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# RECREATION



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GOLDEN-WINGED WOODPECKER

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)  
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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA),  
Editor and Manager.

19 WEST 24TH STREET,  
NEW YORK.

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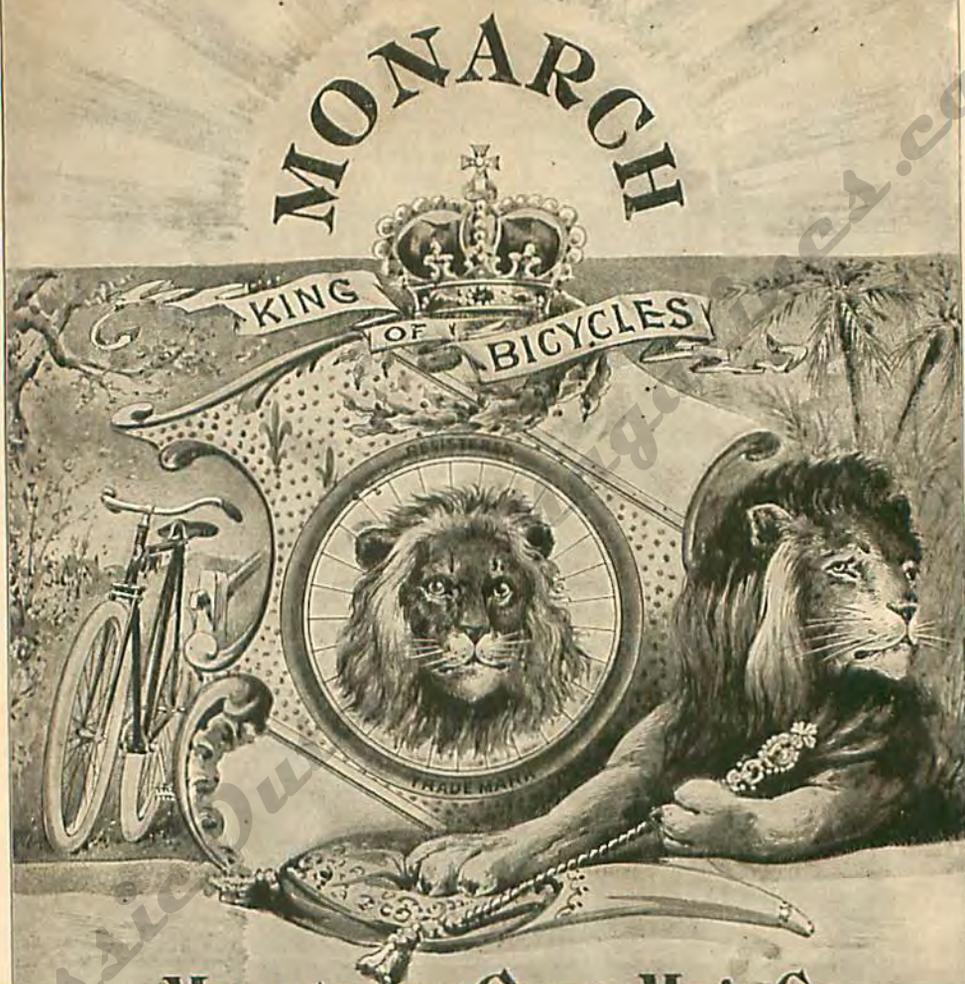
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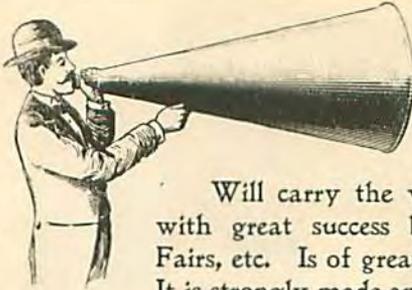
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Where did I hit him?

2d. He walked slowly by, at 25 yards. I fired and he fell dead in his tracks.

Where did I hit him?

3d. He walked rapidly by, at 25 yards. I fired hurriedly, as he disappeared behind a rock. I took up the trail and found blood at every jump. I followed him 2 miles, but the blood finally ceased to flow. I lost the trail and never saw him again.

Where did I hit him?

