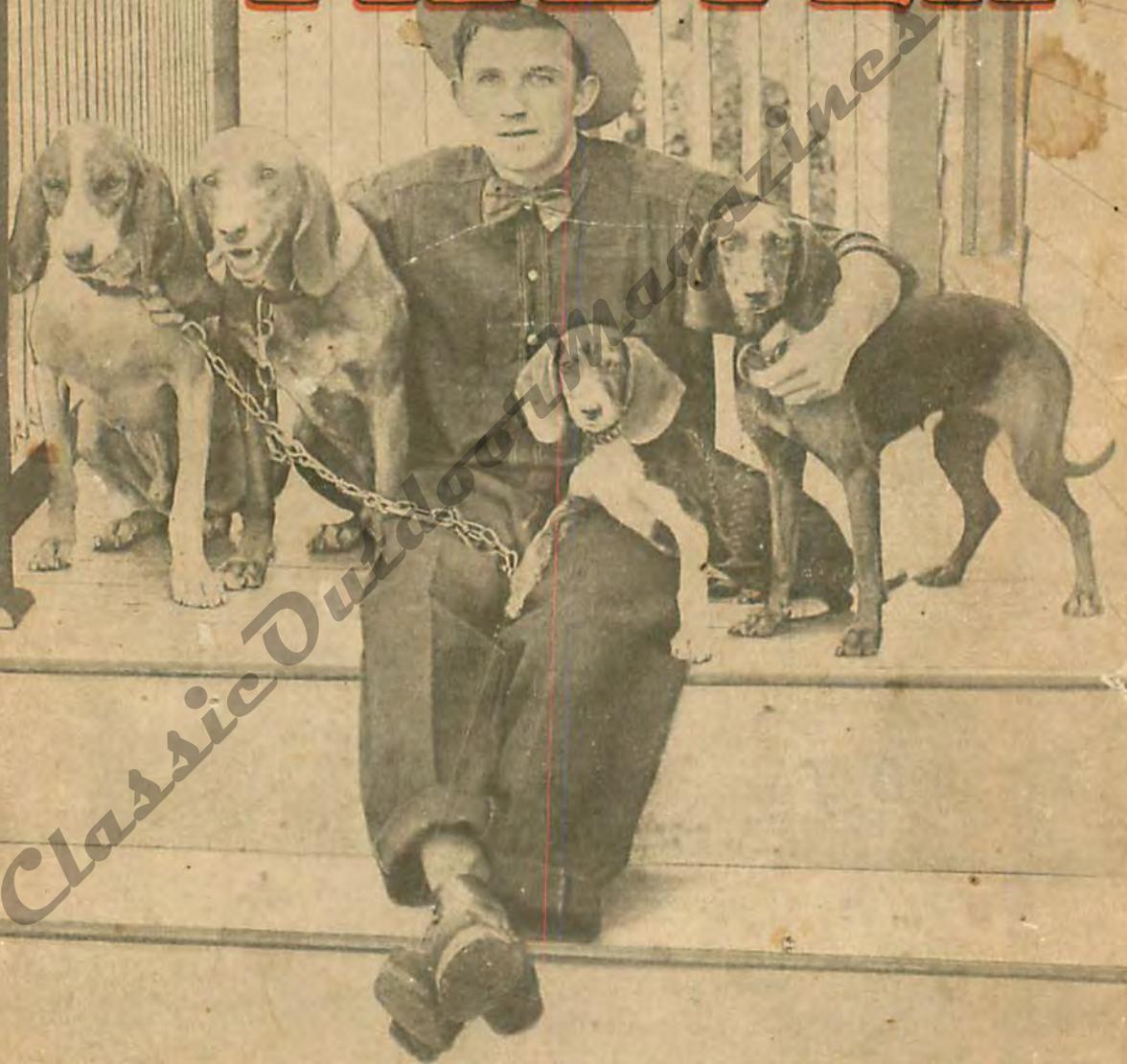


# HUNTER TRADER TRAPPER



SEPTEMBER, 1914

10 CENTS

# I Want Some of THE BLACK SHELLS



**A** LITTLE speck of sensitive explosive in the bottom of the shell touches off the main charge. It must be fast, but, above all, it must be uniform in its speed.

The Primer of The Black Shells is a newer and different primer. It is known as the non-mercuric primer, to distinguish it from the usual mixture of fulminate of mercury, which is heavy, and powdered glass, which is *not* heavy. These are hard to mix evenly enough to secure uniform action.

The primer of The Black Shells is a strictly chemical combination and so is sure, quick and uniform—always uniform. Furthermore, it is extraordinarily hot—because instead of glass to absorb one-sixth of the heat, its materials, being combustible, actually increase the heat.

Our flash passage is *double* the usual size, allowing *all* of the fiercely hot primer flame to rush into the main charge. This develops the very utmost power from the powder and gives a long-distance killing power that will amaze you.

You don't have to "lead" your bird so much with shells that fire as fast as these. The less lead you take the less uncertainty, and the less uncertainty the more game.

At the traps, and in the stubble field, the man who begins to shoot The Black Shells finds, for some reason, he has become a better shot.

But The Black Shells superiority doesn't stop at speed and certainty and a pattern through which no partridge is small enough to fly. These shells are waterproof—really waterproof. You can plod about in the rain until your clothes are dry in three spots only and your shells will be dry as a duck's back. They won't swell in foggy weather. They eject with a snap on the meanest days. The Black Shells have a solid brass head which gives the gases of explosion no "battery-cup" crevices through which to leak backward, and they work sweetly and smoothly in a pump or automatic—due partially to their hard, even, bevel crimping.

The Black Shells are loaded with the celebrated Tatham shot.

Send for our free book and learn why so many men are saying, "I Want Some of The Black Shells." Ask for it on a postcard.

There are three Black Shells: Romax for Black Powder, Climax and Ajax for smokeless.



ROMAX

CLIMAX

AJAX

**UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY**

**Dept. G**

**Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.**

**MAKERS OF © AMMUNITION**



## 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**

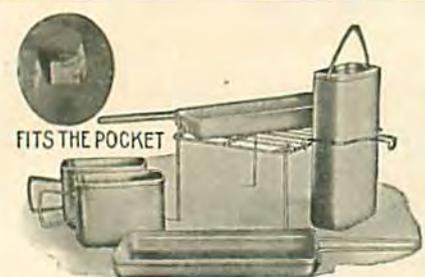
If You Want Highest Market  
 ———Prices, Ship to———

**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



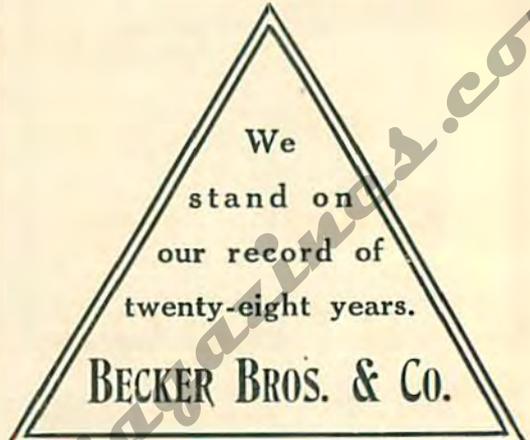
FITS THE POCKET

**When You Get Hungry — Eat**  
 With the Stopples Kook-Kit you stop and prepare a piping hot meal any time, any place. The **Stopples Kook-Kit** includes utensils which answer the purpose of broiler, frying pan, coffee cups, soup bowls, and a combination tea kettle, coffee pot, tea pot, soup and potato kettle. Nests so compactly it can be carried in the pocket. Thousands of outdoor men are using this Kit. Every user a booster.

If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Price Complete **\$2.50**

**The Stopples Kook-Kit Company,**  
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In shipping Raw Furs there's only one thing to consider—  
the house.



We stand on our record of twenty-eight years.

**BECKER BROS. & Co.**

Chicago New York

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**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 Bone and Muscle Builder for Dogs**

Feed your dog well and it will serve you better. A food that supplies all the necessary elements is

**Champion Dog Biscuit**

It is made of clean, sweet meat, cereals and flour perfectly blended—no waste products used, no preservatives—it is a clean, wholesome food that will keep dogs healthy, vigorous and in good coat.



Send for Sample and Free Booklet  
 On receipt of 4c in stamps we will send you a sample, or you can get a full size package from your druggist, sporting goods dealer, or direct from us if no dealer in your town. Our illustrated booklet is yours on request.

**Champion Animal Food Co.**  
 592 Minnesota St., St. Paul, Minn.

MAKERS OF CHAMPION PUPPY MEAL



# 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 methods 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 hand 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

**M**OST fur handlers of late are somewhat concerned  
**O**N REPORTS of a decrease, which are yearly confirmed,  
**R**EGARDING fur bearing animals so eagerly sought,  
**T**HE reports stating that trappers have them nearly all caught.  
**O**F THOSE who have learned all their habits and ways  
**N**ONE, even are able to make large catches these days.  
**S**INCE the prices on most furs are soaring so high

**S**TRETCHING in the most perfect manner seems the only way by.

**T**HE dishonest dealers as a general thing

**R**ELY mainly on new shippers yearly—that's who they sting.

**E**XPERIENCE has taught the majority of men

**T**HAT it's extremely poor policy to repeat shipments to them.

**C**ATCH the animals first, then handle with care,

**H**ANG in some cool shady place with plenty of air.

**I**N STRETCHING use Morton's Patterns for all of your furs,

**N**O complaint about poorly handled furs ever occurs.

**G**O at the business in a business like way.

**B**E SURE you start right and you'll find it will pay.

**O**LD trappers are endorsing these goods as O. K.

**A**ND pronouncing them standard in every way.

**R**EMEMBER that advice from a brother trapper and friend

**D**ESERVES some respect when it has the right trend.

**P**ERHAPS there are those who—in their minds—know it all,

**A**SSUMING that from lofty heights there's no chance to fall.

**T**HESE are the ones who by methods so lax

**T**AKE their usual dose where the hen got the axe.

**E**VERY trapper who has bought Morton's Patterns to use

**R**EPORT great benefits gained and there's nothing to lose.

**N**OW look this matter up and order at will

**S**INCE full value you will get for all animals you kill.

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

**PRICES** Each (any pattern) 30c.; any four 50c.; any eight 75c.; whole set of 14, \$1.00.

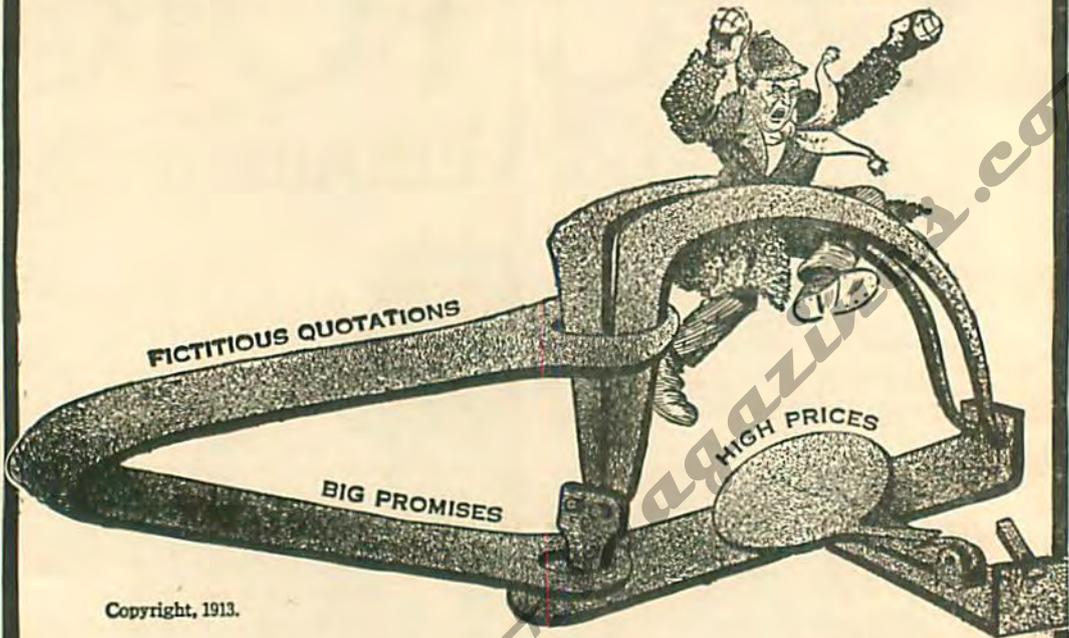
SEND ALL ORDERS TO

### C. F. MORTON

158 High Street

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

# Don't Get Caught



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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**

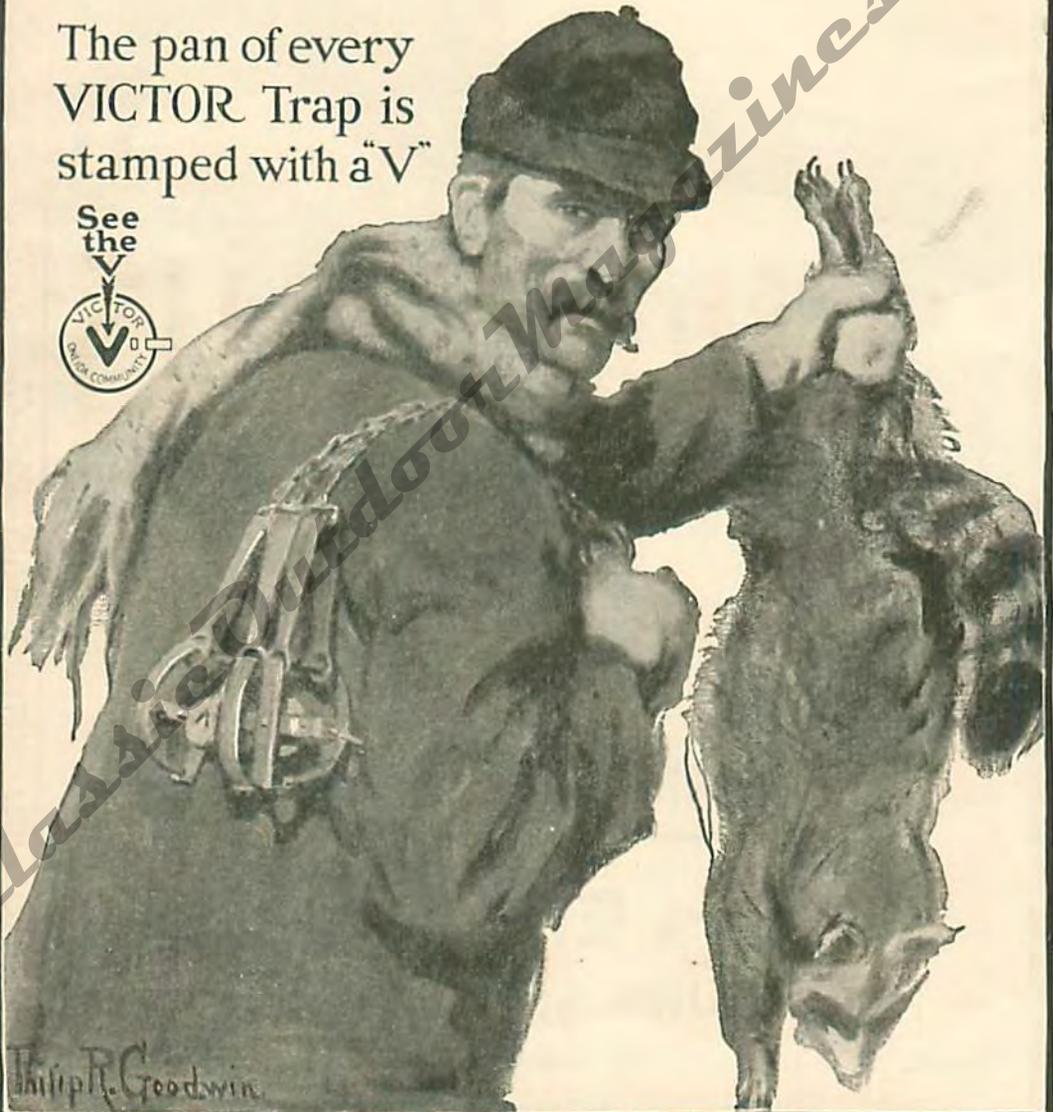
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LEIPZIG—LONDON—PARIS—MOSCOW

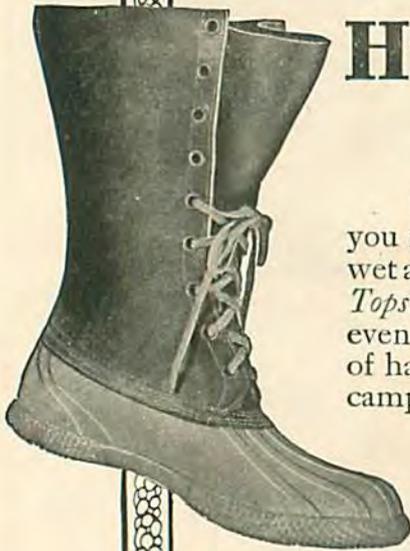
# “VICTOR” and Vanquished

The pan of every  
VICTOR Trap is  
stamped with a “V”



Philip R. Goodwin.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.



## Husky Shoes For Rough Work

Put your feet into comfort the next time you fit out for the woods. Guard them against wet and cold with a pair of *Beacon Falls Leather Tops*. These shoes are roomy, not clumsy; even balanced and stand a tremendous amount of hard outdoor service in hunting or logging camp, in marsh, on farm. The rubber is new, fresh, elastic. They are heavily reinforced at every point where strain and stress are liable to weaken them. Thousands put their confidence in

# BEACON FALLS

## Leather Top Rubber Shoes



**"WINONA"** — This beauty comes in heights from 8 to 16 in. Chrome leather top. No heel. Heavy rolled sole. Absolutely waterproof a good laster. You'll buy a second pair after you've had hard work wearing out the first one. Uppers made of pure gum extra strengthened with ribbed toes. Rawhide laces—bellows tongue. Price about \$4.50 for 10 in. at your dealer's.

**"WASECA"** — This is identical with "Winona" except it has a solid rubber heel, for which 25c. extra a pair is charged.

**"SARANAC"** — This shoe is warranted not to crack or split. Nearly snag-proof. Uppers are extra quality gum forced under great pressure while warm into duck. Rolled soles of pure gum. Rubber heel. Chrome top. Rawhide laces. In 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 in. heights. Price for 10 inch at your dealer's about \$4.50.

If your dealer hasn't them, write us his name. We'll supply you. Look for the "Cross" to be sure you get "Beacon Falls." It's your safeguard for quality. Booklet now is waiting for you. Tells about rubber footwear for sportsmen and others. Send for your copy today.

### Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co. BEACON FALLS, CONN.

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# HERCULES POWDERS

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

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



## The Four Vital Factors

**E**YE, gun, shell and powder—these are the four factors upon which depends your success at the traps or in the field. Not the least important of them is the last named—powder. You can make sure that this factor is right by shooting

## Infallible Smokeless Shotgun Powder

Here is a powder that always runs absolutely uniform. The load shot today will give the same high velocity, the same light recoil, the same even patterns, will burn just as clean, as the load shot a year or two years ago.

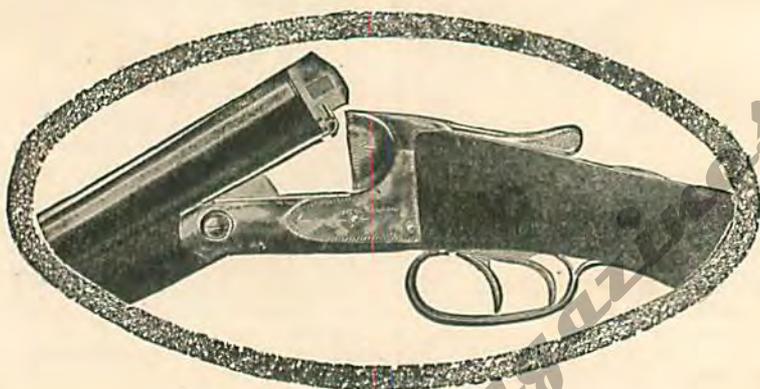
And this matter of uniformity in powder is one that should not be passed over lightly. You know the difference that a strange gun will make in shooting, a strange club in golf, a strange racket in tennis. A strange powder, or a powder that *varies in quality*, has the same effect.

Get used to shooting Infallible. The next time you order shells tell your dealer you want Infallible Powder. You will get it.

**HERCULES POWDER CO.**

Wilmington, Delaware

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## Fox-Sterlingworth \$25.00

This is a plain, honest, true-shooting gun—the greatest gun value for the money ever offered the hunter.

Its mechanism is simple. Only three parts to the lock. Is very strong. The frame is lighter (because of small number of parts) than the average gun. Is perfectly balanced. And no gun made is any quicker.

It embodies all the mechanical features—the 20 Points of Superiority that have made the FOX “The Finest Gun in the World.”

Ask your dealer to show you the FOX-STERLINGWORTH.

Read the written *guarantee* tied to it. Look for the FOX PROOF certificate—and then test the gun yourself.

COL. ROOSEVELT, who carried a Fox on his African and South American hunting trips, calls it “an exceptionally hard-hitting and close-shooting weapon.”

If your dealer cannot accommodate you, write us, giving his name, and we will send Catalog of all our guns—and the “20 Reasons Why” Fox Guns are superior.

## THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY

4692 North Eighteenth Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

5-13

# STEVENS



## STEVENS No. 520

### 6-Shot Repeater. 12 Gauge Only

The No. 520 was the *First Hammerless Repeating Shotgun*, and it is still easily the best. STEVENS Recoil Unlock makes it the *Safest Repeater* in the world. Its action is positive and it shoots with splendid penetration and pattern.

The STEVENS No. 200 Repeater 20 Gauge only is "20-Gauge throughout." It is not a made-over, but a through and through 20-Gauge gun. Has STEVENS Recoil Unlock. Weight only 6½ pounds.

### Will Take Any Factory Loaded Shell Up to Three Inches Long.

The killing distance is as great as the 12-Gauge. For anyone who wants a light weight gun with a light recoil, the No. 200 is ideal.

These guns list at \$25.00, but sold by retail dealers for \$21.60 except west of the Mississippi and in Canada.

Send for Descriptive Circular.

## J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY

54 BROADWAY  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.

## Ride a "RANGER"

1915  
Models  
Ready



bicycle and *know* you have the best. Buy a machine that you can *prove* before accepting.

**Delivered FREE** on approval and 30 days' trial.

**No expense** to you if, after trial you do not wish to keep it.

**LOW FACTORY**

**COST**, marvelous improvements and values never before equalled will be found in our new 1915 offers.

**WRITE** for our *big catalog* showing the complete line of 1915 Bicycles, **TIRES** and Sundries and learn the wonderful *new offers* and terms we will give you. You cannot afford to buy until you *know* what we can do for you.

**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. H-148, CHICAGO**

## 3 in 1

is used and recommended by the largest fire-arms manufacturers in America. Experienced gun users everywhere say it is the best rust preventative on earth—on water, too.

Being a light oil it enters the pores of the metal and forms an impenetrable covering that is moisture-proof without making the gun sticky or greasy to handle. Best for oiling the fine mechanisms of the finest gun, because it does not dry out, gum, harden, turn rancid, collect dust.

Free sample, 3 IN 1 OIL

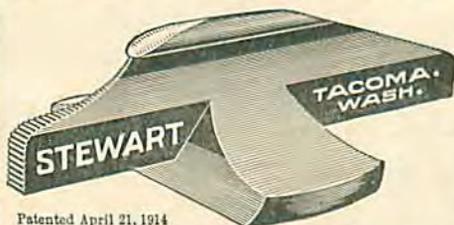
**Free COMPANY**  
42 ADM Broadway  
New York, N. Y.



## "The Most Magnificent Sight I Ever Used"

Send for my  
Sporting  
Goods and  
Raw Fur  
Price List

**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 CAN NOT 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.**



## SHEARD "GOLD" SIGHTS

Distinctly a leader among front sights for hunting and target work. Shows up clear and sharp in the darkest timber, under any and all circumstances. Shows the same color on different colored objects and is guaranteed not to "blur". It is ingeniously designed so that the light is focused directly on the center of bead, making quick, accurate sighting easy, without danger of side-light reflections. It is strong, well made, and will stand hard usage.

**Price Only \$1.50**

Made with medium bead to fit all sporting and military rifles, carbines, target revolvers and pistols, Luger and Mauser automatic pistols. Direct from us, if your dealer won't supply you. Accept no substitutes.



### SHEARD REAR SIGHT

Sheard adjustable rear sights—single (illustrated) and triple—two moderate priced *new* sights that have met instant approval of sportsmen everywhere.

### ASK YOUR DEALER

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

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.

535 S. Delta Ave.

Gladstone, Michigan



Do You Know This Fellow, No. 58450?

He is not an ex-convict, even though  
He Brings Home The Chickens!

That number, 58450, is stamped on his favorite

# LEFEVER SHOT GUN

We have looked him up and will give you his name on request.

We can refer you to hundreds of successful and prominent sportsmen who have brought home the limit and established a reputation

**At the Traps  
In the Field  
From the Blind**



\$25 up to \$1000

Why don't you investigate the superior shooting power, balance and durability of the LEFEVER?

Send for catalogue today.  
We'll give you name of dealer.  
Ask about the Single Trigger.  
It can be put on your old gun.

**Lefever Arms Company**  
206 Maltbie St. Syracuse, N. Y.



## He got his Deer with the MAXIM SILENCER

"I got a deer this season which I would not have got if it had not been for your Maxim Silencer. It happened like this."

This is the beginning of one of the many interesting experiences with the Maxim Silencer told by sportsmen in our Booklet. Write for a free copy—it will open your eyes to the wonderful possibilities of noiseless shooting.

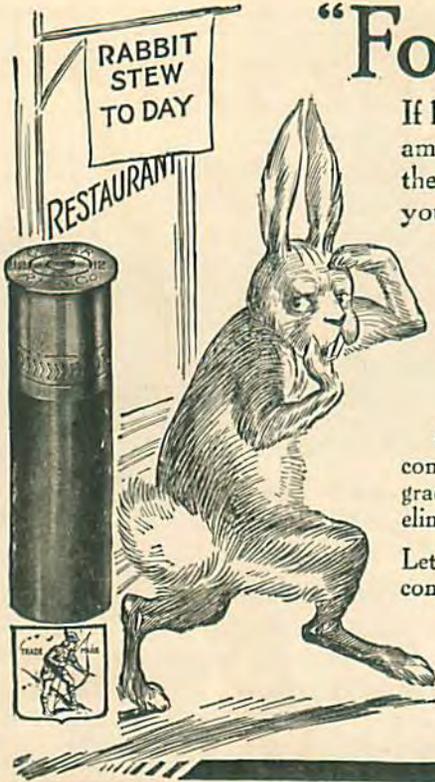
The Maxim Silencer is an aid to marksmanship. The Silencer robs the gun of its "kick" and stops flinching.

In the fields, woods, backyard you can shoot without noise. You can practice anytime, anywhere without creating a disturbance.

Ask your dealer for a Silencer. If he has none, tell us his name and we will see that you are supplied. Write for Booklet today.

**MAXIM SILENCER CO.**  
60 Huyshope Ave., Hartford, Conn.





## “Food for thought”

If he doesn't land in the “stew,” it may be due to the ammunition you shoot. The powder is the soul of the shell or cartridge; if it wastes half its force in “kick” your chances of landing the game are reduced.

Next time you take down your gun, introduce it to

**ROBIN HOOD**  
NOT MADE BY A TRUST  
**AMMUNITION**

“KICK MINUS—SPEED PLUS”

the shooting stuff that is loaded with R. H. progressive combustion smokeless powders. The force is generated gradually, giving great speed as the load leaves the gun, and eliminating the kick.

Let us send you a copy of our free booklet, “Powder Puffs,” containing an interesting sketch of the life of Robin Hood.

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 Sears.” The Safety which makes accidental discharge impossible

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Established 1853

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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.





## The Brilliant Search Light



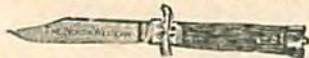
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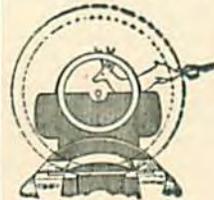
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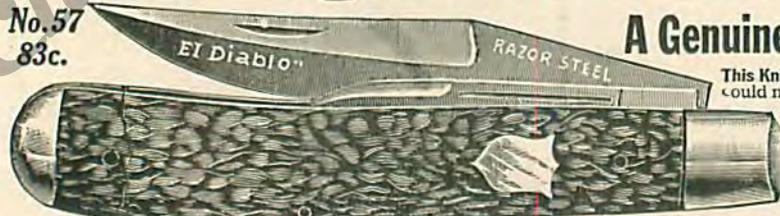
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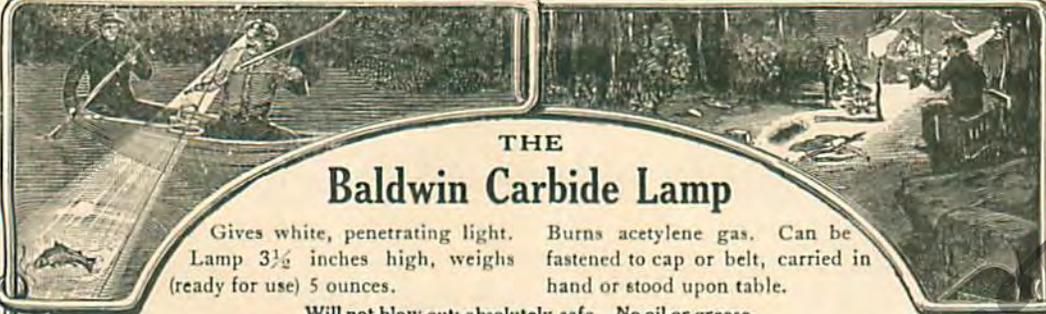
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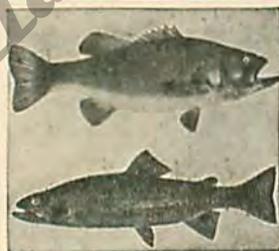
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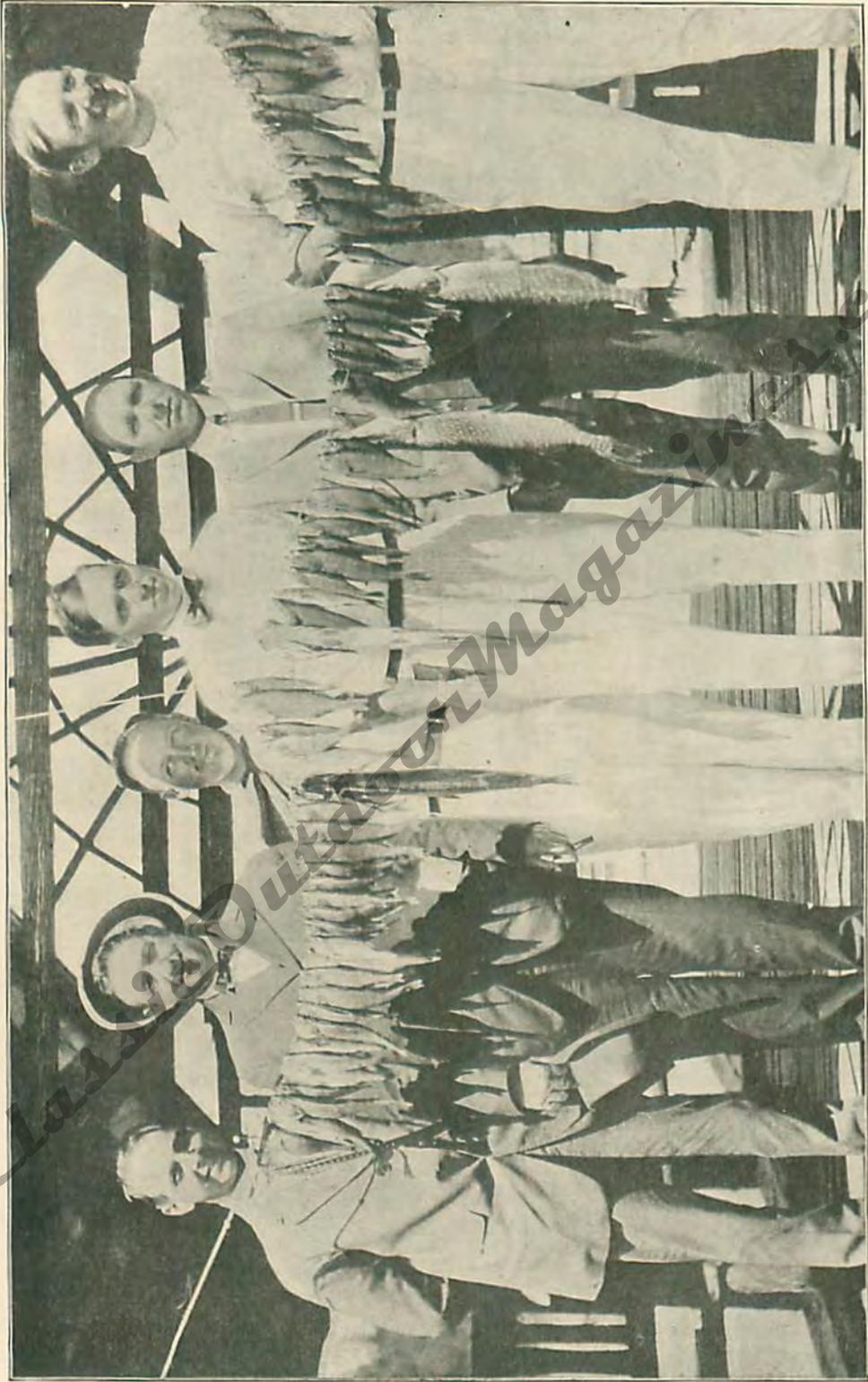
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NORTHERN MICHIGAN — AN AVERAGE DAY'S CATCH. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: H. A. EBERLINE, G. L. TOVEY, H. S. STITT, F. B. KELLER, A. R. HARDING  
AND R. C. RICE.  
(See Article on Opposite Page).

# HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



Vol. XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1914

No. 6

## TRIP NUMBER FIVE NORTHERN MICHIGAN AND OTHER NOTES

By A. R. HARDING

**O**N the evening of June 19 the editor and family left Columbus, Ohio, for a few weeks visit and outing. The morning of the 20th found us in Chicago and the evening of the same day at Marshalltown, Iowa, where we visited Mr. Charles Hull and family until Monday morning. Mr. Hull and sons handle wool, furs, hides and pearls, to say nothing of their custom tanning trade. The firm is known as H. Willard, Son & Co. and is one of the oldest establishments of the kind west of the Mississippi river.

Mr. Hull took me to his place of business and showed thousands of dollars worth of pearls. Most of the pearls were of moderate value, but in the collection were some worth hundreds of dollars each.

During the summer months when the water is low is the best time to hunt them. The industry is one of more importance than generally supposed. The most pearls are perhaps secured from the Iowa, Illinois and Arkansas streams although of recent years a good many come from Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kentucky and Tennessee. Until recently Kansas streams did not furnish many pearls, probably no one had expected to find any there, but of late some good ones have been found along the streams flowing through the eastern part of the state.

Tuesday evening we reached Ottawa, Kansas where my wife's father, mother and two brothers live. Kansas is known as a "windy" state and it is not all the kind that sways the trees and blows crops and houses over either. This year,



A KANSAS PEARL STREAM, THE MARIA DES CYGNES.

however, Kansas has some reason to be "windy" as she has a bumper hay and wheat crop with indications, at the time we were there, that corn would be a splendid crop too.

During the ten days spent in Kansas a lookout was kept for signs of game. Along the streams were some coon signs; in the fields skunk and civet signs were seen; rabbit and quail were seen in considerable numbers. A talk with the best mink trapper in Franklin county, Kansas proved that this fur bearer was scarce. A few years ago this trapper caught as high as fifty in a season whereas five now would be about the limit. He attributed the great decrease to close trapping caused by the increased price of mink pelts of late years. Present indications are that mink as well as most other furs will be lower the coming season so that this animal as well as others may not be trapped so persistently.

of various kinds and prices there are numerous cottages, mostly private, on the islands and mainland. There is plenty of splendid water and an abundance of wood for those who wish to camp. The islands range from about an acre to several thousand.

If one knew the various reasons that caused the many to seek Upper Michigan, or other places, it would be interesting indeed. Some no doubt spend a few weeks here to escape the heat; others enjoy the fishing; again others like the pure air and quiet. Some seek the best hotels and spend as much in a couple of weeks as they earn in as many months; others have an income greater than expenditures. Those that rent a cottage



ROCKY REEF ISLANDS—GOOD FISHING WATERS.

On July 3rd we left for Galesburg, Illinois, where we remained with friends until Monday morning July 5th when we returned to Chicago and boarded a steamer bound for Mackinac Island located in the Strait that separates lower Michigan from the Upper Peninsula. Our destination was the Les Cheneaux Islands, the largest of which is Marquette, some thirty miles northeast of St. Ignace, Michigan, and located along the northern shore of Lake Huron where we stopped at the Islington, one of the many hotels in that locality.

The numerous islands and the mainland are mostly wooded although the best timber was taken years ago. From Mackinac Island boats visit the Les Cheneaux daily. In addition to hotels

and live more cheaply probably enjoy themselves most.

Owing to the water traveling facilities many of the people we met were from the Lake cities—Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and Milwaukee—although they came from inland towns and cities as well as from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia and elsewhere. Most of the acquaintances made, like ourselves, enjoyed fishing.

Catching fish in waters where they are is uncertain and it don't all depend upon the wind or bait used either. A Mr. Schirmir and son Lew, of Parkersburg, W. Va., had been at the hotel where we were putting up for a week and although they had splendid tackle and lots of it together with one of the best guides and

generally spent the entire day at fishing, they had not succeeded in landing a muskellunge—king of the northern waters—when we left. They brought in pike daily. Their largest catch being fifteen in one day and in weight fifteen pounds was their best. Pike did not seem to be as large as last season and very few were caught that went over eight pounds.

The only muskellunge that were caught, to our knowledge, were taken by a couple from Zanesville, Ohio—John Bauer and W. R. Baker—who were fortunate to get one the first day out. Another was caught by Mrs. E. J. Goldsmith of Cincinnati, Ohio, who with her husband were trolling the second day after their arrival. The two fish weighed in the neighborhood of ten pounds each. As said before fishing is uncertain. I know one party that has spent some two to four weeks each season for years fishing for muskellunge is a good and persistent fisherman, but has not yet caught one.

Perch furnish sport for the women, children and a good many of the men. A catch of 100 or more was often made from a single boat in a half day. Perch in the waters around the islands were seldom caught weighing over a pound yet out in Lake Huron they grew much larger. The guide was of the opinion that the larger ones did not venture into the channels and shallow water. They bite freely on minnows and while not a game fish are one of the best for eating. Good strings were caught by most who went perch fishing. Best catches, as a rule, are made the latter part of June and forepart of July and again towards fall.

Shortly after arriving one of the guides spotted me as being the H-T-T man and strange to say his name was Harding—J. E. Harding. He was formerly from Northern Indiana but had spent some two years on the Upper Peninsula and several previous in the lower part of the state.

Unlike some guides he was quite talkative and further what he told you could be relied upon. Some twenty years ago while he was living near the line of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan he killed a wolf as it ran out from under a bridge on the highway that sep-

arates the two states. The scalp was taken to the Michigan authorities who asked where it was killed. Harding told the exact spot. He then learned that the animal had been killed in Indiana not Michigan and instead of the \$25.00 bounty Michigan pays he received \$10.00 only from Indiana. Harding is now posted as to which side to drive them out from? While this was not the last wolf killed in Northern Indiana but very few have been reported or seen since.

The frontispiece showing six men is typical of the average half days catch. Most of the fish shown were caught by Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Eberline, Mr. and Mrs. Fred D. Keller and children, of Detroit, Michigan and Mr. and Mrs. George L. Tovey of Bedford, Indiana. The string shows more than a hundred perch and a few pike.

Wednesday July 15th a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Stitt and Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Rice of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Campbell, Toledo, Ohio, Mr. E. E. Schirmir and son, Parkersburg, W. Va., and the writer together with Jack White, guide and J. E. Harding who had charge of the launch went some twenty miles to a locality known as Dudley's Bay and said to be splendid bass water. It was about 8 o'clock when we reached the bay being greeted by numerous dogs and several fishermen (Frenchmen I think) and their Indian wives and children.

We had come prepared to spend the day—both breakfast and dinner being brought along. A few minutes after landing enough fish were caught for breakfast. Jack White knows how to clean fish and they were quickly prepared so that in about fifteen minutes from the time they were caught were being served to the party for breakfast.

After breakfast bass fishing was in order. This was done from three skiff brought along. A good many different lures and baits were tried that forenoon but the common angle worm (several to a bait) and minnows made the most catches. About thirty bass were caught by noon but none were large, mostly ranging from one to two pounds.

Having had a successful mornings catch of bass we decided to go to Beaver Tail Creek and spend the balance of the day trout fishing. Landing near

the mouth of the stream dinner was prepared and included about a dozen of the bass caught. It is policy to tell how many were eaten so that the catch will tally with the number we returned to the hotel with.

It was just 2 o'clock when Mr. Schirmir and son, Mr. Stitt, myself and the guide started up Beaver Tail. The stream was the brushiest of the brushy and on top of this had been recently cut over so that from both sides tree tops were in the stream.

Did we fly fish? No, sir. You

brushy stream that Beaver Tail don't you think?

The party reached the hotel at about 7 o'clock having traveled some forty miles in a launch and what seemed fifty in the brush to those who went for trout. A count next morning showed all ready for more fishing.

As fishing was good several from the hotel were out nearby frequently. It seems that pike and muskellunge strike best when the water is rough. Sunday, July 12th was a rainy day and those that went out made catches. Mrs. Fred D.



TEN PIKE — CAUGHT IN A DAY'S TROLLING.

couldn't find a space larger than a postal card free of brush. The trout, however, were there probably from the fact that no other party was silly enough to fish such a stream. I should say the actual time spent in fishing was about an hour. The catch was some 75 ranging in size from—to more than 12 inches. One party was making considerable noise (be it remembered that trout are afraid of the least noise) and when asked to keep a little quieter wanted to know how in h—to do it that he had hooked a trout but there was so much brush that he had to clean it away before he could get his fish out of the water. Some

Keller was successful in landing an eight pound pike.

Not being superstitious my wife and I hired a motor boat the morning of the 13th and with a guide spent the day trolling. The forenoon resulted in four—three caught by my wife—and one, the smallest by myself. The afternoon we landed six which made the score for the day five each. None were large, ranging from say two pounds to about seven. The day's catch is shown on the pole which is held by the two boys.

In trolling, Hildebrandt spinners were largely used. Number 9 seemed to be the size on which most catches were

made. So far as I could see trolling from a motor boat, a small one going slow, was as good as rowing. The motor has the advantage of covering more water yet some are of the impression that its noise tends to keep the large ones from striking.

The most remarkable catch made that came to my notice was by a woman (it seems that the women are good fishermen.) In company with Mr. and Mrs.



MRS. GEORGE L. TOVEY AND HER EIGHT-POUND PIKE.

George L. Tovey the editor and family had gone out with J. E. Harding, in a launch, for the forenoon. We were all fishing from the launch using minnows for perch. The day before Mrs. Tovey had landed a four pound pike while thus fishing. Thinking she might duplicate the act she had the guide use a small perch (about five inches) for bait. The perch baited hook had been in the water but a few moments when it was taken and although on a cane pole, a weak line

and a very small hook the fish was finally landed without net or gaff. Two hours later when we returned to the hotel it weighed an even eight pounds and was baked and served to us the next evening.

Another day with my family and guide, Harding, we went to McKay's Bay for a day's outing and trout fishing on a small stream emptying into the bay. The guide being lame could not get through the brush but fortunately we met Dick White, who had a set of camps at the mouth of the creek where his logging crew had spent the winter. Mr. White and I went up the stream a mile or so and fished down for an hour catching some fifteen.

On this trip, as well as others, I kept a sharp lookout for signs of game and fur bearing animals. I only saw one fox track, a few muskrat yet most of the places visited the shore was rocky. Guides said that mink were pretty well caught out owing to the high value of pelts of late years. Fox are not abundant but seem to be about as numerous as for some years. They are not chased as a rule by hounds for being in a deer country they would be shot. Deer are not plentiful yet parties who go ten to twenty miles inland find a few. Partridge are fairly plentiful. On the mainland as well as some of the larger islands there are a few bear.

At Dudley's Bay the Frenchmen which we met make a living mainly by fishing in the summer and hunting and trapping in the winter. They owned a power launch and could cruise along the shore of the lake as well as the numerous bays that indent the shore. Fish they sold to boats that visited the various fishermen along the shore but they could not sell game fish such as bass and trout. The shore was constantly watched by wardens so that few game fish were taken. New York and other eastern cities being the principal markets. In the winter they caught a few otter, beaver, wild cat, fox, mink and quite a string of ermine and muskrat. They had six huskies, three teams, which they used during severe weather on the ice and trails. Traveling by dog team is general in that part of the country. J. E. Harding had a team that he had

driven to Salt St. Marie, The Soo, some 35 miles in six hours I believe it was. I should judge the sleigh and Harding weighed close to 200 pounds.

Land on the islands and along the shore is generally rocky yet there are acres and acres fitted for cultivation. The growing season is short so that only certain crops can be successfully grown. Potatoes, timothy, clover and various vegetables do well. Price of land varies as to location, etc., but ranges from \$3 or \$4 up.

