

Pipestone P73

HUNTER TRADER TRAPPER

Monarch
Butterfly
P. 28



OCTOBER, 1914

10 CENTS

ESTABLISHED 1831

G. Gaudig & Blum

IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS OF

Raw Furs

121 to 127 W. 27th Street
NEW YORK

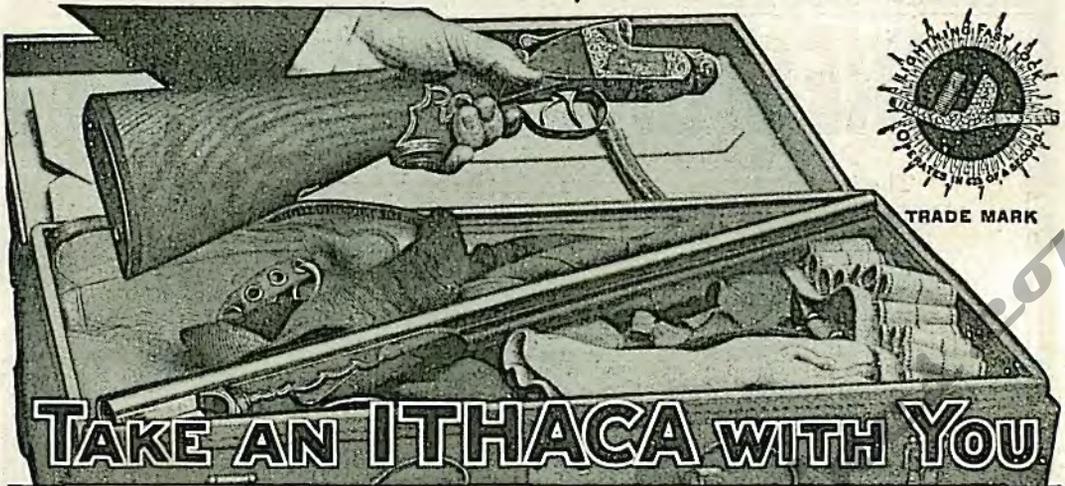
LEIPZIG
PARIS



LONDON
BERLIN

Highest Prices—Fair Assortment—Prompt Returns
Shipments kept separate on request, until remittance
is found satisfactory.

REFERENCES:—Mercantile Agencies and Banks



- ☛ Gun shown above is a No. 4, 20 gauge with 26 inch barrels—the ideal gentleman's gun for field shooting.
- ☛ You can throw it into a suit case along with your shooting togs and leave your gun case at home.
- ☛ We furnish the 20 gauge in all grades hammerless, from 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds and selling from \$19.00 up.
- ☛ The decreased weight of the 20 gauge allows you to travel farther, finish fresher, get into action quicker, kill your game nearer to you and come home feeling as frisky as a kitten.
- ☛ The speed of our lock was scientifically timed at the University of Cornell and it was found that it took only $\frac{1}{85}$ of a second for hammer to fall.
- ☛ At the time hammer struck it was traveling at the rate of 233 inches per second.
- ☛ We figure this greased lightning speed will increase your score at trap or kills in the field at least 5 per cent.
- ☛ Beautiful catalog FREE; 18 grades guns, \$17.75 net to \$400.00 list.

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ITHACA, N. Y.

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ALL GRADES, GOOD, MEDIUM or POOR ANY QUANTITY, LARGE or SMALL

SPECIAL PRICE ALWAYS

For Extra Quality, Extra Size, Either Wild or Cultivated

We Pay Express Charges on All Shipments

OFFERS SUBMITTED ON SAMPLES OF CULTIVATED

J. S. LODEWICK CO.

110-112 West 26th Street

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LARGEST HANDLERS BY FAR OF NORTHERN WILD GINSENG IN THE U. S.

FORESIGHT vs. HINDSIGHT

The interruption of commerce with Europe—due to the great war—bids fair to continue indefinitely.

On account of the superior outlet which we have established in this country, this will not affect us as it otherwise would.

We can take care of our shippers just the same this year as in former years—and with the same satisfaction to them.

Our first Price List for the new season will be issued last of this month or first of next—be sure to write for your copy.

It will advise you what the top market prices will be this coming season.

Beck's Fur Company

CHICAGO
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118-120 W. 27th St.

Alaskan, Canadian and Rocky Mountain Furs Wanted!



Furs from these sections bring the most money in New York City, where they are consumed. We will pay highest market price for these and other furs. If you have never done business with us, ship and ask to have furs held separate for your offer, or write for price-list and tags if you prefer.

L. BRIEFNER & SONS, EXPORTERS OF RAW FURS FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY
135 W. 29th St., NEW YORK CITY

GINSENG

AND GOLDEN SEAL WANTED

I pay the highest market prices at all times, and solicit shipments from dealers and collectors. Write for prices when you have any to offer.

O. L. SLENKER, East Liberty, O.

GOLDEN SEAL WANTED

Also large quantities of WILD GINSENG

(Dry Roots). Will pay full market price

Get my offer before you sell **J. A. JACKSON, Bellefontaine, O.**

WANTED Ginseng and Golden Seal

(Yellow Root) Wild or Cultivated, for which we WILL PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE.

THE NORTHWESTERN HIDE & FUR CO.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA



T. W. ADAMS & CO.

EXPORTERS OF

GINSENG and

GOLDENSEAL



GOLDENSEAL

WE WANT YOU AS A SHIPPER.

When you have any Ginseng or Goldenseal to offer, write to us for prices. We have an outlet second to none and will offer you all the market affords.

We buy all goods direct and charge no commission.

We make returns the same day the goods arrive.

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T. W. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR

Exporters of Raw Furs, Ginseng and Goldenseal

89 Mercer Street

Established 1889

NEW YORK

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There is one name in the banking business, one name in the jewelry business, one name in the mail order business, one name in the meanest of all businesses, in fact, one name in every business, which in the popular opinion is the standard for reliability.

There is such a name in the GINSENG business, too.

Write to us.



J. P. GLASSER CO.

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REFERENCES:—Union Exchange Nat'l Bank, N. Y.; Columbia Bank, N. Y.; Any Mercantile Agency

**TOP MARKET PRICES
LIBERAL GRADE
PROMPT RETURNS**

are three good reasons for shipping your

**RAW FURS
GINSENG
AND
GOLDEN SEAL**

to

STRUCK & BOSSAK
(INCORPORATED)

Raw Furs, Ginseng and Golden Seal

131 West 24th St.

New York City

WRITE FOR OUR PRICE LIST



**At All Times—
Whether Peace or War**

you will do *better* by shipping your
Raw Furs, also Ginseng and Golden
Seal, to the Fastest Growing Raw
Fur House in New York



David Blustein & Bro.

162-164 West 27th Street, NEW YORK

LARGEST DEALERS IN GINSENG IN THE UNITED STATES

Becker Bros. & Co.

Fur Merchants

Members of
The Raw Fur
Merchants'
Association
of the City of
New York,
Inc.

ONCE on a time fortunes were told by the flight and feeding of birds. *Today, every man designs his own destiny by grasping opportunities. This advertisement is your opportunity. WE PAY HIGHEST MARKET PRICES FOR RAW FURS, based on a sort WELL-KNOWN FOR FAIRNESS. So, in shipping to us, you are not guessing or gambling; you are assured of conscientious, courteous treatment, and returns that are prompt, proper—and pleasing.*

Our Price List will be issued in the near future. Request a copy NOW.

CHICAGO
416-420 N. Dearborn St.

NEW YORK
129-133 W. 29th St.

Established

SHIP TO

1872

PERCEY'S FUR HOUSE

Oshkosh

Wisconsin

ALWAYS

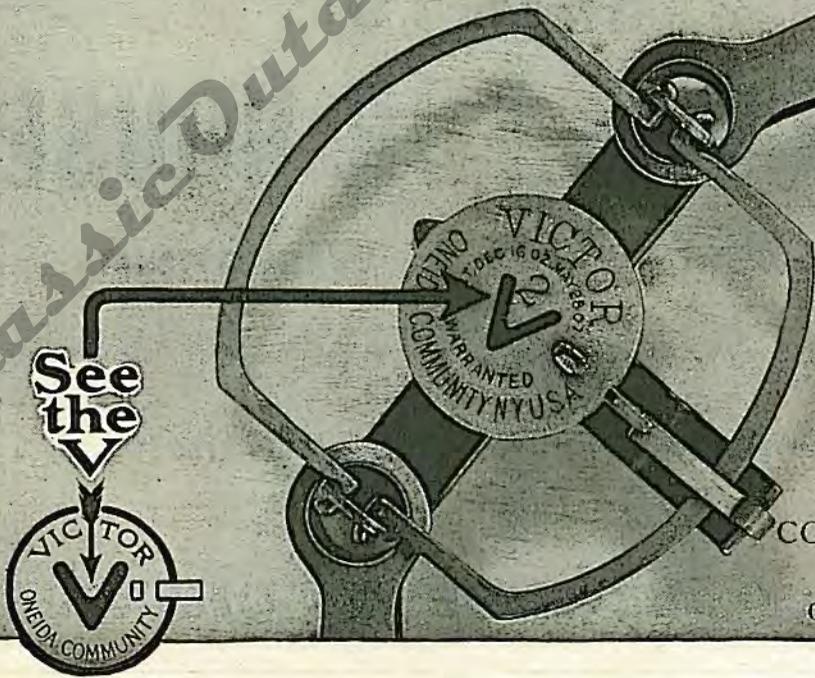
Reliable, Dependents and Exact

Write for Price List

WE PAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES



Reynard sly
 Chickens fly
 Sudden snap
 VICTOR TRAP



See
 the



ONEIDA
 COMMUNITY
 LTD.
 ONEIDA, N. Y.

Just as sure as water finds its level, so does merchandise seek and will ultimately find its true destination. The merchant whose goods find their destination quickest is bound to be the most successful.

The Ultimate Destination for Your Furs is New York City
New York is the largest consuming fur market of the world. It has always been, and is the export center of this country. On account of the European conflict, the export of furs is bound to shrink considerably, and normal conditions will not prevail for a long time to come
American Furs Will Have to be Marketed in America.
The Logical, Natural Outlet for Your Furs is New York City.

Raw Fur Merchants' Association of the City of New York, Inc.

is now devising ways and means to take care of the interests of fur shippers. It is the patriotic duty of everyone engaged in the Trade to assist this Association in its efforts to make

**NEW YORK THE INTERNATIONAL
FUR MARKET**

For information of vital importance, as well as for list of members, address the Secretary of the Raw Fur Merchants' Association, Inc., No. 46 West 24th Street, New York City.



**WATCH FOR THE SEAL OF
RELIABILITY**

**Highest Market Prices
Prompt Cash Returns**

**JOSEPH ULLMANN
RAW-FURS**

ESTABLISHED 1854

**THE HOUSE YOUR GRANDFATHER DEALT WITH
ALWAYS PROGRESSIVE**

Establishments in All Important Fur Markets

AMERICAN BRANCHES:

NEW YORK, N. Y. || ST. PAUL, MINN.

18-20-22 West 20th Street

Cor. 5th and Rosabel Street

Address Branch Nearest and Most Convenient to You.

We Pay all Express and Mail Charges on Shipments of Furs.

We Refund Postage on Mail Shipments.

WE CHARGE NO COMMISSION

REFERENCE:—Any Mercantile Agency or Bank

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

**“Kept
my
feet
as dry
as a
bone”**



After a long day's hike through snow, over ice, in snaggy undergrowth, on frosty rocks or in water—*your feet will be dry and warm if they're protected by Beacon Falls Leather Top Rubber Shoes.* Hunting and trapping are robbed of half their sport if you're bothered with shoes that leak or tire your feet. Assure yourself of solid comfort by fitting out with Beacon Falls Leather Tops on your next trip. You'll get long service from them—they're made of new, live rubber and doubly strengthened at every wearing point.

"SARANAC" Warranted not to crack or split. Practically puncture-proof and water-proof. Uppers are pure, selected gum, forced under heavy pressure into best duck. Rolled soles in the heel. Duck reinforcement underneath to withstand the tear of brush work. Heel is solid rubber securely cemented and cannot be pulled off. Top and gussets of high-grade chrome leather. Rawhide laces. Heights from 8 to 16 inches. Price of 10 inch about \$4.50 at dealers.

The "Winona" is light in weight and will not tire the feet, yet is extremely serviceable. Practically puncture-proof and water-proof. It has a heavy rolled sole, without heel, made of fresh tough rubber. Ribbed toe; the ribs protect the upper against seams and cracks and greatly lengthen the life of the shoe. Tops and gussets of high-grade chrome leather, strongly sewed to uppers. Bellows tongue and rawhide laces. Heights from 8 to 12 inches. Price of 10-inch about \$4.50 at dealers. "Waseca" is the same as "Winona" but *with heel*

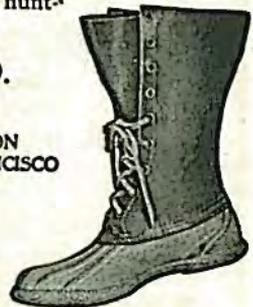
If your dealer hasn't these shoes, tell us his name and we'll supply you. Write for Booklet "E" describing footwear for outers, hunters, loggers and sportsmen.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
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KANSAS CITY

CHICAGO
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BEACON TOP NOTCH FALLS

LEATHER TOP RUBBER SHOES

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Black and Smokeless Shotgun,
Rifle and Revolver Powders
for Sporting Purposes

Dynamite Blasting Powder &
Blasting Supplies for Agricultural
Construction & Mining Purposes



The Powder Behind the Shot

THE man behind the gun, the gun behind the powder, and the powder behind the shot—each plays an important part in determining success at the traps or in the field.

For a high score at the traps, and for a full bag in the field, the powder behind your shot should be

Infallible Smokeless Shotgun Powder

Its great velocity, the even pattern it gives, its light recoil, and the fact that it is water-proof, age-proof, and weather-proof, have made it the favorite of innumerable crack shots.

Year in and year out, its quality is the same. When you tell your dealer you want shells loaded with Infallible, you know just what you are getting. You know exactly how your powder will behave.

The next time that you buy shells, insist on having Infallible Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Wilmington, Delaware

COL. ROOSEVELT in his *Scribner* Articles, about his African trip, wrote "*I had a Fox No. 12 Shot-Gun; no better gun was ever made.*" He took his Fox to South America, too.

If you want the best gun, get a

FOX GUN

"The Finest Gun in the World"

Do not lay out the amount you have decided to spend for a gun until you have *handled and tested* a Fox—Six grades, \$25 to \$150 (in Canada, \$35 to \$200) at your dealer's. There are many reasons why your gun should be a Fox and it is to your interest to see and *know* them.

If your dealer does not handle Fox Guns, write us direct for Catalog.

The **A. H. Fox Gun Company**
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6



THE IDEAL DOG FOOD

To build strong muscles, steady nerves, a smooth, glossy coat and general good condition use

Champion Dog Biscuit

Keeps a dog's teeth in good condition, reinvigorates the salivary glands, aids digestion. Made of clean, sweet meats, cereals and flour—no waste products or preservatives of any kind—a clean, wholesome, nourishing and satisfying food for dogs.



Send for Sample and Free Booklet
On receipt of 4c, we will send you sample, or you can buy regular size package at your druggist, sporting goods dealer or direct from us if no dealer in your town. Illustrated booklet on request.

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592 Minnesota St., Saint Paul, Minn.

He Thought it Missed Fire

On page 10 of our free Booklet, "Experiences with the Maxim Silencer," is an interesting story of a hunter who shot a hawk but was exceedingly surprised to see it fall. It was the first time he had used a rifle fitted with the Maxim Silencer and it silenced the report noise so effectively that he thought the gun had missed fire.



MAXIM SILENCER

Send for this Booklet and see how thousands of sportsmen are enjoying the pleasure of noiseless shooting made possible by the Maxim



Silencer. You cannot realize how it will double your sport and improve your marksmanship until you actually try it.

The Silencer stops flinching by reducing the recoil over 75% and counteracting the tendency of the gun to jump upward at each shot. It enables you to shoot without scaring the game. Permits you to hold target practice indoors or around the house without disturbing anybody.

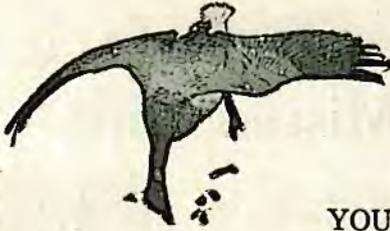
Get your sporting goods or hardware dealer to demonstrate the Maxim Silencer. If he hasn't them in stock, ask him to get one for you. Or write us the make and calibre of your rifle and we will see that you are supplied. Silencers are made in all calibres to fit any rifle.

Send to-day for booklet.

MAXIM SILENCER COMPANY

60 Hayshope Avenue, Hartford, Conn.





Through Thick Feathers
at 80 yards with his 12-Gauge

LEFEVER SHOT GUN

Lefever Ideal Cleaner

Patented April 9, 1901

At your dealer's or from us for 75c.

Will remove all rust, lead, etc., from barrels without scratching. Brass wires, supported by springs, are softer than metal in barrels. Gives a hard finish that makes barrels less liable to lead. Made in all gauges, fits all standard rods for any make of guns.



YOU can read the rest of the story on page 702 in the May issue of *National Sportsman*. Mr. J. E. Holden, Ridgeway, N. C., who did the shooting, has the old gander stuffed as proof positive.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT SHOOTING POWER whether or not you believe you could kill at that distance.

In breaking clay pigeons or live wings you can depend on the

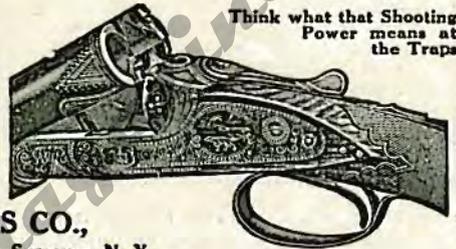
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Let us send you Catalog—Guns \$25 to \$1000.

LEFEVER ARMS CO.,

206 Maltbie St., Syracuse, N. Y.

"Guns of Lasting Fame"



Think what that Shooting Power means at the Traps



For the New Remington

(.22 Automatic Rifle. Model 16)

The Especially Designed

LYMAN SIGHT

Made in accordance with the same high manufacturing standards which for years have characterized all Lyman Gun Sights.

Your dealer will be glad to order one for you or your order direct to us will receive our prompt attention.

Lyman Sights are made for every purpose and every gun.

Our new catalog shows illustrations and descriptions of the complete Lyman line. It also contains interesting and valuable articles relative to shooting by expert marksmen—tells why you miss shots that you think you ought to make.



Price \$3.00
With cup disc \$3.50



No. 3 Ivory Bead

Send a postcard for a copy of this catalog today. It will show you how to get double the pleasure out of shooting.

THE LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION

Dept. G, Middlefield, Conn., U.S.A.



SHEARD "GOLD" SIGHTS



A leader among front sights for hunting and target work. Shows up clear and distinct in darkest timber. Shows same color on different colored

objects—guaranteed not to "blur." Designed so that light is focussed directly on center of bead, making quick, accurate sighting absolutely sure. Every sight guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded. Price, \$1.50.

Made with medium bead to fit practically all sporting and military rifles, revolvers, etc. Direct from us, if your dealer won't supply you. Accept no substitutes.

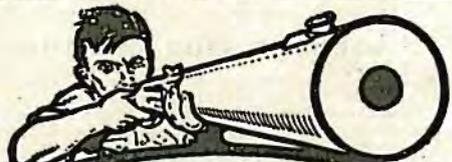
ASK YOUR DEALER

for Sheard Sights and all the other Marble Ingenuities for Sportsmen. Sample Nitro Solvent Oil sent free for your dealer's name.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO.

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GLADSTONE, MICH.



Don't Shoot

unless your gun is oiled with 3-in-One. Lubricates just right. Prevents rust, leading, pitting.

3-in-One Oil

is not heavy or greasy. Doesn't gum or dry. In bottles: 10c, 25c and 50c; in sportsmen's Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Sample and Use Dictionary.

3-in-One Oil Co. 42 ADG B'way, N. Y.



Remington UMC



NOW, The Remington-UMC Autoloading Rifle in the .22 CALIBER

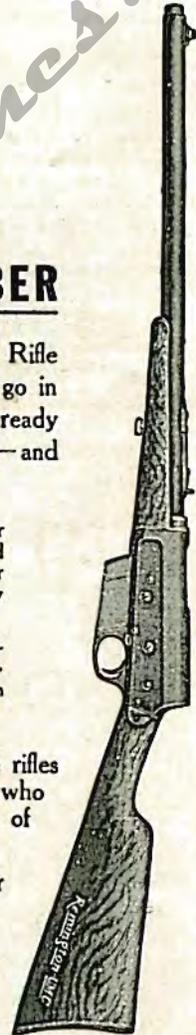
Ever since the Remington-UMC *High Power* Autoloading Rifle first began to show its remarkable shooting quality, men who go in for .22 caliber shooting have been asking *when* we would be ready to give them an Autoloading Rifle in their favorite caliber—and *here it is*.

Sixteen shots, handling the Remington-UMC Autoloading .22 caliber cartridge (Rim Fire). Magazine in stock. Remington-UMC Solid Breech, Hammerless, 22-inch Remington Steel Barrel. Straight bar rear sight (adjustable); white metal bead front sight. Exceptionally simple, easy take-down. Weight 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

Each shot fired by simply pressing the trigger, with the same *dependability* in firing, ejection, and reloading that is giving the Remington-UMC *High Power* Autoloading Rifle and the Autoloading Shotgun their leading place with sportsmen all over the world.

All that we regret is that we cannot now offer enough of these rifles for *complete distribution*. We are trying to see that no one who wants a rifle for immediate use shall have to wait until more of them can be gotten ready.

Your Remington-UMC dealer has one, or can get it for you if you and he *act quickly*—the dealer who displays the Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC, Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters in every town.



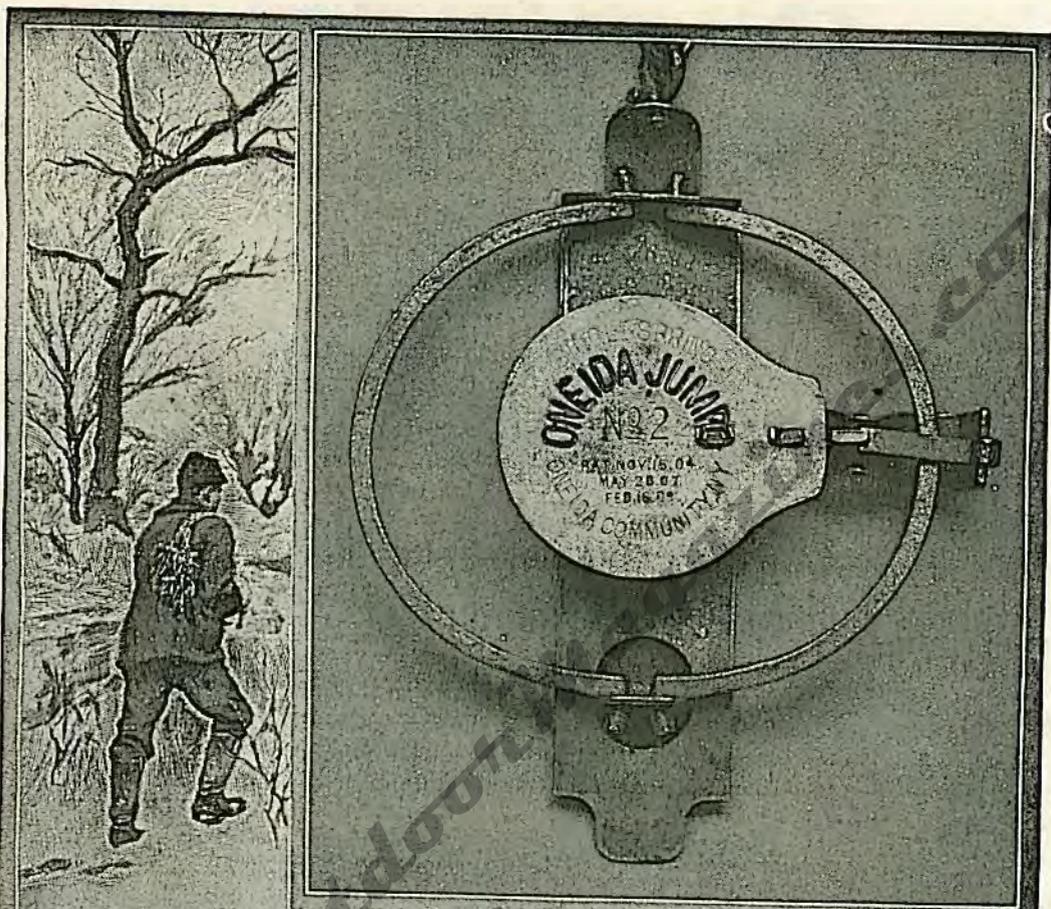
No. 16—.22 Autoloading Rifle—16 Shots—for Remington-UMC Autoloading .22 caliber cartridge (Rim Fire).

No. 8—High Power Autoloading Rifle—5 Shots—for .25, .30, .32 and .35 Remington cartridges.

Remington Arms - Union Metallic
Cartridge Co.

299 Broadway

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ONEIDA JUMP TRAPS

are easy to carry. Trappers like them because they are light, compact, and can be set in narrow runways.

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ONEIDA, N.Y.

Also Makers of the
NEWHOUSE, VICTOR, and HAWLEY & NORTON TRAPS. *Philip R. Goodwin*

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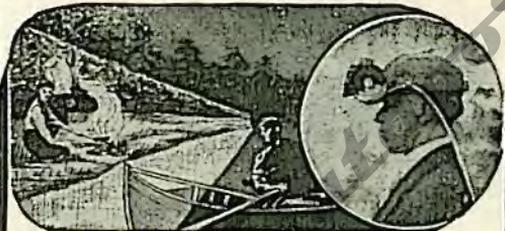
Marlin

Hammerless Repeating Shotguns

20 Gauge—This neat little, sweet little pump gun adds zest to the sport of shooting—5 shots, about 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ pounds, 25-inch barrel. A perfect gun for snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc.—handles fast and with wonderful precision. ¶ You will like the handsomely matted barrel—a high grade and exclusive feature. ¶ Uses 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ - as well as 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch shells, allowing good, stiff loads for duck and trap shooting. ¶ For longer range or increased weight, you have option of 28-inch barrel at the same price—\$24.00.

12 and 16 Gauge: Hammerless, for ducks, geese, foxes, trap shooting, etc.; perfect in build, weight and balance for the heavier loads. Like the 20 gauge, they have solid top, side ejection, matted barrel, take-down construction, and the solid-steel-breech and safety features that make it the safest breech-loading gun built. Six quick shots. ¶ **Hammer Guns**, take-down, solid top, side ejection, closed-in-breech. Many grades and styles. Write for full details of 20 gauge—or send 3c postage for catalog of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
31 Willow Street, New Haven, Connecticut



The Brilliant Search Light



Throws a bright, white light 200 yards. Hands are free to do all kinds of work; just the light for camping, boating, motorcycling, fishing, hunting, trapping, all kinds of night work. Single lens spreads the light. Double lens concentrates the light for long distance work. Interchangeable lens combine both in one.
Style 1—Single Lens, \$5.00. Double Lens, \$6.00. Interchangeable Lens, \$6.50.
Style 2—Adjustable Candle Flame Burner, add 50c.
Style 3—Adjustable Flat Flame Burner, add \$1.00.



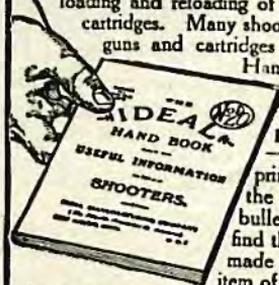
The Northwestern Clasp Knife

Opened with one hand, giving use of other. Blade is locked when open or closed. Length over all, 9 $\frac{5}{8}$ inches. Cutting edge 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Stag handle, weight 4 oz. Sold by all dealers or direct. Price \$2.50

Send for Circular R. C. KRUSCHKE
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Shooters— This is Your Book!

It's about a wonderfully interesting hobby—the experimental study of arms and ammunition—the loading and reloading of rifle, pistol and shotgun cartridges. Many shooters know very little about guns and cartridges until they get the Ideal Hand Book.



Then they find the modern metallic cartridge is a surprisingly simple thing—a high grade brass shell, primer, powder and a bullet, the shell crimped onto the bullet to hold it in place. They find the strongly and perfectly made empty shell (the principal item of expense) can be reloaded from 10 to 30 times each. The book tells exactly what primer, bullet and powder charge to use; it is easy to reload; you can reload 100 cartridges in half an hour. You cut your ammunition expense immensely; factory .32-40 H. P. cartridges with jacketed bullets usually cost \$3.42 net per 100; reloaded same as new, you save \$2.07 on 100 cartridges.

Free The Ideal Hand Book tells all about the powders, bullets, primers and Ideal reloading tools to use; tells how bullet molds are made—how to cast your own bullets—measure powders—how to save money and do better shooting. 160 pages of information every shooter needs. Sent free to any shooter for 3 stamps postage by

The Marlin Firearms Co.
31 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.



STEVENS

"HIGH-POWER" RIFLES

No. 425—List Price, \$20.00. Sold by retail dealers at \$18.00, except west of Mississippi River and in Canada.

Built for hard service under hard conditions in the woods and wild country, where the hunter must depend upon his rifle absolutely and where his life may hang upon its accuracy.



This Rifle

has the hammer always in sight—you do not depend upon hidden mechanism for safety. The real hunter knows that the half cocked visible hammer is safest. The hammer is cocked by leverage, and the operation is easy, smooth, and very quiet. Uses Auto-Loading Rimless Cartridges, .25, .30/30, .32 and .35 calibers, 6 shots. High velocity, 500 to 700 yards for accuracy; great muzzle energy—penetration.

If your dealer will not furnish this rifle, we will prepay transportation charges anywhere in North America on receipt of order accompanied by list price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY

54 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U. S. A.

Largest Makers of Sporting Firearms

"Me for the tall timber"

When you take down your old "shooting iron" and get to scoutin' round, be sure you load up with the stuff that gets the game before they find a refuge. You seldom get more than one shot, and you can make that count, if you shoot

ROBIN HOOD

NOT MADE BY A TRUST

AMMUNITION

"KICK MINUS—SPEED PLUS"

R. H. will not make good a bad aim, but if the aim is right, the game is yours. R. H. gets there quicker and hits harder because Robin Hood Smokeless Powders eliminate the kick and use *all* the force where you want it—forward.

Write for free booklet, "Powder Puffs," with the story of Robin Hood, the daring bowman of Sherwood Forest.

Robin Hood Shot Shells are also furnished loaded with any of the *Standard Nitro Powders*.

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION CO.

C Street, Swanton, Vt.



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On Approval and 30 Days Trial

Write today for our great new offer to deliver you a 1915 Model Ranger Bicycle on a month's free trial without a cent expense to you. We'll send you our New Catalog showing our complete line of Bicycles, Tires and Sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also full particulars of our remarkable 30 day free riding test.

1915
 Models
 Ready



PRESERVE HEALTH and Youth—save money by riding a "Ranger" to and from work, on errands or pleasure trips.

RANGER BICYCLES set the standard for excellence in bicycles. Ride a Ranger and know you have the best. It is easy to own a "Ranger." We will explain how when we send you our BIG 1915 CATALOG.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED Boys, you can make money taking orders for Bicycles, Tires, Lamps, Sundries, etc., from our big catalog. It also contains "combination offers" for refitting your old bicycle like new at very low cost. Also much useful information. Do business direct with the leading bicycle house in America. **DO NOT BUY** a Bicycle, Tires or Sundries without first learning what we can offer you. Write to us today.

Mead Cycle Co. Dept. H-148 Chicago Ills



A Kill at 800 Yards

Mr. John McPherson, of Inverness, Scotland, writes:

"I would never have believed your rifle was so powerful. With my Ross 280 I brought down a deer at about 800 yards. I hit it in the shoulder while it was perched on a rocky summit of a hill. With it I have frequently killed deer at 500 yards. It is the most powerful and accurate rifle that I have ever used. All that is necessary to bring down your stag is to hold it straight and steady."

Ross 280 High Velocity \$55.00 in New York.

280 Ammunition \$7.50 per 100.

Best dealers sell them.

Catalogue free on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO.,

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I Want Some

US CARTRIDGES

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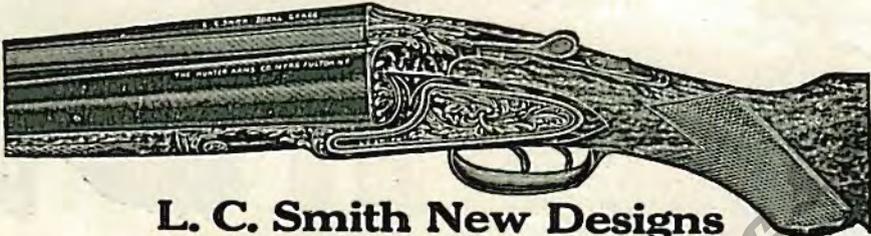
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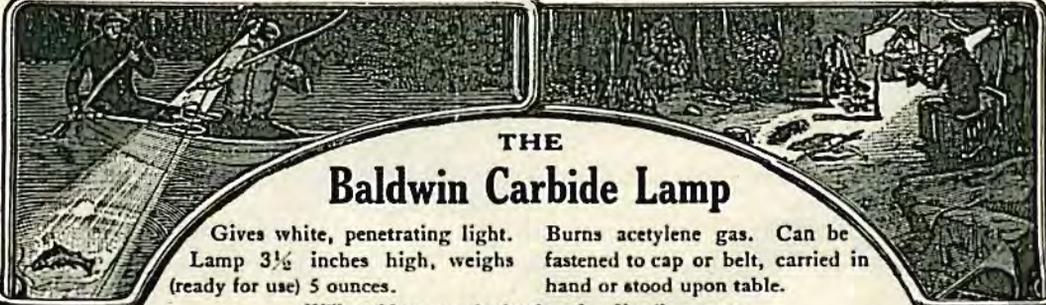
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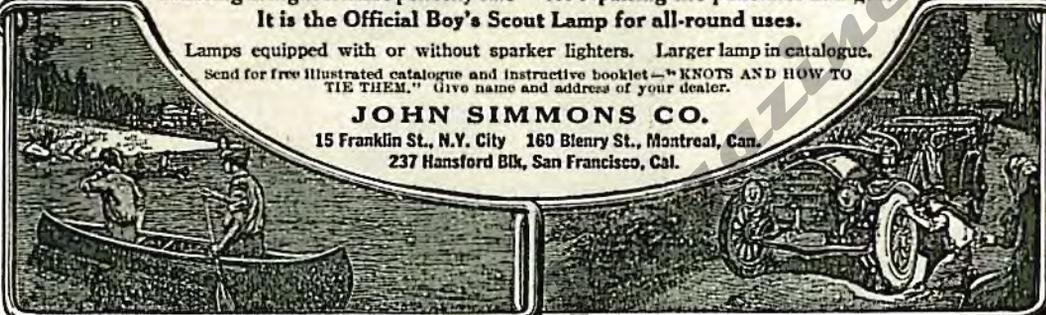
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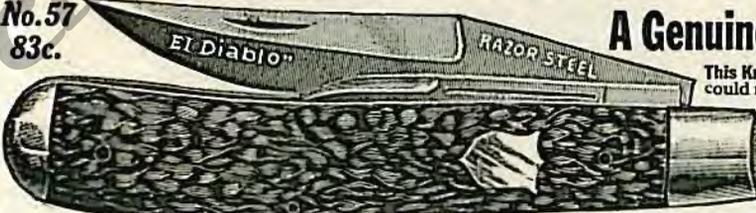
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HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



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OCTOBER, 1914

No. 1

FUR-BEARERS OF THE OLYMPICS

By EDWARD T. MARTIN

IN the many publications devoted to our-door sports, such as camping, shooting, fishing, trapping, one rarely sees mention of the Olympic Mountains.

Writers tell the wonders of the seven seas, exploit desert wastes and even ascend unknown rivers in unnamed lands that readers of today may learn concerning them. Yet little is said of mountains as prominent at home, as the Olympics. Many know nothing of them. Few can say what game abounds there.

They are in the extreme North-west corner of the State of Washington where, standing of a quiet night on top of Hurricane range, with lights of Victoria twinkling at one's feet, it seems almost possible to toss a biscuit into British possessions, but the turbulent Straits of San Juan de Fuca, more than a score of miles in width, roll between.

They contain game in abundance, cougars, bears, wolves, cats, coons, skunks and badgers, with more than an occasional otter, besides plenty of elk and deer.

With thousands of dead and decaying salmon strewing the banks of the many rivers flowing from these mountains to the sea and with their waters filled with others so enfeebled by their rough journey from the ocean as to fall easy victims, there is no reason why numerous carnivora should not abound, and it is

strange with fur so plentiful and prices so high, that scarcely a dozen men are trapping in the hundreds of square miles covered by the Olympic country.

The writer has never made as thorough a study of trapping and its possibilities, as of shooting and fishing but when he sees signs and tracks as plentiful as in the Olympics, he knows it took more than a few animals to make them and that if there, they can be shot or trapped. He never found a little spring bubbling up from some hollow in the hills but the moist ground around it was cut and marked by numerous sharp hoof prints where many a deer had come to drink, over which with soft tread and velvet paws had walked cats and cougars, their steps in turn partly effaced by the plantigrade tracks of bear and the dog-like feet of large timber wolves.

Yes, there is game a plenty in the Olympics. Game and gold besides, for all who wish to chance it. The gold more surely found by those who seek it in a trap's steel jaws, rather than in the rocks of the hills and sand of the streams, although it is there too and so is copper and perhaps silver.

Not only were tracks a plenty around the springs and water holes but all through the hills the fine sands of the water's edge of lake or river were marked by footprints of different animals feeding on fish, many, like the bear, not

particular if the salmon were old and evil smelling or just out of the water. A few, with taste more delicate and quicker in their movements, preferring those freshly caught, although a bear can scoop a living salmon out of the river right handily when no dead one offers. Many of these tracks we were familiar with, but others were continued sources of argument. Otter or something else; no one was certain what.



COUGAR ROCK, OLYMPIC MOUNTAINS.

In one place at the roots of an overhanging tree at top of a high bank there was a hole, barrel round in size, a beaten path or slide leading from it to the river, whose shores were rock and boulder, covered with nothing soft enough to show a foot mark. The dogs bristled when brought to this hole and a little black fellow, afraid of neither cat nor bear nor elk, growled, sniffed, then backed away with every tooth exposed. Whatever the animal was, it had no fear of the man scent, for twice trout were cleaned and the offal left on a handy boulder. Both times it was taken during the night. Where fish were cleaned along the river as was often done, some-

thing always cleaned the cleanings until nothing was left. Some of the cleaners undoubtedly were skunks, they being as thick as rocks in the river and frequent unwelcome visitors to camp. One spoiled a fine leg of venison, another stole a five pound trout, but we got him in a dead-fall. A relative of his twice came inside and warmed himself like a house cat, back of the sheet iron stove. He too died a sudden death.

"The'm northin'" said old Joe the guide, "why, over round Dungeness way them sports was so thick in an old shanty where I used to sleep, that one night I lay for them an' when an old black fellow came close, like he was going under the bunk, I squirted a mouthful of tobacco juice plumb in his eyes."

"Did he take kindly to it?" one asked.

"Dunno," the guide answered. "Liked it 'bout as good as I did his return volley maybe. He moved out pretty quick an' so did I."

On a hillside a mile from camp were acres of huckleberries, and it was no unusual thing when some of us grouse hunters went in at one end, for a bear to go out at the other.

One foggy Sunday afternoon a very large cinnamon came from the berry patch and trotted between the writer's young son and another of the party, returning from a berry gathering trip and walking about a hundred yards apart. The bear got into trouble though, for next day a prospector, lower down the mountain and across the river, put a big Springfield bullet entirely through him, as blood on each side of his tracks showed. The man followed until dark. Stopped at a rancher's over night and next morning the two with a good dog took the trail. They found where the animal had bedded in some dead leaves and dry grass. From the way he pawed things over, they concluded he was looking for a plaster for the bullet holes. But little blood showed where he slept; none along his tracks when leaving. He went into a tangle of fallen trees, briars, bushes and grass. The scent was so cold the dog could not follow and he escaped. Not only got away, but probably recovered, for a bear answering his description was seen in the same locality several times that winter and one hunter vows

he noticed a place on the animal's side as he ran, with the hair gone, probably worn off by his tongue while licking the bullet wound! Perhaps. It sounds reasonable and may have been so.

Two deer hunters were camped at Grand Prairie, a high plateau ten miles beyond Hurricane. Early one morning they started on an all day's hunt, leaving provisions for two weeks behind. That night, they went supperless to bed. Everything was gone or ruined. There had been a visitor, a mischievous black bear, who had eaten the bacon, licked the lard tin clean and drained their can

Again, the wife of a homesteader in the foothills, heard a rattling of pans and falling of dishes in the kitchen. Carrying a lamp, for it was after dark, she went to investigate and came face to face with a bear who, outside, his head and shoulders poked through an open window, was reaching with his fore paws for something to eat. He blinked for an instant at the sudden brightness then, with a loud "W-o-o-f," pulled back his head, dropped to all fours and ran for tall timber as fast as his bear legs could carry him.

Yes, among the Olympic game, there



MOUTH OF BOWLDER CREEK WHERE IT EMPTIES INTO THE ELWHA RIVER.
FINE PLACE FOR TROUT.

of maple syrup. After a good dinner, not satisfied as a guest should have been, his curiosity caused an examination of every other parcel around camp. He tore open the bean bag and rolled its contents down hill, burst the flour sack and dumped the flour, bit into the soap, upset the coffee can, and last of all licked up every bit of sugar. No, not last either; the box of pepper was undoubtedly last and because it made his eyes smart and tickled his nose until he sneezed, he got peeved and raised Cain with the bedding, clothing and everything else left by the hunters, which ended their outing and compelled them to go home.

is plenty of bears and enough skunks to satisfy a person not over greedy. The wolves are more sneaking, harder to see, but there just the same. While the writer was in camp, one cornered a four-pronged buck, on some bottom land just away from the river. The noise of the fight, the blows of hoofs, the snorts and whistles of the buck, the snaps and snarls of the wolf, drew one of the party.

Masked by a clump of willows, approach was easy and for several minutes he watched the show. The wolf was not always aggressor for often it kept him busy dodging hoofs and horns of the enraged deer. Both soon tired and were

resting to recover breath, when the man shot, killing the wolf.

"You see it was this way," he explained: "That buck was a game sport; then we had a plenty of meat and this fellow was so heated he couldn't have been good eating anyhow, besides with \$10 bounty on the wolf and his hide worth \$5, I wanted him, that's all."

"But couldn't you have shot both?" he was asked.

"Might," he answered, "no use being a hog though."

That winter several wolves were caught by the Hume Brothers, around the carcass of an old horse. These two brothers are the only trappers the writer knows of in the South-eastern Olympics, and they are guides, trapping only at odd times when there is nothing else on hand.

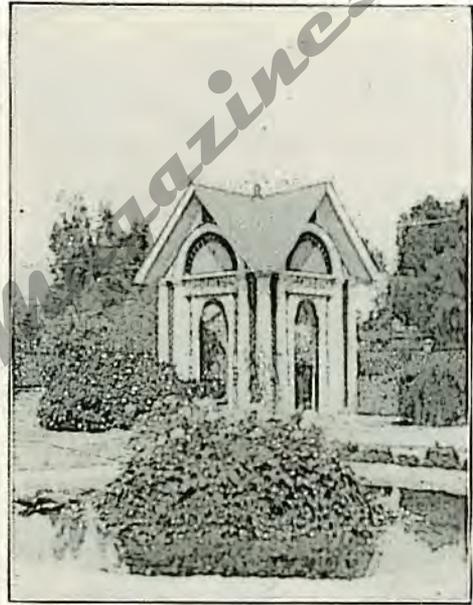
As the writer has said, he is not an expert trapper and so his dictum may be valueless, but it seems to him if a pair of husky young men — and any man under fifty-five or sixty is young if he thinks so — were to start in from Port Angeless or Dungeness as early as the last of September, before the salmon run is over, they could be kept busy on bear, skunk, coon and such for a month, then with the first snow, look after the cat tribe where the bounties pay as much as, or more than the fur. The nights are never real warm five or six thousand feet up and the ice comes early. When it gets cold, half way between freezing and zero, descend to the valleys and winter in some well protected spot, but be sure and go far into the mountains, thirty miles at least. That done, one will find as wild a country as anywhere in the United States. Elk trails, perhaps never trod by man. Hills and valleys where a trap has never yet been set. Fur bearers that know but little of human wiles and fear man only as instinct teaches. What a chance in these high priced days! Besides, a wonderful country is to be seen; a country of lofty peaks and giant trees, of verdure-filled valleys and sparkling streams, of gold and copper in the hills, of silver and greenbacks in the traps.

If the writer was under sixty instead of nearly seventy, he would not ask others to go, but say, "Come on boys. I'll lead, you follow." At his age, even

if one tries to think he's young, the test often shows he's not. Yet when another year rolls around, he may be there after all. Who knows?

BUILDS COSTLY BIRD PALACE.

A \$700-aviary is the subject. It represents nearly a year's hand work done by W. H. Thomas of 216 Greenleaf avenue, Whittier, Cal., while cheerfully jogging along through his ninety-first year of life. Every piece of material in the beautiful little bird-home was shaped



A "BOY" 91 YEARS OLD BUILT THIS BEAUTIFUL BIRD HOUSE WITH HIS OWN HANDS.

by his hands, except the glass and metal settings.

The house is fifteen feet high, and eight feet square. It has a concrete foundation, with two-inch gas pipes set to a depth of two feet therein, and the cobblestoned and concrete work is built on reinforced steel framework. The floor is made of cement.

Four doors, each exquisitely decorated with hand carved work, are bordered by lattice work and crowned by miniature lyres, each one of which was carved from a single piece of wood. The four main windows are of crescent shape. They have pebbled glass settings with stained glass borders. Above them are four

small windows, one under each of the four gables. These are trimmed with copper, and in each one operates a cuckoo bird which proclaims the quarter-hour, half-hour, and the hour—a part of the clock that is installed in the building. Leading upward, to a copper-covered dome, in the center of the roof, where the four gables meet, is a "make-believe" stairway that appears quaintly unique. On a golden-balled staff rising from the center of the dome swings Old Glory as a crowning feature of an artistically done piece of architecture and construction.

Along the cone of each gable is a moulding handsomely carved. There are numerous arches along this, and in each arch is hung a brass Japanese gong which swings in the breeze and, bumping gently against the arches, emits tinkling music. The gongs are variously attuned so that when they mingle their mystical notes the effect is quite melodious.

Special care was taken in mixing the cement used in building the aviary. A mortar was first mixed, consisting of four and a half parts of choice sand and one part of lime. This was kept wet and left in a shady place until time to use it, when it was mixed with cement in the following proportions: two parts of the mortar to six parts of cement. Mr.

Thomas says that this is according to government instruction, and that cement mixed in this manner will endure for countless years.

The bird-home was erected primarily for two dozen fine canaries which furnish music for the Thomas household. It stands in the front yard, where it attracts the attention of every passerby, and many travelers stop to have a closer view of it. Many tourists have declared that it is the most pretentious privately-owned aviary they have ever seen.

The builder is an interesting character. He was born in Boston in 1822. Uncle Sam was his paymaster during Civil war time, when he was a chief engineer. He was a locomotive engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railway company for 40 years, and a Master mechanic for the same company for seven years. It was to take the position as Master mechanic that he rode into Los Angeles 43 years ago on a stage coach. After pulling passengers over the company's lines for 40 years, the Southern Pacific pension board decided that it was time to retire the "old boy." They, therefore, pensioned him at the age of 86. Had they not done this, he might have been at it yet, for he appears lively enough to do so at his present age of 92.

By Charles H. Meiers.



ADALBERT VOLLMAN, CHOTEAU COUNTY, MONTANA, AND PART OF HIS LAST WINTER'S CATCH, CONSISTING OF COYOTES, BADGER, WOLF, MUSKRAT, WEASEL, AND A BLACK EAGLE MEASURING 7 FEET FROM TIP TO TIP.

THE LAST BEST WEST

By HARRY NEWGORD

THE great Peace River country has well been called the Last Best West. Westwards the course of Empire wends its way, but its Pilgrimage will soon be at an end. The last great "Trek" is now on and at the close of 1914 we see all that wonderful country south of the Peace embracing Spirit River Settlement, Grande Prairie and Pouce Coupe to be as well settled as the southern part of Alberta or Saskatchewan. There are no C. P. R. or Hudson Bay lands in the Peace River Country, consequently nearly every quarter section has a settler and a better class of settlers would be hard to find than these who have traveled from 250 to 400 miles from the railroad to make their homes in a district that will some day be the garden spot of Canada. They have braved the rigors of a winter trail over frozen rivers and lakes or have made the much more difficult attempt of getting in during the summer when the journey entailed weeks upon weeks of heartbreaking travel through the floating muskkeg and mud. Horses died like flies on that Edson trail during the summer from fever, foot rot and starvation. But difficulties that seemed insurmountable could not make these people turn back. They all seemed imbued with a spirit that would not acknowledge failure. One young man I met on the trail who had had more than his share of trouble told me he had started for Grande Prairie and was going to get there if he had to crawl on his hands and knees the rest of the way. Suffice to say he got there.

The big rush in 1914 will be north of the Peace River where there are hundreds of miles of fine agricultural land awaiting settlement. The Edmonton Dunvegan & British Columbia R. R., which is building from Edmonton towards Dunvegan on the Peace, has turned the tide of immigration in that direction. The steel is now at Sawbridge at the east end of Lesser Slave Lake and they expect to get to the Big Smoky by fall.

From Round Lake, a little ways west of Grouard, a branch line, the Canada Central will be built to Peace River Crossing, which will probably be one of the big cities of the Peace River country.

Fourteen different railroads have been chartered through this country but it is hard to say how many of them will ever get beyond the charter stage.

The Canadian Northern is building from Onoway northwest, crosses the Athabasca at Whitecourt and the Big Smoky at Bezonsons Crossing and goes through the Grande Prairie, Saskatchewan Lake and Beaverlodge districts, finally crossing the B. C. line south of Swan Lake. However, very little has been done on this line the past year.

Almost all of the railroads will cross the Rockies through the Pine Pass, which is the lowest pass probably in the entire Rocky Mountain system, the elevation being 2,850 feet. These new lines of steel will open up some of the richest country in North America.

First, we will take its agricultural advantages. Grande Prairie has a diversified landscape. From Bear Lake eastward to the Big Smoky, it is fairly level with some clumps of timber scattered here and there. From Bear Lake west it is more rolling and less open, the Beaverlodge district being well supplied with timber, although there is plenty of open land. The Beaverlodge and Red Willow districts adjoining it on the south are probably the best part of the Peace River country for mixed farming. Plenty of good homesteads can be secured in these districts for some time to come.

The luxuriant growth of native grasses is hard for an outsider to believe. Vetches and peavine grow four and five feet high and horses, cattle and hogs alike grow fat on it. The finest wheat in the world is grown here and as long as 1876, wheat grown at Fort Vermilion on the Peace, 400 miles north of Edmonton, captured first prize at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. Crops were good this past summer — oats going as high as 127 bushels to the acre. It is

hard to make people in the States believe that there is a successful farming district 500 miles and more north of the International boundary. But one trip to this country is all that is needed to change the views of the most obdurate doubts. They change from skepticism to enthusiasm and cannot say enough in praise of the new North.

In minerals this country is also rich. South of the Wapite river are some of the largest coal fields in the world, while at Hudson's Hope, B. C., on the Peace the Anthracite coal beds will rival Pennsylvania and its water power will develop over one million horse power. Along the Peace are miles of tar sand in banks standing 3 and 4 hundred feet high. Vast salt beds have also been found. Farther east along the Athabasca are oil and gas fields of unlimited extent. Farther north in the vicinity of Lake Athabasca and Great Slave Lake rich deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron and other minerals have been discovered, but the inaccessibility of these districts have retarded development.

The timber limit in the Peace River country will furnish lumber for the next fifty years if given proper care and protection. Fires have destroyed millions of dollars worth of standing timber, but with the settlement of the country means, no doubt, will be taken to safeguard against more loss.

In the line of sport this new country can furnish the best. I will deal briefly with it here as I expect to take it up in a later article by itself. The game up here includes moose, deer, caribou, bear (black, brown and grizzly) snowshoe rabbits, swan, geese, brant, ducks, snipe, pheasants and grouse. The fur includes silver, black, cross and red fox, wolves, coyotes, lynx, wild cat, fisher, otter, marten, mink, skunk and muskrats.

The readers must not get the idea though that either the game or fur is so plentiful as to be a pest to the settler. To be a successful trapper in this country, one has to work hard and undergo more hardships than falls to the lot of the trapper in settled countries. A trap line 50 to 100 miles long is not uncommon up here and if you do not make your camp at night it means sleeping out in the bush at night with the mercury maybe sixty

below. A person might imagine more pleasant ways of spending an evening than this. However, the extreme cold only lasts a couple of weeks, generally in January. Outside of that the winters up here compare favorably with those of the Dakotas and Minnesotas.

The summers are the best ever and the long sun-shiny days of the Peace River country is a never-ending theme for the traveler and tourists who have enjoyed its spell. In midsummer we have 18 hours of sunshine and 20 hours of daylight. The homesteader can put in a full day's work and get out after supper with his neighbors and play ball until after ten o'clock. Here in the Beaverlodge we meet at the Athletic grounds twice a week after supper and practice base ball and basket ball until 10:30 or 11 p. m.

With the advent of the steel this country will be the Mecca of the sportsmen and tourists of America. There are countless different trips than can be taken by packhorse or canoe. You can follow beaten paths or delve off into regions as yet almost unexplored by white men and of which little information can even be gained from the Indians.

Emerson Hough, the writer, made a trip down the Athabasca and Mackenzie rivers, thence across the Rockies to Yukon last summer with Jim Cornwall. They had a moving picture expert with them and secured some good films, I understand, which were later exhibited through the States. Hough is making another trip this summer, I believe, along the same route only he is going down the Mackenzie to the Arctic ocean. An interesting trip would be to go by pack horse from Grande Prairie to Hudson's Hope and then raft down the Peace to Peace River Crossing, or clear on to Lake Athabasca, although the latter trip would entail some hard work in tracking up the Athabasca river to Athabasca Landing on the return trip. This trip would give you some idea of the wild, rugged beauty of this, the Far North, and would put the "Lure of the North" in your blood.

My life is gliding downwards,
It speeds swifter to the day;
When it shoots the last dark canyon,
To the Plains Far Away.
But while its stream is running,
Thru the years that are to be,

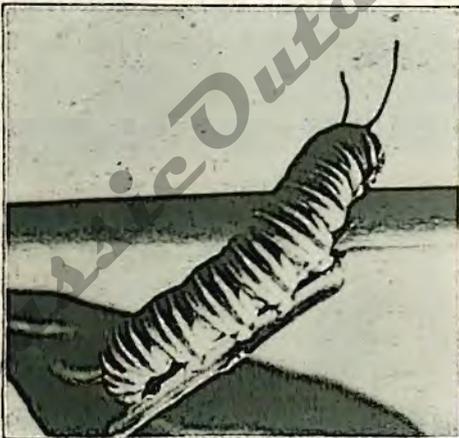
The mighty voice of Canada,
Will ever call to me.

I shall hear the roar of rivers,
Where the rapids foam and tear,
I shall smell the virgin upland,
With its balsam laden air;
And shall dream that I am riding,
Down the winding woody vale,
With the packer and the packhorse,
On the Athabasca Trail.

THE MONARCH BUTTERFLY.

The Monarch Butterfly is perhaps the commonest of all the butterfly tribe. Every one, whether in city or country, is familiar with the large orange and black beauties sailing over the flowers on sunny afternoons. But those of us who live in the fields and woods have a more intimate acquaintance with His Royal Highness and may possibly know his family name which is *Anosia plexippus*.

Who of us does not remember seeing the large greenish "worm" with black and yellow stripes nonchalantly clipping his way around the leaf of a milkweed? We always called it a worm but the truth is it is really not a worm at all but a caterpillar or larvae of an insect. There are very few worms in this country the "angle" worm being about the only commonly known species. About all the



1. LARVAE OF MONARCH BUTTERFLY.

creatures which we commonly call worms are the larvae of some butterfly or moth.

The Monarch Butterfly starts in life in the form of a small cone shaped egg about the size of a pin head which is

deposited on the under side of the food plant by the female insect. From these the larvae hatches and begins to eat ravenously at once and soon stuffs itself to such an extent that it bursts its skin and must have a new one. This happens



2. CHRYSALIS OF MONARCH BUTTERFLY.

several times until the larvae attains the shape and size of the one in the photograph, (about two inches long) when it is ready to undergo the second change or metamorphosis, (as the learned ones call it) and is ready to become a chrysalis.

Chrysalis is composed of Greek words meaning "golden" and refers no doubt to the golden beading which decorates the chrysalis of this especial insect. Those who have seen one will agree that it is about the most beautiful thing to be found out of doors. Light green in color they are studded with little round dots of pure gold and are about an inch in length.

In performing this metamorphosis the caterpillar first spins a short length of silk and hangs by it head downwards. In this position the skin cracks and the caterpillar twists itself out of it while it shrinks to about an inch in length and hardens to the shape seen in the second illustration.

In about ten days dark lines begin to appear in the case and the color of the wings begins to show through. This is a sign that another change is due to take



3. MONARCH BUTTERFLY JUST EMERGED.

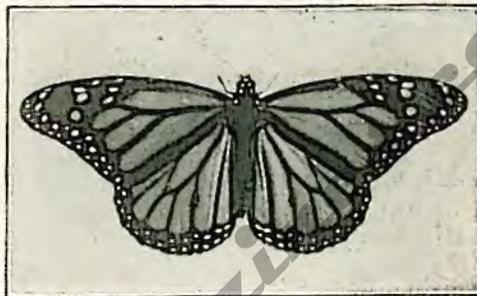
place and if you watch it closely you will see a wonderful sight as it breaks its prison walls, unfurls its wings and slowly waves them dry.

In the third illustration the wings were not yet dry and you will notice that the antennae hang down over the insect's back.

The fourth illustration shows the insect in the mature state as we are used to seeing it. This is called by those who study insects the imago.

The Monarch Butterfly is a migratory insect and travels in flocks to the South and back as the seasons change. That is why we see them early in the Spring, soon after the snow goes, and late in the Fall.

Those who wish to study the life history of this beautiful and interesting in-

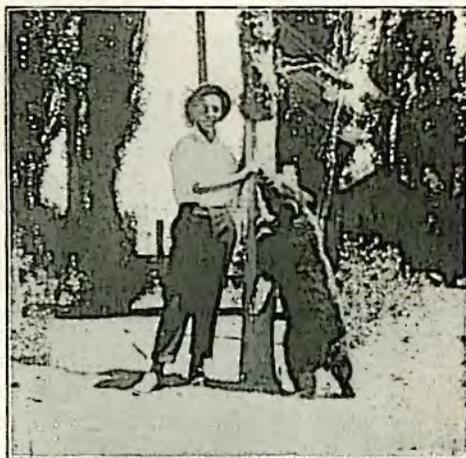


4. MONARCH BUTTERFLY.

sect will find eggs and larvae on several species of milkweed but it prefers the common milkweed that grows along railroad tracks and in waste places.

There are few people who would willfully crush a butterfly, but I have seen many make a wry face and step on the "ugly worm" that happens to be unfortunate enough to crawl across their path. There is beauty in all things and if you don't believe it get close to nature and find it out. Don't kill the harmless and inoffensive "worm". Let it live to become one of God's exquisite flying flowers.

H. C. Harvey.



FOURTEEN MONTHS' OLD BEAR OWNED BY W. B. KAUTEN, LINCOLN COUNTY, IDAHO.

THE ROD AND GUN ABROAD

By ALBERT MARPLE

IN a communication just received by a sportsman, Joseph Singer, champion rifleman of Los Angeles, California, Capt. Archie C. Freeman, another lover of the broad, free out-door life and its accompanying pastimes, rehearses his experiences and adventures in the hunting and fishing lines in Africa and Europe. In this breezy pen and ink chat this noted sportsman very interestingly mingles the winds of the Nile with the breezes of Hungary, and the tang of Scottish lakes and English streams with the romance of Irish hills and Mediterranean cliffs.

The interesting scenes mentioned by Mr. Freeman bring back to the lovers of the gun or the rod and line, instances which were to them also filled with genuine pleasure, notwithstanding the fact that the scenes of their enjoyment were not such a great distance from home as are the places enumerated in this pleasing letter. Many of us can live in our imaginations the occurrences here mentioned and as we read line after line of this letter we wonder how anyone can fail to see and understand the unlimited freedom and the genuine enjoyment in the outdoor life.

Mr. Freeman's letter, in part, is as follows:

"I have been fishing and hunting in Ireland, England and Hungary, and sometimes take a crack at the pigeon shooting game here in Paris, and at Monte Carlo and at other place. But the work with dog and gun, in the open, and the fly-flicking with my little six-ounce rod in the beautiful streams of Devonshire and the lakes of Scotland interest me much more than trap shooting. I have just returned from Egypt, where we have been all winter, having a splendid time and a climate almost as good as California. After I got tired of looking at mummies and tombs, and such things, I began to look around for some sport, as I had brought my Lefever and my 30-30 with me, so as not to miss any chance that might offer.

