

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

APRIL 1904

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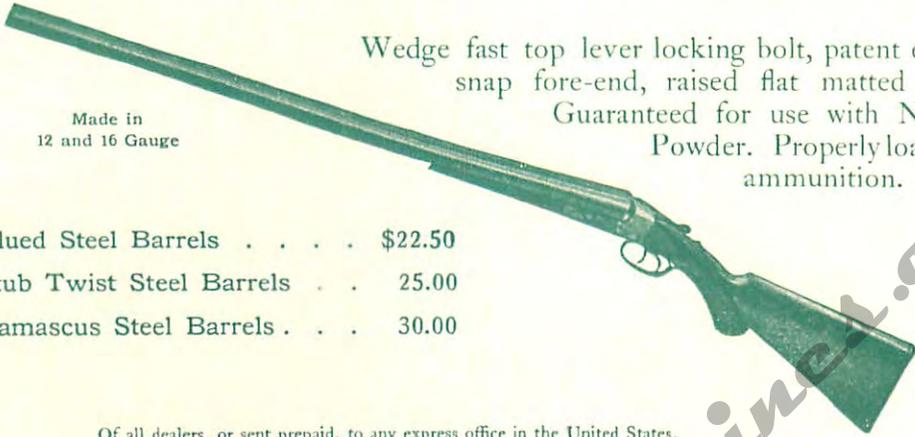


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for the best
Photographs
submitted

1. Subjects of photographs submitted must be of scenes pertaining to sport with rod, dog, gun or rifle. Photographs of live game are especially desirable, and will be given preference in case of a close contest.

2. Photographs entered will become the property of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN.

3. Photographs must be printed on bromide, carbon or platinum paper, and must be flat; therefore, it is better to have them mounted.

4. Contestants must write full name and address on back of each photograph.

5. Contestants must be subscribers to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN.

6. Photographs submitted must never have been entered in any other contest.

The AWARDS will be made by two competent judges, and checks will be forwarded to the winners on or before the 10th of each month.

First prize each month will be \$5.00, *second prize* will be \$3.00, and *third and fourth prizes* will be \$1.00 each.

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF A FINE SENECA CAMERA, taking a 5x7 picture, will be given to the person sending in the best photograph before July 1, 1904. This prize will be in addition to the regular monthly cash prizes.

For any further particulars address the Photographic Editor, NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Boston, Mass., and if an immediate answer is required enclose a two-cent stamp.

All photographs submitted for the Contest should be addressed to

Photographic Contest, NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Boston, Mass.

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ROD, DOG, RIFLE AND GUN

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HUNTING TRIP EDITOR,

CARE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN,

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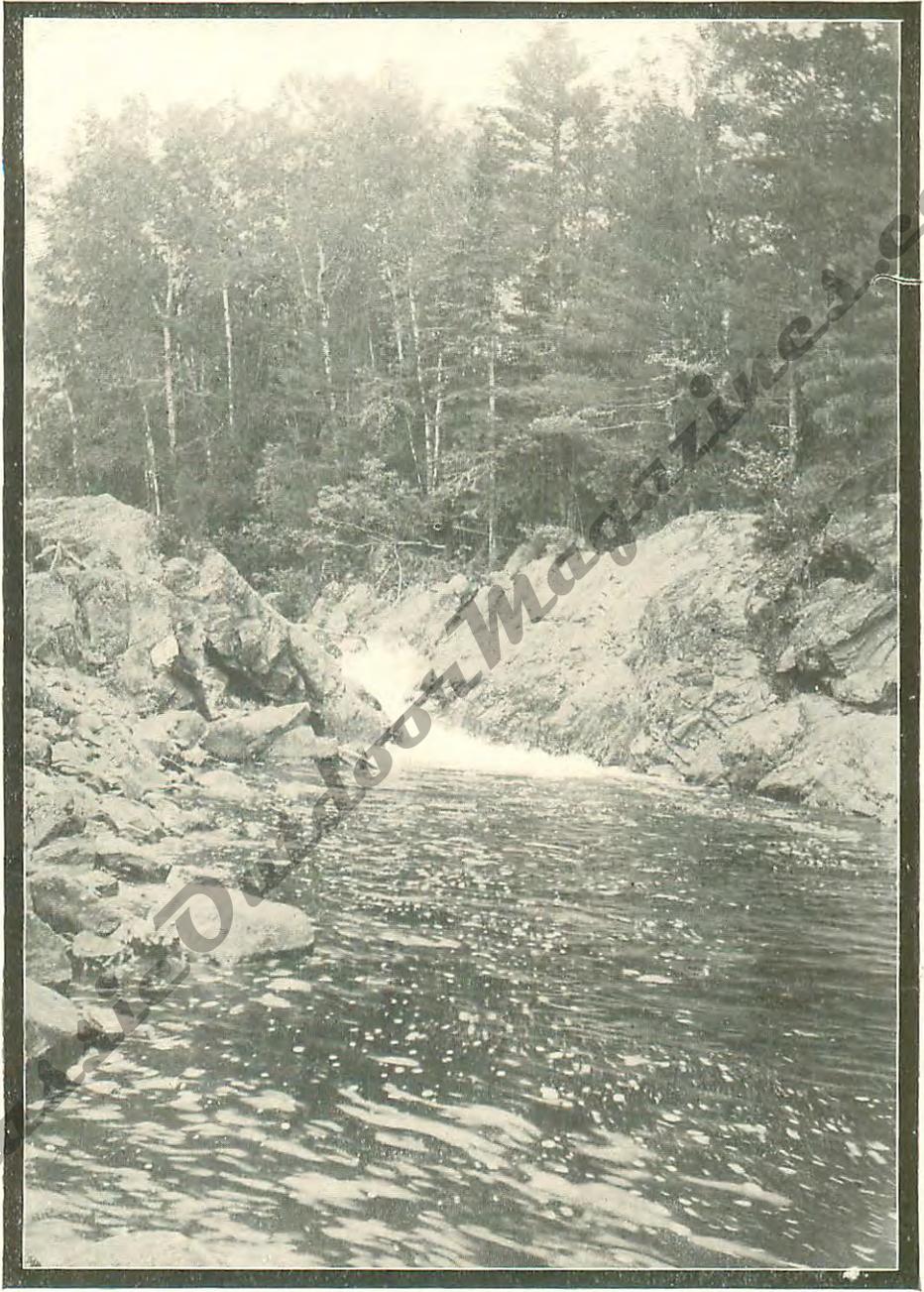
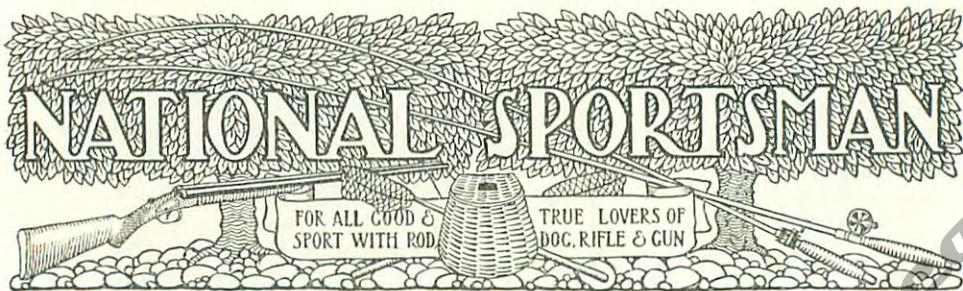


Photo by F. H. CLOVES

SALMON POOL, PIERCE FOND



Pierce Pond Salmon Fishing.

F. H. CLOYES.

OUR vacation plans were all completed, and on July 1 our usual party of six, some of whom have spent five outings together, assembled at the North station in Boston, taking a train for Waterville, Maine, via the Boston & Maine and Maine Central, which left us in Waterville early in the morning, a call on a night lunch, and turning out the clerk of the hotel we soon were asleep till the breakfast call, to which we did ample justice.

Taking the train, we were soon at Oakland, and there the Somerset R. R. carried us to our destination at Bingham.

After dinner at the Bingham Hotel, our team started for Briggs' landing, crossing the Kennebec just below Bingham, where we waited one and a quarter hours for the logs to pass so the ferryboat might make a safe passage.

Meanwhile we smoked, watched the small fish jumping, and had our picture "look."

The mate of this craft once in a while would look over and say, "I reckon we can make it now," or "What do you think, Cap.?"

But our skipper is watching up river, and our confidence in him is not misplaced, for after a long wait he gave the order to slack off the stern line and down with the fin and the current soon does the rest and we are rolling up the bank of the river, drawn by our lusty team, who soon leave us at the farm.

The camp buckboard here awaits us, and after looking up our grips we walk up the hill towards camp, leaving the team to follow us.

One of our party can't stand the pressure and has taken his rod and gone over to the stream fishing, and he soon overtakes us with one lonesome trout which he has captured.

At the usual time our journey ends at the camps of our friend Lane of Carry Ponds, where we are soon domesticated, meeting our friends, not aged friends, but friends of old, and we make some new ones.

We had our usual outfits with us and learned on our arrival that Pierce Pond had salmon fishing.

This large sheet of water lies north of Carrying Place, and is reached from the town of Carratunk by a trail three miles in length.

There are no trout in its waters, but plenty of pickerel. Surrounded by high ridge of hills in the west, while on the east the wooded slopes of Otter Pond Mountain rise to considerable height. From our camp the distance is no obstacle, being only two more miles than from Carratunk.

On the morning of July 2, the veteran fisherman, Mr. W. H. H. Ward, of Amherst, Mass., with guide Rance Ham, left to see what there was in the report of salmon at this water, and on their return next day brought a fine 9-lb. fish killed

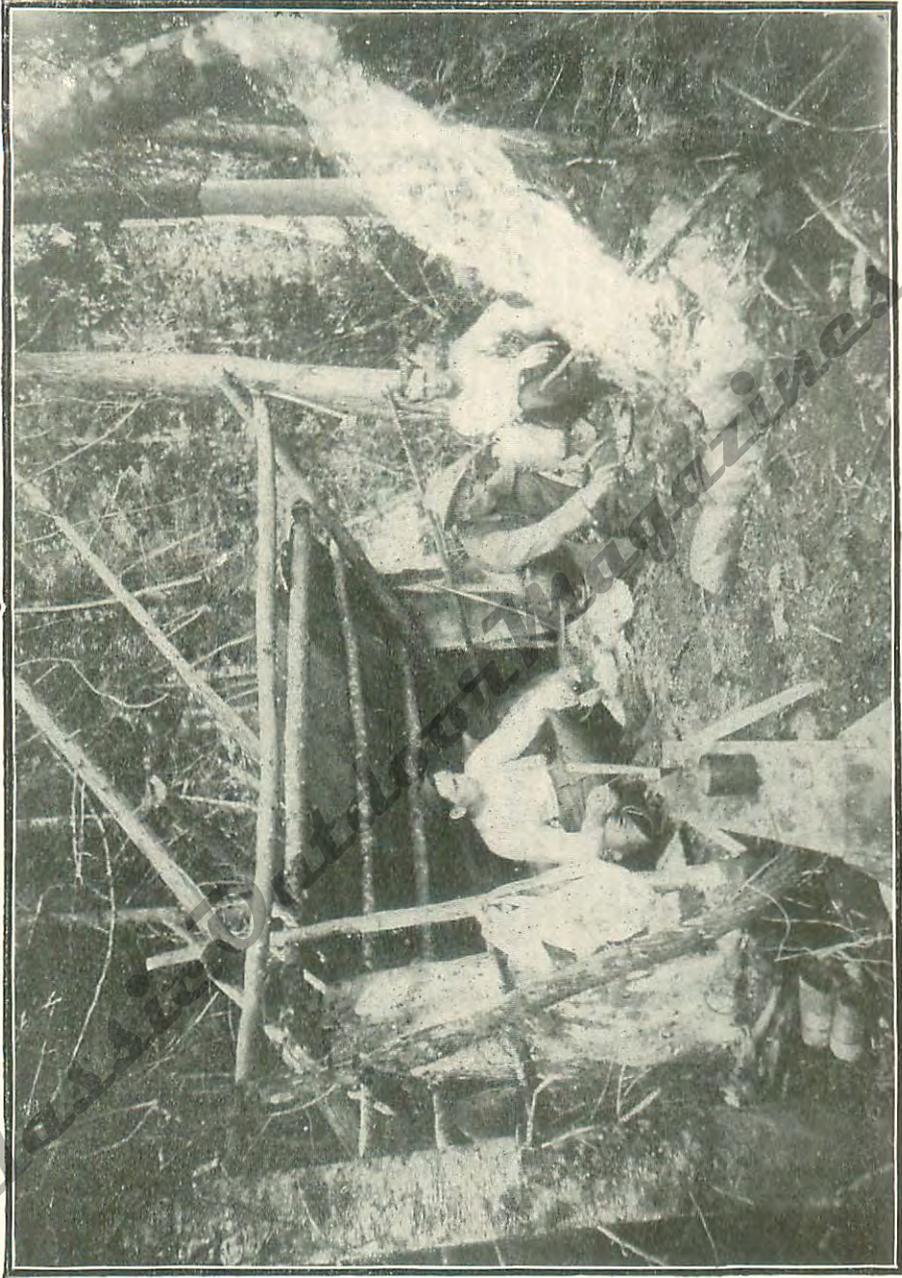


Photo by F. H. CLOYES

OUT IN THE WOODS

Can't you smell the "Grab" and don't you wish you were there now?

that morning. In consequence our table was provided with salmon and green peas for July 4.

Mr. Ward's good luck caused much excitement, and every one looked over their outfits for suitable tackle, and six foot leaders and Archer spinners went to a premium. On the following day Mr. John Moir and son Arthur of Boston, Mr. Norman Spencer of Hartford, Conn., with Arthur K. Blood of Lynn, Mass., having the services of Rance V. Ham and John Owens as guides, went to try their luck, and to our great surprise they brought back three fine fish, their weight being 6-9-12 lbs., and whose picture will be seen in illustration, the yard stick to verify length of same.

The fish afforded fine sport, and the story of one that escaped after a royal fight of two hours and eleven minutes was enough to make all of us long for some of the same fishing right off.

None of our party were prepared to fish for salmon, but by calling on our friends one leader and spinner was secured, and as the guide had one day open it seemed that it would be the best chance to go over the trail, get some pictures and material for a letter for the National Sportsman.

Next morning early we, the guide and your humble servant, left the camp after an early breakfast, down the lake to the outlet. We had only our dinners to carry, the same being in the guide's pack, while I had a rod and tripod strapped in a bundle and my 5x7 Tele-Photo. Cycle Poco B, which is the best all-around camera one can use, carried by a strap on my back.

It was 7 A. M. when we left our boat, and after filling our pipes we started through the woods. It is fine to have some one to do the work, my guide leads the way, axe in hand and a stick to knock the rain drops off low limbs, thus taking the brunt of everything; our way is due east for a ways, but striking the old Canadian road, the first one in the country to Canada, after two miles of tramping, we came to the old Bates clearing, where 50 years ago was a settlement and children enough for a school. It is hard to imagine people making their homes so far from civilization, and as we notice the

ruins of fences whose wood is still sound (as my guide's axe testifies), logs showing shapes of cabins, the words of the poet Longfellow are called to mind. "This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman? Where is the thatched-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers.

Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands. . . . Wasted are these pleasant farms, and the farmers are forever departed!

Only tradition of this early settlement remains, and large trees now grow where once were happy homes. We are two and one-half miles from the camp and 825 ft. above the Kennebec river and 1165 ft. above sea level, so Rance says, and by the way I am puffing on this grade I think its more than that, but he cheers me with the story that we are making good time, and at last we reach the summit of the notch, and from there it is clear sailing to Pierce Pond stream, up Drivers' Path, and "Hedgehog it" by Baker's Camp to the dam, stopping only to take a photo of a little falls which seems too good to be neglected. Pierce Pond from the dam looks like anything but good fishing water, the bays and curves of the shore and rocks poking up here and there above the surface shows shallows, and as we go up two and one-half miles to Linsy Cove we pass a rock as big as a house, called gull rock, where gulls nest, which is surrounded by water and looks inaccessible, as the base looks much smaller than the top. We land on a point where a sporting camp owned by a Madison club is located, and here in the woods hard by is located a lean, located by the two guides on the previous trip, and what is very nice, a fine spring of water. Meeting two men from Carratunk we join forces and the guide makes coffee and fries some pork, and while he is engaged in getting dinner, pictures were secured, though it looked bad for the trees intruded, but after one small one was removed an unobstructed view was obtained which was extremely satisfactory to our party.

After doing ample justice to our meal we packed up our things and left with

regret the comfortable camp with its bed of fragrant fir bows.

It was hot out on the pond, and if we were only not due home that night it would have been in order to take a good rest till late in the afternoon, the fishing being much better at that time or early morning.

Jointing my bait-rod and putting on an embalmed minnow the fishing begins. Rance is anxious I should catch one and does all he can by rowing round cove, and soon we have circled it, but no strike; we start in and quarter back and forth again and at last we are rewarded by a heavy strike.

"You have got him," says the guide, and I seem to think I have got something. "He's a good one." The reel sings and out goes the line till I wonder if he will ever stop, but soon the strain on the rod is relieved and some line is recovered, some other tactics are in order now and a slant of line shows he is coming up and I watch for a jump, having always in mind that he must not get a chance to fall on a taut line. As he leaves the water the tip of my rod drops, and it was a thrilling sight that first break of the salmon up; he went with a rush as of an explosion, the foam and ripples scattering the quiet of the water, scales gleaming a flash of silver, a sweep of light and a grand outline of fish in air and a plunge back into his native element. It was hard to believe he was one fish out there jumping like that; the strain of feel of the rod showed he was, so the fight went on for thirty minutes, the guide helping by rowing back and forward till it seemed the fish would never give up the fight and I lived a year of solid enjoyment, whatever it may have been to the salmon.

Finally he seemed to be tiring and came up on his side, mouth open, but alas for the best laid plans, as he came near the boat where Rance was ready to gaff him, the leader parted, and out of sight he went, leaving us to mourn his loss. I had all of my line and sinker, but the gut leader had parted and as it was time to start home we went ashore, explaining how it happened. It is a great tempta-

tion at this time to catch that fish as with a few strokes of my pen I could do so, but this being a true story the facts are as stated.

Talk of patient fisherman, a good one is always patient however bad his luck may be; it was hard to lose that fish when feeling that if you had only gone ashore with him he might have been landed.

Leaving our boat in Linsy Cove at 4 P. M. we started on the return trip, desiring to spot a trail more direct than from Baker's dam, thus avoiding the long row up to the cove with the wind blowing (at times) so hard it is impossible to get where one could fish. On the trip with Mr. Ward they had lost half a day's fishing, being unable to row to the cove.

Finding a trail from the pond in the right direction we followed it up through the woods and soon the guide is spotting a new line; our progress is slow, and at times my attention is called to moose and bear, signs which the keen eye of the guide would detect, all of which is very interesting; he finds plenty of springs of good water, and all are sampled. Once he tells me very seriously that we are lost, but as I am sure if we really were he wouldn't tell me of it, so I am only amused. After banging 'round through bushes, but fortunately no swamps, we reach a tree, on which is his old mark, and from there we confidently push on to the six mile or Colby camps are reached, and as it is getting late we are glad we are only two miles from our boat in the home waters, which are reached just before dark. It has been a hard day's work for me, but a good supper and change of clothes works wonders; the day's luck has been explained? and a new experience obtained which will be remembered when back at home. On Mr. Ward's next trip he took two salmon weighing 10 and 12 lbs., and that day seven fish killed there totalled 56 lbs.

Among the promises for next season are a log camp and good boats, and the prospects are that those who go there will find good sport.



"THE FORKS"

A most beautiful place and good fishing

Suckers.

PERHAPS you want to know something about suckers; if so, here goes, for I have the subject down fine. There are many kinds of fishes with the mobile sucking mouth and they are mixed up in inextricable confusion, but then that does not alter the fact that the group is not worthy of our consideration. Suckers are one hundred times more useful than all the trout that swim in the brooks put together. Now laugh and jeer at my opinion, and call me a fool if you wish. I can stand it, and am willing to take any abuse that you can heap upon me—that is, if I can catch your eye and consideration on this subject.

Yes. That is so. Trout are fine eating, and they are fine for the gentleman angler with his good tackle. And, too, suckers are not sport giving, and neither are they good eating; in truth many people will not eat this often despised fish, or rather fishes, for there are three well-known kinds where I live, and a score distributed over this broad land. Yet the carefully nurtured trout that are annually introduced into our streams cost time and money in their cultivation, while the despised sucker mouths never receive the slightest protection beyond a close season from spearing, which same season is more for the protection of other species than for the benefit of the sucker. Yet in spite of all of the methods of decimation annually followed by a greedy class of pet fishers the suckers continue to live and thrive and return to us seasonally for more experience. Maybe they are of poor quality and full of bones, nevertheless they meet the requirements of a class of people who cannot indulge in what we term the highest degree of angling, and they are sought and secured in great numbers for the table of the poor man and the liberal liver who is not above eating that which appeals to the common sense of his stomach. "The poor ye have always with you," and it might be added that suckers are always present also—in more than one sense.

The Great Lakes are the homes of the

vast proportion of these gregarious fishes, and in the spring of the year the spawn-laden fish seek the streams in which to lay their eggs. At that season the suckers mount to smaller tributary streams and pass into these. In those rivers which are dammed the ascending rush of fish is stopped and the first available small stream below the dam is selected. In many dammed streams the suckers are still found in numbers at certain seasons, a condition which is speculated upon by observers but not often understood. Now I think this condition may be explained satisfactorily, and that my readers will be convinced that this is the correct explanation. It will be observed that in these dammed streams, which are mainly the outcome of many small springs and few large lakes, the supply of spring suckers is small, while in those rivers which are supplied from several good-sized lakes, the number of these fish keeps up fairly well. The explanation is simple—the suckers seeking the deeper waters of the lakes during their season of seclusion. The suckers are bottom feeders and are only known as they are seen swimming about on the bottom of running waters; and are never sought in the lakes to any extent, and when speared in the lakes are considered accidental. Nevertheless there are millions of suckers lying on the bottoms of our interior lakes where their presence is unsuspected, as they are rarely seen, as they have no occasion to rise and rarely take a hook, and lie too deep to be speared. In the spring the several fishes of this family will be seen in abundance in dammed streams, and I am satisfied that these vernal swarms are from the interior lakes from which they have descended. If this explanation does not cover it, what can explain their appearance in these large schools. The river is dammed, and not a fish can pass the dam.

There are four kinds of sucker-mouths in my neighborhood—namely, the red-horse, two kinds of suckers or mullut as they are commonly called, and the stone-



LITTLE CARRY

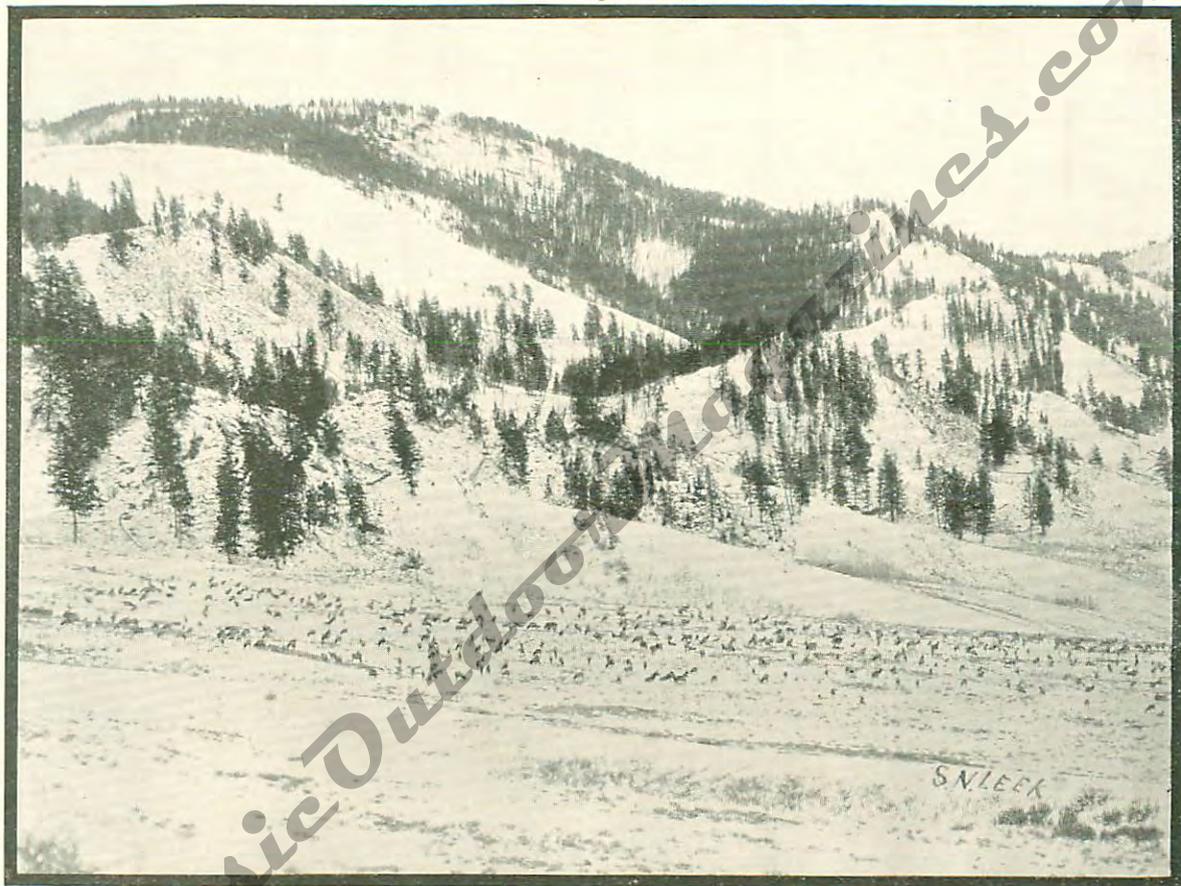
roller. The stone-roller is a spotted fish, and is considered the boniest and poorest fish of all the catch. It is an interesting species to study, and from the fact that it is very tame, so to speak, may be approached and observed in shallow water. It gets its name from its habit, shared in by others of its family, of overturning stones on the river bottom, which it probably does in its search for food. I have seen them at this work many times and have seen them stir quite large stones, after which the sucker mouth could be seen moving about taking in the animal life. It is claimed that these fishes roll up the little piles of stones that we find in the river bottom, and while I have never seen them engaged in constructing one of these piles I think it quite likely. It is claimed that they use these piles for spawning places. The spotted stone-roller is the smallest sucker that we have in our neighborhood.

The Red-horse is always found in schools, and always in swiftly flowing water. The average weight will go over three pounds, and while it is rare to spear one of a less weight than one pound, it is a common thing to secure one that weighs five pounds, and I have seen them that tipped the scales at seven, and have heard of them that weighed ten pounds. The Red-horse will not rarely take a hook when properly baited with a wriggling worm and trailed to the bottom, as all of the others will also. It has even been claimed that these fish will sometimes take an artificial fly, which would make them game fish according to the acceptance on the arbitrary term.

There are two kinds of the regular suckers, one a light colored one and the other the black sucker, as it is called. Perhaps they are the same; perhaps there are several others. I am not an authority on this point, and we can let the scientific specifications go, as we call them all just "suckers."

Suckers and Red-horse are usually speared in the spring as they appear in the rivers and streams for their annual hurrah. Boys bag them along the edges of the little creeks. Men spear them on the river mainly at night and by the use of a head-light. Hundreds of thousands are taken in this manner each season, and many a poor man's home is supplied with meat which would otherwise have to go without were it not for spears and suckers. It is not unusual for a boat containing two men, sometimes three, to take one to two hundred pounds weight of these fish in a night's float down the river. It is very rare for a boat holding spearmen of ability to return empty handed.

Suckers are also taken in like nets which have been set for other kinds. Then gill nets come in for their share of suckers when set near enough to the bottom to reach this fish. Once upon a time I stopped with a half-breed up on the "north shore" and he was too lazy to fish and so he set a gill net at the entrance to a little stream where it flowed into the lake. In the morning he took out trout, bass and suckers, and one was as good as another to him; and I will say it candidly—as I was cloyed on trout—that the suckers tasted very well to my "outing appetite" at that happy time when all is good to the palate. Thousands of these fish are annually taken on set lines, the long trout line well baited on the many hooks being stretched across the river in the wake of the suckers. There is still another method commonly followed on big shallow rivers and near to the mouth. It is a big square net eight to twelve feet, held by sticks at edges and raised or dropped by a long pole used as a lever. The net is dropped to the bottom and then raised and the fish which have swam over the net are hauled in. Tons and tons are taken in this manner. And yet the suckers live and thrive. We cannot use them all no matter how we try. Let us give full credit to the "sucker" that swims.



ELK IN JACKSON HOLE

Mr. Leek writes that all game has wintered well in Wyoming, owing to the comparatively mild winter



Sportsmen and Poetry.

THE SENTIMENT OF THE FOREST AND STREAM AS EXPRESSED IN VERSE.

HUNTERS, anglers and outers, although as a class uneducated, in the sense as applied to books, are nevertheless more sentimental by far than they are credited by critics. There are all classes of anglers and gunners, including the pot hunter, and trout hog, and the aesthete who will not wet his feet in the field, and many others. But we are not speaking of these, but rather of the true-blue sportsman, whether a college professor, religious expounder, or just an ordinary everyday ignorant but true-blue lover of the woods and fields. For many there are who cannot appreciate sentiment and refinement as existing beneath the garb of the rough outer, and many feel themselves immeasurably above the condition of those who are impelled by innate impulse to seek the forest for contentment.

All are aware that numbers of so-called sportsmen are unfairly wearing that title, for the true sportsman must be a true man in every sense of the word; and the lines of honest old John Dryden—
“His tribe were God Almighty’s gentlemen”

applies to the true sportsman, if to any. Yet there are those who have no pleasant memories associated with the capture of a beautiful bass or trout. In remembrance they recall some big catches, and how they secured more game and fish than someone else, but aside from the sale of the capture, or the pleasure in eating, nothing is recalled. With these, the surroundings and beauties of nature are ignored. With this class of beings we feel like allying that irrational division devoid of reverence for

early homes. We can credit them with propriety, and external show in deportment, but it is difficult to accord a heart in the right place. The true sportsman is invariably a lover of nature, and lives for the hours in the wood and field, and it is he for whom these lines were intended:—
“Happy the man, and happy he alone,

He who can call today his own;

He who, secure within, can say,

“Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have lived today.”

In my intercourse with lovers of the rod and gun, it has many times been brought to my notice that the class is very liberal in religious views, nearly all deeming the truth expressed in the lines

“Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But looks through nature up to nature’s God.”

in the extreme, and applicable to a high degree in the lives of worshippers of wood and field. How well to worship beneath the grand old trees like the Druids of old, and who can gainsay that—

“The groves were God’s first temples”?

Who can deny that—

“To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she
speaks

A various language”?

Many, many hunters and fishers scattered over this land are imbued with poetical and sentimental thoughts, which, although finding no expression in the language of the tongue, still form a halo about them, ever increasing the bond of inspired love by which we are enthralled

in our pleasing intercourse with Nature's magic forms.

"Great thoughts, great feelings come to them,

Like instincts unawares."

We all feel the truth of these lines of Byron:—

soundings, and many give evidence that they comprehended situations agreeable to outers and the lovers of wood and stream. Pope says:

"Together let us beat this ample field,

Try what the open, what the covert yield."



"There is society where none intrudes"

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

There is not one of all the poets who fails in the description of natural sur-

In Don Juan we find these verses, showing the feeling and appreciation of one happy in returning to his home after a trip:

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's honest bark

Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw
 near home;
 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will
 mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we
 come."

Cowper speaks of a desire to be alone
 with nature, in the lines:

"Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
 Some boundless contiguity of shade
 Where rumors of oppression and deceit,
 Of unsuccessful or successful war,
 Might never reach me more."

In these troublous times we appreciate
 the sentiment of a philosopher in the se-
 clusion of a retreat, and it is a pleasure to
 peruse a paper without a word of war in
 its lines.

If we go back to the earliest writers of
 verse we shall find the deepest sentiment
 of expression merged in the chase, and the
 heroic deeds of mythologic characters are
 prominent long before the details of reli-
 able history are given to us. In more
 modern times, the tendency of versifiers
 has been more given to describing the
 pleasures of angling, to the neglect of the
 chase. One writer, by name William Basse,
 quite appropriate for the writer of "The
 Anglers' Song," says in reference to the
 recreation:

"My hand alone my work can do;
 So I can fish and study too."

In allusion to the agreeable vernal
 months, Pope writes:

"In genial spring, beneath the quivering
 shade,
 Where cooling vapors breathe along the
 mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand."

In Scott we find grand reference to the
 chase, and the most poetic style to meet
 the wants of the hunter and lover of the
 wilds:

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill
 Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
 And deep his midnight lair had made
 In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.
 But when the sun his beacon red
 Had kindled on Benvorlich's head—
 The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy
 bay

Resounded up the rocky way,
 And faint from farther distance borne,
 Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

But we must close this series of selec-
 tions, of which I could fill a book with the
 pleasing quotations learned in youth. But
 it would be unfair and wanting in judg-
 ment not to mention some of Walton's
 trite aphorisms, among others:

"Angling is somewhat like poetry, men
 are to be born so."

Evidently, in addition to the truth ex-
 pressed, that the angler is born, not
 taught, he acknowledges the likelihood
 that the two talents may be combined in
 the same individual, which has been re-
 peatedly verified in the case of many of
 our versifiers, ancient and modern.

Izaak also says: "We may say of
 angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawber-
 ries. 'Doubtless God could have made a
 better berry, but doubtless God never did;'
 and so, if I be judge, God never did make
 a more calm, quiet recreation than
 angling."

It is hard to break the spell which has
 long held the hunter and fisher, and cause
 them to utterly lose regard for these
 healthful and innocent amusements. Some
 there are who only took up with these
 sports as sport for the hour, and later
 dropped them as others do fads of fashion.
 But this class are as surely ephemeral in
 their tastes as are lovers of the field and
 stream persistent. It will be found as dif-
 ficult to provide a change in the established
 customs of the annual outer as the cor-
 rection of any other habit, desirable or
 otherwise. Wordsworth says:

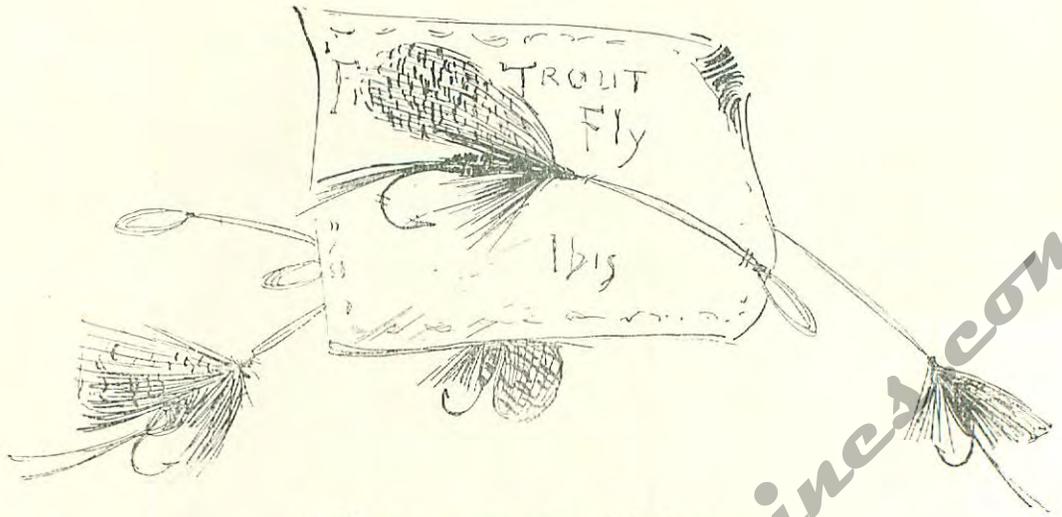
"As in the eye of Nature he has lived,
 So in the eye of Nature let him die."

Now a word of warning to anglers in
 particular: When you write for the public
 always use good judgment in telling a big
 fish story. Be truthful in your recital, be-
 cause you know your credited failing. In
 the words of Gay:

"Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
 Keep probability in view."

Now Mr. Editor, I will close, saying in
 the words of Izaak:

"I am, sir, a brother of the angle."



Fisherman's Foibles.

JANET M. WHITMAN, Fond du Lac, Wis.

WHEN the streams have opened in the warmth of the sun and the water courses are free in the early spring, the fisherman's heart grows with enthusiasm and anticipation. He turns from the reading of William Black and Isaac Walton and Henry Van Dyke and longs for the time when he, too, may cast a fly to tempt the gamy trout and bass. He must wait a bit until the law permits him to enjoy the "gentle art of angling." Meantime, he will see to his tackle, gloat over his fly book and replenish its store. As he works he wonders where his flies are made and how. Some of them are such beauties that they must have been made by skilful hands.

If he is privileged to live in the fair state of Wisconsin he may visit a factory where the gay and dainty flies are made. In Stevens Point is the only such place in the state and one of the few in the country. Here he may see the whole process if he is really interested, and if he can persuade the business-like young woman who owns and manages the factory that his intentions are good.

In a long, one-story building, made for a bowling alley, from sixty to seventy girls work the whole year round, making every day from three to four thousand flies that

are tempting enough and clever enough to satisfy the most exacting fisherman and the most capricious trout or bass. Three hundred patterns are made here,—all white ones, gay red ones, little brown ones; some with wings of white or of spotted guinea fowl feathers, or of the beautifully marked golden pheasant and brilliant peacock; some with hairy bodies, some of black, golden-striped; some of red and some of yellow.

There is one pattern, a little brown fly that looks especially natural and tempting enough to catch the variest trout and indeed, sixty trout are known to have been caught with just one such fly. It is known as the "Frost" fly, after its inventor, who owns and runs the factory. She learned from her fisherman father and uncle how to make flies, and starting on a small scale at first has managed the business so successfully that she does the bulk of the fly making in this country.

Her materials she gathers from all over the world: shells from Spain, feathers from Africa, South America and India, as well as from home. Some of the feathers actually cost eight and twelve cents a piece, but these go only on the most expensive flies. She also makes leaders, spoon hooks and "buck-tail spinners" for twarling, the cruel trio of hooks



THE EMPLOYEES OF THE FLY FACTORY

hidden in a pretty bunch of tassel made from the tail of a deer;—these and all the other kinds of bait are dear to the heart of a fisherman.

It is interesting to watch the girls she employs at work. Quickly and deftly they tie the glistening snell, put the hook into a little clamp, wrap around it the silk or wool that make the body, fasten on the feather hackle that represents feet or hairy wings, wrap the spiral thread that makes the gay stripes around the body, fit on the white wings stripped from a duck's feather or the spotted feather of a guinea fowl or jungle cock or whatever is wanted. The work is done so swiftly and easily that you can scarcely see the process, and the finished fly is stretched on its frame almost before one knows it.

As he leaves the factory, the sportsman finds himself with even a worse fever for fishing than when he went in, and his great desire now is to possess every one of the three hundred varieties of fly that are made in the factory. He feels with Charles Dudley Warner that "it requires an artist to construct one and not every bungler can take a bit of red flannel, a peacock's feather, a flash of tinsel thread, a cock's plume, a section of a hen's wing, and fabricate a tiny object that will not look like any fly, but still will suggest the universal conventional fly." He fully sympathizes, too, with the crowd of small

boys he sees digging for plunder in the refuse at the back door of the factory, and especially with the boy who calls out gleefully, "Gee, fellows, I've found six good hooks already! My, won't I have the fun! No more pins for me." Then he wonders when the boy, so easily satisfied now, will "rise to a fly."

While he is waiting still for the fishing season to open, the fisherman spends part of his time finding out how primitive peoples fished and what artificial baits and hooks they used, for surely they did not have such alluring hooks and bait as he has just seen to tempt them as well as the fish they caught.