Last year they had a green Christmas, that is, the ground was bare. Snow gen-

and since the camps were closed they got their own living. Naturally I supposed that hogs thus left would be wild. Such was not the case. Mr. White explained this by saying that they had become accustomed to seeing people around the camps and would not get very wild but that pigs born in the woods and not seeing any one for months would be very wild. He expected to realize several hundred dollars from his hogs this fall and they had not cost a cent for feed since taking to the woods. Why couldn't this kind of hog raising be conducted on a large scale by those living where roots



THE LES CHENEUX ISLANDS IN WINTER.

erally comes early in November and the ground is not bare again until May.

The hardy person who is not afraid or can stand the long cold winters might do fairly well as land is cheap and in the winter could find employment in the logging camps. Some that are experienced hunters and trappers do as well or better at fur catching.

In Northern Michigan, like most places, there are various ways of earning a living or more if the person is awake to the situation. To illustrate: The day I trout fished with Dick White I noticed several nice hogs at his camps. Mr. White said that he had about twenty head

and mast is plentiful? Of course they should be watched or penned at breeding time and for some weeks after as bear are very fond of young pork and there are more or less bear throughout this locality.

The two most valuable medicinal plants—Ginseng and Golden Seal both grow in Michigan. In the southern part of the state some of the best collections have been secured. It seems that the climate and soil is well adapted to both. In the Northern Peninsula but little of either is found yet it appears to the writer that both could be successfully grown. There are thousands of acres

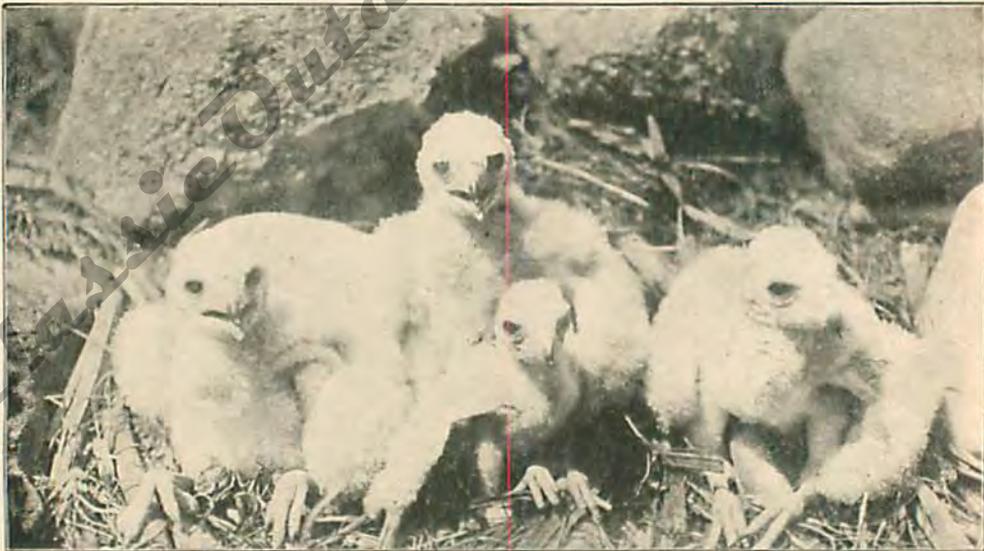
that contain suitable soil and the shade is already furnished but it may be that the growing season is too short.

Trapping is carried on throughout the entire Northern Peninsula as well as on the larger islands although none of the fur bearers are what one could call plentiful yet there are a few of most varieties even including an occasional silver or black fox. Trappers complained of prices last spring being much lower than earlier in the year and were of the impression that dealers had not paid full value. In this they were probably mistaken as raw furs took a decided tumble last winter. Indications are that the bottom was not reached last spring but that values will open this fall much lower than the closing quotations in the spring. The June sales were off from March and unless October shows an improvement, values will most assuredly be lower in November than they were at the closing of last season. This I know is discouraging news to hunters and trappers but H-T-T has always clung to the belief that telling truth is always the best policy.

Throughout the Northern Peninsula as well as elsewhere are hundred of trappers who find no enjoyment such as trapping

There is hardly a camp but that takes the H-T-T. If you want to know the habits of animals our readers are there with the goods. Only a few miles from where we were stopping was a trapper of some 25 years experience—Dave Sugdon—who could tell you the habits and characteristics of birds and animals. Dave did not guess at it either.

The day we were out bass and trout fishing Jack White pointed out a cabin near the shore where Prof. John Ellers lived, remarking that he often wondered why a man with the education of Ellers would spend so much time away from civilization. Not only during the summer but the entire year he spent there working in the lumber camps. Perhaps he enjoyed it or maybe like others to get away from unpleasant scenes nearer home. Cities and civilization are not always the scenes of the most joy and contentment but just the opposite is often true. Today I know of more than one party that is living far away from the busy cities finding contentment in the forest with nature. Yes and there are many others that would like to do likewise. Many do the next best and spend a few days or weeks hunting, fishing, camping when the occasion permits.



YOUNG MARSH HAWKS. PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER PIELEMEIER, WASHTENAW CO., MICH.

## CHEECHAKO CHA'LIE'S B'AR

By HAROLD W. McCracken

**W**HAT cub skin? Why I wouldn't take all the bear skins I ever saw for that little brown," was the answer to my laughing query as to a somewhat mutilated, rat-terrier sized, brown bear skin that occupied a prominent place in the collection of a hunter with whom I chanced to form an acquaintance.

My host scratched his chin, laughed and ushered me to a rustic deer skin chair in one end of the cabin saying, "I call that little fellow "Cheechako Cha'lie's B'ar." Chechako Charlie means me. Yes, I was once a cheechako myself, and not so long ago. On my way out here I met another fellow who was "in the same boat with me"—neither of us hardly knew where we were going. He was over anxious to have a bear hunt and as I had never hunted anything larger than cotton-tails, I was soon ready to go to the North Pole with him for a bear hunt.

We decided to go to an Uncle of his who lived some distance up the north branch of the Thompson River above Kamloops in British Columbia. About a week from that afternoon I found myself in a big red mackinaw shirt, riding an old cayuse up the Thompson Trail to Bill's Uncle's place.

Bill's Uncle was a typical old "Sour Dough" who ran a road house, poker game and incidentally a "blind pig". It was in early May and all the trappers had sold their winter's catch and were handing the results back to Bill's Uncle about as fast as he could take it.

Right off Bill's Uncle offered to take us for a hunt, but we would have to wait until his partner returned, which would be in two or three days, but he could not stay longer than two or three days with us. That suited us so we spent the three days waiting the partner's return and getting acquainted with some of the natives of the wild and woolly west—trappers, hunters and in all a most interesting bunch.

I was very anxious to have some one give me some awe-inspiring name, such

as Dare Devil Pete or the like of that, and on the second evening I almost exploded for joy to hear one of the old timers call me "Cheechako Cha'lie. I had won my spurs, though never for a moment thinking anything about the meaning of Cheechako Cha'lie. By next noon it was my only name and I was so proud of myself that I never once noticed that every one who saluted me smiled when they said Cheechako Cha'lie.

It was to my dismay that I afterward found that "Cheechako Cha'lie was the superlative degree in Chinook for "tenderfoot". But I won that name twice over before I got that little brown.

It was a clear and bright spring morning that Bill, his Uncle and I set out on our big bear hunt. There was an old Indian standing at the corner of the bunk house and Bill's Uncle stopped to speak to him in chinook. He sized Bill and I up, grinned broadly and said, "Haloo Indian, haloo bear. Chaque bear, haloo Indian, haloo Cheechako," and then grinned some more. After we had gone a short distance Bill's Uncle asked if we understood the Indian, of course we didn't. "Well", he explained, "Old Homa says, 'No Indian, no bear. Come one bear, and no Indian, nor more hunters.'" I didn't see it to be much of a joke, but, nevertheless, it kept running thru my mind—"Come one bear, and no Indian, no more hunters." Shortly after, I was forced to ask Bill's Uncle, "Are Indians, as a rule, good phophets?" To which he only laughed.

Bill had a .30-30, I had a .30 U. S. and the Uncle had a .45 Colt revolver. It was the only arm he used, but he sure could use it.

We all had heavy packs, but the freshness of the morning and the enriching scent of pine and cedar made us all forgot our burden an to swear at the conglomeration of tango brush and windfalls we had to navigate. At about noon we came to a little creek that made a desperate struggle through a log-jammed, rocky ravine and stopped there for dinner—and say, those

are the times when the beans and tea go down! Tired and hungry enough to eat the strings of your moccasins for dried venison. Dinner over, we were off again.

By five o'clock we reached our destination. Bill and I were just about all in and his uncle put up the lean-to, built the fire and unpacked the packs, while we two laid on the cool grass with our faces to the deep blue Heaven and our burning eyelids closed. Then Bill's Uncle laid down and had a smoke. We

of color—gold, yellow, crimson and blues—and I felt as tho I were an intruder in this, God's great out-of-doors.

After we had gathered enough wood for the night, we found comfortable seats around the fire and Bill's Uncle told us some hair raising stories about the early days. I now have an idea as to why he told those stories. Before we knew it, it was dark; and with the darkness came that odd feeling that ever comes over one on their first few nights in the big woods.



THE AUTHOR AND A FINE BIG LYNX, SHOT NEAR PEAVINE RANCH, 86 MILES NORTH OF KAMLOOPS, B. C.

had a delicious meal of rice, tea and bread and it was not until after this that I was rested enough to see where our guide had lured us. We were near a little creek that ran out of a fair sized lake about one hundred yards distant. The lake was about three quarters of a mile long and nearly as wide. The two sides were quite steep and heavily timbered. We were at one end. There was a background of ragged, snow spattered, rocky peaks that were cast in sharp silhouette against an extreme blue sky and changed from a pale pink to a deep violet in the setting sun. The whole sky was a riot

It isn't fear, but something like that, especially after the stories we had heard.

All of a sudden I was raised off the log I was sitting on by a blood-freezing "Yap-yap-yao-o-o- pay-yap!" Well I thought sure that Indian had risen from the dead or that a pack of wolves were making a dash for us and into the lean-to I went after Mr. Winchester. When I got out I was knocked flat by Bill, who, I think, had similar intentions. I picked myself up to find the Uncle doubled up with laughter, but he immediately sobered himself and said in a low tone, "Go get 'em lad". Then it came again and was

answered from across the lake, but by this time I had lost my fighting fever. "Those are only little coyotes, lad," laughed Bill's Uncle. "Oh," was my wise reply. But by the time I was able to stay on a log when one of these "coyotes" broke loose, I was sent into a nervous prostration by a long drawn—well I didn't know whether it was a wail or a scream. The old man said it was a lynx. I felt terribly sheepish to be so easily scared and looked around to see how Bill was standing it. Well, Bill was mechanically blinking from away back in the corner of the learn-to with his .30-30 in his arms. I had to laugh, I couldn't help it, but Bill only said he was sleepy and wanted to turn in. And what a night that was! I counted at least a dozen different sylvan tirades.

We were up at day break and in an hour had a breakfast under our belts and ready for Mr. bear. We struck up the creek and had not gone 50 yards when my heart gave a jump for there was a monstrous bear track in the sand. I hardly had breath enough to call Bill's Uncle's attention to it as he had walked over it. He only laughed and said, "You can't make a rug of a bear track." How ever, it quenched a good deal of the boldness I left camp with and made me remember what the Indian had said.

We soon changed our course and spread out. We were supposed to keep about 50 yards apart. I was in the center and crept noiselessly—at least I thought I was going noiselessly—through the brush and timber with every nerve on edge and cocking my gun every few yards thinking I heard bears.

I had gone about three fourths of a mile when I came to the outer edge of the timber and here was another burned place covered with brush. I sat down by a little water pool to rest, but on looking around I saw, to my consternation, most half a dozen birch trees scratched to nearly ten feet from the ground.

They are bears' scratching posts, I thought, and I really have no intentions of intruding in any bear's house, alone at least. I guess I had better get out of here and I began to look around for the quickest means of escape. But gosh—all-hemlock, what was that coming thru the brush. Crack! crack! crack! Then it

stopped a minute, then crack! crack! crack! right towards me! I began to get hot under the collar. My knees refused to work. I could see the bushes moving now. "Come one bear, and no Indian, no more hunters." That was too much. Bang! bang! went my old Winchester. At the bear? No, that is the joke of it, up in the air. I was afraid Mr. Bruin would get too close. Away went Mr. bear crashing thru the brush, down went my gun and up the nearest tree I went.

About the time I got part way up the tree I heard shooting some little distance off to my right. There goes Bill gettin' the one I lost! I thought. I was just starting to venture down when I was startled by a great outburst of laughter from Bill's Uncle from behind, and craning my neck around, I saw him almost overcome with laughing. "Did you get him?" No, d—m it, but almost. This brought on another spasm. "Well let's get Bill out of the other tree," he said as I crawled down. I said I would buy him a silk hat if he would promise not to tell any one. He promised but said I could keep the hat.

After a little calling we found Bill and the first thing he said was, "Did you get him?" No, did you? I answered. "No, I was dead sure that you'd miss him and darned if I wanted the d— thing comin' this direction." I noticed chalk from a birch tree on Bill's shirt and pants but thought it was best not to mention it while the old man was around. Many a stout lady has sighed and said to me. "My, I could never hunt bears if it is necessary to climb trees." "Well," is my only answer, "with such encouragement you could climb anything."

Well the next day we were up early as before and with the new day came new courage and before we knew it we were parted again. Though I was very anxious to shoot a bear, somehow I wished that no bear would show itself. But as I wondered on, making all the noise I could, in fact going out of my way to do so, I felt some awful catastrophe was doomed to break over my head. I knew it and didn't know which way to go to avoid it.

I came to a well beaten bear trail that led between two swamps and as I was tired I sat down to rest on a stump that

was at the edge of a little open space about fifteen yards from the trail. When I was rested I began to get restless and started to explore the place with my eyes. To my joy I saw, over in one corner of the open space, several big yellow orchids, and as I had been quite a botanist in my school days, I couldn't do anything but get those orchids. So up I get, set my Winchester up against the stump and picked my way over to the flowers. Picking my orchids I saw some little white star shaped flowers a little further on.

Though I had entirely forgotten that bears grew in that locality as well as orchids, the fact was brought most forcible to my mind at just that moment. As I was placidly plucking a pretty flower, I had a presentment that I was not alone in that little open space and on looking up my heart fairly exploded and nearly took the top of my head off for there was a big shaggy brown bear on the trail just about fifteen yards off, and there was my gun about as far off as Mr. Bruin was. He did not see me but smelt me I guess, for he stood there not moving a muscle head lowered, ears up, but what was I to do? I could see every inch of him, but what good did that do me. Slowly a jet black cloud of profanity came sailing towards my head. If I should jump for my gun, I thought, he might take me for an attacking cougar and reciprocate. If I should try and sneak for the gun, I might not get it in time. But away I jumped for my .30 U. S. but bruin was the quicker and was in the brush before I got started. I fired at the place where he went in, but to my knowledge he didn't stop. Then the cloud of profanity broke in an awful tornado. Though I believe the lesson was worth as much as the pelt.

That evening at about 7 o'clock the big stunt came off. Bill's Uncle was building the fire, Bill was down to the creek for water and I was getting the rice and tea out of the packs. I was bringing them to the old man when he said, "There you are lad, get the gun and shoot that bear." He seemed so unconcerned about it and I had made so many fools of myself that I was afraid to look. But when I did, rice and tea went into the air and I made a flying tackle for the nearest gun. I didn't know what kind or size of bear

it was, but was a bear. Up went Bill's gun to my shoulder and out went the bullets as fast as I could pump them, but the bear, which was a mere cub that had wandered from its mother out onto the open space just a short distance from our camp, made a break across the flat, and, although I emptied every shell in the gun at him, he kept on ging. As I fired the last shell I heard another gun speak. I knew it was not mine because Mr. Bruin rolled head over heels. But I grabbed the other gun and emptied it at the kicking-bear. When I woke up Bill's Uncle was yelling, "You got him lad, don't waste all your shells!"

Bill came bounding up from the creek and was to the bear before I got started. "Well go bring him in lad," Calmly says the old man. I went and Bill and I brought him in. There were three holes in him, one in the shoulder, one in the stomach and one in the hind leg. I have a pretty good idea who put the one in the shoulder though.

After a feast of delicious cub meat we turned in. The next evening found me stretching the pelt on the rough logs of Bill's Uncle's road house.

#### MINNESOTA WOLF TRAPPER.

Boys the wolves ought to be killed. One wolf will kill more deer than a dozen hunters. A man kills but one deer (in this State), the wolf takes all he can get, frequently even robbing the cradle. I am just in from a trip to Bell Horn Bay, Aitkin County, about 10 miles North of Tamarack, and I was astounded at the number, variety and volume of wolf-music. I should judge from the noise there must have been hundreds of them. In speaking to an old hunter and trapper of that locality as to bounty, value of fur, etc., he told me there is a bounty of \$11.00 and that the fur would easily add \$2.00 more to this; but he said that in his ten years there he had not been able to bag one of these pests. He was under the impression that those wolves were too cautious for the trapper and too shrewd for the hunter, and for this reason he never bother with them.

Now boys, if you have the patience to bear with me and pay close attention you will get wolf pelts and bounties galore.

The prevailing idea that wolf is sharp, shrewd and suspicious is foolishness. People get to writing pretty stories and in order to make things rhyme and get plenty of meter, and good selling copy they will tell you of wolves pursuing people with intent to make a meal off of you, of the Machavellian finesse, of the leonic power, etc., of his wolfship; when the fact is he is as harmless as an ass and just about as certain to blunder into a trap if he can find one to poke his foot into. A fox has more sense, caution, prudence and ability to detect trouble than all the wolves in North America.

I used to catch foxes when I was a boy, and, after getting one to locate the bait, I was never able to land him until a fresh snow fell, which presumably obliterated all suggestion of tracks or scent from the vicinity of the trap; but let a wolf come along, and he would jump a rod for that bait, and it would appear as though each one of his feet was making a fight with each of the other three to see which foot got into the trap first and deepest; after which he would leap away jerking the fox-weight about 10-ft at a jump until he found a patch of hazel brush, in which he would hide and spend the rest of the night chewing this brush, under some vague notion that this would mitigate his trouble.

#### DEAD-CINCH WOLF SET.

Cut a three-cornered chunk out of a rat-house, same as you would cut a chunk out of a cheese, get quite a large piece of bait, cut hole in the ice and let one end of it freeze into the lake. Bait to be in that part of the cut nearest the center of the rat house, set your 3, 3½ or 4 trap a foot or so out toward the edge of the rat house, so that in approaching the bait, Mr. Wolf must walk over the trap. Put enough of the rat house under and around your trap so that it will not melt into the ice and freeze solid. Fasten a weight of 10 or 12 lbs. to the chain of your trap. Do not tie it on with string or leather as the wolf will eat this off first thing. Cover trap with cat tails or something that will not clog it up much. This set is good also for foxes, but as said before, while a fox will come and look at it from a distance of a rod or so, and will continue to come back every

night to look at it again, he will not get in it until a snow covers all signs of trouble; but a wolf will go into it like a hungry coon into a ripe melon.

In the November number of H-T-T I was greatly pleased to read, under the title "Wisconsin Wolf Trapper," that this man had actually caught wolves via the rat house method, and while I never caught any in exactly the way he indicates, yet I can readily see, if a wolf could be found who had sense enough to investigate, that the scheme of putting a bait near a rat house, and putting the trap on the top if the house, might work out O. K.

Now some of my readers may wonder what either a wolf or fox is doing around a rat house, anyway. This is my theory. In reading "The King's Return" by Mark Seaton Thompson, you will note that when an Eagle makes a kill he will jump up on the highest peak nearby, a rock a foot or two high, or anything above the level beach on which he may be. I find that hawks, owls as well as eagles, like to sit on a rat house to eat their prey, and that not infrequently they leave fragments of it. Suppose for instance a small owl kills a large rabbit. He cannot eat more than half of it at one sitting. The other half would look mighty good to a hungry wolf or fox, and for this reason, as I believe, these quadrupeds will visit every rat house on any lake they may strike in the course of a night's adventures.

I am back in Minneapolis again, at the desk, and taking my outings by proxy and reading the H-T-T nights and Sundays, but would be mighty glad to hear from any of you trappers, who, seeing either the article by the Wisconsin Trapper or myself, avail yourself of the knowledge we have given. I know the "Dead-cinch" set is O. K., for I have killed wolves that way; also my brother, S. D. Hodsdon, of Ashland County, Wisconsin, has not only taken wolves in this manner, but on one occasion one of his wolves eat the fastening between the trap and the clog and was able to carry a 3½ N. H. trap faster than he could follow, so that is the reason for cautioning my readers to have an "endless chain" from trap to clog. Lett Hodsdon.

## TEN BEFORE BREAKFAST

By JAMES W. STUBER

**F**ISHERMEN all over Ohio are just waking up to the fact that the Loramie reservoir so long looked upon with contempt, is becoming one of the best fishing grounds in the state, in fact it is fairly teeming with bass, and game fish native to central Ohio, and large catches are being made almost every favorable day.

Early this spring, thousands of fish, including black bass ranging in size from a pound to three pounds in weight, were planted by the Fish and Game Division of the Agricultural Commission, and the Shelby County and the Ft. Loramie, Minster and New Bremen, Fish and Game Protective Associations have been co-operating with the Chief Warden Gen. John C. Speaks, in protecting the pond, from the illegal fishermen, and at present the unlawful traffic in black bass has been eliminated through their activities.

For years black bass and other fish have been netted and sold by the "snake-hunters"; as the natives are known to the wardens, the Fish and Game Commission being unable to cope with the situation because of the lack of funds. With the coming of the Hunters' License money, a campaign was begun, which resulted in the confiscation of 124 nets, and the arrest of Carney Brown, an old-time fisherman, who was convicted and given a heavy fine. Wardens Charlton, Blank, and Blizzard, deserve great credit for this clean-up, and at present it is next to impossible for any one to purchase a bass at the Loramie, while from 500 to 1,000 pounds of black bass were sold and shipped away from the Loramie, per week, during the summer months of 1912 and 1913.

The hundreds of logs and stumps in the Loramie reservoir, make it an ideal spawning ground for native fish, and the water has been kept high that the bass might nest on and around the hidden stumps instead of in the weeds where they might be molested by carp.

While fishing at the Loramie July 4th, the writer had occasion to see thousands

of young bass, which were lifted in a fine mesh minnow net, while seining for minnows in the shallow water. They were evidently this year's spawn, as they measured approximately an inch to one and one-half inches in length.

The bass this season are being taken with frogs, minnows and various kinds of lures, and even on worms; good catches having been made from the bank



A TWO-POUNDER.

with worms and grasshoppers. However the most successful way, when fishing with live bait, is to approach the stumps cautiously in a boat, drop the bait quietly into the water on the shady side, first, and then testing the other side, fishing each stump and log in this manner until the bass strikes.

July 4th the writer caught as high as four bass away from one log, and obtained twelve strikes at fifteen stumps,

in succession, landing ten of them, all ranging from one to two pounds in weight. There is practically no still fishing, and the best tackle is a cane pole, and two hooks on the line, one fastened in the head and one in the legs of the frog, or through the lips and tail of the minnow. Pickled pork is also used with success, but the angler must pull the instant the bass strikes with this bait, as he releases it upon finding it is not alive. When fishing with frogs and minnows, it is best to let the bass run, so they will



TEN BEFORE BREAKFAST.

swallow the bait, and become securely hooked.

Excellent accommodations can be obtained at a number of farms close to the water, and fishermen in western Ohio are becoming very enthusiastic over the prospects at the Loramie, whereas in former years it was viewed generally as a large mud puddle.

Just at break of day, July 4th, the writer went out on the water with a native oarsman to row the boat, the bass were found on the sunny side of the stumps and logs, until the sun was an

hour high after which they were found in the shade—stumped up, as the local fishermen say.

The sun was just creeping over the eastern horizon, far down the long narrow strip of blue-black water, a heron croaked faintly and went winnowing high above the trees to his feeding grounds; little birds cheeped and burst forth into a merriment of song, as Old Sol sent a beam of light along the water, which was accompanied by a slight ripple, as a breeze—just enough breeze to make the bass bite keenly, sprang out of the horizon in the morning splendor, and it was the finest hour of the day, as we drew quietly towards a long log which lay in the water and over which the tiny wavelets rippled daintily. Standing in the stern of the boat, the writer measured the distance with his eye, made the cast, and the frog slipped beneath the water without a ruffle. The cork had hardly settled, until it vanished like a flash, and a few seconds later a two-pound bass was flopping savagely in the bottom of the boat. Moving farther down the log, another cast was made, another strike, and another bass was scooped up by the landing net and added to the stringer. The oarsman then pushed the boat easily towards an old snag, but the wily bass saw a slight splash from an oar, and we saw him flee. Moving on to a large stump, a cast was made, first on one side and then on the other, the cork sitting patiently in the water, and just as it was drawn away for another cast, there was a splash and rush but the bass was a little too late. The kicking frog was dropped close to the stump, again, and away it went with a rush, and the fight was on. After a series of mad rushes, followed by a leap from the water, the bass was drawn along side, the hand net slipped over his tail; as is the proper way, and another two pounder was scored. Several more stumps and a log were fished, a savage run, obtained at the log, but the fisherman lost the fish by a careless bit of slack line.

We then moved to a point where a hard gravel bottom lay beneath the water, and the second cast brought a bass splashing into the boat. Noticing a large snag protruding from the water, and knowing that there was an ideal

place for a bass to hide, we approached with extreme caution, and the first cast brought a rise. The bass as soon as he felt the hook went away with a rush, doubled and came back crossing the prow of the boat darted underneath, and swung again into the clear, taking a long circle around the stern. Finally he was turned in his mad flight and brought with a rush towards the boat, and a second later lay helpless in the net.

We then circled back towards the camp, touching likely looking places here and there, landing four more, averaging a pound and a half in weight, and losing three out of sheer carelessness as they were biting madly.

After leaving the boat as we came ashore, the writer made a long cast into the open water, the cork settled and disappeared at once. The reel buzzed and sang spitefully, the bass making for the deep water, but he was turned and brought slowly, fighting every foot of the way, towards the shore, and dragged flopping out upon the sand. And he tilted the scales at two and a quarter strong.

Ten bass before breakfast made a good start so we lit a smudge in our jimmy pipes and sat down to talk it over.

After breakfast we went again, and after fishing until evening over twenty good bass averaging nearly two pounds, had been landed. The writer is now advocating a limit on bass of eighteen a day per man and has resolved to observe this limit to ease his conscience in spite of the fact that the law places no restriction on the number to be taken.

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### HARDSHIPS IN TRAPPING.

You may talk about hunting and trapping but it is all hardship for me.

As far as camping is concerned it is alright if it is in the summer time and in a place where you can get in out of the rain. Hunting trips are alright too providing they are short ones, but you will notice one gets awfully tired even on a short trip, but what would you think of a trip that lasted eighteen years, hunting and trapping all the time and no experience to begin with? Did you realize the fact that it would be all work and no

play? If you follow the business long you will find out the same.

It is easy for one to say that they never get lost, wet, frozen, hungry or tired, but you just try trapping for a few years and see how quick you will learn all these things. I have hunted and trapped from the head of Green River of Wyoming to the White Pass in Alaska. It took my pard and I seven years to make the trip and during that time, or rather eleven years, we made \$62,000. But remember that time has passed and



COYOTE JOE.

so has the money passed and now I have gotten so low down as to try dry farming in Arizona, without even a well for drinking water. What do you think of that?

When I was trapping I used all high power traps such as No. 4 Newhouse and 60-pound bear traps. I had four bear traps and four hundred No. 4 Newhouse traps, and I tell you boys, we were working. It took seven horses to carry that outfit. I have some of my pet traps yet and always will have them.

I caught one bear in a No. 4 Newhouse trap with teeth. I tell you boys, the Newhouse traps are the stuff for big game, anyhow they were in my time. But I notice now that the Victor traps are being used more than the Newhouse and for what game is left they are better to use.

I used the 303 and found it the best all around gun I ever used and as a six-shooter a 38-40 in a 45 frame, 7½ barrel, Bisley Model Colts. I find this to be a knocker. You can get a bear or wolverine at fifty yards easy if the right man is behind the gun and you know that a wolverine or a bear puts up somewhat of a fight. I shot a bear with this gun twelve feet from me in the sand roams of Wyoming and you know by that that it is a knocker.

Talk about trapping wolverine, eight was the highest we caught in one night. They are a Devil to rob your traps. The Indians in the north call them a devil animal. They are very fond of marten, mink and fisher and very hard to trap.

If they are robbing your traps set a trap (a No. 4 will do, or better a No. 6) about eighteen inches or two feet from the small animals' den, pass your trail in between the small animals' den and the large trap and when he starts to go around your small set he will never miss the large trap, at least I never failed.

Talk about your long trap line, we used everything from a boro to a reindeer and dogs mostly in Canada and Alaska and coming back we used the same except horses on last end. We met good people when they were to be met. The Eskimo people are fine. Some call them Indians. They did not want us to leave at all, but you know we all like to go back some time. The Eskimos were fixed well to what we were, as they had their permanent homes and we did not.

I do not like those long trapping trips any more, but as for a short trap line I still linger and read the good old H-T-T and always will as long as I live. I in-

tend to make a few coyotes tear or chew up a few bushes this winter as you know they chew everything within reach when in a trap. A coyote or any other animal chew their feet off from underneath as the trap pinches and causes a dead feeling under the jaws of the trap and when the under part of the foot is gone they can pull their foot out, but very few have gotten away from me.

Every trapper has his troubles, and talk about getting lost I have been lost for weeks at a time. Lost with the camp and lost without and the only thing to do was to dig a hole in the snow and crawl in to keep from freezing to death. Just ask Mr. W. M. D. Clarke, who is now beyond the Arctic Circle, for he knows something about those long trips in Alaska and other places. If he is making any money in trapping now, he earns every penny of it and I admire his spunk in the cold north. Excuse me, Mr. Clarke, for using your name, but I cannot help it as it reminds me of old times in the cold north when I was there and so far away from every one I knew and had to carry a good many hundred pounds of provisions, traps, etc., as it was far between places of almost any kind and then could not get half of what you wanted. Had it not been for our raw furs we would have frozen to death. There were years that I had no shoes except raw furs. They were made in the shape of a sock with fur inside, another pair with fur outside. I put them on skin side to skin side and was ready for the coldest day that ever blew. I found bear skin best for foot wear as the skin is thick and hair long and bear skin is of not much value anyway. We used them for trousers and coats and the belly part for caps. Sometimes we used wolverine skins.

The principal fur animals that we trapped were beaver, otter, black marten or any kind of marten, black fox, silver fox and other valuable furs.

JOSIAH P. BASSITT,  
YaVapai Co., Ariz.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR TRAPPERS --- PEARLS

By R. S. SPEARS

**P**ROBABLY hundreds of the readers of H-T-T know about pearls and pearling, button shells and shelling. But others among these readers, I am sure, do not know about the clams that live in the fresh water streams and the money that might be realized from their gathering and sale.

There are ten thousand miles of navigable waters in the Mississippi watershed, and there are many more thousand miles of streams which are open to wading and small boat travel. In these streams there are tons of clam shells waiting for the outdoor clan to find them, tong them up and sell the shells to make pearl buttons and the slugs for cheap pearl jewelry and the perfect pearls for the throats of American heiresses and European ladies.

I can give only a brief description of pearls and pearling and shelling for button mussels. Pamphlets and books have been written on the subject, and of these one which Herman Myer, 41-43 Maiden Lane, New York City gets out is as good as any I know of to help the man in the field learn about pearls of price.

The Department of Commerce issues a number of bulletins through the Bureau of Fisheries which tell about the clam shells that are valuable for button-making. From these pamphlets the value of the shells may be learned—and old clammers will find in this remark a hint of value to them, if they are not getting fair prices for their button shells.

The mussels, or fresh water clams, are found more or less all over the United States. They are found in lakes, rapids, shoals, stillwaters, bayous, sloughs, in little brooks and in mighty rivers—but not in all streams. One way an old clammer will examine a stream for clams is to look down the shoals where the water runs and he can see bottom. If there are dead shells on the rapids, there are live ones up in the still waters

or among the cobbles up stream. In a lake or bayou, he will take a water-glass and look at the bottom. A water glass is simply a watertight box with a watertight bottom. This enables a man to see into the water depths, and a hood of cloth tacked around the edge of the box and drawn over the head will keep the light off the glass and help one see the bottom clearer.

If the water is too deep or too roilly, then a chunk of iron dragged over the bottom on a rope will reveal the clam beds. The iron slides—"slicks"—through mud, bumps over stones and crackles over shells. A pole pounded on the bottom will reveal the shells in the same way.

The shells may be picked up by hand in shallow water, and raked out with a rake, behind the bar of which is a wire net or burlap bag to catch the loosened shells. Tongs are made of stable forks on long handles, and open and shut like pinchers. Crowsfeet are hooks of twisted galvanized wire, about two inches or so across the four-ply hooks, and several of these hooks are strung on a rope, and several ropes are strung on a piece of gas pipe; the bar is dragged along the bottom broadside to, and the crowsfeet catch in the shells and are brought up to the surface.

It is any way to get the shells up.

If one is seeking pearls, the best way is to open the shells by hand. Ten thousand dollar pearls are not boiled up and ruined. But button shellers stew their clams and thus save wear and tear on the fingers. Even button shells ought not to be boiled, but merely simmered till they open—till the clams die.

It is some trick and some knack to open a mussel shell with a tool. A thin bladed knife used just so on each side of the hinge—cut through the heavy muscle—opens the clam. But care should be taken not to scratch a pearl inside—a very small nick in a very large

pearl might make a difference of a thousand dollars in its value.

The purpose of this article is not to tell how to get pearls out of mussels, but to give the boys a hint about mussels and pearls, so that if any of them live on a stream, they can take a spare hour some day and see if there are any mussels in it. The muskrats are great boys for gathering mussels on the shore and sitting on the pile of shells to eat their latest catch. But muskrats do not get many of the thick-shelled clams, which are most useful for the button making. Nevertheless, a pile of shells brought up by a muskrat is worth examining for it might yield a pearl or two—and pearls are valuable according to their size, shape and color. Muskrats cannot open the thickest, hardest shells, though some break their teeth trying to.

Now mussel shells are composed of lime, like limestone, and horn, like a cow's horn, laid on in network and mized in together, so that the outside is dull horn and the inside, sometimes very beautiful pearl nacre. It follows that if a stream comes off a limestone ridge or over a limestone ledge, it is more apt to have mussel shells of value than if it comes from a granite country. But I have seen and fished up mussels in granite country—small and thin shelled.

Probably every stream has some mussels in it, and wherever H-T-T goes, the local stream may have pearls in it—undiscovered, and waiting for a pearl prospector. Herman Myer, the man I mentioned as having gotten out a pamphlet on the subject, discovered pearls in the Cumberland River at Caney Fork when he was a boy, and the fact is boys have often found pearls of great price. Men, women, and children may have pearl luck. Before the public knew that pearls were likely to be found in American waters, a pearl worth \$10,000 was found in Notch Brook, in New Jersey, and the pearl specialists never know when a pearl excitement will start up, whether in Pennsylvania mountains or the swamps of Louisiana.

There are all shapes of pearls; rough shapes and kinds are called "slugs" or baroques. These shapes are butterfly wings, dogteeth, mustard seed, banded, twinned, saucer shaped, etc., in fact al-

most any shape. The largest known pearl is a slug weighing 1,800 grains and valued at \$50,000. But a perfect ball pearl, weighing 400 grains is worth \$600,000, say.

But of course, slugs sell for from \$1.25 an ounce up to a few cents, a few dollars each. No two pearls are worth the same, for much depends on the color, shape, size, and quality generally. There are pearls that one cannot sell except in certain markets, and when one finds pearls of his claim or bed running along a set shape, as the White River rosebuds, or other peculiar shape he will do better to save the odd shapes till he has a line of them—several all alike in shape and color. In this way, the collection will be worth more than the individuals scattered around.

Smooth, brilliant and shapely slugs are sometimes worth a great deal of money. A chunk of pearl is one of the most valuable of substances if it is not checked, broken or injured. Sometimes these chunks of great price are found grown fast to a shell, and when one finds such a chunk it is better to have the expert detach it. As much as \$2,500 has been paid for a half shell with a lump in it.

But while I mention large sums, it should be remembered that pearls that sell for \$10 are found oftener than those that sell for \$100. The beginner may be very well satisfied if he picks up a hundred dollar lump the first week he goes pearling. Boys have picked up \$600 worth of small pearls in three weeks—but other boys have been well pleased to find a dollar slug on an afternoon at the swimming hole.

Because a pearl is of odd color does not mean that it is without value. A green pearl is worth four times as much as a white or pink one, and if one should find a blood purple pearl of large size, he is likely to receive a fancy price for it. No matter what the color, if the shape is good it is a pearl of price. If it is a small pearl, it is a pearl of small price—but pearls are worth more than diamonds when their color is right and their shape right. A pearl worth \$500 can bound a long ways if it slips through the finger, and hide in the mouth of a worm hole—so be careful where the

clams are opened and look out for a pearl growing inside the pearl meat, as well as next to the hinge and out around the lips of the pearls.

The pearls are the prizes done up in the prosaic mussel shells. Sometimes men are lucky and find large numbers of valuable pearls; sometimes men work for years gathering mussels and never find a pearl of price, being obliged to see men who come in and in a day or two gather thousands of dollars where the man of no luck toils picking up \$5.00 worth of shells a day.

Some of the pearl shapes of great price are ball, pear, button, turtle back, biscuit, egg, oval, etc. They are smooth, without pits, without crinkles—and baroques are crinkled and uneven. The colors range from white to very dark purple, usually called black. The expert is able to distinguish between a pearl found in the Gulf of Mexico and one found in the Cumberland river; the experts know White River, Upper Mississippi, Wabash pearls—each stream has its own peculiar lustre and frequently color. Of course, they do not know the pearls that come from streams not yet known to contain pearls—the streams that outdoor men and boys may open up by finding a thousand dollar pearl or a whole bed of pearl-bearing mussels.

It is worth remarking that generally pearls of a color are found in the same stream. Sometimes, pearls are stained by the little parasite that is in the center of some pearls; there are parasites that stain a shell the color of a salmon, for instance, and other colors no doubt come from animal as well as from mineral causes. But sometimes pearls of one color are found in shells of a different color—there is a good deal about pearls that no one knows.

Of course, if one finds a lump in a mussel, it is not likely that the best thing to do is rush to New York to sell it for \$5,000. Perhaps it is really worth \$5,000, but the chances are it is worth only a little. If it is a ball as big as a marble and without blemish—then it is something! But if it is off color, or dull or clouded, it is worth only a fraction as much as a pure color is worth.

Don't carry any pearl in a pocket with

a jackknife, a plug tobacco, and a whetstone. Wrap the pearl up in a stiff piece of white paper—no printing on it and stiff linen wrapping paper is best. Keep it from being marred, and when it is convenient, ask a jeweler about it. If he is a square jeweler he will offer a square price; if he isn't he will offer about a fifth or tenth what it is worth. The best way is to deal with pearl specialists, who will make an offer on sight of the pearl and the offer will be an honest one.

One reason so many pearlers fail to get a fair price for their pearls is because they are so anxious to get the money that they don't get the best offer possible. Some go running around trying to find somebody who will pay too much—and that kind generally loses time and money in the long run.

In another article I will take up the matter of button shells, which is the business of the mussel fishing industry. Pearling is speculation; button shelling is business; but the button sheller makes day wages and so pays his way while he is searching for pearls. Thousands of dollars worth of shells have been wasted by men who did not sell them either through ignorance or through impatience in their efforts to find lumps of pearl. Generally pearling doesn't pay unless it is coupled with button shelling—so the button shell article is more important than this one about the pearls of price.



OPPOSSUM CAUGHT LAST NOVEMBER IN CLAYTON CO., IOWA, BY ALVIN STRUCKHOFF.

## SHOOTING EXTRAORDINARY

### HOW A ONE TIME MARKET SHOOTER FOUND SOME GOOD POWDER AND PROBABLY MADE A WORLD'S RECORD WITH IT

By EDWARD T. MARTIN

**A**LMOST sixty years ago the writer made his bow to the shooting game. Given an ancient flint lock horse pistol, he sallied forth bold as a knight of old to end the days of an azure backed jay bird which was hopping around in a dogwood tree near the old plantation house.

He would not keep still — that blue-coated vagrant — but jumped from limb to limb with plenty of chatter and noise until he found a particularly fine cluster of berries and began picking away at them. The writer rested his weapon on the top rail of the veranda, laid his face close to the barrel for a careful aim and pulled the trigger.

There was a flash from the powder in the pan. The pistol spit out a lot of fire and smoke with a loud bellow of noise, the jay hopped to another twig and peered with his bright black eyes to see what so much commotion was about — and the boy? Well, the flash from the pan singed his eyebrows and hair, the pistol, not tightly held, flew back and cut his forehead until it bled, then dropped to the ground and he, blinded and dazed, stood for an instant not knowing if the proceedings were regular or gotten up for his special benefit, then hurried whimpering into the house for first aid to the injured. From that day to the present he has used all kinds of guns, all kinds of powder. He was a long time getting a gun to suit, still longer in deciding what make of powder was best for field use.

A shooter when he finds a good powder, should stick to it. Should not keep changing, nor use haphazard whatever comes handiest. No one can do his best under such conditions.

With this as his belief the writer stuck to a certain make of black powder for

more than twenty years after he became an expert using several tons of it. He confesses having had a prejudice against smokeless, yet admits prejudice to be a bad master mariner to steer one's craft through life.

This dislike to wood powder, as it was then called, came from using the old-time ditmar which was so lively, if half a dozen grains were sharply struck with a hammer when resting on any solid substance, they would explode with considerable force, yet was uneven and not to be depended on in the field.

After using a few cans of this the results were so poor, prejudice got the better of his judgment and the writer classed all smokeless powders alike as bad, without desire to experiment and see, consequently he returned to his first love, even if it did bring on shooting headache and sometimes cause him to flinch so that he did bad work and thought age might be causing him to retrograde.

Then he was induced to try smokeless again and after a few misses through leading his birds too much, settled down and shot well. That was in the fall. An extended hunt was planned for the following spring and before leaving for a winter's shoot South, a boat, fifty decoys and a case of smokeless shells were shipped to be in readiness as soon as the ice was out.

The writer reached the Northern lake late in March, just in time, for the warm weather and ducks came with him.

Two days' hard work was necessary, blind building and ice breaking. Then at sunrise the third morning he was ready for a banner day. Great gangs of migratory waterfowl were flying low. About the time things were ship shape around the blinds, a large flock of sprig came swinging along. A single q-u-a-c-k-

w-a-c-k-w-a-c-k on the caller and in they came. Something didn't just suit and thirty-five yards out they turned. As they doubled, one shot was fired, at the report of which the birds jumped and hung wind bound long enough for the second barrel. It didn't rain ducks, far from it. Only a single one fell. Wondering why, the writer watched them through his field glasses. Presently a duck "let loose" and tumbled, then another left the flock then more until in all six were down. Five were gathered, all well hit. That first shot was a sample of the day's work. Scarcely a bird was

make of nitro powder must be all right with so many good shots using it, prejudice was set aside and careful trials made over water, over snow, at paper pads and pine boards as well as game, which resulted in the decision there was at least one good smokeless powder for field shooting. Since reaching such conclusion, he has used no other. If it deteriorates, he has failed to observe it. Shells have shot well that had been loaded two and three years. If there was a difference between them and freshly loaded ones, it was not noticeable.

No branch of the sport requires first-class powder so much as duck shooting, particularly around salt water, whether from blinds or sneak boats. This last giving opportunities for many long shots that will try both gun and powder.

Some say sportsmen are apt to exaggerate when telling of the big fish that got away, or of the distance at which game was killed. It may be so, but at the risk of being called a leader among exaggerators, the writer will tell of a duck he dropped at fully two hundred yards, perhaps more. He believes shot striking a bird just right will bring it down as far as the same shot will stick in a soft pine board. Trials show his big 10 guage loaded with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  drams and an ounce of chilled sevens will stick a few of every load under favorable conditions at 150 yards and fours at 200.

The duck was killed in this manner. It was a calm day and large flocks of ducks were sunning themselves on the still water of the bay. Very wise, shy birds most of them. Well acquainted with the wiles of man, posted as to sneak boats and difficult of approach. One lot in particular had been followed for miles without result. They would jump two or three gun shots off, fly a short distance like meadow larks, then settle on the water again. Finally Bob the sculler said: "We must scatter those birds if we expect any shooting. Load up with a couple of your specials and give it to them next time they jump. Maybe that will split them up." The cartridges were changed and slowly Bob worked towards the flock. When the veterans—those which had served as targets for many gunners during the winter—began to crane their necks and look wise. Bob



"DUCK SHOOTING REQUIRES FIRST-CLASS POWDER."

cleanly killed and the dead were scattered over a mile of lake and marsh.

During the night a light fall of snow came and in the morning some tests were made. The smokeless shells carried shot about 150 yards, a 44 guage belonging to the writer's ten-year-old son, 200 yards and some store-bought black powder cartridges, with a small load, 215 yards. Those smokeless shells affected by cold and damp during the winter had deteriorated. There was little life left in them. They were useless and the trip was spoiled. More prejudice and more black powder. Then realizing that some

fired both barrels to flush them in a bunch. As they jumped the writer shot twice at them.

"I'll be hanged if you haven't dropped one," Bob shouted.

Right he was, not only dropped one, but after using another shell at close quarters, gathered it. The shot was made at an unbelievable distance, only possible with the best of powder and a good gun. It was one of many scratches during this and succeeding winters until killing ducks at eighty yards became so frequent as to occasion no comment. This woke up the other bay shooters and before long they all were ordering "the same loads the old man uses" with good results too, even if the heavy charges were a bit hard on some of their cheap guns.

