, as that is what I want the owls to hear. This excites their curiosity and then they will crawl up and look out to see what is going on and give you a chance to shoot them. I one time caught a screech-owl in a hollow tree that showed his inquisitiveness by crawling up to look out to see what was going on. It was five feet from the ground. I reached in and pulled him out, and he had a quail in his talons half eaten that was just killed the night before. I suppose the quail was as heavy as the owl.—G. H.

MIDENA, N. Y., Jan. 12.—Our taxidermist has just received, to be mounted, and is a fine fox, killed three and a half miles southeast of Albion. It is a fox large specimen, and weighed ten pounds. This reminds me that a fox was shot a few weeks since inside of our village corporation. He was seen to enter a drain, the mouth of which was afterward closed by a flat stone, and one of the covering stones taken up a few rods beyond. He was shot and killed. It was taking a rather mean advantage, but the killer felt justified by the number of chickens he and his neighbors had lost. A gray fox has been seen several times prowling around. Rabbit hunting has been good so far this winter, a great many being killed on the light snows we have had lately.—SAL NITER.

GEORGIA.—MOON.—Middle Georgia has had a very short crop of game this season, our principal birds (quail) being scarcer than we have ever known. Some sections that have formerly had quantities of birds have been this year almost destitute. Though the weather has been warm, we have had a good supply of ducks. The writer had an excellent opportunity of testing the much discussed "hot or cold odorous" subject yesterday, and after a trial, was of the opinion "twas six for one and half a dozen for the other."—J. H. J.

BE CAREFUL where you drop your cartridges. Some person left one on the floor of A. G. Jackson's residence at Jericho, Long Island, and when Louisa Seada, the colored servant, put the sweepings into the kitchen stove last Friday morning, the cartridge exploded, whereby she lost the sight of an eye. We have heard of a case where a "22 short" got into a box of smoking tobacco and thence into a smoker's pipe, giving him a great fright and a narrow escape.

KANSAS.—Cimarron, Gray Co., Kan., Jan. 2nd.—This is a good time for antelope here, as the fires have burnt off the prairie for miles north of here and bunched up the antelope near the river. Cattlemen from 100 miles south report buffalo plentiful, but in bunches of four and five coming in from the southwest. The head of the herds were just 120 miles from here on the 23th. They shall go down to them on the 25th, to be gone from here in two or three days. When I come back will report progress.—W. J. DIXON.

I find that I have shot at fifty-six grouse, fifty-four of them on the wing, and two sitting.

Of this number shot at on the wing, I killed sixteen; and killed both of the sitting shots.

The greatest number killed consecutively on the wing, was three.

I shot most of the time a ten-pound 10-gauge, full choke, hammerless gun. I loaded with 44 drams Orange lightning powder No. 6 and 1 1/2oz. No. 5 of 6 shot, the former late in the season.

I believe that one pellet of No. 5 shot late in the season, when ruffed grouse generally rise wild, will do more execution than half a dozen No. 8's; for, as a late contributor remarks, they are a hardy bird and carry away, very frequently, quite a weight of lead, if a bone in the wing or neck is not broken.

I am, if shooting a ruffed grouse sitting be the criterion, a pot-hunter. But I shot over a brace of setters and seldom get the opportunity to kill them in this manner. I may be wrong, but I do not believe that shooting an occasional grouse on the ground or in a tree will constitute the shooter a pot-hunter. I imagine that an individual who systematically prepares himself for the slaughter of ruffed grouse by "treing" them and then deliberately, "with malice aforethought," kills them, deserves the name of pot-hunter and the condemnation of every lover of the "hunting grouse."

OTTO.

MUZZLE AND BREECH.

Editor Forest and Stream: Editorially you remark that Mr. Van Dyke will find many to agree with him as to the muzzle-loader's accuracy at short range. Possibly so, but, notwithstanding his preposterous claim as to the merits of his muzzle-loading rifle, the persons who still use them, as a rule have not made their "first visit to town."

Admitting his "dime" shooting at 50 yards, won't a ball that hits a half-dollar every time from a breech-loader, at same distance, answer every purpose on game at 200 yards and over?

He claims a cone ball "cannot be shot at all." Now, I have put one out of 10 naked cone bullets from a breech-loading Maynard into an 8-inch bulseye at 200 yards, off-hand, and can send him the proof, if he wishes it.

Would that he could sit behind a glass and see where Charles, Richardson and Jewell plank their 380-gr. cylindrical every time on an iron target, 200 yards away. One visit at Walnut Hill (Mass.) will take the conceit out of him that the intimate is in others, and show him how to shoot the "rifle of the present."

Mr. Van Dyke further says that "the extremely long ball, necessary for a long flight, cannot be loaded from the muzzle by the best system of patching." Now, it is a notorious fact that, at Creedmoor and elsewhere; long range breech-loading rifles have had the bullet put in from the muzzle and fired with as good results as though entered at the breech with the shell.

He states also that the ball, put in at the muzzle, cannot be fired tightly enough for the grooves. How is it, then, that scores of 234 are made with long range rifles carrying bullets that can be pushed through the barrel by a rod, with scarcely a pound pressure?

It is evident that Mr. Van Dyke has something yet to learn about rifles. From his description one would think a breech-loading rifle barrel to a thermometer, with its bulge at the bottom for a ball to wallow in before starting on its journey.

LOADING FOR GAME.

Macon, Mo., Jan. 9.

Editor Forest and Stream: Your correspondents fail to give weight, length and bore of gun, leaving the reader to guess at these very important features. An article stating that 34gr. powder and 1/2oz. of shot is the proper load for ducks, is about as vague as it can well be. I shall confine my views on the subject of loading for game, to guns suitable for general shooting, viz.: 12 gauge, 23 to 24 lbs.; 10 gauge, 24 to 25 lbs.; length of barrels 20 inches. For the 12 gauge, for general shooting, use 4dr. Orange duck powder No. 4 grain, 2 pink edge wads on powder, with one black edge on shot, all one size larger than bore of gun. 1oz. of shot, No. 8, for quail, pinhead d and ruffed grouse, squirrels and rabbits; No. 9 for snipe and plover. For duck shooting use 4dr. same powder, and 1 1/2oz. No. 5 shot in first barrel and same quantity of No. 7 in second, shells loaded same, as to wads. For the 10 gauge use 4dr. same powder and 1 1/2oz. shot same sizes as 12 gauge for general shooting, and 5dr. and 1 1/2oz. of shot for duck shooting.

Always use wads one size larger than bore of gun in paper shells, and two sizes larger for brass shells. I have found out by experience that trying to economize in powder is not economy. In loading as above mentioned the shells containing No. 3 shot can be used for duck shooting very well if you run out of shells loaded for that purpose. The most absurd idea about loading that I ever read or heard of is advanced by a correspondent from El Passo, Ill., signed "No. 12 Bore," in issue of January 5. No. 12 Bore says he uses 2 1/2hr. powder and 1 1/2oz. of No. 4 shot (4w spurts). Such a load may be all right "down in Egypt," but would hardly pass muster in this part of the country, especially in the timber along the Chariton River.

The chapter on guns and loading in Capt. Bogardus' book "Field Cover and Trap Shooting," is about as practical as anything that has ever been written on the subject, and by a practical man too. The tallow question mentioned by No. 12 Bore is rather odd, notwithstanding No. 12 Bore says he thinks it is not generally known. It is time thrown away and does no good. Wire cartridges are expensive and are no better than lead ones in a breech-loader, and very little better in a muzzle-loader. BORDER RUFFIAN.

VERMONT.—Sheldon, Jan. 6.—The ruffed grouse are very scarce in this vicinity, and the few killed have been all old birds. We have had the sport on the hooch-ridges, where we have made some heavy bags of gray squirrels, with a few black ones for variety. Foxes and rabbits scarce. Red-headed woodpeckers are very plenty here this season, and I believe, a winter resident with us. In your issue of Dec. 15 I see that a caribou was killed near Gaspe Basin with a 32-calibre revolver. For some years past several of the moose and caribou hunters near Campbellton, N. B., use while hunting this large game the "Frank Wesson" pocket

From my experience of about fourteen years, during which I have never used bait for trout or black bass fishing, I am satisfied that color of gut has nothing to do with success or failure. The right kind of flies for the day and the requisite skill is all that is necessary, together with good tackle, to insure good sport in trout or bass fishing.

Some years ago I made a beautiful pond supplied by a spring creek of the purest water, about half a day's drive from home, which I often frequented. This pond covered twenty acres of ground, and I could nearly at all times catch trout in it, having carefully observed their habits and haunts. On arriving there one afternoon, I was told by my care-taker that a "colonel" from Buffalo had, without leave or license, gone to fish up the creek. From the description my man gave of his "findings," I did not think he could commit grave havoc among my pees, so I let him alone, and did not rebuke his impertinence. He made his appearance on the banks of the pond some two or three hours later, in company with a companion of languid appearance, complaining of dreadful luck—"nary trout." They were equipped in high boots, and had grand rods, immense fish-baskets and lovely "kinky" flies. I examined the ends of their lines, and found each had a nondescript fly perfectly useless, tied on to the ends of their lines by a piece of gut three inches long. I sympathized with their misfortunes, pointed out the very best places, and bade them go and enjoy themselves. By this time I had about sixty fine trout. On leaving the pond at dusk, I heard that the two had departed for their "ancestral halls" disgusted.

Whether "color" had anything to do with their want of success, I leave you readers to judge. They were decidedly "green." C. O. D.

A PERFECT DAY.

I TAKE my rod this fair June morning, and go forth to be alone with nature. No business cares, no roar of the city, no recitals of other's troubles and woes which make the lawyer a human hyzometer, no doubts nor fears disturb me, as drinking in the clear sweet air with blissful anticipations, I saunter through the woods toward the mountain lake. As I brush the dew from the bushes around me, I spy in a glade, golden flowers glowing on a carpet of pure green, mingled with snowy stars of white blossoms; with their fragrance comes the liquid bell-like voice of the swamp-robin, hidden from curi us eyes. Soon, seated in my boat, I paddle to the shade of a tall, dark hemlock and rest there, lulled by the intense quiet. Ever and anon as I dreamily cast my ethereal fly, a thrill of pleasure electrifies me, as it is seized by a voracious trout.

I have large classed trout with flowers and birds, and bright sunsets, and charming scenery, and beautiful women, as given for the rational enjoyment and delight of thoughtful men of esthetic tastes. And if

"By deeds our lives shall measured be,
And not by length of days,"

then a perfect life has been lived by many a noble trout whose years have been few, but who, caught by the fisher's lure (to which he was predestined as aforesaid,) has leaped into the air, and shaken the sparkling drops from his purple, golden, crimson, graceful form and struggled to be free, to the intense pleasure of the artist who has brought him to basket, where he belonged.

Thus resting, and floating apparently between the translucent crystal and the blue air, silent, I have felt the presence of a spirit who inspires me with pure thoughts of matters far above the affairs of daily life and toil of the universe, and what lies beyond the blue sky, and of the mind and soul of man, and his future after death.

I love the mountains, and the meadows, and the woods. Later, satisfied but not sated with fair provision of corn and wine, and oil, and my creel well filled, the shadows lengthen, and the day begins to die.

Some day I shall hear no more forever the birds sing in the spruce shadows, and the blue air, silent, I have felt the presence of a spirit who inspires me with pure thoughts of matters far above the affairs of daily life and toil of the universe, and what lies beyond the blue sky, and of the mind and soul of man, and his future after death.

Filled with such thoughts, I regret that I cannot express them like the poet, whose name I know not, but whose words I well recall:

"God-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
I have so loved thee, but I cannot hold thee;
Departing like a dream, the shadows fold thee.
Sweet thy perfect beauty fades away;
Good-bye, sweet day!"

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
Dear were the golden hours of tranquil splendor,
Sadly thou yield'st to the evening tender,
Who wert so fair from thy first morning ray.
Good-bye, sweet day!"

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
Thy glow and tints of smiles and tones and glances
Vainly at my heart and soul's mind still advances
Ah! could'st thou yet a little linger stay.
Good-bye, sweet day!"

Good-bye, sweet day, good-bye!
At thy first glim's my grateful heart remembers
The white I wear, thy sunbeams' shimmering embers
Fle to the West beyond the twilight gray.
Good-bye, sweet day!"

As the balmy breathing night wind begins to blow, I turn my back upon the silver glancing of the moonlight on the rippling waves of the fairy lake, and step bravely into the darkness of the woods, where I cannot see the places where my foot shall fall, but I know that others have safely passed it before, and that I shall find comfort and home at the end.

Geo. W. VAN SICKER.

DIRECTIONS FOR COLLECTING AND PRESERVING FISH.

BY TAILLON H. BEAN.

1. Wash the fish thoroughly in water to remove the slime and dirt that are almost invariably present upon them, not omitting the inside of the mouth and the gills. In cleansing fish that have a tough, scalesless skin, or such as have the scales firmly fixed, use a stiff paint brush or a scrubbing brush; for thin-skinned fish, and such as have deciduous scales, a softer brush must be taken. Some fish are covered plentifully with tenacious mucus that is with great difficulty removed by water alone; in such cases a solution of two tablespoonfuls of alum in a pint of lukewarm water will be found efficacious.

2. It is often necessary to preserve fish that are stale, or partially digested and offensive to the smell. Such examples may be thoroughly disinfected by the use of the disinfecting solution of chloride of soda. Use a tablespoonful of the solution in one pint of water. With this wash the gills, and pour it into the mouth and stomach, allowing it to return by the mouth.

3. Inject alcohol in the mouth and the vent to preserve the viscera. Make small incisions in the belly and in thick parts of the body, to allow the alcohol to permeate the tissues. It is nearly always desirable to remove the liver, stomach and intestines from large fish, and to preserve these separately, numbering them so as to correspond with the fish from which they are taken.

4. It is a good plan to keep freshly collected fishes in weak alcohol for a day or two; a mixture of two parts of 95 per cent. alcohol to one of water will answer for this temporary immersion. Some species are exceedingly soft and flabby, falling to the bottom of a glass jar or other receptacle, becoming partly imbedded in their own mucus, and rapidly disintegrating in consequence. Such specimens should either be suspended in the alcohol by a thread or string from the neck of the jar or the hook sometimes found on the inside of the stopple, or a bed of excelsior or muslin should raise them from the bottom. These are necessary precautions which will prevent many losses. After the fish have been kept for two or more days in the weak alcohol, transfer them to a mixture of three parts of 95 per cent. alcohol to one of water. Ordinarily this latter will preserve specimens that are not crowded too much at least three months. Some, of course, will remain in good condition still longer; but, generally, three months will reduce the preservative power of the liquid so far as to make a renewal of alcohol necessary. The tendency with many collectors is to overcrowd specimens, and, as a result, museums frequently receive a lot of half-rotten material which is too valuable to be thrown away and is yet always a source of trouble and disappointment. A jar, tank, or case of any kind should never be expected to accommodate more than half its own bulk of fish, and even this proportion will require watchfulness to avoid loss. If a collection freshly caught is to be shipped to a distant museum or private collection, observe the directions about cleansing the fish and preserving the viscera separately if needful, and then use nothing weaker than a mixture containing three parts of 95 per cent. alcohol and one part of water. A good mixture which will carry fish in any condition is the following: 95 per cent. alcohol, 1 pint; alcohol, 8 quarts; water, 1 quart; glycerine, 1 pint; borax, 1 ounce. There is nothing better, however, than the mixture of three parts of alcohol and one of water.

5. The extensive collections of the United States Fish Commission are usually packed in copper tanks, which are lined within. The lid of the tank is made to screw in the top, and its diameter is always as great as the dimensions of the top will allow. The tanks (called Agassiz tanks) are made to contain 4, 8, or 16 gallons. Strong chests, of a size large enough to accommodate a 16 gallon tank, are used for shipping; the hinges and hasps of these chests are riveted on; handles are screwed on at the sides, and each chest is furnished with a strong lock. The chest may contain one 16-gallon tank, or two of 8 gallons, or four of 4 gallons, or one of 8 gallons and two of 4 gallons, as may best suit the convenience of the collector. When several tanks make up the complement it is usual to separate them by thin wooden partitions.

Cases made of ordinary tinned sheet-iron are much more generally used than the expensive copper cans, and they will answer well enough if the joints are perfectly tight and the top is securely soldered on.

Oak kegs, holding about 10 gallons each and provided with iron hoops, are capital containers for large fishes, and they will stand the wear and tear of railway travel better than most other receptacles.

Glass preserving-jars may be shipped long distances with comparative safety, but they must be protected, by inverting them, to insure tightness. A catalogue is to be kept by the band should be wiped dry; wrap the jars in strong paper and pack them in some material that will prevent breakage.

When corked bottles are used, tie a piece of bladder securely over the cork. Where seals and sea lions occur, the throat, as prepared by the Aleuts for example, will be found an excellent covering. It is necessary to wet the membrane to make it pliable. Whenever jars, bottles, or any other small containers are filled with fish which are not provided with tin tags, write plainly with a lead-pencil on heavy Manila or writing paper the name of the place where the fish were taken, the date of capture, and the name of the collector. Put a label of this kind inside of each bottle; it will remain legible for years.

6. Each specimen should be provided with a numbered tin tag, which is to be fastened, whenever possible, by means of a string passed through the right gill-opening and out at the mouth. When the string must be tied around the body or tail of the fish it should be fixed securely and yet without wounding the fish. A catalogue is to be kept by the collector, in which the numbers corresponding with those on the tags must be entered, with notes as to place, time, and mode of capture, and other particulars which will be more fully mentioned further on. Wrap each fish separately in common coarse muslin (the coarser the better), and tie the ends securely. Do not tie the string so tightly around the body of the fish as to make furrows and wrinkles in the skin. If tin tags are not at hand, a label written firmly on stout paper with a lead-pencil should be wrapped inside the covering of the fish. It is necessary always to fill the receptacle in which specimens are packed—a bottle or jar may be either filled with alcohol or the specimens may be wrapped in muslin. It is not a good plan to put tow, excelsior, or cotton-wood on top of fish, as it presses them close together and prevents a free circulation of alcohol between them. For long journeys it is desirable to secure better protection than the

muslin wrapper alone affords. This may be gained by placing beds of excelsior or thin wood shavings between the layers of fish and at the bottom and top of the case.

A plainly-written card placed at the top of the box, so as to be seen when the lid is removed, telling its contents as to by whom it was sent, will save much trouble when the collection is unpacked.

7. Notes of color, taken from fresh specimens, should be sent with them if the fish are to be described in the museum. The collector should also preserve in his own hooks a record of life-colors under the catalogue numbers corresponding with the tin tags fastened on his fish. He can then obtain the identification of his species by their numbers and publish his observations upon them at his own pleasure.

8. Local names of fish should always accompany the specimens when obtained.

9. It is desirable to know whether or not the species is abundant; whether different sizes of the same fish are found; whether they associate in schools or not; whether they are permanent residents or migratory; if migratory, by what routes they come and go; whether they form an important article of food; what they feed upon and what species prey upon them; the depth and character of the bottom on which they occur; the mode of capturing them; the uses made of them, and the various products which they go to form—in short, everything bearing upon the life history, or the economic applications of the species should be noted in detail.

10. Before washing the fish look them over for external parasites; examine the gills and the inside of the mouth carefully, as these are favorite situations; these parasites often furnish a clue to the migrations of the fish. Remove them if they can be taken off entire, if not, let them remain, and call attention to their presence in your shipping notes. Preserve the parasites in vials or bottles, and provide them with labels stating from what fish they came and in what situation they were found.

To preserve fish indefinitely in glass jars, observe the following directions: First, select a jar of the proper size to accommodate the specimen amply, without bending or distorting it in any way; put in the fish with the tail down in nearly all cases; the tail may often rest upon the bottom of the jar, or the fish may be suspended from the hook which is now found in the stopple of the modern museum jars; cover the fish completely with the alcoholic mixture referred to in the closing sentence of paragraph 4; discoloration of the alcohol is not a matter of great importance, as it may be renewed; fishes in alcohol will never make a good show unless the liquid is kept clear and clean. A label giving the name of the fish, place of its capture and name of its captor should be tied on the neck of the jar by means of a piece of narrow tape passed through holes punched in the ends of the paper. The jars must have accurately ground glass stopples. It is best to use no kind of sealing wax to coat the joint of the stopple; simply wipe the glass perfectly dry, close the jar properly, and there will be little danger of evaporation. Do not let the direct sunlight strike your jars, and keep them well removed from stoves, registers and the like.—Proceedings U. S. Nat. Museum.

NEW ENGLAND FISHERIES.

OF the numerous industries of New England that of fisheries is no doubt the oldest, and possesses much of historical interest. Others than those which particularly engaged in it. At numerous times much has been written of it, yet its history, particularly the statistical portion, is much broken, many of the old records having been destroyed with no copies in existence. As early as 1678 we find the abundance of fish in the waters of Massachusetts Bay had attracted attention in Europe. The Pilgrims going from Leyden to England in that year to solicit consent of King James to their going to America, the King inquired, "What profit might arise?" The brief reply was simply, "Fishing." To which King James responded, "So God have my soul, 'tis an honest trade; 'twas the Apostles' own calling." The request was granted. To the fisheries the credit is given of saving the infant colony from starvation, that the first free schools were supported with an income from the fisheries, that the government has always recognized the patriotism, bravery and important services rendered the navy in time of need by the fishermen, are all matters well known. With the growth of the country nearly all ports toward and into the large fleets engaged in fishing, with numerous vessels engaged in foreign trade, of which fish products formed a large proportion. For many generations the business was carried on in its primitive way with no marked change until quite recently.

Of late years many new industries have sprung up that in size far surpass that of the fisheries. A large number of ports have given up the business, others have but few vessels. The business is gradually being concentrated to a few ports, the export business with the exception of an occasional cargo confined to Boston.

Although fewer ports and smaller fleets are engaged at present, the business continues of importance, with probably as many fish caught at present as at any previous time.

The many new ways of preparing the catch for the market gives employment ashore to a large number of persons, the increased facilities for a catch making good any decrease in the number of vessels, with fully as many persons employed ashore and ashore as at any previous time with twice as much sail.

Before turning to the present it may be of interest to note a few of the changes and contrast the past with the present.

In the past, as at the present time, Boston was known as the chief port of distribution for all the varieties of salt water fish found in New England or Provincial waters. Here in olden time the fishermen came with their products, selling the same to the grocers or from the vessel and taken inland by teams that came from New London, New Hampshire, and other parts of the country loaded with grain, pork and other provisions. Dry fish was handled loose or tied up in bundles, while mackerel and other pickled fish were shipped in barrels, halves or quarters. For many years the catch was made in the most primitive manner, for cod and other ground fish the hook and hand line only being used; the mackerel catch was taken by the gaff, or by "drailing," the latter mode by having poles suspended from the side of the vessel, with hook and line attached, the vessel being under sail or no catch was made; and the hook and hand line, or "digging." With these few appliances a large amount of business was annually carried on, the catch, with the exception of the Grand Bank cod fleet, being equified chiefly to the New England coast.

Although Boston was the great point for a market and the distribution of the catch, there was not a single exclusive

FLORIDA FISH AND GAME.—Gainesville, Fla., Jan. 7.—Have been here at the Arlington, kept by J. B. Wislar, where I have gained more comfort than at any other point outside of Jacksonville. Have good bass (white mouth) fishing at Six Sink, two and a half miles out. Quail abundant a few miles in the country. Was out fishing yesterday and took with reel and live bait some beauties, none under three and a half pounds; some six and one thirteen pounds. This is not guess work, but verified by that which is often a delusion and a sham—the pocket scales.—J. S.

wholesale salt fish store in the city until 1870. In that year Mr. Ebenezer Nickerson opened the first store of the kind, it being located on Long Wharf. For fifteen years this was the only store engaged in the business. In 1870 two other firms were started. From this commencement the business grew, the grocers giving it up to those exclusively engaged. New firms started from time to time, as the business increased.

From the first settlement of Boston up to 1835, the fresh fish business was only carried on in a retail manner, by boats lying at the docks and teams standing about the market; ice was not used, and the canning of fish had, probably, not been thought of. During the summer season the trade was confined to a near-home demand. During the winter it was teared inward as far as Albany and Montreal. The catch came from Massachusetts Bay and was supplied by the small fishing vessels from this and neighboring ports. During cold weather, in a frozen state, it was brought to market by teams from Cape Ann and ports between. The oyster business was of small importance, and carried on from two small boats covered in iron used for storing below, and stored above. The oysters mostly came from Cape Cod, never from south of New York, and from July to September no oysters were sold in Boston. As the demand for fresh fish increased, better facilities were needed to handle the catch, and the first wholesale fresh fish store was opened on Long Wharf in 1835, Messrs. Holbrook, Smith & Co. being the pioneers. Their business was mostly during the winter and spring months; through the warm weather it was confined to pickled, dry, or smoked fish. In 1853 this firm moved to Commercial Wharf, being the first firm so engaged on that wharf, and at the present time, it is the headquarters of the trade, with thirty-five wholesale firms in the immediate vicinity.

Up to 1845 the catch of ground fish was solely by hook and hand-line. About that year the trawl was first introduced by fishermen that had used, or seen them use off the coast of Ireland. During 1850 the net fishery was introduced, with good result, by the U. S. Fish Commission. At the present time all three of the methods are used by the market-fishermen. In the mackerel trade the most severe competition at various methods, and the most exclusively used. Its use is said to date from 1855, although it did not come into general use for a number of years.

As we have previously alluded to the decrease in the number of vessels engaged in the catch as not necessarily causing a like decrease in the amount of the industry or of the products, it is of interest to note, with only one exception, the largest catch of mackerel on record, as inspected in Massachusetts, was in 1871. In that year with the hook and line 9,235 barrels were taken from 129 vessels, hauling from thirty Massachusetts ports, with eighty-seven vessels from other States, a total of 940 vessels manned by 9,993 fishermen. During the past year with the purse seine a catch of 391,677 barrels was made with a fleet of 298 sail from Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine, and with 4,253 fishermen engaged. We do not propose to discuss the question, as to the benefit or injury to the business by the new mode of capture, only to show that the success is as productive at the present time, with half the number of vessels engaged, as in past years.

The canning of fish of almost every alternate variety, has yearly grown of importance, and is now of large proportion. This branch of the business dates only from 1845, in which year the canning of lobsters and shell fish began in Maine—for some time the only State that packed fish in tin cans. It has been but a few years since the canning of fish began in Boston, yearly increasing in amount. Boneless fish, now well known, and neatly packed in packages of from five to thirty pounds each, is found in all the leading grocery stores in the city, and in the Pacific States. The large dry fish dates back many years, but but little attention given to it for a long time. Of late years the demand from the fertilizing factories for the refuse left from cutting lessening the cost of preparation, with the cleanly manner of packing on the market and the saving in freight, has made it justly popular with the trade. The demand yearly increases. Its preparation, with the canning of fish, gives employment to a large number of men and women.

It hardly seems possible that an article so universally used and so well known to the fish trade forty years ago. At the present time no market fisherman would think of starting on his trip (except in winter) without ice, any more than without bait or seine. During 1845 vessels first began carrying ice to sea with them, and dealers to use in packing fish for shipment; previous to that date its use was considered injurious to the fish. At the present time about 20,000,000 pounds are annually used by vessels and dealers. Through its use, fresh fish are now shipped at all seasons of the year, as far as land is concerned.

As far back as we had any record of the fishing business, we find the use of nets of some kind in taking the catch. In past years those used by the New England fishermen were mostly "home made." During the winter or stormy season the fisherman, with wife and family, found plenty of work in making nets. Of late years their use in the various branches of the fisheries has largely increased. They are now nearly all factory-made, of a great variety, including the fine flax-thread net of the shad fishery, the larger seine of the mackerel and menhaden, the large draw net of the northern fisheries, as well as numerous other varieties.

Two large factories in this city give employment to some five hundred persons, mostly girls, furnishing most of the seines and nets used on the western lakes and rivers, as well as the Atlantic coast fisheries, with some demand for export.

The first factory in Boston was started in 1842; from that date until 1865 the nets were all hand-made. In the latter year machinery was first introduced in their manufacture in this city, and a new era was exclusively used. The machinery introduced to the various home branches of the fishing industry. Another branch largely represented in Boston is that of the Provincial catch cut, to the Boston market for sale. Our tables of monthly receipts will show the amount of the past year, which is less than the average of late years, caused by the partial failure of their catch. The earliest record of the importation of mackerel that we had is of seven barrels in 1821. From that date up to 1831 only a few hundred barrels were annually imported. In the latter year, 4,352; increasing up to 1841, to 9,837. From that year until 1849 the records were destroyed by fire. In the latter year it had increased to 129,565 barrels; and yearly, from that date, from 50,000 to 100,000 barrels of mackerel, with a large amount of all the other varieties of fish caught in the Provinces, find a ready market in Boston.

The late Capt. T. J. Jones is credited with being one of the first pioneers in the importation of fish from the Provinces, being engaged as master of the Boston and Halifax mail packet from 1835 until 1844.

W. A. WOOD, in Report Boston Fish Bureau.

INFLUENCE OF THE MINK.—Mr. James Annin, Jr., the well-known trout culturist of California, N. Y., calls our attention to the following paragraph, on the depredations of minks in trout streams, taken from the Hartford, Conn., *Companion*: "Since the decline in the price of mink furs these animals have been but little sought for or trapped, and the result is that they have increased to such an extent as to seriously impair the trout fishing, and in some of the smaller ponds and streams that will not support fish, they have been entirely wiped out and exterminated by the mink." Mr. George Wright, of this county, has this season caught nine of these pests in the streams in this vicinity, the largest of which weighed three and a quarter pounds and measured twenty-seven inches from tip to tip." Commenting on this, Mr. Annin writes to us: "I fully agree with the article, and think, from my own observation, that the trout brooks suffer as much from the depredations of the mink during the close season as they do from the legitimate fishing of the angler during the open season. My opinion is that if the State offered a bounty for the offenders the trout would be more numerous.—J. ANNIN, JR."

Fishculture.

THE GREAT GERMAN FISH HATCHERY.

WE translate the following partial account of the Government fish-cultural establishment at Hueningen (Kaiserliche Fischzucht-Anstalt) from the *Deutsche Woche*. In the province of Alsace (Germany) we again find of the German Empire, is situated a fish-cultural establishment at Hueningen. This institution is scarcely six miles from Basle, Switzerland, and about the same from the frontier of Baden, close by the great Rhine-Rhone canal, and was for twenty years prior to the year 1870 a private establishment. By degrees it has become the greatest fish-cultural establishment in the world.

It was from a German brain that the first idea of fishculture sprang, it being the discovery of Lieutenant Jacoby, who pursued his studies with a view to the improvement of the artificial fish-bearing, was its publication. Therefore, a poor fisherman of the Vorges, named Lemu, some twenty-five years later, has the credit of re-discovering it. The name "fishculture" (*fischzucht*) was devised by Professor Costa, and the usage of the press made it so lasting that the French Government could not change it, but used it of necessity. It is not our intention to give a complete description of fishculture in this article, yet we deem it necessary to remark concerning it that artificial fishculture is an art of the highest importance to the political economical. The name of fishculture is an unenviable nickname, as can readily be seen, if the object of producing cheap and valuable fishes is not lost sight of. The farmer does not speak of artificial horse or sheep culture; neither should the fish-culturist. The so-called artificial culture of fishes is merely complete fertilization and following of the processes of nature, and the more complete the following the better the success.

At a certain time of the year the fish begin their migration to seek a proper place to deposit their spawn, with some fishes, as the salmon, this migration is often considerable. Others merely come from the deeper waters to the shallows and deposit their eggs, either on the water plants or in the gravel. We will, however, confine ourselves to the habits of the different species of trout. Late in autumn the male and female ascend the streams to the rapids, and there the proper spawning place, where the female makes a nest in the gravel with her tail, which, in the case of large salmon, is from four to five feet long. In this nest she lays her eggs, which are immediately fertilized by the milk of the male. The female then covers the nest with gravel, and she lays them. The embryo develops, and in six or eight weeks a creature emerges from the egg, which would not be thought, by one unfamiliar with it, to be a fish. The young fish resembles a narrow thread, in which the eyes are the most prominent part, and on the under side of the central hinge a pear-shaped, or globular-shaped, disproportioned bag, the yolk-sac or umbilicus. This sac is gradually absorbed, and the embryo grows and assumes more the shape and appearance of a fish, until in about six or eight weeks it has disappeared, and the little creature is a perfect little fish, previous to this it feeds on food. During these weeks of egg and embryo life it is exposed to many dangers. Among the enemies to the eggs may be named trout, small fish of other species, which destroys the eggs and embryos in great numbers, and the fish, after hatching, is attacked by leeches, water mites, and rats. If they escape those enemies, they are then exposed to others as they enter into fishhood. In the culture of trout, the fish are caught when fully ripe and the eggs pressed from the female; from a single trout, from ten to twelve are applied. After this they are placed in the hatching troughs, when they are protected and hatched.

