

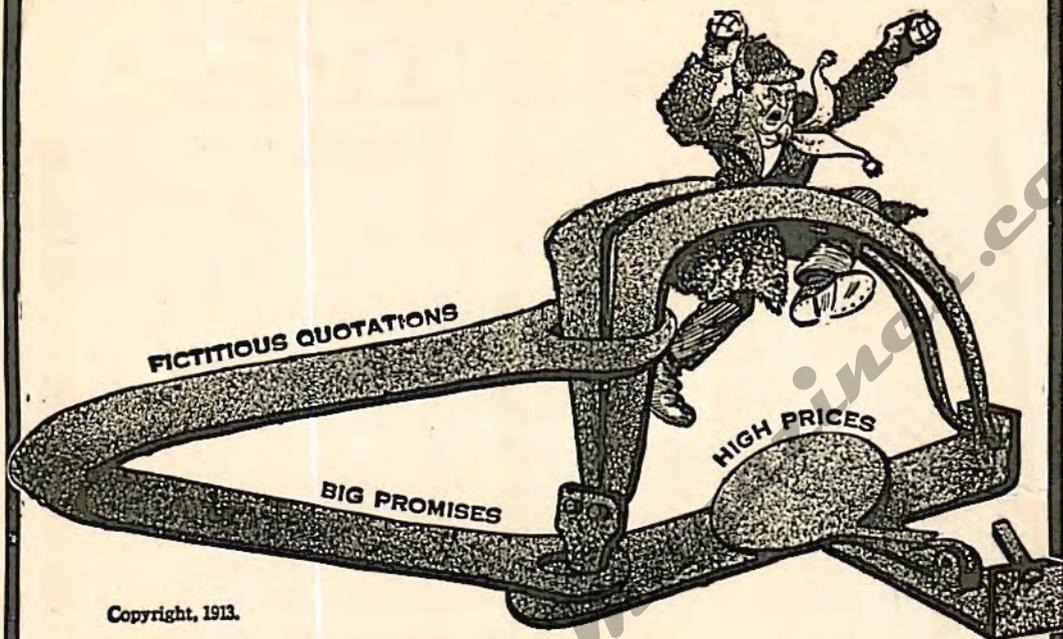
HUNTER TRADER TRAPPER



AUGUST, 1914

10 CENTS

Don't Get Caught



Copyright, 1913.

Trappers, Collectors and Shippers of Raw Furs

YES!!

We do receive shipments the year around

We Want Northern Furs

Gross, Engel & Co.

FURS AND SKINS

Dept. H-T-T

116-118 West 27th St., NEW YORK

LEIPZIG — LONDON — PARIS — MOSCOW



TRADE MARK



EXAMINE THE LIGHTNING LOCK ITHACA

☐ Note we use a one piece hammer—no toggles or stirrups attached.

☐ We have cut out cocking levers, bars and push rods and cock gun direct from toe of hammer.

☐ We use a quick, snappy coil main spring which pushes directly down on hammer—not around a corner.

☐ Hammer falls less than half an inch in $\frac{1}{2}$ of a second—timed at Cornell University.

☐ We figure that this greased lightning speed will increase your score at least 5 per cent.

☐ We furnish guns as light as $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. in 28 bore, $5\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. in 20 bore, $5\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. in 16 bore and $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. in 12 bore.

☐ Beautiful catalog FREE — describes 18 grades guns \$17.75 net to \$400 list.

ITHACA GUN CO. Dept. D ITHACA, N. Y.

GINSENG

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. LODIEWICK CO.

110-112 West 26th Street

NEW YORK

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

PRICE=ONE CENT

THAT'S ALL IT COSTS YOU TO GET QUOTATIONS ON

WILD AND CULTIVATED GINSENG AND GOLDEN SEAL

from the largest handlers of these roots in the entire West.

Just send us a postal card asking for our quotations. It costs but a cent to send a card but the value to you sums up in dollars.

Keep posted on what "The Big House" is paying — that's the way to get the very best prices for your roots.

We buy Furs throughout the entire year. You can ship to us with safety.

Bache Fur Company

CHICAGO

108-110 West Austin Avenue

NEW YORK

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.

T. W. ADAMS & CO.

T. W. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR

Exporters of Raw Furs, Ginseng and Goldenseal

89 Mercer Street

Established 1889

NEW YORK

What's in a Name?

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.

158-160 WEST 27th STREET, NEW YORK

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

WILD CULTIVATED TRANSPLANTED

GINSENG

WE BUY ALL KINDS OF GINSENG AS WELL AS

GOLDEN SEAL

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS WHAT
IN THESE ARTICLES, WRITE TO US

Our Outlet is Excelled by None—Equalled by Few

STRUCK & BOSSAK

(INCORPORATED)

Raw Furs, Ginseng and Golden Seal

131 WEST 24th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

RAW FURS

Ginseng, Golden Seal

If You Want Highest Market
====Prices, Ship to====

David Blustein & Bro.

Fastest Growing Raw Fur House in New York
Largest Dealers in Ginseng in the United States

162-164 West 27th St.

NEW YORK

Fur Bearing Animal Cuts



Dealers in Raw Furs and Raisers of Fur Bearing Animals, here's what you need on stationery, to use with advertising, etc. These cuts are made in two sizes—skunk and muskrat here shown are small size; others being about one-half larger.

☐ Set of 22 consists of Mink, Muskrat, Opossum, Otter, Beaver, Skunk, Civet Cat, Ring Tail Cat, Wild Cat, Lynx, Marten, Fisher, Wolverine, Badger, Raccoon, Ermine or White Weasel, Wolf, Coyote, Red Fox, Grey Fox, Black and Grizzly Bear.

☐ PRICES: Small size, prepaid, 60c.; large 75c. Orders \$3.00 and over 10% reduction; \$5.00 and over 15%; full set 20%. Cash with all orders.

A. R. HARDING,
 Publisher,
 Columbus, Ohio



☐ The wise man profits by the experience of others.

☐ There are thousands of RAW FUR SHIPPERS in the United States and Canada who sell us their collections year after year.

☐ Don't you think it time that you "get wise?"

BECKER BROS. & Co.

416-420 N. Dearborn St. 129-133 West 29th Street
 CHICAGO NEW YORK



GINSENG

WE ISSUE NO CONFUSING
 PRICE LISTS BUT SOLICIT
 CORRESPONDENCE

WM. J. BOEHNER & CO.
 EXPORTER

159-163 West 25th St.

NEW YORK

Belt, Butler Co.

16-18 East 12th Street
NEW YORK

THE BEST HOUSE
TO SEND YOUR

GINSENG
TO

WRITE FOR PRICE LIST

A Noted Fox Trapper



For More Than 50 Years
I have followed trapping.
I have caught Fox for
many years. My meth-
ods are very successful
for Fox, Wolf, Bear,
Mink, Otter, Lynx and all
other fur bearing animals.
Recipes for decoys are of
the best. All complete in
one book **PRICE \$1.00**

E. N. WOODCOCK, Coudersport, Pa.

PERFECT SEWING AWL

\$1.00 Value for 50c.



A Sewing Awl that fills a long felt want. Has the exposed thread reel in a natural position directly under the finger tips all the time. Right where it should be, so you can automatically control the travel of the thread and make a firm lockstitch. No springs or levers. Cannot get out of order. So simple a child can use it. Complete pocket size hand sewing outfit. This Awl will pay for itself many times over through the convenience derived from such a tool at just the right time. You ought not be without one. Indispensable for the speedy repairing of harness, shoes, belts, auto and buggy tops, canvas, etc. In fact it can be used for all kinds of heavy sewing. This is a premium Awl that will please you and be of value and service. Each Awl comes equipped with a reel of the best waxed linen thread, diamond point needles, one straight and one curved, illustrated instruction sheet, packed in cartons. Needles are to be found in the hollow handle, which has a screw top.

Awls of this kind generally sell for about \$1.00, but while the supply now on hands last they are offered for 50 cents or given free to subscribers for one new subscriber.

A. R. HARDING, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio

Get the Best Returns

By Using

Morton's Stretching

Board Patterns

MORTON'S Patterns are used by thousands of trappers.

ORDERS continue to increase each season.

REMARKABLE results are obtained by their use.

TRAPPERS the country over testify to this fact.

LD ones as well as the younger ones just coming in.

NOT one complaint as yet received.

SATISFACTION is the ruling verdict from all sections.

SINCE these patterns have become universally used

TESTIMONIALS prove a very large amount of money has been saved.

RAW furs evidently are becoming less each season.

EVERY skin should thus be carefully handled

TO ensure the highest market value.

CAUGHT in season and sold to reliable dealers

HONEST grade and prices are assured.

IN order to make good in any branch of business

NONE succeed as do those who start right.

GET Morton's Patterns and be on that line.

BEWARE of high priced quoters of furs and skins

OTHERWISE disappointment awaits you.

ATTEND to the first handling carefully.

REMOVE all surplus grease, fat or meat.

DRY on boards made from Morton's Patterns.

PURCHASE a pattern for each variety of animal caught

AND results will be of the most satisfactory kind,

TOTALLING in some cases double the amount

THAT would accrue by former way.

EACH dollar saved is a dollar made.

REMEMBER this when buying these patterns

NONE of those using them regret the price paid

SINCE perfect satisfaction has followed the deal.

PATTERNS For Otter, Fox, Mink, Marten, Muskrat, Skunk, Lynx, Coyote, Raccoon, Civet, Weasel, House Cat, Fisher and Opossum.

PRICES Each (any pattern) 50c.; any four 50c.; any eight, 75c.; whole set of 14, \$1.00.

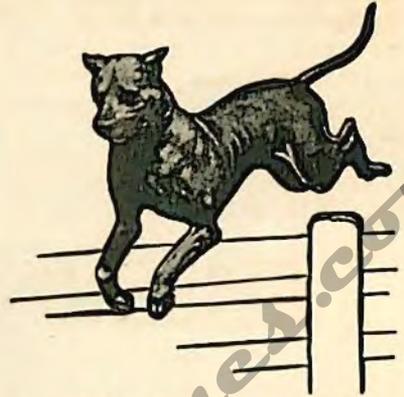
SEND ALL ORDERS TO

C. F. MORTON

158 High St.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Keeps Dogs in the Pink of Condition



Feed your dog well, he will serve you better, be more healthy, contented, vigorous and a better dog in every way. A food must have the proper elements to promote digestion, keep the teeth in good condition, and build bone and muscle, and such a food is

CHAMPION DOG BISCUIT For Hunting Dogs House Dogs, Show Dogs, Park Animals



Hunting dogs will better stand the strain of the season's work; show dogs will be keyed up to the highest form without being over conditioned; and house dogs will be better natured and not liable to constipation, which is the greatest disease in dogs.

CHAMPION DOG BISCUIT is made of selected materials, clean sweet meat (10 per cent. more than in other dog foods), cereals and flour. A palatable, nutritious, satisfying food—no waste products, no formaldehyde or preservatives of any kind, it is just as carefully made as food for human beings.

Send Coupon for Sample and Free Illustrated Booklet

On receipt of 4 cents, we will send you sample, or you can get a regular size package at your druggist, sporting goods dealer, or direct from us if no dealer in your town. If booklet is desired without sample, just send your name—it's free.

Champion Animal Food Co.
592 Minnesota St., St. Paul, Minn.
Makers of Champion Puppy Meal

Champion Animal Food Co.
Dept. S, St. Paul, Minnesota

Send a sample of CHAMPION DOG BISCUIT and your Illustrated Booklet. 4 cents enclosed.

Name.....

Address

Dealer's Name.....

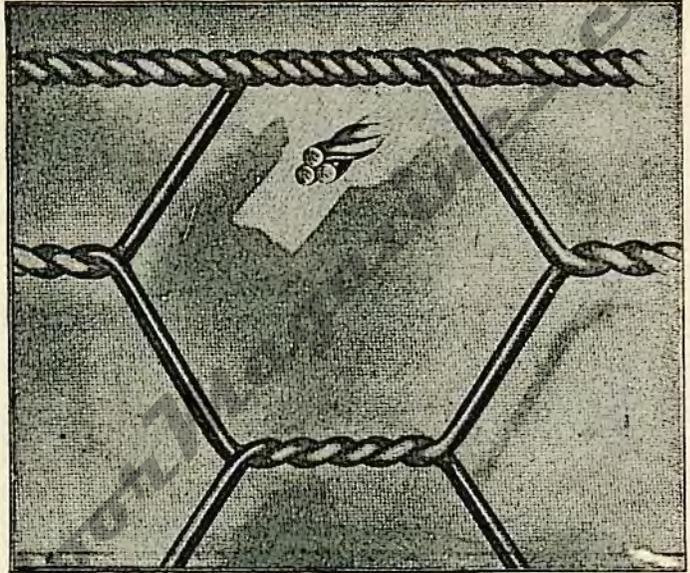
FENCE FOR FUR FARMS

The raw fur industry of North America at present rate of consumption needs some \$25,000,000 worth of raw furs, to say nothing of those exported. The foreign demand depending on America will become greater yearly, which means something like another \$25,000,000. Where is this vast amount of raw fur to come from? The natural supply even with wise laws preventing early and late trapping can not long supply the demand. Here is a golden opportunity for the trapper, guide, hunter, farmer, farmer's boys and others who know something of the nature of wild animals to engage in a profitable business.

FENCE AND NETTING

Rustproof, Economical, Strong, Rigid, Durable, Extra Galvanized.

This is the ideal fence for fur farming purposes. It is manufactured from the best drawn steel wire heavily galvanized after weaving which effectually solders the joints, making a stiff, strong and rustproof fabric, guaranteed to last in any exposure for many years. Our fence and netting being put up in more compact rolls than any other make, occupy less space, and this method of rolling reduces liability of damage in transportation to a minimum. All fence and netting is made with diamond mesh and heavy top and bottom selvage.



Wire Fencing at Wholesale Prices

To enable our readers to get started quickly in the business, arrangements have been made whereby we can sell you Fur Farm Fencing at WHOLESALE PRICES. This fence has been used for several years and is giving satisfaction, being especially made to stand any exposure, being rustproof. While this wire is especially adapted for "fur farming," there are many other uses to which it is put. The prices quoted are for bale lots.

The prices quoted are remarkably low—WHOLESALE—and must be for one bale or more. No orders taken for less than bale lots (150 feet to the bale).

TWO-INCH STANDARD FOR FOX, RACCOON, ETC.

Put up in bales of 150 feet long.

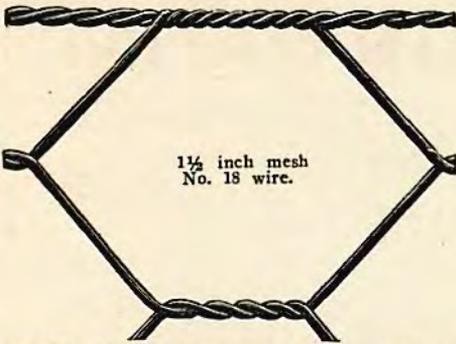
Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale
No. 18.	24.....	\$2.08	No. 16.	42.....	6.20
No. 18.	36.....	3.12	No. 16.	48.....	7.08
No. 18.	42.....	3.64	No. 16.	60.....	8.85
No. 18.	48.....	4.16	No. 16.	72.....	10.02
No. 18.	54.....	4.68	No. 15.	24.....	4.04
No. 18.	60.....	5.20	No. 15.	30.....	5.80
No. 18.	72.....	6.24	No. 15.	36.....	6.90
No. 17.	24.....	2.78	No. 15.	42.....	8.12
No. 17.	30.....	3.48	No. 15.	48.....	9.28
No. 17.	36.....	4.17	No. 14.	24.....	0.10
No. 17.	42.....	4.86	No. 14.	30.....	7.63
No. 17.	48.....	5.56	No. 14.	36.....	9.15
No. 17.	60.....	6.95	No. 14.	42.....	10.67
No. 17.	72.....	8.34	No. 14.	48.....	12.20
No. 16.	24.....	3.54	No. 14.	60.....	15.25
No. 16.	30.....	4.43	No. 14.	72.....	18.30
No. 16.	36.....	5.31			



Sample of 2 Inch Mesh No. 14 Wire

Many use No. 15 or 16 and some No. 17 or 18. No. 15 is one size smaller, 16 two sizes, 17 three and 18 four sizes smaller.

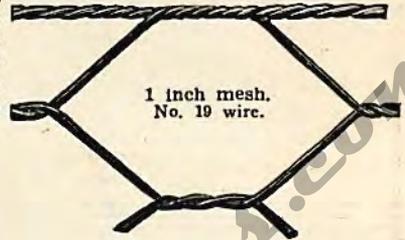
Always mention the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER when writing to advertisers



ONE AND ONE-HALF INCH MESH FOR SKUNK AND OPOSSUM.

Put up in bales 150 feet long.

Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale
No. 18.	24...	\$2.78	*No. 16.	60...	13.50	*No. 16.	72...	16.20
No. 18.	36...	4.17						
No. 18.	48...	5.56						
No. 18.	60...	6.95						
No. 18.	72...	8.34						
*No. 16.	24...	5.40						
*No. 16.	36...	8.10						
*No. 16.	48...	10.80						



ONE AND ONE-QUARTER INCH MESH, STANDARD FOR SKUNK AND MUSKRAT.

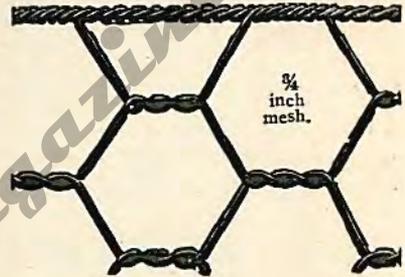
Put up in bales 150 feet long.

Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale
No. 19.	12....	\$1.60	No. 19.	42....	5.60	*No. 16.	30....	8.50
No. 19.	18....	2.40	No. 19.	48....	6.40	*No. 16.	36....	10.20
No. 19.	24....	3.20	No. 19.	60....	8.00	*No. 16.	48....	13.60
No. 19.	30....	4.00	No. 19.	72....	9.60	*No. 16.	60....	17.00
No. 19.	36....	4.80	*No. 16.	24....	6.80	*No. 16.	72....	20.40

ONE INCH MESH FOR MINK, MUSKRAT, ETC.

Put up in bales 150 feet long.

Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale
No. 19.	18....	\$3.12	No. 19.	72....	12.48	*No. 16.	24....	8.65
No. 19.	24....	4.16	No. 18.	24....	4.98	*No. 16.	30....	10.80
No. 19.	30....	5.20	No. 18.	30....	6.23	*No. 16.	36....	13.00
No. 19.	36....	6.24	No. 18.	36....	7.47	*No. 16.	48....	17.30
No. 19.	48....	8.32	No. 18.	42....	8.72	*No. 16.	60....	21.65
No. 19.	60....	10.40	No. 18.	48....	9.96	*No. 16.	72....	25.95



THREE-QUARTER INCH MESH FOR MINK.

Put up in bales 150 feet long.

Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale
No. 20.	12.....	\$3.89	No. 20.	42.....	11.67	No. 19.	36.....	10.35
No. 20.	18.....	5.84	No. 20.	48.....	15.66	No. 19.	42.....	12.08
No. 20.	24.....	7.78	No. 19.	24.....	6.90	No. 19.	48.....	13.80
No. 20.	30.....	9.73	No. 19.	30.....	8.63			

EXTRA SMALL MESH FOR YOUNG MINK, FERRETS, ETC.

One-half Inch Mesh.

Put up in bales 100 feet long.

Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale	Wire	Inch	Per Bale
No. 19.	12.....	\$3.75	No. 19.	24.....	7.50	No. 19.	48.....	15.00
No. 19.	18.....	5.75	No. 19.	36.....	11.25			

This wire should not be compared with cheap wire, which is apt to begin rusting as soon as erected. Samples of "fur farming" wire same as described here after 25 years' exposure are in good condition today. This wire is heavily galvanized by a secret process (said to be used by no other manufacturer) which solders the joints, makes a stiff, strong and absolutely rustproof wire. Do not compare this wire with the cheaper kinds which begin rusting as soon as erected.

This wire is put up in more compact bales than other makes, occupies less space and is easier handled, made in diamond mesh only (see illustrations) with heavy top and bottom selvage.

TERMS.

Cash with order. Shipments will be made promptly, as all of the sizes and widths shown are kept in stock at the factory, excepting No. 16 wire marked with (*), this will take two weeks or longer to make. Shipments will be made you direct from factory, as this saves freight. Our profit is but little but we wish to be of assistance to those wanting to engage in fur farming. Send orders to

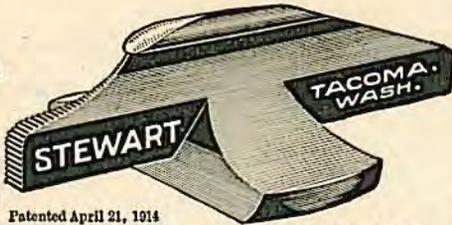
A. R. HARDING, :: Publisher :: Columbus, Ohio

Always mention the HUNTER TRADER TRAPPER when writing to advertisers.

"The Most Magnificent Sight I Ever Used"



FRONT VIEW
SHOWING
V NOTCH



PRICE
\$1.50
POSTPAID

Patented April 21, 1914

If your dealer does not handle this sight, kindly send me his name and address when ordering.

That's what a world famous hunter said when he used a STEWART'S PHOSPHOR BRONZE SIGHT for the first time.

There are reasons: It is hand finished; it has a phosphor bronze bead which is exactly the color of 14K gold and as hard and tough as steel; the bead is set down into a tapered V notch, is PROPERLY protected and CANNOT come off, the bead is SO SHAPED that the light will center on the point NEAREST the SHOOTER, thus insuring absolute accuracy under all light conditions.

The sight is sold to you under a GUARANTEE: if the bead EVER comes off, your money back or a new sight; if you are not perfectly satisfied with the sight, send it back and get your money.

C. W. DuBOIS, Box 955 Tacoma, Wash.

DELIVERED TO YOU FREE 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 re-fitting 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

Motor Boat Catalog

FREE
ON
REQUEST

Send for this Valuable Boat Buyer's Guide

Here is a book that will prove a great help in selecting the right motor boat. Nothing like it ever before published.

The foremost boat builders from all sections of the country are represented. Stock models and special designs are illustrated and described and prices are quoted on complete outfits with Gray Motors installed. Family pleasure launches, hunting and fishing boats, power canoes, hydroplanes, speed boats, runabouts, work boats and cruisers.

Boats
from
\$142.50
Upwards

The book contains a truly wonderful fund of information that will prove of equal value to the man wanting a low priced outfit for inland lakes and rivers or the man wanting a luxurious cruising yacht.

With every request for this book we also send a copy of our Big Engine Book "M." which will give you a lot of general information about marine engines and shows the complete line of Gray Motors from 3 to 30-45 H.P. in one, two, three, four and six-cylinder models. Tells you how they are made. The books are absolutely free—no obligations—write for copies today.
GRAY MOTOR CO. 850 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



3 H.P. Complete \$55



REEL REASONS

3-in-One keeps all fishing tackle in perfect order. Reels oiled with 3-in-One won't stick or hang at critical moment. They always work easily and surely. 3-in-One will not gum, turn black or sticky.

3-in-One prevents rust on steel rods, keeps joints and connections clean and smooth, preserves wooden rods, too, making them tough and pliable.

Draw your line, silk or linen, through rag moistened with 3-in-One. Makes it stronger and last longer. Will not rot, twist or tangle, preserves, lines, nets and traps in either fresh or salt water.

FREE Try 3-in-One at our expense. Write for liberal free sample and booklet. **3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, 42 ADF Broadway, NEW YORK**

MAXIM SILENCER

Why Don't
You Get One?



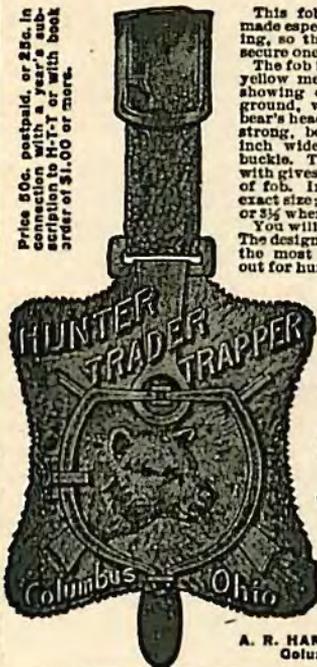
You know about the Maxim Silencer—but you can't realize how much it really adds to the pleasure of your hunting trip or target practice until you attach one to your rifle. It silences the report noise, stops flinching. Makes your aim more accurate.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK, filled with actual experiences of scores of your fellow-sportsmen with the Maxim Silencer. It's mighty interesting reading. Ask your dealer for a Silencer. If he has none, tell us his name and we will arrange to supply you.

MAXIM SILENCER CO. 60 Hayshope Ave., Hartford, Ct.

H-T-T WATCH FOB

Price 80c. postpaid, or 83c. in connection with a year's subscription to H-T-T or with book order of \$1.00 or more.



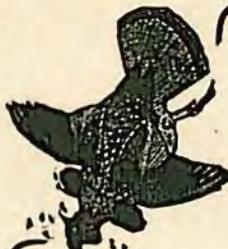
This fob was designed and made especially for A. R. Harding, so that the only way to secure one is through us.

The fob is made of a lasting yellow metal to imitate gold, showing coon skin for background, with steel trap and bear's head in center. Strap is strong, being made one-half inch wide, color tan, with buckle. The illustration here-with gives a good idea of size of fob. In fact, the metal is exact size; the strap is 7 inches or 3½ when doubled.

You will be proud of this fob. The design is without a doubt the most attractive ever put out for hunters, trappers, buyers, and outdoor people in general. Regular price, 60c., but for a time we have reduced to 25c.—one-half price—if ordered at same time subscription to HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER is sent in or in connection with two or more books.

Regular price 50 cts. Given to subscribers (whose names are now on our subscription list) as a premium for one new yearly subscriber

A. R. HARDING, Publisher
Columbus, Ohio



"His wings didn't even flutter."

For Fast Fliers

Even for
**Clay
Pigeons**

You want the gun that you can get up quick and swing true.

You'll like the balance, weight and penetration power of the

LEFEVER GUN

Try the 20 Gauge at the Traps

You will enjoy its light weight and its shooting power.

An ideal gun in the field where you only want to carry 6 lbs.

Will Stop and Kill Pheasants

Send for Art Catalog Today
Enclose 75c. for Lefever Ideal Cleaner

LEFEVER ARMS COMPANY

206 Maltbie St. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Guns of Lasting Fame \$25 up



Ideal Cleaner
75c. prepaid

—STEVENS— "High Power" Rifle No. 425 FOR THE BIG GAME HUNTER

.25, .30-30, .32 and .35 Caliber.
Nickel Steel Barrel



The Breech Block is backed by a Solid Wall of Steel

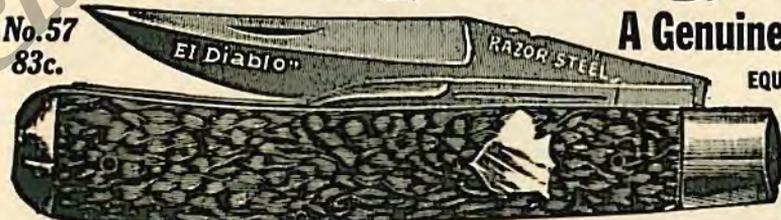
Like all STEVENS Arms, the "High Power" is deadly accurate. This, combined with its easy operation, makes it the ideal rifle for the big game sportsman.

List price \$20.00, but sold by retail dealers for \$18.00, except west of the Mississippi and Canada. Write us a line today for complete illustrated catalog showing the complete STEVENS line of rifles, shotguns, pistols and rifle telescopes.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
54 Broadway
Chicopee Falls, Mass.

For Hunting, Fishing, Camping

No. 57
83c.



A Genuine \$2 Knife for 83c

EQUALLY GOOD IN THE SHOP, THE FARM OR FOREST.

Cut is exact size, weighs but 3 ozs., yet few large hunting knives are so strong; can be resharpened with little work. Stag handle, brass lined. German silver bolsters. Blades are made from the finest Razor Steel; hand forged, file

tested, and warranted. Sample 83c. postpaid, 3 for \$2.00. With choicest pearl handle \$2.00 each. Teddy's Camp Knife (so much advertised by us) 3 blades \$1.00 postpaid. Send for our 80 Page Free List and "How to Use a Razor." A million men are today using M. & G. Knives. Established in 1877.

MAHER & GROSH CO., 700 A Street, TOLEDO, OHIO

HUNTING ALLOWED



"This is no place for us"

R. H. is hard on the game. It gets there with the trigger-pull—straight, quick, sure. You owe it to yourself to make this your banner hunting season by hooking up with

ROBIN HOOD
NOT MADE BY A TRUST
AMMUNITION

It will put more enjoyment in the hunt by bringing more game out of it.

R. H. Powders are different. They do not explode—they burn. The exploding kinds waste much of their force in "kick;" all the force in R. H. is toward the muzzle.

Go to your dealer and buy some R. H. shot shells or metallic cartridges. Send for free booklet, "Powder Puffs."

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

ROBIN HOOD AMMUNITION CO.
 C Street, Swanton, Vt.



Safety First—You Hear It Everywhere

The Safety is one of the superior points of "The Gun That Blocks the Sear." The Safety which makes accidental discharge impossible

ASK FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES

N. R. DAVIS & SONS

Established 1853

Lock Box 777

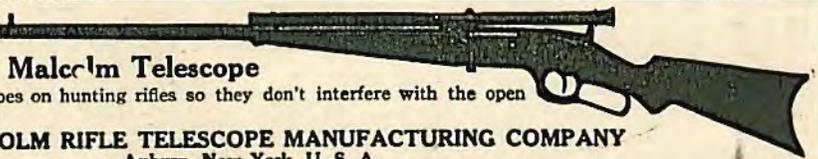
ASSONET, MASS.

An Ordinary Marksman can beat the crack shot when his rifle is equipped with the

Malcolm Telescope

We mount our Telescopes on hunting rifles so they don't interfere with the open sights. Send for catalog.

THE MALCOLM RIFLE TELESCOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 Auburn, New York, U. S. A.



Headquarters for Hunters' and Trappers' Supplies

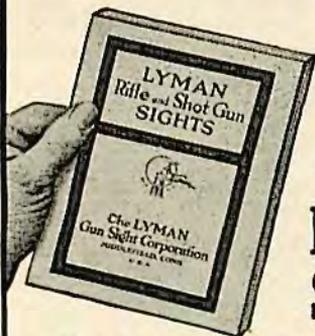
Firearms, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Camp Outfits,
 Tents, Boats, Kodaks, Canoes, etc.
 All Kinds of Steel Traps at Right Prices



KENNEDY BROS. ARMS COMPANY

COR. ROBERT AND THIRD STS., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Make this Season's Hunting and Target Record better than any you ever achieved before.



By equipping your rifle with

LYMAN SIGHTS

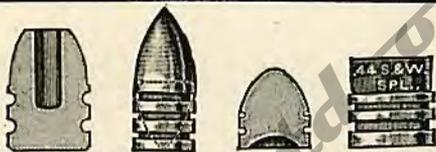
You will greatly increase your shooting efficiency and hunting results.

Write today for the new Lyman Catalog and learn what eminent hunters and marksmen say regarding the value of Lyman Sights. You will also find numerous articles full of interesting and instructive information written by well-known ordnance experts and sportsmen. Contains descriptions and illustrations of Lyman Sights for every purpose and every gun.

Send for your copy today

LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION

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



Hand Made Bullets

And hand-loaded shells are almost invariably used by expert target shooters. These clean-cut bullets with uniform powder charges give better results than factory ammunition.

Why don't you reload your shells? There's lots of enjoyment in this work; you do better shooting than with factory cartridges; you shoot twice as much at less expense.

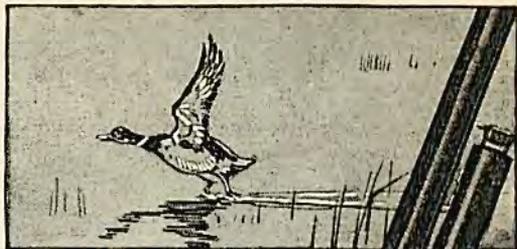


Free

Does it pay? You can reload 100 .32-40 smokeless short range cartridges (buying the bullets) in half an hour at a total expense of 77c.; casting the bullets yourself, 38c.; the new factory cartridges cost you \$2.52 per 100.

We furnish moulds and hand-cast bullets in surprising variety—flat point and square nose bullets to cut full clean holes in target—sharp point, round and hollow point bullets—hollow base, square base or gas-check base bullets—bullets for all requirements. For 3 stamps postage we mail the Ideal Hand Book which tells about all bullets, powder measures, loading and reloading of rifle, pistol and shotgun shells. 160 pages. Send for it today.

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



The Safest Breech-Loading Gun Built!

For ducks, geese, foxes, trap shooting and all long range shooting, use our famous 12 gauge guns as illustrated. For snipe, quail, partridge, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits, etc., our 16 and 20 gauge guns are smaller and lighter—handle quicker and with wonderful precision. You can use 2 3/4 inch shells and good, stiff loads in the 6-shot 16 or the exquisite new 5-shot 20-gauge repeater.

Marlin

Grade "A"
12 Ga., \$22.60
16 or 20 Ga.
\$24.00

12-16-20 Gauge
Hammerless Repeating Shotguns



They have Solid Top—a thick steel wall of protection that also keeps out rain, snow, dirt, leaves, twigs and sand. Side Ejection (away from your face and eyes). Matted Barrel—a great convenience in quick sighting—costs extra on any other standard grade pump gun. Press-Button Cartridge Release—to remove loaded cartridges quickly from magazine. Double Extractors—they pull any shell. Six quick shots. Take-Down Feature—for convenient carrying and cleaning. Trigger and Hammer Safety—a double guard against accidental firing. Solid Steel Breech—the receiver absolutely solid steel at rear as well as on top.

You will like to shoot this handsome, best designed, most efficient pump gun—it's the safest breech-loading gun built.

Send 3c postage for new big catalogue of all Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns. Do it now!

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

Remington UMC Metallic Cartridges

USED BY THE BIG MAJORITY OF RIFLE, PISTOL AND REVOLVER SHOTS

It must be a satisfaction to the individual rifle, pistol or revolver user to know that his preference for Remington-UMC Metallics is shared alike by professional experts, crack shots and sportsmen in all parts of the world.

And it accounts, too, for the marked increase every year in the demand for Remington-UMC Metallics.

Remington-UMC Metallics are made for every standard make and for every calibre in use—rifle, pistol or revolver. Get them from the dealer who shows the *Red Ball Mark of Remington-UMC*—the sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters.

To keep your gun cleaned and lubricated right, use *REM OIL*, the new powder solvent, rust preventative and gun lubricant.

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY

"NEW BABY"

AUTOMATIC
HAMMERLESS
REVOLVER

SUITABLE FOR

HUNTERS AND TRAPPERS—

Highly Polished, Nickel Plated or Blue Gun Finish, 22 Cal., 6 Shot, Rimfire, Rifled, Rubber Stocked.

PRICE, BY MAIL, \$3.50

HENRY M. KOLB, 2311 N. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



ELEGANT
GIFTS FOR
HOLIDAYS

1/2 Size
Wt. 6 oz.

GOLDEN SEAL AND GINSENG

Tells how to grow and market these roots.

A monthly Magazine in its twelfth year of publication. Price \$1.00 per year. Sample copy sent for 10c. No free samples. Address.

Publisher Special Crops
Skaneateles, N. Y.

Ready Made Portable Sportsman's Cabin

\$68.00

Comes to you in sections, easily put up in an hour or so with a wrench and screwdrivers. Can be taken apart quickly and moved easily.



A real home and great protection in the woods or anywhere. Use it from year to year wherever you go. Size, 9x9 feet. Price, only \$68.00.

Write today for catalog showing portable houses, garages, barns, boat houses, etc., from \$24.00 up. Please request Ready Made Building Catalog No. 74E196 Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago.



SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

THE HABERLEIN DOG REMEDIES

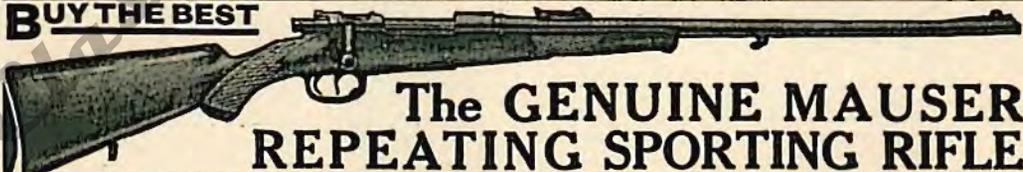
No experiment—Tried and Approved! Forty years experience

Distemper Cure (Comb)	\$1.00	Single Remedies	
Mange Cure	.50	sent by mail pre-	
Eczema Cure	.50	paid. The Ten	
Canker Cure	.50	Preparations or	
Worm Exterminator	.50	any \$5 selection	
Tonic Pills	.25	will be expressed	
Condition Pills	.25	prepaid, on re-	
Eye Lotion	.50	ceipt of only	
Flea Repeller & Disinfectant	.50	\$5.00	\$3.50
Scent Restorer & Intensifier	.50		

Directions for successful treatment accompany each remedy send stamp for FREE booklet on dog diseases.

ED. F. HABERLEIN, Box 27, McPherson, Kan.

BUY THE BEST



The GENUINE MAUSER REPEATING SPORTING RIFLE

FOR REGULAR AND POINTED AMMUNITION, USING U. S. GOV'T 1906 .30 CAL., AND 7 MM., 8 MM., 9 MM.

PRICE \$57.50
PLAIN FINISH \$40.00

LUGER AND MAUSER
AUTOMATIC PISTOLS
MANNLICHER - SCHOENAUER RIFLES

29 great nations indorse
and use the Mauser Rifle

Send for illustrated descriptive Catalogs of Mauser and Mannlicher-Schoenauer Rifles, Mauser and Luger Pistols.

H. TAUSCHER, Dept. H, 320 Broadway, NEW YORK

Sole Agent for the United States,
Mexico and Canada

A Real GUN

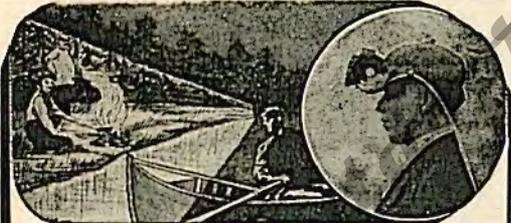


**L. C. Smith New Designs
With Hunter One Trigger
For TRAP and FIELD**

With the characteristics of the *Thoroughbred* written all over it. This means it will win. Kindly let us mail you our new catalogue showing perfect illustrations and descriptions of all grades.

Prices \$25.00 to \$1,000

Manufactured by **THE HUNTER ARMS COMPANY** No. 28 Hubbard St. FULTON, N. Y.



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, motor-cycling, 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 1/4 inches. Cutting edge 4 1/2 inches. Stag handle, weight 4 ozs. PRICE \$2.50. Sold by all dealers or direct.

Send for Circular R. C. KRUSCHKE DULUTH, MINN.
16 Superior St.



TRAPPERS USE THE



SEE THAT HINGE

The Autoglas

Patented May 2nd, 1911

The only comfortable goggle.
The only efficient eye protector.

WITHOUT rims, hinged at the center, near and inconspicuous; conforms to the contour of the face, excludes wind as well as dust, and at the same time affords absolutely unobstructed vision. Temples covered with composition of silk and cotton makes them easy on the ears. Lenses either amber color or white.

Any Optician, Sporting Goods or Motor Supply House can equip you. If they haven't them, write to us. We'll see that you get them.

OVER 25,000 NOW IN USE

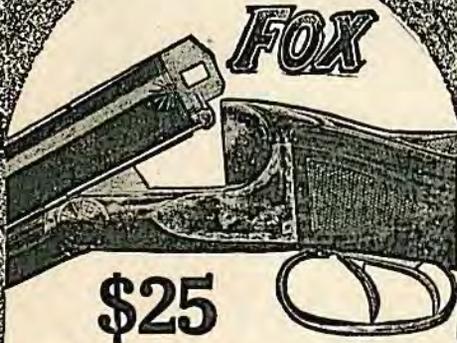
F. A. Hardy & Co.

Dept. N

Chicago, Ill.

Always mention the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER when writing to advertisers.

If you go into
the woods this fall
you'll want a



Fox-Sterlingworth

is a good, plain gun. It has all the features that make FOX Guns "The Finest Guns in the World." It is backed by the FOX Guarantee—and the FOX-PROOF. It is built for the man who wants a working gun—and not a fancy playing.

After you have handled and tested the Fox-Sterlingworth

At Your Dealer's

you will consider \$25 a very low price for it. With the Automatic Ejector \$32.50, and the Fox-Kautsky Single Trigger, \$52.50. Either with or without the ejector and single trigger this gun will prove more valuable than many higher-priced makes.

Tell your dealer you have heard of the "20 Reasons Why" FOX Guns are superior and want to be "shown." If he cannot accommodate you, write us, giving his name, and our Catalog and full information about all our guns will be forwarded to you.

15

A. H. FOX GUN CO.
4692 N. 18th St., PHILADELPHIA

Ross

"ROSS" RIFLE LUCK

"Luck" favors those who shoot "Ross" Rifles, because their superior power, quick action and accuracy minimize mistakes and do best justice to the skilled marksman. Hunters of big game all over the world testify to the low trajectory of the "Ross" 230 and to the paralyzing effects of the "Ross" 280 Sporting Cartridge with copper tube expanding bullet (patented).

Ross 280 H. V. Rifles sell at \$35 in New York
Ross 280 Sporting Ammunition \$7.50 per 100.
Fully Illustrated Catalog on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO.,
Dept. S-16, Quebec, or POST & FLOTO, 14
Reade St., New York, Agents for U. S.

Rifle

THIS MARVELOUS BRASS WIRE SHOTGUN BRUSH WILL CLEAN ANY GUN THOROUGHLY

The Only Brush of its kind. Rod and Brush Combined. Is made of fine Special Drawn brass wire and brass tubing highly polished. An effective shotgun cleaner of durable construction. Thoroughly cleans and polishes the barrels, removing all residue and leading, fits snugly in barrels of 10, 12, 16 or 20 gauge. Order by gauge length of barrel.

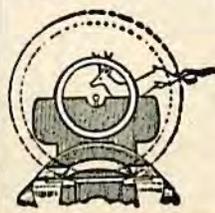
75c Post-paid
Three for Two Dollars
DEALERS Write for Special Price
PETER A. RASWEILER, Manufacturer
Shotgun Brushes a Specialty
1036 Jefferson Avenue Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOU NEED NO MONEY

We will send our stock saddles anywhere C. O. D. subject to examination.

Write for Catalogue.
A. H. HESS & SON
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Daniel's Patent Concentric Sight

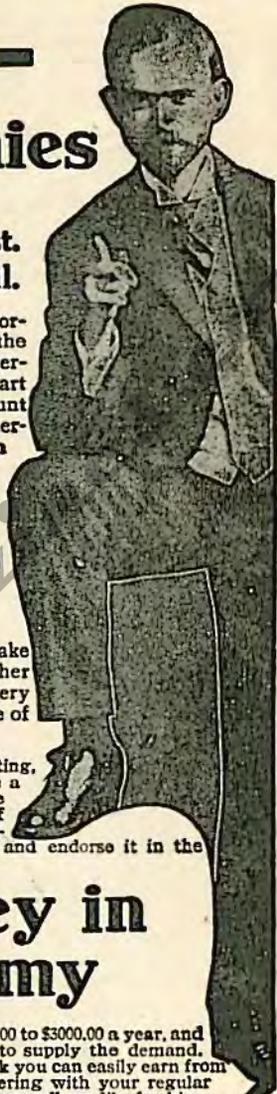


As it appears while aiming at running deer through tang sight. Note the clear cut lines, perfect definition. You can see it, and know you see it.

PRICE, \$2.00
Ask for Booklet

Address **CHAS. DANIEL,**
MELBOURNE, WASH., Box 4-B

Sportsmen- Mount Your Own Trophies



Every Sportsman can now be his own Taxidermist. We teach you with complete success by mail.

Hunters, Anglers, Trappers, Nature Lovers — Here is an opportunity you have long been waiting for! It is no longer necessary to lose the fine trophies you have secured during the hunting season, nor to pay Taxidermists exorbitant prices for stuffing them. *You can now learn* this great art for yourself, easily and quickly during your spare time. You will soon mount specimens as well as the most expert Taxidermist. We teach you by mail, in your own home, to successfully

Sent FREE

Our beautiful catalog, The Taxidermy Magazine, Sample Diploma, Pictures of Mounted Birds and Animals. Hundreds of letters from our Sportsmen Students. All the above **ABSOLUTELY FREE** for the asking. Mail the coupon today.

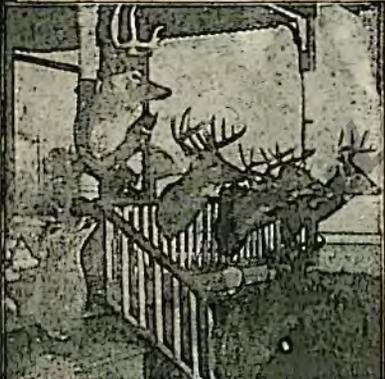
Mount Your Own Game Heads, Birds and Animals

also to **TAN** all kinds of hides and furs, and make them into beautiful rugs and robes. No other art is so fascinating or interesting, and every man, woman or boy who enjoys outdoor life and sports needs a knowledge of this subject.

By taking our course of forty (40) lessons you will soon be able to do perfect mounting, and can *decorate your home, office or den* with the choicest of art. You will have a delightful diversion for your leisure time, and will enjoy **every moment** you give to the subject. Thousands of men and women of every vocation—bankers, lawyers and business men—are members of our school, and endorse it in the highest terms.

man, woman or boy who enjoys outdoor life and sports needs a knowledge of this subject.

By taking our course of forty (40) lessons you will soon be able to do perfect mounting, and can *decorate your home, office or den* with the choicest of art. You will have a delightful diversion for your leisure time, and will enjoy **every moment** you give to the subject.



Mounted by our student, F. Rawson, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Big Money in Taxidermy

Professional Taxidermists earn from \$2000.00 to \$3000.00 a year, and there are not half enough Taxidermists to supply the demand. By giving only your *spare time* to this work you can easily earn from \$20.00 to \$50.00 per month, without interfering with your regular business or occupation. Mounted specimens sell readily for big prices. Many birds and animals that are now killed and thrown away are *valuable* and can be turned into cash.

One of our students writes us: "I have made over \$550 during my spare time selling my specimens and mounting for others." We have hundreds of similar letters on our files.

This is the Original School of Taxidermy, and is endorsed by our thousands of students and all leading Museums, Naturalists and Taxidermists. We teach the **BEST STANDARD METHODS**, and positively guarantee success. Expert instructors in every department. Our Taxidermy work is widely known, having been awarded First Grand Prize and 9 Gold Medals at the Exposition. The editor of any Sportsman's Magazine will tell you of the high standing of this school, which has taught Taxidermy successfully for many years.

WE INVITE YOU TO INVESTIGATE FULLY. Send for our printed matter today. It will interest you, and it's Free. We want every sportsman or nature lover in the country to become a member of the only school in the world "for sportsmen by sportsmen."

Our school and the success of our course are known and highly endorsed by all leading sportsmen's journals. We refer you to the editor of this magazine. Mail the coupon, or use postal card.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY
63-Z ELWOOD BLDG., OMAHA, NEB.

Sign and Mail Coupon Today
N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY, 63-Z ELWOOD BLDG., OMAHA, NEB.
Please send me sample Magazine, catalog etc., FREE. I am interested in Taxidermy.

Name.....
P.O.....
Street.....
State.....
E. J. D.....

BOOKS For HUNTERS TRAPPERS SPORTSMEN BOOKS

STEEL TRAPS



DESCRIBES the various makes and tells how to use them. Also chapters on care of pelts, etc. This book contains 333 pages, 5x7 inches, and 130 illustrations, printed on good quality heavy paper. Just the book that trappers have long needed. Gives the history of steel traps, how made, sizes for the various animals with detailed instructions on where and how to set. This book contains 32 chapters. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**

DEADFALLS AND SNARES



A BOOK of instructions for trappers about these and other home-made traps, by A. R. Harding. This book contains 232 pages, size 5x7 inches, and 84 drawings and illustrations, printed on good heavy paper. The most complete book on how to make "home-made" traps ever published. Building deadfalls and constructing snares, as explained in this book is of value to trappers where material, saplings, poles, boards, rocks, etc., are to be had for constructing. The book contains 28 chapters. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**

FOX TRAPPING

A BOOK of instructions, tells how to trap, snare, poison and shoot. A valuable book for trappers. If all the methods as given in this book had been studied out by one man and he began trapping when Columbus discovered America, more than four hundred years ago, he would not be half completed. This book is edited by A. R. Harding, of the Hunter-Trader-Trapper, contains about 60 illustrations, and nearly 200 pages, is divided into 23 chapters. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**



FUR FARMING

A BOOK of information about fur-bearing animals, enclosures, their habits, care, etc., and is the recognized authority on fur raising—now in fourth edition—written from information secured from reliable sources, including U. S. Government reports. Demand for furs is increasing yearly while the supply is becoming less. Fur farming is a profitable industry. Contains 266 pages, size 5x7 inches, and 33 illustrations. Price, cloth bound **60c**



MINK TRAPPING



A BOOK of instruction, giving many methods of trapping. A valuable book for trappers, as it tells in a plain way what you want to know, that is if you want to catch mink. This book is edited by A. R. Harding, of the Hunter-Trader-Trapper, contains about 50 illustrations and nearly 200 pages, and is divided into 20 chapters. Cloth bound..... **60c**

FIFTY YEARS A HUNTER & TRAPPER

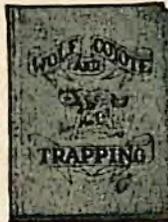


THIS book gives the experiences and incidents on the trail and trap-line by Mr. E. N. Woodcock, who for fifty years has hunted and trapped bears, foxes, marten, otter, and other fur-bearers in Pennsylvania. He relates interesting accounts and happenings on trips through the South; also of woods life in earlier days. The book is interestingly and instructively written from cover to cover. Contains 21 illustrations, 318 pp., with 26 chapters. Cloth bound **1.00**

WOLF AND COYOTE TRAPPING

AN up-to-date wolf hunter's guide, giving the most successful methods of the experienced "wolfers" for hunting and trapping these animals. Also gives their habits in detail. Tells bounties paid by the various states, etc. Contains about 250 pages, size 5x7 inches, with nearly 50 illustrations.

Price, cloth bound..... **60c**



3001 QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A BOOK which could properly be called the hunters' and trappers' encyclopedia of useful information. Containing thousands of questions as asked by readers and answered by Hunter-Trader-Trapper and its readers. If you have been a reader of H-T-T since the Question and Answer Department began, several years ago, you can form a pretty good idea of what this book contains—information on about every subject of interest. This book contains 328 pages, and all items indexed so they can easily be found. Price, cloth bound..... **1.00**



SCIENCE OF TRAPPING



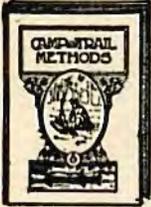
DESCRIBES the fur-bearing animals, their nature, habits and distribution, with practical methods for their capture. Contains 245 pages, size 5x7 inches, with illustrations. The book contains 24 chapters, one of which, "Tracks and Signs," is worth dollars to young and inexperienced hunters and trappers, as the author shows drawings of the footprints of the various animals. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**

IF two or more books are ordered together, there is a reduction of 5c. on 25c. books, 10c. on 60c. books and 25c. on \$1.00 books. IF REGISTERED, SEND 10c. ADDITIONAL.

A. R. HARDING, Publisher, Columbus, O.

BOOKS! SPORTSMEN, ANGLERS AND WOODSMEN BOOKS!

CAMP AND TRAIL METHODS



THIS is one of the most practical books on woodcraft ever written containing valuable information for all lovers of the great outdoors. Book contains 274 pages, divided into 19 chapters, 63 illustrations. The author of this book, E. Krepp, has spent years in the woods, so knows what is wanted by woodmen, mountain men, prospectors, trappers and the hardy outdoor people in general. Price, cloth bound, postpaid..... **60c**

SCIENCE OF FISHING



THE most practical book on fishing ever published. This is a new book published May, 1912) telling how to catch fish. The author says: "For those who have caught them, as well as those who never have." This book describes the fish, tells where they are found, tells their habits and HOW, WHEN and WHERE to catch them; also tells the KIND of tackle that is used for each fish. Book contains 258 pages, 22 chapters, more than 100 illustrations. Price, cloth, postpaid **60c**

BEE HUNTING

A BOOK of valuable information for bee hunters. Tells how to line bees to trees, etc. The following is taken from the author's introduction to bee hunting: "Many books on sports of various kinds have been written, but outside of an occasional article in periodicals devoted to bee literature, but little has been written on the subject of bee hunting. Therefore, I have tried in this volume to give a work in compact form, the product of what I have learned during forty years in nature's school." 80 pages. Paper cover **25c**



CANADIAN WILDS

TELLS about the Hudson Bay Company; Northern Indians and their Modes of Hunting, Trapping, etc. Provisions for the Wilderness; Things to Avoid; etc., etc. The author (Martin Hunter) was with the Hudson Bay Company for about 40 years - from 1863 to 1903 - and the information is given from almost a half century's experience. The book contains 277 pages, 5 x 7 inches. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**



GINSENG AND OTHER PLANTS



A BOOK of valuable information for growers of Ginseng and Golden Seal, as well as collectors of medicinal roots, barks and leaves, etc. Tells how to grow, where found, medicinal uses, value, etc.

This book contains about 320 pages, 5 x 7 inches, printed on good quality paper, with 90 illustrations; contains 34 chapters. Price, cloth bound, postpaid..... **\$1.00**

A TRIP ON THE GREAT LAKES



THIS book describes the various places of interest on the Canadian shore, the islands, light-houses, game and fur animals, also the cost of such a trip, when to go out on the lakes, and when and how to tell when the rough water comes. The book tells of the fishing, fishermen, trappers, berry-pickers, etc., also the various types of boats used on these lakes. The book contains 39 illustrations and six double-page maps of the route taken, 213 pages, 20 chapters. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**

HUNTING DOGS

DESCRIBES in a practical manner, the training, handling, treatment, breeds, etc., best adapted for night hunting, as well as gun dogs for daylight sport. This book is not intended for the field trial dog men, but is for the real dog men who delight in chases that are genuine. Contains 253 pages, size 5 x 7 inches, with 45 illustrations. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**



THE CABIN BOAT PRIMER

THIS is a very interesting and instructive book on making cabin boats, canoes, row boats, etc. It tells of the various streams one can trip on with a cabin boat, how to equip for such a trip, what to wear and eat, cost of a two months' trip. It gives descriptions and diagrams, photographs and chapters on construction, when to float, when and where to land and other useful hints. Book is compiled of facts and observations made by author. It contains 267 pages and 32 chapters, over 40 illustrations and diagrams. Cloth bound **\$1.00**



GAME, FUR AND FISH LAWS



THIS book contains the 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. Contains 128 pages. Paper cover, price..... **25c**

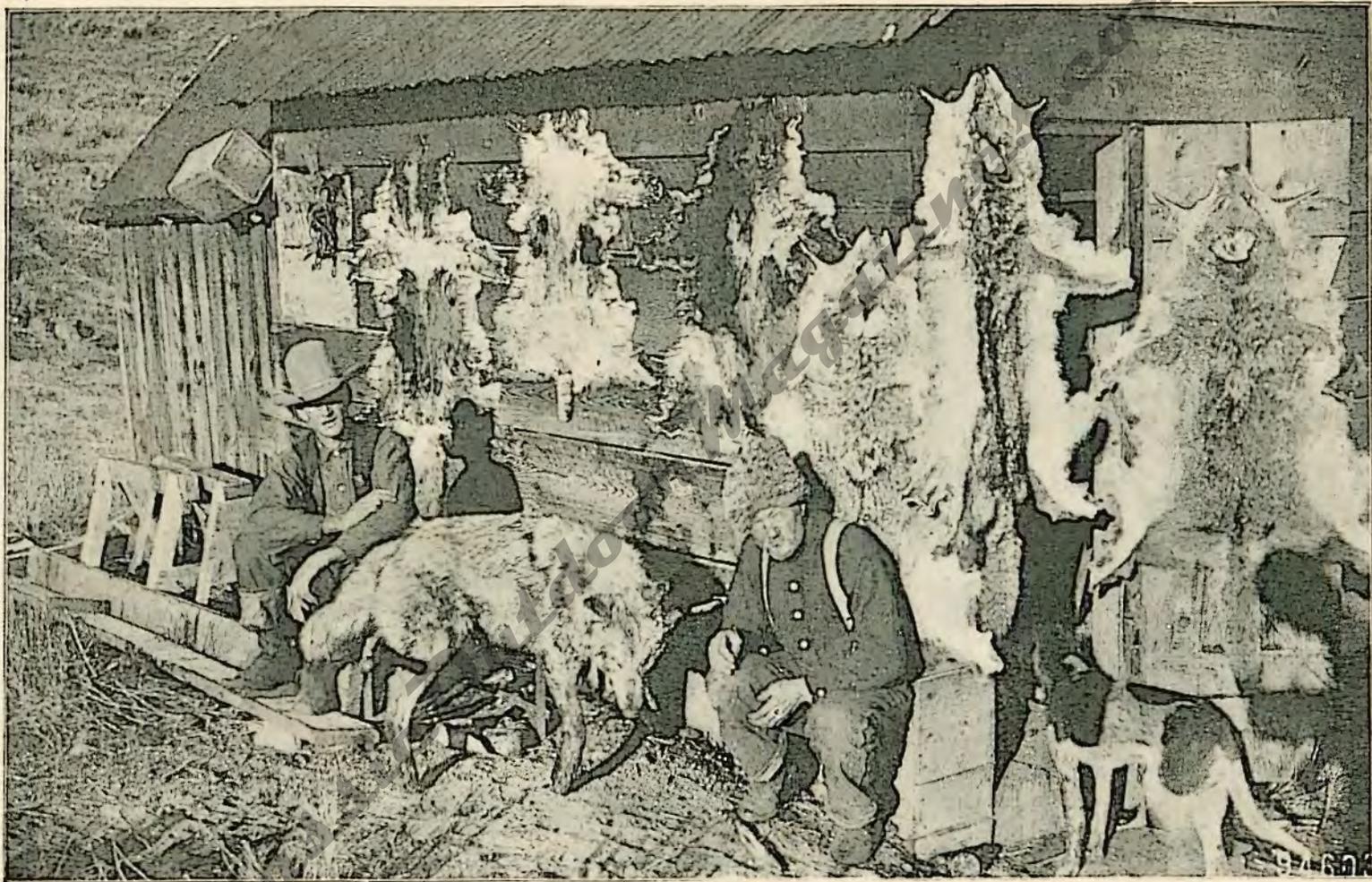
LAND CRUISING AND PROSPECTING



IS A valuable book for homesteaders, hunters, trappers, prospectors, guides, etc. The writer, Mr. A. F. Wallace, an experienced land surveyor, land cruiser and prospector, in his introduction says: "To the men who follow the compass, the trap and the trail, this work is inscribed. It is not intended for the 'Professor' who can tell you all about things after they are done (by someone else)." Contains about 200 pages, 6 x 7 inches, good quality paper, with nearly 40 illustrations and contains 30 chapters. Price, cloth bound..... **60c**

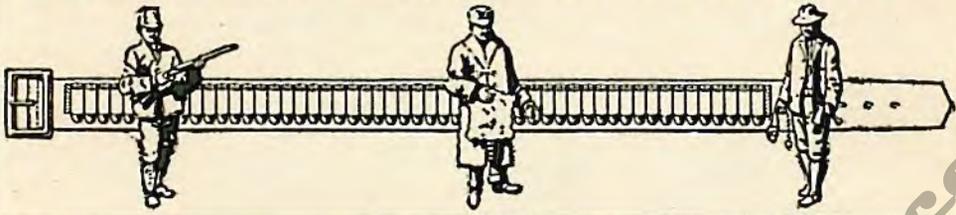
If two or more books are ordered together, there is a reduction of 5c. on 25c. books, 10c. on 60c. books and 25c. on \$1.00 books. If registered, send 10c. additional

A. R. HARDING :: Publisher :: Columbus, Ohio



HUNTERS WITH THEIR PELTS AT CAMP, SHOWING METHOD OF DRYING THEM. DEAD WOLF IN FOREGROUND OF PICTURE. WHITE RIVER NATIONAL FOREST. COLORADO. (SEE ARTICLE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.)