These 3 shots are recorded on a copy of the above drawing, on file in this office, the location of each being shown by a black spot indicating the place where the ball entered. A yearly subscription to RECREATION will be given each person who will locate each of the 3 shots correctly.

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A number of the best solutions will be published, in November or December RECREATION together with the office drawing, showing the shots as already located.

Note 1.—Each bullet went through the bear, passing out exactly opposite the point at which it entered.

Note 2.—The rulings of the editor, and the location of the supposed shots must be, in a measure, arbitrary; yet they are based on a wide range of experience and on anatomical science.



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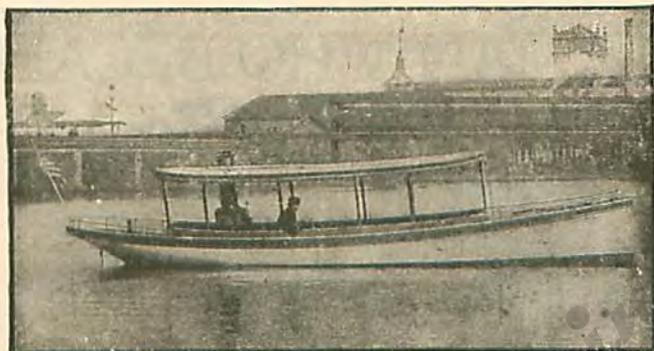
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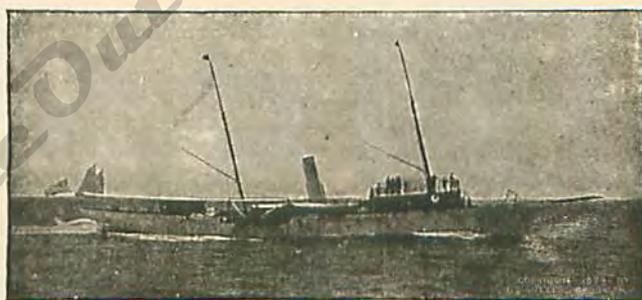
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The cut is a photograph of our tan walking shoe after having been worn two months.



"THEREFORE I JUMPED IT."

# RECREATION.

Volume VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

Number 3.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

## HOW THEY DIDN'T HIT HIM IN THE EYE.

J. B. JENNETT (OLD SILVER TIP).

What vivid recollections will at times roll in upon us—even of the days (or nights) when we used to steal our neighbors' apples!

To-night there appears before my eyes the vision of my first bear. It seems as if the tragedy might have happened but yesterday, instead of many years ago.

I was up in the Northwest territory, and winter was close at hand. I had a little money and formed the acquaintance of 2 men who had none. They were A1 bear hunters, while I was a tenderfoot; so of course I had to be initiated.

They told me all kinds of stories, some of which fairly set me wild. The result was I put in my money and we went into the Rockies, in British Columbia, to hunt bear. When we got to the trapping ground we put up our shack and then proceeded to build dead-falls for the next spring. By doing this in the fall, the men said that by the time spring came all the scent of our bodies would be gone; so it would be far easier to catch His Royal Highness than if the dead-falls were fresh made.

The talk of each evening was, of course, about bear, and what we would do when we met one. The "old hunters" told me, many times over, that they could hit a bear in the eye, when he was on the charge.

Our battery consisted of 2 45-75-350 Winchester rifles, belonging to

the "old hunters" while I had a 44-40-200 Winchester. This they called the "pop-gun"; but it made them pop in a way they did not like, one day.

Down below where we were camped, about 4 miles, there was an old bear hunter by the name of Aleck. His other name I never knew, for he would never tell it. He was either English or Scotch, and was a gentleman. I often thought that at some time he must have handled considerable money; that he had lost it and had then taken up a hunter's life. One thing certain: he knew what he was about when face to face with "Old Ephraim." Nearly every night, just before going to bed, I was cautioned that if we ever saw a bear I must not shoot at him with that "pop-gun." I had asked Old Aleck's opinion of the 44; but he would never give it. My mind was made up that, come what would, if I ever saw a bear, no matter what part—if only the tail—I was going to have the first shot. I looked at it in this light; that if the other 2 could hit a bear in the eye while charging, they were in no danger.