The buildings at Hueningen consist of a central building, 140 feet long by 85 feet wide, and several out-buildings, each 150 feet long by 35 feet wide, and a large water supply tank, which is with water from a spring, which is brought in a conduit of mason work. Four turbine wheels, propelled by the Rhine-Rhone canal, pump continual streams of crystal water, twenty feet high, into the spring tank, and their action is sufficient to supply the tanks and lead pipes into all the buildings. The eggs lie thinly extended upon glass rods. Part of these rods lie in cement canals and part in earthenware boxes, and part of them in large ironing troughs 40 feet long.

At Hueningen only the best of fresh water fishes, its winter-spawning ones, or those of the salmon family, to which belong the salmon, lake and brook trout, salmon trout, salbling, "felchen" (a species of *oreogonus*), the Danube salmon (*salmo hucho*), and the grayling. The eggs of the last-named are obtained in the spring and their eggs are difficult to transport in the warm weather. Many hybrids have been used as between salmon and trout and salbling and trout, and they made excellent quick-growing fish.

From ten to twelve million eggs of the above-named fishes represent a capital of many thousand thalers. The eggs are obtained from many portions of Switzerland and South Germany.

MOHICAN FISH-CULTURE.—Detroit, Jan. 12.—We have about 23,000,000 whitehead eggs in the jars, and a number of eggs were never seen. The eggs were kept in the jars until they were laid on the 25th of May to June 1. Last year we did not close the hatchery until the 6th of June, and no one ever saw such a fine lot of young whiteheads as they were. There were no sick, poorly colored ones, and they were all active and almost all sold.

At the brook trout hatchery at Paris, Mecca county, we have between 300,000 and 400,000 trout eggs, all doing finely. Come up and see us, for we have some more good stories to tell, although I don't think they are quite as good as Judge Potter's was, at Chillicothe, a year ago. You will doubtless remember that to your dying day.—SCOTT.

REPORTS OF FISH COMMISSIONS.—The winter meetings of the Legislatures of the different States bring their annual crop of Reports of Fish Commissioners. FOREST AND STREAM receives a copy, and often two copies, from each State, for notice and review. We want to thank the single copy, and the minister gets credit to those who are thoughtful enough to send a duplicate. In after years it is almost impossible to obtain copies dating a few years back, and their value increases with time. Those who are fortunate enough to possess complete sets of the reports of any one State, or of several States, should prize them highly. In reviewing it is often convenient to clip parts of a page entire, and this applies it for preservation. Therefore while they are plenty, as they always are at time of issue, we cast this hint for a duplicate upon the waters of the Fish Commissioners.

EGGS FOR FRANCE.—Prof. Baird shipped, on Saturday, the 14th, by steamer Rhein, of the Bremen line, 250,000 eggs of the whitefish and 20,000 brook trout eggs for the Societe d'Acclimatation. They came from the United States hatchery at Northville, Mich., which is in charge of Mr. Frank N. Clark, and were re-packed at New York by Mr. Mather. They will be landed at Southampton, England, and sent across the channel. The North German Lloyd has been very successful in carrying boxes of fish eggs, their captains taking a personal interest in them, having been dined at the Hotel de Ville, and the French Government is large to go in the ice room. The liberality of this line in forwarding eggs and fish for the U. S. Fish Commission and the German Fishery Association, free of charge, and thereby contributing to the grand work of international exchange of valuable fishes, is worthy of great commendation. It is one of the best and safest lines on the ocean.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

January 17 to 20, St. John, N. B. Second Annual Bench Show, Jr. W. Wilson, Secretary.
March 7, Pittsburg, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent.
April 9, 10, 11 and 12, Boston, Mass. Third Bench Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Edward J. Forster, Secretary; Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September, National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens, Jos. H. Dew, Secretary.
December, National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

IN TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. VIII.

HOW rare it is to see a strictly first-class dog. Good ones I may find in abundance; but the paragon, who has no failings and all the virtues, is—albeit well heard of—seldom seen. Glimmering here and there the many years that we have ardently followed the delightful sports of the field we can call to mind but few among the many dogs that we have seen and that come up to our standard of excellence, and those, almost without exception, received their early training among the ruffed grouse. There is something pertaining to the pursuit of these most cunning birds that is potent to sharpen the wits and develop the intelligence of your dog that you will fail to find accompanying the pursuit of any other game. It is for this reason that we endeavor to give our dog his first lessons in the field upon this bird. We are well aware that more than one writer of renown strongly condemns this best of birds as totally unfit to train a dog upon, taking the ground that they are so very difficult to bring to bag that the dog becomes discouraged. We know that the reverse of this is true, for we have given scores of youngsters their first tuition among these noble birds, and we have yet to see the one who showed the first indication of anything of the kind; on the contrary, we have ever found that—after one or two successful encounters with these most wary birds—the matter now long and unaccountable as our puppi's ardor was not checked in the least, but seemed to increase with each successive defeat.

As we have before remarked, it is better that nothing be said to your dog upon his first introduction to game, at least so long as he does nothing wrong, as this is an entirely new experience to him, and should you bother him with orders he may become confused and fail to perform nearly as well as he would if left entirely alone. Great care must be taken that he is not kept too long at work, and we have ever found that the best results were obtained when we have taken our dog home after an hour or two, or even sooner, when his performance had been satisfactory. We have often taken him home at the end of a few minutes even, when everything had gone just right and we had by abundant praise and caresses impressed indelibly upon his mind that his behavior was pleasing to us, thus leaving him to ponder over the matter in a happy state of mind that would cause him to look forward with eager anticipation to future enjoyment of other blissful hours when the bird is instead of the dog on our side, possibly being obliged to take him off at a time when something of a disagreeable nature had occurred that would exert a depressing influence upon his susceptible mind and, perhaps, cause him to dread or, at least, to feel indifference about repeating the performance. After one or two outings, and he has become somewhat accustomed to his new experience, you can safely commence to teach him as to what he may and may not do; you can in a measure control his range and dictate as to the direction in which you wish him to take, using great care that you do not restrain him too much at first, but start very slowly and by easy steps gradually teach him to look to you for guidance; and if you pursue the proper course he will soon obey your lightest word as readily as when taking his regular lessons at home. This result can be obtained in this manner much sooner and much better than by trying to control him and to make him do everything just right from the start, only bear in mind that when you do order him to do anything insist upon prompt obedience every time.

Among the first things that you should endeavor to instill into his mind is the knowledge that he must "work to the gun." This can be very easily accomplished if you will pursue the proper course. In the first place, under no circumstances should he be allowed to flush the birds. Not so much perhaps that it will make him nosedead, for many dogs can be taught to flush their birds to order without detracting from their steadiness, but such a course we have ever found decidedly unsteady the wary grouse and renders them less liable to be close than when they are worked up by the hunter. This is also the case, although in less degree, with the quail. With the woodcock we do not believe that it makes much difference, yet we would advise under all circumstances, no matter how great the temptation, your dog be not allowed to flush his bird, for many really good dogs are ruined by this practice, besides, as a rule, the more killing, as well as sportsmanlike way, is to walk up your bird. This practice you will find soon make you a better shot than you can ever hope to be if you constantly keep in the openings and trails of the channel, there to be obtained. Your dog will also improve much faster if you pursue this course, for he will instinctively realize that you are with him body and soul, and consequently he will put forth his best efforts and soon learn the grand secret of "working to the gun." This very valuable trait is rarely found in a dog unless the gun has first set the example by working to him. Ponder this well and try to realize what the thoughts of your dog must be when you leave him on his point and, sneaking off to one side, or perhaps to his rear out of sight, hid him up the bird which he knows full

will by experience will fly into the cover instead of out. We always require our dog while young to staunchly hold his point until ordered on. He will easily learn to do this if you steady him a few times and do not allow him to stir until you are beside him. This, if rightly managed, will prove a very killing trait, but unless the proper course is pursued your dog is apt to acquire the very bad habit of making false points. Great good judgment is required to so conduct his training in this that if may prove a source of pleasure instead of disappointment. Your knowledge of his disposition will aid you in adapting the right course to accomplish the desired result.

As soon as you observe that he has sent command him to to *to*, and keep him on point until you are nearly beside him, when, without stopping, you must duck to him to go on, accompanying the duck with a wave of the hand, and walk just behind him until he again stops. Should he be unwilling to move on at your first order, you must not stop, neither should you pass by him, but keep stepping, even if you have to put your feet in the same place, and again duck, or perhaps you may have to speak to him. Should he still remain staunch, the chances are that the scent is strong, and that the game may be close by, in which case you should advance and flush the bird, and if the conduct of your dog has been irrefragable, kill if you can, but on no account must you shoot unless his behavior has been all that you could wish; for one of the most important lessons to impress upon his mind is that, just so surely as he does not perform his part in a proper manner, just so surely no birds will be in a second day to be shot. If his performance has been worthy, to pot and praise him, while, on the other hand, if no bird has been found, you should return behind him and order him on, and let him know that this is not the proper way, but that he must move on until he is near the bird. This is rather a delicate matter, and often requires nice discrimination to determine just what to do, for there is not a second to be lost in deliberation, and instant action should be taken; for if you hesitate your dog may become addicted to making false points or potting, and, if he will, he will be a better to scoop an occasional flush. Should he flush a bird by moving up, or, or if you have ordered him on, you must instantly check him, and bring him back to the place where he should have remained staunch, and keep him at *to ho* a short time, while you check him for the offence. After a few lessons of this kind—perhaps, even, on the second occasion—you should order him on a little before you reach his side, and at each succeeding time you should do this still further away, until he will, at the option of the hand, move on when you are at quite a distance from him. If he is possessed of a reasonable amount of intelligence, and you pursue the proper course, he will soon understand just what you wish, and always stop at the first indication of scent and look at you for the signal to go on, instead of following up the trail, perhaps out of your sight, and oftentimes causing you no end of trouble to find him. He will also soon learn to move on of his own accord when the scent is not just to suit, provided he knows that you can see him and are coming his way. This, which is accomplished by having him shoot in thick cover, or by beating the snipe meadows, while it may work no possible harm either on the prairie or stubble. Of course, we cannot give instructions that will cover every case, as there are so many different circumstances connected with the events of a single day, and the dispositions of the different animals are also so widely dissimilar that it is impossible for us to give anything more than a general outline of the course to be pursued. We take it for granted that the reader is of an intelligent nature, and that his own good sense, coupled with the intuitive knowledge that he must possess of the disposition and intelligence of his pupil will safely tide him over any minor difficulties that may occur.

QUARTERING, STYLE AND SPEED.

HERE has been much written on quartering, which is one of the most essential points in a dog's education. The question is carried to extremes, and the result is a system of quartering, wide ranging, style and speed, are fine to the eyes of sportsmen, but it is not so fine when your dog, one of those grand quarters, passes by the birds, not being near enough to get scent. You come along and find a bird, and you are obliged to get into the thick cover, the angles are too great, for quartering against wind. They would do better for down wind work. Still, for down wind work, it is far better to send your dog directly from you and let him quarter the ground on his return. It is not long ago when two grandly broken pointers were doing as fine quartering as one would wish to see (providing they liked wide ranging). When they had completed their work, their handler had bagged sixteen birds. After witnessing the quartering at this point, I was struck with the intelligent notion of sending in all of the birds in such wide ranging; and for the novelty of it I cast my voice of dogs off and quartered the field more closely. The result was twenty-five birds, and all the birds my dogs found were full boxes, excepting two birds. In localities where birds are hunted a great deal, they become wild, and rise at the least noise. When driven to cover they lie very closely. In this case it requires close and careful work for a dog to obtain points. This great speed through long grass, weeds and brush, and such the birds and they will rise before a dog is close enough to obtain a point.

I now have two dogs of good, fair speed. They are broken to quarter closely, and when they come to cover they are as stealthy as cats. I have yet, for the first time, to see a man drop their nose to the ground for a trap on game. I have often seen them cover one hundred yards, or more, before establishing their point, on running birds in open cover.

This wide ranging and great speed is not needed even in our own shooting (although it is needed in the morning and evening, and the best midday shooting will be found in the grass. The principal part of the grain being cut with reapers leaves the cover short, and at midday the birds lie very close. Where is the sportsman that goes out for pleasure, that wishes to follow his dog at a racehorse speed? If this is pleasure, or sport, tell me what is used work? Where is a sportsman that cares to keep a trapper so as to have his dog under control for a few days sport each year? If speed, stanchness, bucking, retrieving, are all that are needed for field work, there is more to be desired, less to style and speed, and see if it does not prove more satisfactory to the average sportsman. A racehorse does not need style to win his race, why should a dog? Dropping to shot and wing is not needed, and is not used in a large part of our sport. In shot or frozen ground, I have seen them with their chests braced and bleeding, from dropping to shot and wing. As for retrieving, a dog will mark the dead bird far better if standing than by dropping. Even nervous dogs will remain more quiet, if they are allowed to stand, than if they are ordered to retrieve.

Just carefully peruse the work of the field trials of 1891. See if there were not birds flushed by the judges and spectators, that should have been found and pointed by the dogs, had the ground been thoroughly quartered. Look at the comments on state "A" hunters, with great speed. They even go so far as to state "A"

had most pace and style, and could only lose the race by bad work on game," and this being run true to decide which should have first money, each dog showing equal obedience and work on game; the losing dog being credited with good speed and work in his previous heats. In this final heat they were equal in obedience. The losing dog, credited with points and one back, the winning dog one point and one back. Face your own race; one field trial or two are supposed to be run as every-day work with dogs in the field, but they are getting far from it. Do sportsmen want points on game, or style and speed?

We do not have considered this style and speed question, and shall sell our setters, regardless of their field qualities, as style and speed scores more than grand field work; and we will purchase some thoroughbred greyhounds, that have style and speed, and have a catch game, and their lack in nose will make a cross with the bloodhound, or foxhound (as we can hardly give up the idea of a good nose), then we will have the whole business by the heels, style and speed, and will be called stay-aways no more. Old Fogey.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

THE show which is to be held here March 7-10, promises to be a great success, judging from the great interest that is already being taken in it. The sportsmen here are determined to do their best to excel last year's show, and you know that was a good one. The first list will be ready by the first of the next week. It embraces nearly all breeds of dogs, and gives champion classes to setters, pointers, fox terriers, collies, slye terriers and pugs.

A separate class has been made for the first time in this country for pure Laverack setters—dogs and bitches. The special prize will be a good one, the following have already been pronounced:

A double barreled breech-loading shot gun, given by Parker Brothers, through their agents, Messrs. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, value \$125, for the best English setter dog or bitch. A case of traps for catching English setter dogs with the best field trial record. Donor does not compete.

A friend of field trials gives \$20 each for the setter or pointer (dog or bitch) that has the best field trial record, the record only to be considered in the case of English setter dogs.

A member of the society donates a handsome whistle, value \$10, for the best matched pair of English setter dogs, color and quality to be considered.

Prizes will also be given for the best kennel of five English setters, five Irish setters, five Gordon setters, five pointers.

W. J. R. Henricks, of Pittsburg, donates a very fine automatic musical cabinet, with music, value \$50, for the best three English setters (dogs or bitches), to be bred and owned by the exhibition. Entries close Feb. 25.

Chas. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky., will judge setters and pointers. Chas. LINCOLN, Supt. Address, Lock Box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

AT the annual meeting of the Eastern Field Trials Club on Jan. 10, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. O. Donner; Vice-Presidents, Dr. H. F. Aten and Mr. James H. Goodsell; Treasurer, Mr. Washington A. Costar; Secretary, Mr. Fred N. Hall. Board of Governors—W. A. Costar, Dr. Green, J. von Leupoldt, Dr. H. F. Aten, H. Walker, W. B. Williams, A. Bachmann, William M. Williams, George E. Brown, B. W. Danforth and H. Hamilton. Mr. S. T. Hammond was elected an honorary member.

THE BYRON HOUNDS.

GASTON, N. C., JAN., 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I note your inquiry to the address of gentlemen owning Byron strains of foxhounds and furnish the information with pleasure. W. E. Broadnax, Esq., White Plains P. O., Brunswick county, Va., has a full pack of very superior Brysons. This present season the scarcity of red foxes in this vicinity has not afforded sufficient opportunity to test fully their merit for that species. I put the past season he caught every red fox he started and in fine style, rarely making a break from commencement to close of the chase. His present pack has been recruited by the addition of several in A. Stevens' pack, and they are, in my opinion, greatly to his physical powers and style. The older dogs' places have been supplied by these young Brysons, several of them by my Logan and out of my Fannie, and all of them the descendants of my Watchman or his brother Arctio. I have heard that all the grey foxes in Broadnax, and never saw run recruits display more promise.

My own pack is Bryson, and before the distemper made its appearance in it, was as full of promise as a red fox pack as any I ever owned. But that terrible disease has well nigh swept off all the young ones, among them Duke and Blamless. Every dog in my pack except these, are now suffering. Envy, with a litter of Logan and Blauder puppies will soon follow Drayer and the others. Fannie is well and has thus far escaped. I send her in the morning (Feb. 1) to be covered by one of Broadnax's Bryson young dogs. Little doubt exists that shows my appreciation of Broadnax's recruits and the Byron strain.

The Hon. John E. Keena, Charlottesville, Va., has three copies of my best and purest strain of Brysons. They are, however, too young to breed from. Dr. G. C. Archer, W. H. Jackson, Belle Meade, Tennessee, I have finished several, but learn they died, at least the last did. I was not advised of the fate of Leader, the full brother of the Peerless Vainly, as "Pious Deities" despatched her, or of Telegrapher, both Brysons and dogs of real value. I presume they were put in the stud and largely patronized.

It may be inquired what treatment the distemper dogs had. None—none. I never use remedies in this disease, having for many years discovered that in a large part, the only treatment is under nature's operations. T. G. T. [We are under great obligations to our valued correspondent, T. G. T., for the above, as several correspondents are anxious for the information.]

NOTES FROM NEW BRIGHTON.

New Brighton, Pa., Jan. 5, 1892.—I had a few days' mixed grouse shooting (young birds) over a Thimble run, out of a Rob Roy—Ditch. It seems strange to me that these speedy ones accustom themselves to our heavy cover shooting. The Pittsburgh dog show promises to be a grand success. No town in America can boast of an equally extensive and good dogs as the Smoky Village. I am negotiating for a pure Laverack from across the big fish pond, and shall probably have him here by March 1. I think I can show five good ones in Prince Lera, Pat, Lun and May Laverack. I hope the Eastern and National trials will be held in this town. I had intended running in several states East, but had to go South for a

little preparatory work. Martin & Tallman deserved a great deal of credit for bringing their dogs South and meeting the world's best on their native heath. McIntosh is 'putting his best legs' on it. I hope Mr. Goodsell will exhibit his kennel at our show, as well as other New York and Eastern gentlemen.—LITTLE D.

A STRANGE POINT.—Gainesville, Fla.—A gentleman was telling me a story of what he saw a few days ago. It was a strange occurrence. He was riding out with a friend and took his dog and gun with him. Coming to a field, he sent his dog over, and in a short time he came to a point. Sent his friend over with gun to take a shot, who upon going up could find nothing. The gentleman then went to the point, and found his dog lying on the ground, but the dog refused to do it, and barked. The gentleman, fearing that it was a rattlesnake, backed off. The owner of the dog then took the gun and went up to the dog, and after looking some time he saw a large hawk which had thrown himself back, and with eyes flashing, and wings and claws extended, was awaiting the attack of the dog. The gentleman reached out and took the hawk by the wing, and to show his friend that there was nothing the matter with him, threw him up in the air, and, as he sailed off, brought him down at the second shot. The hawk was a very fine specimen of its kind, and was so close that the hawk was afraid to fly for fear the dog would spring upon him. What say you?—I. SURROS.

DOG HOUSES.—In your paper of December 29, you speak of "the dea-breeding, never-cleaned dog houses." Why should it be so? Some twenty years ago I first made my dog houses in this way. I saw the lowest quality of dog houses, and they were over its size and proportion and ventilating arrangements as required. The top is lifted off in a moment, and with all ease. The bedding thrown out, the box emptied and cleaned, the whole scalded out with boiling water, and exposed to the sun and air to freshen and dry. Tarred paper, laid as an overlay on the floor, or two thicknesses on the floor, under the bedding, makes protection against dampness and against vermin as well. The lower or box part might be an iron casting. Simple as this is, and satisfactory as it has worked, I can not say I have never seen a dog house so constructed. When first it was adopted, it was ridiculed, but I had rather offer it as my contribution towards giving to every name cleanly comfortable shelter.—A. B. A.

NAMES.—Vernillion, Erie co., Jan. 10.—Editor Forest and Stream: Noting Mr. Cameron's communication in Dec. 29th issue, I "plead guilty" to the charge, but must do so on the ground of ignorance. I have never seen an overcoat of any color, or name, or net being "posted" on the custom among dog-fanciers. I may have overheard upon their rolls of property, not being aware that there was "patent" on names or anything of the kind. I named my dogs just as I happened to, but did not intend to name them after any other name. I have an oversight in ignorance of what the others names were. It is difficult to keep track of all the names. This being the rule, it will be well for the Editor to keep a list and post those who enter if they have a name belonging to another. Well, I can suggest "Sport" to "Spoodle" and "has" has changed; I did not intend for "Dally," and "Dally" is her name. "Lulu" may be called "Lucy." I did not suppose it different with dogs than with Hereford cattle, as we frequently find several animal of same name in herd book. Yours truly, W. H. DON.

WHO OWNS HER?—Editor Forest and Stream: I have a long and white setter bitch, given to me by a person named Thompson, whose name she is found both in Entral, and he believes she was lost from one of the Anchor Line boats last August by some gentlemen going shooting. She had on, when found, a very nice nickel-plated collar. She is a very nice animal, very affectionate and dry. I have seen her several times, and she is in good health, and also has a piece of her tail. Mr. Thompson says he advertised her in the Buffalo papers. If any sportsman that you know of has lost her, he can get her by writing to my address, John H. Mason, Niagara Falls, Canada.

PITTSBURGH.—At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Pennsylvania Young Men's Association, the following officers were elected for 1892: President, Edward Greig; Vice-President, J. Palmer O'Neil; Secretary, C. E. Elben; Treasurer, C. A. Stevens. Directors—J. R. Stuyton, Thomas Booth, John R. Henricks, Joseph J. Sneddenburg, W. C. Myer.

UP FOR DOG STEALING.—Lynn, Mass., Jan. 16.—James Archer and W. P. Perkins, for the larceny of a dog of the value of \$25, the property of Cassius M. Allen, last week, had their cases set for trial upon payment of one-half of the costs, amounting to \$6 92 each. Archer appealed, and was held in \$100 to prosecute his appeal.

QUEEN BESS.—Mr. Thompson's (Foxboro Mass.) bitch Queen Bess, was recently run over by a heavy team and both fore-legs badly fractured. They were set, and she is doing well, and although hopes are entertained of her complete recovery.

COOKERS.—Mr. O. E. Scott, of Schenectady, N. Y., is intending to go spring to enlarge his kennels, and to breed cockers extensively.

WILLARD, BROS., of Jonesborough, Ill., send us pictures of their Gordon setters, also a capital likeness of Chantilly Grouse, for which they will please accept our thanks.

KENNEL NOTES.

NAMES CLAIMED.

Belle II.—By Mr. F. H. Cannon, New Haven, Conn. for white, black and tan beagle bitch, whelped Oct 29 by King (White—Lily) out of Belle (White—Lily).

Ringold.—By Mr. F. H. Cannon, New Haven, Conn. for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct 15, 1891, by Fitts (Rattler—True) out of Lily (Indo—O-Bess).

Queen Bee and Bess.—By Mr. Austin L. Sewell, New York, for black and tan setter bitches, whelped May, 1891, by Kitrus out of Carthage, and by Mr. J. J. Donovan, Boston, Mass. for chestnut and white blood English setter bitch by Fainsman S. Smith's Dash out of Campbell's imported Flora.

Lady Gay.—By Mr. Gordon, Brookfield, Mass., for red Irish setter bitch whelped by Elcho II. out of Brock's Fin.

Shy and Mopsy.—By Mr. S. E. Gordon, Brookfield, Mass., for Saxe border bitch (Saxe and dachshund).

Queen Bee.—By Mr. Wm. G. Kraneis, Lancaster, Pa., for orange and white setter bitch whelped May, 1891 (Cath—Penny).

Dilly.—By Mr. Adlin Jameson, New York, for black and tan setter bitch whelped May, 1891, by Dilly's Ranger—White Lily).

Brian Down.—By Mr. John Good, West Lebanon, N. H., for red Irish setter puppy by champion Elcho out of Noreen.

BRED.

Diannond—Ripple.—The Conestoga Kennels (Lancaster, Pa.) orange and white and mottled setter bitch Diannond (warwick—Belle) to their white and mottled Ripple (Irish of the border—Sax)—89, Jan. 5, 1892.

Belle Robin Hunt.—The Conestoga Kennels (Lancaster, Pa.) English setter bitch Belle Robin Hunt (white—Lily) to their white and mottled Ripple (Irish of the border—Sax)—89, Jan. 5, 1892.

Barry.—Mr. Geo. Lyman's (Yonkers, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch John J. Barry (Tilly) to Mr. W. H. Pierce's (Beekmantown, N. Y.) Larry (Irish—Rose), Jan. 5, 1892.

Queen Bee.—By Mr. O'More.—The Bory O'More Kennels (Abany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Nora O'More (Kennedy—Tilly) to their Roy O'More (Hunt)—89, Jan. 5, 1892.

Queen Bee.—By Mr. O'More.—The Bory O'More Kennels (Abany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Nora O'More (Kennedy—Tilly) to their Roy O'More (Hunt)—89, Jan. 5, 1892.

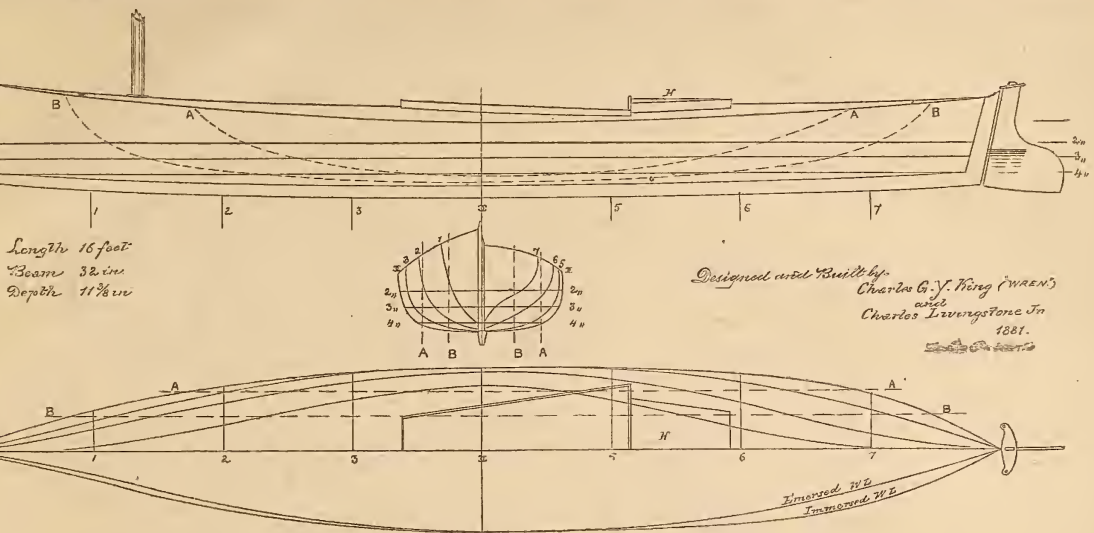
Roy—Kingwood.—Mr. N. Emore's (Oranby, N. Y.) black and tan setter bitch Roy (Kingwood) to Mr. Wm. G. Kraneis' (Lancaster, Pa.) Dec. 1, 1891.

Queen—Kingwood.—Mr. N. Emore's (Oranby, N. Y.) black and tan setter bitch Queen (Kingwood) to Mr. Wm. G. Kraneis' (Lancaster, Pa.) Dec. 1, 1891.

Mail—Kingwood.—Mr. John A. Patterson's (Lowell, Mass.) beagle bitch Mail to Mr. N. Emore's (Oranby, N. Y.) Dec. 1, 1891.

Grace—Noyah.—Mr. J. A. King's (New York) liver and white ticked pointer bitch Grace (Noyah) to Mr. Wm. G. Kraneis' (Lancaster, Pa.) Dec. 1, 1891.

Stentley—Prince of Orange.—Mr. John Davidson's (Monroe, Mich.)



CANOE LALOO.—Scale, 1/4 in. = 1 ft.

FLAG OFFICERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

May I inquire if you wish the simple ownership of a vessel with two masts, costing say \$1,000, seems to constitute a claim for the position of a first officer in one of our first class yacht clubs, while the owner of one-masted craft, costing from \$150 to \$200, are not mentioned in connection with such officers. It has always surprised me to contemplate New York yachting to note that the addition of a mast should seem to draw the line between a ship admitted to races apparently on suffrage given only the virtue of the club silver locker, and generally held down upon its club business, and a vessel, though perhaps smaller, yet generally slower, which merely by the possession of one additional spar is admitted at once into the very innermost circle of the port and the opinion of her owner quoted by the press as that of a prominent yacht man, although he may be only in the green and salad days of his first season.

We are just as curious as our correspondent to know what a person's bank account or his social prominence really has to do with his fitness for the Commodore's berth. We should like much greater pride in our flag officers were they selected for a well established reputation as experts in a yachting affairs, whether they owned a dug-out or a 60-ton schooner. As yet our candidates display by some very unwholesome at the sport constitutes a stronger recommendation than a life's service at the helm. Some day a higher standard will prevail.

TONNAGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I HAVE been several times non-plussed at statements in your column which give you have given the displacement of a small boat, and thus rated it as a half-tonner, like the Dodge, or as a tonner, like the Elvira. Now, it has seemed to me that the range of vision that a small boat is not longer, as you say, are the dimensions of the Dodge, it is impossible for this craft to be rated at a half-tonner.

Our correspondent is hardly to blame for his failure to understand English tonnage. The dodge is called "half-a-tonner" principally because she is not half of the kind. The foreign rule considers only beam and length, hence a dory but narrow boat, may often gauge by the rule much less than a similar boat which happens to be broader though shallower. However, displacement tonnage is not the same thing as measurement tonnage. The former signifies so many tons weight, the latter so many cubic feet of space, or hundred cubic feet being allowed to the ton. The two kinds of tons bear no fixed relation to each other, hence yachts may vary in displacement tonnage—that is, in weight—yet have the same measurement tonnage—that is, the same cubic contents of bulk—or they may have equal displacement and measure differently. Sometimes the displacement tonnage will exceed the tons of volume, and vice versa. The British method of obtaining yacht tonnage being faulty, because it omits measuring deck depth, and no yacht tonnage rule having yet been promulgated in America, the size of yachts expressed in tons is still only a matter of approximation and guess work. To obtain the true tonnage, as proposed by FOREST AND STREAM and partly followed by the New York Y. C., the yachts should be gauged to the outside of the plank and then divided by 100. This will differ from the mercantile ship tonnage, as the latter includes only in its stowage room. As yachts compete on the water, the modification of ship tonnage is necessary as well as to obviate cheating the rule by trick celling, floors, etc. The general adoption of a correct yacht tonnage rule throughout the world is much to be desired, but with the error the misapprehension concerning the subjects of allowing time and the balance of vested interests the millennium will not be reached for some time. The error of gauging the bulk is a simple operation, a number of cross-sections are taken, their areas found by one of Sterling's rules involving only common arithmetic. These areas are again put through the same formula, and the volume sought. We may here long give an article. Thus, I propose some short-cut way of arriving at the same end.

BELLEVILLE LETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

DESPITE the extraordinary mildness of the season, all the yachts here and breakouts have long been in winter quarters. It is hardly necessary to say that the winter quarters are not the best, but what few indications there are give evidence of at least the usual degree of liveliness.

Mr. J. M. Fox (Captain R. G. Y. C.), one of the most enthusiastic of our yachtsmen, has a great improvement in his sloop Gracie (11 tons) last season by drawing in her stern and lengthening her keel. Not yet finished, she has run her lengthened keel by 3 inches and 19 inches to her length an inch, by cutting out her overhang. The craft will now rate as 12 tons, and will take a lot of beating from that of her own size.

Mr. John Addison is lengthening his little Minnie A., and will increase her tonnage from 1 1/2 to 2 tons. She is a smart little clipper, and will put the best of her class to their places, especially in a blow. This little craft carries but 40 lbs. of ballast, and has a small but comfortable cabin, in which four men can bunk.

Mr. Wm. Clark has disposed of his 5 ton sloop Pinareo, and will build a 25-foot schooner, after Captain's plan. His next project will be to attack to this dew-stripper as the first of her kind in these waters.

Cuthbert has as yet no orders for yachts, but has commenced preparations for building a 120-foot steamer for parties in Chatham, New Brunswick.

You are sound on the measurement question. Keep on until those who don't wish to see are convinced. PORT RACK.