Another test for the powder came when one February morning, shooting from a blind close in shore on the Oakland water front, the writer attempted to kill the limit—fifty—without a miss, and succeeded, using fifty-two shells, twice shooting a cripple the second time. The finish of this run was witnessed by more than a hundred persons who gathered along the Railroad tracks not a quarter of a mile away.

The writer accompanied by a 16-year-old lad hired to help with decoys, pick up dead birds and such, but who had no gun, was in his blind, a solidly-built affair, with a platform of two-inch plank, at sunrise one calm day after a severe storm up North. Not expecting much shooting he left his heavy shell box at "Dan's Place" ashore, so if a receding tide caught him the pack in would be less and with only twenty-five cartridges on the shelf by his side, began shooting. The ducks, mostly strangers, came nicely, singles and pairs. There was no guess work as to distance, each ten yards from thirty to seventy having been staked off at low water and was now marked by a special decoy.

The first flight was bluebill, all inclined to light, coming in wings set and feet down. When eight or ten had been bagged, Jimmie was sent after the big shell box. As he pushed out, two canvas came, saw him, towered and flying very swiftly passed wide, one each side of the blind. They were killed right and left.

"Don't do that any more," Jimmie scolded. "If you shoot careful like, you're going to come mighty near killing the limit straight, the way them birds is working."

"Bet you five dollars to a penny I don't," was the answer he received.

"I'll take that bet sure," he replied. "Guess you'd give the five to make such a record."

With that he hurried after the ammunition, telling every one he knew of his bet and how sure he felt of winning. Those were the days of horse racing in California and a sporty crowd com-



BRINGING IN THE DUCKS.

menced gathering on the water front even before Jimmie returned to his boat, betting on each shot and the final result.

"Say Jimmie," one called, "he's got four more. And to shoot one over in the water. Guess you lose."

"Bet your life I don't," he replied. "Don't they give them pigeons both barrels when they shoot matches at Emeryville? Well ain't this the same?"

The birds were nearly all slow flyers and it seemed impossible to miss. Twenty-five, thirty, forty, forty-five killed clean without a slip of any kind. Then forty-six, a drake canvas was

reached for, wing broken the first shot, and killed with the second barrel. Forty-eight and forty-nine were a pair of big bay bluebills. The first never knew what hit him. His mate kept going after the shot and looked like a lost bird, but as seen through the field glasses, came down with a splash after flying nearly a mile. By rights he should have gone a hundred yards further and lit among a flock of his kind.

"Too bad," Jimmie lamented. "I told you what would happen if you kept reaching after them."

"Never mind, Boy," I answered, "there is a chance yet. Let's row out and see if he isn't dead."

He was dead sure enough, shot through and through, a little too far back. Fault of the shooter, not of the powder. Returning to the blind a bunch of twenty whirled by the boat. Shooting by instinct rather than aim, one was killed which completed the fifty straight and Jimmie got his five dollars.

Next morning the run was continued and twenty-eight more killed without a miss, when a canvas inside the thirty-yard mark raised suddenly and the shot passed under him. Unthinkingly, instead of shooting him a second time, his mate was killed, and the run broken.

Twenty-eight plus fifty. Seventy-eight straight with eighty shells. Some powder that, some shooting and some gun to make such a score and to kill cleanly seventy-five of the seventy-eight; and also possibly to set a world's record on single birds.

#### DISCUSSION OF THE GAME LAWS.

By E. N. WOODCOCK.

Well comrades it is my delight to read the different views of the trappers and hunters and if the trapper does not stand up for his rights the high-toned gun and dog man will soon put the trapper out of commission. While I am a great lover of the dog and gun, I am also a great lover of the trap line.

Now as to the game laws, I flatter myself in believing that I have done as much in the way of advocating laws for the protection of game and game birds

of Pennsylvania in years gone by as any other man of my standing. I was the first one to circulate petitions to inact laws to put a stop to the barbarous custom of hounding deer with dogs and I was harshly condemned by a certain class of sportsmen for so doing. I was also first to circulate petitions in this section asking for a non-residence hunter's license law. Most of the eastern states had already passed the law compelling the non-resident to take out his hunting license. I also took an active part in trying to get laws enacted to protect the wild pigeons. It was the common practice for hundreds of men to go into the nesting ground of the pigeons and shoot them until the pigeons were driven out and the nesting broken up.

I noticed a letter in the H-T-T from a gentleman advocating that no one should criticize the Game Commissioners for the Game Laws that they saw fit to have the Legislation pass, but the gentleman did, himself, criticize our present game laws. One was in regard to the law as provided on the coon and the other was the bounty on the grey fox. Then the gentleman told what a fine thing the law was prohibiting the use of the steel trap in trapping bear, stating that it might have been alright fifty years ago before the country became so thickly settled, but now there are so many men and boys in the woods that are liable to step in the bear traps. Now we object to our friends putting the bear trapper on a level with the careless gunman or hunter. Any man who would set a bear trap so that a man or a horse or any cattle could step into the trap has no business in the woods. No more than the careless hunter who mistakes a man for a squirrel, pheasant, rabbit or deer, which occurs almost daily during the hunting season.

In Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts there were thirteen killed by this careless hunter, eleven being killed in Maine alone during the hunting season in 1913, besides seventy-two persons being wounded more or less seriously. Now our friend does not know of a case where a man stepped in a bear trap nor did he ever hear of a man getting caught in one where the statement could be verified or proven. We contend that there should be laws

to punish both the careless trapper and hunter.

Now we do not wish to criticize the Game Commissioners for they are doing the best possible owing to the conditions and it would be a great board of Game Commissioners indeed that could concoct game laws that would suit the idea of every individual. But we do not wish to ask the State Board of Agriculture how it comes that they will submit to a law that allows the destruction of the skunk night and day the whole year around while it is the best friend the farmer has in the way of destroying grubs, bugs and other insects. The game law protects the raccoon which is one of the most mischievous chicken looters and cornpack robbers going. The gentleman states in his article that the trapper has free use of all steel traps smaller than the bear trap. Now we think that he gets his information from hearsay. If he got that idea from the game laws he should read that clause in the Pennsylvania Game Laws over again very carefully.

Now we are a thorough believer in the enforcement of the game laws and the protection of game birds, but we believe that the trapper has just as good a right to his way of taking pleasure in an outdoor life as the gunman has and it is beyond dispute that the trapper does not cause one-hundredth part of the damage and misery to his fellow men that the careless gunman does.

Brother trappers, if you do not stand up for your rights you may be sure the gunmen will not for you and it is your duty to get even with the gun and dogmen who wishes to deprive you of your moral rights and pleasures.

The game laws of Pennsylvania provides that no elk shall be killed in the commonwealth until 1921, but the law provides that the act shall not apply to the State Game Commissioners or any of their appointees appointed for the protection of game animals or birds. Now comrades of the trap line, how does this look to a man up a tree?

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### FROG HUNTING IN ILLINOIS.

It has been quite a while since I put in my appearance in the way of unloading some of the unadulterated via the scribe

line, however, reading Nicholas Casillo's story regarding his frog hunt remind me that I had also had a "Frog Hunt." This spring the N. P. R. R. Co. kindly granted me a three months' vacation from the monotonous routine of tickling a telegraph key and making out balance sheets, and issued me a pass for my better half and myself to a little burg down in the central part of Illinois by the name of Meredosia, which is located on the Illinois River.

On arriving at our destination I met up with an old friend of mine that I had not seen for four or five years. Of course we were tickled to death to see each other and at once began to plan a way to celebrate. As Meredosia was in dry territory, except river water, we couldn't handy utilize the invariable "Whoop Juice" and again it's against transportation rules, and we gave it only momentary consideration. At last he jumped up and gave me a slap on the back that jarred my ancestors over in Ireland and says: "I have it, we will go frog hunting." Now I had never engaged in the thrilling and hazardous pastime of hunting frogs and I couldn't swear as to my enthusiasm, but I permitted a Teddy Roosevelt smile to illuminate my countenance, and declared it was the very thing. He told me to make ready and we would start about nine that night, and to get a lantern of some description. Well I borrowed an electric flash light from another friend of mine and by nine prompt was on the scene. We took a gas boat and went up the bay three miles, there we tied up the launch and taking a cutter we proceeded to penetrate the lair of the giant bull frog, and such a noise. The night air was made hideous with their unearthly bellows. Gusse (Gusse Brakeville was my friend's name) sat in the stern of the boat with the light and a frog gig, I was backing the boat, directly we located one pushing up slowly. Gusse threw the battery on and a bright light shot in among the elbow brush. Our eyes were strained to the utmost. Suddenly Gusse raised the gig. "Oh! Ther you are!" eh muttered and "thud, gluck" and Mr. Frog was ours. Ticked? Well I guess I was, and I would have sworn the frog weighed ten pounds. We, or rather I was suddenly

brought to my senses by a tremendous bellow on my left. "Another" I shouted, hitting the boat a thud with my oar. "Don't make so much noise," Gusse whispered. I at once proceeded to crawl back in my shell humiliated, but by the time we repeated the first operation four or five times I had recovered enough to accept Gusse's offer to try my luck. The first one I made a stab at I missed a foot, but Gusse said that wasn't bad for a beginner, the second one I drove the gig handle and all through it. We kept this up for an hour and I had gotten three. Gusse suggested he take the gig again. I reluctantly handed the gig over. We located another, backed up to it and waited, but he wouldn't bellow. We started to pull away and had gotten perhaps twenty yards when "BOOWONK, BOOWONK." Back we went. This time we pulled up to the brush and flashed the light but no frog could we see. We waited about five minutes in darkness and silence but no more would he croak. Again we started away and again when fifty or sixty feet away he croaked. Back we went, and silence again. We pulled off this stunt six times and finally in desperation Gusse declared he would stay right there all night or locate him. We waited about fifteen minutes when he gave one feeble croak. Gusse threw on the light and we started in to pull the brush apart in deadly earnest. We at last got way back in the brush and Gusse who had the light, located him. He aimed the gig with great care and biff! "Now, darn you," Gusse grated, "tease us some more will you?" Slowly eh proceeded to pull the gig back and cher-plunk, the frog made his escape, the gig had failed to fasten him properly. After all our troubles our prize had escaped, and of all the mad boys Gusse was he, the air smelled of sulphur for about fifteen minutes, and I had to laugh, the funny side appealed to me, that only made Gusse swear louder. "The pandy-legged, pub-nosed, wall-eyed son of a bob-tailed tad pole, and of all the ignoramouses, idiotic galoots I am he, spent a whole week trying to catch one frog when if we had left him alone we could have had a half dozen more by this time." We got an even dozen what time we were out, could have gotten

more but Gusse was rather hostile and we beat it for home. That was our only hunt. I spent the rest of my visit or what time I was in Meredosia discussing the if's and and's of that one frog that escaped.

This is quite a hunting territory around here, deer, moose, and a few bear, lots of partridges in season and rabbits and prairie chickens galore. However I don't get to hunt them much. But the Indians give them hades. They kill a deer most every time they want one, but they are no game hogs, and another thing they never happen to an accident which speaks well of their woodcraft. Besides the game here there are an abundance of mosquitoes little, big, old, and young, lank, lean, fat, and tall, infest the regions surrounding the Fon du Lac Indian reservation.

Will come again in the future with an article relative to my father hunting with a ghost, providing H-T-T is not crowded for want of space with writings that are of interest.

J. F. O'NEAL.



A BIG BUCK SHOT BY M. C. HILL, HARPER CO., OKLA.

# THE BIG "SKATE" OF MUD BAY SPIT

By CHARLES A SINGLER

**D**ID you ever have a "skate on?" Jack is a fellow by the name of Clary, whose hat can usually be found on a peg in Olympia, Wash., on the southerly edge of Puget Sound. Jack got a "skate" on Sunday, June 21st, the longest day of the year, and he will never forget it, nor will any of the others who sailed on the ship, "White Star."

The launch slipped away from the barnacle-eaten pile at precisely quarter

grimy row of boat-houses that line the channel, I dropped a silver Stewart spoon into the sea, thinking to hook a salmon-trout that perhaps had strayed too far inland. Less than half the line on my spool had been paid out when some creature of the brine snapped up the hook. There could be no mistaking that smashing strike. It was distinctly like that of a salmon.

I shook the stoop out of my shoulders and settled down to business. The pro-



AN EVEN 45 POUNDS.

to ten. The tide was out, and a considerable breeze was blowing from the Southwest. It looked like a bad day, and it was. All on board agreed to this without any discussion. Dense drab clouds tossed overhead, pitching raindrops on us now and again. In the north stood the Olympic Range; white, grim and formidable. Altogether it was not a cheerful prospect.

But the good boat, "White Star", carried a merry crew, who recked not for wind or weather. As we slipped past the

pellor of the "White Star" quit churning. They were going to give me a show. The fish struck downward, heading for the dark refuge of the dock. I kept him coming. The line was stout and the hook was new. I did not hesitate to haul in, much as though a bounding calf were tethered at the other end, although I was severely criticized from both boat and dock for not "letting him run."

Some fellows play a salmon until he comes to the side of the boat as tame as a puppy, wanting to eat out of your hand,

but this has always appeared to me to be a polite invitation for him to give you the slip.

Not once did this game fish of the high seas make his leap; not once did he rush toward the boat, a trick which is so baffling to fishermen. He kept on boring deeper into the cold green waves, in ever-lessening circles. The line grew taut as a strung wire. Now we saw him! "Tyee"! Everyone uttered the word at once, as we got the first glint of his silvery form, and they said it with awe, because salmon fishermen had quit the quest of the tyees months earlier, thinking that the sport was over with.

wind rattled like shot against the curtains. We took to the windward shore and kept right on moving, while I listened to the jargon about drowning a salmon before trying to land him, tying him out, etc. It was good-natured chaff, of course, and there were no ill-feelings.

It was high noon when we reached Mud Bay Spit, which is a sort of natural feeding ground for salmon-trout. Here we struck anchor and took to the row-boats. Jack, McKinney and I took one boat, and Messrs. Kenney and Austin manned the other. It was no languorous ocean today, we all were sorry to remark. The wind still churned out of the south,



SUNSET ON THE SOUND.

O what's the use! He got away. I had tried to land him without a gaff, and would have done so had the other fellows kept out of the way.

This little episode of the salmon has nothing whatever to do with the "skate" that Jack got; not directly, at least. But it suggested to us strongly that a gaff might be needed. We borrowed one readily from Joe Hunt, the boatman, and then turned the juice into the blades of the "White Star."

Once more we went jogging toward the dark blot of the mountains, while the

cool as the breath of an ice cream freezer, and tiny white-caps occasionally pattered into the boat. To make matters more dismal yet, large, spattery rain drops began to whack out of the leaden sky, spoiling all prospect of a roaring fire of driftwood, to say nothing of "coffee-and".

Jack Clary was at the oars, and I was in the prow, watching proceedings. His rod was extending over the side of the boat, his foot rammed against the butt. He had out about one hundred and fifty feet of line, playing a silver Stewart spoon, No. 3, I believe. McKinney, too,

was trolling, sporting a bronze Stewart several sizes larger than Jack's.

Suddenly Jack's reel screamed like a harpy. Jack bounced up like a rubber ball, but the light died out of his face when he started to reel. He had just hooked a submarine dock, a fallen tree, or some other paraphernalia at the bottom of Puget Sound. It was dead weight. He dropped the reel and backwatered. Then he again quickly grabbed the reel, this time certain that some creature of the deep had been snared. It sure had! Something was doing!

Jack turned the pole over to McKinney and grabbed the oars. The thing, whatever it was, started for shore like a limited train behind schedule. It was no salmon. A salmon fights. This creature pulled—like a mule. McKinney is a good hand at rod and reel—an oldtimer, but he was having trouble. He put every ounce of fibre into that straining line, and was bent over like an old cab-horse.

There was no wild racing of the line, no bellying, no sharp, quick scuffle, as is the case when the salmon pits his artifices against your skill; only a steady, outward pull.

"I've hooked everything in the Sound," yelled McKinney, as the real handle spun past his fingers like a fly-wheel. After ten minutes of solid fighting the big sea creature came close enough to the surface to reveal his color, and Clary let out a whoop. During this interval he had been more or less occupied dipping the oars into an angry sea, and he now saw the end of his labors at hand. There wasn't enough fire left in him to light a cheap cigar.

Ten minutes later the creature was close enough to us to be named. The boys called him a "skate", and this is the name we will here apply. His scientific appellation is much too long to repeat, in the first place, and in the second place I don't know it.

Jack Clary now dropped the oars, and, gaff in hand, poised over the perspiring form of Mr. Frank McKinney. "I'll bet a carload of goats he weighs 100 pounds," he said.

"I'll go to . . . if he doesn't weigh a quarter of a ton," roared McKinney.

whose "right" was still throbbing from the recent conflict.

And just as that dusty citizen of Olympia, Jack Clary, was about to stick the hook into the queer, bat-like creature, one of the oars broke from the lock and went meandering along towards Mud Bay. We needed that oar more than we did the "skate", and we experienced some delay in recovering it. Puget Sound was boiling.

Just about this time Frank Kenney and Andy Austin were upon us, and we hailed their arrival like we would have welcomed dew in a desert. They gave what assistance they could in getting the unwieldy creature aboard, and then congratulated us for our good fortune. They themselves had met with no success.

The "skate" when we weighed it struck a balance at exactly forty-five pounds, and got his name in the newspaper. His picture is presented herewith.

The best part of it all was that he hadn't been looking for trouble. He was just minding his own affairs, like any other peaceable denizen of the tide, when his tail got in the way of a Stewart spoon. The hook lodged in his tissues and there was no way out of it. He had to come along. We turned his carcass over to some deserving Orientals who like that kind of meat.

The following verses have been penned to our friend, Jack, who claims a good deal of the honors in the little affray, as he did most of the gaffing

#### JUST A SKATE.

"Jack Clary is a fisherman of country-wide renown,  
He hooked and gaffed the biggest fish that ever came to town.  
The spoon was darting dizzily, when came an awful shock,  
Jack dropped his pipe and yanked the line. He thought he had the dock!

"No salmon of the salty tide e'er pulled so straight for shore,  
Jack Clary cursed a streak or two, and then he lost an oar.  
Then Mr. Kenney, Frank McKinney, Andy Austin, too,  
Drew closer to the fisherman and told him what to do.

"Just a 'skate', but Jack enjoyed it. Surely it was fun To wind a deep-sea monster in that weighed a half a ton. When next I see that Clary man go forth with rod and reel, I'll bet a ginger cookie that he'll fetch us back a seal."

Jack will do it yet. He'll rig us some kind of a contraption that will look good to our fur-bearing friend that helps eat up all the salmon in the bay. There is money up on Jack.

This is the story of the big skate of Mud Bay Spit. This is not a land of horned toads and rattlers. We have none of them on Puget Sound. But we have fishing in abundance here, and had not the weather been so cantankerously and disagreeably out of the ordinary, a few salmon-trout and flounder would have appeared on the film.

To the doubtful I have but one recommendation to make. Ask Frank Kenney. He is cashier of the Olympia National Bank, Olympia, Wash., and supposed to be an honest man.

## PROTECTING THE GAME

By FARMER

I HAVE been reading the articles on fur farming with special interest. G. G. MacBean of Alberta, has quite a scheme, if it works out, but I am afraid that when he gets such large numbers in the one enclosure that at least fifty per cent of the rats caught in the spring will be damaged. That is the way I have found it. The larger the number of rats in one slough, regardless of the size, the more damaged ones would be found, so I am afraid he will have his hands full when he gets started.

If any of the lakes he speaks of freeze to the bottom in the winter they will be worthless for the raising of muskrats. Last season, 1913, there was quite high water in this province (Saskatchewan) and there was a slough of about 30 acres on my farm that flooded and a pair of rats found their way in to it in the spring. Previous to this it had been a dry flat. Well about threshing time these rats were first discovered. Their nests showed off the game. At first I decided to leave them and then on a second thought that they would freeze out if I did, I decided that I might as well have the hides. So on November 1 I took three traps down and set them. I stood around for a few moments and took a look at them before I left for home and was rewarded by get-

ting two rats. As the slough was near the house I made several visits, the last one being after supper. I had caught eleven and lifted my traps and thought I would leave the balance for seed. I had only caught the old buck and the balance were young ones. In fact I caught two that could not have been over two months old.

I found out that day while setting my traps that the rats had a trench as well as the houses to live in so I thought they might pull through the winter. But to date I can see no signs of them so I think they must have frozen out.

I would like to see more letters in H-T-T on the raising of animals. The only way to get them there is for the people in that business to write.

Poor old .22 caliber surely gets a hard knock at times, especially when they say it won't kill a calf. I live on a farm and we use nothing else to kill our cattle or pigs with and when shot in the right place it shins them the first blow, although I often think that if we didn't stick them right away they would occasionally get on their feet again. I shot a pig two weeks ago. The first shot seemed to only tickle him and he ran to the other corner of the pen, but the second one, just an inch from the first one turned him over. The shooting was

done with an H. & R. Premier, six inch barrel revolver and I find it fairly accurate.

Last fall at the first of the chicken season I crept up on a flock of grouse that had not been fired at as yet and got six birds out of seven shots at an average distance of about 18 yards. This isn't long shooting, but as I am no good at a distance, I always get as close as possible before I start shooting (if I want any birds). I shot a dog with this arm at about sixty yards and he stayed down for good. This spring I saw a plover across the slough, which was all of 100 yards from me and at the second shot I winged it. So I have made some fair shots and at the same time I have missed birds at as many inches. But I think that was because I think I am sure of them and do not take the trouble to take proper aim.

A Wyoming Reader brings up the compressed air again. Well in the fall of 1912, while on the big game hunt, my partner and I were winding our way home and were about one-fourth of a mile to camp when he spied some partridge sitting on the lowest branches of the trees. He picked out one and I another and let drive. The result was 2 partridges, his with the head completely off and mine, well he picked it up and as he couldn't see a mark on it he started joshing me about scaring it to death. For at the time I was using a 38-55 Winchester and if it touches anything it sure leaves its brand. Any way that is the way I have found it. After we got home we found a place on the back of the neck minus about half a dozen feathers, so the bullet must have passed just close enough to wind those out and didn't do any other damage. So I leave it to the readers to draw their own conclusions as to what killed the bird. We did not wring this bird's neck before we took it to camp like our W. J. Reader did for it was dead enough without it. I have shot several birds with this same rifle and had the same thing happen but had no witness to prove the statement like I had on this occasion so I will take it no farther.

I see a lot in regard to the scarcity of game, etc. As for myself, I can say I never saw so many cranes, geese and

ducks in the spring time as I saw this spring and I have been here sixteen years. Our local game, grouse and chicken has increased 200 per cent in the last five years at which time if you shot four or five chickens in the open season you were exceptionally lucky. Now it is quite possible to get your limit, 100 birds. I have run across at least 20 broods this spring and five years ago I never ran across any, in fact never saw a brood till three years ago. I think it would be practically impossible to thin them out except if some disease got among them. This is a treeless-prairie and the land is nearly all cultivated and the chickens live right in the middle of your crop.

There was about an acre of my wheat that was on a little knoll and consequently ripened a little before the rest. The chickens got to it before I did with the binder and pulled it down for me. I made them pay for it for when the season opened I laid out a few as mentioned in the beginning of this article.

In regard to protecting the big game, some talk about sending out a warden with every hunter. Well in this province every hunter is a warden, or every person who takes out a big game license is a warden. What Saskatchewan needs to protect the game is plain clothes wardens to patrol the big game sections in the summer time as that is the time that most of the slaughtering is done. You can hardly blame the people either when you look at the other side of the question.

These people who do the killing in the summer are homesteaders advised to come here and settle. They get a piece of land near, or right where big game abounds and as it is north of the Province of Alberta you can't grow any grain to speak of, so the poor D— have to live and to do so they kill what meat they need. The worst part of it is, if a full grown elk or moose is shot only a leg or so of it is taken and the rest is left to spoil. I have hunted in that northern district several seasons and when I get back near the hunting grounds I generally stop with one of these unfortunate settlers and get supper and breakfast and on each occasion I have been informed that the meat was either elk or moose. This is about a week before hunting season.

Two falls ago I was informed that one man had already shot five and sold them to the storekeeper, he selling it out again as beef. That fall snow had fallen about three weeks before hunting season and all the settlers had their pork barrels full of venison and we hunters who had bought license to hunt had a hard time to get our game as they were badly scared and were on the alert.

There was a marked difference this past fall. The snow did not come so early so the city and farmer sports got the first show in and I succeeded in bagging the limit the first day of open season. The season, as a whole, was a poor hunting season as there was no snow and when a deer was wounded it simply got away as it was impossible to trail them.

I used an automatic and they are sure the boys to bag the game with as you have so many shots at your finger tips. When a man says use a single shot to protect the game he certainly knows what he is talking about for there is lots of game that would get away if you had a single shot, but when an automatic comes into play there is little show, especially in the hands of a fair shot and as for crippling the game, the last shot from the automatic is as apt to do it as the one from the single shot. To clear my point more fully, I shall give you one on myself that happened last fall. The elk which I shot only showed his neck and a very thin line of its brisket passed a big tree. This tree was midway between the elk and I, so I aimed to try to catch the shoulder and I had fired three shots in rapid succession without results so as I let the fourth one go I raised the gun up level with its neck and at that crack it came down. Now that elk stood perfectly still for the four shots, which went off in as many seconds and I am sure that if I had have had a single shot he would not have been mine. It seems to me that they cannot locate you while you keep up a rapid fire.

One more item in regard to the single shot in the shot gun line. I have shot four or five birds out of a flock of grouse flying with the aid of a Winchester pump, 12 gauge, which would be impossible to do with a single shot unless the birds were grouped. While hunting ducks one day I happened to see a flock of mallards

settle in a little round slough which had a heavy line of bushes on the south and west sides. The wind was a regular gale from the east so my younger brother who was with me at the time carrying my game, made a bee line for that spot. I left him about 75 yards back from the slough while I sneaked up to get a shot. The ducks were all singled out and I was sitting waiting for them to bunch when all of a sudden they stretched their necks and beat and I up and cracked five times. The fifth didn't go off as the magazine was empty and I had four out of the five ducks. If I had have had a full magazine none would have been left to tell the tale. These ducks were pretty shy and when they rose they scattered out so that it was only possible to get one at a time so that is another case against the repeater.

Personally I am in favor of both the repeater and automatic, but for good sensible game protection nothing can equal the adoption of the single shot and make it a heavy fine for anybody carrying a repeater, confiscating as well, and the law would be an easy one to enforce.

—o—

### PROTECTION.

I want to shake hands with A. K. Stetson of Windsor Co., Vt., as I read his article in the June issue on "Protection". It sure hits the spot and is all common sense. I, for my part, would no more loose my automatic than I would my best steel traps and I do not think there are many of us who would like to go hunting with the old muzzle loader or a flint lock and that is just the reason we have the well balanced and accurate repeaters of today. Thanks to the motto, "A thing that is worth doing at all, is worth doing the very best way."

Why not try fur farming under that motto? I feel confident that all who know the animal's habits and goes at it are bound to win out and fur farming run that way is protection to a large extent and it will lead to more thorough protection and more rigid laws all around.

I have just purchased a forty acre tract of land up here in Minnesota and

am going to lay the cornerstone for an up-to-date fur farm in the spring. I came up here last fall from North Dakota to trap and I did fairly well—caught some fine specimens of the black skunk and that is what got me started on the road to raising them for fur. It is a splendid country for them here.

I think I have kept you long enough now boys, but I want to say this: Do not run down our modern fire arms as they are one and all of them to be proud of and a man that can't use one of them with common sense isn't entitled to carry even a nickel sling shot.

If the editor intends to cut out the Q. and A. Department and to add something else, let it be Fur Farming.

M. S. Moen,  
Koochinching Co., Minn.

#### OUT BY THE RIVER.

Out by the river, the lone, winding river,  
There is the place where my heart longs to  
be;  
If I could dwell there forever and ever,  
Dreaming where clear skies could bend over  
me,  
I would be happy, where glossy leaves quiver,  
Lounging at will 'neath the drooped alder  
tree.

Out by the river so quietly flowing  
By its green banks where the peaceful herds  
graze;  
Foxgloves and cyclamen everywhere growing,  
Daisies and cowlips wherever you gaze  
Breathing their souls out in perfume and  
throwing  
Incense to you through the sweet summer  
days.

Out by the river are brown thrushes singing  
Songs that are sweeter than Pan ever blew;  
There o'er the meadows are swift swallows  
winging;  
Bees in the clover beds drenched with the  
dew,  
Larks overhead, lost in light, ever flinging  
Rare bars of melody earthward to you.

Out by the river—away from the city  
Where all that's heard is a harsh, jangled  
roar;  
Let's leave its cold hearts, its sad dearth of  
pity;—  
Out where fair nature is true evermore,  
Crowned in blossom wreath so fresh and  
pretty,  
Teaching each trusting heart, her rarest lore.

Clyde Edwin Tuck,  
Polk Co., Missouri.

#### A DEER HUNT IN THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS.

I read in the H-T-T of hunters going hunting and trapping in automobiles, motorcycles, horse and buggy, teams and on foot, but I believe I have the best way yet for hunting. I am a conductor on a freight train working between Billings and Judith Gap, Montana.

The altitude at Judith Gap is 4,640 feet and at Billings it is 2,700 feet so you see we have nearly 2,000 feet to climb from Billings to Judith Gap. From Hesper to Acton a distance of 19 miles we make from ten to twelve miles per hour through rock cut, around curves, over bridges and through tunnels and good hunting ground. And from Cushman to Judith Gap, a distance of 46 miles we have a raise of nearly 1,100 feet of which our speed is from ten to twelve miles per hour.

I have two dogs, Gus and Lew. Gus is a faithful old hound but never growls or barks. While Lew is a good terrier, he never barks. They wear caps with badges on reading G. N. R. R. Brake-man. In the fall of the year when hunting season opens I take my gun, a double barrel 12 gauge Stevens over to the head end of train with both dogs at my heels and while making these grades I pick off the cotton tail chicken, grouse and sage hens (if the sage hen is not over half grown) and my faithful dogs sure get them and say boys, it is surely fun. We live in the caboose at Judith Gap and maybe you think we don't have some feeds. And I want to say right here that those little cotton tail, known as the Mountain Rock rabbits, are fine eating. Their meat resembles that of a quail or pheasant. They are not as large as the cotton tail in Michigan and will not circle if chased, but 23 for their hole for they are not far from it. They live in the cracks in the rock, holes in the ground, under bridges and any where they can hide for they are prey for the bald headed eagle which we have in this country. Also the measly hawk, the sneaky coyote, the mink, weasel and many other flesh eating animals, therefore they do not take many chances and get far from their hiding place.

I can say that I have seen between Cushman and Hedges, a distance of

twenty-five miles, 200 of these little rabbits three or four years ago and sage hens by the hundreds, but now it is different. Since they got the foreign section men and Extra Gang, they just simply slaughter them.

I came to this country from Michigan in 1908 and helped build this railroad from Armington to Billings. It was then a vast prairie with herds of cattle and sheep, hundreds of coyotes and thousands of rattle snakes. Now it is all settled up with fenced farms. It took me two years to wake up to the fact that this part of Montana would ever amount to anything. After being here two years I took up a homestead going back twenty miles from the railroad, but I am satis-

I am sending a picture of a bunch of deer bagged in the snowy mountains in November, 1912 in six days. Reading from left to right is Hugh Jones, Emmett Currier, Ed. Voight, Harry Currier, Bob Kelly, Pete Peterson and M. Rose. Peterson is a hog head and Rose a taller Pat. Any of you boys that don't know what a hog head and a taller Pat is, just step up to the head end of the train and ask the engineer.

I was the lucky guy to bag the only buck which was a five pointer and weighed 210 pounds dressed. I also got the fawn. This picture was taken at Mrs. Currier's homestead shack eight miles from the mountains.

My faithful dogs are still at their duty



THE HUNTERS AND SOME OF THE GAME KILLED.

fied now that Montana is one of the best grain states in the Union. I am on my homestead now all by my lonely self and my faithful guns all of which I have loaded for any coyote or hawk that comes up the creek.

My guns consist of three—a .30-30 take down, .22 and .12 gauge.

There are lots of muskrats in the little creek that runs through my place and evidently they haven't been hunted as they do not seem to mind me much. I watch them daily as they swim about. I could have what lots of fellows would call sport shooting them with my .22, but I will not nor will I stand for any one coming here on my place and destroying their homes and killing them this time of the year.

picking up and setting out cars between Billings and Judith Gap and getting in trim for this fall's hunt when I soon will be with them.

Ed. Voight,  
Yellowstone Co., Mont.

—o—

#### A FIGHT WITH A BOB CAT.

For several years an old bob cat roamed up and down the Vermillion River living off the farmers' fowls and live stock. He always eluded the hounds and curs that tried to put him up until one day last spring when Byerly's three dogs, Tom, Fly and a pup he called Rastus and two of George Makin's dogs Drum and Lead put him up and made him stay.

On February 27, the snow was about six inches deep and soft, which made good trailing so Byerly, Makins and myself decided to try old Bob a heat. We had run him several times before but always after night and the dogs never could make him stay treed.

We started south for an old plum thicket where he had been seen last. The dogs were all in fine shape for a chase and we were confident that we could put him up if we were lucky enough to find him. We kept the dogs on leash until we got within a quarter of a mile of the thicket then turned them loose. They all scattered in and around the brush.

We rode slowly around the east side giving the dogs plenty of time to look it through. When we were about half way around old Tom, Byerly's spotted hound, opened on a cold track and the others joining in worked it slowly going west towards the river. We rode around to where they were and to our delight there was an old cat track made the night before which looked like old Bob's big foot prints. We followed along behind urging the pup and Fly as they were new ones at the business.

They cold trailed him down the river a mile and into a smaller thicket where Mr. Bob jumped out and began to make tracks down the river. The dogs needed no further urging. They were soon in full cry and convinced the old cat that he had better get busy.

We rode out on a large hill and watched the chase. We knew he would circle back to his old stamping grounds. The dogs ran him south about a mile and a half then he cut across to Spring Creek, ran up it a half mile then took the hills and the dogs were out of hearing for half an hour and we decided they had either treed or caught when we heard them coming back on the west side of the river.

Getting on our horses we rode back upon a bluff where we could watch a cornfield and pretty soon the big cat came bounding across the field about 100 yards ahead of the pack. Fly was leading by a few yards and Lead second. The rest were running pretty close. They took him down the river perhaps a half mile and he took his first tree, a

red oak, and as the trees were pretty close together he succeeded in jumping across and getting down again before the dogs got wise to what he was up to. Old Drum soon took his track and in a short time they had him guessing again. The bitch and Rastus were nipping his bob tail when he decided it was time to go up again and he proceeded to climb the first thing he came to, which was an old snag about ten feet high. He went up to an old limb that had broken off about three feet from the tree and layed down and looked them over.

We rode up and tied our horses for we knew we had him fated. Byerly says, "We had better let him lay a while and let the dogs rest then we will see some fight". But the big cat did not fancy his roosting place for he raised up on his feet, began to switch his tail cat fashion then jumped as far as he could, but old Tom was there to meet him then business began to pick up. There was dog hair, cat fur and weeds flying in all directions. Makins told Byerly he had better get his pup in if he wanted to hunt coon with him the following winter, but Byerly did not seem very much worried.

The old cat got away and went up another tree close by. I guess it was a bigger job than he had figured on before he jumped the first time for he stayed up this time till I started up another tree close with a pole. He couldn't stand the looks of that club and took another leap. This time old Drum happened to be the first one to get branded. He got his right ear split and one eye scratched but he is a game old fighter and stood his grounds. Pretty soon Lead got the old cat by the back of the neck and the pup had a rear hold and this began to tell on old Bob. Lead stayed with his hold and Tom got a hold in the back and began to shove him down in the snow, but the old cat was not to be caught in anything like that. He turned in his hide enough to get Lead by the side of the head and with one swipe he opened the dogs head good and proper. Lead let his hold go and backed up a little and then flew in again and got a hold with Tom in the small of the back and the two broke his back which soon finished him. Then into the creek the

dogs went. They all seemed to be sick and rolled around quite a bit.

I do not believe I ever care to see another fight like that as it is too hard on the dogs. Every dog had a brand on him and one or two had five or six. Poor old Lead still carries the scar on his head. The bitch and pup fought the rear end most of the time and got out luckier than the rest. This old cat weighed fifty pounds and was spotted in places. His teeth were all worn off which proves that he must have been pretty old but he was as game as they make them.

Every time I jump out of bed on a cold morning and light with my bare feet in his thick fur I think of that day.

Don W. De Voe,  
Pottawatomie Co., Kans.

#### A VINTON COUNTY FOX CHASE.

In the spring of 1913 Newt Hewitt, Bert Robinson, Pete Harris, John Radcliff and myself went down to Raccoon Creek, about two and one half miles to Bert Robinson's house and from there went back in the big Sand woods of about ten thousand acres which is about a mile from Robinson's place.

Bert had just purchased a new dog that he was doing a lot of bragging about. He was a big, black and white one. I had a white and lemon colored bitch and Radcliffe had a big black and tan hound and a white and black spotted dog that belonged to Eli Weed. Newt had a white and lemon colored dog and a black one. Pete didn't have any. Robinson also had a black bitch.

Robinson's new dog started a fox a little after dark and none of our dogs would go to him except Newt's old black dog. After he got in my bitch and Newt's white and lemon dog went to him then after a while Radcliff got his two dogs in and they commenced to run like smoke. Finally Robinson's dog got in and they ran in hearing for about six hours. Tom Sharps old black dog also got in.

They went east out of hearing then after a while we left the woods and went in the field above Robinson's house and just at the swamp they came back in hearing and were making as sweet a

music as I ever heard or ever expect to hear.

There were just four dogs running, Sharp's, Radcliff's, Weed's and mine and they run until about eight o'clock in the morning where we could hear them, in all about fourteen hours. But we can't have any chases like that now for foxes won't run that long ahead of the white dog on my life in the picture. His name is Sailor and he is a sailor. The little blue speckled bitch on my right is Nell. She has never run a fox yet.



BERT FINNEY AND HOUNDS, NELLIE AND SAILOR,  
VINTON CO., OHIO.

Robinson's dogs' names were Roundy and Sail, Newt's, Jonah and Ben, Radcliff's, Sport, Weed's, Rum, Sharp's, Pup and mine was Molly.

I like to read of the chase in the H-T-T and would like to hear from more fox hunters, but we do not kill any foxes here and do not like for anybody else to if we can keep them from it as they are already scarce. Lots of the farmers dig their dens out in the spring.

Bert Finney, Vinton Co., Ohio.

## OUR CAMP IN POTTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

By P. E. HETZ

**A**S I promised last fall to give an account of my hunting trip will do so, although it is not just as I would like to have written it owing to the lack of tracking snow.

I picked out my pardner for this hunt shortly after my return from my last hunt. We got together and had our camp built on Fish Basket Creek, a branch of the Sinnemahoning Creek, just above Wharton, Potter Co., Pa. My partner started the camp construction and his nephew finished it. It is 8x12 feet in size and is covered entirely on the outside with roofing paper. The inside is furnished with two bunks (or berths, we call them) an upper and lower. We had a stove shipped there and installed before we arrived; also had two cords of wood cut and piled up handy. So much for the camp.

On November 17 four woolly looking hunters boarded the Pennsylvania train with baggage checked and tickets for Emporium Junction. The four were Mr. Herrick, Rev. Walter Nelson and son Paul and the writer, all of Erie County, Pa.

Arriving at Emporium Jet. we had dinner and took another train to Keating Summit, changed again on to a B. & S. train bound for Austin, Pa. We arrived in Austin about four P. M. and found Mr. Plotts, the Minister's brother-in-law, waiting for us with team and wagon into which we loaded our trunks and boxes and suitcases of supplies and baggage. Everybody and everything loaded in we bought a few post cards and sent home, also a can of oil which we took to camp. Then for an eight mile drive down the river to Mr. Plott's home where we put up for the night. After a bounteous supper prepared by Mrs. Plotts and daughter, Daisy, we talked of the prospects of game and snow and went to bed.

Early next morning we were up and had breakfast. Mr. Plotts harnessed up his team and took our baggage and supplies (and two straw ticks which we had sent ahead by parcel post and were now filled with straw) were roped on top of the load. Mr. Herrick, whom we shall call "Bill" and Paul went with Mr. Plotts and the team while the Minister and I went across the river in the pole-boat and cut across lots. We all arrived at camp about the same time.

We hurriedly unloaded the wagon and set to work getting the camp in shape. Bill made the beds, preacher unpacked the grub and cooking outfit and I opened a box containing a few carpenter tools and proceeded to cut two window holes in cabin and insert windows which I had made during the summer and brought along.

Having the camp in shape we cooked dinner and planned to drive the mountain side (upon which the cabin stands) for bear. The Minister and his son drove while Bill and I got in suitable places to watch. After about an hour the drivers came in with the news that Mr. Bruin's signs were all over the mountain side but they could not rout him.

We then went back to camp and got in some wood for night and I cut a path to the brook so we could get water handy. We got supper and bunked in early. We arose early next morning and had breakfast of flap-jacks, (pan cakes) bacon and coffee. While eating breakfast two of Mr. Plotts boys came up with two loaves of homemade bread and a pail of honey which you can see in picture hanging up in a tree in front of cabin.

After breakfast we set a few traps and as



PANTHER ROCK CAMP.

there was no snow we decided to hunt small game till snow came, which we did all the rest of the time we were down there.

The first five days in camp was almost as warm as summer weather so we couldn't keep any game to take home with us. We would go out and kill what birds and rabbits we thought we could use for the next day and then wander back to camp. In our trap we caught a rabbit and partridge that were trying to get the bait which was apple. We set the trap along the creek and back water for rats and coon.

Bill was our chief cook and he was a dandy and when it come to dressing game he couldn't be beat. We let him pick the feathers off of a partridge and dress it. He pulled feather for about a half hour and then singed off what was left. We all laughed till our

sides ached. But on Saturday Bill got disgusted with climbing the mountains and returned home. I accused him of having "cold feet" but he said no he had work that should not have been left this long so we all went to the station and saw him off. Camp was a little dull after that for Bill certainly did make things lively.

Sunday we had company for dinner, Daisy Plotts and her two younger brothers, the Minister's niece and nephews, were there. Our dinner consisted of the following: Mashed potatoes, stewed partridge and rabbit, bread, butter, honey, jelly, lima beans, stewed prunes and peaches, coffee and milk. How is that for a camp dinner?

Daisy brought an apron along so she could help get dinner but we didn't know she had it on for she had it tucked up under her sweater coat and we couldn't see it consequently we did not ask her to help. Pretty foxy, don't you think?

The last week was bad weather. It would snow for awhile then the sun would come out and melt it off and start all over again, so about every rabbit was in a hole and you couldn't raise a bird unless you nearly stepped on it. While at dinner Sunday I asked Daisy if she wouldn't like to hunt a day with us and she said she would, so Tuesday morning about 8 o'clock she came up carrying a single barrel shot gun and her father's rabbit dog, Sailor following her.

The Preacher said he would take the dog and hunt white rabbits while Paul, Daisy and I hunted birds. We went about three miles along the side of a mountain. While going I stopped and sat down on a stump to wait for the others to catch up when I noticed what I thought was a knot on a log quite a ways down the mountain. I thought how nice I could roll that off if it happened to be a bird, when to my surprise my supposed knot got up, stretched itself and commenced to walk up the log. It didn't take long to shove the safety ahead on my double barrel Fryberg and let a load of No. 6 down there to quiet him, a nice plump grouse. Then I was hunting along the river when out went a bird and started across the river. When nearly across I let him have a load of No. 4 and he dropped just in the edge of the river and jumped out on shore in a bunch of willows. I watched him a while till I saw he didn't move anymore then I called the rest and we went up the river a ways and built a raft of some flood trash from the Austin flood and Paul went down the river and got the bird, landing safely back.

As it was nearly two o'clock and we were all hungry we walked back to camp and found the Minister had beat us in and had a dandy white rabbit.

Once when the preacher and I were hunting together we had started home when about dark, with our guns over our shoulders, out went a partridge. We both shot as soon as we could, almost simultaneously, and we called that bird the partnership bird and we both helped to eat him for breakfast.

Some days while hunting we would carry for lunch four slices of bread and a piece of raw pork. We would build a fire and hold the meat over the fire. When the grease would fry out it would drop on our bread which we laid under the meat. When the meat was done we would toast the bread and I'll tell you it went pretty good.

### MINNESOTA BEAVERS MULTIPLYING.

Beavers are increasing in Itasca Park, Minneapolis, Minn., so rapidly that the busy little animals are crowding each other out of the park over to privately owned lands, and it is reasonable to expect that Minnesota some day may produce as many beaver pelts as in the days when the north woods were the happy hunting grounds of the trapper and hunter, writes a correspondent in the New York Sun. At present there is a closed season on beavers, and where game wardens or forest rangers are near the highly prized little animals are almost as safe as in the Itasca preserve. Some day they will be so numerous that trapping may be permitted under certain restrictions without any danger of extermination.

The beaver colony in Itasca Park began about fifteen years ago with a group of three presented by the government of Manitoba to the state of Minnesota, and the animals promptly were liberated in Itasca Park in the hope that they would multiply and assist in the movement to restore their kind, which was all but extinct in the state because of the rapacity of the white trappers.

For some time it was not known whether the little family was alive or not, as their natural timidity was increased many fold by their strange surroundings, and not a glimpse was obtained of them for a long time.

At the approach of winter a beaver house was reared and then the forester in charge of the park knew that the little animals were safe. Since then they have multiplied year by year and it is estimated that there are now more than 300 full grown animals in the park, while that many more probably have formed colonies outside.