"I did not get a chance to use the rifle, but had some good snipe and pigeon shooting and tried a little trap work. There are lots of snipe (jack snipe, the same as you have in California) in Egypt, and a good shot can often get from sixty to one hundred in a good day's shoot, if—and there is a great big if—he knows where to go and is willing to ride a burro fifteen or twenty miles to get there, as there are no good roads in the country, and the donkey is the only mode of rapid (?) transit. However, I managed to find the spot a few times and had fine sport. One afternoon I bagged sixty and lost nearly as many because the cover was thick, and I had no dog, and the man who was supposed to do the retrieving showed more interest in the empty shells than in the dead birds. So I finally let him gather the shells and it became a case of shoot and retrieve, regardless of other birds getting up in the meantime. With a good dog I could easily have gotten from one hundred to one hundred and fifty birds.

"They have some very good duck shooting at the Delta at the mouth of the Nile, but it was too late in the season before I found out the lay of the land in regard to the ducks. So I did not get a whack at them, although I did go out once. The boat stuck on a sandbar and stayed there, and we had to wade ashore and walk about five miles, and then come home by train. If the duck shooters in Egypt knew as much about the game as we do in California, they could form clubs and make ponds the same as we do, and have great shooting. They have the same kinds of ducks and we do in California, widgeon, teal, sprig, mallard, etc., and if they had the proper game same kinds of ducks as we do in California sportsmen in the matter of clubs, they would have as good shooting as we fellows.

"One of the great mistakes they make is using the boat or punt gun, and the same is true all over Europe and England. They turn loose a whole bag of

No. 1 shot into a flock at long range, and then boast about the number of birds they can slaughter at one shot. One of the pashas in Cairo, who was supposed to be a great sport, showed me his "duck gun" with a great deal of pride. It was nothing less than a Krupp cannon, exactly the same as you see mounted on the upper decks of torpedo boats. The gun was about twelve feet long, a breech loader, using a regular paper shell that would hold about a pound of powder and something less than a sack of shot. Unless he got from sixty to one hundred birds at a crack he did not think he was having any sport.

"There is a pigeon shooting club at Cairo where I ran up against the most difficult trap shooting I ever saw. They shoot clay birds, and sometimes birds from the ordinary pigeon traps, but their favorite sport is at live birds, which are thrown by hand from a pit about six feet deep where the thrower stands. The pit is sloped out toward the boundary seventy yards away, formed by a ten-foot fence. The shooters stand fifteen to twenty yards from the pit, and, believe me, it takes some shooting to grass a bird before he gets over the fence. The birds are all small, strong, wild ones, blue in color and quicker than chained lightning and the man in the pit would make some of our crack baseball pitchers look like thirty cents. The result is that the birds start faster than any blue rock ever thrown from an 'expert' trap, and he gets faster all the time, so forty to fifty yards is the distance one has to shoot, and it takes a good gun, good shells, and a crackerjack behind the gun, to kill three straight.

"They make pools and sell tickets on the shooters as they used to do at the races at California. The events are 'miss and out', and two or three birds generally decide the event. The 'bookies' are game and I saw one fellow win an event by two birds against a field of twenty when the books were laying sixty to one against him. I was told that he had been shooting a long time and had never been in the money. Of course my little 'sixteen' was of no use in that game, and, though I borrowed a twelve and took a chance or two I couldn't connect. I was told that they sometimes

used quail, and sometimes teal, in this game, and it is without doubt the most interesting kind of live-bird shooting as well as the most difficult. The quail season was just beginning when we left and they told me that the birds came in countless thousands during April and May, affording good sport. The quail of Egypt are little brown fellows, about the size of a meadow-lark and very good eating. The natives trap and eat them by the thousands without restriction so that it can be but a matter of time before they are thinned out unless the authorities wake up and protect them.

"My best shooting up to date was in Hungary, not far from Vienna. There I visited a friend at his shooting box and had a month or so of splendid shooting, mostly partridges and pheasants—real, wild birds, not tame, hand raised ones like they have in England. We also shot hundreds of hare as big as young deer, also several bucks and some stags, and we had a day after wild boar, but did not get any as we could not rout the brutes out of cover. The wild geese come into the fields at Hungary as they used to do in California years ago, and there is also good duck shooting in places. I saw some of the preserves of the Kaiser and the Emperor, which are literally swarming with game of all kinds, from snipe to stags—not to mention wild boar and bear. My friend in Hungary has some beautiful dogs and it was a pleasure to see them work. One old white bitch, the best of the lot, reminded me of your old dog and another liver and white bitch called to my mind the one I took down to San Diego and lost.

"They say there is good trout fishing in the Carpathian mountains, near Vienna, and the next time I go there I will try a whack at it. So far, most of my fishing has been done in England, Scotland and Ireland, where I have had some jolly good sport. One of the streams in Devonshire reminds me of the Mitilaja, and is my favorite place to go for a try at the speckled beauties. Most of the trout are brown brook trout, but there are some Loch Leven trout and a few rainbows. The Loch Leven, in his native waters of Loch Leven in the highlands of Scotland, is a fine fish and game fighter, but the fishing there is

mostly done from boats and is not as interesting as stream fishing—except when your boatman gets drunk and falls overboard in rough water and you have to pull them back into the boat and then row yourself shore against a gale of wind, a heavy two-man boat, as happened to me once. Just as the English big game hunter uses a rifle much heavier than an American for the same game, so the English trout and salmon fisherman uses a rod and tackle usually about double the weight we think necessary. The 'dry fly' is all the rage now in England, some fishermen going so far as to use no other—which means that they can only fish when the trout are rising in slow water. There is no doubt, however, that the dry fly fisherman must be a past master in the art of fly casting. Besides, in most cases, the dry fly gets the biggest fish.

"I think the average Englishman takes both his fishing and shooting too seriously, and it amuses me greatly to see the long arguments in 'Field', about 'the dry fly versus the wet fly,' or 'What a fly looks like from the fishes point of view,' etc. Also, 'Choke versus Cylinder-bore guns,' 'Single trigger versus double,' and so on. They are trying to make out just now that a cylinder-bore is better than a choke for nearly every kind of shooting. I have a new pigeon gun that Greener made for me after about two weeks' experimenting and six months' work. The gun is a beauty; twelve-bore, modified and full, straight grip, weighs about seven and one-half pounds. It shoots like a house a-fire. It jams my cheek to a jelly, so that I am compelled to use a pad cheek piece stuffed with cotton. What do you think is wrong? My field guns never hurt my face in the least although they are much lighter and I use just as heavy loads in them.

"Speaking of light guns, the English field guns are, as a rule, much lighter than ours. The average is about six pounds for a twelve, and four and a half to five pounds for a sixteen. I think, myself, that they are too light, as I am of the opinion that a man should use not less than a seven-pound gun in the field, and about half a pound heavier at the trap.

"They don't do any rifle shooting here to speak of, but a great deal of pistol shooting, especially with the dueling pistol—a long, muzzle-loading compound affair, beautifully made and balanced, although rather light in weight for the big, round, .44 ball it carries. With this weapon the French are splendid shots and can cut the center out of a one and a half inch bull at twenty yards in great shape. For dueling practice, however, the shot has to be fired so quickly that great accuracy is not possible, although they puncture the silhouette man target pretty regularly.

"I sometimes take my old '38 S. & W. Special', with a 'Joe Singer' handle, down to the splendid shooting gallery, Gastonne Renette, which is near my house, and practice for an hour or so; and that my right hand has not lost its cunning is attested by the fact that I have won a half a dozen medals for rapid fire work and shooting at the moving targets. I am sorry to say that my right eye is going back on me pretty badly and I may have to come down to a 'right shoulder left-eye gun' for rifle and shotgun work. I use my left eye for the pistol and that is still as keen as ever."



A TWO HOURS' SQUIRREL HUNT BY R. J. DIETZ, LAKE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

A STUDY IN WILD LIFE

By FELIX J. KOCH

WE were over-nighting in the vicinity of Old Faithful Geyser, there in the Yellowstone Park of Wyoming, one evening,—when time hanging heavy, a bit,—a friend from Kansas suggested we stroll off, behind the hotel, where the supper-refuse would be thrown out in the paddocks shortly, for the bears to feast and fight upon.

Reaching the "dump", as the Park people call it, one of Uncle Sam's soldiers was already on duty, gun in hand, instructed to keep folk from getting too close to the bears. The soldier was to remain on bear-duty an hour and a half, here. If the bear came within five yards of any tourist at such times, his orders were to kill. After the soldier had gone, Uncle Sam ceased being responsible and who remained then did so at his peril.

Nor was he unnecessary, even so early, for, off some little distance from the "dead-line" the sentry had established, a huge black-bear was even now browsing the great heap of tin cans and offal; pyramided by the scullions at the very edge of the field. Other tourists, here some time now, stated that two other bears, a black and a "silver tip," had already been here and gone.

We had just engaged the one man in some interesting comments on the departing bruins when Lo! another huge black-bear, believed to be the largest in Yellowstone, came from the wilderness,—a pretty picture, indeed, as he trundled toward us; his raven coat glistening in the lingering sun-light. The bear heading toward her, a lady among the spectators took fright instanter and was off and away to the hotel refuge before any one could attempt to hinder.

Bruin, well fed by the Park folk heeded little. Slowly, imperturbably, as before, he came closer, joining the other two bears regaling themselves on the dump. All three animals proceeded merrily to upset boxes, barrels and so forth, each one rising onto his hind-legs, now

and then, to sniff and survey his environs.

The bears coming closer, the soldier recognized the first comers, they were a mother bear, long here at Old Faithful and her half-grown cub.

The three bears served well as entertainment for the tourists, when, from away down toward the west, near a wee little lake, another she-bear lumbered slowly along into view, her whitish face framed in by her great brown body. Behind Madam Cinnamon-Bear two cunning cubs followed, trotting along like a pair of small dogs. Attractive as the picture might have been to human on-lookers, not so to the other, the weaker bears. They knew Madam Brown Bear of old evidently and they knew that, when with cubs, her anger was to be dreaded the more.

Wherefore, staying not upon their going, the two black bears made a sneaking, humiliating, get-a-way, then and there!

The third of the black bears was still very hungry and he tarried just as long as he dared.

Mother Cinnamon must have feared he intended harm to her youngsters,—this or else she may have been selfish and wished the field to herself. Up on her haunches, first she, then the one cub would go, ever so often, 'till the black bear took the hint and fled.

Slow though the advance, the Mother Cinnamon and her babies had by this time come to the can heap, the cubs staying very near and just behind Madam even here and the mother casting an occasional glance toward that third black bear, sneaking off, much as some whipped school-boy might do.

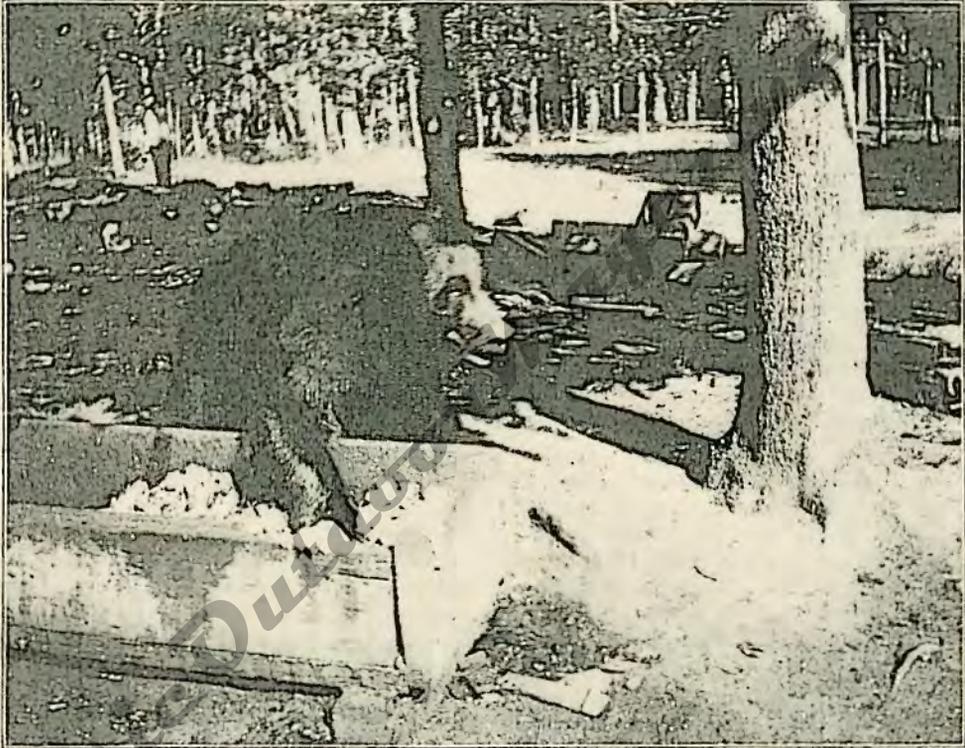
Hardly had these conquerors fully occupied their possession when, suddenly as they'd come Mother Cinnamon and her babies scampered away at a dog-trot. Possibly the mother feared for her cubs in this place, that black bear might return and harm the one of them, while she had her hands full protecting herself and the other.

What-so-ever, the three cinnamons had been gone from the feeding-place when the third black bear turned, and, returning, began a hasty meal. Angered at his impudence, or perhaps repenting her own departure, Madam Cinnamon wheeled, when almost gone into the forest, and again chased off Sir Black Bear by a few sullen growls.

Evidently the field was now clear and safe for her, and so mother and babies proceeded to feast. While they did so,

rear of the hostelry, the mother bear caught a scent of something suspicious. Stopping her feeding, she rose, sniffed the air. Then, the danger-scent no doubt convincing, off and away she and hers started, for the forest, to be seen that night, at least, no more.

Somehow, behind the whole procedure, there seemed to lie some maxims, deep imbedded in the very soul of Nature;—some of the laws of the wilderness without which life there could not go on.



"A HUGE BLACK BEAR WAS BROWSING IN A HEAP OF OFFAL."

the two cunning little ones would pat her back soundly, raising on their haunches, now here and now there, so to do. The sight was, indeed, a most charming one, and while the crowd enjoyed it heartily, the fact that it had its dangers for those who might turn too enthusiastic was kept evident by the soldier holding his gun in instant readiness, lest the mother-bear change her mind and charge.

Watching the brown bear had become a bit monotonous, when, without sound or warning, from across the swampy glades with the tin-cans, here to the far

Paramount was the love of mother for cub,—the powerful mother bear deserting her banquet, lest harm come to the cubs. Then, again, the affection of babe for mother, as emphasized in the little one's patting her sides. Again, the respect for superior force, the recognition of danger. What would the wilderness become did the wild things not have these hints instinctive within them.

By and by night closed on the forest; the soldier left and we with him. The bears were sealed in the gloom, and it was unsafe to loiter. Somehow, as the

merry crowd that had come to watch the bears turned hotel-ward in the gathering evening, a strange silence came upon them. Perhaps it was communion with Nature that held their lips sealed, more probably their thoughts were too deep for words!

THE BLUNDER OF A FOOL.

The guide and several fellow hunters, were sitting close to the open fire place, at the end of a hard day's hunt, enjoying a quiet smoke. And they watched the city chap with more or less amusement, as they puffed placidly at their favorite pipes.

He had come in on the afternoon train, and as time was limited he was anxious to get his game and return to the busy city. His new high power rifle was unpacked and lying across the table, and he was adjusting a belt of gleaming cartridges about his waist, a huge revolver hanging on one side and a murderous looking knife on the other. A silver compass, and a fancy match box were also in evidence, and as the hunters watched him through the fading smoke rings which circled above their Jimmy pipes, their amusement grew to something akin to contempt. He entered into their conversation not at all. Presently he shoved some cartridges into the magazine, threw the lever and perked one into the chamber, and after peering into the muzzle for some reason known only to himself, or else for no reason at all, laid the polished weapon on the table, with the yawning muzzle, pointing towards the interested group, before the fire. One after another moved his chair a few feet farther back, and the guide spat contemptuously into the fire, and allowed his pipe to grow cold for the first time during the day.

The belt was removed at last, the gun grabbed carelessly by the muzzle, and dragging it towards him, the stranger tossed it butt upwards over his shoulder paced across the room, and without ejecting the cartridges, stood the rifle in the corner, muzzle downwards, that he might hang the belt across the butt.

Returning to the fire he drew his chair up close, and becoming better acquainted, the hunters found him to be of a jovial

sort, and his company was good indeed. In fact they rather liked him, but they didn't like the way he handled his gun, and the knife and revolver, were merely amusing.

He had engaged the guide for the following day, so bright and early next morning, they were on the trail.

As they climbed a lofty ridge, a cow moose trotted into the open, and stopped. Before the guide could prevent him, he threw his rifle to his shoulder and blazed away. Luckily he missed, and the frightened cow lumbered off into the thicket. The guide rebuked him for his act and as they reached the top of the ridge, he jerked his gun again to his shoulder, and was about to fire at a red squirrel which had sprung to the top of a log, when the guide touched him on the arm, and said, "Don't shoot." Again he cautioned him about unwarranted shooting, and on they went. A deer jumped and ran, just as they had passed, but neither had an opportunity to fire.

Noon came, and the guide suggested that they stop for lunch. A fire was made, and the coffee pot taken from the guide's knapsack, was suspended over the blaze on a green pole, while he spread out the lunch on a log.

The hunter remarked to the guide, that he would take a circle around in the woods, while the coffee was boiling, and perhaps he might jump a deer. He went, and the guide, lighting his pipe, sat down on the log, to wait for the simmering coffee to come to a boil.

The hunter, had wandered quite a distance from the fire, and coming to a dense thicket turned back. He was circling again, towards the fire, something moved ahead of him, and jerking his gun to his shoulder,—fired.

The sharp report was followed by a scream of pain, and running forward he found the faithful guide lying on his face near the log. The heavy bullet had terribly lacerated his leg above the knee, and the wound was bleeding profusely. The terrified hunter was stung into immobility by his mistake.

The guide writhing with agony, rose to a sitting posture, and gripping his throbbing leg near the wound, exclaimed, "You've played hell. Quick you fool, tie your handkerchief above this hole."

The hunter came to himself with a start, and aided by his wounded companion, knotted the handkerchief tightly in place. Another was knotted below the wound, and the flow of blood retarded.

"Back to camp, you, and get the boys" commanded the guide weakly and the fool set out down the logging road on the run.

They carried him into camp. The blood soaked blanket was laid on the floor; he had fainted from the loss of blood, and tears filled the eyes of his companions. The broken hearted fool ignored, or rather forgotten was left alone in his distress. They were trying to revive the unconscious man.

The doctor arrived at mid-night, after a long drive, thanks to the telephone in the camp. The wound was dressed, and

the physician said the patient had a fighting chance.

The distracted hunter, after exhausting himself with regret and sorrow emptied his wallet for surgeon's fees and care for the guide, left his gun where he had seen it last, and bade goodbye to the woods, forever.

The guide lives, an invalid. The fool lives, an outcast. Feared and marked by every sportsman with whom he comes in contact, the awfulness of his deed haunts him, night and day. Now and then he contributes a liberal check to the support of his courageous victim; an impotent, but kindly, recompense.

Two lives are ruined by the blunder of a fool.

MORAL: Know what you shoot at. Never, never, take a chance.

James W. Stuber.



"A COMING HUNTER." PHOTO SENT BY S. P. EAGLE, GALLATIN CO., MONTANA.

GAME AND GAME LAWS

By E. N. WOODCOCK, Potter Co., Pa.

COMRADES; I was very much interested in the different articles written by trappers and gun men in the H-T-T, the best sporting magazine published, and noticed how some of those men of the trap line and trail did differ in their opinions as to the rapid disappearance of game birds and game animals. It matters not how much we may disagree as to the cause of the rapid disappearance of game animals and game birds, they are gone or going very fast.

Sixty years ago we well remember, right here in sight of where we are sitting writing these few lines, we could look out in the fields on the hill sides any morning during the summer time and see from three to six deer feeding about the fields in different places and in separate droves. And one passing along the roads or streams, or going through the woods or brush you would be starting up deer, elk, pheasant, snipe and woodcock, (the feathered variety I mean) also all kinds of other game natural to this section. We never have had many quail or wild turkeys right in this immediate vicinity owing to the very cold winters, but only a little farther south in the state the quail and wild turkey were plentiful.

Today these birds and animals are all virtually a thing of the past with the exception of the pheasant, which are quite plentiful in places yet.

Now up to this time and before, there were thousands or tens of thousands of wolves, panthers and wild cats all through this section while today there is neither a wolf or panther in the state nor has there been for the past forty years, unless he was a caged one. There are still some wild cats left but nothing in comparison to what they were fifty years ago.

Now as to the gun man, while the greater part of the settlers used the gun to quite an extent for a good part of the living of the early settlers of this section was from the game birds and animals, principally of deer meat. But the gun

men were not in the country and the few that were here had to use the old flint lock single shot gun and the game remained plentiful all through the thinly settled parts of the country up to the time the Winchester and other repeating guns came into use, then the deer disappeared almost as by magic. And the repeating shot gun had almost the same affect on the game birds.

Now we notice that a writer advises going back to the single shot gun as a method of protecting the game birds and game animals. He advises that the single shot gun would be a law within itself that would protect the game, while man-made game laws cannot be enforced to a sufficient extent to protect the game so as to keep it from becoming extinct. Now we think that man's ideas are not to be laughed at.

Now we notice another writer and a lover of outdoor life criticizes the single shot man's ideas very sharp and says that it has been proven beyond dispute that it is the noxious varmint, the cougar and others of the cat family and the wolf that are causing the fast disappearance of all game animals such as deer and elk and also the game bird family as well as the small game animals.

Now the experience of the writer has been to the effect that the man with the repeater has had a hundred times more to do with the rapid disappearance of the game than the so-called noxious varmints had to do with it.

I have always been a lover of the gun as well as the trap and without the protection of game there would be but very little pleasure found with the use of either the trap or gun.

When the game began to get scarce in this section, I felt like getting into a more dense wilderness, so I, with a party of three others went to Buffalo, N. Y., where we took a boat for Au Sable, Michigan. There we hit the trail back into a dense wilderness in Oscoda County. There were no settlers to speak of in that part at that time and not a

large business done in the way of lumbering. Here we found the so-called noxious animals plentiful in the way of bear, lynx, wolf, wild cat and occasionally a panther, and I have no doubt but what there were more deer in Oscoda County than there are to be found in the whole state of Michigan today.

A year or two later I again felt like getting into the taller timbers so we went into Schoolcraft County in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. There were no railroads in upper Michigan at that time and hardly any settlers. Some men were working up about the copper mines. Here we found those noxious animals that were adapted to that section, all plentiful, but deer was in vast numbers and also was the smaller game animals and game birds.

Five years later I again took a trapping and hunting trip up in that section of Michigan and a railroad had been built on up from the straits and the city hunter was plentiful all along the railroad and it did not take a close observer to notice that game was already less plentiful. Now I ask, was it the man with the repeating guns that had so soon made the game less or was it those noxious varmints?

Eight or nine years ago we found the same conditions on the Pacific Coast. While we found game quite plentiful in different parts of the Coast range, we found the deer far more plentiful in Humboldt and Trinity Counties well back in the mountains than the noxious varmints. The mountain lion or cougar were the most numerous of any place we happened to strike, but the gun man was not doing a big business in the way of slaughtering the deer and other game and birds for they could not use any more than what their family and dogs could eat. But nevertheless, lots of deer were killed and went to waste—killed merely for the sake of killing, although the laws only allowed two deer to be killed by one man in a season. There was no way of getting the deer out to the coast only over the mountain trail in most parts of the mountains in that section of the country.

Now while the writer is very much in favor of the protection of game birds and animals, we are also in favor of laws to

protect the fur bearing animals, and we want to see the laws so just as to give the trapper an equal privilege of enjoying his ways of pleasure on the trap line as it does the gun man his ways of pleasure on the trail. We would like also to see the laws so just and equal that the trapper and hunter could readily unite in enforcing the game laws and protecting the game birds and fur bearing animals.

But the game laws of Pennsylvania, which were virtually made by the gun club men, in reality knocks the trapper right out of his way of enjoying himself in an out-door life. While the writer has about seen his last days on the trap line, he, nevertheless, wishes to see the game protected and equal rights and favorable laws to the trapper as well as to the gun man.



A 14 POUND BADGER CAUGHT IN BENT CO., COLO.,
BY RALPH LLOYD.

THE INACTIVITY OF JOHN

By CHARLES A. SINGLER

LOSE to the spot where the Deschutes River squirts its boiling stream into the salt of the sea, is the home of "Tumwater John." John is a Siwash Indian, but he is fast becoming civilized. Like all his race, John never had a clear conception of the saying, "For men must labor and women must weep." He believed in allowing the women to help themselves to both. In other words, there was no work in Tumwater John, and it is with this phase of his character our story has to deal.

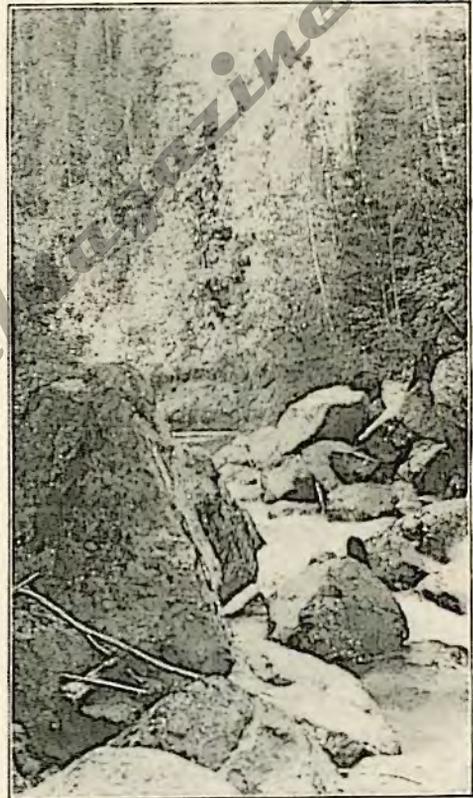
John was lazy. He would sit and bask all day in the western sunshine, or squat all day in the western rain—it didn't matter which—but he would not work. And the queerest part of this unmitigated Siwash was the fact that he would not fish. Fishing is second nature to most of his tribe, but John would have none of it. There was no fishing streak in him. He greatly enjoyed, however, the fat trout morsels that his squaw would occasionally catch and fry.

A local character in the fair green hills of Tumwater, Wash., a carpenter whom someone had dubbed "Tumwater Frank", and which nick-name Frank was never able to shake—had a dream one night in which Tumwater John was vitally concerned. He dreamed that John had gone a-fishing, and the next morning on his way to work he indicated his dream to John. The old Indian when he heard the story broke the sphinx-like immobility of his face with a smile, uttering the single Indian expression, "Uh!" He could not quite "savvy" the vagaries of Tumwater Frank's mind, in which he, John, was mixed up in a fishing trip, and he pointed to the little black dog which was never seen without the carpenter, and vice versa.

"Sometime, Frank," he said, "maybe you shoot your dog."

Now Tumwater Frank's thoughts were as far removed from shooting his dog as they were of shooting himself, and grabbing his saw he passed down the

street with a muttered curse. But an idea, born of the carpenter's dream, was working in the old Indian's brain as he sat blinking in the sunshine. Some boys passing along with lengthy bamboo rods and worm cans under their arms fixed the idea more securely in his mind. Some day maybe he would go fishing and give



"A QUIET SPOT IN THE RIVER."

the old town a surprise. And the idea, by this time having spent itself in the sluggish labyrinths of his brain, he jerked out a time-worn tobacco-pouch and filled his pipe.

Towards noon Hank Henius, brew-master of the Olympia Brewing Co., happened along, in company with the writer. On seeing the Indian, Hank stopped the machine and jumped out,

thinking to have a bit of fun with him. "I hear you are going on a fishing trip," he said, smiling.

Tumwater John blinked at him out of his cavernous eyes, and the faintest wavering of the grim line of his lips indicated that he "got" Hank's humor.

"Maybe some time I will go," he said.

"Come on along now," said Hank, genially, motioning toward the machine. "See, I've brought a pole along for you."

The Indian shook his head half doubtfully, and only after Dick Bachellor stepped out of the machine and presented him with a second-hand fly-rod did he consent to go. I watched him closely on that 20-mile drive to the point in the Deschutes River we had selected over all others. His piercing black eyes took in every thing as we flitted past, and if he enjoyed the art of fishing as keenly as he did his first auto ride I felt we would have no trouble in getting him interested in further trips. Although we rigged him up with worms and spoon, the Indian at first disdained to fish. He professed to be interested in our methods, but instinctively we felt that he was only waiting for the auto ride home, and we could not overthrow a feeling of disappointment.

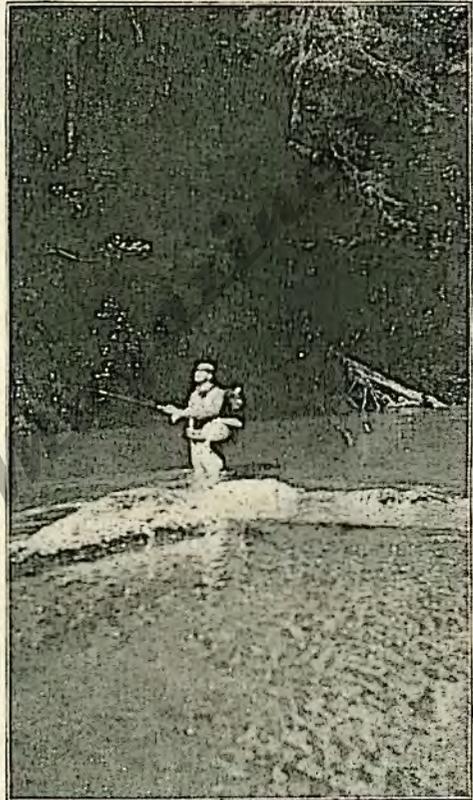
Dick caught the first trout. It was a small one, and easily landed. The Indian, by this time sitting on a rock and smoking like a switch engine, was hardly interested enough to take note. The



"THE BOILING DESCHUTES."

second fish, only a trifle larger than the first, and which Dick lifted out on a "coachman", failed also to stir him. But when Hank Henius, floating a spoon and a clump of worms in a boiling riffle, snagged a "steel-head," the Indian got up and "took notice." The steel-head struck

like a mallet and started to hurry down the river. Hank did succeed in getting his fingers on the reel handle once or twice, but they bounced off repeatedly. The rod danced about like a flail, and had not the line been stout and new, it must have snapped like a strand of silk. It did snap finally, but not until Hank had



"JOHN IS NOW A FLY FISHERMAN."

worried the big gamy half-salmon within a dozen feet of the rod-tip.

"Much fun", said Tumwater John, as Hank stared at the spot where the big fish had flashed away, free. "I think maybe I fish awhile."

After the swearing was over we fixed his rig for him, gave him a few instructions, a pot of salmon eggs, and left him at a spot where the river churns and hisses on its way to the sea. Here he would have little trouble, as the rush of the stream would carry out his line. We left him with many kind assurances, and meandered up the river for an hour or so. When we returned two hours later

John had four trout, and the biggest smile we had ever seen on his copper face.

"Better than collecting scalps, eh John" said Dick, as he inspected the catch.

"Much fun," grinned John, as he hauled in his line to hook on another salmon egg.

We caught twenty-four in all that afternoon in late July, some of which were prize-winners, thanks to the angling craft of Mr. Hank Henius, the brass spoon and the worm can.

Tumwater John no longer squats in the sunshine of these lazy summer after-

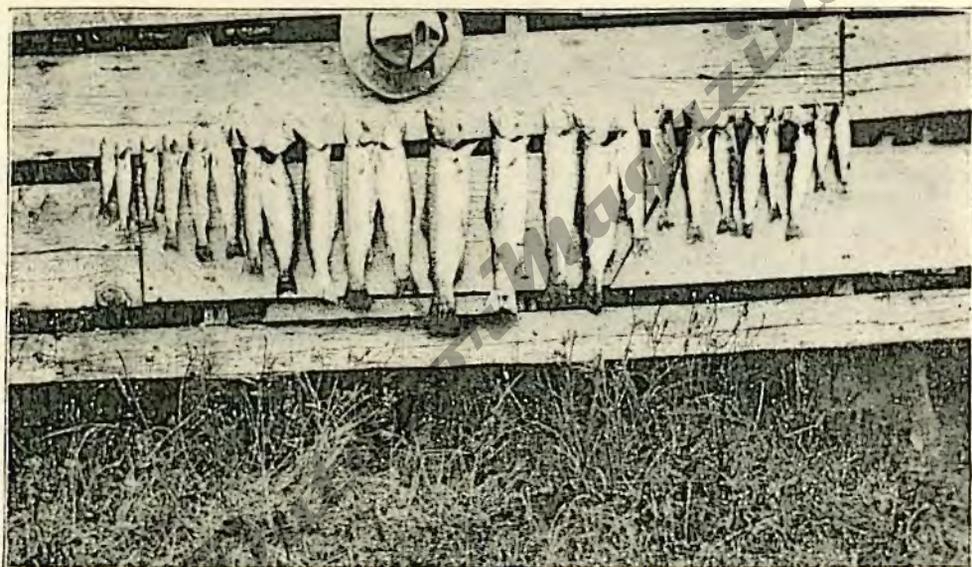
noons. He is now an up-to-date trout fisherman, and carries his head with the best of them.

into a wide and happy grin. That's what made a good Indian out of John.

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

Brother Out-o' door men, wherever you roam be it the moss covered swamps of the South or the frozen trail in Alaska, in the dizzy heights of the Rockies or on the surf kissed shores of our eastern coast, the Spirit of Nature is ever with the open air.

Yes this great spirit is always with us as sure as the coming of spring brings the tender elm buds and as sure as the green leaves of summer don their beauti-



"THE MESS."

ful garments of Autumn and then float gently down to the bosom of mother earth only to be buried in the soft white snows of winter.

We see the Spirit of Nature when we look at the rosy tinted sunset in the west at eventide. We feel this same spirit when we drink from the cooling springs that pour from the heart of the earth. water! pure water—water the life of man and of bird and beast. Surely the pure cold water that sparkles from the depths of the earth is the Father's first and greatest blessing. Can you think of a death worse than starvation? Yes, yes; a thousand times worse! It is the death of thirst. Can you not see in your mind

that first fishing-trip his face will break

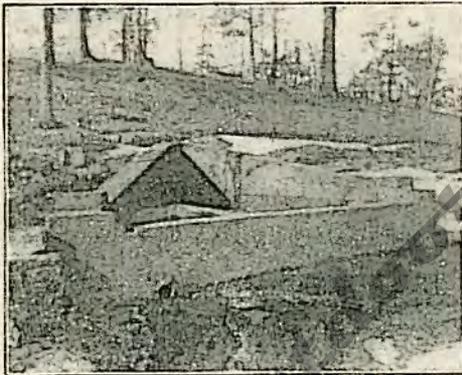
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the man who the giants bound to the burning rock as he looked with longing eyes to the cold spring that ran by his side and said. "Oh! Spring of life! Could I but reach you, even if for only one second, I would then gladly drop into torment forever."

The true Sportsman or Nature lover sees beauty in many things that perhaps his friend who cares more for the ball room, or billiard table does not. He does not have to go to the Yellowstone to find Nature, he does not have to gaze on painted scenery to find beauty. He can feast his eyes on a gold and purple sunset as it drops behind the mountains and he sees the most wonderful work of Nature.

I have a good friend whom I love as a brother. I often try to point out the



BLACKHAWK BATTLE SPRING.

wild beauty in some particular silver lined cloud. Sometimes he will glance at it, giving me a grunt for an answer and sometimes he will not look at it nor will he answer me.

How many duck hunters do not feel that thrill of pleasure as they look across the marsh, partly covered by water and fringed with rushes that wave like the in-coming surf? As they look they hear that sound that makes the duck hunter's heart throb with joy. It is in the whistle of wings. You have all been there haven't you?

Who can name all the wonderful things that Nature presents to us? They have never been counted, they are many; some soft, some gentle and quiet like the peaceful lake, the beautiful wild flowers and the gentle dove. Others are wild, rugged

and restless, as the rushing river, the face of the cliff and the roar of the falls.

All of these things and many more seem to draw our eyes toward them. There is the riven tree and the cave. Who will not stop and examine a huge riven tree and wonder at the unearthly force that sent its splinters and bark to rest, to die and to rot on the ground around the tree of which it was apart only a few moments before.

Then there are the wild flowers; to think that they bloom so beautifully only to die and become again a part of the earth from which they sprang. Let us take the birds of the forest as they range in size from the wren to the condor. So do they vary in habits, but they all have one gift that is the same the world over. They all prey upon flesh. The wren and the sparrow prey upon insects while the great cousins, the eagle and the condor eat larger game. In the case of the condor it is wild goats, etc.

Can you imagine anything more beautiful than a shady ledge covered with a growth of the pretty fox gloves and a group of humming birds flitting from flower to flower? I have often sat and watched them for hours and can truthfully say that it is a scene of superb beauty.

To me the buzzard appears to be the most unearthly, most supernatural of all birds.

Have you ever watched otters at work? They are busy fellows. I have watched as many as four at work at the same time, cutting twigs and brush on the bank and then disappearing under the water with it.

The love of Nature is not confined to the Sportsman alone. Remember the Indian. He was as we might say a Nature lover by Nature. It was his Nature to look to Nature for his living. Yes the Indian knows Nature and loves it. The cowboys also, see beauty in the mountains and valleys and clouds.

I am not what you would call a hunter or trapper as I do not follow it. Of course I dearly love all kinds of out-door sports, but I make the study of Nature my main object. Please do not think I am a city sport for I am not as I live and always have lived in the country.

Fishing is, to my mind, the best of all

out-door open air sports and I have caught my share of fresh water fish, many large ones and many small ones, but for real sport in fishing I like best to fish in small brooks from an old log at sundown and take from the water a mess of stone perch, say about the size of your hand then fry them on the sandy bank over your camp fire. Say boys, that is my way of fishing.

For 10 years I lived on a high hill with a large cold water spring at the foot. On the hill and about 60 feet from my house can still be seen the remains of an old Indian fort. The spring is called Fort Spring. I also lived four years within 500 yards of the old Black Hawk Battle Spring and valley where the famous old Chief was finally whipped. I am sending a picture of the spring as it looks today. I suppose it looked quite different in Indian times. About 400 yards south of this spring is a cave into which Black Hawk and his band were finally driven. On the hill over looking this spring I

have found many arrowheads, several pieces of stone, axes and lots of broken stone pots.

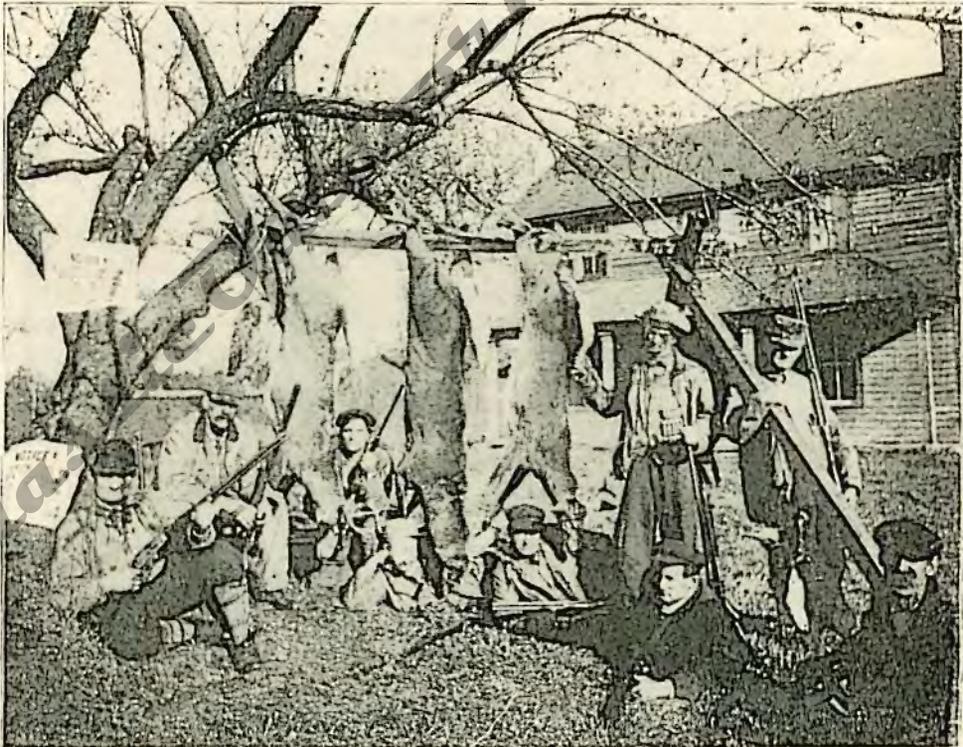
The proper way to study Nature is with the camera for in doing so you can keep a photographic record of all the beautiful sights which you see every day.

There is that grand sunset on the river, there is the ever-green capped and covered with the soft fluffy snow that fell in the night and there is the hundreds of wild flowers that can be photographed in their wild natural surroundings with the aid of a portrait lens.

I am a crank about wild flowers and I make Botany a study as well as all other branches of Nature.

Now boys I will close by saying if you hunt, trap, fish, gather roots or study wild life, the woodland spirits are ever with you. They are the Spirits of Nature and Mr. Harding must have felt them when he started the H-T-T.

Murray Richards,
Lincoln Co., Mo.



RESULT OF THE FIRST THREE DAYS OF THE OPEN SEASON BY THE STONE HUNTING CLUB, ORANGE COUNTY, NEW YORK.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR TRAPPERS--- BUTTONSHELLS

By R. S. SPEARS

THOUSANDS of tons of mussel shells are worked up into button blanks. According to the character and size of the shell, it is valuable for the manufacture of buttons or it is no good. Some shells are too thin, some too hard, some too rough-fluted.

But when the shells are good they are worth from \$10.00 to \$80.00 a ton. Shells that are good in one stream may be poor or worthless in another. There is no telling what kind of shells a man will find in a stream, any more than he can tell what kind of fish there are until he sees them.

Some of the good shell streams of the country are the Upper Mississippi, Wabash, White, St. Francis, Clinch, Cumberland, Holsten, and tributary streams. Without doubt, there are thousands of tons of shells in streams not yet explored by the Bureau of Fisheries, or by the pearl and shell prospectors. Shells that are good for buttons are commonly good for pearls, too, and while the mere pearly wastes shells, the buttonshell seeker makes day wages while he is always almost at the point of lifting out a pearl of great price.

Men who hunt for pearls alone waste a good many hundred dollars worth of button shells because they do not take care of them, and send them to market. Ordinarily, shells are worth more than the pearls. That is, taking the find of pearls year in and year out, averaging up the big ones found by "lucky" pearlers and the countless men who do not find any pearls, the men who sell button shells take in more money than do the men who sell pearls.

In some streams there are more pearls per ton of shells than there are in other streams, and some kinds of shells yield more pearls per thousand shells than do other species. But unless one could find out how many good pearls, how many good baroques, how many ounces of slugs

came from a thousand tons or so of shells of each species, there is no way of gauging the good shells from the bad, viewed as pearl yielding. A dwarf shell, all knurly and pitted and wrinkled may have a pearl—but it is no good as a button shell. Yet perfectly good button shells yield pearls of price. Therefore it is best to clean all shells down to those of about two inches length over the long way. Under that size the shells are too young for pearls and too small to be handled profitably in the button business.

Of course, in a very small stream, with only small mussel beds, button shelling is not likely to be profitable. But if one can gather half a ton of shells a day and get \$10.00 a ton for them—I think that most of the boys would be willing to tong shells at \$5.00 a day, especially if they happened to strike a pearl of price once in a while.

No two streams are alike in shelling. Some can be waded, some tonged from a "Bannister boat"—a scow with rails along both sides; some can be crow-footed, some raked—trust the boys to find the easiest and surest way of gathering the shells, once they find them and know that they are worth good money.

It would take a long series of articles to tell about the different kinds of mussel shells. In a list of the mussels printed in "Mussel Resources of the Holsten and Clinch Rivers", I find the following:

Yellow mucket, value per ton.....	\$79 80
Green striped mucket, value per ton..	79 80
Large black mucket, value per ton....	12 00
Pocketbook, value per ton.....	12 00
Fluted-shell, scant value.....
Three ridge, value per ton.....	10 00
White pig-toe, value per ton.....	10 00
Niggerhead, value per ton.....	15 00
Long niggerhead, value per ton.....	15 00
Hatchet back
Spectacle case
Black sand shell.....
Elephant ear
Purple pimple-back
Kidney shell
Spike
Paper shell

Sugar-spoon (value for trinkets and fancy articles).....	
Oyster mussel	
Rabbit foot	
Nullhead, value per ton.....	10 00
Mock niggerhead, value per ton.....	15 00
Ringed pimple-back, value per ton....	15 00
Fan-shell, value per ton.....	20 00
Fork shell	

These are Holsten river shells. Some of them were not valuable because of the character of the shells, and some were so few that no estimate of their value could be given. In another stream, shells of the species not estimated might have a value. This is the value of the shells to the manufacturer, but as shells are bought it seems that these are about the prices paid shellers.

Of course, on some streams buyers will pay less than on others, because the shellers do not know their value, or because the shells have to be transported long distances to the cars, or because of peculiarities of the shells which make them worth less. If the shells are very large, old, hard, rough, they are worth less than if they are of the right thickness and right quality to make buttons. There are many conditions governing the market value of shells.

If any one knows where there is a lot of mussels, he can learn markets for those mussels by writing to the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C. The nearest markets will be listed for the sheller, and if a sheller has several tons of mussel shells cleaned, a statement of that fact to the company will bring a company buyer or buyers to the pile to estimate it.

When one has discovered a good shell stream, it would be worth his while to not talk too much about it. A good shell bed is worth a good deal of money—thirty tons of shells fished out in odd days at even \$10.00 a ton makes a nice little stake, and if there should be a few ounces of slugs at \$1.25 an ounce, a few baroques at from ten cents to \$10.00 each, and perhaps a hundred dollar pearl—not to say a \$500 or thousand dollar pearl, it is worth while looking after the opportunities of No. 1. Generally speaking, a stream bed is any man's property, but if a brook on the farm yields a ton or two of mussels a year, it is worth just

that much more to the farm. A pond, a bayou, a slough—any one of several types of water in its natural condition may be worth more than the bottom lands.

In fact, the farmers of the Kankakee Basin ruined mussel beds worth thousands of dollars in shells and pearls in order to reclaim swamp lands that were worth less after reclamation than the mussel beds. That is to say, the lands and waters in their natural condition would have yielded far more income from mussels than the farmers can get out of the lands drained by expensive ditches.

The people of the United States have just begun to learn that wild lands and wild waters are frequently worth more cash per year than they are when tamed and cultivated. Men destroyed priceless black walnut on steep hillsides to make way for mere patches of corn and garden—one of the trees they burned would be worth more than all the crops they raised on the land.

A mussel bed on a freshwater stream in the pasture may be worth more than the pasture itself. Mussel beds are coming to have a value like oyster and clam beds in the salt waters. Those who are energetic and seek for mussel beds may find themselves in possession of the long-wished-for income. Certain it is that a man who knows where he can tong up fifty tons of mussels and sell them at \$20.00 a ton has information at least as valuable as that of a fur pocket.

There are so many opportunities for outdoor men! A man hardly realizes what chances there are all around him until he takes time to ponder on the subject. Suppose a man were to sit down right now and write down every opportunity that his neighborhood offers him. Perhaps the most important opportunity is this one of mussel shells for buttons, with occasional prize packages of pearls of great price. Some boy who never saw a pearl may put this magazine down, walk out to the brook in the pasture or the creek down in the valley and find in the first bushel of shells he shucks a hundred or a thousand dollar pearl. I remember as a boy at school gathering handfuls of mussels, opening them and wondering about the funny little lumps stuck fast to the shells inside—every

lump a little pearl, and perhaps some of those lumps were worth dollars.

But it is not the pearls that a man or boy should seek—he will find them fast enough if he cleans the shells with the care demanded by the button makers. What he should seek is the button shells. These have a steady value, and if one has a bed of button mussels, he will have a source of income as long as the bed lasts. He may be able to fish up several tons a year indefinitely; he may be able to add a hundred or two hundred dollars a year to his income by utilizing hours now wasted or frittered away.

Mussels are found on all kinds of stream bottoms, except where the sand is running. Sand kills off the mussels. Some mussels live in great beds. I knew one down on the St. Francis river, in Arkansas, which was nearly a mile long down a stillwater, around a bend. The bed was only five or six feet wide, with the old shells in the middle and the young ones along the sides. On a shoal near Wittsburg, there was a bed of shells that sold for revolver butts and similar fancy articles. The men who were tonging this shoal mixed niggerheads up with these beautiful shells, and sold them at niggerhead prices. The revolver butt shells were very numerous. They ran more than two hundred pounds to the ton of shells. In a ton of shells selling at \$10.00 there were \$7.00 worth of these other shells. Now if the sheller had sorted out the shells, putting the muckets by themselves, he would have had \$70.00 a ton for them, and received just as much for his other shells. That is to say, for every ten tons, he would have received \$90.00 for nine tons of ordinary shells, and \$70.00 a ton for the special shells, or \$160 in all for the ten tons. He sold the ten tons for \$100.00 and lost \$60.00 because he was too ignorant or too lazy to sort his shells. Shellers are still letting the factories sort the shells for them—and they lose tens of thousands of dollars in consequence.

There are a thousand and one details to the shelling and most of these are easily picked up as one goes at the work. It isn't easy work—it is perhaps one of

the hardest there is. It is like mowing with a scythe or pitching hay—but the pay is good when one is in a mussel country. If a man works steady, he earns and receives his \$5.00 a day for button shell, and if he has a bed where high price shells are found, he will make much more than that while the bed lasts. In addition to the shells there is always the chance of picking out of one shell ten or a hundred or a thousand days wages—just the picking up of that shell, opening it and taking out the gem. It is the easiest thing in the world for a lucky man or boy. Down on Caddo Lake, on the Texas-Louisiana state line, two or three hundred men found \$200,000 worth of pearls one summer—and some of the men were a good deal luckier than others.



ONE DAY'S CATCH OF FURS BY RALPH SHUMAKER, CLARION CO., PA., ALSO HIS NOTED COON AND FOX HOUND, LEED.

SQUIRREL HUNTING WITH A NOISE-LESS RIFLE

By WILLIS O. C. ELLIS

Photograph by the Author

'Tis barking squirrels and frosty air,
And golden autumn leaves,
That calls us from a life of care,
Unto a life of ease.

NO matter how busy I am when autumn comes and the golden leaves rustle gently in the September breeze, some of the work must go undone for the woods beckon me to come and I snatch up my rifle and obey.

Falling nuts and barking squirrels ring continuously in my ears throughout the autumn months, and there is no sport that to me is more fascinating than to match your skill against the cunning of those beautiful little tree-dwellers—the squirrels. In pursuance of this fascination, on a beautiful October morning of 1913 accompanied by a friend, we journeyed to the squirrel region and the first red streaks in the east found us comfortably seated in the midst of a number of hickory trees located near the edge of a large tract of timber.

My companion was Mr. Harley H. Todhunter, of Columbus, O., a sportsman in every sense of word—a born hunter and fisherman—who pulls a fat salary for professional services and can therefore hunt and fish where he pleases.

Our artillery was neither elaborate nor expensive. Harley had a .22 caliber Stevens Favorite equipped with plain open sights, and I had my old standby—a 1906 Model Winchester having peep sights and a 1912 Model Silencer.

'Twas a beautiful morning, and not a breath of air stirred the golden laden branches of the trees. The birds too were silent and there in a clump of majestic hickories we sat, rifle in hand, eager to fire the opening shot. But where were the squirrels? The ground was covered with fresh cuttings of hickory nut hulls, but no squirrels were to be seen. Hush! Suddenly Harley raised his rifle and there hopping noiselessly to-

wards us came a charming little grey. Just at this time the sun was peeping over the standing corn that was back of us producing a combination of light that made it impossible to draw a fine bead. My Winchester snapped a few times and the squirrel vanished as suddenly as it came for the bullets kicked up dirt quite near it. But now things changed. In almost every direction squirrels were barking, so Harley went one way and I went another. I had not gone far when I saw a little grey about 40 yds. distant in a tall hickory and although he was a pretty small target I brought him down the first shot—something I do not always do. Scarcely had I picked him up and tucked him safely in my hunting coat, when I heard Harley shoot several times as rapidly as his single shot would permit, and thinking he had possibly found more game than he could well handle. I began working my way as noiselessly as possible in his direction. Presently I saw him looking intently into the top of a large oak and saw a fine fox squirrel turn to the opposite side of the tree. Just where he was concealing himself was hard to tell, but after carefully searching the top I located a red spot near a fork and thinking it was possibly the squirrel I took a quick shot and it certainly brought results. At the snap of the gun Mr. Squirrel made a mighty leap and reached a limb of an adjoining tree. Then from tree to tree he went going in one direction. We knew he was making for his den so we watched the trees ahead to see if they had holes in them. We quickly located a dead snag that could be reached from a big oak by jumping about twelve or fifteen feet, so when we saw the squirrel jump into the oak we felt sure he would reach the snag if possible. Now, we commenced firing as fast as we could and we certainly made that squirrel go. But the squirrel made a fatal mistake. He changed his course

as Harley's rifle spoke, turned on my side, of the tree and the little ivory bead on my Winchester caught him at the butt of the ear. The hammer clicked and the squirrel came tumbling through the air with a bullet through its head. We then journeyed to another section of the woods where Harley rolled a little grey from the top of a hickory at the first shot. But as the sun rose higher and the morning waned, a stiff breeze sprang up mak-



HARLEY WITH THE AUTHOR'S RIFLE AND SOME OF THE SQUIRRELS.

ing it very difficult to hear the game; so as the noon hour approached we coursed our way homeward. We had enjoyed our jaunt immensely although neither of us had secured the bag limit which in our state (Ohio) is five (5) per hunter per day.

WHAT WE LEARNED.

But aside from the pleasure of the trip we learned several things. That Harley is a better shot than I is an absolute

fact, yet I killed more squirrels than he and did better all-around shooting. To make a long story short, the secret of my success was due to the manner in which I had my rifle equipped. Harley was using open sights and it was only now and then that the light was good enough for him to take proper aim. I was using a Marble simplex rear sight and an Ivory combination front sight No. 5B of Lyman make, and it is seldom indeed that conditions are such that I can not aim properly. Now do not think I am trying to decry open sights, for I have seen people who used them exceedingly well even in the timber. But my own experience as well as that of others leads me to the conclusion that any one can greatly improve their score by using a tang peep sight. Once you have used them you will have no other. I use both the Marble and Lyman sights and they have given perfect satisfaction. So much for the sights.

But no matter how fine the sighting of the arm if it lacks that all-important feature—balance—you will never be able to obtain the fine results you so much desire. The worst fault of the ordinary run of .22 caliber repeating and single shot rifles is that they are "muzzle light" i. e., they lack weight at the muzzle and are therefore hard to hold steady. But now I have found out how to give the ordinary light weight rifle enough "muzzle weight" to make it shoot like a different gun, and this is done by simply using a Silencer.

For a long time I was skeptical about the silencer and greatly doubted its practical utility; but now I am one of the most enthusiastic silencer advocates you ever saw. For the silencer not only adds pleasure to your shooting by eliminating the noise, but it also adds about one-half pound of weight to the muzzle of the barrel,—the place where it is most needed and will do the most good. Of course some one will say that only the game hog will use a silencer so he can sneak around and kill every thing in and out of season, but bear in mind that such a fellow will violate the law, silencer or no silencer, and the thing to do is to put the game warden next and let him keep a close watch on him.

When you are using a silencer it very frequently happens that while you are

shooting at a squirrel, a crow or hawk may light nearby within easy range,— something that never happens if you are not using a silencer. If you use black or semi-smokeless powder the silencer should be cleaned every 100 shots by using solvents made for the purpose or holding it under the hot water tap for half an hour. However, you will find that smokeless powder is by far the best to use with the silencer as the silencer will never need cleaning, and by using a good nitro-solvent you will be able to keep the barrel in excellent condition.

Now I wish to assure the readers that I have no stock in any gun sight concern or the Maxim Silencer Co., but if there be any who read these lines who are expecting to some day be able to journey

far away to shoot and get shot at; who at the present time find their pocketbook thin from the high cost of living; are tired, rundown and have the blues; let me say to you, put peep sights and a silencer on that little twenty-two you loved so much before you got the big game hunting fever, go to the forest when the golden leaves proclaim the autumn time and try your skill on squirrels for a day or two and if you have better luck than usual and find real pleasure in a sport you cared but little for before, I shall feel that this article was not written in vain. And if you will do as I suggest I'll guarantee you will feel better, act better and look better than if you took \$25.00 worth of Doc Smith's or Doc Jones' latest scientific pills.



CAUGHT WHERE FUR IS SCARCE BY SLIM AND PELER, MIAMI CO., OHIO.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING IN THE SAW TOOTH RANGE

L. KRAMER, Blaine Co., Idaho

THE big inning of this narrative dates back to about the 1st of October last when my partner and I could have been found on Ross Forks, a prong and in fact the heart of the South Boise River in the Saw Tooth Range of the Rockies.

We were camped in a log cabin on this fork of the river in a very dense fir timber directly at the foot of the famous Goat Mountains and had out a line of marten and mink traps for the early trapping as one would be snowed in after the 1st of November. As we wanted to take in the coyote trapping in the lower country we had to get busy quite early for our share of the fine furs of the mountains.

We had just gotten our traps out nicely when we decided to take a goat and deer hunt on the north slope of the mountain as the goats ranged there continually and now and then a deer would wander up the ravines to get a bite of the fine grass that grows in patches resembling miniature meadows wherever a sparkling spring emptied its cool waters out on the partly dry soil.

It was in just such a meadow near the top of the mountain nearly 10,000 feet high that we struck our first goat track. We just had one gun between us, a carbine belonging to my partner, as my 22 H. P. ordered nearly a month previous had not arrived yet.

It was my good luck to be carrying the carbine and I would not have parted with it for a hat full of Government Bonds for that goat track was a big one and best of all, it was fresh. We lit in after it. I was in the lead, and followed it out of the meadows and up a small slope. Coming out on top of this slope we discovered that the track led directly on and all we could see that he was headed for the hollow. Coming near the edge of the ridge the first thing we saw was the opposite side of a 3 or 4 acre patch of fine green feed perfectly open and right at our feet. Every step now might

bring our quarry into sight. Yes, there he is, not over 60 yards below us, almost broadside and feeding towards the hill. He was nearly twice as big as anything I had expected to see but his bigness didn't stop the bark of the gun. At the crack of the gun he started turning around and around like a pig that is shot in one side of the head, but did not fall over.

I stood waiting for him to either fall or come to himself and after the fourth turn his hind quarters sank down. That was a signal for us to run down to him, which we did. When we were within 10 yards of him on almost level ground he bleated and made for us and I want to say right now the way that old Billy could travel with only his two front feet and his hind legs dragging was something to take notice of. Of course we got out of the way and old Billy, who showed a decided preference to my pal, collided with the top of a fir tree which had fallen over while in pursuit of his choice.

There he stood on his front feet, beard a good 8 inches long with his mane standing up like the roached mane of a horse and running in a long ridge the full length of his body, tapering gently toward his tail while he shook his head and looked defiant from his eyes.

I now decided to put a finish to him and as I didn't want to spoil the head I shot him through the shoulders. The bullet did not knock him down, merely made him flinch so little that it was hard to be noticed although it ploughed clear through him and kicked up dirt on the slope by his side. A few seconds after the second shot he decided to move. He went perhaps 3 or 4 rods and rolled over dead.

An examination proved that both bullets entered his heart. The first ranging through his right shoulder downward, cut a hole through the lower part of his heart while the other shot fired from the left side went directly through it and neither knocked him down—he simply bled to death.

We tried several ways of getting him to camp without skinning and dressing him as we wanted some pictures, but none of them worked as the country was very steep and rugged and we had to dress him. My partner took his hide with head attached while I carried half of him leaving the other half hanging up. I said then I believed that old goat dressed a good 200 pounds. His hide when stretched for a rug was over 6 feet from tip to tip and the parties who saw it say it was the largest ever seen around here.

It was only two days later that a couple of bear hunters who were camping only a few hundreds yards from us killed a fine brown bear and as we were all well acquainted we mixed bear meat with goat meat in some of our "mullicans" and sat around the camp fire of evenings swapping yarns as long as they were there.

We pulled out of the mountains before the deep snows came and stopped on the Malad river on Big Camas prairie, perhaps 50 miles from our first camp. Here the snows did not bother us so much as the altitude was much lower, being only about 5,600 feet.

There was no marten here but an abundance of muskrats, mink, coyotes and beaver, which are protected. It was while trapping here that I caught an old coyote in a most peculiar way. I had quite a line of traps strung out through the sage brush around the east and west shore of the Twin Lakes Reservoir and I always run these traps on a cayuse. In one place near the shore of the lake a large bunch of willows grew with a narrow path running through them which I could see the coyotes used considerable so I made a set there by placing two traps in the path using no bait. I caught two or three there then they quit coming through that place but dodged around it so I placed a nice big attractive bait almost in the center of the clump of willows and set a trap at each side 3 or 4 feet from the bait. One of the traps was promptly dug up and the bait partly eaten. This went on for several nights during which time I changed the traps set more there, left them in plain sight on one side in the hopes that the coyotes would go in on the other until I finally

had six traps set in every possible manner I knew of, but the same thing happened each time. The coyotes would go on just the one side always springing the traps and never approaching from the other way no matter which set of traps was well concealed or which left open. So I finally tried another plan which I was not at all sure about, but having tried everything else there was just one thing left to do and that was to force that coyote into a trap and this is the way I did it.