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



Vol. XXVIII

AUGUST, 1914

No. 5

COYOTE LORE

By HARVEY FERGUSON.

DURING the summer and fall of 1911 I was engaged in cruising timber on the Carson national forest in northern New Mexico. As I had to carry a compass and "jakestaff", an aneroid, a notebook, and often a canteen, I nearly always left my gun in camp. The result was that I missed many a chance for a tempting shot, but I saw more interesting bits of wild life in a few months of such work than I had in ten years of hunting.

One evening in October when I had finished the day's run, I sat down to rest at the edge of a little glade. It was in the yellow pine belt and the stand was large and scattered, with an undergrowth of scrub oak. Presently a big porcupine ambled out of this cover, and began nosing about the glade. He was a common enough sight, for these animals are numerous on the Carson; but I decided to see what he would do if unmolested, so I kept still. A number of tall weeds bearing some sort of pods grew in the open, and upon these the "porky" proceeded to make a meal, straddling the stems down with his weight, and cramming the pods into his mouth with both forepaws.

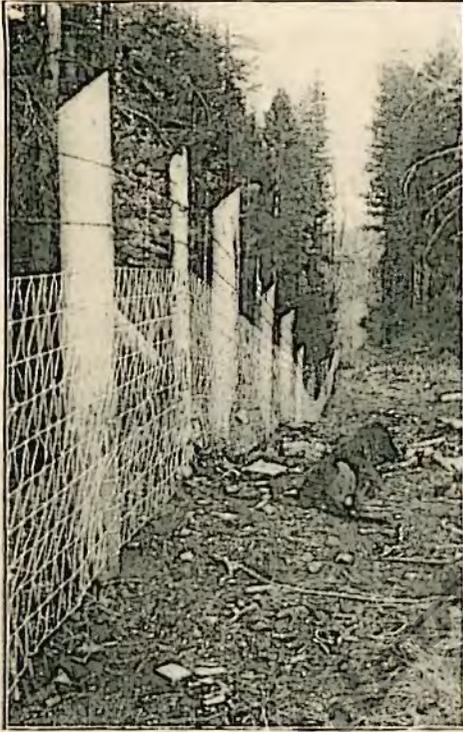
Suddenly I was aware that another figure had appeared. A big coyote with a fine fulvous coat had stepped out of the brush, and stood at the edge of the

open, regarding the porcupine with an expression of mild and amused interest;—at least that is what his half open mouth and tilted head suggested. Presently he began a cautious advance with his snout thrust forward and his tail held rigidly horizontal, exactly like a setter dog roading a bunch of quail. There was a vast amount of menace in his bearing; but it was all lost on the serene porky, who went right ahead with his meal, confident, no doubt, in his spiked and barbed armor.

How this little comedy of the wild might have ended, I was never to learn, for before the coyote reached the porky, he was within forty feet of me, and caught the scent of man. He jumped back fifteen feet, apparently without turning, gave one astonished glance, and reached the brush in two more jumps. I got up and went on, thinking I had given one coyote a good scare, anyway; but happening to look back, I saw Mr. Coyote sitting on a little knoll about a hundred yards away, regarding me with that characteristic open-mouthed expression of grinning impudence. Having ascertained that I had no gun, he feared me no more than he did the porcupine.

I was unable to learn whether coyotes ever succeed in killing porcupines, but I do not believe they do. For one thing, it would seem impossible, considering the

porcupines' armament; and for another, both porcupines and coyotes could not be as numerous as they are on the Carson, if such were the case. The whole bearing of the coyote throughout this episode was that of a rather jocular in-



WOLF-PROOF PASTURE. BILLY MEALOWS, WALL-OWA NATIONAL FOREST, OREGON.

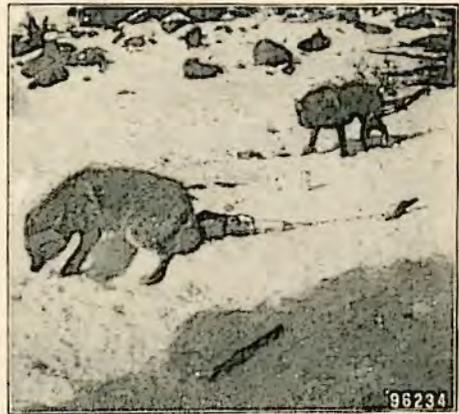
dividual, at leisure and bent on amusing himself. In fact, all my observations of the coyote's private life have given me that impression of his character. He is the joyous free-booter of the range, who lives on the fat of the land because he has more brains than either his prey, or any of his foes, including the Mexican sheep herder.

The most striking proof of this is the fact that he has survived and even increased almost everywhere in the West, despite the fact that every man's hand is against him; while wolf and panther and bear have often been exterminated or driven out. The Carson forest is a great summer sheep range, and there the coyotes live in numbers, breeding in the blue lava cliffs that line the canyons, and

taking a regular toll of lambs throughout the summer for family use. There were formerly a great many timber wolves in that region, but these, the ranchmen informed me, had been reduced to one pack of five, which made a lot of noise on winter nights and hamstrung an occasional stray cow; but did not cause any great loss in the aggregate. There must have been thousands of coyotes on the same range; and their share of the livestock had to be calculated as a regular annual loss.

Hunting coyotes is a regular business throughout the Southwest, for a good bounty is paid upon them everywhere. Every little town is headquarters for at least one "wolf-hunter." He is usually a business like chap, who owns several good horses, a string of traps, and often some hounds, and he nearly always makes good money. It is generally the young and foolish coyotes that he kills, however, as any hunter will tell you. If a coyote has once passed his second year, he has usually learned the taste of strychnine and the smell of iron, and he can apparently tell whether a man has a gun as far as he can see him.

There is something almost inexplicable in the way coyotes learn to avoid poison. When a campaign against them

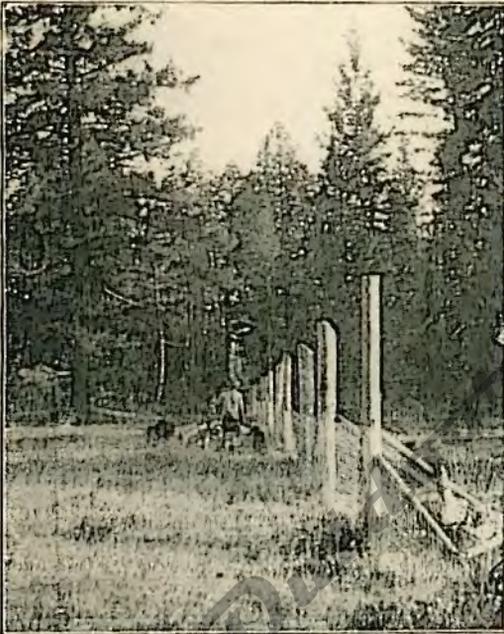


TRAPPED COYOTES.

is begun in any region, a good many will at first fall victims to strychnine; but after it has been in use about a year, none of them will take it. One will sometimes pick up a poisoned bait, carry it until he begins to taste the stuff, and

then drop it like a hot coal. The question is, how does a coyote that has never been poisoned learn the taste or smell of strychnine? It seems an unquestionable fact that the older animals in some way teach the young ones how to avoid poisoned bait.

Whether coyotes kill beef is a subject upon which ranchmen differ. I believe they do so only when easier game is not obtainable. The coyote has too much regard for his own well-being to tackle anything with long and dangerous horns, when there are a lot of de-



FOREST GUARD AND HUNTER OF THE FOREST SERVICE, PATROLLING COYOTE-PROOF FENCE WITH FOXHOUNDS, WALLOWA NATIONAL FOREST.

fenseless sheep trotting about the range. Thus, on the Carson, I could not learn that coyotes ever kill cattle; but I saw a pair of them one summer evening, hectoring a young cow with a calf a couple of months old. In this, as in the porcupine incident, the manner of the coyotes was one of the utmost nonchalance, and they seemed bent on amusement rather than beef.

About half a dozen head of cattle were grazing in a wide park not far below timberline. I was nearing this open, when I saw two coyotes appear on

the other side, and I immediately lay down flat and watched. All of the cattle except the cow with the young calf ran off a couple of hundred yards and went on grazing. They did not form a ring of horns about the defenseless young one, as the books say they do. The cow and her offspring could not keep up with the herd, and the two coyotes quickly rounded them up and held them, just like a couple of well-trained collie dogs. One of them would worry the cow, springing in front of her, and then lightly avoiding her charge, while the other sat by and waited his turn to play "toreador". Neither of them made a pass at the calf, although it would apparently have been the natural thing for one of them to attack it, while the other engaged the cow. After three or four minutes of this play, the two wolves trotted off in the most unconcerned manner, as though they didn't want that calf anyway.

There seems to be little doubt but that a coyote can tell at a surprising distance whether a man has a gun. When you are out hunting you generally see a coyote as a yellow streak disappearing over a ridge; but if you are cruising timber, or looking for your horses armed with nothing but a rope, the coyote will sit on top of that same ridge and grin at you.

I once had the inestimable satisfaction of giving a coyote a fatally severe surprise in the matter of guns. I was hunting ducks on the Rio Grande, and saw a fine bunch of mallards at the edge of the water, where there was no cover within two-hundred yards, except a thin fringe of weeds along the bank. Leaving my horse nearly a quarter of a mile from the river, I made a long and laborious crawl. When I had come within a hundred yards of the ducks, I chanced to look up, and saw a coyote watching me from about the same distance away. He evidently didn't know what sort of a creature I was, in that attitude; but being intent on the ducks, I paid little attention to him. When I was within fifty yards of the mallards, I looked again, and the coyote had cut the distance between us in half. Still I kept my eyes on the ducks, for I knew that I was going to get within thirty yards of them,

and that meant half a dozen or more birds for me before they could get out of range.

When I was almost ready to shoot, I looked once more for the coyote, and the over-curious brute had come within forty yards. I had a full-choked gun loaded with "fours", and I could not longer resist the temptation. Rising to my knees, I let him have it in the head before he could go ten feet, and he dropped in his tracks, while the

walk into traps with any dependable regularity, and that he is too retiring by nature to afford much sport for a man with a gun. But they have made one important discovery: namely, that the coyote is no jumper. He cannot get over a sheer obstacle more than a yard high, and will first make vigorous efforts to crawl through or under a lower one. Hence the invention of the "coyote-proof fence", which consists of a barrier of woven wire with several strands of



CANYON OF THE LOS PINOS RIVER, CARSON NATIONAL FOREST.

startled mallards pulled out for the Gulf of Mexico.

Within recent years even the mighty Department of Agriculture, guardian angel of bug-eating birds and nemesis of all predatory brutes, has made an elaborate study of the coyote and his "economic relations." With characteristic astuteness, the government experts have reached the conclusion that the relation of the coyote to the sheep is very dangerous to the latter. They have also explained in exhaustive bulletins that the coyote is too wise to eat poison or

barbed wire across the top. This fence is the sole effective protection against the coyote that has been devised by man. Could there be a more humble and abject acknowledgment of the marvelous nerve and cunning of Bre'r coyote. Having found that he thrives and increases despite every effort to catch and kill him, the government now recommends that the open range, which is his by birth-right, be given into his keeping, and that man fence off a little of it for his own use at an expense of many hundred dollars a mile.

A TRAPPING TRIP FOR SPRING RATS

By J. A. NEWTON

MUSKRATS had but recently advanced from the low prices that obtained a dozen or fifteen years ago when the writer joined an old trapper in an excursion up one of Michigan's rivers for spring rats. The old man was known as "Spence". He was nearing the three score and ten mark but was lean, wiry and active and good for a full day of paddling against the shore current. He both chewed and smoked and when supplied with the weed could put off eating for many hours.

It was late in March when we started. Spence was provided with a light skiff and the writer's craft was a 14 foot pine dug out and quite a cranky boat to manage and avoid being upset.

We each carried about 50 traps but did not expect to employ them all as there are not near so many signs to set at in spring as there are in the fall. This season the outlook for making a good catch was promising for the snow fall had been light and the river had not gone out of its banks, whereas in time of ordinary high water, most of the rats are shot. The river was at good head but the banks were only about half full.

"Which bank will you take?" Spence questioned, as we started in to begin placing traps. I knew that he preferred the North shore for as the river ran from east to west and the sun struck the north bank; most of it was thawed out and rats were leaving many more signs than on the south shore. So I said, "Oh, I'll trap the south side. Probably, it will be good as the North bank in a day or two".

But, it certainly was lacking now for the banks were still frozen so hard that there were no scratch signs in the bank and there was still quite a deposit of shell ice that had been left as the water fell.

The North shore was clear of ice and I saw the old man get busy placing his traps while the only places I could make a set was now and then on some log or

snag where dung signs appeared. What few signs I did find, I was careful to set so that a catch was practically certain if a rat came on the log or stick again. I chopped beds for the traps below the sign and deep enough so that the trap when placed would be about an inch under water. The trap was then stapled to the log and the set was complete. Rats leave more signs on logs, sticks, snags, plank, etc., in spring than in fall for it is the mating season and such signs are made largely to inform one another of each one's presence.

Musk is secreted in the largest quantity and at each sign a little musk is emitted which lasts many hours. I have often detected the odor several rods away and been guided to a good place to put a trap by it. Odor is rarely deposited on the sign outside of the mating period.

I noticed that the traps of Spence had not rusted and stained as if they had been colored by walnut, soft maple or logwood chips. "What did you do to your traps?" I inquired. Mine were rusty and I greased them. "I put mine in the mud", he answered, "didn't you ever notice how a trap that's been lost and under water a long time is stained? Well, that's the way I got onto staining mine and it don't rub off."

Spence was a very sly secret old trapper and he always tried to avoid revealing his operations to strangers.

The country was thickly settled and we might meet other trappers which could not be helped but by being careful the eyes and ears of many a stroller could be kept from being attracted to us. So Spence cautioned. "Don't call to me from across the river at any time and always talk in low tones when we are together."

We set out our traps over a 3 or 4 mile stretch and selected a high and dry spot where the tent was sheltered from the wind by dense forest and where plenty of dry wood could be had for fuel. We set up a sheet iron stove and lay willows down with cat tails, grass

and leaves over them and spread our blankets.

We had our supper consisting of bread, fried bacon and certain baked goods. We had brought along quite a good bit of this. We then fixed some tea and did ample justice to our humble meal in our wild surroundings.

The night was dark and quite mild for March and we anticipated that game would all be astir and that our traps would yield some fur. Spence had set 33 traps and I just 10 less. Of course, not all were set at cocksure places. It is practically certain that a half dozen traps are frequently set at signs made by the same rat. Some traps too are set at old signs where the rat making them has gone to another neighborhood.

If several dung deposits are seen on a log or snag of varying degrees of freshness, it shows that the place is being visited regularly. If used the previous night the last deposit will be strictly fresh and damp in appearance. When the droppings on one of these dung depositaries are all dry or the freshest partly dry, it is safe to conclude that the log is no longer being used. But most of us fur seekers are greedy and if we have a large number of traps we set some of them at old poor signs. Boys, am I not correct?

Well, we were up before daybreak. We had breakfast and soon as it was light began to run the traps. The very first log set near our camp belonging to old Spence showed that the trap was off its bed. The chain was picked up and up came a heavy old rat so well soaked that he must have been caught early in the night.

I crossed over to my side and found some of my traps off the logs. Most of them yielded a rat but there had been an occasional miss, the trap holding a toenail or a few of the long hairs from the rat's muzzle.

I gathered in 9 rats and Spence caught 13 which was a good proportion according to the respective number of traps each had set. We skinned our catch and stretched them on bows of willow sprouts. I had always been against drying rats in this manner as the skins were short and pointed and of irregular shape. However, the trapper made very respec-

table looking pelts of ours by using two cross pieces or braces to each stretcher. One at the shoulders and one at the base. He drew them tight by use of a sack and needle and twine. In three days, the pelts had acquired the intended shape so well that it was safe to remove them if we needed the room for the fresh catch.

"I set a trap for a coon this morning just after I left you", the old man remarked. "It had been along fresh and passed the camp going up stream. I baited him where he traveled in the edge of the water where he passed under an elevated log. I stuck up a piece of muskrat to draw his attention and lead him into the trap. I don't expect he'll want to eat the bait because frogs are out now and other fresh things that are alive and which a coon would rather have. But they're curious critters to inspect anything unusual in their path. One time in the Spring, I mounted a white weasel on a prong over a trap and caught an old whackin' big coon that came up to inspect it".

The sky had become thickly overcast and night came on pitch dark. About 9 o'clock it began to rain and how the wind did blow. It was boisterous as only March can be. At times it caught the tent even in our sheltered nook and threatened to pull the stakes. It blew so hard and the driving rain made such a patter as to prevent sleeping for several hours. About 11 o'clock we heard a coon squall several times, the sound coming from the direction of the coon set Spence had made. "Hear that", said the old trapper exultantly, "I've got him sure as my name is John Spencer" and he gave me a stinging slap on the leg by way of emphasis. "If he don't get away, he's good for a \$2.00 bill or better for us". Spence mused. I refrained from dashing his hopes but I knew coon must be shedding now and no where near up to winter quality.

It rained heavy nearly all night and daylight showed that the river had risen a foot and was very muddy. The wind was still strong and the water very rough to venture on in our little cockle shells but we must try to get our traps or the following night the water might be so high that we couldn't get them. We would then lose a good many traps to-

gether with any game they might contain. Therefore, we started out with the waves slopping onto us and wetting the kneeling cushions of straw and soon our legs were wet to the hide. Several times, I was compelled to draw the canoe out on shore and turn it over to get rid of the water which filled all the space under its false bottom.

The wind and waves and rise of water had created mischief with the traps. Some had floated away with the trap and we never saw them again. Others had changed ends and rolled over and everything was awry and in disorder. I took in 5 rats and lost 3 traps. It was only by close searching that my loss was not 6 or 8 traps. I pulled up every one as Spence was likewise doing.

When we pulled in to camp Spence threw 7 rats out on shore and the coon we had heard cry in the night. The coon was drowned, well soaked, medium size, light grey and worth perhaps a dollar, maybe less. Spence had lost 5 traps and had been compelled to fish a great deal with the gaff hook to locate some of the traps placed at bank sets and to secure the chains of those on log sets where the stick had rolled over.

With 8 traps short, we pulled up and ran up stream about 4 miles and camped in timber where Spence had pitched his tent in other years. We did not attempt to set any traps as all signs were practically washed away.

We would wait a night for new signs to be made and set out what we could on the morrow. In the meantime we went up to a farm house on the river road to secure a bundle of straw for our bed. We found the owner in possession of a 40-ton stack but he charged us a quarter for less than would fill a bed tick. "You don't catch any one givin' ye anything nowadays", Spence remarked grimly. "There was a time when if you had offered a man pay for a handful of straw he would have considered it an insult."

We stopped at another house to buy a dozen eggs, a quart of milk and a loaf of bread. They accommodated us charging for bread 10 cents, eggs 30 cents and milk 5 cents.

Towards evening the wind began to subside and as we stood looking up

stream, we saw a dark looking animal coming down toward us. It hopped like a mink but appeared far too large for that animal. Could it be a cat? A cat would not be following the water and taking no pains to avoid wetting its feet. It was, perhaps, 20 rods distant when first discovered and as it grew nearer Spence said, "It is a mink and a monster". We each had a shot gun and mine was a double breech loader while Spence still clung to an ancient smooth bore single muzzle loader. I knew it would please the old man to stop the game with his old gun, so as we crouched down behind a rick of drift-wood, I said, "When he gets close enough, kill him if you can. I won't shoot unless you fail".

The game was in no hurry. It explored many a hole, nook and crevice as he worked along toward us. Presently when only about four rods distant the mink seemed to suspect danger in his path for he stopped, looked toward us and hissed sharply. Then was when the old smooth bore roared and the career of the largest male mink we had ever seen was ended. But he did not give up life without a struggle. There were many contortions although heart and brain had been penetrated.

The fur was still of fair quality but was faded to a rusty brown. Shedding had not actually begun but was threatened for the flesh side was very red instead of the flinty white peculiar to winter pelts. The old trapper was once more optimistic. He could see a vision of a five dollar bill coming at him for that mink but I said, "We will do well if we get \$3.00 for it", which statement Spence thought was sadly lacking in judgment.

The following morning we started out again. Our purpose being to trap down stream to where we had left off with line number one. If we did not set out all of the traps below camp we intended to set the rest above us. One night is too short a time for signs to become established and we found them few and scattering. There was this advantage in that every sign was absolutely fresh. The water had risen about two feet and was now about at a stand still. It is easier to catch fur that inhabits water when it is rising than when falling. If dropping, it is

rare that the morning will see them bare and the signs have been made below them. Even though waters rise so that the trap is pretty deep some game will be caught by a hind foot but a naked trap is always a failure.

Being obliged to make all new sets requires much time especially when so many choppings must be made on logs and snags some of which are hard as a horn. We only were able to set out about a half of our traps and I now suddenly found my side of the river more promising than that of the other side (Spence's side), for the south banks were thawed out and when this first occurs rats seem to be attracted to the fresh ground. I made a few bank sets at scratch signs now and some of them were very promising of success considering that they were only the work of one night.

My round up was 11 rats and a wood duck, the latter having swam onto a log where a trap was doing duty. Spence caught 9 rats and a small mink, poor and shedding. Three of the rats were alive in the traps and these Spence prepared to amputate the hams from and cook them for supper. I had never tasted muskrat but I all at once determined to sample their flesh.

Being washed clean, the next proceeding was to boil them a short time and afterwards fry them in bacon grease. Had I not known what I was eating, I never would have asked for sweeter or more delicious meat. It was not a whit behind the choicest roast duck. "I don't believe in eating the meat of drowned rats", said Spence, "but the others are good as any meat on earth".

We spent one more night on this stretch catching a less number of rats than the previous night and then moved on to other ground camping as before where wood was handy.

Now, we found signs more plentiful than we had on the other bits of trapping ground. We set out all our traps and could have used those we lost on the stormy night and rise of water before mentioned.

We trapped two nights with good success and would have spent a third night before moving, but a boy came along and told us that two Indians were trapping on the ground around our last encamp-

ment. This was disconcerting for we knew they were headed up stream as they had not passed us and we had seen no sign of traps. The old trapper chirked up his spirits and dispelled apprehensive notions sooner than I. He said, "We'll trap a night or two on a stretch of ground, skin off the most of the fur and keep moving. When they find out what is going on, they'll either turn back or run above us entirely".

Accordingly, we passed through the third town. On our route, we found some young boys trapping. We moved up about a mile and finding some good trapping grounds, we began to place our traps again.

We made a good catch the first night, 24 rats if I remember rightly and while tending the traps, saw the canoes of our two Indians approaching. Presently they came up to us and disgust was plainly depicted on their countenances. But they disguised it the best they could and began to question us.

"How many catch?" one asked. When we told him, they both gave a grunt of surprise.

"Where go, how far us?" was the next question.

"Oh, we'll keep on till we get sick of it", Spence answered. "How many did you catch last night?"

"Ugh! bad luck, only got six", the Indian answered with jealous look at our collection.

"Where are you from?" Spence asked.

"We live up Pentwater", was the reply and we did not doubt it as quite a remnant of the Chippewas reside there.

"Where are you bound for?" Spence inquired.

"We go up to Maple River", was replied.

The Maple was a feeder to the larger stream and was sluggish and a good one for rats, but many miles farther on.

However, as it was late in the day, we doubted if the Indians would go much farther and in this we were not mistaken for they soon pitched their tent and began to set out traps right among ours wherever there was a ghost of a sign.

"That's what I call cheek and impudence", said Spence. "But they won't get very fat. We've taken in 24 rats and our traps are set in the best places".

We were up and running our line at daybreak and our Indian friends were right along with us. We beat them in the catch made but not bad for the dusky brethren were close trappers and took in rats from trap sets at insignificant signs and so often stopped a rat before it could get to its main using place where our traps were. But they pulled on and we saw them no more while trapping. They determined evidently to ascend far enough to have the ground to themselves. We found that they had not tarried on the next 3 or 4 miles and here we camped and finished our trapping operations.

spent and think with all the exposure and hard work attendant, we earned our money, but think of the sport.

—o—

HUNTING IN ALASKA.

It was in the fall of 1913 that I decided to take a little hunting trip after big game, so I hired an Indian named Alex, as guide and we started from Fairbanks about the 15th of October with a dog team and a very light load as we intended to "siwash" it (sleeping under the blue sky) as we "sourdoughs" (old time Alaskans) don't mind that a bit as



HARRY LUCKEY (ON RIGHT) AND HIS GUIDE, ALEX.

When the day was done and our fur on the stretchers, we sat and enjoyed the fire and saw the glowing embers fall apart while the old trapper smoked and between puffs told of trapping trips he had taken in other days.

Some nights it was cold and we became so chilled that sleep was interrupted. We took turns of getting up to mend the fire and in all our exposure neither of us caught cold. Like the Indians, we slept with our feet to the fire.

We returned home April 7th, with upwards of two hundred rats. We made a little over \$3.00 a day each for the time

long as the weather does not get colder than 50 below zero.

Well we made twenty miles the first day and nothing of importance occurred. The following day we made a river called Wood River and began to get into the big game country.

On the following day an incident happened that I had never before heard of. My guide was running ahead of the dogs and suddenly stopped and when I caught up to him he was holding up his nose to the wind and sniffing like a wild animal and saying to me "Smell 'em moose" and I sure thought that was going some.

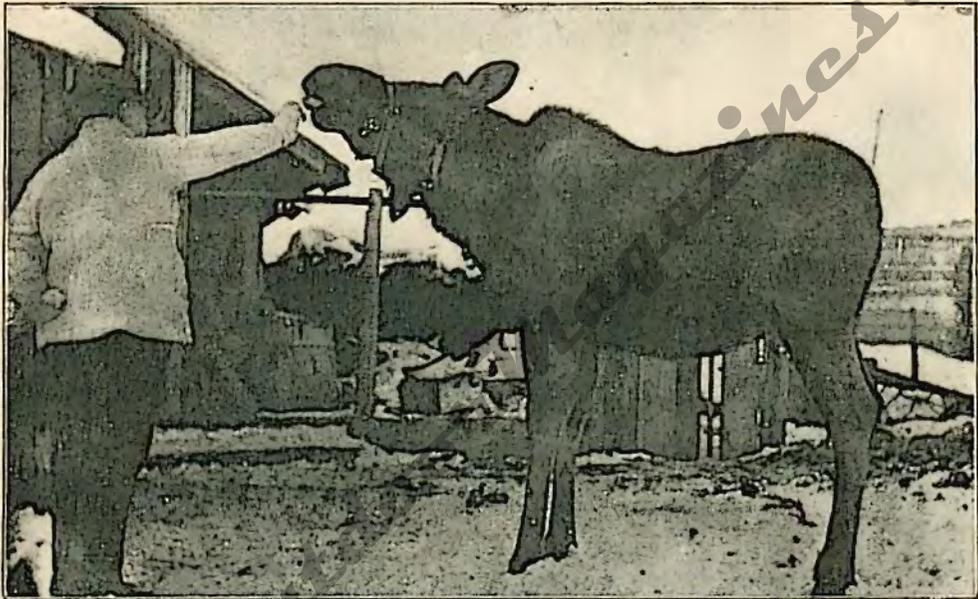
Well we went a short ways farther when I noticed the dogs holding up their noses and just then the Indian said to me "Ketch em gun" and out comes my old reliable 45-90 and I cautiously worked up to the Indian's side and there about 400 yards ahead stood one of the biggest bull moose feeding on some wilows that I had ever seen. I dropped down on my knee which is my favorite position whenever large game is at stake, took careful aim and down went Mr. Bull Moose with the first shot, but not to

should assist the game wardens, who are very strict here.

In the interior of Alaska we have in the big game line: Moose, caribou, mountain sheep and goat, four different kind of bear and in the fowl line we have swan, geese, ducks, pheasants, grouse, ptarmigan and prairie chickens.

For fish we get white fish, salmon, grayling, lake trout, pickerel and lynn cod.

This country is also noted for its great variety of wild berries such as currants,



EIGHTEEN MONTHS' OLD MOOSE IN CAPTIVITY AT FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.

remain down and it required a second shot to end his career.

Now readers of the H-T-T, that Indian smelling a moose nearly a mile away may seem strange to you and it does seem wonderful to me but it was a fact. We learned after that the moose weighed 1200 pounds.

In another day's travel we got into a caribou country and had no trouble whatever in getting our amount of game allowed by law which is two moose, three caribou and three mountain sheep. We could have killed ten times that amount of game but believe all true sportsmen

blueberries, strawberries, cranberries and salmon berries.

Alaska, especially in the interior of which Fairbanks is the center, is considered one of the greatest fur bearing countries known and the finest grades of the following fur are to be had: Fox, (all kinds) marten, mink, lynx, ermine, wolf, wolverine, bear, muskrat, beaver, otter and squirrels.

So to the hunter, trapper and sportsmen Alaska offers as much, if not more, than any country and I have lived here for the last sixteen years and expect to remain another sixteen.

HARRY LUCKEY, Alaska.

GAME AND FISH FARMING---POSSIBILITIES AND EXPERIENCES

By G. B. BUCHANAN

FUR FARMING has great possibilities. Nevertheless it is difficult to make a success under certain conditions. Some of these conditions do not, on the other hand, affect the success of other industries connected with outdoor life—such for instance as game and fish farming. I might as a suggestion say that the market for game and fish is somewhat more stable than for fur. Furs are more a luxury. Hard times hit the trade in luxuries first. The past year many men have contented themselves with a heavy cheviot overcoat costing ten or twelve dollars where in prosperous seasons they bought raccoon or other fur coats at \$50 and up. Naturally this reduced the fur market materially, the same conditions applying all through the list. No fur farmer in the central and southern portions of this country made any money on peltries grown in enclosures this last season. The cost being less to produce some was made on preserve grown stock. On the other hand, markets for all kinds of food products have been steady. Most men, no matter what retrenchments they must make in wearing luxuries hang as long as possible to good food. Game and fish are highly esteemed by all, and I see no reason why the business of growing them cannot be made profitable.

Personally I have had considerable experience in the growing of game and fish on a kind of joint game, fish and fur preserve. I have had some, but not much experience in growing fish and game in pens and pools. My observations may or may not be of value, but with the idea of bringing these industries to the attention of those interested in growing these things I will briefly outline some of them. Possibly this will start some discussion of the industries, thus helping all.

In the production of game and fish in a commercial way we find two general

markets supplied. Much as in fur farming, though with rare exceptions it is the flesh rather than covering which is sold. The exceptions are the feathers of geese and the limited demand for pheasant feathers for making artificial flies for anglers. Pheasant tail feathers are used to some extent in making feather dusters. These markets are small. Sale of flesh or sale of the live creatures or their eggs will be found the principal sources of revenue.

As with fur bearers the highest prices are paid for live stock—the live fish sold to game clubs or even state officials for liberation. The same markets open to the game grower, and in addition the more profitable market of zoological gardens, parks, estates, etc. To these can be sold more readily the more gorgeous plumaged and unusual birds and beasts, such as the Lady Amherst, Reeves and Mongolian pheasants, swans, Canada Geese, peacocks, etc., etc. There is also some demand for live decoy duck and geese. There is a big demand, at present it seems unlimited, for the eggs of all kinds of game birds. Prices are good. Thousands of eggs are imported, as are also great quantities of the dead pheasants, grouse, ducks, etc., for table use. It will be a long time before the American production of game catches up with the demand.

Doubtless many have, at some time, raised rabbits, either the big Belgian Hares, jacks, or just plain rabbits. One of my first remembered pets was a rabbit. He must have been a hybrid of some kind, for I have never since seen a rabbit just like him. Rabbits have a fair demand in the markets in the fall. It is doubtful whether they could be raised profitably penned up, certainly not if the penned stock had to compete with shot wild stock. These seldom net the grower more than ten cents each, if that, and a rabbit will eat a vastly greater value than ten cents worth of food. This

despite the nature of same—grass, etc., all cheap. I have from time to time received glowing literature describing Belgian hare farming. It is said the young Belgians, which are produced in numbers and many times a year, are sold to hotels, cafes, etc., at good prices. They are sold young like squabs, and on paper the business looks good. While I never handled Belgians myself I have raised numbers of ordinary cottontails, and I also had a friend once who did raise Belgians. He made pocket money, but little more, though this doesn't say the business could not be made a success. The keynote would be to sell the young at the highest prices. I challenge anyone to show that raising full grown rabbits of any kind is profitable, growing in pens, and selling in the open markets at present.

Another small and gentle creature is the squirrel. In former days many thousands of these were sold. Many are now. They sell much higher than rabbits, often 25c apiece and for the big fox squirrels as much as \$1. There ought to be money in growing these squirrels at this price. My observation of the fox squirrel leads me to say that though very shy and wild in the woods, it can by careful treatment be as well domesticated as mink or wild turkey. This is ample to breed well in pens. I do not know definitely how often squirrels breed, or how many in a litter. I have seen as high as seven and eight—also as few as one. I have seen young as early as March—and killed females which seemed not far from having young as late as November. My idea is that squirrels in the woods breed constantly, like rats. In pens, however, they do not seem so anxious to breed, and possibly two or three litters a year is about all they will customarily produce.

This applies to the grey squirrel. The red squirrel has greater fecundity. Some writers of natural history say the fox squirrel breed but once. I cannot concur, but will admit I never bred them in cages, but I do know that I have seen females very close to reproduction at two distinct periods of the year, which indicates that they either breed twice or have no regular time.

Squirrels and rabbits of all kinds can

be kept, once reasonably well domesticated, in fair sized pens made of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. mesh fur farming wire. Squirrels can be fed all kinds of vegetable matter having a hard shell, like corn, nuts, etc. Grey and red squirrels need also some meat or substitute therefor. Milk will do. Fox squirrels show less desire for meat. One easy and costless source of food supply for squirrel farmers would be the woods where one could gather beech nuts, hickory, walnuts, etc.

Other game animals lend themselves to farming. With the larger species there is much danger from the males at breeding time.

The late Capt. Cussons, one-time partner in the show business of "Buffalo Bill" Cody, maintained a large herd of deer on his estate near Richmond, Va. Through sale of breeding stock and meat he made good profits. But on his death the herd was broken up. None of the heirs cared to handle, owing to the risk in caring for the big bucks. The little book "Fur Farming" contains chapters on deer and elk raising, to which interested parties are referred for fuller discussion.

Bear can be grown, though probably this might be more a fur animal. Still bear grown for show purposes might be profitable. It might be interesting to know that the first bear ever grown in captivity was raised by a man named Lodge, who at that time owned "Silver Lake Park", a summer and picnic resort lying between Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. Lodge maintained a bear pit, a few monkeys, snakes and similar small zoological park for the entertainment of visitors. He was perhaps among the first to recognize the possibilities in the industry of raising "wild" animals. He tried many years to breed bears in captivity, but without success till, I think, 1898 or '99. That year he had one or two cubs.

Lodge had several sons, one of whom was a dentist in Cleveland at that time. Young Lodge brought one of these cubs to a church gathering, where it proved the hit of the evening. It was also a sore trial for the old gentleman, who swore he would "whale the everlasting hills" out of his son if the said son let

anything happen to baby bruin. Lodge claimed this was the first bear ever bred, born and raised in captivity.

Perhaps, however, the greatest possibilities for financial success in game farming today lies in growing the game birds, pheasant, duck, grouse, turkey, etc.

In some states the holding in captivity of some of these birds is now unlawful. I heartily agree that sale of bonafidely wild game should be prohibited. Yet it seems to the writer that there ought to be wisdom enough among the various game protectors to frame laws which would at once protect real wild game but give genuine game growers a market. We are glad to say that many states are looking at the situation in this light, and revising laws along these lines. I confidently believe all states will follow this lead in due course. For the present, however, those contemplating game growing will do well to look up laws of their state.

If asked to name the most popular game farming article right now I should say pheasant. These are being grown in large numbers, by breeders in practically every state, and sold at very good prices. Eggs are selling well also. The price for eggs ranges from about \$18 a hundred (The lowest price I ever had quoted me, by the way) to \$50 per hundred. In some cases where the rarer sorts are offered, the prices are much higher. For breeding stock the prices are seldom under ten dollars a pair for the commoner varieties. A hundred dollars a pair has been paid for some of the rarer kinds.

Pheasants are an interesting group of birds. They are naturally indigenous to Asia, principally, from which region they have been carried to practically every temperate land. They range in color from the rather dingy brown English pheasants to the gorgeous Lady Amhersts and Reeves varieties, among the most beautiful birds in the temperate zones. They also include the progenitor of our barnyard chickens, the Bloodhen or Red Jungle Fowl of the Himalayas. Or at least that is what the scientists say. The Blood Hen certainly does look like a chicken, though more the game type than

the heavier Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons, etc.

In America perhaps, the English, Brown and Ring Neck pheasants have been most successfully acclimated. The other more beautiful species are being grown to some extent, but only by fanciers, and it is doubtful whether they would ever become an article of game farming. They seem too tender for the accidental rough and tumble that will with the best of management, creep into game farming on a fair scale. The fancier and aviary operator handles only a few birds usually, and can give them the individual attention needed.

Pheasants of all kinds can be hatched either in incubators or under hens. The eggs should be set during May or early in June. Fifteen eggs make a good sitting for a hen, which should be small and light, but a good sitter. Heavy hens are likely to crush the eggs. Flighty hens are to be avoided for the eggs do not hatch as quickly as hen's eggs. Some hens do not like to sit too long and would spoil the hatch. The nest should be made on the ground, preferably on an overturned sod. The eggs need plenty of moisture to hatch, yet this must come naturally through the ground. It should never be applied by sprinkling except by skilled incubator operators.

Pheasants are much easier to hatch than to rear, however. They are much like turkeys in that they are extremely tender up to and including the first moult. Through that they rapidly gain strength and having correct treatment show great hardiness. Foods of the highest possible quality must be fed the young pheasants—hard boiled egg, ant eggs, hemp seeds, etc., etc. Maggots are a good food also. Usually the pheasant grower also herds a bunch of maggots, which he raises by laying out pieces of meat, fish, etc., in which the maggots grow. It is not especially "childs' play" to grow pheasant but with prices as they are now, it will pay very well to give the business right attention. In small quantities eggs usually sell for from \$3 to \$5 a sitting of 15 eggs. Also some of the state game commissions are now distributing eggs free for hatching to residents of the respective states. Farmers' Bulletin number 390 issued by the U. S Department of

Agriculture deals with pheasant culture, and is free on application to the Department.

Quail and wild turkeys are in many ways a different sized edition of pheasants. The writer has had more experience with both than pheasants. The principal difference with quail is that they breed usually twice, and in Virginia, more often three times a season, and for some unknown cause the eggs are more likely to be fertile. Seventy-five per cent is a high degree of fertility for pheasant eggs, whereas we have often found quail hatching 90% to 95%.

There are several varieties of American quail recognized, or rather subspecies. We consider the bob-white eastern and southern quail much the best. Then there is the "Mexican" quail, of the south-west, which is a smaller bird than eastern bob-white, and also a sort found in the valleys of the Pacific Coast states. Quail are not habitually found at very high altitudes. Prices for quail run about \$8 to \$12 per dozen for the western, and \$20 to \$30 per dozen for the eastern and southern bob-whites — an indication that others besides myself hold the eastern variety superior. This is for adult birds, paired. Eggs are not now being sold much—most parties who have eggs prefer to hatch them themselves. Hatching can be done either with the quails themselves, both parents taking turns sitting, or in incubators. The eggs are most too small for a chicken to hatch, but probably a very small hen could do it—if she condescended to sit upon such small "hen-fruit". Personally I have hatched all mine with the quail incubating, but Mr. Herbert K. Job, Connecticut state Ornithologist has done considerable experimenting with hatching quail (also other birds) in artificial incubators, and doubtless would furnish information to any one interested. I believe that state has issued a bulletin on quail hatching as followed by Mr. Job.

Another condition in which quail differ from pheasant is that they seem to be strictly monogamous. Whereas pheasant are willing to embrace polygamy in enclosures, and wild turkeys are at all times addicted to bigamy, quail in my experience have refused to consort with more than one wife—therefore

as many males as females must be kept. Young quail seem a little hardier than young pheasant; they should have much the same food.

The late Robert Lee Blanton, a Richmond, Va., editor, was perhaps the successful wild turkey breeder in Virginia, if not the entire country, up to his death about a year ago. At that time he had several hundred breeding birds on hand, and had raised them into the thousands. The best method for getting a start at turkey growing is to find a nest in the woods somewhere and steal the eggs, which can be set under a tame turkey or a reliable sitting hen. Having hatched them there is practically no difference between raising wild and tame turkeys—in effect tame turkeys are as near wild as wild ones are tame, both readily adapt themselves to the other's mode of life. Nevertheless the impression should not be created that both varieties are of the same stock. The scientific gentlemen who delve in such matters tell us the wild turkey is an American bird, while the tame turkey was developed in Europe. Be that as it may the fact remains they are both mighty fine eating birds, and the wild ones give sportsmen fine sport hunting them. Also at the present time live wild turkeys command a high price—one dealer quotes me \$20 each, retail.

No matter how you look at it there is unquestionably a promising field for game farmers, as with fur farmers where conditions are favorable. To a more specialized extent the same may be said of fish farming. Perhaps the greatest money will be made in fish farming by growing game fishes for planting purposes. Then there is also the Iowa gentleman who has made a fortune propagating gold fish. This however, is a somewhat more difficult field to break into as there is only so much demand for gold fish and this Iowan is said to have gotten the market pretty well supplied, together with the supplies which come from Japan and China, where many fine varieties are grown.

Nevertheless as a food, fish are growing more and more popular, and despite the great work being done by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, the supply cannot

be said to be increasing. Quite the contrary if conditions in the Virginia tidal streams is any criterion. Compared with former catches the Spring catch of shad and herring in these waters this season has been less than 25%. Yet the Bureau of Fisheries has been hatching and liberating millions and millions of young shad each year in the past. While it is true that these fish as salt water varieties are probably not good subjects for artificial growing for market, it suggests that the growing of fresh water fish could profitably be instituted to fill the demand for fish usually supplied by the shad and herring.

A ROUGH TRIP.

I want to tell you about a trip I took back in old Pennsylvania, that being my native state and having only been away from there three years. I am a railroad man and sportsman combined.

Now back to my story, I was working on a railroad in Pennsylvania when my uncle, Fred D. Grove, invited me to come up to his place in the country to hunt. He said he would meet us at the depot nineteen miles from where I was working, so I sent my wife and children up on the morning and thought I would go on the evening train after I had finished my day's work on the road.

When I got ready to leave the house, I do not know what prompted me to do it, but I filled my pockets with matches; and knowing it would be dark before I got a mile from the railroad, as I had four miles to walk, and had to wade the river three times, I bought a small ten-cent lantern to take with me. I knew the path like a book but had not been over it for ten years. I could cut the fording out by going up over a high ledge of rocks so when I came to the first fording I decided to go over the rocks.

It being dark I lighted my lantern and it burned fine so I started up the river and to climb the path leading over the rocks, but when I got to the top of the ledge I found it had broken off and fell

about one hundred feet into the river and that was as far as I could go and do you know that lantern went out and I could not coax it to burn. There I was out on that ledge and it as dark as a pile of black cats. Well I struck matches and got down to the river.

I walked along and sounded the water with stones and it would go "boom" so I knew that did not sound much like wading. I wandered around in the dark till I got down a ways and it sounded like I could wade it so I stripped off (now don't laugh) and waded up to my neck across the river. I found a rock and put my clothes all on and felt around for my shoes but could not find them. After striking a match and looking I found that I had left them on the other side. Well I did not hunt a dictionary to pick out the choicest language to use just at that particular moment.

I waded back again, hunted around for a while, finally found them and came back again. After another search for my clothes I put them on and started for the next ford. When I got there I took off my clothes again and waded across or thought I did. I dressed and started on but only took a few steps when I discovered I was only on an island. Well I was like the dutchman. I don't think there is an express company that could express my expressions at that moment. Well I undressed and finished wading across to shore and I made sure it was shore this time.

I began to examine the lantern and found it was choked up with soot. I tried to blow the soot out and blew it the wrong way and it came right in my face. I was a sight but the lantern burned fine until I reached my uncle's house. They had a good laugh when they found I had not been in a battle and got powder burned.

So brother hunters and trappers you can see how one can get into serious trouble by not having a good light while traveling over rough mountain streams.

Walt H. Grove,
Logan Co., Ohio.

WORK OF THE SEASON OF 1913-1914

By E. E. SHELTON

PART II

AFTER taking our Christmas, pard and I started for the Canadian River, expecting to spend the rest of the season on the river and its creeks, but owing to fur being cleaned out only stayed two weeks.

Before going farther will describe my pard, Mr. Robert R. Jackson. He answers to Bob, is a fine fellow, some five feet six inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He is always jolly and a Christian. Will not give the full details of the trip.

We left home early on Tuesday morning going through town and getting some stuff and made first camp on the head dams of Rush Creek that night. Here we set a dozen traps for coyote as Bob had been there a few weeks before and stayed two nights and got there with only a few traps. He said they took bait well, but not so during our stay as they had gotten wise. We stayed there three nights and I got one and Bob nothing.

We went twelve miles to a creek called White Deer and as we were riding along a large eight point deer jumped up and stopped not over a hundred yards from us. I had my rifle along but had to stand and look at him as the law had closed on deer, it being in January.

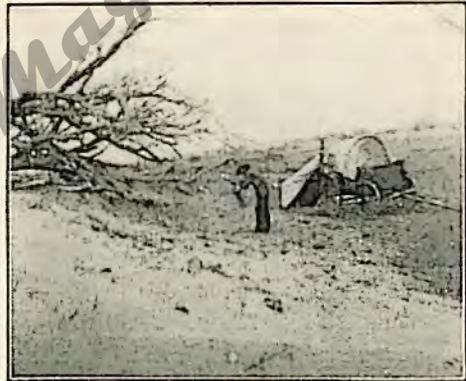
We moved twenty miles west to Spring Creek staying three nights and getting nothing we decided to go on to Moore's Creek. We stayed there four nights. I caught a large coon in a willow thicket but he pulled his foot out of the trap. Then we went thirty miles east on the north side of the River to a creek called John's Creek.

While on the way down we passed Dobby Walls, a lot of sod houses where the last Indian raid was made (that is in this part of the country). We also saw the cabin of Billy Dixon and the peak he shot the record breaking shot from and killed an Indian who was making signs and throwing slurs at him. There were so many different tales told about the distance that I do not know the truth. Most

people think it was nine thousand yards. However, the Indian thought he was far enough away to be safe to curse Billy all he pleased.

We stayed on John's Creek four nights. Bob caught two skunks and killed a goose. I caught one skunk and crippled two geese as a bunch went over camp very high up. I used a .32-20 Winchester Model 1873 which is a fine shooting gun and good for deer up to 500 yards, but I would not want to use it altogether for bruin.

When we left here we went home, but got the pleasure of bogging down in the



CAMP OF R. R. JACKSON AND E. E. SHELTON ON JOHN'S CREEK.

Canadian river and carrying our stuff across on our backs. We were in the river one or two hours and the water was waist deep and a cold northern wind was blowing. But we got home the next day none the worse off after being gone two weeks and had a fine time although catching only \$7.00 worth of fur.

I am sending two photos of our camp on Moore's Creek and John's Creek.

When we got home I found thirty skunk, several opossum and civets and one badger, the work of my brother Joe. I rested three or four days and then set out a few traps down the river. I want to state here that Joe had but very little

experience before, but he surely did make good.

As I have no photos of our work will have to use my own memory to tell of the times we had together, which I hope will not be the last.

We trapped till the first of March and pulled up with a sad countenance.



E. E. SHELTON'S LAST DAY ON THE TRAP LINE.

When I got back from the Canadian River Joe was having some trouble with an old coon which had visited him several times. He said when he caught him he was going to sit down and give him a piece of his mind and sink his coonship. In about two weeks he caught him and came in feeling as big as an elephant and told me he had caught the slick ill-mannered coon. We weighed him and he weighed just 38 honest pounds. Now don't jump on me and say I lied, my scales are no good, etc., for they are. Perhaps it is none of my business, but I think some of you fellows are a little glib to jump on a fellow. I think you had better take a fool's advice and think twice before you speak.

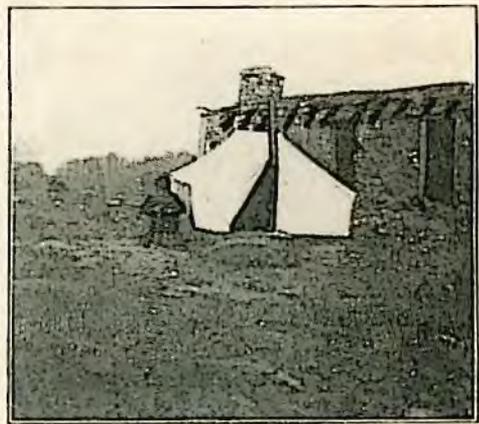
Say you fellows who were talking about that 58½ pound coon, what do you think of that 60 pound coon in the April number of H-T-T. We caught several coon last winter and some of them weighed thirty-six and seven pounds. Of course the most were smaller, say from twelve to twenty pounds. I have had experience with many of America's fur bearing animals and will say a twenty pound coon is common in Texas and

very often found in other states. Now what I say is not guess work, for I know and can give proof to all I have said, so now fellows let us be a little slow about jumping on a fellow and snapping his head off till we know he needs it. But if any of you jumping jacks want to jump on me about anything why hop to it.

Well to get back to the trap line, Joe caught a good many skunk, civet, opossum, and a few coon and one coyote. The coyote were a little slick for him this time, but the next time he will fool them. I rounded in a good bunch of opossum, civet and a few coon and skunk.

On my line I had a set at a carcass of a dead cow and caught one coon, two civet and thirteen opossum in three weeks. Am sending a picture of my horse, some traps and two skunks the last day of my work.

Before I close I want to correct some mistakes that were made in two different articles that I wrote to Camp and Trail last spring. The first article entitled "Twelve days in the wilderness of Canton, Texas" read Cantone, Texas. In the same article it gave one of the boys name



CAMP OF JACKSON AND SHELTON ON MOORE'S CREEK, HUTCHESON CO., TEXAS.

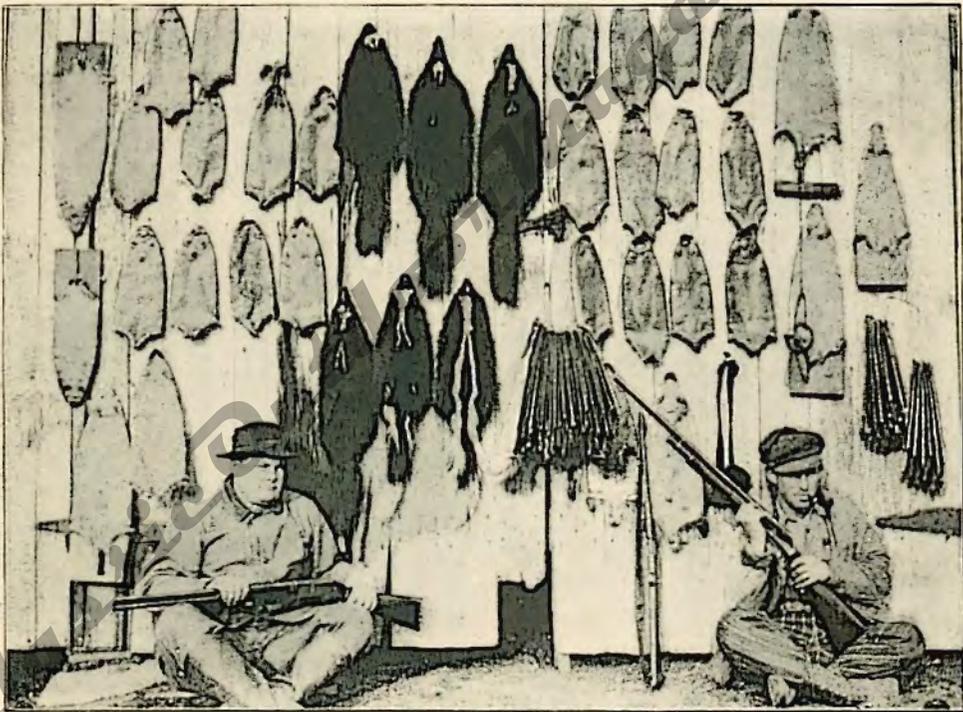
as Roy Orphan and it should have been Ray, also in telling of my catch it read: One male cat badger which should have been one wild cat and one badger. This was in June 7, 1913 issue. In the second article entitled "Trapping around home", says "I had four partners, two of them being honest and two dishonest." It

should have been opponent instead of partner.

As most of the fellows have something to say about guns, I will also, but I will not say mine are the best though they are good enough for me. I have a Stevens visible loader .22 caliber, shoots shorts, long and long rifle, a .32-20 Winchester Model 1873, a single barrel long range winner. I like the .32-40 carbine or .35-20 best for big game. I like a light gun for the trap line.

I saw an article in May number from Mr. S. Kendall, Cook County, Illinois, and want to say he speaks the truth.

Now I am a trapper and depend on it for a living during season, so you cannot say, Oh, he doesn't care if we don't catch anything. I think it is best for all of us. I quite agree with him and Mr. Spears on the organization. I for one would join. I believe in hunters, trappers and fishermen also dog men all having equal rights. Let us hear from all the brothers on the organization subject, especially from Texas as the Long Horn state has more poor laws and game hogs than any three states in the Union. Probably should have said less game and fur-bearing animals.



A TEN DAYS' CATCH, 6 SKUNK, 9 OPOSSUM AND 61 MUSKRATS. BY E. J. PITTS (ON RIGHT) AND R. J. JONES, BOONE CO., INDIANA.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SHOSHONE INDIANS

By WALTER J. SLOAN

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

JAMES H. HILL, who furnishes the following story, was born near Toronto, Canada, Dec. 9, 1837. With his parents he moved to Nauvoo, Ill., in 1842. In the fall of 1849 he went to Salt Lake City with his parents, the boy driving an ox team across the plains and mountains. The family settled near Salt Lake City. In the fall of 1856 Mr. Hill was one of a party of Mormon missionaries sent to the northwest by Brigham Young to preach to the Indians. On this trip Mr. Hill first met Chief Snag, one of the noted leaders of the Shoshone tribe. He also met on this trip Washakie, who two years later became war chief of the Shoshone Indians after Chief Snag had become accidentally wounded in a hunting trip.

It was on this trip that Mr. Hill first heard the story of the origin of the Shoshone Indians. Chief Snag and Chief Washakie both claimed to be related to the brave named in the story, the latter claiming to be a great grandson of the Comanche. In 1858 Mr. Hill had a second trip to the northwest territory spending several months among the Indians. In the spring of 1859 Mr. Hill moved to Mendon, Cache County, Utah, which is now his home. During his more than sixty years as a resident of Utah he estimates that he has spent more than twenty years among the Indians. He speaks five Indian dialects with enough fluency to enable him to carry on a conversation with the Indians of many tribes. Chief Washakie died at the Wind River reservation about fourteen years ago. Two years before his death he visited Mr. Hill at his home in Mendon and spent several days with him. At that time he repeated the story of the origin of his people as he had told it to Mr. Hill in 1856.

"Jim" Saquicth, a member of the Shoshone tribe, who lives at Washakie, Utah, is authority for the statement that the story told by Mr. Hill is the tradition

of the origin of his tribe and that it is the story which he heard as a child from the then chief of the tribe.

Saquicth is over sixty years of age, he was one of the braves who took part in the Bear River battle when the Indians were defeated by the United States troops under the leadership of the late General P. E. Connor, who founded Fort Douglas, Utah. In justice to Mr. Hill the writer would say that the statement of Saquicth was made without any reference to the story which he had told, and simply for the purpose of "checking up" from one of the braves of the tribe. With due deference to Prof. George A. Dorsey, author of "Indians of the Southwest," and a host of other students of Indian history of the west and the northwest, the following story as told by Mr. Hill is submitted to the public.