The earliest fish hooks, he finds, were of the kind called gorges, and were made of polished stone or wire or bone. The form was straight at first then bent, then with a double bend, then with a barb. In France and among the Indians the gorge hook is still used. It is hung in the middle and covered with bait and when the fish swallows it, it turns crosswise when pulled and cannot pass the gills. Clumsy hooks made of shells were used some times, and among the Indians hooks made of thorns and naturally curved cactus spines and bones were used. The Alaskans still make a hook of bone in three pieces, bound together with thongs of reindeer sinews.

The Indians early made a clever arti-

ficial shrimp of a long, polished pebble, a bit of bone for head and tail, all bound together loosely with tendons. The earliest account of an artificial fly was given by a Latin author in the early part of the third century. "The Macedonians," he wrote, "fasten red wool round a hook and fit to the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles and which in color are like wax."

The next mention of a fly is by an English woman in 1496, who wrote as if flies were well known as bait. "In the begynnyng of Maye, a good flye, the body of roddyd wull and lappid abowte wythe blacke sylke; the wynges of the drake or of the redde capon's hakyll." In modern spelling her sentence would read: "In the beginning of May, a good fly, the body of red wool and lapped about with black silk; the wings of the drake or of the red capon's hackle."

The snell, the sportsman finds, is an important part of a fly hook, and is interesting to know about. A silk worm is taken just before it begins to spin its co-

coon and soaked in vinegar a few hours. The glands of the back are at that time filled with the glutinous matter that is to make the silk of the cocoon. After the worm has been soaked long enough, one end is pinned to a board and the other is stretched out eight or ten inches and pinned in turn. When it is hardened, Spanish farmers remove all but the silk, soften that again and shape it in their lips until it becomes the round, white gut of commerce. It is sometimes left white, sometimes stained so that it is invisible in the water.

At last, the day has finally arrived when the sportsman may fish to his heart's content. With shipshape reel and rod and line, with full fly book, bountiful lunch basket; with empty creel and exulting heart and bounding blood; with pleasant thoughts for company, the fisherman goes forth, hoping that that which was empty may return home full, that though he may come back weary, he shall come well rewarded for his efforts, his careful equipment and his skill, glad to respond to your "What luck?" "First rate."



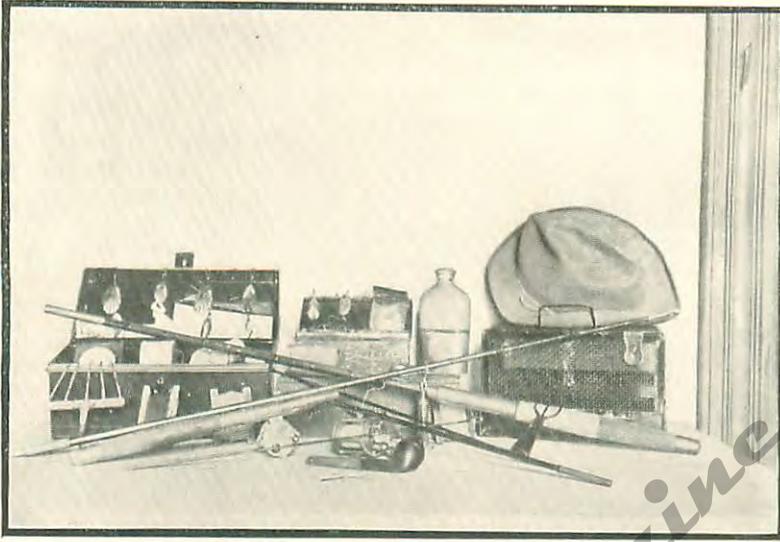


Photo by CHAS. F. HAUSEMAN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"SIGNS OF SPRING"

A Trip up Prairie River for Trout.

By BOB BYINGTON.

A YEAR ago I spent my summer vacation in fishing trout on Prairie River, about 21 miles north of Merrill, Wisconsin—my home. I had such an excellent time that I decided to do the same this year.

A few words of information as to the place might not come amiss to brother sportsmen who are undecided as to where to go to fish trout.

I go to Ed Bates' resort—and a better place, where you are made more comfortable and feel more at home was never opened to the public, for Ed. and Mrs. B. are certainly royal entertainers. The place can be reached by coming to Merrill via C. M. & St. P. Railway and then driving 21 miles; or by going on the Northwestern to Parish and having Mr. Bates meet you, for Parish is only three and a half miles from his home. The river is less than 30 rods from the house, and most of the best fishing is within half a mile of the house. The river can be waded with the average hip boots, and is one of the best fish streams, for fly or bait, in Northern Wisconsin.

As I prefer to fish alone, and there is always plenty of company for evenings, I left home early Sunday morning, August 9th—alone with the exception of Babe, a five-year-old colt by Baron Dillon. The drive out from Merrill, though long, is not tiresome, as the roads are excellent and the scenery beautiful.

After my arrival and the putting away of a dandy dinner, I got into my boots and, with my pole, started to renew old scenes and incidentally catch a few trout. Owing to recent heavy rains the river was a lot too high to fish, but I tried and accordingly got rather damp around my lower extremities, but the fish were lacking. The same might be said of my experience on Monday, except that I got a few small ones—just enough, by the way, to create an appetite for more.

Tuesday, however, the water began to lower and better luck attended my efforts. But Wednesday morning they went on a strike and wouldn't rise to either flies or bait till about eight o'clock, and then I experienced the fastest fishing that it was ever my good luck to have. Charles



Secured at Camp Greenwood, Me., by F. L. Shaw and wife of Portland, Me.

Stange was fishing near me, and teaching me the stream, and it seemed that one or the other of us had one on all the time. Charley had expected to leave for Merrill at 9 A. M., but in spite of this we didn't quit the stream till 2.15. His creel was nearly full and I had just half as many.

Thursday morning a few big ones found their way into my creel, and in the afternoon four of us drove up from Bates' to Bass Lake to visit over night with some friends who were camping there. One of the fellows, using a 30-30 Savage and a soft-nosed bullet, put a hole plumb through the middle of a loon's neck at 45

rods. Not so bad, considering the shot was made from a moving boat.

I came home Saturday, but my trip didn't end till next morning, for then the best mother in the world (mine, of course,) gave a trout breakfast to a few of my friends, and I had my fun all over again in telling them of my trip.

I can think of no better way of ending this article than by advising anyone in search of fine trout fishing to go where I've just been. Even if you don't fish you are sure of a pleasant trip when you spend your vacation on Prairie River, where trout and deer abound.

A Fisherman's Paradise.

British Columbia.

AS a constant reader of the National Sportsman and a great admirer of natural scenery, wild life, sports, and experiences as provided in the Rockies of Montana and British Columbia and the Olympics and cascades of Washington, in fact the entire west, where the land-grabbing emigrants have not become over-crowded provides sports of various kinds pleasing to the love and ambition of various kinds of sportsmen.

It has been my privilege to visit some choice sections of country which can be justly called a sportsman's paradise.

Now what I wish to relate may be termed rather fishy, but any sportsman who has ever spent a season in any of the above mentioned country when natural conditions were favorable for fishing will support me in my story.

Being at liberty to combine business and pleasure according to the dictates of my conscience for a few weeks I soon decided to fish at every favorable opportunity, so the first of September found me at Vancouver, B. C., with an extra suit case containing the common necessities for such a trip, including rod, flies, coat, boots, etc., too numerous to mention.

I started east over the Canadian Pacific Railroad, stopping at every station of any importance and improving every opportunity to fish between trains, which sometimes fortunately and sometimes unfortunately run in the one direction every 24 hours.

I fished at various places along Harrison river with success—that "wouldn't be in it" with interesting events of a week later.

The Frazier river also provided a pleasing experience in the shape of a catch of (5) five salmon in a single afternoon at Spencer bridge, a little place on the C. P. R., some distance east of Vancouver.

The following day gave me a very exciting and interesting few hours' sport at Sicamous Junction. On my arrival there early in the morning I at once se-

cured a boat from a well supplied boat-house and rowed across the lake to the mouth of a river, the name of which I don't recall at present writing. On nearing my destination I saw my trolling line, to which I had attached a large spoon hook, was cutting water at a furious rate, pulling off to starboard. You can imagine how I went after the whale, which soon made its appearance on the surface some 60 feet from the boat and which after a lively fight of some 15 or 20 minutes found much needed rest in the bottom of my boat; the whale proved to be a fine lake trout of 24 3-4 inches from tip to tip, and the chief attraction of my morning's catch, which consisted of 15 other fish varying from 8 to 13 inches in length. My joy was somewhat discounted when on my return to the hotel the proprietor informed me that six of the smallest of my catch were squaw fish and no good. The balance were apparently greatly appreciated by him, as he at once introduced some choice Canadian club, and on entering the dining room I saw further evidences of his appreciation.

I left there that evening for Kamloops, where I had heard interesting reports in regard to the fishing in a certain lake some distance up the mountains and was anxious to satisfy my own curiosity as to whether or not the reports were true.

Midnight found me at my destination, but the lake was yet 20 miles away. The next morning I proceeded with the assistance of the hotel man to find a company of three or four to accompany me. I succeeded in finding a local sportsman and a railroad conductor who were anxious for such a trip—the hotel man afterwards decided to accompany us. It proved to be a jolly crowd.

We left Kamloops at 2 P. M. in a two-seated rig behind a good road team and arrived at our destination, Fish Lake, about dark, after a long, tiresome climb of 20 miles.

We found accommodations at the little log cabin for a lonely fisherman and trap-

per, the only inhabitant of the vicinity, and who is accompanied only by his dogs and visiting sportsmen are always directed to his place because of his ability to provide the luxuries of the land from his simple commissary department.

After a supper cooked to a queen's taste, consisting of roast grouse, fried trout, canned tomatoes, baked spuds, doughnuts and coffee we all "squared away" before the log fireplace and swapped yarns for two or three hours, every man proving himself a hero and a liar in turn. As various stories were told, however, we on that occasion did not express ourselves

dle of September the ground was covered with hoar frost and the water bucket on a stump near the cabin frozen to the thickness of window glass, but this did not blast my happy thoughts of a glorious day of sport which bid fair to prove the truthfulness of the stories I had heard about this place.

At the suggestion of one of the party before leaving town I secured a good supply of flies and a 6 ft. gut leader with four loops, to which I put on a coachman and two Professor flies. We embarked in two small boats, two in each, Jim and Jim (the hotel man and the



ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS

as I have here, as every story was told in perfect confidence and the pure expressions of truth itself.

I will venture to say that there are more good stories wafted on the night air around the fireplace or camp-fire than ever graced the pages of all the sporting papers ever published, and as I write I am confronted with the question as I have often been in the past,—why haven't some of the stories and experiences of many old fishermen, trappers and guides appeared in print under the guise of solid facts, as they are certainly told in that spirit.

The gray dawn of morning was creeping across the lake when we were called from our comfortable bunks of poles, pine boughs and blankets to partake of a breakfast of fried trout, hot cakes and coffee, much to my surprise, for the mid-

sport against the conductor and myself). It was a game for life to see who could catch the most before being called in. The result was very interesting; for a while I fished with the three flies as above stated, but changed to three coachmen and soon added two more flies to loops in my line above the leader, as we were often taking two or three at a single haul. The conductor soon after adding to five flies on his line succeeded in landing five fine trout at a single haul. It was a severe tax on our light rods, so we early in the game separated to the extreme ends of the boat and assisted each other in landing our fish.

Our host appeared on the bank about 9.30 A. M., and in a loud voice which could be heard echoing and re-echoing over the hills and woods far away, "Come

on Boys, Ring Off," so we all pulled for the cabin just as the conductor was helping me to land the five fine trout I had on my line, the first time I had succeeded in hooking that number.

Our host again demonstrated his skill at cooking by providing us an abundant supply of baked fish seasoned and baked to a turn, and we showed our appreciation by causing them to disappear together with all the eatable before us.

We departed after a royal farewell reception from our host and arrived in town

late in the afternoon. On our arrival at the hotel we were given a warm reception, both inwardly and outwardly after an hour in the dining room and a pleasant evening in the office relating our experiences of the day and other days and listening to the experiences of those assembled.

After a good night all 'round and the best wishes for similar pleasures for the future we were soon in the land of nod viewing—the happy hunting grounds of dreamland.

W. C. MEEKER,



A six and one-half pound small mouth Black Bass caught at Lake Kewoza, N. Y., one of the best lakes for these fish in the state.

Large size Pickerel also abound in this lake.

Only a Protest.

FOR days the frost had been passing through the hillside wood busy, in his mysterious way, with palate, paint and brush, turning the green of leaf and twig into a glow as of burnished bronze and gold. The russet and pippin hang heavy, brown and yellow from bending branches or lay scattered about in the tall grass of the orchard, a few belated trees are taking advantage of a few hours of noon-day sunshine to gather in a few drop of forgotten honey from the wild flower bed just outside my window, from the wood yonder comes the call of many voices. Busy flitting in and out from the tangle of fox-grape vine to the nearest rows of corn is the catbird dressed in his brightest crimson, his shrill note causing that more modestly dressed mate of his to hide closer within the vine home. After perching himself upon a nearby shock of corn with raised crest he softly calls her forth again, later winning her with seductive tone and lordly pose, then repulsing her with harshest note and coldest neglect like the arrogant he is. Over there a fellow in a grey coat and curling bushy tail quickly springs from tree to tree, his cheeks fairly bulging with the yellow kernels of corn he has been robbing one of; yonder he meets that good wife of his, Mrs. Squirrel, who is such a careful housekeeper, bearing in her mouth the fullest shellbark, each adding another foraging trophy to their winter store. Over my head a bluejay with saucy stare and screaming voice proclaims to all that a man, a man, is coming. Mrs. Bunny in her sage grass squat at the base of a small pine, draws herself down more closely, and as she lays those long ears flat along her back and her large eyes grow larger with the intensity to not be seen, she is glad, that when she selected this nest of grass, so she could enjoy the morning sun, she had planned for a back door of escape as well as a front door of entrance. High up over my head a hen hawk floats in a wide circle, seeming like a part of the great blue expanse, so devoid of life he

appears, while his mate skims the further meadow hoping to surprise some field mouse in his winter home building. Over there near the branch, a leafless persimmon tree tells its story that by the feet tracks in the soft earth at its base a visitor has come during the night and picked her choicest fruit ripened by the early frost, not even saying "thank you," only rolling over on his back and tickling his fat sides while he smiled his widest smile before shambling away at his ungainly gate, to sleep off his gormandizing in that hollow stump till the next night, when he has promised himself he will call for my fattest Plymouth Rock pullet, if old "Ring" should be chained; this is risky business, for he has had one terrible fright, so that he felt he must climb that yon bush and hang on by his tail; for a few nights before "Ring" had returned from a visit to Uncle Pete's "Rattler," and picking up the scent had called "Rattler" to help him, and if it had not been for the friendly aid of the "Black Skunk," who passing that way, promised to sicken the dogs, a hide might be drying on a stump and "Pete's" picaninnies smacking their lips over baked possum and sweet potatoes. Soon the majesty of the law will say "the hunted are the prey of the hunter fortwomonths." How I have listened during the past summer to that challenging call, Bob-white, bob-white, bob-white, from the top rail of yonder bars and then again from the top of the stone wall near the hay field. Then one day a lot of little fellows like over-grown spiders hurried tumbling and calling from the edge of the road as I walked by and as the mother bird began to coax them again from beneath the vine and grass; I called the puppy to me and began that first lesson of his young life, enforced with scolding and the terrors of the sight of a switch, that it was wrong to chase birds. "Why, 'Kent,' you must watch 'Sherman,' he will never do that;" however, I failed to tell him what "Sherman" did in his rash puppy days. During the past fall I have watched them as these same little balls of striped down grew to



Photo by E. F. FLANDERS, CONCORD, N. H.

THREE NEW HAMPSHIRE FISH

big strong birds, rising before the Cooper's Hawk with a burr-burr and a rush to find shelter in the thick mat of bramble and blackberry cane. Do I feel I have a certain right to those quail? Certainly I do; though surely I would not take dog and gun and from morning till night, day after day, hunt them till not even one remained to give forth his plaintive calls for the hunt brothers and sisters, yet I have known some individuals calling themselves sportsmen to do this and if remonstrated with call curses down on your head for your interest in pure sport. You ask where are all the quail and partridge or grouse and rabbit in some sections that once afforded good shooting and warranted the expense of a good dog and gun and time and money to use them; and I will point you to the fellow who spends his winter evenings in making slat strap, dead falls, fox traps and hanging nooses for the birds and rabbits, the fellow who travels at night with dark lantern, a stow dog with a bell on him; and who, when the covey in their set are found, blinds them with his flashlight and drops his net on them and next day comes into town and sells them at the general store for one dollar per dozen for quail and 50 cents per pair for grouse. Some time ago I counted and destroyed in one afternoon's hunt eleven fox traps for rabbits and squirrels and nine hanging wire loops for birds. The man who lets his dog run during the summer when that dog often seeks wood and field, is often the innocent cause of game destruction, for many young birds, mere chicks, and young rabbits are killed. One season I raised a brood of quail from eggs taken from a nest where the mosses had destroyed its protection, till they were full grown, becoming so tame as to come and eat with the chickens when called, following their foster mother about in the orchard at the side of the house; then one day a pat hunter killed them all while the family were at a neighbor's. I live near the woodland, where in late afternoons the deep shadows gather, where the fox-grape, huckleberry, blackberry, shellbark, chimcopin, chestnut and beechnut abound, where the quail, partridge, rabbit (white and gray) are found, and the "possum and coon" range at night, where the squirrel's bark is heard

and the call of the whippoorwill sounds mellow in my ears. I love these creatures, I have hunted them, not for the sake of killing, but for the joy of being with nature, watching my two pointers show their remarkable intelligence; often I kill only enough for one meal, two or three, when I could have killed many more, going in behind my dogs, putting the bird up, killing now and then to not discourage my dog or watching the quail as he goes with his burr-burr or the partridge with his rush. Then again I have followed my beagles as they ran true to scent, making joyous melody, and no rabbit was ever hurried to death from his refuge in a stone wall or burrow by a ferret at my hands; or when the moon had hidden herself for a season and the hares were heavy with the evening frost I have followed "Ring" to the coon's hollow and brought the "ring-tail" home in triumph. I am no saint; who is? He who proclaims himself such should stop abiding with mortals. My dogs love me and I love them. I never stood on one and "stomped him" because he made a fault at point or flushed a covey. These dogs are not friends to my face and enemies to my back. They do not stagger home drunk and have a sorrowful wife and children flee from them; they are brutes it is true, but not quite so low as that. They do not sneak into a neighbor's hen house and suck eggs; they get enough to eat at home. They do not serve God on Sunday and the devil the rest of the week; they have no secret sins to worry over, or "closets with skeletons in them"; they do not pray long prayers and give short weight or thirty-five inches for a yard. They never oppressed "the widow or the hireling in his wages," but rather they have found the birds to coax the invalid's appetite. Some people would call them just dogs, yet good blood, the best, runs in their veins, and they have no ancestry to be ashamed of. They do my bidding, not because of a heavy heart or a starved stomach; they do it because they have given me their confidence and they love to do it; for remember a hard-hearted and loud-mouthed man has a hard-hearted, rattle-brained dog, that when he does wrong, through ignorance or intent, looks for and gets his "licking," then goes and repeats the offence, because he is only a

looks up and with wonder in his voice says, while climbing to my knee: "What is the matter wit your eyes, papa? Don't cry; I love you." Even as I draw my baby boy to my bosom again and print kiss after kiss, first on rosy, plump cheeks and then on a smiling mouth, I tremble as I look through the window again to that day when a year ago I heard his cry of fright while playing among the freshly fallen leaves of the big oak with his dear old "Duke" a wandering rabid dog stood before him, only to be challenged by that ever faithful companion and caretaker, who then and there gave his body a willing sacrifice to save the body of his master, while a frightened mother carries the weeping little one to a place of safety and a well directed shot from my Parker lays low the wandering cur, but not before "Duke" had received the fatal bite. It was a sad and gloomy household that night when the hired man, with the assistance of a neighbor, pressed the sponge of chloroform to the old dog's nose, and "Duke" lay gold and still. Will you not then, dear friend, as you look upon the smiling face of our baby boy, and see the mother love light come to the face of a fair-haired woman whom he calls mamma, will you not say with us, dear friend, as you see this dog's picture done in oil by that mother and wife, "Duke was a good dog"? "PRIM-ROSE."



WOUNDED CROW

Photo by F. S. ANDRUS, LOWVILLE, N. Y.

dog and is treated as a dog. Can a dog think? Are you uncharitable enough, my dear reader, to ask this question? Do I find back of your question a heart that has in it no room for that faithful friend who will hunt for you all day, through briar and bush, suffering pain, fatigue and hardship, then guarding your home and property for something to eat and a kind word? As I sit in my study writing this and the shades of the November evening begin to gather, there is an oil painting hanging near me. It is the face of "Duke," the companion of many a ramble. I first knew him when as a little bunch of orange and white he struggled with the other little blind brothers and sisters by their mother's side, sucking the warm milk, the second day after birth. The face upon this canvas is a noble face; the head and ears are orange, a blaze or strip of white thickly tinted is over the nose between the eyes, and in his mouth is held a quail, fresh fallen to the shot, just as he had brought them many times. Do I love that face and do I stop often to look upon that mound yonder, with its white marble monument at its head, with the climbing rose at its base? Do I love the memory of that dog? Listen a moment. Do you hear the laughter and prattle of a little fellow whose body is surmounted by a head of golden curls; as he stops his marshaling of the inhabitants of a "Noah's Ark,"

Salvelinus Fontinalis.

In the ripple of the river,
 In the rapids of the streamlet,
 In the deep holes of the brooklet
 Lives and plays the speckled beauty.

When the ice goes down the river,
 When the snow succumbs to sunshine,
 When the Frost King is defeated
 Then the trout plays in the streamlet.

Cannibal of all the fishes,
 Pirate of the sparkling waters,
 Most rapacious of his species
 Is this spotted depredator.

Swift as lightning his pursuit is,
 And, unswerving from his purpose,
 He pursues his frightened quarry
 Through the eddies, 'round the corners.

Bold and crafty, brave and cunning;
 Full of caution, full of courage;
 Wary of the foes that seek him,
 But to weaklings shows no mercy.

Suddenly he spies, all shining,
 Red and white upon the water,
 A delicious looking morsel,
 And he forthwith rushes for it.

Grabs it in his mouth capacious,
 Rushes toward a hole secluded—
 But he feels his course impeded—
 At his mouth a line is tugging.

Madly, frantically, rushing,
 First to one side, then the other;
 Shaking, twisting, writhing, jumping,
 Trying to escape his captor.

Unavailing are his efforts;
 Useless are his turns and twistings—
 Slowly does the angler draw him
 Toward the net—and has him landed.

He is served upon the platter;
 He is photographed and painted—
 To the epicure a dainty,
 To the artist—speckled beauty!

On the canvas, or the platter;
 Photographed or served with sauces—
 How would you prefer to have him—
 Speckled beauty of the streamlet?

—*Thomas E. Doty.*

Washington, D. C.

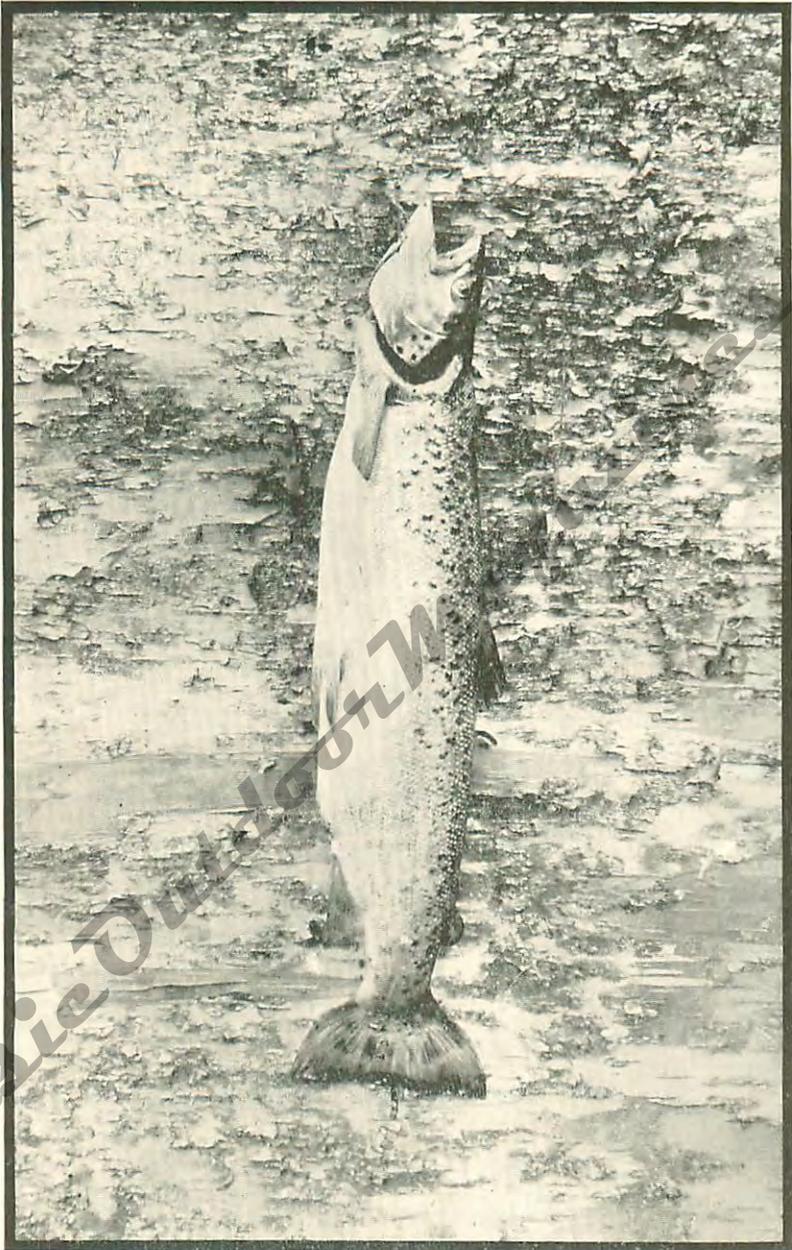


Photo by F. H. CLOVES.

ONE OF THE PIERCE POND SALMON

Taken by W. H. H. WARD, AMHERST, MASS., Weight 12 lbs.

Christian Science (?)

FRANK RAMSEY TUCKER.

JOE was still obdurate but wavering. We had exercised our utmost diplomacy, but as yet had failed to elicit anything but a gruff response in the negative.

"No, I tell you no! Confound you fellows—Can't you see it's impossible with me all tied up with the rheumatism." And he glared at us as though we had done him a personal injury.

"The stream's only a half mile distant," said Jack sweetly, "and we could help you get there. Don't you think the walk might do your rheumatism good?"

"Might," snapped the Judge peevishly.

As a rule the Judge's decisions were final, but he was not on the bench this time and it looked to me as though his honor was thawing slightly.

"Yes, that's right, Joe," said I, putting in my oar, "you could lean on us all the way and then we'd put you down at your favorite pool where you could fish to your heart's content."

"Hm," growled the Judge.

I turned to Jack and remarked casually, "Do you remember the two pounder Joe caught last year in that pool? By Jove, I believe I'll fish that hole the first thing tomorrow morning."

Jack winked and nodded towards the Judge, who had sunk into reverie.

I surmised the trend of Joe's thoughts. He was picturing in his mind's eye an angler playing a two-pound trout (like the one he had taken the previous year from his "favorite pool") with every nerve athrill, reeling in the slack line, now allowing him to run, now gently, coaxingly drawing him nearer till his gamey little victim, seemingly becoming suspicious, darts down stream with a whizzing of the reel. And then a yard of slack line—two yards—"lost," says the disconsolate fisherman, but no, again he is at it, hither and thither darts the line, sending the blood tingling through the angler's veins until finally, after a long fight, exhausted and half drowned the speckled beauty allows himself to be drawn in. By a dexterous

twist he is netted and his watery career comes to a close. His gamey fight gives his conqueror many a pleasurable moment long after its conclusion as his mind wanders from the hot, dusty pavements of the city to the cool, green grass, the woods and gurgling brooks with their deep pools where lurks many another two-pounder eager for the bait—sometimes.

The Judge apparently felt the silence and looked up, but as both Jack and I controlled our feelings, he suspected nothing.

"If you fellows don't think I'd be too much trouble," growled the Judge, "I believe I'll try my favorite pool?"

The next day turned out admirably for we fishermen—just dark enough to cast no shadows, and a light, balmy breeze from west—a stimulus for any angler.

"Ain't been no fisherman 'round here yet," volunteered our good-natured host, one of that type of New England farmer which, 'tis with regret that I say it, has almost become extinct.

This information made us all the more anxious to get started, but the Judge insisted on being dressed as though in preparation for an Arctic journey, and it was with many groans and painful sighs on his part that we finally managed to array him. Upon our completing the task he looked much like a huge bundle of dry goods with his great coat, portly figure and a red worsted muffler which our host thought advisable to tie arund his neck.

We managed to get started after what seemed an age to Jack and me. Besides his rod, the Judge was armed with a rubber blanket, upon which he intended to "plant" himself a little above his favorite pool.

We arrived at our destination, a ten minutes walk, in the course of half an hour owing to our charge, whom we were obliged to support as he moved slowly along, mincing his steps and groaning at his ill-luck.

We seated him under a tree a little above his favorite pool, placed his rod in his hand, baited his hook and told him to

"fish." Somehow or other we thought this command necessary.

"Phew! it's very warm," exclaimed a voice from the depths of the red muffler, "I wish you fellows had a little consideration for a man's comfort," and he looked a picture of one who thoroughly sympathized with himself.

Jack resignedly unbuttoned the Judge's coat, placed his flask near at hand and after having promised to return in the course of an hour to attend his wants, we left him.

We started in fishing a quarter of a mile below and had fairly decent luck at the outset, but as it approached the time for our return to Joe, it began to wane. We were fishing in a narrow strip of wood with a meadow surrounding and had just decided to make for the open, having un-snarled our lines for the twentieth time when Jack suddenly exclaimed: "What the deuce is that?" pointing at something in the distance. I looked—It was Joe—coming down the meadow with wild eye, coat tails and muffler sticking out straight behind like boards. I have seen many

sprinters, but I never saw a man attain the speed which Joe did that day. As he flew by the opening in the wood through which we were peering, he caught sight of us and we heard him exclaim, "Bulls!" and he was gone. Close in his wake a huge bull dashed by. We trembled for Joe, but just then saw him make a most marvelous leap, dry goods and all, clearing a bend in the brook fully fifteen feet wide. His feet seemed to continue their motion during his flight through the air for there was no perceptible pause upon his reaching the opposite bank. On he flew, evidently making for a rail fence in the distance. One wild leap and he landed on the top bar on that part of his anatomy which usually displayed a prominent watch chain, sawed once or twice and then fell headlong into a thicket on the other side. As the bull had been unable to cross the stream, the concluding chapter of the Judge's flight was merely a wasted spurt of superb speed. Joe has never suffered from rheumatism since, but should some angler come upon a bamboo pole hanging by the hook in an oak tree—that's Joe's.



A5 TOUGH RAPID.

An Intractable Michigan Bear.

E. D. M.

FOR many years I have spent a few weeks every summer at Carp Lake, Michigan, a delightful resort near the Straits of Mackinaw. Some days the lake fishing appealed to me and I would get a bucket of minnows, a boat and row across the lake from the landing to a rocky shore, where the small-mouth bass were numerous. If the bass failed to bite it was because it was their day out, or because they had already dined. In either case my bucket of minnows came out of the water promptly and my boat was soon skimming the surface to Chambers' Point for the big pickerel, for which the lake was, and is yet, famous. The lake fishing was good, but it did not often appeal to me. I preferred to tramp the road through the pine woods to the river, two miles distant from the hotel, and have a try at the brook trout.

The Carp River is about twenty miles in length and presents many difficulties to the bait fisherman, while to the fly fisherman, who has been accustomed to the Au Sable and other open streams, upon which a canoe may be paddled, the Carp River would be considered impossible. Yet it is not only possible to use the fly on a large part of the stream, it is attended with satisfactory results. On my last trip there I used a "Montreal" and caught nine trout in one afternoon, none of which weighed less than half a pound, and one weighed two and one-half pounds.

It was my last day at the resort and I was about to start on the tramp to the river. As I came out of the hotel office, which was also a general store and the post-office, the owner of the hotel, a spare built, nervous man about fifty years old was walking toward a rail pen built around a pine stump on the lawn. The pen contained a black bear fastened by a long chain to the stump. The bear was owned by the landlord. He had offered it

for sale repeatedly, but no one wanted to buy it because of its intractable disposition. The hotel "angel," as the bear was called, was a standing joke and had ceased to be of value even as an advertisement, or attraction. The landlord was dressed in a natty suit and from that fact it was evident that he contemplated a trip to Petoskey on the morning train. He had a black-snake whip in his hand and was nearing the bear pen.

"Hello, John, what are you going to do?" I inquired.

"What am I going to do?" he replied. "Well, you just wait and see. What I do to that surly brute in there will be plenty."

"In that case, John, I'll wait. I have no business down at the trout stream nor anywhere else that's holding me." So I put down my basket and rod and took a seat on a stump to watch the fracas.

It was a job few men would like to undertake, even when reinforced by a stout hickory club, much less was it desirable with only a black-snake whip. The bear was fully grown and could reach every part of the rail pen except for a space of perhaps two feet in one corner, yet it was a noticeable fact that John did not avail himself of the protection of that corner at any time during the fierce fight that followed.

He climbed into the pen and gave the bear a cut with the lash that must have raised an awful welt. At any rate, it raised the bear and he went after his assailant with a rush. Around the stump the man and brute circled, the bear forcing the fight from the start. Only his quick dodges and resolute blows saved John. The brute was angry, but the man was fighting mad—he had not expected such resistance. When he got into the pen it was his purpose to give the bear a sound thrashing only, but now he wanted to kill him. After the first few blows which had

only the effect of enraging the animal he turned the whip and used the heavy-loaded end as a club. The fight had brought to the pen every inmate of the hotel and the excitement was great. One of the guests came running with a gun to shoot the bear just as John with a quick side-step to avoid a rush brought the heavy butt down with a powerful stroke between the brute's eyes and the fight was over—the bear fell and lay quiet.

John climbed out of the pen and walked to the house. Aside from a scratch on the arm, he was unhurt, but his summer suit was in tatters.

The next summer I was stopping at the hotel as usual, we had bear steak for supper.

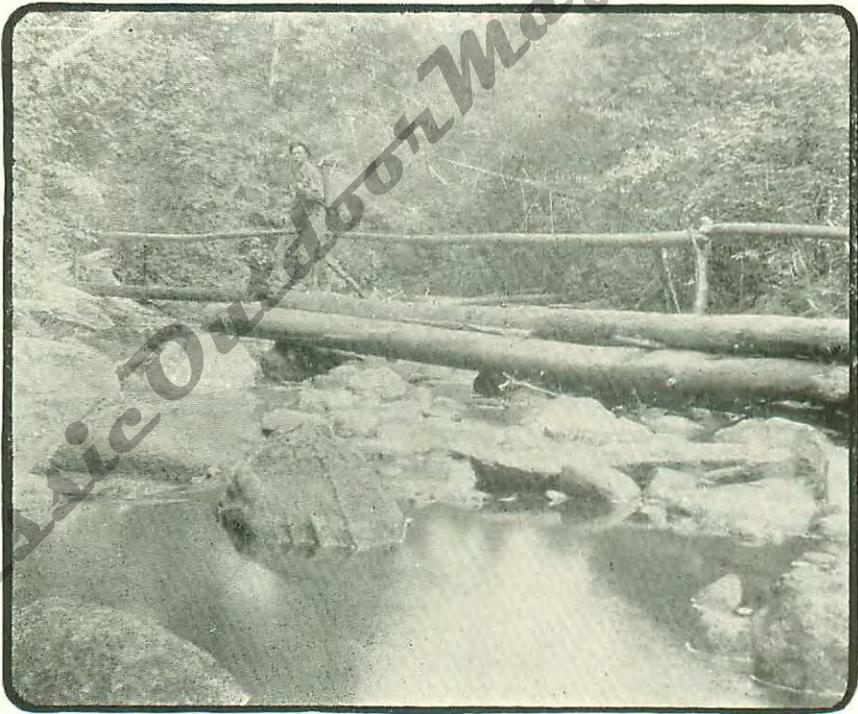
"How did you like the meat?" inquired John, as I came out of the dining room into the office.

"Well it was so-so," I replied, "I don't care much for bear meat."

"No? I don't like it myself, but I thought you might relish it. That's a piece of the bear you saw tear the clothes off me last summer. I never succeeded in converting him, so I made a good bear out of him and sent his hide to the tanner."

"I'd like to buy it of you, John, when it is finished."

"No," he replied with a smile, "I don't want to sell it. I'm going to keep it to remind me of the biggest fool job I ever tackled."



Bear Hunting in New Brunswick.

PART II.

AUGUST comes again and with it the magnetic influence of a lodestone, situated in the heart of the forests of New Brunswick, and irresistibly attracting us. Hastily we prepare to obey its influence, carefully packing our equipment, but this time including a new 30-calibre Winchester, with plenty of ammunition loaded for bear.

Taking a Calais sleeper over the Boston & Maine and Washington County R. R., we, in due time, arrive at that border city. Here we are met by "Shaughnessey, the hackman," whose "smile that won't wear off" greets us as we step down from the Pullman. Then, and not till then, do we consider our vacation as surely begun. There is something about "Pat's" smile and greeting that suggests the restful possibilities of the future. It contains whole volumns of geniality, hospitality and welcome. Mr. Shaughnessey is the model hackman, into whose hands one resigns all cares of baggage, custom house officers and such evils with a sigh of contentment, feeling that everything will be satisfactorily adjusted, without further worry on our part. Like all of his calling, he possesses a will of his own and is not to be turned from his purpose by mere argument after he has decided on the proper course to pursue. On first meeting this genial jehu, we thought it necessary to conduct our own affairs and the following conversation took place:—

"Now, Mr. Shaughnessey, you may take over our baggage and we will dine at the 'American' on this side."

"Oh, no! you'se will do nothing of the kind. You'se will get right in an' dine at the 'Windsor' on the other side."

"Oh! but I hear the 'American' is a better house."

"'Tis not a better house and ye will dine at the 'Windsor'."

"Yes, but we are to remain here some time and we wish to look about a bit."

"I'll fix ye so ye can look about. Ye'll come with me now and dine at the 'Windsor'. Then I'll have a horse for ye's."

"Oh! but we want to ride on the trolley."

"Ye don't want no trolley—ye will dine at the 'Windsor' and I will find a horse."

Consequently, in spite of ourselves, we dine at the "Windsor," and a very good dinner we have, after which we take half an hour's ride about town, at the expense of our "boss," in a light-stable team, loo'ing into the salmon pool, where during the season many fine fish are taken with a fly, and brought up at the shed, which answers for a station for the Shore Line, or New Brunswick Southern R. R., preparatory to taking the train for Bonny River. You find all your luggage there before you, while the smiling countenance of Shaughnessey bids you "God-speed" as the train wheezes painfully away.

If you have never taken a trip over this railroad you have an experience before you. The train is composed of a baggage car, smoker, two flats and a passenger car, all in the last stages of delapidation. You wonder if they will cling together to the end of the trip. The ancient apology for an engine (many better ones have long ago been sent to the scrap heap in our own country) starts up with a deep, chesty cough, as though protesting against the cruelty of being still obliged to work at its advanced age. Every steam joint leaking, it rattles along over the road, its old-fashioned smoke stack swaying back and forth, while it belches forth columns of dense smoke from burning Nova Scotia coal. Built before the days of spark arrestors, it is responsible for many of the very serious fires that occurred last June, and this, in

spite of a stringent law, which, if enforced, would have saved thousands of dollars' worth of property. Thousands of acres of timber land were burnt over and hundreds of homes consumed in these fires, whose origin was directly traceable to this wreck of better days. The cars are in the same condition, care being necessary lest you step through holes in the floor to the road-bed below. In fact, the whole train is a relic of the past, and if you take a look off the rear platform, when the train is at rest, you observe you have been running along on two streaks of rust. Don't try to look back while the train is in motion. You are in danger of being thrown through a window or slammed into a corner, and thereby breaking every bone in your body, as the cars sway from side to side. This is too hazardous, even for the genial employees, of which, strange to say, there are several. They make up for the generally delapidated condition of their train in the cordiality of their greeting. The stout engineer's fat face fairly beams with pleasure as he grasps your hand and perhaps invites you to ride on the engine with him, which you warily decline as you notice the valves tied up with strings and water dripping from innumerable places. The baggage-master greets you with a handshake that repays you for coming miles to receive, while the conductor, bless him, instills courage into your timid heart like a sea-captain in a storm, and you find yourself thinking, "Well, if he can risk it, I can."