Meanwhile beaver colonies are increasing rapidly in several parts of the state, principally through the observance of the game laws by settlers. Game wardens and forest rangers have explicit instructions to exercise the greatest vigilance in protecting the beaver colonies, but the poachers are watchful themselves and know well when wardens are far away.

For some years the forest service men at Northome have watched a fine colony on one of the tributaries of the Big Fork River. The house was one of the largest ever known in Minnesota and undoubtedly contained a large family. The rangers had to be far away for some days, and when one of the number, Henry Winslow, visited the spot he found that the big house had been dynamited and, of course, every beaver had been killed.

"It was a white man who committed this act," declared D. P. Tierney, assistant state

forester, "and we would like to get our clutches on him. No Indian, at least no Chippewa, ever would have been guilty of such indiscriminate slaughter. I don't mean that they observe the game laws any more than the white man, but long before the whites came into Minnesota the Chippewas were practicing conservation of natural resources. It was a law among them when hunting fur-bearing animals to leave some members of the family or colony, else of course their supply would have been exhausted with no source of replenishment. The white trappers, on the other hand, went in and took everything clean, the males, the females, the young, every animal that would bring any price whatever.

"Practically, the beaver had become extinct in Minnesota owing to the ruthless methods of the white trappers, but there is a good chance beaver trapping again may become a profitable industry in this state. At any rate there is no danger of extinction, and the beaver colonies at Itasca Park are among the sights of this beautiful forest. We have knowledge of other colonies which survived the early slaughter and we believe that when greater protection is afforded these will multiply rapidly, particularly if other state parks may be created".

#### COON HUNTING IN NEW YORK.

For some while past it has been a matter of no little wonderment to me that in a state the size of New York, with the large tracts of forests that it contains, practically no letters appeared in the H-T-T telling of coon hunts. I contributed I think three stories of hunts after the raccoon; but aside from these I cannot recollect seeing but two coon stories from the state. However, it now begins to dawn upon me what is the reason for this reticence. One might as well say that the hunting of coons is constructively prohibited here. There is no provision in the game laws to that effect, I am aware; but the far-reaching ramifications of the deer law affects the hunting of coons. That is strange, but nevertheless true. The lack of foresight in the forming of this law, its unfairness, and the fact that it is, beyond a doubt, a real instance of class legislation, has made me wonder that such a state of affairs could long exist unchallenged. Here is what has aroused my indignation: I have always been an ardent hunter and trapper; and have done a great deal of coon hunting. Last fall I suddenly found that through the enforcement of a provision of the deer law that had practically become a dead letter, I was deprived of the pleasure and recreation derived from this form of hunting. If I wished to take a hunt I would be compelled to take it under condition that would make it a most hazardous pastime. I immediately determined not to give in to such an arbitrary law without a struggle; so wrote to the Conservation Commission of the state to make sure that I had not mistaken the wording of the law. In a very curt reply I was informed that I was right in my supposition and that

the law would be strictly enforced. Here is the whole trouble: The game law says something like this:—"No dogs must be allowed at large in forests inhabited by deer." That simply meant that this zeal to protect the deer, which by the way are not being killed off; which almost amounts to a mania with some protectors, had prevented any hunter from using a dog for hunting. It makes no difference whether it might be fox hunting, rabbit hunting, or coon hunting. This is certainly the case; for practically all the forest land of any extent here in New York contains some deer. Well, are we old hunters to calmly give up our favorite pastime? Are all the blooded hunting dogs in the state to become a drug on the market? Are all the large kennels to become a thing of the past? Lastly is the time-honored and approved sport of following the hounds, even though it be only the anise bag, to become only a recollection of the past? This surely is a deplorable state of affairs; and if the rights of the citizens of the state, who prefer a life in the open with the hunting dog to degrading "sports" of the more densely populated districts, are not being infringed, I should like to know why not.

Here surely, hunters of New York state, is an instance where the H-T-T is going to prove an indispensable means of communicating our views; and I appeal to all the votaries of the sport of following the hounds, or hound, to remonstrate at this legislation that is injuring us instead of benefiting us. It is a well-known fact that the state of New York has more statutory laws than any other state; and the same are in sad need of codifying. It seems that the makers of the game laws are following out this bad example. I have long chafed at the intricacies of the game law on the one hand and its inadequacies on the other; and I think that this last absurdity about consummates the bad work done by the commission. What say you, brother hunters, would it not be a very pertinent question to ask those ensconced in their glory at the capitol if it is not a little inconsistent with common sense that we should be deprived of hunting practically all the animals in the woods in order that one particular species may be protected? And the joke of it all is that these so-called precautionary measures are entirely unnecessary. As you all know, no really well-trained coon or fox dog will chase a deer when in quest of the two animals named. Protection always, say I; but don't let us run amuck in our ardor.

I hope to hear an expression of opinion from some of the other hunters of the state; and would welcome any suggestions from hunters out of the state who may read this and be disposed to help along a just cause.

Howard Sherman.

#### MY FIRST EXPERIENCE TRAPPING.

It was in the fall of 1913 when I decided to take up trapping, not only for the sake of making money, but for the excitement of it. So I asked a trapper friend if he would show

me some points on this line and he told me he would.

But before I got a chance to go with him, an old trapper came to our place and on asking him about it, he suggested that I buy some traps and come and spend the winter with him. This just suited my fancy for I wanted to go back in the hills and stay.

This old trapper has a homestead about twelve miles back in the Coast Range Mountains. I thought this suggestion of his was all right for I would be with an experienced hand at the business and I would have more chance to learn the habits of the animals so I promised him that I would be at his place on the 20th of November, but something came up and I did not get there till the first day of December, which was Monday. As luck would have it I met him at the foot of the hill with his pack horse going up with some grub.

We reached his place about two o'clock that afternoon, and as he had out about 60 traps had to spend the next two days going to them. I did not get my traps out till Thursday.

I could hardly wait for the time to come for me to visit them and when I did go I had two foxes. Of course I knew nothing of skinning them and had to pack them about three or four miles back to the cabin, then Alex, the trapper, helped me skin them.

Well trapping went pretty good from that on. Alex had two strings of traps, one going west then turning south and back east and north to the cabin. On this line he had about eight or nine settings. The other went north and came back in a circle to the cabin. There was about seventeen settings on this line.

My line went east, then turned north and back to the cabin. I only had eight settings and only went every other day. Alex went every day.

Our trapping season is from the middle of November till the first of March. During this time we caught only about 80 animals. This was on the account of there being so many trappers in that section and animals were scarce this year anyway.

Now I will tell you how we trapped for coyotes as I read several articles in May H-T-T on this subject.

We fastened three traps together (using Newhouse No. 3) and after reaching the place where we were to set them we dug a hole in the ground in the shape of a half circle, set our traps from 8 to 10 feet from the hole, then brought them back and buried them in the hole. We found a bush to use for a background to prevent them from coming to the trap from behind, then put our bait under the bush. In covering the traps take your hatchet and just shave off the grass with a little dirt and spread over the traps. This is to make it look natural. Then take a brush and brush out all your tracks so as to leave no sign there and the next time you visit your setting you will have Mr. Coyote if he comes near and there is no sign that looks suspicious to him, for the coyote does not go about anything that looks unnatural to him.

The coyote is not as easily trapped as some people might think. This county pays a

bounty of ten dollars on the coyote here and you keep his hide to do as you please. All they ask is his scalp.

John W. McKinney, Yolo Co., Cal.

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### A FEW REMARKS.

I see the Editor and some of the readers of H-T-T, our only medium of expression, are opposed to the conflict we have from time to time when some subscriber writes something that will not hold water and another will try to make the correction, which I think should be encouraged to the limit as long as it dwells on the subject under discussion and does not get to personal ridicule. There is nothing better than a good argument.

On the subject my personal remark is that friction of ideas is the fountain of knowledge and without general discussion the H-T-T would be as dead as the rest of the junk that is flooding the News Stands.

The best subject that I would like to see discussed is what right the Government, or the few they call the Government, has to stop the fish run on the Mississippi River at Keokuk the past year.

Now gentlemen if you stand for this without protest it will only be a matter of time until every other river is obstructed in the same manner. But let a corporation stop the fish run on even a small creek and see how quick the Government officials will be on the spot and stop the work, or even the state Wardens would take an active part in same. But why not say something now worth hearing? They certainly have a grand opportunity.

Now the question is, if it is right for one to stop the fish run, is it right for the other? I think that the people who make our wonderful game and fish laws should at least practice what they preach. Come on boys, loosen out and tell us what you think about this.

James M. Coyle, Dubuque Co., Iowa.

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### A FIVE DAY FOX HUNT.

The hunt started Monday, March 4th and was finished Friday the 8th. The snow had fallen on the third and we started out the next morning.

Two of my friends, George Grothey and Elmer Shive, and myself with four good dogs and two young ones, soon found where one was in a hole. We hunted for a while but could not start one so we finally decided to go back and dig Mr. Fox for a chase.

By this time some more hunters came to us so Shive and Grothey went back and started to dig. The others hunters and I started out again with eleven dogs and hunted until 12 o'clock A. M. and nothing more was found. I went back and helped to dig and we got him about three o'clock P. M. and we announced the chase for Wednesday, 6th at 11 o'clock A. M.

Well the next morning before I had finished my work Mr. Grothey was at hand and said

a fox had crossed where we dug the one yesterday. I hurried and got my horse and the dogs and Grothey went for his dogs. I soon got over where the track was and the four hounds and beagle bitch started on the old track. Their names were Lead, Dork, Bell, Queen and Belle. The music was fine.

They started north and turned west for about two miles then south a mile and turned west again going north one half mile and then east and coming back the same way. I lost them then for I did not want to kill my horse as they were going too fast for me. They went out of hearing and were gone for nearly an hour when I began to hear them again and soon the fox crossed an open field making for his den. By this time Lead was about a mile ahead of the other dogs and was the first dog at the hole. In about five minutes all the dogs were there. At nine o'clock

again. Marching through the woods every body was happy. The music only lasted for two miles when he holed again. The boys wanted to take him out for another race.

I went home to my work and Grothey stayed. About 8 o'clock that night I heard a call the Grothey said the fox was in the bag and that another chase was decided on for March 8th.

The next morning, March 7th, another snow on hand, started out again. Soon the dog started on an old track and running it until the sun came up and the snow was melted, the chase was then finished and I went out to a public sale.

The next day we started for the chase again. This was not a good day as it was muddy and soon started to rain. We only had 12 dogs in the chase but they were all good ones. Joe Myers liberated the fox. He



GEORGE E. WALTER AND FRIENDS READY FOR THE CHASE.

A. M. the chase was finished and was started at 7:30 A. M. This was a good and hot chase.

The next morning, March 6th, I went to town to prepare a place for the chase. I got an old barn floor out of town for the hounds. It snowed all day and made it bad for a fox chase. When the time for the chase arrived we had between 20 and 25 hounds. We gave them a few conditions, took a collection and liberated the fox. One half hour later the dogs were left out. Then we had some more very fine music. He made a chase of about 2 miles and holed under a large rail pile.

Some of the hunters went home and some wanted to start another one. So finally we decided to start again with about half of the dogs. We had only gotten about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile in the woods when the dogs jumped another one just outside, so the band played

started like lightning but when it was time for the dogs they started about the same way and the music was sweeter than ever. They went west then turned south and went east and crossed the road where we were and went for the ore mines where every body lets them alone.

We arrived home all wet and the worst was I got my saddle all broken up. I don't know whether it was fast riding or whether I wanted to ride faster than I could, but it takes a new saddle anyway.

George E. Walter, York Co., Pa.

#### OPINION ON PRESENT DAY CONDITIONS.

An article by L. E. Muntmyler appeared in April issue in which he asked for opinions on

the new Government Laws, which protect migratory birds in the spring. As I have done a great deal of duck hunting, also snipe and a little goose hunting in the last few years, I am very anxious to express my ideas.

I think this new law is a very good thing, but in a way it is not fair to the hunter of the northern states. Of course the most of us will agree that we need strict game laws in order to keep the game. But, at the same time, I think that the law should be made so as to affect not only the hunter of the northern states, but those of the southern states also, and in equal proportions. For instance, about ten years ago, in this part of Wisconsin, a hunter could go out on the marsh lands around here and kill as many ducks as he could carry, if he felt like it. If he goes out today he does very well if he gets a dozen in a hard day's hunt. Of course this ought to satisfy any reasonable hunter, but one usually gets two or three. A fellow is considered very fortunate if he succeeds in getting a goose in this part of the country at any time during the year.

Where you could see a thousand or more ducks ten years ago, you think the ducks are pretty thick if you see a hundred now. Of course there has been a large number of very large killings in the last ten years, but this alone would not account for the great decrease in the amount of ducks here today. The amount of ducks and geese that are killed here in Wisconsin, the year around, would be hardly a drop in the bucket when compared to the slaughter which occurs in Louisiana or any other Gulf state in the winter. The market hunting which goes on in the winter in these Gulf states is, in my idea, the principal cause for the great decrease in the number of ducks and geese in the northern states. I know of numerous cases where hunters have gone out on the wet lands near Gueydan, Louisiana and in one day have killed as high as one hundred and more ducks and a dozen or so of geese and with easy hunting at that. Now in considering this, you must take into consideration the fact that there are hundreds of hunters who make a living by shooting ducks and geese, and the limit is set at 75 or 100 per day, per man. Also, that there are several months in each year for hundreds of market hunters to do their slaughtering in.

Then we of the north ask why it is that the ducks and geese are thinning out so fast. Then we resolve not to kill any more than we can eat, if we get the chance, and we willingly submit to this new Government Law regarding spring shooting and we satisfy ourselves with a few days of fall shooting. Now I am not kicking on this new law, because we need it, but what we need still more, is a law prohibiting the market hunting of aquatic fowl in the southern states.

The people of the south may think that it is impossible to exterminate the ducks and geese because it is a common sight, in the winter time, to see a flock of from 5,000 to 10,000 geese and a flock of ducks twice that amount. Now I do not mean to say they see them every hour in the day, but it is not an uncommon sight. When we had the countless

thousands of buffalo roaming on the plains, we never suspected that they would be extinguished, but today they are kept in zoos as a curiosity. It seems to me that the people of the South do not realize the extent of damage they do to the ducks and geese every year, due to the fact that they never have had a chance to see for themselves, how quickly game can be extinguished from certain localities.

Around in this part of the country, goose hunting is just a thing of the past. The only chance we ever get at them is in the spring and it is usually a pretty slim chance at that, although once in a while during the fall shooting a fellow might hear of somebody who was talking to a fellow who sat beside a fellow, who heard that a flock of geese went down within a hundred miles of here. If they keep on diminishing at this rate it will not be long before duck hunting will be a thing of the past.

In this part of Wisconsin, there is a pretty large percent of the fellows who hunt that have never had a chance to hunt ducks. I do not know what you think of the present conditions, but I think that something ought to be done to the laws to fix things up in these particular circumstances.

Edwin Arpin, Wood Co., Wis.

—o—

Was just reading R. J. Miller's article on trapping and as he wants an answer, will give him mine.

Now he wants the season to open on February 1 and last until April 15. I think if the season was to open as it does at present and close the fifteenth of March with a good stiff penalty it would be a lot better. I know the fur on spring rats are better, but if a rat or mink, or any other fur bearing animal, could fool the trapper and get though the winter until the first day of March he should have the right to live. Every female rat that is disturbed in the spring means that much off from the coming crop.

At the present time April 6 right here in Michigan the water is high and the rats are driven from their home and come near the shore and set on logs—no other place to go, and men are tramping the rivers every day with shot guns, 22 rifles and traps. One fellow got thirteen in two days and another twelve and they thought they were doing it about right. If your fort had washed away, your home gone, and you were floating down stream on a log and a savage on the bank with a gun, what chance would you have? You would have the same chance as the fur bearer.

Two years ago I went north deer hunting which I enjoyed very much, but if I hadn't had the right to trap a little I would have been nearer broke than I was when I got home. It takes a long green to get those fellows to haul you out in the woods; \$24 to take you out and bring you back.

F. J. Brown, Branch Co., Mich.



S Y COWBOYS CATCHING AND SADDLING THEIR HORSES AT ROUNDUP WAGON ON POWDER RIVER, MONTANA.



S Y COWBOYS READY FOR THE ROUNDUP, CUSTER CO., MONTANA.



COWBOYS AT DINNER AT S Y ROUNDUP WAGON. CAMPED ON POWDER RIVER.

*Photo sent by Allen G. Day, Custer Co., Mont.*

### A SUCCESSFUL DUCK HUNT ON THE MEREDOSIA BAY.

On March 6, 1913 Mr. Rickey and I made sure to be with the birds early that morning. The wind being in the northwest which made it very cold and the water rough making it very disagreeable at times in crossing the lake.

We started with eight live English mallard callers and our two automatic guns. It was now three-twenty A. M. We soon reached shore safely and were headed for Maple Swamp which is known as one of the best places to be had for mallard and sprig shooting, especially with a northwest wind. It being moonlight we managed to pick our way thru the thick timber, brush and logs now and then jumping up great flocks of mallards and sprigs.

We headed on north and was now close to our old hunting waters and finding that there were ducks there by the scores. We arrived at our blinds and placed out our callers and it not being quite daylight yet we prepared our blind. Mr. Rickey loaded his automatic, lit a cigar and handed me one which I lit, then we enjoyed ourselves until daylight came.

We were quietly waiting when suddenly the uproar started. Some of fifteen came down. We took about six shots, Mr. Rickey getting three and I two. This gave us a little exercise. We paddled out and picked them up and were just ready when probably 18 sprigs made a circle. We emptied our guns and got seven. We picked them up and along came another bunch of sprigs. My gun failed to work so I did not get any, but Mr. Rickey knocked down three out of five shots. As we gathered them up we noticed a bunch of canvasback coming from the south. They came in and lit. We emptied our guns and found eleven had dropped to our credit, the limit being fifteen each. We now had twenty-six ducks so Mr. Rickey decided he had all the ducks he cared to kill and I also was satisfied so we started home arriving 11:28. We certainly enjoyed our hunt as two old sports generally do.

C. L. Gillis, Morgan Co., Ill.

### OHIO RABBIT HUNTERS.

Our open season for rabbits begins November 15, and that date falling on Saturday last year, Pard and I fretted away that day at home and on Sunday started for my father's farm, a distance of about eighty miles, by rail. Pard carrying a 12 gauge pump gun and I a new 20 gauge which I was longing very much to try. Here I must say just a word about the 20 bore. My gun is an Ithaca, 20 gauge with twenty-six inch barrel, right open left modified choke and if there is any better gun for rabbits I have failed to see it and I have used guns costing four times as much, but like the woman who kissed the cow, each one to his own liking.

Owing to train delays we reached the end of our trip after dark and had to walk three miles in the mud as my parents were not ex-

pecting us. But urged on by the thought of two days' rabbit hunting, those miles soon passed and we arrived at the farm finding the folks in bed, but a couple of yells brought them out and after eating a good supper and a long talk we went to bed to dream of the hunt of the next day.

We were up at 5:30 next morning and for the next two days done little but hunt and eat, also sleep. My father took us to town after our hunt and although he did not come home with us some of his rabbits did. Owing to our train being late we were forced to wait two hours in a good sized town and some stay-at-home loafers got mad because we did not give them about half of our game and telephoned the Deputy State Game Warden that there were two men in town with all the rabbits they could carry and they thought we had a ferret. The game warden came down and looked our outfit over and failing to find anything wrong, talked very pleasantly for a few minutes and departed.

Now a word or two about game wardens. Those whom I have met were perfect gentlemen and are friends of all true sportsmen and should have the aid and respect of all.

B. H., Jefferson Co., Ohio.

### ONTARIO HUNTER'S VIEWS.

I live in Wellington County, Ontario, and as this part has been cleared up and farmed for over fifty years, all the large game and the greater part of the furbearers are gone.

Looking back over the H-T-T for the past year, we find a lot about waking up and saving the fur bearers or they will be a thing of the past. I would like to know how many of these writers started on their own ground to save them. To show you how I try to save them for a while I will tell you what I did on two occasions the last two years. A year ago I was trapping on a slough in which there were ten muskrat houses. I trapped at seven of them and left three of them for seed. Last fall I caught 40 rats around that slough so it paid to leave those three houses. I was hauling some wood home last November when I came across three coons in a cedar stub. Instead of cutting down the stub I went to some extra work to get them out without breaking the stub and I may get some coons in it next fall. Now if we would all try to leave a few furbearers for seed and not destroy their dens they will never be a thing of the past.

A great deal of the blame of the scarcity of our game falls on the hunter who uses repeaters, automatics and dogs. In our county this is not the case as very few hunters use repeaters or automatics. But lack of refuge for the game, all the big bushes are being cut down and swamps cleared up and the game either dies or leaves. Now if there was a thousand acres of land, which was unsuitable for farming, set aside in every county and nobody allowed to hunt on it, the game would soon increase in these preserves and spread out into the surrounding country.

A party of sportsmen in our county are trying to have a tract of 2,000 acres of rough land set aside as a place where game of all kinds can stay in safety. Now if this was done all over America, our game would never be a thing of the past. Another good thing for our game would be a good stiff bag limit and then we would not be hearing of cases where two fellows shot 400 ducks in two hours.

We hear a lot about farmers and land owners posting their lands. Mr. Harding hit it about right when he says "this is mostly because sportsmen have not given the property owner the consideration that he is entitled to." If we would all do on other people's land as we would have them do on ours, there would be less posted land.

One trapper in a letter recently said that he had a lot of trouble because farmers dogs followed his trap line and stole his rats. I think he was mistaken as quite likely he had fastened his traps wrong and the rats had pulled out. Around here, farmers feed their dogs and they do not have to go and steal rats out of traps for their meals. I heard one town sport boasting what fine dogs he had. They were such good hunters that he never had to feed them. Another trapper writes that there isn't much chance to trap as nearly every farmer's boy ten or twelve years old has trap out and there is no room for a good trapper. Well, I would like to know who has a better right to trap than a farmer's boy. Now if I have said anything that does not suit some of the brothers, do not jump on me hard enough to disable me as I wish to go on a deer hunt next fall. R. M. Goorie.

### HUNTING AND FISHING IN MINNESOTA.

I suppose some of you have seen the ads run in our daily paper "Its cool in Duluth". Well that is true. Some days you have to say it like this "Its c-c-cool in D-D-Duluth" but for all of that this is the place for me. Oh yes I have tried other places in Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Well what I was going to say, this one had me puzzled so I thought I would find out what you had to say so here it is.

A and B were hunting for deer. A saw a deer and wounded it. He hit it on the right side just by the hind leg, the bullet coming out on the left of the chest. The deer kept on going, but only walked on the other side of the hill. He was bleeding freely so A kept on following him.

Just then B saw him standing there and started to shooting. B shot him in the nose and the bullet came out back of the horns. The deer dropped there. A came up to B and said the deer belonged to him because he wounded him badly and he was bleeding freely and had not given up the trail. B said the

deer was standing when he shot it and that the deer belonged to him because he knocked it off of his feet. Now what I want to know is, to whom did it belong? I will tell you later how it turned out.

This happened in Minnesota where you are allowed only one deer. Let us hear from the game wardens and also the rest of you.

Now about game wardens. We have them here and good ones, too. You know how it is when a trapper gets on a mink trail; he is pretty sure of getting him. So are the game wardens here and they favor no one.

Now about bear, (black bear) my folks live about three miles from Duluth. They have a little farm, a few chickens, pigs, etc. Well a bear used to come around most every night to get something to eat so father said he was going to lay for him. He took my rifle and went behind the barn in a small spring wagon to watch for him. He did not have long to wait for along he comes within about twenty feet of him. He let go, the first shot missing him slick and clean. Then he got so excited that when he tried to put the next shell in he only pulled the lever a little ways back and of course it did not reload. By this time the bear was gone. This was at night.

He came in the house shortly afterwards all excited and told me the gun was no good. He said it would not work the shell in the barrel. Now I thought that was strange because I had the rifle two years and it never worked wrong. So I took the rifle and looked at it and after trying it found it worked all-right. Now I dare not tell him that he must have been excited. After that he went and bought a cannon 45-90 Winchester but the bear never came back.

I still have my rifle and it still works fine for fellows that can hold their head.

Now about guns, an all around gun for hunting and trapping. It is a very hard thing to satisfy every one because in one place you would find one gun to suit you fine and in another place you would want something else. But for hunting around here, the 38-40 rifle is all right for shooting moose, deer, bear, wolf and for the trap line the 22 Stevens pistol suits me fine.

Oh yes, it is now fishing time. We have a few fish here, too. Now if you want fun and fish too, try this once, that is, if there is any fish to catch. Take about a dozen beer bottles (empty ones I mean) cork them up, tie a line about two feet or more, just depends on how deep the lake is, put the hook and bait on and throw your bottles in the lake. Now get a boat and watch your bottles. When a fish gets on, the bottle will tell you. Take your boat and try to catch them. They will give you a merry chase before you get them. About this time you will see another fish making away with another bottle. You will have all the fun you want. You don't need to keep all you catch, of course, but look at the fun you have.

Duluth Frank, Duluth, Minn.

## CY HAS AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE HUNTING SKUNKS---ALMOST LOSES HIS LIFE

By C. M. GATTON

**M**ANY years ago when a young man I had a partner who lived near my home. He shared the hardships and pleasures of hunting, trapping and fishing, was strictly honest and square in all matters and could be trusted anywhere but has passed on to a better world (we hope). My eyes fill with moisture when I think of the happy days spent together in fishing, hunting, and trapping. He is gone never to return. Peace to his long rest.

His name was Palm, the boys called him Polly for short. One day when I was in Butler about thirty years ago in February I met Polly who enquired how I was coming on catching fur.

Snow had been on the ground for five weeks and was very deep and furbearers had not moved much but it was warming up and Polly says "Let us go and dig out some skunks tomorrow." "Alright," I said, "where will we go?" "Over on the Knaga Hill. There are lots of them there."

There was a gentle southern breeze and we were both anxious for the morning. We parted with the understanding that we would meet at seven o'clock in the morning on the hill.

The snow was heavy, a heavy fog hung over the valley and was one of those ideal mornings that makes the trapper hustle for he knows that it means success for the day.

Well we met at the appointed time both happy. Polly says, "Here I got some rattlesnake medicine." "Well," says I, "there is no danger of getting snake bit with two feet of snow on the ground." "I know that, but don't you know that a skunk bite is worse than a snake bite? Why to get bit with a skunk you are liable to get hydrophobia, go mad and bite your wife or some other man's wife, then they go mad and do the same thing and if you get snake bit you just get poisoned and die and that is all there is to it. We can't afford to take any chances so here, just take a smile out of this quart and we will get immuned and we will have no risk to run," so we proceeded to get in shape to get bit by a skunk.

We took shovel and mattock and started. We had not gone far when we struck a skunk track. Polly says, "I knew we would hit it rich today. There is the track and soon we will be through the dirt and will be liable to get bit. Somehow I feel that we ain't just immuned enough yet so we will take a little more laughing water." We hit her again and then took the track. Tracked the skunk under a rock where he was safe from us. "Well that's tough luck" says Polly "we had better take another nip" It changed our

luck alright for we had not gone far, just on top of another when we discovered another track. The track was moving and wouldn't stop long enough to see which way it went. Polly said it was going north and I said it was moving south. Polly says "come on, I will show you." "No I won't I know it goes south. You follow me." "I won't do it." We argued trying to convince each other but both were too bull-headed. Finally Polly says, "I will tell you I propose that we wrestle and if I throw you, you will follow me and if you throw me I will follow you, then we will see who is right." I accepted the terms knowing full well I could throw him.

We threw down our mattock and shovel and at it we went, all alone on top of that hill in the fog. Well it was a tight tussle. I had underestimated Polly's strength and had my hands full. Finally my foot slipped. I threw Polly but he fell on top. I quickly turned him over and he did the same to me and so on until we could not stop. The snow stuck to us and there we were in that big snow ball rolling down the hill like the water goes over the Niagara Falls.

We could hear the big trees cracking and snapping as the big ball of snow bent and broke them down. We went through a twenty acre woods. It just flattened the trees down like a large steam roller does the road. I can't express my feelings to realize that death by suffocation is one of the worst deaths than can befall man. I thought of the time when a little boy I went to Sunday School and of all the good I had ever done. Say readers I tell you it makes a fellow think mighty fast and takes the crooks out of him traveling in a snow ball. All at once we stopped, turned over and luck was with us for we landed heads up. Polly says, "Now you see what you have done." "It wasn't my fault, you made the proposition." Polly just cursed and swore to think what fools we were until he made it so hot in there for me that the snow commenced to melt. Well I tried to look on the bright side and cheer Polly up by telling him we would be alright yet. He became more docile then he says, "Cy the danger is yet to come. See how the water is raising up to our waists. I tell you no more fire water, rattlesnake medicine or joy water for me. Here goes the rest of the contents in the water. When my drowned body is found they won't find any bottle on my person to point the finger of scorn at. If it had not been for that stuff we wouldn't have wrestled on that hill."

That fire water when it was let out acted on the water just about the same as a fire

under a teakettle. The water by this time was up to our chins. Polly was penitent, his eyes were enlarged and says, "it will soon all be over." "What, can't you swim?" says I. "No. If I only had a straw I believe I could hold on to that and save my life." "You are too late; you have fooled your life away when a kid. You should have learned the art. Now this is where I am one ahead of you for I learned to swim when a kid." Kersplash! Something hit in the water which sent the waves over our noses. When I got the water out of my eyes I looked around and there went Polly hanging on a foxes tail with both hands. "Say Cy, this puts me in mind of the time we used to swim the horses across the creek." I kind of envied him, when all at once, kerplunk! Something hit me on top of the head and soon found it was a fox and I grabbed him by the tail. You see when we got started down the hill in that big snow ball and foggy, this pair of foxes were laying on the hillside asleep and got caught up in the snow ball and carried right along just like we were. "It was lucky for them that they were on the upper side for if they had have been on the under side they would have drowned," says Polly.

"This is great sport ain't it? Wonder what will happen next." "Don't know," says Polly, "it looks like there ought to be good fishing in here. Got a fish line Cy? We might catch a mess." Just then the snow ball bursted and we were carried down the valley. We couldn't see land for the fog.

But here is where the foxes played an important part. To them is due all credit for finding land after a few miles' travel down stream together as the foxes didn't want to separate on all this trip as they were mates.

As we landed Polly took his fox by the hind leg and swung him against a tree, breaking his neck and I did the same. As they lay at our feet dead, I said "Polly that is murder. I just now realize what I have done. Killed my rescuer. Never again will I be guilty of such a trick." "Well, I can't agree with you. We are hunters and trap game for the money there is in it. Their fur is needed to keep the human body warm. We were not hunting foxes but by mere accident we captured them. Without them it would have been a water haul. Besides, what is the difference whether they are caught in a steel trap or in a snow ball. We are just \$2.50 each ahead and we need it to get a little chewing and as we parted each said it was one of the most thrilling hunts we ever had.

#### CAN'T FIND ROOM FOR A KICK.

Well boys, did you notice what the Editor says in the May number under heading "Tell Us"? Now boys all together go to him and tell him all about what he ought to do with his measly old magazine. I don't see anything more in the June number, but I am going to have my fling at him anyhow.

Who can make any better suggestion than cutting out at least most of the Question and Answer Department and giving us a chance

for little longer articles. But while I am no coon hunter and never was except for a night or two only, I say do not rob the boys of a chance to tell us about the sport they enjoy so much.

Remember they are doing their best to help keep our H-T-T the best book of its kind on earth and, while I am not and never was interested in hunting the tricky old ring tail, I realize that those who are, like to hear what others are doing as well as we old trappers like to hear what our comrades are doing in our line of business and sport. So I say give the ringtail hustlers their full share of this everlasting good thing.

I have tried my best to find a place to land my old No. 8 in a good substantial kick, but dang it all, I don't see where to land unless it would be in the Gun Department, especially with the gun that doesn't give her ball a twist, but no let her go as she looks.

Now what can be done with a man like that? Wants a kick and doesn't have a place for you to land a good substantial cow-hide! Well if I had him out here I'd just fix him a plenty. I would fool him out to where a big cut throat trout would yank him off a big cedar log and let him make ashore leading his catch; where he would catch so many big ones he could neither eat them nor tote them down the three miles of mountain trail. Or if I had him out here in the fall I'd put him in my old boat with a good tole line and spoon and laugh to see what he would do with one day's catch of Dolly Varden Charr. That is some of the things I would do to the man who would publish the best magazine on earth and put forth all his best efforts to please his subscribers and then invite a kick. Well, you do the kicking. I can't.

C. L. Richardson.

#### 230 MILES FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PELLY.

Last year I spent the winter 230 miles from the mouth of the Pelly on a creek called Orkie. Ross River enters the Pelly twenty-five miles above Orkie Creek. Here there are two good trading posts and keep well supplied with everything but hooch. However, the Indians buy the hooch at any cost if he can get it, but woe betide the man who is up against the law for selling it to them. They will buy all the lemon extract they can as a substitute for whiskey.

Three years ago I was at the headwaters of this river, which is about 250 miles farther. That is a wonderful country up there—game of all kinds—moose, caribou, bear, marten, lynx, mink, beaver, etc. Here we have the huge big grizzly bear. These monsters are always in the sheep and caribou ranges and seldom are they seen near the rivers, though they do come down every summer for about a week looking for salmon.

There are fine soda springs toward the head of the river and usually there is a moose lick at the same place. The water tastes grand and is refreshing and one can bake a bannock with it better than with the best baking powder I ever saw.

The big horn sheep are here too as well as the big moose. The wolves destroy a great quantity of caribou and moose each year. All through the mountains are to be found skeletons of sheep, moose and caribou. That is, they kill the young lambs as a wolf is fond of tender sheep. We have no bounty as yet on the wolf, but there should be a bounty of \$15.00 on the head of the wolf, both here in the Yukon and Alaska as well. There has been a bounty of \$15.00 for years in British Columbia and as a result they are pretty well rid of the wolf. I think we will have a bounty next year and Alaska should do likewise and then we can get rid of the wolf.

Gold is found on the banks of the rivers in different places, but not enough to pay. However, it is an ideal place for the prospector as there are hundreds of splendid looking creeks that there has not been the least sign of any one being on.

Martin P. Berrigan.

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**PROPOSED AMENDMENTS OF THE  
REGULATIONS OF OCTOBER 1,  
1913, FOR THE PROTECTION  
OF MIGRATORY BIRDS.**

Washington, D. C., June 27, 1914.

Pursuant to the provisions of the Act of March 4, 1913 (37 Stat. 847), authorizing and directing the Department of Agriculture to adopt suitable regulations prescribing and fixing closed seasons for migratory game and insectivorous birds, regulations, copy of which is hereto annexed, amendatory of the regulations for the protection of migratory birds approved by the President of the United States October 1, 1913, have been prepared, are hereby made public, and are hereby proposed for adoption, after allowing a period of three months in which the same may be examined and considered. These regulations, as finally adopted, will become effective on or after October 1, 1914, whenever approved by the President.

Whenever deemed necessary public hearings on the proposed amendments will be held by the Department of Agriculture in Washington. Individuals and groups or associations of individuals who can not be represented in person may file petitions or briefs. Inquiries in reference thereto should be addressed to the Secretary of Agriculture.

D. F. HOUSTON,  
*Secretary of Agriculture.*

**Amendment of Regulations for the Protection of Migratory Birds.**

Pursuant to the provisions of the Act of March 4, 1913, (37 Stat. 847), authorizing and directing the Department of Agriculture to adopt suitable regulations prescribing and fixing closed seasons for migratory game and insectivorous birds, having due regard to zones of temperature, breeding habits, and times and lines of migratory flight, the Department of Agriculture has adopted the following regulations amendatory of the regulations for the protection of migratory birds

approved and promulgated by the President of the United States on October 1, 1913:

Regulation 5 is amended to read as follows:

Regulation 5. Closed Season on Certain Navigable Rivers.

On and after January 1, 1915, a closed season shall continue between January 1 and December 31, both dates inclusive, of each year, on all migratory birds passing over or at rest on any of the waters of the main streams of the following navigable rivers, to-wit: the Mississippi River, between Minneapolis, Minn., and Memphis, Tenn.; the Missouri River, between Bismarck, N. D., and Nebraska City, Neb.; and on the killing or capture of any of such birds on or over the shores of any of said rivers, or at any point within the limits aforesaid, from any boat, raft, or other device, floating or otherwise, in or on any of such waters.

Regulation 8. Closed Seasons in Zone No. 1, sub-title "Waterfowl," is amended so as to read as follows:

Waterfowl.—The closed season on waterfowl shall be between December 16 and September 1 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Massachusetts and Rhode Island the closed season shall be between January 1 and October 1.

In Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, the closed season shall be between January 16 and October 1.

In New Jersey, the closed season shall be between February 1 and November 1; and

In Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wisconsin, the closed season shall be between December 1 and September 7.

Regulation 9. Closed Seasons in Zone No. 2, sub-title "Waterfowl," is amended so as to read as follows:

Waterfowl.—the closed season on waterfowl shall be between January 16 and October 1 next following, except as follows:

Exceptions: In Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, the closed season shall be between February 1 and November 1.

In Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, the closed season shall be between February 16 and November 20.

In Kansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma, the closed season shall be between February 1 and September 15.

In Texas, Arizona, and California, the closed season shall be between February 1 and October 15.

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**U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.**

June 29, 1914.

**Explanation of the Proposed Changes in  
the Regulations for the Protection  
of Migratory Birds.**

Effective on or about October 1, 1914.

Amendment of Regulation No. 5.

Regulation No. 5 relative to shooting on the Mississippi and Missouri rivers is suspended for the season of 1914, thus affecting

hunting in certain sections of twelve States. The Advisory Board recommends that hunting on these rivers be permitted whenever the States prohibit the use of motorboats in hunting waterfowl. As this will require legislation by Illinois, Missouri, Nebraska, and one or two other States the regulation is suspended this year in order that the States may take action, if they so desire, at the next session of their respective legislatures which meet in January, 1915.

Amendment of Regulations 8 and 9 relative to Waterfowl Seasons:

Missouri, Kansas, and Oklahoma are placed together in a special group, and on account of the peculiar local conditions are given an open season equal to that of the entire United States, except two weeks at the beginning of the season enjoyed by States adjoining the Canadian boundary, and two weeks at the end of the season allowed Florida and two adjoining Southern States.

The season in Texas is opened two weeks earlier than in other Gulf States in order to permit shooting in the northern part of the State. The discrepancy in the length of the season as compared with that of other Gulf States is due to the size of the State and the difficulty of meeting conditions in all sections with one set of regulations. The proposed change will afford some shooting in northern Texas without materially changing conditions in the southern part of the State.

The Changes in Each State are as Follows:

Connecticut—Open season, October 1 to January 16.

The season is made to conform with that on Long Island and New York.

District of Columbia—Open season, November 1 to February 1.

The season is made to conform with that in Maryland and Virginia.

Idaho—Open season, October 1 to January 16.

The season is changed to conform with that in Utah, Washington, and Oregon.

Kansas—Open season, September 15 to February 1.

The season is made uniform with that in Missouri and Oklahoma, and is longer than that in other States.

Massachusetts—Open season, October 1 to January 1.

The opening date of the season is made two weeks later to conform with that in Connecticut and New York.

Missouri—Open season, September 15 to February 1.

The season is made uniform with that in Kansas and Oklahoma. The proposed season is one month longer than that in any other States in the Union and is equal to the open season in the entire United States, with the exception of two weeks at the beginning and two weeks at the end of the season.

Nevada—Open season, October 1 to January 16.

The season is made two weeks later to conform with that of Utah, Idaho, and Oregon.

thus making a uniform season for the Great Basin States.

New Mexico—Open season, October 1 to January 16.

The season is made one month later to conform more nearly with conditions in adjoining States.

New York—Open season, October 1 to January 16.

The season is opened two weeks later and made uniform with that on Long Island and in Pennsylvania.

Oklahoma—Open season, September 15 to February 1.

The season is made uniform with that in Kansas and Missouri.

Pennsylvania—Open season, October 1 to January 16.

The season is made uniform with that in New York and West Virginia.

Rhode Island—Open season, October 1 to January 1.

The opening date is made the same as that in the adjoining States of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

West Virginia—Open season October 1 to January 16.

The season is made one month later to conform with that in Pennsylvania and Kentucky.

Texas—Open season, October 15 to February 1.

The season is opened two weeks earlier to permit shooting in the northern part of the State.

—o—

We have for game in this part of Missouri, quail, rabbits, lots of fox squirrels and a very few prairie chickens. The fur-bearers are coon, skunk, opossum, mink, civet cat and red fox. All are scarce and everything is protected except rabbits.

We have a fur law here this winter for the first time. Most every one thinks it is a fake, but come on brother hunters and help it along. I enjoy hunting above all sports. What is the use of laws if we do not enforce them?

I have three dogs, two fox hound pups fourteen months old and one-half hound, five years old. Have caught two coons, five mink, eight skunk, seven opossum and six civet cat with them since November 1. I think that is very good for young dogs.

H. S. Landes, Daviess Co., Mo.

—o—

For game we have quail, partridge, woodcock, rabbits, coons, skunks, mink, red and grey fox, otter, gray squirrels, 'possums, a very few wild cats, and plenty of deer (protected).

My last year's catch consisted of 30 skunk, 4 mink, 10 coon, 6 opossum, 75 rats, and 9 black house cats.

My last year's kill of game consists of 50 quail, 32 partridge, 3 rabbits, and about 10 grey squirrels.

M. A. C. Fairfield Co., Conn.



### SWISS ARMS.

The first Swiss arms using the well known 41-55 cartridge were of American origin. Peabody single shot army rifle, made by the Providence Tool Co. and were imported about 1867 and used to arm all Swiss Sharp shooters battalions. The Peabody had a hammer and a falling breech block like the Sharp. All of these arms and the following were rim fire but can all be changed easily to center fire for reloading. Since they were used in Switzerland, professionals, shooters and Chamois hunters reloaded shells made in Germany as the Swiss Government factories never sold any but rim fire cartridges.

About 1869 the Swiss government began turning out the Celebrated Vetterli rifle, a 13 shot repeater, using same cartridge as the above Peabody and the first repeater used in European armies. About the time of the French-German war '70-71. All the Swiss Elite battalions were armed with it and would have made hash out of both the French and German armies. So superior the gun was to theirs that in fact the French General Bourbaki or his successor Clinchant had to surrender 125,000 French soldiers to a Swiss army of 10,000 rather than stand their fire. I happened to be there and saw it, the biggest thing my eventful life ever encountered.

The Swiss Vetterli rifle is a good arm today either for war or hunting, but as they are quite heavy are better for ranch gun. Their efficiency is about same as the present 30-30 and their accuracy is unexcelled today. They have power enough to kill the biggest of game in America and the gun, if cleaned at all, never balks nor breaks. After 30 years army

## GUNS AND AMMUNITION

use, these guns are as good as new for hunting and their deep rifling is perfect today. They have been made for black powder but of late years the Swiss Government has used smokeless in them, but no lightning or new army powders must be used as the guns will not stand for that.

All the Swiss gunsmiths make, or can furnish bullet moulds and empty center fire shells, everlasting ones. I bought such a gun over in '80, also shells and they are good today after 33 years' use. The bullet is such shape that the shell must not be crimped. It holds itself in the shell so no reloading tool is necessary.

Caps used in German made shells are the Berden No. 1, but not 1½ as that is too soft. Is made for shot guns and if used in the Vetterli, would explode in the magazine. And further, I would recommend putting not over 4 or 5 shells in magazine to be on safe side. I have tried for 30 years to get American factories to make center fire cartridges and shells with 2½ Primers for these guns but without success. They are still only making rim fire ammunition, black and smokeless.

Of course to use center fire cartridges firing pin on gun must be changed, by making a hole in center of breech block and putting in a striking fork with center point instead of two on Swiss. And then forks can be changed to shoot either cartridges, the gun being easily taken apart with fingers.

If one wants to shoot only center fire cartridges the thing to do is lengthen firing pin with a point brazed on with copper, not brass. In both cases it is so easy that most any gunsmith can do it, but not blacksmith.

Of other Swiss arms using the same cartridge, there are about 200,000 transformed muzzle loading rifles made to look and work like an American Springfield 45-70. Also the professional Swiss shooters have used a single shot Martini of which there are many in the United States. Also, the Swiss government had a Vetterli built single shot as cadet rifle for the boys of the schools, which use same cartridge and are fine hunting rifles, many of which came to America.

Besides I have seen Winchester's made by Swiss gunsmiths, the Model 76, changed to use the Swiss cartridge. Some by substituting a Swiss barrel only and some made outright in Switzerland and many Remingtons sold to France in '70 and captured in Switzerland have been changed to use the 41-55 Swiss cartridge, many having crossed the water since.

Now I hope many who have guns that they cannot find cartridges for will be able to locate them.

Jules A. Sandoz, Sheridan Co., Iowa.

#### EXPANDING BULLETS.

I have seen quite a lot about the bullet not expanding in 30-30, 303 Special, 32 W. S., etc. Well now I have not seen many that did not expand, but last fall up west of here I saw a bullet out of an ox head that did not expand. It was fired from a 35 Remington and just broke off a chip of the soft nose. But the same rifle shooting mountain goats has expanded to 4 times its original size. Can any one tell of a like experience? And this same rifle has torn large holes in antelopes, coyotes and deer. I am not the owner of this gun nor did I do the shooting but have seen the bullets and rifle. I like the Remington first rate.

Now can any brother tell me if the 25 Auto Remington is as good as the W. 25-35? I see it is ahead on ballistics. Also can some one tell me about the new 25 Savage that I hear has just come out.