One morning we were going out to build a dead-fall. It had snowed about 2 inches during the night and we struck the fresh trail of Old Ephraim. I asked the other men what we should do. After a little talk we decided to follow it up. As we went along my faith was a little shaken in my pants.

If they were bear hunters why did they want to discuss a subject that we came into the woods to do—*i.e.* kill bears. Why not start on the trail as soon as found? That's what I kept thinking to myself, as we went along.

The bear led us a fine chase, up the side of a steep hill. Suddenly my pards stopped. We had found the bear. He was standing across the trail, right side to us, head turned toward us, nose slightly up in the air as if smelling us. I looked at my pards, and they were as white as the snow around us. There and then it went through my mind that they knew nearly as much about Old Ephraim as I did.

As for myself, well, I felt queer. My flesh seemed full of pins and needles. My blood ran cold. My heart seemed to stop beating. Of one thing I am certain. If I had not shut my mouth, like a No. 6 Newhouse steel trap, my heart would sure have jumped out; but as I kept my face closed my heart tried to beat its way out, by way of my ribs.

Of course you all know how quick a thought flies. On sizing up my pards up went the pop-gun and "pop" she went. So did I. I fired a snap shot for Old Ephraim's eye and never waited to see the result. I knew I could outrun either of the other men; and if not, what difference? They could hit him in the eye, while charging.

When I started on my 2 mile a minute gait, I heard the sound of hasty footsteps behind me, accompanied by a terrible string of oaths. Something sounded like "Hold on there!" But it made no difference in my gait. I was playing "Home, Sweet Home" with my feet. How true that old song seemed just then—"There's no place like home."

In the space of but a few seconds there was no sound to be heard, save the fall of my feet, as I chased them down the hill side, and the thumping of my heart against my ribs as if saying, "Run Joe, Run."

On reaching the shack I went in, without knocking, sat down on the lower bunk and then sized up the window opposite, and the large chimney on my right, with its smoking black log, to be sure which way would make the best back door if Old Ephraim came in at the front door. Suddenly I heard the fall of feet, outside, and in came the door, hinges and all, my pards tumbling over each other, to get in first. Scared as I was it made me smile.

Well, after a bit things quieted down. I wanted the men to come down to Old Aleck's with me, but they would not do it; so I went alone. As soon as I told the old man he put on a well worn belt, filled with 45-70-405 cartridges, and reaching up took down a 45 Sharp's rifle. His every action meant business. He never spoke a word but we started for our shack.

On reaching there it was too late to go up the hill that day, so Old Aleck listened to the tale of the bear hunt, at the end of which, if he didn't give my pards fits—oh no! Then I give it up. The next morning we followed my trail up the hill. At one place we found a pile of dead-falls as high as my breast. My trail showed I had not gone around or climbed over, as the soft snow on the top had not been touched. Therefore I had jumped it.

I don't remember much about the down trip. Of course I was not scared. I was only in a hurry to get home, for fear the bread might spoil. Then, to cap it all, on reaching the spot there was Old Ephraim. He had never followed us one step. The bullet had hit him square in the eye. Old Aleck looked at me and said,

"My boy, take my advice, and in future always see where your bullet goes, before you run."

And I have ever since followed his advice. It would be good advice for some other "hunters" to follow, too.

After getting the meat and hide home, I divided the grub with my pards, took up my residence with Old Aleck, and we got several bear, the following spring.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. E. MATTHEWSON.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE LIBBIE.

Awarded Fifteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.

# WHEN DIANA GETS HER GUN.

By Stern Rakoff



When Diana gets her gun and is dressed for out-door fun,  
With her knickerbockers coming to her knees,  
All the rabbits hide at home, for they do not dare to roam,  
And the partridges roost high among the trees;  
When Diana gets her gun.

And when she takes aim and shoots, you can bet your last year's boots  
That there's something going to drop right there and then;  
And the way she bags the game is indeed a perfect shame,  
For she gets the laugh on us poor "sporting men";  
This Diana and her gun.

When she starts away at morn, just as sure as you were born  
We will gamble that of game she'll have no lack,  
And the birds will rue the day that Diana passed their way,  
While we men will homage pay when she gets back,  
To Diana and her gun.