First I cut a willow from the center of the bunch where it would not be noticed, that was considerable thicker than my thumb and quite free from limbs. I then placed this willow square across the path and fastened the end of it solid and bent the small end around until the path was open again and the willow almost bent in a circle with all points of a circle about equal distance from the ground. Next I tied a string to the small end and attached the string to a figure four trigger, all well concealed in the bushes and from the figure four trigger I ran a small dark thread across the path at such a distance that the coyote would just about be past the bent willow and within a foot of the bait before touching the string.

My idea was that the coyote on approaching would spring the first trap or two and thus go on in to the bait and as soon as the thread stretched across the path was touched the willow would be released, whipping around and striking it from behind and of course any wise old trap shy coyote would think that once in his life he had overlooked some kind of an infernal mode of destruction and in his fright he would leap straight ahead going over the bait and landing squarely in a bunch of four well-concealed traps. And that is just what that one did, an old grizzled three-footed coyote with marks all over him.

I found him two nights after I had fixed the trap specially for him tangled up and nearly every rancher around there claimed the honor of having taken a shot at him and of seeing him for the last 12 or 13 years when they heard of old 3 foot's fall, as they called him.

Well this just about wound up our trapping on the Malad as it was near

the 10th of December and already 6 or 8 inches of snow had fallen, warning us to get out if we expected to land our outfit in the Bruno Country, generally known as the Desert for the winter.

So my partner and I, accompanied by two others struck out going over-land in a covered wagon drawn by four horses. We stopped on the Bruno Canyon about half way between Bruno and Buhl and began our winter's work of trapping lynx cats and coyotes, but as that is another story altogether I will not relate it now.

Before closing I wish to add a few words as to my views of this "Question and Answer Department." In the first place questions would be alright, that is some questions, but when it comes to about every other one being about some body's sick dog then I say, cut it out. It is alright to take care of your pets but I notice in different numbers of H-T-T

that questions are asked about every conceivable kind of dog with every imaginable disease. To answer all of these our Editor would have to be a walking encyclopedia of dog remedies. A veterinary could be consulted about such things much sooner than a question could go through this magazine and in case he could not do anything for the dog a speedy remedy would be to kill that one and get a better one. Before asking some questions that does not interest one man out of a thousand that we could answer for ourselves we should stop to consider that the Editor of this magazine is already more than busy giving us a good department in Woodcraft, articles on Fur Farming and Plant Culture and is keeping us posted about fur prices and fur markets, to say nothing of the hundreds of other things that go to make this truly a trapper's magazine.



DANIEL FRANKLIN, LICKING COUNTY, OHIO, HIS DOGS AND PART OF HIS 1913-14 CATCH OF FURS, CONSISTING OF 14 SKUNK, 10 OPOSSUM, 2 COON, 1 MINK AND 25 RATS.

KILLING A BIG BUCK.

Three years ago out in Colorado in a deep valley was a feeding place for several deer. Among them was a very large buck. Now I wanted that buck and intended to get him. I made several visits to the valley for him but he was just going out or had gotten warning of my coming and the result was nothing. He got so wise that I was not his match it seemed, but at last the day came for his defeat.

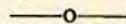
This valley was 200 yards wide, one mile long with long sloping high banks or ridge on either side with many side pockets and one small hill in the center of the forks of the valley as another low valley came in the deep valley. This place I made for to get a view of the main valley with a few patches of sage brush and a washed out ditch leading into the valley. Beyond this all prairie surroundings.

Well I told my wife I was going after that buck so I started with my .25-20 filled with soft point for Mr. Buck. Taking a large circle I sneaked to top of the hill in the valley for a view up same. One very cautious glance—he was there, all alone. Well down I went into a ditch with a wide circle again to get to a washed out ditch in order to get close for a good shot. One place I had to crawl flat down on the ground for at least 100 yards. While moving all stretched out I reached my gun forward and Buzz! went a large rattle snake within two feet of my face! Did I move? Well yes, I moved. It was then his move for he made a spring at me. I just had time to rear back on my knees as he jumped. I caught him with the stock of my rifle, pinned him down by the neck and my hunting knife soon had his head cut off while I held him down.

Well not knowing whether I had been heard or seen I got up on my knees and went as fast as I could. At last I struck the ditch and in I went. Stooping low I made a run for the valley. Getting on the opposite side from where I had seen the buck I peeked over the bank. There he was 150 yards away, head up looking straight at me—his breast a fine target for me. A quick aim and the crack of that .25-20 roared in the Valley. The

buck sank at the shot. He tried to raise but could only get on his front feet. The ball in passing through him had broken his back bone. I soon got up close to him and his hair raised, his eyes turned green, but he couldn't get at me. Once more I shot and he fell dead—it was my buck at last and now to get him home. I tied his feet together and got ready to carry him. I tried to shoulder him but couldn't do it. Then I tried to drag him and pulled him 50 feet and gave it up. It was a half mile more from home so I went for help. When I arrived my wife said, "You have killed one", I asked how she knew and she said, "Oh I can tell by your look." I told her she would have to help me carry it in so I went and got a pole and we started. We got the buck and after we had gotten about 150 yards, my wife said "I believe he weighs about 1,000 pounds." I told her to stay with the ship that the storm would soon be over. We rested every little ways. As we were walking along my wife screamed, "Look out! there is another rattle snake!" I looked and there he was just ahead of us about six feet and he wasn't in a very pleasant humor either, but I quieted him with a soft point. We started on again and finally arrived at the cabin, and boys, it wasn't long until venison odor was in the air. I can almost smell it yet.

Chas. Hartman,
Jackson Co., Okla.

**TRAPPING COYOTES IN CALIFORNIA.**

A few months ago I sent for a sample copy of the H-T-T with which I was well pleased and took a year's subscription. After receiving about three copies of the magazine I became interested in trapping which resulted in the purchase of a dozen Victor traps, so I am writing here from an amateur's standpoint.

Every trapper who has ever tried to catch the sneaky coyote knows he is a hard fellow to deal with. He will dig traps up, spring them, or leave other signs even more conspicuous; it seems as a warning to his kind.

A few years ago I had one number 4

Victor trap and managed to catch a coyote once in a while by setting it close to some dead animal they had been feeding on. I remember once I set old No. 4 by a dead calf. I simply set the trap on the ground and covered it with some grass leaving the chain and stake exposed to sight. Next morning I had a fine large coyote. This surely was an exception.

One other time the coyotes visited our melon patch every night taking ripe or green melons by the wholesale. There was only one hole in the fence where they would come in and I got old No. 4 and set just inside. For about three weeks no coyote visited the melon patch. Finally one morning I went down and found part of the fence and No. 4 gone. I soon found a fair sized coyote tangled up in a willow grove near by.

Last October I got the fever and bought the traps mentioned above and started trapping. I expected to see a coyote in every trap but was badly disappointed. Every day I visited the traps and no coyotes. I soon began to study why I did not catch them. I watched their tracks and studied their habits.

A large steer died in a thicket of cotton woods and I immediately set the traps around it but still nothing doing. I noticed the tracks of the coyotes about 20 feet out circling around it, and I set traps there. Next morning I had a coyote. Why had Mr. Coyote kept away?

I set three traps in triangle shape and put a dead chicken in the center. This stayed there about ten days and no coyotes would come closer than 20 feet. I then tied a live chicken there and caught a coyote the first night. The live was a poor one so I left it there and set traps about 20 feet to one side and next morning I had the mate. As you see fellows, I was just beginning to grasp the "how" of it, but now even I think how lucky I was to catch these and I laugh to think how careless I was in setting the traps.

Now when I go out to set traps and coyotes' tracks are numerous I am seldom disappointed for in the past three months I have studied the why of it and now I

know. I used several methods to catch these cunning animals. I watch all the cattle trails in the vicinity for tracks and know just where I want to set which is very important. My favorite method is to set two traps about 3 feet to one side of a trail concealing the traps by digging a bed, covering the trap with wide leaves then sprinkling a thin layer of dirt over the trap. It is almost impossible to make this look natural in damp ground, so I rig a few small holes around the traps scraping the dirt in any direction, making it appear as though some animal had been digging there. I then take a well seasoned rabbit with the entrails in and cut in pieces burying a piece in a small hole about 6 inches from each trap. I scatter pieces of entrails around the traps and then take two pieces of the rabbit and bury them a few feet each side of traps along the trail. This is almost always a sure set.

I have caught quite a few coyotes by building a fire over the traps and putting a few pieces of bacon rind in the coals. The smell of the bacon will bring the coyotes for quite a distance and the fire destroys a great deal of the human odor.

I have also caught coyotes by digging a hole in the ground close to the trail and putting a fresh quail or pigeon in the hole, then setting the trap in the mouth of the hole. After studying the habits of the coyote, I do not consider him so hard to catch after all as you can see a little common sense and setting the trap to look natural is the main thing after you have them in the right place. Experience soon teaches one all that it is only a little after you learn.

One of the coyotes I caught a short time back had only 3 feet. I believe he had been caught in traps before as he was the most savage coyote I have ever had in a trap. Before shooting him he was ready for fight. When I came closer he let out 3 coyote howls which sent the tickles down my spine. I am very sure this was a call for help.

E. C. W.,
Monterey Co., Cal.

AN OUTING IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

By E. H. LATTEMORE

AS the harvest was over and the barn lofts were filled to their cross beams with new hay and thinking it time for a little recreation, my chum, his father and I left our home town the 15th of August with a light spring wagon neatly packed with bedding and provisions enough to last us for a two weeks' vacation in the mountains.

Traveling through a canyon where the heat was unbearable and the dust raising up in front of us like clouds of smoke, we traveled on, camping at noon at a large spring that had its source at the roots of a large oak. Seeing our horses were well fed, we started a fire and the coffee was soon boiling, then taking some knick knock out of our grub box we ate our lunch, then laid in the shade so the horses could have a little rest.

After the horses had finished their hay we packed up, hitched up the horses and were once more ready for our journey. A cool breeze had sprung up which made traveling easier than what it was in the morning. An hour's drive from the spring brought us to the town of Georgetown, a neat little town standing on what is called the Georgetown Divide, which is kept up by the surrounding mines and saw mills.

Watering our horses out of a ditch that passed through the town we headed on, ascending a steep grade of four miles through forests of pine and cedar, arriving at Grover saw mills at 2 o'clock. Leaving the mill to our right we headed due north, camping at night on Pilot Creek where we intended to try our skill in catching a few of the gamey trout.

As my chum's father said he would see to the feeding of the horses and the getting of the supper, my chum and I shouldered our fishing rods and left for the creek. On arriving we baited our hooks with angle worms, then crawling up cautiously to a deep hole we lowered our lines letting the bait sink gradually. We only waited a few minutes when there came a pull at both of our lines. Pulling them up we had the pleasure of seeing two fine trout dangling at the end of our lines. We took the fish off, baited our hooks and shortly after lowering them and there came the welcome pull at our lines again, only landing one as his fish fell back into the water.

As darkness was fast catching us we left the creek and started for camp finding supper ready on our arrival. After supper we rolled up in our blankets and were soon in slumberland.

Next morning found us up and full of life after our night's sleep in the pure open mountain air. After breakfast was over, dishes washed and horses harnessed we were soon on our way. After a twenty minutes'

ride we left the forest and came to an opening, a desert it was called, a vast barren piece of land of 20,000 acres or more. In traveling through this barren belt we came to a place called Eleven Pines. Standing in the middle of this waste of land were eleven pines from which the place was named. They were the only trees for miles around—a freak of Nature as the Naturalist would say.

After passing on and on through sand half way to the hubs, we came to a road leading to the right. Taking this we came to the headwaters of Pilot Creek, the one I mentioned above. After crossing the creek we started up a steep hill which was the foot of Sugar Pine Mountain when we had the shade of the forest again. We followed a grade of eight miles through the forests of Sugar Pine and reached the summit of the mountain at ten o'clock. We went on down the hill until we arrived at Little Silver Creek, where we camped for the noon hour.

Dinner being over we left the creek behind and following a road as it zig-zagged through the timber up and down hill we arrived at Big Silver Creek at 6 o'clock. There we made camp with the expectation of spending our outing. Seeing our horses were attended to, my chum and I started fishing. Catching a nice string of fish we returned to camp.

The fish being small here we decided to leave for Pleasant Lake the next morning, a lake full of trout and other enjoyments combined. As it laid 36 miles farther up in the mountains, we got an early start, crossing numerous streams and only stopping to water we journeyed on and arrived in the evening at 6 o'clock at Uncle Tom's Cabin, a pleasure resort. As there was no water only at the tavern we decided to go on and camp at the first stream we came to. But this stretch of road had no water for eight miles. At last the welcome sound of water rang in our ears as it came out of a large spring and ran down the mountain side.

Arriving at the spring we looked at our watches and the hands pointed to eleven o'clock. We ate lunch and retired for the night and soon forgot the toils of the day.

Next morning we were up bright and early, had breakfast, packed our baggage and were again on our way. We traveled on until noon and camped on the North Fork of the middle fork of the American River. Looking across the river we could see a large saw mill and see the men as they came and went from their work, the ox teams as they came with their loads of logs for the mill, etc. After we ate our dinner we crossed the river and passed close by the mill where we could see the large saws sawing away at the large logs. After passing the mill we headed northeast over a rough, rocky road and through forests. Some trees laid there full length of 150 feet

or more on the ground and some sawed in 20 foot lengths ready for the saw. We crossed numerous streams and arrived at Wentworth's Springs, a pleasure resort at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Here we inquired the way to Pleasant Lake and started on over a road of solid granite and arrived at a swamp, the back waters of Pleasant Lake. As this was as close as we could get to the lake with the team, we camped here having the luck of finding an old log cabin which we took possession of. A trail led from our camp to the lake through thickets of tamarack which we certainly made good use of while staying in the mountains. After we had our suppers and fed the horses in meadow grass along the swamp we rolled up in our blankets and listened to the song of the nightingale until we were in the land of Nod.

Next morning found our camp in a confused state as we all were anxious to try our skill fishing in the lake. As I am of a can't-wait disposition I left for the lake with pole and line, walking through tamarack thickets

with line in hand and my chum rowing. I waited patiently for a bite. Yank! Yank! it came with a tremendous pull and I landed a fine six pound trout. My chum had a secret he wanted to keep but at seeing my fish he let the cat out of the bag, saying the fish he caught in the swamp before coming to the lake was much larger. My curiosity aroused I began questioning him and found out he had captured two beauties as they were trying to swim up a small stream leading from the swamp.

After catching a few more making the number 10 fish and seeing the sun sinking in the west behind the distant mountains we headed for camp. As we sat eating our supper my chum's father told us of a new way to catch fish and that was to build a fire on the bank of stream or lake and in so doing it would attract the attention of the fish which made good fishing so my chum and I decided that as soon as the dishes were washed we would try our skill. We gathered a large pile of wood and laid it close to the water's edge.



CATCHING LAKE TROUT IN PLEASANT LAKE.

of a twenty minutes walk. The stepping from the inclosure there laid before me the lake with its wide smooth surface, its waters gradually darkening in the shadows of the overhanging forests and towering high in the heavens the snow clad peaks of the Sierras with the blue waters of the lake harmonizing making a picturesque scene for the eye of man to look upon. Looking out upon its waters I could see a boat. As it came nearer I could tell its occupants were some friends of mine who had also come to enjoy the pure mountain air. Upon looking at my fishing tackle they said it was too light and gave me a heavy one as I had no heavier tackle with me than the one I used in small streams.

They use here on this lake a long troll line which they let drag behind the boat which is much easier than holding a tiresome pole. As they had all the fish they wanted, I became chief manager of this little bark. Presently my chum and his father appeared on the scene. Then seeing that everything was ready we left the shore for the center of the lake. Seating myself in the stern end of the boat

lit it and began fishing. After fishing for an hour or more and no luck in sight we were about to return to camp when the stillness of night was broken by the angry growls of a bear that could be heard in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came until it sounded as though it was not over a hundred yards from us. Thinking it time to return to camp as we had no firearms closer than camp, we hit the trail over fallen logs and through underbrush, arriving in camp a little scared but still in the ring. All through the remainder of the night his growls could be heard as he went his way in search of prey.

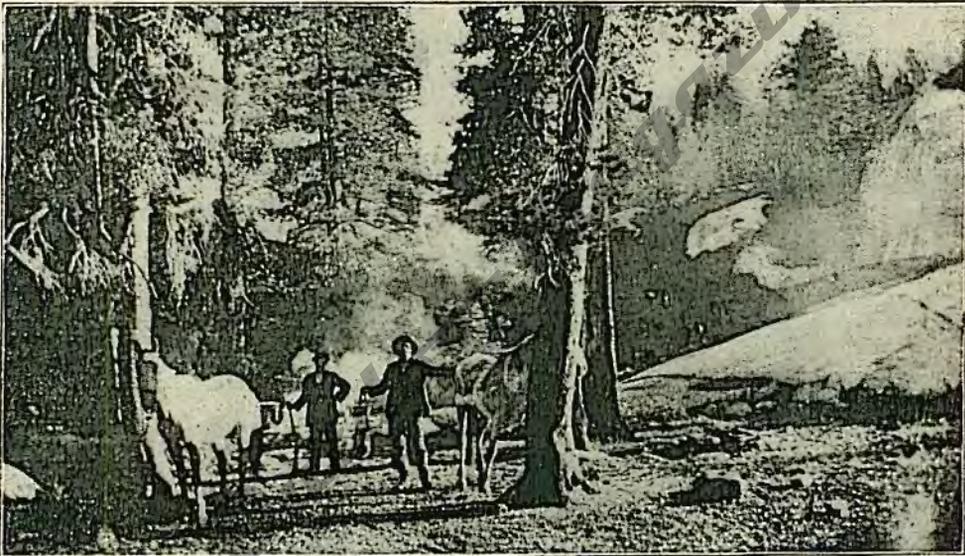
Drawing the blankets close around us as the nights get chilly here in these mountains, we were soon slumbering, nothing interfering with me only an occasional snore from my chum. That would wake me up but soon fall back to sleep again.

The following morning after our scare from the bear I was awakened by the smell of frying bacon. Looking up I saw my chum feeding the horses while Dad, my chum's father, was busily indulged in getting break-

fast. I got up, washed, dressed and was once more ready for a full-fledged breakfast. After breakfast was over the three of us left camp for the lake. When we arrived we found the boat as we had left it. We dipped out the water that had leaked in during the night and left shore for a few hours sport with the speckled trout. Letting my line drag behind we made for the middle of the lake, the boat gliding over its glassy surface and passing by water lilies by the millions. We had gotten about half way across the lake when there came a tug at my line. Giving it an extra jerk to make sure he was well hooked I began pulling him in hand over hand and was about to place him in the boat when he gave an extra flop of his tail and let loose and darted out of sight in the water. Was I angry? Well I guess yes. The thought of that fine fish getting away was certainly aggravating,

and there stood the two of us banging away at the trout as they came swimming past, not killing any but disturbing enough to draw a game warden to the scene. At his appearance we were only shooting at targets. Things went off smoothly as he found no fish in our possession, so bidding us good day he went his way. We watched him until out of sight then we started bombarding again, but as luck was against us none of the fish were hurt.

As we saw it was useless to shoot any longer we spied an old raft across the swamp and made for it thinking we could have a little pleasure rafting. As we got up to it we both landed her. Gradually she sank until we stood waist deep in the water. Water moccasins were swimming all around us as we had disturbed their sunning place. Always hearing that moccasins were a poisonous



OUR CAMP AT PLEASANT LAKE.

but nevertheless, sport is sport and a person has to take the bitter with the sweet.

I baited my hooks anew and let them sink gradually until I only held three feet of line in my hand. The balance of 16 feet was under water. I told my chum to row on and we headed for a shady bank where the forest threw their deep shadows. There in the stillness of the morning was where we had our luck. Fish after fish became our victim until the sun made its appearance on the scene when fishing was a thing of the past. "No bitie, no fishie" as the Chinaman says, so we left for the shore. After reaching shore we fastened the boat to a log, strung our fish on a foxed willow stick and made for camp and laid around and rested up till after dinner when we shouldered our rifles and made for the swamp. We went out on a peninsula of rock that projected out into the water

snake we were not long in making for dry ground.

It may be that some of the readers are not acquainted with this snake so will give a short description of the reptiles. They are a snake of a dark brown, ranging in length from 1 to 2 feet having a diamond shaped head the same as the rattler and their tail being blunt.

We made for camp, changed our clothes and laid around till after dinner then the three of us left camp for the lake with camera and fishing tackle with the expectation of catching a few fish to take home as our vacation was drawing to a close.

In a few minutes we arrived at the lake finding our boat in its usual place and pulling her to the bank to let the water out we launched her and were again ready for business. Taking our places in the boat with a

good man hold of the oars we were soon out where the water looked blue as far down as the eye could see. Thinking this a good place we started fishing but it seemed luck was against us as we fished the entire afternoon and didn't even get a bite. It seemed that the fish must have taken a day off as that was the luck of two other fishermen who came down in their boat from the north end of the lake.

The next morning found our camp in a mixed up state as we were packing up to leave for home. After our horses were harnessed and our luggage packed we hit the road.

Just before making a turn in the road that shut out the view of our camp I could not help but look back upon the lonesome scene. There stood the old log cabin with moss covered roof, its door wide open welcoming any fellow traveler.

Traveling on for a day and a half over a rough road, only mostly down hill, we arrived at our destination and were once more glad to have the pleasures of home and also of having, as the old saying is, a "clean bite," thus ending this narrative only hoping to have the pleasure of another trip of its equal again.

FIREARMS THAT HAVE HELPED TO MAKE AMERICAN HISTORY

C. L. CHAMBERLIN

AMERICAN history has repeatedly proved the importance of the "man behind the gun." Victories that have made changes of international consequence have resulted more from the skill and intelligence of the marksman than from the perfection of his equipment or knowledge of military tactics. However there are certain types of fire arms that are peculiar to certain important historical periods with which American soldiers gained victories which have affected the whole after-current of national affairs and around these arms there clings a peculiar attraction which neither the student of history nor the lover of fire arms finds it easy to resist. For the man who has the time, means and liking to make a collection, few articles yield so abundantly in interesting knowledge as a collection of these type arms historically arranged and studied.

The early colonists possessed fire arms of the crudest sort. The invention of gunpowder and its use in hurling missiles in warfare had been known a comparatively short time when Columbus discovered America. True, a number of years had passed since its first known employment in battle, but invention moved slowly in those days and a century witnessed fewer attempts at improvement in the instruments of projection than are now made in a single twelve months.

Matchlock, firelock and snaphance are some of the names applied to the clumsy old powder burners of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. So clumsy and heavy were these first arms fired from the shoulder that when used in the wars of the period two men were necessary to operate one. One man steadied a forked stake on which the piece rested while the other aimed it and applied to the breech the movement of lever or wheel which rubbed phosphorus, antimony or other similar substance over a rough surface and thus produced

the sparks which lighted the powder. Later the forked stake was attached to the gun so that it could be drawn down and the arm steadied by the same individual who aimed and fired it. These old matchlocks are rather scarce, yet certain styles may be purchased at prices much lower than one would suppose. They are recognized by their heft, clumsiness, extremely large bore often reaching nearly an inch inside diameter in those intended to discharge one to five bullets at a shot, and in bell muzzle guns, those so named from the wide flaring muzzle intended to scatter a handful of coarse shot over several square yards of surface, the bore began at an inch near the breech and widened to two inches at the muzzle. These arms were useful at very short range when firing into a group and were the fore-runners of the sawed off shot guns so popular among express and prison guards today.

Beginning with the type of fire arms just described, the weapons of the American colonists gradually improved through, smaller and truer bored barrels designed to shoot with more or less accuracy a single heavy bullet. There was also a pronounced reduction in weight. There are almost countless varieties of these arms, most of which resembled those described in Robinson Crusoe so frequently. They averaged about a three-quarter inch bore and were loaded with one or two large bullets when intended for use on man or a single large beast and with half a handful of coarse shot when used as fowling pieces to bag birds and other smaller game. They are quite common and not expensive and with the variety that exists one may add to his collection indefinitely without fear of duplication.

During the inter-colonial wars, the Old French and Indian War and the War for Independence these arms had been still further improved and one now finds them dis-

charged by the spark from flint coming into contact with steel. During past years the inaccurate boring of the barrels had rendered it difficult to hit any but the larger animals or man with one or two balls at a shot beyond a few yards and it became common to load with a half dozen shot corresponding to modern buckshot when it was highly desirable to make sure of an object at seventy-five or one hundred yards. But during the period mentioned in the opening of this paragraph someone discovered that by carefully boring a barrel with the same inside diameter throughout and running two or more small grooves in a parallel course around the inside of the barrel, a bullet that was firmly seated and held by these grooves could be fired to hit small objects at some distance with considerable degree of certainty.

A glance inside the barrel of any present day rifle will explain better than words the idea of the grooved barrel. The bullet turns on its own axis and by overcoming the slight resistance of being forced around the grooves it also attains a greater force and longer range. Since it was then necessary to force the bullet down the barrel from the muzzle some substance possessing the quality of packing sufficiently to be easily driven down without marring the bullet and expansive enough to fill the grooves and hold the lead sphere securely when fired was necessary. A small square of thin, oiled leather was used by the early colonists to whom leather was more common than cloth. We of middle age and older, recall the square of thin cloth used by hunters when loading their "squirrel rifles."

Crude as these arms were, they were a great advance on previous weapons and many an important battle in American history was fought and won by the long barreled flintlock rifle. In fact they did not wholly pass into oblivion as weapons for practical use until the middle of the nineteenth century and several first-formed regiments both North and South went into training in '61 equipped with flintlock muskets because no others were available. As an interesting side fact it may be noted that rifles fired by a flintlock are today preferred by the savages of inland Asia and Africa to those with percussion locks or even breech loaders. They say that no sooner have they paid the enormous price asked for the latter arms by traders and have departed to their far inland homes than their supply of percussion caps and brass cartridges is exhausted and their expensive weapons are useless. The flint locks need very infrequent replenishing and loose powder and ball or lead are procurable almost anywhere. Consequently every trader penetrating the dark continents carries a supply of cheap flint lock arms some of which are newly made and other percussion lock guns transformed into flint locks for this trade.

The soldiers of the Revolutionary War were equipped partially with such firearms both rifles and fowling pieces as they already possessed to which were added a supply of French muskets which Congress was able to purchase in that country. But during the

war and afterward gunsmiths began to set up shops throughout the colonies and from them came hundreds of the long barreled rifles with which the great Mississippi Valley was fought for and won to the Union. Arms were still imported but we are told that the War of 1812 was fought almost exclusively by American backwoodsmen armed with the long rifles of American make.

This rifle which more than any other helped to make American history was of a type distinctively American. Four feet in the barrel and sometimes more, light of stock although the wood portion extended to within an inch of the muzzle, with a weight of ten to fifteen pounds it carried a bullet often no larger than a pea. Such was the steadiness and precision with which the backwoodsmen were able to fire this rifle that a man who could not drive a tack at forty paces or clip the head from a turkey at eighty, was regarded as lacking in the important accomplishment of marksmanship. Shooting matches were a common means of securing amusement and a turkey shoot, that is a contest in marksmanship with turkeys as prizes for the victors, were as common in proportion to the number of people as base ball games are today.

Although the merits of grooved barrels over the smoothbore were universally admitted, Uncle Sam was slow to admit their superiority for army use. The accuracy of the small bore; many a grooved barrel depended greatly on keeping it free from burnt powder and the refuse that collects in the grooves after firing. It was well-nigh impossible to place the ball properly after a few shots unless the barrel was carefully wiped out with a small tuft of tow or cotton. In battle where many consecutive shots must be fired there was no time for the removal of the rapid accumulations of burnt powder, hence the soldiers were armed with large caliber, smooth bores, the type of weapon used by the regulars during the Mexican and Seminole Indian Wars. But whenever volunteers were called out from among the settlers, they invariably appeared equipped with the long barreled, grooved rifle, the Kentucky or "squirrel" rifle of history.

The Civil War witnessed the passing of the flint lock and also of the smooth bore. Early in the war, as soon as factories could be started, grooved barreled muskets with percussion locks were made by the hundred thousand. The muskets were made largely by the factory at Springfield, Mass., and from this fact came to be known as Springfield muskets to distinguish them from muskets made at other places or the few that were imported. The South started a large number of small gun shops but no standard type of arm was made. In some places the old four foot barrel rifles of earlier days were dismantled, the barrels sawed in two and two short carbines made for the use of Southern cavalry. Many of the smaller bore fowling pieces were transformed into large bore carbines. The infantry were equipped largely with the Enfield musket obtained from England in exchange for cotton.

Although the percussion lock remained in use as the standard arm throughout the war, it was never widely used in the west for sporting purposes. The invention of the breech loader and its development into a weapon of real efficiency came during the two latter years of the war and in 1864-65 many northern regiments and a few in the South were armed with breech loading rifles. The great Civil War begun with flint locks, ended with the use of repeating breech loaders. It is said that more than a hundred models of breech loaders were manufactured and used more or less extensively during the war. The Spencer and Henry repeating rifles used by a few northern cavalry and infantry regiments proved so dependable that they fast supplanted the muzzle loader among the western settlers who were in almost constant conflict with the hostile Indian tribes. It was these two makes that so rapidly took the place of the muzzle loaders so that the percussion lock rifle had little to do with the making of history in the great west.

The advent of the breech loader and its sale to hostile Indians by unscrupulous traders rendered it necessary to equip the regular army with some type of breech loader when at the close of the War of the Southern Rebellion, most of the standing army was sent west for the protection of settlers from the attacks of redskins. The old Springfield had possessed so many desirable features that the army was now armed with a breech loading model very similar in appearance to the former muzzle loader. The Civil War musket was of a caliber .58 of an inch. The new breech loading Springfield was of .50 caliber using a center fire metallic cartridge. By this is meant that the powder and ball were held within a shell of brass and fired by the explosion of a primer or percussion cap inserted in the center of the end of the shell. This was an improvement over the cartridges fired by a layer of percussion priming around the inside of the shell, the rim fire so-called, since this substance frequently was not distributed evenly and the hammer would strike on a portion of the shell which had no percussion substance back of it and the result was a failure to explode often at a critical moment.

As early as 1817 E. Remington was making the forerunners, muzzle loading flint locks, of the arms which now bear his name. In 1836 Samuel Colt had invented a breech loading repeating rifle of a crude type and a revolver which was the original of the splendid revolvers and pistols which now bear the name of Colt. The rifle held a revolving cylinder and was a duplicate of the revolver with longer barrel and shoulder stock. Although it was improved it never became popular. The revolver was further developed and by 1861-65 had attained a highly efficient form although still using loose powder and ball loaded into a special cylinder with a tube for a percussion cap leading to each chamber. Officers and cavalymen of the Civil War were armed with these big six shooters which

in a more highly developed form are still the small arms of the American army.

During the terrible decade of Indian fighting from 1866 to 1876 the troops were armed with Springfields while many Indians used the Spencer and Henry and later the Winchester repeaters which they obtained from traders for a heavy price in furs and ponies. By the early eighties the Indians had been sufficiently crushed to render less frequent the battles between them and the soldiers and settlers and for many years the only improvement in the army equipment was the change of the caliber of the Springfields from .50 to .45. During the nineties when Uncle Sam became aware of his deficient armament in army and navy, experiments were made to procure a satisfactory repeating rifle for military purposes and several types were submitted by private factories and tested by use in single regiments at a time. The invention of smokeless powder and the use of it in arms of small caliber caused arms of this kind to be tested. It was at this stage that the outbreak of the war with Spain hastened things and most of the troops of the regular army went into this war armed with the new Krag-Jorgenson repeating rifles using a .30 caliber cartridge with smokeless powder.

While the Krag was the arm of the army, the navy used a different arm, the Lee or Lee Straight Pull as it was called. Experience taught the advisability of adopting the same rifle for all branches of the service and the Krag was so used for several years. About the year 1903 a better arm, one of greater accuracy, power and range was invented by using the German Mauser action on an American barrel and other parts. This rifle was also of .30 caliber though using a more powerful cartridge and in order to keep alive the old name it is called the New Springfield. It is a five shot repeater of great range and with his armies equipped with it, Uncle Sam need not take a back seat for any nation in the world. Doubtless the next step will be the automatic or self loading rifle as that type of pistol is already taking the place of the old six shooter but as yet no satisfactory model has been devised. So we complete the list of arms that have helped make American history.

HOW THE BIRDS HELP THE FARMER.

Labor saving inventions are the order of the day, and farmers spend large sums of money in procuring instruments to help in their work, but many of them ignore or destroy their most valuable assistants. Those who have made a study of the subject tell us that without the birds no farming could be carried on. Every year one-tenth of all the products of agriculture is destroyed by insects. It is said that there are over 100,000 kinds of insects in the United States, the majority of which are injurious, and that one insect-eating bird destroys 2,400 insects in a

year. Many believe that if the birds had been allowed to multiply instead of being destroyed, there would now be no necessity to spend thousands of dollars every year for insect poisons.

Mr. Frank M. Chapman says that "the economic value of birds to man lies in the service they render in preventing the undue increase of insects, in devouring small rodents, in destroying seeds of harmful plants and in acting as scavengers. Leading entomologists estimate that insects cause an annual loss of eight to nine hundred million dollars to the agricultural interests of the United States. If we were deprived of the services of birds the earth would soon become uninhabitable."

The farmer who sees birds eating his cherries may not consider the crops they save by destroying insects, nor remember that it is not in the summer only, but in the winter also, that birds are working for him.

The chickadee, nuthatch, woodpecker and other birds are searching in the tree trunks and along the fences for the eggs and buried larvae of insects, which would, if not disturbed, hatch out millions of flying and crawling creatures that would destroy the garden, orchard, and field.

Some farmers are beginning to appreciate the value of birds as insect destroyers and understand the necessity for active measures to insure their protection.

The Department of Agriculture realizing the importance of accurate knowledge in this direction, has made examination of the stomachs of forty different kinds of birds to see what food they contained. These examinations were made from a collection of 26,000 stomachs.

It has been found that the following birds are especially good friends to the farmer, who should protect them in every possible way: Phoebe, kingbird, catbird, swallow, brown thrasher, rose-breasted grosbeak, house wren, vireos, cuckoo, oriole, the various native sparrows, warblers, shore lark, loggerhead shrike and meadow lark. The crow, crow blackbird, and cedar bird do more good than harm. The redhead and sapsucker woodpeckers may be injurious or beneficial according to circumstances, but all the rest of the woodpeckers are very helpful.

Only three kinds of hawks seem to be guilty of the charges made against them, the goshawk, Coopers, and the sharp-shinned, while all the rest are very helpful to the farmer and fruit grower.

The Bluebird is a good friend, destroying harmful insects and wild fruit can be planted to encourage his presence.

The Robin is found to eat but little cultivated fruit, less than 5%. Nearly half of his food consists of wasps, ants, spiders, grass-hoppers, caterpillars, etc. He also destroys the March fly larvae which injures the grass in the hay fields.

The Chickadee will in one day destroy 5,550 eggs of the canker worm moth, and farms where this bird is encouraged to spend the winter are remarkably free from these pests.

The Butcher Bird and Loggerhead Shrike destroy grass-hoppers, mice, etc.

The House Wren and Butcher Bird do great good in destroying caterpillars, bugs, crickets, spiders, grasshoppers, locusts, web-worms, injurious beetles, etc., etc.

Mr. Judd suggests that the crops of cherries and strawberries be protected by "planting the prolific Russian mulberry, which if planted in hen yards and pig runs, will afford excellent food for the hens and pigs, besides attracting the birds away from more valuable fruit."

The Vireos help the farmer by destroying harmful insects.

Cedar Bird. More than one-half of its food consists of wild fruit and one-eighth of insects which are among the worst pests of the country, especially the elm leaf beetle.

Swallows not only are the greatest fly catchers, but also destroy flying ants, beetles and weevils.

The Rose Breasted Grosbeak is fond of potato beetles, and is especially helpful to the farmer.

The Meadow Lark has been said to eat clover-seed but that seems to be a mistake, for 99 per cent of his food at clover time was found to be insects, mostly grasshoppers. It is estimated that the value of the grass crop saved by meadow larks in a township of 36 square miles each month during the grasshopper season is about \$356.40. He also destroys other insects, among them some of the most injurious beetles.

The Red Winged Blackbird is also a friend, destroying quantities of caterpillars, grasshoppers, and weevils, and even when in the cornfields more than pays for the corn eaten by destroying the worms in the husks.

In winter it destroys seeds of rag-weed, fox-tail grass, and bird weed.

The Crow Blackbird destroys the rose bug, curculio, May beetle, grasshopper, cricket and locust. The birds follow the plow and feed on grubs. It is only when in rare instances these birds descend upon a field in hundreds of thousands that they may do much injury.

The Crow is said to feed on the sprouting corn and corn in the milk, on cultivated fruit, and the eggs and young of poultry and wild birds.

The Bluejay has been accused, like the crow, of eating corn and young birds and eggs, but it has been found that he prefers mast, seeds of trees such as acorns, etc., and 22 per cent. of his food consists of grasshoppers, caterpillars, etc., so that he does more good than harm.

The Horned Lark, or Shore Lark does great good by eating weed seed and but little damage to grain crops.

The Yellow Bellied Fly Catcher Wood Pewee, and Bull-Bat are all helpful to the farmer by their destruction of harmful insects.

The Flicker has been wrongfully accused of eating corn. Nearly half its food consists of grasshoppers, and Professor Beal says that this bird, also the hairy and downy woodpeckers should be protected and encouraged.

The Red-Headed Woodpecker eats more

grasshoppers than any other woodpecker, also eats June bugs, weevils, etc.

Hawks and Owls. These are among the best friends of the farmer.

The Marsh Hawk is one of the most useful. It has a white rump and flies low over the meadows, it lives on meadow mice, etc.

Red-Tailed Hawk, Hen Hawk. The birds do not deserve this name, 66 per cent of its food consists of injurious mammals.

The Long Eared Owl destroys mice and disturbs but few birds and is said to do much good.

Barred Owl. Only 4½% of its food consists of poultry and game and it could do much less harm if chickens were shut up at night. Its food is mostly made up of injurious insects and mammals. They love chickens as well as we do.

The Screech Owl destroys both insects, mice and rats.

Birds of prey require a great quantity of food and about two-thirds of them are on the whole beneficial. An Alabamian since 01, Montgomery County.

PIGEONS AND MORE PIGEONS.

This is another hunt my pal and I had the following Sunday after the pigeon hunt I described in July issue of H-T-T.

We left home equally armed with double barrel shot guns for another pigeon hunt. As my pal, like myself, is fond of sport we always made every spare minute count practicing as we were anxious to shoot well.

Crossing the large grain fields we headed for some dead pine timber that had been killed by the recent fires. I had noticed during the week the pigeons were making them a place to set and rest after they had eaten enough to satisfy their appetites.

A few minutes walk through the hot rays of the summer sun brought us to our destination. Seeing that our guns were loaded, we parted, one of us taking a stand to the right of the trees while the other took the left. Seeing that we were well concealed behind some brush, we awaited patiently, first looking up in the trees, then around us with the expectation of seeing them making for their place of rest.

Feeling a little sleepy as the heat was intense and nothing yet to stir my curiosity, in spite of myself, went to sleep. Suddenly my happy dreams were disturbed by two shots in quick succession. Jumping up to my feet I had the pleasure of seeing two or more hit the ground as the remainder of the band flew away. My pal at seeing me gave me the laugh and said, "You would make a fine night watch." But nevertheless I afterwards managed to keep awake. It was some time before any more pigeons returned.

Presently they came again, one, two and three until the trees were full again always departing from some of their dear ones as we would bag them. As I was watching for more to come I sighted one lone bird coming towards me. When in range I let him have both barrels, hitting him square. He started

on an upward flight until nearly out of sight when he clasped his wings to his sides and started dropping. He was dead when I picked him up and more than likely was dead before he struck the ground.

As shooting was getting a little slow here we decided to go over on the adjoining ranch owned by a Dutchman (Chris Walters) where the pigeons liked to feed. Taking a close scrutiny of our surroundings we decided to part, one leaving for the north end of the field while the other stayed in the south end. Just getting myself nicely hidden, I could see the pigeons flying around and when they saw the coast was clear they began feeding among the shocks of grain. Watching them for some time, I began to get a little uneasy and started to crawl to try and get a shot at two pigeons which were taking things easy in an old oak tree. I had only gotten about half way to the tree when my pal began shooting and of course spoiled my intentions. But things soon came my way. His shooting drove the pigeons my way. Kneeling behind a shock of grain I waited and when in good range I let her fly both barrels. Four fell dead. Looking up I saw my pal coming toward me. Not knowing his wants I waited. He stated as he was watching for pigeons he was also scanning the hills and in so doing he saw the pigeons making for the pines and thinking there was a chance to get some good pot shooting he came to tell me. I picked up my birds that I had shot and we debated for some time trying to find a way to fool them. Finally the idea came to us. We decided that one of us would manage to keep out of sight of them and in so doing make a wide circle and come up from behind them. I stayed and watched from behind an oak. He was gone fully twenty minutes when I heard him shooting. Pigeons could be seen flying in all directions in a confused manner, but they soon got their senses together and began looking for a place to light.

Nearer and nearer they came toward me. When in good range I cocked both barrels and let them have it. Six fell dead as the remainder of the band flew away over the tree tops.

My pal could be seen coming with both hands full of pigeons and carrying his gun under his arm. Counting our birds we found we had forty. As it was getting late in the day and the pigeons had mostly made for their roosts down in the canyon along the American River, we decided to call our hunt to a close.

We shouldered our game and started. A few minutes found us home and seated to a good dinner. After eating dinner I made for a shady place to take a rest and my chum did the same.

This year the State passed a law on pigeons protecting them for five years. I am glad to hear it even if I am a pigeon hunter. Pigeons are getting scarcer each year and something must be done or they will be a thing of the past like the passenger pigeon.

F. H. Lattimore, Eldorado Co., Cal.

A HUNTING TRIP IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN

By TRAPPER RED

WILL tell you of a hunting trip my brother Ben, a friend of ours and I took in November, 1913.

We got our outfit ready in the summer, which consisted of 1 tent, 7x9, 1 take-down four-hole camp stove, about 6 dozen Victor traps, plenty of grub, bed clothes and 6 guns, consisting of 1 .351 Automatic, 1 .38-55 Marlin, 1 12-gauge Remington Pump, 1 Stevens 12-gauge double-barrel hammerless, 1 .22 Winchester repeating and 1 .22 Iver Johnson revolver. But we found we had more guns than we really needed.

As the trapping season on muskrats opened October 15 last year and mink November 15, made it bad, for you all know when we set a trap in a feeding place or a playground of a muskrat you are just as liable to catch a mink as a rat; then you are up against it. If he is alive you can let him out, but if he is drowned you must either throw him away or run a big risk and keep him. I think this law should be changed—say mink changed back to November 1 and rats ahead to November 1.

Now, to get back to my story: On November 1 we boarded the train for Winter, Wisconsin, where we arrived at five o'clock that evening and went to the hotel that night.

Next morning we were to locate a place to hunt and trap, so we walked about twelve miles that day to a lake called Barber Lake. There we found some muskrat signs but not enough to speak of, but there were plenty of deer signs. On our way back we saw two deer that were leaping across an opening. I think if it had been in open season and I had my .351 they would either have stopped or ran faster. We also passed beaver dams and saw their work which we had never seen before.

We returned that night to Winter tired and hungry, and after supper were glad to hit the bed.

The next morning we decided to go out to a small lake called Deer Lake, which was about twenty miles from Winter. We were to follow a logging spur which ran within two miles of the lake.

On our way out we saw a few deer signs and also some deer. We crossed several creeks and rivers, but what we were looking for (good trapping) was not to be seen. We reached the lake about five o'clock in the evening. It looked quite wild for all the timber was yet standing around the lake for many miles. This certainly was a fine country for deer and I suppose that is why they called it Deer Lake. But for trapping I would call it Slim Lake, for I guess the Indians have finished trapping in this country.

Well, the sun was already out of sight and it soon was getting dark. Now, where will the boys sleep tonight? No hotels out here—not even a camp close by, so we built a shelter of poles and hemlock boughs and put boughs on the ground to sleep on. We built it with three walls and built a big fire at the open side for it proved to be a clear, cold night. Brother Ben and Bill built the fire while I cleaned two partridges which we roasted over the fire for supper. Well, these partridges did not taste like the ones that are roasted in the oven at home, but went good with bread and butter as we were hungry.

After supper was over we sat down around the fire making plans for the next day. Then we were ready to sleep, but we did not sleep very much as it kept us quite busy keeping the fire going. As soon as the daylight peeped in between the tall hemlock we were up and had our breakfast and were soon hitting the trail for Winter.

On our way back we stopped in a camp and got a lunch and were soon on the ties again. We examined the creeks and rivers and decided that Thornapple looked best to us, although that was nothing extra. We arrived in Winter about three o'clock and were quite tired after the walk. We decided to try trapping on Thornapple, so we hired an Indian to take us out there.

The next morning we were on our way to Thornapple, which was about twelve miles from town. We reached our camping grounds about two o'clock and this sure was a nice place, there being a set of old logging camps here.

As soon as we arrived I started to make our dinner and the other boys unloaded the stuff from the wagon while the Indian was looking over the old camps. He said if he was to stay here he would not pitch a tent, but would move into one of the old camps. I soon had dinner ready which consisted of fried pork, fried onions, bread, butter, honey, cookies and hot coffee. This was the first meal I made in this country.

After dinner we moved into the camp. This building was about twenty feet square which certainly made plenty room for three men.

Well, after we got everything fixed up we went out to set a few traps, but I did not set very many traps that day. I went back to camp as I was not feeling very well. I had caught a bad cold from sleeping out one night. When the other boys came in I had supper ready. They saw but few mink and muskrat signs, but brother had found three carcasses of deer, which the wolves had killed. And when we got back that night we also saw we had neighbors. There were two

boys who had located in another building close to us.

After supper we went over to visit our neighbors. We spent the evening telling stories and one thing and another. These boys also intended to do some trapping until deer season opened.

The next morning, after a good night's rest, we were out with our traps again. About noon it started to rain so we went back to camp and did not set many traps that day either. It rained the rest of the day and almost all night. The next day it turned colder and that night the river froze over solid enough to walk across.

We were now only waiting for the eleventh day of November, which was the first day of deer season. And at last the day arrived which was clear and cold. Now, we had decided to hunt together with our neighbors, Clarence and Rollo. We were to take stations along the river each by a good runway. I took the first station, Rollo the second, Clarence third, brother fourth and Bill the fifth. The air was so cold that we could hear the gun for a long distance—and there was sure some shooting done all around us, but no deer to be seen.

I got tired and cold from standing still, so I walked up the river where the other boys were. From there we were to make a drive toward a spruce swamp. On this drive Clarence had the luck, getting a standing shot at a doe about four rods away. She dropped with the first shot, but got up again and ran. He put two more .30-30 bullets in her which finished her running. After we got her dressed and hung up we made a drive from there to camp, but we failed to see any more deer that day.

The second day we were out bright and early and hunted all day, but did not see any deer. We also failed the third day to see any deer. On the fourth day we made the same drive as we did the first day and Willie got two running shots at a fawn but missed it. We went back to camp for dinner and after dinner went across the river to a large tamarack swamp.

Here we were to make a drive from a logging road and go east to the river. Willie was to go next to the swamp, brother next, Rollo third and Clarence and I farther up the road. We had not more than got started when we heard five shots and we could tell it was brother's buckshot gun and I was sure there was something doing. Yes, it was a fine buck. He got out of brother's sight and ran up to Rollo and stopped about two rods from him and he finished it with his .25-20. But by the way he was hit with the buckshot I do not think he would have gone much farther. There were two shots through his lungs, one through his liver, one hind leg broken and I am sure there were a dozen others here and there. I think he was close to dead when Rollo shot. Now, brother hunters, to whom do you think this deer belonged—to the one who wounded it or to the one who finished it? I think the one who wounded it was entitled to it. Well, we took

his entrails out, hung him up and continued our hunt.

After walking about 80 rods from where the buck was killed I caught a glimpse of a deer which certainly was hitting the high spots through the brush. I shot twice at him and he was out of sight. All I could find was a bunch of white hair, so the bullet must have come close to him. After a few minutes' walk I heard three shots to the right. When I got there, sure enough, it was Willie boy, who had killed a small fawn. By the time we got his entrails out it was time to go to camp. Now there were only two deer lacking—brother's and mine.

Well, on the fifth day we decided to hunt south of camp where there was tall timber, mostly hemlock. Now we strayed off to ourselves. I saw plenty of signs but no deer. About noon I heard seven shots to the right of me about a half mile away. I walked out there and found Willie had wounded a buck. We could trail him by blood for about twenty rods when the blood stopped and there was no snow on to track so we were up against it. We signalled for the boys and they answered us and were there soon.

Now we decided to make a long circle all around the place where he had wounded the buck. While making this circle, brother got his deer, a pretty little fawn. Well, we finished the circle and did not find that buck so we gave him up and went to camp.

On the sixth day we were out again to get that last deer. This day we all saw deer and some got a few shots but failed to get the deer. The seventh day was a bad day as it was wet and foggy and a man could not see far on account of the fog.

While going through some thick brush that day I saw something ahead of me which looked like the side of a deer, but it was white. I stood a moment looking at it to see if I could see it move. Brother was about five rods away from me and he saw it plain but it was too far for buckshot, and he said to me, "Don't you see the deer?" Just then the deer was out of sight. If brother had been close enough I believe I would have pulled his hair even if he is larger than I and I also had a notion to clear an acre of land with my automatic in the direction the deer ran. This is the first white deer I ever saw and I presume it will be the last. I could just as well have had that deer but that is the way it goes when a man is careful. But, of course, I would rather lose a deer than to shoot a man.

We hunted a few more days but it seemed impossible to get that last deer, and as the weather was so foggy and rainy we were afraid the deer we did have would spoil so we left for home the next day after pulling up our traps and hiring a team to take us back to Winter. And the next day we were off for home.

Well, we did not get rich on trapping nor did we grow fat on venison, but we certainly had a good time and we expect to try it over again next fall. I suppose my deer will be fat by that time.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING IN ILLINOIS.

My catch from November 20, 1913, to March, 1914, was 80 muskrats, 10 skunks, 1 mink, 8 opossums, 7 house cats, 3 brown weasel. I sold the bunch of fur for \$50. I send my furs to a fur house in St. Louis, where I have been sending it for eight years past and have always received good returns. Some trappers say they do not get good returns from their furs and say the fur companies cheat them. Now, the trouble is, early caught furs. Say I send a fine mink skin and receive \$8 for it and another fellow will send a poor, early caught mink that was caught in the early fall, say September. Now, this fellow will only get about \$2 for the mink and he will say the fur company cheated him.

The game and fish are scarce around this country. The fellows around here seine and catch all the good fish. I never hear of a game warden catching any of these fellows who seine and a good many have fish traps set and catch a good many fish.

I have for guns a Model 1890 rifle and a 10-gauge Ithaca shotgun. I use the Jump trap No. 91, double jaw, and the Newhouse No. 91½ double jaw traps.

I like the letter Mr. R. J. Miller wrote in the March number. He advises the use of small traps. I will agree with him. I do not like too large a trap. I wish some trapper would give a good bait and a set for raccoon. There are a couple of coons that travel along a stream of water where I trap. I cannot find where they go in the water. They travel about nine feet from the water along in the sand and mud. I have made a good many sets and used a good many different baits, but have no luck catching coon. I have a young pet coon. He is tame and playful.

I think we should have a law to protect coon in this country, for we will soon have none. The fellows around here catch them early in the fall before the fur is prime. They catch them to eat and for sport.

How many of you trappers have used cracklings for bait for skunk? It is a good bait and they sure do like it.

Ralph McCormack, Livingston Co., Ill.

GUNS AND TRAPS.

I agree with Brother G. M. Burroughs in regard to guns. I think if we all used the single shot rifle there would be very few accidents in hunting and we would get as much game as we do with the automatic or magazine gun. I speak from experience as I have been shooting for the past forty-five years.

After I started to hunt I bought the first breech-loading gun that I ever saw. That was in 1869. It was a Ballard rifle, 44-inch rim fire. I used that gun for about four years, then I got an Allan and Wheelock rifle, Allan's Patent, .44 rim fire. I used that eight years and I always brought down

my game with those two guns as well as I ever have since.

I have since used a repeating rifle all the time and have always used the .44 caliber. I am stuck on that caliber and have shot with it 28 bear, a good many foxes, rabbits, partridges, muskrat, mink and weasels and never found any of them torn to pieces. I always used black powder and a lead ball—no steel jacket for yours truly, nor smokeless powder, either. If a man hunting has a single shot rifle he will know what he is shooting at before he shoots and he won't be losing his best by shooting at anything he sees moving in the bushes.

A friend of mine shot two sable and three foxes with his .30-30 carbine, smokeless powder and metal patched bullets, and there were none of them worth skinning and they were all prime! Do you readers think that is the gun to carry on the trap line? I have killed many foxes on the trap line and there were only two bullet holes in the hide which, when sewed up and turned, you would not know but what they had been caught in the trap.

I am a firm believer in what R. S. Spears says about something in regard to the single spring Jump traps, either number 2 or 3. My partner and I had about 100 of them in 1912 for fox trapping and we lost a good many foxes. There are two defects in those traps. First, the jaws of the trap are made in such shape that when they come together at the end of the spring they are so close that if a stick, stone or a piece of dirt the size of a lead pencil got between the jaws, it would hold the jaws far enough apart to let a fox pull his foot out. Secondly, the piece that holds the jaws, the end from the spring, is bent in so far that the treadle drops down but the jaws don't start. We lost a good many foxes through this second defect. Either of these defects could be remedied when the traps are made.

I use the Jump trap altogether, the double spring No. 2 or 3 for foxes. I live up here in the northern part of New York State, 50 miles from the Canadian line.

We have for game black bear, deer, partridge (scarce), rabbits by the million. For fur we have otter (scarce), beaver (protected), mink (scarce), foxes, coon, skunk, muskrats and weasels, all fairly plentiful, and a very few ducks.

I shall try to send a photograph of part of my winter's catch of foxes. I have already sold some.

I wish to say in regard to Mr. Wm. Ham's article in the May issue of the H-T-T, on page 38, that I cannot agree with him in regard to the size of the pan on a trap. Now, for trapping the fox, which is my favorite animal to trap, I like the pan of the trap very large as I have lost a good many foxes that I would have saved had the pan on the trap been larger. I lost three last winter, as they would step on the trap but not hit the pan. I noticed in his illustration that he shows the animal's foot going crosswise the trap. Now, I never set a trap for anything so the animal steps on it crosswise. Every

trap is set so that the animal will have to step on the trap lengthwise and there is no danger of the jaws throwing his foot out.

When I first began trapping bear I lost a bear by setting the trap so that the bear had to step on one jaw to spring the trap and the jaw of the trap threw his foot out. I got wise to that set quickly.

My catch last winter from November 20 till February 20 was 13 red foxes, 2 cross foxes, 2 mink, 12 weasels and 9 muskrats. We cannot trap rats here after November 15 as everything is frozen up. About all there is here to trap in winter is the fox and weasel.

R. L. Hayes, Essex Co., N. Y.



"THE WAY I GET THEM TO CAMP."

ONE SEASON'S CATCH OF FURS WAS 20 BEAVER,
118 MUSKRAT, 29 WEASEL, 16 SKUNK, 3
MINK, 1 BEAR AND A FEW WILD CATS.

HERBERT PETERSON, MARQUETTE
COUNTY, MICH.

AMERICAN CRANES THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION.

Other Valuable Game Birds of Same Family
Need Legislative Protection. 3,000 of
One Species Shot in Single Day On
a Small Marsh.

The white crane, one of the most striking of North American birds, once seen in great numbers on our prairies, is now almost extinct. Those individuals of a smaller species, the sandhill crane, which nest in Florida, also seem doomed. Owing to their harmless habits, economic worth, and the danger to which they are subject, the U. S. Department

of Agriculture's biologist thinks that all cranes should be carefully protected. Other members of the same family also are in need of protective state legislation; otherwise they will soon be creatures of the past, like the white crane.

The Carolina rail, or sora, a bird allied to the crane, has existed until recently in great numbers in the marshes of the Atlantic States. It is so highly prized as a table delicacy that it is slaughtered in great numbers. As many as 3,000 have been shot in a single day on a marsh of 500 acres. It is absolutely harmless, breeds only in places not suited for agricultural purposes, and if given a fair chance will survive as a game bird long after many others have been compelled to give way before the advance of agriculture. Immediate steps should be taken by the States to decrease the bag limit for the sora.

The rails are marsh or meadow-breeding birds, and differ from the cranes in appearance and habits, although they belong to the same family. There are valuable rails besides the sora, some of which can probably maintain their numbers in spite of persecution, since they are secretive and spend most of their time well concealed in rank swamp vegetation. Rails breeding in salt marshes, however, need more effective protection, although they are not in as much danger as is the sora. The department's biologist thinks that they should be allowed to breed in peace, and that the robbing of their nests, particularly of clapper rails, should be prohibited.

The coot is a member of the rail family and has a wide range over the United States. Although it is much despised by many hunters who class it with the crow as a food bird, nevertheless, under some conditions, it is a delicacy. After this bird has been fattened on wild rice, which is the best of all duck foods, it appeals much more to the taste than when it has fed for many weeks on the animal life of the salt water marshes.

There are 21 kinds of rails and their cousins the cranes, coots and gallinules in the United States. Some are migratory and some are not. Much misunderstanding has arisen in regard to the powers of flight of certain of these birds. The sora's flight is so slow and labored that the bird seems unable to fly long distances, and some writers have even supposed that it performed its migration on foot. As a matter of fact, the sora often travels not less than 2,500 miles and sometimes as much as 3,000. Great numbers of them made the hundred-mile flight between Florida and Cuba, and there is every reason to believe that some easily cover the 500-mile passage from Florida to Yucatan.

Precise information as to the ranges of the North American cranes, rails and others of this family is given in a new bulletin of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. This is a professional paper, and is hardly of general interest. However, it furnishes data that should be valuable as a basis for protective legislation in the respective states where these valuable game birds are found.

AN OPOSSUM HUNT IN COLORADO COUNTY, TEXAS.

It was one night in December, 1913, when Henry and Ed Bahner, Albert and Mr. Goodman, Robert Insall, my brothers Otto and Henry, and myself went opossum hunting. Albert Goodman has three good dogs, Buster, Tannie and Tiger, but Tannie is the best coon dog. She hunts opossum all right, but Buster and Tiger are good on opossum and not much for coon, but will join Tannie if she finds a coon track.

To get back to the opossum hunt, we went about a mile north into the woods called Insall Ranch. It did not take long till Tannie opened up on a hot trail; neither did it take long until she had it treed. It was on a big tree that stood in the Gar Lake. She treed on a grape vine that went up on the tree, but we could not shine her but from one side of the tree, so we had to go on. It was not long until she found another trail and in less than five minutes had it in a tree. We shined for about fifteen minutes and not finding anything we put fire to the moss that was hanging from the tree. The moss burned off, but no opossum nor coon, so we went on. The dogs had an armadillo in a hole but we did not take time to get it out. We called the dogs and went on to the river and sat down. The dogs soon began to bark, but we thought it was a cool track; but they barked about five minutes so some of the boys went there and they said they had an opossum on a little tree, so we took him off, tied his feet and mouth so we could take it home as Robert Insall wanted to show it to his little sister.

In a short time the dogs treed another one on a large tree and as it was too large to climb we shot him off and followed a road, when all at once Albert stopped and shot an opossum off a small tree hanging over the road. By the time we skinned it the dogs had treed again. We went to them and it was in Bittner's pasture. When we got there we saw the opossum walking around on a limb so Robert shot him with his pistol, but it did not fall. We tried to climb the tree but could not, so we shot him off with the shotgun.

We then started over to the Colorado River and near there the dogs treed another opossum. We shined him for half an hour and could not find him, so we built a large fire and still could not find him. Albert climbed the tree and found him as high in the top of the tree as he could get. He threw him off the tree and it ran into the fire and still he was not dead. He started to run off but one of the dogs caught him and killed him. Then they treed another one and we killed it.

We went down the river a little ways and the dogs treed one on a tree that had many grape vines on it, so we laid down and let Albert shine him. All at once he shot and the opossum came down. He did not tell us he was going to shoot and the dogs grabbed it and tore it up. We rested for a while, then

went on down the river, and the dogs treed one on a tree that had no limbs, so Albert shot but he did not kill him. My brother, Henry, climbed the tree and tried to shake the opossum off. Albert must have hit the opossum for the blood came down on Henry. We all laughed at him for it did not take him long till he got down and hit the opossum so hard that he came crawling down and we caught him and killed him.