Well I was all around in the West looking for land but did not find any so I think I shall stay where I am for a while. My brother and I caught 85 muskrats, 8 beaver and 1 coyote in season of 1913 in 5 weeks on a small river. I killed two antelopes and crippled two more last fall with 10 shots from a 32-40 with home loaded shells using low power smokeless powder and hardened bullets. The first I shot was so close to the heart that it turned the lining on the outside. It went in between two ribs and broke ribs where it came out on the other side. The second one I broke his hind leg at the knee joint and he went up in the hills about a mile. I followed him and when I saw him again he was walking toward me. I let him have it again in the shoulder breaking it. He ran about 50 yards on two legs, the front one being broken on the same side the hind one was. Then I gave him another one which struck him in the lungs and finished him. The first one ran about 50 yards, too. Now this may not sound true, but it is and I have witnesses to prove it. The other two got away, being shot at from about 400 yards distance and I could not tell how hard they were hit. The first one shot was 250 yards away. These were my first big game hunts.

We just have beaver (closed season) a few muskrats and mink and a few educated coyotes.

Can some one tell me about the 25 and 30 Remington? Is the 30 Remington as good at long range as the 25?

Ernest Stock, Sask., Can.

#### KILLS AT 400 YARDS.

As I have seen several articles in the H-T-T knocking the 25-35 caliber rifle I would like to say a word in their defense, as I have used a great many different kinds and calibers of rifles in hunting big game.

I have used nearly all of the different

models of the Winchester from the old 44 flat Henry's Patent of 1866 to the 351 and 32 automatic as well as some other makes such as Marlin, Savage, Remington, Whitney and will say that the 25-35, 1894 Model, half magazine which I now have is the cleanest killing gun I ever owned, for such game as we have in Oregon, which is deer, black and brown bear, cougar, wolves, coyotes, bob cats, fox (scarce) elk and antelope (protected). I have killed deer up to 400 yards with the 25-35 and that is as far as I am reasonably sure of hitting one with my rifle.

Well boys I expect to be on the trap line again next winter and expect to read the good old H-T-T so come on with your views on guns and traps for none of us are too old to learn and I surely enjoy reading other people's views.

Yours for the 25-35,  
C. C., Oregon.

#### THE "BEST" GUN.

As for the kind of a gun a man should have is, I think, about like the widow and her daughter. One fellow liked the widow and the other the daughter so they both got married, where if they both liked one then only one of them would have gotten married and so it is with guns. If all the people should buy only single shot guns the manufacturers of repeaters could not sell their manufactured goods. So I think the kind of a gun that you like best is the best gun. I don't blame the gun for so much damage, but the man behind it. You know there are lots of people who speak before they think and so it is with lots of men who cause so much damage. They shoot before they see what they are shooting at.

I am a lonesome homesteader. I did some trapping last season and trapped 1 wolf, 6 white weasel, 608 rats and shot 1 deer. Muskrats are plentiful here as there are many small lakes. Skunk and mink are scarce. As for furs we have wolf, few mink, rats, weasel and skunk.

For game we have moose, deer, rabbits by thousands, partridges, prairie chickens, ducks and geese (when they pass in the fall and spring).

I am going to locate some new trapping ground this fall farther north where there is no settlement nor any people.

L. Stromberg, Sask., Can.

#### REPEATER VS. SINGLE SHOT.

I have been reading with much interest the various letters written from time to time by different writers and the past discussion on the .22 and as there are many trappers and hunters more experienced than I in regard to rifles, and as I am open to learn something too, I would like some of you readers who know to give your experience with such rifles as the .30-30, 303 British; W. C. F., 7.65 M-M Mauser, .22 Savage H. P. I have had fellows tell me that the .30-30 was not much use for large game beyond 300 yards.

Now these rifles are to be considered as being chosen for a trap line where one is apt to see anything from lynx to a silver-tip or grizzly and the range from 100 to 600 yards. Also, I would like some suggestions as to the caliber and action of a proper revolver for a trap line.

Can any one tell me the best method for a trapper to use in tanning deer skin for clothes and moccasins? Why is it that we do not hear more from Canadian trappers and hunters? It seems we never hear much about trapping in the north country. I think it would be a good thing to hear some of the boy's experiences. Has any of the boys happened to be in a position where he had to use a round ball in a breech loading shotgun for large game? Let us have the story. Where are the moose hunters with their stories?

I noticed quite a discussion over the repeating rifle as the cause of accidents and the belief that single shot rifles will stop the trouble. On the latter I do not agree and my reason is this:

Every open season for big game we see a bunch of fellows hiking for the game grounds. Some among the bunch have never seen a deer, moose or caribou and don't know what one looks like alive, nor is he even acquainted with its habits, actions, etc. Most of the hunters, of course, go out for a good time and expect some game thrown in. In order to make the time better they take along a goodly supply of "booze" and cards. Of course the "booze" disappears and cards must be played till the "wee sma' hours" very often. Results: The fellows go out the next day, some feeling the effects of the night before and the lack of healthy sleep and consequently are "dozy". The game is on the move, they hear something move in the bushes and see the bushes moving as the creature approaches. Then a color appears in a shadow. Up goes the rifle and bang! The object is hit. The hunter investigates his victim and finds it to be a man! He is very much excited, so much so that his brain, mind and eyesight is very much renovated at once, but too late for his victim. Had he left booze alone, gotten a good healthy sleep the night before and waited until the creature in the bushes crossed an open spot, which nine times out of ten it would do, the dead man would have hunted more deer or moose. 'Twas not the repeating rifle that was the initial cause of the victim's death, but pure carelessness on the part of the shooter. The game hunter who sees his animal before he shoots never shoots a man and the careful hunter never shoots until he sees his animal and if he doesn't get his game with one bullet he has others left to get it with and so prevents a useless loss of game. There is where the single shot fails. The single shot would be all right if the hunter saw the "white of the eye" but is not much when it comes to shooting at from 300 to 800 yards.

Cut out the booze in camp, get a good night's sleep, feel fresh in the morning with

a clear brain and eyes and see your game plainly before you shoot and if you shoot a man in place of a deer, moose, etc., it will not be by accident. No one will be hurt unless you do it around camp by carelessness. In camp all guns should be unloaded or left severely alone.

Northerner, Alberta, Can.

### HUNTING SPIRIT IN THE AIR.

Signs have already appeared—signs of the hunting season, which is near at hand. Signs of a good season, too.

Over the hills and mountains, at about this time of year, hovers a sort of mist, visible only to the sons of Nimrod. It is not inert, but strangely beckons. By those who have the eyes to see and the gift and grace of understanding it is called "the spirit of hunting."

If you would smile at this fancy, remember the story that is told of Whistler, the artist. A tourist stood beside the famous painter in a country of lakes and mountains. One was seeing the same sunset that the other was looking at.

"I don't see anything in a sunset," complained the tourist.

"But don't you wish you could?" said Whistler.

The spirit of hunting, perhaps, will some day be embodied in marble—the masterpiece of a Borglum.

The zest and exhilaration of the hunt are not to be known vicariously, by proxy. They are learned only through experience, but it doesn't take very long. After the first hunting trip there is no cure for the malady that results. Some friend of yours, for example. He disappeared into the woods with rifle and camping kit, and when he came back he was a different man. His beard was shocking. He never acted the same again. Like Barkis, however, he was a willin' victim; and every year when the fever comes and he takes to the hard miles and crooked trails, there is no holding him back. The best thing you can do is to go along with your hunter-friend. You can easily get your doctor to advise it.

Now is the hunter's time of anticipation. It is the time when the office-caged man has hallucinations even in business hours. He looks out of the window and sees a herd of mountain sheep feeding in their sky pastures. His ear catches the far drumming of a partridge. He knows of a happy hunting-ground that he could reach by train. A railroad timetable, bearing evidence of much use, is locked in a drawer of his desk, and with it lies a copy of the game laws.

The boss is similarly affected, so he doesn't notice that anything is the matter. Go home with either man and you find that some room in the house looks like a sporting-goods store, and all through dinner you know that he is thinking of a camp menu of grouse, trout and venison. Finally, after all the necessary small-talk, he discovers that you belong to the hunting fraternity. That settles it. Big-talk, then, for the rest of the evening, and

nothing else. After dinner your host makes you examine his Remington, aim it and look through the shining barrel; he proudly calls your attention to the antlers on the wall (though you had seen them before) and tells you the whole story; and when it has grown late he urges you to stay overnight, apologizing for the bed he offers you by saying he wishes it were a bed of balsam boughs.

Your true hunter reckons not the hardships of the trail. He welcomes them. They increase his joy. Even disappointments have a certain fascination. He tells you with great gusto of the deer he didn't kill, and includes the incident in the story he sends to his favorite outdoor magazine. Just notice the conclusion of the following paragraph, taken from an account of a bear hunt:

"While putting the dogs into the brush at the bottom of a gulch, something attracted my attention up the mountain side on the rocks. I looked up and beheld a fine little brown bear gazing down upon us. I threw my gun to my shoulder and fired but an instant late, for just as I pulled the trigger he dropped out of sight behind the rocks. The dogs saw him, however, and the chase was on. Mr. Bear turned into the brush and down the gulch he came, with both dogs close at his heels. Close to the Rancher they crashed through the thick undergrowth—so thick that it was difficult to determine which was bear and which was dog. The Rancher got in several shots, but with no effect. Down the mountain we ran, dogs and bear in the lead, everybody yelling to encourage the dogs

and in the hope of scaring the bear up a tree. Breathless and weary, we finally got to the dogs, who were lying down under a tree, 'all in' and no bear in sight. His pace had been too hot for our unhardened pups and he had escaped." (Now hear the conclusion of the matter.) "It was the Rancher's first bear and he was much disappointed not to get him. We were all agreed that it was the best sport that we had had in a long time, hence were pretty well satisfied."

It was "the Rancher's first bear," even though it escaped. There spoke the true hunter. And by the way, that party did not finish their trip empty-handed—not in a country that abounded in bears, mountain sheep, mountain goats, cougar and deer, as well as the smaller game, like pheasants and rabbits, which any townsman or farmer can find near home.

It is wonderful what a transforming power a hunting trip has. A parson, conducting morning prayers in front of a lakeward-looking tent, was interrupted by a shout from one of the group: "There's a loon out there by the point." The next word was "Amen," and the loon now stands upon the parson's book-case.

A hunter is as old as he feels, and judged by that standard he has the advantage of old Ponce de Leon, who searched long and vainly for the Fountain of Youth. Though the gift of the trails and tramps and campfires is physical health and strength, one always comes back with a sense that somehow an even richer legacy has been bestowed.



RESULT OF A TWO HOURS' CHICKEN HUNT. PHOTO BY EARL W. LAMB, DAWSON CO., MONT.



# HUNTING DOGS

## THE AIREDALE AS AN ALL AROUND DOG.

Since reading R. H. Fowler's letter in July copy of H-T-T on Airedale's usefulness will write my experience with them. For several years I had been reading about them, also seen pictures in H-T-T, but knew nothing about them until last fall. I was acquainted with a man that had an Airedale, but he never knew what kind of a dog he was. I had seen this dog for a number of years and knew him to be a good hunter, but the fellow I bought him of was not much of a hunter, only going out once in a while to kill a few squirrels. So last November I went over to see if I could buy his dog and when I offered him \$5.00 he wasn't long in accepting it.

Well I brought the dog home with me and the following week went hunting several times in the day time as well as at night. One evening I killed 16 squirrels and one night I caught two coon up one tree. I soon found out I had an all-round dog of which I was proud of. In fact I found out that he could do anything any other dog could do and whip him to boot.

He was almost white with a few tan spots, a coat of hair as stiff as a wire brush, stocky, muscular and a head adorned with beagle ears and part bull dog. He weighed about 50 pounds. I soon found out that he could swim better than a Spaniel. He could out-fight a bull dog, follow a hot scent better than a hound and much faster and a still trailer which I like, also not a big ranger which just suits me as I am a little hard of hearing. He most always followed nothing but a hot scent and treed close to me and it didn't take no time to put a coon or cat up a tree.

As to cats of any kind I found him to be Johnny on the spot as he would rather fight cats than anything and it didn't last long either. What I like about them is their courage, the scientific skill with which they fight and conquer beasts larger, stronger and more ferocious than themselves, and at the

same time the docility and affection they display towards their master and particularly toward women and children.

I find he fights from the side and usually comes out unscratched. I saw my dog get under a bluff to fight a 20 pound coon and fought like a demon and when I pulled him out he had the coon by the throat. The coon had all the advantage and had split both of his ears as well as his nose but not a whine did he make. Another time I saw him go under a culvert in water 5 inches deep and put his head under water to catch a large water moccasin snake and kill him with three shakes. He would kill any snake he found. I have seen him climb a tree nearly straight. I could make him catch anything. For ground hogs they are unequalled.

When my wife and child went anywhere my Airedale went too and when they stopped he did. He would kill any house cat he found, no matter where and for that reason all the neighbors were down on him, but he never run around unless I was with him. I could tell of many other things of worth he did while I owned him seven months before he died. I killed about three hundred squirrels and caught \$25 worth of furs with him. He took the black tongue and died after about two weeks of suffering. I knew nothing that I could do for him, but I intend to find out a cure soon as possible for I lost a fine Walker fox-hound last year with it. I now have a year old red-bone hound which my Airedale gave a good start off before he died. I expect to buy another Airedale for that is the dog for me.

G. E. Pilquist, Arkansas.

## CREDIT DUE THE HOUND.

In reply to Mr. Fowler of Texas, in the July issue will say that he has produced "some" argument in the Airedale's direction. Mr. Fowler takes exception to my statement "that the Airedale has been placed in a field for which he never was intended" and fur-

ther states "that if he had taken the time to look up the origin of the Airedale he would have learned that the original idea of the Yorkshire workingmen, who manufactured him, was to gain a dog that would hunt, trail and not only trail but kill and retrieve as well". I don't doubt for a moment but such was their desire, because such a dog would be ideal. But we must remember that the idea of or the desire for a certain thing does not mean that such will be forthcoming.

If Mr. Fowler had gone a little deeper than the Otter hound (which is his strong point) into the pedigree of the Airedale he would have found that the first cross was with the Bull terrier, that with the Scotch terrier, that with the Scotch collie, that with the Pointer, that with the Setter, and then the standard having been secured the crossing was discontinued.

In that dale of Aire, then, was the breed of dogs first experimented upon that made the Airedale.

A mixture like that certainly ought to be real good for something or be of some value for almost anything.

I will admit that the Airedale will do things that the beloved hound will not. But when a dog tries to do too many things, he will be like the lawyer trying to preach, one is going to get slighted.

The Airedale may get some of his "sand" from the two terriers in his early pedigree. His hunting and retrieving ability from the Otter hound, the Pointer and Setter. His "nose" from the Otter hound and Pointer, but that Collie! If he should be at all sensitive, he would certainly look upon this with a frown.

Mr. Fowler says his pack is composed of Hounds and Airedales. Why does he use the Hounds? I presume he knows better than we. I hope he is not like some, the Hounds doing the work and the Airedales getting the credit. But when we see Hounds used in a pack of Airedales we have an excellent opportunity to draw our own conclusions, wink and look wise.

Now, Mr. Fowler, everything that I have said in the previous and in this article has been in the friendliest mood. I think it a grand thing that we don't all see alike. For if we did we would all want to marry the same girl and own the same dog.

Marvin E. Hartley,  
Guernsey Co., Ohio.

#### —o— THE ALL ROUND DOG.

I read with interest Mr. Fred Caldwell's experience with the Airedale, to which I have nothing to say as I have never seen nor owned one. Up here in these hills we do not need any thing but what we have for bear, wolves and deer.

In a former issue of this magazine I gave a description of the Rice and Pryor bear dogs. As there are new subscribers to this

magazine I want to say, those dogs were and are the best all around dogs I ever saw. I have hunted big game here for 30 years and have yet to see one of these dogs fail on any game.

I will describe these dogs the best I can. They are a cross between wolf, cur and the old-fashioned long eared or southern black and tan hound. I have known those dogs to catch an ox and tear off an ear and on more than one occasion to catch a mustang horse and butcher him. No common dog could live to jump on one of those dogs as they are powerful, weighing from 60 to 90 pounds. There is no bull dog blood in those dogs as no hunter here has any use for a bull dog. They are open trailers, game fighters and I have known them to stay at a tree a day or more with coon. While the bear are scarce here and those dogs are about all gone on account of their savage nature, we are content to use them for tree work. They are there when it comes to a chase.

For fox they are too large. I would like very much to have been with Mr. Caldwell with a pair of those dogs or with a pack of our hounds down here. We have four hounds down here in Arkansas that ran down, caught and killed 5 half grown wolves. One old dog wolf they killed weighed 85 pounds. Any one doubting this can get plenty proof by writing me.

I have shipped two hounds to Pennsylvania that had the old reliable bear dog blood in their veins and they were never returned nor any kick came back.

Tom Rice was a native of Morris County, Mo. In the 70's he came to Baxter Co., Ark. His hunting partner was Pitts Pryor of Sylamore. Rice was with Quantrell during the war, but at the time of his death was a staunch and law abiding citizen. Many were the hunts I have taken with him and many were the stories I have heard him relate of his dogs. He told me after his eyes got bad that his dogs were running one morning just at day light and Dinah, the bitch was running mute to get ahead. They were coming around a bluff and he mistook her for a wolf or cat and killed her with a shot gun and he added, "I would rather it had been a mule for I wouldn't have taken one for her her." Rice is gone, so is Pryor and as I stand on the mountains on the runway of deer I can most always see the marks of bear on the pine trees that were made many years ago and perhaps brought down by those veteran hunters.

I am content with my outfit of big game, rifle and dogs. I like to hunt only in season. I am trying to convince the people here of the great importance of preserving the game. I hunted but little last year. We got one 10 point buck and quit.

Will say in closing, be good to your dog, boys; he is good, faithful, true and unselfish friend. I am proud to know, however, that there are many true sportsmen throughout the U. S. and Canada.

Noah King, Arkansas.



# Fishing

## "AN INCIDENT OF A TROUT FISHING TRIP."

BY FRANK J. PARSONS.

### Joe's Story.

Darkness had closed around the forest and the stillness was unbroken save for the murmur of the brook, a few yards distant from our camp. By the light of the camp fire, I sat and watched Joe as he moved about making things snug for the night.

Fred was busy trying to repair his rod which had suffered more or less in a struggle with a monster trout during the afternoon. Finishing presently, he remarked, "I'll get the daddy of Kettle Creek tomorrow if he takes a notion to bite and he won't break my rod either."

Completing his task, Joe squatted down by the fire and proceeded to fill his pipe. As he crammed down the tobacco, I noticed he was minus half of the index finger on his right hand. "How did you lose part of your finger, Joe?" I queried of the veteran guide as he was lighting the pipe. Blowing a small cloud of smoke in the air, he laconically replied, "Snake bite, Frank." I knew a tale worth hearing was behind the simply statement of the reticent woodsman and I pressed him to tell it which he did, as follows:

"When I first came to this part of Pennsylvania, the 'lumbering operations' was in its infancy and big money was paid to first class 'hicks', as the lumbermen were called. I could earn plenty to keep me in comfort by working five or six months of the year. The rest of the year would be mine to hunt and fish and, bein' fond of the two, I spent a great deal of time in that way. I like nothin' better than whippin' flies for the big ones an, in those days, they were all big. It seemed there were no small trout at all and a fellow could fish for weeks without meetin' anyone on a stream. One fine day, it was in June if I reckon right, I packed my bit and hiked over the mountains to the headwaters of the Seven Mile. This was the best stream I knew of and I figured on fishin' about ten miles of this before campin' for the night.

The next day I could fish back towards home. Well, I put my rod together when I struck the Seven Mile and started to throw the flies. Wadin' the stream part of the time, I sure had some fun. When I'd lose a big one after a hard fight, I wasn't sorry, for I knew I couldn't carry them all and I lost a good many on that day.

"Fishin' slowly, I finished about five o'clock in the afternoon and, when I came to a cleared spot along the stream, I decided to bunk there for the night. Unstrappin' my creel which was full, I picked up some wood to build a fire and soon had it goin' nicely.

"I always carried a small coffee pot and a fryin' pan when I figured on staying over night and these were soon in use. The smell of fryin' trout was so good I could hardly wait till they were done, so hungry was I. When my meal was ready, I sat on a log near by to eat. I was just reachin' into the pan beside me to get a trout when I heard the rattle of a bell bird and almost instantly I felt as though a needle was jabbed into my finger. The snake must have been asleep behind the log and, when I sat down, the jar undoubtedly awakened him. I knew the rattler had reached me and the shock of the fact almost keeled me over. I shook off the terrible fear which almost overpowered me and, takin' my handkerchief, I bound it tight as I could around my wrist. With a stick in the knotted ends, I twisted the handkerchief till the circulation was stopped, after which I cut open the wound and sucked out as much poison as I could. When I had finished this, it took but a minute to decide to start for home. I was young and strong and knew that if I did not make the try, the poison would work through my system in a few hours and there would not be much hope for me of reachin' the settlement when my strength began to fail. When I had walked about an hour, a sickly feelin' began to creep

over me and both my hand and arm were all swollen up. Fightin' off the feelin', however, I kept on and, almost with every breath, I cussed all the rattlers in the region. About nine o'clock I came in sight of the lights of the settlement and shortly after I staggered up to the back door of my home, where I collapsed on the steps. When I came to some hours later, the doctor and my folks were around my bed. In my dazed condition I could hear the doctor tellin' my folks that I had a narrow shave but he would pull me through all right. In about two weeks I was as good as ever, but the finger would not heal up. Shortly after I was up and about, the doctor snipped it off at the second joint and then it healed up all right.

"Ever since the time I was bitten, I've al-

nights" and rolled ourselves in our blankets to sleep.

#### FISHING IN MICHIGAN.

Our annual fishing trip to Michigan is over once more and we are richer in many ways, having tested a number of new ideas that will be valuable to fishermen in general.

I shall try to set them down for the benefit of H-T-T readers. As large size minnows are scarce where we go fishing we catch them at home and pack in dry fine salt and they will keep all right. Or, to preserve them in a liquid solution, use a 40 per cent solution of formalin, place in a Mason jar, stand minnows in on end and they will keep for



GEO. A. KING AND PARTNER WITH A FEW HOURS' CATCH OF PIKE.

ways been careful when in a rattlesnake territory. They're not so plentiful now as they were in those days, still it's good figurin' to always be on the lookout for 'em."

The fire died down by the time Joe had finished his story. As he arose to replenish it, I pondered over his harrowing experience. His powerful frame, which age as yet had seemingly untouched, suggested great strength. This, with the courage I knew he possessed, undoubtedly made it possible for him to live through an experience that would prove fatal to one of less strength and courage.

Silence fell on the little group by the fire. In the distance an owl hooted a weird challenge which re-echoed through the forest. Fred broke the silence and said, "Boys, let's go to the hay." From above, the stars gleamed down on us as we exchanged "good

ever. Now to dry salt your fish to take home, proceed as follows: Place them in live box until you have 25 or 50 pounds, unless you fish at a place like we do where this size catch is an every day occurrence, then get a box that will hold your fish and about 25 pounds of fine rock salt. Dress the fish the same as you would for table use, only split from back instead of belly, (and leave scales on if you wish) wash clean and wipe dry or lay in shade until dry. Now lay fish in the box with salt, layer of fish and layer of salt, spreading fish out flat. Keep the box in a cool shady place. Leave fish in from 3 to 5 days, depending upon the time you have to stay at your fishing place. Now take your fish out, wash clean and rub dry and in a new box with fresh dry salt pack away permanently to take home. If you have more to put down use the first box of salt and spread

it in the sun to dry thoroughly and use it as before.

Now to use fish at home, soak in water over night or a little longer if necessary and they will come out nice and fresh and will fry fine.

Now as to the place we go fishing, it is located in the north central part of Michigan and is a 22 mile drive from Roscommon. The fishing is good here all the time. While we did not catch any whales, yet five of us caught in two hours over 160 pounds, each fish averaging about 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  pounds—wall-eyed pike, and we quit when they were taking hold very rapid. We took in one forenoon 5 grass pike weighing 4 lbs., 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs., 6 lbs., 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs., 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  lbs., total weight 32 pounds, besides catching a number of wall-eyes.

I am sending a photo of one of my pards and I, also of some pike we raked in while fishing a few hours. The fishing they say is best in September or October at this place, but for me it is all right in June or July.

If you would like to learn more of this place look for my article in the Hunter-Trader-Trapper for September, 1913, under the head of "Fishing".

Geo. A. King, Summit Co., Ohio.



A FEW HOURS' CATCH OF LAKE TROUT FROM LAKE MINNEWANKA. WEIGHT OF FISH FROM 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  TO 6 LBS. EACH. R. C. LETCHER AND WIFE. PROVINCE OF ALBERTA, CANADA.



"SOME TROUT."

CAUGHT THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON BY G. BOMA, LA CROSSE CO., WIS.

#### A VOICE FROM MINNESOTA.

As I live in the city I do not have the chance that some have to hunt and fish, but when ever I do have the time to spare I take my gun or rod and spend a few days of what I think is the best and most healthful sport there is.

I shall tell my fellow readers some of my experiences.

Last summer I spent two months in Wisconsin camping and fishing on a big lake five and one-half miles long. I caught a great many fish in the lake and will tell you of my best day's catch.

My pal and I rolled out of bed at three-thirty in the morning and gathered our fishing tackle and got in the boat and started fishing. It had been very cloudy the night before and we had not been out on the lake ten minutes before it started to rain so hard that we had to go to shore. It rained for over an hour and when it stopped we started out again.

We were fishing for black bass and had not gone far when I got a strike. After a short fight I landed a bass that was a three pounder. We started again and I caught a nice four pound pickerel. Now comes the best part of our catch. We were creeping

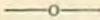
near the lily pads when all of a sudden I felt a fierce jerk on the line and started to play the fish. I never saw a fish fight so hard in all my life. He would rush at the boat and I had to go some to get the line in fast enough. After about twenty minutes I finally landed him with the help of my pal. When we weighed him he tipped the scales at  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pounds. All together we caught 14 bass and one pickerel. That day I caught five bass and the pickerel and my pal caught nine bass and the smallest caught weighed two pounds.

I spent last winter in New York so I had no chance to fish or hunt but as soon as I came back to Minnesota I started in fishing and have had very good luck so far.

I see Mr. Harding wants the readers' views in regard to making a change in the magazine. I do not see how they could make it any better. My idea is that it is the best book of its kind ever printed.

Wishing the dear old book the best of success and everlasting life, I remain a lover of the lakes and woods.

Earl J. Redding, Hennipen Co., Minn.



#### FISH AND GAME IN WASHINGTON.

In the fiscal year ended June 30, 1914, Spokane county led all counties in the United States in number of game fish propagated and distributed in lakes and streams, according to figures announced by County Fish Commissioner A. J. Buzard, based on the report of the United States department of commerce.

Over 300,000 trout and 100,000 bass fry were placed in the waters of this county in that period, in addition to large numbers of perch, crappies and sunfish. Commissioner Buzard is authority for the statement that the record will be shattered by a wide margin during the present year, as 2,500,000 trout

fry alone will be planted in the Spokane river before June 30, 1915.

"By making a plant of this size this year and continuing the practice for several years, the Spokane river will be the best trout fishing river in the world," declares Mr. Buzard. He has made a study of conditions in this river and says the food supply is abundant.

The task of stocking the streams and lakes with fish and the fields and woods with game birds will be started in August under direction of the fish and game commission, which includes Mr. Buzard, A. F. Wieseman and A. G. Gray.

While the bulk of the trout will be placed in the Spokane river an effort is to be made to stock some more of the many lakes surrounding Spokane.

Game Commissioner Wieseman will start next month to liberate 350 pairs of Hungarian partridges and several hundred pairs of quail in Spokane county. The partridges liberated in Spokane county this spring have done surprisingly well and big coveys are found in all sections of the district. Mr. Wieseman hopes to bring about an open season on partridges next year.

From 4,500,000 to 5,000,000 trout fry, about equally divided between eastern brook, rainbow and cutthroat, have been liberated in the streams of northern Idaho the last month, according to D. L. Oliver of Sandpoint, deputy state game warden. The Sandpoint hatchery furnished a little more than half the amount, and the remainder came from the Coeur d'Alene hatchery.

"We were particularly anxious to get the young trout out of the hatcheries to make way for the 5,000,000 white fish eggs we desire to hatch this fall," stated Mr. Oliver in Spokane recently. "The supply of whitefish is being depleted rapidly. They have proven so popular that we want to replenish the lakes with them."



TWO HOURS' CATCH ON BIG LAKIAMUTE RIVER BY LITTLE DUTCH FRITZ AND TRAPPER LOOMIS.

**A LONG PLANNED FISHING TRIP.**

On July 23, 1914, my two pals and I started on our long planned fishing trip. We got up early, loaded our wagon with eatables, tent, and other articles and were off for our camping grounds on the Canadian River, which is about eight miles from where I live.

We arrived at the camping ground about noon. The first thing we did was to put up our tent, set our trot lines and next was to get our four o'clock dinner, which was not very hard to do as we had everything cooked.

We looked at our lines at about six o'clock and found we had one fish which we cooked for breakfast the next morning. And say, we had some breakfast! The fish was not done, the salt was forgotten, the coffee upset into the fire, but everything tasted fine as it always does when camping.

After breakfast we looked at our lines and found we had about five pounds of fish. From then on I did not keep account of our catches, but caught forty-four pounds in all during our three days' stay. The fish were German carp, buffalo and cat fish.

Sunday morning we pulled up stakes and started for home, surprising our parents with with our big catch. We had a fine time and think we will go again this summer.

Virgil F. Folker, Oklahoma Co., Okla.

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**FUR AND FISH IN ALBERTA.**

Seeing the Editor wants us all to say something as to what departments we like best, I will say what I like. I think all the H-T-T needs is more big game and fishing stories. As to the Q. & A. Department I think the people who want to ask questions should buy the book "Questions and Answers."

Last winter from December to March 1st, I trapped 3 coyotes, 3 weasles, 50 muskrats, 1 badger and 1 dog. Friends, it isn't right



WOOD DUCKS ON CATARACT CREEK.

to catch your neighbor's dog is it? I always thought it did not matter so much until I caught one. Never again! From the 23d of August to the first of December I shot 24 ducks (all kinds), 18 prairie chickens, 16

hawks, 5 owls and 3 jack rabbits, so you see there is not much game or fur in Alberta unless you get north of Edmonton.

Last year three of our neighbors, my two brothers and I went fishing for trout in the



CATARACT CREEK.

foot-hills of the Rocky mountains, about one hundred miles away. I will give you a short account of the trip.

On Sunday, the 27th of July, we got in our buggy and rounded up our neighbors and set the day we were to start on. The day we decided on was Thursday the 31st.

Thursday morning we got up at four o'clock, but to our disappointment it was raining hard, so we went back to bed and slept until six. It had stopped raining some by this time. By nine A. M. we had our chores finished and my brother went for a "democrat," and you may bet we had things ready by the time he got back.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we were ready to start. Our outfit contained two democrats, two tents, a steel rod each, a camera, a goodly supply of hooks and flies of the latest makes, 1 camp stove and a trunk full of grub and salt.

We arrived at High River that night wet to the skin and stayed at a hotel over night and got our licenses to fish the next morning. Each license costs two dollars and allows you to catch twenty-five fish a day, which must be over 9 inches long.

I will not go into details of each day's catch and happenings, altho on Saturday

when the cook was getting supper and the rest of the party were cleaning fish, a little chipping bird flew into a tree near the stove and the cook got a rifle and shot it, picked it and put it in with some stew he was cooking. We heard the rifle but thought nothing of it. At supper he said, "pass your plates and I'll give you what you want." We did it and he put a big spud on one man's plate and along side laid the chipping bird. The fellow who got it smelled of it, threw it over his shoulder then got up and helped himself.

We fished Cataract Creek one day and I wish to say that this is sure some creek. The water is so swift that the trout cannot get up over a quarter of a mile. The falls are from six inches to six feet high and are not more than 30 feet apart as the picture will show. The cook made up a parody on this creek. It went like this:

Land of white waters, thy praises I sing,  
The evergreen hills and bright torrents leap-  
ing;

The sound from your falls make the wood-  
land ring,  
When the mountains and bull trout are  
quietly sleeping.

One of the men caught a fish in this creek near its mouth that certainly was a fighter. While in the fray it got its tail to him and made a mad rush towards liberty which broke the rod in the second joint and got away with a lot of line.

We got back home the 6th of August with 30 pounds of salted trout. It is needless to say that we had a good time and lots to eat. We want to go again this year.

I want to say a word on the much discussed argument of "The right gun for trappers and hunters". I think three guns, a 22 Remington, a 32-40 Winchester and a 12 gauge shot gun of either and above mentioned makes would be a good combination. If questions and answers is dropped, let Habits of Animals take its place including plant life.

Allen Fox, Alberta, Can.



A MORNING'S CATCH OF PICKEREL FROM STUMP LAKE BY J. ROGLER JR., FRED AND KENNETH JACOBS, SULLIVAN CO., N. Y.



### EXCITING, BUT UNSUCCESSFUL. COON HUNT.

About November first we decided to drive over west of Jacksonburg and take a hunt in the old swamp. Coons are very scarce round here but there was one that lived in that swamp that defied all hunters as the swamp is very thick with underbrush. He just played with the dogs and wouldn't leave the swamp nor would he tree when dogs chased him. But we went to give him a chase that night for we had two hounds, Queen and Jack.

We reached the swamp about eleven o'clock and Queen started his cold trail but Jack couldn't track it as he is a young dog and not experienced at coon hunting. Queen followed the trail over in the swamp and then started him hot.

Herman and I crossed to the north side of the swamp and stood in a cornfield. Just as soon as she started it hot Jack joined in and they raced him around through the swamp. He ran a circle just like a rabbit and came back close to where she started him. Then the coon made for the cornfield about one hundred yards west of where we stood. It crossed the fence and we could tell that the dogs were pushing him close.

He came down a corn row right to us and we could hear it panting and snarling as he came. He never turned his course but ran up and with a snarl jumped right on to Herman. Well you should have heard him yell. He knocked him off and he jumped at me but I got out of his way. I think our lantern blinded him for he lay flat on the ground and blinked. I set my foot on his neck to hold him, or try to, till the dogs came, but it was not to be for Herman in his excitement struck with the gun barrel hitting me on the leg and the force of the blow dislocated my knee and down I went, out went the lantern and through the fence went Mr. Coon just as the dogs came up and around the swamp they went again. He came back into the cornfield again right west of

us and went into an old fox den in the ground.

Well I got my knee back in place again but it hurt so bad that I didn't care anything about the coon so we gave him up and I thought I would die before I could reach the rig. I was laid up for a week before I could shuck corn and that knee hurt me for a month, but that old coon got his a short time after that for an old trapper got him in a steel trap and he was a bouncer.

Harry Clark, Wayne Co., Ind.



JOHN C. SIBURT, MARSHALL CO., W. VA., AND  
HIS COON DOG, MUSE.

### A GRUNDY COUNTY COON HUNT.

On the night of January 15, 1914, I came around to coon hunters' headquarters and asked the boys how they felt. I was satisfied at once that the fever had taken a firm hold on them and the call of the woods was all that would save them from sudden death.

So we took the 6:17 Q. O. & K. C. train for a small station some six miles west and arrived all right with two of the best coon dogs that ever decked a back yard. Then the hunt was on. The dogs are of the hound breed and are black and tan in color. Their names are David and Drive. Drive is a very large dog five years old and weighs about 85 lbs. and a noted bass singer. His vocal organs were in first class order on this night and he sure used them. David is a dog of some 45 lbs. in weight; also, a very fine singer, but owing to a broken leg he was out of the chase part of the time. We had all stages of coon hunters on this night. There was Bill Anderson, he is a 32d degree coon hunter and then comes Sol Anderson, who is 5th degree man; then O. D. Mumford, the foot racer and deep water wader of any and all streams that a coon can cross. He has no more fear of the water than a duck and is noted for a steady and sure aim of a very large six gun which he had along. He had told of its destructive and deadly effect in his hands but when the time came, he wasn't there.

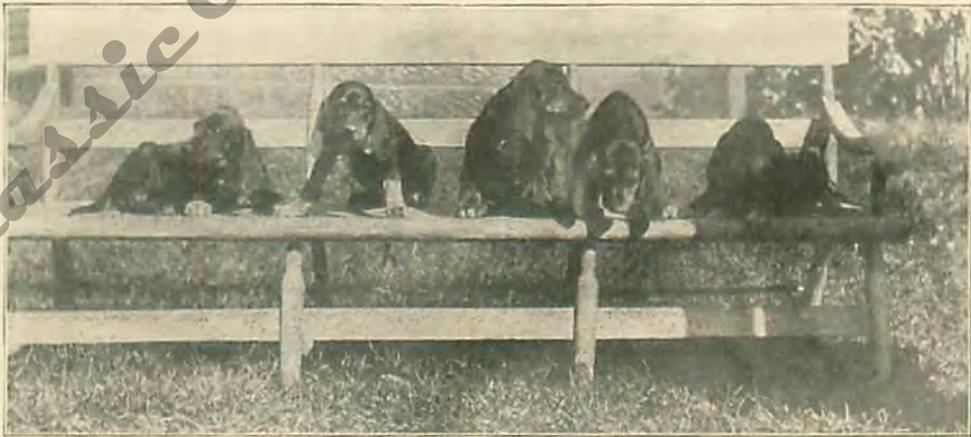
Well, to put the ball rolling, we left the station and started southwest and went in that direction for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles when old Drive put his nose to the ground and then his bugle in the air. Dave was a close second in the same act. Then let me say right here, that the music they played was not slow. They took the track on half mile to the river and the coon took to the water. Dave crossed and took up the track starting south. Drive going down the east side  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile and hit it when it crossed back.

Here is where the dogs changed tunes. Drive went southwest playing "Turkey in the Straw". My dog was about a half mile behind playing the "Arkansas Traveler". As we got to the top of the Dirthick hill or rather small mountain, my dog caught up with Drive and the coon fooled them. They could not get him straightened out. We then took the dogs down the river and they hit a hot track where he had come down a line fence and in the river and over another large hill, and turned east out of hearing, so we made a quarter dash to a foot log and crossed. We had a hard time getting the boys across as some of them were not prepared. We made a pack saddle and succeeded in getting them over. By the time we got the boys across, Mumford had gone ahead about a quarter of a mile and called back that the dogs had treed. We started across a corn field and here we showed Eddie Lundy and Austin Carnes how to break down corn stalks. They were down about every third or fourth row. We supposed they were dumping their load of stalks.

We finally got to the dog and they had a coon bayed in the river and across the other side. We waded right in. I went down where the dogs were. When I got there, old Drive made a leap and got the coon out on the other side of the river. Mumford couldn't stand it any longer, so he plunged right in, crossed the river and brought forth the mighty gun. At this the dogs stared in awe at the destruction he was about to do. For some unknown reason he emptied the gun and when the smoke cleared away, the coon was sitting there washing his face. The dogs seemed to be disgusted so they went in and fight was on and soon finished.

We came on home from there as we were only about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from home. We had been coming toward home all this time. We were back in town by 10:00 o'clock.

W. C. Barnes, Missouri.



COONHOUND PUPS RAISED BY P. Z. FUNK, ASHLAND CO., OHIO.

### HOW A BIG COON HUNT IN SOUTH-EAST NEBRASKA CHANGED ANIMOSITY TO FRIENDSHIP.

I am just a young lad and live with my parents in Nemaha County, Neb. Last year a young man from a neighboring town twenty miles away attended State Normal in my town and boarded at our house.

I had a splendid pair of coon dogs and this young man was out hunting with us on several occasions, when we would catch two or more coons in one night. This young fellow did not attend school this year and when hunting season came on he talked with several young friends of our coon hunts the winter before and the boys became quite interested in the sport without yet having been out. A party who we will call Mr. A. lives one-half mile from their town kept one old dog and two young ones.

One evening the boys congregated and decided to go out to Mr. A's for a coon hunt. Mr. A. took his dogs and went with them. They caught a coon which made the boys very enthusiastic over coon hunting and they went out to Mr. A's every night or two for hunt and succeeded in catching one or two coons a week.

In the first part of November I received a letter from my friend (who had been with us the winter before) inviting me to visit him for a couple of weeks and bring my dogs. I arranged and the next Monday went over, arriving there in time to hunt that night. We caught two coons. Next night we went out and caught three more and Thursday night two. The young fellows had now deserted Mr. A. and joined our ranks. This made Mr. A. feel quite ugly and unfriendly toward me, although he had never seen me or my dogs.

Now a big coon hunt was planned for Saturday night (that meant everybody in the neighborhood and all the dogs they could scare up). Mr. A. went over to Missouri and got his brother-in-law and three dogs. On Saturday evening, three or four wagon loads of men and boys drove four miles to the country, tied the steams and turned eight dogs loose, Mr. A's three, three from Missouri and my two, Dan and Sis. They immediately struck a trail and the whole cry went together, ran two or three hundred yards and treed. When we got to them all the dogs were barking furiously, except Dan and Sis and they were loitering around, seemingly unconcerned. Mr. A. said, "What's the matter with those fine coon dogs? They are not barking any." I said they act like it was a house cat. Mr. A. resented the idea of having a house cat treed until a boy climbed a tree and shouted "I see it! It is a big black house cat!" The men and boys on the ground told him to knock it out and we would have some fun anyway. I asked them to wait till I could get my dogs as I never allowed them to bother farmer's cats. I got them and he made it jump. The dogs ran it about 100 yards and treed again.

The boys were discussing who should

climb the tree. (by the way their style here is to climb and shake game out). I said, "Boys, let us go on and find some other game. It may be that the man who owns the cat would not take \$10 for him." The Missourian agreed with me and they called their dogs and started on. We had not gone more than one-half mile until the dogs all went off together again on another trail. The Missourian took one lantern and stepped down to the creek and said, "it sure is a coon this time; the dog and coon tracks are all right here together." The dogs soon barked treed and the bunch soon started to them as though they were shot out of a gun. We found the dogs all barking viciously again except Dan and Sis who were circling. They came to the tree once or twice but went right off again. Mr. A. remarked "Another cat boys, those great coon dogs aint doin' no barkin' this time again." The Missourian said, "I do not know what kind of feet cats in Nebraska have, but the tracks I saw up the creek were made by the same kind of feet coons wear over in Missouri." I said I thought the dogs were trailing a coon all right but my dogs didn't think it was up that tree for if they did they would bark. Mr. A. and his Missouri relative both appeared quite indignant that any one should doubt the sagacity of their dogs. They finally got a lad to climb but before he had gotten far up the tree we heard Dan pick up the trail about a quarter of a mile down the creek east of us. Every dog left the tree and started to him. Mr. A. had quite a little to say about some hounds howling around through the woods and calling dogs away from the tree, etc. Dan followed the creek for some distance east until he came to where a branch put in from the southwest and he went up that. The boy who climbed the tree said there was nothing in and no hole in the tree. Dan was now barking treed about one mile to the southwest and the other dogs (Sis was with them) had gone down the creek east out of hearing. This I account for by having two or three bunches of strange dogs together. It is quite likely the coon came up the creek in the early part of the evening, giving the dogs a back track to run wild on.

Every one now started for Dan and was not long in getting there. But just before we got there I noticed he had changed his location a little to the north. Mr. A. also noticed it and remarked, "I guess he is barking up all the trees in the woods". I did not know what to think of it myself so I said nothing. We got to the tree and a boy handed me his coat and shoes and started to climb. Now Sis and one of the Missouri dogs were coming up on the coon trail and the rest of the dogs came up on our track and all reached the tree at once and the six dogs began barking ferociously and as Mr. A. and the gentleman from Missouri had been shooting it into me pretty hard all evening I thought it would be a good time to hand them a package so I said, "gentlemen, I don't like the style of your coon dogs. They

come up here and go treed immediately; they don't know whether there is a coon up there or not. They just bark because Dan is barking. You can't get one of my dogs to do such a thing." And right at that time, with Dan sitting there barking treed, Sis, (who had worked with him all her life) would not bark at the tree until she had made a few circles of investigation and just as she had settled down at the tree the boy who had climbed said "He is going out on a limb to the southwest. Get your dogs over that way."

The crowd with the dogs made a rush for that location. The coon ran back down that limb and out on one to the northwest and jumped. That gave him quite a start on the dogs and they ran him about 100 yards before they caught him. I guess the crowd about kept up with the dogs. I waited for the boy to get down from the tree. He had just finished lacing his shoes when we heard Dan barking treed a little to the south of us and within about one minute the whole pack was there barking their heads off except Sis and she was pulling off a little reconnoitering stunt again. We got a coon from that tree and by the way that accounted for Dan's change of location. He had likely barked at first one tree and then the other several times, but we could not notice it until we came near him. We then started and it was nearly an hour before we heard a sound from any dog and then it was Dan and Sis, a full mile to the west. They ran something over two miles to the west and north and treed.

When we got there no other dogs were there but came later on our trail. We got a coon from that tree and when the scrap was over Mr. A walked up to me and said, "Say Stranger, I want to take all back I have said about old Dan. I will admit I did not think much of either one of your dogs when we first started out, but I will say now that I think Dan is as good a coon dog as I ever saw or hunted with and I have hunted with a good many and some of them mighty good ones too."

We then started for the teams. Mr. A and I walked along together and swapped a few hunting stories and before we parted that night Mr. A told me he was expecting a brother to visit him in a few days and as his brother was particularly fond of coon hunting he would like to have me go out one night with them and take my dogs. I readily accepted his invitation, for with our little acquaintance I found Mr. A a far more amiable gentleman than I had at first supposed.