Walter Buckner





### WORK OF THE SWINE.

Editor RECREATION: You are after hogs. So am I, when such a picture as this comes before me. One hundred and thirty-three king fish, arranged for their post mortem photograph, in such a delicate, feminine manner! The fellow in the fore-ground, with no chin, whose bullet head is covered by a yachtsman's cap, I will wager suggested the unsportsmanlike arrangement of the fish. He looks to be that kind. Note the "smiling jockey," with spraddled legs, near the port main shrouds—the only other man wearing a cap. Is he a sportsman? Well I guess "nit!" A sportsman was never known to go fishing and bring home his pants with the crease down the front still intact!

The old gentleman who finds it necessary to steady himself by the main halliards, is all right. He doesn't pretend to be a sportsman and doesn't know any of the unwritten laws of sportsmanship. He is a jolly good fellow and undoubtedly furnished first class beer, for this trip, and got away with his full share. The belted gentleman, in white flannels and straw hat, looks as if he should know better, and I believe he does; but has made up his mind to brazen it out for the benefit of the no chinned chap beside him, to whom he probably owes a poker debt.

The one man who knows he has run into a bum crowd, and is heartily ashamed of them and of himself, but is honorable enough to take his share of the blame in a sportsmanlike manner, with the mental reservation that it shall never happen again, is the honest old soul to the right of the smiling jockey. Shame is sticking out all over him; and the boys who run the boat are none too proud of their party.

Let me suggest to these men that if they will separately take a small boat, with an oarsman, arm themselves with a pair of light grains, each, and row over the king fish grounds endeavoring to spear or, technically, strike the king fish, they will get about 1,800 per cent. more fun out of the day's sport, kill fewer fish and will be thought of a great deal more kindly by their friends. There are a lot of people in this world to whom success means quantity, not quality.

I am familiar with this fish, and with all kinds of Florida fishing, and it sickens me to see such a brazen exposure, of such damnably hoggish waste of time and of good fish. You have my permission to refer to me any one desiring to take exception to my language.

J. D. P.  
Omaha, Neb.

## AN AUTUMN HORSEBACK TRIP.

J. F. GORDON.

After much planning to get away from business, we, Al, Rex., Harry and I, finally decided on a date for a horse-back trip from M——, N. Y., to Lackawaxen, up the Delaware river. We started late in the afternoon, going through Otisville and over the mountain, from which a good view of the Erie R.R.'s stone crusher, and a little farther down the road, a grand view of the surrounding mountains and valleys is obtained. This bit of scenery, as viewed from the window of a rapidly moving passenger coach, although fine, is but a taste as com-

150 feet below; and above, for almost the same distance, tons upon tons of rock overhang. The canal is so directly beneath that a hat could be tossed into it, and Harry cast a stone far out into the river. We were afterward told that when the road was first proposed, a great many people doubted whether it could be built and whether, in the springtime, it would not slide down the mountain; but the road is still there.

The game preserve of the McKenzie estate is near here. On reaching it we dis-



EN ROUTE.

pared with that obtained from the saddle, with time to stop and enjoy it fully. Continuing we wound down the mountain, through Cuddebackville. What a road for bicyclists! For miles it is as hard and smooth as a floor, with no "hills as are hills."

Passing the Standard Oil Co.'s pumping station, from which oil is forced over the mountain, we pushed on to Port Jarvis, where we arrived just at dusk.

Early next morning we were off by way of the Hawk's-nest road which, in its way, is extremely interesting. It is built on the side of the mountain, which, at the highest point, is perpendicular. The road overlooks a narrow valley in which are the Erie R.R., the river and the D. & H. canal. The river and canal are, we judged, about

mounted and, looking through the fence, counted 17 elk—2 of which were bulls, with massive antlers. Either pair would be fine to have around, not only as an ornament, but useful for cherry picking or as a fire escape.

In another part was a species of foreign deer which none of us could identify, and there was no one about to tell us. They were entirely different from the American deer and were very beautiful.

After a dinner at Barryville, which is just across the river from the well known resort, Shohola Glen, we made for the Minisink battle ground. Our route took us through the woods over one of those delightful roads full of rocks, stumps, overhanging branches, etc. Here we flushed a pair of ruffed grouse, which, by the way, were the

only wild game we saw on the trip. Obtaining our final directions from 2 quarrymen working nearby, we rode through a pasture lot, up through the woods and on to the battle ground.