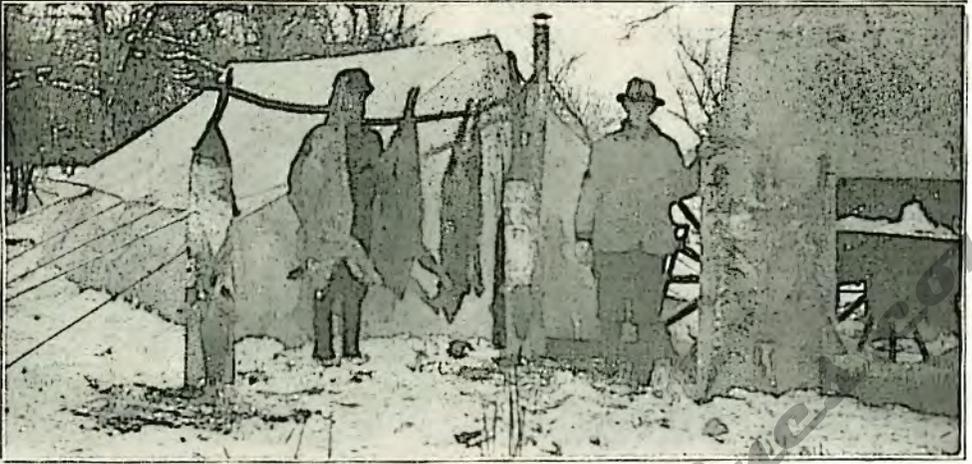
We then started for home but the dogs treed another one. Albert shot him but he did not fall off so he went up the tree and threw him down. We started on and Buster treed another one on a grape vine that was hanging from a tree. We got him, then Tannie treed another one. Albert said it was a coon or a large opossum, but we found it to be an opossum, the largest one we caught that night.

Albert gave us four opossums and he took the rest. When we crossed the hill our dogs found another one on the ground. We killed it and went home, making 12 opossums for one night. It was 3 a. m. when we reached home.

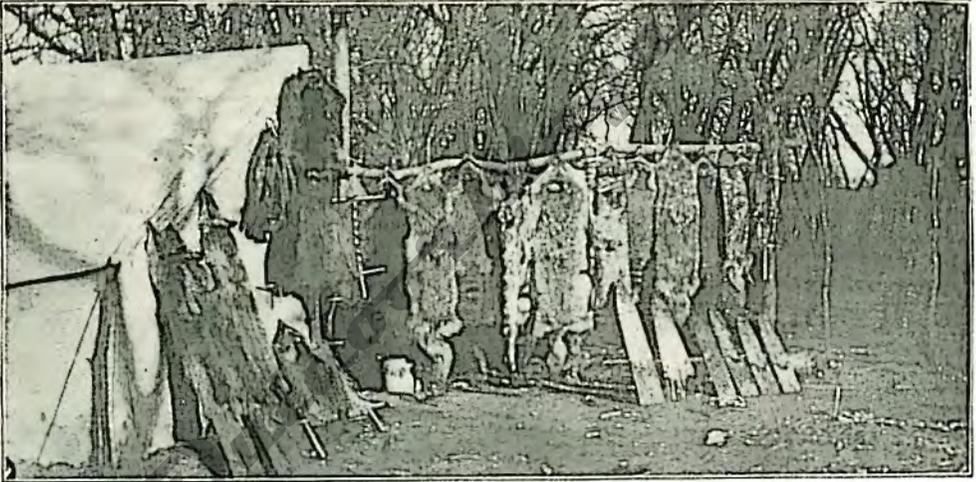
Frank Berger, Colorado Co., Texas.



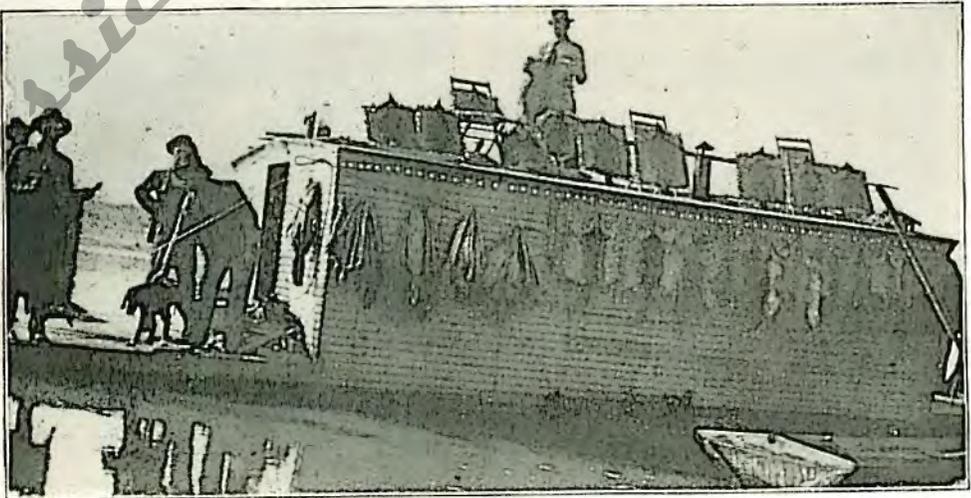
MRS. O. L. MARKHAM WITH MEDIUM SIZED MOUNTAIN GOAT KILLED NEAR THE SUMMIT OF MT. WROTTESELEY, B. C., APPROXIMATE ELEVATION 5,500 FEET.



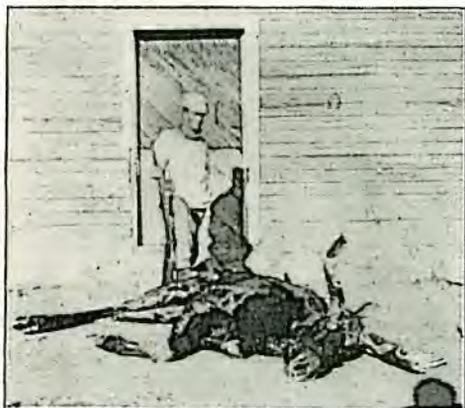
L. D. RIDER AND PARTNER CASE IN CAMP, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS.



A TWO WEEKS' CATCH BY RIDER AND CASE.



L. D. RIDER'S HOUSE BOAT ON RED RIVER.



FRED PURDY AND MOOSE KILLED LAST DECEMBER,
NEAR DAUPHIN LAKE, MANITOBA, CANADA.

THAT EARLY TRAPPING HABIT.

By J. I. McCULLOUGH.

It will not be long until some will take down those old bunches of rusty traps that have done quite a lot of damage in the past. Yes, that same old bunch of traps that has caught so much unprime fur. What a great pity it is to catch fur when it would be worth double the amount if left a month or more longer.

Boys, do you want to bring on laws that will stop trapping altogether? I am afraid this early trapping will do it. You all well know that game is getting scarcer every year. Don't get the fever just because you happened to see a few maple leaves trickling down through the underbrush. Don't get the fever just because you got a big price list in September quoting prices they will never pay. And don't disturb that bunch of rusty traps that is hanging in the old shed just because it looks like Indian Summer. Work away on your farm or whatever your trade may be.

It's a shame what money is lost every year by this early trapping habit. You are the loser every time. You may feel proud to see such a big bunch of hides hanging to the wall of your shanty.

I remember several years ago I had a nice bunch of fur, or in other words I thought it was nice. But when I got my returns I was right up for calling this fur house all kinds of names, but as I grow older I get just a little bit wiser.

Yes, this early trapping is causing lots of trouble. And when you go out to buy fur and pelts, don't you think it takes just a little more time to put a price on an unprime bunch of fur than it does on a prime bunch? A prime bunch is never hard to buy or sell. But that early caught truck—why, there is but very little profit in it for anyone.

The farmer doesn't cut his wheat until it is prime, nor does he cut his oats or his corn

until they are prime. And there are very few people who like to smoke a green cigar. For what reason? Why, it was not prime.

If the good old H-T-T had all the money that is lost every year by this early trapping habit it could give us a magazine as big as some of the early price lists and as thick as some of the cheap plug tobacco.

But some will say that so-and-so is trapping and if he doesn't get his traps out there will be nothing left. What a pity some people have so little judgment. Why, I have seen muskrats caught in October and was not larger than a house rat and its fur had but very little value, but if left until later on it would have paid for a good Newhouse trap. I would surely feel sad to walk over what used to be our old trapping grounds and never see a sign of a living creature. It will come to this sooner or later and the sooner you cut out this early trapping the better, for it does not pay.

It surely is unpleasant to start out with a nice bunch of good traps and when you feel fur is all O. K. and the first thing when arriving at your old trapping grounds you discover some old boot tracks in the mud and you soon discover an old broken off stake. Yes, it is plain enough now; some early trapper had been there several weeks before and cleaned up everything. This is surely discouraging to the man who believes in prime fur. But I think the time is coming when this early trapping is done away with, as surely it doesn't pay and as the fur gets scarcer each year the early trapper will find out that he is the cause of it all.

Boys, let us pull together and quit throwing good fur money away every season. This early trapping is the next thing to stealing. Will close by giving a small verse of poetry:

I caught 400 muskrats along in the early fall,
And I shipped them all to Johnston Bawl.
I got my returns in about a week;
I looked at my check and says, "I am beat."
For some of the rats I got 2 cents each,
And for some I got nothing at all;
So I never cared to trap after that,
Especially in the early fall.



TWO BEAUTIES KILLED NEAR LAONA, WIS. FROM
LEFT TO RIGHT: EDDIE, JOE AND
LEO BRADLE.

HUNTING THE BLACK BEAR IN THE WEST

Canyon Co., Idaho.

DEAR BROTHER TOM:

IMUST tell you about our bear hunt from start to finish. The first day I went out, the 9th of April, I killed 3 bear—an old monster of a she-bear and 2 yearlings—at 4 shots with the .32 Special. It is a dandy gun. I sold it for \$12. The bears were only 100 yards from their den when I found them. I was about 125 yards from them, just across a canyon and southwest of where I left you and Blacky the first day we went out in the first canyon. She had her den in a bunch of chaparral and brush. She had the mange on her head, not a hair clear up above her eyes, but the rest of her hide was sure fine, and the yearlings were fine.

There were two old grizzlies that came in together. I went to one trap and they never touched an apple, but dug out the toggle and trap and went on. Their hind feet were 11 inches and front feet 7 inches across. The trap was up where you had it set last spring in that park east of camp. If I am here next spring I bet I will fool them from then on. I never saw the like. Seven head of bear came to the traps and wouldn't eat an apple. I got tired of it, so Dave and I took a job fencing 80 acres for that man Macomb, which took us 10 days.

The 17th of May an old he monster of a brown bear came to the same trap that the grizzlies had come to and stepped in clear above his heel. He ran down through that park for 100 yards with a toggle 12 feet long, and 8 inches at the butt and had not been trimmed. It was a green tree and weighed all of 100 pounds, and the first tree he came to he went up it 60 or 75 feet high and stayed there all night and all the next day and came down Tuesday morning. Dave and I caught up with him about a mile and a half from there over in that basin where I left you and Blacky the day he shot the old she bear. Dave shot three times at him and never got a hair. I shot five and hit four times with my .22 H. P. He was about 200 yards.

Now, I will tell you about the best part of our hunt. Dave and I went to the traps the 20th and found nothing in them, so we sat down and talked for about 20 minutes in those high parks above where I left you and Blacky the first day we went out. It was 11 o'clock and it got cool and hazy and I told Dave we might see a bear out feeding yet, so we got up and went 150 yards and as I looked up I saw a big black bear feeding about 300 yards, so we made a sneak to get to a big pine that was in about 100 yards of it and out walked two more bear, both looked to be two years old, all black. We got to the tree all right, so I told Dave to kill the small

ones and I would kill the old one. I cut loose and the old bear fell at the crack of the gun, fought the air and got up again and here she came at the rate of 40 miles an hour. I told Dave to look out. She came down within about 30 yards and Dave shot at her and missed, so I shot her square in the front of the shoulder. She just snapped at it and kept on coming straight at me with her ears back, mouth open. As she got within 20 steps I shot her square between the eyes. I tell you she surely meant business and she looked pretty bad coming down through that open park. I shot at her just as she got up and over-shot. But poor old Dave, I had to laugh, for he forgot to shoot. He only shot once at the small bear while I shot the old one. Then I got two shots in on one of the other ones but missed. I asked him why he didn't shoot. He said all he thought of was to look at those bear. He is a great bear hunter. He ought to have gotten both of the small ones. One went north and the other south. We could see the chaparral shake as they ran away after we were finished shooting. I hit the old one just under the heart the first shot.

Oh, yes, I shot a fine big bear April 11th. A fine black. Had one of my fool spells and shot at it 300 yards when I could have gotten within 100 yards. I shot it through one front leg and it fell, rolled 10 feet and got up and went into the brush, but I guess I did very well to get five of them.

Your brother, Jim Gill.

Mesa County, Colo.

DEAR BROTHER TOM:

Want to tell you about the bear hunt. We left here the 13th of April, 1914, and went up in Williams' basin and camped. We pulled our junk up in the basin in a light wagon and on September 21st Bill, Bert and I started hunting deer.

We all split up down in the Dody Hills and I was after some deer and ran onto these bear tracks. They went right up the big Cedar Hill and I trailed them from the Doby Hills to the oak brush for two bear and finally I found there were three, but never thought of there being four—an old grizzly and three yearlings. The yearlings were as big as an ordinary brown. Their hides measured six feet in length. It was that old female that used to come in there every spring and kill cattle.

Jim trailed her in there once. She was a big one. I trailed them right in below Spring Camp in that basin where the brush is so very thick. That is where I mixed it with them. I circled their trail and tried to scare them out, but they wouldn't scare, so I went in

after them. I saw the old one move. An ear was all I could see as the brush was so thick. I threw a rock over behind her and she moved her head so I could see both ears. She was about 10 steps from me so I guessed at her and shot. She never moved, but two of the yearlings jumped out snorting like wild hogs, and started. I made a guess shot at one of them and hit him and he began to fall. And here they came running past where I shot the old one and the other yearling was laying right beside the old one. It never moved until the other two ran past and then it got up which I thought was the old one. Then they all came snorting and falling, so I decided they were getting too thick for me in that kind of a place so I dropped down and slipped out.

As it was late in the evening I went to camp and the next morning went back early and the yearlings were all there and I did not know there were four of them until we got them all down. Then I went to where I shot the old one, and there she was with a shot as square in the eye as you could put your finger. I killed two of the others and Bill and Bert killed the other one. They came right at us. I shot the biggest one of them in the stopping place. He was about 20 steps from me, coming with his hair all on end, but when I shot him he doubled up and bawled, turned and went out of sight from me and ran about 50 yards with his lungs and the end of his heart shot all to pieces.

I had John Williams' little 30-30 carbine. We sure had some bear killing time. I had the big one mounted and then got pinched for hunting without a license. I refused to pay for the \$25.00 fine, but I was afraid Hayes was trying to beat me out of the rug, so I jumped out and sold it for \$125.00, then told them I would go to jail, but haven't heard anything more about it since. The hide sure was a beauty. It measured 7½ feet and didn't have a hole in it and the prettiest fur I ever saw. If I hadn't sold it on such short notice I could have gotten \$200.00 for it.

There were several bear up there. This spring Bert, Bill and I went back up, but Bert got down with pneumonia so we had to come down and Bill was so afraid some one would run off with Grace that he was crying to go home before we hardly got into camp. Then it started to snow and there was 18 inches of snow on the level the first day of May. Beat anything I ever saw.

Hugh and I went back after the skulls of the yearlings and struck three bear trails just in that distance. I tried to get some one to go back up with me, but couldn't.

As Ever, Your Brother, Edwin Gill.

TREED BY A BLACK BEAR.

The first gun I bought was an Evans rifle, .44 caliber. It held 26 cartridges but was a very good gun. But I used the old muzzle-loader that my father owned before I got the Evans and when a person uses the muzzle-

loader he will try to make every shot count, and when I got the Evans rifle I could shoot pretty well. The story I am going to relate happened back in Virginia.

It was in the year of '74 that my father, Bill Clines and myself started for the mountains to trap for two months. We built a log cabin and got fixed up ready to start trapping and as our meat was running low father and Bill went out to make some dead falls and told me to get some fresh meat.

I shouldered dad's old muzzle loader and started off expecting to kill an elephant. I took up a small ravine where the brush was rather thick and as I got near the end of the ravine I saw a black spot about one quarter of a mile up the side of the mountain. I crawled on my hands and knees over a high bank and got behind a rock and I got within about thirty or forty rods of the black spot which proved to be a black bear. I laid still until I got my breath and was thinking of all the things that might happen if I just wounded him. There was a small tree back of me about twenty feet so there is where I went. The limbs were pretty scarce on the tree and the tree was very small but I kept thinking and was beginning to get pretty well riled up. The bear was lying in the sun and I could imagine what nice dreams he was having. I took sight and pulled the trigger. The bear let out a loud groan and say, right there was where I longed for wings so I could fly. I took to the tree just in time for there was no time for play.

As I got near the top the tree wanted to bend down and I was about 6 or 8 feet from the ground and I was wishing I was on some of those clouds that were above me. The bear was on his hind feet and his front feet on some of the smaller limbs. He tried to climb but the small limbs would break and the tree was too small for him to climb so he walked around the tree and every once in a while let out a loud growl. I had the gun yet as it had a strap on it so I could throw it over my shoulder. I got busy to try to load it. Did any of you fellows ever try it? The tree would bend till it looked like it was going to bend down to the ground. I finally got it loaded but I was afraid I loaded it too heavy and it would blow up. The bear sat down about ten feet away from the bottom of the tree and kept watching me and licking his side, so I knew I had hit him. I took sight on him again just back of his foreleg and pulled the trigger. The bear let out a growl and tried to climb the tree again. The blood was running in a stream about the size of a lead pencil from him and his teeth looked about six inches long, but he began to stagger and then he started off up the side of the mountain. I stayed right there in that tree until he went around a little rise in the land. I got down, loaded up again and started after him. I looked over the bank and couldn't see anything of him so I stood on a high spot and about twenty feet below me he was laying down with the blood still running from him. I took another shot and fixed him.

I cleaned him, hung him up and took enough meat home for supper. Dad and Bill had gotten in and they were about ready to go in search of me. But they were surely surprised when they saw where the bear had tried to climb the tree. I still have the hide. It is made into a rug.

The first bullet hit too low and lodged in his stomach, but the next one cut a big hole just above his heart and the last one hit him in the upper part of his neck, but was a fatal shot.

L. E. Simpkins,
Pottawattamie Co., Iowa.

AN EXCITING DEER HUNT.

It was in the fall of 1913 when my brother and I decided to go deer hunting. There was a drizzling rain which made it unpleasant hunting.

We started from home about 8 o'clock in the morning, my brother with a 12 gauge shotgun, single barrel and myself with no gun. We went up to my cousin's and he and Glen Flaussburg wished to go with us. We said alright. My cousin lent me his 38-40 Winchester rifle. After we had started to the woods it started to snow which made it all the better hunting.

When we were pretty close to the woods we saw three fellows who had been following

a deer track, but at that moment were trying to repair a gun. By the time we reached them they had finished their task and we decided to join forces, thus increasing the size of our party somewhat.

We followed the deer tracks about a mile then sighted the deer and my cousin got three shots at it without hitting. After following the deer for about a mile more we found it hanging in a man's yard, the man skinning it. It was a fine eight point buck.

There the fellows we had met on the track left us and went home. The rest of the party returned to the woods and jumped five deer, two bucks, two does and one fawn. We followed a short distance, then heard two shots ahead of us. Going forward to where we had heard the shots, two men were found cleaning up one of the bucks out of our bunch so we kept on after the other four. My brother cut across to a ridge where he thought the deer would come and had just come to the top of the ridge when he saw all four standing in a bunch. He sent a shot into the buck's back, severing the spinal cord, and down he went. Another shot in his head ended his career. We all arrived in a few minutes and found a big five point buck. Dressed it weighed 210 pounds. We were tired, foot-sore and hungry, but satisfied with the success of our deer hunt.

S. Roy Harvey, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

A SUCCESSFUL AND ENJOYABLE TRIP

By D. ROY WALL

WELL, if you jolly fellows of the north woods don't care and Mr. Harding has no objections, I will let you know that the Lone Star State is still on the map, as I do not see much from Texas. I dislike very much to say it but I am afraid we haven't the spirit down here that you fellows have, I mean generally. Of course, there is quite a lot of hunting and fishing in the west and southwestern part of the state, but that is about all.

I have spent the greater part of my life in the outdoors. I am a taxidermist and a lover of Nature. I think a taxidermist should spend a greater part of his spare time in the outdoors, for Nature reveals so much that books cannot. Now, do not misunderstand me and think I do not believe in reading, for I read very much.

I will relate my last season's deer hunt. I left the 11th of July for several months' recreation in Edwards and Bandera Counties. I boarded the M. K. & T. for San Antonio and changed over to the S. P. for Sabinal, arriving there about noon. After dinner at

the hotel I went down town to make a few purchases in the way of ammunition and fishing tackle.

As for guns I had a Remington hammerless, .22 Repeater and a Winchester .30-30 carbine. I like the carbine in brush for quick action. After supper I told the proprietor of the hotel to notify the stage driver that I would go out with him the next morning after breakfast.

The next morning at five o'clock found me ready for the stage driver, who was there on time. We had a very delightful drive, arriving at Leakey, Texas, a little town 40 miles up in the mountains. I made arrangements with a friend of mine, a ranchman, to board with him.

The fishing was fine. I was on the Rio Frio River, a clear mountain stream. For fish there were trout, bass, blue cat and perch. The game was deer, squirrel, dove, turkey, peccary and ducks in the winter and early spring. The fur-bearers were fox (grey), coon, opossum, civet, ring tail, skunk and bobcat. The armadillo are also very plentiful. I fished and hunted squirrels until before I could realize it the deer season was open.

I usually hunt by myself and still hunt, but I like to hunt with one good hunter if he knows his business.

It was the second day of the season that I tried for deer, but after jumping two without getting a shot I came in well satisfied, for I saw plenty of fresh signs. The following day was also a failure. The fourth day of the season found me up and ready for deer before daybreak. The day before I had found some fresh tracks leading to a gap in the mountain so on this particular morning I made for this gap, going in a circle and coming in just below the gap. The wind was right but I could not see the front sight on my rifle so I sat down on a log to wait until I could see better.

The acorns were falling in the flats and the deer were feeding there during the night and going back in the hills and draws before sun-up. I was quiet only a few minutes when I heard something in the low, scrubby live oaks, just in front of me and below the gap. I could tell by the dry rattle of the brush that it was a deer as a buck deer feeding in live oak brush his horns will make a dry rattling sound that can easily be detected by close attention.

He seemed to be about one hundred yards away and moving toward the gap. I was not long in getting in action. After I found for sure the direction he was moving in I moved as far as I could in the lead to keep the wind coming right. I slipped along until I came to a large opening where I got down behind a cedar bush and waited, for I thought he was going to cross the opening. Well, he did. First there was a little spike buck and then out walked a big fellow. He was about 200 yards when he stopped with his head and shoulders out from behind a cedar bush. That short barrel .30-30 was up in action and pulling it down on the point of his shoulder I let him have it. He jumped off and was in the brush like a flash. I picked up his trail but could see no blood. Following it on for 200 yards I found him lying in a cow trail, never to roam the brush-covered mountains side or to wind his way along that secret path that leads to that gurgling spring shaded by the low, hovering branches of a wild cherry tree. He was a beauty if I ever saw one, with 10 points and very fat. I hit him in the point of the right shoulder, coming out behind the left. I took his entrails out, went to the ranch house for a horse to carry him in with.

It was a week before I went again for deer. One morning a friend came by in his buggy going to his upper ranch and asked me to go along and try for a deer. He said he would have some work to do among the stock and for me to go hunting. I left him when we were about two miles from the ranch house to hunt till dinner and then come in.

Starting up a deep canyon, going across to the right hand side, I turned up a small draw leading off to the south. I got up above the brush and about half way up the draw I heard something down in the bed that I thought was a deer, but could not jump him

out. I went on around the head and down the other side into the main big draw. There I found a fresh scrape and a big buck's track leading off to the east.

After following him about 100 yards I jumped him out of a Spanish oak thicket. He went up the draw that I had heard the other one in. Again getting above the brush I started for the head. Just about half way up I saw a deer going up the other side; yes, there was another one, too. They stopped in a thicket on top of the opposite side of the draw. I sat down to see if they would come out, but they did not until I whistled, and out they came. I was about 300 yards from them when I opened up on them. My first shot failed to stop him so I gave him a little more lead and let him have it again. This time he turned over, then I turned my attention to the other one. The second shot sent him rolling down the mountain. I went down in the draw and up the other side and found my first deer. The first shot hit him in the ham and the second shot broke his neck. I went down to where the other one went down and after some looking around I found him. My first shot also hit him in the ham, the ball striking the bone and bursting the jacket coming out in several places. The second shot struck him square in the shoulder.

It did not take me long to get entrails out of them and get them down to the road where my friend met me with the buggy.

This being the limit for Texas I left for home on the 25th of November, realizing that I had had a very successful and enjoyable trip.

Will give my reasons for thinking the H-T-T is the best sporting magazine published and see how many of you agree with me. First, it is strictly all live dope and no yellow print, or fiction; nothing but straight stuff based on facts. Second, it is not confined to one subject nor one section of the country. In other words there is information there for us all. It brings the trapper in connection with the dealers, the sportsman with the manufacturers, the sportsman with the sportsman, thereby revealing the conditions of the different sections of the country and their experiences to each other. A practical magazine, is it not?

THE FAMOUS PIPESTONE.

The city of Pipestone, named for the queer substance taken from the nearby quarry, is situated in an almost central part of Pipestone County, in the southwestern part of Minnesota. The Sioux Indians have control over the pipestone quarry who have their reservation and school there.

What I started to relate to you readers is a little of an account given in Youth's Companion of the late Washburn, known as Washburn Crosby, who offered \$1,000 to any one who would assume the risk of getting him a slab of pipestone for the making of a table head. The request was answered by two Swedes.

They started out with a team of oxen and wagon. They weathered many a hardship on their journey from Minneapolis to the place of the pipestone. Upon arriving at the said quarry they were denied admission by the watchful Sioux. In spite of their watchfulness the two adventurous Swedes made away with a large slab and gained a day's start before the savage Sioux overtook the two and their outfit. In haste the two trespassers, as they might be called, managed to drop the slab of pipestone for hiding in a creek and making their escape. Later they found their way back through the wilderness to Minneapolis, ragged and half starved.

In the following spring, supplied with another outfit, the Swedes resumed their task and dug up the pipestone slab where they had dropped it. They also found, as expected, the skeletons of two oxen and charred remains of the wagon of the previous journey. The last trip was successful, and on arriving at Minneapolis were given the hard-earned \$1,000.

The Indians to this day are in full possession of the quarry and the younger set (half-breeds) sell such as tomahawks, knives, horseshoes, pipes, etc., while the old braves do the making of the articles.

When the pipestone is taken from the quarry it is soft and when exposed to the air for a certain length of time becomes hard and brittle. It is the only place in the world and in the early days tribes from all over the continent came to battle the possessors for a share of that famous but scarce stone.

Robert Paulson, Millelacs Co., Minn.

NOTES FROM ALBERTA.

Edmonton Trades and Labor council, at its last regular meeting, instructed the members of its executive committee to confer with officials of the provincial government of Alberta in respect to removing all fees for licenses to shoot ducks, prairie chickens or any other game that can be used as food during the regular season while the European war is in progress.

This action, it is explained by officials of the organization, was taken with a view to relieving conditions, consequent upon the closing of public and private work in central and northern Alberta as a result of the financial stringency caused by the armed conflict over seas. The only restriction which the council would impose would be to prohibit the sale of game.

"There are hundreds of thousands of wild birds in the upper parts of Alberta," an official of the council said, "and, with the license fees abolished for the time being, many of our men could go into the country and provide one of the largest items of food supply for the winter.

"It is not proposed to exterminate the wild birds or other game; but we do believe that the abolishing of licenses would do much to solve the problem which many will have to face during the coming winter."

Benjamin Lawton, game warden of the province of Alberta, with headquarters at Ed-

monton, has just issued a special chart setting forth the open and closed season for game. The open season for mountain sheep and mountain goats is September 1 to October 14. Only two male mountain sheep and two mountain goats may be taken by one person. Deer, caribou and moose may be shot from November 1 to December 14, but of deer and moose only male may be taken and of caribou only one. Ducks, swans, cranes, plover, rail coots and snipe may be shot from September 1 to December 31, and the sale or purchase is prohibited between March 1 and September 20. Prairie chicken and partridge may be shot during October and November but the number is limited to 10 a day and 100 for the season, with the sale prohibited. Hungarian partridge may be shot during October and November, being limited to five birds a day and 25 birds for the season, and the sale prohibited. Fox, mink, fisher and marten may be hunted during November, December, and January, February and March, and otter and muskrats during November, December, January, February, March and April. There shall be no Sunday shooting.

SOME WASHINGTON HUNTS.

Will tell you of a hunt I had with the parents of the dogs shown in the picture on page 73 of the July issue of H-T-T.

It was one Saturday in early fall that George, Floyd, Nix and I went to see about some of their cattle in a pasture about a mile from their house. We took the dogs and each one took his gun.

We had quite a time finding the cattle and it was about ten o'clock when we were through. We had kept the dogs with us but as we were in a good bear country George thought we might jump a bear yet so we started the dogs and in about 15 minutes we heard old Rock open up. In two minutes he bawled again and Lead and Patsy joined him.

We listened closely and George said he thought it was a bear. They cold trailed for about half an hour and then jumped him. The dogs had been baying until then but now Lead and Pat commenced a short bark. Old Rock always bayed. The old bear when started led away for, perhaps, two miles and the dogs and us following hard over logs and through brush. We had gone about a mile and a half when George thought he heard the dogs barking treed.

We listened and sure enough we could hear them saying it on top of the ridge. We scrambled through briars and brush till we were within two hundred yards of the dogs when the bear came down on them.

They fought him every foot of the way down the mountain and went out of hearing past Sand Creek. After about an hour we heard them coming back. When they got to the creek they bayed him there for about 15 minutes. We went along the top of the ridge where we were about opposite them then they started directly towards us. They ran about half a mile in this direction and then circled some. We could hear them coming up the

mountain and we were running to head them off. We ran into a little opening about 25x25 feet. As we ran into one side of the opening the bear and Lead came in at the other side. Lead was at his heels and grabbed him and turned him directly into us. We threw up the guns, loaded them as we swung them to our shoulders. George fired first, striking the bear over its right eye. There his automatic stuck and I shot three times with a 25-20 before the bear went down. Then I shot once more as it rolled over the side of the ridge. We ran over and found the bear lodged against an alder tree.

George had his 32 in working order again and gave him one more shot in the neck before he was content to lay still. Floyd had taken a

and a half years old and has never been hunted with much, but is a fine fast hound.

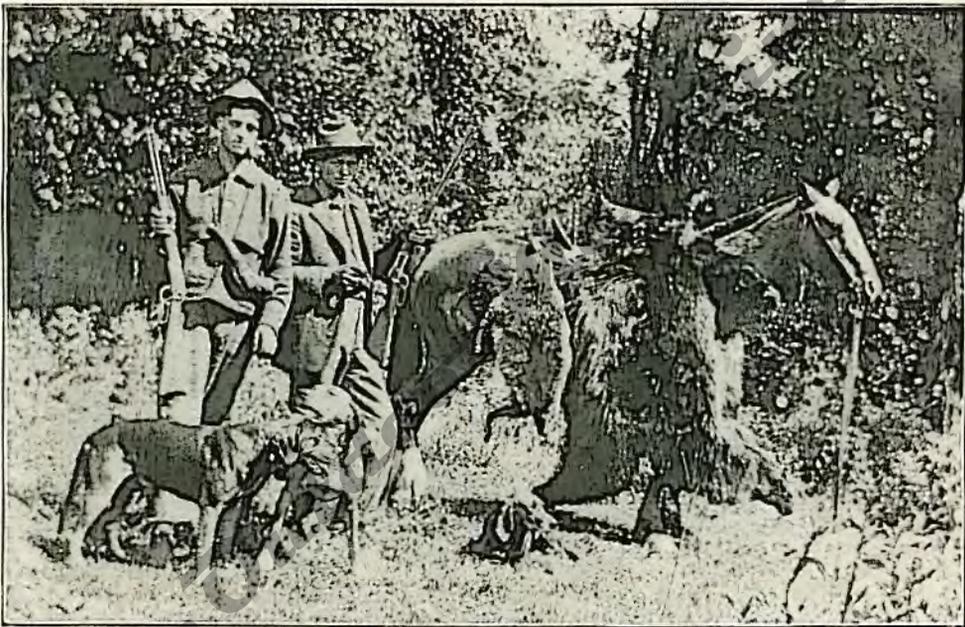
Here is an account of the trip taken from a letter from Will.

Harry Romane, Douglas Co., Ore.

Chehalis Co., Wash., June 27, 1914.

Dear Harry: Here is an account of the trip Reginald and I took up the Satsop River. We took one of Mr. Kinnaman's boats and went down the Chehalis to the Satsop River (about 4 or 5 miles if I remember correctly) then we went about nine miles up it and made camp. We took our lines and went up the river to a big riffle and caught a nice mess of trout for supper and breakfast.

We were up bright and early the next morn-



TWO WASHINGTON HUNTERS, HOUNDS AND GAME. DOGS OWNED BY R. G. KINNAMAN AND W. E. FULLMER, CHEHALIS CO., WASH.

22 expecting to kill some birds and as I commenced shooting I heard the 22 bark off at my right about 10 feet. He fired five shots all of which hit their mark. Floyd took the guns on ahead to Sand Creek and came back and helped us.

George and I rolled the bear down the hill where Floyd joined us and we rolled and pulled it till we came to the nearest bend in Sand Creek where we skinned it. It was a black bear, very fat and its estimate weight was 400 pounds.

I inclose photo of the result of a hunt two of my friends had in Washington. The taller of the two is Reginald Kinnaman and the two dogs he is holding are as good as they get to be. The other is Will Fullmer and the dog laying down belongs to him. This dog is three

ing ready for the hunt. We had not gone only about 200 yards from camp when all three dogs opened up on a hot bear trail. They ran for about half an hour and treed, but when we neared the tree it came down before either of us could shoot it. The dogs put it up again so it did not want to come down again. We shot it in the head killing it and as it fell it lodged on some limbs in such a manner that we had to shoot a limb in two before it could drop down. We skinned the bear and started out for the boat.

We did not get more than 300 yards from there till the dogs opened up on a cold cat track and it was awfully cold too. They cold-trailed it for about 5 hours before they jumped it but only ran it about half a mile and treed.

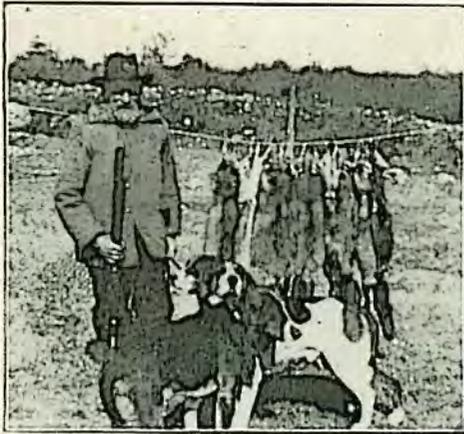
We were all in when we got to the tree so

took a long rest before killing the cat then I shot it as I had the smallest gun, a 25-20. We skinned it and started for camp, picking up our bear hide where we left it when the dogs started the cat track.

We arrived at camp tired and hungry at 3 o'clock. Reginald started a fire and started getting dinner while I took my line and caught enough fish for supper and breakfast. We came back next day.

Your friend,
W. E. Fullmer.

—o—



EIGHT FOXES SHOT THIS YEAR BY MICHAEL COLBERT, CIVIL WAR VETERAN OF NORFOLK CO., MASS.

—o—

GAME AND FUR BEARERS PLENTIFUL.

As I see no letters from this part of the country I will break the ice and hope we will hear from others. There is no reason why this state can't send in some good hunting stories for we have plenty of game and fur bearing animals here.

I have hunted for the last ten years for deer very near on the same grounds and have gotten my limit, two, every year making twenty in ten years. I call it a very good record. I most always take a friend with me and we have always managed to get the limit which makes four each year.

Now in regard to my deer hunt this last season, 1912, I will explain as near as I can. The first day of the open season was November 1. My brother-in-law and I started out for a long trip over on Prospect Mountain in search of deer signs. We did not expect to get anything that day. There were not many signs on the mountain so on our way home we were coming by a place where I had gotten three or four before at different times, so I says, "Tom, I am going over to look at the old apple tree and see what is doing." Upon our arrival we found good signs so we cut a few pine boughs and made what we call a bough house, then we went across a little brook to look at some more

trees. We could see the deer were coming there too so as it was getting near dark we went back to the bough house and Tom crawled in and I was just ready to crawl in when I heard a bush crack. I told Tom in a low voice that something was coming so he came out and we laid down behind a stone pile for a few minutes. As nothing showed up and we found it uncomfortable to lay there long as the days were warm and the nights cold and we were dressed for the day, Tom got up and started over the ridge and I said I would stay a little while longer. I had my shot gun and let Tom take my rifle, 33 Special.

Going over the ridge there was a long flat and three apple trees and as near as I could tell the deer heard us and turned back through the woods to go out on the flat to the trees. Tom got there just in time to catch him coming out of the bushes. I had just gotten up on my feet when I heard the 33 Special speak out. I waited for a few minutes to see if a second shot would come but it did not so I decided something was dead and started to see what had happened. When I got to the top of the ridge I could hear the bushes cracking across the flat and once in a while could hear Tom say something but could not make out what it was. Pretty soon I heard the 33 crack again and then I heard Tom say will you keep still now? When I arrived on the scene he had the fattest and biggest deer I ever saw for an eight-point buck.

The first shot struck just below the back bone and he fell to the ground, but he got up on his fore feet and dragged himself in the bushes and Tom went after him. When he got up to the deer and saw what a condition he was in he thought he wouldn't shoot him again and would cut his throat so he went up, took hold of his horn, but say, the throat was not cut then for Tom went sprawling into the bushes and then was when he thought it best to shoot the 33 once more.

We dressed the deer, got a team and started for home, well pleased with our day's hunt.

A few days later we had the second hunt, but it was gotten so quickly and being a small one was not very acceptable. About a week later we were out one day and not finding anything had started for home and before we got there it started to snow a little and we decided if it snowed enough we would go the next morning.

Well it didn't snow much until after midnight. I got up early in the morning, went across the street and called Tom. When he came out and didn't see much snow and as it was warm and sloppy he said there was no use going but I said I was going so we ate breakfast and started.

After we got outside the village the snow proved to be fine. We had to go about a mile and a half. After we arrived at our hunting grounds we found two fresh deer tracks. We followed them up the hill side where there was some apple trees. Upon going up the hill the tracks separated so we came to a stop. I said I would follow one and Tom the other.

I hadn't gotten over 50 feet till I sighted a deer just going out of sight. I fired without the gun being shouldered, what I call a chance shot. Tom says, "Did you get him?" I said no not in a chance like that. Tom came over where I was and went in under the little pines where I shot and there laid a nice doe stone dead. I never saw a deer knocked out so quickly in all my life.

We dressed her and started after the other one, but say, we never saw that one all day though we followed him until night and he went in the opposite direction from home all the time. We left the track at Perch Pond, about six miles from home on the opposite side of a big mountain. But we made our way back to the dead one and got it home. We were never so near all in before nor have we since.

Our fourth hunt was on Thanksgiving day. This one Tom wounded the night before just at dark with a bullet in the shoulder, but didn't break the shoulder so we started after him in the morning. Talk about deer working to save their lives, you may bet this one understood his business. The last to go down was exciting and he put up the worst fight I ever saw. He was an eight point buck, but not nearly as fat as the other three. This one made the limit so I took the dog and started after rabbits.

I have one of the best dogs to run rabbits I ever saw. She does it so nicely. She has 59 rabbits to her credit and the first season she ever run, and as I work in a peg shop, I couldn't only go one day in a week.

E. E. Currier, Grafton Co., Vt.

THE DEER BELONGED TO A.

Was interested in Duluth Frank's query in the September number on page 64 as to who owned the deer. I suppose that the courts of this country and England have agreed for years that one who wounds a deer and stays on the trail, has title to it even though it is actually killed by another. This ruling would give the deer to "A". The first case of the kind I know of in America is that of *Buster vs. Newkirk*, a New York case of 1822. There the court said that if the trailer left the trail, even though he later took it up, he lost his right, but if he continued on the trail from the time he wounded the animal, it belonged to him.

I have heard the same point discussed in Northern Wisconsin by old deer hunters and residents and they have invariably come to the same conclusion.

I am not familiar with Minnesota law and do not know whether a case has been decided there or not but presume that unless there is a case actually contrary to the present "common law" of this country, the decision would be the same there as generally.

J. Allan Simpson.

YUKON TERRITORY.

Well boys, this is a country of great possibilities. Many a man has made a fortune here in a short time. One fellow told the tale—"I have traveled over hundreds of miles of country the past 3 years on the Pelby where there are many splendid looking creeks where there is not a sign of anything having been done in the way of prospecting." The same can be said of the Stewart River. Then again across the Divide on the McKenzie side there has been gold found on the river. In many places like the Leard River, Nehama, Gravel, Black, Beaver and Peel rivers, all of which empty into the McKenzie. This is an entirely unprospected country and one that can easily be reached nowadays. It is my belief that a big strike will be made there some day when people get in there and begin prospecting. Apart from that it is a great game country—Moose, sheep and goats.

In the fur line I think we have all kinds here, with the exception of the badger, skunk and a few others that do not inhabit the northern clime.

M. Berrigan, Y. T.



L. H. CAMPBELL, A MASSACHUSETTS HUNTER WITH A 12 POUND FOX AND A WILDCAT SHOT AHEAD OF THE HOUNDS, SEASON 1913.

MAKING TEA AND COFFEE.

Your excellent "Camp and Trail Methods" has just given me a most pleasant afternoon. You perhaps read "Outdoor Life", and from my writings therein probably know that most of my life in the open has been in the Rockies. Practically all of it has had to do with the desert country, where conditions are so different than we find them in a watered and wooded country. For instance, an ax is handy but not necessary where I have spent most of my hunting time. Odd, too, we seldom if ever carry a canteen. I have never been able to account for this fact, altho of course they are used in the actually waterless country, like the sand country of Arizona. I have never yet known a cowboy to carry water, strange as it may seem, or a compass.

One thing I notice in your book, and it prompts the writing of this letter. You ask how to make tea from snow water, and speak of always failing on the job. Here we often have more or less stale—that is, airless—water, and that may be the trouble with the snow-water. I too had trouble with both tea and coffee till I learned the trick of first pouring the water back and forth through the air to freshen it.

Water boiled too long makes poor tea or coffee, because all the air is thus driven from it. That is one reason why cold boiled water has such a flat taste, and this same flat taste remains in the tea or coffee infusion. At least so I have noticed with rain and other water, and the same is probably true with snow water. Have you first tasted the water before putting in the tea?

Another thing to be watched with both snow and rain water—or water that has stood long and is more or less airless or stagnant—is that water under these conditions contains various gases from decayed vegetation, which

taste badly. And rain and snow water contains considerable ammonia taken from the air in falling, also much dust and other foreign matter. It looks clear, or white, yet the test tubes and tongue show such stuff to be there.

I fancy that the snow taken between surfaces would be freer from this dust and gas than snow on any surface. Of course a snow bank may have several surfaces, each representing a new fall.

I have also found that tin always gives a metallic taste to tea, but not to coffee. Try two messes made just alike—side by side—put one in a new tin bucket and the other in a china or granite ware bucket, and you will instantly detect the difference.

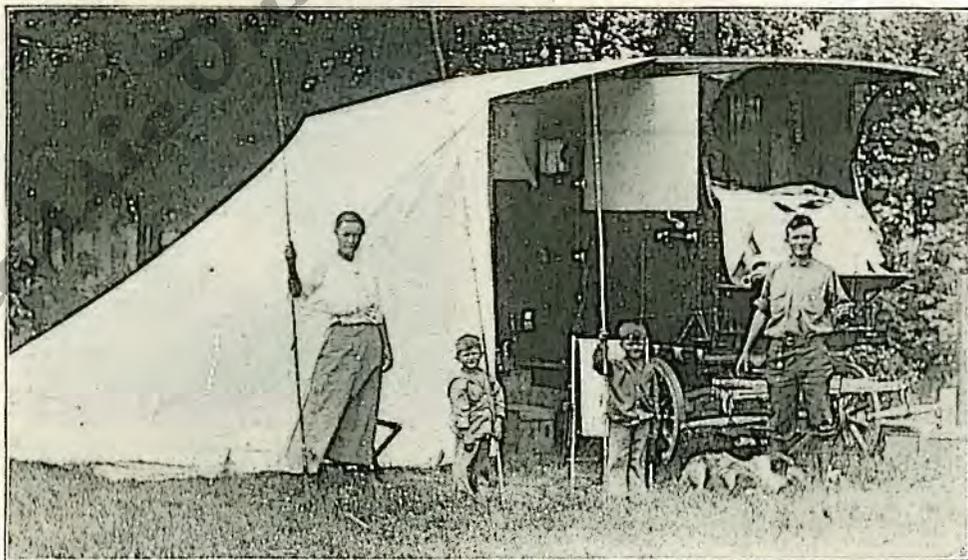
I have also found that air is a foe to coffee but does not effect tea. That is why coffee ground soon loses its flavor, and becomes common place even if not ground unless kept air tight. On a long trip I find it best to carry green coffee and roast it fresh weekly, but this—like tanning—is quite a trick in itself.

To my mind the gun is the least important article in camp, and I like to camp for its own sake. Your book is one of the most sane on the subject that I have ever read, although I do not agree with some things in it, naturally. For instance, you will find a cheese cloth, wool filled comfort a better substitute for a rabbit robe than your blanket and cat skin robe, also much lighter and cheaper. And a blanket cut snow-shoe shape also saves weight.

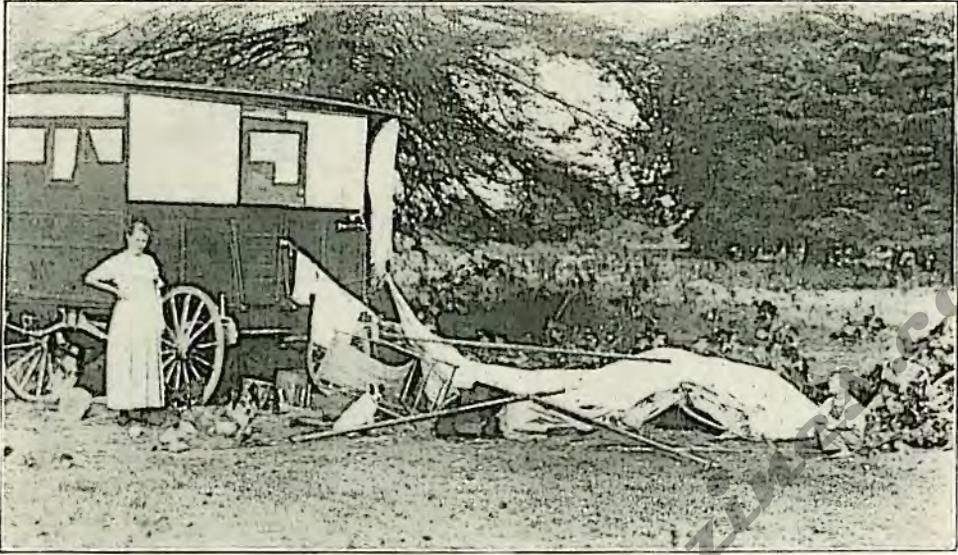
Chauncey Thomas.

A NOVEL CAMP OUTFIT.

I am sending picture of myself and family playing "Gypsy", and friends this is some life, but don't think for a minute it is a lazy life as I first thought, for you will have plenty to do if you have a good outfit.



OUR CAMP AT INDIAN LAKE.



OUR CAMP AFTER A WIND STORM.

It is a treat for a man born and raised in the city to get out and see what your old country looks like and you can learn something new every day. Stop now and then at a creek or river and catch a mess of fish or frogs. Fresh fish taste awfully good when you are used to shipped ones.

I believe we have one of the most complete outfits on the road. We have a large wagon 14 feet long, 5 feet wide, doors with windows on each side, windows in front and back giving plenty of light, shade and curtains for them. It has plenty of cupboard and bins all around the top and bottom, extra large bin for bed clothes, a double folding table on one side, place for oil stove, linoleum on the floor, gas light (carbide gas), hanger for clothes as you enter. Our beds are made of 12 ounce canvas which we snap to the side of the wagon with a stick dividing it in the center.

We all have kahki clothes and are very seldom mistaken for gypsies. We had planned this trip for several years and so complete were our plans that we haven't wanted for a thing. I believe I got the traveling fever through reading H-T-T of which I have been a reader for several years. I have often been asked why I stopped taking other outing and sporting magazines and continue taking the H-T-T. My reason is this: The H-T-T has very few steady writers, its stories come from readers and sporting men from all over the country, their experiences, luck, hard luck, camping and fishing trips, etc. Their stories are original, always something new. Once in a while we have a little argument about mountain lions or rifles, but that is the way us "greeners" learn.

Ray Holzen, Montgomery Co., Ohio.

INDIANA.

Have read with interest all of the letters, both for an against the lever and bolt actions, big bore versus little bore which have been published in H-T-T. For myself I prefer the lever gun but use the bolt functions arm on some occasions and have done fairly good work, all things considered.

Would like to see the campaign for conservation of animals, birds, forests and all natural resources be successful. Do not believe we need any more game laws but the present ones changed, to some extent, and then impartially enforced. Create smaller bag limits, shorten the open season in some locations and in some others institute a closed season the year around for several years. Would like to see some of the surplus elk from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, distributed where they will do the most good and be given absolute protection.

Am a confirmed user of repeating and automatic arms and have used both the Winchester and Remington Auto. shotguns, and will say that I do not think that either of the above guns ever made a game hog. To my mind, they are born and not made as some would have us think. If a man has game hog instincts and desires, he will certainly find many ways in which to satisfy his mind, even though deprived of multi-loading guns.

I would like to hear more about home-stading in the U. S. as I believe it would appeal not only to me but to many others who have been contemplating such a move.

Kuno De Aubant, Marion Co., Ind.



TRAPPER'S FIREARMS.

This heading is, no doubt, getting familiar to the readers of this magazine, but I have never seen my views fully expressed.

In spite of what Raymond Spears says, trapping and hunting does go together. Many of my best kills of much-needed meat has been made while running the trap line.

It all depends on the locality what gun is the best. Where rabbits, squirrels and birds are the only game a shot gun or good 22 rifle is amply sufficient. For turkey, geese, foxes, etc., a 25-20 fitted with a nickel steel barrel is hard to beat. The H. V. cartridge does good work on animals up to deer and reloaded cartridges the bullets tempered hard with tin does not tear more than a 22.

Now for the deer hunters, the majority of readers either are or aspire to the deer hunters and a rifle suitable for deer will do good work on the other large animals except possibly the grizzly bear and they are too scarce to mention. If all in the United States were killed and divided among the readers of this magazine, I don't doubt but what a 2-cent stamp would carry any one's share to any place in this little old U. S. A.

But as to the gun, too many rush into print praising the work of their gun on one or two deer. It is the consistent performance that counts.

I want a rifle that when the sights are set point blank for sixty yards will carry up on a deer for at least 125 yards. I want a bullet to come out on the other side, unless it travels the spine, leaving a hole at least the size of a quarter where it emerges, making a blood tracking possible. A caliber from the 25-35

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

to the .35 Remington is about right for most localities. I have killed deer with a 22 short, but don't call it a deer gun. Have also lost them with a 35 Remington, but do not say they are not powerful enough.

The make of a rifle rests with the individual. Take the .94 Model Winchester. It chambers some fine cartridges, but I do not like the action. I work a gun from my shoulder very fast and the .94 Model works too hard to suit me.

The Remington auto-loading is a fine gun for one wishing an automatic and the cartridges are amply powerful. Personally I do not care for an automatic, can jerk a lever plenty fast enough. Shooting at a bunch of standing game, an automatic is fine. Game usually do not scare much from the report of the gun, its the subsequent working of the gun that causes them to leave.

The Remington slide action is a light, handy rifle. However, working the slide is a noisy operation. If they had a box magazine like the Automatic, they would be hard to beat, especially in the 25 caliber. The 25 caliber rimless is my favorite cartridge. They are very accurate and sufficiently powerful for deer. With the sharp pointed bullet it will carry up on the larger ranges equal to the .22 H. P. However, the pointed bullet will not work through the magazine of the hand-operated rifle.

The Savage has been the writer's choice for several years. I like the action, the balance and the cartridges it shoots, except the .22 H. P. This bullet is too light and breaks up too easily to suit me. If I had a Savage feather weight chambered to shoot the .25 Remington cartridge I would be satisfied. You will notice that none of these are the all-around rifle, suitable for either mink or bear. Let me tell you, there is no all-around gun. You have to carry two to be prepared for anything.

A great many use the supplemental chamber, necessitating changing the sights, carrying a nail to punch out the fired cartridges, etc.

Now to start an argument. I see weights given of some very large deer up to 300 pounds. It is my experience that it takes a good big Virginia white tail buck to dress 150 pounds. The black tail mule deer and Pacific Coast deer weigh more. Also, how about the points on a buck's horn? I was taught to call a buck with four points on each side, a four pointer. Do any of you use a

slow track dog? I keep one for deer and turkey.

As for suggesting changes for our magazine, it might be well to call some of the foolish questions and answers, also not let such nonsense as a bullet not turning or a 22 not killing a calf have room in the book.

"Old Gobbler," Oklahoma.

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STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

After using most every firearm on the market for the past twelve years I have decided that there is no best rifle. I have also decided that even more depends upon the man or lady behind the gun than the weapon itself.

To illustrate my point, a number of years ago when things looked big to me I shot at a buck with a 45-70. He was standing broadside to me about 75 yards and I only succeeded in slightly wounding him. I do not need to tell the reason for my losing him, but don't condemn the rifle boys if you don't hold right.

A young lady in western Canada went into the hills last fall and shot a record-breaking buck with the first shot from a 25-20. This is a light cartridge, we all know, but it will get the deer if held right and none of them will get your game if it is not held right—not even the 45-70-500.

The 25-20 calibre or 32-20 calibre using H. V. smokeless cartridges make an excellent little arm for small game up to and including deer, providing that the shooting is to be done

at a moderate range. The exceptionally light recoil of these calibers make them a very desirable arm for ladies' use where no larger or more formidable game than deer are to be encountered.

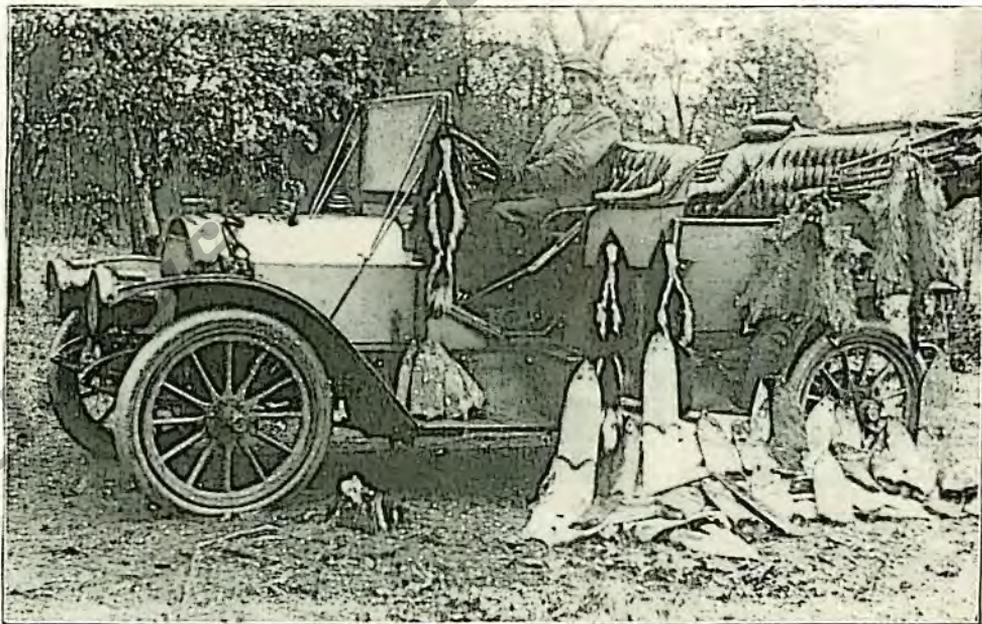
For those desiring a modern small bore arm of longer range than the 25-20 and for all game up to and including deer, I would recommend either the 25-35 or 25-36 using of course the smokeless powder cartridges and soft point bullets.

The 30-30, 32-40 and 32 Special cartridges have also proved very effective and satisfactory loads for deer hunting, also for use on black bears. The last named shells have given a pretty good account of themselves on many a moose hunt too but for game larger than deer or black bear I think I would prefer either a 280 H. V. using the copper tube bullet or the Model 1895 using the 30 Government 1906 cartridge, or the 35 caliber. The new Stevens High Power repeaters using the 35 rimless cartridges are also fine guns for such game as moose, elk, grizzlies, etc.

Now believe me, dear readers, if the bullet does not revolve when passing through your rifle barrel then your rifle is surely worn out and is past its days of usefulness.

If you cannot get your game under favorable circumstances with any one of the calibers mentioned then just stop and think that possibly the fault lies not in the rifle, but in the "man behind the gun."

Glenn Van Wart.
Androscoggin Co., Maine.



PART OF 1913 CATCH BY ROBERT KOTEK, ADAMS CO., WISCONSIN.

THE LUGER PISTOL AS A GAME GUN.

I would like to say a word in favor of the Luger Automatic Pistol as a game gun.

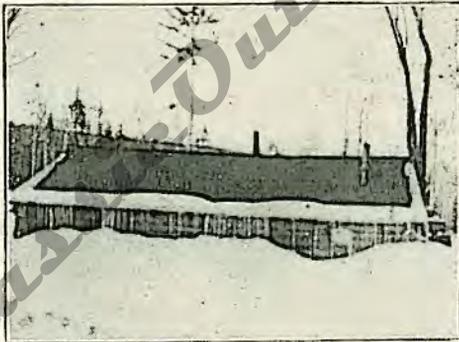
In my class of work it is impossible to carry a rifle so we use the next best, a revolver or pistol. Having used the Luger for the last seven years I find it the best gun for my work



SIGNAL MOUNTAIN TAKEN FROM MILLSFIELD STOREHOUSE.

—good killer on game at all distances up to 125 yards. I have used it for the last six seasons and have gotten 12 deer with it, not a bad record. The Luger is sure to work with metal patch or hollow point cartridges, but the soft nose will jam the gun. Out of a box of 50 soft nose cartridges I would get 4 or 5 jams.

I have discarded them and use only the hollow point cartridges. In shooting birds they



BOWKER'S OFFICE AT MILLSFIELD, MARCH, 1914.

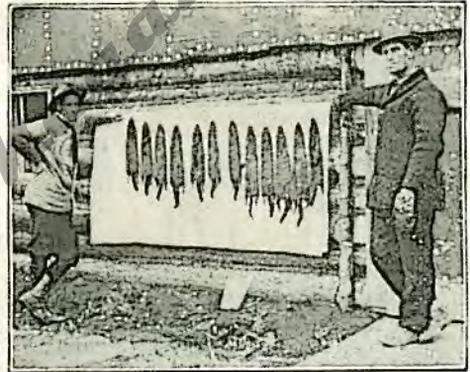
do not tear the birds to any extent, but on deer they make a good large outlet. I used the 30 caliber and like it better than the larger size.

I have shot revolvers for the last 30 years, starting in at 12 years of age. Have owned and shot about all the different calibers of Colts and S. & W. make. At present I have a 44 Colts S. A. Army and a 38 S. & W. 1905 Military,

but I use the Luger from choice, the 44 being heavy to pack around and the 38 is not as powerful as I like. You want to get thoroughly familiar with the Luger and then you have a gun that cannot be beat. You can draw and shoot it as quickly as any gun made. I am a poor shot but can draw the gun and put 8 shots in a 4-inch circle at 15 feet in 5 seconds. In the hands of an expert it will do better than that.

I am working for the State of New Hampshire on the Fire Patrol and have 15 miles to travel every day through forest. Through the summer season I see deer, partridge, woodchucks, hedge hogs, hawks and owls and once in a while a bear. Deer and partridge are plentiful here this year.

I trapped last fall and did fairly well. Got 12 mink, 2 rats, 2 white weasel and sold them for \$75.00. In the winter I work for the Berlin Mills Lumber Co., managing the Berlin Mills Storehouse. I am sending three pictures, two of my camp in winter and one of my catch of mink. A. L. Bowker, Coos Co., N. H.



BOWKER AND BROWN WITH MINK CAUGHT IN FALL OF 1913.

FROM A GUN CRANK TO OTHER GUN CRANKS.

I am not going to tell you that I know it all, but I know a little bit and have had some experience on what I am going to say.

First, the man behind the gun is the first thing to be considered, afterwards the gun and what it is to be used for.

I would say that a man who cannot kill nearly any kind of game with any kind of gun ought to get a small caliber and practice with that till he can hit where he wants to because he won't kill a deer or bear by shooting over it or under it. I believe in practice and not spare the ammunition.

I have done a lot of shooting and would not doubt but what I could kill any game with my 22 automatic rifle if it were in range, that is, outside of a big grizzly bear. I would feel safer with something larger than a 22.

Natty Bumpo, Perry County, Ohio, shoots a Marlin 25-20 and says he believes it is the best rifle for medium sized game. I believe,

and know it is a good gun for deer and bear also cougar. The Marlin 25-20 or 32-20 is a well-balanced gun. The pump action is the beauty of it. But I don't agree with Natty when he says that if big game hunters would lay away their high powers and use the reliable blacks, as I believe he means black powder. If a man uses black powder he sure has to get his game the first shot or he loses sight of it in the smoke and if he took a shot at an old grizzly bear and failed to land him good and dead his lordship might be on top of him before the smoke cleared enough to see him again. I think black powder shells are the most detestable thing a hunter can use even for target practice.