YACHTING NEWS.

MEASURING OVER ALL.—Lieut.-Col. Dugmore writes to the London Field that Americans would probably not object to racing against British cutters on an AVOUL measurement. Well, most likely they would not. In fact, they would not ask for anything "softer." They would just like to meet a ton foot overhang on a cutter with the three foot hull-stern of the sloop, thereby gaining the difference of seven feet on the load-line and a proportional increase in beam and depth for nothing. Lieut.-Col. Dugmore's proposition amounts to sailing a twenty-ton cutter against a twenty-five-ton sloop on even terms. Sloops won't object, but would the owners of cutters like the idea? Our British cousins have suffered much from senseless tonnage laws, but if they try to adopt the length rule, even in their small boats, they will be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. What does Lieut.-Col. Dugmore think of matching a boat 3 ft. load-line, 3 1/2 ft. over all, 9 ft. beam, 5 1/2 ft. deep and 6 ft. draft on even terms with another of same length over all, but 23 1/2 ft. load-line, 15 ft. beam, 6 1/2 ft. deep and 9 ft. draft? That is the anomaly he might expect to witness if his ideas were acted upon. It is an anomaly we are sorely afflicted with in America, with the result that the boat of moderate proportions, good sloop model and snug rig is rapidly being driven out of existence, and the bulky boat prevails because she wins upon the greater water-carrying power, greater bulk, and the consequent greater displacement and sail. The above-mentioned boats will compare in size as 375 and 2,881. By over all measurement a boat is permitted to sail on even terms with one just half her size! We commend this to the consideration of Lieut.-Col. Dugmore and others, on both sides of the Atlantic, who may think as he does. How long would the small, snug, well-shaped boat survive under such injustice? Load-line length is empirical and had enough in its effects on type, but mean length and over all length ought to be beyond the pale of even momentary consideration, some people imagine that our American sloops are the outgrowth of climate and shoal water. This we have always deemed rank nonsense. They are the outgrowth of starting local measurement rules, evidenced by the fact that in type now going on wherever those rules have been modified or consigned to the oblivion they deserve.

SEAWANAKA YACHT CLUB.—At the annual meeting the board of trustees reported for the year closed an income of \$4,518.83, which, with balance from previous year, amounted to a total of \$5,117.72. The disbursements were \$1,033.50, leaving balance on hand of \$2,881.42. The club's roster 26 members and 144 ft. of sail. Perking, the second in rank numerically in New York waters. The fleet consists of 16 schooners, 40 sloops and cutters, 20 open boats, 6 steamers and 2 canoes. The Committee on Measurement reported no progress as yet. Messrs. C. E. Hallow, R. C. Cornell, Clark Dewing and Jas. H. Jones were elected at the meeting. The ballot for officers for the coming year resulted in the following: Commodore, C. Smith Lee; cutter, Orville, 30 tons; Vice-Commodore, Edward Walsh Humphrey, schooner, Albatross, 25 tons; Rear Commodore, John C. Burton, sloop, Wawa, 12 tons; Treasurer, W. B. Simonds, sloop, Cutler, 10 tons; Yollande, 15 tons; Treasurer, W. B. Simonds, sloop, Cutler, 10 tons; Regatta Committee: Louis F. Bayard, Francis de Luzac, Alex. H. H. Sargent, Wm. L. Sargent, Nelson H. Sargent, Jr. The regatta given at the next meeting a harvest in name to the Seawannaka Yacht Club Y. C. would be offered. In retiring, Commodore W. A. W. Stewart made some appropriate remarks and entered upon a defence of the Y. C.'s course in connection with the flag race, his views, perhaps, but not necessary, as no deserving attention has called the conduct of the club into question. The Commodore rightly concluded that the flag race was a failure, and that it was not a fair one. He is not uncompromisingly to the reverse. That the Seawannaka Y. C. is in a high water with the better elements of society is shown by the creditable success of the club in the following races: Commodore, C. Smith Lee, of the world's cruise is evident, as the club ranks second in metropolitan matters, with an enviable future before it.

IRON YACHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—From the following it will be seen that San Francisco has the plant and ability to turn out iron vessels of fair tonnage, should any aachtsmen feel inclined to try an experiment in that direction. The iron steamer Water nymph, built by the Electric Iron Works, to a net of 34 ft. 6 in. length, 10 ft. 6 in. beam, 10 ft. 6 in. draft, was launched on the 10th of December. She is the largest iron steamer built in this port, and her model is very handsome, her lines indicating speed and seaworthiness. Her principal dimensions are as follows: Length, 65 ft.; beam, 11 ft.; draft, 7 ft. She is fitted with two high-pressure engines, 85 and 100-horse-power, and a boiler of 100-horse-power. Her hull is of iron, and she is fitted with decks of corded plate 5/16 in. thick. Her house is iron, and the tank holds 100 gallons of water. The hull is of iron, and she is fitted with a single masted rig. The style in which she is built and equipped reflects great credit upon her builders.—S. F. Olympian.

WATERPROOFING CANVAS BOATS.—The following is the receipt given by Captain John Richards, R. N., to a set of canvas, or set of life boat and canoe combined, which he built of canvas. One gallon of the best boiled linseed oil, 1 1/2 lb. of white lead, 1/2 oz. of beeswax, well mixed and rubbed into the canvas, and on the surface. After two coats of this mixture, the fluff must be removed from the outer surface of the canvas with the sand paper and the surface rubbed smooth with a horse wood rubber water. The principal directions are as follows: The canvas must be rubbed with the oil and wax composition and another rubbing, finishing off with a coat of paint of the color desired and a coat of varnish. If this be done properly, and if the canvas is well rubbed with the oil and wax composition, the strength of the canvas will be considerably increased, and the Canvas can be always made to look well by rubbing her over with a light coating of linseed oil.

POINTING A MORAL.—See the Cutter. How beautiful she is, Can a Cutter sail fast? We should smile. Can a Cutter beat a sloop? Rather. Do the sloop men acknowledge the cor? The sloop men do not deny it, they tell the men what they say. They tell the woppers. They say their sloops were not the best, but don't say which are better. They know they—that is, they know they will woppers, but it's anything to heat a Cutter, even with telling woppers of the most bated kind.—Forest and Stream Printer.

ONE LESSON.—What is a machine? A deep, safe, cool, seagoing boat with low ballast and handy rig. The cutter is a machine.—Popular Errors.

ANOTHER LESSON.—What is a real yacht? A flat, jerky, shoddy, hot, dangerous, overpowered, slow, leewardly boat which dare not sail at night and cannot get to sea and has the rig of a lighter. The sloop is a real yacht.—Popular Errors.

OUR EXPERIENCE ALSO.—From *Honors* for January we take the following: Mr. Lapham had sent us a small, a square-headed cut (top) sail. The dimensions had been left to him, merely mentioning that the yacht was a cruiser. When the sail arrived we thought it at first rather formidable. However, Mr. Lapham was right—the sail was not the least too large, and so it is. A small gaff-top sail on a cruiser is, it seems to me, of no use. On a day that you cannot carry a good-sized sail you are better without a top-sail at all, and would probably get along faster as well as more comfortably with the topmast loused, and in light winds you want a sail that will do some work.

THIRD LESSON.—Ten feet of water in America is not as deep as ten feet of water in England, hence our boats must be of lighter draft. This is the reason why our best 10 ft. sloops will draw 9 ft. and the English cutters of 10 ft. will draw only 9 ft.—Popular Errors.

FOURTH LESSON.—Our climate is hot; we must have cool boats. We build them wide, with light roofs on deck, exposing large areas to the sun's rays, making the cabins infernal ovens of a hot summer day. To make them still cooler we seldom have skylights overhead in small yachts, but are content with one or two little bulleers forward. The English have a climate cold and rugged, hence they build their boats deep down in the water, obtaining a refreshingly cool cabin, which they ventilate thoroughly by large skylights. The American sloop is hot like a garret. The English cutter is cool like a cellar, hence the American sloop is much better adapted to our tropical latitudes, especially in April, May, September and October, when the thermometer is never known to fall below 60.—Popular Errors.

FIFTH LESSON.—Americans have not the money to spend on yachts like Englishmen, hence we prefer boats which take only ten ballast. This is the reason why every first class American yacht is ballasted with lead.—Popular Errors.

SIXTH LESSON.—Our summer winds are light when they are not strong, and we have ugly falls very frequently. Hence we use as few a large, unwieldy sails as possible. Because we have short crews we use low-booms and make it difficult to reef and a single jib impossible to reduce quickly. For the sake of safety in equals we also prefer to have our boats cupizable, and never have live preservers. We use low-booms and make it difficult to reef and a single jib impossible to reduce quickly. For the sake of safety in equals we also prefer to have our boats cupizable, and never have live preservers. We use low-booms and make it difficult to reef and a single jib impossible to reduce quickly. For the sake of safety in equals we also prefer to have our boats cupizable, and never have live preservers.

SEVENTH LESSON.—Americans like comfort. For this reason we build small boats without cabins, or lead toss sand bags aboard, so that the sun may scorch us and the rain drench us, and when the crew gets too hot we go home to town, and get our beds under the night air. For comfort we also make our yachts so buoyant and cocky that they jump you off your feet at every pitch and threaten to toss you over the side at every roll. The harder Englishmen cares nothing for comfort, hence he builds his boat so as to be easy and mild mannered in a sea and to steer with the little finger.—Popular Errors.

SAN FRANCISCO YACHTING.—George Farmer's 40 ft. schooner is now all planked up and celled. Her ceiling is put on in an opposite corner from the planking, running diagonally across the skin. This gives a strong job of the work. The little boat will probably be one of the best sea boats on the bay. She has dead-rise enough to admit of lead being put in her keel. Stone is getting along nicely with the new 6 ft. schooner which he is building. Stone is to be turned over to her owners by the first of March. Not a single die yacht has been ordered for next year, notwithstanding there has been a great deal of talk about big yachts. One of the prominent sportsmen of the city has made up his mind to build a 60 ft. cutter before long. Plans for a 60 ft. sharpie with yawl rig have been sent to San Francisco by Mr. de Witt.

CRUISE CLUBS.—The London Cruising Club seems to be a fair success and promises well for the future. The first annual dinner, Dec. 5, brought members together in London from all over the British Isles, and a brilliant affair. Commodore Rowell had charge of the dinner. It was suggested that a club yacht of 20 tons be purchased for the benefit of non-owners. Cruises made by the members are to be published in the club's responses.

LETTERS.—The 7-tonner for which G. L. Wilson, of Glasgow, is getting out the lines will be 80 ft. load line, 7 ft. beam and 5 ft. draft. She is for Mr. Auchincloss, of New York. The 20-tonner is being got out and celled by Commodore Rowell and will be 11 ft. 5 in. load, 11 ft. 8 in. beam and 5 ft. 8 in. draft. We are sure Mr. Auchincloss' little vessel will make a host of converts here.

EAST RIVER YACHT CLUB.—Has elected the following officers for 1882: Commodore, Matthew Charles; Vice-Commodore, James C. Addison; Secretary, John Hoyer; Treasurer, Edward Grissom; Ventrurer, John D. Isbell; Regatta Committee: John D. Smallfield, E. E. Hallow, John B. Gerard, George Balzer, Edward B. Chalmers and John Hughes.

THE NEW CLUB.—We have received about twenty names for the new club devoted to small yachts, so that success may be deemed certain. In our next issue we will have something to say of the scheme is deserving of support and why all interested in floating property have something to gain by the establishment proposed.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.—The club's annual ball Jan. 15, was a brilliant affair. Commodore Rowell had charge of the arrangements, assisted by Mr. J. Weir Anderson, the club Secretary. The ball-room, at the Horticultural Gardens, was handsomely decorated and dancing kept up till the early hours of morn.

A GREAT RACE.—See the yachts! How beautiful they are! What is that speck on the horizon? It is a Cutter which the sloops are trying to catch. Will they succeed? Not much.—Forest and Stream Printer.

YACHTERS' YACHT CLUB.—Now numbers fifty-five members and twenty-three boats. The officers were published in last issue.

SUNBEAM.—This little Boston sloop is receiving a 1,700 lb. keel, and the Dolphin is to have 1,500 lbs.

SPRING BALANCES.

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A GOOD SCALE FOR THE PRICE.

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Orders received from persons residing in cities in which the dealers keep a full line of our goods will not be filled at any price.

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CARVER—London, Jan. 17.—In the three days' shooting match at 1,000 birds, between Dr. Carver and Mr. Bingham, begun yesterday, the former to-day scored 237 birds, and the latter 244, making the total for the two days : Dr. Carver 373 birds, and Mr. Bingham 367.

The Maxwell ranch contains 1,700,000 acres of New Mexico land, and the Atchisou, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad passes through it. The man whose name it bears got it by marriage and by purchasing various interests. He has put it into an English stock company, and a fence is being built around it, preparatory to the raising of blooded stock on a large scale.

There is a great deal of fox hunting in the western part of Massachusetts, particularly in Franklin county, among the mountains. This winter has been a good one for the chase, the mild temperature having caused the foxes to appear freely. Trapping is not generally practiced, but the chasing is done afoot, with hounds, and a run of ten or twelve miles is not uncommon for a brisk pedestrian. The men who engage in the sport make a pretense of doing it for profit, but as the skins sell for only 50 cents to \$1.50 each, and cost a day or two of hard work, it would seem to yield rather inadequate remuneration.



ADVERTISEMENTS.

Transient advertisements, 25c. a line for first insertion, and 20c. a line each time thereafter.

Eight words to the line; fractions of a line count as a full line.

Advertisements received later than Tuesday cannot be inserted in the issue of that week.

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CAMP LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.—Season edition now ready. This story describes the trip of a party of Boston gentlemen to the Richardson-Hartley lakes. It treats of "Camp Life," Indians and out in mauling, instructive and interesting; 124 pages, 3 illustrations. Price 50 cents by mail, postpaid, 55 cents. CHARLES A. J. FARRAR, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future. The FOREST AND STREAM will preserve the reputation it has earned for being:

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishculturist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kennel" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Bible and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

III.—ADAPTED TO THE TASTES OF ALL.

Among the hundreds of correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM are Business Men, Lawyers, Physicians, Clergymen, Army and Navy Officers, Naturalists, Pioneers, Trappers, Prospectors, College Professors, Tourists, Civil Engineers, Artists, Editors of other papers; young men who have not yet struck out for themselves, and old men who have retired; in short, members of every trade, profession, and occupation.

Farmers and Farmers' Boys constitute a large class of our readers. They will find the FOREST AND STREAM ever disposed to reconcile the seemingly conflicting but really identical interests of respectable sportsmen and reasonable land-owners.

IV.—INDEPENDENT.

The position of influence now occupied by the FOREST AND STREAM imposes upon the paper responsibilities which it has no wish to shirk. The organ of no clique, it will be perfectly free to criticize everything inimical to the interests of the highest and manliest sportsmanship. Its attitude on all important questions within its field is well understood. For the benefit of advertisers and readers alike, it will also, as in the past, expose and denounce all dangerous frauds. Advertisements of doubtful character will not be admitted to its columns on any terms.

V.—COURTEOUS.

The FOREST AND STREAM will have no room in its columns for personalities and bickerings. Its editors have neither taste nor time for "mud throwing." They do not share the opinion, held by some other journals, that blackguardisms and indecencies are essential characteristics of a sportsman's paper. Readers who want that sort of thing must look for it somewhere else than in the FOREST AND STREAM. *Verbum sap.*

VI.—BROAD IN SYMPATHY.

The FOREST AND STREAM will ask for, and strive to win, the continued support of readers in every part of the country. It never has been narrow in spirit; nor has it ever held itself up as the organ of any one "section." The paper is, and will be, American, in the broadest, highest and best meaning of that term. Every State, Territory and Province on the Continent, with many foreign countries beyond, are represented in our list of contributors and subscribers. The very wide geographical distribution of the friends and correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM is a sufficient guarantee of the variety and excellence of its contents.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 15, 1891.

Richmond and Danville Line. Train 54. Leaves New York 4:39 a. m. Philadelphia 7:05 a. m. Baltimore 8:24 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:45 p. m. Danville 7:12 p. m. Charlotte 12:41 p. m. Atlanta 11:00 a. m.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:30 a. m. Philadelphia 10:00 a. m. Baltimore 11:30 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 p. m. Danville 9:12 p. m. Charlotte 12:41 p. m. Atlanta 11:00 a. m.

Train 51. Leaves New York 7:30 a. m. Philadelphia 10:00 a. m. Baltimore 11:30 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 p. m. Danville 9:12 p. m. Charlotte 12:41 p. m. Atlanta 11:00 a. m.

Train 49. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 48. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 47. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 46. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 45. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 44. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 43. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 42. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 41. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 40. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 39. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 38. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 37. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 36. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 35. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 34. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 33. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 32. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 31. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 30. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 29. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 28. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 27. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

Train 26. Leaves New York 4:30 a. m. Philadelphia 7:00 a. m. Baltimore 8:20 a. m. Arrives Lynchburg 5:40 p. m. Danville 7:08 p. m. Charlotte 12:37 p. m. Atlanta 10:56 a. m.

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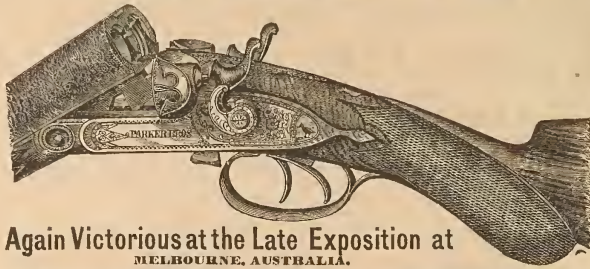
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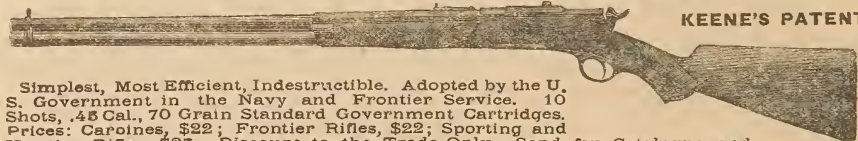


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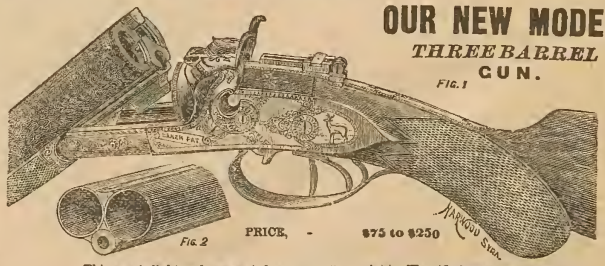
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ROD AND GUN

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are invited from every part of the country. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No correspondent's name will be published except with his consent. The Editors cannot be held responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. The subscription price is \$4 per year; \$2 for six months. To a club of three annual subscribers, three copies for \$10; five copies for \$16. Remittances should be sent by registered letter, money-order, or draft payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. The paper may be obtained of newsdealers throughout the United States and Canada; and is on sale in Europe by The American Exchange, 449 Strand, W. C. London, Eng.; and by Em. Terquem, 16 Boulevard, St. Martin, Paris, France.

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Address: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., Nos. 39 and 40 Park Row, New York City.

FOREST AND STREAM.
Thursday, January 26.

"WE, THE PEOPLE."

AND why not? Why shall not we, the people, demand of our representatives at Boston, at Albany, at Lansing and Springfield and San Francisco and all other seats of legislation, the due protection of our, the people's, interests, by the conservation of our game and fish?

Laws prohibiting the destruction of game in its breeding season and of fish on their spawning grounds are not for the advantage of any narrow class or clique. They are for the good of us, the people.

Take this broad, tenable ground: the greatest good to the greatest number. Let there be no misapprehension about it, no popular misconception of the "game laws" and consequent indifference to their importance and justice.

The only "class legislation" in game laws is in this, that such statutes are provided to protect the people from the ravages of certain lawless classes, whom nothing short of stringent laws stringently enforced can keep within bounds. These classes, as set forth in a communication elsewhere, comprise "the wolf," the poacher slaying the whole year round, the unscrupulous guide, the would-be "Nimrod," and the unprincipled hotel purveyor of game out of season. Queer company here; lawlessness makes strange bedfellows—the unkempt riff-raff of the "settlement" elbows

the city greenhorn greedy for gore. Class legislation? Yes, just as the statutes against highway robbery and murder are "class legislation."

Look at the other side. Who are the men most earnest in the endeavor to secure that protection which nature demands for the game of our fields and forests and the fish of our lakes and streams? They are business and professional men, tradesmen and mechanics, property owners and farmers—the respectable portion of the community—the people.

On the one side is respectability, thrift and worth; on the other, lawlessness, shiftlessness, vagabondage. There is no disputing the correctness of this classification. The lines are distinctly drawn.

Then how are we to account for this everlasting, annual wrangling over game laws; the constant tinkering of the old laws, the substitution of new, and the total disregard of all, both old and new? There are several partial explanations. One is, that the issue has not been clearly defined. The people have been deceived by this false cry of "class legislation," they are blind to their own interests, their apathy is deep, and from it they can be roused only by the persevering efforts of those who recognize the demands of the hour. Again, it is most unfortunate, that in some States the societies which, with much sounding of trumpets, have appeared before the public ostensibly to accomplish this very work, have proved recreant to their purposes, belied their professions, and worked incalculable injury to the cause so compromised. How best to overcome this apathy and prejudice is the difficult problem which must be solved before we can have any adequate system of game protection. The signs of the times are not discouraging. Progress is the report from one State and another; for the people are awaking, surely, though it may be slowly, from their indifference, and the right men are guiding the movement.

THE BRITISH CHALLENGE.

THE formal terms of the match under which the British marksmen would like to try conclusions at rifle shooting with the militia men of this country are now before us. They propose a trying test, as severe a one as American rifles may well be put to, and those who go to Wimbledon in July next to uphold the credit which American riflemen have already gained abroad must be very proficient indeed if they hope to make a good stand against the experts who throng that common on the suburbs of London year after year. The word has been passed throughout the ranks of the half million volunteers of England and the Kingdom asking for the best and most tried men. This is not a match to which the National Rifle Association of Great Britain in its official capacity gives little or no support, as were the long-range international contests. Instead, it has its origin in a meeting of the Council of that organization. The whole shooting interest of Great Britain is backing the proposed competition, and it is in fact a test of the work which has been going on for a score of years past at Wimbledon and a hundred tributary ranges throughout the country. To be beaten would require a very good excuse to escape the charge of unfaithful stewardship on the part of these managing functionaries.

But apart from any thoughts upon the possible outcome of the match, it is fairly now within our province to discuss the conditions as they have been laid before us. We have heretofore pointed out our faith in the standing position and in the duty of the American Committee to insist upon some shooting from a fair off-shooter attitude at some stage of the match. That view, it seems, struck the committee favorably, and the cable acceptance of the conditions does so with the proviso that the 200 yards range shall be shot from a standing position.

A curious sort of disturbing element seems to have been flung into the matter by the demand for a guarantee that a British team shall visit this country next year. There was no call for any such demand. If the visiting team should win a victory, there ought to be no need of a second invitation to have a team of British Volunteers on our ranges in 1883 looking for a chance to wipe out the defeat. If our team should return the defeated one, then the full measure of retaliation and vindication will not be had until an American Militia team returns as victors from Wimbledon range.

Many contingencies may arise between now and the proper date for a match in 1883, which would make this exacted guarantee to send a team and our implied guarantee to receive such a squad extremely inconvenient and awkward to carry out. Of course there is much in the past which will make this demand for something like reciprocity in the matter of visits appear just. We have our long-range record to look back to, and a contemplation of the present status of the International small-bore championship does not reflect very favorably upon the vaunted British pluck. The "Palma" to-day rusts in its vault because British manufacturers cannot turn out a weapon accurate enough, or British marksmen organize a team perfect enough to capture it. Still we must bear in mind that the invitation of the British Rifle Council is for a single match to be shot next July. While we sincerely hope and feel confident that it will be but the first of a series of annual trials before the butts, there is nothing to indicate that those who framed the invitation had any such idea, and the American Committee impugn the motives of their fellows across the water when they tack on such a demand to their acceptance of an admirably concise set of conditions.

Simple though they be, these conditions contain much to be studied. They open up an entirely new field of effort to many who thought themselves excellent military shots. The long range shooting must be carefully studied, and here we think that the experience gained by the long range men with their finer rifles will stand in good stead. There is no reason why team shooting with military rifles should not have as excellent an organization and the same perfection of detail which marked all, and more particularly certain of our old time winning teams. These match conditions carry with them all the rules and regulations of the English Rifle Association, and in the matter of targets it must be borne in mind that the sub-divisions are quite different from those in vogue here, and this difference will be apt to give the American marksmen practicing on our home targets following the Creedmoor model a wrong and deceptive idea of their progress and ability. In rifles, too, it will be the easiest thing possible to stumble over some obscure clause of those complex Wimbledon regulations which may work considerable annoyance, which is readily convertible into bad scores. There is ample time now, not only to look over our own field of selection, which is poor enough at best, but the opening of the season for out-door practice should find us thoroughly up in all the minutiae of the conditions likely to come up as controlling the fight. It is especially important for our American shooters to find out just where our friends, the enemy, may be. It is not easy to make comparisons since oblong targets on the other side destroy all continuity of record, while on our side we have bunted in vain to find a record of twelve men at one time using military rifles over the three long ranges. Still there is a sort of guide in the reports of the Queen's Match at Wimbledon, and a study and tabulation of these will show us how far we are behind. American pluck has done much on this subject in the past. The great impetus to modern rifle practice on this side the Atlantic grew out of the acceptance of a challenge when the accepters had neither men nor rifles to make the semblance of a fight. We have shown what may be done in the way of overcoming great obstacles in the past; there is a great one before us now. We shall be disappointed if it be not in time surmounted, but we are certain it will not be overcome except with hard, well directed effort.

THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

THE terms of two of the Fish Commissioners of Connecticut have expired, and it pleases us to learn that Dr. William M. Hudson has been re-appointed by the Governor to fill his own vacancy. Dr. Hudson has been connected with the fish commission of his State since its formation, and has been its most active member. During this time the commission has accomplished much good work and is now in condition to do much more, having the experience of many years to guide them. The re-appointment of Dr. Hudson is for four years, dating from August 26, 1883. He will no doubt, accept the burden, for his heart is in the work which he has seen develop from a very small beginning to its present status, with no indication of its having reached its maximum. In this appointment the Governor has done wisely.

GAME PROTECTORS.

SOME of the New York game protectors have shown themselves to be great frauds. Others, like agent Dodge, have done efficient and faithful service. These men were not well selected. Localities which stand most in need of such officers were entirely neglected. The number of game protectors is insufficient.

Is it expedient to increase the force?

No, if Tom, Dick and Harry are to draw the salaries of the office, and wink when anything is said to them about moving their lazy stumps from the stove.

Yes, by all means, if the right men can be appointed, who will do their duty, or who can be made to do it.

It has been suggested that the usual State fishculture appropriation be assigned for protection of the fish already on hand instead of for propagation of more, to go into the poacher's net. It is not advisable to cut off the funds for the maintenance of the regular work of the hatching house. But it is highly essential that both propagation and protection, should be adequately provided for. An increased fund should be assigned for the game and fish protective machinery of the State. The force of game constables should be trebled. But we don't want public money thrown away on sarks; there must be some way of holding the game protectors to account.

Unless this matter is taken in charge by the proper parties, and carried through by a well-matured and effective plan, the people of New York State will be no better off after the Legislature adjourns than they are now. We publish to-day a second letter on the subject. The writers are in earnest. They are backed by influence. Why can they not themselves form the nucleus around which shall gather the influence necessary?

If the great body of men in this State who are interested in these matters could be brought together to act in unison, they could ask and receive anything they wanted at Albany. What hinders such a union of strength?

WAR RELICS.—An interesting chapter might be written on the manufacture and sale of different hog relics. A Chattanooga correspondent tells us of an enterprising genius dwelling on the famous Lookout Mountain, Tenn., who has struck a veritable lead mine. He buys up old lead, molds it into bullets, which are fired against the rocks, then gathered up again and smeared with mud. These eloquent "relics of the war" are then disposed of to curiosity-seeking visitors at ten cents apiece. We have in our possession several genuine war bullets, which we gathered ourselves from the rocks and fields, or dug out of the trees of Lookout Mountain. Bombshells, bayonets, an occasional rusted musket barrel, and such souvenirs of the strife often rewarded our expeditions. During our stay on the Mountain a paper-weight formed of such bullets was sent to the poet Whittier, to which he responded with some graceful verses. We trust that the good man may never be imposed upon by the base counterfeit relics of these degenerated times. What a mean, lying thing a manufactured war relic is! And what a mean man it takes to make and sell them!

THE WOLFE SHOOTING CASE.—Some weeks ago we reported the case of a young man named Wolfe, one of the thought-it-was-n't-loaded idiots, who, as a good joke, fired a charge of buckshot into the young lady upon whom he was calling, in Peru, New Jersey. Much to the astonishment of her surgeons the girl recovered; but Wolfe is not yet out of trouble. He was arrested last week and is now committed to be held on a charge of atrocious assault pending the action of the Grand Jury. We shall watch this case with some interest. Things have come to a sorry pass if criminal carelessness of this kind is allowed to go unpunished.

AN ADIRONDACK PARK.—In another column will be found the announcement of a most important movement to protect from vandalism a portion of the great North Park of this State. It is said that corporations have no souls. The State of New York certainly has no soul to appreciate the importance of taking care of her great sanitarium regions; and it is, therefore, a most fortunate thing that private citizens are found who will come forward to undertake the work neglected by the State.

THE BELGIAN DEVIL.—A few weeks ago we gave an account of a machine called a Belgian devil, which was used by the fishermen of Belgium for cutting the nets of others in the North Sea and letting the fish into a net of their own which followed the vessel. A bill has just been introduced into the Belgian Chamber making it a penal offence to manufacture, sell, take on board or use engines for cutting or destroying fishing nets at sea. The fishermen of England and Germany have been sufferers from this practice and have made complaints.

DOG PORTRAITURE.—We have recently been shown an oil portrait of the Willoughby pug "Buster," the property of Mrs. C. Berdan, of Hackensack, N. J. The picture, which is exceedingly well done, is the work of Mr. W. Holberton, who is to be congratulated upon the life-like expression he has succeeded in giving to the portrait. As every one knows who has ever tried to paint a dog, the constantly changing expression of the dog's face renders the task a most difficult one.

OFF TO THE SOUTH.—Dr. S. Schoonmaker sailed last week for his annual Florida tour, and promises to give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM some notes. Messrs. E. M. Messenger, of the Bromfield House, Boston, Morrill and Bonnell, of the same city, and D. Greeley, of Nashua, N. H., make up a Florida party. They will stop in North Carolina for a while and will not return to the North before March.

DEATH OF MR. ROCKWELL.—Those who knew Mr. Henry E. Rockwell, for many years the Secretary of the United States Fish Commission, will be pained to learn that he died suddenly of heart disease at his residence in Washington at eleven o'clock on Sunday night last. Mr. Rockwell was seventy-one years of age and was a kind and genial gentleman.

A NEW RIFLE FIRM.—The Marlin Fire Arms Co. has been organized at New Haven, Conn., with Chas. Daly, president; J. M. Marlin, treasurer; and Joseph J. Sweeney, secretary. The company holds the patent of the Marlin arms, which they will manufacture.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.—The marked favor with which the earlier chapters of this series was welcomed, has been followed since by many demands for them in a permanent form. To meet this demand, the papers will be republished as a book. Due notice of its issue will be given in these columns.

READY NEXT WEEK.—The Forest and Stream Publishing Company will publish, February 2d, "Shooting: Its Applications, Practice and Purpose." By J. D. Douglass. The volume will be handsomely printed on fine paper and bound in cloth. Price, \$3. See further announcements next week.

A NATIONAL SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION is proposed by the Michigan Association. There was once a national society, which has never been formally disbanded. For all that we know to the contrary, however, it is dead.

THE MICHIGAN ASSOCIATION held its annual convention last week. A full report from a special correspondent will be published in our next issue.

JUST as we go to press we are handed the following copy of a dispatch received to-day (Wednesday), by General Wingate:

LONDON, January 25.—Wingate, N. R. A., N. Y.—We accept standing 200 yards. Return match must remain open question.—HALF-O-D.

GAME PROTECTION FOR THE PEOPLE.

ORDNESBURG, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Syracuse," in your issue of the 13th inst., has struck the key note of game protection. His utterances are a condensed elaboration of the whole subject—of its justification and the means to make it effective. They express the revival from a languishing interest of large numbers whose efforts in the past have met so indifferent success as to have generated a sense of disappointment and disgust, without even the sorry alleviation of the thought that during their lives, at least, the game of the State may not be wholly exterminated.

I believe the utterances of "Syracuse" are the culmination of sentiments which in the last half dozen years have been surely enlisting popular support. Assuredly, their expression follows, and is the outgrowth of a fact generally understood by all, that the question has come to be one of protection or extermination. The issue is at last clearly defined. It cannot be further delayed.