We are off—up and down grades we go. The train does not seem to mind it much, excepting from the squeaking and shrieking of its wheels and the labored breathing and wheezing of the engine, while, for your life, you cannot tell whether you are on or off the rails. In fact, you would be ready to wager you were off. As a matter of fact, very often it runs off the track and after bumping along on the sleepers for a while jumps on again of its own accord, while occasionally either the engine or the flats wander off

into the swamp, through which the road is built, for a considerable portion of the way. Down over a desolate, sparsely settled country, we noisily tumble along through which the road is built up through what was once beautiful forests of fir, now blackened and denuded of their foliage by forest fires, alongside babbling brooks at whose laughing waterfalls and shady pools you wish you were casting a fly instead of a glance. Skirting the shores of Lake Digdyguash, whose waters are noted as the home of monster trout, and whose deep blue surface is ever crowned with white-capped waves, we curve around a boulder here and a stump there, winding our sinuous, snake-like way. With a shriek which nearly exhausts the little steam remaining in the engine boiler, we stop at what was once the village of Bonny River. But Bonny River, the peaceful, sleepy little village, overlooking the lovely valley of the Magguadaviac had disappeared and upon its site remained but a few charred timbers and crumbling rocks. In the early part of June, when the earth was dry as a tinder-box, one of the railroad fires, sweeping over and around the mountain, encircled and enveloped this village in its terrible embrace. In less than half an hour the entire village had been destroyed, and its inhabitants, who one short hour before counted themselves well-to-do with worldly wealth, now found themselves penniless and actually shirtless, as the clothes had been burnt off their bodies. Luckily, no lives were lost, as the fire occurring in the middle of the day, they saved each other's lives by gathering around the spring-brook and dashing water over each other, until the terrible heat had abated from lack of fuel. Thus, the very agent to which was accredited the birth and growth of this village, was the direct cause of its destruction. Only a single structure was being erected—the hotel, which was then in an advanced stage of completion and gave promise of being a larger and better one than the one destroyed, but the charm of

the spot had vanished forever. Its quaint cottages on the hillside overlooking for miles this beautiful valley were but a memory, and all that remained of a forest of fir trees, symmetrical in their beauty, were the blackened sentinels guarding the ruins below.

Upon ascertaining that the fire had miraculously spared the camps at McDougal Lake, we "hesitated not in the order of our going, but went" as quickly as possible out of that stricken community and arrived at the camps, some thirteen miles distant, in the early evening, where we settled down, preparing to spend a couple of months of keen enjoyment.

Should I recount the many incidents of our camp-life, the splendid results of our fishing excursions, and many incidents which are but stories in themselves, I would have no space in which to relate those main events which I desire to record.

We were fortunate in obtaining the services of Wilson Reynolds, the veteran bear hunter and guide of Bonny River, who had trapped as many as thirty-five bears in one season, and who was familiar with every foot of the country for miles around. Knowing that it would be useless to hunt for bear until the blueberries were ripe, as they would be scattered all over the country, we paid no attention to them, but amused ourselves elsewhere. It had been an extremely cold August and the berries had developed but slowly and did not begin to ripen before the middle of the month. Owing to the great fires the berry plains had been nearly all burnt over, leaving but a few acres here and there unscathed. On many of these the late frost had killed the blossoms; hence, the prospect of meeting our friend of the previous season seemed very remote, so much so, as to thoroughly discourage us. We had nearly forgotten the main purpose for which we came, when one day we prepared to again make a trip to Cold Brook after trout, over the same rout where we had experienced our adventure of last year.

It was on the 27th of the month and so near the open season that we felt justified in shooting a small deer for food, should one cross our path. We were fifteen miles from the settlement and meat was scarce and not easily obtained. Hence, in preparing for this trip the 30-Winchester was included with ten cartridges, a light, included with ten cartridges, a light double-barreled shot-gun with several cartridges of No. 8 shot, with which to pick up a duck or two, and our rods and lunch.

My friend, Kenneth, was absent this year and his place in the canoe was taken by Clarence, who was making his initial visit to the woods, having never cast a fly or pointed a rifle at game. Clarence was all right, though, with a paddle and later made up for his lack of experience by dogged persistency and good luck.

Everything being in readiness, we paddled off down the lake, starting early in order to stop some two miles down and visit a small lake in the woods, which Wilson, the guide, said was usually swarming with duck, and roast duck appealed to our appetites. Just as we were preparing to land, three great, splendid bucks stepped down from the bushes to the water, presumably to drink, but postponed it upon seeing us, as they withdrew with a snort. Landing and making our way through the woods over a Horseback, we came out into a forest encircled clearing, in the centre of which was a miniature lake, said to be the favorite feeding ground for ducks. But it proved to be a wild rumor, merely, as not a single duck was to be seen. So entrancingly beautiful was the spot that we stood in single file, as we had stepped forth from the woods, feasting our eyes and souls upon the scene. A tug at my sleeve by Wilson caused me to glance around quickly, when an addition to the natural beauties of the spot presented itself in the shape of two splendid young fawns of about eight months old, who were standing only fifteen yards away on the edge of the clearing, one with its neck crossed over the other, and both

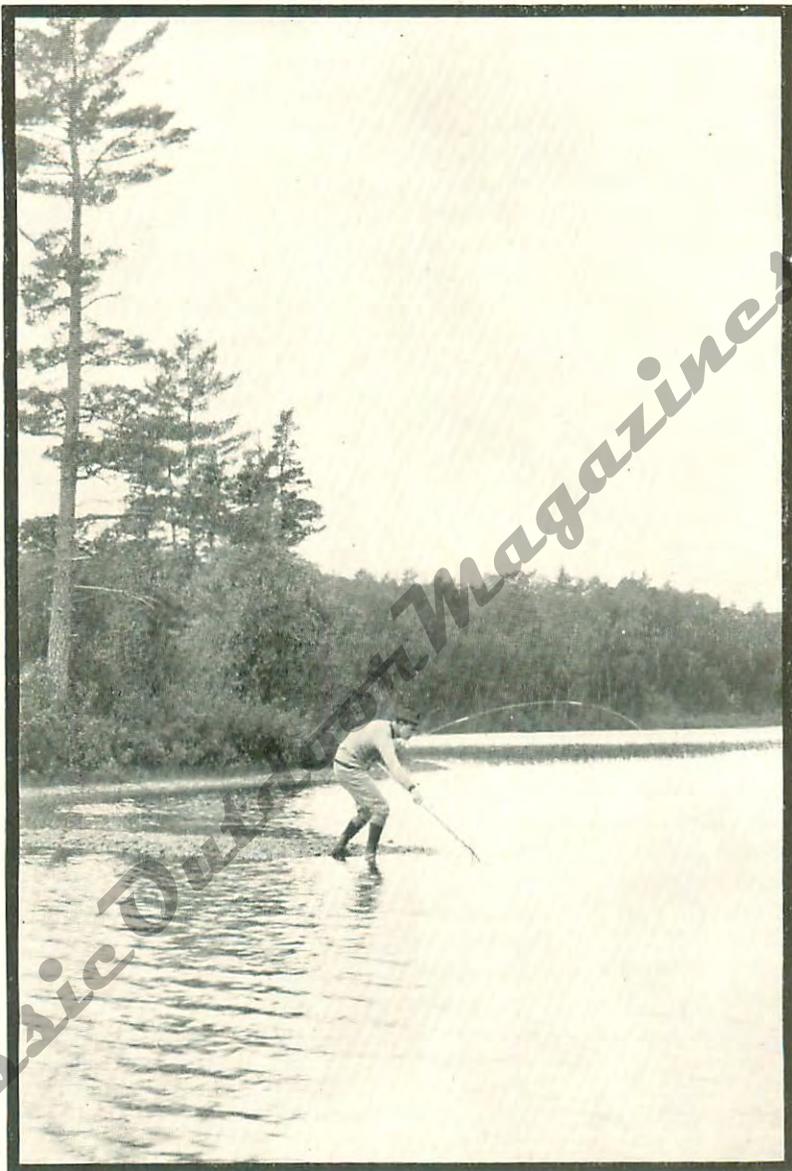


Photo by F. H. CLOVES.

"VICTORY IN SIGHT."

standing, spellbound, watching our every movement. Upon seeing that they were observed, they started for the woods, which made me think of our empty larder, and I hastily exchanged the shot-gun with Wilson for the rifle, and fired four bullets after them. I was glad to observe afterwards that I did not touch either of them.

Retracing our steps to our canoe, we started again for Cold Brook and soon we were near the spot where I had engaged to again meet Mr. Bear. We paddled to the shore at the foot of the lake, and making our way over the blueberry bushes to the top of the first Horseback, looked over the surrounding plain. "There's your bear!" says Wilson, and over beyond a swampy meadow, through which ran a small brook, on the side of the hill, was indeed his bearship. Clarence unbuckled the field glasses that were swung over his shoulder, and took a good look at him. Glancing below him, half way down the hillside I saw something moving and could make out three more, making four bears in sight. When examined by means of the glasses they proved to be an old male bear, about six years old and as large in proportion; a female of about four years of age and her two nine-months-old cubs—a combination hard to beat, as they say in poker. The wind was favorable to us, coming from their direction, and they came unsuspectingly onward, directly towards us, gathering berries as they advanced. I here noticed the difference between stalking and being stalked by bears—the latter was much more pleasant and less laborious. When it was evident that they were coming within rifle shot of us Wilson said, "Well! here's your bear; now what are you going to do with him?" "I don't know," I replied. "I had a date with one bear, not four, and I have only six bullets." Crouching behind a bunch of bushes, we held a council of war, and hastily made our plans, as follows: After they had crossed the brook and had arrived at the top of the Horseback and were concealed by the scattering bushes

on its summit, I was to creep as near the old she-bear as possible in order to get a sure shot. If I dropped her with one bullet I was to then turn my attention to the male and get him, when we were to gather in the cubs later. Clarence was to back me up with the shot-gun, so if I only wounded either of them and they charged upon us he was to put their eyes out with bird shot. A good plan, well and calmly mapped out, considering that the family were within rifle shot and rapidly nearing.

Onward they unsuspectingly came, the cubs wrestling and tumbling over each other in play and the parents busily gathering the fruit. Over the brook, stopping to drink as they crossed and up the side of the hill about two hundred yards away, they came, until hidden by a slight rise in the hilltop. Then it was my turn to appear on the scene. Crouching in a bent position, closely followed by Clarence, I moved towards them. Taking advantage of small clusters of birch brush growing around some old stumps and affording excellent cover, I drew nearer until I was within one hundred yards of the old vixen. Fifty yards beyond was the old man, while the children were within fifty yards of me, playing with a dry pine root. First one had it, then the other, with the usual foot-ball gymnastics. It was a beautiful sight to see them rolling and tumbling over each other and if they had been members of any animal family excepting that of bears we would have permitted them to go. Waiting until the female presented her left shoulder to view I stood up and aimed at her over the top of the bunch of bushes and placed a bullet directly behind it. I heard the impact of the bullet as it struck her and she gave an angry bawl and turned around to see where the shot came from. This gave me a chance at her right shoulder, as by that time I had thrown in another bullet. I fired again, and again heard the bullet strike. Seriously wounded and furious with rage, she dashed in the direction she supposed the

sound to come from, but it was the wrong direction and she had not taken more than three bounds before I caught her in the stern with the third bullet. This proved too powerful and she turned a complete summersault and fell to rise no more. But though she could not rise to her feet she could still keep up that furious bawling, a cry of alarm mingled with one of pain and hate. Meanwhile, at the first crack of the rifle, the valorous old man took himself off over the hills to the swamp as fast as possible, which was by no means a slow gait, and the cubs rushed helter-skelter about, one of them nearly running between Clarence's legs. Upon finding I had finished the old lady, and bruin being missing, I started after the cubs. The remaining three bullets were sent vainly after them as we chased them back over the ground they had just covered, until thoroughly exhausted and breathing like race-horses from our run, we saw them disappear in the woods. Clarence, in his excitement, had forgotten he had a gun loaded with bird shot for bear until they had made their escape. We returned to the hilltop, where we gazed with elatement upon the body of our first bear, and prepared to remove it to the canoe. Not having brought hunting knives, we were obliged to carry it to the camp, and having no rope we made use of our leather belts instead. Finding a dry pine tree trunk, we strapped the bear to it and two of us lifting one end at a time shouldered it and by making frequent stops carried it to the canoe, one-half a mile away. All thoughts of fishing were driven out of our heads and we paddled home, thoroughly content with the day's sport, arriving just in time to meet the supply train from the village. Bundling the bear into the wagon we started it on its way to McAddam, the taxidermist, at St. Stephens, who would change it into a floor mat to adorn my den.

The next day, owing to "that tired feeling" superinduced by our strenuous efforts in bringing out the bear, we concluded we would not go near the blueberry plain, but

let it rest for the day, in order that any other bears, lurking about and startled at our fusilade of the previous day, would have recovered from their fright and returned to the feeding ground. So we resolved to gather together the necessary paraphernalia for a picnic in the woods and, accompanied by the ladies at camp, walked towards the settlements a couple of miles to an old, deserted farm, and there spend the day. So packing a liberal lunch, and taking a frying pan, coffee pot, our fishing rods for trout, and the 22-rifle for porcupines, we started out. Arriving in good season, we prepared a place for our camp in a sheltered, shady spot, and putting together our rods, started towards the meadow, through which flowed a brook fairly alive with trout. Passing through a small grove of young growth we stepped out upon a hilltop, overlooking the meadow. The hay-makers had been there recently and the result of their labor was before us in the shape of several stacks of new-made hay. As we paused a moment to enjoy the beauty of the scene before us and glanced across the valley of the meadow to the hillside opposite, we were spellbound to see three bears, an old lady and her two cubs, engaged in blueberrying as usual. To say that we were surprised would not express it. Again the wind was in our favor, and we drew back within the shelter of the woods, while one of us hastily returned and brought up the ladies. Then creeping behind the haystacks we sat down and considered the proposition. We surely could not picnic in the same field with three bears. Neither did any of us care to try and "shoo" them away with a 22-calibre rifle. So Clarence volunteered to return to camp and get the two larger rifles, when if they would but await his return we would "pot the bunch." We camped down behind the haystacks and awaited his return, meanwhile keeping our eyes constantly fixed upon our neighbors. As none of the ladies had ever seen a live bear in the field before, the scene before us was a novel one and especially

attractive when viewed through our field glasses, which, as Wilson says, "fetches the bear up so near he frightens yer." An hour slipped by, while we patiently waited. The old lady became suspicious of our locality and started over the hill to the woods, where, after stopping a while on the edge of the forest and looking about, the cubs climbing trees meanwhile, she evidently dispelled her fears, for she came, leading them back again, and this time accompanied by the head of the family, a great black fellow of nearly twice her size. Again they set to work for another half hour, when Clarence returned with the rifles, much to our satisfaction. With such neighbors in sight a 30.30-Winchester is especially welcome. The ladies retiring to the clearing, as they did not desire to witness the slaughter of the innocents, we prepared to creep up to them for a shot. Unfortunately, just at this time the wind, which had continued favorable, now changed, caused by the passing of a black thunder cloud, and blew di-

rectly from us to them. Instantly, the old lady was upon her feet, standing erect as a human being, and as immovable as a statue, while she strove to detect by sight the enemy her nose informed her was near. Five minutes of close scrutiny, while we stood, almost breathless, was sufficient to convince her, and with a loud "woof" she started over the hill followed by her three companions and disappeared in the forest. It is needless to say we had no picnic. The ladies hurriedly returned to camp while we scouted the plain and barren in hopes of again meeting them, meanwhile getting thoroughly wet from the shower which was the direct cause of our discomfiture. At last we gave up the hunt for the day and returned to camp, convinced that of bears there were plenty, but that they could not be approached and shot down like cows in a pasture. We resolved that we would go again next day to the foot of the lake and look over the scene of our former adventure.

"DAVIDEL."





Springfield, Vt., Feb. 17, 1904.

Editor *National Sportsman*:

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for only a few months and already like it better than any magazine of its kind I have yet seen.

I am very much interested in anything concerning rifles and read the different opinions of the different sportsmen with much interest. I see that most everyone prefers the regular sporting rifle with its twenty-six inch barrel to the carbine.

Last spring I purchased a Winchester carbine, 32 W. S., with half magazine. I intended to go deer-hunting, but could not, and have not used it on anything larger than foxes as yet. I have two different loads besides the high-pressure cartridge. I use the 175 gr. lead bullet, 1 to 10, with about 15 grs. of I. & K. smokeless powder, which is equivalent to the regular 32-40.

Another one which is the ideal load for squirrels and such small game is the 80 gr. sharp-pointed bullet, 1 to 10, with 4 or 5 grs. of the same kind of powder.

This gives three different loads that can be used in the same gun, and with these anything from squirrels to the largest game can be killed.

I think that if anyone who is situated in the same kind of country as I am and who wants an all-around gun should purchase a Winchester carbine in the 32 W. S. calibre will not regret it. The carbine is light and strong, and can be carried on snowshoes and in the woods much easier than a heavier, longer barrel gun.

Has anyone ever used "babbit metal" to harden bullets instead of solder?

R. B. C.

Editor *National Sportsman*:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for my 1904 subscription to the *NATIONAL SPORTSMAN*, beginning with March number.

I enjoy reading the *SPORTSMAN* first class, and particularly the different articles on "The Right Calibre for Big Game"; and as I am selling rifles and sporting goods, am very anxious to hear what any good sportsman has to say about any calibre.

Perhaps I may give, in short, an idea of what I think about calibres. The first rifle I owned was a 38 Winchester, which was a good gun, but not a strong enough shooter

for all purposes. My next was a 40-82 Winchester, which would do good work if I could guess good enough on the elevation for a long-distance shot, but it would not kill a deer any more than any of the others if I did not manage to hit my game in a vital spot. My next rifle was a 303 Savage, which I liked very much to shoot with, but the fault was it was very awkward to carry on account of the size at the centre of the forehand or the place where you would grasp it to balance in one hand, and even when on my shoulder the muzzle end was too light or the butt end too heavy to balance good for carrying.

My next was a 38-55 Winchester, which I consider was a very good all-around gun, and one I used with good success a good many seasons; but with this rifle I once shot a young buck through and through six times before killing him, which gave me a good deal of hunting after I had first wounded him.

My next rifle was a 38-55 Morlin, which I did not like for the reason that I shoot from my left shoulder, and in working the lever with my left hand and holding the rifle with my right hand the empty shell would (coming out from the side of the breech) strike the right hand and fly back into the chamber. In short, I could not use it shooting from my left shoulder.

Well, my next was a 30-30 Winchester, which I have now and which I like first rate; it is extra light weight and take down, which makes it a nice gun to carry either hunting or travelling. Then I have the Lyman rear sight and an ivory bead front sight, which I consider are all right; and the three deer I shot and brought home home this last season, it just took one shot each to bring them down. But I must say, also, that I shot and hit some that I did not get, which goes to show that any gun will fail to kill if it does not send a bullet to a vital place, and I think in conclusion that that gun is not made that will kill a deer or bear by shooting them through the heart, stomach, or intestines.

I may give you a short sketch of our trip to the U. P., later, which I enjoyed very much.

Yours very truly,

J. H. M.,
East Jordan, Mich.

Editor National Sportsman:

The magazines have all arrived, together with the pictures, for which accept our hearty thanks. All are exceedingly fine. Herewith \$1.00 for another yearly subscription to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. Will continue to be a representative for the SPORTSMAN and send names as fast as I can get them. The following details regarding the reloading of the various rifle shells for the benefit of brother sportsmen are the result of actual experience:

First, after firing, extract the primer as soon as possible and place shells in a basin of water, hot, if at hand. Clean these shells thoroughly and dry inside. The inside of the shells should be as clean as when new; corrosion cannot then take place. After inserting primer, for 32-20, put in 20 grains Dupont F. F. G. or Kentucky Hazard F. F. G. powder and a 115 grain bullet. Seat well with the reloading tool, and for lubricant use pure beef tallow, with a little cylinder oil mixed with it. While this way is cheaper, my 18 years' experience has taught me that no one can reload shells as well or as accurately as factory shells are. I use a Winchester reloading outfit and consider them as near perfection as can be obtained; and as for a rifle, the Remington 32-40 single shot is as fine a one as can be wished for. It has one turn in 20 inches, which is sufficient for woodchucks at all decent ranges. It is also good for deer. I have shot the Winchester 1873 model, 32-40, for years and it is reliable for all shooting up to deer. For large game I advise using a 32-40 Marlin, model 1893, 26 barrel, with high-pressure, soft-point, metal-cased bullets. These bullets mushroom finely and do not fly to pieces on impact, as some high-pressure bullets do. The 32-40 has been tried by me with the 303 Savage, and I prefer the 32-40 for penetration and mushrooming qualities. The Savage is a fine rifle, but give me the Marlin. The truest Marlin has one turn in sixteen inches of barrel, and lead bullets can be used with forty grains of Dupont, which is good for any distance; but the 30-30 or 303 are too quick in the twist to shoot lead bullets. For long range shooting, the 32-40 with 165 grain lead bullet and black powder will penetrate from 12 to 14 inches of pine at fifty yards or more. I do not advise one to reload smokeless powder shells, especially high pressure, unless one is looking for a place in the graveyard. The low pressure smokeless can be reloaded if care is used, and even then some I have tried were too quick for lead bullets, which strip and leave the rifle barrel badly leaded. More could be said on reloading than space permits, but it is not good practise at best; and if one seeks for accuracy, etc., get factory loaded shells and cartridges, and you will get better results and more game. L. J. H.,

SUBSCRIBER, New Bethlehem, Pa.

Editor National Sportsman:

I am well pleased with the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, and one feature I like is that

whereby you open your columns to your subscribers for descriptions of their hunting and fishing trips. While these generally do not possess the literary merit of professional writers, they are more apt to be accurate, and are quite interesting to people who are in the habit of taking such trips themselves.

E. H. F.,

Lockport, N. Y.

Editor National Sportsman:

Received your first copy of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN a few days ago and am well pleased with it, as it is worth twice the amount to me. The stories are very interesting. I have been an ardent sportsman with the gun ever since I was able to carry one. From reading of the fine sport in Maine, New Hampshire and New York, think that it must be grand, but the sport in California suits me. One can find most any kind of game in this state—lions, bears, deer and wild cats, all of very large size. You can go out most any day to the "marsh" and get the limit of ducks, if you so desire. We have canvas-back, mallard, sprig, ballies and other small varieties. English jack-snipe afford the sportsman much sport, and plover, curlew, rail, quail and grouse also can be had.

I am working for one of the Holt Cabinet which you offer for a premium.

C. F. H.,

Wheatland, Cal.

Editor National Sportsman:

I would like to have you publish the fact that my brother recently challenged any rifle shooter in Ohio to shoot for the championship of the state and he received no answers, and now he wishes to challenge any rifleman to shoot a match for \$100, \$200, and any amount a side, ten shots at 100 yards with open sight and with rest. I will put on deposit in the People's Bank, McComb, the money, so to show that we are making this statement in good faith.

CHAS. MOGLE,

McComb, Ohio.

Editor National Sportsman:

I received the pictures which you sent me and they are fine. The fishing line which came for an extra premium was all right. Please send me a few sample copies to distribute among my friends that are interested in hunting and fishing. I had no desire to subscribe to a sportsman's magazine until I saw the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, and then I couldn't resist. "The proof of the pudding is the eating," so is the proof of your valuable magazine shown by reading it. The pudding may give you dyspepsia afterward, but the SPORTSMAN doesn't. It just makes you feel like more. It is clean, sportsman-like from the first page to the last.

E. S. B.,

Froelich, Iowa.

Editor National Sportsman:

I want to speak a good word for the 25 Stevens, rim fire, rifle cartridge. I have used all sizes of cartridges, from 32-40 down, and for an all around cartridge for all game smaller than deer, I believe there is nothing made that will compare with this little, spiteful, accurate and hard shooting cartridge.

I love to hunt with a rifle, and find that there is a pleasure in bagging my game with a well directed shot with a rifle that one does not experience when using a shotgun.

I have been watching for a chance to purchase a repeating rifle that would handle this cartridge for the last ten years and cannot understand why one has not been put on the market. The 22 rim fire rifles on the market are all right for game smaller than woodchuck, up to 40 or 50 yards, but who wants to take a rifle out hunting or fishing that is useless if he sees a woodchuck or fox 12 to 20 rods away?

I am one of the many sportsmen that have not the time to reload cartridges and cannot afford to buy centre-fire cartridges to shoot for fun and practice, and I believe if a repeating rifle was made for the 25 rim fire rifle cartridge that there would be more call for this than for any other caliber taking a less powerful cartridge than a 30-30 or 32-40.

I wish all those that favor this cartridge would speak a word in praise of it through the columns of their favorite paper and by so doing show the rifle manufacturers that it is popular enough to warrant them in putting a repeating rifle on the market that will handle it.

SUBSCRIBER,
Gardner, Mass.

Editor National Sportsman:

Enclosed find list of names, from which I am sure you will receive some subscriptions later, as I intend to get up a club for you. I think you put out the best magazine there is, and I now buy it at the newsstand, but intend to subscribe for it regularly when I get settled down. Your style is far in advance of a magazine called _____.

I am not a game hog at all, and don't expect to be one, but I like a good bag of game and a good string of fish. I heartily despise a game or fish "killer," but I can't see the sense of roasting and numbering men and women who perhaps do not know any better. Your paper will lead them to the truth far better than can be done by driving them by such "feeble" attempts at ridicule and by an "amazing" assumption of authority. I for one do all I can to protect the game, especially the birds, and say let the little folks live; but, on the other hand, when I go shooting or fishing I do hate to see it written up as slaughter or worse when I try to keep within the limits of gentlemanly sport.

J. S. K.,
Hennessey, O. T.

Editor National Sportsman:

Your monthly gets better every issue; your cover designs have been fine. Our own country is large enough, and your readers are not burdened with long extensive arti-

cles of a much touted expedition down some foreign river, nor do you fill valuable space and weary the true sportsman with "game hog" roasts that make a magazine smell "porky." Intelligent readers take your monthly on its merits worthy of confidence.

Rabbits and birds are wintering well here, though the mercury has registered forty below. Next season, if you desire to enjoy some good partridge hunting and some hot work after the game white rabbit, let me know. The manse will be open to you and the cost will be 000,000. "THE PROF,"

Blossburg, Pa.

Editor National Sportsman:

Would like to hear from more of your readers about small calibre rifles, instead of so much about the high powdered ones. I live in a part of the country where the 22 cal. is used more than any other. I have tried a number of different makes and now am using a 22-7-45 Winchester repeater, model 1890, which I think is the best I have tried. Let us hear more about the little gun.

E. A. V.,
Watertown, N. Y.

Editor National Sportsman:

I was out with a party this past fall on a moose hunt and we were very successful, as we got three fine moose. We were in the woods seventeen days. Leaving Shelburne Sept. 12, we arrived at the camp on the 14th, and on the next morning got our first moose. There have been about one hundred moose killed here the past season, and we think this is the best country for big game there is anywhere. Trout fishing is as good as any fisherman would care for. Be sure to have a 45-70 Winchester, if you come up this way for big game.

W. H. McK.,
Shelburne, N. S.

Editor National Sportsman:

I wish to have a few words in the rifle controversy, being a user of the 32 Special Winchester. I will corroborate Mr. Hatch's statement that it is one of the best all-round rifles on the market of today. It is more than sufficiently powerful to stop any game there is at the present time, and I think it is criminal to take these very large calibres, such as the new 35 and 40, into the woods where there are so many human beings in danger of being shot by stray balls. It will be well worth the time of the older hunters to try and discourage the use of these arms and point out to the novice that the secret of getting one's quota of game lies not in the power of the cartridge but in the placing of the bullet.

J. A. McELWAIN,
Cohoes, N. Y.

Editor National Sportsman:

The winter has been severe and I am afraid that the ruffed grouse have suffered severely. I have heard that they came into the barnyards, and one case is cited where six appeared in the streets of Pittsfield, Mass., in quest of food, two being killed by dogs.

J. C.,
Great Barrington, Mass.

Editor National Sportsman:

On page 474 in the February issue, M. E. D. of Orrock, Minn., says that the 44-40 is all right, and also wishes to know "what is the use of taking a cannon into the woods?"

In reply I will say that when a man takes a "popgun" (44) into the woods he usually gets about one deer in ten, the other nine going away crippled, to die a lingering death far from the reach of the hunter.

I personally know of a hunter who shot a black bear eleven times with a 44-40 repeater, seven shots being in vital places, and yet the bear got away and was found dead by some boys nearly a mile from where he was shot.

As M. E. D. says, the bass, both black and gray, put up a pretty stiff fight. I think it is the champion scrapper of Minnesota. By gray bass, I mean the regular small mouth. I agree with D. W. R., Freeport, that the Remington rifles are all right. I use a Savage, but have owned four guns of Remington make.

J. R. S.,
Park Rapids, Minn.

Editor National Sportsman:

I have been a subscriber of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN for sometime, and I am very much pleased with it. I am and have been a subscriber to various other sporting periodicals and I must say that I like the NATIONAL better than all of them, and it seems to be improving all the time. "Keep up the good work."

Just at present I would like a little information through the letter box.

I have always been under the impression that the black bear hibernated in winter, or, as we boys used to put it, "den up," and did not come out until the winter had broken, but seeing several accounts in the papers of this section of the depredation of bears in Pennsylvania, one of which I enclosed, I thought possibly that my early education along this line had been all wrong, or that Pennsylvania bears were different in habits from those in New England where I grew up, as we boys of Vermont were always taught that the bear and woodchuck took to their dens on the approach of cold and stayed there until winter had broken.

I would like to hear from the readers, especially those from Pennsylvania, to ascertain if these reports of bears skirmishing around in the dead of winter are true.

Yours truly,

H. L. SHAW,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor National Sportsman:

There is a keen interest shown in this section in rifle shooting, and among our local residents we have some crack shots who have made noteworthy performances on the range, and also at our annual "chicken shoot."

One of the best all-round shots in this section with rifle, pistol and revolver is W. H. Hatch. He easily won first place by a big

margin at our last chicken shoot. At moving targets and fancy shooting with a 22 calibre rifle and a Smith & Wesson revolver, he is in a class by himself, and is a "professional" in this line. He easily breaks glass balls with a 22 calibre rifle as fast as a crown in the air; also hits cork stoppers and empty shells thrown by an assistant.

Mr. Hatch performs the difficult feat of throwing a lead pencil in the air himself, and cutting it in two with a 22 calibre bullet. The writer has seen him cut five out of ten thrown in succession. He cuts a name card in two edgewise at 30 feet; lights a parlor match by grazing the brimstone with the bullet, and other remarkable shots too numerous to mention.

He makes a shot with a Smith & Wesson single shot pistol that is very pleasing to the onlooker, that of breaking a glass ball filled with colored paper swung on the end of a four foot string in a circle by an assistant.

He also has a wheel with four glass balls on it, and when the wheel is revolving rapidly breaks the four balls in ten seconds with a revolver.

One of the most pleasing features of his exhibition is the playing of "Yankee Doodle" on a set of musical steels. He performs this feat in a marvelous short space of time with two Winchester repeating rifles, and it requires twenty-eight shots to play the piece, fourteen in each magazine.

Mr. Hatch gives exhibitions of his skill with small arms in different parts of the country, indoors and in the open air, and the above mentioned shots are only a few of the many he performs.

Most everybody in this section that is large enough to hold a gun owns a rifle, and our shoots are well attended.

We read with interest the rifle and revolver department of your magazine as well as the rest of it, and any man that's got a particle of sporting blood in him can't afford to be without it.

C. H. Badgley of Cornish, Me., started in a short time ago and easily got 35 or 40 subscriptions in this vicinity, and he is more than pleased with the handsome 32 Special Winchester he received as a premium.

Let the good work go on, and we wish good luck to the best sporting magazine published.

B. C. WEBB,
Fryeburg, Me.

Editor National Sportsman:

The combination rear and front sight for my Marlin rifle which you sent me for getting five subscriptions to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at hand, and it is all right. Many thanks for same. I have taken sportsmen's magazines for a number of years and beg to say that the one you publish is the best I ever read. It is clean, and should be in the hands of every lover of rod and gun. Am in hopes of sending you more subscriptions later on.

E. H. B.,
Sunapee, N. H.

Editor National Sportsman:

I have seen nothing recently in the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN from my native state, and so I thought a few lines, giving to the fraternity some idea of the game that roams about the mountains of West Virginia, would be appreciated. We have here plenty of deer, turkey, pheasant, quail, rabbits, squirrels, and quite a few bear. Coons in abundance and wild cats, and all of the above-mentioned animals and birds can be found within an hour's walk from the railroad station. Our deer hunting season commences Oct. 15th and closes Dec. 15th, giving us two months' hunting under our state law. But two deer can be killed by one person, and non-residents are required to pay \$25 for a season's license.

Good trout fishing and also bass fishing can be had in our streams. Quite a few deer were killed during the past season, and one of our local sportsmen succeeded in bagging two fine bears.

Should any of the NATIONAL SPORTSMEN readers desire to try a little hunting in this state it would give me much pleasure to give all and any information that I possess. I have read your magazine and consider it is one of the best. Am now getting up a club for same.

T. F. C.,

Hambleton, W. Va.

Editor National Sportsman:

My first day's hunt last November was down on the Meherin River, from my home about fifteen miles. After dinner we started out for turkey and soon came to a place where we found that they had been scratching in the dry leaves. My dog Caro soon hit their tracks, which led to a top of a very steep hill. Here the turkeys raised and went across the river; the river being too deep for fording and the nearest bridge a distance of two miles and a half down the stream, we had to give up our turkey hunt for the day and go after quail. Caro soon raised a flock of quail, and on the way home we got a few rabbits. As we neared home, another bevy was raised by my dog, who kicked them up and we emptied our barrels at them, scoring two birds. We now had enough for one day, so put for home, where we arrived shortly before dusk. Next morning came very cold with the wind at a high velocity, but we continued our ramble for turkey. While we could see signs constantly, we did not get our eyes on the much-sought-for birds, the weather being too cold and dry for the dogs to trail them. We returned home this day with a few squirrels, several rabbits and a nice bunch of quail.

The past season has been most unfavorable for quail shooting, as it has been very cold and dry, and the birds not anywhere near as plentiful as in past years, owing to the very wet season last year many of the young were killed.

The next time I went hunting I raised a turkey, but the bird was too smart for me, flying off before I could come anywhere near him. This day I reached home with

five quail, three woodcock and a squirrel in my game bag. I was out about four hours, and during this time I saw about seventy-five quail and twenty-five woodcock.

R. A. T.,
Fort Mitchell, Va.*Editor National Sportsman:*

It gives me great pleasure to write to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, and I drop you these few lines to get better acquainted with you.

I want the sportsmen of this city to see the good of your magazine and enjoy it as many others do. In my business we take all of the sporting magazines and papers, and I enjoy the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN far better than any of the others, for it has good clean stories and advertisements. If at any time I can be of any service to you or your subscribers, just call upon me. I have lived about San Francisco Bay all of my life and have hunted in all the marshes, so I know it to every stream.

As the season grows shorter you can see the late ducks coming in, and I tell you it is a pretty sight when taking a sail about the bay and seeing millions of blue bills sunning themselves on the water. Sometimes they are so thick that you almost imagine that you can get out of the boat and walk ashore on their backs. R. E. B.,

Oakland, Cal.

Editor National Sportsman:

This picture shows the result of a five days' hunt which four of us took in the Choctaw Indian Reservation the past season. We spent five days on the banks of the Clear Boggy, about forty miles northeast of Durant, and had a most enjoyable time.

We were fortunate to bag 56 mallards, 4 turkeys, 2 coons and a number of squirrels. We go every January, starting in a wagon, as the game is on the move constantly and one must be prepared to change camp. One will find the game at one place one day and on the next will have to move ten miles in order to see any. There is a great deal of difference in hunting deer in this region as compared with following a registered guide to the haunt of a bull moose, as the hunters do that visit Maine. A deer a season is extraordinary good hunting, for the animals are very scarce here. There ought to be a law passed preventing the killing of any deer for a term of years, two at least, and that would allow an increase sufficient to stand the hunting for about three years.

I would like to see something about the 32-40 Winchester rifle in the columns of the Letter Box.

C. N. E.,

Durant, I. T.

Editor National Sportsman:

I shall be pleased to do all I can to further the circulation of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN.

H. G. F.,

Waltham, Mass.

Editor National Sportsman:

Everybody pleased with your magazine—crispy, woody and fishy. P. E. FRANCIS, . . .
New York, N. Y.

Editor National Sportsman:

I have just received two copies of your fine sportsman's magazine, with which I am very much taken. I have been a subscriber to R—— and F—— for some time, but will discontinue and take your book, for I think it far superior to any I have as yet seen, as it contains valuable information to hunters, fine stories and common sense reading. As soon as I can see my friends and get their proper addresses I will try and induce them to subscribe. You can rest assured that you will hear from me again, giving you a list of subscribers, but it will take a little time to round them all up. I will close by wishing that your valuable book may reach the hands of every sportsman and lover of outdoor sport, as it is an ideal magazine for these people.

J. H. G.,
Ashtubula, Ohio.

Editor National Sportsman:

Through the kindness of some one I have received a copy of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN for December and I find it filled with very interesting matter. I have read it from cover to cover, advertisements and all, and am so well pleased with it that I herewith send you a list of people interested in sports. I am a crank on guns and shooting and have read F—— for the past fourteen years.

C. H. MARION,

Editor National Sportsman:

I have received my first copy of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN and am well pleased with it.

Last fall I purchased a shotgun and have been making weekly hunting trips ever since. One afternoon in the latter part of October, as I was passing a pond near my house, on my way to a trap shoot, I noticed a bird resting on the water about thirty yards from shore. It was formed like a duck, but far too small and slender for that. I watched it a moment, to make sure that it was not one of my neighbor's ducklings, then slipping a shell into the breech of my "Remington." I took careful aim and fired. My "number ones" tore up the surface of the water, but the bird had disappeared. I thought to myself: He could not have flown without my seeing him, so he must have dove. In a few seconds I saw him again about twenty feet from where he had gone down. I fired again and saw my shot strike directly on the spot where he had been. When he rose I fired for a third time with the same result, and when he rose the fourth time he was out of range, and I watched him paddle safely out into the middle of the pond. I came to the conclusion that the bird, hearing the report of the gun, dove before the shot could reach him, which you will agree is very quick work. I wondered if a rifle would be more effective and resolved to try it. Hastening home, I got down my "22 Stevens" and returned to the pond. This time I was careful not to let the bird see me. I "sneaked" along through the birches and finally got into a good po-

sition behind a fallen cedar. I pushed a "long rifle" into position and, taking careful aim, fired. This time I was successful. The bird leaned forward on the water, flapped his wings and lay still. I hailed a young boatman who was just pushing out from the other side of the pond, and on bringing the bird ashore, identified it as a "clipper duck." On my way around the pond I met an old negro, who had watched the whole proceeding. He laughed when I asked him why I could not kill the bird with the shotgun, and told me, as I supposed, that the duck hearing the report of the gun, dived safely before the shot could reach him; but the little rifle, making less noise, the slug reached the bird before the sound.