On the following Thursday night my young friend was invited to a gathering of young people. He put his best Sunday suit on me and he togged up in his next best and just as we were driving out of the yard gate we met Mr. A. and his brother. I told them to take my dogs and chain them in the barn again when they came back. Between one and two o'clock just as I was opening the gate for my friend to drive in the corral Mr. A. drove up and said, "I have three coons here for you." "Why for me?" I asked. "Well your

dogs treed them all. They are such wide hunters they picked up the trails so far away that my dogs never got in 'nary' chase." I told Mr. A that this was his hunt and all the catch belonged to him. He told me he thought a whole lot more of the bitch's work that night than he did the Saturday night before. Of course that bad break she made running off wild with those other dogs that Saturday night gave her a black eye for the time being.

I went home the next day. A little later on I allowed Mr. A to take my dogs and use them two weeks and when he returned them he told me he had been out five nights and caught thirteen coons. He offered me \$50 for "ary" one of them. I might add that there had been very little hunting and no trapping in that locality for some years and coon were quite plentiful.

An H-T-T Reader.

### AN EXCITING COON HUNT.

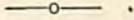
Neal Thompson, a man about five feet tall, Dave Coel, an old time coon hunter, John Crumbaker, the man that has owned more dogs that never saw a coon than any man in Ohio and I started one night for a coon hunt.

John took his fox terrier with us and said he thought if it saw a coon he would tree it. We went about four miles in the country, put the machine in a farmer's barn yard and soon hit the woods. My dog, Lead, soon struck a trail. He started it in a cornfield. Neal kept saying he was after a rabbit. Now any coon hunter knows how it makes you feel when one accuses your dog of running a rabbit.

John and I went over in the field and there were tracks where three coons had gone through the mud, one as large a track as I ever saw and two smaller ones. My dog being young got bothered on them so I took him off and we went over to another woods. Not striking anything there we went back to the other end of the corn field and as soon as Lead struck the field he struck a trail. I says, "Now boys, he has got to tree that coon if we have to stay here all night." It wasn't long till he got him in the woods and barked treed up an old beech. We got a pole, leaned it against the tree and I went up. I stuck a limb in the hole and to my delight I heard a growl. I told the boys to send up an axe and the lantern which I pulled up with a string. The tree was dead and I soon had a hole in it. Well I do not think I was scared, but I think there was the largest coon I ever saw. The boys said, "throw him out," which I did. Lead was watching for him and when he hit the ground the dogs both piled on him. You never heard dogs howl and go on like those dogs did. I thought the coon was killing them. There I was up in the tree and three men and two dogs on the ground. Each man had a lantern and they looked like jack o'lanterns flying over the ground. Everything got still

when I got down. I asked where the coon was and one mustered up courage enough to say "it got away". They said it whipped the dog and hit Dave on the leg. I put the dog on the track and he ran it out into a clover field and caught the coon on the ground. It whipped the dog and got away before we could get there. No I wasn't a bit hot. I said, "when a coon whips two dogs and three men it is time to go home." He has been seen in the neighborhood since and they all say it was the largest coon they ever saw.

Geo. Shaver, Preble Co., Ohio.



#### A COON HUNT B 4 THE BIG STORM.

On February 21, a fellow named Rudolph and I took our dogs, Bell and Jack, and went to Randolph. On our way met Art and Hiram. They asked us where we were going and I says, "to hunt coon." "Well if you promise to catch a coon we'll go along." I told them I would promise or stand the treats so we drove into Randolph and were joined by Santa and Dell, also their dog, Jack. Then we drove up the Blue River about seven miles, fixed up our horses, fed them hay, corn and oats as though we were not coming back for a week. We took our lanterns, guns, axes, turned our dogs loose and started to walk to Timber City, a place socalled many years ago as there was a store and postoffice there, so I am told, but now there is only timber with coon in.

We had not gone more than one hundred yards before my dog barked trail and ran quite a ways then came back and found the trail back of us and past us again as though he didn't know whether he had run it backwards or not, but finally straightened it out for one and a half mile and treed in an elm tree. I climbed up and found it to be hollow. I cut a limb and shot a coon, then I cut one and let drop and when I got down from the tree the boys had a hole cut on that limb and founr out there was another coon there, then for a fight. We let Santa's dog have him and chained Bell and Jack, but as this dog is old and lost his teeth he let the coon go and the other dogs jerked loose and of course we could not get the dogs away till they had the coon all done up, so we shot him and went on.

Then we came to an old vacant house and sat down for a rest and ate our lunch which consisted of cheese sandwiches and water from a well. Then we started back at twelve thirty and in a half hour struck another trail. The dogs ran it for a hundred yards and treed, but were not sure so we built up a bonfire and finally saw him and shot him, making three coons in two hours and a half.

Now is where the fun commenced. We were lost and could not find the river or the wagon road. It was foggy, the wind had changed and the clouds covered the north star so we walked in a circle. Finally we started to notice the moss on the trees and of course the north side of the trees has

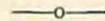
more moss so by doing this we soon got straight. Now coon hunters, try this if you don't want to stay out all night. When we got back to our horses it was 3 o'clock and when we got to Randolph it was 4:30. Here we had another lunch and started home.

By the time I got home it was drizzling and in the afternoon it rained and turned to sleet, finally snowing and by Monday morning there was two feet of snow and drifts five and ten feet deep so it spoiled our chance to take any pictures of ourselves, dogs and coon. The coons weighed eighteen, sixteen and fourteen pounds, or forty-eight altogether.

I have been snow bound for five days (this letter was written February 28) so I just finished reading the last H-T-T and wish to say in regard to dog cranks or those who buy dogs, that I bought this dog for ten dollars and he was no good at all when I got him, and now I can get him to do anything. I hunt rabbits, squirrels, coyotes in daytime and coon, skunk, and opossum at night. I sent to Illinois for a dog and she proves to be a good for nothing too, but time and training will make her a good dog.

Treat your dog as you would your best friend and he will do the best he can for you. Don't kick, scold or punish your dog unless he needs it, for you know dogs are not educated as you are, just let them know they must mind you.

Skunk Catcher Jack,  
Riley County, Kansas.



#### AN ILLINOIS HUNT.

Would like to tell all the boys of a little coon hunt George McConnell and I took a few years ago, near Petersburg, Illinois. We had only one dog, half hound, half bull. His name was Drum and he had a voice like a lion or worse. We hunted every good night and as the country was settled pretty thickly, we never started till about 9 p. m.

On this night we hadn't gone far when old Drum opened up his big voice. He didn't run it very far until it treed and we knew it was in a den so we went on. He then struck another ring tail and ran him for about one hour and treed in the biggest tree in the woods, 5 feet thick and 30 feet to the first limb, but we carried a 10-lb boon hill shotgun. The first thing we did was to look for an eye. At last we saw one about one-half open and pulled down on it. The first shot came down a squirrel. Old Drum jumped on it mad as a hornet. As soon as he saw what it was he threw it down as quick as he could and went back to the tree barking louder and faster than ever as if to say that is not what I ran up that tree.

Well, we were surely as much surprised as he was and went to looking again for the soon, for we knew he was there as we had seen one eye several times and shot at it every time. Finally, we could see it no more so I started up with an axe in my hand.

I was just getting on the first limb when I heard a scratching sound and looked up and here came a coon, that looked as big as a bear.

I touched him with the axe and he fell off the tree and almost got away from Mack and old Drum and a farmer who had come out to see the fun. Finally, old Drum got him by the neck and I hit him with a club and the stuff was off.

We then went down to where we had treed the first coon thinking that by this time he would be down. Sure enough when we were about 40 rods from the tree, we heard that blessed old dog's roaring voice. Away he went and we had to run to keep him from going out of hearing. At last the coon treed and sure enough it was an old oak, four feet thick and dead. It stood on

an old Dutchman's land and only about 300 yards from the house. Well it was about 2 a. m. and we wanted that coon. We built a fire and decided to stay till morning being very tired and naturally both of us went to sleep and didn't know anything more till about 7 a. m. when the old German guy came out and old Drum barked at hm waking us up. He had an axe and Crosscut saw and intended to cut our coon tree to make stove wood. We helped him cut it and got our coon, a fine one too and started home again.

We arrived there at 9 o'clock very tired. The first coon we got weighed 22 lbs and the other one 20. The largest one was very poor. I think he had come from Kansas overland and hadn't eaten anything on the road.

Ed. Powers, Christian Co., Ill.



THE COON RAN ALL NIGHT AND WAS TREED AT 8 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. PHOTO BY HARRY CARMANY, SUMMIT CO., OHIO.



## FOX HUNTING

### CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HUNT.

As we do not see many fox stories in this, our favorite magazine, I thought I would try and help out a little in this department by writing up a hunt my friend, Mr. Hill and myself enjoyed a few days ago. Mr. Hill is a real fox hunter, the equal of whom I have never seen. He has hunted foxes a good many years and is up to date on all the tricks of Sir Reynard. Several years ago Mr. Hill introduced into this section a strain of hounds the equal of which I have never seen. They are black and tan, of medium size, fast followers, good tonguers and second to none in staying qualities. We each of us now own a great grandson of Cap, the old original hound that Mr. Hill first brought into this section. These two dogs of ours are pups 19 months old. Their father was a good, tough all day dog of another strain, their mother was a granddaughter of the old original and I am safe in saying that she was as good a dog as ever trailed a fox in this or any other country. I have owned a great many hounds but this lady was superior to them all. Last May I sold her to a man in Westchester County, New York. In my opinion, ninety-nine pups out of a hundred will make good, providing they are bred right, and properly trained.

We have had no trouble whatever in getting our pups going right and although they are young, they are strictly all day dogs, under any ordinary conditions, alone and without company. It is very seldom that we run them together as we believe that a pup should be broken alone so as not to depend on company or even an older dog to help him, as what a pup learns for himself he is not likely to forget.

One morning in February I started out for a little hunt by myself. It was very hard following for a dog as it was principally crust, with spots of bare, frozen ground here and there and the thermometer at 7 a. m. stood 6 degrees above zero. I started out toward Jenne Notch and when within about

one-half mile of there my pup struck an old track and was working on it when suddenly I heard Hill's pup jump a fox, fresh, less than a quarter of a mile from me. This of course surprised me as I didn't know that Hill was out. His pup Dan made a little circle so that Sher my pup heard him and in a few seconds both pups were together after old sly. I began to look around for Hill and in about fifteen minutes I located him over on Wetmore's hill.

The fox went northwest but got by Hill by going high. I then went over where he was standing. It was now about 8:30 a. m. The fox went right on out of hearing toward Mt. Pisgah. We figured we would do as well to separate and remain on Wetmore Hill as if the fox had any idea of coming back he would be quite apt to cross over this ridge. We did not have very long to wait for in about forty minutes we heard the pups coming and by their song we knew they were not far behind the fox. But the old red did not do just as we expected him to, instead he kept high through the Barlow lot and so on through the mountain to Jenne Notch. At this notch is a great runway, Hill thought we should go there as the fox seemed inclined to do his running on high ground, so we made our way up the mountain and got plared on the runways in the notch.

The dogs were now running on Ginseng Mountain, a ridge just west of the Notch. They were bothered, though, as this mountain was quite crusty. They were making very slow headway and it began to look as though they were not going to get him up again but right here is where their breeding told. They got right down to business and for nearly two hours these two pups worked like veterans. They finally routed the fox again. It was now about 1 p. m. That fox certainly ran nice on that ridge for a little over an hour. We did not dare leave our posts in the Notch as every minute we expected the fox to come our way but instead

he crossed low and over the mountain and through what is known as the Rabbit Notch and so on through the Figure Seven to the Butts Follow and down around by the Pine Tree runway, right back up the mountain again to Mt. Zoah, along the top of the mountain to Rabbit Notch and down through the Doctor's Clearing and keeping high, back to Mt. Nebo where he made his first turn in the morning.

All this time the dogs were in our hearing except for perhaps a couple of hours. As it was now 4 p. m. we made our way down to Wetmore Hill where we had been in the morning. The pups were then running on Mt. Nebo. We stayed on this hill until we could no longer see to shoot. The pups pulled in about 8:30 that evening with one more day's experience but no fox to their credit. These pups have had seven foxes shot ahead of them up to now, February 14. I may try my hand again next winter if I am alive and able to hunt.

J. Smith, Greene Co., N. Y.

#### A FOX CHASE IN NEW JERSEY.

Well brother fox hunters, as the H-T-T was in a way responsible for this picture I will relate how it happened. Through an advertisement in H-T-T, I purchased a fox hound in West Virginia in February of this year and the gentleman from whom I got the dog said he was a No. 1 fox hound. I received him on the eleven o'clock train in the forenoon, February 9, and in the afternoon of the same day I took him out on a ridge of mountains about three miles from my house where I was quite sure I could find a fox track.

Well I took the dog in the woods about one-fourth of a mile, there being a snow on the ground, and Duke (that is the hound's name) struck a red fox track where he had crossed the previous night and he gave a few yelps which we all like to hear. He figured this old track out for about fifteen minutes and went up on a high ridge of rocks and jumped Mr. Red from his nap. The dog jumped the fox at two-thirty in the afternoon and the fox lit out in a northeasterly direction and Duke hot after him. Boys, right then and there Duke reeled off some music which was never equaled by any brass band or pipe organ.

The fox ran for about two miles and crossed a big swamp still keeping in the northeastern direction. I followed as far as I could, thinking red would circle and all the time I was on the lookout for good stands to meet the fox should he turn and come my way. By the time I got on a high ridge close to the swamp I could just hear a faint yelp of Duke coming back. Mr. Red had circled and was coming back through the swamp he had previously crossed. I quickly ran over to my right on top of a large high ridge of rocks which I thought red was making for to get back on the same ridge he was jumped from while napping.

I had been on the rocks about five minutes waiting for Duke to push him toward me, when up comes the fox as though he did not intend to stay where Duke was making so much music. I could see he was making for the right of me to cross the ridge at a lower point from where I was. I didn't dare to run to head him off to get a shot so I saw him turn to go away from me and I let little Bess (my shotgun) bark and sly red took his last long leap. It was a good fox. Duke was about three hundred yards behind when I killed the fox. The distance



THE WRITER WITH RED AND GRAY FOX.

from where I stood to the fox when I shot was eighty-four paces.

My gun is a very light one, weighing only six and a half pounds and the barrels are only twenty-two inches long. They were formerly thirty-two but I had them cut off so as to be handier in the brush for partridge.

On picture you will see the writer and a red and gray fox in my hands, also the gun and good old Duke. The red fox is to the left of picture near gun. The red fox ran four and a half hours from the time he was jumped till I shot him. On examining him I found two of his middle toes on his left front foot gone. Suppose he had spent a little time in a steel trap. He was an old dog fox and weighed ten and a half pounds

He measured forty-three inches from tip of nose to tip of tail unskinned. I am having him mounted in remembrance of Duke and his first chase since I owned him. I think that was doing very good for a dog on strange ground and so soon after being on a train for two days.

Old Two Toes, Morris Co., N. J.

#### A MINNESOTA FOX HUNT.

I am one who enjoys anything and everything connected with out-door life, but more than anything else I enjoy a chase for fox with hounds so will tell you of a chase we had March 4, 1914.

I had been wishing for a new snow more than anything else since we got our last fox which was one week previous to the chase I am going to relate. Sure enough March 3 it began to snow about five o'clock in the morning and by noon there was as nice a snow on the ground as any hunter could wish for. Well of course I began to move about rather uneasy like and by two o'clock I had the fever right. How could I stay in with such a snow on the ground for the next day and with Lead and Queen so badly in need of exercise. Just a word about Queen. She is nine months old and has helped get three foxes, always being the foremost in the chase. Well I just couldn't see how I could do it so I didn't try. I simply got the team (Dick and Topsy) ready, unchained the hounds, tied them behind and started out for Fairbanks, fourteen miles distant. They have two hounds, Cecil and Blucher, so we usually get together to hunt.

Well to say that the boys welcomed me and the hounds would not express it. We already began to see foxes and hear hounds, all in our imagination, but not so the next day. I will not dwell on our conversation that evening for every fox hunter can guess the general run of it, knowing the circumstances that I have just related.

We finally rolled in and before I had time to dream of getting more than one, four o'clock came and the alarm rang, Georgie, the younger of the boys, declaring the night before that it wasn't one bit too early. I agreed with him and we won out. Well he jumped out of bed, called me, shook Charlie in a way that made him think he had always been awake, then he broke the news to Nels (my brother-in-law) that if he was going he would have to be showing himself, and as Nels isn't the boy to miss a thing of that kind, he got up also. We started fires, got our rig and team ready, fed the dogs and then we ate a little ourselves—just a little you know, the boys mother and my sister having gotten a No. 1 breakfast for us. Breakfast over we were soon on our way with guns and hounds. We had about two miles to drive to get to our hunting ground and we got there shortly after daylight, when to our delight and complete satisfaction, also that of the hounds by the noise they made when we unchained them, there crossing the

road to the north was the track of Sir Reynard, who was doomed to die at our hands that morning.

The four hounds were soon making those woods ring with the sweetest music it has ever been my lot to hear and we knew that reddy was no longer curled up sleeping as he is wont to do, but instead was up and trying some of his old dodges to throw the hounds off his scent, but alas for him their noses were too keen. The team had been tied and blanketed and we were scattered out, each using his own judgment as to where he might stand the best chance of getting a squint at Mr. Fox.

Well, Georgie and I came together by chance on a piece of high level ground and could hear the hounds northwest working our way, so we stood quiet about 25 yards apart with some thick brush between. The hounds were coming nearer all the time when suddenly reddy popped in sight, came straight toward us, stopped one instant to listen and at the same instant my .30-30 came up and spoke to Mr. Fox in a tone that put a stop to all his rambles. When Charlie and Nels heard the noise from my vocal organs after hearing the shot they knew it was all over and were soon on the scene.

Blucher, Lead and Queen were there in less than five minutes after I shot him, Cecil being slower, but equally as sure came along in due time true to the trail and expressed her joy at finding I hadn't missed by mixing the fox and by friendly wags of the tail as did the other three hounds before her. When Georgie and I compared notes I found that he had been covering the fox with his rifle from the time he came in sight, but when he stopped there was brush which hid him from his view, otherwise it might have been he instead of myself.

That is no sport for I see an article in March H-T-T by a man signing himself and wife "Two of a Kind" in which he ventures to state that a man who will shoot a fox is no sport, but surely he doesn't expect us to all see it in the same light that he does.

G. L. P., Dodge County, Minn.

#### CHASING IN DEEP SNOW.

On the 11th of February, 1914, I rode down to town and told my friend that I had the fever. "Yes," he said, "you want to run me to death don't you?" So I said get in my rig and we started down to John's house. Out he jumped and my team jumped at the same. The cutter went over and all you could see of me was my feet sticking out of the snow. John caught the team and I wiggled out of the snow. Everybody had a laugh and by me being a farmer made it worse. I had to laugh though it went against the grain to do so.

John got his gun and snowshoes and the sleigh bells jingled back to the farm. My

wife (a good girl) hustled up supper while John and I fed the stock about the farm and the dogs. After supper was over we went to bed early. It turned warm in the night and about four o'clock next morning I was awakened by the baying of my hounds. I jumped out, went to the door, spoke to them and they quieted down.

While I fed my stock my wife got breakfast and we soon made ready our snowshoes and guns and if you are a fox hunter you know how glad your dogs are to go. When their collars dropped they came cutting splinters and filling the air with the sweetest music I ever heard.

It was a damp still morning with from three to four feet of snow on and away we go. In just about half a mile my main fox starter began to fill the air with the sweetest tones I ever heard. Shortly I heard Rats, then Bluetop, Mouny and Nell had hit it. They went due south and out of hearing and pretty soon they came in hearing again coming back north. John had perched himself up on a high ridge and I took the draw down about a hundred yards. After a short time John blew his call so I knew he was coming. I stood still and soon saw him jumping down the other side and all you could see was a ball of fur going in and out of the snow. I took a crack at him and never touched a hair. Away he went and John gave me the laugh all right. The dogs came along in twenty minutes with Rats in the lead, then Trup, Mouny, Bluetoes and Nell behind. They went over the hills and out of hearing. John took the high hill and I heard him give one shot after another till six shots were fired and the hounds soon came in hearing again and on towards the south. John threw a message, "Did you get him?" The answer being NO. Say, it sounded like a Mexico battle when he turned that gun loose.

Now three hours had passed and the dogs began changing off, first one then the other would lead. Now boys, when they do this they are doing their best and soon he is either caught, killed or takes a hole. Then they went south out of hearing.

In just one hour and twenty minutes they came in hearing. John says, "Now we get him." I laughed at John's six shots. They drew nearer filling the air with their sweet music. I left the hill, took the draw to the left and all at once I heard the hounds making for the draw that I was in, so I stopped and soon I saw him coming down the draw and the hounds behind him about a hundred yards away when my gun spoke to him. I did not think I hit him for I load my own shells and when that dear gun kicked it started me and my snowshoes down the hill and of course I got ahead of my feet and was soon standing on my head in the snow. I pulled myself out and got straightened out and saw the dogs were coming up on the fox. But I think it was scared to death. I went up, took it away from the dogs and John came down and we took his hide.

Our hounds were very tired from their five and a half hours run in from three to four feet of snow. Now boys, if you have a dog this kind of a chase will tell you whether he is good or bad.

We have a few fox, no coon, few skunk and a few birds and porky now and then.

R. J. Bruce, Antrim Co., Wis.

### AN IDAHO TRAPPER.

Furbearers seem to be holding their own here except coyote which is on the increase. Rats are the most plentiful, a few deer and quite a few mink, some bear both black and brown and an occasional cougar. Deer are plentiful, grouse and native pheasants; also some ringneck pheasants.

This is a very hard country to trap in for water animals on account of so much brush along the streams. There are but a very few trappers here. A person cannot cover enough territory in one day to make a success at trapping.

Last winter will be my last winter to try to trap in this country. I shall try the northern Alberta country next winter if I keep on my old pegs.

My catch of furs for 1913-14 was 15 mink, 80 rats, 1 coon, 1 weasel, 1 coyote and 1 otter for which I received \$60.

Pat May, Latah Co., Idaho.



WM. H. BLAUVELT, SENECA CO., N. Y., AND ONE-HALF DAY'S FOX HUNT.

# Fur Farming and Plant Culture



## A SUCCESSFUL SKUNK FARMER.

I have received some very valuable information concerning skunk farming so will give my experience of the past three years in the business, which I hope may be of some benefit to others.

Although I admit that I have had some very expensive experiences trying to raise skunk, from now on with what I have learned about the business in the past three years it looks to be very good investment for any one who will give it their time and attention and not neglect to take good care of Mr. Skunk.

I have sixty acres of hill-side farm which will be practically devoted to skunk farming and land to raise vegetables and keep a small dairy, as I find that sweet skim milk will go a long way toward raising the young skunk.

One very important thing in regard to raising skunk is that they need lots of range. The more like Nature you can keep them the better success you will have.

Last year I lost a large number of very nice breeders by feeding hog meat. Now my advice to any one who contemplates raising skunk is, never feed them pork, unless well cooked, as it causes a toxemia poisoning. Hogs are subject to worms which seem to accumulate very fast in the skunk when they are fed hog meat. The first symptom of toxemia poisoning is bowel trouble. To keep skunks free from worms I feed them Dr. Hess's Stock Tonic once a week.

My farm being located in the Boro limits, I remove the scent glands from all my stock. Furthermore, being located near a natural gas territory I shall install open gas lights in my skunk yards another season, as I find that any open light will kill an unlimited amount of night insects which the skunk are very fond of.

I have noticed some skunk farmers experience a great deal of trouble by skunk getting lice and mange. I have never been troubled to any extent with either as I usually give them a new nest about twice a

month. The cleaner the nest boxes are kept the less trouble skunk farmers will have with vermin.

Pure water I find is very essential to have running thru the breeding pens as the young enjoy a cold bath very often. Have also discovered that in order for skunk to grow and be well furred they should have a variety of food. Usually meat is fed every other day and hotel scraps in connection with skim milk, sweet corn and other vegetables.

Last year while at J. M. Bray's skunk farm I purchased some of the finest breeding stock that could be bought from any farm that I have ever dealt with as I have imported stock from other skunk farms, they were not in comparison with stock purchased from Mr. Bray.

In the past three years I have never in-bred any of my skunk and never expect to, as I know from some stock that I purchased about a year ago had been in-bred and they were very inferior stock. So would advise not to in-bred among skunk especially.

F. A. Brizze, Potter Co., Pa.

## NOTES FROM THE NORTHEAST.

Fox Breeders' and Fur Farmers' Association of Alberta was organized at Edmonton recently. The purpose of the association is to promote, protect and develop the fox breeding and fur-farming industry throughout the province of Alberta.

Benjamin Lawton, Edmonton, chief game warden of Alberta, presided at the organization meeting, at which 15 fox companies were represented. The plan, it was announced, is to breed foxes along systematic lines, following the course adopted by the Prince Edward Island association. There will be four classifications.

\* \* \*

Returning to Edmonton from Lac la Biche, 150 miles north, where he spent seven weeks, L. Trudel, a furrier, said that the district is

one of the best in the world for breeding foxes. Most of the half-breed Indians, he related, own live foxes. In one place he found 81 animals. He reports that J. Belanger of Montreal, recently invested \$10,000 in live foxes there. Trudel is planning to open a fur factory at Lac la Biche, where the Hudson Bay company has one of the largest reserves. There are 60 families in the district. The settlement should grow rapidly, as Edmonton, Dunvegan & British Columbia Railway company will have extended its line from Edmonton to the hamlet within six months.

\* \* \*

Fred M. Lee, president of the Pioneer Silver-Black Fox company, owner of a number of private ranches in Alberta, said in an interview at Edmonton, that it will be at least 25 years before the value of the fox is estimated on the pelt value. There is a greater demand than ever for breeding animals, he added, hence more will engage in the industry. The greatest danger to the future of the business, lies in the promotion of over-capitalized companies and through the inex-

perience of those who may be tempted to take up fox-ranching. He added.

"There is a tendency at present on the part of persons who happen to capture a couple of foxes, to imagine they have made a life competency. For this reason they are at first disinclined to sell to the breeders at the market prices, and come to the conclusion that the regular companies are in a combination to beat them out of their just reward.

"However, the business here is yet in its infancy, and with a better understanding between the trapper and the companies, and with sane regulations in connection with the securing of foxes, things will right themselves, and there can be no doubt but that the business will make as much money for Alberta as it has for the little province down by the sea."

\* \* \*

A. E. Hofues of Grouard, Alberta is in Edmonton with 26 black and silver foxes, which he values at \$25,000. The collection is said by experts to be one of the best seen in Edmonton in many years.



BLOOD ROOT FLOWERS. PHOTO BY C. R. VAN DRUFF, JEFFERSON CO., KANSAS.

## RUSSIAN REPORT ON P. E. I. FUR FARMING.

By M. Vla. Generosoff.

During the fall of 1912 I made a trip to Prince Edward Island, for the purpose of investigating Silver Fox farms. The new fur industry transplanted to the farms is about twenty-five years old. About the year 1900 several fox farmers succeeded in solving in some degree the problem of fox breeding by keeping the animals in semi-domesticated conditions, and the results of their experiments attracted wide attention in February, 1914, the value of the fox ranches and breeders was estimated according to official data at about \$15,000,000.00.

The natives of the said Island own the honor of creating the new line of farm industry and the results are such that they will be of great value for Russian Northern territories. The possibility of breeding common and polar foxes in captivity and commercial advantage of this industry is proved to Canadians on facts collected during a special investigation by Mr. J. Walter Jones, agent of the Canadian government, Mr. Wesley Frost, American Consul on Prince Edward Island and my personal impressions are, permit me to state, that the question of the possibility and profit of this new rural industry is fully solved. Though the experience of Canadians is limited to the breeding of common and polar foxes the results obtained are of more practical importance and wide application than appears at first. As to the principles of breeding wild furbearers in captivity, it is now widely known that a great natural resource has been discovered in the form of game and furbearing animals which are diminishing in numbers everywhere with astonishing rapidity. The main cause of this sorrowful fact, I think is fully explained by the words of Mr. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoological Garden, who wrote: "No wild species of bird, reptile or fish can withstand exploitation for commercial purposes." In such a condition all prohibitive and protective measures, although necessary are indeed only palliative and cannot successfully solve the problem of maintaining the supply. The final solution of the difficulty must be game and fur farming, etc., as measures directly intended to re-establish the balance of nature, upset by the destructive actions of mankind. The principle of "breeding" instead of the principle of "trapping" has been applied by the Canadians to the fur industry. The task was most difficult to successfully solve, but the results clearly show that their point of view was right. Upon most careful calculation in the last half of this decade the number of silver foxes annually born on Canadian ranches will surpass the number of such foxes trapped in the wild state, and in the next decade the annual crop on fox farms will surpass the present catch of Russian Sable. The common decline of trapping the furbearers and the success of the fox industry inspired Mr. J. Walter Jones to make the

thesis. The capital now employed in hunting and trapping wild furbearing animals can in this case of several species be better employed in fur farming.

As to the practical importance of the success of the Canadian fox industry it is necessary to have in view that the methods used in breeding foxes are applied now, by analogy with corresponding changes for breeding other fur-bearing, mainly skunks, marten and minks, but the cheapness of their pelts is a great obstacle to their profitable raising. In this relation Russia is in a better condition, having large supplies of white and blue polar foxes, which I think must be a profitable species for Commercial fur farming in Russia and the establishing of such an industry is helped by existence of primitive fur farms on our Northern Territories during several decades. Among the valuable furbearers we have the sable, whose fur meets more guaranteed demand than the furs of silver foxes. The establishing of polar fox and sable fur farms I think is possible with government assistance to the new-born rural industry in the form of Government Experimental Fur farms. Government Stock Farms for the selected breeders and the organization of fur auctions. These questions I shall discuss in detail in my report.

The limited time I had to write this report urged me to omit the description of fox farms I have seen and to pay more attention to the practical side, to shape my report into form of handbook. As the fox farming is quite a new and complicate industry, and new questions that cannot be foreseen are always arising, I will be very much indebted to anyone who will be kind enough to state my errors.

I am feeling great pleasure to bring herewith my sincere thanks to all parties who gave me assistance in my efforts to investigate fur farming, namely, Honorable Benjamin Rogers, Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island, The Canadian Commission of Conservation and all other members of the Canadian Government, especially am I feeling indebted to Mr. J. Walter Jones of Charlottetown, specialist in fur farming of the Commission of Conservation, who was so kind as to visit with me during my half-month trip on the Island, some of the fox farms. From the owners of these farms I received everywhere cordial welcome. They demonstrated to me the construction of their farms and supplied me with interesting information on fox breeding. All these polite manifestations to a foreigner oblige me to express to them my sincere thanks.

1. The wild animals, particularly the furbearers, are of great value for Russia, as a whole, and especially so for frontier regions and therefore the quick decline of hunting industry in the country, shows the extreme importance of measures intended to organize the business of securing fur pelts.

2. The hunting of furbearing animals if left irregulated, inevitably leads to extinction of the species; no species of animal can withstand commercial exploitation.

3. The means of protecting and developing the fur industry in Russia are as follows:

a. Protective-hunting laws, supervision of their performance, organization of Government game refuges, reserves and sanctuaries.

b. Creative means, directly intended to multiply the number of furbearers in the country or, in other words, to develop fur farming.

4. Government assistance to the new fur industry can adopt the following terms:

a. The organization of Government Experimental Fur Farming Stations.

b. The organization of Government Stock Farms for selected breeders for sale and distribution.

5. The raising of furbearing animals in captivity, is the most improved rational form of the fur industry.

6. The possibility of commercially raising the foxes common and polar is proved by 25 years' experience of fox farming in Canada and by its striking progress in the last four years—1910-1913. This instance is very reassuring to Russia, as the latter country owing to its climate and the existence of local valuable furbearing animals, is in especially favorable conditions for the establishing of the industry.

7. In Russia the stock for fur farming, besides silver foxes and crosses, can be sable, marten and white polar foxes, mink and also the important animals as skunk and raccoons. The large supply of white polar foxes, in our tundras and of blue foxes on the Commander Island (in the Pacific Ocean) is a very promising situation for the establishing of the Polar fox ranches in Russia.

8. Commercial Fur Farming is a new and valuable rural industry, but because it is a

new one can be fostered only in case of regular assistance from the above named Government establishments, as: (a) Government Experimental Fur Farms and (b) Government Experimental Stock Farms of selected breeders for sale and free distribution.

9. The question of marketing raw furs on the interior and foreign markets is a very important one. The drawbacks of the present situation are the following: (a) The trapper is separated from the market by many middleman, who get the large part of profit, leaving only a small price to the producer, (b) The export fur trade is in the hands of foreigners. (c) The furs going abroad are exported in the form of raw material and not in furs dressed and manufactured.

10. The backward condition of the Russian fur trade as mentioned in 10-a and 10-b can to some extent be changed for the better by the organization of fur auctions such as exist abroad, but with this difference, namely, that these auctions be under supervision of a special government establishment, (2) that the latter perform not only the commission operations, but the credit operations too, and be for the fur trade what the Government grain elevators and warehouses are for the grain trade.

11. At present the Canadian Silver Fox industry is of a monopolistic character and speculative. The prices of breeders are, therefore on an extremely high level. With the developing of fox farming the prices of silver fox furs and of breeders must go down, but the decline owing to the shortage of supply of valuable furs on the market, and the increasing difficulty of catching them, cannot reach such an extent as to make the fox farming unprofitable.



MAYAPPLES JUST UNFOLDING THEIR LEAVES, WHICH LOOK LIKE TINY UMBRELLAS AT THIS STAGE. C. R. VAN DRUFF, JEFFERSON CO., KAS.

## TRAPPERS' LETTERS

## UTAH.

In this section of the country, fur seems to be on the increase again. Muskrat, badger, wild cat and weasel are more numerous now than they have been for several years. Coyotes are holding their own. Skunk were almost exterminated three years ago but nobody has been trapping the past season for the few that are left. Beaver are protected in this state. The result is they are increasing. There is quite a colony of them along the Sevier River near my muskrat trapping grounds. When a man is trapping muskrats along the river where the beaver live he has to use dry willows for stakes for if you use green willows to stake your traps with the beaver will pull them up. I have had this occur many times. Some of you old beaver trappers may say it was a John Sneakum who pulled up the stakes but I could see beaver tracks in the mud as the water was clear nearly all the time. They are not molested and do not seem to pay any attention to human scent.

A word about mountain lions. I have never seen one nor heard one scream but I have had them follow me and by the looks of their tracks, they must have been watching me.

There are quite a good many bear in the big mountains about twelve miles east of here. One fellow who is a professional trapper trapped and shot 41 bear during the fall of 1912 and the spring and summer of 1913. They were blacks, browns, cinnamons and grizzlies. I have seen many of the skins and am well acquainted with a brother to this trapper. May be some of the readers are acquainted with him. It is Sam Pierce. He is employed at present by the government on the Forest Reserve.

For game, we have jack rabbits by the thousands, ducks and geese by the thousands in the fall and spring, a few sage hens and lots of quail. On February 28th, I saw 11 swans and I rode up within shot gun shot of them before they flew. That is the only flock of swans that have been seen around here for several years.

My father (who is in his sixties) and I were trapping partners during the season just past. I caught 7 badgers, 3 wildcats, 2 coyotes and one weasel and he caught 2 covotes and one weasel. We commenced trapping rats about February 15th and quit March 10th. We have a large marsh leased. We trapped in it 8 nights and caught 275 rats. The most we caught in one night were 50, of which only 14 were female. We never set in houses and very seldom in holes. In the spring season, male rats travel more than the females do and we set traps mostly in runaways, thus catching mostly male rats. Our catch altogether was 385 muskrats, 4

coyotes, 3 mildcats, 7 badgers and two weasels.

Lloyd Bartholomew,  
Sampete Co., Utah.

## WASHINGTON.

The only game we have here is pheasant, sage hen, cotton tail, jack rabbit and coyote. There are some bob cats, but they are very scarce.

For guns I have a Stevens single barrel shotgun, 20 gauge, a Hopkins and Allen Junior rifle, bored for 22 long rifle and had same make in 25 rim fire, which is a very good arm. I used a 12 gauge Stevens two years and then sold it and purchased a 20, which suits me exactly.

In season I have brought down two sage hens with one shot with this gun. I used to reload my shotgun shells, but have given it up. The factory loads look so much better and always fit as they are never swelled and they are sure fire.

The 25 caliber Hopkins and Allen Junior rifle is a fine accurate arm and the ammunition is cheap—only one cent per shot and will do for coyotes. Two were killed outright with this rifle and another was shot and died after running some distance. The breech action of this rifle is very solid and neat in appearance, but a single shot is somewhat slow for coyote.

I believe the new Marlin Repeater, 25 rim fire would be a fine gun for coyotes. I have ordered a Marlin rifle, Model 29 in 22 caliber. Will use the long rifle cartridges principally for rabbits. This is, I believe, a very good rifle for three reasons: First, it has deep rifling; second, it has a sensible visible hammer, which is safe, also mainspring is not under a continuous strain when not in use, and last, but not least, it can be cleaned from the breech end. These points are all worth considering.

About coyotes, they possess more shrewdness than any animal in the country. I doubt if a fox is more cunning. My plan is to get them with a poisoned carcass of a horse this winter.

Two years ago my neighbor set three traps well concealed near a dead horse, but did not get one single coyote all winter long but caught his dog twice. Since then he has tried poison with fairly good success, having caught about fifteen last winter.

I have tried trapping and caught three in one night, but two got loose before I got there. In poisoning I have used rabbits and find the coyotes carry them away too far before eating so if there is no snow on the ground they are hard to track. I use strychnine and cyanide mixed.

There are quite a few badger in this country but I do not believe they do any harm.



TRAPPING CAMP OF GRANT FULLER, FRANKLIN CO., MAINE. MR. FULLER HAS BEEN HUNTING AND TRAPPING FOR 40 YEARS, AND HAS GUIDED SPORTSMEN FOR 25 YEARS.



INTERIOR OF MR. FULLER'S CAMP SHOWN ABOVE.

I have lived here in Yakima County about six years on a homestead and it is an independent life. Nearly every winter some young man comes to stay with me. One winter I had three companions. We had guns and dogs, plenty to eat, used sage brush for fuel, and as there is a good spring right near my house we had water in abundance. And there is a neighbor within 150 yards who has a phonograph and we would go over there evening and hear some good records.

There are lots of wild bees in this neighborhood and one summer my neighbor and I went out and found enough honey to fill two ordinary water pails full.

John Kettman, Yakima Co., Wash.

### YOUNG COYOTES.

I am enclosing a picture of two men, my little boy and myself with nine of our young pet coyotes. We caught thirty-nine young ones this spring. We would go out and find their dens and dig them out. One den had ten in it that did not have their eyes open yet and the other dens had nine, seven, six, five, etc.



NINE YOUNG COYOTES.

The nine in the picture are mates. We killed the rest for the bounty which is \$1.00 each, as we did not wish to keep all of them. They are very tame and will play all over the place, but will catch chickens just the same so we have to keep them in a wire net pen.

Coyotes are not very plentiful around here.

R. C. Fulkerson,  
Walla Walla Co., Wash.

My catch for this season was 1 raccoon, 1 red fox, 4 grey foxes and 5 skunks for which I received \$24 counting the bounty. Not so bad as I am only a new one at the business, consequently tore the red and one grey fox.

As the editor requests our opinion of this magazine, will say it is good enough, only don't forget Mr. Woodcock and Spears, also Dan Stephan and some others, but on the whole I "likes it good."

I read a lot in our magazine about the autos and repeaters being hard on the game, but let us not forget that pretty little house cat which should be called woods cat

The game this summer, from all appearances, is just as plentiful as ever, though several partridges had some cooked eggs one day this spring. Fishing was also good in the early part of the spring.

That sure was some skunk Trapper Loomis caught.

Will tell of a good set for grey fox under the right conditions. Take about a peck of rotten apples in the orchard where foxes eat the rotten apples at night and make a chaff set. Set one or two traps and scatter the apples around and if you don't get a fox I miss my guess. I got two and lost one as the trap did not work very good with this method.

Will close wishing you all good luck and don't let all the big ones get away.

H. E. Eckhart, Pike Co., Pa.

### CALIFORNIA.

I am situated in the northern part of Napa county, California. The country around here is very hilly, covered with brush and timber making it a fine place for game and varmints. For fur we have coon, skunk, fox, wild cat, mink, civet cat, ringtail and coyotes. For game we have deer, quail, rabbit, squirrel, ducks and snipe.

I have trapped 12 seasons. My catch for December, 1913, was 30 skunk, 10 wild cats, 7 coon, 12 grey fox, 15 civet cat, 1 mink and 2 ringtail cats.

The people around here trap when the fur is not prime and get all blue pelts. Then they kick because they get nothing for their hides. A man by the name of Taylor sent 10 blue pelts to a good fur house in St. Louis and he only got 75 cents for them. He said, the fur house was no good and that he was going to send and get his hides back. He did and the fur house told him they could not sell them. That's what he got for trapping out of season when the fur was not prime.

Now for the still hunt. I picked up my .22 one day and started on a still hunt. I started up a ridge covered with pine and oak trees. I had only gone a little ways when I saw a grey squirrel up in a pine tree. I killed him the first shot and started on up the ridge. I killed two more before I got to the top of the ridge.

I crossed that ridge and went to a big Schemese ridge. The first thing I saw was a jack rabbit under a bush. I let him have it but did not kill him so I gave him another.

I was looking around when I happened to see a deer coming my way along the ridge. I kept still until he got within 30 yards of me and then I let him have it between the eyes, which downed him. He was a forked horn and weighed 100 pounds dressed. The .22 is strong enough for me as I have killed three deer with a Remington repeater and .22 long.

I hope a law comes in soon to stop early trapping.

C. A. Landers.

# HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER



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SEPTEMBER, 1914.

The European War. We have been repeatedly asked within the past night what effect the war in

Europe would have on the fur trade this fall and as near as we can judge the situation at present is that the trade will be considerably affected. Russia is a great fur producer and other European countries also ship furs to our ports. Accumulations of raw furs are now being held up in Leipsic and London. Stocks of made-up furs are light, as manufacturers have been making but few goods in view of the reverses suffered through the warm weather during early winters of previous years. Unfortunately the fur market of London and all the fur markets, in fact, are likely to be greatly affected. Prices can hardly be maintained. However, if prices do go away down, it will give the fur of the world a chance to recuperate from the ravages which high prices and

close trapping has caused to the wild life. It will in all probability pay trappers to go easy until after the war signs are read in the price lists, which in our estimation will be late in coming out this season. The European war places the fur situation in a most unhappy condition for every one concerned.

Ravages of A careful estimate indicates that approximately \$15,000,000 worth of poultry and live stock are annually destroyed in this country by the depredations of predatory wild animals. In the western states, on which most of this burden falls, the great percentage of these predatory animals are bred and raised on land properly withdrawn from settlement by the Federal Government. Under such conditions, those interested in animal husbandry feel that the nation should assume its share of this burden through a system of national bounties.

In many states, thousands of sheep are annually destroyed by coyotes and this menace keeps many farmers from taking up sheep raising, thus reducing the nation's supply of meat and wool. There is a pressing need for better legislation on this subject in many of the states and we respectfully suggest that the Department of Agriculture could materially assist in securing such legislation by giving this movement its moral support in every way possible.

Concerning Mad Dogs. There is always so much excitement in a community where a rabid dog appears, or when anyone is bitten by a dog which is supposed to be mad, that many foolish things are done, and oftentimes the case is so complicated that it is difficult to arrive at a correct diagnosis at any later time.

For instance, a man was bitten by a common house dog and pulled out a big six shooter and blew out the brains of the animal, rendering a certain diagnosis impossible.

No supposedly rabid dog should be killed if it is possible to confine him where he will not be a menace to the community. If the dog lives a week after biting a person, he was not rabid.

This in itself is sufficient to make a person feel safe. If, however, the dog dies some days later showing symptoms of rabies, then an examination of the brain by a competent pathologist is the only method of making a reliable diagnosis.

The head should be removed from the body, packed in ice for sending away. It is not feasible to attempt to remove the brain because of the danger of fatal inoculation from injury to the hands.

**Silver Fox Fur.** The black silver fox fur is most valuable when there is no silver in it—when it is a pure rich black throughout, says an exchange. A dressed skin of this sort averages 30 by 10 inches and will easily bring \$3,500. A good silvery skin, clear and pure in color with bluish under-wool, is worth about \$2,000.

**Our September Cover.** The reproduction on the front cover of this issue is that of one of our subscribers, Mr. A. M. Auer of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, with a pair of fox hounds and beagle hounds, a very nice looking group of dogs. We would like for our subscribers to send in some good photos appropriate for this front cover for future issues. We have quite a number of photos on hand, but not all are suitable, such as to size, clearness, etc. We can also use articles for our Woodcraft, Fur Farming, Plant Culture and others of like nature. Send them in, we will find space for them. If you have a photo to go with the article so much the better. We would also like to have letters from trappers giving the conditions of fur and game in their locality.

**Trapped For Their Fur.** In capturing the wild skunk for its fur, trapping is a better method than shooting, for shooting impairs the value of the fur and generally results in its being defiled. Skunks are neither suspicious nor cunning and are easily trapped. They are often caught in unbaited traps placed in the paths they travel; yet the head of a fowl, a sparrow or a dead mouse makes an excellent bait. Skunks when trapped do not often

discharge their scent so as to defile the fur, but care is needed in removing them from the trap.

**Autoing Into Alaska.** An automobile trip of 3,500 miles through the wilds of northwestern Canada and into Alaska, many miles of the way over roads and dimly marked trails that have never been traversed by an automobile, is being undertaken by Frank Fourniea, formerly of Spokane, now a placer miner in the Juneau district of Alaska.

Mr. Fourniea left Spokane recently to make the drive back to his Alaskan home. Just what his route will be Mr. Fourniea did not give out, but stated that he would pass through Phoenix and New Hazelton, B. C., on his way through Canada. He is fairly familiar with a large part of the trail and anticipates little trouble in making the trip.

#### OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

**Wild Ginseng:** Business in this as well as Cultivated is practically at a standstill, owing to the war. Exporters are unable to sell their drafts on Hong Kong through the regular channels and this of course prevents them from making further purchases. It is expected, however, that money matters will show an improvement before long and as soon as the banks start in again buying bills on China a decided improvement can be looked for. There is also an additional cost for war risk in shipping and this ranges from 3 to 5% which amounts to from 40 to 50 cents a pound on the root. Correct quotations cannot be given just now as there is no real call but the little business which has been done the past two weeks, would indicate prices from \$1.00 to \$1.50 on the pound lower than last month's quotations.

**Golden Seal:** Like Ginseng this article has suffered heavily as large quantities are exported and one of our largest consumers is Germany. Stocks on hand, however, are not heavy and prices only show a falling off of about 50 cents per lb. Quotations are now \$3.25 to \$3.50 with but little coming in.

**Raw Furs:** There is really no market at the present time, owing to the war. There is no telling how prices will be affected later on but should the war continue for any length of time there is no doubt that prices for the new catch will open extremely low. Two-thirds of the American catch are marketed in Europe each year and London really makes our prices. Whether the stopping of the foreign furs will make up for this, it is impossible now to predict as an occasion like this, we have never had to deal with before.



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. (1) Would a ferret clean the rats out of a hen house? If so would it bring the rats out of the holes or leave them dead in the holes?

(2) Is there any danger in the ferrets killing or maiming the hens and chickens?

M. S. Bowen, Massachusetts.

A. (1) I believe that ferrets are muzzled and that they drive the rats from the holes without injuring them.

(2) Unless muzzled they would almost certainly kill the chickens, unless usually well trained.

Q. Is there a disease that dogs have called heart worms? If so, what is the best cure for it?

Earl Finnon, Jones Co., Miss.

A. No mention of such a disease or worm is made in any medical work at hand. Allments are variously called in different localities and are usually imaginary.

Q. (1) Does ginseng grow well in Central Louisiana?

(2) What kind of fur bearers are found there?

(3) Is truck farming and cattle raising a paying business there?

Chas. De Mauralge, Canada.

A. (1) I suppose you mean in the swamp lands; probably not very well, if at all.

(2) Depends on how much they have been trapped—mink, otter, muskrats, coons, wild cats, are some of the furs caught.

(3) The ruin of the sugar business by low prices has caused many to attempt to run market gardens there, some with success, some without success. Cattle are raised with more or less profit. It all depends on the farmer.

Q. Can you tell me what is wrong with my Airedale bitch? She is 12 months old. She was in a bad condition before she had a litter of pups, but is worse now. Her hair has nearly all fallen out and her eyes matter at times. They used to be worse last fall whenever she would get away and eat decayed salmon. She had worms but I think she is rid of them now. She has a very poor appetite.

J. H. R., Sayward, B. C.

A. Rundown condition because of too early breeding, doubtless. You say "before she had a litter of pups". As a rule a bitch comes in heat for the first time at just about one year old, and then near about regularly every six months. Sometimes, especially the smaller

breeds of dogs, come in at about ten months old. Having been in a bad way before whelping, the strain and drain sapped vitality all the more. Building up the system is necessary now and not breed again for at least one year. Tonic Pills (see ad) would be a good thing. Feed liberally on lean raw beef, fresh sweet milk, and table scraps without fats. Exercise but gently till stronger.

Q. Does ginseng or golden seal grow wild in Western Washington? Can they be raised there?

Westerner.

A. I believe that sang and golden seal could be raised in parts of Washington, but they are not natives of that land.

Q. Could you tell me if the best fur comes from around Hudson Bay, Canada and if not, where?

A. Some kinds of "best" furs come from around Hudson Bay, and some kinds from Russia, Asia, South America, Africa, etc. It depends on what you mean by "best fur."

Q. (1) Is there any sale for mussels?

(2) For what are they used?

(3) Where can they be sold?

C. E. Mowrer, Pennsylvania.

A. H-T-T will shortly print two articles under "Opportunities for Trappers" one of them about "Pearls" the other about "Button-shells". These articles discuss the questions you raise. If you wish for extended information on the subject, and for names of button manufacturers, write to Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C., and ask for names and for pamphlets on subject of mussel shells and pearls.

Q. (1) Can foxes be successfully poisoned with strychnine so that they can be found a short distance from bait?

(2) Is it against the law to poison foxes in New York State?

C. P., New York.

A. (1) Poison is always uncertain. Many foxes are lost.

(2) Near settlements and towns, farm houses and camps, yes. But in the deep woods poisoners are not molested, but the poisoner is responsible if he kills domestic animals and is liable.

Q. (1) What is the difference between the Irish and Russian wolf hounds and which is the faster and most durable of the two?

(2) Describe the stag hound and is he as fast and good for wolves as the Irish and Russian hound? A. L. N., Howard Co., Iowa.

A. The animal formerly known as the Irish Wolfhound is considered extinct, but a breed resembling it is cultivated by some enthusiasts and admirers in England. The Russian Wolfhound or Barzoi, is largely used in Russia to hunt (by sight) the wolf. He is a large shaggy dog, muscular, fleet, courageous, and of great endurance. The Deerhound, also called staghound, is a coarser built dog, has rough coat, fleet, courageous, and also hunts by sight—used for the chase in various manner. There is, probably, but little difference in fleetness of these dogs.

Q: (1) How is muskrat meat prepared to eat?

(2) Do you think Wisconsin is a good state for hunting and trapping? If so, please state what parts?

Aubrey Potter, Rockland Co., N. Y.

A. (1) Dress them as you would a squirrel, removing all dark colored fat, and "kernels". Then parboil and fry or roast. I prefer them with a cracker, sage and onion dressing in a roast.

(2) There is lots of good hunting and trapping in Wisconsin, but conditions change so from year to year and season to season that we could not attempt to advise as to locality.

Q. What must a person do to be permitted to own and operate a small private wireless outfit? Roland Blackway, Cecil Co., Md.

A. You have to have a government permit, and the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C., will send you a pamphlet telling you what steps to take, I think, to secure a permit.

Q. Is No. 12 shot a good shot for reed and mall birds and is there going to be reed bird shooting in Pennsylvania this September?

Carl Holberg, Delaware Co., Pa.

A. No. 12 shot is the right size, but I believe these birds are now protected because of their value to nature.

Q. (1) Is ginseng and golden seal found in the Province of Ontario, Canada?

(2) Are wild onions and Jack in the pulpit medicinal plants?

A. S. Schuster, Cook Co., Ill.

A. (1) Yes.

(2) I do not find wild onion listed; I believe that it is simply a nuisance, flavoring even eggs and milk. Jack-in-the-pulpit, known as wild turnip, is used medicinally in small quantities.

Q. Is it possible for a 30 pound bull dog to be used successfully on coyotes? She is very swift but the trouble would be to kill it, as I intend to hunt with her alone. She is game.

D. Munn, Kalamazoo Co., Mich.

A. I don't think a bulldog could catch a coyote, but of course any dog with the hunting instinct might be used successfully when properly trained. I don't imagine that you will kill

very many coyotes ahead of or over your bulldog—or over any other dog, except a pack of greyhounds or other hunting pack. Of course, trying never hurt anybody.

Q. (1) Is there any preparation that one can soak a lariat or lasso in to make it run smoothly and not kink? Is linseed oil good? If so, should it be boiled or raw?

(2) Is the Lyman Front Globe Sight with small game bead and aperture good for hunting? If not, what are the objections? I like a front sight with a small bead.

Lewis D. Bergey, Alta., Can.

A. (1) That is something for our Western friends to discuss—What is a good lariat, and why?

(2) The fine aperture is all right for open country shooting, but I prefer the coarse front sight and large opening for the woods. Of course, every one to his notion, but in the dark woods sights must be coarse for quick, game shooting.

Q. How would be the best way to train a hound pup on skunk and coon? Would it be best to take him out with a dog that runs coons and skunks, or have pet coons and skunks? I have a fine young hound and want to train him correctly. C. T. M., Indiana.

A. The best and most simple manner of getting any kind of hunting dog to seek for and give chase on any particular kind of game is to run the pup along with older dogs and let him make observations—on short order he will, too, take to it if instinctively so inclined. To have a pup play with tame animals, to be hunted by such dog, invariably takes the pup out of him as the aggressiveness vanishes and the desire to kill dwindles.

Q. (1) Would like to know the name and where I can get a small medical book that is suitable to take out in the woods for reference in case of sickness or accident, also book on prospecting.

(2) What is the best kind of prism glasses and what power for use in the mountains to enable one to see things clearly and at a reasonable distance? Wm. Stuart, B. C., Can.

A. (1) Abercromby and Fitch, Dealers in Sportmen's Goods, get out a catalogue that contains much information about this subject. I do not know of any entirely adequate book, on woods medical practice. Our book on Land Cruising and Prospecting should serve your purpose.

(2) There are several good types, as our advertising pages and catalogues of dealers in Sportmen's Goods show. Six to eight power is enough.

Q. (1) Are pumpkins a satisfactory food for muskrats?

(2) How can I keep them over winter without spoiling? A Reader.

A. (1) No one food is enough for muskrats or any other animals. Pumpkins will do for part supply however. They should be cut up into slices.

(2) If you could freeze them and keep them frozen till ready for use it would be all right—thaw out in snow water. Otherwise keep them in a cool place, where the temperature does not vary far from freezing. Sometimes they are put in pits in the ground, but if mice or

moles run holes into them, they are apt to freeze and thaw, and that spoils them—repeated freezings and thawings.

Q. Is the Alredale dog a cross between the Otter hound and Water Spaniel, or Otter hound and Irish Terrier, or what?

W. J. N., Mass.

A. The origin of all the various breeds of today is shrouded in mystery although some writers assert this or that cross produced present dogs and but little attention is given to "origin", the utility of any breed being the main thing to consider.

Q. Can some one tell me if mussels are good to eat and how cooked, also if there are pearls in clear water mussels? If so, where are they to be found and what do they look like?

Thos. Ross, Harrison Co., W. Va.

A. Some kinds are eatable, but they are not all good eating. There must be some pearls in your part of the country. The pearls are simply detached pieces of pearl, found inside the shell, lying loose in the meat or between the meat and the shell. Sometimes there are thick pearl lumps of great value attached to the shells. If you find a flat disk, a round ball, a pear, a biscuit, a bullet, or any other shaped lump, especially as large as a pea or larger of bright color or white or black, it is a pearl. A perfectly smooth, clear, round or pear or other smooth shape may be very valuable. A ten grain pearl may be worth several hundred dollars, for instance.

Q. (1) Can you tell me a good way to catch pocket gophers?

(2) How far does the 25-20 Single Shotgun carry up before dropping?

John H. Baumler, Winneshiek Co., Iowa.

A. (1) Experts please answer. Also, write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and get their pamphlets on ridding lands of Gophers and other pests.

(2) There is no 25-20 shotgun. You mean rifle, I suppose. The bullet begins to drop as soon as it leaves the muzzle, practically speaking. The trajectory is 3.30 inches at fifty yards, when aimed for 100 yards. That is to hit a spot at 100 yards, the bullet rises 3.30 inches above the level of the muzzle and drops back into the mark.

Q. (1) When is the best time to dig holes in the bank of a stream so as to catch mink and how would be the best way to do it? Should the holes be deep and how high should they be from the water?

(2) Is there anything in animal bait? If so, what kind would you suggest for sets for coon and mink?

Earl Flinnon, Jones Co., Miss.

A. (1) Our Mink Trapping discusses this in detail. Generally speaking, prepare the holes a long time ahead of hand, so they will not look fresh. Then when legal season or the prime time comes, set the traps. In your state, the level of the streams fluctuate so much that you would have to select places pretty high up the bank, but at the roots of a tree, at the edge of a drift pile, or other place the animal is likely to investigate. Run them back in eighteen inches or so, and a pole to slide the trap ring down so the animal will drown in the trap.

(2) Fish, meat, birds are good mink baits. For coons, the same. You will find baits very good in getting animals into traps.

Q. Will you please inform me how Alredales are in regard to hunting coon? Do they trail as well as the ordinary coon hound and are they as good at the tree? I think well of the breed but do not know just how they will act with coon. I am anxious to have a dog for hunting in the Berkshires of Mass. this fall.

Dr. J. W. Musgrove, New York.

A. The Alredale is a very good scrapper and thus valuable in a pack but is not considered so good a natural trailer as the Foxhound. He is good at the tree and will stay with the game. If but one dog is to be used the latter should have preference. Dogs on the chase, singly never do so well as when pitted with a pack on any kind of game—one or two Alredales along with other dogs, especially trailers, will give better results and assert their fighting qualities.

Q. (1) Can some one tell me how to keep minnows alive? Have tried a good many ways but in course of an hour or so they die.

(2) Also wish to ask how many brothers think a trap equipped with a tension spring so as to adjust the stiffness and hold of trap would be appropriate? Also the plan fixed in a similar way so only a certain weight would spring it?

Harry Hunt, Hunterdon Co., N. J.

A. (1) Minnows are exceedingly sensitive, and government experts have looked into this question without much avail. The trouble seems to be that when minnows are caught they are injured, and they are frightened and so weak that they soon die. It is mostly care in handling them and then keeping the water fresh, of the same temperature—which is very important.

(2) This may be a valuable idea for certain kinds of trappers, but the expense of the appliances might be against the idea. Write to the Oneida Community trap makers and get their idea on it.

Q. (1) Is it against the law to sell live muskrats out of season if they are kept in captivity or ranch raised?

(2) Is corn and wheat bread good to feed muskrats? If so, how much should be fed to one rat?

(3) What month of the year do muskrats have their last young?

(4) Are there many settlers close around Reel Foot Lake, Tenn? And about what price is land selling for around there, also a few miles back and is there any Government land found around this lake?

Ben A. Lehner, Morrow Co., Ohio.

A. (1) You must get a ruling on this from your state game protector, preferably through your local protector.

(2) This is not enough to feed a rat—give it vegetables, etc. Also, occasionally, fish and mussels and even a little meat. Watch how much the animal eats at a meal, and then feed that amount twice a day. If it gets too fat and logy, feed a little less.

(3) August or September, but sometimes later. There is no exact rule.

(4) There are several hundred people around Reelfoot lake, but the land is not for sale, being owned now by the state, except certain claims not yet adjusted. You will find land all the

way from worthless up to a hundred dollars an acre nearby, in the hills to the eastward. Reelfoot Lake is threatened by a Mississippi river cut-off which will change the face of that country very much, perhaps washing the lake out.

Q. I have a Scotch Collie dog that went blind a few weeks ago. There is hardly anything to be noticed, only his eyes look a little bluer than usual, but he is just as healthy as he ever was. He is about eight years old. Do you know any cure for him?

Jno. H. Baumler, Winneshelk Co., Ia.

A. This sort of blindness usually is incurable—resulting from various causes, such as overheating and plunging into water, overfeeding and vigorous run directly thereafter, etc. Worms, also, sometimes bring on such condition. In a case of this kind some experienced person should be consulted to inspect the sufferer.

Answer to Question. If Edgar F. Cook in July issue of H-T-T will write to Messrs. C. O. Beauchemin & Fils, Montreal, he can get books on Cree language. At one time they published a grammar but it may be out of print now. I wrote to the Bureau of Ethnology, but they didn't have anything, then I wrote to the Indian Department. They sent me a Cree primer and a Micmac dictionary free and told me to write to Montreal. These were the only books they had and they only had a few of them.

Arthur C. Gage, Juneau Co., Wis.

In answer to Edgar F. Cook in July issue: There is a Cree grammar by Rt. Rev. J. Hornden, D. D., and published by the Society for promoting Christian knowledge at Northumberland Ave., Charing Cross, London. There is also another by Jos. Howes which is of less practical utility. See also "Cree Dictionary" by Rev. E. A. Watkins and Dr. Hunter's "Grammatical Construction of the Cree Language." Any large book store will procure them.

F. W. Ward, B. C., Can.

In answer to E. Sykes, Tehama Co., Cal. For a two quart jar of minnows put in ten cents worth of formaldehyde and then fill on up with water and seal putting minnows in loose. Do not pack or minnows will get out of shape.

Another way to keep minnows for a couple of days is to put them in jar and pack in ice.

Newton A. Hayes, Stork Co., Ill.

Here is an antidote for rattle snake bite: Take common washing ball bluing, powder fine a few cups full of cream or canned cream and split the bite with a knife in the shape of X and apply the liquid with a small paddle till dry, then scrape off and apply again. It will give relief in 20 minutes. I have been bitten 4 times, twice in this country and twice in the Andes Mountains in the Tropics.

Jno. M. Beck, Madera Co., Cal.

Answer to Joe S. Jacketz, Wharton Co., Texas. To skin 'gators slit under jaw, cut between hard shell and belly to tail, leaving on skin sides of belly and tail, also legs, cut feet but don't skin them, salt flesh side good and

lay them flat. Then double belly width of jaw and tail, with flesh side in. Take a small board and roll up from jaw, bind with a strong twine and keep it cool. Now it is ready to be tanned, unless you want to ship it away to a hide house raw.

To tan: Alum and salt in equal parts dissolved in warm water, say a pound of each to a gallon of water, soak the skin in clean water till thoroughly soft, then put in tanning liquid for from 5 to 10 days, probably longer, depending on thickness, a ¼-pound of Japonica will tend to make the skin more waterproof. You must not forget to clean flesh side good before tanning. A. Myrberg, Cook Co., Ill.

Answer to W. Mentz of Alberta, who wants to know how to avoid catching rabbits in coyote and fox sets. I was terribly annoyed in this country at first by the snowshoe rabbits getting in my coyote and fox traps. They were here by the millions last winter but have died this summer. They die in the Northwest every seven years. The way I prevented their trespassing on traps set for coyote is this: Take a quarter inch drill and drill a hole ½ inch from the far end of the pan. Then when you set your trap insert a match in hole letting it slant towards clog on under side of pan. If the weather is such that your trap freezes down some, one match will do. If not, insert two matches, or the equivalent in dry wood. This is very essential in this country as the last three winters a trapper would have caught nothing but rabbits without the prop.

I notice quite a discussion about different guns and rifles. Some want to drop back toward the Flint Lock days, while the majority are willing to advance. For my part I have used about a dozen different kinds of rifles from the Muzzle loader up, but have settled down with the 30-30 W. C. F. and I find the 30-30 pills good medicine for moose, bear, wolf and in fact any game, having shot a white weasel with a full patch bullet.

My catch for last winter was 12 brush wolves, 129 ermine, 251 rats, 4 skunk, 7 red fox.

A LacLa Biche Trapper.

I see in August H-T-T, page 110 where W. Mentz, of Alberta, Canada, is bothered with rabbits getting in his traps and spoiling his fox and coyote sets. The rabbits smell the bait and out of curiosity will investigate to find out what it is and get into the traps. I was bothered with them the same way in Northern Minnesota four years ago. Mr. Mentz, try this and see if it will not help you out: Take an old dry loaf of bread and toast or brown it over a fire; cut it into 5 or 6 pieces and place them between roots of trees or other sheltered places about 60 or 70 feet away from the traps. The smell of that burned bread will draw the rabbits all around it and consequently will draw them away from your traps. Apples are good too, so are young birch trees chopped down and the branches cut off as they will lay close to the ground for the rabbits to feed on. They are easily caught with traps or snares at these places for bait or for your own use. Let us hear from you after you try it.

Archie McLellan, Elk Co., Pa.

# 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 October must be received not later than September 20. Rates on large advertisements will be sent on application, and those contemplating advertising should remember that the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER not only circulates throughout the United States, but Canada as well. The full name must be given in all Classified Advertisements, such advertisements sent in, in which box number or initials only are given, will not be published.

### ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

**TWICE THE FUR VALUE** paid for live otter, fisher, marten and mink. Address C. M. Daniels, Sabattis P. O., Hamilton Co., N. Y.

**MILCH GOATS**—Loggenburg, 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.)

**FOR SALE**—Best quality ranch-raised mink, also Canadian wild geese. Nelson Waldron, Tyne Valley Prince Edward Island, Canada. (Nov.)

**WRITE US** before buying any live silver, black, or cross foxes. Prices right. Stoughton & Elliott, Whitefield, N. H. (Oct.)

**RED FOXES FOR SALE**—For experimental breeding and hunt clubs. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (\*Sept.)

**MINK FOR SALE**—A number of pairs of choice dark, ranch-bred kittens, for September delivery. Peardon Bros., Montague, P. E. Island, Canada.

**CHOICE SILVER BLACK** patch foxes. Price very low. Write E. W. Douglass, Stanley, New Brunswick, Canada.

**50 RED FOXES** for sale, \$8.00 each. W. T. Hodgen & Son, Box 222, Campbellsville, Ky. (\*)

**PETS**—Rabbits, guinea pigs, etc. Pets all kinds. Enclose stamp. Fuller Trump, Springfield, Ohio. (Jan.)

**FUR-BEARERS FOR SALE**—Bargains in mink, fisher, foxes, marten and others. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (\*Sept.)

**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. I.

**FOR SALE**—Live silver and patched foxes; choice breeding stock. A. H. Herrmann, Polar, Wis.

**FOR SALE**—Coons and opossums. Write for prices. S. L. De Myer, Fulton, Ky.

**FOR SALE**—Three dark mink, one male, two females. Huber Carper, Grandview, W. Va.

**FOR SALE**—Tame, pet, odorless skunks, \$2.00 each. O. R. Austin, Foster Center, R. I.

**SKUNKS WANTED**—Can use 1,000. Trappers name price and grade first letter. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (\*Sept.)

**WILD MALLARD DUCKS**, decoys, callers, breeders, \$1.00 each; no limit. Send draft. Bremen, 709 Franklin, Danville, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—One pair of black fox pups. Prices reasonable. L. C. Bauer, Weyauwega, Wisc., Route No. 1.

**FOR SALE**—Red foxes, skunks, coons. Write for prices. Other animals wanted. Ed. Adams, Auburn, Ky. Box 99.

**LIVE FUR-BEARERS WANTED**—Black skunk, cub bear, otter, fisher, marten, mink, foxes, raccoon and all others. Send description and price first letter. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (\*Sept.)

**WAR PRICES**—Canada red foxes for sale, five pairs old ones, four pairs young ones, ten dollars a pair. E. A. Gillespie, Abbotsford, Quebec, Canada.

**RAISED LIVE DECOYS**, both mallard and black ducks, for \$3 per pair. H. N. Gibbs, West Barrington, R. I. (Oct.)

**FOR SALE**—Foxes, coons, opossums, bay lynx, coyotes, wolves, wild cat, skunks, Mexican peccary, alligator, rabbits, one female half lobo wolf, half bloodhound. North Star Fur Farms, P. O. Box 437 Springfield, Minn.

**BLACK FOXES**—Bargains. Pair Prince Edward Island stock; pair Ontario ranched; pair wild caught. Chas. C. Garland, Old Town, Maine. (\*Sept.)

**LIVE SKUNKS WANTED**, in large or small lots. Address The Pioneer Pet Stock Farm, New Weston, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Patch and cross foxes for breeding purposes. Also cub bears. Write for descriptions and prices. Robertson Bros., Grand Marais, Minn.

**WANTED**—Star black and short-stripe skunks. We pay highest price and express charges; also all other wild animals and game birds. North Star Fur Farms, P. O. Box 437, Springfield, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—Black, silver, cross, patch and red foxes for breeding purposes. Address W. Hanscom Stratton, Maine. (Dec.)

**FOR SALE**—Live foxes, live alligators, tanned alligator hides, all sizes; and rattlesnake hides tanned. A. J. Kinsel, Punta Gorda, Fla.

**SKUNKS FOR SALE**—Males, grades A, B and C. Write for prices. E. L. Johnson, Lone Pine Fur Farm, Abercorn, Que., Can.

**FOR SALE**—Northern Minnesota dark, domesticated raccoon, heavy dark fur. Send reply stamp J. A. Loffelmacher, Fairfax, Minn. Box 39.

**LIVE ANIMALS** bought and sold. Always state prices stocks held at when listing with us. National Fur Exchange, Columbus, Ohio. (\*)

**WANTED**—To hear from any one having foxes and mink for sale; prices stated. Clyde Peterson Cadillac, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—A freak rooster, hatched without wings, price \$5.00; two male dark coon, \$5.00 each; Belgian hares, 75 cents each; 6 female narrow-stripe skunks. Wanted—A pair of extra dark mink. Lone Pine Fur Farm, Belmont, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**—14-months-old bear; has been raised on chain. Just right to train dogs with; has been used for this purpose. Price \$50.00. For further information, address with stamp to W. B. Kauten, Gooding, Idaho.

**SKUNKS**—We offer choice star black skunks, not more than six pairs to any one breeder. Send 30 cents for illustrated booklet, teaching how to remove scent sacks properly without spilling any scent and information on scientific breeding. Skunk Development Bureau, Box 554 Chicago, Ill. (Nov.)

**20 MALE SHORT-STRIPED SKUNKS** for exchange; 100 male for sale. F. A. Thompson, 2643 Breddell Ave., Maplewood, Mo.

**WANTED**—At all times, live, wild fur-bearing animals. Will pay \$25 per pair for northern mink. Write me for information. B. F. Tarman, Quincy, Pa.

**CHOICE, TAME, RANCH-RAISED** foxes for sale. Several pairs of perfect silver blacks; several pairs of choice dark crosses out of black litters that show from 65 per cent. to 95 per cent. pure silver black; also six pairs of genuine dark, northern, tame, ranch-raised fisher; also a few pairs of marten. Graham Bros., Fur Ranchers, R. R. 1, Stratton, Ont., Can.

**FOR SALE**—Gray English decoy ducks, \$3.00 a pair; 1 Canadian wild goose. Walter Woods, Hebron, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—50 short-striped skunks, stripes  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 inches long, stripes one-half inch wide, price \$10.00 each; 25 long, narrow stripes, \$8.00 each; 25 broad stripes, \$3.00 each; 10 red foxes, \$5.00 each; 1 silver female fox, \$1,000. F. J. Wilson, Lewisburg, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Skunk. Write for prices. Red River Valley Fur Farm, M. W. Yardley, Glyndon, Minn.

**CUBAN PARROTS**, canary birds, dwarf parrots, Java finches, wild animals, birds and pets at reasonable prices. I buy and sell. Wm. Dunton, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

**TWO PAIR RED FOXES**, cheap; 16 months old; excellent stock. W. S. Soule, No. Easton, Mass.

**WANTED LIVE SKUNKS**—State sex, price and grade. W. Langworthy, Aloha, Oregon.

**FOR SALE**—Silver, cross, red foxes, mink, skunk, coon; anything in fur bearers. State wants. Kenneth Bentley, Derby, Conn.

**FOR SALE**—One pair coon, \$8.00; one brush wolf, \$12.00; two male red foxes, \$7.00 each. Arthur Schleicher, Millville, Minn.

## 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, Oriand, Maine, caught 24 fox, 34 mink, 6 fox in one trap set on land, the first fox traps beaver 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 plants, bait in quarts. Methods warranted; land, water, snow sets. Edgar R. Page, Oriand, Maine. (Oct.)

## BOATS AND CANOES.

**FOR SALE**—23-foot gasoline launch, fully equipped, fine condition, cheap. A. W. English, Wycocena, Wis.

## BOOKS.

**TRAINING THE BLOODHOUND**—Complete copyrighted treatise. Reduced from \$5 to \$2. Horse and Hound. Training the foxhound. 300 pages, \$2.50. Write for prospectus. Roger D. Williams, Lexington, Ky. (\*\*)

**BOOKS**—Remember, any two 60-cent books, if ordered at same time and to same address, will be sent for \$1.00; three for \$1.50; four for \$2.00; five for \$2.50. If any of our \$1.00 books are ordered with 60-cent ones, the price is reduced to 75 cents. See adv. on p. 18. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

**HERB COLLECTORS' GUIDE**—Contains 320 colored pictures of wild plants. Tells where each is found, when in bloom, etc. Book of 240 pages. Sent postpaid, 85 cents. Forest Products Co., West Milan, N. H.

**HUNTING DOGS** is a splendid book. See page 128 for description. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

## BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES.

**SELL**—1911 Twin Indian motorcycle, in good running order. Speedometer, lamp and latest attachments. Cost \$275. Price \$125. Albert J. Geiger, Monroeville, Ohio. R. 1.

**YALE**, 5 H. P., fine running order, tires new, \$40.00. Further particulars write Arnold Bont, Walden, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—I good coaster brake bicycle has good set of tires on it. Price \$15.00 if taken at once. Paul Lieb, Balsom, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—Crusader bicycle, cost 20 dollars; extra set of tires and rims; \$10.00 takes it. John Hubbell, Platte, S. Dak.

**FOR SALE**—One second-hand motorcycle, in O. K. running condition, \$25.00. E. Rembold, Cranberry, Pa.

**SELL**—Fine Excelsior, magneto, like new. Cost \$260, take \$75.00. I pay express. Pope and Indian, \$65.00. Both fine. Lee Howell, Jr., 217 Chestnut, Evansville, Ind.

## CAMERAS AND PHOTO SUPPLIES.

**ROLL FILM** developed free. Write for list. Clarence Feht, 213 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—New  $3\frac{1}{4}$  x  $5\frac{1}{2}$  camera and developing outfit. E. E. White, Hundred, W. Va.

## HUNTING DOGS.

### AIREDALES.

**BUY PAIR UNRELATED** Gopher Kennel Airedales, \$25. Nothing better bred, first-class. Booklet. Robin M. Dodds, Markato, Minn.

**BLACK AND TAN BEAUTIES**, hound-Airedale cross. Make best rabbit or coon dogs. Puppies, ten dollars a pair. Guarantee satisfaction. F. R. Mathews, Salem, Ohio.

**BABY AIREDALES**, for immediate delivery, small eared, dark eyed, black and tans. Females \$10, males \$15.00. W. E. Crawford, 1332 Duncan St., Massillon, Ohio.

**AIREDALE**—Whelped June 17, sire Elmhurst Danger, dam Ashborne Lady Lou, trained hunters, best blood and show winners. Males \$15.00; females \$12.00. Samuel Nothstine, Mancelona, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—Six full-blood Airedale pups, three months old, \$10.00 each, male or female. Ray Wixson, Union City, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—Registered Airedale bitch, a fine specimen, 2 years old, partly trained on coon, skunk and opossum. J. P. Royer, Ravenna, O.

**FOR SALE**—Airedale pups, bred from good hunting stock, price \$10. Registration included. Albert B. Troyer, Millersburg, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Trained Airedale, born March 15th, 1913, best of breeding, will retrieve on land or water, is a good fast trailer, a splendid companion, and game to the core. For particulars, write J. D. Trine, Bagley, Wis.

**ONE AIREDALE DOG** for sale cheap. Papers on application. Must sell. A. P. Reid, Lowden, Iowa.

**AIREDALE BITCH**—18 months old, partly trained on coon, opossum, skunk and groundhogs. Will sacrifice for \$15.00. Harold W. Neville, Dawson, Pa.

**AIREDALES**—Just a few, but classy and very reasonable; Champion Tintern Royalist, Champion Illuminator, Champion Red Raven. J. Bate Locke, 1824 N. Springfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**AIREDALE AND IRISH TERRIERS** (bitches), bred to hunt anything that wears hair or fur. Will exchange bicycle or what have you. J. Mack, Libertyville, Ill.

**NIGHT HUNTER**—High-bred Airedale bitch, registered at A. K. C. 178004, sire Soudan Swueller, A. K. C. 150891, New York City. Cheap at \$25.00. Bob Holmes, Warren, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Trained Airedale bitch, aged 3; also Airedale bitch pup, 7 months old, registered, finest stock. Price \$50.00 and \$20.00. Still hunters, guaranteed hunter, good ranger and tree barker. Ira Gearhart, Conemaugh, Pa.

**SOME GOOD AIREDALES** for sale, all ages. Ed. Grove, Rockbridge, Ohio.

**HIGH-CLASS REGISTERED** Airedale bitch and six puppies. Want \$10.00 and \$15.00. Can use pair binoculars. W. A. Freed, Racine, Pa.

**OORANG AIREDALE PUPS** for sale. Vigorous youngsters bred from true sporting stock that are unequaled as water dogs, retrievers and hunters of all kinds of game. They make trailers, tree barkers and stayers; will climb a tree or go to earth and fight anything from a ground hog to a grizzly bear. They are raised in the open and are the hardy, active and game kind with the hunting instinct bred in the bone. Having an iron constitution they withstand the hardest usage and make the ideal dog for both hunter and trapper. Stamp for reply. Oorang Kennels, La Rue, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Large 2-year-old Airedale dog, working nicely on coon, no fault. G. W. Campbell, Ford City, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughbred Airedale terrier brood bitch; also a fine litter of pups; everything pedigreed. F. E. Dilgard, Wooster, Ohio.

### BEAGLES.

**THOROUGHLY TRAINED** beagles, foxhounds, and rabbit hound, trial; also pedigree beagle pups. Keystone Kennels, Columbia, Pa. (Jan.)

**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.

**A LOT OF THOROUGHbred** English beagles, broken. Cheap. Geo. Etchison, Bridgeport, Ohio.

**THOROUGHLY BROKEN BEAGLES**, large rabbit hounds and foxhounds, young dogs, partly broke and pups. Guaranteed to be as represented. Harry Gule, Downingtown, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—English beagle pups, fine trained beagle bitch; also trained rabbit hounds. L. M. Salter & Son, Tipton, Ind.

**BEAGLE PUPPIES** for sale at a bargain. Come quick. E. W. Stroup, Hawthorn, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Beagle pups from hunters, at a low price, 2 to 10 months old, pedigreed. Stamp for circular. Lee H. Snyder, Milan, Ill.

**BEAGLE PUPS** and a few trained dogs for sale. All eligible to registration and as good as the best. Write me just what you want. F. A. Rich, Northfield Falls, Vt., Box 25. (Oct.)

**BEAGLES**—2-months-old male pups, \$3.50; two 4 and 5-year-old females, \$15.00 each. Denis Mullins, Milton Junction, Wis. Route No. 12.

**ENGLISH BEAGLE BITCHES**, bred from extra good rabbit hunters; broken, \$18.00; partly broken, \$5.00; pup, \$3.00. Edgar T. King, Peach Bottom, Pa.

**THOROUGHLY BROKEN** beagle hounds, guaranteed good hunters and not gun shy; also partly broken. Warren S. Henderson, Downingtown, Pa.

**\$25 BUYS** very fine, thoroughly trained, male beagle; female, \$18. Pups \$4.50; 3 days' trial. H. E. Rebert, Codorus, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Extra fine German beagle, male, \$50. One skunk dog, male, \$35. Earl Archer, Belle Valley, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—One English beagle bitch, in whelp, as good as goes the hills, \$35.00. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

### 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.

**AT PUBLIC STUD**—100 pound English pedigreed bloodhound. Will breed to several large pedigreed foxhound bitches for pups. Fox and bloodhound cross, hunt anything. Henry Lipp, Cochection, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—One female English bloodhound, registered, 10 months old, fine earage and winkle, abundance of loose hide, has had a few lessons, never spoiled. \$80.00. Photo 5 cents. Hugh Necessary, Independence, Mo., R. No. 3.

**MALE BLOODHOUNDS**, whelped April 15, sire Black Hawk Chief, dam Nancy Lee, awarded winners at Columbus March, 1913. \$25 each. Samuel Nothstine, Mancelona, Mich.

**WANTED**—A well-trained bloodhound, must be a good one. Address R. J. Dudley, Bigelow, Mo.

### COON DOGS.

**COON HOUNDS**—Some well broke on coon, opossum, skunks. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

**COON HOUNDS AND COMBINATION** hunters for all game that trees, thoroughly trained. Will gladly send on free trial. New catalogue profusely illustrated. The most elaborate catalogue of night-hunting dogs ever printed. Will be sent on receipt of 10 cents. Southern Farm Coon Hound Kennels, Selmer, Tenn. (Nov.)

**AS GOOD COON HOUND** dog or bitch as lives for sale. W. H. Giles, Ripley, Miss.

**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.

**THREE GOOD COONHOUNDS**, \$35.00 to \$50.00; fox and skunk hounds, \$20; rabbit hounds, \$10 to \$15. Enclose stamp. W. S. Ferguson, Rainsboro, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Good coon hound, price \$50.00; also coon, skunk and opossum dog, ¼ Airedale, ½ coon hound. Price \$25.00. Don't write unless you mean business. Enclose stamps. D. W. Summer-ville, East Rochester, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughbred Redbone coonhounds, U. K. C. registered; also thoroughbred Walker, both Walker and Redbone pups. Some No. 1 skunk hounds. W. F. Renchen, Palestine, Ill., R. 3.

**THOROUGHLY TRAINED** coonhound, rabbit-proof, open trailer, extra good trailer and tree dog. No fake about this hound. \$50.00 cash. James Kennedy, 8515 Water St., St. Louis, Mo.

**FOR SALE**—Coon hound puppies. Stamp for photos and particulars. John E. Bonner, La Rue, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Coon hound, genuine old-fashioned American black and tan. Clifford Wiser, Lockport, N. Y.

**ONE REAL COON DOG** and pups for sale. Trial given. Orin Young, Carey, Ohio.

**REGISTERED COON HOUND** for sale, two years old, started on coon, ready to train this fall, \$15; also a fine large rabbit hound, \$10. Clarence Vernon, Royal Center, Ind., Box 188.

**COON HOUND**—Black and tan, fine voice, game, husky, strong and healthy. Reason for selling, coons scarce. First \$20 or Airedale takes him. Moss Sheely, Mercersburg, Pa.

**COON HUNTERS, ATTENTION**—For sale, as good a coonhound as lives; fine, strapping, big dog, 4 years old, great cold trailer and tree barker, absolutely guaranteed to tree coon. In fact, a first-class coon hound in every particular. Two weeks' free trial. Don't write unless you really want to buy a hound of this kind. Wm. G. Merion, Ward, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Coon dog, 5 years old, rabbit proof, good to tree. Ed. Powell, Viola, Wis.

**CLASSY NIGHT HUNTERS**, the kind that produce. Broken, unbroken and pups. P. D. Mahaffey, Holmesville, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—First-class coon hound, rabbit-proof, cold trailer, 4 years old. Seldon Lom, Elkton, Va. Route 1.

**FOR SALE**—Coon hound bitch, 2 years, \$20.00; three male coon hound puppies, 2 months, \$5 each; coon, skunk and opossum bitch,  $\frac{3}{4}$  hound,  $\frac{1}{4}$  bull, 5 years, \$15.00; pups on approval, bitches on 15 days' trial; 17-inch blow horn, \$1.25. S. E. Lancaster, Severance, Kans.

**COON HOUND PUPPIES** for sale, 8 weeks old, black and tan,  $\frac{1}{4}$  buck hound,  $\frac{3}{4}$  coon hound. Lester Hines, Ladoga, Ind.

**COON HOUNDS**, still trappers; fox, wolf, mink, skunk, squirrel and rabbit dogs. Trained dogs. State wants. Edward Hopkins, St. Francisville, Mo. (Dec.)

**NIGHT HUNTERS**, in good shape, half Alredale and hound, \$10.00; also a coarse hair grite for hound, \$25.00. Bob Holmes, Warren, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Long-eared coon hound pup, ready to train, fine looker, cheap, \$15.00. George Heilman, North Vernon, Ind.

**FOR SALE**—Coon hound pups, from 2 to 5 months old. The long-eared and good voiced kind. Prices reasonable. One skunk and opossum bitch, 3 years old, on trial, \$25.00. Stamp for reply. P. Z. Funk, Jeromeville, Ohio.

**CHEAP FOR QUICK SALE**—A No. 1 coon hound, six years old, open trailer, rabbit-proof, fully guaranteed. Send stamp. Dean Artman, Westford, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Genuine Southern coon hound pups, ready to train. Parents genuine cooners. If you want first-class hounds, get busy. Photo 5 cents. Stamp, Medford Burton, Oaktown, Ind.

**FOR SALE**—Some of the finest red coon hound pups, bred for coon. Dam and sire thoroughly broke. Fast as anything in the country. Price \$8.00. Walter Campbell, Ford City, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Coon dogs, trained in Arkansas swamps, sold on approval, by Jno. Carter & Co., Pochontas, Ark.

**FOR SALE**—Litter coon hound pups, from real coon dogs that deliver the goods, as did their grand-parents. William Day, S. Broad St., Meriden, Conn.

#### COON, SKUNK AND OPOSSUM DOGS.

**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**—First-class coon, skunk and bear hounds, still and open trailers, the best that goes. Send stamp for reply. Yellow Creek Kennel, Sallenville, Ohio.

**A FEW THOROUGHLY TRAINED** coon, skunk and opossum hounds for sale. This is your opportunity. Don't let it pass. Stamp for reply. A. T. Rice, Brooksville, Ky. R. 4. (Dec.)

**FOR SALE**—Trained and untrained coon, skunk, rabbit and foxhounds; also some fine puppies, \$5.00 pair. Dogs guaranteed. Enclose stamp. T. M. Frump, Hillsboro, Ohio. R. 10.

**FOR SALE**—Two good coon, skunk and opossum hounds, rabbit-proof. Stamp for reply. Tony Swalm, Delphi, Ind.

**COON AND SKUNK DOG**, well trained and stayer, \$12.00. H. Rembold, Cranberry, Pa.

**TWO FINE LITTERS** of puppies from pedigreed and registered parents. These pups will make good on coon, skunk, opossum and squirrel. Only those meaning business and wanting good stock need apply. Stamp for reply. Price \$7.00. Earl McFarland, Pottstown, Pa. R. D. No. 1.

**FOR SALE**—Skunk and opossum hound. First five dollars takes her. Don't write without enclosing stamp. Address Lock Box 342, Marshall, Ill.

**TRAINED FOX**, wolf, coon, opossum and skunk hounds, guaranteed. R. N. Hendricks, Bolivar, Mo. (Dec.)

**WANTED**—Coon and skunk dog; also two coon dogs that will not run skunk; must be fox and rabbit-proof; on trial; money deposited. George Kinney, Muddocksville, Pa., Route 2.

**WELL-TRAINED** coon, opossum and skunk dog, price \$15.00. W. R. Hesker, Jr., Ransomville, N. Y., R. D. 24.

**ONE OF THE BEST** skunk hounds in the United States; line on coon and squirrel, \$50. Enclose stamp. Photo 10c. A. G. Beeman, Jones, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—Skunk and opossum dogs on trial, \$35.00 to \$50.00. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Coon, opossum, skunk dog, 8 years old, half hound and pointer, still trailer, thirty dollars; bitch, same breed, eighteen months old, open trailer. Either on ten days' trial. P. W. Clark, Columbia, Tenn. Route No. 6.

**WANTED**—Skunk dog, well broken, silent trailer and rabbit-proof. M. W. Daily, Medina, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Two coon, skunk and opossum hounds, good as ever entered woods; one still trailer. Prices reasonable. Coon hound pups for fall training, positively none better. Parents caught \$400 worth of fur last season. Male \$9.00, female \$7.00. Stamp. Jesse Demany, Salem, Ind.

#### 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. (\*\*)

**FOXHOUNDS**—Good running hounds, broke on fox, some broke on rabbits; also young stock and pups. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

**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.

**PEDIGREED FOXHOUNDS**—Noted hunting stock. Will run this season; long ears. Fred E. Wilson, Delhi, N. Y.

**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. (Oct.)

**FOR SALE**—Black and tan foxhound pups, \$5.00 each; broken coon, fox and rabbit hounds; partly broken,  $\frac{1}{2}$  bloodhound,  $\frac{1}{2}$  foxhound. L. H. Class, Sycamore, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—3 foxhounds, trained; 6 male pups and good breeding. For quick sale, cheap. D. F. Ellis, Walpole, N. H.

**FOR SALE**—Good foxhound brood bitch; also Stevens pistol and plate camera. Stamp. V. O. Olson, Caledonia, Minn.

**THREE FOXHOUNDS** for sale; one male, 2 females; also pups from best cold trailing stock of fox, wolf, lynx, coon. Wm. A. Wiltse, Bagley, Minn.

**FINE LITTER OF WALKER** strain foxhound pups, black and tan, 4 months old. Harry E. White, Lebanon, N. H.

**A FINE LITTER** of old-fashioned, long-eared foxhound pups, five months old and mother of pups with pups, ten dollars each. Please send stamp. Earl Whitney, Franklin, N. Y. R. 1.

**FOR SALE**—Pair of foxhounds, well bred, good strat dog. Will sell or trade for a well-trained pointer or setter, male or female. Willie Smith, Rice Lake, Wis. R. No. 5.

**FOR SALE**—Foxhound bitch on rabbits, \$12.00; foxhound pup, 9 months old, \$7.00; good rabbit dog, \$6.00; also Minute camera, \$8. Floyd Swartz, Orrville, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—5 foxhound sluts, hunters and stayers; also male puppies, black and tan, from blue-ticked and black and tan stock. Burton B. Patterson, Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

**ATTENTION, HUNTERS**—Black, tan American foxhound, broke on fox, rabbits, \$10.00; 2 pups, same breed, black, tan, long ears, 4 months old, \$4.00 each. Stamp. Harvey C. Ritchey, Everett, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Old-fashioned New England blue-ticked foxhound pups. H. C. Prindle, Salem, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Foxhound, for best cash offer; black and tan, twenty-two inches high, fifteen-inch ears, one year old. Trial given. James Purvis, West Haven, Conn.

**FOR SALE**—The old-fashioned New England blue-ticked foxhounds and a few choice Airedales. O. Prindle, Salem, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—One pair Walker foxhound pups and beagles; also broken rabbit hounds. Horace Putney, Guilford, Conn.

**FOXHOUND PUPPIES**, \$10.00 pair; rabbit hound puppies, \$8.00 a pair; farm-raised. Answer all inquiries. William Olmstead, Glin, N. Y.