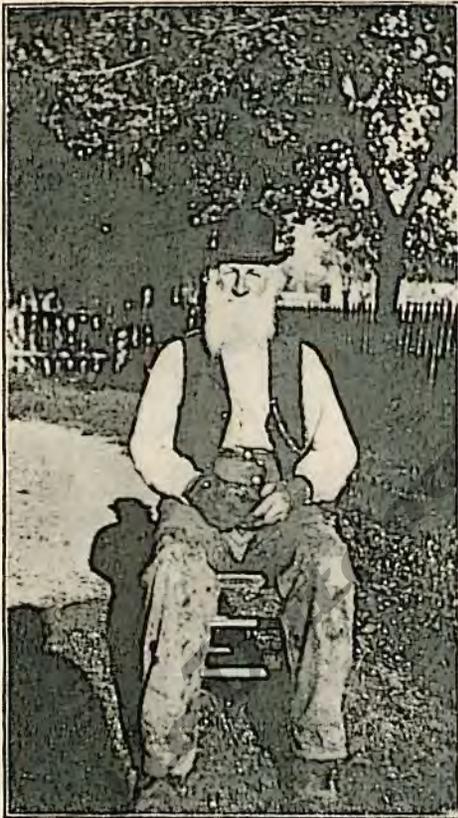
Many, many hundred of moons ago, long before the pale face came to our country, one of the young braves of the Comanche tribe left his home and people. (The Comanches were then the ruling tribe in what is now Oklahoma.) He wanted to go to where the sun set and to try and find more game for his people. He traveled to the west for many days and then turned north. He passed through the country ruled by the Arapahoes without trouble, and then came to the land ruled by the Cheyennes and the Sioux. He had heard of these warriors, always at war with other tribes. He feared and shunned them as much as possible; the few that he met gave him food and a place to sleep in their tepee and then let him go on his journey.

Still traveling north and west he came to that part of the country over which the Bannock Indians roamed and ruled. He met a small party of the tribe in what is now Wyoming. They invited him to come with them to where their chief lived. The invitation was extended in such a way that it was of but little use to decline it. The young Comanche went

with the Bannocks to the headquarters of the tribe in the northwest part of what is now Idaho. The aged chief of the tribe was struck with the story of the young brave, took a liking to him, and made him welcome. Within a few moons the young brave had won and wed the only daughter of the old chief. For many moons he lived in peace with the tribe. Then came a great desire to return to his own people and tell them of the wonders of the country which he had

ground up and made good meal (the sunflower). In this land were roots and herbs which were good to eat and would heal every illness. With glowing eloquence did he paint the picture of the land which he had found. In a stirring address he invited those whom he solicited to return with him.

The old chief of the Comanches listened to the oration; the young braves, or many of them at least, were impressed, but not he. He warned them against following the latter day Moses to the new land; he dwelt on the tribes that they might meet on the journey; the old chief affirmed that they would all be killed, that even if they lived to get to the other hunting ground it would not prove to be what had been pictured. His auditors, swayed by his eloquence wavered, but the young brave spoke again. So glowing was his picture of the new land that many of the young braves refused to take the advice of the old chief and cast their lot with the younger man. Within a few hours all was ready for the movement. As they were leaving the camp the old chief came from his tepee, shaking his fist; he shouted at the members of his departing tribe, "Shoshone! shoshone!" which in the Comanche language means "sneak off." The young brave, with his squaw and friends, made the return journey to the Bannock country with but little trouble. When they arrived at the headquarters of the tribe a council of the leading men was held. The old chief urged that his son-in-law and his people be given a part of the country occupied and claimed by the Bannocks. His counsel prevailed, and the strangers were given that part of the country which may be described as extending from the Weber river, Utah, north to the Bannock mountains in Idaho, east to a line which was near what is now the dividing line between Utah and Wyoming, and on the west to a line running north and west of the Great Salt Lake. At that time the country south of the Weber river to the Arizona line was claimed by the Ute Indians. In this division the Bannocks claimed that part of the country running north from the Bannock mountains to the territory claimed by the Flat-head Indians in Montana; on the east along what is now near the Idaho-Wyoming



JAMES H. HILL IN HIS MENDON ORCHARD.

found. The Bannock chief (his father-in-law) granted him permission to return. He was accompanied by his squaw and a few of the braves of the Bannock tribe. The trip was made in safety, and the adopted son of another tribe told his people of the wonderful country which he had found, where there was fish and game in plenty; of a flower, the roots of which were good to eat (the sago lily); of another flower the seeds of which were

and Idaho-Montana line; on the west from the Shoshone line northwest including all of the northwestern part of Idaho and eastern Oregon; this included practically all of the Snake and Salmon river country.

Under the agreement the newcomers were given the privilege of visiting and intermarrying with the Bannock tribe, and they took the name given by the old Comanche chief, "Shoshone." The Bannocks and Shoshones never went to war against each other, though they fre-

quently joined forces to fight against other tribes and the pale faces.

Several years before the young Comanche died he was chosen war chief of the joint tribe. He was known as "Peggy Wichineh" meaning in the Bannock language, "Big Rover." War Chief Wichineh died when nearly 100 years old, leaving a large number of descendants.

Chief Washakie always claimed that he was a great-grand son of the Comanche brave, while Chief Snag affirmed that he was a great-grand cousin of the same.

THE OLD-TIME HUNTER

Back to the lonesome Mountain, back to
the days of old;

Back to the old time Hunter, braving the
snow and cold.

Daring is he as a rambler, scaling the
mountain side;

His home a rustic Cabin, his rifle and
dog his pride.

He loves the voice of his fox hound, in
hunting season fine;

He loves the voice of the forest bird,
and the ever-moaning pine.

He cares not for the rustling city, or
maids of the great white way;

He has the hunter's ideal home, and
there he loves to stay.

A brother hunter may drop in, to spend
a dreary day;

Drink to the toast of the cabin, and then
go on his way;

For the hunter's heart is tender, the same
as yours and mine,

He will tell you of close places, in days
of Auld Lang Syne.

He lives among the red woods, that shel-
ter the pesky Owl;

And welcomes the voice of the kiote,
out for his nightly howl.

His life has not all been roses, but it
matters not to him;

For being alone in the woodland, is the
hunter's only whim.

After a meal with his faithful dog, he
closes his weary eyes;

They rest together in paradise, under the
star-decked skies.

Why should he worry of other folk, away
from his cabin door;

He shuns the place upon the earth, where
the eagle cannot soar.

Though bent with age his steps are brisk,
across the old foot hills;

The thought of game within his mind,
his heart with rapture fills,

Lending a hand in every way, to help his
four pawed friend;

Expecting the favor returned to him,
cronies unto the end.

Good bye my friends of the forest, I now
bid you adieu;

Like myself your days are numbered,
only a mighty few;

Six feet of earth in the cypress, under
a slender mound;

The remains of the old time hunter, is
generally found.

Walter C. Terry.

BUCK FEVER

By DR. J. W. BOWERS

TALK about "Buck Fever" not being a reality; well, about the only difference between it and the chill of ague is, that with "Buck Fever" the hair stands on end. But the shaking arms and limbs culminating with an intense fever, they are similar indeed. After reading so many interesting features about various hunts in your sporting magazine, I cannot refrain from telling about one day's hunt in the Northern woods that I shall ne'er forget, as it was one of the most exciting chases I ever saw and had in it one scene which was indicative of being a case of the genuine variety.

Our hunt this fall had been very conspicuous relative to the number of deer killed, but all were does and fawns except a two pronged buck I had killed on the first morning. To our surprise, much large sign we could see, but all the deer we could see were very small.

After meeting and talking with some natives, relating that our deer were small and that such large track could be seen at various places, we were queered to know where those large deer might stay.

"Well, by Heck", one said to another, "They have seen 'Old Snorting Charley's' tracks. Youse might as well go back where you come from as fool after that Old Boy, he is too slick."

They then told us a lengthy story about an old buck in that part of the woods and they knew he had been there for seven years and was so cunning that he could not be killed. They were all positive, and each sanctioned it, that pounds of lead had been shot at him, but none ever able to draw blood. His tricks were to lay on some high place; sleep with one eye open, and when a hunter approached he would skulk away, getting out of gun range, climbing on another high point and snorting at them. Therefore, they all knew him as "Snorting Charley."

By this time the sun had hidden himself in the golden West and the cook yelled out, "All to your places", and here

we were eager as school boys to see who would get the most venison pot pie. Next command from the cook, "Dishes to wash!" One had a headache; another's rheumatism was worse tonight; another had a pain in his stomach, and as usual those possessing the least will power were pressed into service at dish washing. Later we began talking about that charmed or supernatural deer.

One suggested changing his name to "Snorting Achilles" and that the proper place to shoot him was in the heel. He was discussed pro and con for an hour, then Daddy set up a snore and we amused ourselves tickling his nose with a stick until he would have made a good subject for a minstrel.

After all had laughed themselves hoarse, we retired and wandered into slumberland for a series of adventures and combats with the most ferocious beasts of the forest. After a good spell of sleep, snoring and snorting, some one yelled out "Four o'clock" and we were all up rubbing our eyes, feeling that we had only slept an hour. But after taking a good bath, as the cook called it, in ice water and eating a big breakfast of bacon and pan cakes we were all gingered up to the highest degree, ready for a big day's hunt. To our surprise a light skiff of snow had fallen that night, but it was imminent that it could not last longer than two o'clock as the weather was warm and balmy.

Before leaving the camp we agreed not to still hunt that day as we had in the past, but to hunt more concentrated in a certain territory, possibly to a greater advantage, as this was our first snow.

When I was about one mile away from camp I saw the tracks of a buck. I called the other men who were with me to come and we formulated plans as to just how he might be caught. One man tracked and one man on each side went the distance of 200 yards so that in the event the buck went out and run angling, one of us might get a shot.

We tracked a long distance but the

buck was sly. As we went up one hill he was lying on the top of another and scenting us, sneaked away cautiously until he was clear out of our range, but strange to say, he never snorted. Luckily we had placed two of our men on crossings where the deer would run in case we were successful in starting one. In about ten minutes we heard old Daddy's .45-75 crack just once and in five minutes we heard our other man shoot.

Well, we supposed they had the fancy prize down for keeps. Daddy got a shot at 125 yards and dropped the deer and just took his time in going to the spot,

would not load. The buck got so close that one could have hit him with a snow ball, but that old gun was surely crazy, as never before had it refused to load. The buck not knowing where the man was, just stood there and looked. Peculiar too, the man never thought of the six shooter that was in his belt, full, and just aching for a shot. There was only one thing to do and that was to halloo and scare him away. He declared he was as big as a cow; had horns like a rocking chair and acted vicious to the extreme. He would get down on his knees and horn the ground, cut all kinds



DR. J. W. BOWERS AND PARTY AT BOWERS' CAMP IN MARQUETTE CO., MICH. ONE WEEK'S KILL OF 14 DEER FOR EIGHT MEN.

but upon arrival there was no deer. However, it was evident he had hit as there were blood and hair and the place where the deer had fallen. He struck out on the trail and the buck went to the other man. He got the fever right and of the most intense variety. The buck had been shot in the shoulder and when he would leap very fast he would fall on his knees, get up, make a few more bounds and fall again. He came running up to the man and at a distance of sixty yards fell to his knees. The buck regained his footing and fell again. Then the fever was at its height and the gun

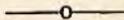
of capers. Of course, he did not know that the buck was wounded and trying his best to make a get away, but thought the buck was on the war path and meant destruction. If there ever was a case, we had a demonstration.

The buck crossed the road and got in a swamp. We then had the time of our lives. One step and all was well, but the next one and you were in water hip deep, then next was to regain equilibrium, only to fall headlong over a pole or root. If our tongues had been a foot long, surely they would have protruded full length.

The snow was almost gone and to land our game it was necessary to keep up the same rate of speed although repairs were needed badly. Finally we pushed him so close that father caught sight of him going and sent one ball through his hip and another in the back and still another in the neck and then our prize was landed, which weighed about three hundred pounds, and sure enough, it was "Old Snorting Charley."

Our whereabouts no man knew. Ahead of us was a lake and all around was swamp. To carry the deer was impossible because we did not know where to go. It was probable that we had made a hundred circles, crooks, crosses and jogs. Taking compasses and going in a straight line we came out on a road and found that our deer was three miles from camp. Next day, we went back, skinned and quartered the old boy and got him to the camp where the cook had venison and beans galore and it is needless to say that we did not require an invitation to dine as we were as hungry as a pack of wolves devouring a fatted lamb.

Strange to say that gun at target shooting in camp was a dandy, but just as sure as a deer would come near and it was in its owner's hands it would act queerly and commence to shoot into the air at intervals. Well, I guess the gun always got a case of buck fever.



UNIQUE BUT TRUE INCIDENT WITH WILD DUCKS.

A few years ago the writer had a most peculiar experience in the Province of Saskatchewan which it is doubtful has ever been duplicated.

It was late in the fall that I took my gun one afternoon and walked over to a small lake some seven or eight hundred acres in extent, to get some ducks. As the country was rolling prairie bare of trees, or any cover, it was very difficult to get near enough to the game on this lake.

Geese, ducks, and occasionally a few swans, gathered here preparatory to their flight south when the ice commenced to form. The best and only cover, near the shore, was a small bunch of tall grass, which I supplemented with big weeds. It was quite late in the day before I se-

cured a shot, and then almost out of range of my gun. One bird which had risen from the water, fell wounded among some reeds, while another dropped dead in the open water some 50 or 60 feet from the shore. Taking off my boots and socks, I waded in after my game but very soon I commenced sinking, deeper and deeper, in the sort of quick-sand bottom. Not relishing the job, for the water was not only very cold, but as darkness was creeping on it was impossible to tell its depth, I gave it up, and went home. Now this is merely a preface to what led up to the peculiar adventure that happened to me the following day. During the night it set in bitterly cold, and by morning the thermometer had dropped to five below zero. I had occasion that morning to visit a neighbor, living near the lake, and during our conversation I incidentally mentioned having shot a duck the night before, but failed to secure it. He at once remarked that it had probably been frozen in. I thought no more of it, and went home to noonday meal. During the meal his suggestion about the duck occurred to me, and I thought, why not go over and see if I can get my duck? Thinking it just possible that the very sudden frost may have hemmed in some birds in a sheltered spot of the lake, I took my gun along. On reaching the place where the duck I had shot should have been, I found that my neighbor had forestalled me, for duck was gone, and nothing but the depression in the ice where it had been frozen in was left to tantalize me.

Now in those days meat was a luxury to the poor settler, and a duck was immeasurably welcome. However I could not help laughing over the situation and recognizing my neighbor's acumen turned to walk along the shore when I recollected having seen the wounded duck fall among the reeds the evening before. Back I turned and sure enough within some twenty feet of the disappointing depression in the ice, I found lodged among the reeds, a big fat Mallard. Next time I met my enterprising neighbor I had some fun quizzing him, for carrying off a small teal, and leaving behind such a fine Mallard! But to return to my subject. In the center of the

lake there were many bunches of reeds, large and small, scattered about, and thinking it possible some ducks might be among them, set off, on what might be called a "wild duck chase" for beyond doubt the "goose" was gone. Over the glare ice I went, and it was a decidedly slippery walk, not improved by a cold breeze with the mercury about zero. To add to the disagreeable situation every few steps I took, the ice would crack with a bang, making me feel very uncomfortable, for I am a wretched swimmer, and feared going through the frail ice. However the further I got out from the shore into the open, the stronger the ice, until the reeds were reached. Then it was necessary to go warily and when passing among the bunches of reeds keep well away from them. After trudging about a quarter of a mile among these small sort of glades, and using much care in doing so, I was beginning to make up my mind to return, when lo and behold, in the centre of one of these glades squatted a duck! It was rather a long shot but fearing to take chances I fired and wounded it. The report of the gun started up a small flock of ducks that had been swimming about in a little patch of water, quite near where I was standing, which they had managed to keep open during the night. I was so surprised that I held fire with my other barrel, it was an ordinary two-barrel shot gun, when I observed that some of them scrambled onto the glare ice, while the rest arose from the water, cramped as the space was, and flew off. Still I held my fire for the antics of those that had so injudiciously trusted to the ice, were most ludicrous.

I at once took in the situation and decided to try and catch them with my hands. Proceeding to carry out my intention, to my surprise, and consternation down I crashed through the ice, instinctively grabbing the crumbling ice which would break away with my weight. I was nearly scared to death until my feet struck bottom, when I found to my intense relief that the depth was only a trifle over three feet at this spot. I soon managed with the aid of my gun to cover as much ice as possible to sustain my body and get back on solid ice.

Now it may sound unsportsmanlike,

but I wanted those ducks, and needed them badly for food. This was an occasion when true sport held a secondary place.

In a few minutes with plenty of slipping, sliding, and trying to dodge weak spots in the ice, I managed to secure five of the birds. The secret of my success was that the ducks could not get a foothold on the glare ice to rise on the wing, and when they did rise, the reeds would interfere. Some few however managed to get away but I had done good work towards replenishing my larder which needed it. Now during the whole scramble I went through the ice up to my waist, no less than four times, feeling grateful I was not in a deeper spot. When I secured the wounded bird, I at once hurried for the shore, sadly hampered with my frozen trousers which made it very difficult to navigate. I got home finally running most of the distance to shake off the chills, carrying along with me my oddly collected bag of seven ducks, and the thought that my unique experience had never been duplicated.

HENRY T. DENISON.



ONE FOX, TWO WILD CATS AND 30 WEASEL. PART OF H. SUTHERLAND'S LAST SEASON'S CATCH, PROVINCE OF NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA.

A TENDERFOOT'S FIRST DEER HUNT

By ONCE A TENDERFOOT

NOT so many years ago I moved from Iowa to the Black Hills of South Dakota and accepted a position as Cashier in a small bank and after about one and a half years of steady banking I was asked by my business friends to join them in their annual deer hunt. I was delighted at the chance and gladly accepted.

We had nearly three weeks before November 1st so had plenty of time to get ready in. I thought it would be valuable to me to take a few long tramps before going, so the following Sunday I shouldered a .40-82 Winchester (which belonged to my neighbor who had offered me his gun to take on my hunt) and I took a good long hike, climbing some very steep hills, also using the gun many times to get my self accustomed to it. However, the next few days I could hardly get up and down, I was so sore, but by the next Sunday I was good again and took a much longer hike and it did not make me sore. So for several mornings that following week I arose early and took long tramps.

On October 30th we got our provisions and bedding ready and hired a ranchman who lived near the deer country to come in with his team and wagon and take them to our camp. The next morning two of our boys, taking with them one saddle horse, joined the ranchman and they left town about daylight for camp and about 10 A. M. four more of us in a two seated mountain buggy left town, taking the liveryman along to bring the rig back.

Our camp was about 18 miles from town. We landed in camp about four P. M. with the Grub Wagon about ten minutes ahead of us and it was snowing hard—one of those good old snows without a breeze. We were soon unloaded, taking two bales of hay to the corral stable for the saddle horse. Supper was soon started in the camp, which was a very good log cabin, formerly built by a wood chopper, with an old, but good, range stove in it, a well of good water

close and a good cave at the rear of the cabin.

Now of course I was the tenderfoot of the bunch and a great deal of roasting was indulged in at my expense, but I really enjoyed it as long as they roasted in the right spirit.

However, not to boast, but to give you brother readers the inside, I had learned to handle a gun and shoot correctly from an old trap man when I was a small boy and had followed the trap game for at least ten years before going to South Dakota. But I did not tell my fellow hunters of my shooting knowledge for I did not know how I might act in the presence of a nice buck.

That night we all slept well and got up early. Left camp about daylight in good four inches of snow, each man going his own way and all planned to make a short trip the first day. It was all new to me and I journeyed along as tho hunting cotton tails and the result was that I saw seven deer before noon, but they were always just out of my distance and I did not get a shot. However, I made a good study of the surroundings as I could see it would be necessary in such a rough and wooded country. Returning to camp about two P. M. found all the boys there preparing an early supper. They at once began their roasting. Said they had decided I had seen a jack rabbit and thought it was a deer and got buck fever and hid so they were just about to start a search. I came back at them pretty strong but did not tell them what I had seen or what I had learned nor did I tell them my plans for the next day. After a splendid supper and everything was cleared away, we all sat down on our boxes, lit our pipes and cigars, told yarns and jokes for an hour or so then rolled in.

November 2, we were up and ready to start at daylight. This morning was bitter cold, but we were all dressed warmly and did not mind it. I made my way slowly towards the French Creek Divide. After following the Divide about

two miles, closely watching both sides and keeping my eyes on every small clump of jack pines, I crossed over and went down a canyon to French Creek, which is a good rough mountain stream. I found it was not entirely frozen over so had to back up. I took to the west, climbing a long mountain on the north slope. I was getting pretty tired and sat down on a rock to rest about 150 yards and south of a narrow canyon. And to my surprise I saw three deer on the other side of the canyon bounding along to the west at a leisurely gait. Rising and bringing my gun to my eyes I pulled on the first one. It staggered, then they all three turned and started east. I pulled on the same one again and it fell. Then I pulled on the next one (or the center deer). It made one high leap, turned around and disappeared among a thick growth of small pines. The third one also turned and started to follow. I pulled on it and it fell. I was soon over to where they lay and cut their throats, then drew them down on a flat rock, placing one at a time over the rock with heads down and proceeded to remove entrails. Having no rope with me I was unable to hang them up so left them, went down to the canyon, washed my hands in the snow then returned to the deer and cut off the end of each deer tongue, knowing I would need proof when I reached camp.

It was about eleven A. M. and I reached camp about 12:30, traveling fully three miles over very rough country. I found all the boys in camp eating a cold lunch, almost too tired to speak to me. One of the boys noticed some blood on my trousers and asked me if I had killed a cottontail. I told him I wasn't hunting cottontail I was hunting deer and that was deer blood. They all gave an amused grunt and said if you don't get down to lunch we will make you go without until supper time. I told them I wanted some one to go with me after the deer and asked who would volunteer. With that I got a pillow in the middle of the back and one of the boys jumped up and commenced to clear off the table. I said "alright I'll cook myself some fresh tongue if you please" and produced one of the tongues. This of course produced

a stir and they all got up to examine the tongue. It suddenly dawned upon them that I had the real article, then I produced the other tongue. At this they could not contain themselves. They caught me up in their arms and carried me back and forth thro the cabin then sat me down to the table and gave me every thing I wanted and all gathered around the table to hear my story.

When I had finished my story and my lunch they were all ready (but one) to go with me after the deer. They got the saddle horse, took my gun away from me and put it back in the cabin, then placed me in the saddle and ordered me to lead the way. I took the shortest possible route and when we were within a half mile from my deer we jumped a nice five point and not over one hundred yards away. They all began to shoot and fired ten shots in all and never touched him. It was now my turn to roast, but I did not say much to them as they had been too loyal to me, but I thought of the old saying, "He that laughs last laughs best." However, we soon reached my deer and there lay a nice fine 4-point and a yearling buck. Then I told the boys that I was most sure that I had hit the other deer hard so we began a search and in just a few minutes we found it lying tight up to a big dead tree, so we then cleaned this one.

It was nearly four P. M. when we started the long ascent to the top of the Divide where I had left the horse. It was so rough and steep that we could not get the horse any closer. One of the larger men took the yearling buck and that left two of us to each one of the other deer.

And now to make a long story short we did not get back to camp until nine P. M. with only one deer, swinging the other two up to trees near the top of the Divide and bringing the third one on the horse.

Talk about being all in, we were five of the most tired and played-out men I ever saw, but the way we did justice to the nice supper that was awaiting us was not slow. However, we got the others the next day.

I may come back again for I have had many hunts since my first.

IN THE LAND OF NO SNOW

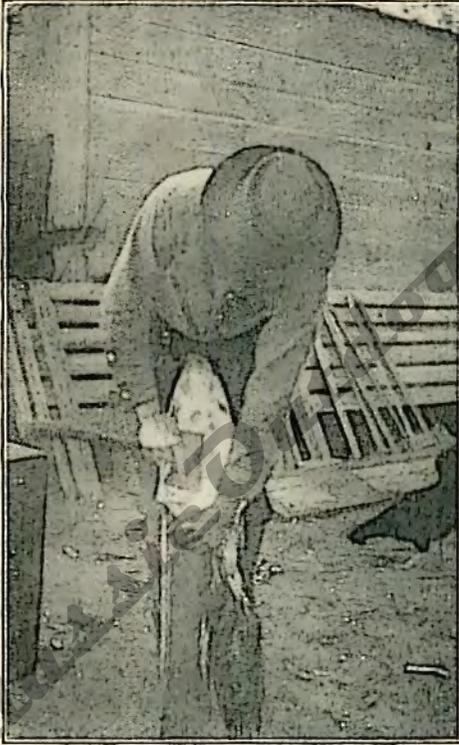
By HAROLD EARL YOUNG

IN the extreme southern part of the United States, southern Texas to be exact, there are counties where men grow to manhood and never see a snowflake. However strange it may seem to the readers, in these localities trapping is profitable.

The demand for fur has become so great and prices so high that profitable trapping grounds have been extended not only to the north and west but to the southland also. This phenomenal development and extension of trapping terri-

Especially is this true along our navigable rivers.

Southern farmer boys too have been educated to understand that fur means money. While this knowledge is not as general in the south as the north where trapping comes with ice and snow, still much of our fur trade comes from the south. We all know that the southern product is inferior to that of the cold section—the North. Yet the prices of recent years have made trapping feasible as a business both for the country lad and the professional. The latter, however, usually depends upon the bounty offered to insure his profits. The \$1.50 skunk and the \$3. and \$4. mink with corresponding good prices on other furs have made



"IT PAYS TO CARE FOR YOUR FUR."

tory has come about within the last decade. The value of fur on the present-day market has caused many trappers to invade the south with full camp equipage for the sole purpose of getting rich quick.



OUR BEST NIGHT'S CATCH, ONE COYOTE, 3 OPOSUMS AND 3 SKUNKS.

trapping profitable. And this stimulated trappers to better efforts.

By profitable trapping, that is trapping

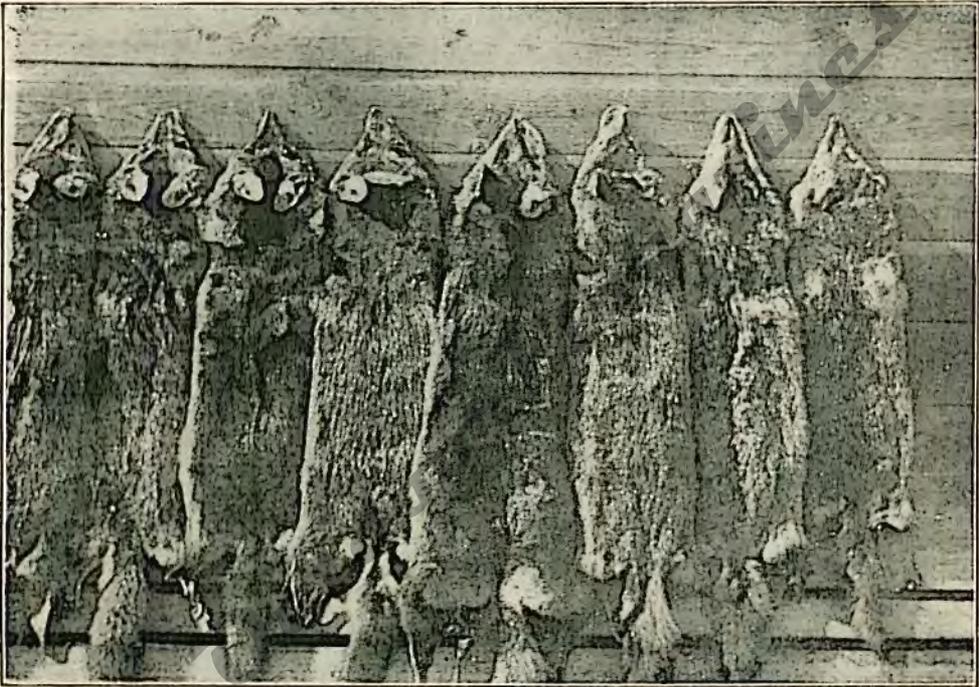
that will bring in more money to the farmer boy than he could make farming in the same length of time. Trapping may also be made exceedingly profitable by employing it as a pastime in the place of wasted time.

Profitable trapping touches others than the farmer's boys. Boys residing in small country towns, going to school, etc. have made this occupation a paying one. And needless to say after entering upon it solely for the pleasure to be derived from sport.

It is this difference and to acquaint you with this section of our country that prompts me to give you the story of the trap line of the season of 1913-14.

Trapping as a vocation was considered by my brother Frank and I chiefly because of the advantages it offered over farming as a winter's occupation. We had trapped some before and thus realized its possibilities. Then too, the bounty law was still in effect and meant added profits.

We were attending Bee County Rural



SOME "EXTREME SOUTHERN" COYOTES.

The professional — no there are not many this far south. Of course it does not pay him as well. Nevertheless where noxious animals are plentiful and bounty laws are bountiful (which is seldom the case) you will find trappers who are making some "clean cash" trapping.

The open winter with a "running night" nearly every night is an advantage to the trapper. Trapping where the only tracks you see are in the sand or mud (not in the snow) is different than where you take the old hound out after the first snow and run rabbits around the briar patches.

High School. As we were working our way through it was necessary to work one month during the winter and thus be enabled to attend regularly the remainder of the term.

Trapping was decided as the best field of work to enter. Plans were made carefully and worked out. H-T-T books were re-read. Luckily we were the possessors of a 10x12 wall tent, stove, a couple dozen small traps and a .22 rifle. The remainder of the outfit was ordered and we could hardly wait for December to arrive. As some pessimistic country

bard has said, "There is more in anticipation than participation."

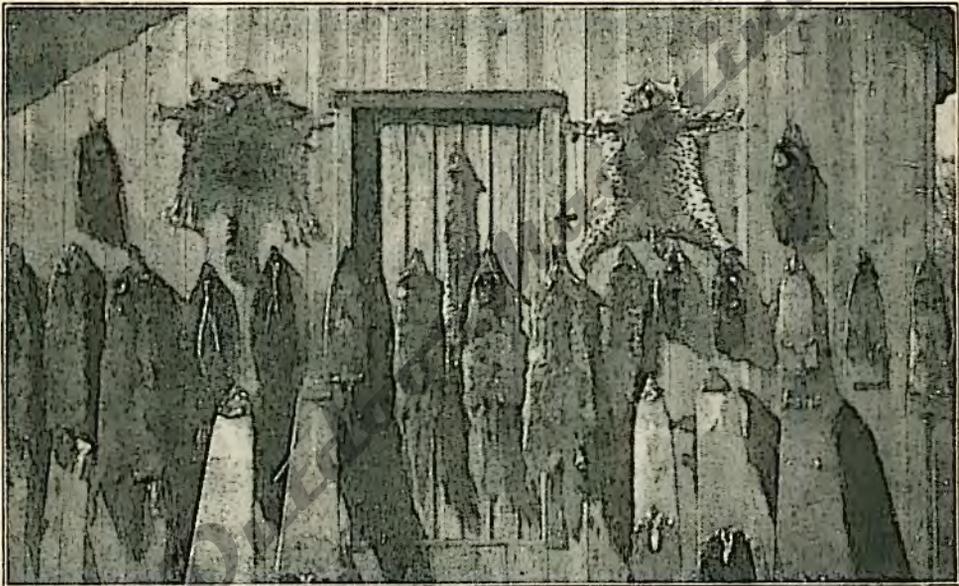
Several prospecting trips were made throughout the surrounding country on November Saturdays. During the last week in school we decided to go to Brooks County and trap from our home.

Thanksgiving day we left, bag and baggage, for our destination about one hundred miles distant over the S. A. & A. P. R. R. The week previous to the beginning of the trapping season was an anxious and busy one. Fur stretchers were made, both for coyotes and the smaller animals. Traps were boiled and oiled and everything put in readiness for the

On the morning of December 1st we began to lay out our line of traps. The first day we each set about 15 traps. However, only about one-half of them were baited. The next morning after visiting our sets and setting out about eight coyote sets we returned home to flesh and stretch our first furs—a narrow skunk and an opossum.

Each day we would set out more traps and bring in several pieces of fur. It was just a week before all the traps were set and bait pens baited.

A word about the method used. We were using the large traps for coyote and bob cat. Blind sets in cow tracks at the



"OUR SECOND TWO-WEEKS' CATCH."

opening of the season.

Our outfit consisted of the following: Tent 10x12, stove, dishes, table, sanitary cot, bedding, a trunk, sufficient clothing and high shoes, 12 gauge double barrel shot gun, a 22 rifle and a 32 S. W. six shooter. Traps were all Victor, two No. 1, twenty No. 1½, thirty No. 3, ten No. 4. We also had a dozen No. 2 jumps, totaling in all, 72 traps. In addition to these we had twenty ¾-inch iron stakes, 16 inches long with an eyelet about two inches down from the top, two small axes, two bottles of scent and a 3A Eastman folding pocket kodak making our outfit nearly complete.

junction of well-brushed trails proved good for coyote. The use of two or three traps wired to an iron stake and set about an inch below the surface of the ground, usually in a sand bed completely hidden and made to look natural with small pieces of bait scattered around, proved to be our best set for coyote. Blind sets in trails with bait scattered near caught the largest number of bobcats for us. A method used in getting the skunk and opossum and which was very simple and effective was: First a V-shaped pen was built from the fleshy, spinous leaves from the cactus plant, bait, usually a half of a cottontail, was then placed in

the back part of the pen with a trap set lengthwise at the entrance. A bait pen of this kind is very quickly made with a small axe.

At the end of the first two weeks our catch numbered 8 coyotes, 12 skunks, 24 opossum, 1 civet cat and 5 bob cats, while our best night's catch was one coyote, 3 skunk and 3 opossum.

On December 15, 1913, we moved our line of traps about four miles east to a country of thicker brush near a small creek called Los Almos.

While in this territory we used only about forty traps because rabbits were hard to get for bait and we found the cottontail by far the best morsel used to entice the fur bearer into a trap.

Weather conditions were ideal for trapping. Successive northers (cold spells) were followed by several warm moist nights which were great for all animals to run with the exception of the coyote who got caught when the northers whistled. Real cold weather is almost unknown in this land of no snow, but several times during the winter months a killing frost (28°) will affect a person as much as zero weather in the North. Sometimes the mercury drops as low as 18 degrees, but this is exceptional.

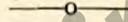
Trapping may be safely indulged in from December 1 to February 15. The prime furs of January bringing the most money.

January 3 we stopped trapping and prepared to return to our studies which began the fifth of January. The season's catch, a few days over a month, was: 15 coyotes, 18 bob cats, 42 opossum, 17 skunk, 1 civet, 2 coons and 2 grey foxes. The remuneration received for our fur was rather low because we sold on the poorest market of the season. Bounty on coyote and bob cats amounting to \$33.00 added to the amount our bob cats brought us tanned and sold for rugs netted us a minimum return.

The following hints are observations and so often repeated that they have become almost axioms of this art. No matter, they are the truths which I, as a beginner, have come to recognize as fundamental and perhaps they may be of some use to the novice. It pays to use large traps (there is not much danger of traps being too big). They catch higher

and hold longer on most animals. Use fresh bait, make sets look undisturbed—natural, be cautious in handling; not finicky, read the H-T-T publications, know all you can about the habits, etc. of each animal and care for your furs.

The season's trapping was very successful. Not only were we enabled to finish our school term but a superior knowledge of out-of-door life was gained through the association with things in their wild state. Such environment in this day of economic pressure affords a most fitting avocation and at the same time a profitable vocation for the person who knows the value of the great out-of-doors.



ANIMAL LIFE IN AMERICAN NOMENCLATURE.

By Stuart B. Stone.

In naming the early settlements and the newly-discovered streams or mountains of the United States, the first map makers borrowed liberally of the wild animal life with which the country abounded. Thus, although the buffalo and the deer may entirely disappear, there will always be populous cities, beautiful rivers or towering peaks to remind of their former presence. Many places have Indian, Spanish or Dutch names which have reference to the fauna of the region. The origin and significance of these place-names has been traced by the United States Geological Survey, with the assistance of history students within the various states.

The beautiful Catskill Mountains of the Hudson River region were originally called *katsbergs* by the Dutch, from the number of wildcats found in them. Catskill Creek, flowing through them, was called *Katerskill*, meaning "tomcats' creek."

Lake Erie has an Indian designation meaning "wildcat", which was the name of an ancient tribe living on its borders.

In California, the musical name of the town of Los Gatos, signifies in Spanish simply "the cats", and refers to the presence of wildcats in the country.

The buffalo, who formerly swarmed over the great American prairie, has his monuments in the great city in western

New York, three counties, and numerous towns and streams.

The mighty Mohawk River, of central New York State, has an Indian name meaning "eater of live meat" and referring to a bear. The name Yakima, which has been given to a county, city and river in Washington, is said to signify "black bear." Numerous Bear Creeks and Bear Lakes are to be found upon the map. One of the lofty summits of the Colorado Rockies is called Mt. Grizzly from an adventure which a party of scientists had with one of the species.

The otter has played an important part in the nomenclature of the country. The city of Kalamazoo has an Indian designation said to mean "otter tail." Otter Tail County and Lake are found in Minnesota, while there are numerous creeks named from this animal.

The name of the celebrated Indian chief, Tecumseh, who fought with the British against the American forces in 1812, has been given to a number of towns. The name refers to a panther. The name Copiah, borne by a county, town and creek in Mississippi, is translated "calling panther."

The beaver has given his name to counties in Pennsylvania, Oklahoma and Utah, to twenty postoffices and to numerous creeks and lakes. His habit of placing obstacles in streams is responsible for a number of Beaver Dams. Beaver Head County, Montana, was so called from a rock in the county shaped like a beaver's head. Castor River in Missouri and Castor Bayou in Louisiana took their name from the Greek, *kastor*, meaning "beaver."

The deer family is responsible for many place-names. The town of Deerfield, New Hampshire, was so called because, when the petition for a town was pending, a Mr. Batchelder killed a deer, and upon presenting it to Governor Wentworth, obtained the act and the name.

There are Elk counties in Kansas and Pennsylvania and more than sixty places in the country have the name either alone or as a prefix. Elkhart Lake, in Wisconsin, was so named from its resemblance to an elk's heart. Elkhorn prairie, in the same state, was so named

on account of the finding of an elk's horn upon a tree.

Antelope County, Nebraska, owes its name to the circumstance of the killing and eating of an antelope by pioneers during the pursuit of some Indians.

The early abundance of the wolf is testified to by the number of Wolf creeks and rivers. The village of Wonewoc, in Wisconsin, has an Indian name meaning "they howl" and referring to the wolves. The name of the famous tribe, the Mohicans, which has been given to a town and river in Ohio, signifies "wolf."

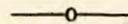
The fox has an important river and lake in Wisconsin to his credit, besides many smaller streams. The city of Waukesha took its name from the Indian *wauk-tsha*, meaning "fox."

The Big Horn River and Mountains, in Wyoming and Montana, were named from the Rocky Mountain sheep which frequented them. The early Indian designation was *papatunkau*, signifying "big head."

Even the lowly coyote has his namesakes in the way of towns in California and New Mexico, while a lofty peak of the Park Range, in Colorado, rejoices in the name of Rabbit Ears.

The number of Indian names having animal significance is legion. The towns of Chula, Chulafinnee and Chulahoma, in Missouri, Alabama and Mississippi, respectively, have Choctaw designations meaning "red fox." The name of the Mispan River, flowing into the Delaware, signifies "raccoon." The town of Pachuta, Mississippi, has a name meaning "possum creek."

Spanish animal names are especially common in the Southwest. The name of El Reno, Oklahoma, means "the reindeer." The Cibolo River, in Texas, has the Spanish name for buffalo. El Toro ("the bull") is found in California.



VIEWS ON PROTECTION, ETC.

Why am I writing this? Why do you contradict a man when he says that his dog is better than any one else's? I guess I've said enough on that.

Now I have seen a good many views on protection, firearms, dogs, etc. That is what we want; the more arguments we get the better qualified we are to judge.

First to take up the question of the cause of accidents. Many have argued for the idea that repeating firearms are the cause of it. Others argue whiskey, carelessness, etc. But when it is all boiled down, we find that it is the man behind the gun who is guilty; not the arm itself. And to boil it down still farther, we find that ignorance of the use of firearms is perhaps the greatest cause. And to show the ignorance of the people we will give some specific instances. You have all seen the arguments concerning whether a rifle bullet twists or not. Well, of course, we know that the twist is the vital principle of the rifle. Then you all know of people who never clean their guns; but just let the residue eat the barrel away. I don't believe fifty per cent of them know any better. Read "Views of an Easterner", page 48, June 1914, by A. K. Stetson.

Now then for game protection. Very few agree on this question. It is one of the hardest questions that I know of. Game laws will do much good if enforced; but in how many states are they enforced? You can talk about saving some for seed all you want to; but not many will follow out the idea; unless they have some better incentive I think the very best thing to do is to have more game preserves. Of course nobody except the wardens should be allowed on them. I haven't any reason to think that this would work, except that my reasoning suggests it. It is a very hard job to enforce the game laws; because the wardens are too easily bribed. Of course there are some excellent game wardens; but they are the exception; at least in this section of the country. It is no wonder tho; when you come to consider what a warden has to do.

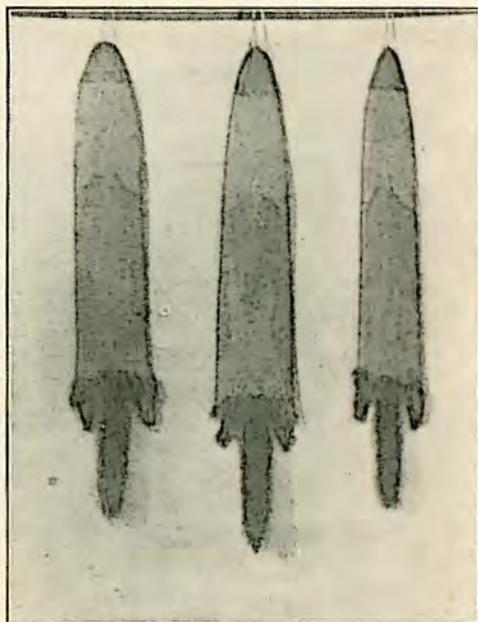
I would like to say a word or two about dogs. First, there are good dogs, and there are bad ones. Some of you seem to forget that. Now I am a friend of a good dog. But I have known of dogs who run the woods all night, kill-

ing game. I have heard say that "the character of the dog shows the character of his master." This is partly true. It takes care to train a dog. Now some of you fellows buy a dog from some other town, or else get him on trial. You don't know the dog and he doesn't know you. How on earth can you expect him to give satisfaction!

The long and the short of it is that if you really want a good dog you must train him yourself. There is no way out of it. I could say a lot more on this, but I won't this time.

Some of you are going to kick, and call me names. I realize that perfectly. But no one person's theories or reasonings can be perfect, remember that. And I also realize that the outdoor class of people have more differences of opinion than many others do. One other thing I want to say; don't criticise and kick at every little statement written by some well-meaning person. I am not saying this for myself at all, but for others I have seen criticised. So long, boys.

WILLARD JOHNSON,
Oregon.



THREE GOOD MINK I CAUGHT IN NOVEMBER,
1913. V. OLSON, HOUSTON CO., MINN.

OUR ANNUAL HUNT IN THE ADIRONDACKS

By ALBERT B. ROLFE

On September 22, 1913, the writer, Albert B. Rolfe, accompanied by Mrs. Rolfe, started at twelve o'clock midnight on our annual hunting trip to the Adirondacks. Our objective point being the sixteen mile level of the St. Regis River.

Our camp was to be located at a spot called Indian Rock, made famous from the fact that it was used by the St. Regis branch of Iroquois Nation in days gone by as their fall hunting camp. And the rock was the council rock of the tribe.

We started from home in a pouring rain, but Mrs. Rolfe and myself were quite comfortable as our conveyance was a very easy riding and comfortable covered wagon purchased for this purpose, some years ago. Our heaviest load consisting of camp outfit, provisions, etc., was hauled by a neighbor, Mr. Chas. McArthur, who was not quite as dry and comfortable as we were. I had in our rig two guns, one a 20 gauge Parker Hammerless and the other a Winchester rifle. The Parker was securely fastened to our wagon but the rifle got loose, punctured a hole in the side curtain and was lost. This left us with only one gun to start with.

We reached Indian Rock at three P. M. after a rainy, muddy and altogether disagreeable trip. We were to be met by a very dear old friend of ours, Mr. Walter H. Stevens, Adirondack guide and an all around good fellow, who was to help us pitch our tent and fix up camp for the fall hunt.

We turned from the main road into the trail leading to the Rock and found a pole standing in the trail, with a note attached from Walter, stating that our friend, James Eccles, of Camp Madawaska, had told him to open his hunting lodge at the Rock and have us occupy it until we were able to go into our own camp. The aforesaid lodge was situated about a quarter of a mile from the spot where we intended to make our home for a number of weeks. Upon our arrival at the lodge we found Walter in possession with a good fire started and the building warm and comfortable. We got off such things as we needed from the load, put up a shelter for the horses, partook of a fine supper prepared by Walter and had a fine night's rest and you can believe me we slept sound.

In the morning after breakfast Mac intended to start home so we had him to haul the stuff to the camping place. The weather had cleared during the night and the day was warm and pleasant. Walter staid with us the rest of the week and spent the time in showing me trails that were new to me, through the woods that lead to fine runways where he had killed many deer in the past.

On Wednesday we had a call from our friend, Jim Eccles, who came over to see that the lodge was in good shape for a party of sportsmen from Buffalo who come to this spot every year for their annual hunt. Jim was also preparing his hunting lodge at the foot of Rice Mountain (a duplicate of the one at the Rock) for another party from New York and Philadelphia.

Immediately after my arrival I wrote my son in New York, telling him that I had lost my rifle and asking him to send me a .25-35 feather weight, with the necessary ammunition. The gun was not sent immediately.



MRS. ROLFE AND OUR TWO DEER.

owing to the fact that my son was absent from the city, straightening out some matters in one of his theatrical companies and as his office force never open my letters the communication lay on his table two weeks. During that time I had only the Parker and as soon as the closed season had expired Mrs. Rolfe began to use it with killing effect on sundry, wild ducks, partridge, etc. Jim Eccles brought us over a hind quarter of a nice spike horn buck and then the Buffalo party, headed by Mr. Henry Doll with his wife and little son, twelve years of age, and eight relatives and friends. Mrs. Doll, by the way, is a very fine rifle shot and has killed her

deer at this same spot. The men of the party were all fine fellows, real true sportsmen. In the meantime I was tramping the trail each day to Madawaska and return, a distance of six miles in all, to see if my gun had come.

The before-mentioned quarter of venison was nearly gone, I had quite decided to appropriate the little Parker, load it with ball cartridge and try my luck with it on a deer (I saw them every day) when just at the last moment Mr. and Mrs. Doll came over to our camp with another hind quarter.

As we had so good a supply of venison, wild duck and partridge with all the fish we wanted we decided to not try to kill a deer

in the swamp for he turned his head and looked back and she shot him in the breast at the base of the neck. He sprang into the air, fell, rose again and made two jumps and fell dead. In the meantime I was at the camp deep in despair because I had no gun. I heard the shot and thought it was the right barrel. In about ten minutes I heard her coming on the run. She could hardly speak for lack of breath. But as soon as she could, cried, "Hurry up, Albert, and help me get out my deer. I shot a big buck." Well, maybe we didn't have a hard time getting that deer into camp. Mrs. Rolfe from that time on made many remarks in regard to the fine skill and



ROLFE'S CAMP AT INDIAN ROCK.

until we were nearly ready to go home. So we waited until October 26th, just one week before we intended to break camp. On that day about four P. M. Mrs. Rolfe took the little Parker, loading the right barrel with ball cartridge, a five-eighths round ball with two drams "dead shot" powder behind it and went about one mile from our camp to a dense swamp where the deer trails were like cow paths in a pasture. She got there about four-thirty and sat down on a little hillside commanding an old lumber road as it came out of the swamps. She had not been seated over ten minutes when a fine large buck stepped out of the swamp directly facing her. He must have heard some sound behind him

good woodsmanship required to kill a deer, but I was waiting for that gun. Just four days more and I went over to Madawaska; Jim said, "Well, your gun is here at last." We unpacked it and as I was not familiar with the Savage action Jim put it together and put the cartridges in the magazine. Then he asked me to go with his party for a drive for deer. We took a woods' trail, starting near the lodge and found any quantity of deer signs within a half mile of the house.

I was placed at an old lumber camp about one mile on the trail. There were four of the party acting as drivers. I found the wind, as it whistled around the corner of that old camp, as cold as though it were direct off the

coast of Greenland, and after standing with gun in hand a good long hour, began to wonder if it were not a north wind. I leaned my gun against the camp, took out my pocket compass and placed it on the palm of my hand to allow the needle to settle, raised my eyes and there was a fine deer trotting past within eighty feet of me. I dropped my compass on the ground, reached slowly for my rifle, brought it to my shoulder cautiously, got a fine bead on that deer's fore shoulders and pulled. No report! That infernal safety was on. I took the gun down and he saw me and started on the run. I got the safety off and shot at him just as he was disappearing in the bushes. Of course, I did not score. I called myself some hard names, thought of the fine skill and woodsmanship that Mrs. Rolfe had mentioned and waited for the crowd to come.

They came, and after hearing my confession, Jim eased my mind by saying I was not to blame owing to the fact that I was quite unfamiliar with my own gun. The rest joined in along the same lines, and I began to think some one else might have done as badly.

We ate our lunch and I then started for home. I had to pass a couple of small ponds on the way and concluded to try my gun at a mark, although I do not approve of this practice. I selected a small stub in the water about twenty rods away, put a ball square through it and concluded the gun was all right. I got to camp and ate a lunch and didn't even mention the fact that I was shooting at a deer. Boys, I didn't dare to. I then took the little rifle and started out after my deer. This was on November 1st and my sixty-second birthday.

I had not gone over a half mile from the camp when I saw the hind quarters of a deer as he stood browsing partly behind an enormous pine stump. I saw the tips of his horns and waited no longer. I shot him and he fell and rose again and I put another ball through him and he stayed down that time. He was an eight point buck, somewhat smaller than the one Mrs. Rolfe shot, but as her's had only seven points I could talk deer to her with more heart. She could no longer make offensive remarks about "poor hunters," "poor woodsmen," etc.

I am sending a photo of Mrs. Rolfe and our two deer, also a view of Indian Rock and one of our camp. Also of Buck Mountain on the forest preserve of Wm. Rockefeller. This view is taken from the front of our tent on the old Indian camp ground.

We were very much annoyed by the persecutions of a certain hotel keeper who objected to any one else hunting on the sixteen mile level, although he has no more right there than any one else as the land belongs to the St. Regis Paper Company and is thrown open to campers. Said hotel man phoned to Division Chief Game Protector Cameron at

Saranac Lake and told him Rolfe was trapping out of season. Of course, Mr. Cameron sent two of his men to look me up. They had to go to said hotel man's place via one of his conveyances sent to meet them at the railroad station, remain all night at the hotel and hire a rig and boat to get to my camp and return the same way. This put quite a number of dollars into Mr. Hotel Man's pocket. I found the Wardens to be fine manly fellows, both sharp, keen woodsmen and both gentlemen. They were Messrs. Stearns and Kirby. Of course, they found nothing, as I am not that kind of a trapper. About two weeks later they returned again, summoned by Mr. Man, who evidently wanted more cash. Another failure and another pleasant visit with Messrs. Stearns and Kirby.

I expected Mac after me with the rigs to take us out on the third, and he came on time. Bid Jim Eccles a cordial goodbye after almost making him promise to spend Christmas with me and took the road for home, our deer making a fine display on the top of Mac's load for the benefit of the hotel man aforesaid. I had two deer killed on the Sixteen Mile Level that he didn't get from thirty-five to fifty dollars apiece for.

I would say for the benefit of the brother sportsmen that deer are very plentiful on the Sixteen Mile Level owing to the fact that the Rockefeller park, containing nearly sixty thousand acres, borders on the level. On this preserve deer and other game are not molested at any time and therefore they breed there quite undisturbed. They come off the park in large numbers. From our camp we could hear them crossing the river at night, very often, on their way to and from the park.

To reach this spot take the N. Y. & Montreal branch of the N. Y. Central, change at Tupper Lake Junction to the N. Y. & Ottawa, get off at Camp Madawaska and walk three miles to Indian Rock Camp. There is a post-office at Madawaska so that letters can be sent and received each day.

While we were in camp we met many fine people, among whom were Messrs. Peter Ellsesser and Peter Sudermann, of New York; Mr. Wm. Hart, of Tarrytown, N. Y.; Bickford & Son, who control all electric engines drawing passenger trains in and out of Grand Central Station of New York City; Mr. Dallas, of Buffalo; Harlow Wheeler, Fire Warden; Carl Farrar, who is Station Agent at Meno; also Wm. Hardy and Bernard Dewey, guards on the park line, who made me a number of visits, but who would not allow me to return them as they attended strictly to their duty, which was to keep people off the park.

If I am alive, I shall go to this delightful spot in my auto next summer for the trout fishing, which is fine on the Sixteen Mile Level.

Albert B. Rolfe,
St. Lawrence County, N. Y.

TRAPPING???

YES, sir; it kind 'o "gets my goat" to read some of you fellows' experiences and then to have to set back and think of my own and what I have missed. My first attempt was awful, but I have two things that are holding me to the trap line and they are the H-T-T and Joe. No, Joe is not my dog, but my rag-chewing friend, guide and teacher.

In regard to my dog, he has to be labeled, to avoid mistakes, Never-was, and never-will-be by the beard of the Prophet. I got him "warranted to catch all fur bearing animals on the wing, both in and out of season," for ten dollars.

But how I happened to take this hunt. I purchased my place in Washington County, Missouri, two years ago and bought right out in the "tall and uncut." The reason for this is that I always loved the woods and always will, although my business has kept me away from them.

Last winter, for the first time in my life, I trapped. Yes, sir; I trapped and Joe cussed. Of course, he trapped a little also. Now, my business has taken me over quite a bit of territory—South America, Mexico, Cuba, Canada and, of course, the United States. To be downright honest, I had come to regard myself as a pretty "wise guy;" yes, I really thought that, but I've quit thinking. Six weeks on a trap line with Joe along Big River is enough to make a man quit anything, especially a "first of May" trapper like myself.

My equipment for this never-to-be-forgotten trip was what I call "class" and graded par excellence. I had about three things that I really needed and about ninety-seven that I did not. When Joe arrived he took one good look at my outfit, snorted and said, "Let's go." We did. On the way out Joe gave me all the information his vocabulary would permit, and while I did not think much of it at the time, I know now that he was handing out good "dope."

We pitched camp near the river and turned in, promptly. I must have given Morpheus a run for his money for Joe said I made more noise snoring than a black she bear with red measles, but I don't believe that.

Next morning, no it was not yet morning, for it wasn't light, Joe kicked me out, handed me a chunk of Missouri hog and said, "Up the river." Now, honest injun, I did my everlastingly best to set and place those traps of mine a la Joe, but while some passed inspection, others did not.

I slung 'em out along the river for a ways, then cut into the hills, making sort of a circle back to camp. Joe was there before me. We fished for a while, hunted a while and I went to sleep that night thinking what a wonderful man Daniel Boone must have been.

Neverwas, my purp, woke me sniffing around as though he expected to discover a porterhouse smothered in mushrooms. Joe was al-

ready awake with breakfast on the way. The first thing I thought of was the traps and while I drank my black coffee I experienced a feeling such as I should judge a six-year-old kid would have on Christmas morning, with a brand new Daisy air rifle to his credit.

Breakfast over, I got ready to "beat it" quickly up the river. As I picked up my rifle, Joe opened up enough to exclaim, "Huh! kind 'o got the fever, ain't ye?" I answered, "Surest thing you know, Joe," and departed.

Now here comes an argument on "13" that is and is not. Arriving at my first trap I found it sprung. Whatever sprung it is still a mystery to me. I could find neither tracks nor hair. I set it again and started on my way, tickled to death and glad I was out in the woods. Well, I run those blamed traps (all empty) until I reached No. 10. I sat down and—well, said a few complimentary things about the weather and lit my pipe. My smoke finished, I started up the circle. Arrived at No. 11, then No. 12—nothing doing. But when I made the grade and landed at 13, the little ivory ball dropped in on the "double O" and I cashed in a hatful. Oh, yes, I had him, a real live twentieth century skunk—a star, Joe informed me later. To say I was tickled would be putting it mildly. I saw visions of a swell fur coat for my wife's next Christmas present. I came back to earth and cut a nice little stick and started to advance on Mr. Skunk, intending to break his back (Joe said that was one way of doing it). Now, I really believe I hit his Lordship, but I know he hit me, and say, my first sea voyage was a joke compared to what I went through with that skunk. Holy smoke! fellows, if an artist could mix some colors that I beheld for a few seconds, he would become famous without ever applying his brush to a canvas. That monster had me dancing everything from a "Siwash war hop" to a "Bowery Tango." I've read lots about big game hunting, but on the dead level, I'd rather fight a grizzly with 8-oz. gloves than to go through that ordeal again. Our American skunk is, without doubt, the biggest little animal that I ever had the pleasure of meeting.

After the smoke of battle lifted I cleared for action and shot him and resumed my hike. I must admit that I was feeling somewhat wobbly, but still on the job. As I trudged along I was hoping that my next catch would not be a skunk, but it was—a striped one this time and about a quarter of a mile from camp. I gazed from afar at this party and came to the conclusion that skunkie was about all in. I tried the stick again with better results. I nailed this one and got off Scot Free myself. Joe was in camp when I arrived, and had the goodness to say I brought in more than he ever dreamed I would. Of course, he "hee-hawed" when I related my experience at trap 13 and said he thought I smelled pretty green.

But to make a long story short, I learned a lot before our six weeks were up and got into all kinds of trouble with Joe at the same time and all because I did not know the ropes of woodcraft and things pertaining to it.

I am going again this fall, and to get right down to brass tacks, I'll bet that Joe is anxiously awaiting my return so that we may hit the trail together. I received a letter from him a few weeks ago in which he enclosed a little penciled sign, telling me to get a few of them printed to hang above my traps the coming season. Here it is:

NOTICE.

This trap is set for any self-respecting fur bearing animal. Skunks and other high powered varmints, keep off.
G. J. C., Mo.

—o—

A FOX HUNT IN CANADA.

I was up in Canada on a two weeks' vacation and a friend of mine, Edd Adams, asked me to go fox-hunting with him as it had been some time since we had a fox hunt together. My father's farm joined Edd's farm and we were neighbors until I was about nineteen years old so we had many good fox hunts together.