The bird had all the characteristics of a duck except the bill, which, instead of being flat and broad at the end, was pointed and shaped like an English sparrow's.

FLY ROD.

Editor National Sportsman:

Allow me through the columns of your valuable magazine to say a word for some of your advertisers. Five years ago I bought an Ithaca Grade 1 1-2 gun and commenced trap shooting. On the first day I broke 12 of 25, the second day 14 out of 25, third day 16 out of 25, and fourth day 19 out of 25. In December, 1903, I bought a No. 4 Grade Ithaca trap gun, and the first day I broke 96 per cent. and the second 92 per cent. of targets thrown from a Mitchell hand trap. I used Dupont 2 3-4 drams. With my old Ithaca 28 in B cylinder, first year with 45 Dupont, 1 1-4 oz., No. 9, and 10 shots, 42 pheasants; second year, 40; third year, 28, and last year 24 with a six months' puppy bought of Jas. E. Hair, Bridgeport, Conn., under the instructions of "Amateur Trainer."

I must say the Mitchell "Hand Trap" is of great help to me. I practised with it till I snapped blue rocks within 10 feet of trap; and as to doubles, I broke 31 out of 20 doubles. Last year I bought a 22 Stevens rifle; practised three months; my best score at flying targets, 8 out of 10 blue rocks, and a 50-cent piece 3 out of 10; but I find it injurious when I come to shoot the shotgun. And as to your magazine, I must say it is "clean cut" and well worth the price. I also take "Recreation," "Field and Stream."

S. S. DICE.

Editor National Sportsman:

Dear Sir. Of all the silly and stupid letters that I have ever seen in a sportsman's publication, that of O. B. A., Ottawa, Can., page 478 in Feb. 1904 No. of The Sportsman, takes "the whole bakery." I have fished, as a sportsman angler, from Northern Ontario to Jupiter Inlet, Fla., and from the St. Lawrence river west, purely for sport and not for count. I have always used a suitable rod, reel, line and hooks, having them as light as was consistent with the conditions. A large part of my fishing has been with bait for the reason that but few varieties of fish will take the artificial fly. Any man who has had experience in catching trout

and grayling in the north (as I have) with the fly, and then prefers to "plunk" (as they call it in northern Michigan) with bait for such fish, ought to go to Chicago, Ill., and get a job with Armour or Swift to kill hogs. Probably O. B. A. never caught a fish with an artificial fly in his life, and it is also probable that he knows about as much about fishing with the fly as a hog knows about ruffled shirts, and no more. His case is evidently one where ignorance and stupidity in connection with abnormal self-conceit is bliss unalloyed.

To successfully cast a bait, live or dead, for black bass and other game fish requires skill and is good sport for the angler. It is dollars to doughnuts that "O. B. A." is one of those pot fishermen who uses hooks that are much too large and lines stout enough to hold a steamboat, in connection with a rod of the dimensions of a hoe handle, and that he "just snakes them out" (i. e. the fish) by main strength and awkwardness, always trying to kill and destroy without rhyme or reason. We call it "nigger fishing" down here in Kentucky. To be a fairly good fly fisherman requires time, practice, study and patience. From the first season to the last one, the fly fisherman learns something about the art each year. His education is never completed. As one writer puts it, "The man who knows all about fly fishing is yet to be born." To have success with the fly one must know the habits of the fish angled for, and he must also be able to judge correctly the water he is fishing. Does it really require great brain power and concentration of mind for "O. B. A." to discover and dig angle worms? and to see "sich like beauties of nature" when he is pot fishing for bass with his tarpon "rig," and slaughtering great numbers of fish that he has no use for, that he may afterwards boast of how many he caught on a certain occasion? I have met this class of people all along the line for years, and always try to avoid them as I would a pestilence. For a definition of angler and fisherman see Thad Norris' American Anglers' Book, Ed. 1864, page 557. You are at liberty to publish above with my name and address in full if you wish, or dump it into the waste basket, as you may prefer.

Resp. yours, NORMAN FLETCHER.

Editor National Sportsman:

I have been buying your magazine for the past few months and am head over heels in love with it, so send list of brother sportsmen, ten of whom you can get to subscribe by sending them a sample copy.

I've lived over again the fishing trip which my wife and I took last fall, by reading of some others in your magazine. When your feet are toasting by the fire, you feel the thrill caused by the three-pound pickerel you caught when you read the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. And the thrill and tension is just as tense again as when you tracked that mink for three miles and then got 'im when you went after him the third time. "Molly Cottons," jacks, quail, mink and

muskrats are about all we have any chance at around here, except what ducks we get in the spring and fall. By going from ten to twenty-five miles we get to the river, small ponds, lakes and bayous, south and west of us.

Query:—Would you call a man a ——— that would go into a man's grove and shoot from 5 to 20 times at quail, kill all of them and then deny that he was there?

May your magazine grow better as it has in the past two years is the wish of

W. C. B. Wayne, Neb.

Editor National Sportsman:

I received the rubber blanket which you sent me as a premium and think that it is O. K., and will come in handy next season.

The Letter Box in your magazine is very interesting, but I don't see much about Adirondack hunting and fishing. Perhaps your readers do not know that we have any game here. I live inside the limits of the hunting ground and have hunted and trapped some for eighteen years. We have fox hunting and partridge shooting here as well as ducks and coons, which are quite plentiful. Deer hunting is as good as one could wish for. Last season I guided a friend on his first deer hunting trip; he had not even seen a deer before, and on the first day we saw two deer, but he did not get near enough to shoot. He asked me what those "things" were when he first saw the deer. The next morning, however, he got his deer, using a 38-40 '78 Winchester. I see in the Letter Box that riflemen differ as to the size of calibre, and I will say that it is not always the gun that makes the difference. I have never hunted the large game, deer being the biggest I have been after, but I have used 44-40, 45-70 and 45-90, and for the past five seasons have used a 38-40, which is the best deer gun of the lot. It is light, easy to carry and easy to handle. I kill my deer still hunting mostly. There are more deer killed at a distance of fifty yards and under than at longer distances, and while I want to try a 30-30 next season, think that these guns are meant for prairie and burnt land shooting.

The W. R. C. have made a new cartridge for the 38-40, '92 model, and I used them last season and found that they were all right.

Any one wishing information regarding Adirondack hunting can get it by writing to me, and I will cheerfully furnish it.

M. E. F. West Stockholm, N. Y.

Editor National Sportsman:

The Marble Ax reached me yesterday, and I wish to thank you for it. Its appearance would suggest that it is in reality what the manufacturers claim for it, "the handiest tool a sportsman ever carried."

I will get a number of more names to add to the one that remains to my credit. The gentlemen whose names I sent are all well pleased with the magazine and have thanked me for interesting them in such a fine publication.

J. A. H., Illinois.

INFORMATION AND GUIDES' DEPARTMENT.

Guides visiting Boston are cordially invited to make their headquarters at the office of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, 63 Kilby St., where supplies can be boxed and shipped to camp.

Editor National Sportsman:

I saw in the January issue that a man from New York was seeking for a place where there is good trout fishing. Now I am not a guide, but if this man is a trout fisherman and will write me I will tell him where he can get trout. It is not in the wilderness, but right here near Averill Park and vicinity, and the Rennensellar Rod and Gun Club are the cause of it, for they have stocked the streams for years and protected them. I would be pleased to hear from this man if he is a good fisherman. He can address me as follows:

P. J. STACK,
Averill Park, N. J.

Editor National Sportsman:

Will you please send me a list of a few camps in Maine that can take care of a party of from ten to fifteen in number. We make a trip to Maine each year about June first. We want a place where we can bury ourselves and also where there is good fishing. We have visited Kennebec for three seasons, and last year went to Grand Lake, stopping at Will Rose's camp. These places are fine, but we wish to change each season. We would like to have a place that can be reached the next forenoon after leaving Boston.

GEO. B. WRIGHT,
Concord, N. H.

We advise you to go to Henry Lane's camps, Carry Ponds, if you want to get some good fishing. See article in April issue in regard to these camps.

Editor National Sportsman:

Would like to get information about fishing and hunting in California in the neighborhood of Pasadena, and also the Catalina Island, together with laws governing same.

F. C. W.,
Alliance, Ohio.

Editor National Sportsman:

It is said that the sunfish and rock bass rise to the fly. If so, what would be the proper tackle? Will you kindly publish this in the Letter Box, so that some of your readers will answer.

LAWRENCE ST. JOHN,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Editor National Sportsman:

I am so well pleased with a copy of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN which I found at one of the newstands that I enclose a subscription for one year. Noticing an enquiry in regard to brook trout fishing in Maine, or New Brunswick, by G. H. E. of New York City, leads me to suggest that if he will address the writer he can learn of a locality where he can catch trout until he is tired.

C. D. B.,
Pittsfield, Mass.

Editor National Sportsman:

The best rod for salmon fishing on the Quoddy River is a fourteen and one-half or fifteen foot English salmon rod. A reel holding from 50 to 100 yards of strong line, with leaders of extra heavy single tested gut for lake fishing and double gut for running water. All flies should have gut helpers. The best flies are the Jack Scott, Silver Doctor and Disty Miller, that is for the running water; and for pools, Blockhouse, White Admiral and Greene Drake are among the best. These flies are also favorites with sea trout. For trout fishing it is well to have strong tackle, as quite a number of salmon or grilse are taken when fishing for sea trout, and as the lake is only two miles from the ocean, the fish are very gamey and strong.

HENRY O'LEARY,
West Quoddy, N. S.

Editor National Sportsman:—

I will be under obligations if you will kindly let me know what time of the year is the proper season to secure the best tarpon fishing in the Gulf of Mexico along the Texas coast and also what place or places on that coast are most convenient for good fishing.

WILL A. ROTHWELL
Moberly, Mississippi.

Answer.—The best tarpon fishing is in the Panuco River at Tampico on the coast of Mexico. It would be necessary for the sportsman to take with him a complete equipment. The accommodations and facilities at Tampico are as good as those available at any point on the coast of Texas or Mexico.

The best fishing is during the months of December to April.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Would like to have some reader favor me with a little information in reference to the best brooks in and around Bloomingsburg and Maunaakating, Sullivan County, N. Y., as we are planning a trip to these regions.

Please state the distance from the towns above mentioned and oblige

LEONARD ALBERT, N. Y.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Would like some reader to advise me as to the best paint or preparation to put on a boat to prevent barnacles from growing on same.

Editor National Sportsman:—

Would like to know what kind of game and fishing can be found in Northern Minnesota, along the Big Fork river. Also the best way to get to the place from Cincinnati.

ARMSTRONG BISHOP,
Cynthiana, Kentucky.



The fact that a fish will live and do well in utter loneliness, so far as the presence of any individuals of its own species is concerned, has been proved in Long Lake, Price County, Wis. That is a deep and beautiful body of water, spring-fed, and having no connection with any other body of water connected with the Mississippi, and therefore it has no muskellunge in it by processes of nature. It does not differ in character from neighboring lakes, but these have some sort of outlet into the Mississippi and are muskellunge stocked.

Seven years ago Hugh Boyd, when fishing in Round lake, half a mile from Long lake, caught a slender young muskellunge weighing not more than a pound. He brought it across the portage between the lakes and dumped it into Long lake. It was in prime condition and disappeared like a flash.

From that day no man saw or heard of this muskellunge. There are many anglers on Long lake each summer, since it is populous with bass. They cast and cast through all of the good months, using spoons, minnows, frogs and all other lures.

It is hardly possible that a square foot of the lake's surface remained unwhipped. Most of them did not know that a muskellunge had been put into the water. Boyd supposed that the fish had died and been devoured.

On May 26, the first day of the bass fishing season, Al W. Filson of Chicago, was fishing at the south end of Long lake, within a hundred yards of the boat landing whence the little muskellunge was dropped seven years ago. His reel had over-run, and while he was straightening the snarls in his line the spoon, loaded with a bit of pork, sank to the bottom. The boat was not more than ten yards from the shore.

Getting the line uninked, Filson reeled in and the spoon came straight up to the boat's side. As it reached the surface the muskellunge struck at it. It had rushed upward a good ten feet and hit hard. The impetus was sufficient to carry it two feet clear of the water. It missed the spoon by six inches and fell back.

An excellent view of the fish was obtained and an accurate estimate of its size and

weight can be made. It is now not less than two feet long and is of considerable girth. It is of the size of muskellunge frequently caught in these waters and will weigh 12 pounds, possibly 13.

This will give an idea of the speed with which a muskellunge increases in length and weight when in a state of freedom, and is probably the first estimate of the kind. This fish, getting plenty to eat, but no companionship, monarch of all it surveyed, has doubled in length in seven years and multiplied its weight by 12. It has grown in weight approximately one and three-quarters pounds a year.

It, of course, has grown more slowly of late years. Probably for four years past it has not increased by more than a pound a year, and it is reasonable to conclude that it will maintain that rate until its full growth is reached.

From these data it is possible to form some idea of the age of big muskellunge. This fish will be 15 years old when it weighs 20 pounds, and if it reaches a size of 30 pounds it will be 25. On this basis the hoary monster of 103 pounds captured at Minocqua last spring was 98, supposing that fish of this family grow in weight at about the same speed in similar waters.

The anglers who frequent Long lake will make many efforts to hook the solitary musky hereafter and will weigh it and return it to the water year after year if it is caught. In this way it can be watched and annotated like a fish in an aquarium.—Exchange.

The assertion that there are big fish in the lakes of Minnesota is borne out by the account of a catch of a muskellunge weighing fifty-four pounds, actual weight. There have been many large muskies taken, and the truth has been stretched in estimating their weight, but the big one taken at Bemidji last season appears to have been full measure and exactly as represented.

Editor National Sportsman:

Best pardon for not sending before. Yours is the best of them all. Enclosed find \$1.00 for renewal. I have people from all parts of the world, and they think that your book is O. K.

Yours truly,

GEO. I. BROWN & SON.



Photo by S. W. BABBITT, FREDERICKTON, N. B.

2d Prize February Photo Contest

THE HUNTERS' HOME

QUAIL REPORTS.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has sent out calls for money with which to purchase quail for propagating purposes. The heavy and continuous snowfall the past winter has without doubt destroyed numerous covies of the birds, and sportsmen will find it poor shooting next fall unless means are taken to renew the covies. Quail are rather high in price this season owing to the immense demand, and come as high as eight and ten dollars a dozen.

Editor National Sportsman:

This has been a very severe winter on the quail in our section. I have been feeding the birds all through the snowy weather for several seasons, and always aim to keep several flocks from being disturbed during the hunting season. I am now feeding close to 100 quail and wage a constant war on hawks and stray cats. If the hatching season is good we ought to have fine shooting next season.

J. ELSTON.

New Richmond, Ohio.

The quail outlook in Illinois is said to be very gloomy, due to the remarkably cold weather and the deep snow. The winter preceding was hard on the birds, but it was not marked by such heavy snowstorms and such a long continued presence of the fleecy. The snow was so deep and so heavy this year that the quails found it impossible to find anything to eat, and thousands starved to death. The snow also prevented them from hiding from their inveterate enemies, the hawk and owl, which kill the birds at every opportunity. Local sportsmen think that the outlook for quail next year is poor.

ANOTHER ILLINOIS REPORT.

We are having a severe winter, but little snow, and the quail are doing nicely where they have escaped the pot hunter. I had my pair of dogs out for exercise a few days ago and found a covey of eight nice birds.

The "Belgium" here kills everything in sight. They go in "gangs" of from 3 to 10 and woe unto anything they can eat.

O. J. PENROSE, Roels Island, Ill.

Don't go fishing too early in the season if you wish to get the trout perfect for eating.

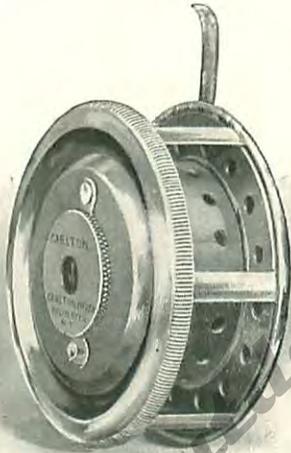
"There is a big difference in the edible quality of a brook trout taken early in the season and the one that comes to the table after the middle of May," said an authority on fish and fishing. "It is during the latter part of May and in June that we catch the perfect trout. The reason is easily explained.

"Cold weather with its consequent scarcity of food comes soon after the trout have passed the exhausting period of spawning, and the larvae of the caddis fly are the main food supply until warm weather with its insect life returns in the spring. The caddis fly is housed in sand grains, twigs or leaves, and, when taken by the trout the house goes with the tenant, and any observer may readily detect the decayed wood or earthy taste in the early season trout. It is only after the larvæ emerge from their cases and develop into the flies that swarm on the streams, and other insect life that is rich in wholesome elements as a trout food, and the trout have dined on them for a fortnight or so, that flesh, taste, flavor and game qualities come to the perfection which places the mountain brook trout ahead of all competition as a fresh water fish. A spring brook sucker is as good on the table as an April trout."—New York Sun.

SOME INVENTIONS THAT DEILIGHT FISHERMEN.

And now the brooks open and from the dusty city comes the fisherman with his rod and reel, ready to cast the dainty fly in an endeavor to lure old "Speckles" from his pool. The average fisherman is a strange fellow, in his way, he is constantly upon the lookout for new ideas in the fishing line that will better his chances of getting a fish, while all the time it isn't the desire to capture the trout that brings him to the brook, but the idea that he is once again free from all cares and out in the open air.

Nevertheless he watches the sporting magazines for all improvements in reels and rods and other tackle, and it is for his benefit that there is shown herewith cuts of some of the new "things," and some that are not new, but still of immense service to fishermen and perhaps which are not widely known.



Carleton Automatic Reel.

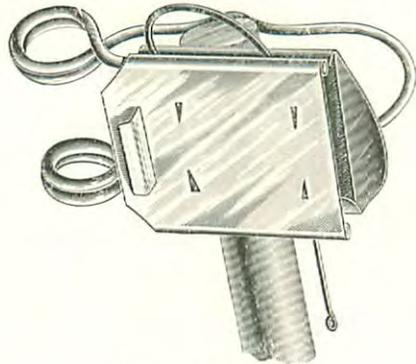
One of the latest reels on the market is that manufactured by the Carleton Mfg. Co. of Rochester, N. Y., which is placed on sale in time for this season. The manufacturers have, in making their reels, endeavored to do away with all the little faults that are now found in the reels on the market, and their automatic reel is sure to please the fisherman that uses it. One of the good points is the absence of any projecting parts which might catch the line and fingers; the finish of the aluminum, being satin, preventing any reflection on the water; the double spring allows twice the amount of line to be handled automatically; every wearing part being made of the best cold rolled steel; its simplicity in operating and the price being 3-8 cheaper. This is accomplished by up-to-date methods of manufacture whereby

automatic machinery is used in every possible place in its manufacture.

Most fishermen complain that in the ordinary multiplying reel, one chief fault lies in the lack of power, when retrieving the line against a powerful fish.

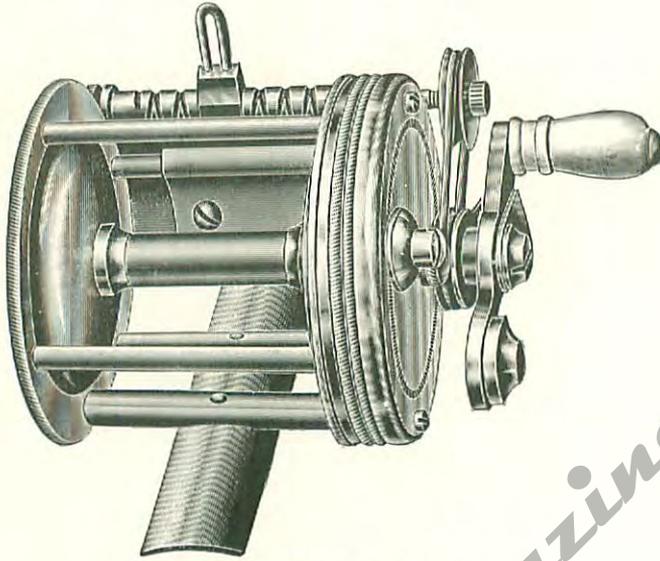
The Carleton Co. has, as one might say, "eliminated" this lack of power in a new reel, a "9 multiple reel," which certainly is a dandy, for while giving a quicker recovering power, it also by means of a sliding handle can give much more leverage against the strain of a heavy fish. The advantage is therefore the extra speed which is obtained to the spool, and while accomplishing this speed, the power enough to handle the fish as easily as it could be with the Quadruple. The extension handle providing extra leverage, giving this power. Therefore, the hand is to work slower than with the Quadruple to accomplish the same results; and when the fish is running from you or towards you, you can easily back the hand or wind in fast enough to keep a taut line. This has never been made before for the reason that the mechanical parts must be extra strong to stand the extra strain of an extension handle; and again when made in a small neat reel, it is necessary to have a double gearing, which no one has ventured to make until now, for the reason that it is very hard meshing a double gear as compared with a single meshing.

The price of this reel is but \$4.00, and for a German silver reel is remarkably low.



Bishop Hook Guard.

A device that is attracting a great deal of attention among casters is the Independent Spooling Device which is made by A. W. Bishop & Sons of Racine, Wis. This has been used a great deal during the past season and has met with universal favor, as it insures perfect and regular spooling, thus greatly assisting when casting, enabling one to make a longer and more perfect cast, as there is absolutely no chance of fouling of the line on the reel. This company also man



Reel Showing Bishop Independent Spooler.

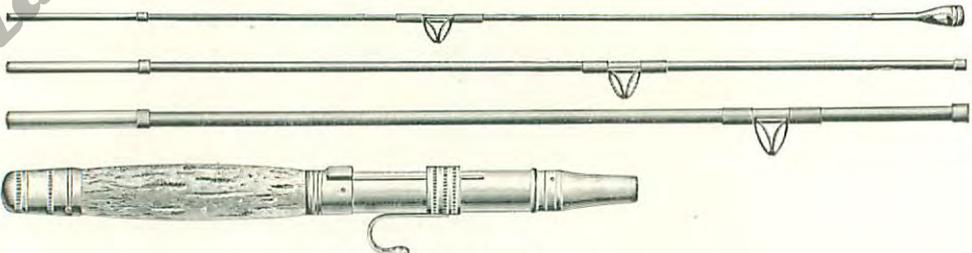
ufactures a hook shield which is a handy article, and a fish scaler which should go in every camper's outfit.

About the best rods for bait casting are the Bristol steel rods manufactured by the Horton Mfg. Company, Bristol, Conn., and they last year brought out a bait casting rod which was a radical departure from anything then on the market, but which instantly found favor with bait casters. This was the so-called No. 25 or Kalamazoo Rod which sold for \$7.10. It has, as can be seen in cut, a short cork handle, with patent detachable finger hook, large polished German silver 2-ring guides and solid agate top with extra large opening. The reel seat is so arranged that reel is brought close to grip, which, with the aid of the finger hook, enables the fisherman to "thumb" the reel without tiring his hand. The free running qualities of the large guides and top are such that a novice can cast from 75 to 100 feet after a few trials. This rod is in three lengths: 5, 5 1-2 and 6 feet, and weighs 8 to 8 1-2 ounces.

Another comparatively new yet popular reel is the America, made by the America Company of Rockford, Ill.

These reels are full ball bearing throughout. Every bearing is ball bearing. They are the first complete ball bearing reels offered to the angler. They are well made. No reel is sent out which will spin less than 40 seconds with the spool empty. When filled with line the reel will run much longer. By actual test they can be proved to be by far the freest running reels on the market. America reels will start with one-fifth as much force as is required to start the average reel, and again can be taken apart in an instant, thus making it easy to get at a tangle (which by the way would be impossible to have if one used a Bishop Spooler) and also to change lines if desired.

A new departure from the tied flies we have always been accustomed to is the tubular fly which are today manufactured by the Tubular Fly Co. of New York. These flies were invented by Dr. R. B. Cantrell of Brooklyn, N. Y., and will slide off the hook



The No. 25 Bristol Steel Casting Rod.

in an instant. These are composed of delicate little tubes of aluminum or copper, slightly flanged at one end, and wound with all the care that is exercised in making trout and bass flies. They resemble most closely the flies on the market and a hundred of them take no more space than twenty-five ordinary flies.

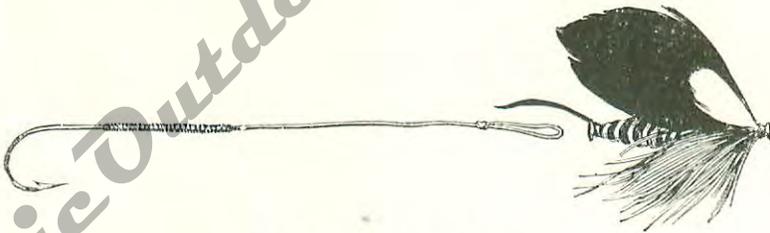
Among the advantages of this interesting device are these: A doubtful hook or a defective snell may be discarded and the fly transferred to a new one in a few seconds. The fly will fit hooks of three sizes, and every trout fisher will appreciate this facility in adjusting his hook to the size and character of the fish he is after. The fly may also be adjusted in any position on the hook at right angles to or masking the barb. In playing large fish the tubular fly is fitted to slide up on the snell and escape the injury which might be done to the ordinary fly tied on the hook. An injury to hook or snell does not involve any injury to the fly, and the method of winding the flies on a flanged tube makes them more durable than the ordinary fly.

A further development of the tubular fly has been made by Dr. Cantrell in what he calls the telescoping fly—a novelty which will delight the experts. In this the head and wings are attached to a primary tube, upon which slides a little tubular collar carrying the hackles and after it a tubular body. These three constituents—wings, hackles and body—being interchangeable, permit a vast number of combinations in a small amount of material. A man may, off hand, imitate any fly he may find frequenting any stream he desires to fish, and in his

vest pocket he may carry parts enough for making two thousand or more different styles of flies, and thus enjoy playing his own wits against those of the fishes, which is, of course, the keenest element of enjoyment in fly fishing.

Not less interesting than these new flies to the fisherman, are the new fly books invented by Dr. Cantrell. In these corrugated celluloid gives a separate groove for each snell and fly body, which keeps them in proper shape and does away with the frequent tangle and confusion of the ordinary fly book. There is no felt or flannel about it to attract moths or hold moisture, and for economy in space and for convenience in keeping hooks, flies and snells this book is unequalled, and in carrying capacity fifty per cent. ahead of the best books heretofore made.

The braided metal line manufactured by The Metal Line Co. of New York is a novelty that has been accorded a hearty welcome by sportsmen desiring a line for deep trolling. The line is pliable, does not kink. It is twice as strong as copper wire that has been used for the purpose. It acts well on the reel and runs through the rod guides easily. A number of expert deep trollers used these lines last summer and they were all glad to keep them, as they did good work. The line is made of sixteen strands of metal, giving great flexibility. The lines do not break at kinks. A good many lake trout of 8 pounds and over were taken last summer on these lines and fishermen were well pleased. The cumbersome sinker is done away with, as the lines sink of their own weight.



Dr. Cantrell's Tubular Fly.



His New Fly Book

From reports that have been received from many districts in which imported birds have been placed it would seem that the disastrous experiment with English sparrows and German carp would be repeated.

The English sparrow has practically driven out of the districts where it has established itself the native insectivorous birds, and the carp is working havoc among the game and food fishes. The English pheasant is now charged with deliberately killing the native pheasant at a rate which threatens to exterminate it in a few years.

The Pocono mountains in Monroe county, Pennsylvania, have always been a favorite resort for gunners. A few years ago pheasants were very plentiful there. Then the English pheasant was introduced.

About twelve miles from Scioto, in the Pocono mountains, a region famed for its fine pheasant shooting, a party of wealthy sportsmen, mostly from Philadelphia, purchased a tract of several hundred acres and stored it with game, including about 100 English pheasants. According to those in a position to know the English birds are breeding rapidly and are killing the native pheasants.

One sportsman, who lately returned from a hunting trip to Scioto, says that in a day's tramp he found seven dead pheasants, all apparently killed by other birds. On comparing notes with other hunters he found that they had had much the same experience, one of them saying that he had found three dead pheasants within 100 yards.

Woodsmen say there is intense hostility between the English and the native pheasant, and the former hunt the latter with persistence. When they meet it is a fight to the death. As the English bird is much the heavier and larger the finish is nearly always disastrous to the native pheasant.

The English pheasants are difficult to shoot. They are swift and erratic in flight, but they do not owe their lives so much to that fact as to the wisdom they display in steering for a field or a large open space the second they detect the presence of an enemy; and they can detect one a long distance off. Once in the field they are pretty safe. Hiding themselves as well as possible in the grass, they keep so sharp a lookout for danger that neither man nor dog can come within gunshot without the birds flushing. To bring down one of these birds requires the quickest and most expert snap-shooting.

There is a great difference in the vitality of fishes. The large-mouthed bass, though less active and game than the small-mouth, will stand twice the injury and will live out of water almost twice as long. If a man will put three large-mouths and three small-mouths on a stringer and hang them in deep water over night, in the morning all of the large-mouths will be as fresh and lively as when captured; one of the small-mouths will almost certainly be dead, and the other two will die during the day if not released.

Muscallonge live a long time out of water and withstand serious wounds; wall-eyed pike die quickly, and it is said of western trout that they have so much vitality that one man reported that after he had taken the entrails from the fish and had them already to fry, they suspected his purpose and began to flop towards the lake, traveling a distance of ten feet before he discovered them, and he afterwards said that he fully believed they would have swum off if they had ever reached the water.

We often hear of the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming spoken of as the greatest game region in the West, and while occasional stories are written about fishing in the streams of this region, and once in a while pictures of catches caught therein are reproduced in the sportsmen's journals, comparatively little is written about the sport so dear to many thousands of sportsmen.

For a fact there are salmon trout and lots of them, and the finest of sport can be had. But first let me tell you not to imagine for a minute that the trout are what you have been accustomed to, for gamier fighters never existed than the Jackson Hole trout. And what mouths! They are large enough to make the Easterner think he has got a sculpin. Large hooks are needed when fishing in this region, and I would advise all prospective fishermen in this country to get the largest hooks and flies that they can procure. While once in a while a three and one-half pound trout will be landed with one of the ordinary small trout flies, more than half of the fish hooked are lost on account of the small flies used.

Get long leaders, and if you want to make fishing easy procure an automatic reel. The latter principally because the banks of streams and lakes are proverbially dense with willows and underbrush. The automatic reel brings the fish right up to you; and then one fishes much from stony points. There is really no necessity for wading.

The finest of sport can be had with the Jackson Hole trout for they are great fighters, and when once hooked a man has to be kept busy for a time in order to bring his fish to shore. They have a habit, presumably owing to the fact of their mouths being so large, of spitting out the hook after fooling with the fisherman for a while, and with a plunge of derision, as it were, seek a new dupe to play with.

Both trout and mountain herring—the only fish caught in Jackson Hole—take the fly readily during July and August. With a large fly hook, the fly with light colors, satisfactory work is done. If one wants something even more attractive he can get wood worms, which are the ne plus ultra of all bait. Half-decayed logs may be opened with an axe and the large, fat, white worm secured readily. Grasshoppers are excellent, but very scarce. I have not attempted to use a spoon hook, but do not doubt its efficiency in swift water.

Many trout are cured and smoked in the

Hole. They are far superior to any bloaters or herring. The trout are dressed, heads and fins on, with the following procedure: Spread out on a board sprinkled with salt; then salt moderately inside, laying them together, maybe three or four deep, and leave them over night so that the salt will be diffused thoroughly.

A rack on which to cure and smoke trout is made by driving four posts down so that they will stand four or five feet above the ground and at a distance of say four or five feet apart. Then sticks are laid across, the fish laid upon them, and a fire built on the ground on every side, so that no matter how the wind blows the fish will get the smoke. The rack is out in the sun, which performs an important part in the curing. The sun and the warmth from the fire half cook the fish, and the smoke completes the curing. After twenty-four hours of sun warmth and smoke, turn over the fish, and in another twenty-four hours they will be in prime condition for packing. They will keep like smoked herring or kippered herring or bloaters, and are much superior as an edible in every form. Laboring under misapprehension most persons select small trout for the process, but those weighing from two to four pounds are more oily and produce best results. Yet all sizes are good, very good.

The action of the Springfield Fish and Game Protective Association in presenting to the State Legislature a bill for the licensing of hunters seems to be meeting with general satisfaction among the sportsmen of this vicinity. There is not room in this article to go into the full details of the bill. The principal requirement of the bill is that every hunter must take out a license for the privilege of hunting, same costing \$1.00. The funds derived from these licenses to be used in the following way: One-third for the payment of bounties on several varieties of

hawks and other game destroying agencies, one-third for the purchasing and liberating of quail, and one-third for the hiring of more game wardens.

It may not be generally known that there are only eleven game wardens in this state, a number far too small to look after the enforcement of the fish and game laws among the large number of sportsmen which this state contains.

The recent move among the members of this association and others in scattering grain in the covers frequented by quail is surely doing lots of good, but it should have been started much sooner in the season. The writer, who has been feeding a bevy of quail all winter, was surprised recently on visiting the cover to find the whole bevy sitting in a small tree near the barrel, having eaten all the grain in the barrel and evidently waiting for more.

This association has recently ordered twenty dozen of quail, as they have done for several years past, to be liberated in the local covers. Reports of finding of whole beves of dead quail are heard most every day, all caused by the deep snow and extreme cold weather.

Unless we have warm dry weather during the hatching season this spring the prospects for good bird shooting in our local covers this fall will be very slim, owing to the scarcity of partridges last fall and the numbers of quail killed by starvation this winter.

Springfield, Mass.

MISFIRE.

Editor National Sportsman:

Received the Marble Hunting Knife this forenoon. It is all right, and I thank you for sending it so promptly. Will do my best to send in some more subscriptions.

Wishing you a prosperous New Year, I am,

BERT C. WILLIAMS,
New York.





Photo by REV. G. H. ORVIS, EVANS MILLS, N. Y.

1st Prize February Photo Contest

ON A SUMMER DAY
Indian River near Natural Bridge, N. Y.

NEW BRUNSWICK GUIDES' ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the above organization was held in Fredericton on the evening of March 2nd, and was attended by representative guides from the different game centres of the province. The retiring president, George E. Armstrong, in his report spoke of the last game season as being the most successful in the history of the province. About five hundred non-resident sportsmen, mostly Americans, took out licenses, and in nearly every case succeeded in getting either a moose or caribou. Big game is becoming more plentiful each year, and the outlook for the future is exceptionally bright.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Arthur Pringle, Stanley; vice-president, W. Harry Allen, Penniac; secretary-treasurer, Robert P. Allen, Fredericton; honorary president, L. B. Knight, chief game commissioner; executive committee, Sydney Thomas, G. E. Armstrong, Charles Cremin and the president and vice-president; committee on membership, Adam Moore, Thomas Pringle and Fred. H. Reid.

The membership fee was reduced from \$5 to \$2, and the date of the annual meeting was changed to the third Wednesday in December. It was decided to admit honorary members on payment of the regular fee.

Western Massachusetts sportsmen are alarmed at the effect of the severe winter on the trout in Berkshire County brooks. Farmers and hunters have found, on opening holes in the mountain streams, that the ice has killed thousands of trout. The cold has formed ice to a depth of over two feet in some of the little brooks, and the trout have been frozen in and killed in large numbers.

Within fifteen miles of Boston is a trout brook from which fish have been taken weighing as much as 11-2 pounds each. This brook has been known to a few Newton, Mass., sportsmen, and they have just secured the fishing rights of the stream, which is situated in Dover and known as Dover brook. The Newton Highlands Gun and Rod Club are the lucky owners of these fishing rights.

Editor National Sportsman:

Several months ago you sent me copies of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at the request of some one, since which time I have purchased it at the newstand. I have read more or less three other sporting magazines, and am inclined to think that I like the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN best. The paper is good, illustrations fine, mechanical work good, and contents good. In fact from every standpoint the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is excellent.

H. W. E.,
Iola, Kans.

Regarding Your Fishing Rod.

Is the metallic rod a desirable one for fly fishing? Most assuredly not; when compared with the split bamboo or lancewood.

Like everything else it has its sphere of usefulness, but when it comes to fly fishing the steel rod is certainly out of place.

To be sure it will "answer the purpose," and I have often used it when, in taking a long tramp to reach some outlying pond or lake, it was convenient to carry out one rod, where either bait or fly fishing might be found; but to rely on it for every day fly fishing would be a sacrifice of the refined sport to be obtained by the use of a properly constructed split bamboo. In the first place the rod is heavy and the wrist soon tires by its use. It is "springy," but lacks the delicate elasticity of the bamboo. The metallic rod is capable when properly handled of making a long cast; but this, except in exhibitions or contests, is neither practicable or desirable, and the bamboo will do quite as well or better; while its elasticity, lightness and refinement generally places it far above the metallic rod.

The steel rod is, however, quite satisfactory as a trolling rod, or for stream fishing; at the same time a split bamboo or lancewood at the same price would prove more satisfactory to a large majority of sportsmen.

I have used these rods more or less for many years, and usually have one or two in my case; but to state that they possess any features of advantage over the bamboo or lancewood would not be in accordance with the facts, as the reverse would, most emphatically, be the case.

Their liability to fracture is also a very objectionable feature. The joint between the tip and second section is the one oftenest broken, and I have been much annoyed by this accident at times and places when another rod or a duplicate tip was not available, the latter not being furnished with these rods, as is the case with the wooden product. I have known at least two of these rods to be broken under fair usage within a week of their purchase, and that, too, at a time when the grand possibilities of the English language were inadequate to the occasion.

To recapitulate. If you want a strictly first-class rod for any purpose get bamboo or lancewood. If you desire a fair combination fly and bait rod, or a good troller, the steel rod will answer the purpose very well.

A. K. P. HARVEY.

Jan. 15, 1904.

It will be a bit early when this issue of *The National Sportsman* comes to you to go fishing, but still it is not too early to give a few little hints as to how to truly enjoy the one or two days this month that you are going to spend trouting. In the first place, even if it is a bit early, and the water a trifle cold, don't be afraid of it, but get right into it when fishing. Fish up stream,

rather than down, for the additional power that it takes to fight against the current makes the feeling that you are free from all care and out with Mother Nature, fighting your way, all the more prevalent. Again you have the advantage of having your line more in your command, for after a cast, it is floating down on you, thus decreasing its pull and making it more convenient for the next cast.

I agree with the advice Jacob A. Cantor gave recently:

Don't be afraid of the water when you are trying to catch trout. Get right into the brook. The feel of the water rippling against your calves, the sun-flaked stream on every side and the pieces of black tree trunks and nodding bushes add immeasurably to the joy.

Gradually the conviction steals into your soul that you are wholly and absolutely free. All the fetters of business and the petty invitations that come from mixing in crowds fall away. There is nothing to bind, or hamper, or restrict any act or movement. So whenever I am asked how best to equip oneself for a day's angling for trout I say:

"Forget everything but the beauty and power of nature and get as close to nature as you can. Don't fret about your clothing or your tackle. It's what a man feels that makes him happy in the woods and not what he does."

Of course the farmer's boy with the one suspender and the red shirt, and armed only with a bent pin, a piece of twine and a sapling, cannot catch as many trout as the man with more modern tackle, but the chances are that he is a good deal happier. Other men, who have acquired fame as anglers, or rather as writers of books about angling, will tell you about how you ought to dress and what kind of flies are best. But their pride won't let them tell you about the garden hackle, although they know all about it and always have it hidden somewhere about them when they venture into the woods. But I have no pride, for the reason that when I go angling, the only purpose I have is to get close to the heart of the wilderness. So, laying aside all other concerns, I will tell you about the garden hackle, which is the lonely earth worm.