A fellow here has a 32-20 W. C. F. and got a box of black powder shells for his rifle. He tried a few shots. They might be accurate enough for hunting purposes, but I doubt it. Anyhow it took him three days to clean his rifle afterwards.

Shot gun man, don't you think a man with a single trigger automatic ejector and a clip to hold two extra loads ready to push into the barrel can shoot as fast as he could with a pump gun? Pretty near it I say.

My implements of war consist of a 22 Automatic, 351 automatic. The latter I like because it has a chunky bullet. I have used it on a number of different rifles and they are all good guns, but the one you like best is the dandy—just like your sweet-heart is the best.

If you want to do some long range shooting you want to get a long range rifle; if you are hunting in the timber anything from a 25 20 up. For a hard shooting gun a 303 is hard to beat for long range and marking power and is also a handy and reliable rifle. I am a gun crank open for contradiction or correction.

Bob Freeburn,
B. C., Canada.

GAME AND GUNS.

While reading my March number of H-T-T I read an article written by Mr. G. W. Burroughs, Multnomah Co., Oregon, stating that if the repeating rifles were put out of use there would be less accidents while hunting. Now, I differ with him as I have hunted a great deal and live in a great hunting country and we very seldom hear of anyone getting shot accidentally here, and this is my reason for it. We are only allowed to kill two male deer each season and they must have horns. Consequently when a man shoots he generally knows what he is shooting at, but if we were allowed to kill does we would probably shoot every time we saw a bush move, as it would be deer we were hunting—not bucks. As it is, we don't shoot at everything but shoot at something that has horns and as men do not have horns they do not get shot at much here, only with the other dope he mentions—whiskey—and they get shot quite often with that, but usually get over it O. K. The latter usually happens when they see a snake track as it is supposed to be a cure for rattlesnake bites, and some of the hunters believe in the old saying, "An

ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

I noticed some pictures in the March number of deer and one was a photo of a five-days' hunt in Clark Co., Wisconsin, by Ross Galbreath, and if I did not make a miscount there were eight does and one buck. Now, that picture may look good to some of you but it looks bad to me, and we Californians would be ashamed of a trick of that kind, as it is bucks we are after. Anybody can kill poor, innocent old does or fawns, but it takes a hunter to get the big old long-horned bucks. The deer are on the increase here and from what I read they are on the decrease in all of the Eastern States and that is, I think, the reason why they are disappearing—killing the does off and leaving nothing for "seed."

Say, boys, kill the bucks and leave the poor, innocent does and fawns alone, as they have enough to do to make a living without watching for hunters, and the old bucks haven't anything else to do but eat and hide.

Now, I want to say a few words in regard to the article by Mr. W. D. Overton, Benton Co., Oregon, on dogs destroying game. I think if people will feed their dogs they will not bother the game, as I have two dogs, one hound and one shepherd, and I always know where they are and I know of a lot of dogs over this country and the owners all take care of them as a rule. If a dog is seen running over the country he usually comes up missing (bullets or shot the cause).

E. C. Phelps, Colusa Co., Cal.

HIGH POWER BULLETS

Have been reading the arguments in the April number, "Does the bullet turn?" As I have had a great deal of experience in rifles I will give my views on this subject for whatever they are worth.

My experience teaches me that a bullet actually does turn and by way of explanation will say there can be no doubt about it, for I have seen metal patch bullets that were picked up and dug out of banks of earth where they had been fired and you could see the deep crease of each and every rifle of the inside of the barrel.

Now, as these rifle creases are about one and a half turns to a 24-inch rifle and the bullet fitting so tight you can hardly force it through the barrel and with a steel rod and hammer and the velocity which a high power rifle shoots, there is no way to estimate the revolutions this bullet turns to the 100 feet. Not only this, but I will say that a bullet from a .30-30 H. P. not only turns or twists in the air, but actually revolves in a small circle, for a short distance after leaving the rifle, say 25 yards, the bullet is going in a circle of 1½ inches and then gradually comes to a straight line at about 75 to 80 yards.

This fact is proven by shooting a H. P. rifle at a close distance. You will find the bullet is apt to strike either side of the center or above or below. I have yet to find a H. P. rifle to be accurate at a short distance.

A ball going in this circle is caused by the high velocity and the twist which the rifle gives the bullet.

Now, some of the readers may differ with me in this opinion of the circling of the bullet, but I have actually found it to be the case or as my experience has taught me, and I believe if any not believing this will try it out as I have will find my statements to be true. O. D. M., Douglas Co., Neb.



SIX HIDES VALUED AT \$25 CAUGHT BY C. M. GATTON ON HIS OWN FARM IN HURON CO., OHIO.

CAUSE OF ACCIDENTS.

I will admit that a high power rifle is more dangerous than a rifle of the more common black powder kinds, but I will also ask Brother Burroughs, or any other hunter or bushman, to please cite me to one single case where an accident happened with a high power or a low power gun, in the hands of a cool-headed, careful hunter, that knew his business and knew what his rifle was capable of doing. On the other hand, you let an excitable, thoughtless, swellhead get a gun, no matter what kind, and the first thing he sees move in the bush he will shoot, no matter what it is, especially if he has about two or three "horns" of "Pop Skull," or some other mean whiskey inside of him. You, Mr. Burroughs, and everybody else know full well that whiskey and firearms do not go well together, the only thing is, will you admit it?

Now, in regard to all the accidents coming under the personal notice of Mr. Burroughs in the fifty years of hunting, happening since the high power guns were put on the market. This is very easily accounted for. Fifty years ago I dare say there was not a game law in one single state, because game was plentiful and the law not needed. Twenty-five years ago we had some game laws and the game was getting a little scarcer because

the country was being more thickly settled, and about that time the high powers began to make their appearance. Before this time a person could go out in the woods and get some game of almost any kind at any time, as the law (where there was one) was not so strict. From that time (25 years ago) the laws have been made more strict every year, and the strings of the law tightened more and more, until at the present time we have only a few days in some states, a little longer in others, to do all our hunting. The consequence is that everybody must go to the woods at the same time (or stay at home and read about the great battle in the good old H-T-T, but get no taste of that delicious game), and of course we all know that where there are say 50 or 100 hunters in a comparatively small area the chances for accidents are greater than if it were only two or three. At the same time the percentage will not be any greater. Furthermore, the "Pop Skull" hunters did not go out of town and hunt much 25 years ago or before that.

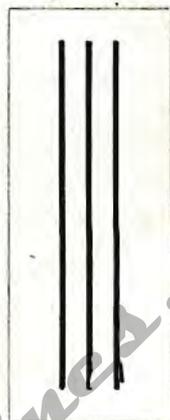
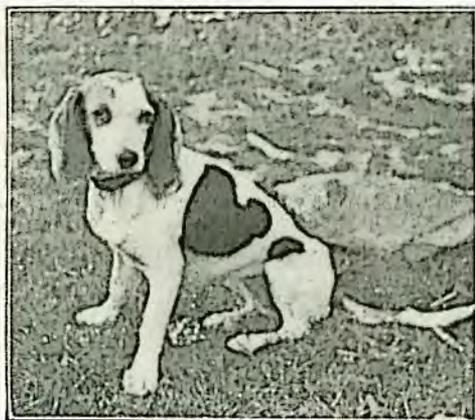
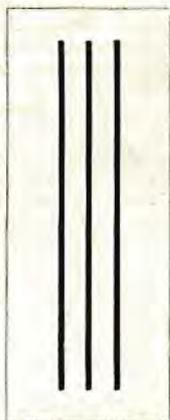
The reason for that was because deer, turkey and all other game could be bought right at their home butcher shops and it was so common that the desire to hunt did not get to the "fever heat" until lately.

Now, in regard to the "protective" laws, will say Brother Burroughs gave a good suggestion in recommending more wardens, one in each camp, but I would wish it to go still farther. I would suggest a law that every hunter for big game, such as deer, moose, elk, etc., be required to have a guide, and that guide to be a game warden. How does that strike you?

Martin Gordon, Morgan Co., Tenn.



LITTLE SANDY LAKE. WINTER WAS STILL IN EVIDENCE ON MAY 10, 1910. PHOTO BY A. C. ROWELL.



HUNTING DOGS

PREFERS THE FOX HOUND.

I wish to write my experience with the Airedale as I have used dogs for the last 30 years. I am of the opinion of Mr. Fred Caldwell of Pennsylvania as I just read his article in the August number.

Now I have bought four of the rough haired mongrels and put them with a $\frac{1}{4}$ blood and $\frac{3}{4}$ fox hound bitch that has treed 84 cougar and 119 wild cats. She has a record at the Court House at Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon, and the Court House in Coos Co., Oregon, so if any one doubts this they can find her record at these places. She is not 8 years old and has done this in the last 6 years. I have one of her pups that is three years old and better than her now.

I have tried the Airedales with her and they have seen her after the game after she had jumped it and then would not run it. As fighters, any good fox hound will lick one and some two of them. The only thing I found these good for was to kill chickens and sheep. They would jump a deer and run it out of your sight far enough so you couldn't get a shot. While out in the woods these Airedales will run around thru the woods as though they were looking at the country and run right over a fresh cat track. I have seen them do this and the old bitch would come along and pick it up and tree the cat.

Mr. Caldwell didn't say what he did with his, but I sent a 32 Special through the ones I had. I have been a guide in Oregon for 30 years and used dogs to tree varmints for my parties I take out and the only dogs that are sure to tree the game are the old, long eared fox hound or the fox and blood mixed.

I have a friend here who has been a guide in Douglas County for 20 years and has tried all kinds of dogs and he thinks a man that tries to use those mongrels is throwing his time and money away.

Now about game: We have deer, bear, elk, antelope, grouse, quail, pheasants. Deer and bear are very plentiful, also birds and trout. For fur we have marten, skunk, ring tails, civet, otter and beaver.

Now a word about guns. I use the 32 Special Marlin rifle and think they are the best big game gun made. I have used three of them and I use the 32-20 Colts Pistol.

The Oregon Guide, Douglas Co., Ore.

TAKING THE AIREDALE'S SIDE.

Seeing the harangue about Airedales in August issue of H-T-T by Fred Caldwell, I wish to express my opinion.

While I am a lover of man's best friend, the dog, and having bred pure bred dogs over 20 years, three years in Ohio and over 17 in this state, and hearing much about Airedales I took them up. My first was a pup (Gypsy). I raised her in the Olympic Mountains and have been breeding them for five years and they always make good. Not being able to buy winners and workers, I raise them, and right here let me tell you where Caldwell fell down was in buying mature dogs and sending them to a handler in the south where there is nothing but opossum and other small game, then expect them to hunt bear. And again, it is a well known fact that Airedales are a one man dog. They pay no attention to strangers and by Caldwell's letter he got these dogs from different parts, sent them to different places, had them shipped and reshipped from pillar to post and never long enough in one place to get acquainted. Now there are many things in his rantings that are not worthy of notice and we who raise and handle this husky, hustling, homely rascal know they make good.

The only reason I write this is for the benefit of any one thinking of trying out this dog. Buy a pup, raise him, be a pal to him and you

will not be disappointed. He will do anything any dog will and many things no other will. Any one owning one is their champion. He will guard your home, fond of little folks, will herd cattle, drive sheep, clean up all the vermin on your place, will not make up with strangers, is not grouchy, will not start anything but once aroused will kill anything that wears hair of their size or larger.

I had a bunch of disagreeable happenings this spring. I buried 16 from different causes. We are not in shape financially to buy what we would like, so we raise them.

Now if anything I have written will be the means of making one more friend for the best dog in the world I will be pleased. Money won't buy everything—the protection and affection of a dog.

W. A. B., Snohomish Co., Wash.

THE HOUND vs. AIREDALE.

As everybody has his opinion on different kinds of dogs I thought I would give mine.

Fred Caldwell's article, "Our experience with the Airedale Terrier as a hunter" in August issue, 1914, is certainly a good one and will surely prove their worth as his opinion and mine are the same, although I have never owned one and am very certain that I never will. The looks of them is enough for me.

Some say they are good watch dogs. They surely must be like the dog the fellow sold for a good coon dog. The man who bought him brought him back after he tried him and said he was no good. The fellow who sold him said, "That is funny. I thought surely he was a good coon dog because he was no good for anything else." So the Airedale must be a

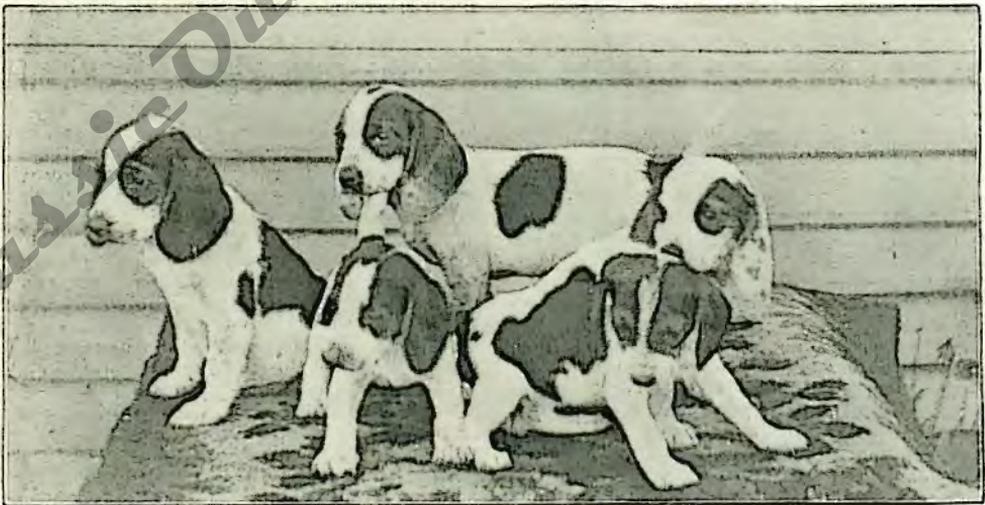
good watch dog. Now I have hunted for 15 years and have had some of the best dogs in the country, coon dogs I mean, as coon and rabbit are the only game here to run with dogs.

Most any dog will run rabbits, but very few will tree coon. Now if you want a good coon dog it must be a hound. I don't say other dogs cannot run coon because they can, but the best of them are hounds. First, they can run the coldest trail of any other breed. Second, they have the staying quality for long and hard runs. I have an old hound at present that I have seen wind coon $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. I have seen him when I was coming home from a hunt and would be on the road and he would be trotting along ahead of me and all at once he would stop, hold his head high, sniff the air and start on a dead run perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ mile across a field to a woods and would have a coon treed in a few minutes. I have seen him do this often too. He will tree squirrel the same way. Have often been out with him and would be going across a field from one woods to another and when I would be in a couple hundred yards of the woods he would trot apart from me and go in the woods and before I would go 50 or 100 yards in the woods he would be barking treed $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile away and it wouldn't be over 10 minutes from the time I saw him.

I am a farmer and this dog runs loose the year around. Some people say a dog will not hunt good if let run at large. He is a black and tan and weighs about 55 pounds. He is old now boys, but he has seen the time when he would kill any coon (except Kansas coons).

Now if anybody doubts this I can furnish all the proof they want. Do not be afraid to speak as that is what we want. We do not want tongue-tied people, so speak up.

Harvey Longwith, Auglaize Co., Ohio.



TEN WEEKS' OLD BLOODED BEAGLES OWNED BY L. M. SALTER, TIPTON CO., IND.



DEBONAIRE ST. NICK, AGE 7½ MONTHS, OWNED BY
F. A. BARNES, JACKSON CO., MICH.

A LOVER OF BEAGLES.

I am a Police Officer in Westchester County and am a great lover of Beagles. I have at the present time one bitch coming four years old and a pup from her which is ten months old and is going to make a good one. The mother of this pup cannot be bought for \$100.

The game around here is very scarce. We have rabbits, which are not very plentiful, quail and woodcock in the fall. Last year the woodcock did not start their flight until the law was on here. My brother-in-law, Steve Weeks, and I, shot about 10 but I think these were home birds.

The Westchester County Hunting Club turned loose 52 pairs of hares when they broke up about two years ago and there are a few around here. My bitch ran one for three hours one day last fall, but we did not get a shot at him. About a week after while I had my pointer bitch out for exercise she pointed in a clump of bushes and out hopped Mrs. Hare. I let her get far enough away and then fed her a dose of No. 6 shot. She weighed 10 pounds. I did not eat any of the meat as I gave her to a friend who keeps a hotel and he said he would make a good dinner of her and I was to attend, but was called out on an unexpected duty so lost my feed.

I shot 22 cotton-tails over the beagle, using a Stanley arm, 12 gauge shot gun, which I will never use again as the barrels lead after you shoot three or four times.

Two years ago I bought a Remington Pump gun. I had it two months and could not hit the broad side of a barn with it as it did not have enough drop to the stock. Outside of that I like them. I think they have the Winchester beat a little as they throw the empty shell from the under side. Me for the double barrel after this.

Come on with some more coon stories. I like them better. I would like to own a good coon dog, but so many of my friends have been stuck on them that I am leary.

S. J. Welch, Westchester Co., Pa.

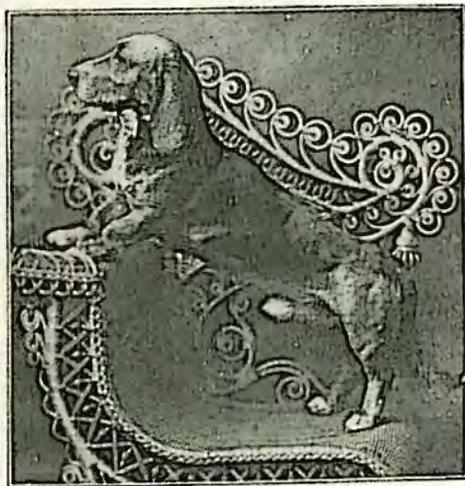
A FRIEND OF THE AIREDALE.

In the last issue of H-T-T which I just received, I noticed an article by Mr. Fred Caldwell, of Pennsylvania, condemning the Airedale terrier as a hunter and as I have one of the best kennels on the Pacific Coast and having bred and hunted them for the last ten years, I would like to reply to him through H-T-T so that the readers will know the absolute facts about this grand breed from a man who has had years of experience with them and not from one who has only tried them once and evidently very poor ones at that.

In the first place I do not believe Mr. Caldwell has ever had much experience as a bear hunter or he would know that Airedales alone are not supposed to be the ideal dog for bear, and especially in the hot, dry weather that he speaks about. Two or three half fox and blood hounds to do the cold trailing and three or four Airedales to do the fighting is the pack for bear or any big game. Too many get in each other's way.

Airedales are the same as any other dog. Will every bull terrier prove to be absolutely game, every setter hunt, every pointer point, every collie drive stock, every hound turn out to be a cracker-jack, etc.? Of course not. I consider that on an average that only one in twenty will make good and by that I mean do what that particular breed is supposed to do and do it right.

There is no question regarding the tracking power of hounds and Airedales the same in regard to their fighting, only the reverse.



FOUR YEAR OLD FULL BLOODED BENCH BEAGLE
OWNED BY WILLIAM CORNELL, CRAWFORD
COUNTY, PA.



ARTHUR V. SMITH, HARTFORD CO., CONN., AND HIS PEDIGREED COON HOUND ON RIGHT AND NUMBER ONE RABBIT HOUND ON LEFT.

I have in a number of cases treed bear with a pack of Airedales, and a good many times have been in a good bear country and did not have a run as I could not find a track that the Airedales could pick up, but if I had have had a good hound would have had some good sport as he could have worked it out until it got hot enough for the others.

I know for a positive fact that the Airedales will run away from hounds as they are so much faster. I have had pups six months' old to stay two and three hours with hounds when after coyote and pile right in and help kill at the finish.

As far as gameness is concerned, I have bred Pitt bull terriers for over 20 years and am fully qualified to judge a game dog when I see one. I have a male two years' old, Glenn King Oorang, that kills big wildcats alone, will bring a badger out of a barrel (and it takes some dog to do that with a few others to help him) and will tree any bear that can be made to do so. Once in awhile you will find one that will not tree, but will back up against a tree and fight until killed. Just to prove to some friends that were doubtful I let him go ten minutes with a bull terrier that outweighed him fifteen pounds and when stopped King was more than holding his own and ready for more. At night he is as good a watch dog as ever lived. No stranger can come around but what King is up and growling and if he could get at them would eat them up.

Last summer I had an eight-months'-old pup in the mountains. He had never been out of town before and on this trip of ten days he treed a large lion and caught and held three deer that were wounded.

Mr. Caldwell says that Paul Rainey says they are no good. I think the one that climbs

the tree in his moving pictures and makes the leopard jump out is about as good and game a dog as any man would want. I only wish that I had him.

I can prove all of my statements and can furnish the names of reliable owners that will bear me out in every statement that I have made.

In conclusion will say that Mr. Caldwell evidently got properly stung and if he will buy from some one that will agree to furnish satisfactory dogs or return his money he will quickly change his mind regarding this grand breed.

Dr. A. P. Deacon,
Siskiyou County, California.

We have plenty of fur bearers yet, such as coon, mink, otter and muskrats, sometimes a bear and occasionally some cats. Skunk are few. The fur-bearers need some protection. The most of the trappers here are early and all the year around trappers. If the game laws were enforced it would do some good. We have the law all right but the most of the trappers do not reward it. Some of them do not stop trapping at all. Some will begin in September and a very few at the opening of the season. I always begin November 15th and then the furs are good and stop February 15th and that is a bit too late, for all the fur-bearers are mating again.

A. Lee, Saint Mary Co., La.

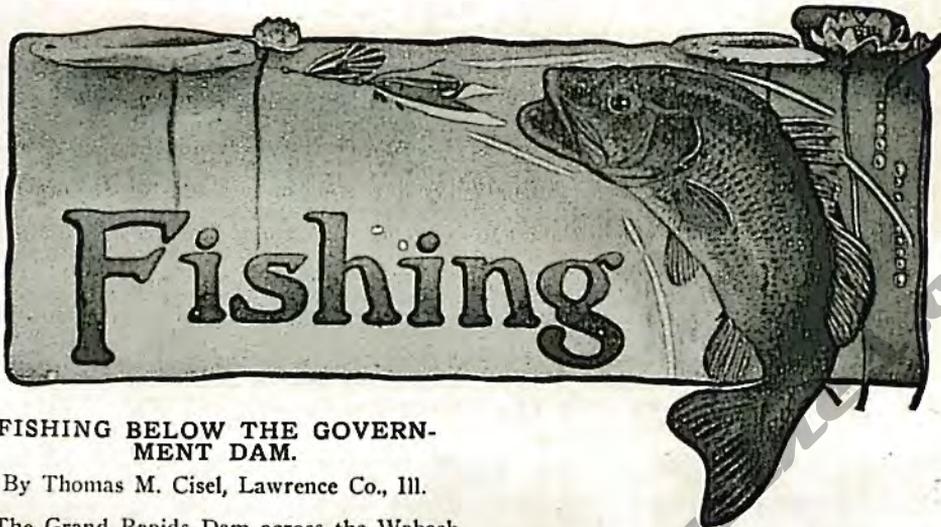
The furbearing animals around here are a few muskrats, mink, skunk, weasel, wolf, fox, wild cat, and once in a while a bear.

Some deer and many partridges are in the woods. The snowshoe rabbits are very scarce this year. Some say there is a disease among them and some do not know why they are so scarce.

F. O., Glen Flora, Wis.



SIX WEEKS OLD AMERICAN FOX HOUND PUPS OWNED BY P. L. SNYDER, BERKS CO., PA.



FISHING BELOW THE GOVERNMENT DAM.

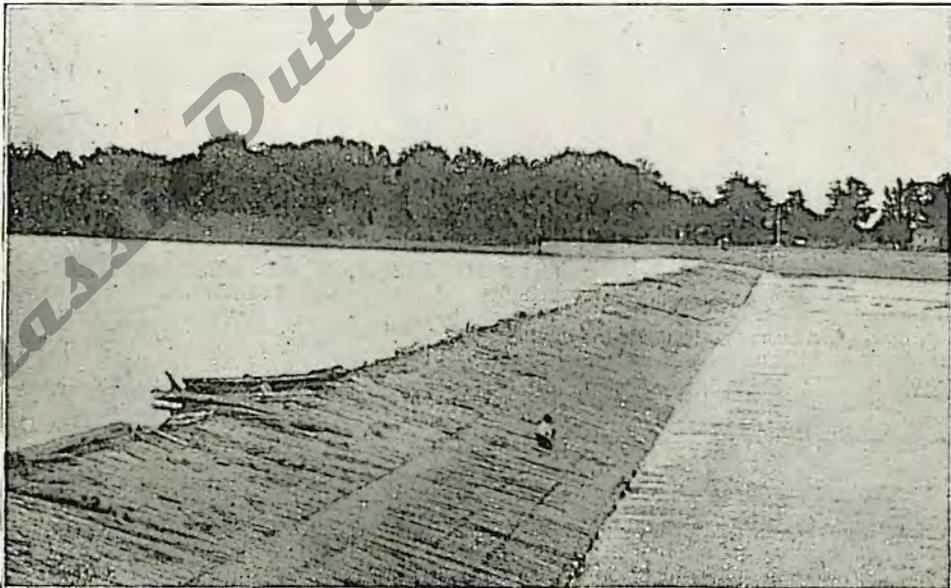
By Thomas M. Cisel, Lawrence Co., Ill.

The Grand Rapids Dam across the Wabash River near Mt. Carmel, Ill., is perhaps the best and farthest known of all fishing waters in Indiana and Illinois and is visited by hundreds of people each year.

This great obstruction holding back the waters of the Wabash causing the water to rise 22 feet higher than the natural low water mark at that location and showing an increased depth for 15 miles up the river when the river is bank full. Fish find no trouble in getting over the dam, but at low stage of the river they cannot reach the upper river because of the tremendous rush of the water

in passing over the dam. It is not uncommon to find fine large fish dead below the falls having been killed by the waters dashing them against stones while trying to get over the dam. When the river is low countless thousands of fish collect in the foaming waters below the dam and try to rush the falls. Some few of the stronger swimmers can reach the middle of the roof where the swift water catches them and dashes them among the rocks below.

Among these rocks is the favorite fishing



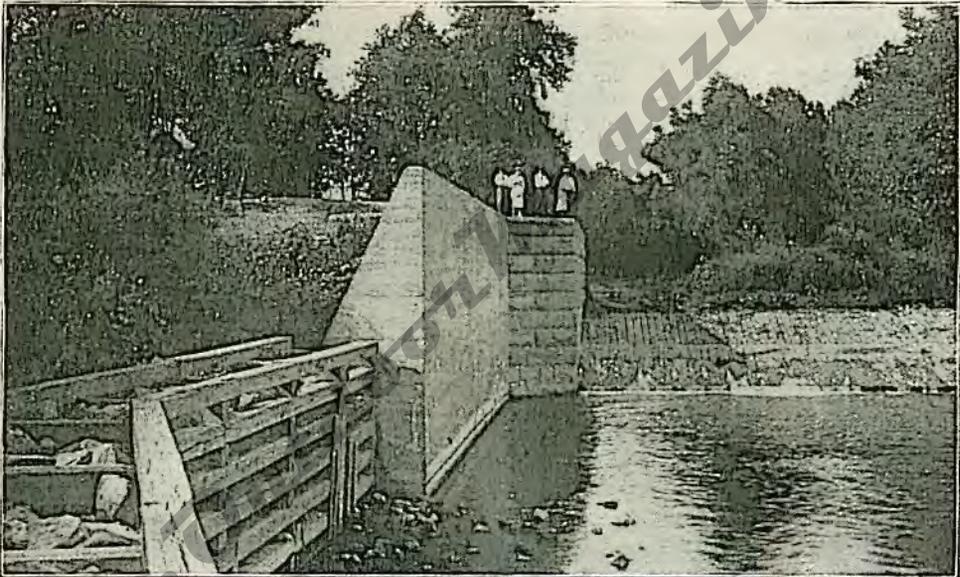
GRAND RAPIDS DAM, NEAR MT. CARMEL, ILLINOIS. THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE WABASH RIVER AT THE LOWEST STAGE EVER KNOWN.

spot. The water is very swift but not deep and the fisherman is able to wade at any point within ten feet of the falls. A private dam once stood at the same location and when torn away the large rocks were left scattered about the bed of the river and afford the fisherman a foothold to stand against the current.

Any kind of fish found in the Wabash can be found below the dam and some extra large bass are taken here. Some of the largest cat taken from the Wabash were caught in these waters. Unlike other fishing grounds, it does not become fished out, the dam completely blocking their way causes them to collect in great numbers. When the river is flowing over the full face of the dam you must wade in to reach a favorable location at a lower stage. When the face of the dam

all are permitted to fish any place or at any time. Your equipment you must bring with you or buy at some nearby town.

Fishing is good here only at low stage of the river. With the coming of high water they pass over and scatter in the upper river. The hand line is the favorite method of fishing here. Some few people prefer a grab line, a line filled with several dozen hooks extending up the line some three feet, a heavy iron sinker on outer end and a short, stiff pole. The method is used in the swift water just below the falls. The line is jerked through the water with a quick movement and any fish coming in contact with the hooks is caught. A large dip net is also used for catching fish below the dam, but it requires considerable skill to handle one in the swift waters.



BEAUTIFUL CAMPING GROUNDS ON ILLINOIS SIDE OF RIVER.—NEAR THE STONE WALL IS A BASS POOL WHERE MANY FINE ONES ARE CAUGHT.

is partly or entirely dry and the water is passing through the lower part of the structure you can walk upon the plank face and easily reach the water below. The dam is situated about two miles above Mt. Carmel, Ill., and is reached by boat or drive. The Government owns forty acres of land on the Indiana side and a small park on the Illinois side—plenty of room and suitable locations for camps; also plenty room for fishing as the dam is some 1,500 feet long. There is also good fishing in the deep water above the dam where all manner of nets and set lines are used.

While not in the wildwood with the lure of the undiscovered, unfinished, the Grand Rapids Dam will be found a very pleasant place to spend a few days or weeks camping. It is free—no charge for use of ground and

FISHING AT LES CHENEAUX ISLANDS.

On opening the September issue of H-T-T my eye caught your story of Northern Michigan and Les Cheneaux Islands and having just returned from a seven weeks' stay among the Snows, I was especially attracted by your dandy story.

This, though, was not my first summer there for the past fourteen years I have been a more or less constant summer resident at Hessel, Michigan, which you no doubt recall as being only four or five miles above the Islington.

All the places you mentioned are quite familiar to me, but the one in which I was most interested was Beaver Tail Creek, having fished it one time myself with very good luck. I can heartily sympathize with you in

regard to the brush, but along some of the other creeks in that vicinity it is almost if not quite as bad.

To my mind Beaver Tail is a fine trout stream even though it is with difficulty that one makes his way along. However, there are other creeks around which are as good and possibly better. For instance Taylor's Creek, which is about seven miles north of Hessel.

I shall long remember the two days that Rev. H. N. Brobst of Coldwater, Ohio, and myself spent there. Mr. Brobst had fair luck in fishing and landed a goodly number of nice ones. I, on the other hand, had very poor luck, for outside of two or three big ones the first day, it would be a shame to mention the kind I pulled in. Our hike back to Hessel was the most memorable part of it all. We carried our 65 or 70 pounds of luggage on a cedar pole which insisted on cutting into our shoulders at every step. When within three-quarters of a mile of home the boy who was to drive out for us appeared and we transferred our luggage to the wagon and rode home in state.

A couple of other trout streams through Les Cheneaux are Steel's and Mackinaw Creeks. The largest trout I have ever had the pleasure of catching came from Steel's Creek, but this summer along the same creek trout were exceedingly scarce. They frequented the lower and open part of the stream instead of the upper where hitherto they had been accustomed to hang out.

Mackinaw Creek had plenty of trout this summer, but they were all very small, few going over 10 inches. Mr. Brobst had a fine time with a 12½-inch trout one day. He hooked it in a very difficult place and in trying to jerk him out the trout broke his leader and made off with the broken part trailing behind. After an exciting chase Mr. Brobst succeeded in getting the leader, but the trout again broke loose and darted back under an overhanging bank where it was almost safe. Mr. Brobst by leaping far over (with me hanging onto his legs) once more succeeded in getting the leader and this time he landed his fish. This was the largest trout I ever saw come from Mackinaw Creek.

In your narrative you spoke a little of the game of that region. Now during my stay I found out through reports and my own observations that deer and bear were fairly plentiful this year. The bear unusually so. The natives say there are more this year than there has been for a number of years back. At Taylor's Creek we had the pleasure of starting up a large buck and from tracks thereabouts the place seemed to be literally overrun with the animals. Partridges were, in comparison with last year, very plentiful. Marquette Island especially had a great number.

One very interesting animal which I most sincerely wish you had mentioned is the beaver. All along Taylor's Creek we found evidence of their handiwork. A great deal of timber cut down and numerous dams. At one of these places I believe I saw a beaver

but could not say positively. At this same place is the largest beaver dam and pond I have ever seen. The pond covers a very large tract of land making it difficult for trout fishermen to get along as the water has withdrawn from some places leaving behind a very treacherous bottom in which one could quite easily disappear from sight.

It was surely my lucky day when I procured the September number of your magazine for I most certainly did enjoy and appreciate your story.

Albert D. McGrew, Allegheny Co., Pa.

A FISHING TRIP.

Well, boys, I am only 17 years old, but I surely do love to hunt and fish.

Last July I went fishing on the Gasconade River. My father and I loaded up the wagon with fishing tackle and plenty of grub to last a week. We went by Mr. Levi Lillard's and he took plenty of grub, also a tent for us to sleep in and we started for the river.

We arrived at the river about 11 o'clock. We ate our dinner then took our trot line and hooks and rowed down the river about 100 yards in a deep edge and set our trot line. This was about 1 p. m. and about 6 p. m. we ran the trot line and caught three catfish, one bass and four trout and one gar.

We baited the hooks again for the night and then we went into camp and cleaned the fish



A 16 POUND CARP CAUGHT RECENTLY AT BUCKEYE LAKE, BY MISS MINERVA PRYOR OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.



A DAY'S CATCH OF PICKEREL. CAUGHT BY GEORGE CAPE, KENNETH JACOBS AND J. ROGLER, JR., SULLIVAN CO., NEW YORK.



PART OF SIX HOURS' CATCH BY M. J. SCHROEDER, ARTHUR TAYLOR AND T. J. TAYLOR, MILWAUKEE CO., WISCONSIN.

we had caught and ate them for supper. After supper we sat around camp and Levi and papa told big hunting and fishing stories which interested me.

Next morning we were up early. Levi and papa went down and ran the trot line while I got breakfast. When they returned they had eight carp about two feet long. This was Friday morning. After breakfast I got my shotgun which is a 16-gauge, and went down the river and killed two squirrels and one rabbit. They used the rabbit for bait and I dressed the squirrels for dinner.

We were located at the Adams Ford on this river. There were lots of fish there and I believe it would be a good trapping place.

The next day was Saturday and there was a picnic right at the ford where we camped. We attended the picnic and we all had a splendid time.

Clyde Elkins, LaClede Co., Mo.

MIAMI RIVER FISH.

The picture is one of channel cat, blue cat and carp caught in the Miami River with hook and line. From left to right J. A. Young, F. W. Johnson and the writer. The



A MIAMI RIVER CATCH OF CATFISH.

thirteen catfish weighed 34 pounds, the carp weighed 16 pounds. The largest cat was a blue cat and weighed 8 pounds. We caught 5 cats and 10 black bass that we ate while in camp. Neal Purdon, Greene Co., Ohio.

OUR MORNING FOR BASS FISHING.

Morning without wind with but few clouds! Morning and the unwearied sun stood once more in the heavens as a royal purple ball bordered with gold, the sky above gleamed with a cold yet lustrous blue, while here and there a few small clouds of palest amber becoming smaller as they sailed along. The surrounding hills as it were, were painted with a greeting deep blue.

We stopped for a moment and wondered at God's wonderful handiwork while the good

wife is preparing our breakfast. This is our morning, we are going bass fishing. Our breakfast eaten and our tackle ready we now walk across the valley to the distant hills beyond where we must get our bucket of minnows. It's the only cure when one gets the fever.

The whole scene as we go along might well have been the fantastic dream of some imaginative painter whose ambitions soared beyond the limits of human skill. We now have reached the brook where we proceed to catch our minnows.

The valley between the hills where the brook flows was one of absolute silence this beautiful morning, not a breath of wind stirred a ripple on the glassy water. A small dew-laden sapling leaned over on the brook and kissed as it were the green, glassy water, the minnows played to and fro as of yore for we are not in our infancy—we have scooped minnows out of there before.

A bait fisherman, what? I thought that question was settled long ago. Why is it that we must spend time and space telling about the unsportsmanlike way of taking bass by the live bait route? Can't we dismiss that argument forever? I can't see for my life why the live bait fisherman is a greater brute than the artificial bait caster, or the fly man for that matter. Give me a pail of minnows, a short stiff rod, a quadruple reel, sinker of four ounces, two hooks of about 1-0 size, let me cast to some likely looking spot, let me rest quietly and enjoy Nature and you can let the rest to me for we sure are real lovers of Nature.

Well we have spent a full half hour getting our minnows and we must hurry to our fishing stream. Just as we climb the last high hill we get a glimpse of the beautiful stream and the valley beyond. I would like to live there for not every body would know the cut of my clothes by heart and the number of buttons on my coat—catch me? The baker, the grocer, the butcher and everybody knows me.

To change the subject we have reached the stream where the mighty black bass swims. As we cross the bridge a bass jumps out of the water showing his splendid sides throwing a thousand droplets on either side of him as he again plunges back into the water and some small running ripples of waves broke on either side. It was a musical splash. At the bottom of the stream we could see the fine sand of many colors sprinkled thick with mussel shells and moving creatures among them and now and then there would stream past a few fish.

The place was silent; only fish cranes circled round and round, some of them occasionally swooping down on the unwary fish with their keen eyes perceived in the waters beneath, then up again they soared swaying their ungraceful wings and uttering at intervals that unbearable solitary cry.

We walk quietly along for we must go down the stream a mile farther for there is a favorite spot of mine. As we walk along we stop a few moments to bid a hearty good morning to a few Germans who have by se-

lection lived the out-door life day and night, who refuse to do a day's work or pay taxes. Theirs must, after all, be a hard lot. We walk along through a closed thicket of trees laden with the morning dew, the little droplets shining in the fast rising sun and sending a dozen different colors in the direction of the sky.

Our foot steps fall noiselessly on a thick carpet of dark green, dotted here and there with buds of ripening flowers. The birds are now up and doing, sending a hundred notes of cheer as we go along, here and there we could see the birds spreading their wings like tiny sails to catch the warmth of the morning sun.

We are now at our favorite spot and we hook on a few minnows just for a try. We discover that the bass are taking hold, but we failed to land a single one perhaps out of sheer carelessness. We missed quite a few strikes and had failed to land those that we did hook. Such was our luck up to dinner time. We were of course very much discouraged.

Just opposite the stream there arose a lofty hill clothed in the deepest green, dotted here and there with a few pine trees which the woodman has failed to find. That is called the Owl Hill. That hill if it could talk could tell some unwritten history. I have been told that numerous crimes were committed there. Perhaps the ghosts had something to do with my luck, but I hardly think so for my pious old father told me long ago there was no such thing as ghosts or witches. At any rate we failed to land a single bass.

Discouraged we leave the place for a little while and take a walk down the old tow path to see the ruins of the locks in the near distance. We once more go along and dream. We can hear the reapers on the hill side in the distance and faintly we can see the swallows flying to and fro catching thousands of insects stirred to sudden activity by the reapers, thank Heaven those insects suit their simple needs. Luxuries do not become those poor, innocent creatures.

I suppose that lock belongs to some old dead man. Only here and there signs can be seen of farmers' activity, but we must have a few of those dainty ripening apples on the tree on the other side of that lock. While helping ourselves to a few of them we see the sun high above us—we must hurry back to fishing again.

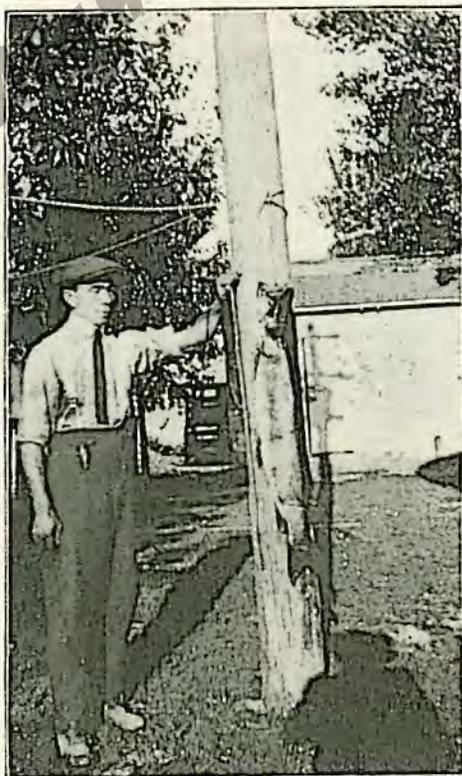
We again bait our hooks and in a very short time we are rewarded with a strike, a few mad rushes, a short battle and a fine two-pound bass is flopping at our feet. Encouraged we again make a cast. A strike, some more rushes, another battle and another bass of 2½ pounds flops at our feet. By this time we begin to feel that life after all is worth living. An angler gets those feelings at such times, but after that we got no more strikes, but we were satisfied with the two fish and the day's outing.

We will now leave the story with you and if I have made any one feel lighter hearted by reading these few lines I shall feel sufficiently repaid. I did not describe tackle

and methods of using tackle. That has often been told before, but I will insist that live bait fishing has more joy, rest and quiet for me than any other method.

You may talk about your wooden minnows, your spoons, your rubber frogs, etc., but the live minnow, the rest, quietness and satisfaction is good enough for me. I often steal away from the busy town and strife and spend an afternoon fishing. Yes, such a life suits me. It gives me health and vigor such as no other can. When we live the life of boy in the man we will be boys all our lives and still be manly. That kind of a life keeps us young, besides, one does not spend the money he would spend if he were the kind who spend their leisure hours at various kinds of games, and a hundred other things which will do us no good. There is nothing like spending the day fishing, nothing like a broad stream and half dozen fish, nothing like pushing out your chest and inhaling God's pure, wholesome air. My wife always sympathizes with me in my efforts to catch a few fish for she too, is a lover of Nature and believes in keeping young by the outdoor route.

N. G. Longenecker,
Lebanon County, Pa.



A 20-POUND MUSKELLUNGE CAUGHT AT REST LAKE, WIS., BY MR. A. WEIL OF FORT WAYNE, IND. MR. WEIL CAUGHT NEARLY 100 POUNDS OF THESE BIG FELLOWS IN SIX DAYS. PHOTO SHOWN HERE IS HIS HELPER.



INDIANA COON HUNT.

Lloyd Zellner, my pal, and I are fully equipped for night hunting. Our old coon special, (King Saylor) a black and tan fox hound, also old Cap, a buck and red bone cross, both good night dogs, but are independent hunters. Will positively not help each other in no way while hunting so we very often take them alone.

We have a brilliant search light, which is money well spent, climbers, hand axe, traps and tent.

On November 12, we decided to change our hunting ground so we loaded up at noon and started, arriving at Fort Wayne at three o'clock in the afternoon. After giving our horses a feed and rest, we started for a point eight miles northeast of Ft. Wayne. Stopping at the farm home of a good friend of ours living in a good timber location found him away so we took charge of affairs and made ourselves at home which we are pretty handy at doing.

Having our old King Saylor alone this time we started for the timber about nine o'clock. Soon after we reached this timber, mostly elm and lots of other timber suitable for a good night's hunt, old Saylor opened up and one thing sure, we do not have to stand, freeze and wonder what's going. He worked the trail in an easy manner, going in one direction about a half mile and began to circle a large elm tree. After circling the tree for awhile he began to bark up a small red oak, right by the elm. I told my pal he has surely made a mistake for it surely took that elm. But he was firm so we made an inspection and found it just as he said it was. We located a bulk in the tip-top of the small oak so I took a shot at him. I took another with the same result. Finding something wrong with my eyes I put on my climbers, went up about forty feet and took another shot at him with a .32, six-inch barrel, hitting him in the throat. The bullet went through the head up in the brains and covered me completely with blood dripping down. Finally he let go of his death grip and he went down past me dead.

While up in the tree I saw a light coming through the woods toward us. I got down and we waited, wondering who was coming to us. It proved to be our friend where we were stopping. He had gone to a country store and on the way back he heard old Saylor singing one of his old favorite hymns which no man with hunting fever running through his veins can listen to without keeping step, especially in the direction from where it comes. After giving us that good old hardy handshake, he inspected our catch which was a large dark male, he informed us that he did not stop to put his horse away, but came straight to us, so you see that music is just as I have told you—our friend was with us to stay. He said we would cross on to the next woods that had a large open ditch running through it where he said there was numerous coon tracks, so we appointed him our guide and followed.

Upon arriving at the ditch we found plenty of tracks. We followed the ditch until we came to a bridge and decided to cross here and hunt the timber on the opposite side. Just as we were crossing old Saylor turned to page 283 and began. We took step and followed to a cornfield, about one-half mile. He made a circle in the field, coming out about thirty rods north of where he went in and trailing back within twenty rods of where he began and barked up a large burr oak. It being cloudy and much darker than it was when we treed the first one, we had to use our search light. After making our usual tour of inspection we spied him good and plenty, but extremely high. I gave him a dose of No. 2 pills. He took a limb and went to the extreme end, turned and looked at me. I gave him another dose, he came down and seemed to be in a deep slumber. He was an extremely large male. This ended our night's hunt.

Come on brothers with your hunts. We sold them for \$6 so it was a good trip for all.

Come on brother with your hunts. We know you have been there so "fess up."

Nathaniel Prough, Wells Co., Ind.

A COON HUNT IN POTTER CO., PA.

On getting up one morning and finding it favorable for a coon hunt I told pard to come on, which he readily consented to do, and taking our guns and hound, which was a half beagle and half fox hound, we started for the hills for Mr. Coon.

After going about a mile the dog began to sniff around on the ground and soon started off on track. We followed along up a small run or ravine for half mile or so when the track left the run and went up on to a ridge of timber.

After following the ridge for quite a distance the hound appeared to lose track near an old stub which we soon cut down but got no coon for our trouble, but the hound soon picked up the track and gave tongue again and started along the ridge. After working some time he came to a large maple tree and began to make small circles always returning to the same tree and finally jumped against the tree and barked and after a time began to dig at the roots of the tree.

Making up our minds that we had Mr. Coon at last, we began to chop down the tree which had only a thin shell of sound wood. After a few minutes' work with the axe the tree began to crack and soon laid prostrate on the ground. Then for the fun.

The dog ran into the tree top to look for the coon and just as we began to think that maybe we were not going to find any coon the dog began to bark down in the trunk of the tree, he having entered a hole nearly thirty feet from the ground. He soon appeared bringing a very nice coon with him. We then chopped a hole in the body of the tree about ten feet from the butt and found two more coon there which ran out and along the tree and pard and I after them. Making a false step I fell coming down on top of one of them, which we kept alive. The largest one ran up a small tree from which we soon brought him down and sacking our coons we started for home very well satisfied with our trip.

For other fur bearing animals we have fox, mink, and rats. For game we have rabbits and quite a good many partridge.

Well the old dog has gone the way of all good dogs and would consider another one just as good cheap at twenty dollars.

Leroy Hurd, Potter Co., Pa.

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A NOVEMBER COON HUNT.

I am but an amateur at coon hunting but had several interesting hunts last winter, one of which I will relate to the best of my ability:

A friend of mine, Mr. D. Heffner, resides several miles from town and is a regular experienced coon hunter. He and I work together. One day he asked me to go out home with him, saying it would be a good night for a coon hunt. I was glad to have the chance. 5:35 found us boarding a train bound for Woodburn.

His good and faithful wife awaited us at the cross road with the rig and after 20 minutes

driving, we arrived at his home. After partaking of a hearty country supper, we unchained the dogs and drove several miles where we put up the outfit at a school teacher's barn.

Just a few words about Mr. Heffner's dogs. One is a large long-eared hound of southern blood and a loud trailer. The other is a smaller dog and a hound and fox-terrier cross. These dogs are some of the best around this neck of the woods and caught quite a quantity of coon, skunk and opossum last winter.

To get back to the coon hunt again. We struck out through cornfields and pastures toward a patch of timber. After about half an hour, we noticed the smaller dog (which is the better skunk dog of the two) working silently but hard on a track. Finally, he got it straightened out and struck out toward a pasture. In a short time he gave his peculiar bawl which meant that he had the skunk. Running at the top of our speed soon brought us to the scene. The little dog dispatched the skunk in a short time and after skinning him, we went on our hunt.

Now it was time for the South-Paw to do something which he did to our satisfaction. When several hundred yards from the timber he gave tongue and we knew it was a coon. The still trailer worked with him but the big fellow furnished the music. The coon evidently was a wise old fellow judging from the manner he led the dogs around the country.

We sat on a rail fence waiting for the tree bawl. None but experienced coon hunters can realize our feelings as we sat there, the long drawn bawls of the hound, the smoke from a good old briar and the loneliness of the landscape all joining together to stir the sportsman's blood in our veins.

At last the coon took a straight course and headed for another woods. It was then that the dogs overtook and treed him. To say that we tore through the timber, underbrush and mud would be putting it mildly. We arrived at the tree, "a tall oak", panting like a couple of steam engines. After shining for quite a while, we failed to find any eyes, but knew the dog too well to doubt the presence of a coon crouched somewhere in the oak. So it was up to the writer to climb, which I did and with my pard's aid managed to get hold of the first limb. Upwards I scrambled until the lantern looked like firefly in the grass.

Suddenly, I heard Mr. Ringtail scramble out on a limb and shining him with an electric flashlight, I saw that he was a large fellow and expected trouble in getting him out of his perch on the limb. Following my pard's instructions, I turned out the light and commenced teasing the coon. At last, I succeeded in getting him to growl and then to commence creeping toward me. This was a peculiar position to be in as any who has been there can testify. When within several feet of me, I turned the light on, stuck it in his face and went to kick him off the limb, but the coon jumped. After a hard nip and tussle with the dogs, he found himself in Mr. Heffner's hunting coat.

We now made our way toward the rig, but before we arrived there, my companion's eagle

eyes detected an opossum up in a sapling. We shook him out and were soon on our way home. Before we arrived there, however, the small dog had caught another skunk. This delayed us for half an hour and we pulled in at my kind host's home at two o'clock.

We slept the sleep of tired hunters, dreaming of coon hunting, and 4:30 found us on our way walking to the railroad.

We caught 14 skunk, 8 coon and 16 opossum last season, each and every one fairly, and far be it from sportsmen to dig-em-out or catch a skunk with a trap.

Al. Wald, Montgomery County, Ohio.



TWO COONS KILLED WITH A CLUB BY J. H. WALTERHOUSE, GENESEE CO., MICH.

A GEORGIA COON HUNT ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

It is the first hour of the day and dark as Egypt. It is a good twelve miles to our camp and off we go with a buggy full of dogs ready for a long and pleasant Thanksgiving hunt.

After getting lost in the dark swampy road several times, we, at last, reached our destination just at the crack of day. Now, I will give you a small description of our outfit.

We have a camp down in the depths of old Muckalee where the swamp is about two miles across and is honored by three streams. We only have a few good coon dogs. The best of these are Rock and Ball. Rock is a clear bred red bone hound. Ball, the best I ever owned, is an equal mixture of cur and hound. He has

the best mouth that ever a good old coon hunter heard get after the ringtail kind.

After going about two hundred yards in the swamp which is bordered by a good sized cornfield, Old Ball opened up. The rest joined in and—it would make your flesh creep to tell you—then we had some music. The trail was pretty cold at first but by the time the other dogs got there, Ball had things going his way. We waited until he gave us the signal to move on which he always and never fails to give—the faithful coon dog's treed bark.

After going to the middle of the swamp and a little down stream, we found where he had old sister coon and two of her young up a large hollow tree. The tree proved to be of soft wood and after chewing away for a while, we got it down and then the fight.

By holding some and tying others, we had one of the young dogs left to do the man's work. Soon the old sister had cut the last corn. It was a little after sun up, but we started out down the creek again. Ball and Rock struck about the same time but at different points. Now something happened that is very seldom heard of about Ball and Rock. Both stuck to his post and came to the end at the same tree. Both dogs having treed the same coon and ran the same track.

Out of this tree, we got two coons, both young ones. These with the other coon made a total of five coons. Four of them were alive and only one dead. The best coon hunting we had done for some time.

We went back to camp and such another Thanksgiving dinner we did eat. I want to tell you that it was only this, "I wish I could have two like it every week."

T. T. Holmon Jr., and E. J. Young,
Sumter County, Ga.

SACKING COONS.

I will give you the details concerning the fur at large in this locality as far as I know. Now I am no fiction writer and only wish to adhere to the truth.

Coon and opossum are fairly plentiful, some mink and a few foxes and wolves. A fellow trapper of mine here says he thinks there are more coon and mink here than there has been for ten years. I see they are preying on the farmers' corn and some of them say the squirrels are eating up their corn, but I think the coons are doing it, judging from the tracks along the creeks.

Let me tell you of some fun I had some weeks back. I was out hunting bee trees one evening and heard something climbing and on first sight I saw a buck up a large oak and it quickly hid from view. I went around the tree and out of a hole in the top of the tree I saw part of what I thought was a very large coon. I had nothing to get him with and in fact didn't want him if he was an old coon. After I had stayed there for some time the coon finally emerged from his hiding and came forth and then another and another and kept on till I counted five. They were about one-third grown. They were so cute, as the

girls would say, that I thought I must have those little beauties so I went home and told my better-half, who offered her assistance in capturing the beautiful creatures. We went back armed with a long string, a tow sack and an axe. We cut a pole, leaned it on the oak so I could climb. I soon reached the top and here is where the fun took place. I had the sack and string and my better-half on the ground, also my dog anxiously awaiting their introduction to the ground. I caught one and sacked it, then No. 2, and the scratching and squalling started. I started for another one and it jumped out. The dog jumped on it and killed it before Sallie could beat him off. By this time the others had gone to the top of the tree and I had to do some tall reaching before I got them, but I finally did and sacked the buck and let them down. I then got down and we started for home.

Don and Sallie, Leon Co., Texas.

A SOUTHERN COON HUNT.

The H-T-T and I are great friends. I enjoy the yarns very much, especially the coon hunts, so I am going to tell the readers of a coon hunt that I once took part in and it was one of the most laughable events of my life. Even today I smile when I think of it.

Some years ago when I was located in a town farther down the old Father of Waters, I was invited by a friend to join a coon hunt. He employed a great many negroes and they are strong on their coon and opossum. Now, positively, my friend promised me I would see some fun and sure enough I did.

We left the Illinois shore about 9 p. m., four of us in the launch towing a skiff loaded with three "coons" and three coon dogs, (mongrels.) We made for the Kentucky side of the river. Quarters up a stream, about 50 yards from shore, we struck the mud flats—two feet of water and two feet of mud. I was at the wheel and the moon was big, so I had plenty light to steer by. As we only had one-half mile to go after striking the mud banks following the shore I did not pay much attention to the wheel. Laughing and joking we progressed merrily along. The "coons" in the skiff treating the white folks to music peculiar to their kind. I am getting ahead of my story, as I forgot to say that they had a very elaborate outfit consisting of a lamp reflector and a rig to attach it to the head, three of them.

As I stated we were sailing along when I suddenly noticed a log almost under the bow of the launch. Well, I spun the wheel of the stern and the readers can imagine what happened to the "coons", coon dogs and lighting apparatus with the short, sharp turn of the launch with the skiff 10 feet behind. Over went the skiff spilling "coons", dogs, and the whole works into two feet of water and two feet of mud. The dogs promptly made for

the shore. The "coons" and their paraphernalia we had to pull into the launch and such a mad bunch of coon hunters you never saw. The choicest language in the African vocabulary was turned loose on the night air and the dogs turned loose several howls from the shore.

Well, we finally got ashore, built a fire and the sons of Ham dried out, but the hunt was all drowned out of them and not a coon did we get but the fun we got out of it, the hearty laughs that come every time we thought of it and in our mind's eye see those "coons" sputtering, kicking and cursing in the mud and water made the trip well worth while.

Dr. W. L. Russell, Madison Co., Ill.

HUNTING COONS IN OHIO.

Clarence Culver and myself left Spencer-ville about 7:30 P. M. to go coon hunting on the Glen Oak farm also the Baty farm. After walking about an hour came to our destination.

We had two dogs, Lead and pup. The former a full blooded coon dog and the latter the same but not trained. The wind was blowing very hard and it was misting rain. We sat down under a tree and were getting ready to "beat it" when old Lead give tongue and we knew immediately that there was something doing so we started in search of the dog. Went back about a mile, crossing big ditches, fences, etc., and sat down on a fence to wait to hear the bark again.

We did not have long to wait for soon both Lead and the pup got it where it was hot. They ran to a water beech (as Clarence said) which had grown at an angle over the ditch and barked treed.

As we viewed the tree we saw two bright eyes viewing us too with an air as much as to say, "why don't you follow?" Well it didn't take long for Gayle to follow and when he was about eleven feet from it he leveled his gun and fired missing it and it ran down the tree to a ditch. By this time Clarence and Orval were getting very anxious and said, "what have you got Gayle?" He said, "I shot at a coon, but missed it for the coon was a tom cat." We swore and we tore and gathered up a big brick bat and swore if we didn't kill that cat. We raced the cat till morning at four A. M., gave it up and returned home wet through, carrying a broken lantern, a pair of climbers and four tired feet.

We claim this as a secret, but will tell the H-T-T it and see if some one else has ever had the experience.

We trap some. Our winter's trapping consisted of 2 coons, 5 opossums, 25 muskrats and 2 weasels. Trapping is only fairly good here.

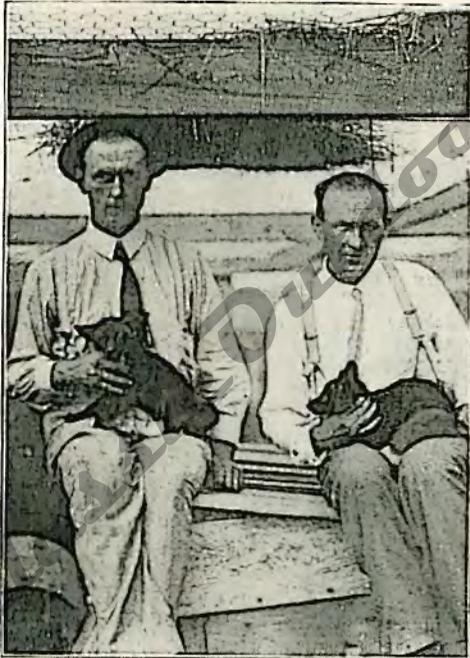
Clarence Culver and Gayle Humerickhouse,
Allen Co., Ohio.

Fur Farming and Plant Culture



SUCCESSFUL FOX RANCHERS.

A Canadian fox rancher of years of experience tells how a man of limited means can work himself into raising pure silver black foxes.



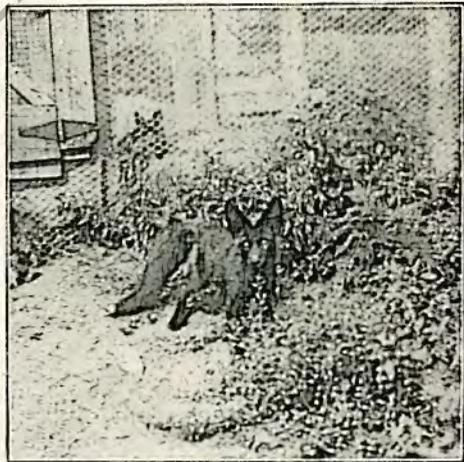
GRAHAM BROTHERS HOLDING TWO SILVER BLACK FOX PUPS, ALSO BROTHERS.

Several years ago we got an idea that cross, or patch foxes would produce silver blacks, so with that idea in view, we purchased a number of pairs of crosses from other ranchers that had started in the business.

We were very careful to select our crosses

from litters that had one or two pure silver blacks in them and we were also careful in selecting animals with good quality of fur. So you can see that we got the black blood in our foxes to start with and at much less money than if we bought the pure silver blacks.

Now the following spring we were amply rewarded for our trouble for out of four pairs we raised 14 pups, 6 perfect silver



A SNAPSHOT OF A SILVER BLACK.

blacks and 8 good crosses. One pair didn't produce any silver blacks—just good crosses. They were a pair of wild caught cross foxes and it took the next generation before there were any blacks produced.

Now the silver blacks bred from the crosses are producing perfect silver blacks and it is very rare that a cross makes its appearance in any of their litters, and to date there is no convincing evidence to show that the silver blacks that are the progeny of crosses ever reverted to the red strain.

It is the prevailing idea that crosses have to be inbred to produce silver blacks, but we find that is not the case, as we get just as good results in mating ones that are not related.

To people who are not familiar with cross or patch foxes, the following description will be useful: A patch or cross fox is the product of silver blacks getting mixed with reds, and



FEEDING FIVE CROSS FOX PUPS.

between the two colors a cross fox's pelt might show mostly all red with a very narrow stripe of silver black up its back and across its hips and shoulders up to the best grade of crosses that are mostly all silver black with just a slight tinge of red in their ears, on side of neck, back of front legs and on hips at butt of tail.

Graham Bros., Ontario.

DEER FARMING POSSIBILITIES.

By E. C. HALL.