We made all plans to go and the next morning left about seven o'clock. It was a lovely October morning and there was a heavy frost on the ground. We had two hounds, one by the name of Ned and the other by the name of Mike.

We hitched up our horse and drove two miles, then we left our horse at what was called the Nickles place and started on foot for the woods. We hadn't gone very far in the woods when Ned struck a trail and was soon accompanied by Mike.

It proved to be an old track but they worked up in the south part of what is called the huckleberry marsh and then went east to the Lamourie Flats and finally lost the trail on a large piece of newly plowed ground.

Edd thought we had better put the chains on the dogs and go up to the Guds woods, which was about a mile away, as he thought the fox was probably lying in there, so we went up to the woods and let our dogs loose again.

They hadn't been in the woods long until both began to tongue and in a short time had the fox started, which made good music such as all fox hunters enjoy hearing.

Edd went into the center of the woods about where the fox was started and I went to the east side of the woods. The woods was about twenty acres in size. The fox circled twice and was coming east. The dogs were driving him pretty fast when I heard two shots but the music never stopped and seemed to be coming closer to me. It was only a few seconds when I saw Mr. Fox coming, and say, he was coming some, too.

I pulled the left trigger of my gun on him and put him in a pile. The dogs got to him almost as soon as I did. Edd came over where I was and we skinned the fox and stood talking about him when we heard the dogs begin to tongue again. At first we thought they were back on the same trail again but they kept going and after a while I said to Edd, "I believe they have started another fox," and after listening a minute, Edd said, "I guess you're right."

The dogs worked west down to the lower end of the woods. We weren't long placing ourselves and it was not long before the woods were full of music again, but there had been too much for this foxy fellow to stay.

He swam across the river and then crossed the main road and went straight for the Moshier woods, which was about three miles. We had to walk up the river bank about a half mile to get to a bridge to cross the river.

By the time we had got across the river it was noon and the dogs were out of hearing.



PICKING DUCKS FOR DINNER.

but we went on and when we got in the woods we could just hear the dogs going south of us. They were coming closer but they turned again and went back. We kept working our way and in about half an hour we heard the dogs swing north out on the meadow flats.

I got out on the northwest side of the woods on a large hill where I could see for a good mile on the level fields. I could hear the dogs coming closer and finally I saw the dogs before I saw the fox coming across the flats.

Ned's color was red and white and I could see him jumping the fences. The other hound was a black and tan. Ned generally did the leading. I kept looking for the fox and soon I saw him. He was keeping close to the fences. It was a pretty sight to see the fox and dogs coming across the lots, the fox leading the dogs about a quarter of a mile. He was working west from me and I was wishing all the time I was farther west. Edd was

there but I did not know it at the time, but it wasn't long before he turned and came my way. It was a long shot from where I stood when he turned broadside and was going east,

came over where I was and gave me credit for making such a long shot.

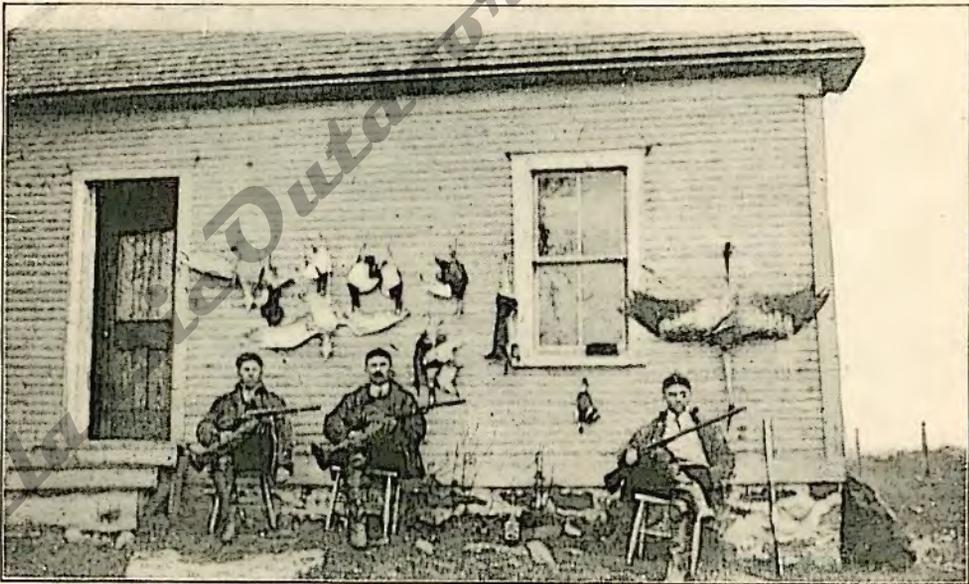
Edd saw the fox and hounds coming and also saw me when I shot the fox. We took



RESTING AFTER THE CHASE — FOUR FOXES TO OUR CREDIT.

but I thought it was my only chance so I pulled the left trigger on him then, the right. It didn't stop him at the time but I knew I hit him hard. He ran over a little knoll and I

his pelt and started back to our team, tired, but satisfied with our day's sport. I had the honor of shooting both foxes that day, but I have seen Edd carry off all the honors a



MORGAN DERICK, G. L. DAVIS AND H. H. DERICK AND THEIR CAMP AT LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

took my time and walked over to where I had seen him last on the knoll. I looked down in the hollow and there he lay kicking for his life. I ran and picked him up and Edd

great many days in times gone by. I think he has shot more foxes than any other fox hunter in that county.

George L. Davis, Hartford Co., Conn.

A GAME THIEF BY PROFESSION AND HIS DANGEROUS OCCUPATION

By RICHARD MIESKE

AS the term "Game Thief" is a word very seldom mentioned here, in this country and you hardly could use it in the true sense of the word in America, as a free country, whereas in Germany it is used a great deal. I have given the readers of H-T-T in a previous article an idea about Game Laws and Hunting conditions in Germany. It may be of some interest to those readers that are not familiar with the ways and customs of the old country to learn something about the life of a Game Thief and the dangers that are connected with such a sport. An old proverb says, "Forbidden fruit tastes sweet," and it is a well established fact that there exists in some people an almost uncontrollable desire, disregarding all laws, of obtaining this forbidden fruit at any cost, even at the risk of their lives. A man of this type is the hero of my story.

They called him "Old Boek," for if a man in that country is somewhat ignorant and poor besides, nobody ever thinks it necessary to add that little word "Mister" or "Herr" to his name.

He was a professional game thief and followed his criminal career the most part of his life. He lived about six miles from our place in a village where he called a small house and a little garden patch his own. He worked now and then a little, too, but not enough to hurt himself and why should he work when game was plentiful and easy to secure. He had enough to eat and the ways of the world didn't worry him any. He also was the proud owner of a small dog, a common cur, but the old man had him well trained for chasing deer and roes, and he used him for that purpose on his nightly excursions. Nobody ever had seen him take a gun to the woods or from the woods. He always kept it hidden in some certain place or places right in the forest.

The police record showed that he had served two prison terms, for trespassing and violating the Game Laws. The second term was considerably longer than the first one. He was known to the authorities and all the Game Wardens, far and wide, as a desperate character and as a constant violator of the game laws. The Wardens feared him, for he was very revengeful, and it happened sometimes that a Game Warden came across him on his rounds, but old Boek always was met without a gun or dog, gathering a bundle of dry limbs, picking berries or mushrooms in a bag, etc. They generally gave him a warning and let him go unmolested, but, in fact, he was not so eager after limbs, berries, etc., as he was to watch the movements of the game.

He was shot twice and wounded by Game Wardens at night, but both times he managed

to make his escape under the protecting cover of night and his wounds healed up again in time. He was said to have shot and killed a Game Warden. People whispered that old Boek had it in for him. Of course, no one else but old Boek, this notorious game thief, could have committed such a terrible crime. The authorities suspected him the guilty person and he was thrown into prison. There he



RICHARD MIESKE, HIS FAITHFUL DOG, COLONEL, AND SOME OF HIS TRAPS AND ARTILLERY.

stayed a long time but as the authorities could not possibly find any positive evidence against him, to prove his guilt, they finally had to let him go again and old Boek had his freedom once more.

I had heard so much about him, but never had I heard of any good he had done, that I almost feared this mysterious man myself, though I had never seen him and we had

never met. But the day wasn't far distant when I should have the pleasure (?) of making his personal acquaintance in a rather unpleasant and not customary way.

To give the reader a better idea of the locality, I will give a short description of the country I am at present writing of. My parents' little farm was 350 acres big and we owned a grist mill also that was run by water power. We had a free right to hunt and fish on our premises. One big lake was below us and one above us; both of these lakes were village property. But we had a very large mill pond which stood in connection with both of the lakes and where fish of all kinds were abundant. Our land was running more in length than in width. To the right (north) the upper lake held the line, to the south and east the rich man's forests and to the west our land ran as far as the lower lake. About 40 acres of the farm, the farthest off, was grown up with young pine, about 15 years old. Between them were some brooks and little patches of land which we always plowed and sowed it down with oats, buckwheat, turnips, etc., purposely for the game to feed on. Here I had my places fixed to watch the game that always came nights out of the forest over the line on our land to feed, though I had my places all over our farm, wherever I knew game came.

Our neighbor was a Nobleman and belonged to the aristocracy. Though not holding a rank as an officer in the German army or navy, he was very wealthy and had money to burn. He called seven thousand acres of good farm land his own, besides he owned thousands of acres of pine forest of all sizes and of all ages. He employed three Game Wardens who, with their families, lived quietly and comfortably in the forest, and each one had his own beat to look after.

It was late in fall. The days were wonderful and the air refreshing and balmy, but the nights were rather chilly. I hadn't watched deer for about a week, though I always used to go over our farm almost every day to watch their movements. The last bunch of deer I tracked had visited my turnips two nights previous. (Deer always travel there in droves from 4 to 10 and more). As this was the third night, I was quite sure this bunch of deer would come there again. Along the brook, where I intended to watch that night, I had two places fixed at each end of it in big and very thick juniper bushes. You couldn't see a person sitting in them at night if you stood right in front of him. One of the places was not far from the lake shore, and directly in front of them I had my turnips, oats and buckwheat but the latter two were pretty well consumed by the game. The line to both was quite a distance off, and the game stood a poor show to reach this line of safety, for them, and for me, a forbidden ground to step on.

The moon was about half full and raised on this night about eleven o'clock. It was very calm and the air rather cool. I hung my new double barrel, breech-loading, central-fire, 16 gauge over my shoulder, took a hand-

ful of cartridges loaded with buckshot (I used heavy brass shells and put a good stiff charge of black powder behind the nine buckshots), hung my overcoat over my arm, and left home about ten o'clock. This gave me plenty of time to get there by walking slowly so I wouldn't arrive there heated up. I went to the place nearest to the lake where the turnips were. It was pretty dark yet, as the moon was darkened by the pine forest.

When I arrived at the juniper bush, I heard some one lightly coughing in there to make his presence known. I said "Who is in here?" No answer. I asked again and the answer came back, "That's me." I said, "Who is that me?" After a little pause he said, "Old Boek from R." (naming the village). Believe me, readers, these words caused a chill to go creeping over my spine, but I controlled myself in the next moment. He got up and stepped out of the bush.

Here I saw him for the first time. The old notorious game thief, feared and known to the authorities and all game wardens as a desperate character. Now he stood in front of me, face to face. I took a good look at him and sized him up from head to foot. He was a big, muscular and bony built man, a bushy beard adorned his face and the sixty years that rested upon his shoulders hadn't told much on him. The coat he wore was badly torn by bushes and brush. "How long do you watch here?" I inquired of him. "Oh!" he said, "about two hours, but those cold fogs from the lake chilled me almost through." Yes, indeed, those cold fogs that raised nights from the lake and were floating like a big white veil over the surrounding land were enough to chill anybody's blood. While sitting there almost motionless for four hours or more, as I have often done, watching all night, for sometimes it happened that the game came around early in the morning. The old man's voice was trembling, and he was shivering from cold, rubbing his bare hands together.

After the short conversation we had, he shouldered his gun and left, wishing me good luck. He soon disappeared in the dark shadows of the pine forest. Luck was with me that night. After watching about two hours, there came a bunch of six deer over and I shot the deer in the head, a very large doe, at 30 yards. She dropped dead in her tracks.

Years had passed by since the prison doors swung open the last time for old Boek to step out and regain his freedom once more. It was now late in the fall, when one day the Game Warden, who was stationed in our neighborhood, received a message from his Lord and Master, with the order to shoot a 2-year-old buck deer, and to deliver it two days later. This employer had a society function planned and many distinguished guests of the aristocracy were invited and the Nobility would have a big "blow out." On such occasions it is with them a little different than with us common mortals. As the time set for delivering this two-year-old buck deer (for just such a one it had to be and not any

younger or older, such were his instructions) was rather short, he invited one of the other Wardens to come over and help him to shoot such a deer.

It was full moon, and dead-like calm laid over the fields and forest. The night was wonderful. On this night both of the Game Wardens went out to watch for deer. I will mention here that in Germany no game warden has a right to demand the exhibit of a hunting license from a hunter. The "Gendarm" is the only officer who has the authority to do so.

Old Boek also had a good notion to go hunting a little on such a fine moonlight night and, as the old saying is, not to spoil a good notion, he called his little dog and started through garden patches and over fields towards the pine forest. This big pine forest, all heavy tall timber, could be seen in the distance, and looked in the bright moonlight like a high wall all around the fields. Soon he disappeared in the darkness of the forest, for him a forbidden soil to step on. This eventful night should end his dangerous criminal career.

About two hours later the wardens heard the "yelp" of a small dog as if he was chasing something and shortly after came the report of a gun. Then everything was quiet again. Both the wardens got up and went over in that direction from where the shot sounded and as they could walk on those pine needles almost as noiselessly as on a carpet, they came sneaking up on him pretty close. Finally his little dog commenced to growl. Then old Boek knew there was something wrong. He was looking around for his gun, but too late—both Game Wardens rushed in and seized him. They caught him right in the act of tying the doe's legs together. "Seeing is believing." There laid the dead doe and it was a doe at that price, which was unlawful to kill at that time of the year. The wardens searched him, took his hunting knife, gun and game from him, and shooting his dog on the spot, told him to skidoo as quick as he could. Next morning, bright and early, the warden went over to his next village postoffice and phoned to the "Gendarm" who was stationed in another big village about eight miles away, telling him the circumstances with the final remark to come at once. These "Gendarms" are a body of mounted police which are stationed in the rural districts all over the German Empire. Each of them has his certain district over which he exercises the jurisdiction. They are uniformed men, equipped with a heavy cavalry saber and two big caliber revolvers. Well, on this morning the officer was "Johnny-on-the-spot." We had just got up from breakfast and my father and I were standing in front of the house when I saw him coming down the road at top speed. He saluted over to us in a military way while his horse came flying by, and turning in on the left-hand road, which led to the village where the "old sinner" lived, soon horse and rider were out of sight and nothing left but dust behind them. Of course, we didn't know at the time what was up but imagined that something uncom-

mon must have happened, that the officer was in such a hurry. There was nobody living between us and that village and on either side of the road there was dense pine forests which extended for many miles. But when a few days later the officer happened that way again he told us all about it.

Arriving at the village, he found the nest empty and the bird gone. While riding through the street, some one put him wise that the man he was looking for, was seen going towards the woods. Riding in that direction, he saw him. The old man had a good start and he was making for the tall timber, which wasn't very far any more.

Giving his horse the spurs he took after him and through gardens, fields and ditches, it went at break-neck speed. Finally, old Boek happened to glance back and saw him coming. He started on a run. The officer could have shot him and nothing would have been thought about it, but he tried to catch him alive. Spurring on his horse to greater speed, he soon overtook him before reaching the forest. Jumping from his horse, the officer handcuffed him and snapping a line to the handcuffs, he made him walk beside his horse over to the next town, which was about twelve miles away. Poor old man! Your future looks dark. The law's iron hand had a firm grip on him this time.

As this was his third offense for violating the game laws and his reputation was a bad one anyway, the judge had no mercy this time and sentenced him to ten years in prison with hard labor. I am told the old man took the sentence with tears in his eyes. It was the words "hard labor" that drove the tears to his eyes. Now, in his old age, he had to work hard for the first time in his life.

The prison doors had closed behind old Boek for ten long years. But the old man had two sons, grown up, and on one evening when the Game Warden in our neighborhood, accompanied by his little son, a boy of ten, were walking in one of those wide straight roads, which ran through the pine forest, homewards, when all of a sudden rang out the sharp crack of a rifle and a bullet came whizzing close by the Warden's head. Another followed in close succession and struck a pine tree in front of him, making the splinters fly. By this time both had jumped out of the road and made their hasty escape through the forest for home. The Game Warden, realizing that his life was in grave danger from this on and listening to the pleadings of his wife, he resigned his position and left for safer quarters.

Well, I suppose that by this time old Boek has journeyed over to the happy hunting grounds, where they say game is plentiful and no game wardens to watch the old man any more.

WILD PIGEONS.

Being a reader of H-T-T, I see that many people believe that there are no longer any wild pigeons to be found in the United States, but this is not true. We have lots of these

birds here. They live and breed here the year around. They fly in large flocks and are at the present time feeding on the streams in the alder buds, elder berries and salmon berries. A little later on they will be feeding on the thistles that grow on the open sheep ranges along the coast.

In the springtime they feed on buds and wild berries and in summer on thistles and when fall comes they feed on tan oak and other acorns, also madroon berries that ripen

in the fall. I have found them nesting in July on well shaded brushy points sloping to the south. They breed two or three times a year.

In their wild nature, they are slate color and are larger than our domestic cross or carneaux. These birds are very plentiful here as Mendocino County is mountainous and they have good protection. Several flocks feed around my cabin daily.

Earl F. Butts, Mendocino Co., Cal.

BOB WHITE'S PLEA

By PAUL MILLER

I am a little game bird,
I think I'm known to all;
For I am sought relentlessly,
Whenever it is fall.
I sing at morn, I sing at noon,
I sometimes sing at night;
You may be near, you may be far,
But I will sing Bob White.
It's not the only song I know,
Taught by my mother sweet;
When I was young and could not fly,
And just begun to tweet.

My family was once numberless,
In years that have gone by;
Like the pigeon wild, so meek and mild,
That almost darkened the sky.
Now I have grown and in my prime,
A great, large, strong Bob White;
And all I ask is the help of you,
To help me win this fight.
Now, what I ask of you is this,
To help me all you can;
You may not be a Washington,
Or great ruler of land.

It does not take a great rich man
To make this world to go.
If it were not for the poor man,
This world would sure go slower.
Now, in the fall the pot hunter,
Out in the fields he goes;
And shoots all the quail he can,
Although he better knows,
It is a penalty to shoot,
Although the law forbid;
He gets a full bag and goes home,
And keeps completely hid.

There also is the city man,
Who calls himself a "Sport;"
He tears the farmers' fences down
And makes the farmers snort.
His firearms they are costly ones,
Repeater or pump gun;
And when a covey once is flushed,
Escapes scarce a single one.
And if perchance the game warden
Arrests him if he tried,
Out would come the "sport's" pocketbook
And he the warden bribe.

Another thing is the dog and cat
Who bring to us defeat,
For in the spring our young they find,
And all their fill do eat;
And also in the winter time,
When snow is on the ground,
And cornfields bare and warm spots rare,
There's no food to be found.
And now there is the red tailed hawk,
That always sneaks around;
They take all of the quail they can,
Whenever they are found.

This is the way, my trusty friend,
That you can help poor me;
By helping, every chance you get,
Whenever them you see;
When you choose a Game Warden, you
Choose one with steadfast mind,
Who pulls the poacher and city sport,
Whenever them he finds
Breaking the law and killing life
In a reckless off-hand way;
Who takes them to the magistrate
And each a fine must pay.

Another way to treat the "sport,"
When he to the country comes;
Is to tell him to hunt elsewhere with
His high-priced fancy guns.
The farmer, he can help us, too,
By chaining up his dogs;
It would be no more trouble than
It would to feed his hogs.
And also in the winter time,
When there is not enough to eat,
He could scatter around some corn,
Or a little bit of wheat.

For in the spring and summer time,
We help him all around;
By eating bugs from his wheat,
Whenever they are found.
I think that all we eat off him,
He surely would not miss;
And if he knew what good we do,
He would give us a kiss.
So, now, my ever trusty friend,
I'll bid you a good night;
I know you'll help me all you can,
Your little friend, BOB WHITE.

A JACK RABBIT DRIVE NEAR RUPERT, IDAHO.

A jack rabbit drive in the West is announced, the day and time to meet at a certain place, and on the day appointed they come

Of course, this is another Western story that sounds very fictitious to us Eastern people, but the West has lots of stories that sound and read like fiction, that are every word true.

People that have not been in the West and



DRIVING THE JACKS UP THE LANE THAT LEADS TO THE CORRAL. PHOTO SENT BY W. N. JONES.

from far and near, on horse and foot. Men and boys form a line, crescent shape, and with yells and clubs they go through the sage brush and greasewood driving the jacks between the woven wire wings that gradually come

perhaps not in a locality where the jacks are numerous, will doubt this story and think it "fishy," but there are places in the West where every season they have one or more of those drives and slaughter thousands. They are



RESULT OF ONE DRIVE, 8,000 JACKS KILLED IN THE CORRAL. PHOTO SENT BY W. N. JONES.

nearer together, forming a lane that leads to the corral where the slaughtering is done.

The photo here showing the live jacks was taken as they were driven down the lane to the corral and, of course, could not catch only a very few of the 8,000 jacks killed in this one drive.

such pests that they destroy whole crops. In certain localities they have to fence with woven wire fence to protect their crops and every winter they eat tons of alfalfa hay for the farmers in the localities where they are numerous.

W. N. Thomas, McLean Co., Ill.

NIGHT HUNTING IN CONNECTICUT

By JOHN G. CASPER

FOR game we have coon and skunk, both scarce; rabbits, squirrel and birds all plentiful. As we have to work during the day we have to hunt at night and on Saturday afternoons.

One night in November as I was coming home from work I asked the fellows if they were going out hunting. Of course they all said yes. Our party was made up of John Casper, George Casper, Stephen Nemergut, John Fox, John Zehall and the writer.

After the fellows came up to the house we played cards until nine o'clock, after which we took our guns, consisting of two double barrel, 12 gauge shotguns, one Winchester repeater .22, one single barrel shotgun and a .22 pistol which I made from a rifle which had part of the barrel spoiled. We all had plenty of cartridges, so we were well armed for plenty of sport.

Whistling for our dogs, one of which was a rabbit dog and the other a hound, but both would hunt coon, fox and rabbit as well as squirrels, and starting from a place called Buck Swamp we hit the trail west for about a mile, when all at once we heard the music that make's the hunter's heart feel light even though he does not get a shot at anything.

While standing on the edge of a swamp the dogs were coming right toward us and all at once I heard a noise coming right toward us. We kept still and waited and sure enough I saw something pass me which you would think was an elephant from the noise it made. As I knew it wasn't the dog I let both barrels go, making a clean miss and "Bony" doing the same thing, but the dogs put him into a hole in the rocks. By the aid of our carbide lamp we soon saw it was only a large swamp rabbit which, of course, Foxy shot with his rifle and we soon had him in our hunting bag.

Heading for a place called Snake Den, we heard the dogs barking treed and on coming to the tree we could not see anything in it which was white oak and still had some leaves. As we were about to give up the search Zehall, called "Ziggy" for short, said he would climb the tree. Taking the lamp and his pistol climbed about half way up when sure enough, he saw a coon and holding the lamp so we could see from the ground, we soon had him on the ground. While we were looking this one over Ziggy searched the tree for more and found another one near the top of the tree. He shot at him with his pistol but only succeeded in wounding him which, of course, made him jump to the ground right by us. Such a fight I never saw before. They made enough noise to awaken the dead. As it was quite dark we couldn't tell the dog from the coon and, of course, we shouted for the lamp that Ziggy had up in the tree. In sliding down the tree in a hurry he caught his coat on a limb in such a manner that he

could neither go up nor down. He let the lamp fall and we soon had it on Mr. Coon. With a few raps on the bean the coon was soon out of commission while poor Ziggy was calling for help. After cutting part of his coat he came down mad enough to eat the bark off the tree that held him.

Bagging the coons, one of which weighed 12 pounds, and the other 14, we started ahead and looking up another white Oak George saw something but could not make out what it was. We all had a look and each one thought it was a large owl, but before we knew it Foxy pulled the trigger of his trusty Winchester and down came a big hawk measuring 3 feet from tip to tip of wings.

Hitting the trail south of Snake Den we ran into some rabbit brush but as we did not care much for rabbit we made for a valley where a good sized brook runs through. All of a sudden we heard some more of that thrilling music a good distance away but in a short time they barked treed, but on coming to the place, to our dismay, we found that it was in a hole under a large boulder which had two holes on either end. Knowing it was a rabbit we got a long pole and was ready to poke him out. To make sure to get him George was to poke it out, Bony was to watch the other hole and Foxy, Ziggy and myself were to plug Mr. Rabbit full of holes if he should happen to sneak by Bony. Sure enough, George poked and Mr. Rabbit came out and the first thing we knew it had a collision with Bony's face but it picked itself up and made a dash for a stone wall and as the dogs were on the other side of the rock, Foxy, Ziggy and I were right on the job and let the guns rip and by the noise we made one might think he was near the Mexican firing line, but as luck would have it the rabbit was a sorrowful looking mess when we picked him up. By this time Bony was on his feet and told us how the rabbit ran into his face, so we all had a good laugh and told him not to try to kiss the rabbits as they came out of the holes, but to catch them.

As it was 12:30 and we were three miles from home, we thought we would make a bee line for home. So, after passing around the tobacco, we all had a fresh chew and being satisfied with the night's hunt, we started off but did not get far when the dogs began to bark. We followed them to a big ledge but ring-tail was safe, so we had to give him up and started for home.

After walking about a half an hour we came across a dam and followed it to the main road but we did not go far when I saw something run down the road which I thought was a coon and after putting the dogs on the trail we had another lively chase, but we thought the dogs would never stop, as they were making a big circle.

After they had barked treed we went to the

place and found them under a large oak tree and on looking up, there was something big and black with eyes shining. We all fired at once and down comes a big black cat, evidently a stray one, as the nearest farmhouse was about a half mile away. But this was not getting home. I looked at my watch and it said half past one, so we all started for home, as we intended to go to work that morning. We had to hike some to make it by 2:30 A. M. all tired out but well satisfied with the night's hunt.

CAMBRA BY THE OCEAN.

This is a true fishing trip which I had the pleasure of taking July 15, 1913, in the beautiful Cambra Valley of California.

I left my home town on the 10th of July with basket and tackle for a two weeks' vacation in San Luis Obispo County to visit my brother-in-law, as he was fond of fishing and out-door life, like myself.

We made arrangements to take a trip over to Cambra, a small town situated among the foot hills of the Coast Range Mountains. There a stream winds its way through the mountains, known as Santa Rosa Creek, and finally empties into the ocean. At the mouth of this creek where it empties into the ocean, is the home of the steel head trout. We left Paso Robles, California, on the morning of the 15th of July, at four o'clock, with our necessary baggage neatly packed in a light spring wagon drawn by a team owned by my brother-in-law.

Traveling through the mountains over a dusty road until four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at Adelaide, a small stage station nestled in the hills. Getting a few necessary articles at the store, that we had

forgotten in our haste to get away, we turned our horses loose on a gay trot down a small valley and at sun set we camped on a small stream for the night.

We caught enough trout in this stream for supper and after a supper of speckled trout and flapjacks, we retired for the night. The next morning, bright and early, we were on our way again, anxious to reach our destination.

Climbing a long grade of four hours or more we finally reached the summit and there before us could be seen the Santa Rosa Creek winding its way through the Cambra Valley. A new life within us stirred as we were anxious to catch the beauties that were in its waters.

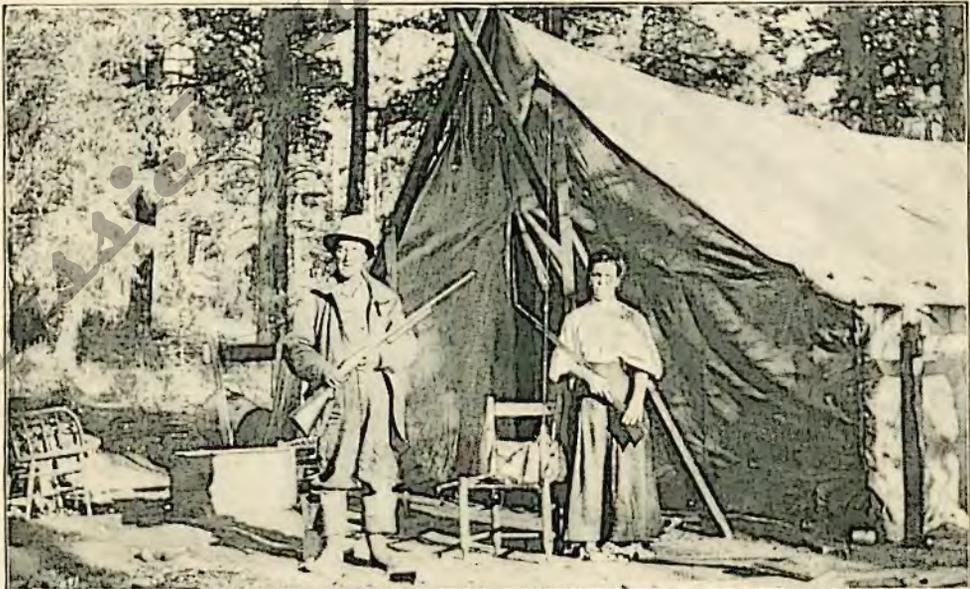
Descending a long grade of five or six miles we soon arrived at Cambra. Passing through the town we found a good camping place and ate a hurried meal, then started with pole and reel for the creek that laid a few yards from where our camp was situated.

Where the creek emptied into the ocean was a back water three or four hundred yards across, which made an ideal place to fish. Baiting our hooks we cast them out into the pond. No sooner had they hit the water before there came a pull at our lines. This kept up until our baskets were filled with fish.

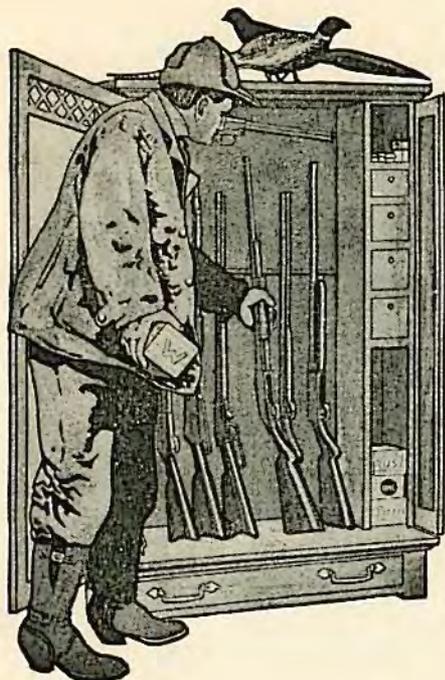
Eating fish until our stomachs craved a new diet, we bid the coast of Cambra a good-bye and started home. We caught enough to salt some down in a small keg which we had taken along with us.

The second day found us safe at home and whenever I want to think of a good fishing trip I let my thoughts return to Cambra by the Ocean.

E. H. Lattimore, Eldorado Co., Cal.



CHARLES SWIFT AND PARTNER AND THEIR CAMP IN THE CASCADES.



THE SHOTGUN.

Have just finished reading the "Guns and Ammunition" department of the June number, and am tempted to give my ideas.

The shotgun of today is purely a sporting arm. Being a short range weapon it is of little use in big game shooting in the open country. By this I do not mean that the shotgun does not shoot hard; at short ranges it is a powerful weapon, and loaded with ball or buckshot, at moderate distances it is as deadly as a rifle. It is the extreme long range of the modern rifle that has relegated the shotgun to the position of a small game arm.

The 12 gauge is the most popular gun used at the present time, but the tendency is increasing toward a smaller and lighter gun. If I were to buy a gun that combined strength and lightness; to be used on small game, I would choose the Winchester Model 1912, 20 gauge hammerless. I think it is undoubtedly the lightest, strongest, and handsomest repeating shotgun on the market today.

I cannot see why some hunters still carry around their heavy cannons when a lighter gun will fill the bill just as well. Now understand I do not recommend a 20 gauge gun for geese or any thing like that, but for rabbits, squirrel, grouse, and other small game I think that the shooter can get just as much with a light gun as with a heavy one. The Winchester 20 gauge with a full choke barrel is required to shoot 196 pellets in a 30-inch circle, the testing load being 2 drams smokeless powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce $7\frac{1}{2}$ chilled shot. Cylinder bore barrels are targeted at 30 yards, and choke bore barrels at 40 yards, the same

GUNS AND AMMUNITION

load being used in both cases. Now the shooter may not be able to bring in as much game with the smaller gun, as it does not have such a large load, but after all it is a test of genuine shooting ability, and not to see who can kill the most game. Another thing, the ammunition of the small gun is much lighter to carry and if one is going on a long trip it will be much more convenient, and when you come in after a hard day's tramp you will not be as tired as if you had lugged around a heavy gun.

Now brother shooters don't think that I am trying to knock the big gun—that's not it. I am just telling you why I like a lighter gun.

The 20 gauge does shoot hard and since getting used to this little gun I am getting more kills to the number of shots and less cripples than ever before. Let us hear your experiences and ideas through the H-T-T. Don't hit the other fellow too hard just because his ideas are not like yours. Everybody to his own notions.

Shooting is a sport that offers untold pleasures to those who follow it; and as most of us seldom get a chance to hunt big game, the shotgun becomes our favorite arm. With a good dog and gun a man can wander off into the country and lose himself amid the beauties of nature; worry drops from the shoulders, and he is once more a boy. So long as there are trout streams, and rolling hills where the grouse and quail hide, there will be men who love far more a day well spent with nature, than money and the roar of cities.

George S. Goodell, Erie County, Pa.

FROM CHINA.

I do not suppose very much news comes from this part of the country. I receive the H-T-T once a month and enjoy the stories sent in by the readers.

I am in the U. S. Marine Corps stationed in China. I have not been hunting for about three years, but have had quite a little experience in the gun line.

I see in some articles where they say a bullet will not turn; some say a 25-35 wont do this and that and that it is most always the man behind the gun that is responsible for his puny efforts. The 25-35 is a very good gun. Of course I would not care to meet any silver tins with it, but I do not doubt but what there has been such animals killed with this gun.

Others think there is compressed air in front of it. It is not the compressed air, it is the rotary motion of the bullet, such as soft nose, where the bullet expands and winds the tissues of the animal around it. Of course we all know a bullet has a certain percentage of suction behind it.

As to the all-around gun, it will never be had, for what suits one man wont suit another. In my opinion the 32-40, 30-30 and 38-55 are the best guns ever put on the market for deer. Of course there are other guns that do serviceable work. The 22 H. P. ought to make an excellent wolf and coyote gun.

For a person with but little experience with guns or hunting and intending to hunt large game, such as bear, caribou, moose and other large animals, I would say the 30-30, 32 Special, 35 Remington, 351, 401, 405, 35, 95 and 33 Winchesters and 30 U. S. Government '06 would be very desirable, where long range guns are used.

In settled portions of the country where a long range gun is prohibited, I would suggest the 25-20, 32-20, 38-40, 44-40 for deer, bear and coyotes. The 30 U. S. Government Model '06 is a very good gun for deer, mountain sheep and goat where an extreme long range is desired, as there is no gun on the market in the United States that will come up with the 30 U. S. Gov. '06. The Winchester people are the only ones that make a gun to shoot the '06 ammunition.

For hunting purpose the 190 grain bullet is the best. The 22 Special W. R. F., Model 1890 and the 25 R. F. Marlin are good trap line guns. For real sport I like the rifle better than the shot gun. When using a shot gun a person does not have to aim; when using a rifle he has to take aim therefore he knows that he has to aim to get his game. Some fellows go out with a pump gun or an auto-loading shot gun, either the Winchester or Remington, and they come back with all the sport they think. They kill all the game they can get their hands on then call that sport.

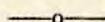
I will say that people living in the city should pay more for their license and not be allowed with repeating guns for, as a rule, they do not know what they are shooting at.

In answer to C. R. Ross, Mercer Co., N. J., will say that he had better get something larger than a 25 Colts for protection from bear and such. The 25 Colts is about equal to a 22 short. I would recommend a 45 Colts Automatic or double action or a 38 S. & W. Special.

In answer to W. J. Scott, Ontario, Canada, about the 22 H. P. the conditions are variable. I do not doubt but what the 32 Special would do the work. The 22 H. P. has very good penetration but has a light bullet. You not only want penetration, but you want a bullet large enough to strike a hard blow. Penetration is not stopping power.

I have a 401 Winchester automatic and it surely brings them down. The 401 S. L. Rifle is the most powerful self-loading rifle on the

market. I would not advise a person to use a bullet lighter than 170 grains to be on the safe side for deer. E. W. Gilliland, China.



\$50,000 INITIAL FUND RAISED FOR SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

Among the important events that will attract attention among men of all nations at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition to open in San Francisco February 20th, 1915, is the grand prize shooting tournament under the auspices of the San Francisco International Shooting-Festival Association to be held in Shell Mound Park from August 8th to September 26th, 1915, for which event the association has appropriated \$50,000 in prizes for a beginning. The tournament will include contests for soldiers, sailors, veterans, peace officers, civilians, militia, cadets, students, members of rifle and pistol clubs and marksmen of all nations and countries, irrespective of affiliations.

The tournament will include contests with rifles, pistols and revolvers; short and long ranges, natural and artificial light and an endless variety of weapons and targets.

The association is composed of the leading shooting societies of the Pacific Slope, working harmoniously with but one object in view—to make the tournament the most successful in history.

The \$50,000 appropriated by the association for prizes is merely a starter. To that sum may be added fully as much more and, perhaps twice as much contributed by individuals, firms and corporations and by shooting societies that will send teams to take part in the contests. What can be expected in prizes for this event may be measured by what San Francisco has achieved on former occasions. At the 1901 Bundes shooting festival held in Shell Mound Park, prizes aggregating \$125,000 in coin, medals, trophies and other tokens, were distributed. At the shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, in honor of its Golden Jubilee, in 1909, the prizes awarded aggregated over \$40,000.

The Shell Mound range occupies an ideal location on the eastern shore of the San Francisco bay, facing the Golden Gate, with a full view of the opposite shore, yet far enough to be out of reach of bullets. An almost even temperature all year, never too warm nor too cold, steady light, cloudless sky, almost entire absence of wind during the greater part of the year, and ample vacant space in the wake of the bullets. The range is but a short distance from San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, Fruitvale, Richmond and a number of other thriving cities and towns, within thirty minutes by any of the numerous steam and electric cars, ferry boats and street cars, passing the range every few minutes until after midnight. Additional ferry boats will be operated during the exposition between the Exposition grounds and the Alameda shore close to the Shell Mound Park Range.

THE "BEST GUN."

I see in the April number W. J. Scott's views on guns, high power and otherwise. He states a case where a .30-30 failed to kill a buck when hit fairly in the shoulder. Now, I think the .30-30 is heavy enough for any game in America. I have shot moose with the .25-35 and never had any trouble about following them through the woods, as they would forget to run.

I shot one, as he states, squarely through the shoulders at right angles to the game, and he did not go 20 yards. This was with a .25-35. Now, I do not say it will do this every time and I do not think the .30-30 will fail to kill every time. With this shot a half inch in any direction might have dropped that buck in his tracks.

You see what I am coming at; it is almost impossible to place two bullets in an animal where they will get just the same course through it or be offered the same resistance. What a gun will do in game does not depend so much on the gun as on the circumstances under which it is used.

In this country, Northern Alberta (one of the best moose countries in America), we see a lot of hunters and as many different guns, and of course they are all the best, at least there are moose killed with almost every make and caliber of guns. In my opinion the best gun is the one you are accustomed to and that fits you best—that is, either the large bore or the high power rifles.

Will some of the boys who are using the .22 Hi Power tell us just exactly what they do in game such as deer or moose? I think Mr. Scott has close to an all around gun in his double-barrel, cylinder bore, .24 or .28 gauge, built heavy enough to handle sound ball cartridges, if he can get the gun.

In the May number the editor asked for our views on some changes he is thinking of making in what is now the best of outdoor magazines. The different departments are all so good that it is hard to say which is best. Personally, I like the Woodcraft and Gun Departments little better, also the articles dealing with the backwoods places out of reach of civilization. The articles on America's firearms means a source of pleasure and useful information, I think, to all our gun lovers.

If my views do not agree with yours, let us hear from you, because if our opinions were all the same there would be no room for discussion.

E. W. McNee, Alberta, Can.

THE LITTLE .22.

Having seen some remarks made by a brother to the discredit of the little .22, I feel it my duty to enlighten him, if he has not been done so by this time, of the accuracy and effectiveness of same.

On December 11th last I had occasion to circle our company's boundaries, when my dogs treed a jaguar not very far from the camp. Not having anything heavier than a .22 Winchester Automatic with me I thought I was taking my life in my hands by trying

to down him. But I trusted to luck and the good dogs I had with me and took careful aim at a distance I judged to be about 40 yards. I was a very much scared man when he fell at the first shot as I thought that I had missed him. But as he did not make any further move I approached carefully when to my surprise I found him quite dead. I had hit him in the same spot as my brother claims he hit the calf.

I shall have to ask my friend to try once more with that gun of his, because I am quite convinced that the jaguar I shot did not die to please me, but gave up his ghost by being hit fair and square between the gleamers.

Yours worthiv,
E. J. Steger,
Montezuma, Costa Rica, Central America.

A GUN CABINET OF TODAY.

In one corner of my shop in my country home I have placed a beautiful specimen of a modern gun cabinet. It is divided into three spacious compartments, each of which hold their full share of outdoor trappings.

The long narrow compartment on the right is reserved exclusively for guns and their equipment. It contains two rifles and a shot-gun placed in a special locking gun rack. Behind them are hung cartridge belts, hunting knives, a game carrier, water bag, shell vest and a pack strap.

The next compartment on the left is reserved for traps and trapping equipment. It contains over 22 traps varying in size from the powerful No. 5 wolf trap down to the No. 0 jump trap. On the sides of this compartment are hung two pairs of fur stretchers, a patent trap form digger, trap chains, trap clamps and a pair of tail skimmers of my own design.

Just above the trap compartment is the last and most important division of the cabinet. It consists of four heavy shelves, the first of which is reserved for ammunition and reloading tools. The second shelf is stocked with numerous useful articles such as fire-maker, a box of special flaming matches, a bottle of black fly lotion, animal decoys, sweet fennel powder for wolves, honey dew, oil of pennyroyal, oil of anise and oil of sweet clover blossom, all of which are useful in bee hunting. On the third shelf is formed a complete line of greases and oils, crystal cleaners, a muzzle protector, bottle of flour of emery, package of cleaning rags, in fact all necessary articles used in taking proper care of a firearm. The fourth and last shelf contains many books on outdoor life, such as the Art of Wing Shooting, Wolf and Coyote Trapping, Steel Traps, Canadian Wilds, Tracks and Tracking, Camp and Trail Methods, Bee Hunting, Camp Cookery and Guns and Gunning.

Besides the three big compartments there are two large drawers which contain many articles dear to the sportsman's heart, such as jointed rods, fishing tackle, etc. The whole display of "woodland equipment" is placed behind glass and is under lock and key.

To the man who appreciates his companions of the field and woods and who takes pains

to arrange his possessions as they should be, who delights in finding what he wants when he wants it should own a first-class gun cabinet and consider it a necessity at all times.

My gun cabinet has been worked out on my own ideas and while to the reader I may leave the impression of being a "crank," nevertheless the gun cabinet, in my opinion, is an excellent substitute for the miscellaneous jumble of outdoor equipment that some sportsmen consign to the attic after their trips into the woods.

Come, brothers, let us hear from you who own a gun cabinet.

Harry B. Bowman, Gage Co., Nebr.

A REPLY AND AN EXPERIENCE.

I saw in the January number on page 74 that L. E. Jepson of North Dakota wants to know how many No. 6 shot could be put in a six-inch circle at 60 yards with a .20-gauge, full-choke shotgun. I have tried this and found that seven shot entered very good for this little gun. I also shot two rabbits in front of dogs with this gun at 20 yards, which I think is pretty good.

I am a hunter, trapper, taxidermist, ginseng and golden seal grower, fisherman and fur farmer. As I go to school I hardly have time to trap, but up to date I have caught, shot and raised 16 skunk, 2 opossum and 45 muskrats.

There are quite a few furs here such as the following: Fox, skuna, muskrat (holding their own), mink, bobcat, opossum and coon, scarce. For game we have quail, quite plentiful, rabbits, holding their own, also red squirrels and an occasional deer is seen.

For crack irons I got a Stevens single-barrel, shotgun, .20 gauge, 28-inch barrel which I think is a dandy. I also have a .22 Winchester, Model 1890, which is a good gun for small game, a .22 Stevens Favorite rifle and a Hamilton .22 caliber rifle.

I notice that a reader of the H-T-T thinks a rifle bullet does not revolve in the air after being shot through a rifle barrel. He certainly is some rifle crank. Why should a rifle be rifled if it was not to make the bullet spin and keep point on for a long distance and the quicker the twist of rifling the faster it spins. Now, boys, if my views do not suit you, don't sit down on me too hard.

Elskin Sam, Lebanon Co., Pa.

THE .25-35 SUITS HIM BEST.

I have just finished reading an article written by J. W. Lovejoy on the all around gun and as he comes down rather hard on my favorite rifle I must say a word in its defense.

I have hunted for 34 years and have used almost every make and caliber of rifles made from a .22 to 50 and I have shot every kind of game that we have in Maine from a mouse to a moose and from a humming bird to an eagle.

Until the year 1905 I used for a hunting rifle the Winchester 44-40, 73 and 92 Model and I at one time shot three full grown moose on the run at a distance of a hundred

yards at three shots and dropping them in their tracks.

When the 25-35 came out I bought one and have used one ever since and for a long range, high power rifle I think it is a dandy. The animal does not walk that the 25-35 with soft nose bullets will not drop with a good man behind the gun.

I have worn out three 25-35 rifles. I have shot a great many moose, bear and deer and have never wounded an animal and lost it yet and hardly ever have an animal get out of my sight after being hit.

Mr. Lovejoy says that in his opinion the 25-35, 30-30 and 32 Special are fit for nothing larger than the coyotes and foxes. Now it seems to me that Mr. Lovejoy's experience in hunting with a 25-35 has been very limited. If he had ever shot a fox with one and hit it in the body he would have found nothing of his fox excepting the legs and tail, a mangled bunch of meat and a little hair and this would have been scattered over four rods square.

Of course in shooting big game it is mostly the man behind the gun. A bullet from a cannon might wound and loose an animal if the gun was not pointed right.

I am not going to run any one's choice of guns down, but the 25-35 is my choice.

For big game here we have moose, deer and bear. Limit, one bull moose, two deer in any one season; bear, open season the year around and no limit.

For fur we have foxes, fisher, otter, mink, weasels, bob cat, muskrat and coon, all very scarce. C. A. Davis, Piscataquis Co., Maine.

GAME PROTECTION.

I see in the April and May numbers of the H-T-T that I have stirred up a hornet's nest by giving my views on accidents and game protection. If I wanted to argue the question I would be repeating what has already been said and that would be making a repeater of myself which would be bad taste, but I would like one more shot just to show you how a single shot would protect the game.

Last fall I was doing a little trapping on the Walla Walla River eighteen miles below Walla Walla, Washington, on a ranch owned by a Mr. Fred Powell, who had invited me to stay with him and trap on his ranch. He was the only rancher that would give me a permit, but I found out in a short time why and did not blame the ranchmen.

When the duck season opened the bluffs along the river banks were lined with automobiles and auto shotguns and especially on Sunday. One Sunday morning four cars drove up on the bank about 80 rods from Mr. Powell's barn and drew up in line of battle. About sunrise the ducks were flying thick but always following the river just a little out of the range of a shotgun. Mr. Powell and I stood in the barnyard and watched the battle. We started to count the shots but gave it up but estimated it at 600 shots and not a single duck fell within a half mile and those that did fall were only crippled and

not a single duck did they get out of that glorious sport.

Now brothers, would this foolish, useless destructive slaughter have happened with even a double barrel gun? Any man, after seeing this same performance day after day during the open season, that will ask why the game is decreasing so fast and still be on the lookout for an up-to-date, latest model, rapid firing, crippling machine is certainly off and cares but very little how long the game lasts or how soon it is gone as long as he can have an up-to-date gun.

But boys if we cannot agree on the destruction of game and accidents, let's get after the Editor of the H-T-T for he is just spoiling for some one to find fault with some department of the good book. Let us all agree not to have the book in camp if it is changed in any form; it is good enough as it is unless he makes it a daily book.

Now boys don't paw and bark and claw the bark all off the timber at what I preach but just let me give you a pointer: Get these present day guns off your hands. There will soon be a gun on the market that will shoot sixty shots a second and make a hole in man or beast that you can drive a load of hay through. Never mind your wife's last spring hat. She is good enough without any hat at all and we must have one of these guns then after we finish up the game we can use them to mow underbrush. They will most likely be the last gun invented as there will be nothing left in the line of game to kill or cripple.

G. W. Burroughs,
Pend Oreille Co., Wash.

VIEWS OF A PRACTICAL RIFLEMAN.

In reading some of the articles contributed to the H-T-T by sportsmen who have some particular H. P. rifle which they think cannot be equalled for certain purposes, I cannot but wonder how many of them have had any experience with any of the old black powder favorites of forty years ago. I refer to the 44 R. F., 46 long R. F., 44-77, 40-90 Bullard, 45-75 W. C. F., 45-85 Sharps Special, 44 long C. F., 45-85 Bullard and some others of this type. Now I am not trying to run down any good thing. The H. P.'s are all right in their place, but for the younger readers who have never used anything else, I will only give the views of a practical rifleman who has handled them for more than 45 years.

My first large caliber rifle was a "Henry" Model 1866, using the 44 long R. F. cartridges. It was a very accurate gun, but of about the same power as a 44 W. C. F. This rifle had brass frame and mountings and will probably be recalled by some of you older hunters. My next acquisition was a Remington 46 R. F., a single shot rifle which could give a good account of itself on deer and black bear, having sent several of each the long way with that old rifle. However, I disposed of it as the rim-fire ammunition of those days was not very reliable, missfires being about as frequent as the shots.

The Winchester Model 1876 had just come out and I purchased a 45-75 caliber rifle of

this model and I want to say that I believe that cartridge is the best combination of powder and lead ever put out for 45 caliber rifles. With this rifle I killed the only buffalo I ever killed on September 1, 1877, a medium sized bull and a single shot doing him. The bullet struck him a little in front of the right shoulder joint, ranging diagonally through him and passing out in front of his left hip, by which you can see that the 45-75 has some steam. The W. R. A. Company have discontinued this model but make their S. S. rifle in that caliber. Another cartridge of the period was the old Sharp's Special, 45-120-550. I owned and still have a rifle of this caliber, a Remington Model 1881.

This rifle wears a 35-inch barrel and weighs 9½ pounds and has an adjustable rear sight graduated for 2,200 yards. The rifling has a pitch of one turn in 16 inches, which is much quicker than any other 45. I never liked this cartridge as well as some others, although it is a hard hitter, it has a tremendous recoil and the long barrel makes it unwieldy. Also the cartridges cost \$7.50 per hundred and that is something to be considered. It is a very accurate rifle and gives a penetration of about 27 ½-inch pine boards. I have owned or used, I believe, all of those old blacks but cannot find any that will give results under so many conditions as the old 45-75 W. C. F. although this type of ammunition has not the long range nor flat trajectory of the H. P. smokeless cartridges. They can be relied on at any ordinary range and it can be said in their favor that they will make a large clean hole that bleeds out clean and if the animal escapes it can be more easily followed by the blood and there is also less danger of the meat spoiling before found. They have more energy at the limit of their range than some of the small bore bullets, also.

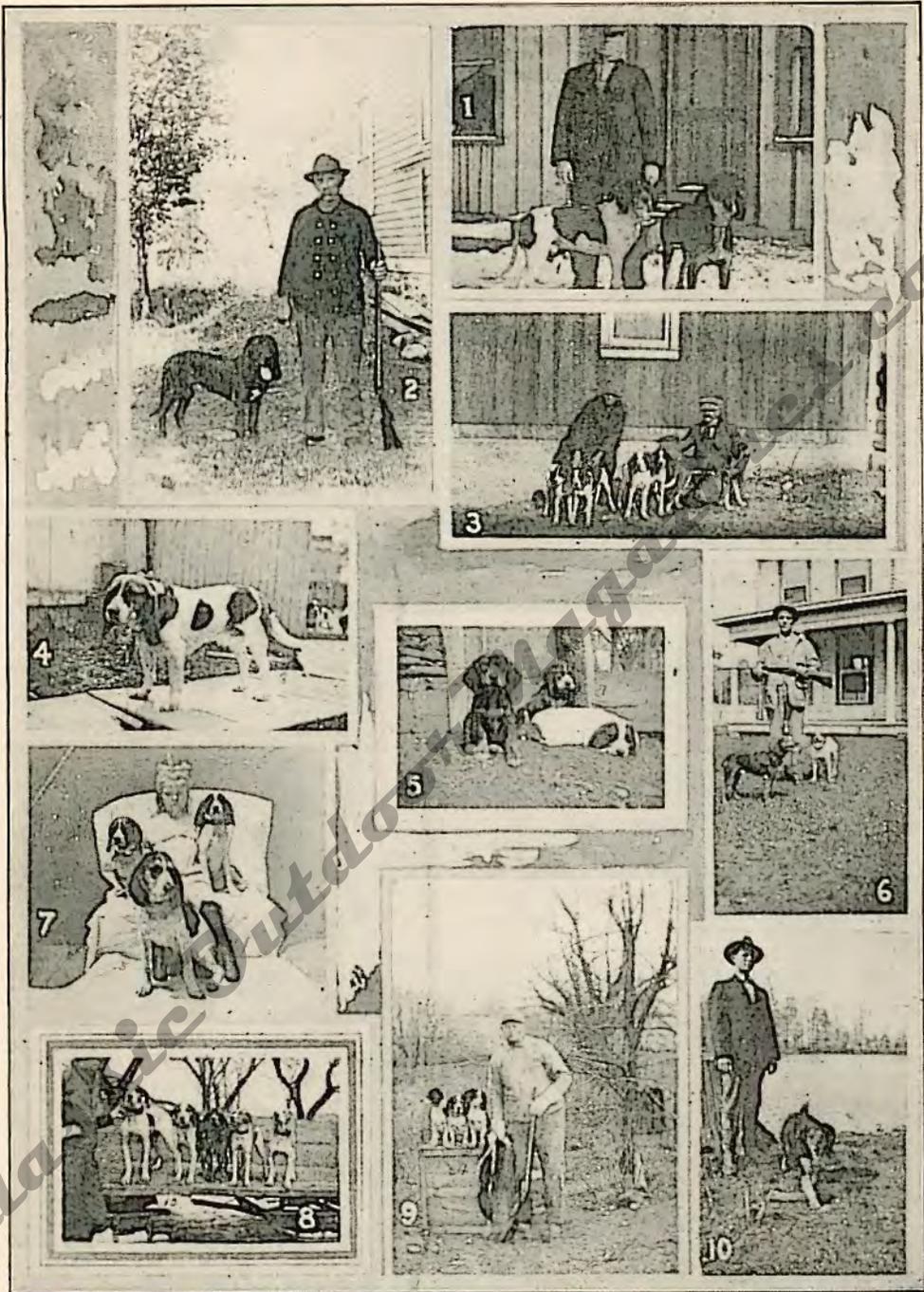
I have used every model of rifle turned out by the Marlin people and have found them to be reliable and accurate. I now have a Marlin Model 27, 25-20 caliber. I believe this is the best rifle made for medium sized game. It is a man's gun, one that will plant the bullets where you hold. It is finely balanced and a natural pointer, has the smoothest and quickest action I ever saw in a rifle of this type.

In a purchase of a .25 caliber rifle, I advise getting the 25-20 C. F. as the shells can be reloaded much cheaper than the 25 R. F. cartridges can be bought.

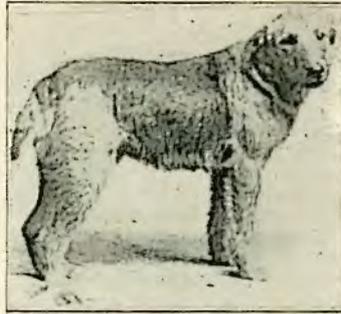
Before I close I would like to say to you big game hunters that if you would lay away your H. P.'s and use the old reliable blacks I believe there would be just as much game killed and fewer accidents from the usual causes. If you fellows who depend on a shotgun for your squirrels and rabbits would try using a small bore rifle you would get much more pleasure out of your hunt. It can be done and well done. All that is required is a reliable rifle and practice.

Now if anybody does not agree with me, why just land on me. My back is pretty good yet and I can stand it.

Natty Bumpo, Perry Co., Ohio.



1. Charles H. Fritz and his coon and fox hounds, Armstrong Co., Pa.
2. I. H. Allen, Oswego Co., N. Y., and his 18 months old fox hound. He has 5 foxes to his credit.
3. Grant Snider (on left) with his four thoroughbred Walker hounds and C. M. Gatton with his hound pup.
4. Tyke, registered English beagle owned by A. D. Gross, York Co., Pa.
5. Three months old beauties owned by G. C. Hutson, Delaware Co., N. Y.
6. L. G. Lightburn, Lewis Co., W. Va., with his rabbit dogs off for a hunt after the cotton-tails.
7. P. N. Renno's dogs, Pike Co., Pa.
8. Five good ones owned by Floyd Potter, Oswego Co., N. Y.
9. R. C. Young and dogs with skunk caught Dec. 30, 1913.
10. Lundy Silvers and Old Ted, a fine squirrel and rabbit dog, Newago Co., Mich. Photo sent by C. C. Storms.



HUNTING DOGS

OUR EXPERIENCE WITH THE AIREDALE TERRIER AS A HUNTER.