The best place to catch him is in the near suburbs of a barn. In this neighborhood you can run amuck with a pick-axe or a spade and reap half a pint of them in half an hour. Get as many of them as you can, for the naughty persons who jeer at you will be beseeching you for a share of them within two hours. The men who fish for after literary effects will tell you to use dark flies in the early seasons, but let me tell you this solid and healthy truth:

In the early spring the brooks, and especially those that twist down mountain sides, are very high and the water in them, as a rule, is dark. To angle on the surface of this water with dark flies is like making faces at a blind man. Put a worm on a number 10 sproat hook and a split shot

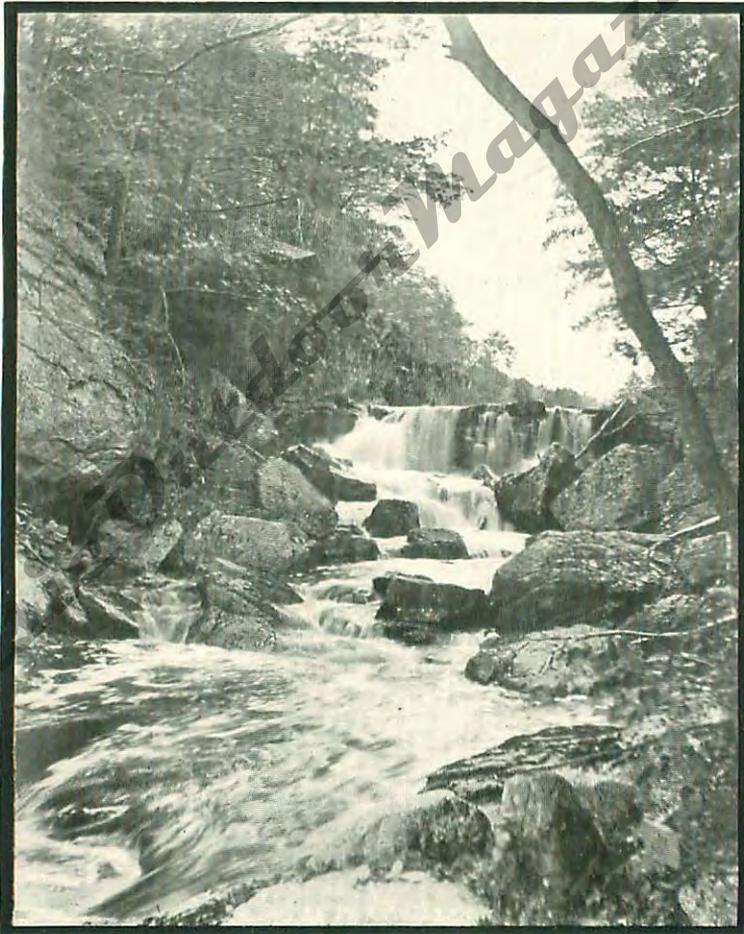
above the first knot in your leader. Then let the reel run until 50 or 75 feet of line is fluttering in the water ahead of you. Now move slowly forward, treading carefully in order that there may be no splash. And pretty soon—

But what is the use in trying to adequately describe what a man feels and what he does when a half-pound trout "breaks" and shakes his head savagely at him. Just try it and after a few days you will return to your work a better and stronger man.

Only the angler who gives much time to the recreation can catch fish with any degree of certainty, and then it is greatly a matter of luck. A great many conditions are involved in the finding of bass, and the conditions under which bass are caught today may be wholly ineffective tomorrow.

Conditions to be considered are: Size of the lake, whether shallow or deep, whether the water is warm or cold, the time of day, whether there are reed beds or open water, and many other things that cannot be defined, and which are more a matter of intuition, born of experience.

There are recognized bass signs—bass weeds on the bottom of the lake, where bass are most frequently found in some lakes. In other waters they strike oftener just outside a bed of rocks, in eight or twelve feet of water. Some lakes have a combination of bass signs, and the angler must be prepared with a good stock of patience and a variety of bait. There is no accounting for the whims of fish. They may bite freely for a period and then cease instantly, or one may cast till he is tired and not get a strike, when they will suddenly begin to bite.



A CONNECTICUT TROUT STREAM

Photo by A. G. BODE, DURHAM, CONN.

Honorable Mention February Contest

A recent article in the Pall Mall Magazine by R. I. Pocock of the Zoological Department of the Natural History Museum tells how and why animals are colored.

Seasonable Adjustment of Colors.

A seasonable adjustment is constantly going on between colors of the animals and those of their environment. Polar bears, for instance, are perennially white.

"In the case of the Arctic Seals, the pups are clothed with fluffy snow-white hair, so that while still unable to swim and compelled to lie on the snow, they may escape the notice of the polar bears; but on the Antarctic Isle, where the seals have neither bears nor any land carnivora to fear, the young are born with the colors of their parents."

Protective Coloring Often Unnecessary.

The coloring of the animals is by no means always protective. Where concealment is not needed animals tend to assume a uniformly dark coloration.

"No animal exceeds the common mole in the jetty blackness of its fur. Its subterranean life and the nature of its food make protective coloration superfluous. Ravens, rooks and carrion crows are conspicuous everywhere by their blackness. They have no need for concealment, since they feed upon food that requires no catching, are unmolested by raptorial birds, and nest out of reach of rapacious mammals. So, too, with bears. Black is the color characteristic of these animals, as is testified by its prevalence in nearly all the known species."

All cats, however, are, in general, protectively colored. Their whole organization "is a perfected mechanism for catching and killing living prey by a sudden pounce from a point of vantage."

"With very few exceptions, the ground tint of the coat is some shade of yellow or gray, relieved by black markings forming spots, patches, or stripes. The yellowish skin of the tiger, with its vertical black stripes, blends with the fading stalks of the jungle grass, and with the dark interspaces between them."

Most Monkeys Protectively Colored.

Monkeys are generally, if not always, protectively colored.

"Some shade of gray, often with a yellowish or brownish tinge, and frequently relieved by darker or lighter patches, is the prevailing color of the body, while white spots or patches are in some cases developed upon the face. Since monkeys are exceptionally keen-sighted and ever on the watch when awake, it is probable that the usefulness of concealment comes in chiefly at night, when pythons, constrictors, and climbing nocturnal carnivora search for them sleeping in the trees."

Deer, Wild Sheep and Goats.

Deer are always either spotted with white, the effect of which resembles that of sunlight streaming through the leaves of the trees, or uniformly dark in tint, to accord with the dense forests or jungle which they inhabit. The colors of wild sheep and goats

blend with those of their surroundings too perfectly for detection except by the most practised eye; and unless silhouetted against the sky as they stand on peaks or ridges, they are fairly safe. When giraffes stand in a clump of acacias, they are practically invisible at a little distance.

Coloring Alike Protective and Distinctive.

It is not possible to cite all Mr. Pocock's extremely interesting instances of animals' coloring; but one fact he mentions is not very generally known.

The hind quarters of monkeys and certain herbivora (the water buck, for instance) are very conspicuously colored; but there is a reason for this conspicuousness. Both these classes of animals are apt to dash off headlong through the trees, and their striking coloring serves the useful purpose of enabling any laggers to keep up. Mr. Pocock concludes:

"All facts in natural history have to be looked at from two points of view—the 'how' and the 'why.' With regard to the coloring of beasts, the 'why' in many instances, is known, and can be guessed, in others, from that knowledge, in some few, it still remains a puzzle, from dearth of observations of the animals in their natural haunts."

North Adams, Mass., March 3, 1904.

National Sportsman, Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:—At a meeting of the North Adams Gun Club last week James H. Krum, Jr., was elected president, James Merritt, Jr., vice-president, E. H. Pratt, secretary and treasurer; the club now has 52 members.

Yours truly,

A. M. NICHOLS.

Jesse Bently of Sunderland, perhaps the best trapper in Vermont, recently brought to the town clerk's office in that town two large lynx, and received the bounty of \$5 each. One of them measured four feet 10 inches in length. This is believed to be the largest lynx ever captured in Vermont. Bently has this season taken four lynx, several foxes, sable, mink, skunks, bears, otter and several other animals. His receipts amount to about \$1100 thus far.

A lynx was brought into Northfield, Vt., which was killed by Alvin Smith and John W. Getty near the William Plastridge farm. It measured four feet from tip to tip, but was not very fat. Smith and Getty saw the animal in the road. They jumped off their sled and armed with sled stakes chased the wildcat until they cornered it, and then batted it over the head. For more than three years a wildcat has frightened many people, and it is thought that this was the one. The bounty on lynx is \$5.

Editor National Sportsman:

I have read a good many sporting magazines and am a subscriber to several, but I must say right here that the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is artistically a world-beater, and I would not be without it for twice the cost of it.

C. J. FREY, Carlisle, Ken.



Photo by S. W. ROSS, SOUTH HAVEN, MICH.

Fourth Prize Photo Contest for February.

ONE CHANCE IN A LIFETIME WITH A CAMERA.

The Fish and Game Protective Association of Little Falls, N. Y., held their annual meeting and election of officers recently with the following results: President, Charles Clackner; vice-president, Alvin Walrath; secretary, Frank Walby; treasurer, Salmon Bower; collector, E. E. Keyser; Captain Frank Walsh, and board of directors the following gentlemen: Edward Ray, Frank Nethaway, Eugene McGuire, Fred Clinger, Albert Tyler. The annual report showed that the association was in first-class financial condition. It has purchased one of the most sightly lots of land in the Mohawk Valley, and also erected a fine club house. At the shoots only Maugatraps are used.

The association has done a great deal towards restocking the streams in the valley and have annually placed in the waters from 1,000,000 to 4,000,000 fry. At present there are 134 members, but at the rate that new ones are coming in the limit of 150 will soon be reached and the association will be one of the most active in Central New York.

Editor National Sportsman:—

A friend and myself have made a bet as to what a snake poisons with. My friend, whom I will call A, says "It is what can be seen moving backwards and forwards in any venomous snake, and at the time its mouth being practically shut, this I maintain is the tongue." B says "That the fangs are the two front teeth, situated in the upper jaw, which are movable, and which have a small tube down the centre through which passes the poison, when striking these front teeth enter, and make a wound, in through which flows the poison."

LERMONA BYWATER,

Answer.—B. is correct. Trinidad, Cuba.

Rensselaer, Jan. 23, 1904.

Editor National Sportsman:

Inasmuch as I am a true sportsman and a reader of good literature, I will take pleasure in introducing your magazine to my friends, as I think it worthy of my trouble. Have been taking your magazine as well as others and think yours the best. Please send samples, blanks, etc., as I already have quite a few subscribers.

DAVID K. WHITNEY,
Rensselaer.

Editor National Sportsman:—

If "G. H. E., New York, N. Y.," who writes to you in January number of Sportsman for information in regard to getting trout, will correspond with the undersigned, he will learn where he can go and stay at a nice house, good cooking, good people, good (the best guide, who has good boats) and get all the trout that he wants.

If he is a sportsman he need not ask for better sport, but if he goes to slaughter, he should keep away, for the guide will not permit that. Respectfully yours,

S. L. DECKER

29 Ware St., Cambridge, Mass.

P. S. This is a very reasonable place to go to stay in any length of time.

Editor National Sportsman:

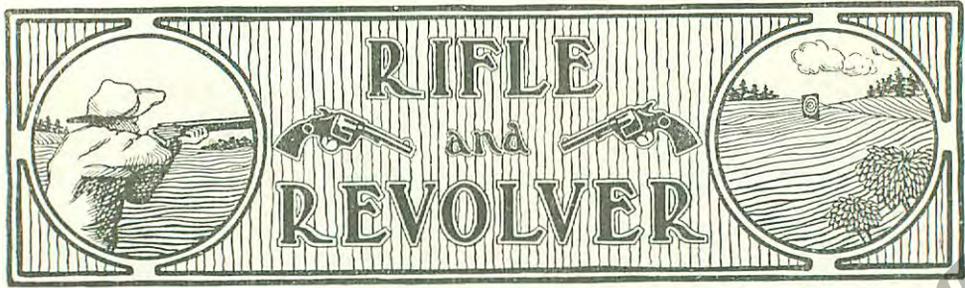
The copy of the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN at hand, and I think that it is the most up-to-date magazine that has come under my observation for some time; its pages are just teeming with such information that cannot fail to place the magazine second to none in the estimation of true sportsmen. I send you herewith money order for new subscriptions.

CARLOS DE OVANDO, JR.,
Mendocinas, Mexico.



Photo by F. H. CLOVES.

GOOD TROUT WATER.



A new rifle club, the Pacific Indoor Shooting Club, has recently been organized in San Francisco, with galleries at 593 Mission street, that city.

The .22 calibre rifle is the favorite arm, although pistol and revolver shooting will be indulged in later to a greater extent.

The first night on the pistol range the best score of the evening's shoot was made by William Croll—46. George Frahm came second with 45 and William Blasse third with 44. The best rifle scores were as follows: M. F. Harter 73, F. P. Schuster 72, E. B. Hammond 72, E. C. Cordell 70, George Tam-meyer 70.

The club is organized under the rules of the United States Revolver and National Rifle associations. For revolvers and pistols the range is twenty yards, with a bullseye of 2.72 inches, five shots on the standard American reduced target constituting a score. With the rifles the range is twenty-five yards, with the German ring target, a bullseye of one and a half inches with a half-inch centre. The following are the officers of the new organization: President, F. V. Kingston; vice-president, G. E. Frahm; secretary, H. Gruppe; treasurer, M. Kolander; shooting masters, J. Kullmann, G. Prichard, H. Hoadley; range committee, M. Blasse, H. Frahm and the shooting masters.

The decision of the National Board to hold the meeting this year in the Middle West is regarded among sportsmen as a good move, as without doubt there is great interest in that section of the country in rifle shooting, and much more that can be fostered by a little missionary work. Without a doubt many of the eastern states that have before sent teams to the matches, will probably send teams to the meet if held in the West, and the money appropriated by Congress will probably have an encouraging effect.

The money was appropriated as follows: For the national trophy, \$1,500; United States individual match, \$550; pistol match, \$335; champions' match, \$115. The national matches will be shot at 200, 600, 800 and 1,000 yards, the rapid fire match at 200, 300 and 500 yards, and the skirmish runs under customary conditions.

NEW YORK STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

An organization has been formed in this State, called the New York State Rifle Association, for the fostering of rifle and pistol practise by members and ex-members of the National Guard and civilians of this and other States.

The initiation fee is \$5, the annual dues \$3 and life membership \$45.

Proficiency in rifle shooting being the most important qualification in modern warfare, this association considers that it will be doing a great service to the State and country.

It is proposed to hold a series of matches at Creedmoor in the early fall, to which all members of the association will be invited. Particular attention is called to the fact that by the courtesy of the State authorities the Creedmoor Range will be opened at certain specified times to all members, civilians as well as National Guardsmen, and that the other State ranges will probably be placed at their disposal for practise as the association grows.

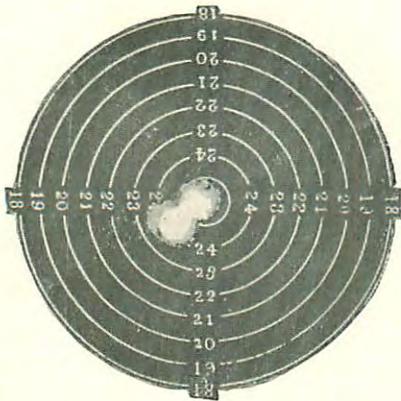
As the strength of an organization of this kind lies in numbers, the executive committee earnestly requests that each individual interested in this subject, or in improving himself in the art of rifle shooting, should become a member without delay.

Members of societies and clubs may join as individuals and be identified in the membership list as of such society or club.

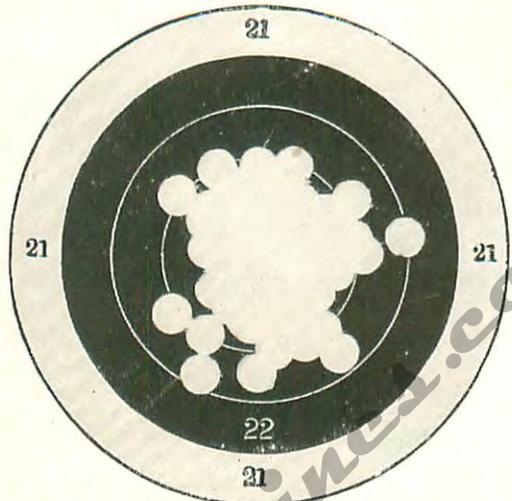
Applications for membership should be sent to the secretary, Dr. W. B. Short, 242 Lenox avenue, New York City, from whom further information can be obtained.

The officers of the association are: President, Major-General Charles F. Roe; first vice-president, Lieut.-Colonel J. Hollis Wells; second vice-president, General Daniel Appleton; third vice-president, Colonel George R. Dyer; fourth vice-president, Captain Edwin Gould; fifth vice-president, Henry D. Mueller, Esq.; secretary, Dr. W. B. Short; treasurer, Captain J. Philip Benkard.

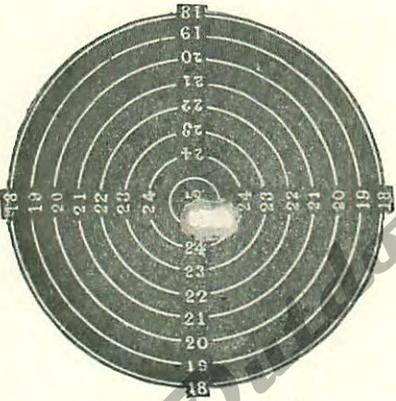
J. E. Kelley, one of the foremost rifle experts of the Massachusetts Association, again added a laurel to his already large wreath by tying the highest existing record of 98 for off-hand shooting last month. Not satisfied with this, he immediately shot two strings more, getting the extremely high scores of 95 and 96.



Score of 75 by L. C. Buss, with a Ballard-Remington rifle and Peters .22 short cartridges.



Composite target showing 10 shots made with Peters .22 short cartridges by L. C. Buss, winner 1904 Indoor Rifle Championship.



Score of 75 by A. Van Zandt, with a Ballard-Zettler rifle and Peters .22 short cartridges.



Score of 125 by L. P. Ittel, with a Stevens-Pope rifle and Peters .22 short cartridges.

THE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The most important event for months among riflemen was the annual indoor shoot of the Zettler Rifle Club of New York, which took place last month at the range on West Twenty-third street.

The championship was won by a newcomer, Louis C. Buss of Brooklyn, N. Y., who scored 2456 out of a possible 2500, who was closely followed by L. P. Ittel of Pittsburg with 2455.

The scores of the high men follow:

CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

L. C. Buss, Brooklyn, N. Y.—

122	125	122	124	123	122	124	122	120	122
123	124	125	122	121	122	124	123	123	123
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
245	249	247	246	244	244	248	245	243	245—2456

Louis P. Ittel, Allegheny City, Pa.—

121	120	124	123	121	123	122	123	123	122
125	123	124	122	124	121	123	125	123	123
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
246	243	248	245	245	244	245	248	246	245—2455

E. Van Zandt, Brooklyn, N. Y.—

123	122	122	124	118	124	122	122	123	122
122	125	123	124	124	125	124	122	120	120
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
245	247	245	248	242	240	246	244	243	242—2451

Wm. A. Tewes, Jersey City, N. J.—

124	122	124	124	121	121	123	120	122	124
122	122	124	125	120	122	122	121	123	124
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
246	244	248	249	241	243	245	241	245	248—2450

R. Gute, Middle Village, L. I.—

119	122	123	121	125	121	124	121	122	124
123	124	123	124	122	119	122	124	122	125
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
242	246	246	245	247	240	246	245	244	249—2450

W. G. Hudson, New York City—												
124	123	122	125	122	121	123	122	123	124			
124	123	122	123	121	121	120	120	122	121			
248	246	244	248	243	242	243	242	245	245	—2446		
Harry M. Pope, Springfield, Mass.												
123	122	122	124	123	125	121	122	121	124			
123	119	121	121	121	121	121	125	124	122			
246	241	243	245	244	246	242	247	245	246	—2445		
T. R. Geisel, Springfield, Mass.—												
119	122	122	121	124	122	121	122	122	121			
122	124	123	120	121	123	123	124	124	123			
241	246	245	241	245	245	244	246	246	244	—2443		
L. P. Hansen, Jersey City, N. J.—												
122	121	124	119	121	121	124	121	122	122			
125	123	123	121	120	121	123	123	122	121			
247	244	247	240	241	242	247	244	244	243	—2439		
George Schliett, Guttentag, N. J.—												
123	123	124	123	120	124	120	123	118	122			
118	118	123	124	122	121	124	122	121	123			
241	241	247	247	242	245	244	245	239	245	—2436		
A. J. Huebner, Pittsburg, Pa.—												
122	120	121	123	121	123	123	120	121	122			
124	118	122	121	121	123	124	121	122	122			
246	238	243	244	244	246	247	241	243	244	—2436		
M. Dorrlor, Jersey City, N. J.—												
123	124	121	120	121	118	123	123	124	121			
123	122	121	121	118	121	124	124	124	119			
246	246	242	241	239	239	247	247	245	240	—2432		
E. C. Reed, Pittsburg, Pa.—												
244	244	245	242	244	237	243	242	247	243	—2431		
Wm. Rosenbaum, New York City—												
121	121	121	122	121	122	118	122	118	123			
118	122	125	124	124	122	120	121	121	121			
239	243	246	246	245	244	238	243	239	244	—2427		
Ettorio Minervini, New York City—												
124	122	123	122	119	124	122	124	122	121			
118	118	120	121	119	122	121	119	124	120			
242	240	243	243	238	246	243	243	246	241	—2425		
G. Worn, Brooklyn, N. Y.—												
118	118	124	124	120	123	122	121	123	120			
122	121	122	122	119	123	122	121	118	121			
240	239	246	246	239	246	244	242	241	241	—2424		
Fred C. Rofs, Springfield, Mass.—												
118	123	115	121	121	121	123	121	122	121			
122	122	120	120	122	122	123	123	122	120			
240	245	235	241	243	243	246	244	244	241	—2422		
A. Kronsberg, New York City—												
123	118	114	122	124	121	123	124	121	122			
117	120	122	120	123	118	123	121	121	122			
240	238	236	242	247	239	246	245	242	244	—2419		
H. C. Young, New Haven, Conn.—												
120	120	119	120	123	121	123	119	120	121			
121	119	120	120	122	121	121	121	121	123			
241	239	239	240	245	242	244	240	241	244	—2415		
C. Zettler, Jr., New York City—												
123	122	123	122	121	117	120	122	117	115			
120	121	122	121	122	123	119	118	123	123			
243	243	245	243	243	240	239	240	240	238	—2414		
G. T. Conti, Italian Rifle Club, New York City—												
119	123	117	119	123	121	122	123	129	120			
119	121	121	120	122	119	119	120	115	121			
238	244	238	239	245	240	241	243	235	241	—2404		
E. J. Parmelee, New Britain, Conn.—												
122	120	124	116	117	120	120	122	120	122			
121	121	123	122	119	123	114	124	117	116			
243	241	247	238	236	243	234	246	237	238	—2403		
J. Kaufman, Brooklyn, N. Y.—												
120	118	121	119	118	119	122	120	120	121			
122	120	118	121	120	121	118	121	123	121			
242	238	239	240	238	240	240	241	243	242	—2403		

A. Moser, New York City—												
119	120	120	122	119	119	119	121	122	117			
119	121	123	121	120	125	120	121	118	116			
238	241	243	243	239	244	239	242	240	233	—2402		
H. C. Zettler, Brooklyn, N. Y.—												
118	125	112	119	120	119	121	121	121	120			
120	122	119	121	122	118	119	122	117	124			

Some remarkable shooting was done on Friday by Miss Lillian Smith, one of the interested spectators who, on being invited to take 100 shots, took up a rifle fitted with open sights and fired 100 shots in thirty minutes, getting a total score of 2317 out of a possible 2500. This was fine work, and Miss Smith was warmly congratulated.

Her score was:
241 235 230 224 238 229 231 235 225 229 2317

L. P. Ittel won the Zimmerman trophy with 75, against L. C. Buss' 74.

Other events were:
Ring target, three scores to count for the first five prizes, the two best scores to count for the next five scores; one score to count for the others.

H. M. Pope	75	75	75
L. P. Ittel	75	75	75
F. Van Zandt	75	75	75
R. Gute	75	75	74
Louis C. Buss	75	75	74
R. Gute	75	75	74
T. R. Geisel	75	74	
A. J. Huebner	75	74	
F. C. Ross	75	73	
E. C. Reed	74	74	
W. G. Hudson	74	74	
L. P. Hansen	74	74	
C. G. Zettler, Jr.	74	74	
W. Rosenbaum	74	74	
W. A. Tewes	74	74	
O. Schwanerman	74	74	
G. Schlicht	74	74	
A. Kronsberg	73	73	
E. Minervini	73	73	
M. Dorrlor	73	73	
J. H. Taylor	72	72	

Best five ticket—

Ittel	75	75	75	74	74
Van Zandt	75	75	75	74	73
R. Gute	75	75	74	74	74

Bullseye target, the best center shot to count (25 prizes)—

Thos. H. Keller	15	1-2
T. R. Geisel	15	1-2
L. P. Ittel	15	1-2
E. C. Reed	16	1-2
I. Reali	16	1-2
S. N. Murphy	17	1-2
H. Mahlenbrock	19	
H. D. Muller	20	
W. A. Lemcke	21	
S. Buzzini	22	1-2
G. H. Wiegman	23	1-2
H. M. Pope	23	1-2
Wenkoch	24	
I. Martin	24	
G. Purkess	25	
H. C. Zettler	25	1-2
R. Gute	26	
Aug. Kronsberg	26	

Some Practical Rifle Talk.

By S. D. BARNES.

Every year or so the world is treated to an object lesson which shows the value of knowing how to shoot straight. The much talked of era of universal peace may be on its way, but it has not yet arrived, and its early coming can hardly be depended upon. And in the meantime men are occasionally called to take a shot at each other, the best trained eye and trigger finger generally winning the match. So, as a matter of common prudence, it behoves the ordinary peaceable citizen, who may at a day's notice become a soldier, to cultivate ability to shoot quick and to the centre, and incidentally get a thorough acquaintance with the tools used in this sort of work. To abstain from rifle practice until called upon to squint through the sights in defence of one's life, is about as sensible as staying away from the water until you learn to swim. But when once enrolled in the infantry or cavalry, he can rest assured that the government he is to help protect will provide him with an arm perfectly suited to the work in view. And in this respect the untrained recruit is far ahead of most amateur sportsmen who buy a rifle for game killing. There are so many things to be considered that even a veteran rifleman might well experience much difficulty in choosing, especially if the selection is deferred until the time the purchase is made. There are so many different makes, models and calibres, and it is naturally the duty of a salesman to agree with his customer as to the merits of any rifle that may chance to catch his fancy. Moreover, the salesman's rifle lore is all or largely technical. He can tell you what is the latest thing on the market, or the rifle that has enjoyed the greatest sale; he can state off-hand the quality of steel in its barrel and whether the stock is American or imported walnut, explain the lock and action mechanism, and give you accurate information about the cartridge used—its calibre, charge, range, trajectory and penetration; but you can't reasonably expect him to know whether it is better suited than any other rifle for your own especial use. The maker, if consulted, would most certainly clinch a sale, if unstinted praise of the arm would suffice, though he might possibly recommend a lighter or heavier rifle and cartridge. From a business standpoint he would be perfectly right in this. Consequently your only available adviser is some sportsman friend, who either has a rifle of his own and will recommend purchasing another just like it, or will confess himself no better qualified than yourself to decide so momentous a question.

All American rifles of standard make are sufficiently accurate for hunting purposes. The same may be said of English arms, and of the higher priced weapons from Belgian factories; but it is hardly likely that you

will pass by those produced in your own country merely to pay more money for a rifle made across the Atlantic. Apart from other considerations, there is a decided advantage in owning a rifle built on the (American) interchangeable system, for, in the case of a break, you can get a new perfectly fitting part at a very slight expense and dispense with the costly services of a gunsmith. American ammunition is concededly the best in the world, the most uniform in strength and accuracy. Consequently the question is not what make of rifle or ammunition shall I buy? The calibre and charge is the first thing to consider, and after that, the weight and length of barrel.

The rifle must be suited to its purpose. One would not buy a Percheron or Clydesdale horse to draw a light phaeton, or a Shetland pony for heavy draying. Probably very few sportsmen would make the mistake of choosing a .45-70 for squirrel shooting or sallying forth after a grizzly bear with a .22-calibre repeater; but instances of this sort are recorded and doubtless will occur again. Within the length and breadth of our country are thousands of sportsmen owning but a single rifle each, and that one a high-power smokeless power arm, capable of killing a man protected by four inches of oak a mile away. Very few of these rifles are owned by men who could count with certainty upon hitting a deer at 400 yards; fewer still have been instrumental in bringing meat into camp, or have been given an opportunity to show what they could do in this line. They were purchased because they were the fashion of the day, and their owners cannot use them even in practice, except upon a range especially protected against the probability of accidents.

It is well to bear in mind that even a .22 rifle will send its bullet squarely through a deer at the range at which such game is usually shot, and then buy a rifle as light of calibre as will serve for the sort of hunting in view. A .25-20 is large enough for any game smaller than deer, providing the bullet is properly placed; and the rifleman who can not shoot pretty close to the centre had better stay out of the woods until he has acquired a higher degree of skill. A .22 is best for practice work, for it is safe for use, with ordinary care, even in thickly settled localities. After one has learned to shoot well with a 4 or 5-lb. arm, he will find only an increased steadiness of aim upon changing to a heavier and longer barrelled weapon. It should be unnecessary to say that this preliminary practice is indispensable, if one hopes for a satisfactory measure of success in the field; and it should invariably be off-hand work, at distances ranging from 20 to 50 yards. Rest shooting is of little value as practice, for it leads to an over deliberation

in aiming. When a wild beast or bird is the target, even a half-second is too valuable to be wasted.

For deer and other large and thick skinned game the largest calibres are best. This fact is now more generally conceded than two or three years ago, for then the modern high power rifles were the range. The last mentioned arms have been tested to the dissatisfaction of many big game hunters, who have returned to their old loves, though the majority of them have adopted smokeless powder loads for reasons which require no explanation. The theory that large calibres mean excessive recoil is partially misleading. The "kick" comes from heavy powder charges, not from big bullets, and the two do not necessarily go together. It is simply ridiculous to say that 60 grains of powder are required to propel a 300-grain bullet a paltry 40 rods. Our grandfathers knew better than that, even though their study of ballistics had not progressed so far as the calculation of trajectorial curves. They studied the possibilities of their old muzzle loaders, knew how to hold high or low according to distance, and usually killed what they shot at. Nowadays riflemen do too much theorizing in comparison with practice. Before they went daffy on excessive penetration, as exemplified by our modern nitro rifles, they were all abroad on the other tack, following the lead of Van Dyke and his brother apostles of the "express shock" creed. The basis of this latter theory was sound, but they built upon it, brick by brick, until the edifice grew topheavy. After increasing the powder charge to the danger limit, the next thing was to whittle down the bullet, and the culmination was the .38-90, a cartridge that we rarely hear about nowadays, though great things were expected of it at the time of its introduction. Common sense teaches us that a big bullet will kill quicker than a small one, though the latter penetrates from side to side while the former only goes to the "hollow." The shock is greater, the game is bled better, and there is a plain trail to follow if the first shot does not suffice.

I am a believer in nitro rifles for use in mountainous and prairie ranges, where the shooting is at long and constantly varying distances. It is here that a flat trajectory counts, for, at best, the aiming is problematical. The marksman can only make a rough estimate of the distance and adjust his sights accordingly, hold on the target as nearly as he may, and then pull trigger and trust to luck. For this sort of work an ordinary rifle would be next to useless. Again, with reduced charges of powder and lead these arms will serve for small game shooting; but the ammunition is unnecessarily expensive, and a .22 or .25 calibre would answer the purpose quite as well, if not better.

Short, light barrels for hunting rifles, long and heavy ones for target practice. The difference between quick and deliberative aiming necessitates regarding this rule.

Remember that there is a distinction to be made between quick and rapid firing, and upon this hinges the never ending debate as to the comparative merits of single-shot and repeating rifles. I hold to the opinion that rapidity of fire is a good servant but a poor master. The thoughtful, unexcitable marksman can doubtless use an automatic rifle to good purpose, while his brother who goes wild after the first shot and keeps on pumping out bullets as fast as he can work the lever, had best do his hunting with a muzzle loader.

In the woods more game is killed under 60 yards than at longer distances. Very rarely there will offer a chance for a shot at 150 or 200 yards, but under 100 yards is the rule. On the prairies and other open ground the difficulty of approaching game is naturally greater, and the inside limit of range may be placed at about 300 yards. The "outside" cannot be figured upon; it is dependent wholly upon the hunter's keenness of vision. So the conditions would seem to demand: 1st, short range rifles for small game; 2d, short range rifles for big game; 3d, long range rifles for big game. In the first group I would place the .22 long rifle, .22-7-45, .25-20, .25-25 and .32-20; in the second the .45 and .50 calibres with properly proportioned charges, and in the third all the modern high power arms, granting preference to those giving the flattest trajectory. The .38 .40 and .44 black powder cartridges are too large for small game, and, while it would be idle to deny that they do fairly good work on deer and black bear, larger calibres and heavier bullets are better for that sort of shooting.

COLUMBIA RIFLE CLUB, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The tenth and last contest of the Columbia Rifle Club's annual prize shoot took place Feb. 27. Each contestant fired 100 shots in all, and was allowed a number of points on his total, according to his record during the previous year. The German ring target, with one-quarter inch rings and one-half inch black, was used. The first prize was a beautiful gold medal. There were eight other prizes, which were won, viz.:

	Actual Points	Gross Score.	All'd. Score.
1.—I. H. Andrews.....	2419	40	2459
2.—G. A. Morse.....	2386	40	2426
3.—R. C. Kershner.....	2417	0	2417
4.—J. B. Mullan.....	2363	50	2413
5.—J. S. Mullan.....	2369	40	2409
6.—D. S. King.....	2367	40	2407
7.—W. C. Fredericks....	2361	40	2401
8.—C. H. McChesney....	2396	0	2396
9.—F. Pulsifer.....	2345	50	2395



TAKE-DOWN REPEATING SHOTGUNS

The notion that one must pay from fifty dollars upwards in order to get a good shotgun has been pretty effectively dispelled since the advent of the Winchester Repeating Shotgun. These guns are sold within reach of almost everybody's purse. They are safe, strong, reliable and handy. When it comes to shooting qualities no gun made beats them. They are made in 12 and 16 gauge. Step into a gun store and examine one.

FREE: Send name and address on a postal card for our large illustrated catalogue.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The correspondence from London to the Sporting Goods Dealer states that in the revolver competitions at Bisley last year, all the prizes were taken with Colt, Webley or Smith & Wesson revolvers except the Webley-Fosbery, which was restricted to Webley's automatic revolver. In the sporting rifle competitions nine out of the 13 prizes in the Martin-Smith, shot at 100 yards with double or single rifles, were won with Webley rifles. The Gibbs running deer was won with a Mannlicher, and the Henry running deer with a Lee Metford. In the Match Rifle events Mannlichers were chiefly used, although a few American competitors shot with Krags, and several Lee-Enfields are in the prize lists. In the events shot with small low power rifles, the Miniature was won with a Stevens rifle, and four other prize men used Stevens arms, the other six prizes falling to Greener rifles. In the Clubs Riflemen, a rifle club competition at 100 yards, all the prize winners used the popular Greener Sharpshooters, and in the Greener competition this rifle was exclusively used. The Sherwood, another 100-yard event, was shot for with Westley Richards Sherwood rifles and good scores were made. The principal prizes of the meeting, being only open to service rifles, do not now call for mention. The N. R. A. sends us particulars of a prize of 100 guineas which is to be offered at Bisley next July for competition with automatic rifles suitable for military purposes. The

opinion is held here that the government is the moving spirit behind this offer. It is pointed out that the competitions in the early days of the volunteer movement, when 60 small bore rifles were supplied to be tested on the last day of the Bisley meeting, gave a great stimulus to gun manufacture.

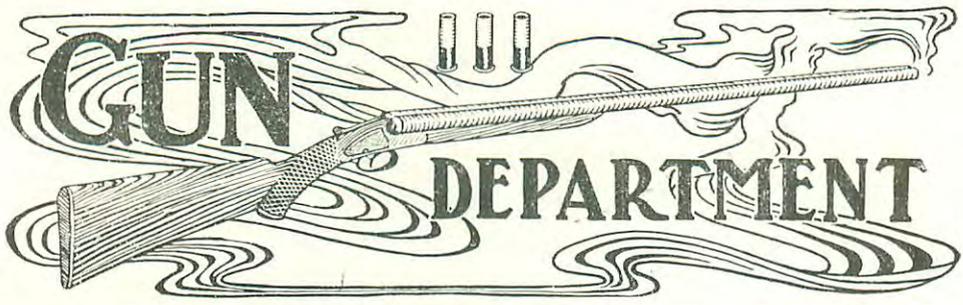
In answer to subscriber S. A. H. of Springfield, Mass., who wishes to know if any make of rifle could be used at the meetings of the National Rifle Association, would state that at the last meeting of the Board for the Promotion of Rifle Practice it was resolved that inasmuch as the National Board was organized to promote rifle practice among the citizens of the country, any rifle could be used so long as it conformed to the following rules:

A—The piece must be capable of using the standard government cartridges.

B—It must be the same length and weight.

C—It must have the same sights and all other exterior fittings.

D—Its action must so nearly resemble the standard government piece that its habitual use will enable a person practising with it to readily change to said standard piece and successfully use it; when viewed and stamped by the National Rifle Association, shall be permitted to be used by clubs duly affiliated with the National Rifle Association for qualification as national marksmen.



NOTES FOR THE TRAP SHOOTERS.

The trap shooting season opened with a rush in and around Boston on the last holiday, and notwithstanding the bad weather, good attendance was the rule.

A finely attended shoot marked the opening of the Watertown Gun Club's season, thirty shooters taking part. Among the visitors were T. H. Keller, Jr., of the Peters Cartridge Co., telling of the merits of the rarer goods; he also was very busy as a squad hustler and referee. The prizes consisted of merchandise—a hunting coat, compass, flasks, cleaning rods, cartridge vests and sweepstakes were optional. The handicap was a bird handicap, and the scratch men were so hard hit that none of them got prizes, being unable to break straight all the time.

Philbrook shot through the entire program, 190 targets, getting a percentage of 636.

	Unknown										Shot at	P.C.			
	Pr.	10	10	5	25	25	25	25	10	10			10		
Fenton,	7	9	9	23	24	22	21	9	6	150	.866		
Jordan,	8	8	6	21	15	18	16	8	5	150	.766		
Buck,	4	7	7	14	17	16	105	.619		
Foote	7	8	4	22	23	19	105	.800		
Cleveland	7	4	5	11	19	15	105	.580		
Bradley,	5	5	3	8	55	.400		
Moxon,	5	7	...	14	14	12	95	.548		
Paul,	5	6	4	19	19	14	15	130	.630		
Land,	6	4	6	16	18	18	105	.647		
Philbrook	4	7	2	21	13	15	19	10	8	5	6	6	5	190	.636
Perkitts,	7	4	20	.550		
Hodsdon,	9	9	7	22	23	23	22	8	6	8	...	160	.856		
Lee,	4	16	19	20	17	110	.690		
Bartlett,	8	23	24	21	22	10	120	.900		
Rollins,	18	12	14	75	.584		
Gokey,	22	20	18	20	8	6	7	6	...	140	.764		
Preble,	22	23	23	18	4	7	120	.808		
Lane,	16	15	50	.380		
Akins,	19	16	11	15	4	6	3	130	.569		

Fairbanks,	...	18	21	50	.780			
Bell,	...	6	23	22	18	23	6	4	5	7	9	6	170	.770
Keller, Jr.,	...	6	22	22	17	19	6	7	7	3	10	6	170	.735
Marsallis,	...	21	20	20	21	6	3	120	.750	
Wright,	...	6	24	18	21	15	7	3	5	4	7	7	170	.688

At Lynn, as elsewhere in this vicinity, the weather on the holiday marred the shoot, but still a good time was enjoyed and good scores made.

The interesting event of the day was a 50 target prize match, shot as events Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12, and results show the handicaps to have been equally adjusted, since ties had to shot off to determine the winners.