Contrarily enough, as the supply of game decreases, the public taste for game seems to increase, and this particularly true with regard to venison. So far as deer are concerned, supplying the growing demand is a simple and profitable matter of animal industry, for, unlike the turkey, "tame" deer is of quite as fine flavor, and usually in better condition than his wild brother. There are large areas in the United States, worthless for any other purpose, which would make excellent deer pastures.

In some states the raising of domesticated deer for the market is seriously interfered with, and even prevented, by game laws passed without considering such a contingency, but these acts are being gradually repealed, and the deer farmer will soon be able to conduct his business with as much practical freedom as the poultryman. He may do so now in many states so long as he confines

himself to marketing his animals during the regular open seasons.

The deer family stands next to the cattle and sheep family in general utility. The flesh is a valuable food, while the antlers or horns, and the skins, are important articles of commerce. The dietetic value of venison is enhanced by the fact that it is especially adapted to invalids who require a nourishing yet easily digested food. Grilled venison, along with boiled rice and boiled tripe, requires but one hour for digestion, whereas grilled beefsteak and mutton require three hours, and roasted veal and pork five hours or more. Deer horn, deer skin and deer hair have important places in the manufacturing world and are of great value.

There are three species of native American deer which are recommended for domestication: The moose, the elk and the whitetail or Virginia deer. The moose is the largest living animal of the deer family, and, in captivity, is particularly docile and affectionate, being easily handled, and even driven in harness.

Their natural range is in northern lands, and Maine, Michigan, Minnesota and Wyoming are probably the only states in which they could be successfully raised. Large pastures are required in order that the animals may have opportunity for vigorous daily exercise.

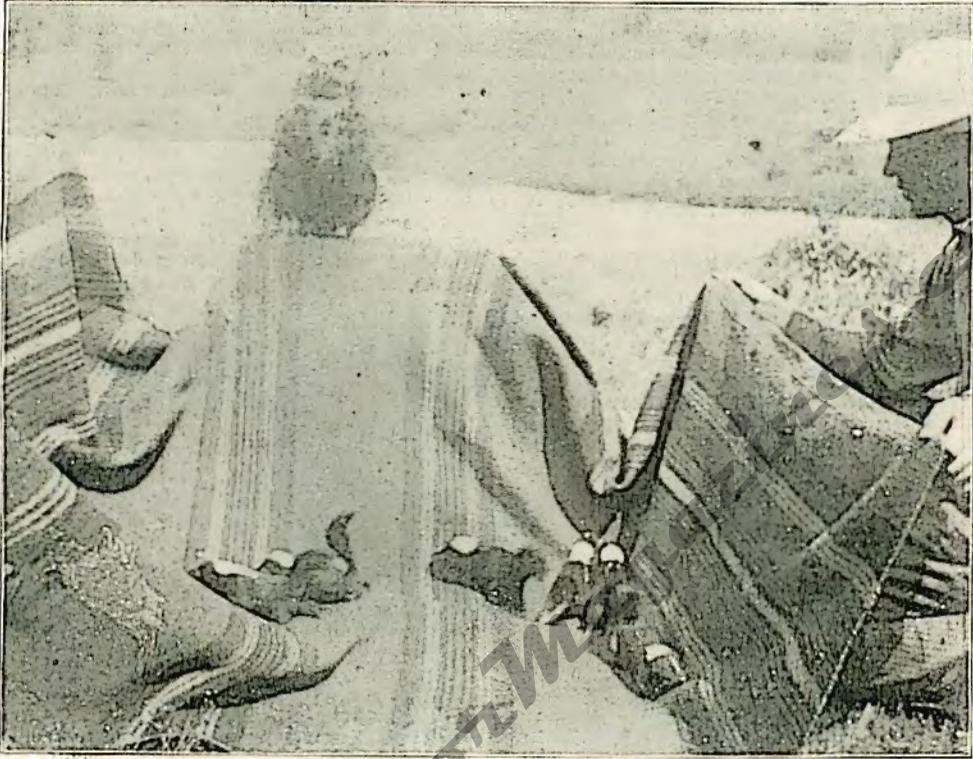
The common deer of the United States is the whitetail, or Virginia deer, and various species are found in practically every state of the Union, excepting the extreme northwest. The suitability of the Virginia deer for parks is unquestioned, and in large preserves it increases very rapidly.

The mule deer, somewhat larger than the Virginia deer, is native to the regions south of the Missouri and west of the Mississippi river, and most of the attempts to acclimatize it east of the Mississippi have failed. Crosses with the Virginia deer, however, have produced hybrids of superior size and stamina. The venison of the male deer is excellent, and its superior size, of course, adds to its market value.

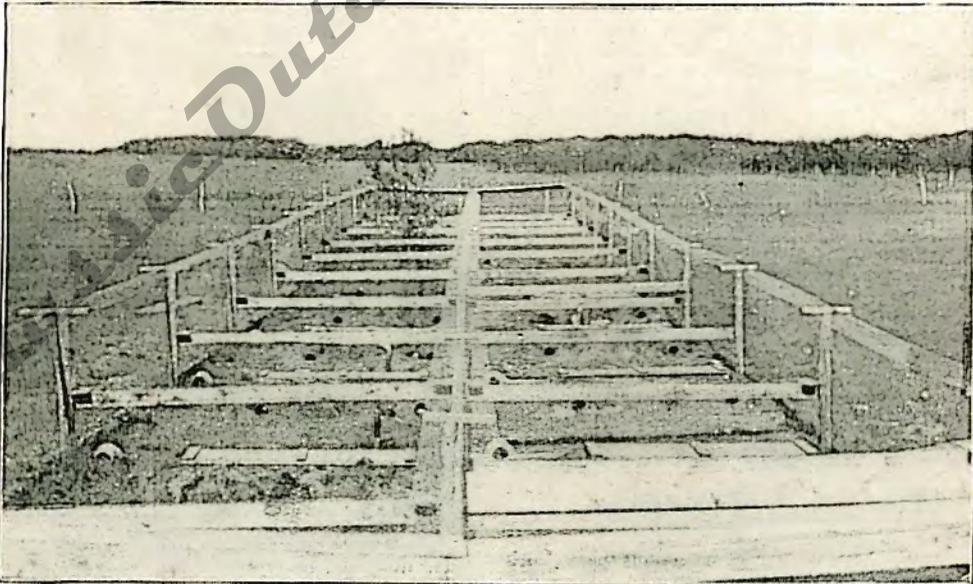
The elk is both a browsing and a grazing animal. While it eats grass freely and can subsist upon it alone, it thrives best where there are also trees and underbrush. This animal is extremely polygamous. The horns of adult bulls usually drop off in March or April, and new ones attain their full size in 90 days. The velvet adheres until August, when it is gradually shed.

The bulls usually lead solitary lives while the horns are growing, but early in September they seek the herds of cows. Each bull takes charge of as many cows as he can round up and control. Calves are born in May or June, there being, as a rule, but one, which follows the cow for a full year, or even longer. The female elk does not have young until three or four years old.

The flesh of the elk is superior to most venison, though this is not generally known, owing to the fact that the hunting season is usually in October and November, when only males are killed—just when the bulls are in



SKUNKS, RAISED BY C. J. BAKER, AND OWL THAT WAS CAUGHT IN A TRAP. POTTER CO., PA.



TWENTY-TWO BREEDING PENS FOR SKUNKS AT THE LONE PINE FUR FARM, WRIGHT CO., IOWA.

poorest condition. They are in best condition about the time the velvet is shed.

East of the Mississippi the wild elk were exterminated a generation ago, but many are still to be found in the west, and the experiment of acclimating them in the east has proved uniformly successful. A number of preserves in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and North Carolina have fine herds.

As long ago as 1862, at a meeting of the American Institute in New York, Mr. Stratton gave a detailed account of his experience in raising domesticated elk, and subsequent experiments have substantiated his remarks. It was Mr. Stratton's experience that elk could be raised as cheaply as sheep, and as the value of the animal is, of course, much greater, the profit is hardly to be compared. A three-year-old elk buck will weigh from 400 to 500 pounds, and a two-year-old doe in good condition from 250 to 300 pounds dressed. It is not difficult to keep elk confined, and even if they escape, they usually return to their inclosure at the first alarm. The experience of an Ohio man may be regarded as typical. A few years ago he began with two adult elk and a fawn for which he paid \$165. He has sold \$300 worth of stock, and has a herd worth over \$1,000. He states that elk do well on hay, corn fodder, and other rough food; that if they escape from an inclosure they can be driven back like cattle.

An Arkansas man has a herd of about 100 elk on a range in the Ozark mountains, and in reply to questions has furnished some interesting facts. In his opinion, a range should be of considerable extent, at least five acres being allowed to each animal. One hundred elk will do better in a 500-acre tract than one elk in five-acre track, however. The increase of elk under domestication is equal to that of cattle, and the percentage of dressed meat is much greater. Adult males, on the hoof, average 700 to 1,000 pounds weight, and females 600 to 800 pounds. Elk meat can be produced in many sections for less than the cost of beef, mutton or pork. Elk will effectively clear an area of undergrowth, but will not eat the bark of trees unless other food is scarce. Elk, goats and sheep may be kept in the same pasture, if large, and the elk will protect the sheep from dogs.

Elk are not nervous like the common deer and seldom jump an ordinary fence. A five-foot fence is usually sufficiently high. A small inclosure for a vicious bull should have a strong fence seven or eight feet high. The cost of stocking a preserve is not great, as young elk in perfect condition can be bought for about \$100 each.

All deer when confined in small inclosures and partly domesticated are apt to be more or less dangerous, whether they have antlers or not. They can strike a vicious blow with the front feet, and a strong man, taken unaware, may be disabled or even killed. Over familiarity seems to increase this viciousness

and several generations in captivity are necessary to eliminate it.

Since the whitetail, or Virginia deer, is the most widely distributed of American cervidæ, there can be no question of its adaptability to nearly all sections of the United States. It is not quite so hardy when confined in parks as is the wapiti, but experience has shown that with suitable range, plenty of good water, and reasonable care in winter, the Virginia deer may be raised with reasonable ease and good profit. There are in the United States not less than 2,500,000 acres of land not suited for tillage nor pasture for horses, sheep or cattle, but well adapted to deer.

While deer raising has never developed to such an extent as to warrant calling it an industry there are enough deer farms and preserves of sufficiently long standing to afford valuable data on the subject of care and feeding. Virginia deer live from 20 to 25 years, and are easily confined by a woven or barbed wire fence 6½ feet high.

The cost of feeding an adult deer of this species should not average over half a cent per day, and may run down to almost nothing. They feed on all kinds of vegetables, buds and leaves of trees, growing wheat, clover, peas, barley, oats, etc. Cottonseed has been found a cheap and satisfactory food, and they will also eat corn, bran, sweet potatoes and fruit. They are equal to goats for clearing land of underbrush. The exception of hay as a food does not apply to clover or pea vines, a stack of which should be readily accessible. Deer will not eat ordinary grass if they can get other food, preferring weeds.



LEONARD C. SLANDER, BROWN CO., MINN., WITH TWO YOUNG BLACK MALE SKUNKS.

MORE EXPERIENCE WITH OPOSSUM.

I have had opossums for nearly three years and have done fairly well with them until three weeks ago, then my luck turned. I had nine this time, two old ones and seven young



SOME HEALTHY SPECIMENS.

ones. Two weeks ago the mother and five of her young were stolen. A few days later a young one got away and I found it later under a lumber pile. I began to get dis-



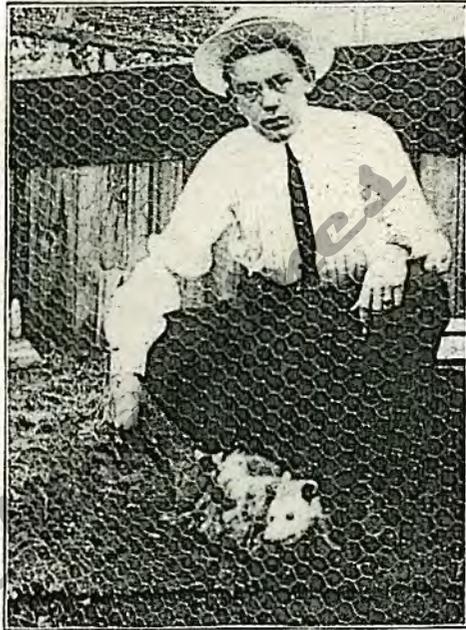
OPOSSUMS AND YOUNG.

couraged, so I sold the rest to a fellow for 17 cents.

The first night I had them the little ones got away and a few days later the old one died. I never had any trouble raising opossum except in the summer time. Opossum seem

to like meat and fish better than anything else so I fed them mostly on that.

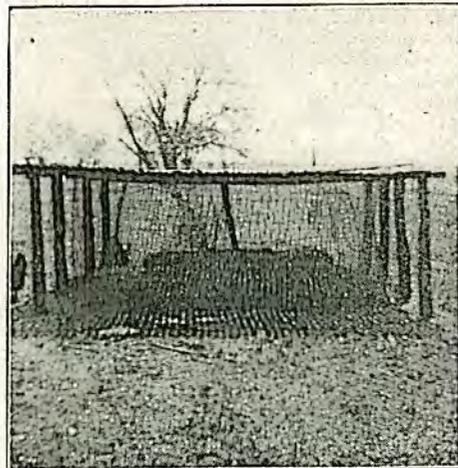
Opossum raising is all right if one has large pens and time enough to go through them and gather all the scraps, but with small pens where one has to crawl it is out of the question.



OPOSSUMS IN ENCLOSURE.

I do not think I will try raising them again until I get a five-acre piece of land and a good partner, but may try skunk and fox.

Come on with your fur farming letters; we all like them. Fred Hirtz, Passaic Co., N. J.



GINSENG BEDS.

PROPERTY OF ROBT. WILSON, MACON CO., ILL.

TRAPPERS' LETTERS

TRAPPING IN FLORIDA.

Knowing the letters from brother trappers and hunters is what makes the H-T-T so interesting and valuable to us all, I will tell of a trapping trip my partner and I had last winter. After spending the winter before and the following summer in Tampa, Florida, I could no longer resist the anticipation of a trapping trip, so I took a State Hunters' License and started for Otter Creek, about 150 miles north of Tampa, and while waiting for my partner to come from Mississippi, I hunted squirrels and caught a few coon and opossum—enough to pay my board while waiting a few days.

On December 20th Pard having arrived we hired a team to take us and our baggage about six miles from Otter Creek Station to the place selected to trap. We soon had our tent pitched near the creek and got things fixed pretty well and then started to look over the ground and surely the creek is well named, as there were plenty of otter signs and some coon signs, too.

Well, I soon got my otter traps set and soon had two fine otter skins stretched on boards. But Christmas evening it began to rain and such a rain I never experienced before, as it beat through our tent and was soon running in under our beds, so we had to get up and put things up out of the water. About 10 o'clock a stranger came and asked if he could stay until daylight as it was so dark his horse would not keep the road so we all sat there by the stove trying to keep dry until morning, then what a sight! Everything flooded and the water nearly to our tent. But the sun came out nicely and we spent most of the day drying our bedding. We got it pretty well dried by night when it started to pour again so we knew we were in for another wetting, but it was not quite as bad as the night before and we got a little sleep, but we were surrounded by water so that we could not get more than five or six rods at the farthest and the country is very level, and water runs off very slowly. So it was two weeks before we could get to our traps and reset them. I soon had two more otter skins and a few coon and Pard had a few coon and opossum. He did not have any traps that would hold an otter, so he went after the smaller game.

We had fine weather for four or five days and we made up our minds that we had better move to a little higher land across the creek where we would not be cut off from everything if it rained again, as all the low places were filled with water and another rain would surely raise the creek over the ground where our tent was.

We engaged a man to come and move us as soon as he could get across the creek and he promised to come the next Friday, but he did not and as it rained Friday night we decided Saturday morning to pack our things

ourselves to the place we were going to, which was about 80 rods and we had to wade half the way in water above our knees. Each of us made eleven trips so by the time we got the tent up and things arranged again it was night.

We went to our traps early the next morning as it was raining hard and took them all up, as the creek was raising very fast and we did not want to be tied up there again for another two weeks. It was well we did, as it began to rain Saturday night and how it did come down and Monday a hunter on horseback came by and said the place where our tent stood was all covered with water, so we felt pretty good to think we had gotten away in time.

We knew it would be a couple of weeks before we could trap any more, so I went to town (waded most of the way) and got a man to come with his team and take us to the station. We caught about \$50 worth of fur in less than two weeks' trapping, so we thought we did very well. If there had not been any heavy rains it would have been a fine place to trap.

There are quite a good many deer and turkey there and we had all the squirrel we wanted when we could get out to hunt them.

I did not have any otters to get away as I use Newhouse No. 3 with teeth, but I like the No. 1 the best for coon, and I use Victors. I had eight of No. 1 Jump and like them very well, but not as well as the others. There are no mink at that place at that time of the year, as they go to the coast to get oysters and there are more coon, too, but I never could trap with any satisfaction where there is a tide.

I will tell you a story that was told to me and they say it is a fact. A trapper went to an island near Cedar Keys to trap for coon and set twenty traps and at midnight he went to his traps and found a coon in every one of them. He took them out and reset them and in the morning they were all full again and one coon was standing by one that was in a trap (probably waiting for him to get out so he could get in) and he shot that one, making 41 coon in one night with 20 traps. It sounds a little "fishy" but I will not say it is not true for some wonderful things happen to hunters and trappers sometimes.

G. L. Darrow, Summit Co., Ohio.

WANTS LADIES DEPARTMENT.

Editor of the biggest little book on earth, why all this discussion about what you should cut out and add to. Run this book as you always have and you may be sure most readers will be satisfied.

But as you ask for a kick and are getting it let me have a chance, too. For myself, I would like to see it continued as heretofore, only on a larger scale and let the kickers pay

for it. There should be some way to encourage the ladies to write more and I believe they would if they had a few pages devoted entirely to them. There are hundreds of them who read every issue and many of them could give us some interesting hunting stories.

I know of three here in these Washington hills who do not take a back seat when it comes to hunting big game. One of them shot and killed a lynx with a .22, one has a big black bear to her credit, killed with a little .22 Stevens, and one watched a lick in an old clearing two nights until one A. M. The second night she downed a nice big buck with a 16-gauge shotgun. Yet some men who call themselves great hunters must have a H. P. Automatic to bring down his big game. Why shouldn't such women as these have a chance with the best of us? Anyway, I would rather be turned out in the woods with a dozen women of this type and caliber than one man. But after everybody has had their say about how a "good-enough" book should be managed, keep right on as you always have.

G. W. Burroughs,

Pend Oreille County, Washington.

A TRAPPER AND FISHERMAN.

I was born in Winnebago County, Wisconsin, and when five years of age my parents moved farther north and west and located on the south bank of a small stream that was bounti-

fully supplied with fish of nearly all kinds and I can tell some old-time fish stories as I have fished a great deal. Where we moved game of all kinds was very plentiful and there is some experiences in growing up in wilderness and there were plenty of Indians in those days—a great many of them with their fighting clothes on, but my experience is, treat them right and they will you.

I have spent over forty years in the state and have been from one end to the other. I put in twenty-three winters in the logging camp of the northern part of the state, but went west about twenty years ago and have not hunted deer but one fall since that time.

When we lived on a farm it was a common thing to see deer in the field or Indians in the road as they were both plentiful. The Indians used to do a lot of trapping in the old-fashioned way with a pen and dead-fall set with a figure four and that is what I started with, but it was too slow to last long.

I was, no doubt, what would be called nowadays a game hog, but did not know it at the time, as it was customary to get all you could when you went out, but that is not what has caused the scarcity of game. It was by cutting down the timber and leaving them no home. I can remember when deer were as thick as rabbits and would be today if the millions of acres of land still had the virgin timber on it yet and nothing to molest the deer but the hunter.

E. S., Ashtabula Co., Ohio.



A TWO WEEKS' CATCH OF FURS BY D. HOLMES, C. M. PALMER AND C. B. MILLER, CHENANGO CO, NEW YORK. 220 RATS, 39 SKUNK, 2 FOXES AND 1 MINK

FLORIDA.

I spent two months on my old hunting grounds but found them cleaned out very nearly of deer and turkey. I used to live about forty-five miles north of Tampa, Florida, and have killed quite a number of deer and turkey there, but last season I tramped all over the old grounds and found only a few tracks of either deer or turkey and never succeeded in bagging either.

I hunted from south of Bay Port on the West coast of Florida to nearly to Homosassa and all through the Chesouisk, a swamp, but nothing doing. The place was over-run with hunters and besides there were sixty or eighty men cutting cedar along next to the Gulf. While back probably one mile from tide water were a force of cypress men engaged in logging the big cypress, about one hundred and fifty of them.

The usual method of getting deer in these swamps is running with hounds and shooting them as they crossed the runways and as there are so many people in those swamps and most of them with a shotgun loaded with buck shot the deer have a hard time of it.

After hunting around these swamps for nearly a month I decided to see the west coast of Florida. My father and brothers are running a fish house in Tarpon Springs and have several boats. Father, a darky cook he had employed, and myself spent nearly a month seeing the west coast from Cedar Keys to nearly Cape Sable. We landed in the Everglades and spent nearly two weeks there. It is very difficult to navigate unless one is familiar with the country. We succeeded in getting one deer and one turkey on the trip and had a very enjoyable time although the mosquitoes were very bad part of the time. One is compelled to carry his bar with him wherever he goes if he expects to sleep any there. It is indispensable.

We became acquainted with some of the Seminole Indian tribe while there. They were camped back in a nearly inaccessible part of the swamp about fifteen miles from the little trading post of Everglade and Chuculuskee. The only way to reach their camp being by boat. The streams have been opened to navigation by having the leaning trees cut and branches removed, also sunken logs removed. After you row some fifteen miles up a tortuous creek you finally reach the head waters of the creek only to find you have to walk one or two miles out through mud and water to reach the Indian camp. Before you get within one-fourth of a mile of the camp you can see the bright colored robes and covers of the tribe flying in the breeze.

After we arrived at the camp we tried to get one of the tribe to accompany us back to the good hunting grounds, but there was nothing doing. They seemed to consider the white man (pollywogus) no good. All the tribe wore the same kind of dress consisting of a mantle that reached nearly, if not quite, to the ankle and colored in various colors

of red, yellow and black, about the shoulders. In camp they allowed their dress to distend, but when on the trail or hunting they folded it at the waist in such a manner that it was shortened till it reached the knees so as not to interfere with the movements of the body.

We learned quite a few things about these Indians—their traditions, prejudice, etc., also found out that there are still a few places yet in Florida where a man can go and get a deer or turkey.

I am going down next winter to see my folks and incidentally try for another deer.

W. B. Littell, Atchison Co., Mo.

NEW YORK.

For game, we have deer, white hares, cotton-tail rabbits and some grey squirrels. Deer are not as plentiful as they have been owing to the Buck Law. It is said that a good many does are killed and left in the woods to rot. I think it would be far better to allow each hunter one deer, either a buck or doe.

For furbearing animals, we have mink (very scarce), red fox (scarce), a few otter in some parts of the country, some fisher, once-in-a-great-while hear of a marten being caught, muskrat, skunk, some white weasel and coon. Coon have been plentiful this year, more having been killed than in many years before. There wasn't anything for them to eat in the woods so they came out in the fields to find corn, etc. As our fur protection sport law allowed them to be killed in October but not trapped until November, a good many of them were killed when their hides were not worth more than 25 cents a piece. I do not believe in catching fur till after the first of November. You will get blue skins enough then and no fur except rats, otter and fisher should be caught after March 1st. The fur protection law does not close until April 20th, except on skunk which ends January 31st.

I trap a little during spare time. Have caught 7 coon, one skunk, one fox, one mink and four white weasel.

Ira Thompson, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

HOW I CAUGHT MR. COON.

Last fall I went down to the run to my trapping ground and saw some coon tracks in the mud then I looked for a good place to set a trap for him.

At last I found one, which was a log about two feet long and about a foot from the bank. I built a bait pen in there, caught some crabs and put in a piece of fish with the crabs then set a No. 1 Victor trap there and left it.

It was several mornings before he came around again but, Lo, the jaws of the trap would not close! Was I angry? I said right there I would give those traps a vacation until I wanted to catch a rat or weasel.

I took a new 1½ Victor and set it there and put a rat in for bait. It took me about a

half hour to build up my bait pen. Finally I got everything in shape and left it. The next couple mornings I had nothing. On Monday morning I caught a mink and he tore up the pen and took the bait. Then I rebuilt the pen and set the trap. Next morning I had Mr. Coon which was not very large but well furred.

I set the trap again and a Johnny Sneakum took it. I found the trap about a month after at a boy's house who lives in sight of my place.

As for furbearing animals we have mink, coon, skunk, weasel, fox and muskrat but all are very scarce. For game we have rabbit, pheasants, quail and once in a few years a wild duck.

A. L. Barnett, Jefferson Co., Pa.

A LETTER FROM THE PLAINS.

For furbearing animals we have skunk, civet cat, badger, ermine, swift fox, coyotes and sometimes a lobo wolf is caught. Coyotes, badger and skunk being the most numerous.

My outfit consists of two horses, one wagon, one tent, 25-36 rifle, 12 gauge shotgun, 22 target (all repeaters), one Colt's 45 U. S. Army revolver and 80 traps, but I expect to run many more traps next year. Last year I used 40 traps, 35 Nos. 1 and 1½, 5 double spring jump, No. 3.

Next year I mean to do more trapping. I want to run 500 traps and I expect to hire a trapper to run some for me. I use a saddle horse to visit my traps so I can visit a good many in a day.

My catch for the season of 1913-14 was: 75 skunks, received \$110; 3 swift fox, \$5.00; 12 badger, \$16.20; 4 ermine, \$4.50; 15 coyotes, \$45.00 for the fur and \$30.00 for bounty. There should be a big bounty on coyotes so they will be gotten rid of for this is a sheep country and they kill lots of sheep.

I shot most of the coyotes with .30 U. S. Government rifle, poisoned a few and trapped a few. I roped two of the coyotes from the saddle.

Come on brothers with your experiences with coyotes and other furbearers. I expect to go to Colorado next winter if I can sell my sheep. I run a sheep ranch and do not have much time to trap but last winter I trapped as I moved over the plains with my sheep.

Carl H. Dugan,
Farmer Co., Texas.

AN OLD TRAPPER.

I will tell of the game and fur conditions here as I have not seen any letters from this county.

I am an old trapper, formerly of Michigan. Have been here two seasons on the trap line with poor success. My catch for 1913 being as follows: Lynx cat, 6; skunk, 19; mink, 2; muskrat, 80; ermine, 21, and coyote, 12.

Coyotes are plentiful but hard to get. All the rest are scarce. No coon or fox at all in this section.

For game here on the prairie: Sage hen, chicken, grouse, rabbits and jack rabbits, plentiful; a few antelope, protected. No fishing at all in the rivers, they are too roily.

I am going West into the Rocky mountains for this next season and try my luck trapping there.

J. J. H., Musselshell Co., Mont.

MICHIGAN.

Fur is not very plentiful. We have muskrat, mink, wild cat, fox, weasel, badger, beaver, but no skunk. Beaver are protected.

For game we have deer (scarce), partridge (plenty), snowshoe rabbits, black and fox squirrels very scarce, lots of red ones, some black bear.

For fish, we have trout in abundance, some black bass and some streams have rainbow trout. I certainly like trout fishing.

As to game wardens, I think they are a sleepy bunch. There are a bunch of fellows in this part that cut wood for a living and they hunt deer the whole year around. The game warden never pays no attention to them. I know of one man who killed eleven deer in the last year and he is not the only one. They hunt without a license and with dogs but the game warden pays no attention to it.

I have a fishing resort in the summer and trap in the winter. M. H. Linnbocker,

Otsego County, Mich.

WASHINGTON.

What is the matter with the Washington hunters and trappers? They do not seem to write much. It isn't because they haven't much to write for there is quite a bit of hunting done here and some trapping that I know of. Come on and tell your experience.

When someone gives a set for some animal in the H-T-T I write it down in a notebook kept especially for that purpose. Try it and you will never regret it, as much information is apt to come in handy any time.

A land set which is quite successful here in Washington for coon, mink and weasel is to set trap in likely place for same, cover trap lightly with leaves then pick the small soft feather off of a pheasant or any bird will do, I prefer the pheasants. Scatter feathers over trap and around it, say five or six inches on either side of trap. Mr. Weasel, coon or mink will think someone or something has killed a pheasant and a likely place for him to get a meal, will investigate walking around in the feathers looking for something to eat and get caught nearly every time if the trap is set right.

Now about game and fur. For small game we have rabbits, quite plentiful; native pheasants, getting scarce; few Chinese pheasants, very few quail and some grouse. For big game there are bear and deer, but scarce. Fur—weasel, mink, coon, otter, fisher, marten, civet, lynx cat, coyote and beaver. All are very scarce around here,

especially beaver, marten, fisher and otter. This is from the eastern part of Clark County, about six miles from Skamania county.

Glen Messner,
Clark County, Wash.

—o—

IDAHO.

I read with great interest the letters from the coyote trappers as I am somewhat of a coyote trapper myself. I have not been in a coyote country long, only since 1909. There is no use telling how I trap them as I have learned all I know from the H-T-T. But if I knew of any good set that I never saw in H-T-T I would be only too glad to have it published where the brother trappers could get the benefit of same instead of writing a great big letter denouncing some brother's methods and winding up by saying that I was one of the best coyote trappers in the state in which I lived, and just how I trap my coyotes I refuse to tell. What if every trapper would do that? Would we be benefited by the H-T-T? No we would not.

Now, as I have said before, I attribute my success as a coyote trapper to the H-T-T. And the chances are sixteen to one that had it not been for the letters written by honest trappers and published in the only magazine of interest to the trapper, some of these would have to resort to the pick and shovel for their daily bread. So Mr. Montana, don't be a tight wad for there are just as good trappers any place you may go as there are in Montana and they do not need your methods or your criticism.

Now brother trappers, just a word on protection, a subject on which too much could not be said. With the officers which hold the reins in this part of the country, we can never have protection for the game. In most parts of the West they make a sacrifice of it. It is not the homesteader always. He may kill a deer when he and his family needs the meat as is often the case where a man is trying to carve a home out of the wilderness. No it is not the homesteader, but it is the man who has a stand in, or a cinch on the game warden. Just as often one way as the other.

Lumber Jack,
Idaho County, Idaho.

—o—

PAULDING COUNTY, OHIO.

We have for furbearers coon, skunk, opossum and mink, some weasel and not an over abundance of any. I do some hunting and as coon hunting is my favorite sport do more of that than any. I caught some coon, skunk, mink and opossum last fall (1913) and captured one female coon alive. I kept her in a large box intending to raise some. I put a strap and chain on her and opened

the box so she could get more room and unfortunately she strangled herself and I found she would have had eight young in about six weeks. I never knew they had that many at a time.

I see Mr. F. L. Booth thinks there aren't any hunters and trappers except in the West as he said the hunters of the East made their catch, tacked them on a barn or house and took a picture of them and would not realize \$3.00 a day out of their profits. Well if every hunter and trapper was like Mr. Booth we would not have enough game left to own a gun, lantern or a dog. Mr. Booth must be used to making considerable money or else he would be satisfied with \$3.00 a day and the sport with it. He also said he saw an advertisement for otter scent and purchased some of it and thought it would draw all the otter out of every adjoining county and found it wasn't worth anything. Of course every man is ready to condemn another one's works, but if your scent is as precious as you say it is why don't you get it on the market and quit trapping as you can make more money than you can trapping and save your long walks. Now don't think I am writing this just for you, will leave it for the rest of the good honest sports to decide.

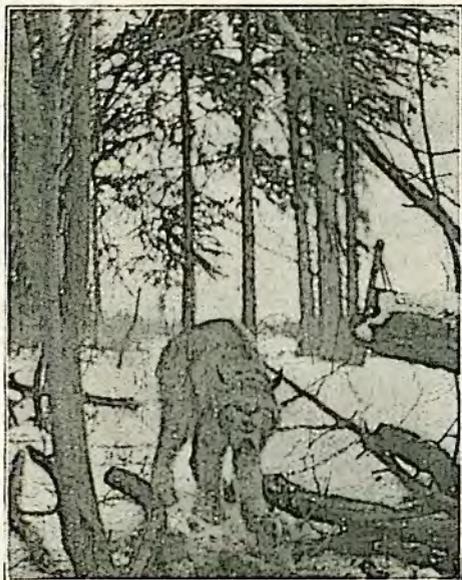
D. L. Ankey.



CAT KILLED IN KING CO., WASH., BY E. A. KRESS.
LENGTH FROM TIP TO TIP 3 FT. 3 IN.,
WEIGHED 47 LBS.

AN ALASKA LYNX.

I had the pleasure of reading the H-T-T while up in Alaska over 125 miles north of the Arctic Circle while spending a year with my friend D. F. Koch, who has spent eighteen years in that country, and an expert hunter and trapper as well as a suc-



LYNX FROM FORT YUKON, ALASKA. PHOTO TAKEN BY D. F. KOCH.

cessful miner. I take the liberty of sending one of the many pictures taken by us.

This lynx was caught on the Sheenjeck River (Salmon River). We also caught and took pictures of many other furbearing animals.

Hunting, fishing and mushing with five dogs (huskies) was the way we put in most of our time. We built three cabins ten miles apart, a big cache to draw our supplies from, to say nothing about our big appetite satisfied by the expert chef, D. F. Koch (also a subscriber to H-T-T) was the way I spent the best year of my life.

Martin F. Blasse,
San Francisco Co., Cal.

INDIANA.

I live in the northern part of Indiana near the lake which is a poor country for trapping, but good for hunting. We have lots of rabbits and squirrels on which the law opens July 1, but do not have many quail. We have a few pheasants which are protected until 1918.

I think the state should shorten the open season on squirrel which is now from July 1

till September 30. They are disappearing very fast.

As for the furbearing animals we have skunk, opossum, muskrat and a few mink and weasel in abundance. I live about two miles from two mill ponds and am going to try to get my share this coming winter. We have very cold winters, deep snows and late springs which makes the trapping in spring ideal.

Can any of you brother readers tell me what is good to get rid of ground hogs?

The fishing is good in this country. In the ponds we have blue gill, sunfish, bass, carp and croppies and a few trout in some of the small streams.

W. E. Allen, La Porte Co., Ind.

OHIO.

I did not trap much last winter, but I succeeded in taking 65 muskrats, 7 skunks, 1 coon, 2 white weasel and a number of opossum. The coon weighed without the hide and entrails, 20 pounds. I shot him the 17th of November while hunting rabbits. Coons here are in fair numbers. There are but two good coon dogs around here.

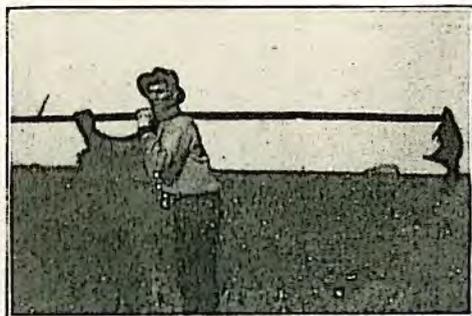
We also have skunk, mink, weasel, muskrats, and once in a while an opossum and a fox. Fox are few and far between, only two tracks being seen here last winter.

For game we have squirrels (fox, gray and once in a while a black), grouse, pheasants, a few quail, rabbits, ducks, (teal, mallard, canvas backs, a few red heads and butter balls), woodchuck, spoon-bills and geese fly over but very seldom light here.

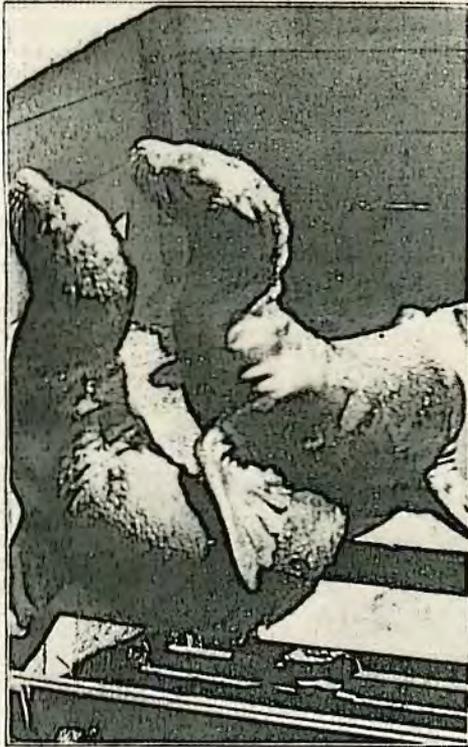
I have a 16-foot canoe which I think is about right. A friend of mine and I took a trip last Sunday (April 5) of about sixteen miles and saw lots of ducks, a few geese, and some quail. We intend to take a trip down the river to the Mississippi this summer.

I have failed to catch a 58½-pound coon but I know of a pet coon that weighs 39 pounds. It is five years old now.

Edward Terry, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.



TAKING SKUNKS WITH MY SKUNK CATCHER.
ROBERT WILSON, MACON CO., ILL.



TWO BABY SEA-LIONS. PHOTO SENT BY LEM BEISELL, COOS CO., OREGON.

OKLAHOMA.

In the fall of 1912 my partner and I took a hunt in Oklahoma. We were on a stream called Mountain Fork about ten miles from Eagletown, Okla., and were camped in a little hut on what is called Bee Branch. I had a pair of hounds which were half Red Bone and half dog. Their names were Little and Lead. Lead was a skunk dog for your whiskers. You could never get a better skunk dog.

Well my chum, Lonna Bassett, and I started one night about 9 o'clock for the woods. We had not gone one-half mile until Lead opened. Lonna says, "there is one skunk" and sure enough it was. We went on a little farther and heard old Little open and from that went to baying. When we got to them old Lead had one bayed and old Little, too. That night we caught 5 skunks, 2 opossum, 1 coon and a civet cat.

Want to tell you of a skunk den I found on Bee Branch. About one mile from Mountain Fork was a cave some sixty feet from the bottom. Up to the cave was a little trail about six inches wide, which I struck some 200 yards below. I followed it to the cave. I had only six traps, No. 1½ Hawley & Norton so I set them. Next morning I had five skunks, three black and 2 shorts so I thought that was the "dad durndest" skunk den I

ever struck. I carried six more traps up there and in eight days caught fifteen out of that den that I got and two cut their feet off and one got away with trap, brush and all. So in eight days my dogs and traps made \$42 for me. In four more days we made \$27.50. My best dog, Lead, is dead now.

C. C. Pledger,
Columbia Co., Ark.

TEXAS.

I agree with Mr. J. P. Burkheimer of Columbiana Co., Ohio, on the repeating arms subject. What fun would it be to go around with a single shotgun and freeze your fingers off on a cold day trying to put in a shell in the chamber and have to pull it out after it has been fired? I say don't knock too hard on a good thing boys. I think if a man cannot go into the woods with a repeater without shooting somebody he had better not go at all. It is the man's fault if he doesn't know what he is shooting at and not the repeater's. Stop and think before you shoot whether it is man or beast.

Mr. Ralph B. Howard of Atascosa Co., Texas, hit the nail on the head when he said the men in the early days cleaned out all the game before the repeater was invented and we know it is true.

The furbearers around here are skunk, mink, muskrat, weasel and a few wolves and foxes. Last year I caught two skunks, 2 mink, 26 rats and 1 black cat. I found one den of skunks this year which I intend to catch and start a fur farm. I think we all should do this as the furbearers will soon be a thing of the past if we do not have better laws in this state. Just think of trapping muskrats from October 15 to April 10. There is no sense in that at all.

Clarence Pederson,
St. Croix Co., Texas.



GAME KILLED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALVA LEONARD, BARRIEN CO., MICHIGAN.

BOYS' LETTERS

A FEW DAYS ON THE TRAP LINE IN IOWA.

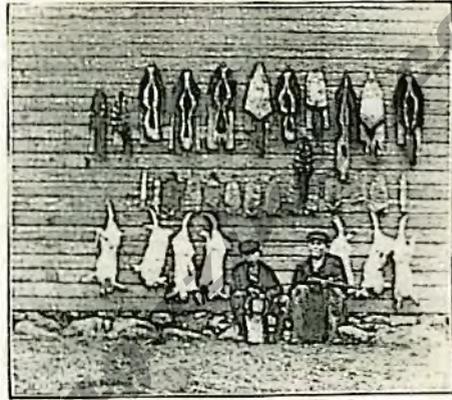
The first day of the open season I ran out a trap line consisting of about 45 traps, most of them being set for skunk. It took me about all day to do this and by the time I got my last trap set it was quite dark and I had a good appetite from walking all day without my dinner.

I went to bed and lay dreaming of the trap line. With the first break of dawn I was up and doing my chores in a hurry in order to get out on the trap line.

A couple of neighbor kids went along with me on my trap line that day. The first place we went was where I had a trap set in a tiling for skunk. As soon as I got in sight of the place I saw there was something stirring and was well pleased when I saw a large narrow stripe skunk in my trap. It was but the course of a few minutes to kill and skin him.

Then I went over to look at some muskrat traps that I had set out in a swamp. Here

stirring here so I went up on a hill to look at a skunk trap. I found the trap snapped so after setting it we again plugged along on our trail, the place we were headed for being a large creek (Lime Creek). Along



MELVIN AND CHESTER CHARLSON, TWO YOUNG HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS.



OSCAR TWITO, A LOVER OF THE TRAP AND GUN.

I had four nice muskrats which added to my satisfaction and also to my load.

We now started out on the main line and we had to walk about a mile before we came to the next traps. There was nothing

this creek I had my traps set for a distance of about a mile and a half. I had seven muskrats in my traps here beside having quite a number of snapped traps and legs.

My next set was under an old house for skunk and here I had another nice large narrow stripe skunk. After peeling the hide of the skunk we looked at the rest of our traps but these contained nothing so we reached home tired but happy having a total of 2 skunks and 11 muskrats for that day.

The next day I went alone to look at my traps and I was forced to pull my traps up because I had to go to school the day after, as I am attending high school.

Well, to get back to the trap line, again, the first few traps that I came to had not been disturbed, but I had a muskrat in one which was set out in the swamp. I continued along my trail until I came to a trap which was set for skunk and had been snapped. The day before this it held a skunk and the way he did smell was a fright.

My next traps for muskrats held nothing and I came to a place where I had one trap set in a large muskrat house and one in a small one. When I came to the small one I found that some blame fool had been there and chopped the house all to pieces, covered my trap up and set a new trap there themselves. I then went over to the large house and found this one had been treated in the same manner only my trap was gone. This made me pretty hot under the collar so I took that new trap and smashed it all to pieces and laid it on top of the house.

The next place I had a trap was out on a

muskrat house in about two feet of water where I had caught a large muskrat the day before. As I came close to the house I could see neither trap nor stake, but imagine my surprise upon looking around to see a skunk in about two feet of water with a trap on his foot. This seemed very strange to me as I cannot see why a skunk should swim clear out to a muskrat house which was in deep water.



A GOOD MINK AND MUSKRAT STREAM.

Well, I caught nothing more that day, but I had caught four skunks and twelve muskrats in two days which I consider well done for this part of the country.

I pulled my traps up but set a few out again, looking to them early in the morning before school. In this way I succeeded in catching a few rats and skunks until my catch consists of two civet cats, seven skunk, fifty muskrats and two white weasels.

While I was trapping seven miles west of here during Thanksgiving vacation I had an encounter with some trap thieves. I was staying at my brother-in-law's place and he has two sons that like to trap pretty well. They had had some traps stolen from them by some of the sneekums. So one day when we went to look at our traps we discovered that some one had stolen thirteen of our traps. This made us pretty angry so after pulling up those they had not stolen we marched up to Johnny Sneakums' residence and caught one of the sneaks setting a trap for barn rats. I told him to come across with the traps he had stolen pretty quick or there would be war. He confessed to his guilt at once and went and got all the traps he had taken and in the meanwhile I was giving him one of the best talks on trap stealing he had ever had. He was so scared he could hardly talk. I told him if he ever took another trap from us we would send him to jail and he promised he never would.

Well, I got all our traps back and was well satisfied, so we went home. Am enclosing some photos that I took with my camera.

Oscar Twito, Winnebago Co., Iowa.

ALABAMA.

One day as I came in from school my friend in Montgomery phoned me that he would be out the next day for a hunt.

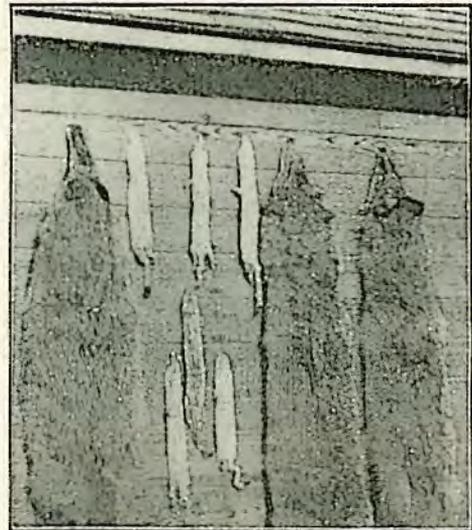
When morning came I got up, saddled the horses, got my gun, shells and dogs ready for the hunt. The dogs we had were Lady, Love and Nellie, all good dogs.

About an hour later my friend came. We went to the house, put his grip up and were ready for the hunt. We got on our horses and rode about a mile and did not find anything so we got off our horses and ate our lunch. Then we went to a field and hitched the horses to a tree and went down in a bottom. Lady pointed a covey of quail. We hurried to her and got the birds up. I shot once and missed then I shot again and got a fat one. My friend shot once but missed.

We went a little farther on and Lady found another bunch and flushed them, then we went after the singles. I got two shots but missed. We went down about a mile farther and Nellie found a covey of partridges but before we could get to her she flushed them. The singles went so far we did not follow them.

We came back home and spent the rest of the evening in the store. That night we played all kinds of game and got to bed about ten o'clock.

Thos. H. Reese, Jr., Macon Co., Ala.



SOME SASKATCHEWAN FURS. CAUGHT BY A. G. HENDERSON, PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



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OCTOBER, 1914

The Hunting Season

The season of the year will soon be here when the weary city man turns his face from the familiar crowds and noises of the city, to the country places; where he may plod over the hills and through the woods with a gun on his shoulder in the hope of shooting something.

It is good for a man to wander back at intervals into the domain of old Dame Nature. What good does it do? It means quickened pulse, hearty appetite, and inexpressible tingle of exhilaration in every nerve, better poise, greater resiliency of step, augmented power of body and mind for the battles of the workaday world.

What element is more important in making insistent the call to marsh, field, and mountain than that furnished by the wild life? Exterminate the game and

you make the world drearier, more monotonous, less interesting.

— o —

Alaska Sea Otter Protected

Regulations for the protection of fur-bearing animals in Alaska were promulgated recently by Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce. They were issued in accordance with the act of Congress which gave the secretary authority to protect the seal fisheries of Alaska, and become effective at once.

Under the new regulation the hunting or killing of sea otter is prohibited until November 1, 1920, and beaver until November 1, 1918. Closed seasons also are prescribed as follows:

On land otter and mink from April 1 to November 15 of each year; on marten (American sable), from March 15 to November 15; on weasel (ermine), from March 15 to November 15; on muskrat, from June 1 to November 3; on lynx (wild cat), from March 1 to November 15, and on fox, from March 15 to November 15. The use of poison in the killing of fur-bearing animals is prohibited at all times, as is also the killing of any animal whose skin or pelt is not prime. Heavy penalties are provided for violation of the new regulations.

— o —

Cashing Money Orders

A provision of the postoffice department has gone into effect making it possible to cash money orders at any postoffice. Formerly it was possible only to have it honored at the office on which it was drawn. The new ruling will be welcomed by those who happen to be in some other city when they receive a money order drawn on their home postoffice. When cashed at an office other than one on which drawn, it must be done within thirty-six days from date issued.

— o —

Europe's War Cloud

Since the war cloud has settled over Europe, many people are commencing to ask "What will the end be? Is this to be the last war?" Of course it is too early to predict definitely what the result of this war will be; but the fact

that practically all of the great powers of the world are opposing the war lord of Germany would indicate that war is not as popular as it once was. As a matter of fact, under modern invention, war has been made so destructive that no nation is strong enough to maintain an armed conflict upon anything like an equal basis for any great length of time. Fifty years ago it was possible for a war to be maintained for years at a time. It must be evident to the most casual observer, however, that if the present war is maintained for even one year, it will almost ruin every power interested.

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The Value of Game Protection The California Fish and Game Commission, believing that education as to the necessity and value of game protection and preservation is a more efficient means of conserving the state's game than police patrol, has inaugurated a bureau of research and publicity. Dr. Harold C. Bryant of the University of California has been placed in charge of the new work. The function of this bureau will be to find ways and means of protecting and preserving foreign and domestic game birds within the state and to dispense information relative to game by means of correspondence, public illustrated lectures, and by the issuance of bulletins dealing with the status of game. A study will also be made of the habitats, habits and breeding seasons of the different game birds and mammals of the state so that a basis for sane game laws will be afforded.

Laws and police measures, though necessary, are not so effective for the preservation of game as an enlightened public sentiment. This new move of the Commission will hasten the day when a large force of wardens, making hundreds of arrests yearly, will be unnecessary.

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Passenger Pigeons Extinct The last survivor—as far as known—of the millions of passenger pigeons which years ago inhabited eastern United States has just died at the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens on Tuesday, September 1.

The vast flocks of these birds, which a generation ago were the ornithological wonder of the world have now entirely

disappeared. This last survivor was 29 years old and spent all these years from the time when she first pecked her way through the shell under her mother's wing in the above named Zoo. For the past fifteen years there has been a standing offer of \$1,000 for a nestling pair of these pigeons or a mate for this female, but none could be found, although every mail brought offers of specimens, but no passenger pigeons among them, the offers all proving to be the common mourning dove or the band-tailed pigeon of California, a larger bird and a distant relative of the passenger.

The passenger pigeons were beautiful birds, about the size of a cuckoo, with gray plumage, speckled with black feathers, with iridescent colors on the neck and with pink feet, usually swift of wing. Their passing is one of the saddest and most tragic of all events in American natural history. Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of the disappearance of this vast number of pigeons once seen in this country, but there is absolutely only one cause—they have been wiped out by the traps, nets and guns of American hunters.

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Advertising Not An Expense. Although it costs considerable money to buy space in good magazines, advertising really is not an expense. Whether goods are sold by salesmen or catalogs or newspaper advertising, there must be a sales cost. Without some sales cost, there would be no sales.

Advertising in publications is the cheapest form of reaching people, and consequently the selling cost, where such advertising is employed, is usually less than where it is not employed. Therefore, good advertising is an economy instead of an expense, and the advertiser can give better value for the same price than the man who does not advertise.

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Our October Cover The photo on the front cover of this issue was sent to us by Mr. Delbert Older, of Victor, Montana, showing Sweat-House Falls, on Mr. Older and partners' trap line in the Bitter Root Mountains.

ROOTS AND FUR SITUATION

Wild Ginseng: The war has practically stopped the ginseng business. Limited quantities of the best grade northern wild have been sold during the month, but the medium and southern have been hardly moved at all. For the cultivated there is practically no market at all now, and any that can be sold must be of the choice quality and look like the wild.

When the European war started, few people thought it would have the effect on the ginseng market that it has had. It was reasoned that the shipments could go forward from San Francisco in boats flying the American flag just the same as before, and but little attention was given to the financial side of it. The whole trouble seems to be that the banking houses who formerly bought the drafts of the exporters now refuse to extend to them the usual credits, and this has had the effect of practically stopping the buying. It was thought a month ago that by this time we would have an improvement, but the market now is even more dull than it was then, with prices for the wild fifty cents to one dollar on the pound lower. Should there be an early settlement of the war, there is no doubt but that there will be a big advance in wild root, as the crop seems much shorter than last year, and should the demand in China be anywhere near normal, prices have got to be higher. Market quotations for wild ginseng are as follows:

Nor. N. Y., Me., Vt., Conn., N. H., and Can.....	\$9 00 to \$9 50
Central N. Y. and Nor. Pa., Mich.	8 50 " 9 00
Central Pa., Nor. Ohio, Ind., Ill.	7 50 " 8 00
Nor. West Va. and Md.	7 50 " 8 00
Central Ohio, Ind., Ill.	7 25 " 7 50
Southern Ohio, Ind., Ill.	7 00 " 7 25
West Va., N. C. and Nor. Va.	6 50 " 7 00
Wis., Minn., Nor. Iowa.	8 00 " 8 50
Ky., Tenn. and So. Va.	6 00 " 6 50

Growers who are about to harvest their crops of **Cultivated** will have to keep them on hand until financial conditions with the Chinese are better. There is no use in their trying to sell them now as there are no buyers to take them, and any sales made will be merely on speculation with the prices so low that there can be no profit. In many cases it is advisable for growers to leave the root in the ground another year as it will pay them much better in the end. There are really no market quotations at this time.

Golden Seal continues dull with hardly any demand. Dry lots are quoted at \$3.00 to \$3.25 per pound.

Raw Furs: The war has had a very depressing effect upon the fur market on account of the stopping off of the European trade, dealers here have cut prices to a considerable extent on most articles in their desire to sell their goods. There is no doubt but that the

new crop which will be upon us now in another month or so will be far cheaper than the old goods which the dealers are carrying. If the war continues, no one knows at this writing just what will become of the business next winter. It is true that perhaps our home manufacturers will use more American furs than usual, but the question is can they work up the two-thirds of the collection that has usually gone to Europe in addition to that which they generally took. A good deal will depend on how the season closes up for the manufacturers. It is most likely that there will be no London October sale this year, and many doubt if there will be one in January. Of course an early settlement of the war will change matters considerably.

There is a good deal of talk here of holding sales in New York the same as they were formerly held in London, and a movement has been started to this end during the past few weeks.

The outlook is not at all bright from the trappers' standpoint, as prices will likely rule so very low that there will be little money to be made for the work and hardship in collecting the furs.

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THE WAR'S EFFECT ON FURS.

One of the leading raw fur dealers in America, recently returned from Europe, has the following to say as to what effect the European war will have on raw furs this coming season:

"As to my personal opinion of what nation is responsible for our misfortune and as to who is right and who is wrong—well, we will have to cut that part out. I judge that what you want most to know is how the war will affect the raw fur business in America the coming season.

Sixty per cent. of the entire collection of North American raw furs are exported and marketed in Europe. So long as the war continues there will be no raw fur exported to Europe, and there will be no auction sales of American raw furs held in London until the war is over, peace declared, and the Europeans get down to business and cut out fighting. Of this I can positively assure you that I know what I am talking about. The war has paralyzed business throughout the entire civilized world. The raw fur business will have to share its loss with all other lines of the class called luxuries. At present it is impossible for even the Emperor of Germany, the King of England or the Czar of Russia to tell you when this war will cease. If they can't tell the world, who can? That prices of American raw furs will be slashed I do know, and that to my sorrow. All large distributors of American raw furs are today carrying large stocks, and it would be impossible for them to take an inventory and know what they are worth.

"When the raw fur season of 1914-15 opens

we will pay as much if not more than the other fellow—just as we always have done in the past. What the price will be depends entirely upon the market, and the market will depend entirely upon the war, its length and the damage done to the foreign merchants and consumers of manufactured furs. We most assuredly recommend you to "keep your ear to the ground." Watch conditions through your local newspapers, buy furs when you can sell them, and when you can't sell stop buying. The coming season will be the hardest you or any other man now alive and interested in American raw furs ever tackled. If the war continues throughout the coming winter no man knows what the bottom price will be. If he could tell you he could give King Solomon cards and spades and beat him to it on wisdom and guessing."

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WHAT A PROMINENT CANADIAN FUR DEALER SAYS.

"What will be the price of raw furs during the coming season and what effect will the European war have upon the prices of raw furs in Canada, is a question of vital interest to every trapper and fur dealer at the present time," said a prominent Toronto fur dealer.

"The fur trade is in a situation this season that is different from anything that the world has ever known. London, England, and Leipzig, Germany, have been the greatest fur centers of the world, and when we consider that these countries are at war, and also that Russia, who is both a great producer, purchaser and user of furs, is also involved in the conflict, as well as France, the fashion center of the world, it produces a situation heretofore unknown in the civilized world. Taking the European war in connection with the world-wide financial disturbance, there is no precedent by which a business man can accurately judge of the results.

"In 1913 Canada exported dressed furs of the value of \$15,306 and raw furs to the value of \$5,150,833, making a grand total of furs exported from Canada during that year of \$5,166,139, according to the report of the Department of Trade and Commerce of Canada. When you take into consideration also that during the nine months ending March 31st, 1913, according to official reports compiled for "The Fur Trade Review," there was exported from the United States raw and dressed furs of the value of \$14,834,427 and at a conservative estimate, there was an additional \$2,000,000 worth of furs exported during the following three months, it makes a grand total of raw and dressed furs exported from America during the year 1913 of the value of over \$22,000,000, then when you stop to realize that the European market for a large majority of these furs has been closed, and that this vast sum represents only about 65 per cent. of the value of all the furs caught in the United States and Canada during that year, that furs of the value of several million dollars are stored in London and Leipzig today, these facts taken in connection with the unsettled financial conditions

throughout the world, it will give you a faint idea of the fur situation as it is today.

"On the other hand, during the same period there was imported into Canada raw and manufactured furs to the value of \$1,326,965, and during the same nine months before mentioned there was imported into the United States raw and dressed furs of the value of \$17,901,569, and during the succeeding three months we can safely say that there was an additional \$1,500,000 worth of raw and dressed furs imported into the United States; it makes a grand total for the year 1913 of over \$20,500,000 worth of furs imported into the United States and Canada.

"The stock of imported furs in America today is rather low, and if the war continues for any great length of time, these stocks will be gradually absorbed in the regular course of trade with but small imports to replace them, so that manufacturers will be forced to feature and use a larger number of American caught furs.

"About 85 per cent. of certain kinds of furs caught in America have been yearly exported to Europe, so that we may look for a rather heavy decline in price on these items, while some of the other varieties of furs which have been more largely absorbed by American manufacturers, will more nearly hold their own. It is not merely a question of having the European market cut off during the coming season, for even if peace should be declared within the next few months, the countries would be impoverished financially, all trade channels be disorganized, and it would require several years before trade with the countries who are now at war would assume normal proportions. In the meantime large quantities of fur would be trapped throughout the United States and Canada and large stocks would undoubtedly be accumulated in the hands of the dealers, making it a great problem for the dealers to find a market where they will be able to dispose of their furs and obtain their money. In addition to this proposition it can readily be seen that if the war continues for several years, as some experts believe, that the market for the sale of these furs will be further curtailed, enormous stocks will be left in the hands of the dealers, and the situation become more and more complicated as time passes by.

"Many American furs have heretofore been shipped to Leipzig and Paris to be dressed and dyed and are then reimported to the United States and Canada. Many of the dyes for use in America have been imported from Germany, and on furs of this class, should the war continue for any length of time, there is bound to be a shortage both of dyed furs and also of dye stuffs to dye the furs in America; therefore it would not be surprising if a larger percentage of furs would be manufactured and used in their natural state.

"We also have to consider the fact that furs are a semi-luxury, and when people are out of work and finances are unsettled, the sale of fur garments by the retailer is bound to be reduced, as the public will use their money to buy necessities rather than luxuries in times of financial depression."

THE RAW FUR MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK CITY.

Ever since the first white settler reached the Western Shores of the Atlantic Ocean, the fur trade has been one of the important sources of revenue to those on the American continent.

The quest of furs has helped to open those regions formerly only inhabited by savages.

Some of our most important and flourishing cities came into existence merely because their sites had impressed themselves upon the minds of the fur traders as convenient locations where trapper and buyer might meet with the least amount of inconvenience.

New York like many other cities was an important fur center from the date the first white man built his house on Manhattan Island, but it soon outshone all others by virtue of its natural advantages. Where other settlements were and remain to date only "Way Stations," New York developed into the one market where final values were established, and to which all other markets learned to look for guidance.

New York became, and will remain the manufacturing center of the fur trade of this country. The consumption of furs of all other cities on this continent combined, appears insignificant in comparison with that of New York.

This is one of the natural advantages which no efforts to the contrary can overcome.

In the past, New York City has also been the chief export and import center of this country, owing to its magnificent harbor and leadership in the financial world over other American cities.

The war now raging between European Nations is bound to create there such poverty that they will have no use for articles of luxury among which furs must be classed. The very countries now at war were formerly the best customers for the surplus of our collection.

Now it will be up to America to consume whatever furs it produces, and that will mean that the American manufacturer, which is almost synonymous to New York manufacturer, will have to be depended upon to absorb what formerly was bought by America and Europe combined.

Needless to say that under such circumstances all precedents will be swept aside and serious complications may arise.

The New York raw fur dealers are mindful of the duties which they owe to the American trapper and the fur trade in general. As if they had foreseen that the trade of the entire country will look to them for guidance and deliverance from a serious dilemma, they resolved in good time to form an association which would be in position to cope with the most serious situation.

The purpose of this article is to introduce to you the RAW FUR MERCHANTS' ASSOCIATION of the CITY OF NEW YORK, Inc. Its aim will best be explained by quoting literally Article II. from its Constitution:—

OBJECTS and PURPOSES.

The particular objects and purposes of this corporation are to create and maintain harmony and co-operation among the merchants engaged in the raw fur trade in the City of New York, and in all lawful and proper ways and by all lawful and proper means, conserve and foster through united action, their business interests and the INTERESTS AND WELFARE OF THE FUR TRADE AT LARGE.

This association will utilize the intelligence, experience and means of its numerous members, in its efforts to keep the fur trade as free as possible from all the disturbances which other lines of business have suffered on account of the European war.