Three years ago I decided to get together a pack of Airdales for hunting bears. Having read a great deal about them, my hunting partner and I discussed the subject pro and con and finally decided to look up some dogs. Wanting some trained dogs we decided to go to the West and Northwest of the United States for them and get dogs that had been worked on grizzlies. After some inquiry about famous hunters we finally selected a dog and bitch owned by a hunter in one of the northwestern states. We purchased them at a fancy price and had them sent to us. We also purchased a young dog about one year old, sired by the Champion Prince of York and from a friend we got another of the Master Briar Breeding. I purchased the Prince of York dog in April and immediately sent him to a bear hunter in Tennessee who had a good pack of dogs.

At the first of the following July, 1912, I sent the bitch I received from the West and the Master Briar one to the same man in Tennessee and we sent the dog we received from the West to a man in northern Pennsylvania. Also another bitch I had purchased we sent with this dog. About the latter part of October we had all the dogs sent home. As we wanted to start on a hunting trip about November 10th, which we did. We took four Airdales for bear hunting and a pack of Beagles for rabbits. On October 12th we started early in the morning for a bear hunt keeping all the Airdales on leash until we arrived at a certain place we were going to hunt that day; there being no snow we were depending on the Airdales to do the trailing as well as the fighting. After being out about an hour one Airedale wanted to take a trail which we allowed him to do. He followed it about four rods into the brush when we heard him fighting something and went into see what he had. To my surprise and disgust he was trying to kill a porcupine. I do not think that porky had

a quill left in him as it took four of us over an hour to clean the quills out of that dog. Then we proceeded on our hunt.

We hunted all day without any success; the dogs all seemed to get tired in the afternoon but we did not give that any consideration as it was very hot. We hunted the next day and on account of it being hot and dry decided to give up bear hunting until we would have cooler weather and turned our attention to ruffed grouse and jack rabbits.

The weather continued hot and dry and in the latter part of the second week we decided to send the Airdales to my friend in northern Pennsylvania for hunting bears the following week. We shipped the dogs on Friday and he received them on Monday tickled to think of the number of bears he would get; Sunday it snowed and there was a good tracking snow when the dogs arrived, the following day he with a party of hunters went for bears. About three o'clock in the afternoon they routed a black bear, fired three shots at it but did not stop it although he knew it was wounded. When he got to the place where it was when he shot he found blood on the snow. He put the Airdales on the trail, they followed it for less than a half mile when they quit and came back; he ran up over the mountain and urged the dogs on; they took the trail again, followed it down one hill and got up to it on the opposite hill but not one of these dogs would go within a rod of the bear. As it was beginning to get dark they decided to give it up and return the next morning. The next morning they went to where they left it the previous evening, followed its trail a short distance and found where it had laid down and left a bloody nest. The Airdales were put on the trail again but they would not take it. The hunters went ahead and jumped the bear themselves and finally shot it about three o'clock in the afternoon. During all this time from early morning they had pursued the bear and were continually trying to get those dogs to attack it. It be-

ing wounded badly in one hip, was unable to travel fast or to keep it up. The hunters and dogs were frequently in sight of the bear and in all about twenty-five shots were fired at it but with all their shooting and urging none of these dogs would go after this bear. My friend immediately wrote me about the hunt and the work of the Airedales. When I read that letter I was sick with disappointment. After all I had read about Airedales and after re-reading some of the letters I received from the man I purchased two of the dogs from I refused to believe my friend. He continued to hunt with them but there was only one animal they would go after and that was porcupine. Finally he wrote me and said: "That if we had a dog to take the lead on a trail he thought they would be all right." I immediately telegraphed a friend in the South to send me a good trailer. He sent me two dogs. With two friends we started December 11th for another bear hunt. The dogs I received from the South were both hounds and the first day hunting one of these hounds struck a trail but apparently old and he could not rout the bear. The Airedales would not range around and hunt. Once we were working the side of a mountain and I called to my friend to find the whereabouts of the Airedales as the hounds had followed this old trail out of our hearing. He told me "To look to the top of the mountain," and there I saw my prize pack of Airedales all standing on a large rock; viewing the mountain scenery and watching us get through the grape vines and over rocks.

Evening came; we went home as usual so thoroughly disgusted with those Airedales we would not speak to each other. We continued to hunt every day and as it was dry and late in the season quite a number of the bears had holed up and the ones that were out did not travel much. One of the hounds I received from the South would run fox and jack rabbits and you could not always depend on him but about the fifth day we were overjoyed by hearing the other hound tonguing on the side of the mountain we were on. He went almost straight down this mountain and started up the opposite side of another. My partner and I picked out two places where we could follow the movements of this dog and as we saw him going almost straight up the opposite side we decided to follow him. We hurried down the mountain and up the other side, tried to put the Airedales on the trail but they would not or could not take it. When about half way up this mountain we called the other hound and put him on the trail. It was only a few minutes until we jumped the bear and the chase was on, Airedales joined in after the bear was jumped; one Airedale quit after following about a half mile. The bear ran directly for a dense thicket of slashing briars and fire cherry where it was almost impossible for us to get through. To make a long story short the dogs fought that bear for about two hours; the two hounds and two of the Airedales stayed in the chase until almost exhausted and gave it up as we

could not get up to them. A few days after we started early one morning for another bear hunt. There was a white frost on the ground and very slippery on the steep mountain sides. When we were almost to the top of a mountain the hounds got busy and in a few minutes led off over the top of the mountain tonguing. We at once knew they had taken another trail; the Airedales joined in the chase and they were all soon out of my hearing; noting the direction they had gone I ran as fast as I could along the ridge and soon came in hearing of the entire pack. They ran along the side of the mountain and circled the point and back along the other side and out of my hearing. Thinking this was the course they had taken I started across the ridge and here met my partner. We both crossed to the other side of the mountain and could hear one of the hounds. Presently we located the Airedales, every one had quit the trail and were sitting there on the side of the mountain looking across a deep ravine where the hounds were continuing on the trail; there being no snow we were unable to follow the hounds and gave up the chase. Built a fire, ate our lunch and discussed Airedales. The hounds were heard four miles from where we last saw them by another hunter. Disgusted and discouraged with those Airedales I came home and left the dogs with my friend as I wanted some time for reflection.

Two days after leaving his place his son was out scouting around on the mountains and jumped a bear about three o'clock in the afternoon. He went home and reported to his father about seeing the bear; there being a good trailing snow the father started the next morning with the two hounds and two of the Airedales. He arrived at the place where the bear had been seen about ten o'clock. The hounds immediately took the trail, one Airedale joined in but soon quit and came back but by urging him he started again in pursuit of the hounds as they were not out of hearing.

The other Airedale would not join in the chase at all; my friend followed as fast as possible through a very rough mountainous country for about three miles and upon reaching a point where he could see for a distance heard a shot quite a distance ahead. He hurried on in that direction and came to two men he knew who had heard the dogs and went to investigate and found they had the bear treed and they shot it. The dogs being strangers to these men in that country they decided to wait a while to see if anyone came. They told my friend that one of those hounds was the greatest fighter they had ever seen saying the hounds did all the work, the Airedale being content to look on. This was the last bear hunt of the season as it closed two days later.

My friend and I learned several things about Airedales. In all these chases there was only one where the Airedales joined the chase at the start and stayed with it until the hounds quit or the bear was killed. They would not or could not take a cold trail and

when they did take a hot trail would quit it; hunting by themselves they would not at any time stick to a hot trail over a half mile. They were all still hunters; they do not possess stamina for a hard hunt, every time we would stop for five or ten minutes the Airedales would be making beds for themselves in the leaves. I know whereof I speak when I say they do not possess stamina. What did Paul Rainey say about them in Africa when on his lion hunt? The same as I have except he said it first. While I knew these things to be practical facts yet I could not convince myself that they would not hunt. My friend in northern Pennsylvania was so disgusted and had lost a wager on them that he wrote me that he was through with the Airedales, as they had all kinds of chances to show what they could do and did nothing. By themselves they had a chance on a wounded bear and would not go within a rod of it, and quit it cold three times. They had a chance to show their fighting qualities when the hounds took the lead and did the trailing but they would not fight and would not even stay in the chase. I wrote to the man in Tennessee who had worked the dogs with his pack and told him of my experience. In reply he said, "That he thought one of the dogs would turn out all right." So I returned this one to him in January, 1913, and he kept him until November and worked him with his dogs. I wrote to a friend I had in Colorado and told him of my experience. He owned a large pack of bear dogs and I consider him one of the greatest hunters and guides in America and I wanted his opinion on the Airedales. I will quote his opinion later and I purchased from him a half blood and half fox-hound and an Airedale sired by WATERSIDE WIZARD. I had them sent on to me in June, 1913. Now I certainly did think that I had found a solution for my trouble, this hound was recommended to be an excellent trailer and fighter, and would take a bear trail 36 hours old. He is everything he was recommended to be and more. The Airedale was recommended to be a fighter, his fighting ability I will speak about later.

In order to keep the dogs in good running condition I kept them on a farm and allowed all to run loose. When the bear season opened two companions and I started for the mountains for a hunt. We arrived at our destination on Saturday and on Monday went for a bear hunt. Taking along four Airedales and a hound. About 10:30 the hound picked up a trail in some timberland, the Airedales seemed anxious to work but apparently not being able to catch the scent, could not understand what the hound was after. The trail led out of this timber into second growth and out over a swale for about a mile and a half. This swale faced the south and it was covered with a heavy growth of dried bracken which was very thick and hard for the dog to trail through as the day was very hot. He kept on into some hardwood and picked up the trail without any difficulty; followed it for mile or

so further on and came out on a rocky point covered with loose flat stones and being very dry made trailing almost impossible.

As it was now about 12:30 o'clock we ate our lunch and as we were a long distance from our boarding house we started to hunt towards home. The way the Airedales performed encouraged me again even if they could not take the trail.

When my friend and I arrived home I informed all the other hunters that there would be nothing to it as soon as conditions were more favorable for trailing as we finally had the dogs that would tree a bear before he had time to think. The weather being hot we hunted grouse for a few days then took another whirl at bear. Two of us started early the next (Thursday) morning and climbed to the top of the mountain to a point where a bear had been digging out nests of ground squirrels the previous Sunday. The hound had contracted a cold and was in bad condition for hunting but as soon as he came up to the place where the bear had been digging he picked up the scent but could not follow it as it was three days old.

We knew that bear was in that community somewhere so we started with the dogs to work the hardwood and in the course of an hour or so the hound led off on the trail. The Airedales as usual paying no attention to bear hunting. This was about one o'clock, the bear crossed from one ridge to another and the south side of these mountains was very dry and hard trailing and the trail apparently an old one; the hound took considerable time to work it out, finally about three o'clock in the afternoon while working the north side of a mountain in green underbrush the bear was routed and the big hound tonguing fiercely was immediately joined by two Airedales and they started alongside of the mountain. We did not know at this time that the bear had been routed and I ran forward as fast as I could through briars and grape vines and saw the Airedales coming back, the hound kept on along the mountain side and turned the point and on account of his bad condition stopped and stood there barking fiercely, thinking the bear had been routed I hurried on to him, passed him and found where the bear had crossed a little gully and its tracks were fresh in the mud. I called to my partner that the bear was routed and from the direction he had taken was going to run mountain points jutting on a creek; he told me, "To urge on the dogs and to try and keep within hearing of them and he would cross to a point and watch for a chance to shoot."

With a little urging the hound took the trail and went straight up the opposite mountain side, one Airedale went with him but when about half way up the mountain quit cold and came back; one stayed with me and two remained with my partner. I finally got up to the hound and saw from his condition he was not able to follow up any longer. So we went home again empty handed, and with some more positive proof that the Airedales were bogus goods. This

ended our bear hunting for the present as the hound developed distemper. We remained one week more to hunt deer and then came home but decided to go back as soon as the weather got colder and the hound improved. I returned for another bear hunt December 12th; in the meantime I had purchased another hound from a man in Colorado and expected to receive her about the time I arrived at the hunting grounds, but owing to a snow storm and delay of trains she did not arrive. We hunted for two days without any success, on the third day about three o'clock in the afternoon the hound took a trail which was hard to follow as there had been a light snow, after the track was made. Owing to this trail being old and snow in it the dog could not travel very fast and I was able to keep with him most of the time. The Airedales showing no inclination to take it up or follow the hound closely; after trailing for quite a distance I came to a mountain side facing the south and there was no snow so I had to let the hound go ahead and he soon left the Airedales, my hunting partner and myself far in the rear. He went up the mountain side crossed the ridge into a swale of slashing. By the time we reached the ridge it was getting quite dark and there was falling a blinding snow and away in the distance we heard the hound bay once. We stood there in the dark and snow trying to hear him but he was too far ahead and the snow had filled his tracks, and we had strayed from them so we decided to let the hound go and start for home, which was several miles distant and a hard walk across the mountains. All this time the Airedales kept right at our heels never showing any tendency to hunt or to join the hounds; there being a good snow the next day we tried to rout this bear but as the snow was deep and it being late in the season the bear did not travel any. This was on a Thursday and on the following Monday we found the trail again; we followed it for about two miles and routed the bear. The hound took up the chase but those Airedales ran around there on that mountain side like a chicken with its head off. Two of them finally started after the hound but when about half way up the opposite mountain side quit and came back.

When we saw how they were performing we decided we had played the game to the limit for patience ceased to be a virtue when a man was hunting with such dogs as those.

We were finally convinced beyond a doubt that an Airedale was never intended to hunt a bear. On this last chase those Airedales were within two hundred feet of that bear when it was routed but they would not trail it much less fight it and even refused to stay in the chase. I decided then and there that anyone who told me that an Airedale was a hunter should be put in the Ananias Club as an active member. I have spent two years hunting with them and during that time they had opportunities to get into an active fight offered them nine times and only once did

they stay in the chase to the finish and then they had hounds for leaders.

Here are some of the things I learned about them. They are still hunters when they do any hunting. What use is a hunting dog that runs mute except for bird or wild fowl shooting? They are no use on hunting bear, deer, fox, coon or rabbits. When you consider the fact that they run mute it practically eliminates them for animal hunting.

They do not possess the inherent knowledge combined with scenting faculty to follow a trail. Did you ever see one run a rabbit trail? He will follow the trail all right until the rabbit does some of his funny stunts such as back tracking, then the Airedale is done right there for he cannot work out that trail and instead of trying to scent the rabbit begins looking for it. Their fighting ability. I cannot see how they get the name of being fighters. I have seen them whipped by hounds, setters, collies and mongrels and have my first Airedale to see win a fight. I had a hound that weighed about thirty pounds and he whipped every Airedale we had except two and had he weighed as much as they did he would have whipped them. I have a friend who had six grown Airedales, he kept them in a yard on one side of which there was a street, every time anyone went along that street those Airedales would make a rush for the fence and the way they would bark would lead you to believe that if they ever got through that fence there would not be enough left of that person to identify them by. The people protested to the police, the children in the neighborhood were afraid to pass that house and one of his neighbors told me he would not go into that yard for a hundred dollars. One day a friend and I went there and there was no one at home, there were ten small puppies we wanted to see and as we did not care to make the second trip and having had some experience with Airedales we decided to go in and call their bluff. Once inside the yard I do believe it would have been impossible to make those dogs bite us. I have some friends who tried them for hunting and their experience parallels mine. I know one man who purchased three of them from a big game hunter and he has not succeeded in getting anything but two cats in two years and he lives in a good bear country. A few years ago I was talking to one of the leading breeders of field trial dogs in the United States and I was telling him I intended purchasing some Airedales. At that time he told me I would not go amiss, that they were the coming dogs. Since that time he has had some Airedale experience and I was talking to him about one year ago and here is what he said of them: "THEY ARE THE MOST OVER-RATED DOG BEFORE THE DOG LOVING PUBLIC TODAY AND THAT YELLOW ON THE OUTSIDE OF THEM RUNS CLEAR THROUGH"—That is the whole truth.—I have spoken about the Airedale I purchased in Colorado and said I would speak of his fighting ability later and it was the same as the others. One day after

having routed a bear and he quit the trail and sat on a rock and looked at us, my friend said, "If I owned that yellow cur I would fill his hide so full of lead that it would resemble a cane seated chair." I wrote to the man I got him from and told him of my experience and here is what he said in reply: "If you will return him to me I will send you a half blood and half fox hound dog for since I sent him to you the other Airedale I hunted with him will not hunt for me," and I gladly made the exchange.

Here is the opinion of the greatest big game hunter and guide in America: "I consider them nothing without a trailer." This man has killed and help kill 57 bears in 3 years and his opinion carries weight. While on a motoring trip last summer I was forced to remain in one town for two days. I went to a news stand and purchased a sporting magazine and started to read a story of a big game hunt. That story was accompanied by a picture of two Airedales and told of what wonderful bear dogs they were. I did not pay much attention to the picture when I started the story but when I came to the name of one dog I had I almost collapsed. I looked at the picture and sure enough it was one of our dogs. How any person could write a story of a bear hunt and connect that dog's name with it is still beyond my comprehension. He was a beautiful Airedale, large, good coat, and was admired by everyone who saw him. A man traveling through Pittsburgh from Kansas said he had heard of him and stopped off to see him. A drummer calling on my hunting partner asked to see the great dog we had as he had heard about him while up in New York state. Friends wrote and congratulated me when we purchased him and people I had never heard of wrote and congratulated us for bringing into the community such a fine Airedale. Many bred to him and when we returned him to his original owner there were many expressions of regret that we did so. We wanted a hunter not simply an Airedale for he was the ROYAL COUNTERFEIT of them all. Many who read this article know the dog if I were to mention his name but as I am not wanting to cast reflections on the owners of these dogs I will not make mention of the past or present owners. Suffice it to say they were one of the highest priced pack of hunting dogs in the United States.

We went on two hunting trips into communities where they had never seen an Airedale but had read considerable about them and that pack of dogs was the center of great interest. Those dogs were in one community for several weeks and their work was watched by many experienced hunters and trappers and everyone that had formed a favorable opinion of them had to change it after seeing them work.

I had hoped to be able to write an article lauding the Airedale for I was one Dyed-in-the-Wool admirer of them and for a time refused to believe what I saw but as the continuous drop wears away the rock so the continual negative qualities of these dogs finally made their impression and I had to accept the fact as one man has already stated it: "They are the most over-rated dog before the public and that yellow on the outside of them runs clear through."

Fred Caldwell, Pennsylvania.

THE HARRIER HOUND.

Just finished the June issue of H-T-T and it's one of the best yet. By the way, Mr. Charles A. Singler writes of "The Playful Northwest." That must be some country and I'll bet that he is a good sport. Would like to meet that man and see his country.

It does one good to read Mrs. Lotta C. Wilson's letter and I hope we will hear more from her now that she is a subscriber.

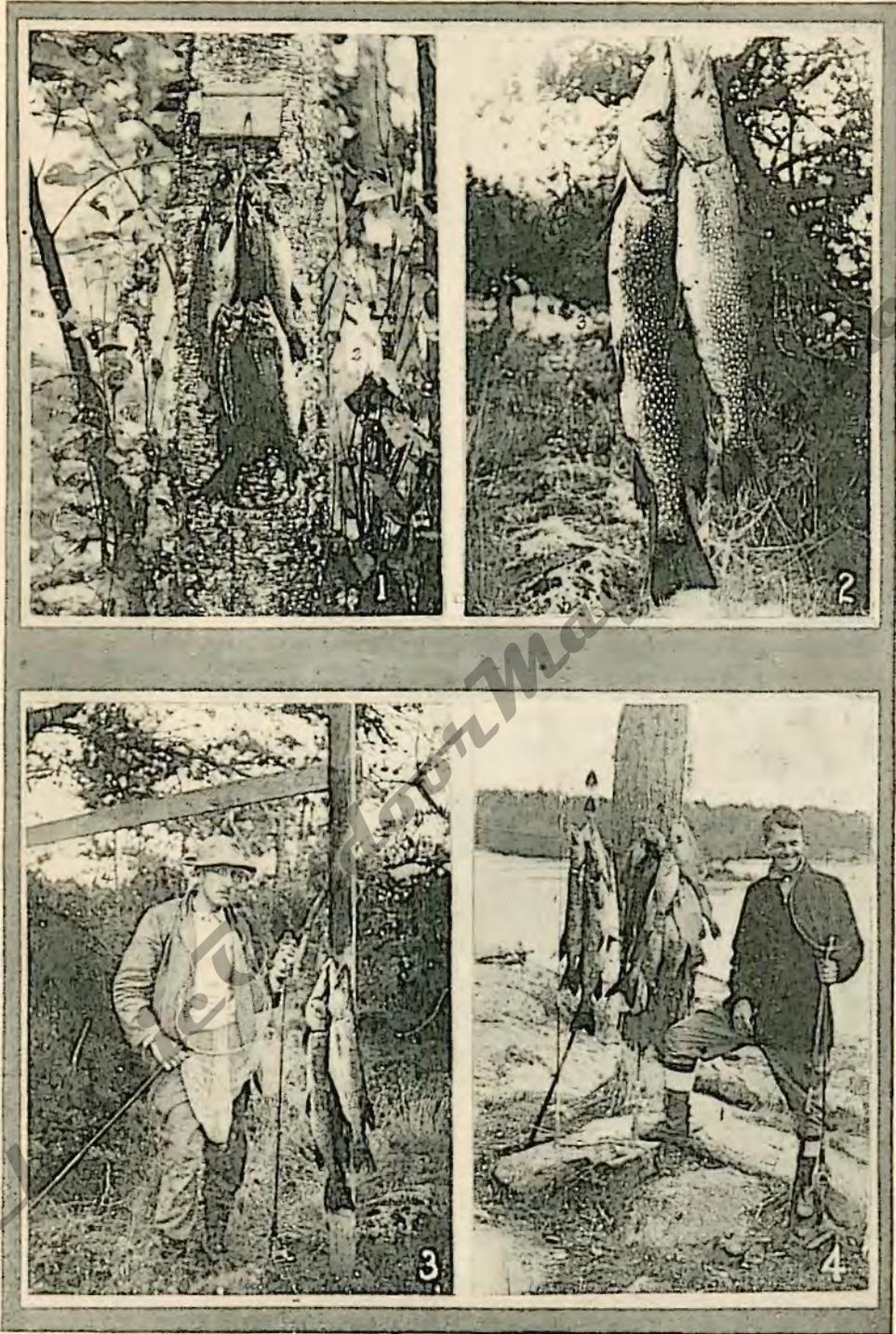
Glad to note that you will continue the "Dog Department;" don't cut that department out whatever else you do. While the Airedale is a good scrapper and game, he has to hand it to the hound (with a capital H) as a hunting dog. I have bred hounds and Airedales for ten years and know from whence I speak.

Why is it that there are so few Harrier hounds around the country? They are the prettiest and best all around hunting dog on earth. They are larger than a beagle and smaller than a fox hound. They make the ideal hunting dog. Here on Long Island we use them for coon, foxes, rabbits, skunk and even deer.

Last year I brought a brace of Harriers with me on a bear hunt in Pennsylvania and ran them in a mixed pack of fox hounds and Airedales. The Harriers were first to take the scent, handled themselves better through the swamps, and, being more supple over rough traveling, were always in the lead. The natives who saw these dogs perform were astonished at their endurance, wisdom and keen scent. Your definition some time ago that a Harrier was an old-fashioned rabbit hound, while true, was very incomplete. A Harrier is an aristocratic hound, small enough for rabbits, large enough for foxes, coon and bear and slick enough to handle any game on earth.

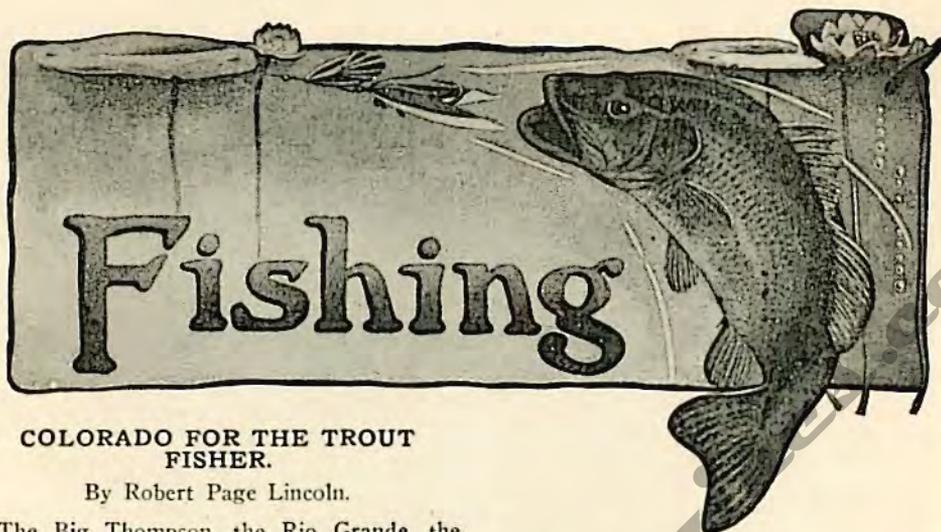
Would like to add that Paul Rainey, the millionaire sportsman, while in Africa hunting big game with hounds, had in his pack a Harrier that was always on the job and never failed to deliver the goods. A lion cut him up pretty bad but he never showed a yellow streak.

Long Islander.



KEYSTONE CAMPING CLUB OF PITTSBURG, PA.

1. A string of the game bass.
2. Two French River Pike.
3. One of the members of the club and his morning's catch.
4. Mr. R. A. Neville, the 1914 camp director of the club with "the smile that won't come off."



COLORADO FOR THE TROUT FISHER.

By Robert Page Lincoln.

The Big Thompson, the Rio Grande, the Gunnison, the Platte, or the Lost Lakes region in the western part of the state—where to find the best trout fishing? The above is a question that is better answered through experience with rod and fly on all of the streams or lakes listed, but that is not what the busy man, eager for news of other regions to conquer would like to qualify for. He would like to be told the best opportunities offered along some especial stream, or others, of noteworthy mention, that he may select without fear of the accompaniment of an inevitable failure. The purpose of this article therefore shall be to dissect these fishing possibilities and probabilities, offering such adequate information as would prove of worth to the outdoor brotherhood who read this. Since the editor has restricted me to something not pure narrative, the cue then is that I give something of practical worth, upon which foundation the angler shall be able to build his own temple of sentimentality.

There are innumerable unmentioned streams with trout in them in Colorado; but the big rivers and lakes are those resorted to by those who wish fishing, of the best sort, under prime conditions. One of the most famous rivers, from the viewpoint of the piscatorialist, and the lover of rugged beauty, is the Big Thompson which finds its source in the Frozen Lakes region, being fed by a number of notable tributaries approaching it from the Moraine Park section. This is a thoroughly wild river in every sense of the word, affording always some of the best trouting in the state of Colorado. It may be reached by way of Denver to Loveland, from whence, for the adventurous an automobile may be taken into the Estes Park region, which Roosevelt has designated as the foremost national playground in America. Then on from there, if one has wandering tendencies he can follow the river into still wilder regions, finding always good trout

fishing—as good as can be expected anywhere. The Big Thompson is a wild stream, with many rapids, torrents, stretches of white water where the gamey fellows are found. It is flanked by walls of rock, and rocks strewn lavishly all along, as a remembrance of the great upheaval of long ago when the world was primordial. Its banks are well wooded; it has dark nooks, obscure corners, fulfilling the expectations of the man behind the rod. The Big Thompson is here recommended for the reason that it is one of the most accessible rivers in the state. It has not been over-fished. It is annually stocked, along with other adjacent streams with upwards of three million trout to supply the demand of the fishing inclined. The Big Thompson and the Platte River are therefore of signal importance here, in that they may easily be reached without tedious, never-ending trips over rough-trailed mountains, where most of the satisfaction is early lost by multiplied labor in gaining access to the fishing grounds. Furthermore, the Big Thompson and the Platte have received infinitely more attention at stocking than other rivers in the state for they are thoroughly well fitted for the perpetuation of the tribe. I wish here to make note of the fact that the native trout of Colorado has almost disappeared from its natural haunts, and it is only a matter of time before he will be practically unknown to the home waters. But where the native trout is vanishing others of the kind are thriving, replacing the languishing one. The Eastern Brook trout and the pugnacious California Rainbow trout now hold undisputed sway; they are steadily increasing, for the rivers are not overworked, as I have afore-mentioned, and they are always allowed places where they can reproduce at their absolute freedom. The Rainbow trout here grows to a prodigious size, some having been taken by well known Colorado

anglers running in weight up to twelve pounds and over. There are seven well equipped hatcheries in the state. In one year something like fourteen million young trout were set free in Colorado waters. In the lakes of the Eastern Slope region, bass and perch have been planted, but as yet there is no fishing for them to speak of and the writer feels that there never will be any extraordinarily worthy the name. But the state has excellent trout fishing; whether in the wild inland mountain lakes or in the large rivers where the bigger trout are taken.

It is a rather uncomfortable fact that many of the streams of Colorado have been depleted of their trout supply; the disappearance of the speckled trout is a lamentable

Springs, twenty-seven miles from Denver. Eight and nine-pound rainbows are taken here every year; the region in the neighborhood is claimed to be the best. Further on this river one will find South Platte, marking the junction of the river. Here the trout fisher may try his luck on two streams, under diversified conditions, always in picturesque surroundings. There are good places to camp all along the river and there are hotels or cottages to be had for the more exacting. At Dawson's and Foxton, higher up the canyon is found excellent fly-fishing and is famed for it to all knowing anglers who fish in the state. The nature of the stream here is rugged, and wild; the stream having many pools and white water, broken now and then



A DAY ON THE PLATTE.

occurrence. The incoming of the farmers in the valleys, and civilization's inevitable ruthless interference, as evidenced by an indiscriminate pollution of the waters, has meant destruction to innumerable of this poetic fish. The South Platte however has escaped all this by judicious planting of trout and a watch over same by those of a protective nature. Along the entire course of the stream are found excellent places for trout. It has all the features demanded. Deep holes, waterfalls, white water, close to which the fontinalis inevitably lurk; towering rocks, and then again an almost pastoral contour to the land adjacent to it. The Platte is by far the easiest of access; Denver is twenty miles from the mouth of the Platte canyon. Good fishing is always to be found at Scontia

with productive riffles. The present writer cannot help but mention the unblushing declaration of a railroad folder writer of this place: "Those terrific throes that tossed the mountains out of the bowels of chaos threw this embodiment of geometrical perfection into the world, and there it has remained as a monument for the admiration of the pilgrim who seeks contentment under its very sides."

Farther up the canyon are found good fishing places, especially at Bailey's, where many yearly establish themselves. Glenisle furnishes good fishing in the riffles. Near Estabrook there are many deep and dark pools, with overhanging cliffs, and rocks scattered in the water in profusion. Likewise below Ins'mont and near to Dome Rock there is

found wild perfection, good fishing and all that one could ask for if he is looking for a good camping section.

The Gunnison River is perhaps one of the best known streams for general all around trout fishing in the state. Along this stream there is found all varieties of conditions, and lay of stream bed, from very shallow water to rough places in which it is quite dangerous to travel. The Gunnison after its eventual merging with its many tributaries forms a very wide stream. The Gunnison finds its course in the Elk Mountain region with many tributaries from the Uncompahgre Plateau, which, forming as one, sweeps on to

places, good fishing can readily be found. There are many places along the above stream where one is able to float the dry fly, finding long stretches of placid water, fit for just this process. It is recommended.

In preparing for a trip into Colorado mountains it is well to have a rod of at least six ounces in weight. It is contended that the most sport may be gotten out of a lighter rod, which is eminently true to the word, but then one wants to be prepared for often debatable circumstances, and it is well to be better equipped. If you are looking for convenience, and would want a rod that is easy of transportation, the pack rod of many



ON THE FAMOUS BIG GUNNISON.

meet the Grand River a stream in itself of notable proportions. The Grand River finds its source away up in the Middle Park region and is fed by innumerable small tributaries in many of which, secluded, and rarely resorted to, save by mountaineers and the adventurous offers good fishing. The Gunnison may be reached either by the Colorado and Southern railroad, to the town of Gunnison, or by the Denver and Rio Grande to many points along its course. By the latter railroad one may locate his starting point at Lake Junction, Delta, Hotchkiss, and farther down, Grand Junction, Ruby or Westwater, from which places, or near which

parts, and many ferrules may be included, for while it has not the perfectness of pliancy and resiliency of the free rod, still it is good for practically anything you put it up to. For further convenience a folding canvas creel may be included with the outfit. One should stock up well on flies of varied coloration. Those of gaudy hue, and those of a more subdued tone, are both needed; the former for dark-shadowed streams, or places, many of which will be found. The White Miller has been proven one of the best for all around mountain fishing. My friend Douglass of Limon, Colorado, while a thorough fly-fisher, always uses the live bait system,

having found it the best for continual success.

If you are thinking of entering Colorado this year I would suggest this: that you make up a party of four trouting enthusiasts, each to contribute toward the cost of the trip. For the sum of fifteen to twenty dollars each a month such a party could make it very well; though this does not include train fare, and the cost of horses, or burros, should you hire such, which would be an eminently proper thing to do. One pack horse, or a pair of burros would go nicely, and the cost, with four in the party is quite insignificant and comes within the purse of the most moderate. Such a party might then enter wilder regions and realize fishing in more primeval conditions of course. There will be much rough going, but then that is just what the nine in your even ten want. Outfit at Denver. It is the establishing point of the west, is now, and has been since the earliest times. I doubt if you can outfit cheaper anywhere than right in Denver.

One of the best trips that the present writer knows of, into the wilder districts of Colorado, is the Lost Lakes region and neighborhood. To gain access to this place of destination you should stop off at Phippsburg, which is some two hundred miles from Denver on the Moffatt road. For information as to getting in, and accommodations, one might apply at the Whitney ranch which is one-half mile from the station. The way to the Lost Lakes is one rough in every sense of the word but in the end one is

repaid with some excellent trout fishing. The scenery is beautiful; indeed some of the most picturesque in the state. The famous White River country, excellent for both fishing and hunting lies to the immediate westward. Roosevelt discovered this country, since he has written in detail about it. South of the Lost Lakes lies Trappers Lake, where much good trout fishing may be had. In Big and Little Lost Lakes one will run across fishing of excellent standard, and well repays all efforts of the angler. As aforementioned, the section is a most picturesque one, and of the best as a camping ground. Colorado's wonderful, exhilarating, dry, sunshiny climate is beneficial in every sense of the word, which need hardly be mentioned for the state is famous for its climatic features.

But for the man who wishes a stream easy of access, from the main city of Denver, I would suggest either the Platte or the Big Thompson, both famous streams. Without wasting much time you can gain these places, and enjoy either sheer camping or trouting. As I have said, outfit from the city of Denver. If you have no outfit on hand already to ship in, then buy in the above-mentioned city.

The open season for trout in Colorado begins May 25th and closes October 31. It is noted that it is unlawful to catch more than twenty pounds of trout in any one day, and it is not permitted to have more than twenty-five pounds in your possession. It is not permitted to take any trout under seven inches in length.



PART OF FOUR HOURS' CATCH BY WM. GOUMAN, DOUGLAS CO., WIS., IN LAKE ST. CROIX; THE SMALLEST WEIGHS $3\frac{1}{2}$ POUNDS, THE LARGEST $5\frac{1}{2}$ POUNDS. SMALL-MOUTH BLACK BASS AND ONE PIKE.



C. L. STORMES AND A CATCH OF RAINBOW TROUT,
NEWAGO CO., MICH. WEIGHT 7, 6½ AND 4 LBS.

A CALIFORNIA FISHING TRIP.

Is it not funny what a man will do to hunt or fish, the hardships that he will put up with just to shoot a little game or catch a few fish. I have just returned from a trout fishing trip that was a corker in the way of working your way to and from the fishing grounds. Three of us decided that we must go fishing and we must go to what is known as Bear Creek branch of the Santa Anna about 50 miles from here. Neil, Glen and myself comprised the party with Neil as head guide, Glen as second guide and yours truly also ran. Neil insisted as we would have to pack our grub and outfit about five miles over large boulders, that we take only one blanket apiece. Glen and I didn't enthuse much over that but said all right.

Well Wednesday morning we loaded the machine and started on our way and about five miles out something began to smoke and pound. We got out and found that the clutch collar was broken so we limped into San Bernardino with me holding an oil can and squirting oil on the darned thing about every hundred yards. We did not get started from town until late in the afternoon but knew we could make camp by dark if nothing else happened. When we got to the canyon of

the Santa Anna we found that we had to ford the stream ten times. We went into the first one and out all O. K., we struck the second and stalled in the exact center. Fine. Get out and push. We got her out and spent about half an hour cranking and finally got started. Into the next one and dead in the center she quit again. Then we did work. We got it pushed onto the bank and she simply wouldn't start. We did everything in the world to that machine and then did it all over. Nothing doing.

Crank and then crank some more. What we said I'll not repeat as I could be put in jail for it. We cursed that thing up one side and down the other and then back again. Then after one hour and thirty minutes she suddenly started without any reason and we tore out for the next ford. By this time we had made up our minds that it was much quicker to shove her all the way through the fords. The last one we came to we were good and tired and it was getting dark but we shoved her in, bumped her over the rocks to the other side and I said "let's start her," and the other two nearly broke their necks to get to the crank. She started fine but the fly-wheel was in the water and that finished it. Gee, how we cranked her but no go. Well, it was dark so we felt around, found a place to camp and left the car in the middle of the creek. After supper we got out our "one" blanket apiece and rolled up in the sand and tried to sleep. Glen and myself were doing pretty good but Neil couldn't sleep and decided if he could not no one else could. Result—nobody got any sleep. That one-blanket stunt was not going to be a success we could all see, but nobody said anything. The next morning at daybreak we tried the car and she started right off.

We soon got to where we intended leaving the car, so we got our packs ready and started out. Neil and I wore tennis slippers as they stick to the rocks better. "Now," said Neil, "we will pack to the narrows about five miles and then make camp and fish up to where the big ones are." "Fine," was the echo from Glen and myself. But we had not yet felt our packs. We got about two miles over some of the roughest going you ever saw and Neil said, "Say, what do you think of making camp here, this pack is getting heavy." Well, he had to argue considerable with us to get us to consent as we had our minds made up to get to the narrows and fish up, but after quite a bit of arguing we consented. We made camp, had a cup of coffee and started fishing. The fish bit fine and by three o'clock we all had nearly the limit (50), so we started back.

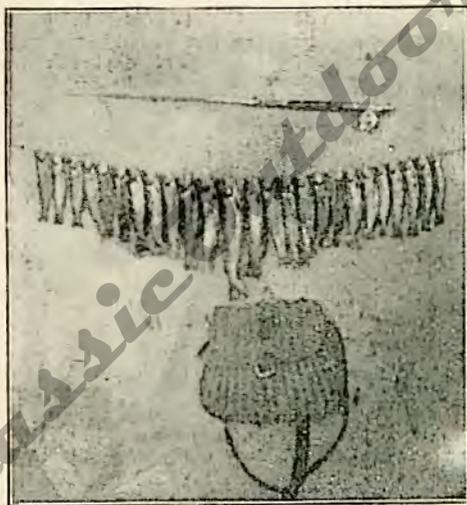
By this time Neil and I were complaining about our feet hurting from pounding over the rocks. We got back to camp at dark, tired, but say, we were hungry.

Neil pulled some awful rough stuff on us here. Said he, "I am without a doubt the best little cook this side of the Rockies," and we fell for it. He got a fine bunch of fish into a pan, cut up some bacon and put into

it and started cooking. You can guess the result—the fish all stuck to the pan and what a mess when we tried to get them out. Fine hash. But we were so hungry we pitched in any way and cleaned them up. Right there I registered a silent vow that I would do the cooking after that, and I did, with the result that we had fine meals thereafter. That night Neil had said to him everything that we had said to the machine. He was the cause of our only having one blanket apiece and when that cold wind began tearing up the canyon we could have murdered him. We fished the next morning and all got the limit by noon, so in the afternoon we started back to the car. And say, talk about sore feet, we sure had them with those tennis slippers.

On the way back we met another fisherman and he informed us that it was impossible to get above the narrows, so we sure did give Neil the ha! ha! The next morning at daybreak found us on our way home with ten fords ahead of us filled with ice cold water to our waists. How water could be so cold and not be solid I can't see. When we hit it the first time I thought it would paralyze us, but it did not and we shoved that old car through every one. When we got out of the last one we built a big fire and dried out some. We got home about noon tired and hungry, with a fine mess of trout, the finest fish in the world, and we are going again. But if anyone says "one blanket" he is to be shot on the spot.

Frederick Gilbert, Etiwanda, Calif.



A CATCH ON THE FIRST DAY OF MAY BY M. J. BRIGGS, MONTCALM CO., MICH.

FISHING IN THE GULF OF MEXICO.

M. W. KNIGHT.

The readers have had hunting stories, trapping stories, arguments about large and small bore rifles, large and small gauge shotguns,

which all fits nicely into space, but I would like to see the Fishing Department of our good magazine made better by more fish stories—true ones. Tell us just how you caught them and where.

As I have made the assertion heretofore in these columns that we have fishing of more variety, better fishing of all kinds and the fishing season is 365 days of the year, it is up to me to prove it. There are times of the year better for fishing than at other times here.

I shall endeavor to tell something of fishing in Florida waters that will answer many of the questions of the fifty-eight good old sports who found a way to reach me by letter and asked all the way from two to thirty-eight questions. Well, every one of you got an answer as fast as my time would allow me, though it was a task to do so in the manner in which I knew they expected. I do not invite this correspondence as I am too busy to give proper attention to them, but some of those who wrote me received as high as thirteen pages of information they had asked for.

My fish story for this time occurred not in Juvember, 1897, but the 23d day of April, 1914, and the three of us who did the act, all being old fishermen, agreed it was two hours of the most strenuous fishing we had ever done.

We started from my fishing camp at the mouth of Boca Ciga Pass in a 20-foot launch and headed straight out into the Gulf of Mexico. Noticing the time we left the Pass, as it is just 30 minutes' run of a 7½-mile-per-hour launch—otherwise 3½ miles out to where we fishermen have placed a buoy to mark the famous grouper fishing spot. Not that we were after grouper, for we were not. Kingfish was our object and they are known to congregate near any good grouper fishing place, and for information I will say that grouper are a bottom fish, species of bass and are found where there is a rocky and coral bottom. These rocky bottoms are found usually from one to six miles from shore and may be in extent from one-fourth mile wide and three-fourths mile long down to much smaller.

We soon sighted our buoy. My two friends were trolling spoon hooks for kingfish, while I with my big reel a little smaller than a nail keg, a heavy bamboo rod, kingfish hook on a four-foot piano wire leader and a big minnow on the hook was waiting until one of the others got a "strike" before I began operating.

As we neared the buoy we saw a kingfish leap clear of the water and one of the trollers had one hooked. Almost immediately a kingfish fastened upon the other trolling spoon. It being time for business I threw out my minnow and it had hardly struck the water until all three of us were pulling in a ten-pound kingfish. The Captain kept circling around the buoy covering a quarter mile in the circle and for two hours, I am safe to say we averaged, some one of the

three of us, had a kingfish hooked all the time. We quit for two reasons: because we were tired and because we had all the kingfish we wanted.

How many did we catch? We did not count them, but estimated by we three, also by three or four other parties who saw them as we stopped on the return at Johns Pass, we had over three hundred pounds, all the Captain could well dispose of to his customers. For myself I brought one home with me as I was only an invited guest of the Captain's, who fishes for the market.

Kingfish have been caught here so plentiful the past three weeks that the fish market is glutted and will not buy them, all owing to poor management as to finding an outlet by shipping them northward.

For the information of those who do not know a kingfish from a mackerel, will say that many claim the kingfish is simply a full-grown mackerel, but while very similar, except that a mackerel seldom weighs four pounds while a kingfish seldom weighs less than seven pounds. If you place a large mackerel and a small kingfish side by side it is readily seen that they are not the same. I believe in the salt water of the north the kingfish is called the "horse mackerel." They are a fine fish to eat and I hear that recently over a ton of them were taken out into Tampa Bay from St. Petersburg and thrown overboard because of glut of market. On the same day I heard this I received a letter from my sister in Illinois saying, "I wish we had some of your fish. When we can get them at all they are 22 cents a pound here and only carp at that." These fish could be shipped to Illinois and sold at 12 cents per pound at a good profit.

On this same spot where we caught these kingfish the Captain told me he had fished there for grouper when he had to quit or sink a 20-foot seaworthy launch with them.

We caught two grouper today—one about 20 pounds and one about 10 pounds. They sometimes rise to near the surface and take a minnow. The water is about 35 feet deep at that place. If we had fished on bottom it would have been grouper instead of kingfish, if they had let the bait go that far down before striking.

We laughed at the Captain for hooking a six-foot shark with his rod and reel, but he landed it in the boat by using a four-foot gaff all the same, which shows what kind of tackle you need here.

Those six pet rods of D. S. Gushwas, of Lafayette, Indiana, would all be to make over again, but I admire the man who can make his own rods and will here answer a question asked by nearly every one of my correspondents, which of course many more will be glad to know. "What length and weight of rod and size of reel and line do you advise for those waters?" One rod, reel and line will suffice for any fish in Florida waters, except tarpon and kingfish, baracouta bonita and jewfish. That should be not the common "cane" of Arkansas and

Mississippi, but of Japanese bamboo at 25 cents per, or better still, the Calcutta bamboo at 50 cents per pole, the latter worth more at one dollar than the former at ten cents. Select one proper shape, cut off tip and butt to a length of seven feet and wrap tightly between joints with small fish line, then shellac same after wrapping in a reel seat and three line guides and fasten on a tip. Then you have a rod that will give service, is light and is used here by all fishermen of experience in these waters.

For the larger fish that I mentioned get a larger and stronger one and for your small rod get a 150 to 250-yard reel. For the large fish a 250 to 400-yard reel (mine measures three inches in diameter and three and one-half wide, 350 yards), and get the best No. 24 line you can get, testing not less than 30 pounds' strain for the large reel and the best No. 18 line for the small reel.

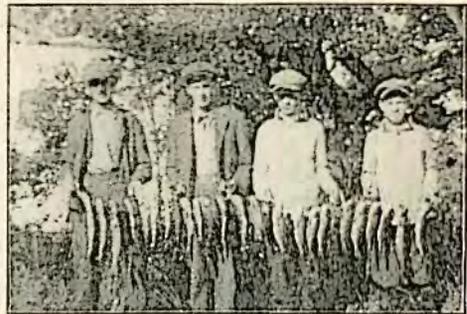
The tarpon season is going to be a big one. Today we struck a big tarpon with our launch hard enough that we could feel the jar and the tarpon leaped clear out of the water. When you hook on to 140 pounds of tarpon you have tackled a proposition something like as if you had a streak of lightning at the other end of the line. The usual weights of tarpon caught here weigh about 90 to 110 pounds, but as high as 162 pounds has been caught here.

I would like to hear more fishing stories in H-T-T than we have. W. E. Creed, tell us about that "Norwegian beam traw." I don't know whether it is some kind of a fish trap or a kind of cast net and there are others just as ignorant.

I am much interested in "Fur Farming" stories also and am patiently waiting for W. E. Wampler to finish his opossum experiment and tell us about it.

At present I am "snake farming" to a certain extent with the object in view of determining whether or not it is true that the king snake, which is perfectly harmless, does kill the rattlesnake and other poisonous snakes. Any one knowing anything about this let us have it in H-T-T. I have four king snakes that I feed and handle as I would a kitten.

M. W. Knight, Florida.



CAUGHT BY R. SHAW AND FRIENDS JULY 1913, IN FAIRFIELD COUNTY, CONN.

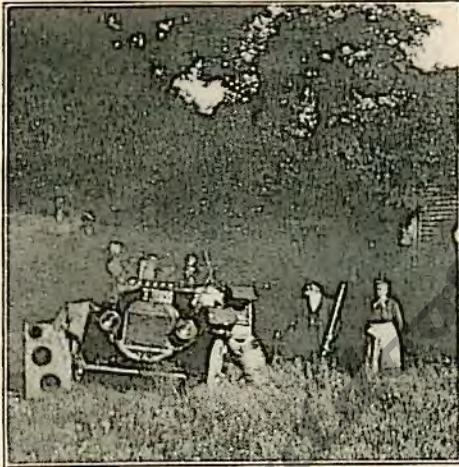
A WEEK'S OUTING ON KETTLE CREEK.

By • E. N. WOODCOCK, POTTER CO., PA.

Well, boys, while my health is such that I am scarcely able to get out, I was yet unable to resist an opportunity to take a little outing with some friends, so on the 16th of June we left for a week's outing on Kettle Creek, a journey of about sixty miles from home.

The accompanying picture shows the automobile at our door being loaded with my camp outfit for our trip. In this picture you will see my better half standing by my side scolding me because I could not resist the outing trip, which took, owing to the bad condition of the roads, about four hours to make the sixty miles.

We left home about six o'clock in the morning and at ten a. m. the boys were put-



E. N. WOODCOCK AND CAMP OUTFIT READY FOR THE TRIP.

ting up the tent and preparing a fine camp, and say, boys, while my health would not permit my enjoying the outing as I always have, I nevertheless was pleased with the trip and while I could not get much of a move on, I got quite interested in fur-bearing signs and some information from people living near our camp who called on us.

One man, Mr. Brantz, who lived on the hill above our camp, told of the vast amount of fox in his neighborhood, and a man living about a mile down the creek below camp had three sheep killed by bear the day before we came into camp, and that was about the way the general information ran from the different parties who called on us.

While I was only able to get a little ways along the banks of the streams close to camp, I was able to find a few mink signs and see quite a lot of muskrat works.

Our camp was located right at the forks of the creek and had I been able to travel to

amount to much I surely could have enjoyed it, for boys you all know that one who is a lover of nature greatly enjoys a good camp location. As I am familiar with all parts of North Central Pennsylvania, including Potter, Clinton and the wooded sections of Tioga, Lycoming, McKane Counties and all of Northern Pennsylvania, I well knew where to locate the camp for a pleasure outing.

As to fishing, owing to the water being low it made the trout fishing rather poor, but the boys got a fair amount of trout, some black bass and a number of eels and could have gotten any amount of suckers and mullet had they cared to. The boys would get in the auto and run down the creek five or six miles in the evening to do their bass fishing.

Boys, how I would love to be able to meet all of you comrades of the trap line and the lovers of an out-door life out in camp on a pleasure outing trip.

A MISSOURIAN'S VIEWS.

There is nothing I like better than to get out my favorite rod and reel and hike for Eleven Points, the home of the finny beauties, and oh, what joy it is to hear the swish-swish of the line, which indicates that there is a three to eight-pounder on the other end.

I would like to see more letters of experience on fishing. How many are there who believe fish do not strike on the light of the moon as well as on the dark? Also that bait casting in extreme hot weather is not as effective as fly casting?

In an issue of H-T-T some time ago some one said that in case you hooked a bass and he got away, "you might as well make tracks for a different place for nothing else would strike there." There is nothing to that, I assure you, for early this spring I saw five hooked in succession, each getting off after being drawn to within four feet of the bank. This was accomplished in less than five minutes and the angler never moved from his tracks during the time.

Did any of the H-T-T readers ever have fish to follow lazily behind the lure clear up to the tip of the rod without showing any inclination to strike? I have many times and I shall tell you how one fellow overdid the thing. After following out many times and always coming close, yet never striking, the landing net was slipped under him and out he came, thanks to his curiosity.

I am anxious to see more letters in which experiences of anglers are given and feel if you fellows will write them the Editor will give them space.

What is your opinion about the fellow who is continually taking fishing trips yet will not allow his wife to accompany him, though she would dearly love to go and repeatedly asks that she may?

Lethiel E. Douglas, Oregon Co., Mo.

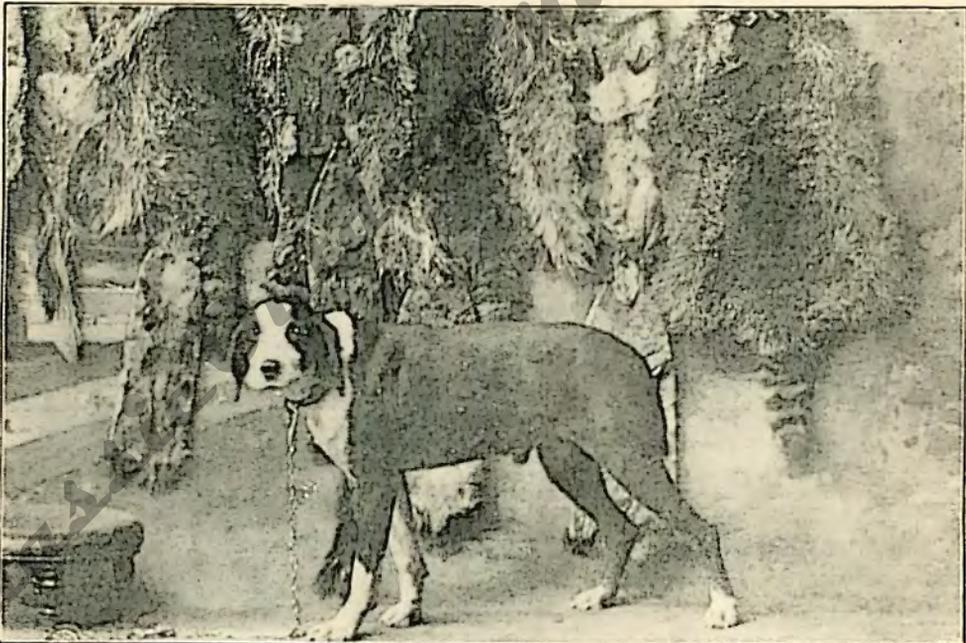


A COON HUNT IN JAY COUNTY, INDIANA.

On November 20, 1913 a party of nine, consisting of Philip Waltz, Carl Hall, Chas. Imel, George Grimes, Bert Pattison, John Reid, Glen Grimes, Earl Grimes and myself,

could not trail it very good but after a while he got it back in the woods where he treed.

We ran to him like a pack of Indians to see who could get there first. When we got there he was barking up a white oak. We began to shine the tree and in a little bit



OLD JIM, THE DOG THAT HELPED US GET THE COON.

left about seven o'clock from our meeting place for a coon hunt.

We started west and passed through two woods without striking a trail and just after we got in the third woods old Jim opened up on a hot trail and took it about a quarter of a mile and it got in a cornfield where he

Phil says "I see him" and right then is when our sport commenced. We decided which one was to climb the tree and shake him out. Glen started up and got up about fifteen feet, backed out and came down again. Then Phil said he would climb the tree and shake Mr. Coon out. When he got to the top he could

stand in a fork and was within four feet of the coon. He could not reach the coon nor could he shake him off so he told us to cut off a limb about five or six feet long and then he could knock him off. Glen took the club and started up. Got about as far as he did the first time and came back down. Then Carl took it up. Phil waited until Carl got down then he hit it over the head and knocked him off and the dog grabbed him and soon put the "fixin's" to him. It was the largest coon I ever saw. It weighed 22 pounds. Charles Imel said he would carry all the coon we got so he picked it up and we started on.

We came to some water that was clear and which looked good to us and believe me we helped ourselves to it. We went on till we came to a big woods and Phil says, after walking a ways in the woods, "it is about time we were striking a trail." Just then the dog opened up on another trail. He ran it about half a mile when it went into a cornfield that was so muddy he could not run it any farther. We started back to the woods again and about half way there he struck it again. It was so hot it was burning his nose and then was when he gave us some music. He ran it about 400 yards east and then turned north giving us music every jump. He went about a quarter of a mile north and barked treed. You should have seen us going to him; we were falling over logs and everything else in our way. We found him barking up a small elm and Phil took the lantern, found his eyes right away and went up. He shook that one off and it had no more than hit the ground till old Jim had him. He had some fight with that coon as it was a big one. He put up an awful fight.

We started back home and on the way back we got two skunks which nearly made every one of the fellows sick. Charles had about all he wanted to carry as we had three miles to go.

Mr. Waltz sold his dog and we were all sorry for he was one of the best dogs that ever went into the woods. I am enclosing a photo of him to show the men what a good dog looks like. —o— Paul Pattison.

MY FIRST COON HUNT.

One night in January, 1914, Bob Lawson, Tom Broughton, my brother Carl and I started on a coon hunt. We started sometime after dark, and dark it was, for you couldn't hardly see your hand before you. We didn't care for the darkness as we had two lanterns along. Tom carried one, I carried the other, and Bob carried his shotgun.

We had three dogs, Lusher, Pawpaw, and Fred belonging to Mr. Lawson. Lusher is the best coon dog in the neighborhood and never tires hunting. He is a red English hound. Pawpaw is a little terrier pup, and Fred is a young hound. Bob said, "Both hunt very well, but they have never treed anything yet."

Well, we started for Miss Bettie Bate's woods, at Horseshoe Bend, on the Browns-

bore Road about a mile below Springdale. We had very rough traveling, nevertheless we enjoyed it. We found a path that led us to Goose Creek, about two miles from the Ohio river.

We tramped on a while and then sat down on a log to listen. While we were resting we heard Lusher yelp two or three times. Bob said, "Be quiet, boys I think Lusher is on a coon's trail." We waited a little longer then heard him bark again. "Come on boys, he has treed," said Bob, and we hurried away in the direction of the dog. By that time Pawpaw went up to help Lusher out. The two dogs were making music which was a delight to us.

When we got there we found they had something up a large beech tree. We tried to shine some eyes but could not see any, so Bob was going to climb the tree. He had not climbed far when he said, "I see one eye." He jumped down, walked back a piece and told me to bring his gun to him. Bob shot, but nothing fell. He waited a while and then tried another shot.

We heard something moving the limbs so Tom and I were going around the tree to keep the coon from coming down on the other side. Just then something fell out of the tree in front of us. Pawpaw was the first upon it. We called the dogs off and found it to be a ringtail. Carl threw the ringtail on his shoulder and we started for home. We went to Mr. Nachand's grocery to weigh it and found it to be a seventeen-pounder one of the largest coon caught in this vicinity for a long time. We reached home at ten o'clock. This was my first coon hunt.

Albert Stutzenberger,
Jefferson Co., Ky.

—o—

THE LARGEST COON.

As you are all contributing your stories of the largest coon killed under your observation will tell you of one which was killed in our neighborhood.

Two young fellows were out rabbit hunting in the first part of January. The dog was hot on a rabbit trail. Shortly the rabbit came in sight and one of the boys shot at it and killed it. It had no more than dropped than an animal came rushing out of the brush ahead of the dog. The boys took to their heels and upon looking back they saw it climb a hemlock stub. They went back and shot it which proved to be a coon. They weighed it about ten minutes later and it tipped the scales at 31½ pounds. As I looked down on this little prodigal son I thought how came you to stray so far from home and leave your old father back in Kansas to be murdered by Mr. Rose, of Hamilton County? It almost made the tears come to my eyes to see that little coon killed when it was only half grown. If he had lived to get his growth like his father did his hide would have made a fur robe or an overcoat.