Shall we enforce the laws and protect and perpetuate the game in our forests and streams for the good of all, or shall we utterly abandon it to the wanton destruction of the few who make a trade of lawlessness, and by indiscriminate slaughter in their wretched vocation, scandalize every sentiment of duty, humanity and decency?

And, just here, something more than mere general statement is demanded. It should be borne in mind that the public has come to be fully informed and appreciative of the great abuses existing, and of the methods and times of their perpetration. Indeed, the offending classes (and of them only do I speak in this letter) and their methods have been so ostentatiously paraded as to produce with the most indifferent a sense of outrage and resentment.

Count first the class of persons living in the vicinity of, or hanging about the skirts of our forests, whose acres—when they possess any—are abandoned to thistles in the indolence of lives demoralized for mainly industry by years given to the vagabond business of hunting and fishing. They prey with the voracity of the wolf upon forest-life, struggling for existence with the severities of season and weather, and make their villainy most telling when the game is least capable of self-protection. Their slaughter is indiscriminate and wholesale; and the "groceries" for which they exchange spoils are a new incentive to its repetition. Hides are so much apiece, though there be not meat enough on the carcasses to stay a stomach in the stripping.

"Wolf!"—indeed the name is already utilized. "He is a wolf," already stigmatizes the creature—captain of one to half a dozen dogs, who in the months of spring and early summer makes havoc on the land and in the water. By every known appliance he slays mothers bearing young, or tenderly nursing their off-pring by their sides—kills day and night; for the shades of night which invite forth to the water's edge the mother doe, and seem to protect as with a mantle her tender kids, are by torch and shot-gun made the most certain helps to slaughter.

"He is a wolf," stigmatizes the "cruster," the wretch who tracks the frozen snow, hunts out the nearly starved deer, incapable of flight or resistance, and, impatiently huddled together for what protection that should give them, and with club and axe knock out their brains.

Why has it never occurred to the caricaturist to present, with the mastery of his art, the salient features of this sport to general appreciation? Never mind the scandal it would fasten upon "sportsman's associations," "game protective

associations," and their carnivals at the trap and in the tavern, but give the details to the public—the people—for it is true and of universal application that "the eyes of the ignorant are more learned than their ears." This hushness of the night-hunter and the cruster is of a species of horror that would not escape the merest tyro in its exposition.

Count, again, by hundreds, others of a class scarcely less iniquitous, the masters of as many dogs, who habitually and intentionally violate the law by killing game and fish in the close season, and, in St. Lawrence county (where that iniquity, hounding, is forbidden at all times), by dogging deer to the water, to be there slaughtered for the amusement of those who can pay them for it.

These classes constitute the bulk of the army of guides. Their equipment—each a boat, dog or dogs, and a knife. In camp they are servants of all work, devoted to the tastes and wishes of their employers by presents, promises and pay. Nominally, but unjustly, classed with them are men whose instincts and feelings are averse to all this lawlessness and outrage, and who will bravely and earnestly second any efforts for reform.

As generally happens in the gradations of society, another class of persons is equally guilty with the guide, and without his excuse. This is the tourist class, those who resort to the woods to violate the law for pleasure and amusement. An army without taste for, or knowledge of, wood-craft, generally alien to the best sentiments and passion that covets forest-life for its proper and peculiar value and fascinations; and in their experience there, the victims of delusive hopes; of a thousand and one annoyances and of impositions they never know and so never appreciate. Fashion is the hane of this class. It is fashionable to go to the woods; once there, what can they do—what appreciate? Why, the chase, and "the chase" for them is the poor panting game driven by dogs to the extreme of endurance, and then made the victim of an instinct that seeks safety in the water, there to be murdered, utterly feeble, and helpless and forlorn.

To discriminate and appropriate the odium of this business is impossible. It is of such a grade of utility as renders all principals—though detested at taches in the inverse order in which they shall be named—dog, guide, *per se* tourist.

Count again another class, the proprietors of public houses kept along the line of the forest-lakes and rivers. What a loss of caste to be without fresh venison steak in any season! And count with the offenders in this class the guides and others retained about their establishments in the close season for to discriminate and appropriate the odium of the woods, who supply the tables with "mountain mutton."

Quite a formidable combination, you perceive—formidable in its interests, connections and dependencies, but formidable to the better sentiment of the community only in that absolute indifference, which it is a consolation to know has passed away.

The institution of the game constable was a gratifying evidence of public attention properly directed, and so, too, is the popular condemnation of that method in practice. Away with the whole bunch of local game constables. As a class they wink at, stand indifferent, or pander to the violation of the law, and this disgraces its administration. Officials representing the State and its citizens, uninfluenced by local influences of fear, favor, affection or reward; appointed to office in the interest of local protective effort, and recommended by integrity and capacity rather than by political partisanship, are the proper guardians of the public interests in the protection of game.

It is desirable that "Syracuse" should make annual appropriations for hatching and distributing fish only to have them illegally caught" with impunity. An insouciant theory that, which spends the people's money for purposes rendered abortive from laxity in administration. The veto of the bill that passed the last Legislature amending the game laws was a positive service to game protection. It was a rebuke to the chronic listlessness that regales itself with the ridiculous notion that to pass laws is to protect fish and game. It virtually and truthfully asserted the adequacy of laws as they are, and commended their vigorous enforcement. And to this end any legislative aid in the creation of executive officers necessary will not be withheld.

That a larger number of State game protectors is required is unquestioned. That the whole northern section of the State—a forest border and peninsula of hundreds of miles, a region of mountain, lake and stream containing the principal fish and game of the State—was ignored, as were principal markets of illicit trade, is an indication of the inefficiency of the present corps of game protectors. Such abuses may be prevented in the future. Let us ask for thirty more game protectors. Their services, with the surveillance of local clubs, will organize a public sentiment of obedience to law, and secure for the fish and game in forest and stream a protection like that of our cattle in the pastures. "Syracuse" suggests "local clubs," not "local sportsman's associations," and you observe there is an absence in his letter of any word or thought that associates game protection with class or class privileges. He pleads for all—the people. Let us relegate the word sportsman and its derivatives to the knights of the turf and their congeners. It has contracted an odium—it has. It suggests class, class privileges and something worse. Besides, it has no proper significance to, no large affiliation with, the broader and better purposes and results of game protection which concerns the people in some of their broadest and best interests.

In the crusade against the poachers let us say "We the People." Why not? We have the solemn fiat of their sovereignty written on the public statutes denouncing penalties and imprisonment upon the destroyers of their game, and we have the duty of every good citizen to do what he may to bring offenders to justice.

There should be nothing in the purposes of those discharging a public duty like vindictiveness or gratification of personal resentment. There has been hitherto an indifference, an inattention to the enforcement of the game laws which has amounted, practically, to toleration. The first purpose in the re-organization of the game protection, and in the cooperation of all for the common benefit. To this end general amnesty should be extended. Let the offences of the past be remembered only in aggravation of the offences of the future.

Let us recapitulate:

1. The enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game for the common good.
2. The organization of local clubs devoted to that interest.
3. Legislation authorizing the appointment of additional game protectors, to be recommended by local interests most desiring their services.
4. General amnesty for all past offences, and so the co-operation of all for the common benefit.

In these purposes "Syracuse" will be supported by ORDNESBURG.

The Sportsman Tourist.

SIX WEEKS ON THE HEADWATERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

AUGUST FIRST found Ned and myself leaving the Union Pacific train at Rawlins. We had already engaged Tom Sun and Lew Simmonds, two well known Rocky Mountain hunters, as guides, with eight ponies—four for saddle and four for pack animals. As there was a space of sixty odd miles between Rawlins and Tom's ranch on the headwaters of the west ranges of mountains lying between the headwaters of the Yellowstone and the North Platte. What a novel and exhilarating ride was that, the clear bright atmosphere and views of the rugged and peculiar scenery of the Rockies. We camped for the night in an old deserted log hut, and slept the sleep of the tender-foot after his first day's effort to keep pace with the hardened native. Within a few miles of the railroad we began to see antelope—singly, in pairs and in herds; and it was the exception rather than the rule to be out of sight of this game during our ordinary trip. Occasionally a jack-rabbit would start out from under our horses' hoofs like a flash, and gracefully bound away over the sage-brush. Occasionally we would find a covey of sage-hens, which would lazily fly a short distance and alight. Next morning, bright and early, we were again in the saddle. We encountered a number of shallow alkaline lakes filled with wild (Canada) geese, but so tame were they that we easily approached on our horses within fifty or seventy-five yards of them. About 5 p. m. we arrived in sight of the ranch and the beautiful valley of the Sweetwater.

That day's preparation and rest at Tom's mountain home, we took up our line of march for the Rattlesnake range, where we were promised elk, mule deer, and perhaps a grizzly or two. For a long distance our course lay up Sage Creek; but toward noon of the second day we struck into the fort-hills. From this time forward Excelsior was the motto forced upon us. "Onward and upward," over rocky cliffs and through deep canyons, until at last, as it seemed, that we could no longer sit on our saddles. Tom's welcome word to halt was thankfully heard in a most lovely spot in a shady grove of balsams, beside the clearest of tripling, laughing rivulets, 9,000 feet above the sea level, where nature, in all her virgin purity, reigns supreme. Old tired dwellers in the whirling, dusty, fever-stricken city, what would you exchange for a few breaths of this life-giving mountain air? For a drink of this pure and sparkling water? But why waste words on you? Few of you would appreciate it. Habit has so enslaved you that the best gifts of God to man you turn away from, preferring the idols you have set up.

"Why you?"
 "When I am about to relate sounds like a 'big whooper' to an Eastern man, and I do not expect to be fully believed by any one who has not been placed in similar circumstances; but, nevertheless, it is true to the letter, every word of it. We had eaten heartily and arranged our tents for the night and had sat down to smoke our fragrant pipes when strange noises broke the stillness of the twilight hour. 'What's that?' exclaimed the ever-waivering Ned. 'Calves,' replied Tom, as he gave an extra puff from his saccharine. 'Calves?' echoed Ned in astonishment. 'What; a herd of calves way up in these mountains?' 'They are God's own cattle,' says Uncle Lew, solemnly. 'Come,' says Tom, 'I will show them to you,' and, proceeding a little way up the stream, we suddenly came upon a herd of cow elk with their calves feeding quietly on the mountain side. After feasting our eyes upon them until the shadows of night shut them from our view we returned to camp. 'What's that?' learned to our wardrobe, and I, in surprise before Uncle Lew at any new sight or occurrence, as our critical guide's statements of excellence seemed wholly to depend on the tenderness or non-tenderness of the pedal extremities. So we said nothing, but wrapped ourselves in our blankets and 'lay down to pleasant dreams.'

As the first rays of the morning sun kissed the surrounding mountain peaks Tom, Ned and myself were in the saddle. Proceeding up the canyon about three miles, we left our horses and had gone a few hundred yards when the peculiar sound of a gun was heard before greeted our ears. 'Don't move,' says Tom; and we stood like statues awaiting the coming band, which approached us on a slow walk, firing past us within forty yards, apparently without fear. Occasionally one would stop while and look at us curiously, as much as to say, 'What kind of elk are you, anyhow?' There might have been two hundred in this band, more or less.

Now the reader undoubtedly begins to query something in this wise: Didn't you get a hint to stop? If so, what a pair of blockheads you must have been to have let all of this fine game go by without firing a shot. Let me explain. It is true neither Ned nor myself fired a shot at them, and this is the part of my story that I fear will be looked upon with a great deal of incredulity; but I assert one more that not a gun was fired at this family of elk. I think the reason was that while gazing in wonder at this magnificent pageant a side show was going on in our rear. Another herd had approached the vicinity of our horses and was already firing, they had stampeded. We ceased so much confusion that we returned to look after our horses. Another reason why we did not kill any of the elk was the fact that one animal would easily supply our larder for a week at least, and we were satisfied that we could get one whenever we wished, which we did in the course of the day, as we came upon a large band lying down, looking in the distance like a vast herd of mules. Ned selected a fine bull, whose antlers will one day grace his special home in Connecticut. I dare say one shot from his Winchester did the work effectually. We cut out from the timber, sirloin and tongue, hung the huge antlers on the limb of a tree, and returned to camp well satisfied with the day's sport.

We spent several weeks in this delightful mountain camp, taking great pleasure in studying the habits of the numerous large animals we found so plentiful, for as to hunting them, we were not so cruel as to slaughter them for the mere sake

of slaughter. Whenever we wished a change of diet from elk tenderloin to rosy venison, a cow horse would always enable us to bring down a fat buck in the middle of the week. Did we long for mutton, a trip to the highest surrounding mountain peaks, would be almost sure to gratify that inclination. Antelope were always at hand. Sage hens were not favorites with us, their flesh partaking too strongly of the sage flavor, excepting the young chicks, which were very fair eating. But the willow grouse, covays of which we often found, were delicious. We met in this vicinity no grizzlies, although their 'sign' was frequently apparent.

One day, while riding up the bed of a stream flowing down a canyon, we observed far up the mountain side a large band of cow elk, apparently very much disturbed from some cause. A portion of them would suddenly be thrown into confusion, and running down the mountain incline for a short distance would there as suddenly stop and go to feeding again. Then another portion of the herd would go through the same manoeuvre. As this process was gradually bringing the whole band in our direction, we tied our horses, and walking to a good point of observation, awaited the result of this singular proceeding. As they were very much distant it took some time before they arrived near enough for us to determine the cause of their agitation. At length we observed the largest bull elk we had yet seen, running from one end of the line to the other, and driving the cows after the manner of a Texas cow-boy. Gradually they approached the stream, where the cows drank copiously, when the old patriarch seemed satisfied and drove them no further. Admiration for the sagacity, indomitable perseverance and fatherly care of his flock was uppermost in all of our minds as we stood gazing at this magnificent creature. But must I write it? Yes; for this is a true narrative. These thoughts in my mind gradually changed to those of a selfish desire to become the owner of his antlers. It took but a moment to level my rifle at his heart. At the report, he jumped into the air and fell to his knees, then gathering himself up, ran into a thicket, tangled undergrowth of willows on the margin of the stream. Without thought of the consequences that might ensue I ran in after him. I soon found myself entangled in the brush-wood and could proceed but slowly. Suddenly, I was surprised to see him come from the ground, where he was lying hidden, not a dozen feet from me. With glaring eyeballs and an angry shake of the head, he was about to make a rush upon me. Retreat was impossible; and I knew that with a single bound he would be upon me. I lost no time in putting in my work. The 'pump handle' on my .76 model Winchester 'flew lively,' and the noble animal sank to the ground. His antlers, which measure five feet and one inch in length, now grace my office in Chicago, and I will cheerfully show them to any of the readers of this sketch. To preserve a and prepare them for transportation on pony-back, Tom first skinned the neck and head, unjointed the neck, cleaned the flesh from the skull and, with a small saw, which we always carried with us, divided the skull between the antlers, through the tip of the nose into two equal parts. The two sides could then be laid and tied together, taking up comparatively but little space. The taxidermist easily bolted the two portions together into their natural positions.

One lovely afternoon as we were returning to camp we came in view of a very large bull lying down in a small grove surrounded by a large and compact nut-tree area. At the suggestion of Tom we rode up as nearly as possible to them, then put our ponies into a lively gallop in their direction, whooping and yelling at the top of our lungs. We succeeded in stampeding them, and with frantic efforts they attempted to rush across the plain, but their proximity to each other retarded their movements to such an extent that we were soon riding in the midst of them. Then their condition was indeed comical. The more frightened they became they more they seemed to grope for the ground. It was to avoid such them with our feet and hands, and they would respond to a lively kick with the most ludicrous sounds, exclamations and efforts to escape us. At last they seemed to appreciate the condition of affairs and began to scatter, and as soon as they had sufficient space to fully use their spring limbs, they quickly left us behind.

After becoming enraptured with the sport in this vicinity we broke camp one morning and started for the buffalo range, lying between Rattlesnake and Snake River. Mountains. Passing up a Tom's ranch, we left our trails and replenish our depleted quartermaster's department. Then, taking a more northwesterly direction, we passed 'Devil's Gate,' a huge perpendicular chasm of solid rock, several hundred feet high and half a mile long, nearly meeting at the top, through which the Sweetwater flows. We saw, to the once famous 'Independence Rock,' a landmark of the old emigrant trail. This rock is perhaps two hundred feet high, and is egg-shaped, covering several acres of ground. Its sides are so steep that the highest elevations we can approach it a jack-rabbit was flushed and started up the steep incline of the rock. By hallooing and bring our guns we frightened the animal so thoroughly out of his wits, that in his spasmodic efforts to get away he made for the highest point of the rock, often slipping and sliding backward. It was most amusing to watch his gyrations, but at length he mastered all difficulties and disappeared over the crest.

That night we camped on the banks of the North Platte, near the Great Platte Canyon. The river being low we had no difficulty in fording it. The next day's ride was over high mountains, through deep gorges and through lovely green valleys. We arrived toward evening at the head of Horse Creek, which is formed by a large warm spring, the waters of which are impregnated strongly with sulphur and iron. Here we concluded to make our permanent camp, as we had already seen fresh buffalo signs. The next morning we mounted our ponies and started out in quest of buffalo. On arriving at the top of the highest elevations we were in view of an extensive plain, where the Wind River Mountains visible in the far distance. Dark spots here and there broke the monotony of the plain, which our field-glass resolved into various sized herds of buffalo, quietly feeding on the sparse bunch-grass. The nearest haunch of them were perhaps three miles distant, and consisted of twenty or thirty bulls. These we determined to approach, which we were easily able to do by keeping behind an intervening ridge, with the wind in our favor. Tying our ponies, we crawled on our hands and knees to the top of the ridge, within one hundred yards of the nearest buffalo. Their huge bodies presented so large a target that it seemed almost impossible to miss them. At a signal, Ned fired at the one to the left, and myself at the one to the right. To our astonishment and chagrin neither of them fell, but with the remainder of the herd started at their peculiar gait down the mountain side. We emptied our magazine into them—twenty-four shots—and but two were apparently crippled, one of which we easily

approached and shot. We found afterward that it required close marksmanship to kill buffaloes. With his tongue and hoofs we went back to camp satisfied.

In this locality we found few elk, but plenty of mountain sheep, antelope and mule deer. One day, while out alone, I spied a herd of sheep on an opposite ridge, and being anxious to get a shot at a big ram, I tied my horse in the ravine and commenced scrambling up the steep ascent in their direction. I had proceeded about half way when I was brought to a standstill by the loud and not to be mistaken warning of the rattlesnake, observing almost at the same instant, and within a few inches of my nose, a large speckled snake coiled ready to spring. Two smaller specimens lay near him. It is needless to say that I 'fell back,' as McClellan used to word it in war times. In fact I was totally demoralized and disorganized, but managed to get to my pony and to camp without further incident. 'Buffalo veal' Tom declared to be the most delicious of all game food, so we determined to capture a calf. We found this undertaking one of considerable labor. Starting out one morning we hunted several hours without sighting a calf of the requisite fatness. At last, however, Ned and myself obtained a fine specimen of the desired kind. We found that our ponies we joined him in the chase. It was long and exciting. Finally Ned brought it down by a lucky aim, and it was after dark that night when we arrived in camp; but the veal was excellent.

One morning during the first week in September, we awoke to find that a light snow had fallen during the night. Tom observed that this would be a good day for bears. This was a sufficient hint. I saw Ned's eyes sparkle as we rode away from camp, and he seemed to pay but little attention to Tom's warnings, 'not to shoot at a grizzly, unless he was near a tree which he could climb.' We proceeded to the recess of an elk, which several days before we had observed. Previn had visited. Sure enough he had been there the night previous, and his great tracks in the snow were visible some distance away. They led down the steep declivity of the canyon to a little stream bordered with willows. As we found it difficult to follow him on horseback, we tied our ponies and proceeded on foot down the canyon, Tom following the trail in the willows, with Ned and myself on either side. We found all about dead and convenient trees in our eagerness to get a shot at grizzly. Tom even forgot to warn us of our danger. We followed along in this way perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when with a crash through the bushes he appeared before me, not over eight or ten yards away. He saw me and quickly turned back. As he did so, I made a snap-shot at his huge broad side. The next instant he disappeared in the willows again. A moment later, I heard the discharge of Ned's rifle on the opposite side. When the echoes, repeated from the surrounding rocks, had died away, all was once more still. Tom and myself were soon at Ned's side, but the bear was nowhere to be seen. Advancing cautiously, we soon found him lying dead beneath a projecting rock, over which he had evidently fallen. My shot had entered his stomach, Ned's had broken his neck. 'Lucky shot that,' said Tom, and we both appreciated the remark. We found that he had killed a large grizzly, which would weigh 800 or 1,000 pounds. We carefully took off his hide, preserving his ears, nose and claws with the skin. To kill a grizzly was our greatest ambition. We had now accomplished this, and were ready to go back to civilization.

On our journey back we came in view of quite a large herd of cow elk. Wishing to test the greatest failing of these animals—viz., their unbounded curiosity—I allowed my companions to keep down the valley, while I skirted around to their rear. I approached them very cautiously, and observing them all facing and intent on the peak trails below. I gradually crept nearer and nearer to them, till I stood almost under the nearest one with my gun. I stood motionless some time until my party was out of sight, when slowly one of the elk turned its head and looked at me. What passed in that elk's mind I cannot positively assert, but it certainly seemed to me to look as if it were ashamed of itself. Some all of the band were looking at me, appearing as foolish as if they had been caught stealing chickens. After a short observation, the leader concluded it was time to get out of that silly predicament, and he made off, followed by the whole band.

Another incident, worthy of notice, happened in this unfrequented region. Our party had stopped to lunch near an old spring, when we observed a herd of antelope at some distance. Their curiosity prompted them to come within two or three hundred yards of us. Then they all stopped but one, a fawn about two-thirds grown, which continued to approach until it was within a few feet of us, being apparently unconscious of danger. This was the only case of unlimited confidence we had on our entire trip. We raised our rifles in good health and spirits, and were soon again engaged in the great struggle of humanity after the 'almighty dollar.'

H. L. STOKY.
 Chicago, 1892

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MUNCH, STANDWELL.

A 'REMINISCENCE' OF THE WAR.

WHEN the war began I was a very gallant soldier; in fact, I could not talk most anybody before the racket commenced in earnest. I even made a verbal contract with Bill Terry, the tanner in our settlement, to furnish him with five hundred of the enemies hides, of my own killing, to make saddle skirts for the cavalry.

Just before the serious fighting began I applied for the authorship of the regiment and got it. During our first engagement (the 'Pink') I was busy laying in a stock of goods. After the battle of Cold Harbor I rode down to the field, partly from motives of curiosity and also to see how the 'boys' fared. When I discovered my regiment lying on their arms on the battlefield one of the 'boys' yelled out, 'Bill, this is a good chance for you to get them five hundred hides for Bill Terry. He won't know who killed 'em.' About the same time I heard a shell burst in the distance and, concluding that my visit was not properly appreciated by the 'boys,' I turned my face toward the city, and traveled on the 'spur of the moment' the whole way.

Shortly after this I was out on a private foraging expedition. Riding along the road I arrived at the summit of a hill overlooking a valley through which a small stream ran. Looking down the hill I saw, at the ford below, a man washing his hands. I thought, from his general appearance, that he was one of the enemy. With this reflection I exceedingly quaked and trembled, for I had heard very equivocal sounds in a cornfield behind me, and was making up my mind to get away from that vicinity, not knowing but that they might be enemies

also. I dismounted and concealed my horse imperfectly in the sparsely growing bushes on the roadside and laid myself as flat as a pancake in a fence corner. Pretty soon I heard the ominous sounds of the approaching enemy as his boots crunched through the gravel. I had flatter and flatter; but, suddenly, a shot came to me, my horse kicked at a fly and snorted. The enemy's attention was immediately directed toward my quarter and, as I had raised my head up a little way, he caught sight of me. In an instant I heard "click—click," and saw him cover me with his pistol. I was armed with a large Colt's revolver heavily loaded with—mud. I had previously brought this weapon into position but, at the critical moment, from long disuse and want of attention, it refused to "click." My extreme terror lent me a sort of fitful courage, and I yelled out, "You are my prisoner! Surrender!"

His reply was somewhat chilling to my nerves. He rose and said, "Not by a darn sight. Come out of that. I see you've got a horse, and I want one; so bring him out or I'll put a bullet through you."

I managed to untie the horse and lead him out, although my eyes were altogether turned toward my adversary, whom I now perceived to be a Confederate officer. He asked, "What command do you belong to?" I told him. "The—Miss. Regiment, Peabodys' Brigade?" I had just brass enu left after my capture to— "Well, Colonel, you got the bulge on me that time—I thought you were a Yankee. What is your command?" He said, "I am Major Jones, of Gen. McGruder's staff." I saluted him. He said further, "I will ride your horse to camp. Go down into the swamp, there about a mile, and you will find my horse, badly lamed. He caught his right fore foot in a crack in the grape-vine bridge over the Chokmahony, and wrenched it badly. Lead him to headquarters." Which I accordingly did.

The next day I was taken very ill with rheumatism, and, after an examination of three weeks' duration, the surgeons gave me a certificate of discharge, as being unfit for active duty. That was in 1863.

I went home and spent the remaining years of the war in dodging the conscript officers and practicing the art of using a crutch and limping. I did this with such assiduity and perseverance, that, though the local conscript officers suspected the genuineness of my injury, they could find no plausible ground to impouch it, until I was taken to a country frolic, where there were a few of the "boys" on a fairground, and a busse full of rustic beauties (beaux were at a high premium). I set for me my usual prudice as to drink a little too much "pine-top" whisky, and, being very fond of dancing, which passion, from long restraint, came out strongly now, I threw aside my crutches and fairly surpassed the execution of "Sam O'-hant-ris" which in Alloway Kirk. My crutches were left that night at the house of festivity, and I got home some four miles away, without any clear recollection of the *modus operandi*, except some glimmering impressions of a foot race which I ran against one of the "boys," who volunteered to wager "the best 'possum dog in four States against a durned polecat" that he could beat any man in the party to Mr. Thompson's lane. We all started, and I won the "possum dog," but "Lumpy" Pecvy, the proposer of the race, forgot to send him over.

The next day I was waited upon by three very brilliantly-uniformed conscript officers, but was too unwell to get up. It was not rheumatism, however, but headache from the previous night's debauch. The officers, seeing how I was affected, said they would call again when I was better. After their departure I sent my little brother on a mule over to the scene of the previous night's festivities to get my crutches, and the next day, when the officers called, I was stumping around as usual, very lame. One of them observed, however, that my dodge had become entirely too thin; that he had seen "Baggy" (my brother) bring home the crutches, and, moreover, had seen myself in full chase around the yard after a chicken, to be killed for dinner.

After that disclosure I yielded to their pressing invitation and joined a squad bound for the conscript camp at Meridian. But I took my crutches with me, and there were several other pairs in my squad.

While in camp at Meridian, it was ludicrous to witness the clumsy attempts at deception by "greenies." I have seen three men walking abreast, all limping in different ways, and now and then limping on the wrong foot in the most awkward efforts to appear lame. In passing a private.

After remaining in this camp for five weeks we were disturbed by the approach of General Sherman and his army from Vicksburg. All conscripts, paroled soldiers and other troops were ordered to march to Demopolis, Alabama. I was decidedly opposed to marching on foot, and so was of course too lame to walk, so I was mounted on a spare mule. When a few miles out from Meridian I witnessed an incident which afforded me much amusement. Capt. Hoskins, of "Hoskin's Battery," was somehow leading the horse of one of his lieutenants, his butt try being on ahead. In passing a quartermaster's depot, where much confusion prevailed, on account of the hurried departure, he saw a number of small "valise" saddles, such as are used on "old" horses in artillery teams, being thrown away. He secured half a dozen of them and tied them on to the horse he was leading. When he came up with me it was at a place where a regiment of Texas soldiers were encamped on the roadside. One of them yelled out, "Mister, mister, mister!" Capt. Hoskins, desiring to recognize the title, being completely at loss, though he was sure of a "sch," he answered, "What'll you have." Texas replied: "The next time your saddle has young ones, I wish you would save me one!" Hoskins moved on as fast as he could, amid general applause.

Not to return to my own patriotic adventures. That night I took occasion to make a moonlight march alone, and making a detour southward some twenty miles, the next day I marched westward, passing through the country in the character of a scout who had lost his horse. I soon got another one, which I actually lost, however, before reaching home. In crossing Pearl River on a ferry-boat the horse became frightened, and got overboard. His hind foot got caught in the bridle rein, and he was drowned.

I remained at home in comparative tranquillity until the "surrender." I afterward moved to another neighborhood where I was but little known, and by dint of a judicious application of "cheer" and "brass" I soon became a "prominent citizen." It is my chief delight to entertain a crowd of admiring friends by telling my heroic exploits during the war, when I was "in command" of such a company, at "Kennesaw Mountain," or "ordered my regiment to defend behind a rail fence on the turnpike, near Nashville," etc. In this way I have acquired several titles, from "Captain" up to "Colonel."

I am now Clerk of the Court, Captain of the Militia Company, Double Extra Past Grand Chancellor of the Red Plume Division of the Knights of Hocus Pocus, and Superintendent of a Sunday School. Besides all of this, I was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions when President Garfield was shot, and my arrival and departure are duly announced in the local paper. Likewise, my name is on a plus list of very antiquated style voted to me as the most popular game man (save the mark) at a country bazaar. Very truly your friend,
MUNOR. STANDWELL.

Natural History

ENEMIES OF GAME BIRDS.

FISHKILL ON THE HUDSON,
Jan. 10, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Notwithstanding the many theories of your many able and interesting correspondents, whose articles I always enjoy reading, I cannot bring myself to believe that migration or the grouse fly are the causes for the decrease of game, but the more I observe during my rambles through the woods, the more firm am I in my belief that birds of prey and carnivorous animals are the cause. Any day I can go for a tramp in the woodlands and find in the remote corner of a fence or at the foot of a tree, the feathers of a grouse or quail that has made a repast for a hawk, owl, skunk or some other of the many enemies which the game birds have. The nests of the grouse and quail are also built in places which, at the period of incubation, afford every opportunity for the prowling fox, weasel or skunk, not only to pounce upon the old bird on the nest, but to destroy the eggs or young birds. The rusty-crowned falcon or sparrow hawk is the worst on quail of any bird we have, but the red-tailed buzzard and, in fact, all the birds belonging to the family *Accipitridae* live almost entirely on game and small birds. Not only do the hawks, which are mostly diurnal birds of prey, stick to a covey of quail or brood of grouse all day, but the owls, which are nocturnal, together with the small carnivorous animals that do their hunting at night, pick up large numbers, while roosting. Hawks are very abundant about here, but during the last year the sportsmen have shot a good many. I have made several trips to the mountains for no other purpose than to shoot hawks and owls. When I first began my shooting career, some twelve or fifteen years ago, I shot most of the time in Connecticut, where ruffed grouse and quail were very plenty. I have often, when tramping through those forests, found piles of feathers and bones of birds, and often, too, seen a hawk go skimming along only a few inches above the ground and suddenly dart into a bunch of quail that were huddled together in the high grass or low underbrush, but I thought nothing of it then—game was plenty. I was out after hawks and did not take the trouble to shoot them; and then I had at that time my duck-lodging, and did not want to take so much trouble as to waste time in shooting a few less birds and have to reload; and then if I were loaded with fleas for woodcock and saw a hawk perched on some tree I could not kill him, so would not shoot. But now, I carry a few shells loaded for his especial benefit, and I would again say, let every sportsman do this, and by watching the poachers and each doing all he can, we may yet have some sport with the ruffed grouse and quail. Gao. F. Alden.

McDONALD'S CORNER, N. B., Jan. 3.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In answer to Mark West's query, concerning coloring of ruffed grouse, I give the result of my observations, which have been confined to this Province. Of course it is only necessary to give the prevailing tint, as the markings are the same, I believe, everywhere. In the females I have noticed no difference in color, they being uniformly of a tawny red on the back, with yellowish brown throat, and quite dark breast markings. The back feathers of what we usually term the young cocks are of a deeper, duller red than those of the female; the breast markings clearly defined but pale; the throat of a pale yellow, and the tail feathers entirely free from red. The "old boomers," or gray-backs, are of an ashy gray hue, with the same markings. That they are old cocks I have not the remotest doubt, as they are larger, have larger ruffs, and are the only sort that I have found drumming out of season; and, furthermore, I have never heard of a "gray back" grouse chick being shot. Now I must mention the occurrence of the destruction of grouse by that distinctive parcel of cunningness, the red squirrel, I believe Mr. Bishop is right, for I, like him, have noticed that grouse are almost scarce where squirrels are plentiful, this year being a notable example. The cause never dawned on my mind, and I never was aware of Mr. Chicaire's bird nesting proclivities till the summer of '76, when I visited my old friend Charlie Perkins at Woodstock. Having a bone in my right hand broken, I had little else to do but watch what was going on in the trees which surrounded the house, and I soon saw that the squirrels were champing at the birds' nests. I loaded a six-pound Richards muzzle-loader, and allowing the forestock to rest on my right arm near the elbow, I paced the butt to my left shoulder and fired with my left hand. In this way I "ground slowly, but I ground exceedingly small." Last summer, after stealing everything available on the farm of our neighbor, Mr. J. McD. Bolyea, the little pirates proceeded to depopulate the pigeon-loft, and would have succeeded but for the family shotgun. As to the goodly droves, there are a good many in a squirrel hole, and a convenient hiding target, at which the small but can hurl any missile he listeth, thereby developing the muscles of his right arm, and preparing him for future operations against that disturber of midnight repose—the Thomas-cat. One squirrel will last longer as a target for stones than any other animal I know of. L. J. FLOWER.