Membership in this association is a privilege granted only to concerns possessed of an unblemished record. To be admitted into its body is to receive "THE SEAL OF RELIABILITY."

September 3rd, 1914.

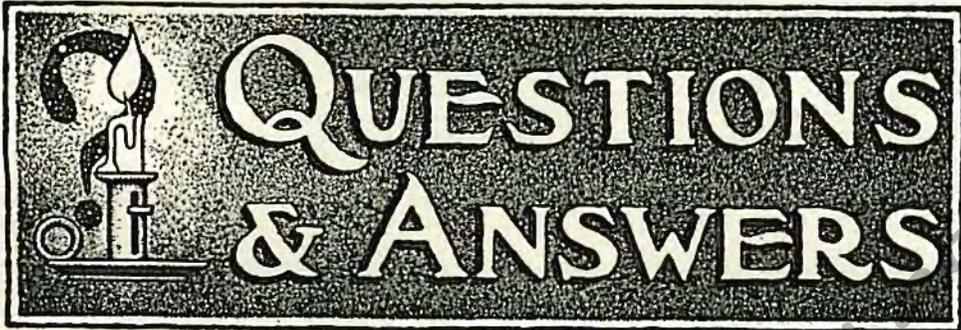
The recently formed Raw Fur Merchants' Association of the City of New York, Inc., which already has quite a large membership, and the Board of Trade of the Fur Industry which represents the entire fur industry of New York City, have decided to launch a movement which shall embrace, if possible, the entire fur trade of the United States and Canada, for the purpose of holding auction sales in New York City, the largest fur market in this country.

The conception of this vast undertaking is not exactly new, but the necessity of it has been forcibly brought home to the trade by the European War, which, it is realized will preclude for some time the auctions held for so many years in London, England.

The unanimous support pledged by the local organization, and the enthusiasm with which the project was received by the fur interests generally, indicates the success of the undertaking, as it was immediately seen to be for the benefit of the fur trade at large in the United States and Canada, and unquestionably for the ultimate advantage of Europe and the rest of the world.

The importance of this movement to the fur trade, which is one of the oldest on the western hemisphere, cannot be overestimated, and, in fact is of national concern, for, from an economic standpoint alone, auctions held in New York instead of London mean an immense saving of time in transporting across the Atlantic merchandise originating in the United States and Canada, together with a saving in freights, commissions, insurance and other incidental charges entering into the disposition of these furs. In short, auctions in New York will represent a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars per annum which will thus remain in the possession of the fur trade of the United States and Canada, besides affording many other advantages, not only to those engaged in the business, but to the general public and consumer.

For further information address the Secretary of the Raw Fur Merchants' Association of the City of New York, Inc., No. 46 West 24th Street, New York City.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. (1) When is the best time to gather arrowroot and does it have to be dried?

(2) What is the price per pound and where can it be sold?

B. L. O., Muskingum Co., Ohio.

A. (1-2) I do not identify "arrowroot;" the real arrowroot is found in the West Indies and is cultivated in hot countries, but you seem to mean local plants. Take some dried roots, gathered in the fall, to your local druggist and he will put a price on them, if they have a value.

Q. (1) At present where are the most wild silver and black fox?

(2) What province of Canada is best suited for raising silver foxes? Is Saskatchewan good?

Jas. V. Bankston, Jasper Co., Miss.

A. In Prince Edward Island, surrounded by high wire fences.

(2) Any of them—Saskatchewan is as good as any.

Q. Will sweet milk harm the scent of a hunting dog or harm the dog in any way?

Norin S. Krogwold, Portage Co., Wis.

A. The reason some people say sweet milk hurts a dog is because the dog rapidly grows very fat on sweet milk diet. The milk is good for a dog, especially after a hard day's work, but it should be fed moderately.

Q. What is the meaning of viscolized shoes?

L. W. Teuscher, Potter Co., Pa.

A. They have been treated with Viscol, a leather preserving and waterproofing compound.

Q. Where can I get a summary of the forestry laws?

J. R. Ash, Mercer Co., Pa.

A. Write to your State Forestry Commission, Harrisburg, Pa.

Q. Where can I obtain wild rabbits (the common greys) for re-stocking purposes?

J. McLaughlin, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

A. Advertise in Hunter-Trader-Trapper. A few pairs in a protected area would soon give you a large number.

Q. How long will it take bullfrogs to get their full size?

Oscar Crumley, Northumberland Co., Pa.

A. I believe they continue to grow for several years; won't some frogger tell us about the life habits of frogs and frogging?

Q. Can some one tell me where I can sell hides from rats that live in woods, are larger than house rats and some have holes in the ground and others pile up dirt about two feet high and live under it?

Frank Berger, Colorado Co., Texas.

A. Your best way would be to send samples of the skins to H-T-T advertisers and ask for quotations.

Q. Is Newfoundland a suitable location for the cultivation of ginseng? Also is it a profitable root to grow and about how many roots to pound.

Donald Lilley, Newfoundland.

A. You might find places where it would there, if properly cared for, but the natural range is not far into Canada. Our book on Ginseng and Other Medicinal Plants would help you to arrive at a proper conclusion as to whether you want to undertake the work or not.

Q. Where is a good place in Montana to fish, hunt and trap where there is plenty of game such as deer, mountain goat, mountain sheep, etc., not too far from the city of Butte, say 100 or 200 miles.

A Brother Trapper.

A. You want quite a lot for these days, but perhaps some of our Montana friends will tell you something about your chances.

Q. Is there a ready market for cimicifuga root and about what is it worth a pound?

John Onofrey, Jr., Susquehanna Co., Pa.

A. I do not find it listed anywhere.

Q. (1) How can I tell the sex of a full-grown skunk without getting scented?

(2) Is there any way that I can remove the scent sacks from old and half-grown skunks without danger to myself?

Clarence Larson, Crawford Co., Wis.

A. The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., issues a pamphlet which describes the answer to both these questions in detail, and you can get it by writing for it.

Q. Can you please tell me what is considered the highest grade of steel for shotgun barrels and also for rifles?

Bert Winfrey, Polk Co., Ore.

A. "Nickel steel" of various strengths and processes. Of course, the new high power powders had to be met by greater resistance in the barrels, and this was secured by toughening and hardening processes for both shotgun and rifle, known as "nickel steel."

Q. (1) Where can I get a book telling all about the western Indians?

(2) What does the name Comanche signify?
E. Donnelly, Henderson Co.

A. Write to the Bureau of Ethnology, Washington, D. C., and they will send you a list of publications published by the government relating to Indians. One series consists of about thirty volumes, quarto, of several hundred pages each. There is, however, a dictionary of Indians of North America, describing briefly each tribe, which would serve to introduce to you all the hundreds of tribes.

(2) Ask the Bureau of Ethnology; there is some question about the word's meaning which may have been solved lately.

Q. (1) From what rivers are the most pearls taken yearly, also what part of the river?

(2) Where can I get information on pearls and button shells? Also what time of the year are pearls and button shells found?

(3) Is there any law on seasons for gathering pearls and button shells and can a non-resident gather them?

L. D. Anderson, Northampton Co., Pa.

A. No one could answer this; shell beds are soon depleted; the Caddo Lakes, in eastern Texas, had a great run a year or two ago; White River ten years ago; Wabash a few years ago; Upper Mississippi in the late '90s.

(2) Write to Bureau of Fisheries, Department of Commerce, Washington, D. C., and they will send you pamphlets giving the best information. Also write to Herman Myer, 43 Maiden Lane, New York city.

(3) See pamphlets described above.

Q. (1) While fishing in the Hunters Creek I noticed a number of well beaten trails leave the water's edge and go right up in a rye field where the rye was all trod up and some of it was pulled in the water. What was it that destroyed the rye? Some people say it was muskrats, but I haven't seen a rat in this creek for years.

(2) What destroys the wasp nests along the streams and in the woods?

(3) Why is it that I cannot catch skunks when the trapping season comes and the signs are so plentiful during the summer months?

Tenderfoot, Carbon Co., Pa.

A. Almost unquestionably muskrats; you haven't seen them because they changed their habits under hunter and trapper prosecution.

(2) Birds and perhaps 'possums or coons; providing it wasn't boys.

(3) You don't trap in the right places, or set your traps right; possibly early trappers sneak the blue hides.

Q. (1) What is the penetration and range of the .22 Stevens Diamond Model pistol with 10-inch barrel?

(2) What would be your choice for trapping—a .22 or .25 caliber? How about the U. S. Army?

(3) Would oil of rhodium and oil of amber mixed equal parts be a good scent for mink, etc., and what would it cost per ounce?

W. J. C., Pennsylvania.

A. It is accurate up to 200 yards, and the penetration is about 5 1/8-inch pine boards.

(2) The .22 caliber is the best all around trap line rifle, according to the Canadian trappers, whose efficiency compares with any in the world. The Winchester .22 is a first-class weapon for the .22, and the Remingtons have developed a new automatic, I believe, that has special claims.

(3) Any "sweet" scent will serve as a trap scent, and rhodium is "good for mink." Price would depend on strength and the druggist—perhaps forty or fifty cents an ounce.

Q. Under the laws of Iowa how old does a boy have to be before he can get a license? Can a boy 17 years old get a license?

A Reader, Iowa.

A. Don't see anything in the laws prohibiting a boy getting a license. You had best write E. C. Hinshaw, Warden, Spirit Lake, Iowa, or your county clerk ought to be able to tell you.

Q. Can any of the readers of H-T-T give information as to the location of B. J. Duggan or family, if dead, who left Thomas Co., Ga., during the 70's and moved to Coffman Co., Texas, and was last heard of near Little Rock, Ark.? Two brothers and sisters desire to learn of him. Such will confer a special favor to anxious ones.

J. R. Duggan, Ahlra, Ga., R. 3, Box 24.

Q. (1) I live on the Columbia River. The current is fairly swift, about 8 miles per hour, I presume. I own a 3/4 horse power gas engine of the light weight, high speed type, water cooled by tank in connection, speed from 500 to 800 revs. per minute, weight about 100 pounds without water tank. Can any one tell me if it is possible to mount this in a small boat propelled either by paddle, wheel or propeller, and how to do it including the building of the boat? Could an outfit of this kind be mounted in a boat similar to the boat described in Camp and Trail Methods?

(2) Can any one tell me how agates, etc., are polished and how to know valuable stones when seen?

R. D. Watson, Walla Walla Co., Wash.

A. There are several boats described in Camp and Trail Methods; an engine can be mounted in the skiff described on page 112; also in the sail boat; also canoes have motors in them. The main thing is a proper, substantial foundation. I don't see the use of the water tank, for you can run the inlet and outlet pipes into the river and do away with the weight, putting screen over the intake. The Motor Boat, published by Outing, New York city, describes mounting motors, etc.

(2) Polishing agates and semi-precious stones is a trade, requiring experience and study in the shops, a branch of the lapidarist's trade. So, too, is knowing precious stones when you see them a matter of wide study and experience. Write to Tiffany & Co., Jewelers, New York, and see what they say.

Q. Do you think the small bore shotguns, such as the 16 and 20 gauge will soon take the place of the 12 gauge?

Chas. Simmers, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

A. They are rapidly coming into favor among sportsmen, and pot killers. Market hunters, hard pressed all along the line, favor the 12 gauge. As game grows scarcer, the art of killing it grows more refined.

Q. Could a person get a good position in the lumber camps of Northern Michigan and Wisconsin and what are the general wages the lumbermen get?

Fred Olson, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

A. It depends on the person entirely. A good logger is sure of a job. A green hand is not sure of a job. I don't know the Michigan and Wisconsin country, but wages run from \$15.00 a month up to \$60.00 with board and probably much higher for foremen and managers. Of course the log drive is a different proposition, and higher wages prevail.

Q. Please name a good method of smoking steel traps when balsam boughs cannot be obtained and are maple chips good to boil them in?

Harold Gager, Penn.

A. Smoke them over any evergreen boughs, over feathers, over hair, or other things. Maple chips are excellent, as they leave the maple odor. I suppose you know that chips whittled small and boiled down make an excellent extract which can be used in flavoring white sugar syrup for pancakes.

Q. I have a hound that is terribly run down in flesh. He is about 7 years old. He had rheumatism and you prescribed for him in H-T-T and I gave him the remedy and he is pretty well over the rheumatism now, but has been so poor and weak he can hardly walk. He eats ravenously and runs loose. Seems to be alright, but weak. Do you think it is tape worm? If not, please tell me what you think it is.

L. D. Shugart, Tama Co., Iowa.

A. Condition indicates tapeworm, or at least some form of worms. Mention of good remedy was made in August number.

Q. To whom must I write to get particulars concerning the Peace River Country, or could some one tell me something about it such as the best time of the year to go, the grub stake and where to start from.

Peter Bliski, Sask., Can.

A. Some of our readers who know this country may be so kind as to write about it for us.

Q. Can you give me any information in regard to beaver and otter farms? Can these animals be raised successfully for their furs and if so, what equipment is necessary and what returns might one expect on an investment? Harold Carlock, Campbell Co., Va.

A. Otter and beaver are easily tamed when caught young, but they have never been raised on a fur-farm scale. You would have to experiment yourself to learn the possibilities.

Q. Can you tell me how to waterproof a tent with a brush as I am sleeping in the tent and do not want to take it down to soak it over night as per recipe in H-T-T sometime ago.

A. Myrberg, Cook Co., Ill.

A. I think that if you take boiled linseed oil and a small quantity of white lead, and lay

it on with a brush, you will find it satisfactory, though possibly the odor might annoy you for a day or two. That is, you might simply paint the tent, which is about the most efficient and longest lasting water-proofing there is.

Q. I am thinking of starting a skunk farm soon. How far from the house would it be necessary to keep the skunks so as not to notice the odor near the house?

Norman Bradshaw, Alta., Can.

A. The best way is to cut out the glands of the skunk, and then they cannot disturb you any more than a cat.

Q. If the liver in a rabbit has white spots on it, also the bowels, is the rabbit fit for use? Is that a disease?

Wm. F. Nase, Bucks Co., Pa.

A. In case of doubt, don't eat it. I believe this is some disease, prevalent in the summer months especially. For that reason "summer rabbits" are not regarded as especially appetizing.

Q. Can you give me some date of Curry County, Oregon from Gold Beach east about 50 miles and what may be gotten there? How would one go from Portland to Gold Beach the cheapest way? Maybe some brother reader could advise me.

A Persistent Reader, Heppner, Ore.

A. Will some Oregon reader please answer this?

Q. Can any of the brother readers tell me of the oil fields in Oklahoma and can a man get good wages there? Is that a good place for a young man to get a start?

A Reader, Union, Ind.

A. Will some of the boys tell us about oil well country conditions in Oklahoma? The new oil countries are always full of opportunities for pluck and luck, and wages are generally good. Just now, the War in Europe has put the price of crude oil down, and that means less production, less wages and less opportunity, but only temporary.

Q. How can the scent itself be removed from the scent glands of the skunk?

O. G., Wabasha Co., Minn.

A. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and they will send you a pamphlet describing the operation.

Q. Can you give me the full address of the Hudson Bay Co? A Minnesota Subscriber.

A. Write to any of the Forts, or if you wish a specific address, "Hudson Bay Company, Fort William, Ont., Canada."

Q. (1) Would fertilizer be good to put on ginseng? If so, how much to the square rod and when would be the best time to put it on?

(2) Would poultry netting 2 inch mesh, No. 20 wire be strong enough to put at top enclosure for over-hang for foxes?

J. A. McDaniel, Green Co., Va.

A. (1) It would depend on the kind of fertilizer. The natural soil is rich, woods loam, and the plant is very sensitive to other or adverse conditions.

(2) Yes.

Q. (1) How can I clean a used U. S. Army mess kit so as to make it perfectly sanitary to eat out of?

(2) How should I paraffine matches in order to render them waterproof?

Louis R. Rosenberg, Kings Co., N. Y.

A. Boil them, wash them with soap and water and, if you wish, scour them with Sapolio. The boiling kills any possible germs.

(2) Put a pan of water over the fire until it boils. Put a little paraffine in a smaller basin, or tin cup. The paraffine will soon melt, and then by dipping the matches in it quickly a thin coating of the paraffine will cover the head and stick. Carry the matches in a tin box and in a match box, so they won't rub.

Q. Is there a market for snails? If so, where?

Will some reader please answer.

M. S. Bowen, of Mass., asks about ferrets. In your answer, you say the ferrets are muzzled for use on rats. In my experience, I would put my ferret on the ground in front of the burrow—no muzzle, either. The ferret will smell the hole, and if there are no rats "at home," he won't go in. If he goes in, you know there is something up. A terrier will come in handy to kill the rats that escape. The ferret will kill all the rats he can catch, and mine would always drag them out of the hole. They kill all the young rats that are in the nest. A male ferret is better for this purpose than a female, as he is a better scrapper. However, a female will do.

Do not be afraid of your ferret killing chickens. Mine never even tried to. A ferret naturally hates a rat, and as long as he can smell one, he will bother nothing else—not even fresh meat. My ferret would merely look at a chicken, and never showed any desire to hurt them. He will tackle anything with fur and will lick a small dog to a standstill. A nice, poultry-eating Tom-cat is his "favorite dish." A ferret cannot run fast enough to catch a chicken.
Arthur Kemmerling, Pa.

Answer to Lewis D. Bergey, Alta, Canada, who wants to know what preparation to soak a lariat or throw rope to make it run smoothly, and not kink. Linseed oil is good, but is like a new rope, will be stiff at first, but will get all right and last as long as a rope that is not soaked. It should be boiled oil.

I have done this to all my ropes, and make good rope. Do not soak long—not over five minutes.
Carl H. Dugan, Texas.

I see in September H-T-T where Chas. De Mauraige, of Canada, asks about ginseng—fur-bearers—farming in Louisiana. Will say that there is some ginseng found in the low ground, but none in the swamps. About the hill, I can not say.

As to the fur-bearers, I can not say how conditions exist west of the Mississippi River, but east of it they are pretty well thinned out. Probably muskrats and opossums are the most plentiful and they are both on the increase.

Mink, raccoon and wildcat and occasionally an otter is caught.

As to truck farming, it is carried on to a great extent. Most of the truck is shipped north by the car load and good profits are made on the most of it.

As to cattle raising, it is carried on to a certain extent and on account of the mild winters green grazing is to be had twelve months in the year, and almost an unlimited amount of free range.
Farmer, Louisiana.

I notice in the Q. and A. Dept. an answer to Walter Peas, Adams County, Md. When is the best time to plant ginseng? In your answer you state that it took eighteen months for the seed to germinate, and that spring was the best season to plant. This no doubt is true in Ohio, but that rule does not apply to Arkansas.

In my eight years' experience in ginseng gardening I have used the practice of planting immediately after gathering the seed from the plant, which in this locality is from the 15th to the 30th of July, and I have an average of ninety per cent. germinate the next spring or about eight months after planting. But if they are neglected and kept on the plant till the last of August or September, they will not germinate till next spring, a year or eighteen or nineteen months after planting.

R. C. Raines, Marlon Co., Ark.

In the September number of H-T-T I see that Mr. John Baumler wanted to know of a good way to catch pocket gophers, so I will give my way of doing it. First of all get a good No. 1 Victor trap; this is best because it doesn't need a very strong trap. Then go out where you see fresh dirt piles thrown up, and if you look close, you will notice a little place on the pile where he filled in last. That is where the hole is, because you can see he has pushed the dirt out to close the hole. Next take a knife or something sharp and dig just the size of the hole till you get to where the hole is open. You can easily follow the hole because the dirt will be softer than where the gopher hasn't dug. When you get the hole open, you will notice or rather feel two holes running opposite each other, and there is where you want your trap. If you have trouble in getting the trap in the hole you dig, just make it a little larger, the same at the cross holes. You must dig your trap down so it is level with the ground, then slightly sprinkle a little dirt on it so it seems natural. After your set is made, stake your chain on the outside.

Next take some grass and put on the outside of the hole, and throw dirt over it so no strong light shines on your trap. Now, when you have done this, take your finger and make a tiny hole in the dirt so just a little light shines in, then when the pocket gopher sees it he will come too close and get caught.

Another good way is to put poison in a potato and put it in the hole, then close the hole and do it in several places and soon you will have Mr. Gopher dead, because they will eat potatoes and get poisoned.

Harry Day, S. D.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT BOOKS

Among books that are of interest and value to H-T-T readers are Fur Farming and Ginseng and Other Medicinal Plants both of which have a large sale showing that thousands are interested. Why should not such be the case when the work is easy and the profits large?

In some localities furbearing animals have become scarce and for years fur raising has been successfully carried on. As much as \$10,000 to \$15,000 has been paid for a pair of best black fox for breeding while the more common fox such as cross have brought high figures. Prices paid for red and grey fox, as well as mink, marten, coon, skunk, opossum, muskrat, etc., for stocking fur farms are generally much more than the fur value of the various animals. The Fur Farming Department each month contains articles of value to fur raisers but the book Fur Farming, price 60 cents, should also be read by all who expect to engage in the business.

Ginseng and Other Medicinal Plants is another book that should be read by those expecting to engage in the raising of either ginseng or golden seal or both as this book contains much practical information on the subject. Prices of both these medicinal roots have been high this season although during the past few weeks, owing to the European war, prices have been lower than earlier in the year.

Thousands of dollars have been made off of an acre in a few years. This book has just been revised and increased from 317 to 367 pages. The chapters treating on growing, shading, etc., were written by Mr. C. M. Goodspeed who has been growing these valuable medicinal plants for well on to twenty years. Price of this book is \$1.00 and as the supply of wild is nearly all gone those thinking of engaging in the raising should begin at once.

The old saying "Any month with an r in it fur is good" does not hold good. At any rate most of the furbearers, except in the Far North, would be worth very little in September although that month has an r in it. Six of the nineteen books published by A. R. Harding are devoted entirely to trapping and are as follows: Steel Traps; Deadfalls and Snares; Fox Trapping; Mink Trapping; Wolf and Coyote Trapping;

Science of Trapping. Price of these books is 60 cents each but where two or more are ordered together a reduction of 10 cents is allowed making any two cost you \$1.00; three, \$1.50; four, \$2.00; five, \$2.50; six, \$3.00.

Now that trapping soon will begin no mistake will be made by ordering and reading them before trapping begins. These books contain much valuable information, not alone for the young trapper but those who have had years of experience will be surprised at the "Secrets" which they contain. A page description of Science of Trapping will be found on page 139. This book is an especially good one for those who wish to trap the various kinds of animals.

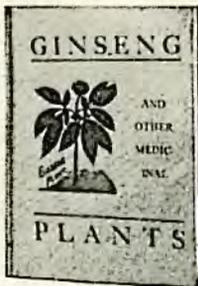
If you are making a specialty of trapping mink, then you will find that Mink Trapping is what you need, or if fox trapping then the book on Fox Trapping, or if after wolves or coyotes, then the book Wolf and Coyote Trapping. These books are briefly described on pages 140 and 141.

An old experienced Rocky Mountain trapper bought a copy of Steel Traps several years ago. He wrote a few weeks later praising the book and at the same time said that when he sent for the book he did not suppose that it would amount to much. Since that time, that same Rocky Mountain trapper has bought a copy of nearly all of the nineteen books now published and sold by A. R. Harding. When an old trapper who followed the line for upwards of forty years finds our line of books so valuable, we feel that you, too, will be pleased.

Judging from the many who wrote asking what to take on a camping, trapping or hunting trip, also cooking recipes, Camp and Trail Methods, a book of 274 pages, telling What to Take and What to Do, Cooking Recipes, etc., should be read. This is another 60 cent book that is more than worth the price.

This book, Game, Fur and Fish Laws, contains name and address of Chief Game Warden of each state in the United States and each Canadian Province, open season for Game animals, Birds and Fur Bearing animals, those that are protected, also fish, bag limit, etc. In several states laws have been passed relating to trapping, poisoning, digging, etc., and these are published. In fact, no hunter, trapper, camper, angler, fur dealer, guide, farmer, prospector, rancher or anyone who uses a gun, rod or trap at all should be without this book. There are laws in several states that you will be interested in. Remember that this book contains not only laws of your state but of all others and all the Canadian Provinces.

A 152-page book, including supplement, price, postpaid, 25c.



CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

WANTED, FOR SALE, EXCHANGE, ETC.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for **FOUR CENTS A WORD PER ISSUE, CASH WITH ORDER.** Those having articles to advertise that are of interest to Hunters, Trappers, and Raw Fur Buyers will be surprised at the results of placing their "Want" and "For Sale" notices here. The cost, too, is but a trifle—four cents per word. No advertisements taken for less than 60 cents per month. Copy for November must be received not later than October 20. Rates on large advertisements will be sent on application, and those contemplating advertising should remember that the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER not only circulates throughout the United States, but Canada as well. The full name must be given in all Classified Advertisements, such advertisements sent in, in which box number or initials only are given, will not be published.

ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

TWICE THE FUR VALUE paid for live otter, fisher, marten and mink. Address C. M. Daniels, Sabattis P. O., Hamilton Co., N. Y.

MILCH GOATS—Toggenburg, Saanen, heavy milkers. Live mink, marten, otter, opossum, Guinea pigs, pea fowl, swan. Established 23 years. Prospectus 6 cents. Golden West Goat Reserve, Joliet, Ills. (March)

SILVER, BLACK FOXES, cross foxes for breeding purposes for sale. J. A. Kane, 489 Third St., Brooklyn, N. Y. (March)

WANTED—Live silver, black and patch foxes, otter, fisher, marten, beaver, skunk, mink, civet cat. Give price and condition. M. H. Bolger, 262 Washington St., Boston, Mass. (April)

FOR SALE—Best quality ranch-raised mink; also Canadian wild geese. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley, Prince Edward Island, Canada. (Nov.)

WRITE US before buying any live silver, black, or cross foxes. Prices right. Stoughton & Elliott, Whitefield, N. H.

50 RED FOXES for sale, \$8.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Son, Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky. (*)

PETS—Rabbits, guinea pigs, etc. Pets all kinds. Enclose stamp. Fuller Trump, Springfield, Ohio. (Jan.)

TRAINED LIVE DECOYS, both mallard and black ducks, for \$3 per pair. H. N. Gibbs, West Barrington, R. I.

FOR SALE—Black, silver, cross, patch and red foxes for breeding purposes. Address W. Hanscom, Stratton, Maine. (Dec.)

LIVE ANIMALS bought and sold. Always state prices stocks held at when listing with us. National Fur Exchange, Columbus, Ohio. (*)

SKUNKS—We offer choice star black skunks, no more than six pairs to any one breeder. Send 30 cents for illustrated booklet, teaching how to remove scent sacs properly without spilling any scent and information on scientific breeding. Skunk development Bureau, Box 554, Chicago, Ill. (Nov.)

CHOICE, TAME, RANCH-RAISED foxes for sale. Several pairs of perfect silver blacks; several pairs of choice dark crosses out of black litters that show from 65 per cent. to 95 per cent. pure silver black; also six pairs of genuine dark, northern, tame, ranch-raised fisher; also a few pairs of marten. Graham Bros., Fur Ranchers, R. R. 1, Strathroy, Ont., Can.

CHOICE CARNEAUX PIGEONS—Mated, banded and working, \$2.00 per pair. Belgian red, yellow splashed. Youngsters, 50 cents each. Charles Knight, Quaker City, Ohio.

SILVER FOXES FOR SALE—Black, silver, patch, cross, blue and red foxes; mink, marten, otter, beaver, skunks, raccoons, elk, deer, buffalo, cranes, Bob White quail, pheasants, grouse, swans, squirrels, rabbits and all other kinds of animals and birds. Send ten cents for complete lists and information. Hornes Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—Live mink, red, silver and cross fox. Spencer Higgins, Jr., Box 534 Stanford, Ky.

STAR BLACK and all black skunks wanted. Will pay more than any other dealer. State what you have to offer and price. H. S. Cruikshank, Truro, N. S., Canada. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Genuine wild mallard ducks, 3 males, 1 female, \$1.25 each. Will sell together or single; make fine decoys. L. W. Morehouse, Kenosha, Wis.

FOR SALE—No. 1 Northern ranch-raised red foxes, about 16 months old. Price \$10.00 each. W. S. Chalker & Sons, Waters, Mich.

FOR SALE—Mink, \$25.00 per pair; raccoon, \$5.00 pair; opossum, \$2.50 pair. Order direct from this advertisement. Send P. Order. T. G. McNell, Dekalb, Miss.

ANIMALS FOR BREEDING purposes, red and cross fox, marten and fisher, best offer takes them. A. E. Swain, Larson, G. T. P., Ont., Can., via Ft. William.

FOR SALE—1 pair red fox, \$15.00. Write for description. Enclose stamp. Benj. V. Drew, Route 5, Dover, N. H.

FOR SALE—Choice spring foxes, two silver cross male, one red female, black legs and ears; first \$175.00 takes them. Johnson & Hinds, Nipigon P. O., Ontario, Canada.

FOR SALE—Fox ranch, stocked with ten good female crosses and two males. Half mile from a good live town in a good fox hill. Will sell foxes separately. Apply Ryan's Fox Ranch, Spooner, Minn., Box 244.

FOR SALE—Fine dark ranch-raised mink; none better; supply limited. E. F. Pope, Colmesnell, Texas.

FOR SALE—Star skunks, \$10.00 each; short stripes, \$6.00 each; other grades. C. L. Drumeller, Hume, Mo.

RACCOONS AND RED FOXES for sale or exchange for good double gun. Wilmot Swanson, Loveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—At sacrifice prices, red, cross and patch foxes. Over stocked. Must unload. Don't buy till you get our prices. We can save you money. Also cub bears for sale cheap. Roberts Bros., Grand Marais, Minn.

WANTED—Star black skunk in large or small lots. Write for price and state number you have for sale. Rock River Zoo, Oregon, Ill.

BROAD STRIPE SKUNKS, odorless, \$2.00 each; also Belgian hares and Flemish Giant hares for sale. Address The Pioneer Pet Stock Farm, New Weston, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Eleven red foxes, all ranch-raised, are good breeding stock, for \$10.00 each. Want mink and black skunk. State your price. Carl Meyerhoff, George, Iowa.

OFFERS—Twelve varieties of pheasants; also jungle fowl. Satisfaction guaranteed. C. W. Macklin, Canadian Pheasantry, Grafton, Ontario, Canada.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One cub bear. J. E. Lingenfelter, Peola, Wash.

WANTED—50 ring-neck pheasants. State price. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—Several pairs of young ranch-raised mink; also two red female fox, two years old. S. S. Hanson, Hitterdale, Minn.

WILD MALLARD DUCKS, decoys, callers, breeders, \$1.00 each; no limit. Send draft. Bremen, 709 Franklin, Danville, Ill.

CHOICE DARK ranch mink and foxes for sale, half price. E. W. Douglass, Stanley, New Brunswick, Canada.

WANTED TO BUY—Moose, elk, caribou, deer and others. Some heads, sets of horns, scalps, raw furs, elk tusks. Full market value paid promptly; you will profit by shipping to me. Edwin Dixon, Ontario's Leading Taxidermist, Unionville, Ontario, Canada.

WANTED—Skunks, all grades, opossums, coons, foxes. We pay highest prices. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minn.

WANTED—Mink, muskrats, foxes, black and short-striped skunks. State sex and price. Todd Brothers, Milltown, Maine. (Nov.)

WANTED—Squirrel, chipmunk and opossum skins. E. Sylvester, Everett, Wash., 23-16 Hoyt Ave.

GUINEA PIGS—\$1.00 per pair, healthy stock, mixed color, smooth hair, profitable to raise, fine pets. Order from this advertisement to get above price. Extra males, 50 cents each. Act quickly; money orders only; no stamps accepted. J. F. Trump, Jr., Springfield, Ohio.

LIVE SKUNKS WANTED—In large or small lots. Address The Pioneer Pet Stock Farm, New Weston, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Pair of coons, \$5.00. One red fox, very tame, \$5.00. One opossum with 12 young, \$4.00. C. L. Wilson, Scipio, Ind.

FOR SALE—Fancy silver and cross foxes. Geo. Youngman, Gladstone, Minn.

SKUNK FARMS NOTICE—I pay \$10.00 for each star skunk; female, short stripe, \$5.00. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

SKUNKS FOR SALE—All grades. Foxes, opossums, coons. Enclose stamp for price list. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minnesota.

TRAPPERS—Wanted, live mink, fisher, otter, marten, black skunks, patch foxes. Need fur-bearers for new fur farm. Maine Fur Farm, Topsfield, Maine. (Nov.)

WANTED—Live Canadian lynx, catamounts, bobcats, ocelots, Colorado swift foxes, red foxes, wolves, antelopes, cougars. State price. D. Baughman, Ottawa, Kans.

FOR SALE—Tame, pet, odorless skunk, \$2.00 each. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

PHEASANTS FOR SALE—Silver, golden, pure Mongolian, Amhurst, Japanese, one Manchurian cock and Japanese silkies chickens. Chas. Doty, 903 E. Gleason St., Portland, Oregon.

FOR SALE—Coons, \$3.50 each; young opossums, \$1.00 each; old opossums, \$3.00 a pair. S. L. DeMyer, Fulton, Ky.

FARMING—Live skunk, mink, fox, coon, marten, fisher, etc., wanted. State price first letter. The Coon Hollow Fur Farm, Derby, Conn.

FOR SALE—Black and cross foxes. Can show buyers a bargain. John Coughlen, Clementson, Minn.

FOXES, SKUNK, SQUIRRELS, pigeons, hares, cavies, etc. E. W. Cordingley, 138 Stowe St., Jamestown, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Wild mallard call ducks, hand-raised. Two dollars per pair. Mrs. Henry Bremer, Lyons, Iowa.

WILD ANIMALS WANTED—Bears, mountain lions, all kinds of wild animals and birds. A. W. Brownlee, 391 Carroll, St. Paul, Minn.

FOR SALE—Skunks and extra dark raccoons, all grades, either sex. Prices right. Stamps. LeGrand Burrus, Elmhurst, Pa.

SKUNKS WANTED—We will pay the highest price (more than anyone else) for black, star and short stripe skunks and buy any quantity. Write us what you have for sale for immediate or future delivery. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—Young mink, ranch-raised preferred. I pay express. Walter Bigsby, 317 Roosevelt Ave., Beloit, Wis.

FOR SALE—Star and short stripe skunks; also raccoons, \$3.50, and red foxes, \$6.00 each. Willis H. Ratliff, Fairmount, Ind.

FOR SALE—Wild mallard ducks, decoys, callers, breeders, \$1.00 each. No limit. Send draft. Ed. Fleser, Rochester, Ind.

ANIMALS—BOYS! ANIMALS—I buy and sell all kinds. Wm. Dunton, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

MINK, SKUNK, fisher and foxes for sale. Also all other fur-bearers at lowest price. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Pair of star black skunks, two years old, scent bag removed. First post office order for \$15.00 takes them. Gus Hands, Catskill, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Three half-grown coon, two male and one female. Best offer takes them. E. J. Stevens, Richmond, Mich., Route 2.

WANTED—Skunks, foxes, bears, wild animals, birds and pets. Wm. Dunton, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

I WILL PAY \$12.00 each for live mink. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—One pair foxes, breeders, male a cross, female red, \$100.00. One male black cross fox, 75 per cent. silver black, \$200. Wanted—All the star black skunk I can get this fall; pay the highest price for them. H. S. Cruikshank, Truro, N. S., Canada.

FOR SALE—20 coons, \$4.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Sons, Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky. (*)

FOR SALE—Pair dark tame coons, Northern stock, two and a half years old, \$8.00. D. F. Herron, 6410 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—Skunk, mink and foxes, etc. State what you have and price. Will take large or small lots. L. M. Butterfield & Co., Chester, N. H., R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—One pair silver black pups, three pairs silver black patches, eighty to ninety per cent.; also mink, all ranch bred. Laplanche Fox Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S., Canada.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS with New Hampshire Fur Farm for skunk, mink, foxes, coon, etc. New Hampshire Fur Farm, Chester, N. H., R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Red fox, \$18.00 pair; express prepaid. Spencer Higgins, Jr., Box 534 Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE—Trained wild mallard decoys, \$1.00 each. Trained ferrets, \$1.75 each. Willie Lemburg, Boelus, Neb.

FOR SALE—50 red fox, each \$7.00; ten coon, each \$6.00; one armadillo, \$5.00; grey squirrel, each \$1.25; one marten, \$75.00; fifty mink, opossum and ferrets, cross, silver and black foxes, pheasants, peafowl. Delivery at once. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—One quarter black female fox, six Canadian cross foxes, twelve red foxes, ten dark ranch-raised raccoon, two hundred skunks. Rob's Fur Farm, East Killingly, Conn.

RANCH-RAISED SKUNKS—Good short stripes, \$8.00 per pair; narrow stripe, \$6.00 pair; star black, \$20.00 pair. November delivery. Geo. O. Moon, Pleasant Green, Mo.

FOR SALE—Red foxes, \$14.00 a pair; mink, \$40.00 a pair; skunks, \$6.00 to \$40.00 a pair. Good rabbit bound, \$8.00. Stamp. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Pa.

BAITS AND SCENTS.

TRAPPERS, do you want sets for fox, wolf, bear, otter, mink and all fur-bearing animals that are a success and recipes for scents and decoys that will not drive the animals away. All complete in one book. Price \$1.00. I have trapped in different parts of the country for sixty years. Special sets for the large rivers and marshes in the Southern States. If you want particulars and testimonials write E. N. Woodcock, Coudersport, Pa.

NEW INVENTION—Send 25 cents and know how to make fish oil baits. Dewey A. Deal, Huntley, Mont., R. F. D. No. 2.

FOX TRAPPING—Walter Bray, Orland, Maine, caught 24 fox, 34 mink, 6 fox in one trap set on land, the first fox traps he ever set. Thomas Calahan, North Monroe, N. H., caught 23 fox, lots of mink and skunk. Both used Page Sets and Balts. Send stamp for testimonial book. Fox scent in plants, bait in quarts. Methods warranted; land, water, snow sets. Edgar R. Page, Orland, Maine.

LAND SET—My method of trapping foxes on land is not guess work, but a proven success, equally good for coyotes. No amateur's imagination. You will not regret paying \$2.00 for this set. Harry G. Hall, Sherbrooke, Que., Canada.

TRAPPERS—Try a bottle of my fox, skunk and coon scent. I have had great success with this scent. It is made of musk and favorite food of these animals. Price seventy-five cents per bottle. Von Rogers, Richford, Vt. (Nov.)

FELLOW TRAPPERS—If you want a bait for wolves that smells good to eat (and it must smell that way to him to be of any great value), how to make it, how to use it, how to catch him, wherever you find him and catch him so easy that it will surprise you. I will send full instructions for a comparatively small sum. Will answer all letters. John L. Linville, Box 83, Alturas, Cal.

TRAPPERS—Get my written instructions for trapping wolves, coyotes and scent; also a receipt for making wildcat scent. I am no city trapper, but out on a trap line every winter. If you want something good, send 25 cents, coin, no stamps, for my method. Joseph Falt, Leo, Wyoming.

FOR SALE—Modern methods for trapping mink, fox, muskrat. Fifty cents each, three for one dollar bill. These methods never fail. Thirty-five years' of experience. Bell Mfg. Co., Lexington, Ill., Box 98.

TRAPPERS, LISTEN—Here is the last chance for you. With many years of experience I have discovered a bait for every animal. I will give you full directions how to make the bait and prepare the traps for \$1.75, postpaid. Remember, these directions will last you for a lifetime and act as a magnet on your trap line. I will give you useful information about dogs and trap line, free of charge, if you join with me. Address J. Augustine, Trenton, N. J., R. D. No. 1. (Nov.)

FOX OR MINK—Scent 200 sets, 50 cents, fox and mink trapping fully explained for a small sum. Satisfaction guaranteed. Jesse Bentley, Arlington, Vt.

REGARDING LOUCK'S \$5.00 system for trapping wolf, etc., form opinion after you see what we are at. Particulars free. L. Loueks, Logan, Wisconsin.

BOATS AND CANOES.

YOUR CHANCE—16-foot Detroit canoe, used one season, \$20.00; 3¼x5½ Eastman Premo, firm pack, carrying case and tank, \$10.00. A. A. Czerr, Palmsville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A two-horse boat engine with batteries, propeller and full equipment. Good shape, \$10.00. Will trade. Reid Weaver, Mammoth Spring, Ark.

MUST SELL CHEAP—Cabin boat on St. Croix river, size 14 x 52 feet, four rooms, good condition. Also hammerless shotgun, leather case, new condition. Write, Eugene Hutson, Afton, Minn., Box 13.

BOOKS.

TRAINING THE BLOODHOUND—Complete copyrighted treatise. Reduced from \$5 to \$2. Horse and Hound. Training the foxhound. 300 pages, \$2.50. Write for prospectus. Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky. (**)

BOOKS—Remember, any two 60-cent books, if ordered at same time and to same address, will be sent for \$1.00; three for \$1.50; four for \$2.00; five for \$2.50. If any of our \$1.00 books are ordered with 60-cent ones, the price is reduced to 75 cents. See pages 123, 124 and 125. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Twentieth Century Encyclopedia, Britannica, New Werner edition, 31 vol., good condition. Price \$28.00, cost \$58.00. A. J. Allen, Dorset, O.

BOOKS—Interesting 2,000 mile rowboat trip from Omaha to New Orleans, by Wm. Rounds. Twenty-five cents each in coin. Chas. Mallicky, Olseto, Kans.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES.

FOR SALE—Motorcycle, \$50.00; New Shaw attachments, \$55.00. Roland Blackway, Taxidermist, Cecilton, Md.

FOR SALE—1914 7-H. P. Twin Indian, new condition, run but little, fine running order, tires not worn. Price \$160. A. J. Allen, Dorset, O.

INDIAN TWIN MOTORCYCLE—1913 model, in first-class condition, just overhauled. Will take gun, rifle or pistol as part payment. Price \$125.00. Mr. Louis H. Rock, 409 Buckeye St., Warren, Ohio.

CAMERAS AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.

FOR SALE—New 2A Eastman camera and developing printing outfit. Bargain. Stamps. James Boyd, New Mayville, Pa.

FILMS DEVELOPED, three rolls for 25 cents; 8x10 enlargements 25 cents. C. E. Stewart, Ellwood City, Pa. (Nov.)

ROLL FILM DEVELOPED FREE—Write for list. Clarence Fehr, 213 Wabash Ave., Bellville, Ill.

NEW CAMERA—One minute A outfit. Cost me \$60.00; will sell for \$40.00 or trade for a first-class coon, skunk and opossum hound. Marion Rini, 343 W. 5th St., Canal Dover, Ohio.

HUNTING DOGS.

REGISTRATION—If you wish to register your dogs or puppies, write the United Kennels Club, Chicago, Ill., Box 156, for free instruction blanks.

HUNTING DOGS—This book contains 253 pages which tells how to train for night hunting as well as fox chasing, best breeds, etc., etc. Price, postpaid, 60 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

AIREDALES.

OORANG AIREDALE PUPS for sale. Vigorous youngsters bred from true sporting stock that are unequaled as water dogs, retrievers and hunters of all kinds of game. They make trailers, tree barkers and stayers; will climb a tree or go to earth and fight anything from a ground hog to a grizzly bear. They are raised in the open and are the hardy, active and game kind with the hunting instinct bred in the bone. Having an iron constitution they withstand the hardest usage and make the ideal dog for both hunter and trapper. Stamp for reply. Oorang Kennels, La Rue, Ohio.

BLACK CANON KENNELS have a great lot of Airedales for sale, including puppies, one to eight months old, brood bitches and hunters. Prices most reasonable. An unrelated pair \$25.00. Raised outdoors, and are the game, hardy, hunting kind of the best breeding. Dept. F., Montrose, Colo.

FOR SALE—Airedale terriers, pedigreed puppies from two to eight months old, highly bred hunting stock, price \$5.00 to \$15.00, according to age and sex. Mount T. Carlton, Box 189, Pueblo, Colo.

PEDIGREED AIREDALES for sale from hunting and show stock. Write for folders. W. F. Betts, Wellington, O., Route 1.

FOR SALE—Pedigreed Airedale pups, 4 months old. Male and female. Dam one of the best all around hunters and retrievers in the state, while but few hounds can keep pace with sire on trail; these pups will make trailers, tree barkers and stayers. Address J. D. Trine, Bagley, Wis.

AIREDALE PUPS, parents registered. Males \$7.00, females \$5.00. Pedigree furnished. Geo. S. Bright, Lucas, Ohio.

FOR SALE, AIREDALE—Male and female Airedale, past five months old. Sired by Ch. Sowden Swiveller. Fine specimen. Price \$35.00 and \$15.00. H. H. Todhunter, 2545 Glenmaw Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Airedale puppies from registered stock. Louis Fleetwood and Lucy Flirtation. Mako J. Wessels, German Valley, Ill.

AIREDALES FOR SALE—Puppies and grown stock by two of the best dogs ever imported. Ch. King Oorang and Ch. Soudan Swiveller, ex. Stanley Princess, she by Ch. Prince of York. J. T. Stanton, Mountain View, Plainville, Conn.

AIREDALES—Just a few, but classy and very reasonable: "Champion Tintern Royalist," "Champion Illuminator," "Champion Red Raven." J. Bate Locke, 1842 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CLEARANCE OF BLUE BLOOD AIREDALES—Twenty months' old bitch by Walland Marvel. First and best puppy in show at Spokane. First puppy in Cleveland, only time out, in whelp to Imp. Tintern Tango; also imported stud of pure Tintern desire blood; young stock by King Oorang and Crow Gill Marvel. Must make room for on-coming young stock. Oakleigh Kennels, Box 65, Canton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Female Airedale bitch, six months old, pedigreed, \$8.00. John Murphy, Tully, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1.

AIREDALES—Ready to train and hunt, good breeding; prices right. W. D. Goble, Staples, Minn. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Pedigreed Airedales, whelped June 17th. Females \$10.00, males \$15. L. Hinrichs, Bartlett St., Poplar Bluff, Mo.

FOR SALE—Airedale bitch, fine pedigree, two months old, \$10.00. Don't write and ask for the price—it is \$10.00. Thos. Klissane, Whitehall, N. Y.

\$10.00 BUYS six months' Airedale, male, pedigreed. Send stamp. Thos. Pease, Danvers, Ill.

FOR SALE—Airedale, male, nine months; good one, registered; want ½ Airedale, ½ hound. Ray Brokaw, Flushing, Ohio.

PAIR PEDIGREED AIREDALES, one year old, unrelated. Also some nice pups. All good stock, but selling at bedrock prices. Lewis M. Andrew, Grand River, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Airedale pups from registered stock. Imported grandsires, Champion Endcliff Crack and The Favorite. Farm raised, seven and ten dollars. B. Soultis, Rushton, Mich.

BABY AIREDALES—Have moved to the country, former address 1332 Duncan, new address R. F. D. Massillon, O. Puppy prices for October is: Males, \$15.00; females, \$10.00. W. E. Crawford.

I AM SACRIFICING my entire pack of famous big game Airedales, extra well trained and fully guaranteed. Kolax Kennels, Kearney, Wyo.

BEAGLES.

THOROUGHLY TRAINED beagles, foxhounds, and rabbit hound, trial; also pedigree beagle pups. Keystone Kennels, Columbia, Pa. (Jan.)

BEAGLE PUPS and a few trained dogs for sale. All eligible to registration and as good as the best. Write me just what you want. F. A. Rich, Northfield Falls, Vt., Box 25.

FOR SALE—One English beagle bitch, in whelp, as good as goes the hills; \$35.00. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

BEAGLE PUPS, 2 months old, beauties, pedigreed, bred from winners and hunters. Males \$4.50, females \$3.50. Thoroughly broken dogs and bitches, \$10 to \$15. Trial. D. H. Hamme, Seven Valleys, Pa.

UNITED KENNEL CLUB—Pups, two males, one female, whelped August 2d, \$8.00 each. Photo. Dog at stud. Ralph Wilson, Bloomville, Ohio. (Nov.)

FOR SALE—Beagles, well started on rabbits. Pedigreed and eligible. None better. Geo. Schmelz, S. Germantown, Wis.

FOR SALE—Beagle pups, bred from hunters. Males \$8.00, females \$4.00. Joseph H. Butler, Nayatt, R. I.

FOR SALE—Beagle dog, male, three years old, none better, \$20.00. Trial allowed. Two beagle pups, 5 months old, female, beauties and bred good, \$5.00 each. M. Cleek, Verona, Ky.

BEAGLES—Cheap, choice broken bitch and six months old pair. Must go at once. Fully pedigreed. A. L. Lake, Waukegan, Ill.

BEAGLES—Pups three and a half month, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Two thoroughly broken dogs and one bitch, \$10.00 to \$15.00. C. M. Prentice, Clyde, Ohio.

FOR SALE—18-month-old female beagle hound, partly broken. Arthur Urschaltz, Findlay, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Three English beagle pups, 8 months old. For prices write Robt. B. Sowers, New Mayville, Pa.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN BEAGLE—Hounds guaranteed good hunters and not gun shy. Warren S. Henderson, Downingtown, Pa.

FOR SALE—Beagle puppies, bred for business. Males \$5.00, females \$3.50. Send stamp. Thos. Pease, Danvers, Ill.

FOR SALE—Trained beagle bitch and two untrained pups. C. A. Sprague, Berlin, Ohio, R. D. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Beagle pups, eligible to registration, from hunters; 11 months old, \$6.00; three months old male \$4.50; females \$3.50. Lee H. Sydnor, Milan, Ill.

FOR SALE—Male and female beagle, thoroughly trained; also trained registered female beagle, blue ribbon winner, price twenty-five dollars. Enclose stamp. H. E. Dutton, No. 500 Prospect, Canton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Pedigreed English beagle pups, five months old, long ears, fine voices. Salter & Son, Tipton, Ind.

BEAGLE PUPS, 6 months old, sold on approval. A. M. Mauller, Pleasant Mills, Ind.

FOR SALE—1 pair of high-grade young beagle hounds, highly pedigreed, and registered, ready for full training. Prince Royal, reg. 75045. Nelly Queen 75046. Sire, my grand hunter, Woodland Duke, reg. A. K. C. 179432. Dam, The Maid of the Prairie, reg. A. K. C. 179433. Price \$10.00 each. One fine shepherd, \$5.00. Percy Rehm, St. Charles, Ill.

\$20 BUYS thoroughly trained male beagle; female, \$16.50; pups, \$4.50. H. E. Rebert, Codorus, Pa.

BEAR DOGS.

BEAR DOGS—Pair thoroughly trained. Absolute guarantee. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

BLOODHOUNDS.

REGISTERED ENGLISH Bloodhounds—Puppies and grown dogs, best blood. Max J. Kennedy, Freedonia, Kansas. (Dec.)

BLOODHOUNDS—Young and old registered stock. 50-page illustrated catalogue, five-cent stamp. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

COON DOGS.

COON HOUNDS—Some well broke on coon, opossum, skunks. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

COON HOUNDS AND COMBINATION hunters for all game that trees, thoroughly trained. Will gladly send on free trial. New catalogue profusely illustrated. The most elaborate catalogue of night-hunting dogs ever printed. Will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. Southern Farm Coon Hound Kennels, Selmer, Tenn. (Nov.)

COON HOUNDS, still trailers; fox, wolf, mink, skunk, squirrel and rabbit dogs. Trained dogs. State wants. Edward Hopkins, St. Francisville, Mo. (Dec.)

THREE GOOD COON HOUNDS. \$35.00 to \$50.00; fox and skunk hounds. \$20; rabbit hounds, \$10 to \$15. Enclose stamp. W. S. Ferguson, Rainsboro, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Coon dogs, 15 days' trial. Low prices on genuine old-fashioned, long-eared coon hound pups. Blood tells, breeding tells. Buy young hounds where they have broken hounds to breed from. Natural tree and hole barkers. Few fine rabbit hounds. Stamp for reply. Kunkel Bros., Ashland, Ohio.

CLASSY NIGHT HUNTERS, the kind that produce. Broken, unbroken and pups. P. D. Mahaffey, Holmesville, Ohio.

AS GOOD COON HOUND dog or bitch as lives for sale. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

FEMALE BLACK AND TAN coonhound, 18 months old, \$15.00. Stamp for reply. Clyde Smith, Golden Gate, Ill.

ONE NO. 1 coon hound, price \$40.00. One day-trailing coon hound, one skunk dog. Cal. Lenich, Pikesville, Ohio.

1½ YEAR J. E. Williams coon hound, great promise, fine specimen, \$15.00. Four fine pups, \$4.00 each. J. H. Metzler, Franklin Park, N. J.

COON HOUND BITCH, black and tan, 2½ years, has caught 42 coon with old dog. Needs owning alone; will be worth \$75.00 before fall is over if handled right. Open trailer and tree. None better for age. Come here if you wish to see her work. B. C. Tiffany, Middlefield, Ohio.

THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon hound, rabbit-proof, open trailer, extra good trailer and tree barker. Trial allowed. Photo free. C. C. Stormes, R. 2, Grant, Mich.

FOR SALE—No. one coon hound on ten days' trial. First \$35.00 takes him. Gordon Wrightman, Fond du Lac, Wis.

FOR SALE—Long-eared, red bone and black and tan coon hound. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

PAIR COON HOUNDS—As good as ever barked up a tree, big, handsome fellows with long ears and good mouths. Try them before you buy them. Pair \$100, no less; will not separate them. Sam Stephenson, Covington, Tenn.

FOR SALE—Six male coon hounds, full blooded, natural tree barkers. And two well broken coon hounds, one five years old and one two years old. Mr. O. C. Riekle, Carey, Ohio, R. 3.

COON HOUND PUPS—From treeing dogs, \$12.00 per pair. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

COON DOG PUPS—Bred from fine stock. Female \$3.00, male \$5.00; three months old. One ¾ fox, ¼ English bloodhound bitch, six months old. Sent on approval; \$8.00. C. C. Miller, Cranberry, Pa.

WANTED—Coon hound, one you are not afraid to send on trial. John Bonner, La Rue, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Coon hound pups, genuine old-fashioned American black and tan. Patrick Conlon, 203 Union St., Lockport, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Coon hound pups, 3 to 6 months old. Few rabbit hounds on trial. P. Z. Funk, Jeromeville, O.

COON HOUNDS—Fox hounds, rabbit hounds. Trained and untrained. Pedigreed and eligible to register. Guaranteed to please. Also some fine youngsters at reasonable prices. R. F. Johnson, Assumption, Ill. (March)

FOR SALE—Coon and foxhound, seven years old. On trial, \$25.00. Theo. Lenz, Eagle Bend, Minn.

FOR SALE—Young coon hounds, ready to train, \$5.00 each. Carl Schoenhofer, Walnut, Kans.

FOR SALE—One litter old-fashioned coon hound pups, three months old, none better. E. Bieghler, Russellville, Ind.

COON HOUND PUPS—From thoroughly broken stock, fine breed for 20 years. From two months to one year old. Ed. Dove, Ashland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—One good coon dog, 4 months' old. Will send on trial. Charles Dunn, Sharon Center, Ohio.

BARGAINS—Pedigreed Walker coon hound, 16 months. Fast, good voice, started on coon; \$25.00. Also pedigreed Walker bitch, 9 months, picked for breeding from best hunting stock. A. A. Czerr, Painesville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Coon hound pup, female, 6 months old. None better bred; \$7.00. Write me. M. Cleek, Verona, Ky.

FOR SALE—Three coon dogs, \$15.00 each. Two foxhounds, female, trained, \$14.00. Long-eared hound puppies, \$4.00. Two .35 Winchester rifles, automatic, \$14.00 each. T. Crandall, Canton, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Well known coon dog, Colonel, red bone hound, 6 years, fast, good at tree and water. F. D. Butler, Pittsfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—Coon hound bitch, 17 months old, well started on coon and skunk. Few fine puppies, natural tree barkers. Cheap if sold at once. Chester Himes, Crawfordsville, Ind. Route 7.

FOR SALE—Old-fashioned black and tan coon hound, five years old, trained on coon, skunk, opossum; grand looker, absolutely right. Good stud dog; price one hundred dollars. Photo ten cents. Arthur J. Hueffner, Petersburg, Ill.

FOR SALE—My coon dog "Dan," 5 years old, on trial; \$43.50 worth of furs caught with him last season. True as steel at the tree. Can send names of six parties that hunted with Dan last season. H. Speece, Speeceville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Coon dog, rabbit-proof, cold trailer, good hunter, 4 years old. N. D. Meadows, Elkton, Va., R. 1.

FOR SALE—Two coon dogs. No better in Ohio. Female six years old, male five years old. Will give trial. Stamp for reply. Aabert Plank, Ashland, Ohio, R. No. 3.

FOR SALE—Thoroughly trained coon hound, extra good at tree. Two female coon hounds, year old. T. A. Johnston, Weber St., Wilkensburg, Pa.

COON, SKUNK AND OPOSSUM DOGS.

A FEW THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon, skunk and opossum hounds for sale. This is your opportunity. Don't let it pass. Stamp for reply. A. T. Rice, Brooksville, Ky. R. 4. (Dec.)

TRAINED FOX, wolf, coon, opossum and skunk hounds, guaranteed. R. N. Hendricks, Bollivar, Mo. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—First-class coon, skunk and bear hounds, still and open trailers, the best that goes. Send stamp for reply. Yellow Creek Kennel, Salineville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Skunk and opossum dogs on trial, \$35.00 to \$50.00. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerville, Ohio.

AS GOON COON, opossum and skunk dog as lives; also a few as well bred coon hound pups. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

FOR SALE—Coon, skunk, opossum dogs. Prices from \$25.00 to \$50.00. Enclose stamp. D. W. Summerville, East Rochester, Ohio.

FOR SALE—One spotted coon and skunk hound, 5 years old. Willis Loucks, Wakarusa, Ind.

COON AND SKUNK hound—A 5-year-old coon and skunk dog, good one, \$25.00. Two exceptionally good rabbit hounds, 2½ years old, each \$25.00. Otis Mott, Dowagiac, Mich.

FOR SALE—Coon, skunk and opossum hounds, all guaranteed to deliver the goods. Stamps for reply. S. E. Raines, Durham, Mo.

WELL TRAINED COON and skunk dog, \$15.00. B. Kelley, Cranberry, Pa.

SKUNK DOG WANTED at once for catching skunks alive. Must be guaranteed. F. A. Seldner, Topsfield, Maine.

WANTED—Coon and opossum hound, open trailer, rabbit-proof, on trial. Give full description. E. W. Walton, Etters, Pa.

FOR SALE—Two first-class coon, skunk and opossum hounds on ten days' trial at \$50.00 each. Lisle T. Jones, Ashland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A fine coon, skunk and opossum hound, 2 years old, guaranteed, for \$20.00. Chas. E. Robertson, Roanoke, Mo.

FOR SALE—Trained coon, skunk and opossum hounds, and young stock. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices for stamps. Edward Young, Leslie, Ga.

WANTED—A number one still trailer coon and skunk dog, not over five years, on trial. No trash need apply. Franklin Wrench, Greenfield, Mass., R. F. D.

FOR SALE—Trained coon, skunk and opossum hound on trial. Trained rabbit hound on trial. Also have a partly trained coon hound. Lester Burris, Centerville, Ind.

FOR SALE—Trained coon and skunk dog. Will give ten days' trial. Wm. Loy, New Washington, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 7.

BOYS, FOR BEST coon and opossum dogs, re-member W. A. Shook, Hazel River, Pa. Trial at-

lowed. (Nov.)

WANTED—A No. 1 skunk dog, hound pre-

ferred. Must not run fox, rabbits or deer. Must

have trial. State price. W. W. Fairchild, Room

2, Wright Block, Pittsfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—Coon and skunk hounds, prices

reasonable. Stamps for reply. Harry Knecht,

Baberton, Ohio.

FINE TRAINED COON, skunk, opossum hounds,

pointers, setters, beagles, young coon hounds,

ready for full training. English bloodhounds, Sals-

facton guaranteed. Sugar Grove Kennels, Moore's

Hill, Ind.

THE TECHNICAL CHIEF KENNELS are put-

ting out A No. 1 coon, skunk and fox dogs, second

to none. Prices right. Write them, Tecumseh,

Mich.

FOR SALE—Two coon, skunk and opossum

hounds and two Walker foxhounds. Walter

Merrifield, Fairmount, W. Va. Box 343.

FOR SALE—Coon, skunk, opossum hounds, good

as ever entered woods. One still trailer. Coon

hounds pups, parents caught \$100.00 worth fur last

season, male \$30.00, female \$100.00. Stamp, Jesse

Demany, Salem, Indiana.

WANTED—No. 1 coon and skunk hound, male,

must be strictly rabbit-proof, open trailer and

fast. On trial. Give full particulars in first let-

ter; will deposit money. James Anderson, Kan-

sas, O.

COON AND SKUNK hound for sale, three years

old, large black and tan. Good voice, open trailer,

\$150.00. Send stamps. H. P. Kenschler, Shartles-

ville, Pa.

TWENTY DOLLARS buys three-year-old hound,

well started on coon, skunk and opossum. Arthur

Huettner, Petersburg, Ill.

DEER DOGS—Two couple high trained deer

dogs. Fully guaranteed. Hookwood Kennels, Lex-

ington, Ky. (**)

FOXHOUNDS—Best blood on earth; field trial

winners; 50-page catalogue free-cent stamp. Hook-

wood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOXHOUNDS—Good running hounds, broke on

fox, some broke on rabbits; also young stock and

pups. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—A few well broken foxhounds, fine

first-class coon and skunk dogs, a fine lot of

rabbit dogs and a choice lot of pups. Enclose

D. Z. Kott, Fredericksburg, Ohio, R. F.

pedigreed long-eared, bugle-voiced, black and

tan foxhound pups, bred for fox, coon and skunk;

\$5 each. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

FOR SALE—19-inch-eared blue ticked female

foxhound, broken on rabbits. Fine hunter, trailer

and stayer. Price \$16.00. Trial allowed. Rolland

Price, Roseville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Foxhound pups, Walker, full blood,

three months old, from cold trailers and stayers;

\$5.00. Ralph Fisher, Battle Ground, Ind.