Now, Mr. John Carpenter, are you sure that was a coon which was at the Auburn Pet Stock Show or a cub bear? I was at a fair last fall, myself, held at Traverse City. There was on exhibition an opossum. Up walks a friend of mine and says, "Did you see the beaver they have over here?" "No," I says, "let us go and see it." Over we went and behold it was an opossum. I said, "John, that is not a beaver, that's an opossum." John says, "I know better. I have hunted and trapped beaver on the Northern Peninsula for over 20 years and I guess I know one when I see it. You're full of bug juice." Now, Mr. Carpenter, a man can see lots of things at fairs that he can't see anywhere else.

In conclusion let me say I have as good a coon hound as ever traveled the woods, but since Roger E. Salmon told in the January number how to catch coon with fish hook I use a fishing tackle to hunt coon and have trained my dog to track fish. Come on with your coon stories. They can't come to fast for me.

Chas. A. Clark,

Grand Traverse Co., Mich.

OHIO COON HUNT.

I have hunted with three different dogs and at present have two dogs; one is my old tried, true and tested coon dog, black and tan. The tan is fast turning to gray as the seasons come and go. I often wonder how long he will serve me yet as he is now twelve years old and I have had him ever since a pup.

I will tell you of a hunt some of my neighbors and I had which proved a failure as far as catching a coon is concerned. It was not the dog's fault as I will presently show.

We left my home about 7 o'clock Tuesday night, the 3d of February, 1914, and drove about 2½ miles south and put our horse in a barn and started for the woods which is only a little ways east. We generally strike coon tracks but this time failed.

I told the boys that I believed the coon had left this woods and we went over to a large woods about a mile farther south. I had trapped here before and had noticed the tracks going from one woods to the other. We started across and in due time reached the other woods.

We had no more than gotten in the woods until old Ring started one and ran it about one hundred yards and treed on a very large elm, a den tree. Just our luck and here in Ohio, we don't carry axes either as this is a German settlement and they prize their timber highly.

We went on and the dogs found so many tracks they couldn't trail them all. They managed to get two more up a tree, big elms, about four foot on the stump which were undoubtedly den trees as we didn't get anything off of them.

We then started for home. We were

going north when he opened up on another one and ran it west across the road about three-quarters of a mile and barked treed. We went to him and he was barking up a large elm that stood on the creek bank. It had a fine hole in it as we could see from the ground.

This ended a very unlucky coon hunt.

Harvey Longwith, Auglaize Co., Ohio.

COON HUNTING IN VIRGINIA.

On Thursday night, January 22d, my brother and I started on a coon hunt. We started at 7:30 for Brush Mountain Run. When we were within fifty yards of the Run my old coon hound opened up. The music was fine but it didn't last long enough, for the coon had taken to a tree. You coon hunters know how a coon hound will bark when they have a ring-tail up a Spanish oak tree. Well, we have that kind.

When we reached the tree we found it was a small one. I tried to shine his eyes, but couldn't. I then took my axe and started to cut down the tree. In a few minutes it went down the hill into the water. The dogs went into the top of the tree but couldn't find a coon. Jesse said, "Do coon get in water." I said, "Yes." I stepped upon a rock and found the coon lying down beside it almost dead. I suppose the jar of the tree hurt him. The next day when I was skinning him I found nine shot just went through his hide. He must have been in a close place once before.

The next Thursday night I decided to go out after coon by myself. I don't like to go by myself but I didn't know of any one else. I started at 7:30 and about 9:30 I had coon going my way. The coon had taken a tree. I went to the dogs and found them on top of the mountain and the coon was up a large pine tree. This tree was out on the edge of a cliff. I was afraid to climb it so I chopped it down. Over the cliff it went. The coon took down the mountain and circled twice. I thought the dogs would catch him every minute, but the coon ran three-quarters of a mile and went up a big chestnut tree.

It took me some time to get to the tree. When I reached it I found that it was too big for me to cut down at night so stayed there till morning. When day broke, I saw him on a limb. I gave him a load of shot and he came down.

J. A. McDaniel, Cree Co., Va.

A BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA, COON HUNT.

I will relate a coon hunt that took place on January 28th, 1914. Cleo Wheeler, John Cloverdale and myself started for Bean Blossom, a creek down in the bottoms. We decided to take Darvin Oliver, a friend, who had wanted to join our party on a coon hunt,

with us. One of the best coon-dogs in the state, Old Scout, completed the party.

We went southwest through a peach orchard and then out in some big pastures. When we came to Bean Blossom we went into the Parmelee's woods. The leaves were dry there, and it was hard for a dog to run a trail.

Scout hit a trail finally and took it about three-quarters of a mile northwest, and treed it in Lon Gray's woods, on a very large hickory. We arrived at the tree in about half an hour and Scout was doing some great talking. Mr. Coon never looked down or made a move, so we decided to hang a lantern on the tree and come back in the morning. It was then about 11:30 p. m. We hit due north but not far. Old Scout struck another one in Hiram Campbell's woods and went north. We followed and when we got where he was, he quit and came in—too cold and dry.

From there we took east about one mile and back south one and one-half miles down on Bean Blossom again. Scout hit a trail, went west three-quarters of a mile into John Prosser's woods, and treed on a black oak, just 20 minutes after he hit the trail. We arrived at the tree in about one-half an hour and found Mr. Coon. At the second shot down came Mr. Coon on the ground dead.

It was then 3 a. m. Wheeler saw the light at the tree and he and Cloverdale hit for the tree to stay until daylight. Oliver and I started for home. We went east three-quarters of a mile and hit the road.

When we got within a mile of our home Scout hit another trail and went south 1½ miles and treed in Parmelee's woods on a maple. But it was a den so we did not get that one. Then we started back northeast for home again, but Scout hit a skunk. I went and headed him off, as we were tired and wanted to make it home by 6 a. m.

Wheeler and Cloverdale stayed till daylight and got a fine coon off the hickory. They reached home about 8:30 a. m. Oliver says he likes to coon hunt but not such a long jaunt.

A. C. Oaldon.

A WEST VIRGINIA COON HUNT.

A squirrel hunt which turned out to be a coon hunt took place on Friday, November 21, 1913. I started at seven o'clock with my two hounds and my 16-gauge Long Tom as it was a fine morning for squirrels.

I went up the railroad about one and a half miles leaving it and turning to the right up a fine hollow. Well, I fooled along until nine o'clock and didn't see a squirrel and about this time my three-year-old hound and eleven-months-old pup said there was something doing. To music that was something fine they trailed all through a chestnut flat and in about an hour I heard them say treed. You can bet your life I wasn't long in getting to them.

They were barking up a large chestnut oak that had holes in it, but I soon saw Mr. Ringtail out on a large limb. It looked to be as large as a cow laying out on that limb. I soon had him tumbling to the ground and the dogs gave him a few shakes and went back to the tree to tell me there was another one up it and there I was, no axe and two and a half miles from home and I couldn't climb an apple tree unless there was a chicken up in it.

Well, I got my dogs and coon and started for home. I arrived at home about eleven o'clock, dressed my coon, ate dinner and told my brother who lives close about the coon tree, and he said we would go back and cut the tree. So up with our axe, dog and gun we started. By three o'clock we were at the tree. The dogs got there before we did and started the music. We were not long in cutting the tree. When it fell the dogs made a circle around the tree and while they were doing this I saw Mr. Coon trying to climb a chestnut snag. By this time the dogs were closing in on him and I let him have a load of No. 4 shot in the face.

Now, readers of the H-T-T, if you do not believe that I have young coon hounds that will trail coon in daytime, just write to the minister here and he will tell you so.

J. B. Douney, Logan Co., W. Va.

COON HUNT IN ELDORADO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

My friend, Irwin Anderson, and I had planned for a coon hunt and as the rain had ceased falling one bright moonlight night in January, we started with our two dogs, Jack and Ponta, for some timber that borders the creek.

The dogs were barking ready for the sport to begin. Crossing open grain fields and low marshes we arrived at our destination. Unsnapping the chains from their collars which we led the dogs with, they were off and nothing more heard of them until the stillness of the night was broken by their barking some two hundred yards up the creek. Rushing, the two of us, with anxious hearts over fallen timber and through thickets of underbrush, we arrived at the scene. At the foot of a large willow the dogs sat on their haunches barking furiously up the tree. At our approach, they came to us with eyes as much as to say, "The tree is full of coon."

After scanning the tree for a few seconds, we saw a dark object which attracted our attention in a crotch of the tree. Taking steady aim with our double-barrel shotgun we let her fly, but to our disappointment it remained there the same as usual. Examining it more carefully, we saw our mistake; we had shot at a false growth on the tree. Having a good laugh over our mistake, we moved around to the north side of the tree.

There on a limb sat four coon looking down at us. Bombarding them until the last of the coon fell to the ground and skinning them we started again on our way.

The dogs, after chewing them awhile to make sure they were dead, started off again and nothing more was heard from them for some time. Presently the welcome notes of the dogs barking came to us again, but in a different direction from which we expected. There on the hill on the opposite side of the creek they were trying to see which could make the most noise. It took us some time to get over to where the dogs were as the creek had raised quite a bit on account of the recent rains. Crossing a wet log that laid across the creek and falling in (the both of us), we soon arrived to where the dogs were. To our disappointment they had a skunk instead of a coon. Calling the dogs away, before they got too much skunk as we were afraid they would lose their scent, we started again for the creek.

Following the creek for a quarter of a mile or more we turned to our right up a ravine that led to a flat where a coon tree stood. The dogs at arriving made three or four circles around the tree. Ponta let out a yelp and started with Jack close on his trail.

We sat down on an old pine log, filled our pipes and intended to enjoy a little smoke while the dogs were hunting. Our smoke was interrupted by the distant barking of our dogs. Up and at it, as all true coon hunters are, we started down the creek over rocks and through brush until we arrived where the dogs were. There a coon sat in the water up to his back snapping first to the right and then to the left. He had made for the creek in search of fish and frogs and the dogs had taken advantage of his trip. Trying in vain for the dogs to go in and bring him out, we gave it up, for the dogs had been in one fight with a coon in the water and the both of them were about drowned. They preferred dry ground. Shooting the coon and taking pelt with us, we decided to try the timber for awhile, thinking we might find a coon there.

The dogs at seeing the coon in our possession started out eager again. This time we only had a short ways to go to where the dogs were making their disturbance. There seated in a dead oak with the moon for a background sat Mr. Coon, and at our appearance he jumped from his perch and disappeared into the woods with the dogs close on his trail.

It was some time before we heard any more from the dogs and thinking they had lost the game we started home.

Presently, however, the dogs were heard again. We agreed to take our back trail to where the dogs were. To our disappointment the coon had escaped into a hollow tree. Seeing it useless to try and get him out as we had no axe with us, we again started home talking over our good luck. Five coon we both agreed was a fair night's catch.

E. H. Lattimore.

A LUCKY AFTERNOON.

On the afternoon of February 20th, 1914, I asked my neighbor to take a walk with me to set some traps for a few rats, as it had been almost two weeks since we could do any trapping for muskrats as everything had been frozen up.

We left the house and started across the fields to where there was a small woods. On going through the woods I noticed a coon's track and as the snow was deep I decided to follow it up. It only went a little ways and I could see that it had gone up a small beechnut tree. There was a hole about twenty feet from the ground. I called to my neighbor who was in the woods trying to get his pup to take a rabbit's track which he had kicked out of the brush. I went up the tree and he cut me two long sticks. I took one and put it down the hole but could not feel bottom. I then let it drop and my neighbor said it went to the bottom.

We went home for an axe and started to cut down the tree as it was only a small one. When we had a small hole in the tree we could see Mr. Coon all curled up in there asleep. When the hole was a little larger my neighbor put his hand in there and took hold of Mr. Coon's back. He, however, would not stand for it and snapped at his finger. It did not take Ed long to get out of there. Up the tree went the coon. Ed went up as fast as the coon did on the inside. Ed told me to put a stick up in the tree and the coon would come to the top.

To my surprise I found that there were two coon in there, for when one was at the top, there was still one at the bottom. I then told Ed to set a trap at the top of the hole so the coon couldn't get up any farther until we had gotten the one out at the bottom.

I put on two pair of gloves and got hold of the coon. Out she came and Ed hit her on the head with a club. There was still another one in there, so I got him by the tail and pulled him to the hole. He did not want to come out so easy. He grabbed Ed by the thumb and I had to choke the coon in order to make him let loose of Ed. We then killed him.

There was still another in the tree. I got a long stick and poked it up at the coon. He went for the hole at the top and over the traps into a small hole above. I got there in time to get a hold on his tail, so I pulled him until he gave up. I then threw him down to Ed who put his foot on top of him.

We took Coon No. 3 home alive with us. Ed fell over a wire fence and Coon No. 3 right after him. There surely was a scramble. But you bet he didn't do any scrambling to get away from the coon on the 22d of February. He ate his share all right. Coon No. 1 weighed 6 pounds, No. 2 weighed 8 pounds and Coon No. 3 weighed 14 pounds.

H. C. Koerner, Mahoning Co., Ohio.

A NEW YORK COON HUNT.

Hello, coon hunters and trappers, I am a hunter and trapper and hail from the eastern part of New York state. As I have never written anything on this line before you will have to excuse my mistakes.

One night in September my friend, George Butler, and myself started to go to a neighbor's house to spend the evening. When we were going down the road we heard some one halloo over to the south of us in a gulf. We did not pay any attention but kept on going. We had no more than arrived and closed the door before another hunter friend opened the door and said, "Come, quick! I have two animals up a tree over in the gulf, but can't get them alone." And we all started over on the run. It was about a mile to the tree, a big maple, and there was one of the finest coons down on the lower limb, but did not dare come any farther for Charlie had hung his coat on the limb and Mr. Coon would not come by it. When he saw us he went to the top limb. Up went George to shake them out and all we had to kill them with was two pieces of rail that lay there. As the coon ran by Charlie hit at him but missed and broke his club, but I jumped on him with both feet. You can guess what happened. I only weigh

two hundred pounds. We then told George to let the other one come, which he did in about five minutes. This one ran under a rail fence but we were after him and a blow from Charlie's piece of rail ended our coon hunt which was some exciting time while it lasted.

O. C. Haughtaling, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

—o—

I was raised in northern Idaho near Moscow but emigrated to Canada nineteen years ago. Since then I have been over a good many states and at last came back to Canada and took up a homestead or rather my husband did, two years ago, but would rather be in Idaho or along the mountains.

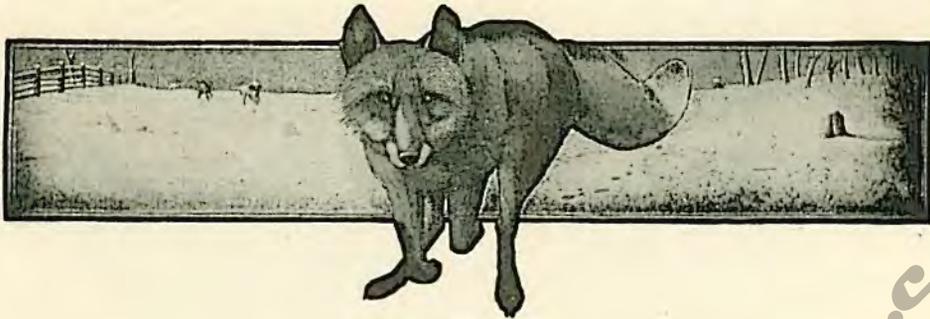
There are lots of moose, coyotes and foxes here, but hard to get them as there are too many trappers here. We have a few weasels, and muskrats. Last fall we trapped three weeks in November and got 147 rats, 17 weasels and 1 coyote, but was not able to get our moose. We have a few bear here—the brown and black but it is pretty hard to see them as there is so much swamp and brush.

We do not raise much here as it is so cold it freezes every month in the year.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Holmes,
Province of Alberta, Can.



CHAS. LEHMAN AND FAMILY WITH FURS AND GAME TAKEN LAST FALL IN KOOTENAI CO., IDAHO, COYOTES, DEER AND BEAR,



FOX HUNTING

A FOX CHASE BY MOONLIGHT.

To the Editor of Hunter-Trader-Trapper,
Columbus, Ohio.

A considerable number of Hunter-Trader and Trapper are read in this vicinity every month and thinking an article from this section might be of interest to your many readers, you will pardon me if I presume that a description of the hunting reserves here will be of interest. Allegan county is located in the western part of southern Michigan. Allegan is a city of 4,000 inhabitants beautifully located on the Kalamazoo river, about thirty miles from its mouth. West of the city lies an almost unbroken forest of light oak timber, twenty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide, interspersed by many beautiful lakes and small streams all emptying into the river. We have three hunting reserves in that forest and all are very popular on account of the excellent fishing and hunting in that vicinity. The Allegan club, Nagella, has beautiful grounds and a "homey" lodge with all the comforts. Such prominent citizens as Dr. F. C. Castell, mayor; C. E. Hoffman, leading attorney; W. J. Oliver, large manufacturer, and Frank Andrews, cashier of the First National Bank, are its directors. The Fennville reserve is located on the river a little ways from the Nagella clubhouse and George Leland, supervisor and wealthy fruit grower, is at its head and many prominent citizens of the great fruit belt of Michigan such as A. L. Whitbeck and R. B. Beals are the pushers. Many are the good times enjoyed by them and their friends at their reserve.

In this great wooded country many red foxes are found and with your kind permission, I will give you a description of a moonlight fox hunt that was indulged in by a few of our numerous fox hunters. Dr. J. B. Stuck, a typical southern gentleman, who has as fine a Walker foxhound as ever bayed on a track; Mr. Kinney G. Gates with his Redbone, Mr. W. H. Carman, the lover of the old-fashioned, long-eared, pointed-nose New England foxhound of the old type with a deep

heavy voice; and Mr. S. P. Hudson, assistant postmaster at Allegan, with his Kentucky-bred hound went on a moonlight fox hunt. They went down the river, nine miles northwest of this city to what is known as the Palmer bayou. At half-past eight p. m. the hounds were turned loose and in about twenty minutes, Mr. Hudson's Kentucky hound was heard giving tongue about a half a mile away. He was soon joined by Dr. Stuck's Walker with his sharp, choppy voice and Gates' Redbone was soon heard with them and then Carman's New England dog, the one with the voice that fairly makes the high hills rumble as the echoes bound off the rocks. It was a good half hour before the lead was struck that was fresh, and leading away, the fox took the dogs away in a northwesterly course to what is known as the Daily bayou, about six miles away. The ground was entirely bare, mind you, and every dog was in full chase. What merry music they did make! Did our blood course any faster? Yes, it fairly tingled in our veins. The dogs were gone about two hours, not being out of our hearing more than a half hour. Then they were heard coming back, the Walker apparently in the lead. They came very close to us but soon took a course to the south to Round lake, four miles away. They were gone about an hour this time and were again heard coming back down the Swan Creek bottoms. Oh! how those old high banks did rattle that still moonlight night! They passed within a half mile of us this time and then Mr. Fox took them in a southwesterly course to Old Crooked Lake, six miles away.

We went to work and built up a huge fire from the dry wood we found and it could be seen many miles away. At twelve o'clock we had supper and what a feed it was! The fire was about eight feet from a heavy log and when it got going well, we all sat down on the log and ate our fine meal by the fire. We had some delicious coffee and some good old bologna with garlic in it, fine food for fox-hunters. After supper cigars and pipes were enjoyed. A little after six in the morning

the dogs were again heard coming our way and as they came closer and closer every man was in his place with his gun drawn to his face expecting every minute to see old Reynard come into view. But we were disappointed, for of a sudden the dogs were silent and not a sound could be heard. Finally one of them gave a warning sound that the fox had taken to cover and we went over and found that he had holed in a high bank near the Palmer bayou.

The fox had run nine and a half hours and we estimated that he traveled fifteen miles an hour. This is an actual experience in which we found rare pleasure as do many other hunters in this vicinity.

Respectfully,

S. P. Hudson,
Allegan, Mich.

MY FIRST FOX.

April 15, 1906, I was out in the field with my brother Graftin, when I heard a hound away off in the distance about a mile toward the south. I did not think any one was hunting as I knew who the dog belonged to and have heard him many times running when I went to school.

There was a light snow on from the night before and some old snow left in places, so I told my brother that I was going to the house for my gun and go and see if it was a fox or deer. I thought I could turn the dog off if it was a deer and if it was a fox I would try to shoot it.

Well, I got my gun and hurried to get in ahead of them. He was running fast toward Oak Hill, near our house. I got there about ten minutes behind and then I hunted up where he went through by what snow that had not melted in the woods. I found his tracks and saw he was running a fox with two toes off that had had a good many free lunches of our chickens. As he was running straight away I thought I would follow them out in the open for I knew he was headed for the Corcker, a very rocky hill two miles from our place.

I went about one mile out in the open pasture where I had a good view. It was a lovely spring morning, the snow had all melted in the open now and the sun shined warm. I felt glad I was living as I sat there and listened to that music, the best I ever heard. They went through a little clump of pine, then up that awful rocky hill and then the music quieted down; could just hear a little now and then; finally stopped. I sat there for a while viewing the beautiful landscape. You could see the Westfield River away down in the ravine and then away off to the west you could see the Gray Back Mountains and a large farm up by the Corcker where the dog was running. I think I sat there half an hour without hearing a sound, when that long, bell-like note came floating to my ear and caused me to look that way. I did not know he was telling me that he was coming back that way with the fox.

Just about that time I caught a glimpse of something and taking the second look saw it was the fox coming out of the pines, headed my way. He went down into a little ravine and crossed a little brook, then I couldn't see him any more. I did not know whether he would come on the ledge where I was sitting or not, but I thought I was on his old trail where he went up, so I stayed right there and waited perhaps three minutes when I saw him just below me, coming directly toward me. When I thought he was near enough to shoot and aiming at his head I shot, having No. 1 shot, and I do not think he knew what happened. It struck him right between the eyes and made a hole like a .22



THE WRITER AND HIS DOG WITH HIS FIRST FOX.

rifle. Seven shot hit him. As I stood by him I put my foot on him fearing he might get up, but he was through with his troubles.

About that time the old dog came in sight with his music. I picked up the fox and started home and the old dog overtook me but I could not stop him. He just looked at the fox and took to the road home.

My brother was more than surprised to learn that I had shot a fox. He was never interested in anything but bird hunting and I was always thinking about getting a fox-hound and that day made me a fox hunter for sure. I skinned him but his pelt was not very good. He had begun to shed and was very old and his teeth were broken off and had been in a trap and lost two toes.

I got a bitch and crossed with this hound and got the pick of the flock, and as luck would have it I got one equal to his grandfather and I think a little better than his father. He took to foxes the first time I took him out to amount to anything and when he was but one year old I got my first fox with him and he has been a number one ever since. I do not claim he is the best dog, but I have never seen any better than he. He is five years old and has had twenty-five foxes shot in front of him. I got about eighteen and my brother and friends the rest.

Last winter it was so crusty that his feet got sore, so I did not hunt much. Am sending a picture of his first fox when he was a year and four months old. I got seven that winter with him. When he barks there is always something doing. I take good care of him which I think pays after they run all day in the snow or rain. I like to read the foxhound stories, so come on, boys, with your stories.

A New One, West Chesterfield, Mass.

A FOX HUNT IN INDIANA.

I have two hounds, Drum and Flora. Drum is a big black and tan, true runner and a good cold trailer, four years old. Flora, a bitch, black and white spotted, long legs, two years old and fast.

It was on a still, frosty morning when I left home, leading my dogs for a big woods called "Wall Picnics Woods." I arrived there at sun rise and turned my dogs loose. They were soon on a cold trail. The dog with a coarse voice and the bitch with a fine (both with plenty of tongue) sounded good to me. It wasn't long till they had him jumped and after running him about two hours, they went east to a country called Green Brier, about one mile away. They both ran up to the mark, circled, came back and as soon as they came in hearing, I could hear a new voice. Then, I saw they had a bitch that belonged to Garnet Brooks, a friend of mine and a true lover of sport, with them. I wondered why his other two dogs weren't with them.

After a while, Track and Fannie, his two dogs, came to me fresh and good. They went east and had joined the bunch back to Green Brier.

By that time it was getting late, frost all gone and the ground soft and a nice time to run. I caught the sound of them coming but couldn't hear my dogs. I, however, was not surprised to see his three dogs pass me and get out of range again before my dogs came up. I caught them and held them until the other dogs came up again. I then turned them loose and off they went east to a wood two miles away, called Thompson's.

After quite a while I heard them all five together. I was in a good position to watch them coming through a pasture. All at once I saw him coming, a big red. Between him and where I was stood a house. He jumped over the fence and was within three feet of

the porch standing still. There was a lady sitting in the house, but he didn't seem to mind that. When he saw that the hounds were getting pretty close, he jumped over the fence and came towards me. I was waiting for him with one shot that ended a good race. I think it a good idea to kill a fox for your dogs occasionally as it will encourage them.

Who can solve this mystery? I have seen a good many hounds running a fox right up to the mark, see the fox pass and hounds close behind; then make a lose, strike the trail not later than five minutes and then go cold trailing, but in the end will lose out with the ground in good shape for a dog to smell. Give me your answer.

Harry Love, Orange County, Ind.

A PENNSYLVANIA CHASE.

When I got up on the morning of January 5th, 1914, I found that it was snowing. It had rained the night before and it froze just enough to carry a fox on the north sides of the hill. It snowed just enough after the rain so that a fox would make a good track.

My brother, Russel, loosened our old fox dog, "Sailor," and we started for Krotzer's Ridge, where we knew a bunch of red foxes were staying. On our way there we were joined by Frank and Sam Shay. Frank is an old pal of ours and Sam, who just returned from a stay in Montana, was going to show us how they caught them out there. We went over through Hughes' woods to Fullmer's Ridge, but nothing doing. We then decided to separate, Frank and Russel were to go to Brink's Hill and wait while Sam and I were to go to Krotzer's and come on around and meet them there.

We made the rounds and found where two had left the ridge early in the night while it was soft, so we then decided to go to the Goss place at the foot of the north mountain and try to start a grey fox. As we had to pass Davis's Cider Press, Sam allowed we had better stop and have some cider to pour in our gun barrels to cut the rust out. He went to the house and asked the lady if they had any cider, and she said nothing that would cut the rust. Sam told her he did not want any sweet cider in old Betsey.

We started on for the mountain. When we were about a quarter of a mile up Coles Creek we heard old Sailor barking and then we knew she had struck a fox trail, for she never bothers about rabbits. Frank and Russel went to the north runways and Sam and I were to follow up the dog. When we got across the swamp, we found her working on an old red fellow's track that was blowed out in places. She managed to follow it across the fields and along a stone fence with our help. Then Sam hit it for the top of the hill to the south runway and I stood in the field next to the woods. In about two minutes I heard old Sailor wake him up. He ran a few rabbit circles in the swamp and then it took a run over the ridge in about

seventy yards of me. I looked over my gun and told him he would have to come closer if he wanted to talk to me.

He ran up pretty close to Sam and then went back into the swamp and commenced to cut rabbit circles again. I stayed in the field as long as I could stand it and then started for the swamp, going very careful so as not to scare him away. I had just got in the chase again when I heard two shots from a shotgun and the dog quit running. I started in to see what was the matter and found Frank putting the boots to a large red fox. He said it was just fooling around a little ahead of the dog when he killed it.

R. R. Creveling, Luzerne Co., Pa.

A SUNDAY MORNING CHASE.

Sunday, April 5, I thought I would turn my two dogs loose and let them get a little exercise. I turned them loose at 5 o'clock a. m. and they started south toward the bluffs on the creek and in about half an hour I heard them running. The bluff is only about one-half mile from our house. My granddaughter came in and said the dogs have jumped a rabbit. I went to the door and listened a minute and told them, "Yes, one with a real long tail." They were coming right toward my place. He made four or five circles and did not get off of 40 acres of ground. Then he went north towards Durgen's Creek, crossed it and went down about a half mile and crossed track and came up the creek on the south side about a quarter of a mile, then struck south again, going across the fields and through old gentleman Smith's barn lot and came in west to the same brush he had just left, circled there a couple of times and went right back over the same ground, through the barn lot. There he turned south into another thicket. He went within twenty feet of where another old gentleman and I were standing three different times. The man who was with me wanted to shoot it, but I told him never to shoot a fox ahead of my dogs whatever he did, for if they could outrun the dogs and get away they are good lads. I told him that the dogs would catch him within one hour and in about three-quarters of an hour they had him. Now, I never had a fox run like this one for years. He was a very long male fox.

I see a great many fox hunters shoot the fox ahead of the hounds. Now, that is all right in some cases when you get after a tough old one and run him eighteen or twenty hours and no nearer catching him than at the start, then I say let him have it. That will save your dogs a lot of running. I have been a fox hunter a good many years and have always owned hounds and have never shot a fox ahead of my dogs yet, but have seen the time that I would have shot them had I been prepared.

Now, some people say that dogs won't run a female in February, but my dogs caught one the 20th day of February, and a female at that. You may think foxes are plentiful here, and that is true. I can start a fox in

a twenty-minute walk from my house, but coon, skunk and opossum are a thing of the past. I have not seen but one coon track since last summer in sand, mud or snow. My dogs won't be two years old till the 18th of June. I bought the sire of the Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky., and I did not get the best they had, but at that they are good enough for me. A. H. M., Lewis Co., Mo.

AN EXCITING FOX CHASE IN VERMONT.

It was nearly dark, snow flakes were rapidly covering the crust and I looked for a fine rabbit hunt on the morrow.

Next morning I was awakened by the pattering of rain drops on the window. I got up and found about three inches of snow and it was forming a light sharp crust on top. Breakfast was soon ready and I went after our dogs only to find they were gone. When I returned I learned that some neighbors had telephoned my brother (Toot) that they were going rabbit hunting and wanted us to go along, but he told them that our dogs were gone and that we might be along later.

After traveling a short time the rain increased making the crust hard enough to hold a rabbit, so the dogs soon had him going. Then Toot went down the hill and I went up on the top to a place where I could see both ways a good distance.

Shortly the dogs were coming around the hill about eighty rods, so I prepared. I soon heard him breaking the crust just behind a bunch of trees and I thought he would pop out any minute, so I cocked my old .12 gauge single-barrel and didn't have long to wait when I saw his foxship jump out from under a spruce tree going at a good pace about four rods away. As he came through a small opening I fired. The charge struck him in the front part, breaking one front leg and knocking him on his side, but he jumped up and ran around above me and was out of sight before I had time to load my gun. He left a lot of blood on the snow as he went by me so I knew he must have been hurt pretty bad.

The dogs went by and I took the trail and followed, expecting to find him. I followed about one and a half miles when Toot came along and put the dogs on where he came out from under the ledge. The dogs soon overtook me and went on after Reynard, but now I never expected to see that fox again as he was headed for a den and I started for the top of the ridge. I had no more than reached the top (a fine place for reds to cross) when I heard the hounds coming right near me. I looked down the pasture a little ways and saw the fox coming towards me, so I stood still until he came under a slanting apple tree about four rods away. Then he saw me but it was too late for my old gun spoke and I was the proud owner of the first fox I ever shot.

Alston Shippee, Bennington Co., Vt.

Fur Farming and Plant Culture



A SUCCESSFUL MINK AND MARTEN RAISER.

Since I embarked in the mink and marten business some five or six years ago, I have had some new propositions to deal with almost daily. Now a question has presented itself which I am unable to answer, even to myself. I feel that I must have advice and I know of no one more competent nor in a better position to give it than you and the H-T-T, therefore I am taking the liberty to write you on the subject.

Since the first brief mention of my experiment in the H-T-T I have learned to shun publicity because I am unable to answer the storm of letters that came as a result of that one brief article. I cannot afford to keep a stenographer and answer them gratis and can't make a charge for the information that so many seek. Recently I have had a great many applications by men (and even women) of all ages and positions in industrial life, wanting to come to this ranch and serve an apprenticeship in the mink business or pay for sufficient training to enable them to engage safely and successfully in this business.

Now, there is more or less about fur farming than most people think. Many of these applications come from young men or their parents. These young men are generally boys of from 16 to 24 years of age who have finished grammar school and even high school and do not know what profession to fit themselves for in the university. They have heard of my success in the mink business and are anxious to get into it but do not know how to go about it.

Now I could write a book on mink and marten, but who would it help and how much? "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing" and that applies to fur farming. I am sure I could convey but a little knowledge at best through a book. I could only give them a general idea and lay down some

fundamental principles, but the actual experience that it requires to do things and make an investment safe and successful would be lacking. For instance, suppose a young man unused to anything but a city life was to locate on a piece of land to start a fur farm. The very nature of the business calls it into the woods where logs would be the most feasible material to use in the construction of building. Now, how would you go about it to tell him how to notch a corner or rive out the shakes for the roof? One brief hour on the corner of a log pen with a pair of calked boots and a two-faced axe with a good instructor thrown in would teach such a man more than a ton of literature and drawings could in a lifetime.

Suppose he is ten or twenty miles from town and breaks a tug or a singletree iron. It costs more to go to a harness maker or blacksmith than the job is worth. He must repair the break himself, but he can't very well learn a half dozen trades by correspondence. He needs the fundamental principles of several trades and enough practical experience in each to enable him to do his own work. This will be a foundation for him to build on and as "necessity is the mother of invention" so also does it become the parent of skill and ability.

A manager of a fur farm, if it be located as mine is, in the woods needs a practical knowledge of carpentry including house building, boat building and round timber work, blacksmithing to the extent of making small repairs, painting, pipe-fitting, ditching and sewer laying, butchering and refrigerating, the care of stock and a little diversified farming. He should know these things in a general way but not necessarily as thoroughly as though he were dependent upon each or any one of them for a living.

But now comes the things that he must know thoroughly and as a specialist: Trapping and the care of newly captured wild animals, the handling and domestication of

wild animals, breeding habits and the care of the young of the species on which he specializes. He must know how to use a compass, how to use a watch for a compass, how to tell the directions by the sun and the stars and how to tell north and south by the signs of the forest when there is no sun or stars visible. In fact know how to keep alive and get out if he becomes lost in the forest or mountains. He must know how to hunt and trap for food and not himself become food for wild animals; he should know about what influence one wild animal has on another of different species, and last but not least he should know how to keep books and have a certain amount of business ability.

Now, I know of no place where a beginner could gain this knowledge unless it be at a fur farm particularly adapted and sufficiently devoted to his training. Now, the question—would there be sufficient demand within eighteen months or two years from now to warrant me in starting a training school to turn out practical fur farmers? I would highly appreciate your personal views on this question.

I would particularly like to hear from such persons as contemplate going into the mink and marten business on a ten thousand dollar basis or greater. For the benefit of our readers I would like to add that I have no mink or marten for sale and at this time I cannot answer personal letters asking for information concerning the business. Such

inquiries are so numerous that I haven't the time nor facilities for answering them.

W. G. Gates, Shoshone Co., Idaho.

EXPERIENCE IN RABBIT RAISING.

I read C. A. Boyden's article on rabbits in the June issue and was persuaded to give my experience along that line.

I kept rabbits for seven years, but have given it up for guinea pigs, which I find more profitable. During all the years that I kept rabbits I never failed to have the doe rear her young in a box and in every case they were born in the box. In one case only did I have a rabbit go blind or, rather, it never opened its eyes. I always put the straw outside of the box and let the doe carry it in and make her nest. It is very interesting to watch the old doe carry the straw in by mouthfuls. Then she pulls the fur from various parts of her body to line the nest with.

I would like also to relate Mr. H. L. Keller's experience in regard to this question. Mr. Keller died a year ago, but was a very extensive breeder of Flemish Giants and Belgian Hares, having kept them for over twenty years. In my visits to his rabbitry, I noticed that all his young litters were reared in boxes and he had very healthy stock, too. I never knew him to lose one rabbit from blindness.

J. T. Stephens, Seneca Co., Ohio.



MR. AND MRS. O. R. AUSTIN, PROVIDENCE CO., R. I., HANDLING STAR SKUNKS.

CLEANLINESS ESSENTIAL IN SKUNK RAISING.

By H. B. LAYMON.

Like a great many other skunk farmers, I have had to learn a great deal from actual experience and know that at this time of the year all of us are troubled, more or less,



H. B. LAYMON USING THE "DIP" METHOD.

with vermin or pests, such as lice, and the one disease that we all dread—mange.

These diseases or pests always cause considerable worry and unless we are careful we lose the animal, spread the disease or produce poor fur.

On different occasions I have experimented with animals affected in this manner and find that my only remedy is cleanliness and regular "spray" or "dip" methods at intervals of about one month.

It matters not where we are or what we try to do, we will always find *cleanliness* a big factor, and on the skunk farm it means just as much to us, if we care to make a success, as it does to keep ourselves clean.

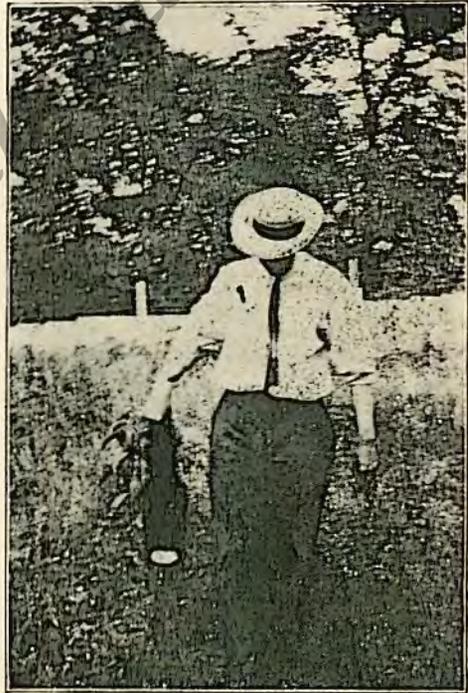
Mange will ruin the chances of any skunk farmer if it gets the right kind of a start and will always lower the price of your fur. That is why I say fight the disease as best you can.

Mange will usually show itself at first at the butt of the tail or about where the tail

joins the body and occasionally start on the head. The fur will start to thin out and the skin will appear "scabby," and when it makes its appearance is the time to act and act quickly or it will spread all over the animal and not stop there because it is contagious and it won't be long before all of the animals will have it or be affected.

If you find one of your skunks has the mange, catch him, put him in a pen by himself, then prepare a light solution of disinfectant in an ordinary tub of luke warm water. If you don't happen to have a tank for this purpose, spray the pen, burrow or den thoroughly, then take the animal by the tail and dip him in the disinfectant, leaving him there about one or two minutes so that it gets a chance to take effect (it takes a little longer to penetrate fur than it would skin), but do not allow the animal's head to get below the surface of the "dip" for fear of strangulation or drowning.

As soon as you have applied the disinfectant, allow the animal his freedom in the pen that you have set aside for him and he will immediately run to his den or burrow where



CURED BY THE DIP METHOD.

he will shake himself like a dog after coming out of water. This will make your treatment complete, because he shakes enough of the disinfectant to reach the place that you could not reach. If you have any of the "dip" left, use it freely about the farm.

Lice are known to be the cause of mange or the distributors of the much dreaded dis-

ease and should be watched carefully. When lice make their presence known about the farm you will notice your skunks get sluggish and the fur will become very poor and growth will be stunted, likewise all of the young will look bad. It is easy to learn if your skunks have lice and it does not take much time, either. By taking hold of the tail of your skunk and ruffing his fur by running your hand through it you will have no trouble in determining whether he has any of the pests on his hide.

Use the same method for treating as you do when treating the mange, but don't for-



EXAMINING KITTENS FOR LICE.

get that the dip will only destroy the lice and not all of the eggs that are left, which makes it necessary to use the disinfectant again in about ten days, and, if they are not all killed in that time, would suggest a third dose about ten days later. Always change the nest in the burrow or pen and spray it well before you allow the skunk to enter it.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and to make a success of fur growing, sanitary conditions about the farm are an absolute necessity and that is why I believe we should spray and dip at least once a month, regardless of any disease or pest. It will keep it away if it isn't there.

A WINTER WITH SKUNKS.

Last November I bought six short stripe skunks. As it was warm weather yet I decided to keep them awhile and they became quite tame. In December I prepared to kill them. I killed two, but got no farther as they were so tame and pretty so I thought I would keep four of them and see if they would breed. I kept one male and three females.

I built a place for them about 11x14 feet and put them into it. I found that it was too small entirely. One escaped and got in the barn and the horses killed it, but I managed to keep the other three; as luck would have it the male didn't escape. The two females have twelve nice short stripe kittens, six males and six females.

This fall I intend to build a place for them out of some of Mr. Harding's fur farm wire, about 100 feet square and have it so the spring branches will run through it.

I feed milk and spoiled eggs mostly. I intend to increase my stock each year. I believe there is money in it if you give it the right attention. Some of my neighbors make fun of me and some encourage me, but I intend to stick to it.

W. S. Egleman, Harrison Co., Ind.



MRS. O. R. AUSTIN WITH YOUNG FOX.

TRAPPERS' LETTERS

VIRGINIA.

The game and fur in this locality (Mecklenburg County) is as follows: Game—turkey, quail, rabbits, ducks and geese in fall and winter. We also have a few deer which are not very plentiful, but increasing.

The furbearing animals are fox, coon, opossum, muskrat, mink, and a few otter. All are very plentiful except coon and I think they are on the increase.

I have been trapping a little every winter for five or six years but have not done much as I am a farmer and have so many other things to look after. There are very few trappers around here, the most of the fur being caught by dogs.

I live two miles from the Roanoke river, which is the largest stream around here. There are lots of rats and coon up and down this river, also mink. I think a professional trapper could make good wages trapping this river and its tributaries. I have wanted to trap it for a long time but have never done so for lack of a partner which is very hard to find here, as stated before, everybody uses dogs. Most everybody has a dog of some kind.

I own two hounds at present. One of the blue ticked kind, long ears and heavily built. He is a dandy for opossum and coon.

C. W. King,
Mecklenburg Co., Va.

FLORIDA.

I will try and tell of a hunting trip E. B. Stephenson, Forsythe Stephenson and the writer, J. B. Downey, had down in Florida.

We left Charleston, W. Va., at 12 o'clock noon, December 30th, 1913, on the C. & O. arriving in Cincinnati same evening at 6:30 p. m. We left there at 8:10 and arrived in Jacksonville, Florida, December 31st at 11:30 p. m., leaving there January 1st, 1914, at 9:20 a. m. and arrived at Sebastian at 8:40 p. m. There we stayed until the next evening, January 2d. From there we went on to West Palm Beach, Florida, staying over there until the 4th. We came back to Stuart where he hired a one-horse wagon and mule; from there we went back in the country for 20 miles. We also had a Mr. Carlisle along from West Palm Beach with his bird and deer dogs.

We arrived at camp quite a while before dark and soon had plenty of quail and fish for supper. Brother hunters, you all know how good your grub tastes when you are out camping. We all ate like starved hounds and then told a few yarns and pulled in. It didn't seem like we had more than hit the springs until Mr. Carlisle called us for breakfast and out for a deer.

We went then and to our surprise we hadn't been gone long when the hound said there was a large buck close. About 9 o'clock he roused him out of a Palmetto patch. He hadn't gone over 75 yards until he handed in his papers. E. B. S. and I both claimed we killed him as we both fired at him about the same time. We soon had him into camp and part of him in the pot. We all ate something like 20 lbs. apiece for dinner more or less and started bird hunting.

We bagged 49 quail in just a little while and came back to camp to rest up for another deer hunt. We went fishing the next day and caught all we wanted as we didn't want to catch more than we could use.

On the next day we went for another buck. At 11 o'clock a. m., we had a larger one than the other one. It tipped the scales at 195 lbs. We were about 6 miles from camp, tired and hungry. When we got back to camp, you can bet your life we felt like eating some. Mr. Carlisle wasn't long in getting supper and we weren't long in devouring most all he cooked and that was potatoes, venison, oat meal, biscuits and good strong coffee.

So Thursday at noon, we got ready to pack our junk and break camp. Now, brother hunters, I will tell you what Mr. E. B. S. ate for supper one night and complained of being sick. Here I go, 11 quail, 3 large bass, 12 biscuits about the size of saucers and also potatoes, onions, ½ lb. of cheese and three cups of coffee and after supper complained of having indigestion. You don't have to believe this, but Mr. Carlisle, Mr. F. Stephenson and myself will swear to it.

We got 2 large buck, 2 wild hog, 3 turkeys and about 175 quail and the fish I can't say. I never saw so many coon and opossum tracks in all my life as I did in Florida. We didn't hunt for those.

For guns we had two shotguns, one double barrel and three rifles, .30-30 Remington which I think are good enough guns for any one.

Talk about snakes. You can bet your bottom dollar that they are down there and they are not small ones. We killed one black diamond rattler that was 7½ feet long. Talk about alligators. I haven't any use for them. We were walking along the lake one evening and we saw one that looked like a good sized cow and if he had got his teeth hung in the seats of our pants, right there would have been some blood spilt.

We left West Palm Beach on Friday night at 8:30 p. m. and arrived in Charleston Monday morning at 5:35 a. m. and you can bet the climate here is different.

J. B. Downey,
Kanawha County, W. Va.

OPINIONS FROM READERS

PIONEERS AND FRONTIERSMEN.

I have read the H-T-T for a long time and think all of the departments are an absolute necessity to your success. If you have to cut some out why I think the coon and fox hunts can best afford to go, although the coon and fox hunters will undoubtedly think the western stories should take a back seat. I do not see how you can improve on it any. I think most articles are lengthy enough unless it is an article of special information.

Give the pioneers and frontiersmen the preference; they are the ones who know and their contributions are relished best by the city man as well as frontiersmen.

A Nevadian since '90.

WANTS MORE DOG, COON AND FOX.

I read your request in the May H-T-T for the views of the readers on taking out certain departments of your magazine. Now I have been talking with readers of the H-T-T and they agree with me about taking out the Question and Answer Department and put more in the Dog, Coon and Fox hunting Departments for they are very interesting.

I also think if you would add a couple more pages and charge fifteen cents it would sell just the same and perhaps better for all the other sporting magazines cost that much. I have been reading the H-T-T for over three years and find it the best. I think you will get some other replies from around here as there are quite a few readers here.

Scott P. Connolly, McKean Co., Pa.

INTERESTED IN FUR FARMING.

I notice in the H-T-T for May that you put out a feeler for the purpose of finding out your subscribers ideas as to changes in the magazine, etc.

The proposition to cut out the Question and Answer Department, to some extent, seems to be a good one. As you say, there is too much repetition—questions on the same subject over and over again. Questions, too, that almost any one could answer by referring to books or to back numbers of the H-T-T. I would not be in favor of eliminating the department entirely, but would suggest wise pruning.

I am interested in fur farming and would like to see that department carefully developed. The department of Game Protection cannot be made too strong it seems to me. There is a great deal of "funny business" about game protection.

Would it be wise or otherwise to introduce a department devoted to Nature study? The man who spends his life, a part of it at least, in the woods ought to know the birds, the

trees, everything even to the weeds beneath his feet.

Tracy B. Metzger,
Columbia Co., Wash.

TAKES THE RIGHT VIEW.

In answer to your request on page 110 of the May H-T-T will say that I like all of the hunting, trapping and fishing stories, but what I do not like about it is the everlasting quarreling about something that I do not think the writers know the least thing about and I think (from my thirty years' trapping and hunting experience) a good many of the trips that many of the fellows write about were taken in some 4x6 room in the top of some ten story building in some large city.

One fellow jumps on another just because he does not set his trap just as he does, another man jumps on to some other one just because the other fellow does not have the same make and caliber gun that he packs and so on. Then comes the trapper giving every one that owns a dog fits because his dogs run the game all away, the city sport going after the country jake for pot hunting, the country jake going after the city sport for killing the limit when he doesn't need so much.

I have found the methods in hunting or trapping in one place will not work the same fifty or one hundred miles from there. When I am hunting for birds I want a shotgun. When I am looking for rabbits I would rather have a 22 and then when a deer hunt is on give me a 30-30 or something near that but just because these guns suit me, that is no reason why I should want everybody else to use these calibers.

I think when you get a letter from some one bemoaning some one else just because the other fellow's ideas do not exactly tally with his, the best place for that letter is in the fire and print nothing but good, clean, hunting, trapping, fox chases and coon hunts, fur farming and questions and answers. I think if the questions and answers were cut out half of the value of the book would be gone.

Wm. Mudgett, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

WANTS COWBOY DEPARTMENT.

I see in the May number of H-T-T that you are going to discontinue some of the Departments in your magazine and add new ones.

Now I am a very interested reader and I will give you my opinion which may be wild. If so just throw this letter into the waste basket and no harm will be done.

I would like to see the fish, coon and fox chase department discontinued and add in their places a Cowboy Department for the purpose of talking about saddles and saddle horses. Secondly, an Editorial Department

for the purpose of the editor giving his views on subjects of any kind he cares to talk about. Thirdly, a department for discussing the nature of animals and birds.

Austin W. Swytho, Sask., Can.

GUN AND AMMUNITION FIRST.

In answer to your request in May number for the readers' views on making a change in H-T-T, will say that I have been a reader for four years and know it to be the best magazine of its kind.

I generally read all departments if I can find time before the next copy comes. The Gun and Ammunition Department is about the first to be noticed as I am a little "cranky" on that line. Then the general hunting and trapping stories with the Woodcraft and Fur Farming mixed in come in time. I must say it's good as it is, but might be improved.

I am not much of a dog man nor a fisherman, but I would not be in favor of excluding them.

The Question and Answer Department is instructive but to us old timers so many oft repeated questions become tiresome; think it would be an improvement to cut out some.

Would suggest that articles describing the different makes of firearms be put in book form. It would be a fine addition to the out o' door man's library and would help some that are undecided in the kind of gun to buy.

I have every copy of the H-T-T, even to the first sample, laid away for reference. Also have several of your books and want more. They are very interesting and instructive.

It is a difficult question for me to decide as to any changes to make in the reading matter. I prefer articles mostly of a descriptive nature on hunting and trapping, describing the country and game and furbearing animals, also methods used in getting them.

I sometimes take my atlas and locate the spot on the map so as to get a clear idea of the country. I feel that I have gained considerable knowledge through reading the H-T-T and the Harding books on this plan.

John Davison, Cowlitz Co., Wash.

TENDERFOOT TALKS.

I see a notice in H-T-T about discontinuing the Question and Answer Department. For me I would like to see it continue. The old readers complain about questions asked many times over again. I think it is due to new subscribers.

I did not trap much last season because the skins are too cheap. I only caught ten muskrats and five white weasels.

Yesterday I took my rifle, a Stevens Favorite, 25 caliber and was going to scare an English sparrow that had driven away phoebe birds from my bird house. I saw the sparrow walk in very bravely. I took careful aim and shot about where I thought it was, but as luck was with him he escaped. The bullet went through both sides all right, but it

turned around someway and came tumbling down the barn roof. I would like to hear from some one who has had the same thing happen.

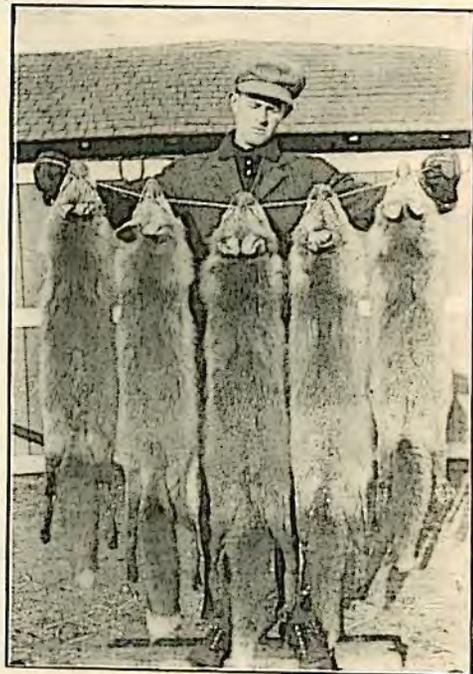
My father and two brothers use together the following guns: A Stevens Favorite, 25 caliber rifle, single barrel shot gun, (Loud Tom) 36 inch barrel and is a dandy and one 32 Winchester Special, which is decorated on the stock by an old timer or Indian from whom my father bought it.

For fishing I use a weedless casting spoon on which I put on some guinea feathers and it is much better. I am thinking of getting a supply of the hooks which spring apart when a fish gets on. If any one of the readers has one please let us hear about it. I use a 200 foot line for casting for pickerel which is on a home made reel. For fishing sandfish, perch and bull-heads I use a bamboo pole. I have never fished with a rod and reel.

For game we have deer, rabbits (snowshoe and cottontail), quail (scarce), prairie chicken, partridge and ducks. Fur is muskrats, mink (few), skunk, about one for every five square miles and coyotes (few). I have been bumming my father for \$11.00 so I could get a pair of skunks but will change my mind as I believe too many are skunk farming and will start muskrat farming instead.

I have no dogs and have never hunted with one but expect to get one.

A Tenderfoot, Pine Co., Minn.



A STRING OF FIVE RED FOX CAUGHT BY V. OLSON IN HOUSTON CO., MINN., LAST SEASON. HE TRAPPED 11 RED FOXES IN 10 WEEKS.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



PUBLISHED BY
A. R. HARDING, SOLE OWNER

Entered as Second-Class Matter April 5th, 1905, at the Postoffice
at Columbus, Ohio, under Act of Congress March 3rd, 1879.

A. R. HARDING - - - - - Editor

WHITING SPECIAL AGENCY
Eastern Representative

Temple Court - - - - - New York City

Issued Monthly from 55 East Main Street
Columbus, Ohio

\$1.00 PER YEAR. 10 CENTS A COPY

ADVERTISING RATES AND SAMPLE COPIES WILL BE
SENT ON APPLICATION.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS—To any address in the United States,
Mexico, and Canada, \$1.00 a year; Foreign, \$1.50. Single copy, 10
cents.

RENEWALS—The date with your name on wrapper shows to
what time your subscription is paid. Thus Jan. 15 shows that
payment has been received up to January 1915. When payment
is made, the date on wrapper, which answers for a receipt, is
changed. If this is not done, write.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their addresses
changed, must give their old address (both postoffice and state)
as well as new address.

MISSING COPIES—Should your magazine not arrive within a
few days of the usual time, write. If you wait weeks we may be
out of the issue wanted.

SPECIAL NOTICE—When renewing, writing about change of
address or missing copies be sure to sign your name exactly the
same as it appears on wrapper of your H-T-T—this helps us wonder-
fully.

DISCONTINUE—Your H-T-T will be promptly stopped at expira-
tion of time paid for unless your renewal is received. Date on
wrapper shows when paid to, yet it is best to renew a month or
two in advance. However, at about the time you receive last
issue notice will be sent.

HOW TO REMIT—Money orders, either express or postoffice,
as well as checks and drafts are safe—if lost can be duplicated.

AUGUST, 1914.

London June Sales. The attendance at the June Sales in London came as a revelation to the fur trade in general, despite the absence of the Leipzig and Paris buyers who had arranged to boycott the sales this year. It was thought that their absence would result in an empty room, and it was therefore a pleasant surprise to find a really full attendance, falling little short of previous sales.

Skunk, opossum, wolf, silver and white fox which were in moderate supply, sold well at March rates, or a small decline, but the rather heavy offerings of muskrats and raccoons, and the knowledge of large stocks being carried in both London and America had a bad effect on prices and caused a serious decline. It is impossible to say whether this decline was accentuated by the absence of the Leipzig trade, or is to be regarded as the normal market value.

Western Wild Animals. It seems, from recent reports, that the West does not get rid of its wild animals as fast as the ranchers would like to see them reduced. The loss of domestic stock from this source runs into the millions of dollars each year. Within the forests, however, the number of domestic animals has been appreciably reduced by the campaign against the wolves and coyotes waged by the officers of the forest service. During the past eight years forest officers have killed over thirty-five thousand predatory animals, consisting of coyotes, wolves, bear, mountain lion, wild cats, lynx, etc.

Bounty on Hair Seals. The Dominion Government has added another appropriation of \$3,500 to the bonus for the killing of hair seals and sea lions, which abound in such numbers in the waters along the British Columbia coast that they are menacing the fish industry, says Consul General R. E. Mansfield, of Vancouver, in his report.

The owners of seventy-eight canneries signed the application for an increase in the bonus fund. The \$3,500 appropriated provides for a bonus on 1,000 hair seals, on which there is a bounty of \$3.50 a head. There has also been secured the right from the provincial government for fishermen to carry firearms on their boats, provided they are used exclusively for the killing of hair seals or sea lions.

These hair seals attack the fish when they are running in the bays and inlets along the coast, killing thousands of them and mutilating large numbers which afterward die or are unfit for use in the canneries. They frequently attack the fish in the nets also, doing great damage to the fishermen's outfits.

First Bird and Game Census. As a result of the first bird and game census ever taken in the state of Washington it is announced by R. B.

Wales, of Spokane, state game and fish commissioner for eastern Washington, that the counties east of the Cascade mountains harbor 2,488,447 game birds, 14,820 deer, 163 elk, 20 caribou, 2,925 wild goats and 500 wild sheep. In eastern Washington also are uncounted rainbow trout, eastern brook trout, bass,

crappies, perch, bullheads, sunfish, whitefish, salmon, sturgeon and carp.

This is one of the first censuses of the kind ever taken in the United States, according to Mr. Wales, and it was made by the county game wardens and their assistants in accordance with plans outlined by the United States government.

Spokane county, with 800,000, leads in number of Bob White quail. This county also heads the list in number of fishing licenses issued last year, with 6,008. The game fund of Spokane county is \$5,251.80, the largest in eastern Washington.

In this county 426 pairs of Hungarian partridges were purchased and liberated during the last year, while 250 pairs of the same kind of birds, 25 dozen pairs of Bob White quail, 10 dozen scaley partridges and four pairs of eastern prairie chickens have been purchased by the county and are to be liberated soon.

Estimates of big game in eastern Washington revealed conditions surprising to Commissioner Wales, as it was generally believed big game was practically extinct in this section. Ferry county reported 5,000 deer and 20 caribou; Okanogan and Stevens counties, 3,000 deer each. Columbia, Spokane, Chelan, Garfield, Kittitas, Pend Oreille and Yakima counties reported deer in numbers ranging from 100 to 1,200 each.