New York, Jan. 12, 1892.—In a recent number I see you mention that the sparrows and sharpshin hawk are not injurious to game birds. I have repeatedly seen both of these hawks after quail, often hunting in couples. I have also known the sparrow hawk to kill the English snipe. I do not know anything about screech owls, excepting that one that I had in confinement in a barn managed to get out one night and his way into a pigeon loft where it killed six pigeons and then left for parts unknown. I think if I were a quail I would give "Breer Screech Owl" a wide berth.—W. HOLBROOK.

It seems illogical in the highest degree to charge the diminution of our game birds solely to the attacks of predatory birds and mammals. We can see no reason why these

vermin should have so increased within the past few years as to exterminate in certain localities the resident game birds. There is no doubt that they do much damage, and should be destroyed at every opportunity; but that they are the main cause of the scarcity of grouse and quail we do not at all believe. Nevertheless, we think that a premium put upon their heads by sportsmen's clubs would lead, to a certain extent, beneficial, and would have the effect of reducing their numbers. The sparrow hawk, sharpshin and mottled owl may occasionally pick up a young quail shortly after the hatching, but we have never seen anything to lead us to believe that this was the case. Moreover, in a course of bird collecting, extending over more years than we care to name, we have never found in the stomachs of the three species mentioned the remains of any bird larger than a robin. Of course, this is only negative testimony, and, as such, is of no value if opposed to facts, if facts can be adduced; if it is a matter of opinion only, each man will naturally hold to his own view.]

PARTIAL LIST OF MAMMALS FROM SOUTHERN LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

The following list of mammals was formed from observations taken around the southern end of Lake George, in Warren Co., N. Y. As this part of the lake is now a favorite summer resort, most of the large mammals, especially the wilder species, have moved entirely from the vicinity, or else have retired to the more wooded sections on the eastern and northern parts, where the rough mountain sides afford them a safe retreat. The arrangement of species followed is that given in Jordan's Manual of Vertebrates, 1880.

Felis concolor. Linnaeus. Cougar, American Panther. The last record I can find of this formidable animal being seen in this locality, was one shot by Moses Dickinson, November, 1853.

Lynx rufus. (Guldenstadt.) Raf. Wildcat. I can find no positive record of a wildcat being seen here for a number of years, though there are reports of their having been seen.

Vulpes vulgaris. Fleming. Red fox, common fox. Very common. A number killed every winter.

Mustela americana. Turton. Sable, pine marten. Rare. More and more so each year.

Urocyon vulgarius. Cuvier. Least weasel. This species is probably less common than the following and occurs regularly, but I have never seen it.]

Putorius ermineus. Cuvier. Common weasel, ermine. Not uncommon. In this locality they all turn white in winter.

Putorius lasion. Gapper. Mink. Common. Especially along the lake shores. They kill great numbers of muskrats.

Mephitis mephitis. (Shaw.) Baird. Common skunk. Common. They do great good in destroying various insects, but at times they are quite destructive among poultry.

Lutra canadensis. Salmo. American otter. Seen every year, especially in winter.

Ursus americanus. Pallas. Black bear. Several were killed through the year 1880 and I know of at least two in 1881, one of which was seen swimming in the lake, and killed from one of the steamboats.

Procyon lotor. (L.) Storr. Raccoon. Very common.

Caryacus virginianus. Gray. Red deer. Rare. Still quite common in the northern end of the lake.

Megotis leucotis. Say. Little brown bat. Very common. Seen every summer evening.

Atalapha noveboracensis. (Eximien) Coles. Red bat. Not uncommon.

Sotela aquaticus. (L.) Fischer. Common Mole. Not uncommon.

Condylura cristata. (L.) Desmarest. Star-nosed Mole. Specimens seen.

Blarina brevicauda. (Say) Baird. Mole shrew. Common. Often seen dead along the roadside.

Scotoperus voluella. (Pall.) Geoff. Flying squirrel. Common.

Sturnus niger. Linn., var. *ludovicianus.* Fox squirrel. I shot a fine specimen of this species in 1872 or 1873, the exact date I mislaid. M. W. W. Lockhart informs me he saw one about the same time. I do not think it was an escaped animal.

Sturnus carolinensis. (Audouin.) Gray squirrel. Black squirrel. Common. The black form was unusually common this past year.

Tamias ludovicianus. Pallas. Red squirrel. Common.

Tamias striatus. (L.) Baird. Chipmunk. Common everywhere.

Arctomys monax. (L.) Gmel. Woodchuck. Common.

Ostrea fiber. L. Beaver. Long since passed away, though some of their dams are still visible.]

Zapus hudsonius. (Zimmermann.) Opossum. Jumping mouse. Not uncommon, though hard to see resembling a frog with its jumping through the long grass.

Mus domesticus. Pallas. Common rat. Common.

Mus musculus. L. Common mouse. Common.

Hesperomys leucopus. (Raf.) LeC. Deer mouse. Common. Good climbers, making their homes often in old bird nests.

Eutamias rutilus. Pallas. Var. *Gapprei.* (Vigou.) Opossum. Red-backed mouse. Dr. A. K. Fisher writes me that he has taken this mouse at Lake George.

Arctomys niger. (L.) Mead. Woodchuck. Common.

Fiber zibethicus. (L.) Cuvier. Muskrat. Common.

Erethizon dorsatum. (L.) F. Cuvier. Porcupine. Common. They have a habit of cutting off branches of oak trees, then going to the ground and eating the acorns.

Lepus americanus. Erxleben. Northern Hare. Common.

Lepus sylvaticus. Bachman. Gray rabbit. Rare. A few were to be seen along the plank road leading to Glenn Falls. Mr. Cusmer Shaw informs me he has seen them at Thompson's. OLIVER B. LOCKHART.

AMERICAN QUAIL FOR EUROPE.—On Monday last, a FOREST AND STREAM reporter saw, at the store of Messrs. Chas. Reiche & Bro., in this city, a fine, strong lot of about one hundred and fifty quail (*Ortyx virginianus*), which were intended to be shipped to Germany. This firm sends many of these birds abroad for public gardens of natural history, for private collections and to be turned out on the estates of noblemen and gentlemen. Large shipments are also made of wild turkeys, other game birds and song birds. A pair of common American deer were awaiting shipment, while among the arrivals were a pair of the German red deer. The order for American quail to be sent to Europe are reported to be in excess of the supply, and Messrs. Reiche say that they are unable to fill domestic orders.

HABITS OF WOODPECKERS.

HERE in ARKANSAS Co., Ark., in the heavy timber of the river bottoms, we find the winter home of all our nattering woodpeckers and creepers. Here "mast" is always abundant; for if one thing or a dozen things fall, there are a dozen others that are a woodnut, giving food in plenty. Nearly everything in the woods and field has failed here, this year, and a full crop, except the seeds of the great white sweet gum, and the seeds of the so-called tupelo gum. But there are seeds enough on the white gum to feed all the woodpeckers, mice, squirrels, jaybirds, robins and other beasts and birds—to nearly everything seems to eat them—that may wish to dine.

The red-headed woodpecker is here in full force, and busy from early morning until dark; storing up in the cracks in the bark of trees, and in holes in the dead trees the little nuts of this season's crop; and the jaybirds and fox squirrels are having lots of fun and good "grub," stealing his hidden treasures.

This bird and the great lazy fox squirrels are at continual warfare, and I have tumbled many a one from a woodpecker's tree while he was stealing his dinner by leaving my attention attracted to him by the noisy warfare which the redhead made in defending his property. The gray squirrel which is by far the most numerous squirrel here, does not seem to peck on the stored provender of this bird. If he does so, it does not give any notice. But the fox squirrel, I think, notices the redhead, and as soon as he cracks a nut and is away, darts up the tree in search of it. But if Mr. or Mrs. redhead discovers him in the act, they rush in with a sharp beak and great valor, and generally force him to lead a retreat empty handed, or without the coveted nut. The jaybird gathers and stores up "mast" for himself, but seems to take great delight in robbing the woodpecker.

The woodpecker, or *Picus* family, is a rather queer one, for we have the sapsucker (*Sphyrapicus varius*), a woodpecker seemingly expressly provided for pecking into trees after worms, that we think never does so at all, but pecks into them for and lives chiefly or entirely on the inner bark, or young sap wood, of the tree. Then we have this red-headed one that has still more curious habits, one of which, so far as I know, no naturalist or any of your correspondents have noticed, namely: in late summer and early fall he diligently plays the role of a fly-catcher. At that time of year he will perch on the tip of a dead branch of a tall and, often, a solitary tree, and dart and catch passing insects. "We boys" used to have a great deal of fun pecking into trees after worms. We would take small pebbles and throw them up over the tree; the red-head would see them coming, dart out to catch them, and sometimes caught the stone on the side of his head, and tumbled to the ground.

The red-headed woodpecker does not store up food for his winter supplies alone, for I have seen them store up cherries in July, and I have observed them in the fall storing up food in Illinois, where they do not winter. This bird is a provident fellow. If there is an excess of food to-day he industriously stores up some for future use in time of scarcity. But this is all both, for birds and animals that have the instinct for storing up food, do it any time of year, if they find a surplus of such food as they are very fond of.

There is still another point about our red-head friend—does he or does he not peck into trees after worms and insects like most other woodpeckers? Naturalists have, I fear, accepted it as a fact that he does this, without proof. I will not say that he does not do so, but I will say that I do not believe he does. I think him, like the sapsucker, an abnormal bird, like the true woodpeckers in every way, but without their food habits.

This is a glorious region for the ornithologist to winter in. Here he can see every day great numbers of hundreds of species of interesting migratory birds that further north he only catches glimpses of when on their spring and autumn migrations, and can study their habits at leisure. All of them are now in their very best clothes, or rather in their wedding garments. Some, to be sure, will put on a few more extras and plumes on their wedding day, and will be a little more gay in early spring, but their coats are now very fresh and perfect.

Crickett's Bluff, Arkansas Co., Ark., Jan. 10th, 1882.

HABITS OF WOODPECKERS—Indianapolis, Ind., 1882.—From personal observation I am sure that woodpeckers store away nuts for winter use. Many times in the hazy days of autumn, I have watched their busy motions as they flitted from the convenient dead tree to the small twigs of the beech tree, there obtaining a nut, and returning again to put it into some crevice or knot-hole; and many a squirrel have I seen now and then chattering and scolding when he approached too near their storehouse. As to squirrels storing nuts I am in doubt. I have often, when a boy, gone out with the men on the farm when felling trees to obtain the nuts from the cracks and holes where they had been placed by birds; but I do not remember ever finding nuts stored where they would be found if placed by squirrels. Besides, who ever saw a squirrel with a nut in his mouth, that did not, upon arriving at the first convenient place, proceed to eat it at once? S. H. M.

"ANIMAL MYTHS OF THE IROQUOIS"—Piney Falls, Tenn.—Editor Forest and Stream: While reading an article in your issue of Nov. 17th, under the title of "Animal Myths of the Iroquois" the supposition occurred to me that perhaps many foolish superstitions are saddled on to the Indians which poor Leo never dreamed of. During the last 60 years I have known a few of the Iroquois with some of the Nation of Indians, and also their manner of life, habits, and their (so-called) pagan rites and ceremonies, which a portion of them still adhere to. Now, in regard to that story as related to your correspondent on the Cattaraugus Reservation by a grandson of Cornplanter, I must say that I never was aware that any such traditional or imaginary superstitious notions were ever promulgated among them. I knew the Cornplanter (the name of course originated among the white people), and I knew his two sons John and Chance O'Fallon, the name which was adopted by the old man in honor of a white man that name, an especial favorite whom he chanced to meet during Sullivan's raid at Brady's Bend. Those sons were men of better sense than to credit their sons any such simple nonsense. Perhaps such stories might have circulated among the small children, and gained about the same credence that we give to Mother Hubbard's or to Mother Goose's tales. Those tribes of the Senecas knew but very little concerning the "ancestral" tales as they are called in the ethnological almanac. They had no fabled gods, spirits, nor did they worship any heathen Deities. They believed in

the one Great Spirit, the Na-ven-ne-u or Wa-con-dah, the creator of the universe. The average Indian is a close observer, he has keen perceptive faculties and pretty correct ideas of the workings of nature's laws, is slow to believe in any theories which he cannot fully comprehend. ANTLER.

BALTIMORE, JANUARY 17.—My friend, Mr. John Hartner, who is a crack shot, took a stroll yesterday with his dog and ran just in the rear of his own house, which is situated at the head of the marshes of Harris's Creek, when, upon his dog coming to a point, he was surprised to see a (Wilson's) jack snipe get up. He shot and killed his bird, and in a very short time killed five snipe, of which number he presented a pair to me, and I enjoyed them for my breakfast this morning. You would, too, be surprised to see how fat and plump they were at this unusually early time. This, I think, is the earliest I have known snipe to be killed. The idea of killing snipe yesterday, and on awakening this morning finding an old-fashioned snow-storm, makes me feel for the poor birds, for if they have many companions come with them and it should freeze up and get cold, it would be hard for them. J. P. Y. H.

[The above note was accompanied by the bill of a Wilson's snipe just taken from the bird. The date seems to us unusually early for Baltimore, but it must be remembered that until within a week we have had no cold weather at all to move the birds S. W.]

WINTER BIRDS—Hornellsville, N. Y., January 10.—Saw a kingfisher yesterday; it may be the same one that was here all last winter. Saw also a few shrikes or butcher birds. On the 19 I noticed a meadow lark. He looked as large almost as a pigeon. J. ORS FELLOWS.

BAT RIDGE, L. I., Jan. 23, 1893.—A flock of about thirty wild pigeons made their appearance here on the 23, (Sunday). Several were killed and I found them to be very plump and in fine feather. This is a rare visitation at this season with us. BAT RIDGE.

Game Bag and Gun.

THE QUAIL SEASON IN VIRGINIA.

ALL things considered we have rarely ever known a poorer season for birds than the one that has just closed in this section. It has not been so much scarcity of game, either has it been due in the main to the abundance of rain that began to fall heavily as soon as all appeared as if it was over, but the one cry from all quarters has been scarcity of cover.

Owing to the terrible droughts of last year the weeds that generally clothe the stubble fields after harvest with a dense growth were to a great extent scorched up as soon as they appeared above the ground, while the demand for pasture was so great that when the slight showers of early autumn fell the half-famished stock kept short on area of ground three or four times as great as in ordinary years is the case.

In thinly settled and infertile countries the sport, I hear, has been fair, the amount of stock being insignificant and covert more abundant.

I never recollect to have been so utterly at a loss to locate coveys as at this season. In ordinary years, as every quail hunter knows, the experienced sportsman or the experienced dog, even in an unfamiliar section, can guess pretty much at a glance where the coveys, if there are any, will probably be lying hid.

This year you might hunt the few patches of "rag weed," that in spite of everything clothed some unusually damp or fertile piece of ground, and seemed created as harbors of refuge for the birds that in the breeding season had seemed so motionless; but the chances were ten to one you would hunt in vain, and when as you were walking in disgust through some piece of woodland, with gun half cocked, and peering between the tree stems in search of some inviting looking country beyond, up would spring a covey and give you, perhaps, an awkward "sight" at forty-five yards through an eye bush. This kind of thing, sometimes fortunately in a more modified form, has been the history of the quail season of '81 in our section. The most untiring sportsmen have become disgusted. What birds there are, and there is no reason to suppose them scarcer than usual, have clung to the wood with a tenacity unprecedented, and vaguely hunting the woodlands of Virginia with the best of dogs, would only be to illustrate the familiar "saw" of the haystack and the needle. Most of us have had occasional hits of fun, an hour or two's good sport here and there, though thirty birds is the largest total in a day I have assisted in making—a very poor show even for the part of the country from which I write, which is distinctly second rate as a bird region.

The failure of the mast in the mountain has driven a good many "b'ars" into civilization, and the immense size of the tracks has been a wonderful topic of conversation to the negroes who, I notice, always confine their sporting ambitions in that direction to "trucking," and having quite satisfied themselves that the forest is as "big game" a man's, prudently refrain from further pursuit of sagacious truth. I see people inquiring through your columns whether it would be possible to procure birds in Virginia by netting. I don't know anything about the letter of the law in regard to that, but I should strongly recommend the gentlemen in question to turn their attention elsewhere. The consequences of such an attempt in this part of the country would be very disagreeable to the netters.

Wild turkeys are, I hear, fairly abundant, though I have not heard of many being shot.

There are two good packs of foxhounds within 12 miles of where I write. One has killed over twenty foxes—many of them red—at ready this year.

The mountain streams got so terribly low last fall we began to get very nervous about the trout. I was glad to hear, however, from a friend a day or two ago that he had camped late in September on a stream well known to me. That two years ago was nearly denuded of trout, and that he saw thousands of them in the pools. This winter so far has been most favorable for the young fry. A taste of the joys of West Virginia trout fishing experienced last summer has, I am afraid, rather overshadowed in my estimation our inferior though beautiful streams. Nature is at present in her most defiant state. The pen is handier than the rod or gun. The red roads are deep in that tenacious mud which a great pen

has made historic. The mountains are hid ten in rain clouds. The trees drip unceasingly. What little energy our dusky brethren possess is also in a moribund condition. Regardless that meal is a dollar and over per bushel, they choke the village streets with their lazy forms and cannot be hired for money so soon after their X-mas debauch. Are the South mountain and the Southern farm a far over to stager about under a load of keys and padlocks and to spend a third of their time in locking and unlocking bolts and bars? But enough of this. In sporting matters the Ethiopian is harmless or nearly so. The "phizz" of his half-loaded mustel, it is true, is occasionally borne to one's ears upon the breeze; but Sambo is not much on the wing, for if he were his area would soon be circumscribed by a few cross-logs around town. I would not curtail the rights of any man, black or white, but a laboring class without land or money or education, and with nothing but their muscles to depend on, can't go to themselves or their country by looking about with an army musket. In other countries and sections where honesty, thrift and morality exist in the corresponding class, constant work, outside a few legitimate holidays, is regarded as necessary to make an honest livelihood. Here amid idleness waiting to be filled and employers waiting to be served, these numbers of the earth and obstructors of I approve not, at a moral depth which, poor wretches, they cannot help, pay to burlesque the "gentleman as large." IRISWOOD.

WITH THE BIRDS IN TENNESSEE.

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

Editor Forest and Stream: Well, I will own up and admit that "12-Bre" of El Paso, Ill., beat me squirrel shooting. He says: "I do not think 'Bitch' uses enough shot." I gave as my load $\frac{3}{4}$ of an ounce of shot, and he gave as his load $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce. He forgets that I was using a 13-gauge gun.

I give the score of part of two days' squirrel shooting. Dec. 24—Load, 24 drams powder, one ounce No. 4 shot; 13-gauge gun—011010000. Dec. 27.—Lad, 24 drams powder, one ounce No. 7 shot; 13-gauge gun—1111. This is the poorest score I ever made. On the 24th I used a strange gun, "12-Bre's" score shows that he made eighteen kills in twenty-four shots. I have beaten that. I have killed sixteen out of eighteen shots; thirteen squirrels and one fox out of sixteen shots, and eleven squirrels without a miss. I know some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will laugh when they read the above score and say "Why did that fellow send that score to FOREST AND STREAM? I never would have said anything about it, particularly the four consecutive misses. I would have put some of the scores in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 15 said: "Let me put it down in FOREST AND STREAM that heavy charges of powder and shot, and large shot for small game are a humbug." Let me repeat it here, particularly the large shot part of it. Look at my score with No. 7 shot.

On the 24th December I had good sport if I did make a poor score. After firing the third shot I heard a squirrel in the direction of the road, and I turned and went that way. Soon I heard the wheels of a buggy. The driver stops and gets out. His back is turned toward me, and I do not see me. I recognize him. It is friend P. He is in a dense forest, where he thinks no human eye sees him. This is the 24th December. He is an inveterate drinker, and I suppose he is drinking. No; he does not stagger. There! he goes to the buggy and takes out something. It is a jug. He takes it off some distance, conceals it behind a log; he gets into the buggy and drives off. Curiosity prompts me to go and look. Yes, there is the jug, behind a log, and covered with leaves. It is half full of whiskey. I was tempted to pour out the vile stuff, but did not. I saw him late that evening, and he was intoxicated. There, what is that rustling in the leaves before me? It is a covey of quail. There, they all rush under a clump of briars and huddle together, can even distinguish the white heads of the cocks. I cocked my gun; not for a pot-shot, however. I advance and they run to a thick patch of briars. I follow, but do not get a shot when they rise. Late in the evening I walk them up near the same place, and let fly my barrels. Did not ruffle feathers in the marshes. I have spent in that forest all alone in my glory, squirrel hunting.

I spent part of the Christmas holidays with friends in Robertson county at quail and grouse shooting. We had royal sport. Ruffed grouse used to be very numerous here, but for a long time they were supposed to be extinct. But on farms that have been protected they have again appeared. We heard of several coveys on a farm that has been protected for fifteen or twenty years. After a ride of several miles we found a covey on a farm. I was in the saddle and said: "Here's the place. In October I saw them all around here." Yes, it looks like a good place—a dense forest of 400 or 600 acres. He on Sport and Daisy. Our setters beat the woods as if they were used to that kind of hunting. This is their maiden effort after quail. Ditto all four of the hunters except our guide. We heard the ground "in abrest" about twenty paces apart. Ed is on the left, then "Birds," then Tommy and George. All at once Ed's gun rings out keen and clear and breaks the stillness of the forest. "What is that?" is shouted all around the line. "Ed shot!" Ed shouted and away went Reynard like lightning. "Pogue take the luck," said Ed; "I had No 10 in my gun. Give me some larger shot, B'rd." Hardly had he loaded when out burst a grouse with a roar and a whirr that completely upset our nerves and bewildered us. But George on the right was cool and worked it down. We beat toward it, but it got up wild as a hawk, and we did not get a shot. Then we best in the direction it flew for some distance without raising it. Then returned to where it rose and examined the "lay of the load." I then mentioned certain suggestions that a writer in FOREST AND STREAM made at the night and put shot of grouse, and told them that from the lay of the load, I had doubled turned to the left. We advanced, and up it rose not twenty paces before me, and I let fly the left barrel, but scored a zero. "There, he dropped in that tree top on the ground," they all exclaimed. We hurried on, and soon Daisy was on a staunch point. She had him fast. We surrounded the tree-top and when he shot out like a bullet I threw my gun in position to draw on him, but Ed was too quick for me, for with one of those marvelous snap-shots, for which he is famous, he cut the bird down with his little fourteen-gauge muzzle-loader. Ed is the crack shot of his county, and has killed more quail than any five men of his age in the county, but this is his first grouse, and he shook with a "back ache." We are all terribly excited and elated. We then best in an easterly direction and emerged near a large stubble field. We were now on what was, in ante-bellum days, the largest tobacco plantation in the world. It con-

ains 18,000 acres, and its owner was the largest tobacco grower in the business. He owned slaves by the hundred. "Look what large barns for housing and curing tobacco," said our guide: "I made the boards to cover that house, and it required 14,000 to cover it." "Listen," said one of the party. "Some fellow has started that fox," and in the distance we could hear the musical notes of a peck of hounds in full cry after Reynard. It reminded me of a scene in "The Chase," in Scott's "Lady of the Lake":

"The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay,
Resounding up the rocky way."

Then we heard the roar of a gun, and was sure Reynard had felt something larger than Ed's No. 10's; but it turned out to be a ducky shooting at rabbits. We then turned and beat toward our horses. Near where we had before flushed the first one we now flushed several more. They go in every direction. We advance and soon Daisy is on a point. The grouse pulls up wild, and Ed shoots but misses. Then a large covey of quail burst from an old fallen tree-top, and then bang, bang, bang, on all sides, and two "bite the dust." I advance and lay by both barrels, but get no meat. Every few seconds we "start" a covey, at and over us. George has not fired his old musket yet. Up goes a grouse and Tommie "turns loose" both barrels, but Mr. Grouse sails on "alle saanee." We work him down on the hill beyond. Soon we are there, and old Sport has him hard and fast. In a fallen tree-top again. With a roar and whirr he bursts from his cover and cleaves the air, and when above the tops of the scrubby oaks that cover the hill-side, simultaneously three scribbles ring out and the bird falls as dead as Baebeus. Then each man rushes up and swears he killed it. Then a young man with two large horns strapped to him (he was after Reynard) appeared upon the scene and said: "Yes, there was a covey of 8 of these birds, but I killed 3 of them." That terminated the hunt. Dear reader, if you are not already tired of this story I would say that if a certain stream flooded by the recent rains was fordable, I would be with those friends to-night to give the grouse a round to-morrow. George has not shot his musket yet.

BIRD.

A DAY'S SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.

WE are a long way off out on the western edge of the continent with two great mountains west and east of us, the snow-capped Sierras and the plain separating us from the East, our former home. The dear old associations that are photographed so endearingly upon our memory crowd back into vivid remembrance as we write. How we treasure up the bright recollections of our happy home away over there in New England. What a joyous boyhood we lived out in it and how little did we anticipate the building of a new one for ourselves here on the Pacific Ocean, that always seemed so far away, when we were told about it at school and had the great intervening space pointed out to us on the map. Recollections are not all that come to us, however, from the morning side of the "Rockies," for we are well within the reach of the FOREST AND STREAM, whose weekly arrival is always looked for and never fails to bring with it much of pleasure.

Our State is a hunter's paradise! Within one hundred miles of her largest city can be had for the seeking game of every description—including bear. The tastes of any sportsman, whether he choose gun or rifle, can be gratified within four hours' ride from the center of San Francisco. We return to our camp in the mountains and along the shores of the lake and can always be found in season sunning themselves on the slugs running in land and are easily reached in small boats. Large game frequents the foot hills that form the first line of elevations one must surmount in traveling from high water marks toward the Sierras.

Late in the afternoon I left town, with the popular manager of the O.idental Hotel, a brother of Mr. Weatherbee, of the Windsor in New York, and rode out on the Central Pacific thirty-five miles to Susan, a town of considerable importance and very conveniently near the lake or marsh lands for wildfowl. Sam P. met us on our arrival and reported birds in large numbers. Next morning we were up a long two hours before the sun and on our way to the creek, where the boat was lying and our guide waiting for us. All our traps were carefully stowed away, and we pulled on to the main slough, a wide, deep creek, fringed with tule ten or twelve feet high on either side. A long, tedious pull of three miles was at last finished. The oars were taken in, the boat pulled up, the guide going to the shore with his net in hand. We stationing himself in the bow, and I just behind him. The boat's head was pointed up a narrow branch slough and we made ready, for the fun was shortly to begin. "No noise now. Look out," Sam called out. Slowly and stealthily we begin to penetrate toward an open basin that lies a short distance ahead. The muffled oar makes no sound as it moves back and forth through the water, under the stern, and propels us steadily forward. We hold our breath in eager expectation; our guns fully cocked, and our position for prompt use. Just the other side of this next bend lies the open sheet of water. It does not spread over more than an acre or two, and is almost sure to be covered with birds. Oh, the glorious eagerness of that minute! The delicious sensation of impatience to see at once the birds we almost know are there. The boat moves out from behind the tule that has hidden it and we take in at a glance the whole space. What a heaving of wings and feet on the water! What a whistling and frantic endeavor to get out of harm's way! Here those wings are seen at recess. "Out, out, out," give them four barrels of No. 7 and pick up seven widgones, three mallards and two teal. Not so bad, even though there were so many to shoot at. We turn about now, get a duck or two as we seal back to the main slough, and then go on our way, till, reaching other branches or small creeks, we shoot them up and down with varying success.

The geese up toward the wheat-fields come down to the edge of the marsh all making a tremendous racket, for all the world like the shouting of a whole regiment full of boys' boys on to the bank that is bereft free from tule, jump quickly ashore, and as the geese rise, give them a double shot; but the distance is great and the shot small, and we get but two. Did you ever hear the horrible din that ten thousand frightened geese make? We do not exaggerate in the slightest degree when we insist that there rose from the ground before us at least this number. These flocks are famous for size; and the farmers who have a great deal adjoining the marshes are always ready to defend the crops against the terrible destructiveness of these birds.

Before finishing up the day we took a turn at the snipe.

The only birds we started were what are here known as English snipe. They are not quite so large as the Eastern bird so called, but very similar in appearance. They jump up one at a time, and fly but a short distance, and when the day is favorable, one need not hunt over more than five or six acres to secure a bag.

When we came to determine the result of our day's sport we found that we had secured ducks including mallard, widgones, teal, spring, and canvas-backs, two geese and twenty-one snipe. The quantity seems large, but our success was not unusual. We have friends who average about this quantity for every day's shooting the season through.

Mallards can now be bought in San Francisco markets for \$2.50 per dozen; teal, \$1; spring-teal, \$1.25; widgones, \$1; canvas-backs, \$3.25; quail, 25 cents, etc. These figures certainly point to an over-supply of birds. If you are seeking for a hunting ground where game is never wanting, that is accessible and free from the discomforts of winter cold, this is the time and place to go a long way off, and it costs much time and money to get to it, you never will a lover of sport in the field regret having crossed the country to pitch tent with us.

E. B. C.

FLORIDA SHOOTING.

SANFORD, Fla., Jan. 19.

Eight miles from here up the St. Johns the ducks, chiefly widgones and coots, are found in large numbers. I have gone to the grounds several times, and always got a few birds; though, having no decoys, have made no large bags.

Toward dusk and in early morning the birds are constantly flying, and the possibilities of making large bags seem fair. The last time I went up the river I took blankets and camped in the large Speir grove on the bank of the river. This grove, with its large orange trees and clean, dry ground makes a fine spot to spend the night, and in the morning one can start out fresh and rested to try the ducks.

When I started out in the morning I came across a small flock of coots and tried the effects of a thread-wound cartridge at one hundred yards. Result: Three coots—one minus his head, which I found several feet from his body. The next time I fired was at a flock of curlew sitting on the bank about ninety yards away. The distance was too long for an ordinary cartridge, so I again shot a thread-wound, but it mangled the bird dreadfully. Should think they could be used at deer with success. Has any one tried it? Three days ago I was after quail, when my pointer stopped near a bunch of grass, when, to my horror, I saw a large rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike the dog. I fired immediately and hit the snake about a couple of feet from his tail; the charge of shot passed so near the dog's head that he seemed stunned for a second and the snake's head vibrated as if to strike, so I shot again and blew off its head. I had just counted the rattles on the monster's tail—there were eleven rattles and a hutton—when I heard something crawling through the grass and saw another rattler approaching the dog. This one was not so large, having six rattles, and a button. In quail shooting here it behooves one to use one eye in looking for snakes; keep the other on the dog's movements and walk by faith.

I understand that all the game laws for Florida have been repealed, and that there is now no restriction on any kind of shooting. Am I correct? TRUMP.

[Yes.]

ARKANSAS TRAPPERS.

CAMP ON LITTLE RED RIVER,
Jan'y 10th, 1892.

Stimulated by an inordinate desire of experiencing woodcraft in its wider sense, Chas. E. Conruff, Joe McCluskey and J. Smith Stimmel, of Greene county, Ohio, left their homes early in November for a winter's campaign in White River swamp. Being unacquainted with the nature of the country, they required several weeks to gain any knowledge of the best localities, therefore their trapping operations have been somewhat limited, still both sport and catch have been entirely satisfactory. It was not until early in December that it was the writer's good fortune to join the "jolly trio."

From close observations, I must say that "coon and mink, the principal trapping here, are scarcer than the best trappers have known for several years, from the fact we suppose that the acorn crop is almost a total failure. But what varmints are captured are very fat—making our supposition less probable. Signs also show they have emigrated eastward, but in next month we anticipate a fair catch.

Practical trapping has the same basis as any other business. One cannot make good success at it unless favorable opportunities are at hand, hence the amateur should not imagine too much in the catch, nor paint camp life in too bright colors. None but the genuine sportsman can find pleasure in camp life for an entire season. The Arkansas apparently are beyond a doubt natural woodsmen, for they apparently can extract every particle of pleasure in camping and its appendages. Lengthy tramps, perhaps carrying a venison, a pack of furs, or any load that it may fall to our lot to carry, serve only to give impetus to our weary steps, or relish to a dinner of boiled hams, roast 'coon, hot coffee, "sow belly," etc. We enjoy flu sport, deer hunting, when our "run" of traps do not require our entire attention, frequently seeing ten and fourteen each day. I do not mean that that number is brought into camp, but we have venison sufficient to supply ourarder, and several pairs of antlers, of which any buck would feel proud, ornament the ridge pole of our tent. Whether or not gun wads increase in value from ten cents to one dollar, more similar ornaments shall occupy like positions.