Frank from scratch, and Straw with two added, tied on 46 for first and second, and the next event was agreed upon as the shoot-off. Frank broke 13 to Straw's 10. Hebbard, with a handicap of 4, and Kirkwood, scratch, tied on 43, and adopted the same method of settling. Kirkwood won on 13 to Hebbard's 9.

Kirkwood won first average on 146 broken of the 15 program events, that totalled 175. Everett was second, 142; Straw, third, 139; and Frank, fourth, 138.

	Targets															Shot at	Brk.
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	10	15	10	15	10		
Kirkwood	5	11	6	13	8	13	10	15	7	13	175	—146	
Everett	10	12	9	12	5	14	9	11	7	11	175	—142	
Straw	10	11	7	12	7	11	7	12	9	14	175	—139	
Frank	9	12	6	12	2	11	8	12	9	14	175	—138	
Hebbard	4	11	6	10	7	10	8	8	8	13	165	—122	
Rand	7	11	7	9	2	11	8	11	6	10	150	—113	
Healey	4	8	8	8	4	9	8	9	6	11	150	—97	
Bailey	1	5	6	6	4	5	75	—27	
Greeley	6	8	2	4	50	—26	
Chapin	0	3	1	1	50	—5	

Event 11, 10 targets—Rand 9, Kirkwood 9, Frank 8, Straw 8, Hebbard 6, Healey 3.
 Event 12, 15 targets—Frank 15, Kirkwood 14, Straw 13, Everett 13, Hebbard 12, Rand 12, Healey 9.
 Event 12, 15 targets—Frank 15, Kirkwood 14, Rand 13, Straw 10, Hebbard 9.
 Event 14, 5 pairs—Everett 9, Kirkwood 9, Straw 8, Frank 7.
 Totals given include all fourteen events.

On the last Saturday in the month the first of the Triangular Club contests was held at the Wellington grounds of the Boston Gun Club, and as usual the weather was bad.

In addition to the team match, eight open events took place, Baldwin of Watertown winning first prize, a fine silver-mounted umbrella suitably engraved. His score was 84, an excellent one under the hard conditions. Burbank of Whitinsville, Mass., broke 83, Frank 82, Everett and Bell 79.

The team match was exciting, but not productive of high scores. A difference of ten targets between high and low scores show evenly matched teams and entitled none to the leather position.

Boston Gun Club team took first with a total of 175. Watertown Independent, second, with 170. Frank, of the first named club, made highest individual score, 45 out of 50, a very fine performance. A new Leggett trap has been installed and worked to perfection, not a "skip or balk" occurred, and the new trap received plenty of praise from all present.

High men were:

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		
Targets	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	Sh.	at Bke.
Baldwin	10	12	8	11	9	10	9	15	100	84
Burbank	8	14	8	11	8	14	9	11	100	83
Frank	9	9	6	13	8	13	9	15	100	82
Bell	9	14	7	12	7	10	10	10	100	79
Everett	7	13	8	10	8	12	7	14	100	79
Hodsdon	8	13	9	11	7	14	7	9	100	78
Johnson	9	12	8	12	9	12	6	10	100	78
Griffiths	10	13	7	12	9	10	4	12	100	77

In the team match, Boston won out.

Team match; 5 men per team; 50 targets per man, 16 yds. rise.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.

Frank	8	13	9	15-45
Bell	7	10	10	10-37
Train	5	13	8	10-36
Baker	7	10	7	11-35
Woodruff (capt.)	4	7	8	9-22-175

WATERTOWN INDEPENDENTS.

Baldwin	9	10	9	15-43
Hodsdon (capt.)	7	14	7	9-37
Gokey	6	9	7	12-34
Morse	6	10	7	6-29
Sprague	4	6	8	9-27-170

WATERTOWN GUN CLUB.

Barry	8	14	7	14-43
Bartlett	6	12	9	9-36
Phillbrook (capt.)	7	11	9	7-34
Wright	5	12	7	7-31
Foote	3	7	5	8-23-167

HARVARD SHOOTING CLUB.

Bancroft	9	13	9	11-42
Marshall	7	13	8	12-40
Ward	6	10	5	10-31
Mead	7	8	5	7-27
Marsalis (capt.)	3	9	4	9-25-165

Arrangements have been completed for the team trap shooting contest between the gun clubs of the Boston Athletic Association and the New England Kennel Club, which will be one of the most important events of its kind ever held in this section of the country.

There has been a long existing rivalry between the two clubs, and Capt. T. F. Barter of the N. E. K. C. team received a challenge from the B. A. A., which was promptly accepted.

It is proposed to have eight men on each side, and there will be a series of three matches, to take place on the first three Saturdays in April. One match will take place at the N. E. K. C. traps at Braintree, and another at the B. A. A. traps at Riverside. The place for holding the final match will be decided later.

FRED GILBERT'S RECORD.

Fred Gilbert is easily the champion for 1903, as may be demonstrated by the records. His averages at targets have been:

	Per cent.
Gowrie, Ia., Jan. 20-21	390 .966
Pocahontas, Ia., Jan. 27-28	305 .964
Redfield, Ia., Feb. 3-4	320 .940
Detroit, Mich., Feb. 10-11 (21 yds.)	330 .850
Davenport, Ia., March 4-5	480 .950
Des Moines, Ia., April 2-3 (20 yds.)	400 .880
St. Joseph, Mo., Apr. 7-8-9 (22 yds.)	600 .880
Kansas City, Mo., April 14-15-16-17	340 .944
Concordia, Kansas, April 21-22-23	600 .968
St. Louis, Mo., April 26	100 .990
Natchez, Miss., May 8	125 .984
Vicksburg, Miss., May 4-5-6	540 .955
Osceola, Ia., May 18 (22 yds.)	420 .850
Okoboji, Ia., June 2-3-4	600 .965
Cincinnati, O., June 9-10-11	495 .937
Fort Dodge, Ia., June 25-26	345 .948
Lakefield, Minn., June 30, July 1	400 .957
Forest City, Ia., July 15-16	400 .947
Marshalltown, Ia., Aug. 6-7	400 .940
Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 28	800 .926
Spirit Lake, Ia., Aug. 21-22 (20 yds.)	400 .917
Rockwell City, Ia., Sept. 9-10	200 .940
Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 22-23	400 .945
Bowling Green, Ky., Oct. 8-9	350 .948
West Baden, Ind., Oct. 12-13-14 (21 yds.)	700 .948
Paducah, Ky., Oct. 21-22	500 .965
New London, Ia., Oct. 27-28-29	600 .893
Davenport, Ia., Nov. 10-11-12 (22 yds.)	490 .870
Totals	112,030 .934

ALSO AT LIVE BIRDS.

	Shot at.	Killed.
Owensboro, Ky., Oct. 7 (33 yds.)	60	60
Paducah, Ky., Oct. 23 (33 yds.)	35	35
St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 24-25 (33-32 yds.)	95	94
St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 25 (30 yds.)	10	10
Davenport, Ia., Nov. 12 (32 yds.)	20	20
Totals	220	219

All these records made by Mr. Gilbert with the Parker gun.

At the first of the March shoots of the Brooklyn, N. Y., Crescent Athletic Club held March 5, Henry C. Werleman won the first "leg" on the March cup, and A. G. Southworth on the gun presented by H. Sauer as a trophy for highest monthly averages. The summaries:

Cup Shoot—25 Targets.

	H.	T.
H. C. Werleman	7	24
F. B. Stephenson	1	22
H. M. Brigham	0	22
L. M. Palmer, Jr.	1	21
Grant Notman	2	21
Dr. H. L. O'Brien	4	20
Dr. F. C. Raynor	5	20
A. G. Southworth	1	19
V. B. Hegeman	3	18
G. G. Stephenson	2	17
O. C. Grinnell, Jr.	6	16
L. C. Hopkins	2	16
W. W. Marshall	5	15
H. B. Vandever	3	14

Saure Gun Trophy—25 Targets.

A. G. Southworth	1	25
O. C. Grinnell, Jr.	6	24
H. C. Werleman	7	24
F. B. Stephenson	1	22
Grant Norman	3	22
Capt. Money	1	22
D. V. B. Hegeman	3	22
L. M. Palmer, Jr.	1	21
G. G. Stephenson	2	21
H. M. Brigham	2	21
Dr. O'Brien	4	20
W. M. Marshall	5	19
Dr. F. C. Raynor	5	19
G. W. Hagedom	3	19
H. B. Vandever	3	19
L. C. Hopkins	5	19
E. H. Lott	1	14

Palmer Memorial Trophy—25 Targets.

F. B. Stephenson	1	22
H. M. Brigham	0	21
Capt. Money	1	21

Trophy Shoot—15 Targets.

G. W. Hagedom	1	14
A. G. Southworth	0	14
G. G. Stephenson	1	13
F. B. Stephenson	0	13
H. C. Werleman	4	11
E. H. Lott	0	10
O. C. Grinnell, Jr.	4	9
L. C. Hopkins	1	9
W. W. Marshall	3	9
H. M. Brigham	0	8
Dr. O'Brien	2	7
H. B. Vandever	1	7

Shoot-off—G. W. Hagedom, 13; A. G. Southworth, 11.

Trophy Shoot—15 Targets.

G. G. Stephenson	1	14
H. C. Werleman	4	14
F. B. Stephenson	0	13
G. W. Hagedom	1	13
H. M. Brigham	0	11
A. G. Southworth	0	11
D. V. B. Hegeman	1	10
O. C. Grinnell, Jr.	4	10
Dr. H. L. O'Brien	2	10
W. W. Marshall	3	8

Shoot-off—G. G. Stephenson, 14; H. C. Werleman, 9.

Special Sweepstake—50 Targets.

E. H. Lott	44
J. Hendrickson	44
G. G. Stephenson	42
H. M. Brigham	41
L. M. Palmer, Jr.	41
A. G. Southworth	37

At Dayton, Ohio, March 2, the opening contest of the Rohrer Island Gun Club was held with a good attendance, there being 31 present. These contests will be held during the season and will be known as the handicap series.

Harry Oswald won the trophy, and there were seven who shot into the eligible class, being led by Charles W. Matthews, with a score of 30. The scores follow:

Shot at. Broke.

Herman Nohr	27	25
Kershner	28	18
Rosenkrantz	35	15
Joseph Kuntz, Jr.	35	11
M. J. Schwind	28	25
Sapp	35	22
John Schaerf	35	22
Harry Oswald	35	25
John W. Gerlaugh	28	20
Will Hanauer	28	23
G. F. Miller	28	25
John Davis	29	25
J. R. Kinnard	35	23
William Kunz	35	18
D. Wetzel	35	13
M. Ford	35	24
Morey	35	17
Joe Donohue	35	27
Balsewicz	35	12
George Donohue	35	11
C. Ballman	35	24
George Rohrer	30	24
W. Kette	35	18
Carl Hanauer	35	23
E. Spohr	35	12
H. Brown	35	11
Barnes	35	23
C. W. Matthews	35	30
C. Smyth	32	26
Ed Clark	30	23

Oswald, Davis, Nohr, Schwind, Miller, Joe Donohue and Smyth scored the necessary 25 each, thus qualifying for the shoot-off.

In the first shoot-off Nohr and Donohue dropped out.

In the second and third shoot-offs, the five remained in, and in the fourth Schwind, Miller and Smyth dropped out.

In the fifth shoot-off Oswald broke five straight and won the medal. Davis broke three and lost.

The shooter winning the medal the most number of times during the year is to be presented with the handsome trophy.



U. M. C. SMOKELESS POWDER SHELLS

in 1903 won the Grand American Handicap, the Grand Canadian Handicap, the National Amateur Live Bird Championship of America, the Sunny South Handicaps at Flying Targets and Live Birds and over 140 first averages at smaller tournaments.

These are supreme tests at the leading shoots of the year.

Your Shells for Field and Trap should be U. M. C.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY

Agency, 313 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Rochester, N. Y., March 5—The fourth series of shoots in the contest given by the Rochester Rod and Gun Club was held on Wednesday. Norton, with a handicap of seven, made the second best actual score and finished the afternoon with the high gross score. Adkin and Clark, each with a handicap of four, tied for the high actual score with a total of 23 out of 25.

The committee appointed to arrange for the spring invitation tournament of the club has decided to hold it on May 4 and 5. All the leading shooters of the State will be here at that time. Upward of \$200 will be offered in prizes.

Several of the club members who had failed to participate in the previous contests in the spring handicap tournament were on hand Wednesday to make up their missing strings. The appended scores include them, the numeral opposite the name indicating which string was made up:

	Broke.	H'cap.	Gross Score.
Norton	22	7	29
Adkin	23	4	27
Clark	23	4	27
Borst	20	7	27
Kelly	21	5	26
Galbraith	20	4	24
Siebold	16	7	23

Mitchell	17	6	23
Coughlin	12	6	18
Coughlin (3)	20	9	29
Coughlin (2)	16	9	25
Norton	22	3	25
Galbraith (2)	21	4	25
Borst	17	5	22

We have received from Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., one of their 1904 calendars, on which is printed many photographs of noted shooters using their guns. This calendar also shows the record of many of these shooters, and that of Fred Gilbert, the champion of 1903, is particularly interesting.

During last year Gilbert shot at 12030 targets, and out of these broke .934 per cent. Gilbert uses a Parker gun, and his favorite load is 38 grains Du pont powder, 1 1-4 ounce Tatham's 7 1-2 chilled shot in Winchester factory loaded "Reader" shells.

Three Atlantic City marksmen have arranged to shoot sixty toy balloons for a wager. The balloons are said to be more difficult to hit than live birds. They are to be released from the pigeon traps the same as live birds, and the same rules which govern pigeon matches are to be enforced with the balloons. The contestants are John Louisseau, Captain Charles Litchman and Captain William Haggerty.



One of the "Hot Squads" at the Labor Day Tournament of the Springfield (Mass.) Shooting Club.

PLANS FOR SPRING TOURNAMENT.

The Springfield (Mass.) Shooting Club will hold their Annual Spring Tournament at flying targets on Patriots' Day, April 19. The program calls for three ten, five fifteen, one twenty and two twenty-five target events, one hundred and seventy-five (175) targets in all; \$17.00 entrance in the sweeps; \$5.00 in gold will be given the amateur making the highest average shooting the entire program.

In addition to the regular program, the club will run another National Sportsman Contest, which proved so popular last spring. This will be a twenty-five (25) target event; entrance, \$1.00 (not including price of targets). This gives each shooter a year's subscription to NATIONAL SPORTSMAN and a chance at winning any of the prizes furnished by the publishers of the magazine. There will be three prizes, their value depending on the number of entries received in the contest. This event is open to all amateurs and will be handicapped back to the 25 yard mark.

Targets will be thrown from three expert traps, known traps and unknown angles. All purses will be divided by Rose system, four moneys; less than ten entries, three moneys. Professionals and paid experts allowed to shoot for targets only. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, C. L. Kites, 499 Main street, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Loaded shells will be for sale at the clubhouse, where lunch will be served. Indian Orchard and Palmer cars pass the grounds every seven minutes. Targets included in all entrances at two cents each. Sweepstakes being op-

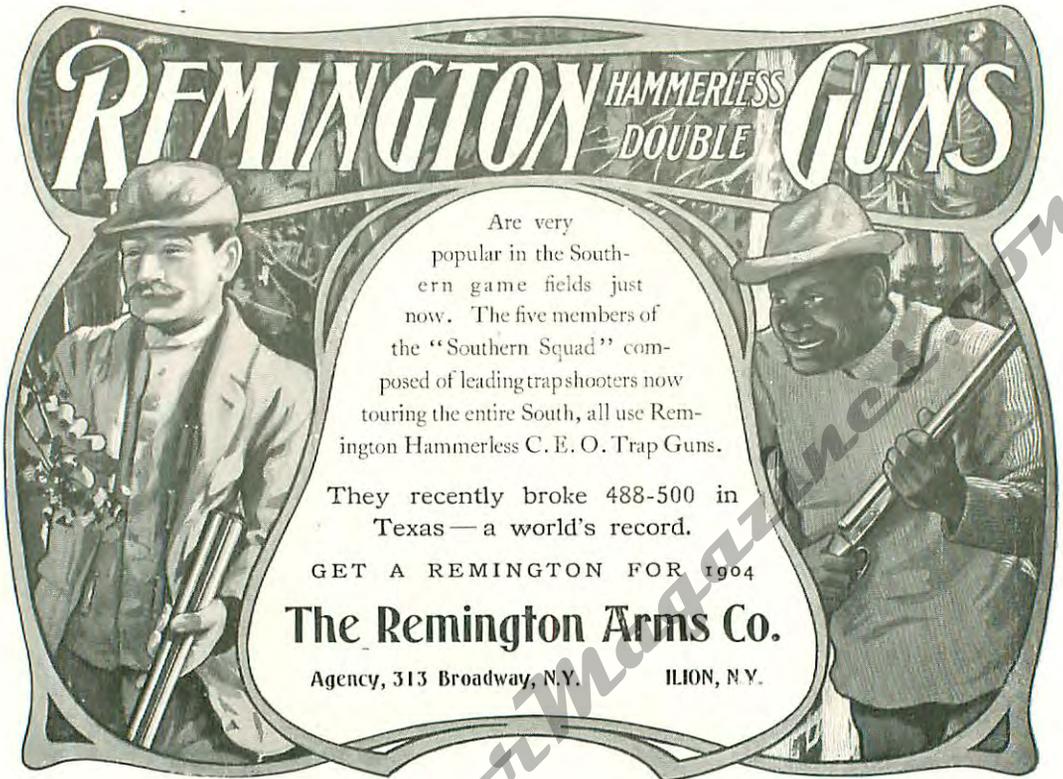
tional, anyone may enter any event and shoot for targets only. Programs are now ready and may be procured by addressing the secretary.

This tournament coming so early in the season and not conflicting with any other meet will undoubtedly draw a very large number of shooters. The manufacturers' "missionaries" will be with us in good numbers and some fine shooting is expected from them.

At a special meeting of the club held recently it was voted that the club should put up an appropriate gold badge, to be shot for by members during the season under the following conditions:

Each member must shoot at twenty-five (25) consecutive targets at each practice shoot, or two hundred and fifty (250) during the season. Averages will be figured on the best score of twenty-five consecutive targets shot at at each shoot. This does not hinder any member from shooting at as many targets as he wishes to at any shoot, but twenty-five consecutive targets must be shot at from the handicap mark.

At each practice shoot the one making the highest score for the twenty-five consecutive targets shot at from the handicap mark is entitled to wear the badge until his score is beaten or tied at some future shoot; then that member has the same privilege of wearing the badge. Ties to be shot off by miss-and-out. At the end of the season the member whose average is highest for the two hundred and fifty (250) targets shot at in the badge contest has the badge for his own personal property.



REMINGTON HAMMERLESS DOUBLE GUNS

Are very popular in the Southern game fields just now. The five members of the "Southern Squad" composed of leading trapshooters now touring the entire South, all use Remington Hammerless C. E. O. Trap Guns.

They recently broke 488-500 in Texas—a world's record.

GET A REMINGTON FOR 1904

The Remington Arms Co.

Agency, 313 Broadway, N.Y. ILION, N.Y.

This contest will be handicapped by the distance method of handicapping, thus giving each contestant an equal show at winning the badge. The handicaps will be arranged for the first shoot according to the average of the shooters during the past season of 1903, but at every shoot after the first one the handicaps will be changed according to the average of the shooters for the past shoot, thus as a shooter improves he will be put back or if he "falls down" will be moved up, in this way keeping each shooter handicapped as he shoots—all handicaps to be arranged between 16 and 25 yard mark.

Any member being absent from a shoot may by shooting at fifty (50) consecutive targets in strings of twenty-five each at the next shoot still keep in the contest.

MISFIRE.

Thomas W. Morfey of Dover, N. J., successfully defended his title as State Champion against W. C. Dauser of Freehold in a pigeon-shooting match at Frank Class's Lake Denmark Hotel, scoring 23 kills to Dauser's 20. The conditions of the match were twenty-five birds at thirty-yard rise. A cold east wind was blowing almost a gale and the birds were off like a shot.

Dauser had the misfortune to have four birds drop out of bounds, making only one clean miss.

Two sweepstakes were shot next, Morfey and Dauser taking part in both. Andrew K. Baker of Dover won the first with a clean score of 27 birds. Morfey and Charles Schomp of Dover divided first money in the second.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company of Bridgeport, Conn., have recently published a neat little vest-pocket book, entitled "Trap Shooting Rules and Records."

Beside giving full rules regarding the trap shooting game, the back contains the favorite loads of the famous "Southern Squad" as it is called, which is composed of the names of the famous trap shooters of the country, who are now touring the southern country.

The book is an excellent guide for trap shooters and contains beside a few score sheets at the back of the book.

A copy of this book will be sent free to any of our readers desiring same by addressing: Dept. G, care of Union Metallic Cartridge Co., 313 Broadway, New York City.

OUR DENSE POWDERS

Are Standards for Rifles, Shotguns and Revolvers.
Used by U. S. Army and Navy.

We also have secured control of the American
E. C. & Schultze Bulk Smokeless Works at Oak-
land, N. J., and are giving most careful attention
to the manufacture of these well-known brands.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.

Parkersburg, W. Va., March 3.—The Ohio Valley Snooting Association held a club shoot at its grounds here on Saturday. The most interesting event was a handicap team race between F. E. and J. F. Mallory, composing one team, and S. T. Mallory and M. J. Rathbone the other the latter team being allowed 10 broken targets in the contest, which was at 100 targets. The scores follow:

Targets.	25	25	25	25	Total.
F. E. Mallory	24	25	25	25	97
J. F. Mallory	23	25	23	25	96
					193
S. T. Mallory	22	23	22	22	89
M. J. Rathbone	22	22	23	21	88
					—
Allowance					10
					177
					187

As the scores show, Messrs. F. E. Mallory and J. F. Mallory were the victors with a margin of 3 per cent.

This shoot marks the recommencement of the semi-weekly club shoots of the association, which were discontinued on account of the severe weather. The association has a large and enthusiastic membership, and many interesting matches are anticipated during the coming year. A number of trophies will be provided that will be contested for at these shoots.

Tournaments will be held throughout the year, for which a large attendance will be bid. These will be in charge of Mallory Eros., whose reputation in trap-shooting circles is a guarantee that they will be properly conducted.

The "hoodoo" of bad weather on the days of the mid-week meetings of the Boston, Mass., Gun Club has been broken, and on March 9 a good crowd attended the shoot at the Wellington traps. Results were as follows:

10 targets—Bell 9, Kneil and Lawler 8, Griffiths, Frank and Woodruff 7, Campbell and Moore 6.

15 targets—Lawler 14, Lane and Getchell 13, Bell 12, Griffiths and Frank 11.

10 targets—Bell and Getchell 10, Griffiths 9, Campbell, Kneil and Lawler 8, Frank Burns, Moore, Lee and George 7.

5 pairs—Griffiths and Getchell 8, Allison, Woodruff, Lawler, Paul and Buck 7, Frank, Bell and Arnot 6.

15 targets—Woodruff and Hodsdon 13, Campbell, Frank, Worthing, Getchell, Lee and Jones 12, Griffiths, Bell and Lawler 11, Arnot 10.

10 targets—Hodsdon 10, Frank, Bell and Getchell 9, Griffiths, Campbell, Jones and Lawler 8, Allison, Woodruff and Buck 7.

10 targets—Campbell 10, Getchell and Hodsdon 9, Frank, Bell, Worthing, Lawler and Paul 8, Burns 7.

15 targets—Griffiths 15, Woodruff 13,

Campbell and Hodsdon 12, Bell, Getchell, Lawler and Foote 11.

Prize match—Hodsdon, 19 yds., 23; Getchell, 16 yds., 21; Frank, 18 yds., 21; Campbell, 16 yds., 20; Bell, 18 yds., 20; Woodruff, 17 yds., 20; Jones, 16 yds., 20; Griffiths, 19 yds., 19; Lee, 16 yds., 19; Lawler, 16 yds., 19; Worthing, 16 yds., 18; Arnot, 18 yds., 16; Buck, 16 yds., 16; Burns, 16 yds., 16; Allison, 19 yds., 15; Foote, 16 yds., 13; Paul, 16 yds., 12; Moore, 16 yds., 12; Bryant, 16 yds., 5.

The Seneca Gun Club of Seneca, Kan., held a successful shoot last month, both at targets and live birds.

Fred Gilbert was present and, as usual, won first average with his Parker gun.

The weather on the first day, March 8, was pleasant, and the scores were high. On the second day a Kansas cyclone of sand filled the eyes of everyone who tried to look at a target, but even with this drawback the scores were not low. On March 10 a strong northwest wind helped the live birds to slide over the bounds, and the right quarters were particularly fast.

The program on Tuesday had thirteen events at targets, a total of 215 shots.

Fred Gilbert broke 207 with a gun of 85 straight. Taylor broke 203.

On the second day nine events scheduled had a total of 150 shots. Lew W. Reed, of Ohio, Neb., led with 145. Gilbert was second, with 142.

For the two days' open program Gilbert broke 349 out of 265 targets, an average of 956 per cent. The \$50 loving cup offered for high average, including the team match, was won by Lew Reed, on a total of 378 out of 415 targets. He used a Winchester gun and Leader shells.

The target team match was won by Kansas No. 1, although the experts made a better score, but were not eligible.

In the Interstate live bird race Kansas won on a total of 106 out of 125 birds. St. Joe was one behind.

The Seneca Gun Club worked hard to make this shoot a success, and the president of the club, A. L. L. Scoville, deserves special credit for his untiring efforts to have everything conducted in the best order.

FIRST DAY, MARCH 8.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets	15	15	20	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	—215
Gilbert	12	15	19	15	15	19	15	15	20	15	14	19—207
Taylor	13	14	18	15	14	18	14	15	20	13	14	20—203
G. T'mblik	10	14	19	15	15	18	14	15	19	15	12	18—197
D. T'mblik	12	14	18	15	12	19	14	15	17	15	13	17—195
Veach	15	12	19	11	14	18	13	13	19	14	14	18—194
O'Brien	13	13	19	14	13	14	12	18	14	15	19—192	
Head	14	14	20	13	14	17	15	11	19	11	15	15—192
Reed	10	14	10	14	15	16	14	12	18	12	14	18—191
Murphy	13	14	19	13	13	16	14	13	20	12	14	18—191
E. Witzig	13	15	20	11	14	19	12	12	20	14	13	15—191
Clayton	14	15	19	14	15	18	11	11	16	11	13	18—190

SECOND DAY, MARCH 9.

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20—150
Reed	15	15	20	13	14	20	14	15	19—145
Gilbert	15	12	20	15	14	18	14	14	20—142
E. L. Witzig	15	13	20	15	14	18	13	14	18—140
Taylor	14	12	18	13	15	17	15	15	18—137

Veach	14	13	16	15	15	18	13	11	19—134
Clayton	14	14	19	13	14	15	14	11	20—134
Carter	14	13	18	10	15	16	13	15	19—133
Kline	15	10	18	13	14	19	11	13	19—132
Lord	14	13	19	12	11	17	15	13	18—132
O'Brien	15	13	17	13	12	18	13	13	18—132
G. Timberlake	14	15	17	14	13	19	12	13	15—132
Phillips	14	12	16	12	14	20	13	14	16—131
Townsend	13	12	17	12	13	18	14	14	17—130

GENERAL AVERAGE.

The following gives the high guns for the open target program:

	215	150	365
F. Gilbert	207	142	349
H. G. Taylor	203	137	340
Lew Reed	191	145	336
E. L. Witzig	191	140	331
G. Timberlake	197	132	329
W. Veach	194	134	328
Team Match, 50 targets.			

KANSAS, No. 1.

O'Brien	46
Murphy	41
Dan T.	44
Anderson	41
George T.	46

IOWA.

Jno. B.	38
Kline	42
Show	45
Parsons	41
Kline	41

NEBRASKA.

Miller	40
Veach	44
Carter	45
Townsend	46
Reed	42

KANSAS, No. 2.

Myers	33
H. E. Witzig	38
E. L. Witzig	41
Thiele	39
Phillips	42

KANSAS CITY.

Clayton	44
Storty	39
Akard	41
Gottlieb	48
Holmes	40

KANSAS, No. 3.

Crider	42
Lux	37
Cave	36
Kennedy	35
Weeks	40

McKeesport, Mar. 14, 1904.

Editor National Sportsman:

At a meeting of our club held March 11, 1904, the following officers were elected for the year:

Chas. H. Baird, president; Fred Gross, vice-president; Geo. W. Mains, secretary; J. F. Calhoun, treasurer; Phil Ratzsch, captain; executive board, Chas. H. Baird, Geo. W. Mains, Phil Ratzsch, C. L. Kelly, Harvey McFarland.

We hold our spring tournament May 30; program out April 1.

Yours very truly,

GEO. W. MAINS,
Enterprise Gun Club.

THE ORGANIZATION OF A GUN CLUB

At the request of a number of readers, we publish this article on organizing a gun club. This article is from a book just issued by the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., and will be sent free by addressing Dept. G, No. 314 Broadway, New York.

There is no way in which shooting interests of all kinds may be better promoted than through the medium of regularly organized gun clubs. There is in every community of any consequence a number of men who enjoy shooting, and many more would do so if they had ever given this splendid sport a careful trial, and knew its advantages as a means of recreation and rest to the overworked constitution of the average business man of today. However, in this, as in many other things, the onerous work and detail of enlisting the sympathy of those whom it is desired to reach, usually falls upon one or two men. It is the history of gun clubs and of tournament management that one or very few active, enthusiastic men are the prime movers and do the actual work in connection with the enterprise. When to such good spirit it seems advisable to effect an organization, the usual and most satisfactory method of procedure is to meet first in the office or store of the local dealer in ammunition and sporting goods. The latter is usually a good fellow and willingly extends to shooters such courtesies, if, indeed, he is not a prime mover in the work. Here the organizers can discuss plans and decide informally what they want and how best to proceed. From this meeting the promoters go out and during the following week meet and talk with others who are or might be interested in a gun club, securing promises of attendance at another open meeting to be held at the store or office on a given date. To do this successfully is no easy matter; it means application and determined effort. The pleasure comes afterwards, when organization has been effected and all is running smoothly; but the good fellows who do this work do it for the love of it, and every community is fortunate enough to have some such men. Then comes the meeting for organization. The prime mover states the object of the gathering, the enthusiasm of association springs up spontaneously, and after that all is easy.

The usual membership fees for local gun clubs are nominal, say \$1.00 per year, the same being applied to the club treasury for use in the purchase and maintenance of the necessary grounds and equipment. At the time of organization it is well to take definite steps to guard against some of the common errors which tend to and have in the past disrupted so many promising gun clubs. Targets should be thrown at a price as low as possible, allowing for necessary cost. One cent each is a safe and convenient figure for practice, and two cents is the usual charge at tournaments, where money is added to the purses by the club. The duties of various officers should be clearly defined, and closely adhered to. Members shooting for practice or in individual matches, if there be any such, on days other than those

set for regular work, should be held personally responsible to the field captain for all expense incidental to such work, incurred by themselves or their friends. Many clubs have suffered from this source of over-enthusiasm of one or more members, who shot many extra scores at the expense of the general treasury. Another frequent cause of disruption in clubs is the tendency to shoot sweepstake races and make side bets at regular meets. This must invariably result in changing money from the indifferent to the best shots, and when the former gets tired of donating for the benefit of a few, as they soon must, disagreement begins, and the life of the club is threatened. At club meets shoot only for medals and cups or honorable mention. When the club considers that it has progressed enough to hold a tournament for open competition, that is another thing, and purses become essential. And lastly, but above all, the danger of throwing too difficult targets should be carefully guarded against. To this end, the field captain should be a careful, practical man, and he should be particular to keep his traps so regulated as to avoid throwing extreme angles or very fast targets. Experience has clearly demonstrated that men do not like to use up good ammunition for the purpose of merely shooting holes in the air; they want to be able to score hits, and a target of medium flight is most satisfactory and fairest of all.

All this ought to be embodied in the formal constitution and by-laws, and as a framework for this, the following is suggested, being, of course, subject to change or amendment to conform with local conditions:—

CONSTITUTION.

Name and Object.

This Club shall be known as the _____ Gun Club, of _____ and is organized for the purpose of promoting the art of wing shooting, both in the field and at the traps and for the promotion of good-fellowship among lovers of this class of sport.

Membership.

The membership of this club shall consist of such true sportsmen as may care to associate themselves together in the above cause.

Officers.

The officers of this club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer and Field Captain, who shall be elected by ballot from among the active members in good standing, at the annual meeting which shall be held on the first regular meeting in each shooting season.

Duties of Officers.

It shall be the duty of the President to call and preside at all regular business meetings, and to have general supervision of the affairs of the club.

The Vice-President shall, in the absence

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TARGET
SHOOT
EVER
HELD**

LEFEVER

WINS

GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

AT KANSAS CITY, APRIL 14 TO 17, 1903

SEND FOR 1903 CATALOG



Lefever Arms Co.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

of the President, assume and exercise all duties of that official.

The Secretary keeps all scores and records of the club, in books adapted to that purpose, and incidental to tournaments shall have charge of the clerical work, and be responsible for the correctness of the same.

The Treasurer shall keep all moneys of the club and be responsible for the same, paying such vouchers as the officers shall endorse.

The Field Captain shall have charge of the shooting range, the care of ground property, and the handling of the executive end of practice and tournament work.

Meetings.

Meetings of this club shall be held as the members at the annual meeting may elect, or upon the call of the President, or any three members, presented in writing.

Fees.

The membership fees incidental to this club shall be _____ payable annually, into the treasury.

By-Laws.

1. The price of targets for any and all occasions shall be one cent each, except for regular tournament work.

2. Members wishing to shoot at the range on other than regular club meeting days shall pay and be responsible to the Field Captain, for the hire of trappers, and such incidental expenses as they may incur. Members entertaining friends at the range shall be answerable for their conduct and expense.

3. It is the sense of this club that the following of targets shall be kept within a reasonable range, and the flight limited, say, to a maximum distance of fifty yards.

4. There shall be no sweepstakes or side

bet shooting among members of this club at the regular practice meets, such pecuniary considerations being strictly confined to tournament meets.

5. The above articles may be amended or extended by the vote of a majority of members in attendance at any regular meeting, where ten or more members are present.

RALEIGH, N. C., GUN CLUB.

Our season opened March 3 under very poor conditions, being very cloudy and a strong wind. We cannot expect favorable weather during this month, but some of our members were anxious to get to work and bear out their predictions of making a big increase over their last season's records, and some of us will bear out the assertion. We have added several new members and expect our old members to take more interest this season than heretofore.

E. H. Storr, the popular representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., was a visitor in our city this week.

Our club is arranging a team shoot with a team of the Pinehurst Club the latter part of this month.

The following scores were made today:

	Sh. at.	Bke.
Whitaker	50	45
Johnson	75	62
Walters	75	41
Ellington	35	29
Gowan	50	33
Pearce	75	57
Webb	75	52
Ferrall	50	41
Parker	50	33
Barrett	50	37
Barrow	10	6

WANTED

EVERY owner of a shot gun to write for our Booklet.

THE MITCHELL MFG. CO.

LONDON, OHIO.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 12.—The Yale Gun Club team met the Crescent Athletic gunners on the latter's grounds, at Bay Ridge, and were defeated by the score of 201 to 185 targets. The conditions were 50 shots for each man, the possible team total being 250. For the first ten minutes things were fairly even, E. H. Lott, of the Crescents, scoring 37, and his opponent, J. Borden, 33. Then L. M. Palmer, Jr., made the top score of the match for the Crescents, 42, while his rival made 31. J. W. Ady, Jr., E. A. Hall and J. P. Kinean, of the Yale team, scored 40, 41 and 40, respectively, making their total 185; but the Stephenson brothers, F. B. and G. G., shot 41 each, and H. M. Brigham made 41, which brought the home team's total up to 201; so they won by sixteen targets.

The attendance was larger than usual on account of the fine weather and the Yale match. In the shoot for the monthly cup eighteen men entered, and F. B. Stephenson made the top score of 24. H. M. Brigham and L. M. Palmer were the winning team in the shoot for the Sykes trophy, their total being 43, against 42 made by E. H. Lott and H. B. Vanderveer.

Twenty men entered the shoot for the Sauer trophy. H. Werleman and F. B. Stephenson each made a full score of 25. Captain Money and F. T. Bedford, Jr., each made a full score in the shoot for the Palmer trophy, and in a trophy shoot at 15 targets, in which 23 entered, H. Werleman and D. C. Bennett tied with full scores, which are to be shot on next week. The summaries:

TEAM SHOOT—CRESCENT A. G. C.	
E. H. Lott	37
L. M. Palmer, Jr.	42
F. B. Stephenson	41
G. G. Stephenson	41
H. M. Brigham	40
<hr/>	
Team total	201
YALE GUN CLUB.	
J. Borden	33
G. Sturges	31
J. W. Ady, Jr.	40
E. A. Hall	41
J. P. Kinean	40
<hr/>	
Team total	185

The season in New England has opened with a rush, and it looks now as if this would be the best year for trap shooting that this section has known.

On April 19th the Boston Gun Club and the Springfield Gun Club will have an all-day shoot at their respective grounds, and on May 18th the Boston Club will hold its annual invitation tournament.

The Watertown Club has installed a new Leggett trap and some fine times and well attended shoots are now anticipated.

The Exeter (N. H.) Sportsman's Club annual meeting and banquet took place March 5 at the Squamscott Hotel. It marked the twenty-sixth milestone for this old and famous organization. A. T. Severance offici-

ated as toastmaster. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Albert T. Weeks; vice-president, Walter S. Carlisle; secretary, Frank M. Cilley; treasurer, J. Warren Tilton; executive committee, R. C. Stevenson, S. R. Peavey and Capt. A. S. Langley.

The three New Hampshire clubs, Exeter, Dover and Portsmouth, are to have a series of field days this year.

The second of the triangular team races took place at the Wellington grounds, March 12, and the Boston Gun Club again won first place, although by a very close margin.

Team match, 5 men per team, 50 targets per man, shot in alternate events of 15 and 10 targets.

BOSTON GUN CLUB.

Frank	13	6	10	10—39
Woodruff	13	6	13	6—38
Train	10	6	13	7—36
Bell	12	4	12	8—36
Baker	10	8	11	5—34

183

WATERTOWN INDEPENDENTS.

Baldwin	14	9	13	8—44
Hodsdon	13	5	13	8—39
Morse	10	6	13	8—37
Gokey	10	8	9	8—35
Sprague	5	4	10	5—24

179

HARVARD SHOOTING CLUB.

Baneroft	10	9	11	8—38
W. M. Wright	9	8	12	8—37
Marsalis	9	7	11	7—34
Marshall	11	4	10	7—32
Foster	9	5	8	7—29

170

WATERTOWN GUN CLUB.

Bartlett	12	8	11	9—40
Barry	11	6	13	8—38
Wright	12	6	10	8—36
Nowells	11	4	9	7—31
Foote	8	4	7	4—23

168

This leaves total team scores as follows: Boston Gun Club, 358; Watertown Gun Club, 335; Watertown Independents, 349; Harvard Shooting Club, 335.

In the regular events Wild took high average.

Targets	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10—110
Wild	9	13	9	13	10	13	8	15	.. 90
Hodsdon	6	10	9	12	8	13	5	13	8—87
Bell	8	15	8	12	9	12	4	12	8—86
Woodruff	7	11	7	11	8	13	6	13	6—82
Baldwin	7	13	9	..	8	14	9	13	8—81
Frank	5	11	8	11	7	13	6	10	10—81

The attendance at the shoot of the New England Kennel Club, held March 12, at Braintree, Mass., was the largest since the season opened in October, and the scoring was generally of the highest order, especially in the shoot for a leg for the Ashlea cup, there being but one score below 20 in

that contest. The highest gross score ever recorded at the traps was made by Mr. W. R. Goodnow, who got 34. His net score of 24 was the highest in either match.

The club cup was won by Mr. Tyler Morse, who had a net score of 17 and a gross score of 28. The highest net score made in the club cup shoot was by Mr. Thomas F. Baxter, who got 20 birds. Mr. Baxter, however, is considered so good a shot that no handicap is allotted him, so he has to rest content with the scores actually made by him.