Prospects Judging from inquiries, far
Looking too many trappers wait until
When? October before starting to
look up trapping grounds.

In the south and west this, of course is plenty early. While no fur animals should be caught before November (unless well up towards Arctic Circle) those looking up new grounds go early in September. This may be too late, for after weeks looking over the country and deciding upon grounds, there may be no cabin that can be used and one must be built. If in heavily timbered section trails blazed, houses built to keep snow off, sets and supplies carried in.

In the North Country—Maine, the Adirondacks, Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, Idaho and Mountain sections of Canada, heavy snows may come any time after November 1st. To delay until October is really

much too late for prospecting a new trapping location. Of course, if everything went right—you found a cabin near good fur signs and did not have far to carry supplies and could get to or near the cabin with a canoe or team, then you need not go so early.

Old and experienced trappers, those who bring out the largest catches, generally go weeks before active trapping season begins, look over their grounds, put bait pens and houses in repair, build new ones where needed. A good supply of wood is also cut and stored nearby.

**Beware of Your Uncle Samuel is now
Federal** hot on the trail of various
Laws advertisers whose sole ob-

ject is to defraud the public. He has imposed heavy fines on a number of concerns. It cost one company \$50 to ship a tobacco preparation that contained only 8% nicotine, while the label said it contained 10%. It cost the same concern \$50 to sell a package supposed to contain a pint that really contained less. Just recently the Federal Authorities arrested a party for accepting money from an advertisement, selling skunks, which he did not have or ever intended to have. He travelled from one town to another under an assumed name, but Uncle Sam's inspectors finally located him and he is now doing time in the penitentiary. Maple syrup with a surplus of water mixed in it was shipped from one state to another and the adulteration cost the shipper \$25 and costs. For 21 violations of the law against keeping live stock in cars more than 28 hours at a time cost one big railroad \$4700 in fines, and six violations of the same law cost another company \$1250.

Our The illustration shown on the
August front cover is that of a forest
Cover. hunter from the White River
National Forest in Colorado.

bringing a wounded wolf into camp, in order to photograph it if it survives. The frontispiece on page 20 of this issue shows the same hunter with dead wolf. The article "Coyote Lore," on page 21 accompanied these photographs and gives a good description of the coyote and his ways.

THE JUNE SALES

BETWEEN TEN AND TWELVE MILLION SKINS OFFERED AND SOLD.

The most important fur sales in London are held in the spring. At the recent sales the stock was larger than usual, chiefly because the next most important Continental country imported less than its customary supply. In all, it is estimated that between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 skins were sold. On a given day, which was more or less typical, the following skins were sold: 183,000 skunk, 136,000 American opossum, 80,000 raccoons, and 3,600 civet cats. The numbers offered differed, of course, from day to day; as many as 430,000 skunk skins were catalogued for sale in one day, and 2,500,000 muskrats on another. Of the latter, 4,500,000 were offered during the sale.

The kinds of skins chiefly in demand this year were those already mentioned and foxes; other kinds, such as sable, seal, mink, and beaver, were not so eagerly sought, although considerable numbers of them were catalogued for sale. Among the sundries were grizzly and other bears, lynxes, musk ox, wild cats, emus, wallaby, wolves, kangaroo, monkey, grebe, badgers, marmots, leopards, and house cats. Forty thousand house cats were catalogued for sale.

The prices realized for skunk skins varied from 24 and 49 cents to \$6.81; for muskrats and house cats from 12 to 61 cents. In the case of skunk or muskrat sample bundles comprising 25 skins were hung on the racks for examination to enable buyers to estimate the value of the whole "lot" offered, these lots varying from 400 to 500 skunk and up to 4,000 muskrats. Of the more expensive skins—sable, or silver fox—the whole lot, whether consisting of one skin or half a dozen, could be examined. The prices realized for silver fox ranged from \$243 to \$2,141 per skin.

REPORT OF C. M. LAMPSON & CO.'S SALE OF FURS

On the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 22nd June, 1914.

Notwithstanding the regrettable absence of many of our Continental buyers our sale was very well attended. Competition was good, and we were able to dispose of the whole of our large offering at prices which show no undue decline.

Compared with last March Sale.

Musquash (2,088,711 skins)—Declined 25 per cent. The offering was unprecedentedly large for the time of year, and although competition was spirited, values show an average decline of 25 per cent. The spring and winter from the eastern and northwestern sections declined about 20 per cent. The heavier pelted New Jersey, Central and Southwestern kinds declined 30 per cent. The small, short, fall and the kits of all descriptions declined 35 per cent. The South-

ern from the good sections were in good demand and only declined on average about 15 per cent. The inferior sorts, however, could only be sold at relatively lower prices.

Musquash, Black (41,439 skins)—Declined 10 per cent. Our offering met with good competition.

Skunk (104,045 skins)—Declined 10 per cent. This fur was in excellent request, and, taking quality into account, we consider values are within 10 per cent. of last March. The black and short striped sold particularly well, realizing full March rates; the long striped and white, on the other hand, which were high in March, show a considerable reduction in price.

Raccoon (52,891 skins)—Declined 15 per cent. Raccoon did not meet with a ready sale, and prices on average are considerably lower than in March. The decline was, however, confined to the I. & II. Central and Southwestern, the III. & IV. showing but little change. The heavy furred Northern and Northwestern skins realized fully March prices.

Opossum, American (94,336 skins)—Declined 10 per cent. A moderate offering met with fair competition.

Wolf (16,614 skins)—Declined 10 per cent. Wolf were well competed for, but the Southwestern sorts are still neglected.

Wolverine (96 skins)—Realized old prices.

Bear, Black (1,211 skins)—Realized old prices. Sold steadily.

Bear, Brown (181 skins)—Realized old prices. Sold steadily.

Bear, Grizzly (174 skins)—Realized old prices. Sold steadily.

Bear, White (10 skins)—Realized old prices. Sold steadily.

Marten (2,969 skins)—Declined 5 per cent. A small but good collection containing more dark skins than usual realized on the average very nearly March prices. A considerable decline, however, took place in the Northwest Coast skins, which are becoming less and less popular.

Mink (10,889 skins)—Northern, Northwestern and Eastern realized old prices. Western and Southwestern declined 10 per cent. The bidding was brisk for all the better and darker kinds, but the Southwestern and Southern sorts were neglected.

Ermine (37,607 skins)—Realized old prices. Our collection, consisting principally of American skins, was very well competed for at March values.

Cat, Civet (7,646 skins)—Declined 10 per cent.

Beaver (2,612 skins)—Declined 15 per cent. The large sizes show a considerable reduction in value, but there was a relatively better demand for the medium and small kinds.

Otter (1,023 skins)—Realized old prices. Competition was good, and March values were maintained.

Lynx (1,603 skins)—Declined 15 per cent.

The firsts show a decline of 10 per cent. only, but the seconds and small were considerably lower.

Fisher (577 skins)—Declined 15 per cent. A small collection containing many dressed skins did not sell well.

Fox, Silver (133 skins)—Realized old prices. All silvery sorts were in excellent request, prices being fully equal to those of March, but black skins are more and more difficult to sell.

Fox, Cross (442 skins)—Realized old prices. The silvery skins again sold much better than the reddish sorts.

Fox, Blue (98 skins)—Realized old prices.

Fox, White (298 skins)—Realized old prices.

Fox, Grey (1,101 skins)—Declined 20 per cent.

Fox, Kitt (4,916 skins)—Declined 15 per cent.

Fox, Red (27,199 skins)—Declined 15 per cent. The firsts realized nearly March prices, but the seconds and lower kinds declined materially. Our offering contained a large proportion of East Indian skins.

Cat, Wild (2,484 skins)—Realized old prices.

Cat, House (11,900 skins)—Declined 20 per cent. The black show the heaviest decline.

Badger (2,660 skins)—Realized old prices.

Squirrel (19,721 skins)—Realized old prices.

Statement of Quantities of Furs Sold by C. M. Lampson & Co.

	1913.				Totals for 1913.	1914.		
	January.	March.	June.	October.		January.	March.	June.
	Skins.	Skins.	Skins.	Skins.	Skins.	Skins.	Skins.	Skins.
Raccoon	70,914	140,611	54,966	36,229	302,720	84,116	296,657	52,891
Musquash	1,635,768	826,394	784,575	614,273	3,861,010	1,534,065	3,079,371	2,088,711
" Black.	10,870	17,060	36,105	12,729	76,764	22,733	63,862	41,439
Skunk	314,783	334,379	155,038	59,438	863,638	314,870	540,432	104,045
Cat, Civet....	37,102	37,349	19,894	13,823	108,168	23,117	101,149	7,646
Opossum	272,068	323,393	165,552	54,581	815,594	321,802	635,024	94,336
Mink	32,620	51,125	12,203	24,671	120,619	18,119	95,558	10,889
Marten	6,428	8,879	5,997	6,257	27,561	6,724	12,331	2,969
Fox, Red	15,393	17,889	26,254	36,859	96,395	15,440	24,536	27,199
" Cross ..	539	2,030	502	1,041	4,112	441	1,986	442
" Silver ..	77	553	118	213	961	102	544	133
" Gray ..	5,720	13,418	7,291	6,593	33,022	11,086	32,306	1,101
" Kitt ...	17,806	5,893	8,146	31,443	63,288	29,736	18,835	4,916
" White ..	5,196	2,279	1,018	4,250	12,743	2,361	2,836	298
" Blue ...	248	2,388	88	787	3,511	173	985	98
Otter	5,003	4,426	2,403	2,571	14,403	4,892	4,539	1,023
Cat, Wild, &c.	8,942	6,594	5,797	13,977	35,310	12,023	14,029	2,484
" House ...	14,561	35,239	23,450	24,427	97,677	31,079	35,320	11,900
Lynx	1,571	717	2,651	3,161	8,100	2,721	3,331	1,603
Fisher	433	1,042	448	499	2,422	270	1,703	577
Badger	1,887	3,529	4,438	2,904	12,758	2,572	8,673	2,660
Beaver	7,575	7,498	3,417	4,580	23,070	4,450	12,286	2,612
Bear	3,150	5,294	3,966	5,098	17,508	2,591	3,049	1,576
Wolf	18,036	20,380	8,312	6,487	53,215	9,306	34,167	16,614
Wolverine	250	692	190	609	1,741	253	764	96
Ermine	58,747	79,718	70,315	43,252	252,032	24,821	194,406	37,607
Squirrel	212,790	123,197	141,658	150,532	628,177	156,706	101,194	19,721

REPORT OF A. & W. NESBITT LTD.'S SALE OF FURS.

On the 16th, 17th and 19th June, 1914.

The unhealthy condition of the fur trade, together with the loss of Continental support, would have led one to expect an even worse result than that actually obtained, but the absence of many regular buyers was in part made up for by the presence of a number of new firms who have not previously attended the sales, and their ability to consume the quantities offered would suggest that the fur trade is not altogether in so

hopeless a position as many people seem to believe.

Musquash.—A good offering met with a slow demand, especially the Central, Delaware, Maryland and New Jersey skins, which declined fully 35 per cent. compared with March. The best spring and winter Manitoba, Ontario and eastern rats were 15 per cent. to 20 per cent. cheaper, while the small sizes, falls and kitts declined 30 per cent. Southern of good color and quality declined 10 per cent., while on commoner sorts we quote a 25 per cent. decline.

Musquash, Black.—Sold to fair advantage

at a decline of 10 per cent. on the high prices realized in March. The spring goods sold considerably better than the winter and fall.

Skunk.—The demand was good, especially for black and short and long stripes of medium to good quality. This grade together with thirds black and short realized March values to 10 per cent. decline, while thirds long stripe and all assortments of white declined 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. Michigan and Eastern sold to much greater advantage than the Southwestern and Central collection, while Canadian goods were not wanted and declined 20 per cent.

Opossum.—Sold with good competition at a decline of 15 per cent. on March. The unscraped skins sold at considerably lower prices than the scraped, and the firsts sold relatively better than the seconds and medium sizes. The thirds were some 30 per cent. cheaper than at the last sale.

Raccoon.—A very dull sale. Canadian and Northwestern goods declined 20 per cent., New Madrid and Coast skins 20 per cent. and Southwestern, Carolina and Southern 30 per cent. The decline was mostly noticeable on the firsts.

Wolf.—There was good competition, but March rates for the finest goods could not be maintained. Selected Northwestern declined 15 per cent., Northern, Western and good Southwestern brought full March rates, while common Southwestern and Southern declined 15 per cent., except the thirds and fourths which sold considerably higher than in March.

Bear, Black.—Anything good brought full prices to a slight advance, but common sorts were 20 per cent. cheaper.

Bear, Brown.—Remain unchanged.

Marten.—Declined 5 per cent.

Fox, Red.—Only a moderate demand at lower prices. Fine Alaska and Halifax goods declined 10 per cent. Canadian, Eastern, Central and Western fully 15 per cent. Fine Russian and Scandinavian show a falling off of 10 per cent., while common Russian and Continental kinds were fully 20 per cent. cheaper. A large offering of North Indian Himalayan Fox brought about half the price obtained for similar goods a year ago.

Fox, Cross.—Declined 20 per cent.

Fox, White.—Sold at full March values.

Fox, Blue.—Sold at full March values.

Fox, Silver.—Sold at about March rates. The silvery skins were somewhat cheaper, and the dark colors rather dearer.

Fisher.—Owing to lack of competition we withdrew our offering, but subsequent sales by private treaty show the market to be unchanged compared with March.

Ermine.—A fair demand at about late rates. Best goods were somewhat cheaper, while poor assortments advanced.

Beaver.—Our small offering was withdrawn owing to poor competition.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Wild Ginseng: The very strong market which we had during the latter part of June and early July has weakened, and prices are

now twenty-five to fifty cents on the pound lower than they were at the highest point which was about the first part of this month. Exporters have shipped enough of the new crop to try out the Hongkong market, and as the root cost them so high, they prefer to wait and see how the market in China responds before making larger purchases. This is the case nearly every year and was predicted in last month's letter. The new crop has cost fully two dollars per pound more than was paid at the corresponding time last season, and this has made buyers more timid than usual, as the chances for much of any profit would seem slight.

The cry throughout the country is that the collection of wild root will be short. This remains to be seen. No one can tell until about September, for many country dealers predict every year at this time a lesser quantity than the previous year. Whether there is to be any shortage or not, it would seem that much of an advance cannot be looked for on the extreme quotations which are being paid now, and are the highest ever known for Spring dug root. Market quotations are as follows:

New York, New Eng., Canada, Nor. Pa., \$11.00 to \$11.50.

Central Pa., \$10.00 to \$10.50.

Minn., Wis., Iowa, \$10.00 to \$10.50.

Mich., Nor. Ohio, Ind., Ill., \$9.50 to \$10.00.

Central Ohio, Ind., Ill., \$9.50 to \$9.75.

So. Ohio, Ind., Ill., \$9.00 to \$9.25.

So. Pa., Nor. W. Va., Md., \$9.50 to \$10.00.

Mo., Ark. and So. West., \$9.00 to \$9.25.

North Carolina, \$9.25 to \$9.50.

Ky., Tenn., Va. and other So., \$8.50 to \$9.

Cultivated Ginseng: The market is very quiet and the demand from China for this class of root is considerably less than it was a month ago. The good qualities are selling fairly well, but the poor is neglected, and there are now quite some accumulations of this stock in the market. It is thought that the extremely high prices for the wild will help the poor cultivated later on, but advices from China say that the poor quality is not wanted, and cannot be sold at a reasonable profit, even at the present low prices. Quotations are as follows:

Best quality, \$6.00 to \$7.50 per pound.

Medium or average lots, \$4.50 to \$5.50.

Inferior, long, thin, irregular shaped, etc., \$2.50 to \$4.00.

Golden Seal: There has been a little better demand for this root the past ten days, and prices are a little higher than they were last month. Receipts have not been extra heavy, and this has helped the market to improve. Spring dug, clean and dry is now worth from \$3.60 to \$3.85 per pound.

Raw Furs: The usual midsummer dullness prevails, and as manufacturers have not yet bought in any considerable quantities, there is nothing new to report. This market is carrying large stocks of nearly everything, and freely making concessions to the trade to dispose of them. It is to be hoped that next month will see quite an improvement, and that furs will be in stronger request owing to their lower prices.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. (1) What is the king among the rifle family?

(2) What kind of binoculars are the most up-to-date that you would recommend for a hunter; also who keeps good animal scent?

Martin P. Berrigan, Y. T., Can.

A. (1) There is no rifle king; this question is too indefinite to answer. Depends on what the rifle is to be used for, which one is most useful.

(2) For open country and long distance observations, a glass of ten power; for woods a wide field lens is best. Six to eight power, or magnifying power of six or eight diameters is best. The greater the power, the narrower the field of vision.

As to good animal scents, these are manufactured by N. C. Burbank, New Portland, Maine, and trappers in general seem to recommend them.

Q. My two months' old hound pup's eye lids were puffed or swollen away out and I gave it a dose of santoline, thinking it had distemper, and now it is broken out all around its mouth with little blisters. It eats hearty, but I am afraid it will go blind. I saw in the H-T-T where a man said to give santoline the size of a grain of wheat, but I might have given too much. Can you name a disease and a cure for same? A New Subscriber, Mo.

A. The little puppy was troubled with milk worms, such as most all puppies have, and should have had treatment for worms instead of for distemper. And then, too, santoline is not a distemper remedy but is sometimes used as worm remedy and should never be used by the novice because it is a very powerful drug and harm can result easily as was done in your case. Castor oil in liberal doses should be given every other day to rid the system of the drug which is doing the mischief. Bathing the eyes with cold water will be beneficial. No doubt worms are still present and it could do but good to treat for parasites which will not lessen but grow more and more till pup finally dies if not relieved.—See ad "Worm Exterminator."

Q. (1) In the last H-T-T there was an article on Furs of South America. In this article it speaks of the Chinchilla and on looking it up I find it to be an animal greatly resembling the Mountain rat of this country, in fact, from all I can find out about them they are the same animal as they have the same habits, color, size and places of abode. For fur these animals beat a mink all over. Are the hides worth anything?

(2) We have another animal that we call a pocket gopher which throws up bunches of dirt with no opening. An Englishman here said they were moles and that their hides were worth something. In appearance they are short and very fat, have large claws, small eyes, short legs and tail. Is it true that their hides are worth something?

(3) We have a fish here that is called Bull trout, Dolly Varden trout, etc., but it is not a trout, not by any means. An American said it was a Charr or at least a species of Charr. Now, what kind of bait is best for Charr; that is, in the artificial line?

H. R. Terrell, Alberta, Can.

A. (1 and 2) Send specimens of these pelts to leading fur dealers, especially those manufacturing their purchases. You may be able to develop a market. Try Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Freres, especially.

(3) I think you are mistaken about this not being a species of trout, or related to the salmon. Try artificial flies—Grizzly, King, Yellow Sallie, Parmachenee Belle, etc. But this is a guess. Perhaps some of the boys have had experience with them. You may have confused bass with trout, as in the South I have heard bass called "trout." Anyhow charr are a kind of "trout."

Q. Must a non-resident have a license to trap coyotes in Montana?

Neal Flagg, Sangamon Co., Ill.

A. It depends on the practice of the locality. Where rewards are offered for coyote, there should be no license demanded, but you would need a license if you hunt—this license game is a precaution to keep track of hunters.

Q. I have a shepherd bitch about four years old; she has what seems to be a fit, rolls over and seems to get stiff and in five or ten minutes gets all right again. Sometimes these spells are close together and sometimes two or three months apart. Can you tell what ails her and what to do for her? M. Cleek, Ky.

A. Dogs, same as man, are subject to epileptic fits for which there is no known cure. This ailment, however, occurs very seldom in dogs and the sort of fits, convulsions, spasms, etc., are caused by tapeworm. Especially after a hard run, much excitement, punishment, overexertion, etc., these spells come on abruptly, sometimes lasting but a few minutes, often ten to twenty minutes. Getting rid of the cause is necessary. A reliable remedy is put up by Ed. F. Haberlein, McPherson, Kan..

sent postpaid on receipt of 75c, which has been used by a number of H-T-T readers successfully.

Q. (1) Will the cutting off of a rifle barrel injure it in any way if barrel is left smooth on inside?

(2) What kind of a bore can be given a muzzle loader so it will target well to about 50 yards?

O. Eckert, Beadle Co., S. Dak.

A. Rifle barrels are made of a length to burn certain charges of powder, to give them "balance," and to give proper distance between sights, etc. If you cut the barrel off you must have it perfectly "square" or the bullet will tip when it leaves the muzzle. It is a difficult task to cut the barrel just right, and the shorter the barrel, the less power if the powder does not all burn, or if full pressure is not obtained. Especially do slow burning powders fail to exert the maximum pressure in a sawed off barrel.

(2) It is not clear whether you mean a shot gun or rifle. Cylinder bore throws a ball very accurately up to 50 yards. For a shot gun, you would have to have a choke bore to target shot well at fifty yards. Few shot guns will do it.

Q. I am trapping in a country which is crowded with Jack rabbits. They spoil my sets every morning and I cannot do any successful trapping. Do you know of any way to fix the set to avoid catching rabbits in traps set for foxes and coyotes?

W. Mentz, Alberta, Can.

A. You are up against the problem that costs trappers much time and profit. You do not say whether you use blind sets at a distance from the bait, or whether you group traps around the bait. Perhaps some kind of a water set, if there is any water available, would help you. I do not remember hearing or seeing any discussion of this interference with traps; perhaps some of the boys will tell us how they manage in such an emergency. It would help a lot of trappers if some successful means could be described.

Q. (1) I have a half English beagle and half coon hound, she will run and trail a rabbit but will not put them up. What is the cause of this?

(2) What is a good recipe for making dog biscuit?

H. E. Richardson, Conn.

A. (1) Timidity. Hunt her in company of an energetic runner and on short order your dog will put up promptly also.

(2) The mode of making good dog bread was fully given in a former number of this department, several months ago. The various dog biscuits on the market contain widely varying ingredients and each recipe is the secret of the company putting them out. Meat scraps, cracklings, meat meal, etc., constitute the nutritious portions to which coarse flour is added. Dog bread (home-made) is to be made of meat scraps boiled, shorts and corn meal stirred into broth, after meat portion has been well stirred to shreds, till stiff dough is formed, then filled into pans and baked in slow oven. This makes a very good, nutritious, relished food for dogs of all ages, added to milk.

Q. (1) Is the alligator hide worth anything?
(2) How should it be skinned and where can I sell it?

Joe L. Jackett, Wharton Co., Tex.

A. (1) All southern fur houses handle alligator skins, and they are valuable.

(2) Will some alligator hunter give us a description of the process, including how to cure the skins? Arthur Myrberg, 823 S. Taylor Ave., Oak Park, Ill., will buy them. He has a classified advertisement in this issue.

Q. When one wishes to purchase a dog which has been advertised that a trial will be given, how should he send the money?

Burke, Westchester Co., N. Y.

A. Money order to be had at the post office. Sometimes dogs are shipped "on approval," and one pays at the express office on arrival. The matter of sending money is usually arranged by letter, agreement being reached as to how to send the money and how to send the dog.

Q. Please give a receipt for tanning moose hides to be used for clothing.

E. W. Borin, Alta., Can.

A. In Camp and Trail Methods (which we print) you will find the process given on page 232 and following. There are several processes, to meet individual need, and the rest of the book will be worth much more to you than the cost.

Q. (1) What is a T shaped flint stone that is 1 1/2 inches long and 1 3/4 inches across the upper end?

(2) How did the Indians fasten the flint arrow heads, especially the ones that had no notches on their edges, to the arrow shaft?

Harold Boyles, Marion Co., W. Va.

A. (1) This is probably a drill, perhaps a punch. Try your hand on it till you find where it fits. This may be a skin flesher, or any one of several tools. Practically all Indian tools had a very carefully and adroitly made handle, with thumb, finger, palm, or other "holds" on it.

(2) The end of the arrow was split and the arrow lashed in with sinew. But what some think are "arrow heads" are in fact knives, arrow shaft scrapers, etc. Look for the handle, or thumb and finger places on the flints.

Q. Why is the 32-20 U. M. C. rifle cartridge crimped at the base of the bullet?

E. Wagner, U. S. S. Utah.

A. So it won't fall or slip out.

Q. What kind of paint is used in painting the canvas of canoes and where can it be bought?

Marshall Whitney, Barry Co., Mich.

A. E. Kreps in his Camp and Trail Methods, which we print, says that the canvas should first be painted with boiled linseed oil, applied very hot. I would suggest that by adding glue to the hot oil and mixing it in, it would make a better filler. Dry thoroughly before painting with ordinary outside paint.

Q. In what part of Colorado is the most ranching done?

Walter T. Thune, Winneshek Co., Ia.

A. Wherever there is farm land, grazing land, ranch land—except in the barren moun-

tains there is "ranching," and you could not go amiss if you want to be a cowboy and ride the festive broncho.

Q. Would a cross between an Airedale and Russian wolf hound be better than the Russian wolf hound for catching and killing coyotes and which should be female to make the best cross?
Herbert Sams, Sask., Can.

A. There would be no improvement over the pure Russian wolf hound by crossing with Airedale. The former is the fleetest and has great killing power and endurance. The sire gives greatest potency to offspring. Superior pups may be obtained from an inferior bitch of same breed by breeding to dog of pronounced propensities.

Q. Can you tell me how to destroy tiny black ants? They sting my stock to death.
W. C. Kirkpatrick, Geneva Co., Ala.

A. You should write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. You have a difficult problem to contend with, and a novel one. The Department will pay especial attention if you write to your Congressman and have him ask the Department for you. He might prevail upon the Department to send a specialist to investigate and give expert advice.

Q. I saw an article in the March number on how to build a camp in the woods and it spoke of a roof made of scoops and would not leak. Will you kindly describe how a scoop roof is made?
W. T. Elliott, Maine.

A. I fancy that this is a colloquialism for "scoop roof." The "scoops" were simply half round, six or seven inch logs, "scooped out," so that they could be laid "up and down" on the roof, about like this:



Q. (1) What is a good waterproofing for a tent?

(2) What are the causes and effects of the little white worms found in bass?
C. E. LaFollette, Montgomery Co., Ind.

A. (1) If weight is no object, paint the tent with oil and white lead. I like the alum and soap process: Dissolve several cakes of soap in water, boiling it, and then saturating the tent thoroughly with the soap. Dissolve half a pound of powdered alum, or lump alum which dissolves slower, in water. Dip the soapy tent in the alum water, and that sets the soap, so it will not dissolve. After a while the soap may check out, but a new bath of soap and alum will fill the cloth again.

(2) These are parasites; write to the Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., and they will send you a pamphlet or two discussing the parasites of fishes.

Q. (1) Can a Walker fox hound whose sire is registered and whose dam is eligible be registered without having the dam registered?

(2) How and where does one register a fox-hound and what is the fee, if any?
Harry Romane, Douglas Co., Ore.

A. (1) Dam and sire must be registered and certain blanks filled out properly as to time of whelping, owner of each, color, etc.,

before any pup or dog can be registered in stud book.

(2) Fee, one dollar for each dog, blanks furnished by American Kennel Club Stud Book, New York City.

Q. Would a Haenel Mauser Carbine, 5 shot 8 M/M be a good gun for moose and bear? If not, would you recommend a reasonable priced gun for such game? If you will not do that in one make do so in calibers of more than one make.
E. E. W., Stark Co., Ohio.

A. I believe the rifle would serve very well for game of the kind you mention. There is a great range of fire arms for moose and bear—old style weapons, like 45-90, 45-70, in Winchester and Marlin and Remington heavy caliber automatics, Winchester and Marlin smokeless high velocity weapons.

Q. I am thinking of starting a fur farm and by digging two feet in the ground and placing stone at bottom would it keep foxes from digging out at the bottom of wire?
John A. McDaniel, Greene Co., Va.

A. According to fox fur raisers, yes. Our Fur Farming describes the enclosures in detail.

Q. When is the best time to plant ginseng seed? Is it all right to plant in the spring?
Walter Pease, Adams Co., Ind.

A. It takes eighteen months for the seeds to germinate, and if they dry out, they are rendered infertile. Our Ginseng and Other Medicinal Plants states that the best time to do planting is in the spring. But you should read the book and learn how to do it, in what kind of soil, under what conditions, dozens of pages being required to fill the exceptions and conditions, etc.

Q. What is magnetic sand and where can it be obtained?
R. B. Heath, Marshall Co., Ky.

A. This is sand that a magnet will take up; it contains iron, and it is often found where gold is found. "Black sand" is usually magnetic sand.

Q. Can you tell me where I could get some good advice in regard to raising rabbits; such as breeding, their habits, and diseases? I give my rabbits good water, corn and a little green food and keep their pen very clean and still some of them lay down and die from no apparent cause.
T. E. P., Ill.

A. There are pamphlets issued telling about the care of rabbits and hares, and perhaps some of the readers can tell where they can be had. You will do well to give them a larger variety of diet—fruits, vegetables, a little salt occasionally. Animals eat a much larger variety of food than is generally realized, and too narrow a diet does not satisfy animals. Perhaps your rabbits have some disease.

Q. How can I obtain Science of Trapping?

J. L. D., Albuquerque, N. Mex.
A. No doubt you mean our book, "Science of Trapping." This can be obtained by addressing A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio, and enclosing sixty cents.

Q. I have a beagle hound that is an excellent rabbit dog and is a fine hunter when he is with another dog, but when I take him alone he is

afraid to go into the brush. Can you tell me how to break him of this? He is two years old. Will he get over this fault by getting another dog to hunt with him?

C. E. Johnson, Jackson Co., Mich.

A. The only way of getting a timid dog to take hold well on any special sort of game is to hunt him in company with a good, fast, energetic hunter. In course of time he will get over the timidity and hunt well of his own accord, two or more dogs together, however, always hunt with greater anxiety because of jealousy, than singly.

Answer to a subscriber who asked in a recent issue of H-T-T how to catch the ground mole where they throw up piles of dirt in a field. The moles throw up piles of dirt from 10 to 20 feet apart. Take a spade and dig cross ways directly between two mounds about two feet from one. You will find the hole from 4 to 6 inches below the surface. Take a No. 0 or No. 1 steel trap and set in the hole and cover spring with wide board and cover board with earth so as to exclude all light and I guarantee you will catch the mole. Herbert Sams, Sask., Can.

Salmon eggs in and along the west coast are very easily obtained any time during fishing season and are prepared by most anglers of the western states to be used fresh. You can make them firm by placing them in the sun a day and keep turning them over every few hours.

To preserve eggs I use salt which keeps them fine by putting first a thin layer of salt and then a layer of eggs in a box or keg. After the brine raisers over the eggs bore holes in the bottom of keg or box and let drain until eggs are all used up. When eggs are taken out to use rinse the salt off in fresh water and dry at once.

I prefer eggs fixed in this way for swift water as you can keep them on your hook better and they stay their natural color longer. But in still holes where you can see the nice big trout swim up and taste your bait then use a small hook and a fine single leader and only one egg at a time, which should be fresh.

In fishing a stream with eggs take eggs (loose eggs preferred) and put them in a salt or sugar sack, mash up well and place on a riffle just above a nice deep hole where trout are found to frequent, leave over night and next morning you should have plenty of sport with the big ones if you keep your shadow away from the water. W. E. B., Island Co., Wash.

Answer to A Subscriber, Wis., asking if the Standard gas operated rifle is a good reliable one. To this the editor answers, I don't know the Standard automatic. There are no better weapons of the type than the Remington or Winchester, you may be sure. Now, if the gentleman will only write to the following persons he will find out the superiority of the Standard gas operated rifle, as each one of us has a 35 caliber of this make. Rheinhold Ekstrom, Peter Laitinen and J. K. Jarvenpaa, Green, Mich.

Answer to Harold E. Sykes of Tehama Co., Cal., on how to preserve dead minnows for future use.

Here is a way that is sure and simple:

Take a fruit jar, large mouth bottle or something similar. Put in a dozen or so minnows that are free from water and add a handful of equal parts of common salt and granulated sugar, seeing that the quantity of salt and sugar is about equal in bulk to the minnows used.

There should be no water put in, as if the minnows are just out of the water long enough to dry a little there will be moisture enough to dissolve the salt and sugar and make a syrup over them. Do not use soft minnows.

This method will keep minnows one month or one year, if properly done. Get this under your hat, brothers, for I have found this method O. K. and on a windy day your pickled minnows will be as good as a live one.

B. L. Reames, Gratiot Co., Mich.

I noticed in the questions and answers that a man wanted to know the best water proof boot. From my experience will say that the boot put out by the Russell Moccasin Co., Berlin, Wis., is the best leather boot made for tramping and keeping the feet dry.

L. J. Sizer, Tulsa Co., Okla.

Answer to John Ockfen. If you want to keep salmon eggs rip open the cases that contain the eggs so they are all loose. Shake them out then put a kettle on stove with a gallon of water in it or enough to cover the eggs nicely. To one-half gallon of eggs put in one heaping teaspoonful of saltpeter, one tablespoonful of sugar. Don't put in the eggs until water is boiling. Cook them twenty minutes, drain off all water and spread them out on red flannel then sprinkle on a good handful of sugar. Keep them in a warm room and keep stirring them around until you can string them on a hook and not break them to pieces. The sugar is to keep them from moulding when sealed up in jars. Use Mason jars with good rubbers on. I have kept eggs and worms this way for three and four months at a time.

Chas. W. Hopseger, Skagit Co., Wash.

Answer to John Ockfen of Washington who wishes to know how to put up salmon eggs for trout fishing. I was in Washington four years and did a good deal of trout fishing and this is my method of putting up salmon eggs: Take one pint of fresh water, boil it and let cool to lukewarm. Then put 2/3 of a package of Diamond Dye in the water, 3 tablespoonfuls of salt, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, 3 tablespoons of sugar, 5 tablespoons of alcohol and 1 of saltpeter. Mix all this together in a special solution. Put the salmon eggs in a jar, being careful not to break the string of eggs, and let the solution cool off before you put it over the eggs. I made some this way and kept them for two years. Theo. Klein, Ramsey Co., Minn.

Answer to John Ockfen's Inquiry on page 109 of June issue how to preserve salmon eggs. Take the salmon eggs as they are taken from the fish and salt them good. Let stand in this salt over night then sprinkle with common sugar so as to make a syrup covering them. Let them remain in the syrup for about a week, hanging the eggs out at night and keeping them in the syrup during the day.

Harold E. Sykes, Tehama Co., Cal.

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 September must be received not later than August 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. (Sept.)

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)

MARTEN AND FISHER for sale. Several pair fine specimens, big profits in ranching. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (*Sept.)

YOUNG SKUNKS WANTED with white on head and tail only. We pay highest prices for new blood for our ranges. 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 B, Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Best quality ranch-raised mink; also Canadian wild geese. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley, Prince Edward Island, Canada. (Nov.)

WANTED—Red foxes. State age and price. E. M. Holmes, Memphis, Tenn.

WRITE US before buying any live silver, black, or cross foxes. Prices right. Stoughton & Elliott, Whitefield, N. H. (Oct.)

RED FOXES FOR SALE—For experimental breeding and hunt clubs. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (*Sept.)

WANTED—High grade male skunks, females any grade. Cash. Envalla Stock Farm, Cogswell, N. Dakota.

FOR SALE—Live woodchucks, 75 cents to \$1.00 each. John Onofrey, Jr., Uniondale, Pa.

SKUNKS WANTED—Can use 1,000. Trappers name price and grade first letter. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (*Sept.)

ONE NICE red fox for sale. Inquire of Jim Beaman, Manchester, Iowa. R. No. 6

WANTED—To hear from anyone having wild animals for sale. Rock River Zoo, Oregon, Ill.

I WILL PAY \$12.00 for live mink. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—Coons, \$7.00 a pair; opossums, \$3.50 a pair. S. L. De Myer, Fulton, Ky.

ANIMALS, BOYS, ANIMALS—I buy and sell all kinds. Wm. Dunton, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

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.

GUINEA PIGS FOR SALE—\$1.00 pair. E. W. Cordingley, 138 Stowe St., Jamestown, N. Y.

WANTED—Live skunk in large or small lots. Address Pioneer Pet Stock Farm, New Weston, Ohio.

MINK FOR SALE—A number of pairs of choice dark, ranch-bred kittens, for September delivery. Peardon Bros., Montague, P. E. Island, Canada. (Sept.)

FOR SALE—Star black and short stripe skunk. Bred from black stock. For information enclose stamp to the Oswayo Skunk Farm, Oswayo, Pa.

CANARY BIRD AND CAGE, 85 cents, while they last. Wm. Dunton, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Badger, armadillo, porcupine, skunks, ring-tailed cat, lynx. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—One pair 90 per cent. patched foxes, proved breeders. Female raised a litter of 5 cubs. Two silver blacks, No. 1, 25 per cent. patches and one cross. Will take \$2,000.00 for the pair prepaid. Safe delivery guaranteed. Portage Wild Animal Co., Box 223, Portage La Prairie, Man., Canada.

WANTED—Star black and short stripe skunks. We pay highest price. State number, sex, price, etc., first letter. North Star Fur Farms, Springfield, Minn.

BUFFALO, ELK, DEER, mink, skunks and foxes for sale at lowest prices. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Guinea pigs; sows one year old. Blacks, reds and broken colored, \$1.00 each. Chas. N. Mitchell, Trenton, Mo., 508 Tindal Ave.

RABBITS FOR SALE—White, pink eyes, 75 cents to \$1.50 per pair. Owen Morgan, Quaker City, Ohio.

WANTED—All kinds of foxes and mink and other fur-bearing animals. State your price in first letter. Carl Meyerhoff, George, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Four young red foxes. Fred C. Landon, Wysox, Pa., R. 10.

CHOICE CARNEAUX PIGEONS—Mated, banded and working, \$2.00 per pair. Belgian red, yellow splashed. Youngsters 50 cents each. Charles Knight, Quaker City, Ohio.

WANTED—Live animals of all kinds, silver and other foxes, cub bears, birds, animals of all kinds. We buy everything and pay the highest prices paid by anyone for this stock. Don't sell anything until you write us. Horne's Zoological Arena, Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Mink, kittens, born and raised in captivity. R. J. Greene, Gray's River, Wash.

NOTICE TO SKUNK FARMERS. I pay \$10 A.A. \$5.00 A skunks and take all at all times. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

FOR SALE—Foxes, opossums, coon, skunk, bay lynx, wolf pup, coyotes, rabbits, fancy pigeons, pheasants, peafowl, alligators, snakes, black and cross foxes. North Star Fur Farms, Springfield, Minn.

FOR SALE—A number of cross, dark red and red foxes, also one old female raccoon. Fromm Bros., Hamburg, Wisc.

FOR SALE—Bay lynx, \$10.00; 5-foot rattler, \$3.00. C. Irwin, Eau Gallie, Fla.

FUR-BEARERS FOR SALE—Bargains in mink, fisher, foxes, marten and others. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (*Sept.)

FOR SALE—One white and one cream-colored female squirrel. W. X. Carter, Lexington, Okla.

RED FOXES FOR SALE, \$14.00 to \$18.00 per pair for choice stock; also some good crosses. Wanless Bros., Varna, Ontario, Canada.

FOR SALE—Nine red foxes and one gray. Healthy and all right. The first \$40.00 takes them. H. K. Rubyor, Waukon, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Opossums with ten young in pocket, \$5.00. S. L. De Myer, Fulton, 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.

FOR SALE—Three wild, gray, young female foxes, \$3.50 each. W. D. Meadows, Elkton, Va. R. No. 1.

CHOICE SILVER BLACK patch foxes. Price very low. Write E. W. Douglass, Stanley, New Brunswick, Canada. (Sept.)

FOR SALE—Choice red and cross foxes, old and young. Reasonable. L. C. Bauer, Weyauwega, Wisc. R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Racing homing pigeons, Belgium stock. From 1,000-mile flyers. \$1.00 per pair. John B. Sendelbeck, Waterloo, Ill.

WANTED—Young star and short stripe skunk, mink, red foxes and raccoons. Give lowest price and full description in first letter. I pay express. Willis H. Ratliff, Fairmount, Ind.

50 RED FOXES for sale, \$8.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Son, Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky. (*)

WANTED—Star black skunk. Can use large or small lots. Rock River Zoo, Oregon, Ill.

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. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—Black and silver foxes. Geo. Youngman, Gladstone, Minn.

FOR SALE—Belgian hares, Flemish giant rabbits. Stamp for reply. C. E. Whitney, Wolf Run, Ohio.

PETS—Rabbits, guinea pigs, etc. Pets all kinds. Enclose stamp. Fuller Trump, Springfield, Ohio. (Jan.)

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—Two pair red foxes, 15 months old, \$15.00 per pair. W. L. Soule, North Easton, Mass.

FISHER FOR SALE—Also skunk, mink, beaver and foxes. Low prices. Horne's Zoological Arena Co., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR SALE—200 red fox, each \$6.00; 25 coon, each \$6.00; 10 opossum, each \$2.50; 1 badger, \$5.00; 1 armadillo at \$5.00; 4 cross fox, each \$100; 1 silver fox at \$500; ferrets, each \$5.00; pheasant, peafowl and mink. Delivery at once. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. 1.

FOR SALE—Ranch-raised red foxes and mink. Maine Fur Farming Company, Topsfield, Maine.

FOR SALE—Two fine, young red, male foxes. Price \$6.50 each. Also skunks. Albert Markrud, Wallace, S. Dak.

WANTED—Live, wild mink. Give me a trial. State price. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Pa.

FIRST \$20.00 takes four red foxes about half grown. Geo. J. Schaefer, Anamoose, N. Dak.

FOR SALE—Male and female, cross fox pups, from good stock. Hugh H. Mills, Adrian, Mich.

FOR SALE—Young red foxes, \$15.00 a pair; young raccoons, \$8.00 a pair, from tame stock. Wilmot Swanson, Loveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Tame, pet, odorless skunks, \$2.00 each. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. 1.

FOR SALE—Northern red cross, patch and silver foxes for breeders. We can give you most quality for your money. Also bear cubs for sale. Robertson Bros., Grand Marais, Minn.

TAME RED FOXES, mated, not akin. Cheap. Stamp guarantees reply. Oak Shade Poultry Farm, Somers, Conn.

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.

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 Callahan, North Monroe, N. H., caught 23 fox, lots of mink and skunk. Both used Page Sets and Baits. Send stamp for testimonial book. Fox scent in pints, bait in quarts. Methods warranted; land, water, snow sets. Edgar R. Page, Orland, Maine. (Sept.)

BOATS AND CANOES.

FOR SALE CHEAP—11-foot special canvas folding boat, used one season. M. S. McCrea, Fillmore, N. Y.

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. (**)

LAWS, LAWS—The late laws of every state in the United States and every Canadian Province relating to Game and Fur Animals, Bounties, Fish, etc. is given in Game, Fur and Fish Laws, a book of more than 100 pages. Price postpaid, 25 cents. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

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. Furs taken same as cash in exchange for books. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

OUR WATER AND GAME BIRDS—250 pages and 230 pictures in natural colors, description, where found, habit, etc., of each bird. Bound in cloth, \$1.10, leather \$1.35 postpaid. Forest Products Co., West Milan, N. H.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES.

FOR SALE—1914 Harley-Davidson motorcycle, 8 H. P. twin, two speed, brand new. Cost \$285.00. Sell cheap. E. C. Klemm, Baraboo, Wisc. R. 4.

SELL—Yale, \$49.00; Twin Indian, \$119.00, fine; Excelsior, 1912, mag. tandem, looks new, \$70.00; single Indian, \$75.00. All good. Lee Howell, Jr., 217 Chestnut, Evansville, Ind.

FOR SALE—Indian Twin, motorcycle, in good running order, new tires. C. O. D. \$115.00. M. C. Davis, Milford, Mich. Box 28.

FOR SALE—1912 9 horse-power, twin cylinder, Indian motorcycle, perfect condition. Price \$125.00. Shipped C. O. D. To attend college. Allie Trussell, Rectortown, Va.

CAMERAS AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.

FOSTCARD CAMERA and outfit complete, \$10.00; Dykes' automobile instruction book and five working models. Ernest La Fleur, Mason, Mich.

FOR SALE—Two cameras, size 5x7, and stamp portrait machine; 3/4x5 1/2 kodak; .22 repeating rifle. New condition. Write for particulars. L. Peckham, Pawnee City, Nebr.

FOR SALE—Premo camera, 5x7; Diamond model pistol, 10 inches; .20 gauge, 26-inch Ithaca shotgun. Guaranteed. Harry Cope, Knox, Pa., R. No. 2.

FOR SALE—3/4x4 1/4 folding roll film camera with developing outfit. Price \$15.00. W. J. Zettinger, 297 High St., Aurora, Ill.

3A EASTMAN Folding Pocket Kodak, as new, with leather carrying case, telescoping tripod, portrait lens, etc., for \$20.00. Developing tank and complete outfit for all work goes with it. John Schaefer, Murray, Iowa.

HUNTING DOGS.

AIREDALES.

BUY PAIR UNRELATED Gopher Kennel Airedales, \$25. Nothing better bred, first-class. Book-let. Robin M. Dodds, Mankato, Minn. (Sept.)

WANTED—Registered Airedale male, thoroughly trained on coon, not less than three or more than four years old. Must be sent on trial. Give full particulars and description in first letter. Will deposit price with express company. Dr. J. W. Musgrove, Stapleton, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Some fine registered Airedale pups, about six months old. Ready for this fall's training. Guy Grussing, Ackley, Iowa.

AIREDALE PUPPIES, two litters, farm-raised, good as any, cheaper than many. Description and price furnished. Channing Mercer, East Palestine, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Three male Airedale pups, five months old, pedigreed. C. L. Kulp, Northumberland, Pa. R. No. 1.

BABY AIREDALES, September delivery, \$4.00 with order, balance C. O. D. Females, \$10.00; males \$15.00. W. E. Crawford, 1332 Duncan St., Massillon, Ohio.

AIREDALE MALE, "Duke Chew," pedigreed. Best one brought from Colorado in years. Many battles, bear and lion; dead game. Extremely low price, \$50.00. Dr. H. M. Van Voorhis, Morgantown, W. Va.

AT STUD—Lucky Baldwin's Vim, 52 lb. A. K. C. registered Airedale. For sale, two-year-old pedigreed Airedale bitch. Write for photos and description. Almon Williams, Berea, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Airedale terrier bitch, 15 months old. Clarence Trawtz, Millerstown, Pa.

FOR SALE—Airedale puppies from registered stock. Imported grandfines, "Champion Endcliff Crack" and "The Favorite." Healthy farm-raised pups. \$7.00 and \$10.00. Byron Soultz, Rushton, Mich.

PEDIGREED AIREDALE BITCHES for sale from hunting and show strain. Write for folder. W. F. Betts, Wellington, Ohio.

AIREDALE PUPS—Just a few but very classy and reasonable. Write for prices. M. G. Meek, Breen, Colo.

REGISTERED AIREDALE BITCHES, best of breeding, at puppy prices. Sire, Tintern Royalist, dam by Master Royal. Jno. Schaefer, Murray, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Airedale puppies, the classy kind for hunting, all pedigreed and registered; females \$10.00, males \$15.00. Robert Barr, Minerva, Ohio.

COMRADE AIREDALES, winners and workers, the world's best blood. Bargains all the time, all you want, all ages, all guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Write us your wants. Imported Crompton Ranger at stud. Comrade Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

ABSOLUTE BARGAINS in blue blooded Airedale puppies. All stock eligible to registry. Lewis M. Andrew, Grand River, Iowa.

BEAGLES.

BEAGLES, ALL AGES—Get your pups now for fall training and save money. Bitches in whelp and empty. Two foxhound bitches. No better blood than I have. Tiff Kennels, Brooklyn, Pa.

BEAGLE PUPS, four months old, from pedigreed hunting parents. Extra long ears and beauties. For price and information address C. O. Caldwell, Yates City, Ill.

THOROUGHLY BROKEN beagle hounds, guaranteed, good hunters and not gun shy. Warren S. Henderson, Dowingtown, Pa.

FOR SALE—Beagle, male, 3 years old, \$20.00. Good as lives. If you want a good dog inquire M. Cleek, Verona, Ky.

FOUR GOOD BEAGLE PUPS, three months old, two males, two females. Will trade for chickens or rifle. A. Fostrom, South Bend, Ind. Sample St., Care of Wilson Bros.

THOROUGHLY TRAINED beagles, foxhounds, and rabbit hound, trial; also pedigree beagle pups. Keystone Kennels, Columbia, Pa. (Jan.)

R. W.'s NELLIE, 73304 U. K. C. Whelped January. Price \$10.00. Also beagle at stud. Ralph Wilson, Bloomville, 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.

FOR SALE—Pedigreed English beagle pups, two brood bitches; also trained rabbit hounds. L. M. Salter & Son, Tipton, Ind.

FOR SALE—Thoroughly trained beagle bitch and female puppy, cheap. Photographs free. H. E. Dutton, 500 Prospect Ave., Canton, Ohio.

ENGLISH BEAGLES—A fine bunch of pedigreed youngsters for sale. D. A. Sampson, Petersburg, Ill.

BEAGLES AND AMERICAN FOXHOUNDS—Puppies and broken dogs. High class bitches. Write me before you buy. George Walter, Seven Valleys, Pa.

IF YOU WANT a good beagle pup, any age, bred right, bred from hunters, eligible to registration, write Lee H. Sydnor, Milan, Ill., for circular, enclosing stamp.

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. (**)

FOR SALE—English bloodhound pups and trained dogs, bloodhounds trained, terms reasonable. W. H. Rodibaugh, Agency, Iowa.

ENGLISH BLOODHOUND dog and pups. Will make extra good trailers. Leon Deal, Blue Earth, Minn.

COON DOGS.

COON HOUND PUPPIES for sale. None better. Sire and dam are No. 1 coon, fox and skunk hounds. Lon Gunther, Vandalla, Mich.

WANTED—Coon dog. Fox, rabbit and deer-proof. On trial. C. W. Bouck, Warren, Mass.

WANTED—Good, fast coon dog, good ranger, fast open trailer and good at the tree. On trial. Money posted. Aug. R. Neiffer, Limerick, Pa.

ONE GOOD COON DOG for sale. Must be sold at once. Write for particulars. Lloyd McLucas, Markes, Pa.

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.

COON DOG PUPPIES for sale. Airedales, hounds and Airedale and hound cross. These youngsters are bred from the best coon hunting stock in the country and are guaranteed to make good. Buy a pup and train him after your own ideas. There will be no bad habits to be broken. For further particulars enclose stamp to Orang Kennels, La Rue, Ohio.

COON HOUNDS—I have the only thoroughbred, pedigreed, registered Redbone coon hounds in the world. Old dogs and puppies for sale. Prices reasonable. A. W. K. C. registration. Certificate is sent with each dog or puppy sold. W. F. Renchen, Palestine, Ill.

FOR SALE—A No. 1 coon dog, none better. Adam Fornof, Saltsburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Trained coon hound. Ten days' trial. Stamp for reply. Earl Farmer, Lisbon, Ohio. R. No. 5.

COON HOUND bred from foxhound-Airedale. \$15.00. Two pool tables cheap. Chas. Smith, 532 S. Bradys St., Du Bois, Pa.

COON HOUNDS—Some well broke on coon, opossum, skunks. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—Five coon hound pups, five months old, three black and tan and one black and white. Females \$5.00. One black and white male, \$7.00. Parents are choice coon dogs. P. M. Webb, Martinsville, Ohio.

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.)

AS GOOD COON HOUND dog or bitch as lives for sale. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

WANTED—Coon dog. Must be rabbit and fox-proof. Sent on trial. F. J. Kelly, Seneca, Ill.

WANTED—Coon hound, strictly rabbit and skunk proof, number one cold trailer and tree barker. On trial. Particulars and lowest price in first letter. Wm. Wilbert, 421 East River St., Elyria, Ohio.

COON HOUND PUPPIES, $\frac{1}{2}$ bloodhound, $\frac{1}{4}$ buckhound and $\frac{1}{4}$ foxhound, parents open trailers and great tree dogs. Dogs \$5.00, bitches \$3. Stamp. J. L. Lloyd, Bethany, W. Va.

FOR SALE—Coon hound pups, well bred, long ears. Shipped on approval. Photo 5 cents. E. J. Page, De Soto, Wisc.

COON, SKUNK AND OPOSSUM DOGS.

COON AND SKUNK DOG, three years old, a fine trailer. Price \$15.00. W. Rembold, Cranberry, Pa.

COON AND SKUNK-BRED pups for sale. The grandmother of these pups caught 14 skunk in one night; also some well trained coon, skunk and rabbit dogs. Stamps for reply. Joseph Mitchell, Cumberland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—A few fine pups from my best coon and skunk bitch. These are the best bred and most promising pups I ever offered for sale. Old customers will know what this means. H. G. Maltbie, 119 W. Main St., Geneva, Ohio.

WANTED—Good skunk and opossum bitch, open trailer, rabbit-proof. Trial. State lowest price. A. Chanay, 124 N. 63d Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SALE—One good coon and skunk hound, three years old, is fast and has a good voice and a loud trailer. First \$35.00 takes him. J. L. Siegel, Archbold, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Extra fine pair of thoroughly trained coon, opossum and skunk hounds. Male and female on trial, \$40.00 each. K. F. Banter, Marion, Ind. R. 7, Box 74.

WANTED—A No. 1 opossum dog and nothing else, still trailer preferred, 2 or 3 years old. Must be shipped on trial. Will pay good price for the right kind. W. I. D. Bardin, Cameron, Calhoun Co., S. C.

FOUR COON AND SKUNK dogs, thoroughly broke; foxhound bitch; Walker bred pups. Stamps. A. J. Stalkey, Bainbridge, Ohio. R. No. 1.

COON AND SKUNK dog, three years old. Trained. A good worker. Price \$12.00. Lel Eaton, Fertigs, Pa.

AS GOOD COON, opossum and skunk dog as lives; also a few of as well bred coon hound pups. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

FOR SALE—Coon, opossum and skunk dogs. Also farm of 150 acres on easy terms. W. A. Shock, Hazel River, Va.

A THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon, skunk, opossum and mink hound, price \$20. This is your opportunity. Don't let it pass. Stamp for reply. O. J. Smith, Brooksville, Ky.

COON, OPOSSUM AND SKUNK hound, seven years old, rabbit-proof, orange and white, \$45.00. Trial allowed. Stamp for reply. Harry Chester, Lore City, Ohio.

DEER DOGS.

DEER DOGS—Two couple high trained deer dogs. Fully guaranteed. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOXHOUNDS.

FOXHOUNDS—Best blood on earth; field trial winners; 50-page catalogue five-cent stamp. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

FOR SALE—Two trained foxhounds, \$15.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Sons, Box 232, Campbellsville, Ky. (**)

FOR SALE—Trained foxhounds, 1 to 5 years old; also young pups. B. B. Patterson, Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

FOXHOUND PUPPIES—Long-eared, big-voiced kind, bred from parents that are trained hounds and stayers. Shipped on approval. Males \$5.00, females \$4.00. Pairs unrelated, \$8.00. Ask about them. Wm. G. Merion, Ward, Pa.

FOXHOUND—Will sell dog ten months old, or mother three years. None better can be found. A. C. Hopkins, Winsted, Conn. R. F. D.

FOXHOUNDS—Walker strain; coon and rabbit hounds and beagles. Shipped on trial. Express prepaid. Will also buy or trade dogs for red, gray and cross foxes. Spencer Higgins, Jr., Stanford, Ky. Box 534.

PEDIGREED FOXHOUND PUPS, \$5.00 each. Bred for fox, coon and skunk. Black and white, bugle-voiced, natural tree dogs. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

FOXHOUNDS—Good running hounds, broke on fox, some broke on rabbits; also young stock and pups. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

FOR SALE—Full blood foxhound pups. Males, \$5.00; females, \$3.00. Write for particulars. C. A. Blood, Middlebury, Ind.

FOR SALE—Black and tan foxhound, four years old. On trial, \$20.00. Also .12 gauge Marlin pump gun, \$10.00, or both for \$25.00. Albertus Greene, Clark's Summit, Pa.

RARE BARGAINS—Pedigreed Walker foxhounds, best blood on earth. Pups for fall training. All have unlimited range and bred from hunters on farm. Best reason for sacrificing. Rockhill Kennels, Barryville, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Pair blue ticked foxhound pups, three months old, from truest hunting parents. Photos free. George Rand, Chester, N. H.

FOR SALE—Three trained foxhounds, one female, two males, three 7 months old pups, males. All are black and tan. Stamps for photo. John H. Kelly, Lyander, N. Y.

PEDIGREED FOXHOUNDS—Noted hunting stock. Will run this season; long ears. Fred E. Wilson, Delhi, N. Y.

LONG EAR PACK KENNELS, Georgetown, N. Y. Have long-eared black and tan foxhounds and pups for sale.

FINE LITTER of foxhound pups, the long-eared, black and tans, four months old. Wilnot Moulthrop, Kenosha Lake, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Dandy young fox hounds, guaranteed hunters. Photos free. S. W. Francis, Remsen, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Female fox hound, one year old and her pup. Photo on request. Chester Smith, South Dartmouth, Mass.

POINTERS AND SETTERS.

WANTED—Bird dog, setter or pointer. Thoroughly broken on quail, woodcock and partridge. Must be staunch at point. George Clarke, Stafford, Conn.

FOR SALE—Pair of pointers, one year old last April. Bitch has three pups, one month old. Will sell them all for \$25.00, or \$15.00 each. J. A. Buncke, Madison, Md.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred pointer bitch, Cash's May, by Hard Cash and Indiana Bess. Will trade for thoroughbred foxhound of good quality. Address Geo. B. Nye, Waverly, Ohio. Box "F."

ONE ENGLISH SETTER, 4 years old, broken on woodcock, quail, partridge. Registered with the A. K. C. Price \$75.00 if taken at once. Harry E. Brown, West Kingston, R. I.

SOME YOUNG LLEWELLYN Setters for sale, cheap; untrained. P. H. Williams, New Richmond, Wisc.

SETTERS AND POINTERS—Some well broke dogs and bitches for sale. Catalogue, 10 cents. List free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

POINTER PUPS FOR SALE—Three dogs and three bitches. Breeding none better. Papers furnished for registration. Whelped May 1st. Dogs, \$15.00; bitches, \$10.00. For particulars write J. G. Wehrle, Welman, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Pointer, liver and white, four years old, broken. A. J. Smith, Carbondale, Pa., 59 Washington St.