The spot, on which the last and most bloody part of the struggle occurred is the top of the mountain, quite level, about an acre in extent and commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. We found Hospital Rock and traces of the old fortification.

Down the mountain from here is a dam in the river, the water thus stored being used to feed the canal. Here, too, the canal crosses the river, and, taking the tow-path, we crossed over into Lackawaxen. Al, receiving an expected telegram, we resumed the tow-path for Barryville where we spent the night.

On entering the village we overtook a fine, sleek pair of tow-mules. They had heard our clatter in the rear and, not being able to see us (having closed bridles) they took fright and one of them prepared to defend himself. Rex, and Al, were in the lead and got by all right, but at that

instant a pair of hoofs and a whiffle-tree shot out and Harry and I had business right where we were. Here I could lie a little, but speaking with due regard for the truth, I counted 27 mule feet in the air at one time, all operated by the same mule, to say nothing of double trees, whiffle-trees, chains, ropes, tug straps, etc. Concluding we were stalled indefinitely, Rex and Al, bade us good night; but noticing that the tow line lay on the ground we waited an opening and shot over between the canal and the other mule. The last we saw of his kicklets he was still "fanning space."

Early next morning we were on the tow-path again for home. We found the boatmen very good natured and obliging and exchanged a great deal of good natured chaff with them. Passing was sometimes quite difficult, but at such times they would cheerfully stop the teams to let us by. Our trip ended all too soon, and reaching M—we separated, all wishing we were just starting instead of returning. In the 2 days we travelled 90 miles and hope to travel many more together.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. MYRA A. WIGGINS.

THE HUNTER'S PAUSE.

Joint Winner of First Prize in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.



WHITE AND YELLOW PERCH.

In this plate are shown 2 species of fishes which are not only of interest to the commercial fishermen, but to the angler as well. The Yellow Perch (*Perca flavescens*), often called the Ring Perch, from the dark bars crossing the body, is one of the most abundant and best known of the smaller food fishes. It is found in fresh water lakes and streams throughout the Eastern United States, from Nova Scotia and the Great Lakes Southward to North Carolina and Iowa and the Ohio. It is particularly abundant in the coastwise streams and the Great Lakes, also in the small lakes of many of the Northern States. In those of Northern Indiana, and Northwestern Iowa, it is very numerous. It reaches a length of a foot and a weight of over a pound. While it cannot rank as one of the great game fishes it is none the less popular on that account. It is always a source of delight to the children, and to ladies learning to fish, and even with many men. Many an expert angler does not refuse to fill his creel with yellow perch when better fish fail him. The yellow perch is a vigorous biter and fights well, for a little while. Moreover it is a most delicious pan fish, if you know how to prepare it.

The other species is the White Perch (*Morone americana*), a fish found abundantly along our Atlantic coast, from New England to Florida, ascending all coastwise streams. This fish reaches a length of a foot or less, and is easily caught on the hook, with any kind of bait. It is most abundant in the tidewater portions of the rivers and always bites best on the flood tide. It is a good food fish, but its chief

value lies in that it can always be caught, whether other fishes bite or not.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY SAM'L RANDALL.

TWO COONS AND THE DOG THAT FREED THEM.

Highly Commended in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.

You can get a gun, a fishing rod, a reel, a camera, a sleeping bag, a watch or a bicycle for nothing. Full particulars on page slviii. of this issue.

A North Carolina newspaper has this local item:—

"As Colonel Williams was driving home yesterday, lightning struck his wagon and completely demolished a 4 gallon demijohn of fine whiskey. The Colonel has the sympathy of the community."—Atlanta Constitution.

## THE OPENING OF THE SEASON.

R. B. BUCKHAM.

"She paints with white and red the moors,  
To draw the nations out of doors."

—EMERSON.