Our operations in the future will be confined to the vicinity of the mouth of this river, which is the best trapping section in this section, as it is in the wilderness. Perhaps our camp will not be as attractive to the near citizens. We shall have a chain of some thirty lakes to trap, a good many for deer and the heavy eme brakes for hares. Then we shall expect to send extraordinary reports of trapping and hunting, and probably an account of an exciting bear hunt. J. Lee Smedley, a practical trapper and fur dealer, Dugdale, Lee, will join us shortly for hunting and trapping for several weeks. He comes down solely for sport.

One of our party has killed a gray eagle measuring 7 feet 8 inches from tip to tip of wings when spread. This was the largest bird any of the party has ever seen, and in consequence each one has a part of the bird as a curiosity.

The weather this season has been very mild, which has a tendency to depreciate value of furs.

WALTER D. CHILDRERS.

GAME IN OREGON.

EUGENE CITY, Or., Jan. 6, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Owing to long-continued and heavy rains this fall our sportsmen have spent less time than usual among the fowls. On the prairies, in the stubbles and through the marshes there are countless thousands of mallards, teals, spring-tails and widgones. Decoys, snik boats and like contrivances for the slaughter of ducks are unknown, yet a great many are shot at fly-ways as the ducks pass to and fro from their feeding places. Canada geese and snow geese are not so plentiful as early in the fall, but still afford fair shooting. Feeding altogether on grain they became very fat. Snipe shooting is poor, as all the meadows are overgrown and probably will not be first-class till spring. Hundreds then may be shot in a day on the green flats a few miles from town.

Ruffed grouse are pretty well thinned out near by, but back in the sparsely settled districts they are plentiful and fifty a day to a single gun may be bagged. Not one out of a hundred of these birds killed are shot on the wing, but with the aid of a small dog of doubtful pedigree they are treed and potted, sometimes several off the same tree or bush.

The past season was very favorable one for our only kind of quail—the mountain quail. As they are shy and generally found in thick cover, very few are shot, yet dozens of them are trapped and sold. Should any one wish to try the experiment of transplanting these beautiful birds to the East they would find no trouble in obtaining a good start of quails at a low price.

In the mountains deer are being slaughtered by hundreds, in many cases solely for their hides. Already, where herds of the white-tail could once be seen, they are now exterminated, and unless the legislature passes suitable and strict laws, deer hunting in this State will be a sport of the past.

I was out shooting one day last week and got eleven ducks and geese. With a full choke Fox gun, one goose was perforated with 36 No. 4 shot while passing low over head.

J. S.

A DEER CHASE ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn.

HAD you been sitting on the bluff at Rock City, on the brow of Lookout Mountain, on Wednesday, the way, is a "park" now, last Wednesday, you would have seen some very pretty music made by nine hounds after a four-year-old buck. The deer had been caught previously and allowed to recuperate his strength and energies, when it was published far and wide among lovers of such sport that he would be turned loose at Hawkins' Spring, and everybody and his dogs were invited. At the appointed time there assembled some twenty or twenty-five gentlemen, a few of whom brought the best dogs of their packs. Joe Dobbis brought four, "either of which could catch him." Frank C. Ulrich, two; Ed Tally, one; Tom Bradley, one, and two other gentlemen one each.

When all was ready the buck was driven out of the "park" at the end of a lane, some seventy-five yards from where the dogs were held; and Mr. Hawkins shouted, "Let 'em loose." Dobbis' Lead got a sight of the deer and was off after him in a jiffy. Crutchfield held his dogs longer, saying, "I want to give Dobbis' dogs a good start." Lead seemed to understand that the buck was circling around the field, and endeavored to head him off. He thus gained about fifty yards the start of the rest of the pack. Crutchfield's dogs took the trail, not having had a sight, and were off—all being lost to sight but not to sound. We started to follow, but perceiving the circle that was being run, retraced our steps and waited at the other end of the lane. Here they came in full cry, Dobbis' Lead still ahead, closely pressed by Crutchfield's Pan. It was a glorious sight, and the sport of every man present seemed to have entered into the sport, for not a sound could be heard but the cry of the dogs and an occasional halloo from Dobbis or Crutchfield, who followed the hounds. Just as they crossed the road up came Tom Bacon with his pack, all tied, but with heads up and ears well forward. They showed their eagerness to "go in." Upon being questioned as to why he did not "put them in," Bacon quietly replied that "some folks say Dobbis' dogs kill sheep, and I won't run with him." After about four or five miles, some being faster than others, but still giving good music, the deer took the creek, which, from recent rains, had become flooded, and the dogs gave up, all except Crutchfield's Guess and Tally's Muse. Soon after crossing the creek Guess overtook him and caught hold of the lane, checking him so that Muse caught at the throat, but seized a piece of hanged instead of the hide. Guess let go his hold to go to the help of Muse, when her hold on the damel broke loose and off went the buck into a lane down the lane, over the fence into Martin's yard, where he was again caught by two curs in the yard. They were beaten off, as were also Guess and Muse, and it was found that the deer wasn't at all hurt, but only scratched; so we was taken back to the park; and when he gets over this one we will have another chase out of him.

The deer seem all to be leaving the mountains and flocking into the valleys, and in one or two instances they have taken up with the cattle in pastures in the weight of farm houses. About six weeks since I saw one quietly grazing in a deep ditch within a hundred feet of the fence. Another was killed with elus by a party who were fishing about three miles above town while it was crossing the river; and on yesterday I received word from a friend across the river, within sight of town, that a fine buck had been seen for two or three days successively in his pasture, and that he wanted me to bring over my dogs. How do you account for their becoming tame? It is not from fear, as you may reckon, for the winter has been very mild, and at the time the grass is as green as in spring, and many of the trees are budding.

Do foxes ever take water? I have heard divers and sundry opinions, but would like to hear some facts.

I. C. LODOR.

[It is not an unusual thing for a pursued fox to take to the water. We recall several such instances that have come under our own observation. We should like to hear from Col. Tucker on this point. Another favorite stratagem of the fox, when pursued in winter, is to lead his pursuers on to the thinnest kind of ice, over which he can skim in safety, and when called over the water he will swim. As a species Reynard always makes for the rugged edge of a whirlpool, and many a ducking has he given the hounds in this way. We know of some instances in which valuable hounds have gone under the ice and been lost in this way.]

twenty shots (breach-loading) only thirteen were where they ought to be; one goes three in, to the left, three two in, and the other three not quite so bad.

I can't think with Mr. Van Dyke that there was "no fault with the rifle, no fault with the factory ammunition." One or the other or both must have been wrong somewhere. If both were without fault, this wild shooting at such a short distance could not, in my opinion, be caused simply by the bullets being directed with their axis at a slight angle to the axis of the barrel.

Too much grease on the bullets will frequently cause uneven shooting, particularly in cold weather. The standard fixed ammunition does not always fit all rifles alike. The No. 1 buckshot with patch might have fitted the bore just right, while some of the conical bullets might not have been large enough to receive any impress from the lands, thus going out without revolving. However it may have been in this particular case I am confident of it; I can't take any one of five or six thousand masses of rifles, 32 cal., 30 in. barrel, and with standard fixed ammunition made by the W. R. A. Co., place 95 out of 100 shots inside of a ring, three-fourths of an inch in diameter, at 25 yards, loading at breach and firing from immovable rest. The other five shots will go within an inch of the centre of the other shots. N. E. M.

CAUSE OF A PREMATURE EXPLOSION.

SOMERVILLE, Mass., Jan. 2, 1882.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have a few words that I would like to say about gun accidents. Not about the idiots who "didn't know it was loaded," nor the ones who were careless with firearms. But there are instances where accidents are seemingly unavoidable, and I once came near being a victim of such one. In old sportsman—and a good one, too—with whom I used to hunt once said to me, "Talk about gun accidents; I tell you it is all carelessness. A gun never goes off without some cause or other; and a man who gets hurt with one is a careless fellow, to say the least." This I always supposed to be true, and, as I have always made some pretensions to carefulness in handling firearms, have never had a premature discharge.

As to the story. Early in September last a trusty companion, whom I shall call Jack, and your humble servant, started for New Hampshire for the purpose of gathering in a few birds and having a good time generally. We stopped with an old man who lived alone on a farm away from "town" about three miles. One morning Jack and I had been out to try the grouse. We had been out perhaps an hour or so when it began to rain and we went back. We had just reached the house when it commenced to rain in earnest, and as we were wet Jack requested to remove his charge before he entered the house. I was wiping out my right barrel and Jack had his gun laid across his knees and was wiping the outside of the barrels when there was a deafening report and the room was filled with smoke, glass rattled from the window and things seemed lively for an instant. "Jack, are you hurt?" I exclaimed. "No," he replied. "Then what on earth is the matter?" "I don't know," said he; "only the gun went off in my hands." Jack declared that it was at half-cock and, as I knew him to be a man of truth, I was at a loss to account for the accident. "Will the gun go at half-cock?" asked I. "Try it," Jack half-cocked it and could not pull it off. I tried, with the same result.

Here was a pretty mess of it; a hole through the door and beyond, in the next room, a window smashed, and, worst of all, a gun that would "go off" without a cause. I was not satisfied; I wanted to know the reason why that explosion occurred, and I went to work to find out, if possible, the reason. Upon examining it I found that the right or left-hand trigger was a little too long, and just touched the guard, so that when the hammer was raised the trigger could not get forward enough to let the "sear" catch properly and, consequently, down went the hammer and the explosion followed. We removed the guard and filed off the end of the trigger and it was all right. Now, this gun was not an old, worn out thing; it was not one of the pot-metal guns that are sold for two or three dollars. It was purchased just before we started and bran new; it was made by one of the best-known English gunmakers, and I felt that it was no better than criminal carelessness on the part of the workman to let a gun go away from the factory in such a dangerous condition. So I would advise all men who own or handle guns to look and see if the triggers clear the guards all right, and this precaution may save some one a limb and possibly a life. If the gun had been made with rebounding locks such an accident would never happen. Too much cannot be said in favor of rebounding locks, as far as safety is concerned; and, if I could not have them replaced, I would not have them there from my gun at the full value of the same. For this, I consider the rebounding lock safe, and safety is something that I aim at. The older I grow the more afraid I am of my gun.

The old gentleman that we stopped with was away from the house at the time of the accident, but the "good-natured old soul" took a common sense view of it, and we had no trouble in fixing the damage with him.

I would add, in conclusion, that I never saw ruffed grouse so scarce as they were then. We were up there a week and saw only two. And that they were young ones said "poor as crows." This was at Hancock, N. H.

We had some fun with hedge hogs, and, as Jack had never seen one before, it was amusement for him to send a charge of No. 4 Newcastles shot at them and see the quills fly. We killed seven while we were there. IRON RAMROD.

THE CAYUGA COUNTY LAW—Cortlandt, N. Y., Jan. 1882.

The restriction placed over sportsmen forbidding the shooting of ruffed grouse and quail in Cayuga county for the term of three years has been repealed. It proved too much of a luxury to hunters that disregarded all game laws, besides an aggravation to the founders. Can the supervisors pass a special act in regard to this matter when it is provided for in the State game laws?—H. M. [Sec. 37 of the law provides: "It shall be lawful for the boards of supervisors of any county, at their annual meeting, to make any regulations or ordinances protecting other birds, fish, or game, than those mentioned in this act; and also for the further protection of such birds, fish, or game as are in this act mentioned, except wild deer, and to this end to prohibit hunting or fishing in particular localities or waters lying wholly within their respective counties for limited periods and during certain months of the year, and to make any regulations and penalties for the violation thereof, and adopt all necessary measures for the enforcement of such punishments and collection

of such penalties; and such regulations and ordinances shall be published in the papers of the county in which the session laws are published, and a certified copy thereof shall be filed in the office of the clerk of the county."]

THE HUNTERS' TRAIN.—Last Sunday morning's train on the South Pacific Coast Railroad consisted of four cars of hunters, all filled, including those who went up the evening previous, and of whom we returned on Friday evening, amounting to nearly two hundred and fifty. Debarcation begins at Alvarado, and a few drop off at Newark and Mowry's, but a large majority leave the cars at the draw bridges, and none go beyond Alviso. Those who go up to spend the night have had shanties erected near the road wherein they can comfortably lodge and be ready for their sanguinary work by the crack of day.—Alameda Argus.

A gentleman connected with a leading Eastern sportsman's journal, and who is evidently familiar with the hunting grounds about San Francisco, sends us the above, in a letter, with the following comments:

"Only think of it! two hundred and fifty pot-hunters, each armed with an old musket, a tin can of powder, a bottle of shot (and doubtless two bottles of whisky) let loose every Sunday during the winter to blaze away at every living thing, be it sand-peep, cat, hen, or whatever else may show itself within range of their gunshots. This is not exaggeration, but a true sketch of the Sunday hunters seen in California. Remember, also, that this is only one of the dozen grounds near San Francisco that are thus overrun. Shooting should be stopped on Sunday. I do not put it on any other moral ground than that it is an easy and pretty effective way to prevent the decrease of game birds."

Our friend is partly right and partly wrong. He is right, at least, in deprecating the better-skillet style of shooting that such an array of wild hunters are apt to indulge in when they find themselves let loose upon the fields and marshes. Of course they cannot all be gentlemen, nor most of them likely to have much consideration for the rights of the country people over whose lands they roam. But we doubt whether they kill so many ducks that the number will be noticeably depleted the following season. These birds are migratory, and each year's new broods seem to be quite as numerous as the preceding one. The Alameda marshes are convenient to the metropolis, and so long as "the army" confines its operations to that section, comparatively little harm can be done. But we can readily understand how disastrous might be the result if this motley brigade, when it swarms about, happened to alight on a section frequented by the native quail. In that case we might well contemplate the situation with alarm. As for the Sunday exodus, it is probably that that is the only day in the week on which these men, or most of them, can leave their business or labor to indulge in rural recreation. In such case their action can be regarded with a considerable degree of leniency. At all events, if no stones were cast at them until by some one who is himself without sin of that kind, the shower of rocks would not, we opine, be an alarmingly heavy one.—Sacramento, Cal., Dec.

BRASS AND PAPER SHELLS—Philadelphia, Jan. 7.—Editor Forest and Stream:

As it seems to be generally admitted that brass shells are superior to paper ones in the matter of penetration and pattern, it would be interesting to know precisely what the percentage of gain is, and as Mr. Greener has probably fired as many experimental shots as any man in the world will get out of his gun, taking as an example a 9 to 10 gauge 10 gauge gun, using as a uniform charge 4 1/2 drams powder and 1 1/2 oz. No. 4 shot, with 32 inch barrels and choke bore. Also will he state what the highest possible pattern is at 40 yards, using the above charge and No. 4 shot, soft or chilled. Another thing would be advise the use of brass shells unless the fore end of the barrels are especially heavy to withstand the strain consequent upon driving No. 8 wads through them and quite likely Ely's best or hardest felt. In other words, is there not great danger of the barrels bulging at the choke if wads are used two sizes larger than the gauge of the gun, as would be the case in using brass shells. I would not be afraid of this using the Parker, Colt, or almost any American made gun, as they are left heavy at the muzzle with a view, I presume, to the danger suggested, but with most of the English guns I could, though they will no doubt stand any wad the paper shell would take without bulging. For field shooting I regard brass shells as a first-class nuisance, but, for duck shooting, or any other shooting where the great expense of using heavy wads, they are par excellence and that they are superior to paper ones in penetration I have no doubt, but just how much is a question I will ask.—PINK LEGS.

COLUMBIA COUNTY, West Winsted, Conn., Jan. 9, Editor Forest and Stream:

Three weeks ago I had the pleasure of a trip into Columbia county, N. Y., partly for sport and partly for business. On the way stayed overnight at Great Barrington, and had the pleasure of a talk with Mr. C. H. Sage, a noted sportsman, and doubtless well-known to many of your readers. His dog "Zoe" is a beauty to look at—and doubtless a grand field dog. Mr. Sage is a genial, pleasant man to meet. Partridge, in the region of East Chatham (where Mr. Granville Hills' dog "Tillie," was unfortunately shot last fall), are not so plenty as in former years. Yet, in a day's tramp, by hard work, can pit up twenty or thirty birds. I am fully converted to the practice of using heavy shot, say 4's or 5's, in shooting grouse. Heretofore I have used No. 4's. These may kill in an open shot; and will, if you hold on the bird and shoot within a reasonable distance, but they will not now down a pine tree and then kill. I go on the principle of shooting at every bird that rises within gunshot. It's a poor shot that is afraid of missing. The grouse is the noblest game-bird in these parts. He is a royal fellow! I love to see one holl out of a cover in front of a dog, and then I love to employ both barrels at him, and then, perhaps, watch him go right on like an army with banners. You have the sport of hunting him up, plucking him and shooting again. I also had the pleasure of visiting Hudson and some of the sportsmen there. If appearances go for anything, Hudson may be proud of her sportsmen. They are gentlemen. Mr. Granville Hills is the owner of us fine a pair of red Irish pups as one can find in a week's travel. Daisy and Snap, 5-mo.'s old, out of Tillie by Max Wozzpa's Chief. It was a treat to see their intelligent and accurate performances. Killed in the region of Winsted, Conn., are not numerous, but the prospect for next fall is good. Very few have been found.—REXELTON.

DONGING DEER.—Aaron Taylor, of the "Bog" was arrested by Officer King, of this village, on Wednesday of last week, upon a warrant issued by Justice Bugbee, charging

Taylor with pursuing deer with dogs in the South Woods. Mr. Taylor appeared, in common with a great many other persons, to be of the opinion, that dogging deer was not prohibited by law. At the trial, which took place on Thursday and Friday, the evidence was plain enough to justify a conviction, which "Squire Bugbee did not hesitate in awarding, and Mr. Taylor was fined \$25 or the alternative of twenty-five days in jail. Mr. Taylor, having the money, as indicated he ought, for according to his own statement he had killed, with the aid of his dogs, \$75 worth of venison the previous week, forked over the fine and was allowed to depart. This conviction is a seasonal one, and it is expected that others will immediately follow, for the ice being once broken, evidence in other cases will be more easily obtained. This is the first conviction in the county, we believe, under the new law, but it is not likely to be the last prosecution. Enough should follow this to break up the unlawful practice of pursuing deer with dogs in St. Lawrence. It was mainly through the efforts of Assistant District Attorney Ellsworth that Taylor was arrested and brought to trial.—Canton, N. Y. Advertiser.

WISCONSIN SHOOTING GROUNDS—Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, Jan. 17.—A mouse was killed by the "boys" at one of the lumbering camps to the north of us a week or two since.

The animal is said to have been a large one, the antlers having a spread of over three feet. Moose were years ago plenty in this State, but to see one like this now is rare. Deer have been numerous the past season, and large numbers have been killed, mostly by professional hunters. This section offers a good field for sportsmen in search of such game, as well as having a liberal supply of the smaller varieties in the catalogue of game animals and birds. The section of country between the Wisconsin Central and Northern Wisconsin roads is mostly wilderness, and abounds in game and fish. A railroad is being built from here northwest to strike the Northern Wisconsin some seventy miles up, affording another means of transportation.—BADGER.

MICHIGAN'S FIRE-ARM LAW—Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 21, 1882.—Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Jan. 12th last (vol. 17, page 470), under the caption, "A Wholesale Sale of Fire-Arms," you give an abstract of the law of Mississippi to prevent the sale of fire arms. It gives me pleasure to know that one more State has fallen into line. In 1869 Michigan enacted a similar law, which may be found on Page 86 of the transactions of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association for 1881. It seems strange that the various societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should be so solicitous to keep sportsmen from killing pigeons for food, and yet have no care as to how much they shoot themselves or others by carelessness. Perhaps man is not so much value in their eyes as the low animals. I hope similar laws will be enacted and enforced everywhere.—E. S. H.

THE GEDDES CLUB—Geddes, N. Y., Jan. 19.—The Geddes Shooting and Fishing Club held their third annual meeting Tuesday, January 17, 1882, at the office of E. M. Klock.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Edward Eault; Vice-President, Vincent Case; Secretary, George G. Cotton; Treasurer, Edward M. Klock; Executive Committee, Edward E. Eault, Harace Bronson, William H. Surrill. The treasurer reports the club in a prosperous condition, all debts paid and some \$50 in his hands. The club has forty-two active members. We have held monthly game ball shoots for a gold medal (the property of the club) to belong to the member who wins it three times in succession, but so lively has been the competition that but two members have held it twice in succession in two years. We find this has done much to keep our club together and interested. We have your paper on file, and it is read with much interest, and sometimes provokes a good deal of discussion.—GEDDES SHOOTING AND FISHING CLUB.

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION—East Saginaw, Mich., July 20.—Editor Forest and Stream:

At the seventh annual meeting of the Michigan Sportsmen's Association, held in this city Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, the Secretary was instructed to confer with the secretaries of other State associations, with regard to calling a meeting of representatives from as many States as possible to take action towards forming a National Sportsmen's Association. We therefore request the secretaries of the different State associations, as well as all other parties interested, to send their names and addresses to the undersigned as soon as possible, so that this excellent idea may take definite form at once.—WM. B. MERRON, Secretary Michigan Sportsmen's Association.

LAKE GEORGE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION—Chicago, Jan. 18, 1882.—The annual meeting of the Lake George Sportsmen's Association of this city was held last Tuesday evening at 49 South Clark street, Vice-President Gillespie in the chair.

The members present were Messrs. W. G. Payson, H. B. Foss, E. S. Douglas, E. T. Martin, F. Barnard, S. and W. Woods, H. Goodman, Perry, White, Burroughs, Kimbark, Jones, Worthington, Thomas, Peach, Hunt, Darling, and Farmer. Professor R. A. Twitche was elected President for the ensuing year. A. Twitche was elected President and Secretary. Mr. White Treasurer, Mr. Hunter Assistant Secretary, Directors, Turtle, Martin, Woods and Foss.—TEN BOS.

TENNESSEE—Port Royal, Jan. 14.—The quail season does not expire in our State until March 1, but there will not be much shooting done from now on. A few more ground final shoots will wind up the season. We will have a fine lot of birds left over for breeding. I went to a pond last Saturday duck shooting and in route flushed several fine coveys. I bagged four. I intend to give the ducks a round late this evening. If I had a boat I could make fine bags. I intend to get a boat, and anticipate the sport. What a fine evening that is for squirrels! But never mind; I will give them a round soon. I do dearly love the sport.—BIRDO.

DESPOILING THE ADIRONDACKS.—The Ilon (N. Y.) Citizen remarks:

"Some wealthy Boston tanners have purchased the hemlock bark on 25,000 acres of timber land in the Adirondack region, and purpose soon to strip the bark. We thought the region was contracted to preserve the great northern wilderness for the purpose of promoting the rain fall of the State, and of supplying the Erie Canal and Hudson River with water enough to float boats. We can't spare hemlock bark for tanning purposes any longer. Let some one invent a substitute."

LENGTH OF BARRELS—Red Bsk., N. J., January 23.—"Butter Ball" wants to know why a No 12, 23-inch barrel cannot be made to shoot equal to a 30-inch. I have used both lengths in a 12-gauge and find the 28-inch gives equal shooting in every respect, and is preferable, as you can get on a bird much quicker in the cover. The short barrels will take finer powder, and should they be bored the same as the 30-inch, no perceptible difference will be found in the targets.—WILD.

INDIANA—Indianapolis, Jan. 14.—Shooting in this region this fall has not been good. Have never known quail so scarce. The long continued cold weather and deep snow of last winter destroyed both quail and rabbits. Woodcock shooting was unusually good during early part of the season. I obtained woodcock on each of my first three trips after quail, finding them in crows' nests and unexpected places. I and a friend obtained the finest pair of woodcock I have ever seen, during a day after quail in the latter part of October. We had them prepared and mounted by Jack Besley, a noted taxidermist, of Lebanon, Ind. They are beauties.—S. H. M.

THE UNKNOWN GUN CLUB, of Brooklyn, held its annual meeting on Friday evening last. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Henry Knebel, President; John Schlemmer, Vice-President; Henry van Staden, Sr., Treasurer; Henry Baruth, Secretary. It was agreed to shoot for two prizes at every match on the classified plan, at Dexter's, on the fourth Thursday of every month. The first shoot will be on Thursday, January 26, at pigeons and glass balls.

FOX HUNTING.—Hornellsville, N. Y.—A great many red foxes are being shot here this winter. Fox hunting here is all done on foot. The hunters all want slow dogs. They say that a fast dog will run a fox out of the country.—J. OTIS FELLOWS.

DOUBLE WADS WANTED—Indianapolis.—By the way, why don't one of our enterprising ammunition manufacturers make a suitable prepared gun wad thick enough, so that one will do over powder, and save the trouble of always having to put two in? A box of wads might consist of one-half thick wad to go over powder and the other half still thinner than those now in use to go over shot.—S. H. M.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., GAME PROTECTION CLUB.—President, A. H. Mershon; Vice-President, William J. Loveland; Secretary and Treasurer, William B. Mershon. Executive Committee.—A. H. Mershon, George L. Remington and H. B. Roney.

BROOKLYN GUN CLUB.—The following officers were elected last week for the ensuing year: President, George W. Fort; Vice-President, John M. Gill; Secretary, A. Elmendorf; Treasurer, Dr. Monroe. Executive Committee.—Messrs. Walter, Appel, Creed.

VIRGINIA—Charlottesville, Va., Jan. 19.—Game is very scarce, and almost all the land for miles around is posted, so that there is a poor chance to break dogs or to keep them in practice.—J. T.

PORT JEFFERSON, L. I.—January 17th. We have plenty of ducks here this winter. I go after them every day that the weather will permit. I have just returned from a month's shooting trip in South Carolina, where I found game very plenty.—W. H. R.

Sea and River Fishing

FISH IN SEASON IN JANUARY.

| FRESH WATER. | |
|--|--|
| Pickered, <i>Boox reticulatus</i> . | Yellow Perch, <i>Perca flavescens</i> . |
| Pike or Pickered, <i>Esox lucius</i> . | War-mouth, <i>Channorythys gulosus</i> . |
| Pike-perch (Walker's), <i>Pike</i> | Croppie, <i>Pomoxis nigromaculatus</i> . |
| <i>Stizostedion americanum</i> , <i>Pike</i> | Bachelor, <i>Pomoxis annularis</i> . |
| <i>gracile</i> , etc. | |
| SALT WATER. | |
| Smelt, <i>Osmerus mordax</i> . | White Perch, <i>Morone americana</i> . |
| Striped Bass or Rockfish, <i>Bocosa</i> | Pollock, <i>Polyichthys americanus</i> . |
| <i>tinectus</i> . | |

ARMEN cap-a-pie with baskets, bags and rods, The angler early to the river ponds; At night his hooks the woeful trout pronounce, The jigging bait a ton, the fish an ounce. (Putnam's *Valde Accurat*, for Trout Fishes, London, 1880.)

HALCYON DAYS.

AN EXPERIENCE MEETING INVITED. MEMORIES of a lonely camp, a picture of a weather beaten tent beneath a giant pine, the midnight music of waves upon a pebbled beach, all these come floating up to-night on the bosom of the storm wind and with them the remembrance of a duty unperformed. As the writer in August last mournfully unjoined his rod at the close of his tenth annual sojourn in the mountains amid the bass, it was the determination to forthwith share the pleasures of the tale of ten years with his brethren of the angler. Instead of so doing he has been content to fatten on the pabulum of "Nessmuk," content to dwell with that gray-haired chief in shodds almost a counterpart to his own, either fit for the gods. True, Nessmuk has been a Niurod, a veritable Ulysses, so far as wandering goes, while the writer has listened nightly to the whisperings of the same cives in the roof tree, yet the inmost currents of the soul have flown in the same channel; the same kisses from breeze and shower have wafted to their bronzed faces; the same artist hand has flung before them the glories of the morning, the wanders of cloud and peak that stood "sunset finished," and the shadows that would have defied the genius of a Rembrandt even to recall. "All life is not the same life," yet there is that "touch of nature" which makes many lives one, those alone, however of the Great M-ther. And, were Rabbi Ishmael to perform the task imposed upon him in song of finding one, who, for a single day, had been happy, had been happy with naught to mar the perfection, we believe that he would pass two names, at least, to the Recording Angel.

Of those ten sojourns with tent and rod—of a month in each year passed in the solitude of the mountains, with sport unrivalled with the bass—and that, too, not one hundred miles from New York—much might he said. It was only now and then that the faint, far off whistle of a locomotive reminded him that a great civilization was throbbing beyond those mountains and far below, and recalled us from barbaric lapses. Indeed, we would have been content for the nonce to have known that the shadow on the dial had gone back to the time when the squat Laplander was master of Europe.

There is an "old, old story," as dear to the angler camper as to women, and, like that of the latter, to be told only to the chosen few. In the present instance, that story must be deferred to some future day, when the veterans shall be finished of the record of the summer, or, perchance, Nessmuk shall have completed his loved confession.

So, to pass this by, and to bring forward the result—our experience—for the profit of the gentle craft, we are compelled to record that for some, to us unknown, cause, bass refuse to take the fly, and more especially the bait, with the avidity of the days when no ponds and lakes were first stocked. Especially is this the case in Orange county, N. Y. Time was when the angler with a fair assortment of bait—for instance, crayfish, minnows, black crickets or with the spoon—was certain of his sport. This has changed, and the sport is growing poorer year by year. Not that our waters are depleted, for some of our ponds are literally alive with black bass, yet they refuse all bait. Now and then a pair of five-pounders will be the reward of a day's fishing, which pleasing episode will not be repeated for, perhaps, a month of daily fishing. There may be exceptions to this state of things, but they are rare. Greenwood Lake seems to be falling into line with the rest, as regards black bass. We mention this resort that we may be corrected, if, in error, by some one of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM who frequents its waters, and whose experience may differ from ours. Up to the season just passed, we believe there has been some fair sport had there, but the present season has not been so. Within a radius of ten miles, no less than that number of ponds, or, rather, small lakes, most of them with rocky shores, have been stocked with bass for twelve or fifteen years. During the first five years the sport was excellent. Then came a gradual falling off until, now, in one of them, at least, it is almost nil. Yet, in this pond, great numbers of bass can be seen at times, ranging from three to five or six pounds; so the ready answer "fished out" has no application here.

The writer, during the ten years above mentioned, has devoted his leisure, almost exclusively, to black bass fishing; and has his favorite spots, which afford good sport, and are to him what a certain clump of alders in a run is to a valued correspondent of the Game Bag and Gun department of THE FOREST AND STREAM. Still, the general condition above outlined, remains to us a mystery. Can some brother of the angle explain it?

It may be presumptuous in a stranger, upon his first entrance into the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, to call an "experience meeting," but the compaction of many a night by the camp fire, read by flickering torch, bids us seek the truth. Whether it lies "in the bottom of a well," pent up in the brain of the editor, or reposes in the experience of some gentle craftsman, let us surmise forth. And if an "experience meeting" may be opened, will not some "contemplative man" tell what he knows about "signs"; to what extent luck has been had in the teeth of all unfavorable ones; what, if any, he has found infallible. Let Nessmuk lead, and "he who left half told," the memories of a pleasant week with bass at a Pennsylvania lake, with the two boys, "jine in," and let no one be "backward." Let us hear from "Kingfisher."

The breath of spring will soon be wafted to us on the gales; soon rods will again be jointed and camp fires, in the mountains, blaze and burn as of yore; again, reposing on her bosom, her children will commune with the Great Mother and, Anteus like, arise new born. Speed the day and he, who can carry with him, as food for contemplation, new thoughts, be they but vagaries or living truths, superstitions, trusted in by gentle anglers—now dusk—in the long ago, or the new light which, day by day, comes to progressive man; he who has these ever with him—whether in the early guise of the Nipper, or in the bye-ways of the Northwest, or "the Streets of Yucatan," and flies and traps not in vain, though night finds him chilled and drenched on a lee shore, or without a string or with an empty creel. WAWAYANDA.

SOUTHERN SEA-FISHES IN 1875.

THE extracts given below from the log-book of that rare old piratical hussar, Captain Dampier, were handed us by Mr. Frank Endicott, the well known lithographer of this city, and the President of the Richmond County Game Association. They are valuable for many reasons, one of which is the showing of how the names of some fishes were spelled in those days, especially the vulgar name of *Megalops thersoides*, which was tarpon, now changed to tarpon, and occasionally to tarpon. The latter spelling seems to have only a few followers.