WANTED—One trained setter, broke on chickens and ducks, not over three years and not gun shy. N. L. Zenz, New Munich, Minn.

RABBIT DOGS.

FOR SALE—45 rabbit hounds. Broken and unbroken. Bunch photos, 10 cents. Dog Farm, New Mayville, Pa.

RABBIT HOUNDS at half value. Two two-years old, 18 to 20 inches high, \$10.00 and \$12.00 each. One female, half cocker spaniel and half dachshund, age 18 months, \$10.00. All well broken and guaranteed; also five hundred pure bred, S. C. white leg-horn chickens, young stock, at bargain prices. State your wants. Boyd Booser, Reynoldsville, Pa. R. No. 2.

FOR SALE—Good beagle rabbit hound, one year old, \$15.00; one double-barrel shotgun, 12 gauge, 28-inch barrel, good condition, hammer gun, \$8.00. D. R. Law, Home, Pa. R. 2.

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.)

TRAINED RABBIT HOUND, good voice and trailer, no faults, price reasonable. Would exchange for phonograph or best offer. Vern Cheesman, Mason City, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Two female rabbit dogs, half hound, half Airedale, 18 months old, guaranteed. \$10 each. Harvey Stephens, Delpine, Mont.

RABBIT HOUNDS for sale—Sent on trial. Stamp for circular. Comrade Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

WOLF HOUNDS.

WOLF DOGS—Three seasons on timber grey. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (**)

MISCELLANEOUS DOGS.

FOR SALE—Boston Terrier, Brindle, White Breast and Face. One year old. Pedigreed. Price \$40.00. Walter Heer, 651 S. 3d St., Columbus, Ohio.

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. (Aug.)

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. (*)

HUNTING DOGS for all kinds of game sold on a positive guarantee by Carter & Burrow, Poca-hontas, Ark. (Sept.)

EXTRA TRAINED RABBIT hounds, foxhounds, coon hounds, skunk dogs, bird dogs. Every dog knows his business. J. I. Kurtz, Vintage, 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 stamp. O. D. Kerr, Fredericksburg, Ohio. R. F. D. 2.

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.)

PUPS— $\frac{3}{4}$ English hound, $\frac{1}{4}$ bull. Male \$10.00, female \$8.00. From best breeding dogs for three generations. Sire and dam none better. Every pup makes good. Satisfaction guaranteed. Stamp. Jesse Dennany, Salem, Ind.

A FINE LITTER of greyhound puppies for sale. Prices on request. J. E. Bohon, Jefferson City, Mo.

QUEEN 179815, sire Prince; 3 champion studs pups, guaranteed. Reasonable prices. Photos, particulars free. Ray Blunt, Preston, Minn.

THOROUGHLY TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds; also some fine pups for sale. Prices reasonable. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (Dec.)

COON AND MINK dog pups, $\frac{1}{2}$ bloodhound, $\frac{1}{2}$ bulldog. Parents are great coon and mink trailers and also on skunk in dens at day time. Price of pups \$5.00. Colors black, tan and gray. John Sladek, Montgomery, Minn.

FOR SALE—Fox terrier, female, 9 months old; foxhound, male, 6 months old; white Angora rabbits, all ages. Orchard Run Farm, Lamoni, Iowa.

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)

FINE HOUND PUPS—Reasonable prices. Mother and father extra fine dogs. Stamp for reply. Clarence E. Johnson, Wilcox, Pa. R. F. D. 46A.

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—Pedigreed, 45-pound, blue, grizzle and tan bitch, 14 months, \$20.00, and two of her bitch pups, \$8.00 each. Henry Farrell, Whitehall, N. Y.

IF IT IS long-eared black and tans of the quality class in pups, let us show you before buying elsewhere. E. H. Balch, Cazenovia, N. Y.

LARGE HOUND—Trained on fox, coon, wolf. Sold one from same litter for bear and lynx hunting. Party refused \$200.00 for him. Price and photo, stamp. Walter Johnson, Red Wing, Minn. R. No. 8.

HALF BLOOD, HALF FOXHOUND, rangy, powerful voice; also fine puppies sired by this dog from Walker mother. Ask for photos. Take your choice and I'll ship C. O. D. C. Towns, 118 Englewood Ave., Detroit, Mich.

TRAINED HUNTING DOGS—State kind wanted. Enclose stamp. Address E. H. Edmunds, Glenwood, W. Va.

A FINE YOUNG DOG, ready to train, $\frac{3}{4}$ foxhound, $\frac{1}{4}$ bull terrier. Price \$8.00. Enclose stamp. H. Nippert, 246 E. Moler, Columbus, Ohio.

MIL0 M. YOUNT of Summerville, Pa., offers five black and tan foxhound puppies, \$6.00 apiece; also beagle puppies, \$4.50 each; trained beagles and foxhounds on rabbits, \$8.00 to \$20.00. A few unbroken, one year old, \$12.00; one coon, fox and wildcat hound, \$40.00. Don't write unless you mean business.

FOR SALE— $\frac{1}{2}$ staghound, $\frac{1}{2}$ greyhound bitch. Reasonable. Speak quick. Charles Strohm, 142 Sinclair St., Bellevue, Ohio.

THOROUGH-BRED HOUND PUPS, $\frac{1}{2}$ Airedale, $\frac{1}{2}$ hound pups, 10 months; also beagle pups, three months old, all black and tans. P. L. Snyder, Limekiln, Pa.

FOR A NO 1 coon, fox and rabbit hounds, write the Tecumseh Chief Kennels, Box 554, Tecumseh, Mich. Try a long-eared Northern dog.

FOR SALE—Skunk and rabbit dog, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ years, a fast, silent trailer, \$10.00. E. Kerslake, Chesterland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Fox, coon, wolf, skunk and rabbit hounds on 10 days' trial. Owen Smith, Altamont, Ill.

ALL KINDS OF HUNTING dogs furnished on short notice. Stamp for reply. A square deal. E. F. Smith, Brooksville, Ky.

FOX TERRIER PUPPIES for sale; also a few beagles. Earl W. Rearick, New Bethlehem, Pa. R. F. D. No. 5.

COON, FOX, SKUNK, rabbit hounds; registered Walker puppies. Send stamp. W. S. Ferguson, Rainsboro, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Broken coon, fox and rabbit hounds, one $\frac{1}{2}$ bloodhound, $\frac{1}{2}$ foxhound, 22-inch earage; pair 7 months' foxhound pups; also coach dog pup. Lloyd Class, Sycamore, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Thoroughbred pup, half hound and half registered shepherd, bred for coon and skunk. C. C. Stormes, R. R. 2, Grant, Mich.

THREE-QUARTERS BEAGLE, $\frac{1}{4}$ foxhound pups; also a half beagle, half foxhound bitch for sale. Daniel Kopp, Jr., Kewanna, Ind.

FOR SALE—Trained and untrained coon, skunk, rabbit and foxhounds; also some fine puppies. Dogs guaranteed. Prices reasonable. Enclose stamp. T. M. Frump, Hillsboro, Ohio. Route 10.

DOG MEDICINES.

MANGE, ECZEMA, ear canker, gaitre cured or money refunded. Price \$1.00. Eczema Remedy Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

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, stamps or coin. Dr. Cecil French, 23 French, 23 French Bldg., Washington, D. C.

KENWYN KOAT KURE—Cures mange, eczema and kills fleas; 50c and \$1.00 sizes by parcel post prepaid. Kenwyn Kure Kompany, Point Pleasant, New Jersey.

BLACK TONGUE, absolute, positive cure; also immunizes. Price \$2.00. Southern Chemical Co., Lexington, Ky. (Sept.)

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. (Oct.)

TO KILL FLEAS on dogs use Arbelter's Vermin Death. Perfectly harmless to the dog. Trial size postpaid, 12 cents. Larger sizes 25, 40, 85 cents. Arbelter's Laboratory, 391 Canal St., New York City.

MUFFLY'S DISTEMPER and worm pills, cures distemper and worms in 1 to 3 days or money refunded. No bad after effects. 50 cents a box, prepaid. L. Muffly, R. P., Bushnell, Ill.

MANGE AND FLEAS stand no show with our treatment, the most effective cure ever discovered. Costs but 35 cents per gallon to make. We send you the recipe for 50 cents. Your money refunded if it fails to do the work. Comrade Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

EXCHANGE.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—32 six-shooter, \$5.00; field glass, \$6.00. All A1. Both \$10.00 or trade for wall tent or telescope. For particulars write W. J. Klemm, Medford, Wis.

EXCHANGE—A1 6 MM. Winchester for 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 camera, rifle range or prism telescope. T. E. Bradley, Daisy, Wash.

EXCHANGE—3,000 Ginseng plants, worth \$80.00, for motorcycle. Write Edward Brader, New Haven, Mo.

WILL SELL OR TRADE five pups, eight weeks old, 1/2 beagle, 1/2 dachshund. Three males, two females. \$3.00 cash, or want good dachshund. Ed. Avey, Mt. Morris, Ill.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for good guns, trained and untrained foxhounds, some Walker-Goodmans, year old, just right for fall training; also one bred female, cheap. Must dispose of these dogs at once. C. W. Mendenhall, Blockton, Iowa.

EXCHANGE—12-gauge Marlin repeater, good condition, guaranteed. Want Alredale or Scotch terrier. Oran Lavier, Henningville, B. C., Canada. Mile 49.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Washburn mandolin and case. Cost \$15.00. Will sell for \$10.00, or trade for typewriter. Chas. Holliday, Taylorville, Ill.

SELL OR TRADE for .22 repeater: Steel traps, sporting magazines, .22 rifle, fishing outfit, muzzle-loader. George Goodell, Jr., Edinboro, Pa.

EXCHANGE—Big game dog, half Alredale and bloodhound, for detachable boat motor. Ben Hunt, E. 903 3rd Ave., Spokane, Wash.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Young foxhound bitch, 2 1/2 years old, nicely started on fox, \$10.00, or what am I offered. Vernon Howard, Clinton, Ill.

WILL TRADE coon and opossums for other animals. S. L. De Myer, Fulton, Ky.

EXCHANGE—Marlin repeating shotgun, 12 gauge, like new, for thoroughly broken coon hound, on trial. Rufus Oman, Findlay, Ohio.

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Three female collies, one year old, golden sable and white, pedigree. Want Alredale female. G. O. Rupe, Irving, Ill.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A guaranteed rabbit and skunk hound, four years. Will trade for female beagle rabbit dog. R. Dougherty, 954 West 23rd St., Erie, Pa.

EXCHANGE—Walker-bred foxhound, 6 months old. Want small camera. Harry Lewis, Dawson, Iowa.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Foxhound bitch, well broken rabbit dog with four pups of three months, 2 males and 2 females. Ernest Ulmer, Chappoquo, N. Y. P. O. Box 15.

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 catalogue. George Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (Nov.)

FEMALE FERRETS FOR SALE at \$2.50, males at \$2.00. Cut price on dozen lots. Joseph Kohn, Winslow, Ill. R. No. 2.

LOTS OF RABBITS—Ferrets \$5 pair. August only. Bert R. Northrop, Oxford, N. Y.

FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION.

BARGAINS in firearms, binoculars and watches. List for stamp. Hurd, 126 West 23d, New York.

FOR SALE—W. & C. Scott & Sons double-barrel hammer gun, 10 gauge, 30-inch damascus, 8 lbs. 2 oz. weight. This is a \$115.00 grade gun, second-hand, but in first-class condition, as good as new, \$25.00. Colt's double-barrel hammer gun, 10 gauge, 30-inch, beautiful figured barrels, in second-hand condition, \$15.00. Remington target pistol, 10-inch, .32-20 caliber, condition as good as new. Shoots like a rifle, \$8.00. Eugene Fairbanks, Holland, Mich.

FOR SALE—One Colt's .41 caliber revolver, 4 1/2-inch barrel, in good condition. Sent postpaid anywhere for \$6.00. Allen Carlson, Hope, Idaho.

SELL CHEAP or trade for second-handed shotguns, rifles, all makes and calibers, lever action Winchester shotguns, auto shotguns, \$125.00; 8 ga. Smith cheap. I want two setter bird dogs, broken. Enclose a stamp. Write Eben Calhoun, Hanlontown, Iowa.

FOR SALE—30 U. S. Box Magazine, 1903 model, with silencer and auxiliary chamber. Everything complete, used but little. First \$15.00 takes the outfit with ammunition. William F. Rice, Bangor, Cal.

FOR SALE—Winchester Model 1897, repeating shotgun 12 gauge, 30-inch barrel, full choke. In excellent condition. Price \$8.00. N. O. Nelson, Lake Mills, Iowa. R. 2.

FOR SALE—One Remington rifle, peep sights, octagon barrel, \$8.00. F. A. McCandlish, Goodrich, Mich.

FOR SALE—High quality double English express rifle, finely engraved, good condition. Cost \$200.00. First check for \$25.00 postpaid. Chas. E. London, Comox, B. C., Canada.

THOSE WANTING GUNS, dogs, musical instruments, relics, etc., will do well to list your wants with me, stating price you will pay. 15 cents per article. No stamps. M. Cleek, Verona, Ky.

NOW IS THE TIME to have your guns fixed up. Expert gunsmithing in all of its branches. Send in your guns by parcel post. Work guaranteed first-class. Eugene Fairbanks, Gunsmith, Holland, Mich.

FOR SALE—Swiss, 16 gauge, double-barrel, pinfire shotgun. Write for description and price. Walter Besecker, Delavan, Wisc.

FOR SALE—Marlin H. P. .32-40, Lyman rear, Marble front; loading tools. Good condition, \$17.00. Krag .30 Gov't, bayonet, belt, sling and wiper, box cartridges. Hiram Eaton, Manchester Depot, Vt.

LIST YOUR GUNS, dogs, musical instruments, relics, etc., with me. For sale, 25 cents per article. State price wanted. No stamps. M. Cleek, Verona, Ky.

BARGAINS—38-55 Winchester, \$8.00; .32-20 Ideal, \$6.00; 22 Stevens, \$3.00. C. H. Vernon, Knoxville, Pa. Box 297.

FOR SALE—Colt's .32-20 blued steel revolver, 7 1/2-inch barrel. Shot 26 times. Also holster, \$14.00. Fred White, Terryville, Conn.

FOR SALE—New Marlin 38-55 repeating rifle, \$10.00. E. H. Smith, Plymouth, N. H.

FOR SALE, at less than half price, sights, reversible rear; King's Improved Standard front. Let us know model of your rifle and receive list. Schanck Bros., Libertyville, Ill. Dept. G.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS—How to make, safe to handle, very accurate, terribly effective, costs half as much as soft nose bullets, never fails to work. Full directions for 50 cents. Isaac Crofut, Stillwater, Nevada.

WINCHESTER .22 SPECIAL—A1, bluing fine, \$7.00; Savage .303, with Lyman peep, folding leaf, Sheard's gold front. Strictly brand new. Sacrifice for \$22.00. Take-down Savage. 30-30 carbine, inside perfect, A1 order, with Sheard's gold front and Lyman peep, \$16.00. James Stewart, Christoper, Wash.

FOR SALE—840 rounds new army Springfield Spitzer bullet, 1 1/2 cent each, put up in bandoleer. Trade Winchester 44 for Colt's Frontier Model. F. W. Lee, 1742 Ionla St., Jacksonville, Fla.

FISHING.

FISHERMEN—"Osprey" Waterproof Pure Italian Silk Casting Lines can't snarl, nor rot, even if not dried after using. 15-pound test 75c; 20-pound test 90c; 23-pound test \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postage paid. Send today. Lou J. Eppinger Co., 301 Gratiot, Detroit, Mich.

FISH BAIT cheese for nets, 5 to 6 cents pound. J. B. McLendon, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—Newly hatched yellow spotted and land turtles. Others. H. W. Altken, 2020 Arch, Philadelphia, Pa.

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 of me. See pages 8 and 9. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, O.

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)

FUR FARMS—Will buy your surplus stock of star black skunk. Write us what you have. Rock River Zoo, Oregon, Ill.

BREED MINK FOR PROFIT. Book of instructions, 50 cents. George Norton, Box 176, Pleasantville, N. Y.

WANTED—All kinds fur-bearing animals and game birds. State price, etc., first letter. North Star Fur Farms, Springfield, Minn.

SCENT SACS REMOVED—We send man to do your work. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for terms. Wickersham Bros., Belle Center, Ohio.

HOMESTEADS AND LANDS.

FARM LANDS, good locations, easy to clear, best fish and game country, \$8.00 to \$12.00 per acre. Write for list. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis. (Sept.)

YOUR CHANCE TO BUY the Peterson Ginseng and Golden Seal garden, residence and eight acres truck and berry farm in village. Will sell or lease farm to purchaser of garden as desired. Also aply of 70 colonies of bees. Reason for selling, illness. Peterson Ginseng Co., Garden City, Minn.

\$300.00 BUYS 40 ACRES deeded land, some cleared and raising crop, balance young timber. Has two-room log house and is partly fenced. In heart of the best game country, Oregon. Jno. E. Rohwer, Drew, Douglas Co., Oregon.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA HOMESTEADS—Now is your opportunity of a lifetime to secure a valuable timber or agricultural claim in the famous Rapid River big game country, a trapper's paradise. For particulars write Cook & Bailey, Locators, Redby, Minn.

WANTED—To hear from someone that could locate me on a good homestead in Northern Wisconsin. Fred Olson, Covina, Cal. Box 73.

I WANT TO GET in touch with people wanting to make Northeastern Michigan their home or buy for investment, people that know good land when they see it, that can be bought on easy terms with the least possible money. I also have 26-acre island in large inland lake in Northeastern Michigan, fine place for fishing, shooting club or summer resort. Also fine timber lands cheap and timber homesteads in the big game country of Ontario, Canada. Write B. L. Holliday, Lupton, Mich.

MEDICINAL ROOTS.

GINSENG ROOTS and seeds for sale. Buy direct from grower. Send for price. H. Biederman, Potomac, Ill.

I WANT 500 lbs. of wild, green golden seal for planting, shipped by Oct. 1st. Will pay 25 per cent. more than market value. Chas. Dodge, Albany, Wisc.

GINSENG PLANTS, any age, extra nice, also seed. For prices write H. Collins, Viola, Iowa. (Oct.)

FOR SALE—Ginseng and golden seal plants of all ages. For prices and information address G. W. Huth, Strasburg, Ohio. (Sept.)

GINSENG AND SEAL plants and seeds for fall planting. Get my prices before you buy elsewhere. Daniel Heft, Frazeysburg, Ohio. (Oct.)

FOR SALE—Good, strong, healthy, golden seal plants, 25 cents per dozen, \$1.00 per hundred, \$8.00 per thousand. Also good ginseng plants, 15 cents apiece or \$10.00 per hundred. Louis Owen, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, Box 2.

FILL IN AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER
 COLUMBUS, OHIO _____ 191____

Gentlemen: Enclosed find { Money Order } \$ _____ for which
 { Draft }
 { Cash }

insert the following ad. in your _____ issue:

Name _____ Address _____

The ad., counting name and address, contains _____ words, and at 4 cents per word costs \$ _____

GOLDEN SEAL PLANTS for sale. Small orders solicited. Write for prices. Rogers & Underwood, Caledonia, Ohio.

HOW TO GATHER and prepare for market the 400 most valuable roots, herbs, etc., used in medicine. Postpaid 10 cents. Forest Products Co., West Milan, N. H.

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. (Oct.)

GINSENG SEED AND PLANTS for sale. Cultivated free of disease. Fresh seed, 50 cents; stratified, \$1.00 per 1,000; one-year-old plants, 75 cents per 100; two-year-old plants, \$2.00 per 100. Frank Wolpers, Germantown, Ohio. (Sept.)

FOR SALE—Fine, healthy, two-year-old ginseng plants, grown in natural woods soil, in the home of the wild ginseng. For fall delivery. \$10.00 per thousand. Stratified, water-tested ginseng seed from five-year-old plants, 1913. \$1.00 per thousand. Order early. L. F. Tower, Oakland, Md. (Sept.)

WANTED—Ginseng, golden seal and other medicinal roots. Write me what you have. R. W. Umstead, Salem, Ohio.

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. (Oct.)

FOR SALE—Ginseng roots and seed; golden seal roots and seed; red and yellow Lady Slipper, Blue Cohosh, Canadian Snake Root; Cranes Bill, for fall planting. M. H. Kell, Warren, Pa. Route No. 2.

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 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealer, Box 98, Leroy, N. Y.

NOTICE—Let me fill your collection of Indian relics. Let me know what you need. I also buy. Geo. O. Moon, Pleasant Green, Mo.

PARTNER.

WANT TO JOIN good man as partner, hunting, trapping and mounting. Ell Trumbull, Martinsville, Ind.

PARTNER WANTED for trapping in Northern Wisconsin or Minnesota. No booze; 20 to 30. E. L. Bauer, Weyauwega, Wis. R. No. 1.

WANTED PARTNER for hunting and trapping trip up Yazoo River by house boat. Have house boat and gasoline boat. Experienced trapper preferred. S. W. Gardner, Vicksburg, Miss.

PEARLS.

GET THE MOST MONEY for your pearls and slugs by selling direct to the New York market. David C. Davis, 289 Fourth Ave., New York City.

PEARLS—Send your pearls and slugs by registered mail to C. J. Garlock, Box 135, Marine City, Mich. I will pay good prices.

PERSONAL.

MARRY—Many wealthy members will marry. All ages. Directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. Confidential Club, Dept. 3, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

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. (Oct.)

MARRY—Marriage directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 49, Kansas City, Mo.

PRINTING.

150 BOND LETTERHEADS and 150 white 6 1/2 inch envelopes, printed for \$1.00 postpaid. Loos & Tish Printing Co., Coshocton, Ohio.

RAW FURS.

NORTHWESTERN FURS—If you have many send to H-T-T advertisers, but if only a skin or two, why not renew your subscription and order some books on hunting and trapping. Any two of our 60-cent books and a year's subscription for \$2.00 cash or \$2.00 worth of fur. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

TAXIDERMISTRY AND TANNING.

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. (**)

WANTED—Expert taxidermist. Give experience, age, reference and wages. Steady position for the right man. No amateurs wanted. W. G. Meacham, Taxidermist, Uvalde, Texas.

THE HOOSIER TAXIDERMIST—Send for my price list before you go on your hunting trip. You will then know where to send your trophies to get the best workmanship and prices. Game heads, birds and fish mounted true to nature. Hides tanned for rugs and mats. L. B. Wallingford, Taxidermist, Muncie, Ind.

FOR SALE—Largest taxidermy shop in Southwest Texas. Game plentiful, good place to get up a collection. No sale after October first. R. L. Hardin, Uvalde, Texas.

TRAPPERS.

WE TRAP WOLVES, foxes, etc. We teach the secret, trick, trade, art or science, whichever you choose to call it, at reasonable, but not competitive prices. If it is authentic and reliable information you want on this subject, Mr. Reader, why not see us? We are doing business in this line all the time and our address is L. Loucks, Logan, Wisc.

\$1.00 BRINGS TO YOU prepaid two model catchum-alive "Skunk" traps. Rabbits and other animals captured alive in these traps. Address Cleveland Fur Yards, Circleville, Ohio.

NO FUR TRAPPER can afford to be without our proposition this year. Write today. Herman Reel Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. (Nov.)

WANTED—Some clear skunk scent fluid. A high price will be paid for first-class goods. Write before shipping. N. C. Burbank, New Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BROTHER—Accidentally discovered root, cures tobacco habit and indigestion. Gladly send particulars. K. Stokes, Mohawk, Fla. (Dec.)

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. Expressed for \$1.00. Eczema Remedy Co., Hot Springs, Ark. (Sept.)

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.

ALL ORES—Accurately assayed. Gold, silver, lead, copper, 50 cents each. Established in Colorado 1882. C. A. Cooper, Durango, Colo. (Oct.)

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE WANTED—Splendid income assured right man to act as representative. Former experience unnecessary. All we require is honesty, ability, ambition and willingness to learn a lucrative business. No soliciting or traveling. All or spare time only. This is an exceptional opportunity for a man in your section to get into a big paying business without capital and become independent for life. Write at once for full particulars. National Co-Operative Realty Company, L-429 Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

CACHOO—Joke Sneez Powder. One 10c, 20 for \$1.00, 100 for \$4.00. "Chicken Inspector," "Sheriff by Heck" and "Kissing" Badges, 10c each. Catalogue of wigs and makeups (for theatricals) on request. Ewing Supply House, 11 Thatcher Way, Decatur, Ill.

FOR SALE—125 sporting magazines; one Remington rifle, .38 caliber; one pair climbing irons. Von Rogers, Richford, Vt.

SPORTSMEN, ATTENTION—Best deer and moose country, also plenty of fish. For particulars write Olaf A. Olson, Grand Marais, Minn. Box 22. (Sept.)

BULLSNAKE AND RATTLESNAKE SKINS wanted. Must be in good condition and nicely marked. Good prices paid. Arthur Myrberg, 823 S. Taylor Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

BUYERS' AND SELLERS' EXCHANGE—We will get you buyers for anything you have to sell or bargains in anything you wish to buy. Catalogue sent free upon request. Charles E. Luttrell, Manager, Franklin, Pa.

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. (Oct.)

BOYS' SELF-FILLING fountain pens, unbreakable and convenient. Four dimes each. C. E. Iler, Byron, N. Y.

WANTED—To trade for shotgun and rifle. I have carpenter tools, violin, nice guitar, hip boots, \$8.00. Want pard to hunt skunks and enter into fur farming. Prefer young man with \$200 to \$500. I know this whole country well. Have chance to buy farm at bargain. Guy Hoyt, Barnesville, Minn.

WILL SELL CHEAP—Remington Gallery Special, pair black angora chaps, pair riding cuffs, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 kodak, developing outfit, plate attachment and metal tripod, pair field glasses, 30 steel fur stretchers, 30 traps. All in fine shape. L. A. De Boer, Cornell, Ill.

ROOT FORMULA will cure tobacco habit, 25 cents coin. Umstead & Bros., Salem, Ohio.

YOUR NAME ENGRAVED in gold on a shaving mug. For a short time, only \$1.00 postpaid. Please write your name very plainly. Waldemar Schanche, Blue Earth, Minn.

FLOWER GUIDE contains 320 colored pictures of wild plants. Tells where found, when in bloom, etc. Book of 240 pages, bound in cloth 85 cents; leather \$1.10 postpaid. Forest Product Co., West Milan, N. H.

GIRLS EVERYWHERE wish to exchange post cards, letters. Directory with photos free. The Exchange, Dept. 4, Kansas City, Mo.

TRY IT ON THE DOG—FREE



Our Medicinal Dog Soap is absolutely pure, contains no harmful drugs. Cleanses the skin and keeps it healthy. Stimulates the growth and silky lustre of the hair. Positively rids a dog of fleas.

FREE Sample cake and pamphlet on Canine Diseases—send postal.
Condition Pills—Worm Capsules
Mange Embrocation
THE DRUMMOND CO.
1310 Sansom St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

GOLDEN SEAL WANTED

We want Golden Seal roots, also leaf and top. Growers and diggers write us before selling elsewhere.

SULZER BROS., Madison, Ind.

Hunters and Trappers

Send us 10 cents for one of our 146-page Illustrated Catalogues of Hunters' and Trappers' Supplies

THE H. H. KIFFE COMPANY

519 x Broadway, New York



Farmer's Tanning Guide

A pamphlet containing the best ways of tanning from twenty minutes to six weeks. Part of its contents is as follows: "Tanning Fur Skins; Rubber Water Proofing for Boots; Hand-made Tools for Tanning; Tanning Colors; Ingredients Used for Tanning; Tanning Leather; How to Loosen Fur, Hair or Wool; Dressing and Tanning Deer Skins." Price 25 cents, postpaid. This book given to present subscribers for one new subscriber.

A. R. HARDING, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio

STEEL LETTERS

Just the thing for marking your steel traps. Three letters (your initials) postpaid 45 cents. Given to present subscribers for one new subscriber. A. R. HARDING, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

Fill Out Blank and Return with Express Order, Postoffice Order, or \$1.00 Bill.

Editor Hunter-Trader-Trapper, Columbus, Ohio,

Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$..... for which

Enter Renew my subscription to the Hunter-Trader-Trapper for..... Months.
(Cross out the word that does not apply)

Beginning with the month of..... 191.....

Name.....

Postoffice.....

County..... R. F. D. No.....

State..... Street and No.....

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: One year, \$1.00; two years, \$1.50; three years, \$2.00; five years, \$3.00. Single copies, 10 cents; three months, 30 cents; six months, 60 cents.

Target Practice at Little Cost

Shoot Pistol Cartridges in Rifles With

MARBLE'S AUXILIARY CARTRIDGES

This auxiliary cartridge, made for several rifles, shoots pistol cartridges just as accurately as regular rifle ammunition—and you save 75 per cent on cost.

Loaded in magazine or breech. Bullet is set into rifling. Without harm the firing pin of gun strikes firing pin in auxiliary, exploding cartridge. Bullet starts with a twist and does NOT strip nor lead barrel. Does not harm rifle firing pin. Send for 60-p. catalog of Marble's Guns and 60 Outing Specialties.

Ask your dealer. Sample Nitro-Solvent Oil for his name.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO. 535 Delta Avenue, Gladstone, Mich.



THE BALDWIN CARBIDE LAMP

Turns Night into Day

Can be worn on the cap, leaving both hands free, produces a clear, white light which projects a distance of 150 feet. It can be made ready for use in 30 seconds. It is being used constantly by Campers, Boaters, Boy Scouts, Bands, Automobileists, Engineers, Electricians, Farmers, Florists, Fishermen, Hunters, Plumbers, Photographers, Railroad Men, Trappers, Travelers, Rural Mail Carriers, etc., etc. Once you use one, you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

PRICE: Brass, \$1.00; Nickel Plated, \$1.50

THE FRANK P. HALL CO.
115 S. HIGH ST. COLUMBUS, OHIO




The "Monarch" is the only

AUTOMATIC FISH HOOK

manufactured that cannot be sprung by weeds or in casting. Holds the fish tighter the more he pulls. Fish are caught by touching the bait. Small size 15c; large 30c; at any Sporting Goods or Hardware Store or by mail postpaid.

C. T. DOERING & CO., 562 Liberty Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



HILDEBRANDT BAITS HOOK AND LAND 'EM

The choice of experienced anglers. A small outfit, interchangeable, catches any fresh water game fish. Standard "Bim" "Idaho" shapes—nickle, copper, brass, aluminum, black and gold finishes suitable for bright or dull days. Bait bearing easy—handles—reversible.

FILES NEW 1914 CATALOG. Actual sized illustrations. New line, spinners, rods, lines, etc. 2c stamp brings it.

The John J. Hildebrandt Co., 713 High St. Logansport, Ind., U.S.A.



HIGH GRADE RIFLES

LESS THAN MANUFACTURING COST

AUTOMATIC \$18.00 The hardest shooting and most accurate Sporting Rifle made. Orders with remittance have preference, but we will send them C. O. D. while they last.

REPEATING \$14.50 Full particulars on request. Parts for these guns will be furnished at all times

STANDARD ARMS MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 2 **WILMINGTON, DEL.**

New Improved Repeating and Automatic Standard Rifles, High Power, 25, 30, 35 cal. Guaranteed to be as represented or money refunded

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month.

Travel all over the world. Write **C. T. LUDWIG, 135 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.**

HAVE YOU A BIRD DOG?—THEN YOU WANT

THE Amateur Trainer

BY **ED. F. HABERLEIN.**

FORCE SYSTEM WITHOUT WHIP

A PRACTICAL TRAINER OF OVER 30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE, WHOSE SYSTEM IS UP TO DATE AND STANDS UNEQUALED. 16TH EDITION—1909. MERIT MADE IT FAMOUS. NEW EDITION JUST OUT.—ILLUSTRATED.

A plain, practical and concise, yet thorough, guide in the art of training, handling and the correcting of faults of the bird dog subservient to the gun field. Written especially for the novice, but equally valuable to the experienced handler. By following the instructions plainly given, every shooter possessed of a little common sense and patience can train his own dogs to perfection. If your dog is inobedient, does not retrieve, or if so, is hard mouthed, unsteady to point and shot, chases rabbits, is whippy, gun-shy, etc., you will find ample directions how to correct any such fault speedily and thoroughly. Dogs of any age or breed can be taught to retrieve promptly and made submissive. Comprehensive, popular form, devoid of long-winded theories, based on practical experience throughout. A large volume of pastime reading not intended nor promised, but this book is guaranteed to contain the most practical information on the subject at any price. Chapters on feeding; care of the dog; explicit symptoms of usual diseases. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

PAPER COVER, \$1.00; CLOTH & GOLD, 1.50

Ed. F. Haberlein, Box 27, McPherson, Kas.



KNOWLES AUTOMATIC STRIKER SPOON

A Wonderful Lure. Automatically hooks fish the instant he strikes. Sudden stop at bottom of slot strikes it deeper and he can't escape. Always gets them in the MOUTH as book is right in bowl of spoon. Can't fail. Lifelike motion. Does not spin, kick up a fuss or scare fish. Great for Bass, Tuna, Tarpon, Trout, Pickarel, Salmon, Bluefish, Yellowtail, Musky and other striking fish.

ALL SILVER—SILVER OUT-COPPER IN—ALL BRASS

Price and Length of Spoon: 2 1/2 in. 55c; 3 1/2 in. 65c; 4 1/2 in. 80c; 5 1/2 in. \$1.

If your dealer hasn't got it, we will send it post-paid on receipt of price. Money back if not satisfied. Write for particulars.

S.E.KNOWLES, 83 Sherwood Bldg, San Francisco, Cal.



FOR SALE

3 Pair Cross Foxes, pair \$20.00
40 Red Foxes, each..... 8.00
6 Old Red Foxes, each..... 15.00

W. T. HODGEN & SONS
Box 232 **CAMPBELLVILLE, KY.**

FOLDING CANVAS CANOES AND BOATS

easy to handle, no boathouse, leaks or repairs. Safe anywhere, always ready, check as baggage, carry by hand. Safe for family or bait casting standing. All sizes. Non-sinkable. Stronger than wood or steel. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. Catalogue.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT COMPANY 479 Harrison Street, KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Owners of the LIFE SAVERS CANVAS BOAT COMPANY



PEARL HUNTERS SEND IN YOUR PEARLS

by Registered Mail.

SLUGS are selling well! **M. A. JOHNSON,** 402 E. State Street, Marshalltown, Iowa

Russell's Famous Boot For Sportsmen "Never-Leak"

A boot designed for general outdoor wear. Sturdy and staunch for heavy service on the trail, yet light and yielding to the feet

The tough, double sole insures extreme durability, no matter how rough the ground. Soles hob-nailed or smooth. Toe piece and vamp joined by our patent never-rip "water-shed" seam (patent applied for) which holds tight and keeps the water out. Made of (black) chrome, flexible cowhide. Built for business and guaranteed to fill the bill, or your money back. Worn by experienced campers, fishermen, hunters, canoeists, "hikers," trappers, skiers, surveyors, etc.



Made to Your Measure. Made in Any Height
Prices \$6.00 to \$15.00

Send for book showing our complete line. Free on Request.

W. C. Russell Moccasin Company
Factory C BERLIN, WIS.

"Bristol" Steel Fishing Rods

"DOG DAYS" FUN

Fishing, of course. What else could it be? Just lazying around. Then a sudden "bite." The tussle is so interesting and exciting that you forget about the "heat."
"BRISTOL" Rod No. 22 is just the right muscalleger rod. Neither too light nor too heavy. Weight 13 oz. Length 6 1/2 ft. Two 22 in. joints. \$6.75 to \$8.50, according to handle and trim. If your dealer can't supply you, write us and we will. A "BRISTOL" for each kind of fishing and each "BRISTOL" guaranteed three years.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE

Send for it today and complete your Fishing Rod Equipment for the summer.

Only genuine agates on "Bristol" Rods.

THE HORTON MFG. CO.
130 Horton St. Bristol, Conn.

Pacific Coast Branch, Phil. B. Beekart Co. 717 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.



Learn How to WRESTLE



In Your Own Home
By Mail

Yes, learn to become an expert wrestler right in your own home, by mail, from the greatest wrestler the world has ever known. Be an athlete, be strong, be healthy. Learn how to throw and handle big men with ease. Learn to defend yourself. All taught in our course of lessons, and illustrated with hundreds of charts and actual photographs by

Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch

Farmer Burns, "the grand old man of the mat," taught Frank Gotch, the present World's Champion, all he knows about wrestling, so Gotch says. He will now teach you Scientific Wrestling—Physical Culture—Jiu-Jitsu—Self Defense. Every man and boy in America, no difference what age, needs this wonderful course of lessons. Write today—your name and address on a postal or letter brings you the 22-page book absolutely free—no obligations of any kind. A splendid book on wrestling you should have. It's free. Write now.

Farmer Burns School of Wrestling, 632 Range Bldg., Omaha

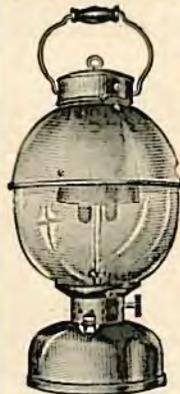
THIS
WRESTLING
BOOK
FREE

MOUNT YOUR FISH OWN FISH

Full directions and formula with simple methods 50c. YOUR MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED

FISH TAXIDERMIST, Yellowstone, Montana

THE BEST CAMP LIGHT



Here's the Camp Light you have been looking for—a solidly built, sure burning lantern that will furnish 300 candle power of good, strong, brilliant, steady glow, anytime and anywhere you want it.

Here's the lantern that you will fill only once a week, and clean only once a year. Make your outing or hunting trip this year a greater pleasure than ever. Equip your camp with a

COLEMAN GAS LANTERN

It makes and burns its own gas. Is storm-proof and bug-proof. Won't go out, even if tipped over—wind CAN'T blow it out. Most easily operated lantern made—no wicks, no chimneys, no smoke, no soot, no flicker, no danger—can't spill, can't explode, can't clog—cheaper than oil—guaranteed for 5 years.

Write for special introductory price.

COLEMAN LAMP CO.

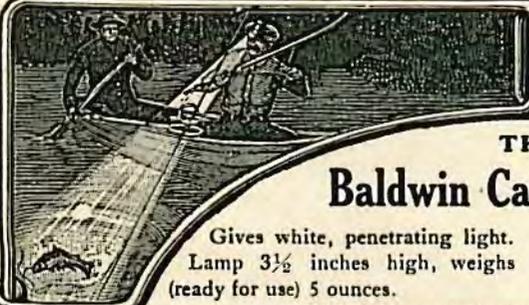
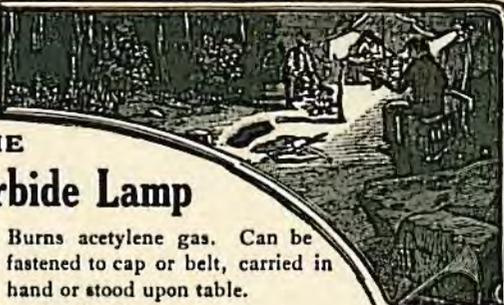
1025 Summit St., TOLEDO, O. 275 E. 6th St., ST. PAUL, MINN.
200 St. Francis Ave., WICHITA, KANSAS



JEFFERY'S SPECIAL MARINE CANOE GLUE — BEST FILLER FOR CANVAS —

Any puncture or leak in boat, canoe or flying boat can be repaired in 5 minutes. It is as valuable to a canoeist as a repair kit to a bicyclist or automobilist. It is a Johnny-on-the-spot article that no boatman should be without. It does not dry up nor deteriorate in the can, but will be found equally ready for use in ten years as today. Friction top emergency cans, 25 cents each; by mail 50 cents. Send for circulars and samples. At all Sporting Goods Houses.

L. W. Ferdinand & Co., 203 South St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

THE Baldwin Carbide Lamp

Gives white, penetrating light. Burns acetylene gas. Can be fastened to cap or belt, carried in hand or stood upon table.

Lamp 3½ inches high, weighs (ready for use) 5 ounces.

Will not blow out; absolutely safe. No oil or grease.



The Baldwin Camp Lamp makes nights in camp just as pleasant as during the day, because it gives the best artificial light next to sunlight. Rowing or canoeing at night is made perfectly safe

N. P. \$1.50



On "hikes" through the woods it is unequalled because it projects its light 150 feet and prevents stumbling and bad falls over obscure obstacles. Handy for repairing tire punctures at night.

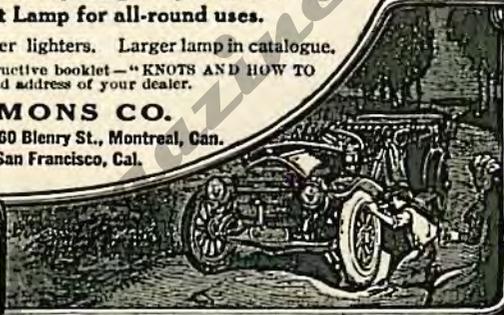
Brass \$1.00

It is the Official Boy's Scout Lamp for all-round uses.

Lamps equipped with or without sparker lighters. Larger lamp in catalogue. Send for free illustrated catalogue and instructive booklet—"KNOTS AND HOW TO TIE THEM." Give name and address of your dealer.

JOHN SIMMONS CO.

15 Franklin St., N.Y. City 160 Blenny St., Montreal, Can.
237 Hansford Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Don't Risk Damp Feet

See the "Cross." That's your safeguard. You take no risks. Because made of tough new rubber they'll not crack, split and let in water and snow. It's a pleasure to work or hunt in

BEACON FALLS

LEATHER TOP RUBBER SHOES



Write for a book that tells about the shoe shown here, and many others for outers, loggers and sportsmen. "Manitoba" or "Grant"—are tigers for wear. Manitoba are nearly snag-proof. You can have them with or without heels, 8 to 18 inches in height. About \$4.50 buys either at your dealer's. If he hasn't them send his name and we'll supply you. Look for the "Cross." Ask for booklet E.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Beacon Falls, Conn.
N. Y. 108 Duane St. Boston, 241
Cong. St. Chicago, 507 W. Monroe St.

THE HOUSE THAT GIVES A SQUARE DEAL

THE SQUARE DEAL

FUR HOUSE

WANTS YOUR GINSENG, GOLD-EN SEAL AND OTHER ROOTS

GIVES A SQUARE DEAL

THEY pay express charges on lots of 10 lbs. and over. Our business in roots in the last two years, as well as furs, has increased 100%. We receive Ginseng from the largest dealers in the United States, and if we can do well for the largest dealers in the United States, why can't we do well for you—the grower?

Write for our Price List. You will never regret it. References: Any bank in the United States. Ask your own banker about us.

Weil Bros. & Company

THE OLD SQUARE DEAL HOUSE
Ft. Wayne, Indiana, U. S. A.

We are selling a book 5 x 7 inches, 317 pages, 60 illustrations and 24 chapters. It tells you all about the plants having medicinal value, cultivation of wild plants, the story of Ginseng and 31 other subjects in addition to those that we have mentioned. We will send you this book, postage paid for \$1.00. You would not take \$50.00 for the book if you could not get another one.

"Write for our Fur List in Season"

THE HOUSE THAT GIVES A SQUARE DEAL

THE HOUSE THAT GIVES A SQUARE DEAL

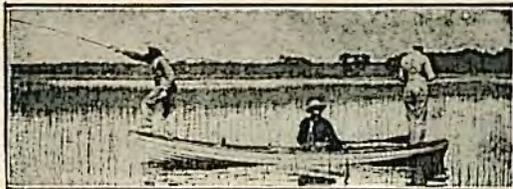
CATALOG FREE

Hunting Time for Anglers

- ☞ Get away from the monotonous grind of everyday work.
- ☞ Put new life in your body with a fishing rod.
- ☞ Start now by sending for a copy of our free Catalog.
- ☞ We need your patronage and you need our goods.
- ☞ Let's get together for the benefit of both of us.
- ☞ Our Catalog places this great store right at your door.
- ☞ You may order with assurance of getting the proper goods.
- ☞ Remember, this book is free—we want you to have it—write today.

H. H. MICHAELSON

904 Broadway Brooklyn, New York City



AMERICAN CAMP STOVE

"The Paracoke in a Bucket"
 Useful, safe, convenient. All self-contained—no other apparatus required. 10-inch top. Cooking and heating. For hunters, campers, cottagers, prospectors, boy scouts, hikers, circuses, carnivals, Chautauques, automobiles, motor boat enthusiasts, etc. Burns ordinary gasoline, with reservoir in base.
 American Gas Machine Co. 460 Clark St., Albert Lea, Minn.



GUNS

SINGLE \$3.95 DOUBLE \$0.75

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES
 WE SAVE YOU MONEY
 Catalog for 3c. stamp
POWELL & CLEMENT CO.
 410 Main St. CINCINNATI, O.

BUILD YOUR OWN STEEL BOAT

From patterns and printed instructions. Work easy, material furnished, also completed boats. Send for catalogues and prices.
F. H. DARROW STEEL BOAT CO., 816 Perry St., Afton, Mich.

NEW CENSUS ATLAS

This new Census Atlas contains maps of each state and territory in the United States which includes Alaska, with a 20-page index, giving all incorporated cities, towns and villages, with their location and official 1910 census population. This book contains 68 pages 11x14 inches, paper cover and is listed by Rand, McNally & Co., publishers, at \$1.50.

This Atlas shows the counties of each state and by turning to the index the location of any county is easily found. Suppose you want to locate Franklin County, Ohio, by referring to the Ohio index you will find E-6. Now turn to map of Ohio and look for E-6. Price 60 cents or will be given to present subscribers for one new subscriber.

A. R. HARDING, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio

19 Jewel

Burlington

\$2.50
 a Month



Write today for our great offer on the master timepiece—adjusted to the second—adjusted to positions—adjusted to isochronism—now sent direct to you without a penny down. If you decide to keep it, pay only the rock-bottom direct price (the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay) either for

cash or at the rate of only \$2.50 a month.

Write Special Offer!

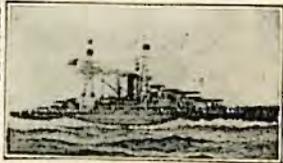
Send us the coupon below—or a postal for the most sweeping direct offer. We will tell you why we have chosen this superb model, this ultra fine watch which we will ship everywhere on approval. We want you to see and examine the Burlington. Find out for yourself what a magnificent timepiece it is—and at a price which must surprise you.

New Ideas in Watch Cases
 Block and Ribbon Monograms
 —Diamond Set—
 Lodge—French Art—Dragon

The Burlington in the U. S. Navy

Every fighting vessel in the U. S. Navy has the Burlington Watch aboard. Several ships have over 200 Burlingtons aboard and many over 100. Timepieces which are absolutely accurate are essential on warships.

The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give accurate service aboard a man-of-war it will stand up anywhere. That is why we consider the wonderful success of the Burlington in our Navy the greatest victory that the Burlington ever has won.



Mail Coupon For Free Watch Book

Burlington Watch Co.
 19th Street and Marshall Blvd.
 Dept. 177Z Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches, with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Burlington Watch Co.
 19th St. and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 177Z
 Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

To Get the
Most Money
in the Quick-
est Time—

SHIP ALL YOUR
FURS TO

**FUNSTEN
BROS. & CO.**

IN
ST. LOUIS
THE FUR CITY

We are the Largest Direct Handlers of Furs in the World

LOOK! SEE YOUR NEIGHBORS!

FACE TO FACE WITH THE SUN!



It's Great! Needed on Farm; Sea or Ranch, By Mail, Prepaid, \$1.20

There are a thousand uses for this instrument in every home and on every farm or ranch. You can see what your neighbors are doing who live miles away from you. It will bring the remotest part of your farm to your door. You can tell who is in a carriage long before they reach you. You can view and count stock on distant parts of your farm or ranch.

This beautiful telescope is 45 inches long when opened full length; closed, 12 inches. Heretofore a similar instrument of this kind cost \$3 to \$10. Brass bound, brass safety cap on each end to keep out dust when not in use. Equipped with powerful lenses, scientifically ground and adjusted. Objects miles away are brought into direct view. F. S. Patton, Kansas, says: "Can count cattle nearly 20 miles. Can see large ranch 17 miles east, and can tell colors and count windows in the house." Here is the greatest combined source of pleasure, education and practical usefulness that we have ever seen. Everyone is delighted with it and would not take many times the cost for it. We will, for a short time, send one of these instruments to you, all charges prepaid (only one to each person) anywhere in the U. S. for only \$1.20. Address.

ONLY \$1.20 PREPAID

tion and practical usefulness that we have ever seen. Everyone is delighted with it and would not take many times the cost for it. We will, for a short time, send one of these instruments to you, all charges prepaid (only one to each person) anywhere in the U. S. for only \$1.20. Address.

MASON SUPPLY HOUSE, Dept. 11, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

PEARLS

BAROQUES

Pearl hunters will do well to ship by registered mail to H. Willard, Son & Co., Marshalltown, Iowa, who are large dealers in fresh-water pearls.



SNAPPERS AND TURTLES

I sell the Leading Hotels and Restaurants, Can always get the Highest Prices.

MATTHEW J. RYAN

From an Dock Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Established 1856.

References—Dun's and Bradstreet's Comm. Agencies; Fourth St. National Bank, Philadelphia; any Commission House, Philadelphia or New York.

WANTED TO BUY

All you get, right along, White, Black Tipped (no others) Eagle Tail Quills, at \$1.50 doz. Mail them between pasteboards. Must be smooth and perfect.

All the Elk Teeth you can send right along. Send with price or for offer by registered mail, wholesale them and buy at wholesale prices at highest value of market. All female and the smaller size bull **ELK TEETH** preferred, though I buy every size offered if sound. **NO CLAWS** of any bird or animal wanted until further notice, excepting the large thumb claws of Mountain Lion.

L. W. STILLWELL, DEADWOOD, S. D.



CHEAPEST DOG FOOD IN THE WORLD

Not only CHEAPEST in price but of absolutely HIGHEST QUALITY. Full particulars on request and also IDEAL DOG BOOK absolutely free, teaching you how to take care of and doctor your own dogs. Write quickly for full information. **M. F. MARX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Inc., Dept. L, Louisville, Ky.**

The Wellington Pipe



This pipe offers two important advantages. The well of the bowl collects the saliva and thereby leaves the tobacco dry to the last. The peculiar shaped mouth piece permits the tongue to rest easily underneath the curve and the upward boring of the draught hole compels the smoke to pass over the tongue, and thereby does not irritate any part of the smoker's mouth. This pipe smokes cool and pleasant. Price 50 cents. Given postpaid to present subscribers for one new subscriber.

A. R. HARDING

Publisher Columbus, Ohio

Always mention the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER when writing to advertisers.

HELLO, BROTHER!

We want you to meet 100,000 good fellows who gather 'round our "Head Camp" fire once a month and spin stirring yarns about sport with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun. The

NATIONAL SPORTSMAN

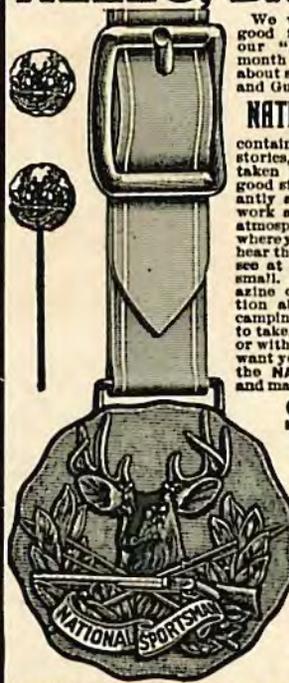
contains 164 pages crammed full of stories, pictures of fish and game taken from life, and a lot more good stuff that will lure you pleasantly away from your everyday work and care to the healthful atmosphere of woods and fields, where you can smell the evergreens, hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small. Every number of this magazine contains valuable information about hunting, fishing and camping trips, where to go, what to take, etc.; all this for 15c a copy, or with watch fob, \$1.00 a year. We want you to see for yourself what the NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is, and make you this

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the

National Sportsman

for 3 months, and your choice of a lapel button, scarf pin or our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fob (regular price 50c.) with russet leather strap and gold-plated buckle. Also a copy of our new 32 page illustrated premium list.



NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 77 Federal St., BOSTON, MASS.



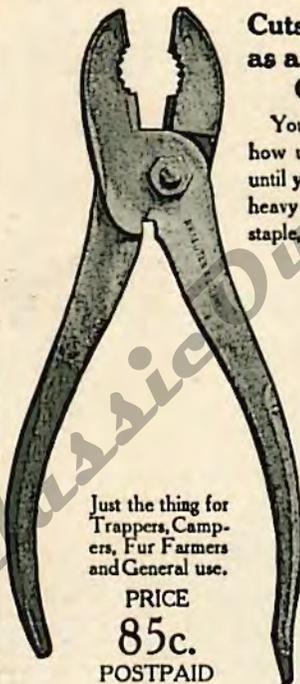
The STILL-HUNTER

This is a large, handsome book, bound in cloth, with title and cut of elk stamped in gold on cover, Book contains 390 pages and 26 full page illustrations. Subjects of the chapters are as follows:

1. Introduction.
2. To Find Good Hunting Ground.
3. Examining the Ground, Signs, etc.
4. The Senses of the Game and Hunter
5. The Daily Life of Deer and Antelope.
6. Looking for Deer that are on Foot.
7. Looking for Deer Lying Down.
8. The First Sight of Game.
9. The First Shot at a Deer.
10. Running-time.
11. Hunting on Snow.
12. The Surest Way to Track Deer When Very Wild.
13. Tracking on Bare Ground.
14. Still-hunting on Open Ground.
15. Deer on Open Ground.
16. A Day in the Table-lands.
17. Another Kind of Open Ground.
18. The Still-hunter's Cardinal Virtue.
19. Hunting in the Open and Timber Combined.
20. Subordinate Principles.
21. Two or More Persons Hunting in Company. Hunting on Horse-back.
22. Special Modes of Hunting. The Cow-bell and Tiring Down Deer.
23. Deer in Bands. General Hints, etc.
24. To Manage a Deer When Hit.
25. The Rifle on Game When at Rest.
26. The Rifle on Moving Game.
27. The Rifle on Moving Game (Cont'd)
28. Long-range Shooting at Game.
29. The effect of Recoil Upon Shooting.
30. The Killing Power of Bullets. Explosive, Expansive and Other Bullets, Shot-shells, Buckshot, etc.
31. The Hunting Rifle and Flight of Balls.
32. The Sighting of Hunting Rifles.
33. The Loading, Care and Management of Rifles.
34. Moccasins, Buckskin, etc. Advice. Conclusion.

This book weighs 28 ounces, and will be sent postpaid to any ad-**\$1.75** or will be given to subscribers as a premium for four new subscribers; or two new subscribers and 75 cents.

HANDY CUTTING PLIERS



Cuts Wire as Easy as a Pair of Shears Cuts Paper.

You will never appreciate how useful these pliers are until you have used them— heavy enough to drive a staple, just the thing to cut and twist wire when making water sets or fastening to clog for land set with wire. Can also be used in repairing and adjusting guns, extracting shells, cutting wire to mend trap chains, wire fencing, etc. These pliers are nickel plated, strong, with wire cutting feature. Cut one-half actual size. Price 85c. postpaid, or will be given FREE to subscribers for two new subscribers to H-T-T.

Just the thing for Trappers, Campers, Fur Farmers and General use.

PRICE
85c.
POSTPAID

INDEXED POCKET MAPS

Of All States and Territories, Official 1910 Census, and Canadian Provinces, Corrected to Date



These maps show Population, Counties, Cities, Principal Towns, Rivers, Creeks, Lakes, etc. Very helpful and instructive. Just what everyone needs—especially hunters and trappers. Price postpaid, 25 cents each. Any map given to subscribers for One New Subscriber.



VACANT Government Lands

There are still about a billion acres open to homestead entry and purchase in the United States. This book tells you where it is and how to get it. It contains about 100 pages, and located by States, Territories, Districts and Counties. Price, postpaid, only 25c. Given to present subscribers for one new subscriber.

HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Always mention the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER when writing to advertisers.

H-T-T KNIVES

To meet the wants of our readers—hunters, trappers, traders, sportsmen, campers, fishermen, prospectors, farmers, etc.,—four special pocket knives all made of the highest grade of English Cutlery Steel, tempered by a Special Process, file and wire tested, so that they are free from flaws and of a temper to take and keep a keen cutting edge, are offered.

H-T-T "General Purpose"—Stag handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters and name plate, two blades, both spear point. Size open 6, closed $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, weight 3 oz. Price, postpaid, 65 cents.

H-T-T "Western Favorite"—Stag handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters and name plate, three blades—one spear point, one sheep-foot—one small. Size, open, $6\frac{1}{4}$, closed, $3\frac{5}{8}$ inches, weight 3 oz. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

H-T-T "Special"—Celluloid handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters, two spear blades. This is a nice knife but not intended for heavy work. Size, open, $5\frac{1}{2}$, closed, $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, weight only 2 oz. One side shows a hunter and trapper and the words Hunter - Trader - Trapper, Columbus, Ohio; the other side illustrations of six fur-bearing animals—beaver, fox, wolf, marten, wildcat and skunk. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

H-T-T "Big Chief"—Stag handle, brass lined, German silver bolsters and name plate, one large clip blade. Size, open, $8\frac{1}{2}$, closed, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, weight only 5 oz. A good, strong knife for hunters, trappers, campers, sportsmen, cattlemen, farmers or any one wanting a large one bladed knife. A handy knife for the trap line, good for all purposes from skinning a mink to dressing a moose. Price, postpaid, 85 cents.

PREMIUM OFFERS. While knives will be sold to any one at prices named, they will also be sent to subscribers (who's names are now on our books) as premiums for new subscribers as follows:

H-T-T "General Purpose"—Price, postpaid, 65c; one new subscriber and 15c.

H-T-T "Big Chief"—Price, postpaid, 85c; two new subscribers or one and 25c.

H-T-T "Western Favorite"—Price, postpaid, \$1.00; two new subscribers or one and 35c.

H-T-T "Special"—Price, postpaid, \$1.00; two new subscribers or one and 35c.

SPECIAL. Two or more (same or different) knives if ordered together, 10 cents reduction on each. Liberal discount to dealers in dozen lots.

A. R. HARDING, PUBLISHER, Columbus, Ohio.



H-T-T SPECIAL

H-T-T WESTERN FAVORITE

H-T-T GENERAL PURPOSE

H-T-T BIG CHIEF

66

99

VICTOR

and Vanquished

The pan of every
VICTOR Trap is
stamped with a "V"



ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.