In autumn it seems as if Nature had designed that man should be constrained to go to the fields or the woods. Certain it is at this season she bedecks herself in her most attractive garb—royal purple, scarlet and gold; and indifferent indeed is he who can withstand her charms. Earth and sky are mellow with ripeness; the very air sparkles; while tree and bush and shrub seem striving to outdo each other in showering down their golden harvest. Simply to be abroad at such a time is a pleasure indeed; but to the sportsman this time brings other joys as well. It is then the ruffed grouse, king of game birds, throws down the gauntlet to the gunner, challenging him, with startling whirl of wing, to a trial of skill and endurance; to a test of woodcraft.

To outwit the wily bird is not always an easy task. The ruffed grouse, or partridge, as he is often called, is strong and swift of wing. In spite of his pinions being comparatively small, he is a marvellously rapid flyer; and the whirlwind of leaves where he is flushed, bears testimony that no lack of energy is back of his beating wings.

On rising from the ground, the flight of the grouse is generally straight for the treetops. Through and among them, after having gained sufficient headway, he goes, sailing and twisting, tipping and tilting, in an astonishing manner, until at length, his fright in a measure abating, he settles into some thick evergreen, or on the earth again. During this first upward rush is, in my opinion, the time to shoot. To be sure, there is the startling roar of wings to unnerve one, but this nervousness is overcome in time, and only adds to the zest of the moment.

Another peculiarity in the flight of this bird is observed later in the season, when the first snow is at hand, and when, from having been hunted, he is wild and suspicious. At such times he will often perch high in some lofty evergreen, at the head of a ravine, and on the approach of the hunter, will launch forth from his watchtower with a long, downward dive, thus almost instantly acquiring an enormous velocity. It is not, however, the vagaries of flight alone that make the grouse so difficult to shoot; for his favorite haunts are in the densest and most inaccessible woods, and though naturally somewhat stupid, on acquaintance with man he becomes shy and suspicious.

The nature and habitat of this bird are a

study worth the attention of every sportsman. In fact, he must, if he would meet with success, apply himself to the close observation of his ways, preserving in memory each incident remarked, no matter of what seeming insignificance. In this way the huntsman will become familiar with his habits, and his cunning will be easy to master. From many a covert that would yield naught but disappointment to the tyro, the observant gunner will gather a good bag.

The time of the white and red moors of the poet is now at hand. Anxiously has the sportsman been awaiting its coming. Long has he watched for the forest to again float on the breeze its gaudy-colored ensign. May his patience be rewarded! May he fare as well as I did, some years ago! That hunt is still fresh in my memory.

For a month or more, my brother Joel and I had been uneasily waiting for cool weather and the opening of the season, to try our luck once more with the grouse. In every conceivable way we had been whiling the time—polishing our guns again and again, until they fairly shone; schooling and encouraging our dog, a black cocker spaniel; and discussing the haunts and the peculiarities of our favorite bird. Our plan was to open the campaign back among the mountains, where, we had heard, the grouse were unusually plentiful. The day came at last, and in the early morning we were far on our way and well up in the thick evergreen forests.

Anyone whose knowledge of the woods has been gained solely from suburban woodlands, can hardly conceive of the grandeur of primitive forests. Beneath one's feet is the brown woodland carpet—leaves of evergreens that have fallen year after year, interwoven with mosses and lichens—softer and thicker than any of man's devising, and much less noisy. Above are the giant firs and spruces. The solemn, peaceful stillness makes it seem like consecrated ground.

This is the stronghold of the grouse, and with feelings akin to awe we reached the depth of the woods. Hardly a sound was heard, save the ceaseless sighing of the wind in the treetops. "Not a vestige of life is here," one would have said. Our dog, however, was of a contrary mind. The silence was quickly broken by the ring of his cheery bark and the boom and whirl of wings.

If there is anyone who is unable to comprehend what pleasure the gunner gets from his sport; if any man fails to see how genuine amusement can be gained from

tangle and thicket, let him place himself in such a position. His scepticism will vanish and he will become an enthusiast on the spot; possibly, dashing about in senseless frenzy of excitement. At least, such has again and again been the fate of the scoffer.

The woods rang with the reports of our guns, and with hearty shouts of triumph at some exceptional success. Even the grim and gnarled trees seemed to join in our sport, echoing and re-echoing to one another, as if in encouraging applause. On we followed, in the wake of the dog, accepting without question his course; nor did we have reason to complain. Though he led through swamps and thickets, it was

to bring us always to the hiding places of the birds.