What glimpses of freebooting pleasures "as he sailed, as he sailed," the extracts call up! Rich galleons laden to the scuppers with the gold of the helpless old Dons, silks and jewels and pieces of eight, and solid emeralds and gilded breastplates and rapier, with little quaintly flaged and studded with precious stones, and other like æsthetic plunder which is not to be had in these degenerate days. It moves us to make the office boy walk the plank out of the third story window, and only considerations for the fat apple woman below, to whom his descent in that manner would be particularly disagreeable, prevent it.

The extracts show that the old captain was a keen and accurate observer in his description of the tarpon and of the methods of its capture. This is probably the earliest mention of this fish and therefore should not be overlooked by future writers upon it. The hook is entitled "A Collection of Voyages by Capt. William Dampier, Anno, 1675; London. Printed for James and John Knapton, at the Crown in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1720." Vol. 2, part 2; Chap. 1, pp. 12, 13, furnish the following, which we give, spelling, capitals, and all:

BAY OF MEXICO (Coast of Yucatan).

"The Tarpon is a large sleek Fly shaped somewhat like a Salmon but somewhat flatter. 'Tis of a dull Silver Colour with Scales as big as a Half Crown. A large Tarpon will weigh 25 or 30 Pound. 'Tis good sweet wholesome Meat and the Flesh solid and firm. In its Belly you shall find two

large Scallops of Fat weighing two or three Pound each; I never Knew any taken with Hook and Line; but are either with Nets or by striking them with Harpoons, at which the Moskito Men are very expert. The Nets for this Purpose are made with strong double Twine the Meshes five or six Inches square. For if they are too small so that the Fish be not taken thereon, the presently draws himself a little backward, and then springs over the Net. Yet I have seen them taken in a Sain inside with small Meshes in this manner. After we have inclosed a great Number, whilst the two ends of the Net were drawing ashore, ten or twelve naked Men have followed; when a Fish struck against the Net the next Man to it grasped both Net and Fish in his Arms and held all fast till others came to his Assistance. Besides these we had three Men in a Canoa in which they moved swiftly after the Net; and many of the Fish in springing over the Net, would fall into the Canoa. And by these means we should take two or three at every draught. These Fish are found plentifully all along that shore from Cape Catoch to Trist, especially in clear Water, near sandy Bays; but no where in muddy or rocky Ground. They are also about Jamaica, and all the Coast of the Main; especially near Carthagena."

Again, in speaking of the natural productions of the Bay of Carthagena, he says: "The Lagues, Creeks and rivers are plentifully stored with great variety of Fish (viz.) Mullets, Snooks, Ten-pounders, Tarpons, Cavallies, Parricots, Gar-Fish, Sting-rays, Spanish Blacklir, with many others."

AN ADIRONDACK PRESERVE.

MESSERS. George W. Cotterill and Joel B. Ehrardt, of Champlain county, in this city, are the promoters of an important undertaking, designed to convert a large portion of the Adirondack region into a game preserve of a character in many respects superior to any other in that section of country. Mr. Cotterill secured last week from the land board of the State, at Albany, a grant of thirteen thousand acres of land in Hamilton county, embracing Township 40, within which is situated almost the entire extent of Raquette Lake, the largest and most remarkable of the Adirondack lakes, being a length of twelve miles, sixty-six miles of coast, and an elevation of 1,731 feet. This large tract of land is heavily timbered, and it is the intention of the sportsmen into whose charge it has now passed to preserve the forests in all their primitive grandeur, furnishing cover for the large game now abundant on the property.

It is their desire to do all in their power to check the destruction of the natural timber supply, the protection of which is highly important, not only to meet future demand, but to insure the continued existence of large and valuable bodies of water which now irrigate the lands through which their tributaries and outlets pass.

There is at present no intention of creating any club-house or public gathering place in connection with this preserve, the design being to furnish sites to those who may become members of the association on which to erect their own private camps, supply stores being located at convenient points from which everything necessary of camp supplies, provisions, ammunition, tackle, and even dogs and guns may be procured. It being the interest of the guides to protect the property of the sportsmen, and to convert a large part of their life into a means of subsistence, they earn their living, any furniture or other goods left at the camps from season to season, will be found undisturbed, upon the return of the owners. There are on the lake in the season from forty to fifty of these camps, already in the occupation of those who have previously used them will remain undisturbed, so long as they use their privileges with the spirit of sportsmanship, and join with the new association in its efforts to preserve and perpetuate the resources of that grand game region. In addition to the land already secured from the State, large tracts now privately held will probably hereafter be joined to the property of this association, either by purchase or by the admission of the present owners to the new club.

Raquette Lake is one of the greatest of black bass waters in the Adirondacks; in fact the supply is so large that the minnows, upon which the bass feed, are becoming very much reduced in numbers, causing the bass to devour one another the larger upon the smaller. In consequence of this, part of the bass will be allowed to pass in the lower lakes. The method of fishing for bass by anglers in this lake, differs greatly from that usually pursued. The usual plan is to either troll with a spoon, or to cast or sink a fly. Bass seldom rise to the fly, and when they fly is sunk, the bass caught are chiefly small fish near the shore. The proper way is to troll with live bait, a ten ounce rod, with twenty or thirty feet of line, and a nine-foot gut leader. The bait must be toughened by being placed in a perforated box in the lake, where they should be allowed to pass three days, at the end of which, a large proportion of them will be found to have died; but those remaining will exhibit greater vigor than when first caught. The hook must be placed through the lips of the bait; there should be a light wind, enough to cause a ripple on the water; and then the angler, seated in his flat-bottomed row boat, which should be of green color, can, with the assistance of a man to propel the boat, capture many fish of three pounds, or nearly that, in weight, by sinking the bait on the surface of the water. There should be a well in the stern of the boat divided into two compartments, one for the game fish and the other for the bait, and both should communicate, by perforations, with the water of the lake, so that the bait may be kept lively and the bass fresh until the angler's return to shore. In this manner fishing can often be enjoyed throughout an entire day, so long as there is a ripple on the surface of some part of the lake, and the wind is not too strong.

There are also both lake and brook trout to be found here. The former are usually caught by still-fishing at a spot previously baited, and marked by a buoy; the privilege of fishing at that point being considered to belong only to the person who has pre-empted it in this manner. Lake trout are often caught weighing twenty pounds each.

Deer are very plentiful, one man having killed nineteen on the shores of Raquette Lake within two months. Ruffed grouse are also found in large numbers, and various kinds of ducks on the lake.

Raquette Lake is an important thoroughfare, all persons going by water to the upper lakes, Forked Lake, Long Lake, Little Tunper and Great Tunper Lakes, etc., having to pass through Raquette. There are now two hotels on Raquette Lake, one of which is on the land embraced in this tract.

ANGELERS should read the announcement of Thomas H. Chubb's new patent reel-plate. See our advertising columns.

NIGHT BOBBING FOR BULLHEADS.

THE article of F. S. J. C., in the FOREST AND STREAM of January 13, on "Night Fishing," carried me back a half-century...

In a certain town in the county of Dutchess, there is, or was, a shallow pond of dark water—containing perhaps twenty acres—nearly covered with lily-pads, fringed all around with alders, boggs and muck...

The owner of the pond had an only boat, flat-bottomed, clumsy and leaky. But when not wanted by the "Ryder boys," it was towed to parties from abroad...

If the first party were from a long distance and there was no moon, they would bathe themselves to the "hay-mow" and wait for daylight, but not always to sleep.

In taking bullheads on that particular pond, hooks were never used.

"What, never?"

Well, hardly ever!

"What, then?" does the reader ask "Why, boys."

"And what is a hole?" some fly-caster may wonder. It is about two feet—more or less—of angle worms strung on a line of thread. Boreh was not a power in the days of Ling Syre...

In other ponds where eels were numerous they were often taken in the same manner.

When the hobs gave, out the nak d fingers were sometimes used instead, with equally good success, as to catching the bullheads, but it was not so pleasant for the bobber the next day—by which time the bitten and scratched fingers would be itamed and painful.

The great advantage of the hob over the hook is, that with the former the handling of the fish, hence no wounds from their horns—a thing of no small account when fishing in the dark—as all can testify who ever attempted to dislodge a hook from the internal arrangements of a bullhead by the sense of feeling only.

I am aware that bobbing is not exactly the scientific way of taking fish, but I doubt if the most expert fly fisher gets more enjoyment or one-tenth the rollicking fun we had in those far-away days.

Now, a few words to the scientific and I will lay aside my pen—for the present.

Thirty years and more ago bullheads were very numerous, and taken in large quantities at various points on the Hudson River: catfish were unknown. Today catfish abound all along the river, but not a bullhead has been taken in years, to my knowledge.

The questions are: What has become of the bullheads? and where have the catfish come from? It is quite possible the Erie Canal may have been the artery that brought the latter from the Western lake to our streams.

But what has become of the former?

Will some one be good enough to reply? J. H. D.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1882.

COOKING CARP.

SEND you the following recipe, which has been given to me by the foremost of chefs of the German Fishculture Association, who has watched with interest the introduction of German's pet fish into American waters...

I leave the language of the receipt, just as it came, with its slightly foreign turn of phrase that gives it a quality somewhat akin to the dialect as found in the old English cookery books. By it we should judge that the carp is not a temperance fish, and the combination of ginger and black seems novel. The receipt reads: "Carpus in Polness Manner.—Wash the carps, gut them carefully, and cut them to pieces. After having done this, you spread the bottom of a stew-pan with little slices of some onions, with parsley roots, laurel leaves, cloves and slices of a lemon. Then you put the fish upon this, and a piece of ginger-bread, some butter and gail, and pour half a bottle of Hook and half a bottle of wine over the whole that the fish is perfectly covered by it. The fish, having sufficiently boiled, you take it out of the pan, sift the fish-soup, and appreciate it to your taste. For a fish of three pounds this receipt will do; for a bigger carp you must take more wine." ROBERT B. ROOSVELT.

CRAB FISHING.—Philadelphia—Could some of your friends give some points concerning crab fishing? I am told that in the absence of trout, it is fair sport.—P. A. B. The crab, *Libinia*, often grows to a good size, and is a fish much relished by anglers in America. Many of our brooks contain them. They are often called "drees." NEWARK, N. J., Jan. 23, 1883.—The Essex Fishing Club have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Francis Wismer, President; Job Lork, Vice-President; John H. Hugel, Rec. Secretary; Abraham H. Crane, Fin. Secretary; David Thompson, Treasurer.

A WORD TO ANGLERS.

KILL YOUR FISH WHEN CAUGHT.

I HAVE lately read in several papers accounts of vacation trips in pursuit of plasure and of game, both fin and feather, and it has pained me to know that any would-be sportsman could land a fish and then write of his watching the same in its dying leaps and gasps with such delight as some seem to have possessed.

Every true angler will kill his fish at once—even before taking the hook from its gills, when practicable. This may be done easily in one of three ways, varying according to the size of the fish captured. 1st, by bending the tend of the fish over the thumb nail of the left hand, thus breaking the vertebrae; 2d, by severing the vertebrae (in the same place) by a knife; or, 3d, by striking the head of the fish with a bludgeon.

For years I have practiced one of these methods, as the kind and size of the fish might require, and when the captive was consigned to the creel, there was no annoying flopping to remind me of the death throes going on therein, had I not given the fish a gentle quietus before continuing my sport. To kill the fish when caught is not only merciful, but it also assures a better state of the flesh when upon the table, and once practiced will always be continued.

The flesh of a fish well conditioned for the table, however it may be cooked, should be firm and free from any indication of sliminess. If a fish be left to die a lingering death the flesh will be flabby, more or less tainted in flavor and, to the cyonous angler, unfit for the palate or the stomach. Therefore, my honest angler, kill your fish at once and thank Heaven that you can enjoy such a dainty, toothsome dish as your skill and mercy rewards you with!

As apposes to the subject I am minded to copy some lines styled "Ad Lectorem," by the author and to be found prefaceing the contents of "The Art of Fishing on the Principle of Avoiding Cruelty," by the Rev. Oliver Raymond, LL. B.:

"Gentle reader, if this name Fits your character, no blame Will you cast on this endeavor— Fishing sports from pain to sever.

"Nor captured fish, e'en death denied, Gasp by the water-side, Left in agony to die, Shall disgrace your hand and line, 'Mercy, so our poet sings, Like the dew on earthy things Falls from Heaven's embosom'd Man below with her sweet grace.' I will then entreat her well While she detains us with me to dwell And our love will I cherish In her search beneath the water. In a subterranean world, Sweet companions, side by side, Where, amidst their cozy beds, Rewards entice our idle threads, And joyful fishes in her sea Their benefactress, Mercy, My sin, then, do not judge absurd, But come with us and make a third; For Mercy first, then you and I, With ground bait, minnow, red and fly."

The author of the above work on fishing advocates the killing of birds before striking, as well as the killing of fish immediately on being landed. In some contemplated papers on angling I may take occasion to quote from other works not always accessible to the casual reader, and doubly interesting now that the snow covers the earth, and from our beloved pastime we rest in reality, though, by the blessed aid of the mild and hazy, we can take an ideal fishing day in spite of the litter blast and "eager" air. O. W. R.

THE FISHERMEN'S AID TO SCIENCE.

COLLECTING SPECIMENS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

WASHINGTON, January 16, 1882.

NO CLASS of men in the United States have shown more intelligent appreciation of the work being done by the U. S. Fish Commission, and the direction of Professor H. F. Baird, than the fishermen of Gloucester, Mass. This has been amply demonstrated by the large collections which they have made for scientific purposes, during the past three years, presenting them as a free gift to Prof. Baird, who furnished the means for the proper preservation of the same. Thousands of specimens of fish and invertebrates have thus been added to the Smithsonian collections, among which are many new to science, besides others new to the fauna of North America. These fishermen participate on fishing lures, and in seines and gill-nets on the fishing grounds off the East coast of America, all the way from the capes of Virginia to Greenland, and so expert have many of the fishermen become in collecting "curios," as they term them, that they readily notice any forms which they have not previously seen, and are thus enabled to procure such as are most valuable to naturalists.

It has happened, however, that among the collections made by the fishermen, and the still more extensive ones of the fish commission, from gravid slime eels (*Misgonyx glutinosus*) have been taken. Prof. Baird is, therefore, anxious to obtain some specimens of this species with eggs fully developed. Accordingly a letter was addressed to one of the Gloucester captains, by a member of the commission, asking if he would make some collection of slime eels, should he find any with eggs in a ripe condition. The following reply, which has been recently received, shows the interest still felt in this work, and graphically depicts the difficulties often encountered by the fishermen in making collections.

The name of the writer has been suppressed for obvious reasons:

"GLOUCESTER, January 10, 1882.

"DEAR SIR: I write in answer to your letter of Dec. 27th, and the slime eel question. Shortly after I received your letter I went out on a hulloke trip, and when the dorics were ready to set the traps I gave orders to save all the slippery eusses they caught. But when the men were all on board again I found only one eel among all the dorics, and, intending to keep him until I got some more, I hid it on the house for the time being. That night there came on a heavy gale from the northwest. It came without warning, commencing at 8 p. m. and lasting until about daylight. We were in a tight place, when it began, and had to scurble for dear life. I set out to run for Provincetown, but it came on so thick with snow that I soon gave that up; reefed our sails, and stood off shore; being at that time close on to Peaked Hill Bar."

"We came down from whole sail to two reefs, then to two reefed foresail and jib; then to two reefed foresail and 'hob' jib, and at last, to two reefed foresail. It was not

howling about that time then my name is not C—. I would not have cared if I had had less room enough, but I was jammed against the Cape Cod. When I looked for that slimy euss after the breeze was over he was not there. But never mind, I will get some for you yet. Yours, etc. W. C."

It is to be hoped that the efforts of the gallant captain may meet with success, and that thereby the researches of scientists may be aided, and the time and habits of reproduction of the "slippery euss" be better understood than they are at present. J. W. C.

On account of the thick glutinous slime that covers the body of the *Misgonyx* they are an object particularly disgusting to the fishermen.

A dangerous sand bar, which extends out a distance of half a mile or more from the east side—generally called the "back side"—of Cape Cod. There is no worse place on the coast of the United States for a vessel to be caught in during a heavy northerly gale, as is evidenced by the numerous wrecks that occur in the locality.

STRENGTH OF GUT AND HAIR.—I was a witness the other day as to the truth of an assertion that silkworm gut of upwards of thirty years old could be produced that would raise a weight of 18lb. avoirdupois; and a single strand of hair, of a cinnamon color, that would lift a weight of 2lb., and, it would appear, was equal to lift a far greater test; but, out of admiration for so admirable a bit of stuff, I tried "halt!" The latter was from a stallion of three years old. Both gut and hair had been preserved in an old parchment pocket case, and I saw Mr. W. H. Miller, of Lowell, Mass., give credit for the keeping of gut or hair free from its atmosphere, and not in any dry place, is the whole secret of their lasting strength. The gut in question was not stained, and he attributes much of the weakness of the gut of the present day to the processes used to alter its color. I ought to say that in the formula of the preparation given by me for the preservation of gimp, I inadvertently omitted half a pint of boiled oil to be added to the quarter of a pint of gold size, and a tablespoonful of carriage varnish. In the making up of the tables and flaps, the loops and triangles of books ought to be left until the last, and whipped the last thing, or the preparation used for the previous purpose would dissolve the wax and loosen the hold. By all means avoid bicarbonate of platinum, which is a most seductive but evanescent lure, ultimately destructive. The complaint of the weakness of the gut of the present day I take to be due to the process used to stain it. For, by steeping it in boiling ink and water, the combined fibres of the silkworm which compose the gut are separated, by melting the substance of wax which causes their more perfect adhesion.—GRAYVILLE, In London Field.

Fishculture.

REPORT OF THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

THE Sixteenth Annual Report of the Fish Commissioners and First Report of the Shellfish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut to the General Assembly, January Session, 1882, is before us. The two reports occupy 122 pages and two maps.

The Fish Commissioners, by act of the last General Assembly, were constituted a Board of Commissioners on Shell Fisheries, so that while the work of the two commissions is distinct the same individuals compose them. The Fish Commissioners report that the demand for the fry of brook trout is greater than the supply, and that 100,000 more would be needed to meet the demand, but that only 350,000 were obtained. Of these 70,000 were accidentally lost. This loss fell upon the contractor, who had agreed to furnish them at a given sum per thousand; 277,000 were distributed, however.

The whole number of land-locked salmon eggs received from Grand Lake Stream, Me., for the year, was 496,500. Of these 350,000 were sent to the hatchery of Mr. H. J. Fenton, at Poquonoc, and 146,500 to Mr. George Jelliffe, at Westport.

There was no appropriation for *Salmo salar*, but Prof. Baird kindly presented the State with 250,000 salmon fry, which he suggested should all be planted in one place. In accordance with his suggestion they were all placed in the Farmington River, a branch of the Connecticut, in the town of Groton. A letter from the Chief of Fishery, published in *Science*, Dec. 2, 1881, in which he describes the pens for keeping the salmon until the spawning time, and gives the estimated number of eggs which each of the States which contribute to the support of the two establishments may receive.

Shell-hatching operations were entrusted to Messrs. Chalker and Rix, who were similarly employed last year. They turned out 2,228,000 fry into the Farmington River, and at the same time Prof. Baird, at the request of U. S. Senator Joseph H. Hawley, sent 1,000,000 more to the Delaware River, which were planted in the Connecticut. Attempts to hatch sand in sea water were again unsuccessful. We will quote the operations at length in a future article.

Statistics show that 81,760 more shad were reported caught in 1881 than in 1880. The pound nets took more and the gill nets and seines less, but all of the latter did not report their catch. The interest in the German carp is increasing. An important list of fish commissions, which leaves out Arkansas, Indiana, Nebraska, Texas and Wyoming closes the ichthyological portion.

The commissioners of shellfisheries cover a period of seven months, during which time, only, they have existed. Much preliminary work was necessary in surveying and mapping the grounds within the jurisdiction of the State. Mr. James P. Baldwin, graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School, was appointed engineer of the board at the beginning of the work, and Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, clerk. The latter was succeeded, after one month, by Mr. Frederick Bolsford. The board has regular sessions on Monday of each week, and has recently on other days, at their rooms in the city of New Haven. It was a difficult and delicate matter to divide the oyster areas under State jurisdiction from those under the jurisdiction of towns, and of removing the meridian lines from points where town division lines touch high-water marks, and to the ocean. New York has no such jurisdiction. There was some latitude allowed in the rule prescribed for running the shore line, and while it was desirable to reserve for State jurisdiction all territory which could be claimed lawfully by the commissioners and the selection to a ready agreement.

Since the 1st of May about 20,000 acres of oyster beds have been designated by the commissioners, one-half of which will be paid for by the report of the State, and the other half, \$5,000,000 having already been collected and paid into the State treasury.

Much difference of opinion prevails among oystermen as to how the grounds shall be taxed, some advocating none at present, or at least a merely nominal one, because the State is now expending large sums of money in the purchase of the grounds, and the oystermen are already paying a tax in form of a license to be paid by all who cultivate beds, while a third class advocate a tax on the annual product of the beds. Much valuable information concerning the oyster trade is embodied in the report and some remarks upon the subject are given in the report.

A new colored "General Map of the Oyster Grounds of the State of Connecticut," and a sketch of the triangulation of the coast-points, together with a report of the engineer, form of application for grants, etc., and other matter relating to the fisheries, close this exceedingly valuable report.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 7, 9 and 10. Pittsburg, Pa. Bench Show. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent, Entries.

May 9, 10, 11 and 12. Boston, Mass. Third Bench Show of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, Edward J. Forster, Secretary; Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

September. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Prairie Chickens. Jos. H. Dew, Columbia, Tenn., Secretary.

December. National American Kennel Club Field Trials on Quail, Grand Junction, Tenn. Dr. Fry, Memphis, Tenn., Secretary.

TRAINING VS. BREAKING.

TEN CHAPTERS—CHAP. IX.

IN the previous chapters we have carefully refrained from saying anything about the great benefit to be derived from having a trained dog to assist you in perfecting your pupil in his lessons. We have purposely pursued this course in order to show the new beginner that he can safely rely upon his own resources, and surely bring his pupil through all this, without any assistance. Nevertheless we have ever found that an old dog that is well trained and steady is of great importance in perfecting the pupil in the rudiments of well as the higher branches of his education; and we cannot forbear devoting a little space to the subject. In the first place our canine co-worker should be thoroughly trained and quick to obey; he must also be very intelligent and of a good disposition. You should let the two associate together from the first, and they will soon become attached to one another, unless the old dog is usually steady. We do not recommend that the pup should receive any guidance from the old dog until he is sufficiently grounded in his lessons to understand what is required of him. Thus, in teaching him *To ho*, after he will go through the performance fairly, we take the old dog into the pen with him, and after they have had a little time at play we take the pup in our arms, and making sure that he sees all that is going on, we place two pieces of meat on the ground about two feet apart, and calling up the old dog, make him, at the word *To ho*, point to the first piece. He then walks around a little, and the pup still in our arms, taking care that he can see the performance all the time. We then place the pup with his nose within a few inches of the second piece, and telling him *To ho*, make him wait a few seconds, and then cluck as a signal that they can each eat their piece. This has a wonderfully steadying effect upon the pup, especially when you come to prolong the time a little, for he, seeing that the old dog is perfectly staunch and steady, will soon learn to emulate him. He will also acquire the very important habit of remaining steady when in the company of other dogs;—this we consider of great importance, and under all circumstances we accustom the pup to doing his work in the presence of his companions, even if we have to impress the services of a car and chain him in one corner of the pen. If this latter course has to be adopted, it is not necessary that it should be commenced until our pupil is somewhat advanced in his education, as the only object in view is to accustom him to perform his duties in the presence of other dogs, and to lay the ground work of that steadiness when among strangers that is so pleasing to us. So particular are you in training that you invariably train our pup to point a piece of meat and stand perfectly staunch, while his companion takes the bit and eats it. This he will readily learn to do if you unconditionally reward him with another piece. If he is well trained in this he will not annoy you by going to pieces should half a dozen dogs rush in upon the bird that he is pointing.

After our pup is well acquainted with the old dog and has become accustomed to the chain, they should be coupled together for a short time each day until he gets used to it. We shall find further on that this will be a great help to us. The coupling chain should be short with two good swivels. Men persons make a mistake in having the coupling chain too long. Four inches is plenty long enough when your dog is anywhere near of a size, and you will generally find it long enough under any circumstances. Should the old dog be very high headed the chain can easily be lengthened an inch or two. After they go well together for our pup has learned the meaning of *To ho* and minds that you will find that it will be of great benefit to him to practice him when coupled to the old dog, for the example of the latter will steady him, which is a matter of great importance, and once his mind is thoroughly impressed with the idea that he must hold his position, even when in fear that his companion will secure the tempting morsel, it will be comparatively easy to keep him up to his work. We will also learn to remain quiet at charge with much less trouble if you coupled to the old dog. As he grows older and you commence to lengthen the chain that he must remain in this position, we should by all means recommend this course; indeed we have found that the services of a well trained, steady dog are invaluable all through until our pupil's education is complete. As we have before remarked the assistance of the old dog should never be called in requisition until our pupil has been taught his lesson and is somewhat proficient in its performance, then he can understandingly view the old dog as he performs the task, and if he is reasonably intelligent he will soon learn to imitate his steps. We shall also find, if our pup is inclined to work too close to us when quartering his ground, that the example of the old dog will soon cause him to increase his range. We much prefer that our pup should range freely of his own accord, but should he not quite please us in this, we couple him to the old dog and practice them together until we obtain satisfactory results. Great caution must be observed in this and the lessons must not be too frequent nor too long continued, or our pupil will lose his independence and become very indolent in making any attempt to cut out the work which will seriously detract from his usefulness in the field.

As it is very desirable that our dog should possess a fair amount of speed, we should so conduct his exercise that when we come to cut him loose in the field he will not pester and poke, but at once strike a slashing gait and with head well up, take to his work like a veteran. Many dogs can never become fast, but if you have followed the instructions in selecting your pup that we have set down, and have secured a well formed one with plenty of life and spirit, the odds will be no trouble in bringing him out a fairly speedy animal; indeed, we have taken in hand old dogs that were decidedly slow, and in a few weeks by judicious management, have succeeded in turning them out astonishingly fast. Of course, we cannot give instructions that will enable you

to infallibly produce a speedy animal, but if you will intelligently follow our plan, you can easily succeed in accomplishing your purpose. Do not forget, in your anxiety for speed, that a fast dog with a slow nose is nearly worthless; therefore, before you attempt to force the pace, you should thoroughly satisfy yourself that your pupil's olfactory organs are all right; you can form a nearly correct opinion upon this point by carefully watching him while he is at play, and taking note of each time that he "winds" anything that attracts him, and paying close attention to the distance he is from the object. This, though not an infallible test, will generally give you a very good idea of his powers. Should he appear to have a quick sensitive nose and you desire to quicken his gait, try the following plan, and our word for it, if you pursue the proper course, you will be astonished at the improvement he will show in a few lessons. When commencing these lessons you should select for exercise ground a large open field, and if the surface is undulating, it will be all the better, for when the old dog disappears over the knolls it will make the pup all the more eager to join him. When you arrive at the ground you should let the old dog go, and let him lead the way, and you should follow him, taking great care not to overdo the matter by keeping him under restraint too long, nor on the other hand should you let him go until he is in the proper frame of mind to put forth his best efforts when he hears the welcome signal. If you have acquired such knowledge of his disposition and temper as you should have done, you will be sure, by closely watching him, to hit upon just the right instant when his impatient feelings are at their greatest height to give him the word to go on. If this order is given in an eager tone, accompanied with a quick step or two forward, you will find that your pup will at once start with an eager rush and put forth his best efforts to catch the old dog. You should carefully watch him, and as soon as he slackens his speed, call him in at once and keep him at heel until he is again impatient, when you can repeat the performance. If this course is understandingly pursued, your pup will soon learn that in order to have his liberty he must not pester, and he will in a short time astonish you with his greatly improved gait. The speed of almost any dog can be improved in this way, but the result will be obtained with your dog in a much shorter time, if he has a high strung nervous temperament. With such a one a properly handled marvelous improvement is sure to follow.

You will also find that the example of the old dog will be productive of much good, when you commence accustoming your pup to the signals and sounds of the street, you will be spared much trouble in way-wising him by coupling them together when taking a walk through the streets, especially if you are in a city where each sign and sound is new to your pup, for he will not only acquire his companion's air, but will also thereby acquire confidence, but he will soon learn that he cannot bolt should anything strange occur, and in a short time he will become steady and behave like a veteran.

Backing is an accomplishment that affords us much pleasure—in fact, one-half of our enjoyment, when shooting over a brace of dogs, is, in witness, the faultless performance of a well-trained animal, as he instantly honors the point of his companion. This accomplishment is inherent in many dogs, and is as natural to them as the instinct of pointing. Yet, there are many first-class animals who will not back a companion's point, but will work forward until they obtain the scent. This is always unpleasant, and often not only mars our enjoyment of the sport, but the practice is very apt to unsteady the other dog, especially when the dog that should back thrusts his nose a little ahead, which he is very prone to do. "The dog that will remain perfectly steady and staunch while his companion repeatedly practices this, is, indeed, a treasure, and worthy fairer treatment. That your pup will not back, you can readily ascertain, as all you can rest assured, if you have carefully followed our instructions in his early training and will intelligently handle him when he first goes into the field with a companion. As we have often remarked, first impressions play a very important part in the future behavior of your dog, therefore you should be very careful that nothing occurs that will give him any wrong ideas. The first time that you take him out with another dog, they should be well acquainted, if possible, or at least have time to play together until they become somewhat used to each other. You should be accompanied by a friend, who should have the care of the other dog, while you keep your pupil close to heel until the other dog finds and comes to a point. Be very careful now, and as soon as your dog catches sight of him, raise your hand and bid him *To ho*, and on no account must you stir so much as a finger, but remain perfectly quiet and staunch, as though you were also backing, until your companion has flushed the bird. Your example will have much to do in perfecting his steadiness, and you will find that after a few lessons of this kind, even should he be somewhat of a natural inclination to back—he will understand what is required, and instantly back of his own accord as soon as he catches sight of a companion's point.

FIELD TRIALS.

HEAT SYSTEM VS. SHREWSBURY SYSTEM.

WE publish the following from *Land and Water* and would suggest that the writer, in having charge of the amendment of our own Field Trial Rules should carefully read and consider the changes advocated:

"Mr. George Brevin, who, it will be remembered, purchased Dash (see Mr. Brewin's), was won several times by a dog at the Kennel Club Field Trials, these always conducted on the heats plan of judging, has of late declared himself in favor of the Shrewsbury system. Moreover, he has been powerful enough to get a committee of the kennel club elected to look into the question.

Perhaps, before going into the subject, it will be best to show wherein the two systems of judging differ, for field trials have become of late years an institution of the greatest importance to sportsmen when engaged on the moors, and few are the kennel-club trials that are held in the country, but the latter are something by—it may be only indirect—crossing with the blood of field trial winners. In both systems of judging the mode of bringing together the contending dogs by what is called "the draw" is the same. The names of every dog in the stakes is written on a separate slip of rolled paper and placed in a hat. They are then drawn out by lot, and every two coming together run together in the stake, the judges being the same in each case. Here the likeness between the two systems ends. In the Shrewsbury system, as we have before remarked, the judges, they are first, award the prizes then and there, without having given any verdict between any two dogs which, according to the draw, have run together. Everything is optional with the judges. As a matter of fact it generally happens that the judges award the prizes to the dog that has the best of the trial, and also see many of the dogs down a second time generally.

In the heats plan, as the contending braces are taken up, the judges are bound to deliver a verdict, and when the cud has been

run through once, every unbeaten dog, that is half the number of the original stake, together with the bye or odd dog (should the number in the stake have been an uneven one) are paired in the order in which they have previously run, and the judges again go to work as if they had never seen any of the dogs before, and again the same thing is done until every dog has had a trial. The result of the work they have done in their former competition, but judging between the two dogs before them in circumstances of place, time, atmosphere and scent, which are alike for both. The whole of this dog trial is having the same trial, the same time, the same place, and the same judge, and the same order of course, first prize falls. In awarding the second and other prizes two systems have been adopted, neither less than the other a part of the heats plan. One is that the last dogs turned out of the stake take second, third and fourth prizes according to the number of dogs in the stake when they were turned out; the last dog turned out, of course, taking second prize. The other way of awarding these prizes, which has also been used at the kennel club heat system trials, and which seems to be more tempered with justice than the other, is this:—The first dog to be discovered, then the last dog, turned out of the stake has to form a stake, and run it out, on the heats plan, against every dog previously met and beaten directly by the winner of first prize. The same thing happens to the second prize, except that it is every dog of the stake that has been met and beaten directly by the winner, or if there are more than three prizes to be given, which in our opinion never ought to be.