FOR SALE—1-month-old full-blood foxhound

pups. Parents good hunters and fast. Ralph Tib-

bets, Downsville, Wis.

WANTED—A No. 1 foxhound that will run foxes

only; must be sent on trial. Will deposit money

with editor. W. B. Ballou, Amherst, Mass.

FOXHOUND BITCH—None better on rabbits

fox proof. Will guarantee her; fifteen on dollars.

W. O. Canterbury, Killbuck, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A long-eared black and white male

foxhound, 5 months old. The old New England

strain. Send stamp to G. D. Simpson, York, N. Y.

FOR SALE—One creeperack pair of foxhounds,

trained on rabbit, \$50.00. Trained rabbit hounds,

farm, Decatur, Ill.

FOR SALE—Fast foxhounds, \$20.00 to \$100.00.

On trial. Young dogs, \$25.00, pair. Riverside

Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

FOR SALE—Two number one foxhounds. For

particulars address S. F. Herreck, River Falls,

Wis.

PEDIGREED FOXHOUNDS—Trained and un-

trained, best blood on earth. A few young Aire-

dales. Ten champions on pedigree. Photos and

particulars for stamp. Rockhill Kennels, Barry-

ville, N. Y.

FOXHOUND—Male, age three years. Excellent

for rabbits. True trailer. Guaranteed, \$15.00.

Norris Macdonald, Loomis, Mich.

FOR SALE—Walker foxhound pups, three

months old. D. F. Hynes, Pittsfield, Mass.

H. F. D.

FOR SALE—1-month-old foxhound pups from

trained coon and skunk hound bitches, \$3.00 to

\$5.00. Males \$5.00 to \$8.00; pups are already to

run with old dogs. Harry Hanson, Lake Odessa,

Mich. R. R. #1.

BLACK AND TAN American foxhound, 2 1/2

years old, broken on rabbits, farm raised. Price

\$15.00. Marshall Forrest, Box 8, Bainsbridge,

N. Y.

FOR SALE or will exchange two foxhounds, 20

months old for registered Alredales or pointers.

Chas. Smoke, Claypool, Ind.

FOR SALE—One fine foxhound, trained on rab-

bits. A bargain at \$10.00. And butt rock pulpers

and cockerels at \$1.50. Dennis Whelan, Shelby,

Mich.

FOR SALE—Foxhounds, young and old, trained

and untrained. Six pups born August 24th, half

hound and Alredale. Must sell. Write, Wm.

Schmucker, Alma, Wis., or Keshoer, Minn.

WANTED—Pedigreed long-eared black and tan

foxhound. Well trained on coon. Must be rabbit-

proof, three or four years old. State full par-

ticulars first letter. J. W. Duncan, Ontario, Conn.

FOR SALE—Long-eared foxhound pups, 4

months old, bred from starters and stayers. Rab-

bit hound, black and tan, eleven months old, un-

broken, \$10.00. P. B. Doyle, Ludlowville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Pair of well mated black and tan

foxhounds, eighteen months old and unbroken.

Address C. A. Conn, Cheat Haven, Pa., Route

No. 11.

FOR SALE—Good foxhound, reason for sale, no

place to keep him. Frank Cassels, Hymetdale, Pa.

foxhound, trained on coon and skunk. A one-year-

old tan bitch, partly trained, extra fast. Seven

black and tan foxhound pups, ready to train, from

natural working parents. For particulars write

Grant Chamberlain, Mayview, Iowa.

REGISTERED FOXHOUND bitch—Fine hunter,

Photo free. \$15.00 for quick sale. Ray Bunt,

Treston, Minn.

HIGH-CLASS FOX and rabbit hounds. Farm

raised. Low prices. Photos & stamps. A. D. Loy,

Arlington, N. Y. House 5.

REGISTERED WALKER FOXHOUNDS—Some

grand young ones ready to start; also one broken

dog. He is one of the best dogs in this section.

FOR SALE—Three well-broken foxhounds; also

two pups well started. C. L. Moody, Clinton, Ill.

FOR SALE—Foxhound pups, males \$4.00, fe-

males \$2.50. Guaranteed. S. W. Francis, Remsen,

New York.

FOR SALE—A high-class New England strain

foxhound. Nothing better bred. Edward McKin-

ley, Summerville, Pa.

FOR SALE—Foxhound, three years old, fast

and stayer. On trial. Valentine Ricks, Moores

Mills, N. Y.

POINTERS AND SETTERS.

SETTERS AND POINTERS—Some well broke

dogs and bitches for sale. Catahouche, 10 cents

list free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

WANTED—English setter or pointer male dog,

full description and lowest price. Walter Fulton,

Stewartstown, Penna. (Nov.)

FOR SALE—Pointer bitch, thoroughly broken, 4 years old. Sire, Fishel's John. Dam, bred from the best of field trial winning stock. Send for pedigree. Price \$35.00. M. A. Curl, Roseville, Ohio.

FOR SALE—One English setter female dog, two years old, price twelve dollars. Color white, fast hunter. Address W. J. Grace, Couterville, Ill. R. R. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Two lemon and white pointer pups, two months old. Owen Prosser, Wellington, Ohio.

ENGLISH SETTER BITCH—15 months old, good prospects, retrieve, papers; \$20.00 or Winchester 16 ga. James Wheeler, Fairfield, Ill.

POINTER DOG—Three bitches by Plain Sam and Cornish Chief, chocolate and white. Well broken, 135 birds in one day's shoot. Coon hound to rent, one coon hound pup, trailing and treeing, nine months old. Simmons Bros., Canal Fulton, Ohio.

TWO POINTERS—One year old. Ten dollars each. Will trade for tent, gun or Airedale. James Cave, Lenapoh, Okla.

FOR SALE—Female setter puppy, 4½ months, registered. Sire Dakota Dash, No. 25192; dam Midland Queen, No. 21328; perfect in breeding and individuality. For photographs and full description address H. C. Butterfield, S. Brownsville, Pa. L. B. 635.

FOR SALE—Pointers, bird dogs, pups, \$5.00 each, ready for full work; large one, five months old, thoroughbred. Arnold West, Albion, Ill. R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Lewellyn setter dog, third season, unexcelled in field, \$50.00. Arch Smith, Albion, Ill.

FOR SALE—Fine large pointer dog, good hunter and well broken on quail. Paul Leib, Balcom, Ill.

RABBIT DOGS.

RABBIT HOUNDS—Lot of well broken hounds for sale, some extra good. Send for catalogue, 10 cents. List free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

CHEAP FOR QUICK SALE—A No. 1 rabbit hound, fully guaranteed. Send stamps. George Printz, Westford, Pa.

RABBIT DOG—One long-eared northern foxhound, 3 years old, \$12.00. Other combination hunting, long-eared pups good to hunt this winter. Gus Whitmer, New Straitsville, O.

RABBIT HOUND PUP, 5 months old. Trained bitch in whelp; also pedigreed collies. Floyd Potter, Minetto, N. Y.

FEW RABBIT HOUNDS—Good lookers, good mouths and fine hunters; \$15.00 for one, two for \$25.00. Sam Stephenson, Covington, Tenn.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN—Rabbit hound, guaranteed good hunter and not gun shy. Bellows on track. Price \$12.00. Virgil Niccum & Company, Florida, Ind.

FOR SALE—Rabbit dogs from ten dollars up. Females from five dollars up. Guaranteed to run rabbits. J. E. Harrigan, 124 Camp St., Meriden, Conn.

30 RABBIT HOUNDS, 2 skunk dogs, 1 pedigreed dachshund bitch, finest in America. Bunch photos 10 cents. Dog Farm, New Mayville, Pa.

RABBIT HOUNDS—Sent on trial, none better; a few of those fine pups. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Record-breaking rabbit hounds, none better, \$15.00 each. They know their business; also coon hound pups, five months old, \$5.00 each; natural treers. Pet Stock Farm, Milford, Ohio.

FOR SALE—One good rabbit hound. No trash. First \$8.00 takes him. C. W. King, Lacrosse, Va.

RABBIT HOUND—Any one wanting a good one, write. Also S. C. white leghorn cockerels. Stamp for reply. C. Mills, Stockbridge, Mich.

THOROUGHLY TRAINED rabbit hound, A 1 hunter, age three years. Price \$18.00. H. Rembold, Cranberry, Pa.

WOLF HOUNDS.

WOLF DOGS—Three seasons on timber grey. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOR SALE—Irish wolfhound pups from registered stock. Bear Valley Kennels, Mazeppa, Minn. (Nov.)

WOLF HOUNDS—A few trained greyhounds and a number of young dogs ready for fall training, crossed stag and grey; also Russian and grey. Stamp for reply. Russell Lucas, Ness City, Kan.

WANTED TO BUY—Two Irish wolfhounds. Must be guaranteed to kill wolf; must have trial. Anton Pederson, Grand Marais, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS DOGS.

NORWEGIAN BEARHOUNDS, Irish wolfhounds, English bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, American foxhounds, lion, cat and varmint dogs, young and old stock. Bitches in whelp and stud dogs. Fifty-page illustrated catalogue for 5-cent stamp. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (*)

THE BLUE GRASS FARM KENNELS, of Berry, Kentucky, offer for sale setters and pointers, fox and cat hounds, wolf and deer hounds, coon and opossum hounds, varmint and rabbit hounds, bear and lion hounds; also Airedale terriers. All dogs shipped on trial, purchaser alone to judge the quality. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 56-page highly illustrated, interesting and instructive catalogue for ten cents in stamps or coin. (Dec.)

THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds; also some fine pups for sale. Prices reasonable. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (Dec.)

TRAINED HOUNDS—Pedigreed coon, cat, bear, deer, wolf, fox and rabbit hounds, pups that make good with little training. Sharon Center Kennels, W. J. Lytle, Prop., Sharon Center, Ohio. (July)

FOX, COON AND RABBIT HOUNDS—I have several A No. 1 coon hounds, foxhounds that know how to run and stay; rabbit hounds that are broke to gun and field; fox and coon hound pups, \$5.00 each. Price right if bought soon. Stamp for reply. H. C. Lytle, Fredericksburg, Ohio.

ENGLISH SETTERS, pointers, beagles, rabbit and foxhounds; finest stock in the world; shipped on trial. Send ten cents for catalog, prices and photographs. Hopewell Kennels, Stewartstown, Penna. (Nov.)

LOOK HERE!—Fox terrier puppies, 9 weeks old, females, \$2.50; males, \$3.50; pair, \$5.00. One male, 4 yrs. old, extra rabbitier, ratter, \$7.00. A few extra good coon, fox and rabbit hounds, trained and partly trained, prices \$6.00 to \$15.00. Stamp. Curtis E. Matz, Carmi, Ill.

IRISH TERRIERS—Grand bear and cat dog, traller and fighter. Quick, active, dead-game. Those out to buy (not curiosity seekers) apply. Coast Native Kennels, Tacoma, Wash.

FOR SALE—Fox, coon, wolf, skunk and rabbit hounds on 10 days' trial. Owen Smith, Altamont, Ill.

FOR SALE—Coon, fox and rabbit hounds. Fifteen days' trial will convince you Homestead dogs are right. Pure bred young stock. Stamp for catalogue and particulars. Homestead Stock Farm, Fred Little, Mgr., Plainfield, Ind. (Feb.)

FOR SALE—Hound puppies, ½ coon, ½ foxhound, good ones. Blue tick coon hound bitch, partly trained, 2 years old, a good one. G. D. Jung, S. Woodstock, Conn.

WANTED—Small dog to tree partridge. James Medley, Mercer, Wis.

FOR SALE—At half price, some fine greyhound, pointer, setter and spaniel pups and trained dogs. E. J. Willis, Riesville, Iowa.

HILLSIDE KENNELS, Enosburg Falls, Vt., offers a few extra good fox and rabbit hounds that are broken and can do the trick. Stamp for reply. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Hound, ¾ blood, ¼ fox. Two years old, will run anything. Ralph Tibbetts, Downs-ville, Wis.

FOR SALE—Beautiful red-bone hounds, five months old, very promising coon or rabbit dogs. Reasonable; further information write Chas. Teter, 36 Patterson St., Dayton, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Walker foxhound, \$15.00. Rabbit hounds \$10 and \$12; pup \$8.50. Martin Grisak, De-Bols, Pa., Box 154.

SPECIAL SALE OF HUNTING DOGS—One thoroughbred liver and white pointer, thoroughly trained on quail, natural retriever, by a son of Fishel Frank, finely bred and a very handsome dog. The best broke dog in this country at twenty months old. C. O. D. \$40.00. One liver and white pointer bitch, a great quail and woodcock dog and brood bitch, four years old, by Plane Sam's King and Rip Rap Babe, the kind that knows the game from start to finish. C. O. D. \$25.00. Gordon Setters—Two of the best bred bitches in this country, black and tan, fourteen months old, ready for the field, natural retrievers. Sire the great Ch. Brigand A. and grandsired by Ch. Teddy A. C. O. D. \$22.00 each. One fine Gordon bitch, two years old. Flossie M., black and tan. A good ranger, fast and ready for work; a bargain at \$20.00. C. O. D. One handsome black and tan Gordon, sixteen months. He is the making of a great chicken dog, wonderful nose, good ranger, two weeks' work and he is a wonder. C. O. D. \$20.00. One big, fine grey and white old English sheep dog, sixteen months old. Some trapper should have this fellow. Hunts anything. C. O. D. \$15.00. One extra fine Alredale bitch, fourteen months old. Well bred, black, grizzly and tan. She will make a fur dog for sure. C. O. D. \$20.00. Hoosier Kennels, Marion, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Coon dog; full blooded English foxhound. Ralph Tibbetts, Downsview, Wis.

FOR SALE—A fine hound, three months old, foxhounds and beagles cross. Price \$7.00. John Smith, Imlay City, Mich.

FOR SALE—Guaranteed the best skunk, opossum bitch in the state; also goon on coon; will locate skunk, opossum and mink in the day time; 6 years old. Black and tan, full-blood Walker, price \$50.00; don't write unless you want to buy a dog of this kind. Enclose stamps. J. P. Rogers, Ravenna, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Fine bunch pedigreed hound puppies, five months old; also list of firearms and trappers' supplies. Write me your wants. O. E. Rider, Red Hook, N. Y.

BREEDER, SHIPPER AND DEALER in rabbit dogs and foxhounds at low prices. Strictly guaranteed. Enclose stamp for reply. Joseph M. Adens, Valley Creek Kennels, Lyndell, Pa.

TWO THREE-YEAR-OLD hounds, broke well, fox and jacks. None better. Trial. Carl Nagel, Beacon, N. Y.

STOP! LISTEN!—For hounds. For the next thirty days I will sell fox, coon, opossum, mink and rabbit hounds at a cut-down price. Herbert McCray, Smithboro, Ill.

FOR SALE—One thoroughbred Chesapeake bitch, good retriever, two years old, price \$15.00. Clyde Klippel, Lena, Iowa. (Nov.)

WANTED—A young blue-ticked, or black and white gingery bitch. Send photo. A. W. Hunt, Scituate Center, Mass.

PEDIGREED COON, CAT, bear, deer, wolf and foxhound pups, natural hunters. Abe Hill, Faly Rove, Mich.

FOR SALE—Fox and wolf hounds, one bitch in whelp, all guaranteed; \$20 each. L. Foreman, Morley, Iowa. (Nov.)

WOODSDALE FARM KENNELS—Registered, Shiloh, Ohio, offers quality Alredale dog, 14 months, registered \$20.00. Very handsome, smart, promising young pointer female, partly broken, \$18.00. Walker fox, fast rabbit and coon bitch, 2 years, \$12.00. Rabbit hounds, seven months, nicely started, \$12.00 pair. Large black tan, coon, skunk-bred dog, 14 months, started, \$12.00. Hound pup, rabbit or coon, two dogs, \$6.00. Collies, six months, heel drivers, watchers, hunters, \$12.00 pair. State wants. Stamps. Wooddale Farm Kennels, Shiloh, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Four fine dark-brown water spaniel puppies, three months old, all females. Parents are extra good hunters and retrievers; great fur and water dogs. Charles A. Dibeau, Lakeview, Mich.

FOR SALE—An extra fine hound, 2½ years, ¼ English bloodhound, ¼ foxhound, trained on fox, has treed coon. J. H. Dyring, DuBoise, Pa.

FOR SALE—Fox and rabbit hound, 3 years old, a good one, \$10.00. Stevens double hammerless, \$8.00. Fred Crawford, Everett, Pa.

FOR SALE—Foxhound, beagle and rabbit dogs, guaranteed to produce the young stock. J. C. Northelmer, Narvon, Pa.

FOR SALE—Litter of black and tan, ¼ bloodhound, ¾ foxhound, puppies, \$5.00 each. Also coon, fox, skunk and rabbit hounds. Stamped envelope for reply. Lloyd Class, Sycamore, Ohio.

BREEDERS—DEALERS and shippers of beagles, large rabbit hounds and fox hounds, thoroughly broken dogs, guaranteed good hunters, not gunshy. Young dogs partly broken and pups. Harry Gule, Blue Rock Kennels, Downingtown, Pa.

FOR SALE—One male, half Airedale, half foxhound, one year old, untrained, \$8.00. Frank Burke, Aurora, Ill.

WANTED—A dog broken to tree native pheasant, any size or breed; dog preferred. Henry Horn, Elbe, Wash.

FOR SALE—One foxhound, one year old, one English setter, one year old. Both number one, or will exchange for firearms. C. S. Meyer, Remer, Minn.

ALL KINDS of hunting dogs furnished on short notice. A square deal. Stamp for reply. E. F. Smith, Brooksville, Ky.

BEAGLES AND RABBIT hounds, broken dogs, bitches and puppies sent on trial. Reliable Kennels, Seven Valleys, Pa.

FOR SALE—Hounds of all kinds, will hunt anything. Prices right. Fine litter of black and white and tan puppies, 3 months old, mother full blood English beagle. A beauty and none better; sire red-bone Walker foxhound, good as ever run a trail and a high-priced dog. These pups are extra smart and can be trained to hunt any kind of game. Males and females. Fine litter of red-bone and Walker strain of foxhound puppies, 3 months old, black and tan; sire and dam both dandies and were high-priced dogs. Males and females. 1 Irish and English setter, jet black male, 4 months old. This is the making of a fine game dog. Would not part with them if lived where there was his kind of game. For description and prices of all above named dogs, write to Lenard Titman, Rippey, Iowa. R. F. D. No. 1. Enclose stamp.

FOR SALE—A No. 1 coon dog, also No. 1 fox hound, both on trial. John Donley, Buchanan, Mich.

DOG MEDICINES.

DR. CECIL FRENCH'S MODERN REMEDIES—Vermicide Capsules—for Tapeworm, Roundworm and Hookworm. Box of 6 capsules, 25c. Box of 100 capsules, \$3. Tonic Globules—The greatest thing for getting your dog into condition. Box of 30 Globules, 25c. Box of 500 Globules, \$3. Enteric Globules—for Diarrhoea and Dysentery. Box of 40 Globules, \$1. Skin Specific—For all skin diseases—mange, eczema, etc. Tube, 50c. Mailed on receipt of price, stamp or coin. Dr. Cecil French, 23 French Bldg., Washington, D. C.

RID THE DOG of worms. Eureka Worm Tablets (chocolate coated), for all tape, round and thread worms. No starving. 24 doses, 35 cents; three packages, C. O. D. \$1.00, parcel post prepaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Book on diseases mailed free. The Roach Mfg. Co., Box H-211, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MANGE, ECZEMA, ear canker, gaitre cured or money refunded. Price \$1.00. Eczema Remedy Co., Hot Springs, Ark. (Sept. 15)

QUICK, SURE CURE for mange. Will cure the most obstinate cases from the fox terrier to the great St. Bernard. Money back if it fails to effect a cure. Especially benefited to the hunting dog, putting the hair and skin in splendid condition to withstand hard fall and winter work. Order a bottle now, \$1.00 postpaid. Address W. A. Folkes or Sam Stephenson, Covington, Tenn. If you have any doubts about the merits of this cure, will gladly send sample bottle.

EXCHANGE.

EXCHANGE—Coon hound, five years old, for foxhound. On trial. Mr. Geo. Maurer, Madison, Conn.

EXCHANGE—50 traps, used little, and Winchester Repeater, .22 model, 1890, in fair condition. Wanted—Good coon, skunk and opossum dog. Elmer Hodgson, Mt. Oreb, Ohio.

EXCHANGE—Winchester, .25-20 Repeater, A 1 condition, Lyman sights, case, reloading tools, etc. Four pair rabbit hounds, No pups wanted. Write for particulars. Fred Meng, 156 Winthrop Ave., New Haven, Conn.

SELL OR EXCHANGE—Old flint-lock gun in good condition. What have you? Clarence Butler, Sayre, Pa.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Winchester S. S. rifle, .32-40, double set triggers, telescope sights, new condition. C. R. Shafer, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

EXCHANGE—Winchester .45 Express. Claude Curtis, Silver Lake Assembly, N. Y.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Guaranteed mink dog. B. Peterson, 1701 10th Ave., S. Milwaukee, Wis.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—One foxhound, guaranteed, for .16 or .20-gauge repeater. Price \$36.00. Winchester 6 MM. for double-barrel of good make. Price \$15.00. L. Powers, Butterfield, Mich.

SELL OR EXCHANGE— $\frac{1}{4}$ Irish, $\frac{1}{4}$ English pups from wolf hounds, second to none. M. Woodworth, Eldora, Iowa.

EXCHANGE—One fine three-year-old hound, spotted, good wolf dog, some experience on coon. Pair of coon hound pups, three months old, spotted, fine lookers. Also hound, one-half hound and one-half pointer, two-year-old, great hunter, not afraid of anything; also 400 .38-55 smokeless factory loaded cartridges, same amount of .38-56; want .32-20, tent, or anything in sporting goods line. C. O. Cooper, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

TRADE— $\frac{3}{4}$ tame Siberian wolf for .22 repeating rifle, pump action, octagon barrel. Maude Gongaware, Jeannette, Pa.

EXCHANGE—25-20 single Winchester for Alredale or water spaniel pup. G. B. Riley, Leshara, Nebr.

EXCHANGE—\$25.00 course taxidermy, set tools; want good .12 or .20 repeating shotgun. Ernest G. Nurton, Scotia, Nebr.

EXCHANGE—5 x 7 Seneca camera, case, 7 plate holders, tripod, extra lens and complete outfit, good as new. Want skunk and coon hound, well trained. Anton Siphia, Friendship, Wis.

EXCHANGE—\$25.00 course in taxidermy for Dykes' Automobile course, typewriter or bicycle. Earl Darden, Purdom, Texas.

TRADE—SPLENDID MOTORCYCLE—For good hammerless, and difference. Elgin, Colts, field glasses, for hammerless or automatic, full. Stamp. Lee Howell, Jr., 217 Chestnut, Evansville, Ind.

EXCHANGE—Typewriter, phonograph, 100 records. For pump gun or offers. Howard Hurst, 425 Franklin, Johnstown, Pa.

SELL OR TRADE—No. 2 folding Brownie kodak. Want \$3.50. Cash or skunk. E. Rauser, Cando, N. D.

SELL OR TRADE—Satin silver cornet, four changes, gold bell, cost \$35.00, take \$25.00. Perfect condition. Fancy wood case, plush silk-lined. Ed. Gahwiler, Schaller, Iowa.

EXCHANGE—Double-barrel Belgium shotgun, cost \$15.00. Slightly used; for big game rifle. B. S. Ayers, Port Jefferson, N. J.

EXCHANGE—45 Colts, single action. .32 automatic pistols. Want bicycle, .22 rifle. J. E. Henson, Crestview, Tenn.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Twelve-gauge hammerless pump gun, good condition, \$12.00, or trade. Write. Leonard Norton, Tibbs, Miss.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A black, white and tan rabbit hound for a .12 gauge Winchester pump gun; must be in good condition. Geo. J. Craft, Hartsdale, N. Y.

TRADE—Motorcycle, Elgin; Colts 41; Hampden 23 jewels; for duck boat, hammerless, auto or what have you? Stamp. Lee Howell, Jr., 217 Chestnut, Evansville, Ind.

SELL OR TRADE—Skunk and rabbit hound, two years old, male. Want good rifle, tent or shot gun. Wm. Howard, Delhi, N. Y.

FERRETS.

FERRETS, either color, large or small, single pairs or dozen lots. Held & Anderson, New London, Ohio. (Dec.)

FERRETS FOR SALE—Either color, size or sex. Send for free catalog. George Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (Nov.)

TRAINED FERRETS—Ferret harness; muzzles; rabbit net; ferret and pheasant books, catalogue free. Wallace & Son, Lucas, Ohio. (Jan.)

3,000 FERRETS FOR SALE—Fine stock. Best rat and rabbit hunters on earth. They will clear your place of rats. Ferrets guaranteed to be safely delivered. Write for free book and price list. C. M. Sackett, Dept. T., Ashland, Ohio. (Nov.)

FERRETS—Hundreds of them for sale. Buy direct from the breeder and save the middle man's profit. Safe delivery guaranteed. Circular free. Ralph J. Wood, New London, Ohio. (Nov.)

FOR SALE—Ferrets, either color, \$3.00 and \$3.50 each. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

FERRET FOR SALE—Large or small lot. Ferret bought large or small lot. H. H. Lewis, Leavittsburg, Ohio. (Nov.)

FERRETS—Highest grade stock, guaranteed hunters. Males \$3.00, females, \$3.50. Order now. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. M. Cross, Chittenango, N. Y.

FERRETS—Some more of those small, tame ones. Trained in woods, never stay in dens, tame, lively, all-day hunters. Rats or rabbits. Otis Mott, Dowagiac, Mich., care of Bonnell & Hartter.

FERRETS FOR SALE—Also one camera and outfit, and one shot gun. Oscar Twito, Lake Mills, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Ferrets trained to hunt, either color, size or sex. J. E. Younger, Leavittsburg, Ohio. (Nov.)

FERRETS FOR SALE—Also rabbit hound thoroughly broken; no faults. Bargain, eighteen dollars. Enclose stamp. Vern Cheesman, Mason City, Iowa.

FERRETS WANTED—Large and small lots. State price and age first letter. Muzzles, leather, adjustable, 25 cents (coin). Bremen, 709 Franklin, Danville, Ill.

A FEW FINE white male ferrets for sale at \$3.00 each. Edward Tompkins, Southington, Conn.

FERRETS—Males \$2.25, females \$3.25, pair \$5.00. October only. Write C. J. Davidson, Caldwell, Ohio.

FERRETS—Either color, both sex, gentle, not dodgers; price \$3.50 each. Also white rabbit hound, skunk bitch, and coon hunting pup; price reasonable. W. Beekner, R. F. D. No. 1, Manlius, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Ferret muzzles, small, medium and large. Made of steel; fifty cents each, three for \$1.00. Loose on ferret. They just snap on. Naugatuck Muzzle Co., Naugatuck, Conn.

MALE FERRETS for sale at \$2.50; females, \$3.00. Special prices on dozen lots. Joseph Kohn, Winslow, Ill.

FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION.

REPEATING SHOT GUNS—Three samples, never used, twenty gauge, full choke, 26, 28 or 30 inch. Krupp Fluid Steel barrels, top rib, Union Arms Co.'s latest model, sold for \$23.00, closing-out price \$15.00. Horace Green, Lake St., Ithaca, N. Y. (*)

RIM AND CENTER FIRE loaded cartridges for Swiss, Vetterli and other rifles, \$3.00 per 100; guns changed to center fire for 25 cents. Send only breech block and firing pin; bullet moulds, \$1.50; caps \$1.00 per thousand; also repairs for Swiss arms. Jules A. Sandoz, Spade, Neb. (Nov.)

FIRE ARMS—New and second hand sporting goods for sale. Bargains in guns of all kinds. New Marlins, \$15.00; new Ithacas, \$15.75; rebaring, restocking, repair work a specialty. Get my prices. C. T. Harner, Xenia, Ohio. (Nov.)

FOR SALE—3 barrel gun, a beauty, also Mauser repeating rifle, very cheap. Geo. Stafford, R. F. D. No. 9, Flint, Mich.

20 yd P alpes

WINCHESTER 95, 30 Cal. auxillary cartridges, cleaning rod, case, etc., not much used, cost \$35.00, sell \$15.00. Herman F. Allen, 16 Baldwin St., Newark, N. J.

FOR SALE—20 ga. Ithaca, 24 in. bbls., new, for \$12.50. Chas. E. Robertson, Roanoke, Mo.

FOR SALE—Winchester pump, model 1897, \$12.00. Double hammer gun \$4.00; Stevens Favorite 22, \$2.00. H. & R. 22 Premier, 6 in., \$3.00. Clark McCsea, Chandlers Valley, Pa.

FOR SALE—Fine 40/82 Winchester rifle, Lyman sights, reloading tools and case \$12.00. 38/56 Winchester and case \$9.00. 32/20 Winchester, single shot, Vernier peep sights, reloading tools and case \$10.00. A. W. English, Wycena, Wis.

FOR SALE—New Winchester, 22 automatic, Maxim silencer, 100 cartridges. \$14.00 Lester James, Rowayton, Conn.

STEVENS LONG RANGE fox and duck gun, 12 gauge, 36-inch single barrel. New, never used. \$5.75. W. Blivins, Eminence, N. Y.

SAVAGE 22 H. POWER, New, perfect condition, canvas case, Lyman peep, marble rod. Cartridges, \$21.00 cash. E. W. Irwin, Maysville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Marlin 32-20 and reloading tools. Marlin 22 hammerless shotgun, telescope sight, 5 dozen traps and camp stove. Edward Epp, 1462½ W. 3d St., Davenport, Iowa.

FOR SALE—38 Caliber Winchester, 32-inch barrel. Also a 22 Hopkins and Allen military action. For full particulars address E. P. Sipher, Jefferson, Ohio.

45 SPRINGFIELD CARBINE, with ideal loading tools. 44 Remington revolver with moulds. 58 Remington muzzle loading rifle, mimic ball mould, all new guns. \$5.00 each. Geo. W. Huffnagle, New England Annex, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE—Winchester 25-20, loading tools, cartridges, primers, case, Lyman sights, \$11.50. Raymond Knapp, Hagerstown, Ind.

FOR SALE—25 cal. rifle, \$2.00; 38 cal. revolver, six-inch barrel, new, excellent condition, and at bargain price. David Jones, New London, Minn.

22 HIGH POWER—Like new, Lyman sight, auxillary, \$23.00. Marlin shot gun, perfect, matted barrel, latest model, 12 gauge. \$17.00. F. L. Jackson, Dot, Wash.

DANDY NEW STEVENS single shotgun, 12 gauge. \$4.75. Never used. W. Blivins, Eminence, N. Y.

WANTED—Repeating and automatic shot guns in first class condition. Lloyd Maugan, Sterling, Ill.

FOR SALE—One 32-20 Winchester rifle and loading outfit. Write for particulars. Fred Rosenberg, Altura, Minn., Winona Co.

FOR SALE—32-40 Marlin high power take down rifle. In fine condition. Lyman sight and case, price \$10.00. Write for particulars. John Mull, Tecumseh, Mich.

FOR SALE—New 28 gauge Parker hammerless shot gun, \$80.00 grade, \$40.00. \$50.00 Edison Phonograph and 150 good records, \$35.00. No trade. Lawrence Morrow, Clinton, Ill.

FOR SALE—New and second-hand firearms. Guaranteed first class. Stamp for list. Lloyd Maugan, Sterling, Ill.

FOR SALE—Winchester Repeater, 20 gauge, full choke. Cost \$24.00, price \$17.00. Same as new. Joe Huntsman, Tower Hill, Ill.

MARLIN No. 27, 32-20, with Maxim Silencer, \$13.00; Colt 45 Automatic, \$13.00; Winchester 401, Lyman Sight, \$17.00; Winchester 32 Self-loading, \$12.00. J. W. Fream, Gun Dealer, Harney, Md.

FOR SALE—Stevens 12 gauge shot gun. Stevens 22 repeating rifle, peep sight, No. 1 condition, both for \$11.00. E. Zulliland, 192 Morgan St., W Springfield, Mass.

HOUND—One year old, never run. Winchester Pump, 12 gauge; Stevens single shot; 32 caliber revolver; 38 caliber revolver and banjo; all in good shape. Send stamp and get prices. Bert Caton, Jr., Mt. Morris, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 3.

SELL OR TRADE—S. and W. perfected 22, six-inch barrel, slightly used, \$11.00; 30 Winchester, '94 model, \$10.00; want 22 repeater. O. A. Brown, Payson, Okla.

FOR SALE—Savage feather weight rifle 25-35, reloading tool, with double adjustable chamber, bullet mould, with gas check, cup and shell, all for \$20.00, guaranteed as good as new. Ben Benson, Bay City, Wis.

FOR SALE—Single barrel, 10 Gauge, Breech loading shot gun. Long range, 36-inch barrel. Fine condition, \$9.00. Robert L. Bower, Cullman, Ala.

FOR SALE—Krag Carbine, \$12.00. 7/65 Mauser rifle, \$10.00, in good condition. D. F. Herron, 6410 E. 13th St., Kansas City, Mo.

HUNTERS, TRAPPERS and Blasters Opportunity, formula for making a powerful powder at home, far stronger than common powder, costs few cents and very simple to manufacture. Full directions for \$1.00. Cash or order guaranteed. A. L. Persyn, Newport, Wash.

FOR SALE—New 22 H. P. Savage, perfect condition, all Lyman sights, cleaning rod and case, \$20.00. Need the money. Edwin E. North, 741 A. Western Ave., West Lynn, Mass.

FOR SALE—44 cal. Springfield rifles, single C. F., perfect condition. Sale price \$5.00. Elmer Schafer, No. 38 E. Pearson St., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—2 Springfield carbines, \$45.00; 2 colts cap pistols; 3 cap muskets, game getter; pepper box; Moulds; deerhorns; all goods dirt cheap. J. J. Cross, Mansfield, Conn.

WINCHESTER 32-40 Repeater with loading tools, \$12.00; Marlin 25-20 repeater, \$10.00. Both good condition. No trades. L. Culpitt, Sparta, Wis.

FUR FARMING.

SKUNK FOR BREEDING—We supply choice black skunks with scent sacs removed, start your fur farm now. Send thirty cents for information on scientific breeding and directions for removing scent sacs without spilling any scent. Skunk Development Bureau, Box 554, Chicago, Ill. (Dec.)

FUR FARMS—A good many are engaging in the business of raising fur-bearing animals and most of those so doing buy their wire from us. Send for Fur Farm Fencing Price List. A postal will do. Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Prince Edward Island silver black foxes. Also patch and Hudson Bay blacks. We build ranches and instruct you in the care of the animals. St. George's Bay Fur Co., 800 Journal Bldg., Boston, Mass. (April 15)

SKUNK FARMING—A new industry, legitimate, cleanly and highly profitable. Enclose five cent stamps for booklet, explaining how to make money quickly, raising skunks. Address Laymon Skunk Farm, Spencer, Ind.

FUR FARMING tells how to build and set box traps to catch animals to stock fur farms as well as how to build enclosures, what to feed, etc. This book contains 266 pages, 39 illustrations. Price, postpaid, 60 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

SKUNK FARMERS—Send twenty-five cents for booklet about catching, fencing, care, etc. Complete instructions for removing scent sacs. M. G. Holloway, R. 2, Marion, Ia. (Nov.)

HOMESTEADS AND LANDS.

FREE HOMES, virgin timber and prairie mining prospects, gold, silver and copper, root and bark gathering, fishing, hunting, maps and information, \$1.00. Eugene Eaton, Bandon, Ore.

I WANT to get in touch with people wanting to make northeastern Michigan their home. People that know good land when they see it, that can be bought on easy terms with least possible money. Write B. L. Holliday, Lupton, Mich.

NORTHEASTERN MINNESOTA—Hardwood timber land, on easy terms. Write Carl Redman, Waterloo, Iowa, Station A.

MEDICINAL ROOTS.

GINSENG AND SEAL plants and seeds for fall planting. Get my prices before you buy elsewhere. Daniel Heft, Frazeysburg, Ohio.

GINSENG PLANTS, any age, extra nice, also seed. For prices write H. Collins, Viola, Iowa.

GINSENG—Our Kentucky Mammoth variety, roots and seeds. Fall delivery. Booklet 25 cents (out August 1st). Tells how to grow ginseng successfully. Largest nursery and root garden in country. Known everywhere. Wilson Ginseng Garden, Franklin, Ky.

GINSENG PLANTS—One, two and three years old; golden seal seed. Prices reasonable. For plants or seed call on or address R. W. Sandy, Ashville, Ohio. R. 2.

GINSENG SEED—Sold or exchanged for Indian relics. A. L. Gelser, Dalton, N. Y.

GINSENG SEEDS \$1.00 thousand, stratified, water tested, planting instructions free. Write Lake Sarah Specialty Farm, Rockford, Minn.

GINSENG—1913 seeds 50 cents per 1,000. Two year old roots \$8.00 per 1,000. Write me for special prices on large quantities of seeds and roots. F. Gent, Rockford, Minn.

GINSENG ROOTS—Two year old, \$9.00 per thousand. Only 10,000 for sale at this price. Curtis G. McBride, R. F. D. No. 4, Mansfield, Ohio.

GINSENG SEEDS, 40 cents to \$1.00 thousand; planting instructions free. Write Specialty Farm, Rockford, Minn.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

FOR SALE—\$20 violin for \$10. New, fine violin. If wanted write before sending money. E. C. Severson, Deerfield, Wis.

OLD COINS AND CURIOS.

OLD COINS WANTED—\$2.00 to \$600.00 paid for hundreds of old coins dated before 1895. Send ten cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 98, Leroy, N. Y. (Dec.)

FOR SALE—Tiny arrows, mounted elk head, seven Indian skulls. J. M. Eaton, 228½ S. Diamond, Centralia, Wash.

PARTNER.

WANTED—Partner with experience to trap in Alabama this winter. Honest, and pay half expenses. Address Paul Hayes, Burghill, Ohio.

WANTED—Good honest single partner, no boozier, age 20 to 35, for work here this winter and spring, who wants to go West or North and buy land so we can trap and fur farm, must have between \$50.00 and \$100.00 to start. So write boys. Address Robert E. Smith, Paloma, Ill.

EXPERIENCED TRAPPER, Sober, single, 32, would trap in Northwest or B. C. with experienced trapper having outfit. Fred Bennett, Seattle, Wash., Genl. Del.

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PEARLS—Wall Street, New York. Is the money center. Only 400 feet away is Maiden Lane, the center of the wholesale trade in precious stones for all America. In Maiden Lane you get the final and true value. I have been the center of the pearl trade for twenty-five years and have well won my title of Pearl King. See my adv. on page 138. Then try me on something good in pearls or baroques and see me bid high. Herman Myer, 41 and 43 Maiden Lane, New York City.

PEARLS—We want good pearls, good large sizes and good quality. Send them in on approval and if price is not satisfactory they will be promptly returned. We also want slugs in large lots from 1 ounce up to 100 ounces. H. Willard Son & Co., Pearl Dealers, Marshalltown, Iowa. (* Jan.)

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GET MARRIED—Matrimonial paper containing advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics. Mailed free. The Correspondent, (r) Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY—Many wealthy members. Will marry. All ages. Directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. New Plan, Dept. 3, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—To correspond with guide or resident in good deer and bear hunting country in Pennsylvania. Edw. I. Bloom, Johnstown, Pa. R. 2.

MARRY—Marriage directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 49, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—To hear from one living in good quail country, who will board one during the hunting season. W. H. Barnfield, Charleston, Ill.

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100 GOOD WHITE envelopes, 6½, your return card printed in corner and sent you postpaid, for 25 cents. Arrow Printing Co., Dept. H., Coshocton, Ohio.

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TRAPPERS AND SHIPPERS should remember that I pay highest market prices for raw furs and give honest assortment. Charge no commission. Send address now and receive price-list when issued. Lester Burris, Centerville, Ind.

WANTED—A reliable man in every town to buy furs for us. For particulars address Southern Fur & Hide Company, Waynesboro, Miss.

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GLASS EYES—For Birds and Animals. Largest stock of Taxidermists' supplies in America. Lowest prices. Save money. Get our catalogue 56. It is free. Write for one today. Northwestern School of Taxidermy, 63 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb. (**)

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HAVE FOUR WELL mounted heads, \$25.00 each, one-third cash, balance C. O. D. Roman Warren, Steamboat Spgs, Colorado.

LOST—Many trophies every year by not being mounted moth proof and correctly. Ship us your specimens and have them mounted right. Deer-heads mounted for \$8.00. Crating free. All work returned promptly. H. J. Lesser & Son, Johnstown, N. Y.

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TRAPPERS.

NO FUR TRAPPER can afford to be without our proposition this year. Write today. Herman Reel Co., Milwaukee, Wis. (Nov.)

GAME LAWS revised to August, 1914, price 25 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

I SHOW the art of trapping foxes, sell scents, baits, steel traps. J. J. Barnes, Saxtons River, Vt.

WOLVES, FOXES, SKUNKS, BADGERS—How to poison them. Five times as fast as traps. Kill no dogs. Printed instruction for \$1.00. Nineteenths of strychnine sold is no good for wolves; get pure stuff, \$2.00 per ounce, per express. Kill the beasts, get the skins, save the game. If not satisfied after trial, dollar back. Jules A. Sandoz, Spade, Nebraska. (March)

TRAPPERS, before you set a trap this season you should read Science of Trapping, one of the best books on trapping ever published. See page 139 for further description.

DON'T CUT YOUR SKINS—Greatest scheme yet for fleshing fur, fifty cents. E. A. Rahlman, Santa Anna, Cal.

GRAPNELS TO SELL—Three pronged grapnels for fox trappers. Quality of steel and workmanship cannot be surpassed. Made by experienced trapper and mechanic, twenty-five cents apiece, one-half dozen \$1.25, one dozen \$2.00, postpaid. C. F. Reed, West Granby, Conn.

YOU WILL LIKE my ideal box-traps because they are snow-proof, springless, easy to make, can be set in water for mink, invisible hair trigger stepping boards, all inside working parts, entirely concealed when set. Bait and runway style, each thirty-five cents, both fifty cents. Louis Motmans, State Nursery, Helena, Montana.

W. H. POYER—I would like to hear from you in regard to trapping this winter. L. M. Hair, Bothwell, Wash.

WOULD LIKE to correspond with experienced trappers. New York or Pennsylvania preferred. F. A. Mead, 125 Lexington Ave., New York City, N. Y.

TRAP LINE FOR SALE—A good forty of Cut-over Timber Land on nice trout stream, fine fur farm location, including trap line, where I caught \$150 worth of fur in 3 weeks last season. Price \$500.00. Fifty dollars down, balance on time. C. L. Wilcox, Balsam Lake, Wis.

COULD ANY ONE tell me in the New England states or New York of a good trapping place. Steven Pasko, 13 Laura St., South Norwalk, Conn.

"TRICKS OF THE TRADE" Ready Nov. 15. A Booklet every trapper needs. 1 dime. Circular for stamp. Williams Bros. Press, Pochontas, Ill.

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BROTHER—Accidentally discovered root, cures tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. K. Stokes, Mohawk, Fla. (Dec.)

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. Service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-805. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

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FOX HUNTERS' BLOWING HORNS, 10 to 20 inches long, \$1.25 to \$3.50. Price list free. Address J. H. Johnston, 639 Liberty St., Pittsburg, Pa.

HAND KNIT STOCKINGS—Heavy Maine Wool. 19 inches long, weight ¼ lb. to the pair. Can be worn over pants. Sizes large, small and medium. Color light gray and white. Price 85c delivered free on approval. Send for circular. L. L. Bean, Freeport, Me.

WANTED—Fox and grey squirrel tails. Any amount. Pay from 2 to 4 cents each. Box 166, Logansport, Ind. (*)

GAME LAWS. This book has been revised and contains important changes in Game, Fur and Fish Laws for 1914. This book, including supplement, contains 152 pages and will be sent to any address for 25 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

LOTS OF FUN for a dime. Ventriloquist double throat, fits roof of mouth, always invisible, greatest thing yet, astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse, whine like a puppy, sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. Loads of fun, wonderful invention, thousands sold. Price only 10 cents, 4 for 25 cents. Send now to Fred H. Goetze, Lyndonville, N. Y.

ECZEMA, psoriasis, tetter, old sores, catarrh, dandruff, sore eyes, rheumatism, neuralgia, stiff joints, itching piles cured in three weeks or money refunded. Write for particulars. Expresed for \$1.00. Eczema Remedy Co., Hot Springs, Ark. (Sept. 15)

WANTED—Brilliant search light and offers. Claud Curtis, Silver Lake Assembly, N. Y.

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PHONOGRAPH \$8.00; 20 law books, \$15.00; 25 Cal. Winchester, \$8.00; cartridge kodak, 5 x 4, \$10.00. Will trade; want foxhound. J. L. Robinson, Cokedale, Colo.

FOR SALE—Pittsburg Visible Typewriter, also Edison Standard Phonograph and seventy-five records, both good as new and cost \$75.00 each. Bargains at \$40.00 each. Harry Price, Route 5, Coshocton, Ohio.

SMOKE CIGARS—Box of 50 high grade 5 cent cigars postpaid \$2.00. Bevins Store, Eminence, N. Y.

BIG MONEY—Writing Motion picture plays. Course free. Harrison's, 105 Walker, Evansville, Ind.

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DARK CORNISH FOWLS—Best quality, young and old stock for sale. Price reasonable. Homer W. Ballinger, 1624 W. Main St., Springfield, Ohio.

75 COPIES H-T-T, 1901-1914, \$2.25. Old trusty incubator, 240 eggs size, \$10.00. R. M. Bosworth, East Westmoreland, N. H.

SAVE ONE DOLLAR and fifty cents. Until Oct. 1st a \$3.00 magazine and any one of our 60 cent books for \$2.10. Combination Co., Elyria, O.

FOR SALE—Rabbit hounds and ferrets, Remington automatic and Winchester pump gun, slightly used. Earl Hershey, Orrville, Ohio.

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS—Send for catalogue of genuine hand-made hunting knives, axes, pocket knives and razors, made by a retired trapper, from best English steel. F. Warren Cutlery Works, 2274 Center St., Baker, Oregon.

NEW—After twelve years of study, we guarantee to cure lung pneumonia fever, also worst colds in three days, by simple method. Cured man where best doctors were helpless. Send \$1.00 for full treatment. Refund your money if not cured. Thousands saved from sure death. Send stamp for reply. Sanisula Bros., Fremont, Nebr.

HUNTERS—Best accommodations. Deer and partridge, best territory in Mich. Arrangements must be made in advance. John M. Golden, Kates, Marquette Co. Add. Kates, Mich. Via Wells P. O.



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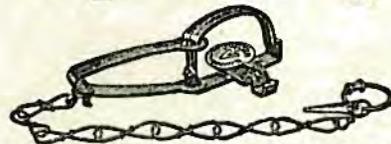
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"BIGGS of K. C." is preparing for a record-breaking fur business during the next few months. To meet this big anticipated demand we will need at least 100,000 shipments from the most reliable trappers in the business, and we are making inducements never approached by *any other fur house anywhere!*

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We can save you a whole lot of money just now by furnishing traps, guns, baits and all supplies at FACTORY COST. We are GLAD to give you ALL the usual retail profit on these goods because we want your fur business later on, and NOT profits on supplies! You'll be surprised to note the remarkably low prices we quote on articles you need every day in your business as a trapper

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was stung good and hard again as I always was when I bought a dog before. He hunts good and seems to have a track most of the time. I have hunted with him two nights and have treed five coon. I caught three of them; also got four skunks. Last night I caught \$12.00 worth of fur—one large coon and four black skunks. First night two coon.

I suppose you were waiting until I tried the dog before you sent the papers. If so, you may send them any time. I can say that if I ever want another dog I will not be afraid to trust your word, as I have found that all dog men are not liars. Thanking you people for your kind treatment and you for your honesty, I remain,

MR. W. J. LYTLE

Dear Sir:—I will take a little time this evening to drop you a few lines. I have still got Prince and will keep him as long as he lives. I bred a full blood fox hound female and she has six pups now and the man who owns her is keeping one dog pup and I am getting a pair of them. He was going to kill the other three females and I told him you might buy them. They are nice pups. He says he will take \$1.00 each for them when they are old enough to take away. You can write to me and I will tell him.

I think I will come up and buy a dog about one and a half years old to breed this fall.

I caught 30 coon, 15 skunk and 21 opossum last fall and winter with Prince so I think I can't better myself.

Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours very truly,

C. F. YODER, Box 109, Rittman, Ohio.

MR. LYTLE

Dear Sir:—This is a late date to tell you what I think of old Sport. The only thing I object to he is afraid of lightning and thunder. He must have had a shock at one time.

His record for last winter was 87 opossum, 53 coon, 64 skunk and 8 wild cats. That is the wood game we got last winter. We had 19 mink and 658 rats, most all being caught with Sport. We had two other dogs that belonged to the farmer in West Virginia, but Sport was the dog. When he said coon it was coon and no bluff. He has the first time to fool us. I wish I had another one like him that would tongue.

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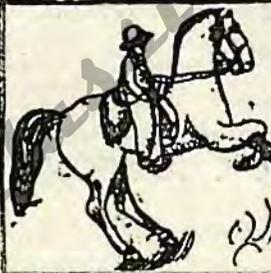
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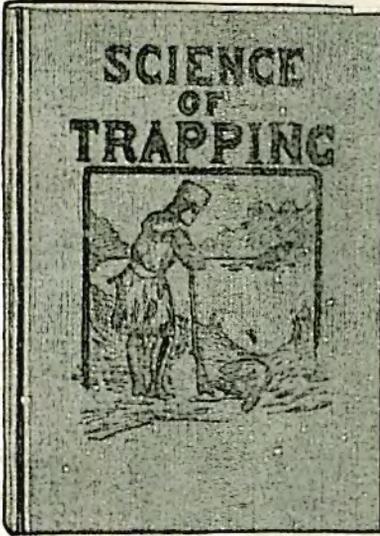
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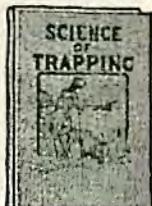
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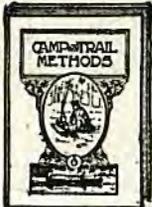
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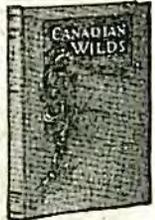
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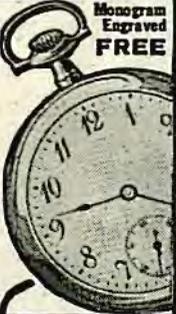
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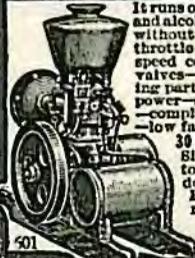
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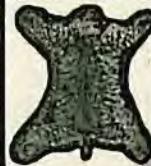
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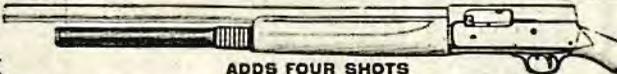
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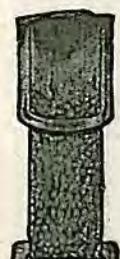
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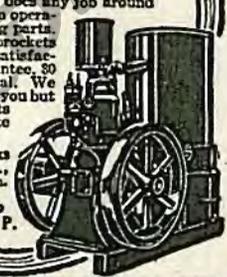
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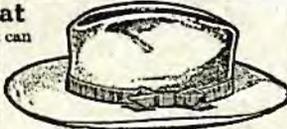


\$1.45 OLIVE DRAB

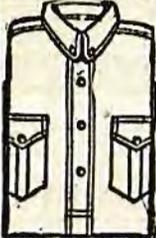
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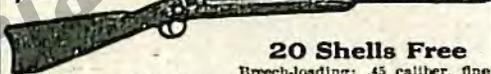
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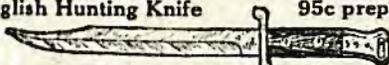
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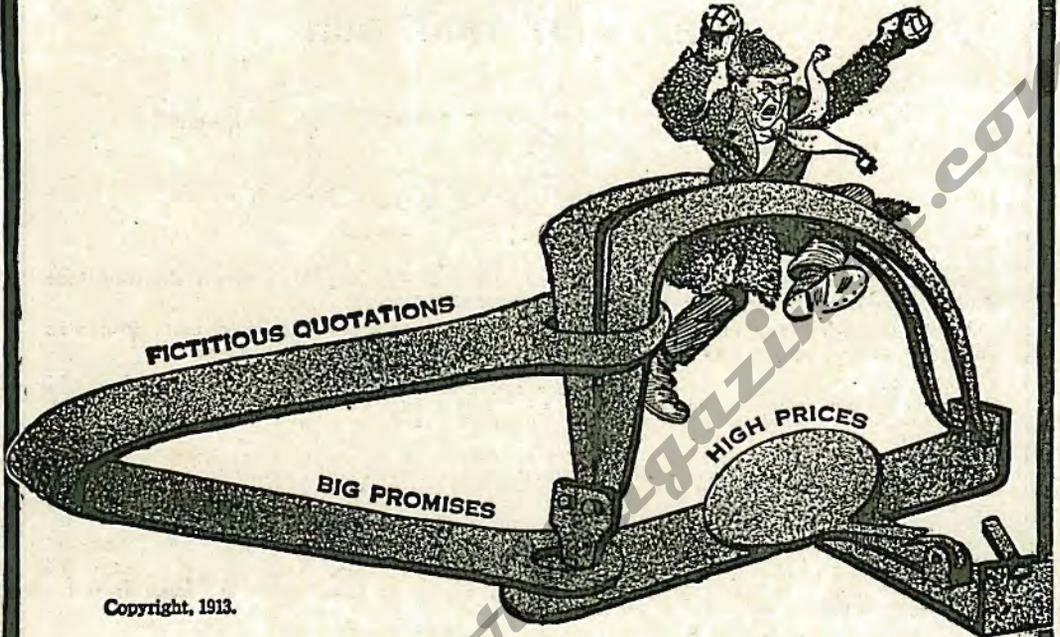
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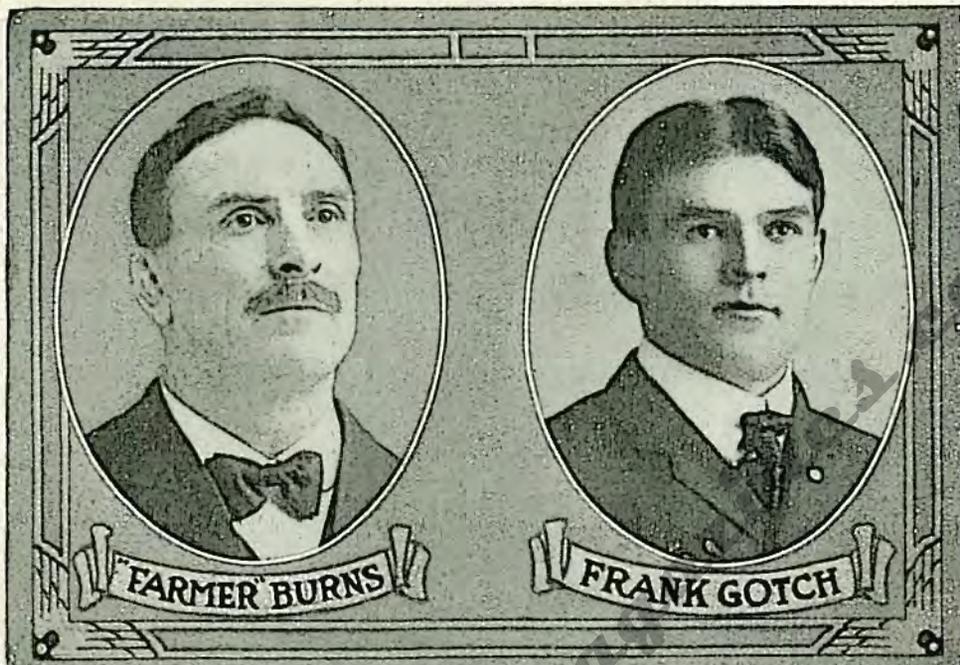
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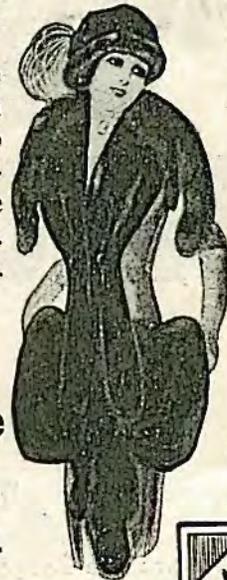
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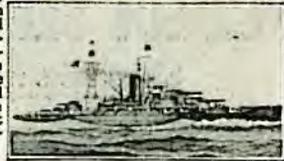
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ON reports of a decrease, which are yearly
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REGARDING fur bearing animals so eagerly
sought,
THE reports stating that trappers have them
nearly all caught.
OF THOSE who have learned all their habits
and ways
NONE, even are able to make large catches
these days.
SINCE the prices on most furs are soaring so
high

STRETCHING in the most perfect manner seems
the only way by.
THE dishonest dealers as a general
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RELY mainly on new shippers yearly—that's
why they string.
EXPERIENCE has taught the majority
of men
THAT it's extremely poor policy to repeat ship-
ments to them.
CATCH the animals first, then handle with
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HANG in some cool shady place with plenty of
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IN STRETCHING use Morton's Patterns for all
of your furs.
NO complaint about poorly handled furs ever
occurs
GO at the business in a business like
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BE SURE you start right and you'll find it will
pay.
OLD trappers are endorsing these goods
as O. K.
AND pronouncing them standard in every
way.
REMEMBER that advice from a brother trapper
and friend
RESERVES some respect when it has the right
trend.

PERHAPS there are those who—in their minds—
know it all,
ASSUMING that from lofty heights theirs no
chance to fall.
THESE are the ones who by methods
take their usual dose where the hen got the
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EVERY trapper who has bought Morton's Pat-
terns to use
REPORT great benefits gained and there's noth-
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NOW look this matter up and order
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SINCE full value you will get for all animals
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For Otter, Fox, Mink, Marten, Musk-
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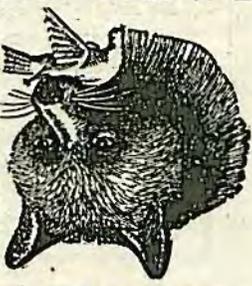
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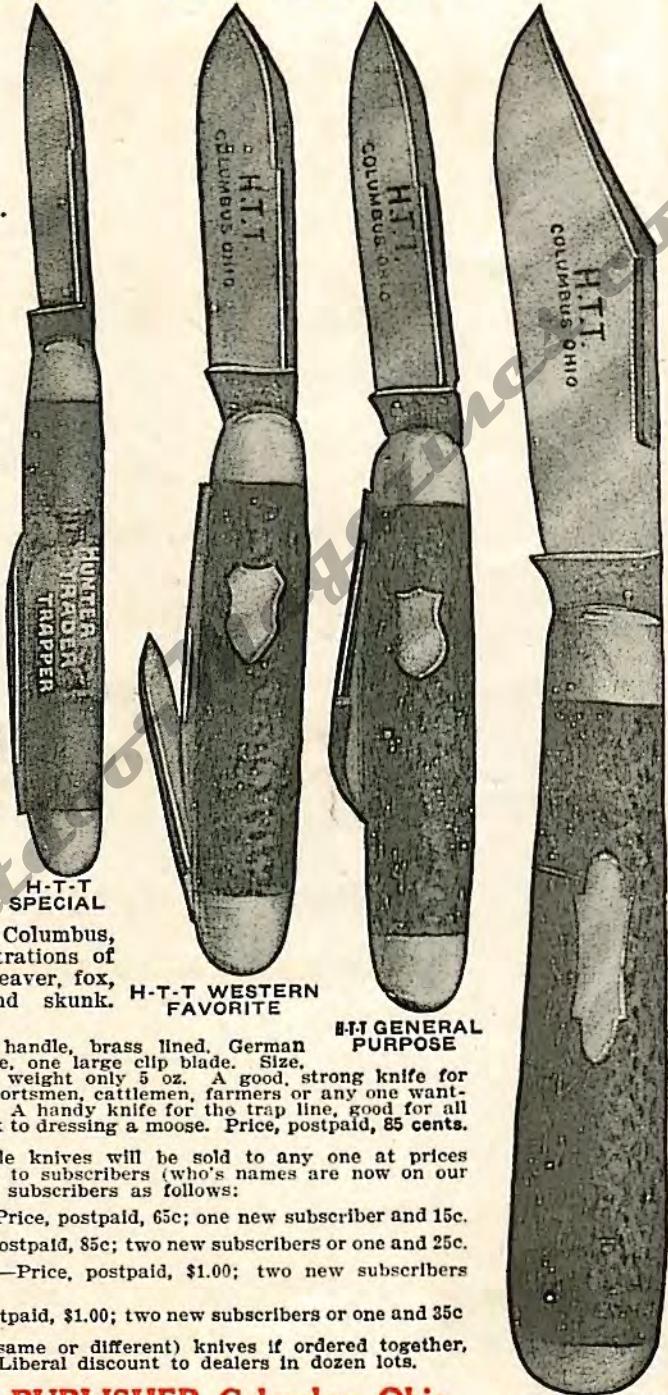
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