While the sun rose high and sank again, our hunt continued. Grouse were on every side; not singly or by 2's and 3's, but in coveys, leading us on with barely time to stop or to rest. At length the sinking sun admonished us to stop. Not until then did we sit down to count our spoils.

What a day we had! What a bag we made! Such gala days have seldom fallen to my lot. Truly, the first of the season is the best; and well it is the opening day should long be cherished as a just reward to the conscientious sportsman, for his faithful waiting through the close season.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY B. J. WARREN.

AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

Awarded Twenty-fourth Prize in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.

Teacher—Why did Delilah cut all the hair from Samson's head before she proceeded to his undoing?

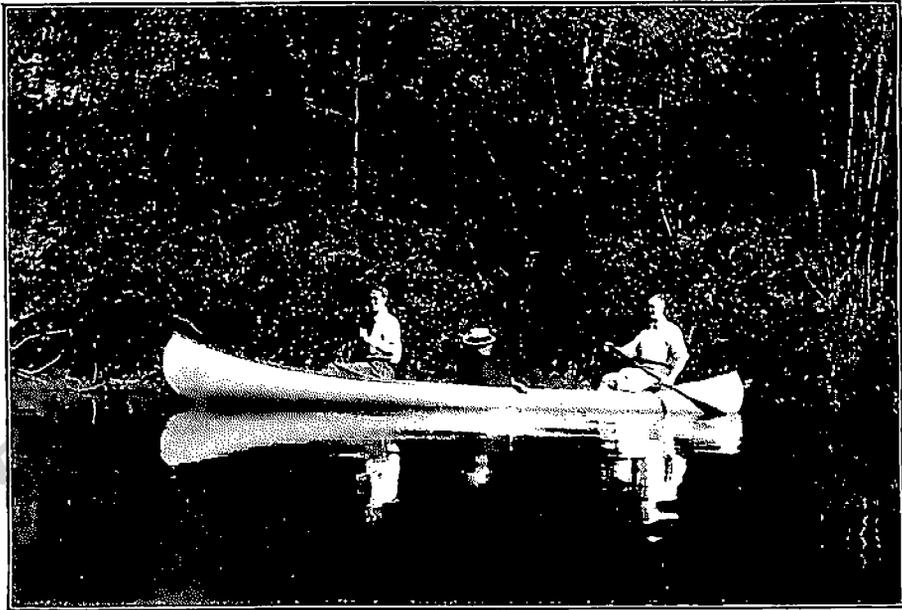
Tommy—So she could snatch him bald-headed better.—Richmond Dispatch.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. L. RATHBONE.

**IN TROUBLE.**

Awarded Twenty-third Prize in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY E. V. R. THAYER.

**A JUNE AFTERNOON.**

Awarded Twenty-seventh Prize in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.

## A CYCLE RACE, WITH A SEQUEL.

MISS C. H. THAYER.

If we do not live in Chicago, New York or Boston, there is just as much wheeling enthusiasm to the square inch in our little town as in any of those cities; and there are any number of bright girls who can beat at golf and tennis, or do a century without wilting like frosted flowers. Although we can boast no fine parks, there are good roads, and high hills that one may descend like an avalanche, with the exhilarating risk of breaking one's neck before reaching the bottom.

Nearly all the girls have wheels, and ride them, gracefully or awkwardly, according to the girl. What a difference there is! Some ride as if trying to hit their chins with their knees, at every revolution of the crank, while others glide along with scarcely any apparent pedal motion. Awkwardness does not seem to detract from the enjoyment; so what matter?

Now, we wanted to have a race, but not a public one. "Where can we go?" was asked and discussed, as only a score of girls' tongues can discuss an interesting question.

"If Mr. Canning would only let us use his beautiful drive," said one, "how lovely it would be!"

"Propose a trip to the moon," suggested a sarcastic listener.

"Or a road built by ourselves," proposed another.

"Well, girls," I interposed, "why not ask Mr. Canning? He's not an ogre."

"Very near it," cried a laughing girl. "He's a crusty old bachelor."

"He has that reputation, because he pays no attention to ladies; but he may be diffident."