Mr. Alfred Dorr met with a misfortune which barred him from shooting in the Ashlea cup contest. As he fired the second shot his gun burst, and he was obliged to withdraw. At the conclusion, Mr. R. K. Longfellow stood highest in the list of the Ashlea cup contestants, he having won three legs. Mr. George M. Paton and Mr. W. R. Goodnow have two apiece. The man securing the most legs by June 1 will be awarded the cup.

CLUB CUP.

	Net	H'cap	Gross
Tyler Morse.....	17	11	28
W. R. Goodnow.....	15	10	25
Alfred Dorr.....	9	13	22
Isaac R. Thomas.....	19	2	21
Harry N. Richards.....	17	4	21
Thomas F. Baxter.....	20	0	20
Gardner Perry.....	16	4	20
Archibald Blanchard.....	13	7	20
George M. Paton.....	10	10	20
Thomas Silsbee.....	18	1	19
R. O. Harding.....	15	4	19
E. B. Haven.....	13	6	19
William F. Beal.....	17	1	18
R. K. Longfellow.....	11	5	16

ASHLEA CUP.

W. R. Goodnow.....	24	10	34
George M. Patch.....	15	10	25
William F. Beal.....	23	1	24
Harry N. Richards.....	20	4	24
Gardner Perry.....	20	4	24
Thomas F. Baxter.....	23	0	23
Thomas Silsbee.....	22	1	23
Archibald Blanchard.....	16	7	23
Isaac R. Thomas.....	20	2	22
R. O. Harding.....	18	4	22
R. K. Longfellow.....	17	5	22
E. B. Haven.....	14	6	20
Tyler Morse.....	8	11	19

Some good shooting was done at the Riverside (Mass.) traps of the Boston Athletic Club, March 12, by Ellis, who made a splendid showing in both the 50 and 100-bird matches.

In the former he broke 50 straight, and ran up a total of 97 in the century match. Adams, with 45 and 92, was second man. The scores:

	50 birds	100 birds
Ellis	50	97
Hill	41	82
Blinn	40	79
Owen	38	72
Flint	27	63
Adams	45	92

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Farmer	37	70
Hunter	35	74
Dagett	39	..
Howell	43	..
Genbier	32	68

At a meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters' League, held Thursday, March 10, 1904, eleven clubs joined the league, and letters from eight clubs asking information were read by the secretary. The yearly dues of five dollars were paid by each club. Officers for the year were elected as follows: J. O. H. Denny, chairman; Charles G. Grubb, secretary; board of control, R. S. Deniker, L. B. Fleming, Louis Lautenslager.

All clubs in Western Pennsylvania are requested to become members of the league. It is optional with the club joining the league as to whether they give a tournament or not.

Yours very truly,

C. G. GRUBB, Sec'y.

F. C. Riehl made a spectacular run of 100 per cent. at Aberdeen, Miss., March 11, shooting at 70 flying targets. Mr. Riehl used a C. E. O. Remington gun. Mr. Riehl writes: Remington Arms Co., New York City.

Gentlemen—My average in fifteen exhibitions for the U. M. C. Southern Squad is a little over 94 per cent., uniformly, since the first of the year. With my new Remington gun I have made the best scores of my shooting career.

Yours very truly,

F. C. RIEHL.

The Lefever Arms Company are constantly adding new victories to their long list of championships and high averages.

Mr. G. W. McGill, shooting his Lefever gun, won high average for the two days' shoot held Feb. 26 and 27 at Woodbine, Toronto, Ont., Canada. He also won the handsome silver cup in the live bird event.

Mr. McGill and Mr. Wakefield, both shooting the Lefever Arms Company Ejector guns, won the two-man team championship of Canada.

The Lefever gun also won high amateur average at the Michigan State shoot, the Interstate cup at St. Joseph, Mo., killing 25 live birds straight; the Challenge trophy at Sioux City, Ia., also the medal for the championship of Central Michigan.

Don't forget the Lefever gun is compensated to take up the wear in every direction and positively cannot be shot loose. Their famous system of boring gives the maximum of penetration and most even distribution of shot, insuring the best possible results both at the trap and field.

The Lefever gun won the Grand American Handicap at Kansas City, Missouri, the largest shoot ever held.

Send for one of their handsome 1904 illustrated catalogues, describing their famous system of boring and containing valuable hints on loading and shooting. If you are contemplating the purchase of a new gun, you will do well to write them.

COMING EVENTS.

- April 26, 27, 28—Kalamazoo Trap Shooters' Association, Kalamazoo, Mich. F. L. Keef, secretary.
- April 26, 27, 28, 29—Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo. Targets and live birds, added money. R. S. Elliott, 807 Delaware street, manager.
- April 27, 28—The Interstate Association's tournament, at Americus, Ga., under the auspices of the Americus Gun Club. H. S. McCleskey, secretary.
- May 3, 4—Wabash, Ind.
- May 3, 4, 5—The Kansas State Sportsmen's Association annual shoot, Junction City, Kan. E. L. Wetzig, secretary.
- May 4, 5, Nashville, Tenn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Cumberland Park Driving Club. Charles Eastman, secretary.
- May 4, 5—Rochester Rod and Gun Club tournament, Rochester, N. Y.
- May 11, 12—Springfield, O.
- May 11, 12, 13—Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Spirit Lake, Ia. Jno. Burmister, secretary.
- May 12, 13—Wawaset Gun Club annual spring tournament, Wilmington, Del. W. W. Foord, secretary, 213 West Sixth street.
- May 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, York, Pa.—Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association tournament, under auspices of York City Gun Club. N. M. McSherry, secretary, York, Pa.
- May 17, 18, Dallas, Tex.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Dallas Gun Club. E. A. Mosley, secretary.
- May 17, 18—Southern Trap Shooters' Association tournament, Vicksburg, Miss. J. J. Bradfield, secretary.
- May 18, 19, 20—Twenty-seventh annual tournament, Nebraska State sportsmen, Columbus, Neb. G. A. Schroeder, secretary.
- May 19, 20—Oklahoma City, Okla., \$300 added money. J. C. Clark, secretary.
- May 23, 24—Vicksburg Gun Club, Vicksburg, Miss.
- May 23, 24, 25, 26, 27—St. Louis, Mo. Alexander D. Mermod, manager.
- May 24, 25—Kentucky Trap Shooters' League, Mt. Sterling, Ky. Frank Prigoff, secretary, Louisville, Ky.
- May 25, 26—Shamokin, Pa. S. C. Yocum, secretary.
- May 26, 27—Waterloo, Ia. E. E. Hageman, secretary.
- May 28, 29, 30—Chicago Trap Shooters' Association, Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill. E. B. Shogren, secretary, Room 411, 164 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
- June 1, 2, 3—South Dakota State shoot, Waukegan, S. D. F. J. Cory, secretary.
- June 7, 8, 9—Soo Gun Club's tenth annual amateur tournament, Sioux City, Ia.; added money. W. F. Duncan, secretary.
- June 8, 9, 10—West Virginia State shoot, Huntington, W. Va. E. H. Merrick, secretary.
- June 14, 15, 16, 17—Warm Springs, Ga., targets and live birds. Chas. L. Davis, manager.
- June 14, 15, 16—Ohio Trap Shooters' League, Akron, O. G. E. Wagoner, secretary.
- June 21, 22, 23, 24—The Interstate Association's fifth Grand American Handicap at targets, Indianapolis, Ind. One thousand dollars added to the purses. Elmer E. Shaner, secretary-manager, 219 Coltart square, Pittsburg, Pa.
- June 27, 28, 29, 30—The National Gun Club tournament at French Lick Springs, Indiana. Strictly amateur; \$500 added money. For particulars address John M. Lilly, P. O. Box 463, Indianapolis, Ind.
- July 4—East End Gun Club, Richmond, Va. J. A. Anderson, secretary.
- July 4, 5, 6, Winona, Minn.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Winona Sportsmen's Club. Oswald Leicht, secretary.
- July 8, 9—State tournament, Wausau, Wis. H. G. McCrossen, secretary.
- July 13, 14—Menominee, Mich. K. A. Kane, secretary.
- July 19, 20—Shamokin Pa. S. C. Yocum, secretary.
- July 19, 20, 21, 22—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap, Cincinnati, O. A. B. Hevl, secretary, 1875 Madison road, Cincinnati, O.
- July 27 and 28—Grand Forks, N. Dakota; the Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Grand Forks Gun Club. W. A. Ferguson, secretary.

The annual tournament of the Chicago Trap Shooters Association was held in Chicago, Feb. 20 and the two days following, with an attendance of about forty-five shooters.

Fred H. Lord of Chicago was the winner of the tournament, with an average for the three days 379 birds out of 450. J. R. Graham was second, with 374; Kit Shepherdson, 366, third; Lem Willard, 358, fourth; George Roll, 354, fifth; E. A. Hanagan, 348, sixth; H. W. Vietmeyer, 329, seventh.

Although Lord won first honors, J. R. Graham was awarded first place among the amateurs, as Lord, who is a representative of the manufacturers, was given first place in the professional class.

The Chicago handicap was won by Alex Vance of Capron, Ill., from sixteen yards, with a score of 46 out of 50 targets. E. A. Hanagan was a close second, with 44 out of 50 birds, at sixteen yards. Vance secures the silver trophy offered by the Chicago Trap Shooters Association.

The weather conditions for the third day's competition were not of the best. The reflection of the sun from the snow into the eyes of the shooters and the gun sights made good shooting almost impossible. It was very difficult to see the targets, and, combined with the cold, bleak wind that blew across the park, shooting was very uncomfortable.

As it was, some excellent scores were made. The third day's program consisted of nine events and the Chicago handicap. When the time for starting the tournament arrived about forty contestants put in an appearance. Three of the events were for twenty targets and six for fifteen targets. In the twenty-bird events the Rose division of 8-6-4-2 was used, and in the fifteen-bird events the division was 6-4-2 in making up the averages. Each man shot at a total of 150 birds.

GRAHAM'S GOOD SHOWING.

J. R. Graham headed the list of birds hit with a score of 120. The first day's shoot was won by Lord, with 136, and the next by E. A. Hanagan, with a total of 133. Feb. 21 Lord took second honors, with a total of 114, and Vance was third, with 113. The other scores were as follows: Ben Eick, 112; George Roll, 111; Lem Willard, 105; Kit Shepherdson, 103; H. W. Vietmeyer, 97; E. A. Hanagan, 97; "Smoke" Loshbough, 90.

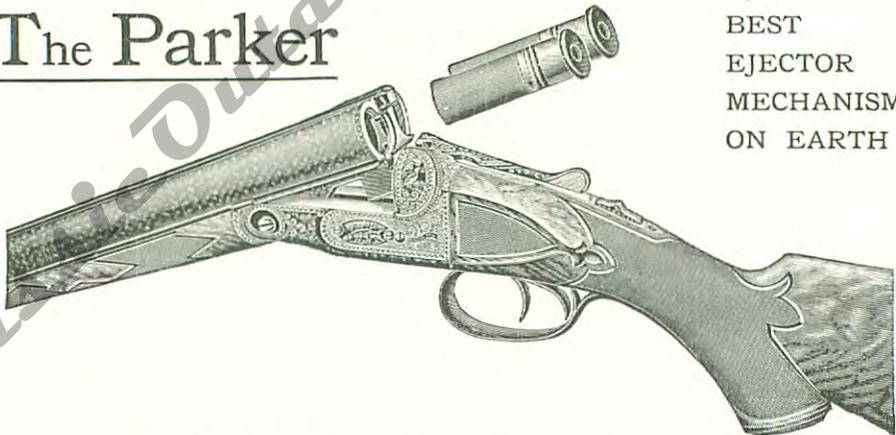
After the regular tournament events the Chicago handicap was contested, with thirty-five entries. The handicaps ranged from 19 to 16 yards.

A great deal of interest has resulted in the attempt to revive trap shooting in and around Chicago, so much so that the various gun clubs have decided to hold shoots once every week.

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KENNEL • NOTES

The fourth annual bench show of the Chicago Kennel Club held in the First Regiment armory was the largest concourse of blooded canines ever gathered in that city. The entry list showed double the number of the 1903 show of the finest kennels in the East and West. The prize-winning strings of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, the stars of the recent Detroit and Milwaukee shows were shown and the pick of the local kennels, and a fine assortment of Southern dogs, new to Northern bench shows, were shown for the first time north of Memphis.

Most of the kennel shows around the country have limited their entries to members of the various recognized kennel associations. The Chicago club departed from this grooved policy and opened its entry lists to all owners of standard dogs, whether such owners are affiliated with kennel clubs or not. The result was a marked increase in the entries and a surprising swelling of the premiums. The prizes offered eclipse those of last year, and, besides the usual cash rewards and ribbons, included a long array of silver cups, medals, and miscellaneous trophies.

The officers of the Chicago Kennel Club are:

President, Harry J. Cassidy; vice-presidents, Mrs. C. A. White, Mrs. Phillip Henrici, Jr., and Mrs. H. J. Cary-Curr; secretary, Sam Summerfield; treasurer, Phillip Henrici, Jr.; superintendent, E. M. Oldham.

A novel exhibit entered by Max Schachner of Downer's Grove was eight German war dogs. The "boxer hound," as the Germans call their military canine, is a splendid looking little fellow, a bit taller than a Bull Terrier, and weighing about sixty pounds. He has the general make-up of a miniature Great Dane and the color of a Boston Terrier. They were recently brought over by Max Schachner.

For many years the German military authorities have been experimenting with various dogs for use in the army, and the "boxer hound" has shown himself incomparably the best of all. He can be trusted to carry letters and packages, to "tote" packets of bandages or of ammunition, to search out the wounded, and to guard a camp like a sentinel.

Another attraction was a racing dog, said to have taken part in over 100 speed contests

in England and America; and an Eskimo malamute, said to be two-thirds wolf.

"Bay View Beauty," whose manager declared that she had recently won a race that brought her owner \$750, showed no concern regarding the awarding of prizes in her class, she being the only contestant for honors in the racing dog or whippet class.

Not so aristocratic, either in birth, record or appearance, but nevertheless apparently unashamed of his wolf blood and the statement in the official catalogue that his date of birth, breeder and pedigree were unknown. "Skookum," the malamute, owned by Joe Choyinski, accepted defeat gracefully at the hands, or rather paws, of "Artie," also a malamute. "Bowser," a Siberian otter hound, accepted third place, and the yellow ribbon, his date of birth, breeder and pedigree being also unknown.

Among other awards were:

St. Bernards—Chicago Kennel Club's silver medal for best dog, either sex; Champion Alta Bruce, Alta kennels, won.

Great Danes—Great Dane Club of America's club medal for best male dog and one medal for best female dog, open to members; Tristan, owner Howe Totten, won; Lady Forðham Lohengrin, owner M. J. Olsen, reserved.

American-bred St. Bernards—The St. Bernard Club of America's "Ruppert Challenge cup," the winner to receive the club silver medal in commemoration of the award; Champion Alta Bruce won.

Great Danes—Chicago Kennel Club's silver medal for best male or female dog in Great Dane classes, Tristan, won.

English Setters—Novice class, female dogs; Dashing Duchess, first; Ino B. II., second; Pride's Flash, third.

Pointers.—Puppies, dogs and bitches—1st and res., H. W. Kemp's Jewell's Girlie and Crow; 2d, L. S. Weil's Devonshire Jewel; 3d, J. Gould's King's Lad; V. H. C., H. Hendrickson's King's Lady; H. C., American Llewellyn Kennels' "No. 20." Novice, dogs—1st, Isaac Ferguson's Ben; 2d, Pete Lorenzen's King Bee; 3rd and H. C., American Llewellyn Kennels' No. 17 and No. 11; res., George Cook's Dowagiac; V. H. C., G. O. Smith's Derby; C., Alex. Young's Grant, and King Bee, Jr. Limit, dogs (under 55 lbs.)—1st, Dr. James S. Howe's Sutton; 2d, J. Card's Spot; 3d, Dr. S. L. Denison's Four Spot; res., C. F. Porter's Rushaway Dick. Limit, dogs (55 lbs. or over)—1st, Isaac Ferguson's



QUEEN'S PRIDE

Owned by Myrtle Kennels, White Plains, N. J.

Ben; 2d, G. O. Smith's Derby; 3d, W. Fleming's McGregor. Open, dogs—1st, B. F. Lewis' Ch. Mark's Rush; 2d, Dr. James S. Howe's Sutton; 3d, G. O. Smith's Derby; res., C. F. Porter's Rushaway Dick. Winners—1st, Ch. Mark's Rush; res., Ben. Novice, bitches—1st, H. W. Kemp's Lady Speck; 2d, George Cook's Michigan Maid; 3d, O. W. Crocker's Lady Sarah Wilson; res., H. C., and C., American Llewellyn Kennels' No. 10, No. 8, No. 16 and No. 12; V. H. C., Mrs. James Smith's Bang's Bessie. Limit, bitches (under 50 lbs.)—1st, W. H. Hanley's Malt's Urada; 2d, L. S. Weil's Devonshire Jennie's Ruby; 3d, Geo. Cook's La Grange Belle; res., O. W. Crocker's Lady Sarah Wilson. Limit, bitches (50 lbs. or over)—1st, A. de B. Keim's Linden Bess; 2d, Tim Donoghue's Queen Veto. Open, bitches—1st, W. H. Hanley's Malt's Urada; 2d, A. de B. Keim's Linden Bess; 3d, L. S. Weil's Devonshire Jennie's Ruby. Winners—1st, Malt's Urada; res., Linden Bess. Local, dogs—1st, P. Lorenzen's King Bee. Local, bitches—1st, H. W. Kemp's Lady Speck; 2d, O. W. Crocker's Lady Sarah Wilson. Field Trial Class—1st, Dr. S. L. Denison's Four Spot.

Novice, dogs—1st, H. L. Pratt's Clevedon Reno; 2d, W. P. Farmer's Prince Rupert Perfection; res., Edw. Oakley's Capt. Dreyfus. Novice, bitches—1st, A. Kohlmeyer's Flossie; 2d, Ashton Kennels' Ashton White Rose; res., Mrs. Geo. T. Ryan's Queenie Bess; V. H. C., Mrs. L. Leon's Cottage Lover. Limit, dogs—1st, Ashton Kennels' Ashton Conqueror; 2d, Ak Sar Ben Kennels' Mayor; res., H. L. Pratt's Clevedon Reno. Limit,

bitches—1st, Mrs. L. M. Henock's Scrappy; 2d, Mrs. J. H. Jones' Princess Gem; V. H. C., Ak Sar Ben Kennels' Blossom. Open, dogs—1st, Ashton Kennels' Ashton Conqueror; 2d, H. L. Pratt's Clevedon Reno. Open, bitches—1st, Mrs. J. H. Jones' Princess Gem; 2d, Ak Sar Ben Kennels' Blossom. Winners—1st, Ashton Conqueror; res., Princess Gem. Local, bitches—1st, Mrs. A. Kohlmeyer's Flossie. Novice, dogs (tri-color)—1st, Rosalie Kennels' King Dodo; 2d, Annie Kohlmeyer's Prince. Novice, bitches—Ak Sar Ben Kennels' Chiquita. Limit, dogs—1st, Rosalie Kennels' King Dodo. Limit, bitches—1st, Ak Sar Ben Kennels' Spanish Beauty; 2d, Rosalie Kennels' Venus. Open, dogs—1st, Rosalie Kennels' King Dodo; 2d, Ashton Kennels' Ashton Defender. Open, bitches—1st, Ak Sar Ben Kennels' Spanish Beauty; 2d, Rosalie Kennels' Venus. Winners—1st, Spanish Beauty; res., Venus. Local, dogs—1st, Annie Kohlmeyer's Prince.

Japanese Spaniels.—Open, dogs—1st, Mrs. Jno. Phelan's Prince Kara.

Maltese Terriers.—Open, dogs—1st, Mrs. Jno. Phelan's Baby Boy; 2d, Mrs. H. Gartleman's Panthá; V. H. C., Mrs. Kate G. Newman's Little Nailor. Open, bitches—1st, 2d, res. and V. H. C., W. P. Farmer's Da Da, None Such, Pon-Pon and Little Sister.

Toy Poodles (white)—Open, dogs—1st, Eberhart Kennels' Prince Vigo; 2d, Mrs. L. Anderson's Sport; 3d, Mrs. M. C. Klug's Babe. Open, bitches—1st, Mrs. Jno. Phelan's White Duchess; 2d, Eberhart Kennels' Sarah Bernhardt; 3d, Mrs. E. Siegert's Victoria.

The New England Kennel Show, which was held in Boston beginning February 22, was a record breaker in every respect, both in number of entries and also in attendance, notwithstanding the stormy weather which marred one or two of the days.

The entries were as follows, with the largest class, Boston Terriers, of which there were 192 dogs entered.

Next after the terriers came the collies, with 95 entries, while 87 dogs were shown in the cocker spaniel class. Next in popularity came the English Toy spaniels with 56, beagles with 42. Entries in various classes:

Whippets	15
Bulldogs	44
Bull terriers	31
Airedales	43
French bulls	50
Boston terriers	192
Black and tans	5
Welsh	10
Pomeranian	5
Yorkshires	12
Maltese	4
Toy black and tan	3
English toy spaniels	56
Japs	3
Beagles	42
Dachshunds	12
Fox, smooth	43
Fox, wire	45
Irish terriers	42
Scottish terriers	34
Bloodhounds	7
Mastiffs	5
St. Bernards, rough	36
St. Bernards, smooth	10
Great Danes	16
Deerhounds	1
Russian wolfhounds	21
Greyhounds	5
Foxhounds	23
Pointers	31
English setters	63
Irish setters	5
Gordon setters	7
Retrievers	5
Field spaniels	1
Cockers	87
Collies	95
Old English sheep	2
Poodles	13
Miscellaneous	13

Perhaps the most noted dogs at the show were Mr. Thomas' famous Russian wolf hounds, Sorva and Bistri, who captured all the prizes in sight. These two Russians have only been in this country about five months, and in that time they have won over \$2,000 in money and plate. Sorva has qualified as a world's champion. She won

the silver medal at Moscow last autumn, which was a rare honor, as in the past 70 years only five of these medals have been awarded. At New York, Sorva also beat the English champion, Lansdowne Narcissus.

As usual in this city, the Boston Terriers were great favorites, and some new comers were shown that surprised all the devotees of this breed. One of these dogs was J. P. Freed's "Chum," who won in the puppy and novice class and also the open class for light-weight dogs.

The fox hounds were a disappointment to many sportsmen who had anticipated a large showing in this class, after the great interest taken last year in this class at the trials of the Brunswick Fur Club. Outside of six entries of the light Gemtype that the sportsmen hereabout favor, the entries were all English breed from the numerous fashionable hunt clubs around Boston.

In the pointer class Waldron was first, and Duke of Lynnfield second in the puppy class.

Novice dogs—Cole's Kent, 2nd, was first with Tick second.

Lansdowne Malt was first in lightweight open class, with Prince of Lynn second.

Mark's Rush had first in the heavyweight open, having an easy win.

Samuel Untermyer of New York made a big winning in collies, with Greystone and the Balmoral kennels, and Philip W. Moen of Worcester was also very much in the ribbons. The Windholme kennels of New York carried off most of the ribbons in the beagle classes, but John Caswell's Dainty won first in the open and limit classes for bitches.

Ival Doctor went through his classes, winning first in the open class and then, after taking the ribbon in the winners' class, he won the special for the best bulldog in the show and special for the best dog or bitch in the show. Ival Doctor was shown by the Selwonk kennels.

A meeting of the admirers of the Old English Sheepdog was held in New York on the 18th of last month, at which the "Old English Sheepdog Club of America" was organized. The officers are: Howard Gould, president; W. C. Eustis and C. B. Dillingham, vice-presidents; Geo. K. Kirkham, treasurer; J. W. Morgan, secretary. An executive committee was appointed, consisting of the officers of the club, Jas. Mortimer, R. F. Mayhew and A. Steward. The dues are Five Dollars per year.

Applications for membership and subscriptions may be sent to the secretary, J. W. Morgan, 308 Temple Court, New York City.

Very truly yours,

Old English Sheepdog Club of America,

J. W. MORGAN, Secretary.



Photo by W. H. MARVIN, Forestville, N. Y.

"LEAD"

First Prize in the February Photo Contest.

ATLANTIC CITY KENNEL CLUB.

The Spaniel Breeders' Society offers, open to members only, the second annual trophy for the best sporting Spaniel other than Cocker, bred by the exhibitor. The second annual Cocker trophy for the best Cocker Spaniel, bred by the exhibitor.

Mrs. Fred H. Speed offers through the L. K. A. of Massachusetts, a trophy for the best King Charles Spaniel, either sex, sired by Ch. Perseverance, shown in ring by a member.

Hance Bros. & White offer a cup to be known as the Phenal Sodigne Cup for the best bench of four or more Boston Terriers. Benching to count twenty-five per cent.

There are other specialty clubs offering prizes at our show, but I have not heard from them, and in consequence cannot say what they are. Our entries close on Monday, March 14.

The French Bulldog Club of America offers, open to members only, club silver medal for best dog, club silver medal for best bitch, Lennox cup for best French Bulldog, entered and owned by a member of the club. Cup to be won twice by the same exhibitor. A club medal will be given to commemorate each win. THOS. H. TERRY, Sec'y.

The Bay State Co-operative Bench Show Association will hold a two-point dog show at New Bedford, April 15 and 16. There are 267 regular classes and a number of valuable special prizes are also offered. The judges

I. W. Comey, Newton—St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes and bloodhounds.

E. E. Haines, Charlestown—Foxhounds, pointers and all setters.

E. J. Van Schaick, Huntington, L. I.—Collies and old English sheepdogs.

W. E. Stone, Boston—Boston terriers.

Vinton P. Breese, Newark, N. J.—English bulldogs.

F. L. Weston, Medford—Cocker spaniels.

Charles W. Barney, New Bedford—Beagles.

Thomas Benson, Somerville—Greyhounds, French bulldogs, whippets, Pomeranians, toy spaniels and miscellaneous.

George S. Thomas, Magnolia, Mass.—All other breeds.

The entries close March 30, and they can be made with Norman Barstow, box 501, New Bedford, Mass.; Charles T. Luce, 73 North street, New Bedford, Mass., or with the superintendent, Tom B. Middlebrooke, 60 North Market street, Boston, Mass.

The second annual show of the Collie Club was held last month at Milwaukee, Wis., with James Mortimer as judge. There were 160 entries with 94 dogs, many of the best dogs in the country being present from the kennels of all prominent breeders.

In the rough collie class Morgan's Wishaw Clinker took first and his Ornskirk Olympic second, and George Higginson of the Winnetka kennels, Chicago, with his Winnetka III, took third prize. In the pup class Mrs. D. E. Gardner of Chicago took second prize with Ravenswood Rocksand.

Limit, dogs (sable and white)—1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Wishaw Clinker and Ornskirk Olympian; 3d, Geo. Higginson's Winnetka Christopher; 4th and res., S. Untermeyer's Greystone Breadalbane and Greystone Faugh-a-Ballagh.

Novice, dogs—1st and H. C., Geo. Higginson, Jr.'s Winnetka Christopher and Winnetka Galopin; 2d, S. Untermeyer's Greystone Breadalbane; 3d and V. H. C., Mrs. J. I. Behling's Bon Ami Wellington and Bon Ami Clinker; 4th, Mrs. D. E. Gardner's Ravenswood Rocksand.

Junior Class.—Dogs and bitches (American-bred, under two years)—1st and V. H. C., Geo. Higginson's Winnetka Nell and Winnetka Galopin; 1st and 2d, S. Untermeyer's Greystone Breadalbane and Greystone Faugh-a-Ballagh; 2d, W. S. Wellman's Mountaineer Marion; 3d, J. P. Morgan's Cragston Blue Prince and W. C. Leitsch's Badger Quarry Lass.

Open, Dogs.—1st and 2d, J. P. Morgan's Wishaw Clinker and Ornskirk Olympian; 3d, Geo. Higginson's Winnetka Christopher; 4th and res., S. Untermeyer's Greystone Breadalbane and Greystone Faugh-a-Ballagh.



The Imported Maplemont's Craigmore Chieftain A. K. C. 76987
Owned by Maplemont Kennels, Albany, Vermont.

The L. K. A. of Massachusetts at its meeting decided to hold their first open air show at Braintree, either the last of May or the first week in June. This fixture should meet with the earnest support of all fanciers, as the ladies of the L. K. A. of M. have been very liberal in their specials, and as the oldest organization of its kind in this country it is needless to say that every aid possible will be given by the press and the "fraternity."

THE COLLIE BOOK.—"The Useful Collie and How to Make Him so," by W. A. Sargent. A practical book for owners of collies. Price 50 cents. Address all orders to THE TILTON PUBLISHING CO., 63 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.—Five litters English blood hound pups; also coon dogs and pups, rabbit and fox hound pups, and bear dogs and pups. Write for prices. O. F. BLANCHARD, 22 Clark Street, Saratoga, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—Pointer puppies, whelped September 10, 1903, out of the bench winner Lilly White (by young Rip Rap ex Daisy H.); sire Ch. Jingo's Boy (Ch. Jingo ex Dot's Pearl); strong, healthy puppies; three dogs, one bitch left; price \$20 each. MAPLE LEAF KENNELS, Welland, Ont., Canada.

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For field and show purposes. At stud, the well-known imported winner

ALBERT'S DUKE (59,182)

By Sir Terris, litter brother to the famous Champion Barton Tory; dam Lady Vere, by Duke from Lady Howard; sire of Albert's Miss, first and special, L. K. A. of A., New York; Myrtle Barbie, first puppy, first novice, second limit, second open, reserve winners, special for best in puppy class (dog or bitch) and special for best American bred (dog or bitch), Providence, 1903, and other good ones. FEE \$25. Also

MYRTLE DOCTOR, (69,885)

By Albert's Captain—Albert's Little Nell. First-prize winner at Orange, N. J., show, beating Champion Gilhooley. FEE \$25.

MYRTLE KENNELS, - White Plains, N. Y.

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FOR SALE.—DEER, Virginia, Fallow, Japanese and Axis BUFFALO, ELK and WILD BOAR, SWANS, WILD GEESE, and WILD DUCKS, PHEASANTS, golden, silver and Mongolian. Park animals of all kinds, bought, sold and exchanged. INDIAN ROCK FARM GAME PRESERVE, West Brookfield, Mass.

FOR SALE.—English Setters, whelped May, 1903. Bred direct from field trial winners. Sire, Champion Sports Boy, dam Lolla Gladstone, she Count Dunston, Prince Lucifer stock, none better, few as good; write for pictures, pedigree and prices JAMES A. LONG, Adrian, Mich.

BEAGLE HOUNDS—Bench Show Type and Hunters



Can supply any age, size or markings. Combination of most famous blood scientifically blended. The sort that "cuts out the work" let others "hark to." Eight dogs at stud 11 to 14-1-2 at shoulder.

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GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

English Beagle Brood Bitches, part of them trained. Also, dogs and pups, both sex. Pointers, one bitch and two dogs, 18 months old. Very cheap, closing them out. Also, fine Cocker Spaniels; pups, both sex; in color, some black, some lion. E. F. TIFFANY, Brooklyn, Pa.

MAINE'S SPORT at stud. Sport Gath's greatest son. My pups are all his get and I also have grown and trained to sell. I train dogs for field work, satisfaction guaranteed. Send for printed pedigrees and prices. I raise black English Setters, hunting stock, also ship on approval. Established eighteen eighty-four. One Pointer bitch for sale, six months old. WAKEFIELD KENNELS, Wakefield, R. I.

Adrian, Mich., March 8, 1904.

The Tilton Pub. Co., Boston, Mass.

Please continue my ad in National Sportsman. I have tried all of the leading sporting papers and as an advertising medium the National Sportsman beats them all. With one exception, it has brought me more letters than all the rest combined. With good wishes I remain,

Yours Respectfully,

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The newest and most instructive book on training hunting dogs, "MODERN BREAKING," by W. S. Bruette, 160 pages, paper covers, \$1.00. Cloth, \$1.50. TILTON PUBLISHING CO., 63 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

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Vermifuge..... .50	Comp. Sulphur Tablet..... .50
Blood Purifier..... .50	Worm Capsules..... .50
Canker Wash..... .50	Tape Worm Capsules..... .50
Tonic..... .50	Diarrhoea Cure..... .50
Cough Mixtures..... .50	Liniment..... .50
Flt Cure..... .50	Kennel and Stable Soap .25
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Add a Collie to your Christmas List

MAPLEWOOD STOCK FARM, Albany, Vt.

FOR SALE

English Setters, whelped May, 1903, Bred direct from field trial winners. Sire, Champion Sports Boy, dam Lolla Gladstone, she Count Dunston, Prince Lucifer stock, none better, few as good; write for pictures, pedigree and prices.

JAMES A. LONG, Adrian, Mich.

Closing Sale of 1st Class Pointers

One dog (Star Strideaway). One bitch (Rip Rap Pride). One bitch (Flyaway). One bitch (Pearls Gingo), pedigreed and registered.

C. T. BROWNELL

153 Mt. Pleasant St., New Bedford, Mass.

English Beagle Brood Bitches, part of them trained. Also, Dogs and Pups, both sex. Pointers, 1 Bitch and 2 Dogs, 18 months old. Very cheap, closing them out. Also, fine Cocker Spaniels; Pups, both sex; in color, some black, some lion.

E. F. TIFFANY, Brooklyn, Pa.

**IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN
THE NATIONAL SPORTSMAN
SEND FOR RATES, MR. KENNEL OWNER.**

STRAY SHOTS



The illustrations herewith show Marble's No. 6 Ideal Hunting Knife with three styles blade, Nos. 1, 2 and 3. The blade as at present made is a modification of the two shapes of blades formerly made, known as sticking and skinning points, and is claimed by many expert hunters and woodsmen to combine more of the essential qualities for all-around use than are usually found in one style knife.



The new blades are slightly thinner than the old pattern and carry a more gradual bevel back of the edge. The bone chopper at back of point is a valuable feature for rough work.

The solid hard rubber handle, No. 3, is considered by some to be superior to any other material for the purpose. The heavy tang, threaded at the end, just fits the mortise in handle, and a half-inch brass nut counter-sunk in end of handle, engaging with threaded tang, makes the strongest fastening that it is possible to produce.

The stripes or trimmings at each end of the No. 1 and 2 handles are made up of alternate washers of colored hard fibre and brass or German silver, that are a driving

fit on the tang. The center of the No. 1 handle is composed of leather washers put on under heavy pressure and held in place by the nut counter-sunk into the end of stag tip. The No. 2 is the same construction, except that the center is composed of two grooved slabs of selected stag riveted together and driven on the tang the same as the washers.

The popularity of the Marble Knives is proven by the fact that the sales are considerably more than doubling up each year.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

The Photographic Contest for the month of February brought out an unusually large number of photographs, and the general excellence of them all made it difficult for the judges to select the prize-winning ones. We publish five photographs this month, and we are sure that the readers of the magazine will be pleased with the judges' decision as regards the first prize.

The photograph is entitled "Lead," and shows a fine looking setter. Picture was taken by W. H. Marvin, Forestville, N. Y.

We are well pleased with the way in which our subscribers are sending in photographs, as we are receiving them from all parts of the country as well as from Mexico, Canada, Cuba and Brazil.

The Hopkins & Allen Arms Co. of Norwich, Conn., have just published a very attractive booklet in which are described and illustrated three of their popular rifles, which range in price from \$3.50 to \$5.50. The Hopkins & Allen rifles are of first-class workmanship throughout, and each article is carefully inspected and tested before shipping, so that any customer will be sure of obtaining first-class goods.

The quality of the goods is guaranteed, and with the company's new and up-to-date machinery the rifles are all that any sportsman could desire.

Editor National Sportsman:

I received the revolver which you sent me and was very much pleased with it. I fired it once tonight and it worked finely. I shall try it on a target in a day or so and see what I can do with it.

F. A. S.,
Houlton, Maine.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn., have recently issued a most interesting book to sportsmen called the "Testing of Arms and Ammunition." This book is profusely illustrated with cuts showing the different machines and tools used by this company in the manufacture and testing of their rifles.

The novice at rifle shooting will be as much interested in this book as the experienced rifleman, as among other things, it shows a method of determining the velocity of the rifle bullet.

This book will be mailed to any address by writing to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn., and mentioning the National Sportsman.

THE INDOOR RIFLE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE U. S.

It is a significant fact that the annual indoor rifle championship was again won with Peters 22 short cartridges, making an unbroken succession of seven of these important events to the credit of this ammunition. The winning of this event is a severe test of man, weapon and ammunition, and the selection of this make by the winners attests the confidence in its superiority inspired by its numerous victories in the past.

For four successive years the average of the winning scores has been 245 5-10 points out of a possible 250, a mark but little short of perfection. In addition to winning the premier events of the indoor season, it also won the prizes in the other matches held in connection with the championship.

The new champion is Mr. L. C. Buss of New York City, whose score of 245.6 is but two points below the record for this event, which was made by Mr. L. P. Ittel of Allegheny City, Pa., in the contest of 1902.

For Spring shooting no arm appeals to the sportsman more than the 22 calibre rifle. Among arms of this type the Savage 22 Calibre Repeater is different from any other rifle of its kind. It is a clean-cut little gun, using the best of the 22-calibre ammunition—the short, long and long rifle cartridges all in the same arm. Its beauty of outline and finish will always be a source of pleasure to the owner. Perhaps the two strong points of the Savage are accuracy and the smooth and easy manner in which it works. This arm has met with a great success, and there is no reason why it should not. Savage Rifles, the 22 in particular, are well exemplified in the phrase used by the makers. "Savage Quality" is a commonplace term, but it means everything to a shooter. Being honestly made, Savage products are sold by the manufacturers under the strongest guarantee.

Mention NATIONAL SPORTSMAN and write the Savage Arms Company, Utica, N. Y., to-day for catalogue.

At Los Angeles, Cal., the Southwestern Kennel Club was organized last month, and

April 28, 29 and 30 were fixed as dates for holding a show.

Following are the names of those present who will practically be charter members and form the "Old Guard" of the Southwestern Kennel Club: Dr. F. W. Steddom, Arthur Letts, Dr. H. D. Fennimore, C. M. Leach, H. S. Huff, F. H. Kirby, George R. Albers, C. P. Schreiner, W. E. Lonergan, J. R. Huddleston, T. H. Broadhead, Mrs. T. H. Broadhead, D. F. Martin and G. L. Waring of Santa Monica.

After some discussion it was determined to fix the entrance fee at \$5 and the quarterly dues at \$1. It was the unanimous opinion that by making the entrance fee slightly above the nominal level the club is likely to get a more representative class of members, who will take an active interest in its growth and development. The Southwestern Kennel Club will affiliate with the Pacific Kennel League rather than with the American Kennel Club. The latter represents the East, but is too remote to afford the advantages to clubs on the Pacific Coast that the Pacific Kennel League can give, and by the adhesion of the Los Angeles organization the Pacific Kennel League will cover the Coast from the Mexican line to British Columbia.

The following officers of the club were elected by unanimous consent: Count Von Schmidt, president; Dr. F. W. Steddom, first vice-president; W. W. Sweeney, second vice-president; G. R. Albers, third vice-president; Arthur Letts, director; F. H. Kirby, secretary and treasurer; Dr. F. R. Fennimore, veterinary surgeon, and C. P. Schreiner, superintendent of club.

Messrs. Letts, Steddom and Kirby were appointed a committee on prizes. Mr. Letts spoke very generously in saying that he would contribute a silver cup for any class of collies, and a friend of his had also promised to donate a silver cup. The two cups he thought would do well just as a beginning. Then he said that if it was thought that entering his dog "Ravenwood" would debar any other collie he would be perfectly willing not to enter his dog at all. As Mr. Letts's collie has swept the board in England and has the points all right, this was a very generous offer.

It was decided to give ribbons and certificates with each prize. The first will be a silver medal with red ribbon, the second a bronze medal with blue ribbon, and the third a diploma with a gold medal for special.