The Kennel Club has adopted the heats plan as its own, and has made it up as superior to the Shrewsbury system, where it was argued, and very justly, that the best dog of the day for scent, might do the worst work of any dog in the stake. Such a thing has happened more than once. The organs of the Kennel Club have been taken from the Shrewsbury system, and greatly supplied to that of Shrewsbury, and people were forcibly reminded that they there paid a big entry fee for the pleasure of running their dog before the judges, without the satisfaction of a contest with the result, and without ever knowing what the judges thought of their pet and his work. The Shrewsbury system of dog running under favorable circumstances of time, place, atmosphere might be highly thought of; while others, better, were never asked for again. The Kennel Club made rather too much of these circumstances, which do not exist in the Shrewsbury system, and to anything like so great an extent as it has sought to be made to appear; for although the best dog has not always won, certain it is that no bad one has ever done so.

We venture to say that, had the heats system been attacked by the Kennel Club, and the Shrewsbury system been adopted by the Kennel Club, but the gentleman who gave the name of an estate on which to hold its trials, the Kennel Club would have defended every particle and offshoot of the system as a settled question, with more brightness than Mr. John Bright himself at the time he ventured to stand up for the Shrewsbury system, and for the same reason, because both are of a party that has settled a question, and the reputation of both depends upon the respective questions remaining settled. It is a happy union, therefore, that the Kennel Club are forced to a consideration of the merits of each, and a conclusion in favor of the Shrewsbury system; for, so identified with the heats system has everything of the Kennel Club Field Trials become, and so committed to it is the club, that otherwise no discussion would have been possible in the club itself. Now, we do not see good reason why the Kennel Club should give the four objections against the heat system enumerated by Mr. George Brevin. They are as follows:

1. It is very unfair to the second best dog in the stake, if, as is often the case, it is drawn against the absolute winner. Under circumstances of this kind, the second best dog, by being beaten, while an inferior animal creeps into what should have been another's place.
2. As we witnessed last week, the waste of ground and time entailed in running together two inferior dogs, it may be for more than one dog, and the result may be decided by a single trial, it is the best, but really and truly which is the worst of the brace.
3. The injustice done to a dog that has had an hour's trial and won it handily, being made to run against a comparatively feeble one in his previous good work, and to risk his credit.
4. The luck of the draw, in which a dog actually wins a tie, however bad he may be, without being slipped.

The first of these objections is no argument against the heats system; it is simply an objection to the mode of giving second prizes to the dog that has the second best of the stake, and not at others. It is an objection (with which we never agree) to giving second prize to the last dog beaten by the winner, instead of to the best dog beaten by the winner, discoverable by the formation of a separate stake, as described above, and which of course is with good reason, the best of the system, especially of the Kennel Club. The only exception taken to it has been founded on the time it takes to carry it out. This is not much and can be overcome. In a sixteen dog stake it takes fifteen contests to decide first prize, three to decide second, and from two to five to decide third.

Mr. Brevin's second objection deals with the question of waste of ground and time, and I will take this objection with reference to time alone, as the two, time and ground, can easily be shown to be inseparable, and so far as concerned, the waste of ground of great length of time the heat system has always been made to occupy that has been its own fault; and this year, with singularly protracted trials, resulted in Mr. Brevin's protest. All other points being in the balance of the Shrewsbury system, either regarded from the view of a sportsman, or from the view of a sportsman to a certain extent who the game is going; or from the view of an exhibitor, who knows his dog will have an exactly equal chance of doing himself credit, toward winning, as every other dog in the stake, and who has no concern with the result, whether he has had ground or good, so long as he has won, or both, as it, of course, always is, and as it is not, and cannot be, under the Shrewsbury plan. Now, it appears to us that without in the least breaking away from the heats system, as a system, and while retaining every advantage of that system, especially the greatest of all, which is that no dog is turned out of the stake only because he has done bad work (it may be without a possibility of doing better), but only because he is beaten by another dog, we may have a better way with exactly the same changes, it appears to us that a great saving of time can be effected by having the judges more power in two directions. First, give them power to keep both competitors in the stake, instead of as under the Shrewsbury system of turning both out. Second, give them power to keep the whole brace in the stake, instead of as under the heats plan, and in any pairing they choose for a trial, to run in that stake, always retaining the power of keeping both competitors in the stake to run against different dogs of the judges' own choosing in the next course of heats. The advantages of the Shrewsbury system would be as follows:—First, the judges would run through the list of dogs as drawn and on the field card, noting not only the work of each dog as compared with its antagonist, but they would keep an eye on the general form of the dogs as they run, and watching for any combination of two or three of the judges' own choosing to be next course of heats. The advantage of obtaining of speedy results. The judges would stop those "give-in-and-also trials," which, under the present rules, have been known to occupy the best part of a morning, stop them so soon as they saw so speedily decision could be arrived at whether the dogs had suited one another or twenty; to go down with other runners in the next course of heats, either better or worse (according to their opinion), as they had suited above or below the average of the dogs in the stake.

Mr. Brevin's third objection seems to me to require less attention. However great an evil it may be for one dog to run longer or longer than another, I think old sportsmen will agree with me that it would be a still greater evil to attempt to judge between dogs run at different times of the day, in good scent and on good ground, and on one ground, in good cover and in no cover. Those who have had their own dogs run do not know me enough that the best dogs in the world pass by at such periods of the day, and they know also that some bits of the moor and some fields are never held even. Why, the

accidental flight of a falcon, or even a hawk, over a bit of ground, will make the greatest difference to the birds and the ability of the dogs to find them. Clearly, every accident should be taken to avoid, and the same, though not entirely, to be avoided. However, with the modifications of the laws system which I have suggested, these long runs need only occur when the two last dogs left in to fight it out for a prize as nearly equal as possible. The objection (No. 3) raised by Mr. Bly is, although not entirely removed, is now reduced to a minimum, and, as much as possible, in fair competition of pointers and setters at work.

The fourth objection, "the luck of the bye," would, I think, entirely disappear. The only use of the bye was—first, to keep a dog fresh and second, to give the dog a chance to get a dog out. With short trials instead of long ones, and with second and third prizes run off, as they should be, there would be no advantage gained by a bye.

Those who do not remember the essence of so much loss of time at trial trials will discover, on reference to the reports of the meeting, that it was lost by protracted trials between dogs which never got into the end of the stake, many of which might have been disposed of in five minutes, had they been properly matched by the judges with some dogs which were good enough to get the best out of it. If the time had been saved in this way, there would have been lots of time to have run off the minor prizes, and we should have come to the end of the stake very much quicker into the bargain. A change of the rules in this direction would, as an accompanying change, a change in the time given for bringing up dogs when called for, as there would be many more trials, so would there be more time lost in bringing up fresh dogs; unless this was looked to, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, as it is now, is absurdly long.

FALCON.

ON IMPORTING DOGS.

WE present, below, a statement of the charges of the various steamship lines to this port on dogs carried by them; also important information as to Custom House regulations regarding imported live stock.

Allen line, Love Alden, agents, 207 Broadway, New York, carries from either Londonderry, Galway or Queenstown, Ireland; Glasgow, Scotland, or Liverpool, England; to Portland, Boston or Baltimore in winter, or to Quebec in summer, at a uniform charge of 45 for cargo, dog, feeding and attendance. Dogs are placed in charge of the steward during the passage.

Anchor line, Henderson Brothers, agents, 7 Bowling Green, New York, carries from Glasgow, Londonderry, Dublin, London or New York-France at a charge of five guineas on each dog, three guineas on each dog, for passage only. The animal is usually placed in charge of the cook, with whom private arrangements must be made in regard to feeding and attendance, there being no settled scale of prices. Transatlantic, Louis de Began, agent, 6 Bowling Green, New York, carries from Havre, France, to New York. On each dog shipped as freight the charge is 125 francs, or if with a passenger, 50 francs. This includes food in either case, and in the former at attendance also.

North German Lloyd Line, Oelrichs & Co., agents, 2 Bowling Green, carries from Bremen and Southampton at a charge of twenty dollars on each dog, which includes food; but a private arrangement must be made with the cook, the steward or some other employee on the vessel regarding exercising and tending the animal.

National line, F. W. J. Hurst, manager, 69, 71 and 73 Broadway, New York, carries from Liverpool, Queenstown and London to New York, charging from three to five guineas on each dog, which is put in charge of the cook, and to him an additional fee, not stated, must be paid for feeding and attendance.

State line, Austin, Baldwin & Co., general agents, 58 Broadway, New York, carries from Glasgow, Belfast and Liverpool to New York. Two guineas on each dog, plus five guineas each. The steward takes charge, usually, and with him an arrangement must be made, on terms mutually agreed upon, as to feeding and attendance.

White Star line, R. J. Curtis, agent, 97 Broadway, New York, carries from Liverpool to New York at a charge of 45 on each dog, which sum includes feeding and attendance, no extra fee being demanded. The butcher takes care of dogs on the ship.

Inman line, John G. Dale, agent, 31 and 33 Broadway, New York, carries from Liverpool to New York for three guineas each. The details in all other particulars are the same as those regarding the State line, printed above.

Wilson line, Sanderson & Son, agents, 39 South William street, New York, carries from Hull to New York, for £1.10, which dog, which is placed in charge of the steward. Meat is furnished by him, but it is requested that two pans, for food and water, and a supply of dog biscuit be sent with the dog.

The American, Red Star, Cunard, Monarch and Guion lines will not carry dogs.

In any case a steamship company liable for the death or injury of a dog during a voyage, except when actual intent, negligence or carelessness, on the part of the company or its servants, can be proven. All of the rates given above must be paid before shipment, and are (with the exception, noted) for dogs shipped as freight, not in charge of passengers.

On animals imported for other than breeding purposes the United States customs duty is twenty per cent. on the value. To import free of duty it is necessary for the consignee to appear before the United States consul, to be examined, to be examined, purchased, and make affidavit that the animal is to be used, in this country, for breeding purposes. For this the Consul's fee is from \$2.50 to \$3.50. Upon arrival of the animal, the consignee must make affidavit that, in his opinion, as to such quality, as to breed, here, the animal is of the breed named. The consul must make his appraisal or examiner's judgment upon this opinion, after seeing the animal, and in case he agrees therein, the animal is admitted free of duty. In any case certain custom house fees, for examination, etc., must be paid, but these are comparatively nominal. Matters may be very much expedited by having the importation consigned to some really reputable custom house broker, who will attend to all necessary details upon its arrival, and then send it on to the purchaser.

In cases where the dog is to be used, etc., it is well to have an understanding that the payment will be made upon the arrival of the dog; and even where no payment, other than the freight charge, is demanded by the carrier or its servants, it will be to the advantage of the purchaser to have the shipper make the best possible arrangement to get the dog to arrive in good condition. This will probably prevent neglect, at least; but imported dogs as often suffer from over-feeding, on board ship, as anything else.

BLOCK AND COUNTERS.—Mr. Geo. T. Leach, of this city, who imported and owns this fine pair of setters, requests us to say that Brock is not out of Countess as some of the sporting papers have published, but that they are both from the same litter, and, as was stated by us in our issue of Nov. 24, by Mr. Brock out of the puppy, Mr. Dunbar. Brock will be remembered as the winner of the Members' Cup and also the FOREST AND STREAM Cup for the best dog owned and handled by an amateur at the late Field Trials on Hobbs' Island. The importance of recording correct pedigrees and pedigrees of dogs, especially for breeders, cannot be overestimated, and owners and breeders should see that mistakes when they occur are at once corrected.

FERRIS-POLLUX MATCH.—Mr. E. I. Martin writes us that owing to the constant demand upon his time in caring for the valuable puppies just arrived, it will be impossible for him to write above the names of the dogs and their owners. This note was inadvertently omitted from our last issue.

At a meeting of the Westminster Kennel Club Nov. 10, the following named gentlemen were elected members: Mr. A. Wright Smith, Mr. Henry Nichols, Mr. D. T. Worden and Mr. John G. Heckscher.

PITTSBURG DOG SHOW.

WE have received the premium list of the bench show to be held at Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing March 7. Judging from the number and value of the special prizes offered the sportsmen of that vicinity are determined that the show shall be a success.

The show will be held under the rules and regulations of the National American Kennel Club. Dogs will not be received before 7 A.M. Monday, March 6, nor after 8 A.M. Tuesday, March 7. Premium lists and entry blanks can be had at this office and at the office of Mr. J. Palmer O'Neil, or by addressing the Superintendent, Mr. Chas. Lincoln, P. O. Box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa. The B. & O., Adams and Union Express Companies will carry and return dogs for fare one way.

PREMIUM LIST.

- 1 Champion English setter dogs, \$20.
- 2 Same for bitches.
- 3 English setter dogs (except pure Laveracks), \$20, \$10, \$5, silver medal.
- 4 Same for bitches.
- 5 English setters (pure Laverack pedigree), \$20, \$10.
- 6 Same for bitches.
- 7 English setters (puppies, under 12 mos., dogs), \$7, \$5.
- 8 Same for bitches.
- 9 Champion Irish setter dogs, \$20.
- 10 Same for bitches.
- 11 Irish setter dogs, \$20, \$10.
- 12 Same for bitches.
- 13 Irish setter puppy, dog or bitch, \$1, \$5.
- 14 Champion Gordon setter dogs, \$20.
- 15 Same for bitches.
- 16 Gordon setter dogs, \$20, \$10.
- 17 Same for bitches.
- 18 Gordon setter puppies, dog or bitch, \$1, \$5.
- 19 Champion pointer dogs, under 45 lbs., \$20.
- 20 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 21 Pointer dogs, over 45 lbs., \$20, \$10.
- 22 Same for bitches, over 50 lbs.
- 23 Pointer dogs, over 55 lbs., \$20, \$10.
- 24 Same for bitches, over 60 lbs.
- 25 Pointer dogs, over 65 lbs., \$20, \$10.
- 26 Same for bitches, over 70 lbs.
- 27 Pointer puppies, dogs, \$7, \$5.
- 28 Same for bitches.
- 29 Irish water spaniels, dog or bitch, \$10, \$5.
- 30 Black spaniels (large size) either sex, \$25 lbs., \$1, \$5.
- 31 Same small size, under 25 lbs.
- 32 Cocker spaniels (other than black, either sex, \$10, cup valued at \$5).
- 33 Spaniel puppies, either sex, \$5.
- 34 Foxhounds, either sex, cup valued at \$5.
- 35 English beagles, either sex, \$10, \$5.
- 36 American blooded foxed beagles or Basset hounds, either sex, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 37 Beagle puppy, either sex, \$5.
- 38 Dachshunds, either sex, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 39 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 40 Same for bitches.
- 41 Fox terrier dogs, \$10, \$5.
- 42 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 43 Fox terrier puppies, cup valued at \$10.
- 44 Greyhounds, \$10.
- 45 Mastiffs, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 46 St. Bernards (rough coated), silver cup valued at \$10.
- 47 Same for St. Bernards (smooth coated).
- 48 Newfoundland dogs, over 50 lbs., \$10, cup valued at \$10.
- 49 Champoo collies, champion medal.
- 50 Collie dogs, \$10, \$5.
- 51 Same for bitches, under 50 lbs.
- 52 Collie puppies, silver medal.
- 53 Bulldogs, \$10, silver cup valued at \$5.
- 54 Bull terriers, \$10, silver cup valued at \$5.
- 55 Rough haired terriers (except Skyes and Yorkshires, cup valued at \$10).
- 56 Champion Skye terriers, champion medal.
- 57 Skye terriers, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 58 Yorkshire terriers, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 59 Champion pig dogs, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 60 Pugs, \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 61 Black and tan terriers, over 6 lbs., \$10, cup valued at \$5.
- 62 Fox terriers, under 6 lbs., \$10, cup valued at \$10.
- 63 King Charles spaniels, cup valued at \$10.
- 64 Italian greyhounds, \$10.
- 65 Poodles, large and small, cup valued at \$5.
- 66 Same for small size under 10 lbs.
- 67 Miscellaneous—any breed of dogs not assigned, two prizes, \$5 each.
- 68 Tick dogs, \$25.

NOTE.—All dogs receiving awards will receive the Secretary's certificate of merit.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

- Silver medals will be given for A, best kennel of five English setters.
- B, best kennel of five Irish setters.
- C, best kennel of five Gordon setters.
- D, best kennel of five pointers.
- E, best kennel of five cocker water spaniels.
- F, best kennel of five collie or field spaniels.
- H, for best English setter, dog or bitch, Messrs. Parker Brothers offer through agents Messrs. J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., of Pittsburgh, a double-barreled breech-loading shot-gun, value, \$125.
- I, for best three English setters, dogs or bitches, bred and owned by exhibitor, J. H. Henricks, offers an automatic musical cabinet, with music value, \$100.
- J, for best Laverack setter dog, open class, Edward Greig, President of the Association, offers handsome gold medal, value, \$20.
- K, for setter or pointer (dog or bitch) that has the best field trial record, the record only to be considered, a prize given by Society of \$20 cash.
- L, for brace of English setter dogs with best field trial record, J. J. Snellenburgh, of New Brighton, Pa., offers pair of silver dog collars, value, \$10.
- M, for best matched pair of English setters (regardless of sex) color and quality to be considered, J. R. Henrieks donates handsome gold whistle, value, \$10.
- N, for best English setter dog, under two years old J. J. Snellenburgh offers English cutdory or fustian handout suit, value, \$40.
- O, for best native English setter dog, without Laverack, Lovell or field trial blood, J. J. Snellenburgh offers canvas suit, value, \$12.50.
- P, for sporting dog or bitch that is exhibited in the best bench show condition, J. J. Snellenburgh offers one hundred professional trainer's jacket, value, \$15.
- Q, for best dog or bitch puppy, sired by the Laverack dog, "Thunder," owned by Messrs. J. O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., donate fine dog collar, white and whip.
- R, for best English setter, stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, a silver cup given by Crogan & Morz, Pittsburgh.
- S, for best English setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, Dr. Mark D. Loy offers cash prize of \$10.
- T, for best Irish setter dog, J. S. Hoopes, Esq., New Brighton, donates handsome silver cup, value, \$25.
- U, for best Irish setter, stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, silver cup, given by Messrs. J. O'Neil & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- V, for best Irish setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, E. A. Elliott offers flowers, plants and trees to value of \$5.
- W, for best Gordon setter, dog or bitch, Ladin & Rand, through agents J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., of Pittsburgh, offer one Orange lightning powder; value, \$20.
- X, for best Gordon setter, stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, a cello-stand.
- Y, for best Gordon setter, brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, silver butter dish, by J. R. Reed & Co., Pittsburgh, value, \$5.
- Z, for best pointer (any weight) J. M. Tracy, artist, through J. Palmer O'Neil & Co., offers series of pictures of field scenes; value, \$20.
- Ad., for best pointer bitch J. Palmer O'Neil & Co. donate 100 lbs. of Zureks dog biscuit.

- BB, for best pointer puppy Geo. H. Part, artist, New Brighton, Pa., offers a small oil painting (house subject).
- CC, for best pointer dog puppy under six months old silver cup, value, \$5.
- DD, for best pointer stud dog, to be shown with two of his get, silver-plated vase, Plato Co., Pittsburgh; value, \$10.
- EE, for best pointer brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, silver cup.
- FF, for best cocker spaniel, dog or bitch (owned and entered by a member of the American Cocker Club), the American Cocker Spaniel Club offers a prize of \$10. (Members entering for this prize must add to their signatures N. A. C. C. O.)
- GG, for best fox terrier, dog or bitch, Wm. A. McIntosh, Pittsburgh, offers \$10, or medal or cup at option of winner.
- HH, for best collie, dog or bitch, Logan & Strohbehn, New Brighton, Pa., donate a fancy umbrella stand; value, \$5.
- II, for best bull terrier, G. T. Wacker, offers a silver cup \$10.
- JJ, for best sky terrier, H. Beck, box cigars; value, \$5.
- KK, for best collection of non-sporting dogs owned and entered by one exhibitor, C. C. Barr, box cigars; value, \$10.
- LL, for best Yorkshire terrier a handsome useful fancy article is offered by Paul Hacke.
- MM, for best bulldog Frank A. Walker, New Brighton, Pa., donates grooming set.
- NN, for best toy or pet dog owned and exhibited by a lady in non-sporting division, P. P. Bedford, Pittsburgh, offers elegant after-dinner coffee service.

BLOODHOUND IMPORTATION.—We are pleased to notice the importation and mating, by a Western gentleman, of a pair of British bloodhounds, bred from a bloodhound, if not entirely, but known within the limits of the United States. Our readers will perceive, from our reports of English shows, that this breed holds a very prominent position on the show bench abroad, and for the same reason that a great attention has been given to the breeding of the breed here—namely, that however little use, other than breeding, these animals may be put to, they possess valuable qualities which may be inherited into other breeds by judicious crossing—the pure bloodhound should command a share of attention on this side of the Atlantic. But there is no reason why this dog should not become a highly useful member of our society (especially in the suburbs of cities and in some portions of the West), as well as an impressive and dignified companion, as his fitness for the position of guardian of property cannot be doubted, and a remarkable number of his uses are to be noted. If put upon the scent within a few hours, he would be found useful in cases of burglary, horse stealing, etc. An enormous insurance premium, as in the case of the bulldog, that this dog has a natural tendency to exhibit a savage disposition, and that his temper is not to be trusted. With regard to this point, it would probably be noted that, firstly, a mongrel-bred animal would show an unevenness of temper and untrustworthiness of disposition not natural to a pure blood specimen; and secondly, if the early training of the animal were properly attended to, and the pup were made a trusted companion and friend, and his temper handled not too severely, he would be, in his maturity, as gentle and as inspiring of confidence as that of any dog of the larger breeds. We learn from our English exchanges that the famous bloodhound Morgan which was instrumental in bringing to justice the Blackburn murderer, has been despatched to Dun Echt, the authorities hoping that the wonderful instinct of this animal may lead to the discovery of the missing body of the late Earl of Crawford and Zetland.

A COASTING DOG.—Cortland, N. Y.—When driving through the country a few days since I witnessed the remarkable performance of a coasting dog. Two boys had taken their place upon the front seat of a horse-drawn sled, and the dog, sitting upon the rear, the dog maintaining his position upon the sled in their rapid descent down a steep hill. Upon coming to a stand still a collar was placed about the dog's neck, and he ran back up the hill, drawing the sled and manifesting considerable impatience until the boys arrived and released him from the harness, when he was first again to take his place for another ride upon the huskled sled.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY 1882.—The following entries have been received. (Entries close April 1, 1882.)
Dr. A. F. McKinney, Forest Hill, Tenn., enters black, white and tan setter bitch "Kate D.," whelped April 18th, 1881, by Count Noble out of Peep o' Day.

Wm. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., enters black, white and tan setter bitch "Carrie," whelped April 18th, 1881, by Count Noble out of Peep o' Day.
D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., enters black, white and tan setter dog "Chickawaw," whelped April 18th, 1881, by Count Noble out of Peep o' Day.
D. Bryson, Sec., Memphis, Tenn.

KENNEL NOTES.

We wish to impress upon the minds of those, who send us items for our Kennel Notes, that to avoid mistakes all names should be printed in **RUNNER LETTERS**, as we find it very easy to make mistakes where this is not done. We also would like to be informed whether the animal is male or female, and to know the date of birth and the breed to which they belong, whether pointer, setter, or bulldog. A careful study of the notes in this number of the paper will show just what is wanted. Our aim is to have everything correct; but vital contributors will take the necessary trouble to conform to the above request we cannot answer for the mistakes that may occur.

NAME'S CLAIMED.

- Mollie T.—By Mr. Henry Page, New York, for white and orange setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1881, by Thunder out of owner's Lou (Rodrick) Dhu—Mina.
- Yvonne.—By Mr. Henry Page, New York, for blue heifer English setter bitch, whelped Aug. 16, 1881, by Thunder out of owner's Lou (Rodrick) Dhu—Mina.
- Yvonne.—By Mr. H. Dr. Dean, Baltimore, Md., for red Irish setter bitch puppiet by Elcho out of Lady Helen.
- Pointer.—By Mr. G. H. Thomson, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter dog, whelped June 11, 1881, by Mr. Smith's Grizzle out of Mr. Baker's Niece.
- Brown Bass, Brunette and Beryl.—By Horrell spaniel Club, Horrellville, N. Y., for three setters, whelped Nov. 8, 1881, by their champion Benedict out of Prince.
- Birds.—By Horrell spaniel Club, Horrellville, N. Y., for black and tan spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1881, by their champion Benedict out of Prince.
- Birds.—By Horrell spaniel Club, Horrellville, N. Y., for chestnut and tan spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1881, by their champion Benedict out of Prince.
- Black Thorn.—By Horrell spaniel Club, Horrellville, N. Y., for black spaniel dog, whelped Nov. 8, 1881, by their champion Benedict out of Prince.
- Duke Owen.—By Mr. P. E. McMaster, Sloatsville, Wis., for white and liver spotted English setter bitch, whelped Sept. 9, 1881, by Joe (St. Elmo—Mina) out of Duke (Duchess) (Daisy's) Victor—Blue baby.
- Blue.—By Mr. Geo. L. V. Trier, West Newton, for white, with liver patches, whelped by Mr. Trier, West Newton, Pa., whelped Nov. 2, 1881, by Mr. A. E. Geffroy's Croxteth out of Dr. H. P. Aiken's Little Nell (Simpson)—Rose.
- Blue.—By Mr. E. Hinds, Etwood, L. I., for black and tan rough coated dog, whelped Dec. 2, 1881, by Mr. Joseph Smith's Don Pedro out of Mrs. Jesse Minner's Beauty.
- Blue.—By Mr. Charles O. Leonard, Methuen, Mass., for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1881, by Flute (Hatter)—True out of Lucy (Dud)—Old Beauty.
- Blue.—By Mr. Frank Young, Newark, N. J., for blue heifer setter dog puppiet by Sharto (formerly Higgins) Prince out of Topknot.
- Blue.—By Mr. J. P. V. Hax, Baltimore, Md., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped July 18, 1881, by Duke out of Nels's Fly.
- Blue.—By Mr. Robert Field, Baltimore, Md., for black, white and tan beagle dog by Runner out of Fan.
- Blue.—By Mr. A. S. Jones, Leona, Va., for Gordon setter bitch, whelped July 18, 1881, by Duke out of J. J. Gordon's Frank and Nellie—By Mr. A. Weeks, Locust Valley, L. I., for Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped May 26, 1881, by Duke of Locust Valley out of Whip.

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

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Wanted. WANTED—Two Jersey heifers with calf; reelected pedigree. Address, with age and price, G. S., this office. Jan 24, 1883.

For Sale. FOR SALE—A fine Parker breech-loader, ten gauge, with two sets of barrels in sole-leather case. Call on or address W. M. COLNELL, 18 Warren Street, New York City. Jan 24, 1883.

The Kennel. PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW, TO BE GIVEN March 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1882, BY THE WESTERN PA. POULTRY SOCIETY \$1,200 IN CASH PRIZES, Also a Large Number of Special Prizes.

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CHOICE YOUNG SETTER BITCH CHEAP. FOR SALE—A hand some black and white English setter bitch 20 mo. old, little below medium size; has been hunted occasionally the past season on woodcock, quail and ruffed grouse; is a speedy, all-day, stylish worker; perfect disposition, mind neatly and an excellent one, very steady and perfectly staunch; also stands her dead birds staunch; from choice field stock, has excellent pedigree and with next season she will be a superior bitch in the field. Will sell her, if taken now, for \$50, and send C. O. D. to responsible parties. Address W. H. PIERCE, Peckskill, N. Y. Jan 24, 1883.

STUD FOX TERRIERS—Champion Royal, by Echo-Cricket, Echo or Arthur-Merry Girl, Arthur by Pickle-Victory, winners of many prizes. Footure-Pussie, Turk by Old Grip, Jesse by Trimmer, First Pittsburg, 1881; First Champion Class N. Y., First Pittsburg, 1881; Active by Natter, Active by Gamester-Gipsy, Natter by Bull-Activity, Second Puppy 1881. Second Open Class London, Canada, 1881. Fee \$10. Natter by Bull-Activity, by Tonic-Northingham Nette, Bull by Bullock-Swan, by Dazzler-Face \$10. Address by post only. L. & W. RUTH-ERFORD, 175 Second av., N. Y. Jan 24, 1883.

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ROUSE DALE PUPPIES—For sale, Grouse Dale (ex-Lady Thorne) pups, 6 months old; Grouse Dale, ex-Honnel II, pups, 3 months old; Very handsome and healthy. W. TALLMAN, 40 Westfield St., Providence, R. I. Jan 24, 1883.

STUD BULL TERRIER—Squib (white), winner of 2d prize Lowell, Mass., 1881. P. O. Box 629, Hyde Park, Mass. Jan 24, 1883.

FOR SALE, a very nice pair of Foxhounds, black and white with yellow ears; good hunters; three years old. Address BOX 24, Greenfield Hill, Fairfield Co., Ct. Jan 24, 1883.

FOR SALE—Six pure blood English setter pups, 7 weeks old, 5, 1881. Full pedigree. Address WALTER A. DAYTON, 55 Magazine St., Cambridgeport, Mass. Jan 24, 1883.

1882. FOR FIELD, CAMP AND HOME! 1882.



THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SPORTSMEN, AND THE INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A WHOLESOME INTEREST IN

OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

The conductors of the FOREST AND STREAM point with much pride and satisfaction to the past and the present of the paper, and pledge their readers that the same high standard of excellence will be maintained in the future.

I.—ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

The "Sportsman Tourist," "Game Bag and Gun," and "Sea and River Fishing" departments will contain sketches of travel, camp life and adventure; accounts of shooting and angling excursions; hints, helps, and experiences; poetry, stories, humor; impartially written reports of all meetings, etc., etc., etc.

"Natural History" will be so conducted as to stimulate habits of observation and study. Among its contributors may be mentioned Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of Washington, D. C., the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who is so well known as the first authority in the country on ornithology and fishculture; Dr. Elliott Coues, U. S. A., and Prof. J. A. Allen, of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the distinguished writers on birds and mammals; Professors Jordan and Gill, eminent in ichthyology; Dr. Yarrow, the authority on reptiles; Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, the writer on fossils, and Prof. Eaton, the botanist. Hundreds of other names, scarcely less well-known, might be added to the list.

"Fishculture," edited by a practical and well-known fishcultivist, will receive frequent contributions from the officers of the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington. This department will prove indispensable to every farmer and country gentleman who can own a fish pond for profit or pleasure.

The columns devoted to the "Kenne!" will be filled with matter of interest and practical worth to sportsmen and dog fanciers. "Rifle and Trap Shooting" will furnish reports of all important events in the shooting world. "Yachting and Canoeing" will remain in charge of a specialist, its editor being a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, and a practical naval architect, thoroughly informed in every branch of his profession. Due attention will be given to canoeing, as its growing importance demands.

II.—HIGH IN TONE.

The tone of the FOREST AND STREAM is exceptionally high. It is edited for men of healthy minds in healthy bodies. Its reading and advertising columns will be clean. Its pages will sparkle like the mountain stream in the sunlight, and its contents will be redolent of the exhilarating fragrance of the forest. Primarily intended for gentlemen, it is also a paper for the family circle, and one which the entire family, old and young, read with pleasure and profit. The best guarantee of its thoroughly high character is afforded by a reference to a list of those who write for it.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE FOREST AND STREAM.

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Its editors aim to make the FOREST AND STREAM a medium for the interchange of information, entertainment and amusement among sportsmen. Sketches of field excursions, shooting and angling trips, original observations in natural history, and other like contributions are respectfully solicited. Secretaries of clubs and associations are urged to send us reports of their transactions. Expressions of opinion upon any subject within the scope of the paper are invited and will be given place in our columns.

We beg to suggest to the friends of the FOREST AND STREAM that they bring the paper and its merits to the attention of others whose tastes and sympathies are in accord with its spirit and aims. Free specimen copies will be cheerfully furnished upon application.

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The Kennel

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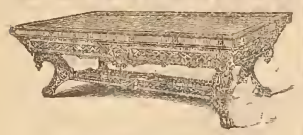
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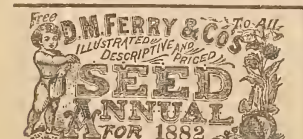
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Atlanta Cotton Exposition, October 5 to December 31. TIME TABLE IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1881.

Richmond and Danville Line. Train 51. Leaves New York 7:40 a.m. Philadelphia 7:05 a.m. Baltimore 7:45 a.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:55 p.m. Danville 7:12 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below.

Train 52. Leaves New York 7:50 a.m. Philadelphia 7:15 a.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Richmond 7:15 p.m. Danville 7:00 a.m. There connects with No. 51 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 53. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 54. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 55. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 56. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 57. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 58. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 59. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 60. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 61. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 62. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 63. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 64. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 65. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 66. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 67. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 68. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 69. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 70. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 71. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 72. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 73. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 74. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 75. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 76. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

Train 77. Leaves New York 7:40 p.m. Philadelphia 7:15 p.m. Baltimore 7:50 p.m. Arrives Lynchburg 7:45 a.m. Danville 7:10 p.m. Charlotte 7:40 p.m. Atlanta 11:00 a.m. There makes special connections as No. 50 below. Pullman cars from Richmond and connecting there with Train 50.

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