**FOXHOUND PUPS**, whelped August 13, black and white; 36 foxes shot ahead of parents; Walker bitch bred to old New England strain. Large dogs, good barking, game. Walter Murphy, Whitman, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—Foxhound pups, the kind you fox hunters are looking for. Bred a private strain for 20 years. McDonald & Wheat, Delhi, N. Y. Route No. 2.

**FOX AND BEAGLE** hounds sent on trial; none better for rabbits. \$10 and up. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Fine litter of fox and coon hound pups, bred from a fast blue-ticked foxhound and Southern farm coon hound. Will sell at a reasonable price. Samuel Lauver, Mercersburg, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—One foxhound, trained; one trained brood bitch; two litters extra well-bred puppies, fully guaranteed. Send stamp. L. A. Haynes, Gatewood, W. Va.

**FOR SALE**—One fine 1-year-old male foxhound, unbroke, 23 inches tall, 24-inch earage; one fine rabbit hound bitch, 4 years old. Sell cheap. Ray Herget, Batavia, Ohio. R. R. No. 3.

**FOR SALE**—Foxhound pups, 7 months old, none better, from loud tongued, cold trailing stock. Price \$8. Also one trained foxhound, satisfaction guaranteed. Chas. Fairbanks, Dodge Center, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—Three  $\frac{3}{4}$  blood foxhound puppies. Clayton Fosburgh, Harmony, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—Registered foxhound bitch and seven pups, four months old. Pups sired by Champion Scrape. Low prices. H. T. Green, Stockport, Ohio.

**\$10.00 BUYS** one of our foxhound pups, black, white and tan, pedigreed stock from field winners. Field Foxhound Kennels, Somers, Conn.

**PEDIGREED, LONG-EARED**, bugle-voiced, black and white foxhound pups, bred for fox, coon and skunk. \$5 each. Allen Bros., Geneva, Ohio.

**TWO MALE FOXHOUNDS**, two years old, run foxes only, not gun shy; extra fine, barkers and stayers. Tricolor description, photos; \$25 each if taken at once. Andrew R. Becker, Schoharie, N. Y.

**FOXHOUND PUPS**, seven months old, long ears, black, white, tan, \$10. Exchange for skunk and coon hound or live foxes. Harvey Ball, Granby, Que., Can.

**FOR SALE**—Seven black and tan foxhound pups, pure old-fashioned native stock, long ears, \$5, \$10 if taken at once. G. W. Brown, M. D., Winsted, Conn.

**OLD-FASHIONED** long-eared, black and tan foxhound pups and trained dogs. F. R. Daniels, New Woodstock, N. Y.

#### POINTERS AND SETTERS.

**LIVER AND WHITE POINTER**—Male, 2 years old, hunted last season; large, handsome, fast; \$15.00. Sold for board. Worth double. Stamp. C. Walker, Trenton, Ohio.

**SETTERS AND POINTERS**—Some well broke dogs and bitches for sale. Catalogue, 10 cents. List free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughbred Gordon setter pups, black and tan, natural retrievers, genuine true type Gordon, by Solon A. and Alleen A. Grand sires Ch. Brigand A., Ch. Teddy A., the best blood living. C. O. D. \$12.00. Photos. Hoosier Kennels, Marion, Ind.

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughbred pointer pups, liver, white and ticked. Perfect made pointers, natural retrievers, by the great producing bitch Marion Queen and Star Hal; also a grand litter by Alexandra Jean and our great stud, Silver Spot. No better blood living; \$50.00 at a year old for every one that does not make good. Stamps for photos. C. O. D. \$12.00. Hoosier Kennels, Marion, Ind.

**WANTED**—English setter or pointer male dog, about three years old; must be well trained. Give full description and lowest price. Walter Fulton, Stewartstown, Penna. (Nov.)

**FOR SALE**—Pure bred English pointer pup, female, 8 months old, untrained, good color, fine condition. Price \$5. Bargain. No use for same. Robert Edwards, Lake Forest, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—A pointer dog, six years old, champion dog in the state on quail and chicken, no dog barred. Price \$30.00; also two coon hound pups, eight months old. W. M. Byerly, Onaga, Kan.

**SOME CLASSY POINTERS** and setters for sale by Jno. Carter & Co., Pocahontas, Ark.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**—One English Setter, 10 months old. One expert trap gun preferred. Chas. Russell, Kellettsville, Pa.

#### RABBIT DOGS.

**RABBIT HOUNDS**—Lot of well broken hounds for sale, some extra good. Send for catalogue, 10 cents. List free. Brown's Kennels, York, Pa. (Jan.)

**FOR SALE**—One fine rabbit dog, well trained, price \$12.00. H. Rembold, Cranberry, Pa.

**WANTED**—Terms, full description of A1 rabbit dog, must give trial. Chester Heggins, Kent, Ohio.

**THOROUGHLY BROKEN** rabbit hounds, guaranteed good hunters and not gun shy. Males, \$15.00; females, \$10.00. Benj. Funk, Embreeville, Pa.

**RABBIT HUNTERS**—Send your orders for rabbit dogs. From \$12 up, according to age and quality; guaranteed. A. D. Gross, 562 W. Market, York, Pa.

**RABBIT HOUNDS** for sale; sent on trial. Stamp for circular. Comrade Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

**MIL0 M. YOUNT**, of Summerville, Pa., offers some very good rabbit hounds, both beagle and foxhounds, broke on rabbits; some puppies. Don't write unless you mean business.

**FOR SALE**—Thoroughly trained rabbit bitch, first-class hunter, aged three years. Price twenty dollars. Chas. Posten, Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Rabbit hounds, trained, partly trained and pups. Satisfaction guaranteed. Low prices. Floyd Potter, Minetto, N. Y.

**A FEW FINE RABBIT** hound pups, 2½ months old. Males \$4.50, females \$3.50; breed right. C. F. Mears, Clyde, Ohio.

**THOROUGHLY BROKEN** beagles and rabbit hounds, guaranteed; also trial John H Ford, Honey Brook, Pa.

**BROKEN RABBIT HOUNDS** for sale; guaranteed; also pedigreed puppies. M. W. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Guaranteed rabbit hounds, \$15.00 to \$25.00, on trial. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerville, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Finest rabbit bitch in state, as hard hunter, good starter and true traller as ever looked in the brush, \$25.00; trial allowed. For description and photograph address H. C. Butterfield, S. Brownsville, Pa. L. Box 635.

**FOR SALE**—Well-trained rabbit hounds, prices reasonable. Jno. Carter & Co., Pocahontas, Ark.

## WOLF HOUNDS.

**WOLF DOGS**—Three seasons on timber grey. Rookwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky. (\*\*)

**PEDIGREED**, registered Russian wolfhound pups for sale; also some stags. E. Edwardson, Carrington, N. Dak.

## MISCELLANEOUS DOGS.

**FOR SALE**—Boston Terrier, Brindle, White Breast and Face. One year old. Pedigreed. Price \$40.00. Walter Heer, 551 S. 3d St., Columbus, Ohio.

**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, Pochontas, Ark.

**EXTRA TRAINED RABBIT** hounds, foxhounds, coon hounds, skunk dogs, bird dogs. Every dog knows his business. J. I. Kurtz, Vintage, Pa.

**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 Alredale terriers. All dogs shipped on trial, purchaser alone to judge the quality. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 56-page highly illustrated, interesting and instructive catalogue for ten cents in stamps or coin. (Dec.)

**THOROUGHLY TRAINED** coon, fox and rabbit hounds; also some fine pups for sale. Prices reasonable. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (Dec.)

**TRAINED HOUNDS**—Pedigreed coon, cat, bear, deer, wolf, fox and rabbit hounds, pups that make good with little training. Sharon Center Kennels, W. J. Lytle, Prop., Sharon Center, Ohio. (July)

**HUNTING DOGS** is a splendid book. See page 128 for description. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

**ANOTHER FINE LITTER** of the old black and tan pups, trained hounds. These are fine pups and now is your chance. Photos free. Clarence Shotwell, Akron, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Fox, coon, wolf, skunk and rabbit hounds on 10 days' trial. Owen Smith, Altamont, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—Coon, fox and rabbit hounds. Fifteen days' trial will convince you. Homestead dogs are right. Pure bred young stock. Stamp for catalogue and particulars. Homestead Stock Farm, Fred Little, Mgr., Plainfield, Ind.

**A FEW WELL TRAINED** fox, deer, wolf and cat hounds for sale cheap. Jno. Carter & Co., Pochontas, Ark.

**DACHSHUND FOR SALE**—Black and tan, male, registered, 4 years, good hunter; \$20 cash. E. Bramschreiber, Zachow, Wis.

**WANTED**—Rabbit and squirrel hound, 1 to 3 years, trained male. What have you. Joe Balzer, 1222 S. 9th St., La Crosse, Wisc.

**10 CENTS BRINGS** you bunch photos and cut prices on 40 fox, coon and rabbit hounds. Dog Farm, New Mayville, Pa.

**FOR COON, SKUNK** and fox or rabbit hound write the Tecumseh Chief Kennels, Tecumseh, Mich.

**IRISH RETRIEVER BITCH**—Trained, \$25.00; pups, three months, \$5.00. War prices. Geo. Ebbott, Rossar, East Brandon, Man., Can.

**WANTED**—A small dog broken to tree partridges; male preferred; cocker or any other breed. F. Kuhlrig, 109 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

**AT STUD**—Champion Musicmaster, fee \$10. Send for photo and winnings. Choice pups for sale. Comrade Kennels, Bucyrus, Ohio.

**TRAINED AND UNTRAINED** coon, skunk and foxhounds; beagles; Walker pups. Stamps. A. J. Stalker, Bainbridge, Ohio, Route 2.

**FOR SALE**—Hound, 18 months old, right for hunting this fall, \$15. Write for his photo. Address John Wilcek, Delano, Minn.

**REAL BARGAINS**—50 nice hounds at working-man's prices. Photos, 10 cents. Dewight Welsh, New Mayville, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Two male spaniels, three male foxhounds; none better can be found. John Wright, Jamaica, Vt.

**FOR SALE**—Three-months-old Scotch collie puppies. Write Logan G. Smith, Albion, Ill.

**ALL KINDS** of hunting dogs furnished on short notice. Stamp for reply. A square deal. E. F. Smith, Brooksville, Ky.

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—Good young varmint hound, Walker, eligible to registration. Harvey Romane, Dixonville, Ore.

**RABBIT, FOX AND COON** hounds on trial. Riverside Hound Farm, Decatur, Ill.

**REGISTERED ENGLISH BEAGLES**, broken dogs and bitches, some April pups; a few A No. 1 hounds, broken on rabbit; some fine collie pups. Prices reasonable, quality considered. Bear Rubie, Fowhatan Point, Ohio.

**A FEW WELL TRAINED** squirrel dogs for sale cheap. Jno. Carter & Co., Pochontas, Ark.

**J. C. NORTHEIMER**, breeder of foxhounds, beagles and rabbit hounds, broken dogs and young stock for sale. 25 years in the business. Warren, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—3 female pups, hound Alredale crossed, good stocks. C. Normand, Revere St., Bridgeport, Conn.

**FOX, COON AND RABBIT HOUNDS**—I have several A No. 1 coon hounds, fox hounds that know how to run and stay; rabbit hounds that are broke to gun and field; fox and coon hound pups, \$5.00 each. Price right if bought soon. Stamp for reply. H. C. Lytle, Fredericksburg, Ohio. (Oct.)

**BREEDER, SHIPPER AND DEALER** in rabbit dogs and foxhounds at low prices. Strictly guaranteed. Enclose stamp for reply. Joseph M. Adams, Valley Creek Kennels, Lyndell, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—8, ½ Alredale, ½ foxhound; 10, ½ Russian wolf and ½ staghound pups, \$5 each. Strikers and fighters. Wm. Layland, Audubon, Iowa.

**BULL TERRIERS**—White with black and brindle markings, 4 months old, bred from pure bred stock. Males \$10.00; females \$7.50; pairs \$15. Rodney W. King, Peach Bottom, Pa.

**HOUNDS**—I will sell one hundred trained rabbit hounds, guaranteed to run rabbits; a few extra good squirrel dogs. Send stamp for prices. Wm. Loggins, Greenville, Ill.

**HOUNDS! HOUNDS!**—Coon, mink, skunk, opossum, rabbit, squirrel and cat hounds, lion, bear and panther hounds, in fact all kinds of hunting dogs trained, untrained, partly trained and a few litters of extra nice pups; one hundred fast fox and wolf hounds, all colors and sizes, males and females, English red bone, Walker and Kentucky strain, fast and game. All stock is sound and healthy. Trained hounds sent on ten days' trial. Send stamp for prices. Try some of my hounds and see how you like them. Wm. Loggins, Greenville, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—Black and tan coon hound; pair pointer pups, 5 months old, dog and bitch. Address Noah King, Calico Rock, Ark.

**HOUND PUPS**, cheap; English breed; parents No. 1 coon and wolf dogs. Arthur Hiatt, Welda, Kans.

**FOR SALE**—Fox and rabbit dogs; also twenty-five half hound and shepherd pups now ready to ship. Enclose stamp for reply. Hillside Kennels, Enosburg Falls, Vt., Rt. 3.

**REGISTRATION**—If you wish to register your dogs or puppies, write the United Kennels Club, Chicago, Ill., Box 156, for free instruction blanks.

**AT HALF PRICE!**—Fox terriers, male, 3 years, trained on squirrel, opossum, rabbits, rats, \$10.00; female, 6 years, good ratter, \$4.00. Trained foxhound, 5 years, \$6.00. Boston terrier bitch, 6 years, gift at \$8.00. Hound, 2½ years, good rabbit, partly trained on coon, possum, \$12.00. Few hounds, 6 to 18 months, partly trained. Stamp. Curtis E. Matz, Carml, Ill.

**WATER SPANIEL PUPS** for sale, dark brown, \$3.00 and \$5.00. Write Guy Hardy, Lone Tree, Iowa, Carrier No. 3.

**ENGLISH SETTERS**, pointers, beagles, rabbit and foxhounds; finest stock in the world; shipped on trial. Send ten cents for catalog, prices and photographs. Hopewell Kennels, Stewartstown, Penna. (Nov.)

**FOR SALE**—1 bitch, ½ hound, ½ Alredale, 1 year old; 1 male, ¾ hound, ¼ Alredale, 5 months old, \$6.00 each. M. H. Riendrickson, Tionesta, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Long-eared, black and tan fox and coon hound, 1½ years old, trained on skunk and rabbits. Price \$10. Harry Furber, Dorset, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Full-blooded cocker spaniel, 18 months old; a beauty. First \$½ dollars takes him. Lou Eckhoff, Petersburg, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—Fox, coon, skunk and rabbit hounds. A very choice lot, farm raised, bred from the best hunting stock. As I am a hunter in season also a farmer, these young dogs have had the training of much older dogs, are hunting all the time, will bark at tree or at hole, catch and kill old woodchucks, are the best lot of young dogs I ever saw. They are six months old, fine voices, will stay on fox trail 12 to 15 hours. The mothers are the best hunters in these parts, cold trailers, will trail and tree coon after 3 P. M. with conditions favorable which ran night before. One of them is 12 years old, ¾ fox and ¼ English blood, the other is ½ fox and ½ Cuban blood. They are also for sale. The father is an English hound of the type found in the hill and lake region, more of a trimmer type than the hounds used for hunting to horse by English Clubs. He is one that never tires, will run 30 hours if necessary, has a fine voice, is a handsome dog, black, white and tan. He is too valuable a dog to let every one have on trial. Come here and try him. Also a one-year-old bitch, July 4th. Will stay and run with any hound in these parts, is as good as they make them, can cold trail with the best of them and will finish in front of any dogs she ever has been with yet, will hunt coon, also start a rabbit once in a while, is not entirely broke but did not bother when I quit hunting last fall. \$10.00 apiece for the 6 months; male or female; Cuban and fox brood bitch, \$60.00; one-year-old bitch, \$50.00; the old bitch, ¾ fox and ¼ blood, \$40.00; the dog, \$80.00. I am moving into a town where I can not keep them, am in the Holstein business. Wm. M. Danforth, Chesterland, Ohio.

## DOG MEDICINES.

**DR. CECIL FRENCH'S MODERN REMEDIES**—Vermicide Capsules—for Tapeworm, Roundworm and Hookworm. Box of 6 capsules, 25c. Box of 100 capsules, \$3. Tonic Globules—The greatest thing for getting your dog into condition. Box of 30 Globules, 25c. Box of 500 Globules, \$3. Enteric Globules—for Diarrhoea and Dysentery. Box of 40 Globules, \$1. Skin Specific—For all skin diseases— mange, eczema, etc. Tube, 50c. Mailed on receipt of price, stamps or coin. Dr. Cecil French, 23 French Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**BLACK TONGUE** absolute, positive cure; also immunizes. Price \$2.00. Southern Chemical Co., Lexington, Ky.

**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.)

## EXCHANGE.

**EXCHANGE**—Twelve gauge Winchester pump gun. Want one-minute post-card camera. Elton Beck, Herrick, Ills.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—4 foxhound puppies and one broken bitch on rabbits. Stamp for reply. R. W. Dalrymple, Buchanan, Mich.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—One new Winchester repeating shotgun. Will trade for high power. Sam Belterman, Preston, Minn.

**SELL OR EXCHANGE**—No. 45 Stevens .28-30 caliber, good condition, shells and big lot of tools. Sell for \$15. Want Remington .22 rifle. C. B. Baker, Parnassus, Pa.

**SELL OR EXCHANGE**—One pair Bausch & Lomb binoculars, 10½ power, for good grade double hammerless gun, or live fur. Edw. D. Ackerman, Milford, Conn. R. F. D. No. 2.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**—Pedigreed foxhound, 2 years old, and English beagle, 4 years old, fine rabbit dog. What have you? Allen Ensminger, Mercersburg, Pa.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**—Violinello, full size, solid ebony trimmed bow, carrying case; cost \$50.00; also camera, 4x5, plate or film, tripod, case, good as new. Want rifle, traps, wall tent, camp outfit or what have you? S. M. Fraley, Mill Village, Pa.

**EXCHANGE**—Pair of foxhound pups for a trained rabbit hound. Pups are out of field trial winners. J. W. Glass, Ida Grove, Iowa.

**EXCHANGE**—3 H. P. motorcycle, clincher tires, for .16-gauge repeating shotgun. L. W. Greiner, 204 Sherman St., Cambridge, Mass.

**SALE OR EXCHANGE**—Extra good rabbit hounds, Remington automatic shotgun, slightly used, \$15.00; trained ferrets for sale. I will exchange for good coon dog. Earl Hershey, Orrville, Ohio.

**EXCHANGE**—32 Automatic old rifles and pistols. Best offer, J. E. Henson, Crestview, Tenn.

**EXCHANGE**—foxhound, 5 years, for good shotgun, rifle or fowl. Will Tuttle, Vesper, N. Y.

**WILL TRADE STAG HOUND** pups for .32 caliber Winchester rifle, must be new, or Newhouse traps. Stamp for reply. Arthur Martin, Lignite, N. D.

**EXCHANGE**—African Slide, good condition, money-maker at fairs. Want hammerless shotgun or what have you. J. F. Stegner, Mason City, Iowa.

**TRADE**—22 Winchester rifle, 24 shot, and dog, half bull and half beagle, for motorcycle. Addison Wiggins, West Lafayette, Ohio.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**—Colts, Bisley model, .38-40, 7¼ barrel, belt, holster, reloading tools, guaranteed excellent condition. Want Winchester pump. Lester Carson, Curtis, Mich.

**SELL OR TRADE**—Violin and outfit, bargain at \$12.00. Make offer. W. W. Whitaker, Blauvelt, N. Y.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**—One thoroughbred Alredale brood bitch in whelp; also a fine litter of pups, pedigreed. Will trade for traps, firearm, canvas boat. State what you have. Royal Kennels, Wooster, Ohio, R. R. 7.

**EXCHANGE**—Conn "B" flat cornet, brass, good condition. Want .10-gauge double, hammerless, or Winchester, lever action, or .280 Ross rifle, good condition. W. H. Ross, Hague Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

**WILL EXCHANGE** good fishing tackle outfit for skunk and rabbit hound or 10x12 wall tent. Chas. Powell, Clinton, Mich.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—25-20 Winchester repeater, reloading tools, powder, bullets, etc., fine condition. First \$15.00 takes it. Want Winchester, .20-gauge. H. H. Reynolds, Agency, Iowa.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—One English foxhound bitch for .20-gauge Ithaca or .22 Winchester. Self-loading. Wm. Panceast, Fanning, Mo.

**SALE OR TRADE**—Remington Automatic, .12-28, full. Want .20-gauge Winchester, full choke, with ribbed barrel. Geo. W. Nellis, Dannebrog, Neb.

**EXCHANGE**—A full course in taxidermy, including glass eyes, wires, stands, etc., for a broken black and tan foxhound dog. S. P. Miller, Oxford, N. J.

**EXCHANGE**—New tent, 9½x12, for field glass of 10 power; must be in first-class condition. Write John Karssen, Holland, Mich.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**—Alredale bitch from registered stock, 10 months. Loyd Hooper, Philomath, Oregon.

**SELL OR EXCHANGE**—7 pointer pups by Miss Frank, \$10.00 each. Bert Jenkins, Farina, Ill.

**SALE OR EXCHANGE**—Portable pool table, new condition, cost \$83.00. A. Henrichs, Poplar Bluff, Mo.

## FERRETS.

**FERRETS**, either color, large or small, single pairs or dozen lots. Held & Anderson, New London, Ohio. (Dec.)

**FERRETS FOR SALE**—Either color, size or sex. Send for free catalog. George Schondel, Marshallville, Ohio. (Nov.)

**FERRETS WANTED**—Large or small lots. State price and age, first letter. Bremen, 709 Franklin, Danville, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—Ferrets, either color, \$3.00 and \$3.50 each. Stamp. E. O. Burbacher, Summerfield, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Ferrets, fine ones; males \$2.50, females \$3.00—\$5.00 per pair. L. D. Bates, Caldwell, Ohio.

**FERRETS**—Highest grade stock, guaranteed hunters. Males \$3.00, females 3.25. Order now. Satisfaction guaranteed. P. M. Cross, Chittanooga, N. Y.

**FERRETS**—Males \$2.25, females \$3.25, pair \$5.00. September only. Write C. J. Davidson, Caldwell, Ohio.

**FERRETS**—\$6.00 pair; September only; only a few left. Bert R. Northrop, Oxford, N. Y.

**TRAINED FERRETS**—Ferret harness; muzzles; rabbit net; ferret and pheasant books, catalogue free. Wallace & Son, Lucas, Ohio. (Jan.)

**FEMALE FERRETS** for sale at \$2.75; males at \$2.25. Cut prices on dozen lots. Joseph Kohn, Winslow, Ill.

**3000 FERRETS FOR SALE**. Fine stock. Best rat and rabbit hunters on earth. They will clear your place of rats. Ferrets guaranteed to be safely delivered. Write for free book and price list. C. M. Sackett, Dept. T. Ashland, Ohio. (Nov.)

## FIREARMS AND AMMUNITION.

**REPEATING SHOT GUNS**—Three samples, never used, twenty gauge, full choke, 26, 28 or 30 inch. Krupp Fluid Steel barrels, top rib, Union Arms Co.'s latest model, sold for \$23.00, closing-out price \$15.00. Horace Green, Lake St., Ithaca, N. Y.

**GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS**—Write for special prices on what you want. Some fine Hunting and Target Rifles Cheap. 32-40 Winchester, 32-40 Stevens, 32-20 Marlin Pump, 22 Marlin 1892, 45 Colt Automatic. J. W. Fream, Harney, Md.

**GAME LAWS** revised to August 1914 price 25 cents. See third cover. A. R. Harding Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—22 Savage Automatic rifle, shot only 500 times, guaranteed fine condition or money refunded. Price \$9.00. Edward Bush, Columbiaville, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Remington Hammerless 22 repeating rifle, 24 inch octagon barrel, in good condition. First \$10.00 takes it. W. J. Brocht, Garrett, Pa. Box 15.

**FIREARMS AND AMUNITION**, bargains. Guns and rifles, \$2.50 to \$1,000. Roland Blackway, Taxidermist, Cecilton, Md.

**FOR SALE**—Ithaca Hammerless grade, No. 3, 20 gauge; cost \$57, will take \$30.00; also Ithaca grade No. 2, 12 gauge, cost \$43.00, will take \$20.00; Winchester \$51 automatic for \$10.00; Marlin 1897, 22 caliber, \$7.00; Colt automatic pistol, Government Model, 45 caliber, \$12.00; and Marlin 1893 light weight, take down 30-30, cost \$26.00, will take \$14.00. All above guns in first class condition. Will return money if not satisfactory. Wm. Bradford, 39 4th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—20 gauge shot gun, almost new, fine condition, has not been shot over 100 times. Price \$5. Hobart Alkins, Viroqua, Wisc. Route 5.

**FOR SALE**—Double barrel shot gun, engraved stock; Mexican saddle. Write for particulars. D. Alexander, Shawbridge, Que., Can.

**FOR SALE**—Brand new 32 Colt's Police Positive, \$8. Willie Ahrendt, 1072 Kaufman Ave., Dubuque, Iowa.

**WINCHESTER TRAP GUN**, 12 gauge, cost \$41.60 with \$6.00 leather case, good order. Price \$22.50. Joseph Funk, North Yakima, Wash.

**FOR SALE**—One 11 M. M. repeating sporting rifle with 110 cartridges, good condition. Take \$8.00; one 4x5 magazine camera and complete outfit, worth \$15., take 7. Elmer V. Erickson, Starbuck, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—Marlin 30-30; Winchester 30-30; Parker 12 gauge; Marble axe; hunting knife; comfort and match safe; Stoppie cook kit, all as good as new. H. L. Gohdes, 936 Dennison Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—12 gauge Winchester Automatic gun, splendid condition, same as new, only used few weeks, \$24.50 takes it. John Bornhauser, Colville, Wash.

**FOR SALE**—Marlin Pump gun, 12 gauge, Model 19-S., New, with case, \$15.50. C. O. Dickinson, St. Peters, Pa.

**A BARGAIN**—Marlin 22 caliber rifle, Model 1891, octagon barrel, magazine holds 25 cartridges. Price \$6.00. Robt. Wilson, Casner, Ill.

**FOR SALE**—30-30 Savage, octagon patent 1899, \$15.00; Winchester 22 repeater, 1890 Model, ivory bead sights, \$7.00; pair \$14. Field glasses, leather case, \$5.00; fishing tackle, 6 foot steel rod, reel, complete line of tackle for cost of reel, \$2.00. For trade, 44 Marlin rifle, belt cartridges for Colts Frontier 32-20. All goods perfect. Wm. Martin, Steubenville, Ohio. R. R. No. 1.

**A FEW BARGAINS**—38-40 Winchester, practically new; 38 revolver with holster and belt; 4x5 folding camera and field glasses, cheap; also bunch of traps at half price. Clarence Wheeler, Monroe, Wis.

**WANTED**—Name and address of every man who wants to make his own smokeless gun powder at a small cost for material. Ernest Yungen, Canfield, Ohio.

**WANTED**—Old revolvers, old gun catalogues. Sell or trade Colt cap and ball 36, Whitney same, 2 Southerner derringers, Winchester rifle 405, new. Fred Wainwright, Grayling, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—Winchester 22. Automatic rifle, used one year, fair condition, price \$11.50. T. C. Whiggle, Hatchel, Texas.

**WINCHESTER MODEL 1890**, 22 long, \$7.00; 3 Springfield 45 calibers, \$2.00 each; Vetterli, 41 caliber, 6 shot Mauser, \$4.00; Sharps 50 caliber, \$2.00; coaster brake bicycle, \$10. All in good condition. Stamp for reply. M. R. Sheldon, 13972 Euclid Ave., East Cleveland, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Stevens 12-32 Duck gun, sacrifice at \$5.00; Marshall 12-30 for \$3.00. Herbert Soderston, Sheldon Terrace, New Haven, Conn.

**FOR SALE**—Marlin Pump gun, Model 21, slightly used, first class condition guaranteed. \$16.00. Ollie Diamond, Gallon, Ohio.

**RIM AND CENTER FIRE** loaded cartridges for Swiss, Vetterli and other rifles, \$3.00 per 100; guns changed to center fire for 25 cents. Send only breech block and firing pin; bullet moulds, \$1.50; caps \$1.00 per thousand; also repairs for Swiss arm. Jules A. Sandoz, Spade, Neb. (Nov.)

**FOR SALE**—Good 22 Automatic, \$10.00; 12 gauge Winchester, lever action shotgun, \$9.00; 12 gauge, double, 18 3/4 inch barrel, \$2.75. Cyrus Snider, Brutus, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—32 Automatic Colt, pearl and rubber handle, good condition. Price \$13.00. Robert Rowley, Greenville, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—Ithaca 12 gauge, 28 inch Krupp, full choked and improved cylinder barrels, stock 3 inch drop, 7 1/2 pounds, practically new, best shooter made, patterns perfectly, cost \$50. \$28.00 takes, no less. By express, privilege examination. Nichols, Box 27, Route 5, Webster Groves, Mo.

**FOR SALE**—New Marlin 25-20 Model .94; Stevens single barrel shot gun and 40 back numbers of H-T-T. Clare Ousnamer, Leonard, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—Winchester 25-20 repeater. Like new. No use for it. \$15. Geo. McCarty, Oberlin, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—One 10 gauge, Damascus, steel barrels, Parker Bros. gun. O. J. Lillwig, Hector, Minn.

**HAVE NO TIME** to use .30 Luger pistol, \$14. takes gun, holster and cartridge belt; 9 shot automatic, nearly new. Don Le Valley, Glenn, Calif.

**FOR SALE**—10 gauge shot gun, good as new, 32 inch barrel, \$8.00; Winchester 22 repeater good condition, \$6. Write Wm. Haas, Morton, Minn.

**FIRE ARMS**—New and second hand sporting goods for sale. Bargains in guns of all kinds. New Marlins, \$15.00; new Ithacas, \$15.75; re-boring, restocking, repair work a specialty. Get my prices. C. T. Harner, Xenia, Ohio. (Nov.)

**FOR SALE CHEAP**: Marlin 12 ga. repeater; Marlin 32 special rifle, reloading tools and cartridges; Mackinaw hunting coat and moccasins. Stacy, 309 Park Ave., New York City.

### 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.

### FUR FARMING.

**SKUNK FOR BREEDING**—We supply choice black skunks with scent sacs removed, start your fur farm now. Send thirty cents for information on scientific breeding and directions for removing scent sacs without spilling any scent. Skunk Development Bureau, Box 554, Chicago, Ill. (Dec.)

**FUR FARMS**—A good many are engaging in the business of raising fur-bearing animals and most of those so doing buy their wire from us. See pages 8 and 9 August H-T-T. Hunter-Trader-Trapper. 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)

**NOTICE TO SKUNK FARMERS**, I will pay \$10. each for star skunks; \$5 each for female short stripe skunks. O. R. Austin, Foster Centre, R. I.

**FUR FARM** and poultry ranch combined for sale, on outskirts of nice town of 2000. Price \$2850. For further information write O. A. Slender, Springfield, Minn.

**LOCATION FOR FUR FARM**—80 acres, box, natural meadow and high land, on lake and outlet, 7 miles from town, \$300, one-third down. Arthur Goff, Cable, Wis.

### 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.

**FREE HOMES**, virgin timber and prairie mining prospects, gold, silver and copper, root and bark gathering, fishing, hunting, maps and information, \$1.00. Eugene Eaton, Bandon, Ore. (Oct.)

**HOMESTEADS**—(Canada.) Was there, going back soon. Can give detailed information. Send stamp. Those who can afford it may enclose a dollar bill for my trouble. Chris Gerling, Jr., Troy, Ill. Box 65.

**I WANT** to get in touch with people wanting to make northeastern Michigan their home. People that know good land when they see it, that can be bought on easy terms with least possible money. Write B. L. Holliday, Lupton, Mich.

**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.

### MEDICINAL ROOTS.

**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.

**GINSENG AND SEAL** plants and seeds for fall planting. Get my prices before you buy elsewhere. Daniel Heft, Frazeyburg, Ohio. (Oct.)

**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.

**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.

**GINSENG PLANTS**—One, two and three year old; golden seal seed. Prices reasonable. For plants or seed call on or address R. W. Sandy Ashville, Ohio. R. 2. (Oct.)

**MEDICINAL PLANT PAMPHLETS**—Tells where and how to gather for market 400 of the most valuable flowers, roots, herbs, as used in medicine growing, wild and cultivated in North America. Complete set postpaid, 10 cents. Forest Products Co., West Milan, N. H.

**FOR SALE**—Choice one year old Ginseng roots \$8.00 per 1000. Edward Brader, New Haven, Mo.

**GINSENG SEED**, 1913 stratified and water tested, 60 cents per 1000; over 5000 in one order, 50 cents per 1000; yearling ginseng plants, \$5.00 per 1000; Seal seed at \$1.25 per 1000; Seal plants, healthy and thrifty at \$12.50 per 1000. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. Bramlage & Co., Newport, Ind.

**GINSENG**—One year roots, germinated seed, guaranteed to grow; seed-bearing roots for sale. Get my prices. They are marked way down. H. B. Elmendorf, Morrison, Ill.

**GINSENG**—1913 seeds 60 cents per 1000; two year old roots, \$10.00 per 1000. Write me for special prices on large quantities of seeds and roots. F. Gent, Rockford, Minn.

**GINSENG SEED**—Sold or exchanged for Indian relics. A. L. Gelsler, Dalton, N. Y. (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.

**GINSENG PLANTS**—2 years old, \$2.00 per 100 delivered. Extra large and healthy. Have sold farm; must sell this fall. R. E. Leonard, E. Bridgewater, Mass.

**BIG MONEY** growing Ginseng, strong, healthy roots for sale. Write for prices for fall setting. D. E. Whiston, Chardon, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—From 30- to 50,000 extra nice ginseng, yearlings, \$15.00 per thousand. Clyde Reitz, Reitz, Pa., Somerset Co.

**GINSENG**—Choice lot of 1 and 2 year old roots at 5 and 10 dollars per thousand. Order now for fall delivery. Albert Olmstead, care of Jas. Newell, Thomaston, Conn.

**FOR SALE**—Yearling ginseng plants, price \$10. per thousand; also bloodroot, \$8. per thousand. Address, Glenn W. Orton, Paw Paw, Mich., R. F. D. No. 2.

**GOLDEN SEAL PLANTS** for sale; small, \$6; large \$10 per 1,000; yearling ginseng, \$8.00 1,000. Melvin Mullett, Millersburg, Ohio.

**GINSENG ROOTS**, timber grown seedling, \$10 per thousand. Will trade for Golden Seal seed or plants. Write your offer at once. C. F. Lehnkerling, Darlington, Wis.

**GINSENG** seeds \$1.00 thousand, stratified, water tested, planting instructions free, write Lake Sarah Specialty Farm, Rockford, Minn. (Oct.)

**FOR SALE**—Ginseng seed for fall planting. Water tested \$1.00 per 1000. Write for root prices. No disease. W. Lanphere, 85 Eagle St., Geneva, Ohio.

### PARTNER.

**COMPANION WANTED** by a young man going on a hunting trip. R. W. Beecher, Union Grove, Wis.

**WANTED**—A partner with means for fur farm. Write to Arthur J. Walker, Bolivar, Mo.

**IF YOU WANT** a bird for this season write me. Am an experienced trapper, have outfit and some cash. W. S. Robinson, Center Sandwich, N. H.

**WANTED**—Experienced trapper wants expert-enclosed partner, Canada or Northwest U. S. Must be over 25. R. Peterson, Prosser, Wash.

**PEARLS.**

**GET THE MOST MONEY** for your pearls and sales by selling direct to the New York market.

**PEARLS**—Send your pearls and sturs by registered mail to C. J. Gardock, Box 135, Martine City, Mich. I will pay good prices.

**WELL MAKE YOU** a pearl hunter and send sample pearl post paid, 50 cents. Highest prices paid for your pearls. Forward by registered mail. O'Sullivan, Box 141, O'Neill, Neb.

**PERSONAL.**

**GET MARRIED**—Matrimonial paper containing advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, young, old, Protestants, Catholics, Married free. The Correspondent, (P) Toledo, Ohio.

**MARRY**—Marriage directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 49, Kansas City, Mo.

**WANTED TO CORRESPOND** with Knight of Florida. Last known was in Phelps County. W. E. Moore, Sutton, Mass., R. No. 2.

**PRINTING.**

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**GAME LAWS** revised to August 1914, price 25 cents. See third cover. A. R. Harding, Publisher, Columbus, Ohio.

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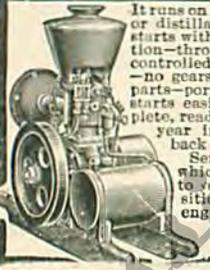
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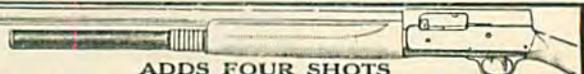
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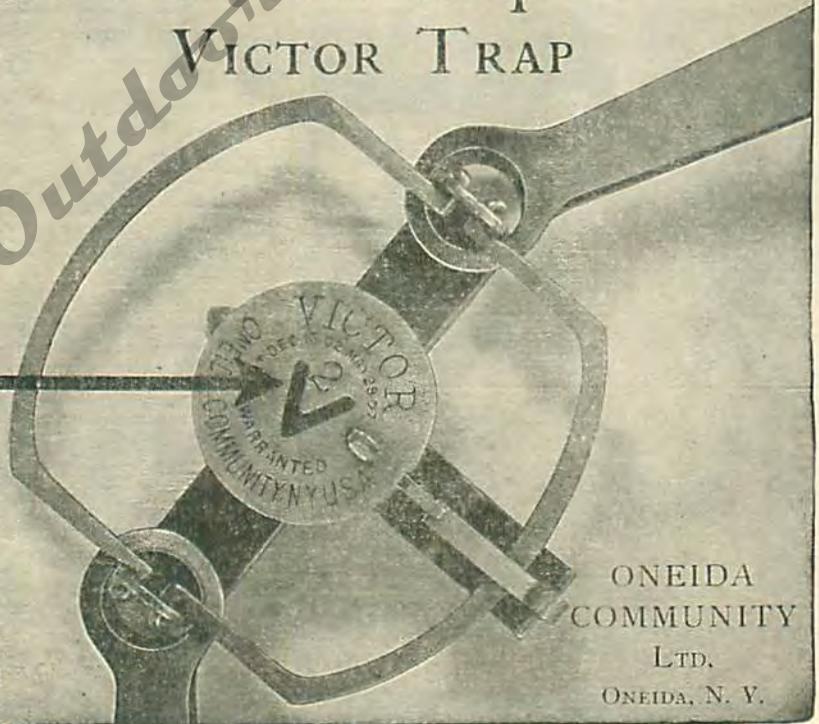
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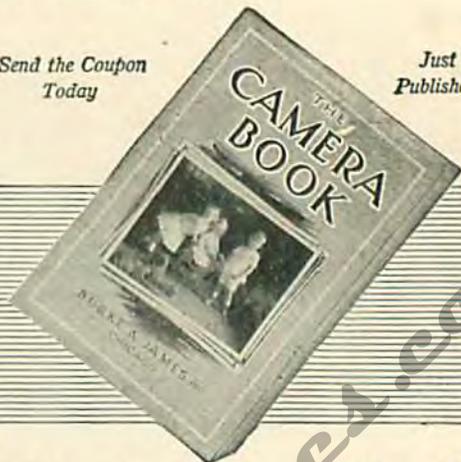
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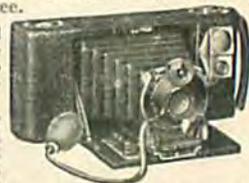
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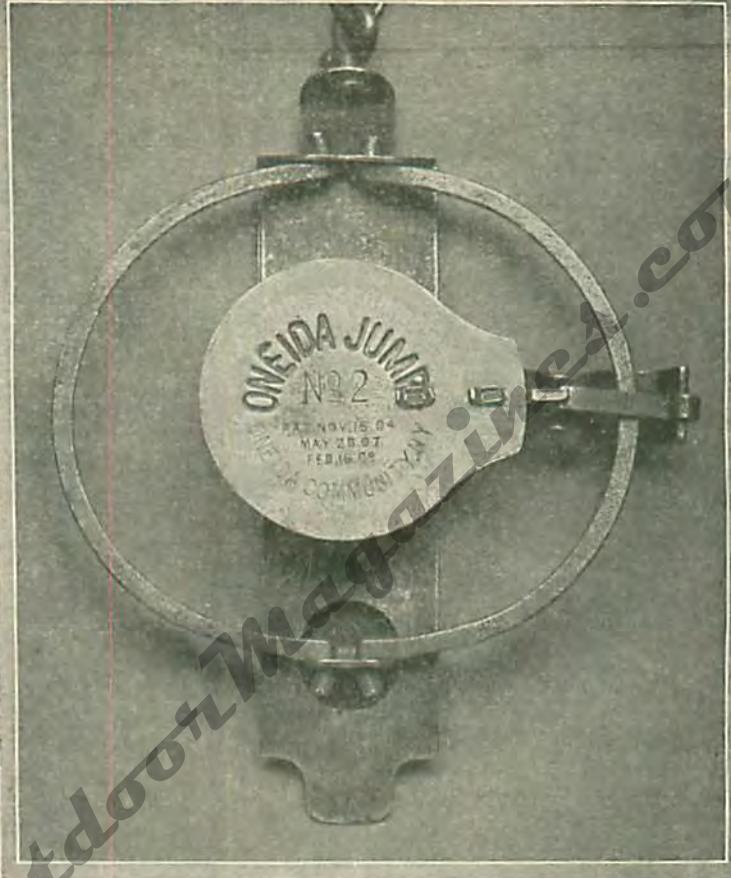
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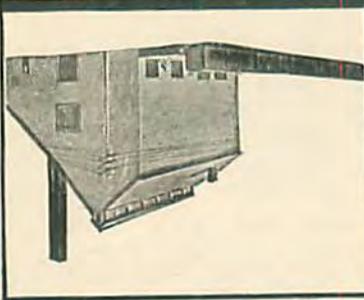
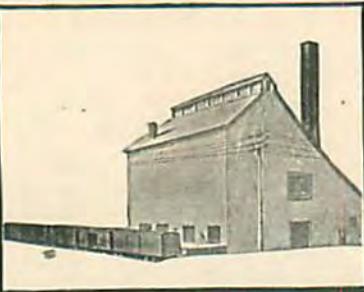
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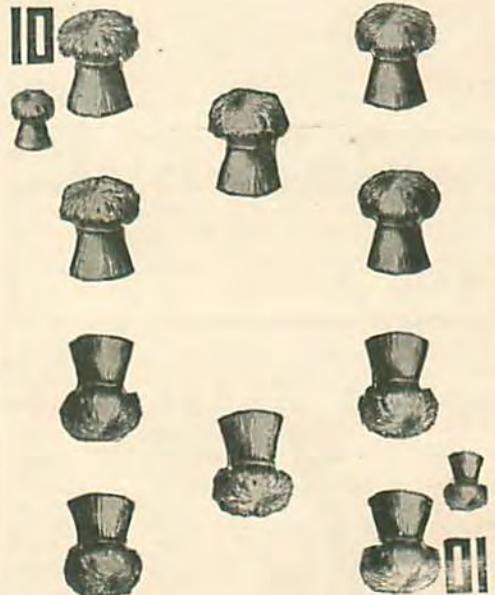
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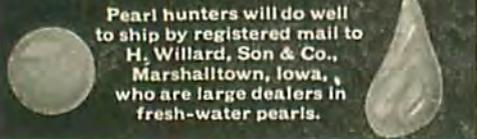
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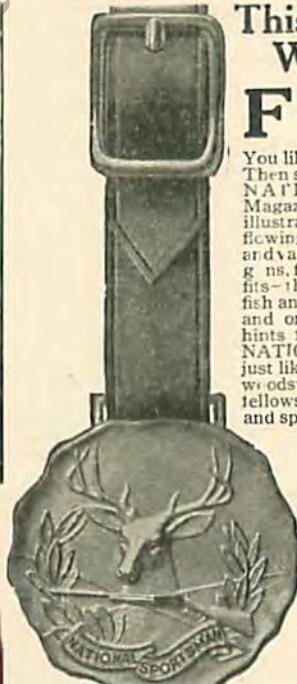
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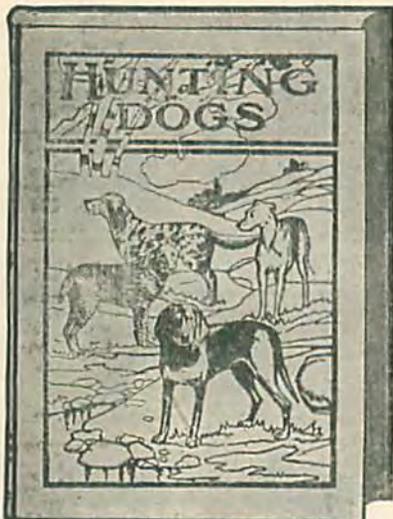
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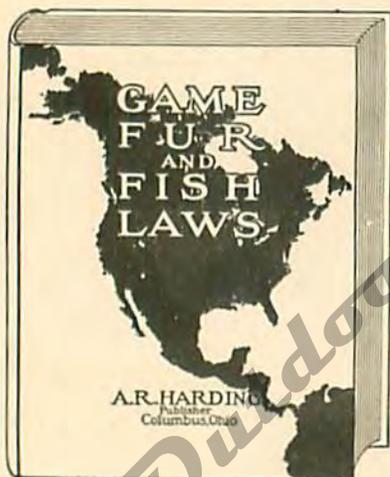
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