CORRESPONDENT.

A most interesting and instructive book to the owners of sporting dogs is Wm. A. Bruette's "Modern Breaking," which is published at \$1.00 per volume. The book contains 150 pages of valuable information on the rearing, breaking and training of pointers and setters, is well printed and handsomely illustrated.

This book will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of \$1.00 by the Tilton Publishing Company, 63 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

Time is a good test, and the following letter shows that DuPont powder stands the test of time:

POTSDAM, N. Y., Feb. 24, 1904.

DuPont Powder Company:

Dear Sirs—I have in my possession some DuPont powder that was bought about fifty years ago by my uncle and grandfather; they owned two rifles and did lots of shooting, so they bought a considerable quantity of powder and stored it in a large stone heap on my father's farm at a safe distance from the buildings. Uncle took to fever and died; grandfather never shot much more and died not long after; my father was no gunner, so the powder, or portion of it, was left until about fifteen years ago. I went and dug it out. There was a large flat stone over the box and about two dozen 1-4-lb. cans, round cans, I think, with an Indian's picture on each one. They were badly rusted; I picked the rusted can from around the caked powder, broke it up and sifted out the dust, leaving the powder looking quite natural, but some red grains that showed the rust. I saved four pounds. I never tried it till last fall; I loaded 38-72 shells with it, and some with DuPont bought recently. The old powder shot fully as strong as the new.

Yours truly,

W. A. CLARK.

PETERS POINTERS.

At the Interstate mid-winter tournament, held at Seneca, Kansas, March 8-10, the Kansas City team, No. 1, won both the Interstate team match at targets and live birds. The teams consisted of five men each, and all of the winning team shot Peters factory loaded shells. The individual live bird handicap was won by Mr. Dave Elliott of Kansas City, Mo. He shot from the 31-yard mark, scoring 24 without a tie. He shot Peters factory loaded shells.

The Arkansas State championship at live birds was won by Mr. John Dickinson of Little Rock, Ark. He shot Peters factory loaded shells.

The U. M. C. Southern Squad shot at Charlotte, N. C., March 12th. Col. Anthony was right in his glory, as Charlotte is his home town, thus giving him a chance to show up some of the tricks he had been teaching the amateurs for the past few years. Mr. John Tod broke 96-100, using U. M. C. Nitro Club shells; Mr. J. D. Carrier broke 94-100, using U. M. C. Arrow shells, and Mr. D. A. McCullough broke 166-175, using



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PAT. IMP. **FASTENERS**
The Fastener with a **BULL-DOG GRIP**
Men find comfort and utility in their use. Applied to

Key Chain and Ring	-	25c
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Little, but Never Let Go.
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U. M. C. Nitro Club shells. Such phenomenal work is hard to be beaten, even by professionals.

The Ideal Mfg. Co.'s, of New Haven, Conn., latest product is a smelting furnace, an article that there has been a great demand for and which is now produced at a low price, being but \$7.00 complete.

The Armory Melting Pot will hold from 50 to 75 pounds of metal. The furnace may be located in a permanent place where desired and connected with fixed pipes, or it may be placed temporarily where wanted and connected with a rubber tube. The hole through the gas cock to supply the furnace with gas should not be less than one-quarter of an inch in diameter.

When furnace and 50 pounds of metal are in a cold state, one can light the gas and melt the metal in twenty-five or thirty minutes, with a consumption of 10 feet of gas, the cost of which is one cent. After the metal is at the proper heat, one-half of the flow of gas may be shut off, so that we place the cost for use of gas for one whole day of ten hours at about 20 cents per day.

The surface of the metal when hot should be covered with charcoal broken fine. This gets red hot on the under side, thus keeping the metal hot and also keeping the air from striking the surface of the metal, which causes it to cool on top and to oxidize. The tin or antimony that is mixed in it being lighter than the lead, rises to the top and is skimmed off as dross. Therefore the mixture should be stirred frequently.

A cast iron ring with a hole about four inches in diameter will keep the charcoal back of the ring and present a clean four-inch well hole from which to dip the metal.

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Foot of South Angell Street

IT IS WORTH WHILE to send for the dainty little booklet which has just been issued by the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., describing and illustrating three popular styles of their rifles. The cover consists of a very unique and attractive design printed in colors, and the inside pages give full detailed information, with photographs, of the H. & A. rifles. We are sure this little booklet will be appreciated by all those interested. It will be sent free on request by

the Hopkins & Allen Arms Co., Norwich, Conn., if you mention this publication.

Editor National Sportsman:

Enclosed please find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN. I would not miss a copy of your magazine for a good deal. I think you have the best of the sporting magazines.

T. THOMPSON,
New York, N. Y.



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BOSTON,
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SAVAGE Rifles

A glance at a 22-calibre Savage Repeating Rifle will convince you that it is different from any other rifle you ever saw. Its beauty of outline and finish will always be a source of pleasure. Besides being the best gun for small game and target practice, it is the safest and simplest to handle and is sold to you under an honest guarantee. It will not jam or stick when you are in a hurry for a second shot, since accuracy and reliability are two of its particularly strong features.

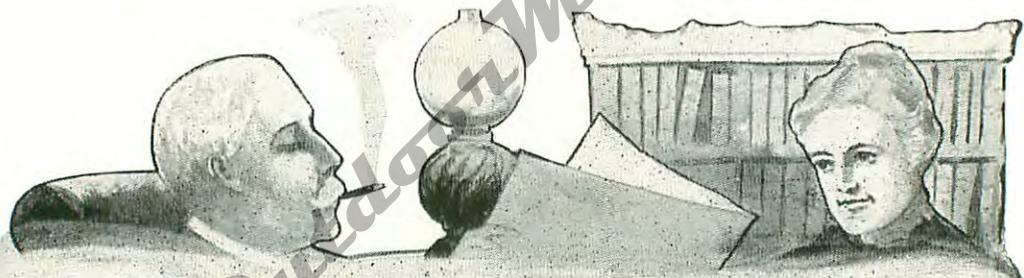
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We have a special department entirely devoted to correspondence with sportsmen. It is always at your service. Write us, we can help you in the correct choice of a rifle and give some practical suggestions.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY,

Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

BAKER & HAMILTON, PACIFIC COAST AGENTS,
San Francisco and Sacramento, California.



Cigars that satisfy.

The critical smoker finds his ideal in the Alvarez cigars. Distinctive in quality, of delicate flavor and delicious aroma they are a delight to every taste and sense. Our Cuban buyer lives right on the spot where the best Havana tobacco is raised and secures for us the pick of the crops. Thus we can give you a better and more satisfactory smoke than you can buy anywhere at the price.

We sell direct to you at actual factory prices saving you fully one half of your cigar money. Try for instance our "Royal Puritano" cigar. It is a fine ten cent smoke, made of genuine Havana filler and Sumatra wrapper, 4 3/4 inch long and costing you only five cents. Remit us \$5.00 for 100, \$2.70 for box of 50, or \$1.40 for box of 25 and state color desired. We prepay all express charges and refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Our assortment comprises 48 different brands, from \$2.00 to \$15.00 per hundred, all sizes, grades and strengths. Write today for our 32 page illustrated catalogue. It will tell you all about our cigars.

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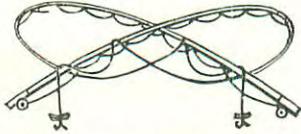


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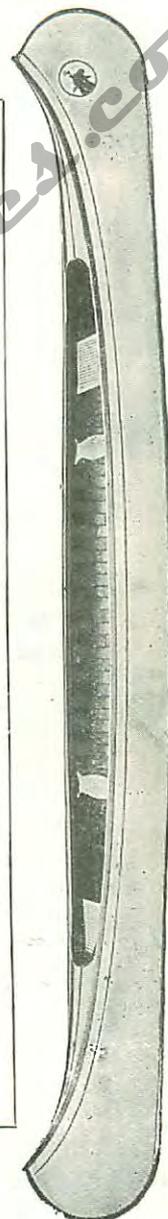
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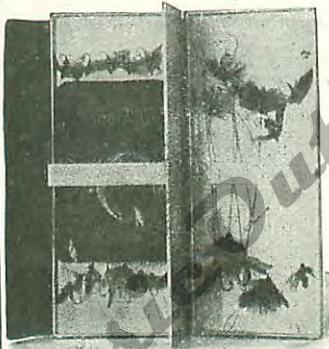
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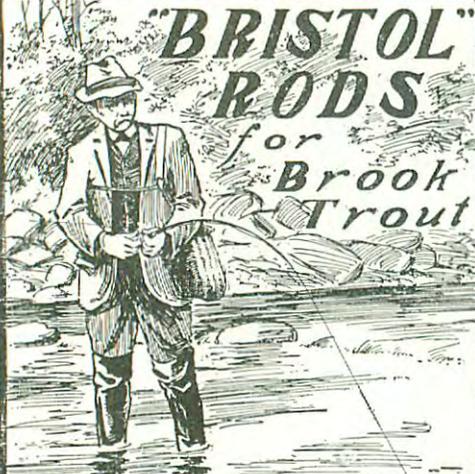
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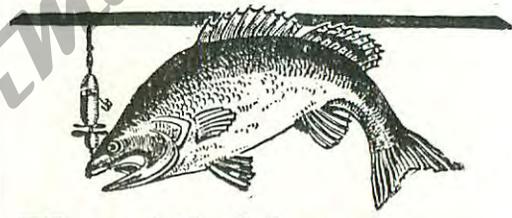
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Ask dealers for them. If not found write to factory.

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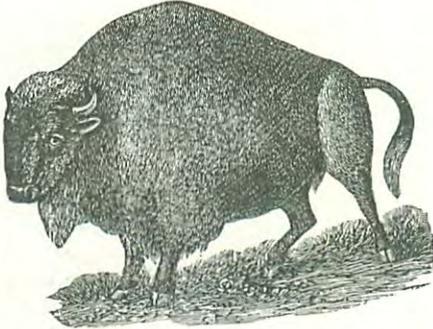
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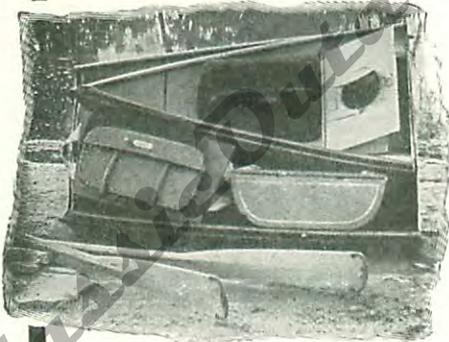
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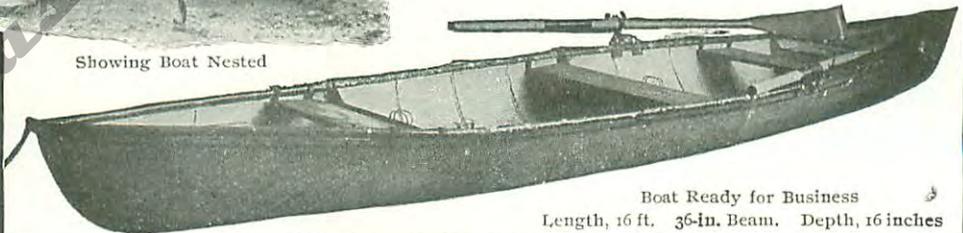
THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL SECTIONAL BOAT



Showing Boat Nested

All Steel. No Wood used
Cannot come apart while in use

For the
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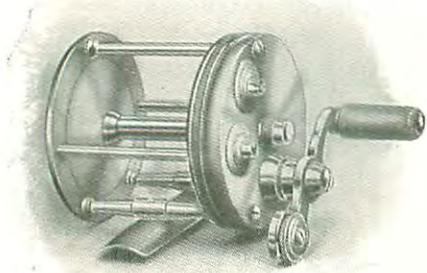
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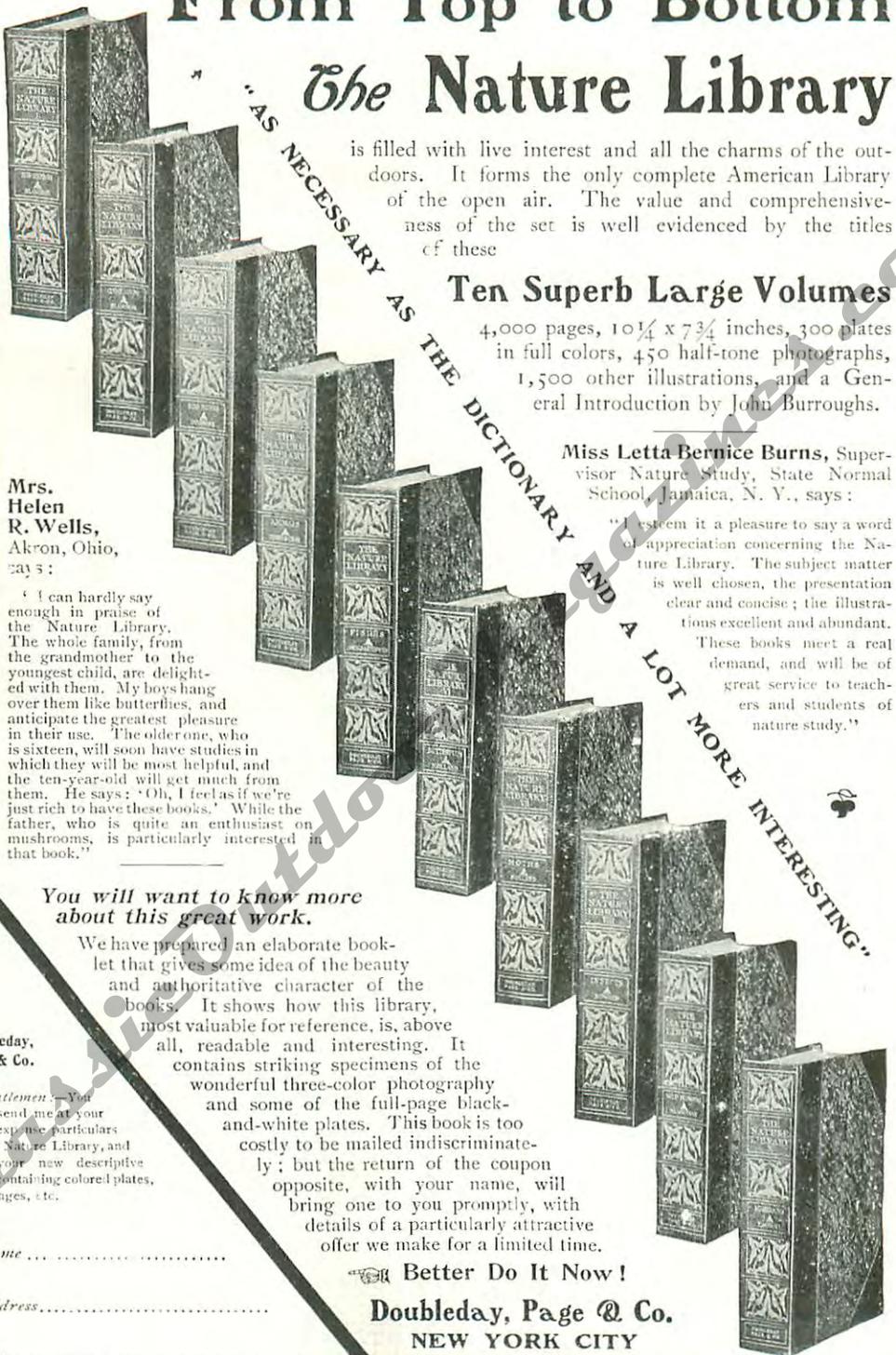
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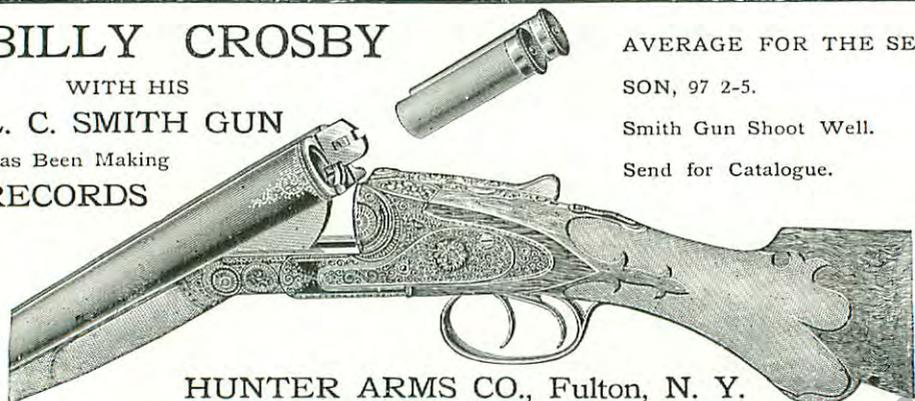
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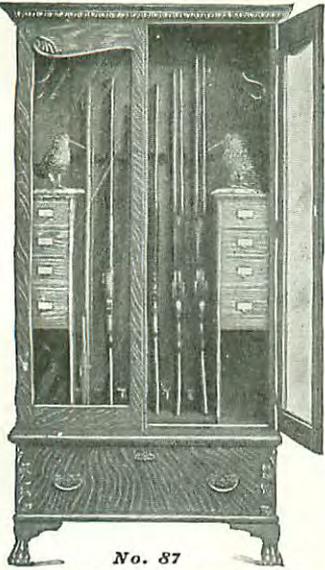
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They are always ready for the hook—they are just as shiny and plump as the day they were caught—they stay on any hook and won't split open like the common dead minnows. Write for a Sample.

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No. 87

68 in. high; 37 in. wide; 16 in. deep

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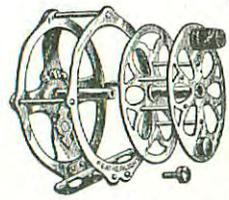


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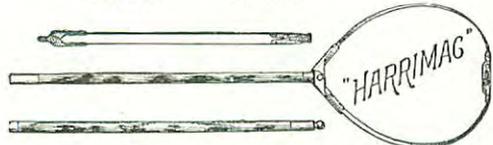
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No. 8

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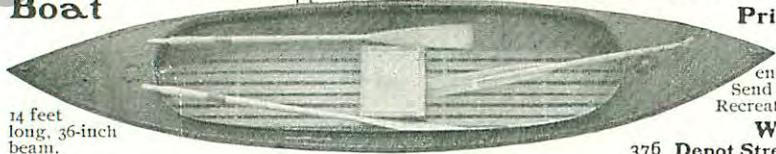
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14 feet long, 36-inch beam.

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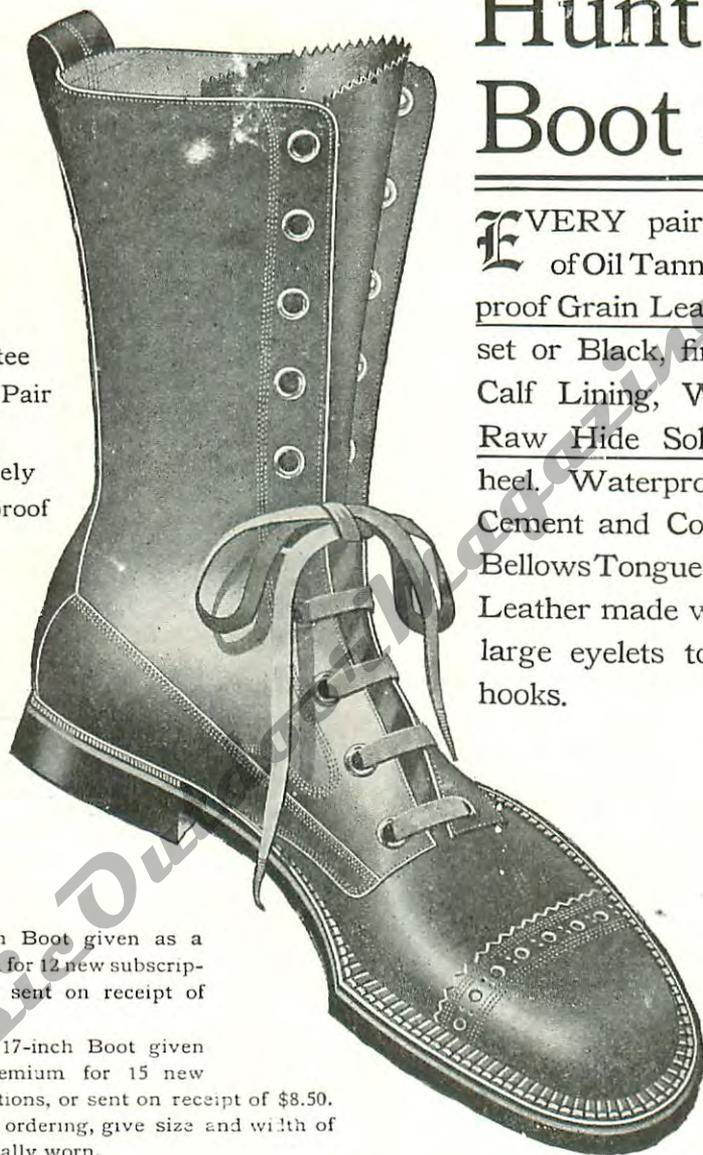
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1311

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We
Guarantee
Every Pair
to be
Absolutely
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EVERY pair is made of Oil Tanned Waterproof Grain Leather, Russet or Black, first quality Calf Lining, Waterproof Raw Hide Soles to the heel. Waterproof Rubber Cement and Cork Filling. Bellows Tongue. Best Sole Leather made waterproof, large eyelets to top—no hooks.

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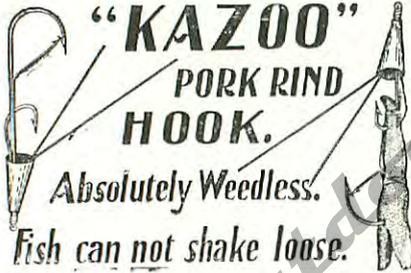
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can make and at a reasonable prices

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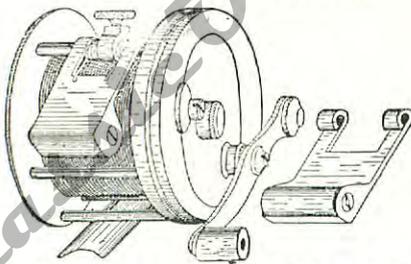


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- \$2.50 for No. 20 or No. 020, Screw Joint or Jointless. Very popular numbers.
- \$4.00 buys No. 24 or No. 024.
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These latter pens are indeed magnificent goods of large size, I also sell a dollar pen, the Palmer (without the Lucky Curve), an excellent pen for the money.

Let me send you my catalogue, which shows cuts of the foregoing, as also many other styles and "The Reason Why," as well as the name of a local dealer who sells the "Lucky Curve."

Please do not forget that a Parker Pen makes a splendid Christmas present. Some people have bought as many as a dozen for presents.

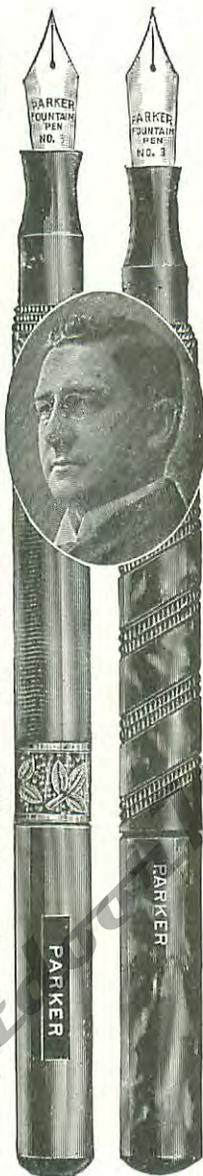
Kindly write me to-day.

GEO. S. PARKER

The Parker Pen Co.

98 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

P. S.—If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a Fountain Pen, I will send you, complimentary, a 6-in. Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamps for postage—to others 12 cents.



Columbia Records



25c

A Word

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Columbia Moulded Cylinder Records were the first Moulded Records on the market.

They always have been gold-moulded. A gold mould is the only economical and efficient mould known to the art.

Moulded Records are superior to the old engraved records because they may be made of harder material. Hard records last longer and have a better quality of tone.

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The best Moulded Records are not only gold-moulded. They are SUPER-HARD

Gold-moulded records are less expensive than engraved records. The process is simpler.

Formerly, blank cylinders were moulded, then shaved, then engraved from an original. The originals soon wore out under the reproducing stylus.

Now, a gold-lined mould is made from the original, and the product of that mould is a smoothly finished cylinder, with the sound record already on it. The life of the original is increased ten times, a hundred times, a thousand times.

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It is less expensive.

Columbia Moulded Cylinder Records are new records, made by a new process. They are not only gold-moulded. They are SUPER-HARDENED.

Irrespective of price, they are superior in quality to any other gold-moulded record on the market.

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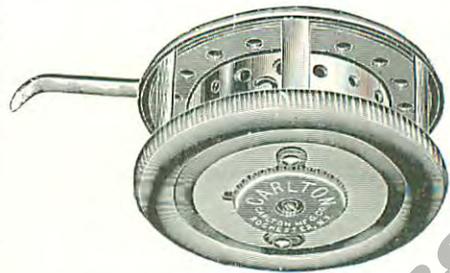
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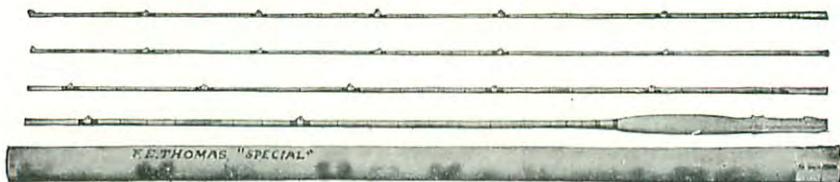
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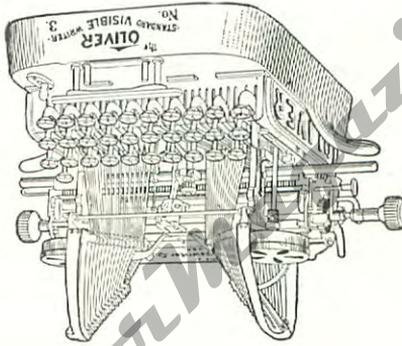
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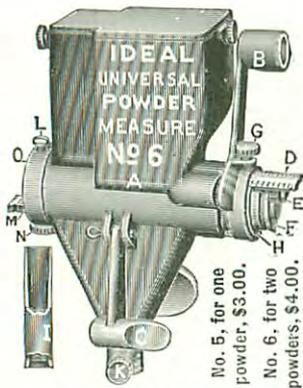
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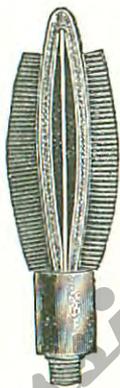
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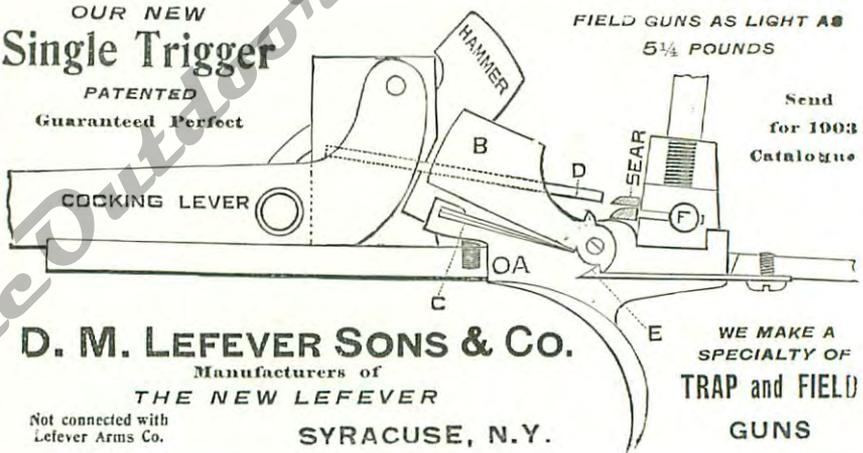
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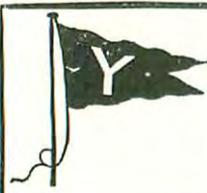
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FOR SALE—One Electro-Vapor Launch, length 18 feet, seating capacity ten people, standing roof, life preservers and cushions, brass rails around both front and rear decks, one and one-half horse power engine. It is fitted up with everything necessary to the running of an up-to-date launch Batteries connected up ready for use. For price and complete specifications write, S. C. HURT, Box 174, Lynchburg, Va.

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WANTED—Gould or Conlin model Stevens Pistol, Pope Lubricating Pump, 25 calibre die for same, model 1892, 44-40 rifle or carbine, model 1894, 32 Winchester Special or Model 1886 Rifle or Carbine. Must be cheap and perfect. A. E. JENKINS, 25 Bolton Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

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FOR SALE—L. C. Smith 12 gauge Shot Gun, with 26 inch barrels, weight 6 lbs., 12 ounces; \$115 grade, with automatic ejectors, hammerless, fine English walnut stock, engraving and checking. Has not been shot over a dozen times. Price \$50 cash. \$4 leg of mutton case and Marble cleaning rod included. **T. P. PECKHAM**, care Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y. Mark all communications "Personal."

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FOR SALE.—A 100 grade 12 gauge Parker, 30 inch barrels full choke. Used but little, good as new, hammerless 7 pounds, 14 ounces, \$50.00. Address **HENRY L. JUNKER**, 552-4 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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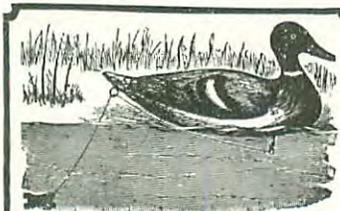
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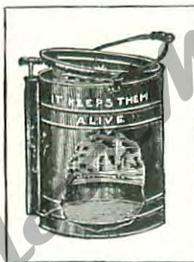
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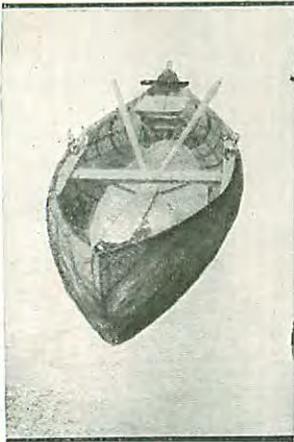
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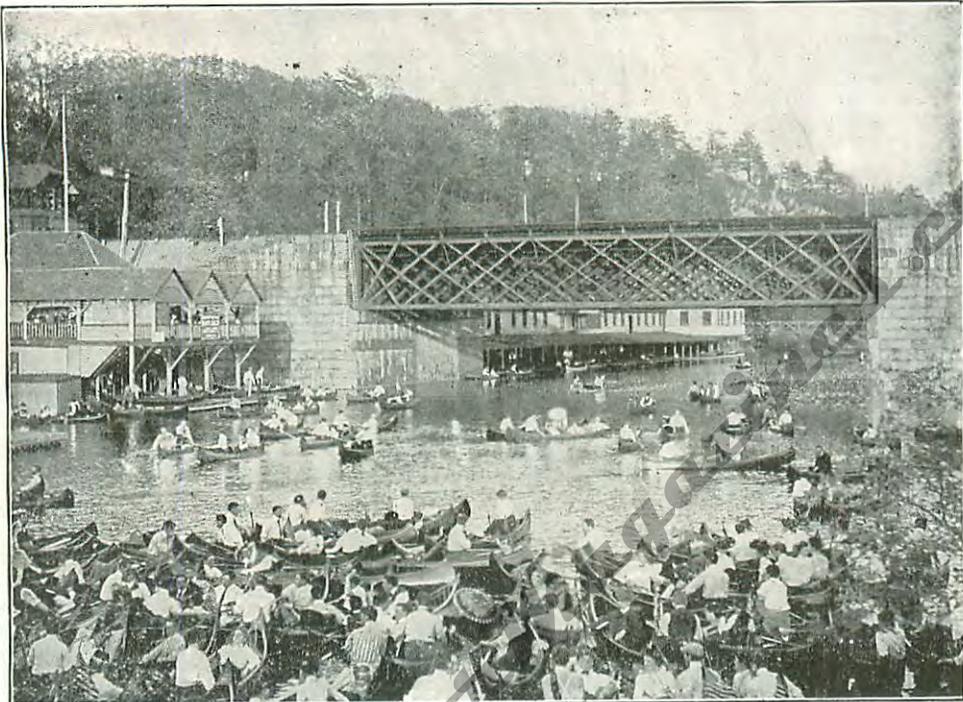
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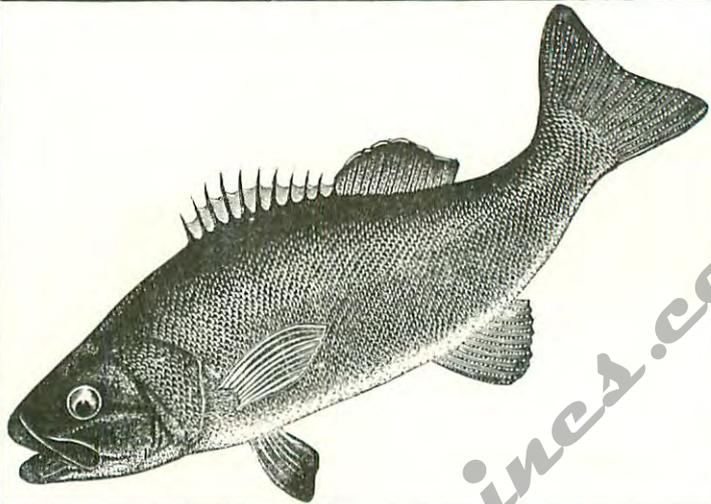
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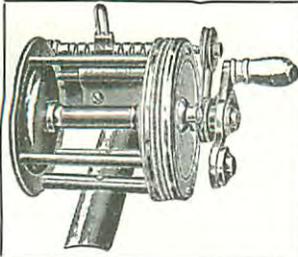
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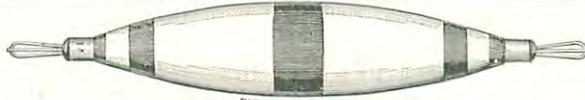
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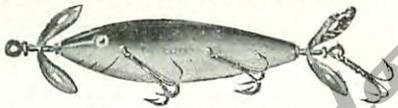
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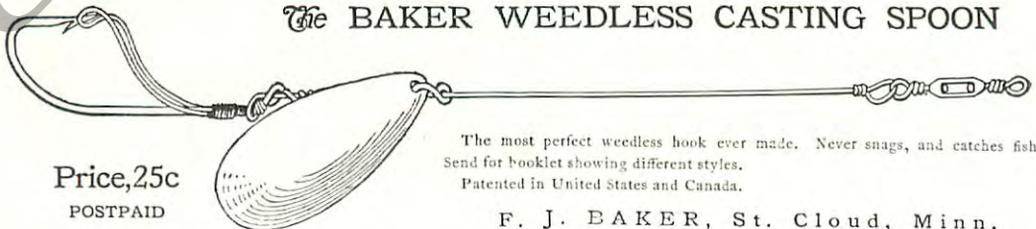
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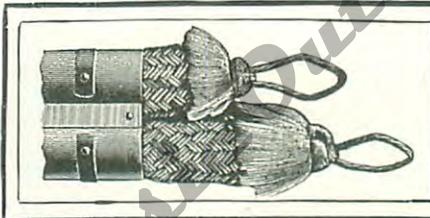
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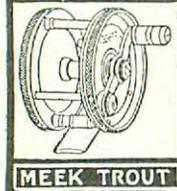
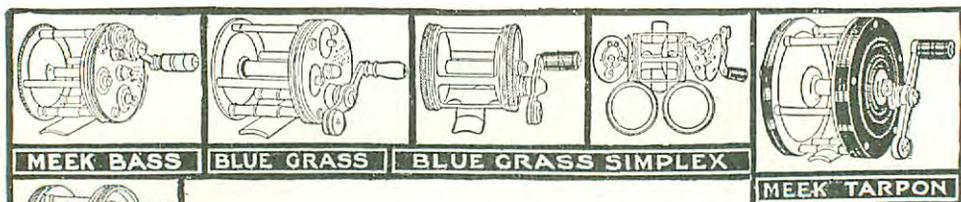
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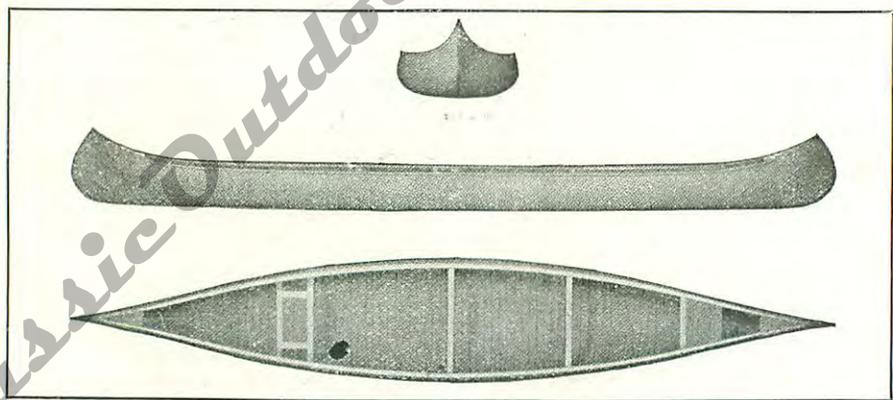
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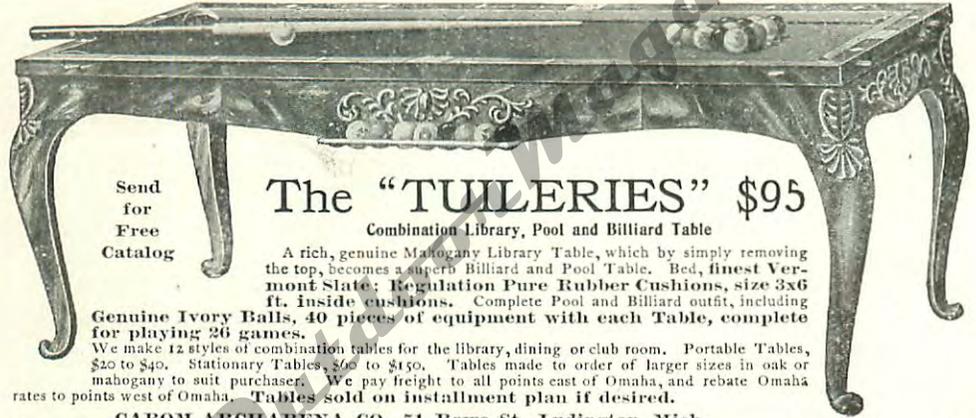
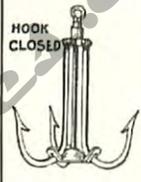


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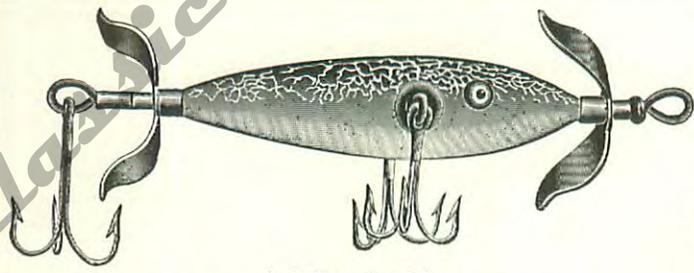
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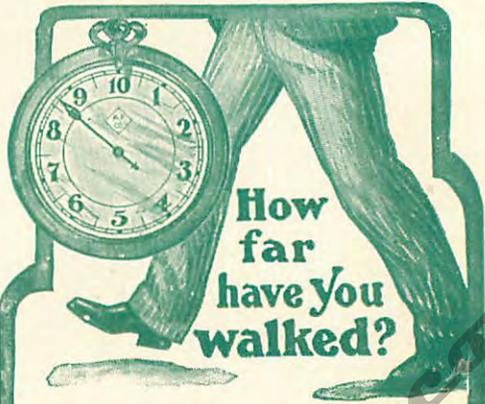
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