"Diffident! A millionaire diffident!"

"Well," I persisted, "it's the only place for a race, and we shall have to give up the scheme altogether, or ask Mr. Canning. Who will do it?"

"Not I!" resounded emphatically from all sides.

"Then I shall, myself," I declared.

"Olive Dawes!" exclaimed one; "you won't dare to beard that old bachelor in his den!"

"No, but I dare beard him in his handsome house; and be delighted to get inside of it, too. Besides, he is not so terribly old—not more than 40, and some men are just lovely at that age."

Mr. Canning is the wealthiest man of our town, and his residence is elegance itself, with a charming shaded drive all around it. On that charming shaded drive we wanted to have our race; but of course the owner's permission must be asked. It did require some confidence and self-assurance to ask

it; but I put on a bold face, and said I would go if one of the other girls would go, too.

"I'll do it," was the prompt reply, from Patty Armstrong.

"Very well," I replied, not greatly delighted; for we thought Patty an insignificant little thing, who had reason to feel flattered with any notice we took of her. She had a deprecating air, as if apologizing for the liberty of existing.

However, that very afternoon, arrayed in our best and gayest, we called on Mr. Canning. We were shown into a room, the richness of which surpassed even my expectations. I looked at Patty, supposing she would be completely overcome by such magnificence; but she appeared as cool and calm as if she had been used to such things all her life.

Mr. Canning was gallantry itself. I felt a little nervous when he came in, but he was so polite I made my request without any hesitation. He granted it so cordially and pleasantly, I exclaimed, gushingly: "I think you are splendid!"

He looked amused, and thanked me. Then he said he would give the winner of the race a prize and a banquet, in his large dining-hall.

"Shall you both be contestants?" he inquired.

"I'll not," I replied.

"I will," Patty said, to my amazement. The idea of that little washed-out creature trying to beat 20 wide-awake girls!

Mr. Canning regarded her in the most benign manner. "I wish you success, Miss Armstrong," he said, with unnecessary emphasis, it seemed to me; "and if I professed to judge faces, I would predict you will win the race." He evidently meant it, too.

After this the girls were in a constant state of excitement: practising on their bicycles, and riding at break-neck speed—all except Patty, who did not ride much oftener than usual.

"Why don't you practise fast riding?" I asked.

"I don't want to waste all my strength beforehand," she replied.

"She's wise," one of the girls scoffingly remarked. "She'll need all the strength she has to win the race."

The eventful day came, and oh, how excited we all were! There were 20 riders, all but poor Patty dressed in new bicycle suits that were gay and becoming. I always thought a horse race a splendid sight, but this was prettier. Such bright, expectant faces and flashing eyes; such animated gestures and laughing threats!

At the signal, off they started, flushed

and eager; well together, with Patty decidedly in the rear.

"The silly little thing!" some one near me exclaimed. "What did she ride for?"

"She may win yet," answered another voice. "Patty Armstrong is not the fool you think her."

We all laughed. Now they had nearly finished the course. Suddenly, little Miss Armstrong threw herself forward, in genuine racing style, made a grand spurt and, shooting ahead of them all, reached the goal, breathless, but eager.

"Hurrah! hurrah! splendid! splendid!" arose the cheers from the little group of spectators. Poor, insignificant Patty was queen of the day. As for Mr.

Canning, he acted like an overgrown boy; shouting, clapping his hands, and tossing up his hat in wild enthusiasm. Then he sprang forward to the triumphant girl, offered her his arm and led her to the house, into the banquet-hall. He seated her in the victor's chair—a bower of roses.

Patty did not have a deprecating expression then. Her eyes shone and her cheeks outrivalled the roses she crushed at every movement. Now it was different. We no longer felt we were condescending to notice her, but were glad of her attention. That day Patty Armstrong won not only the race, but our most distinguished citizen as well.



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'ANOTHER OF MY POSES.'

See page 89, August RECREATION.

## THE MUSIC OF THE WOODS.

J. D. CRAWFORD, JR.

There's something in the wild wind, sweeping o'er the hill,

Or in a coyote's medley, to make one's whole soul thrill;

Or at your camp in autumn, comes a feeling that is strange.

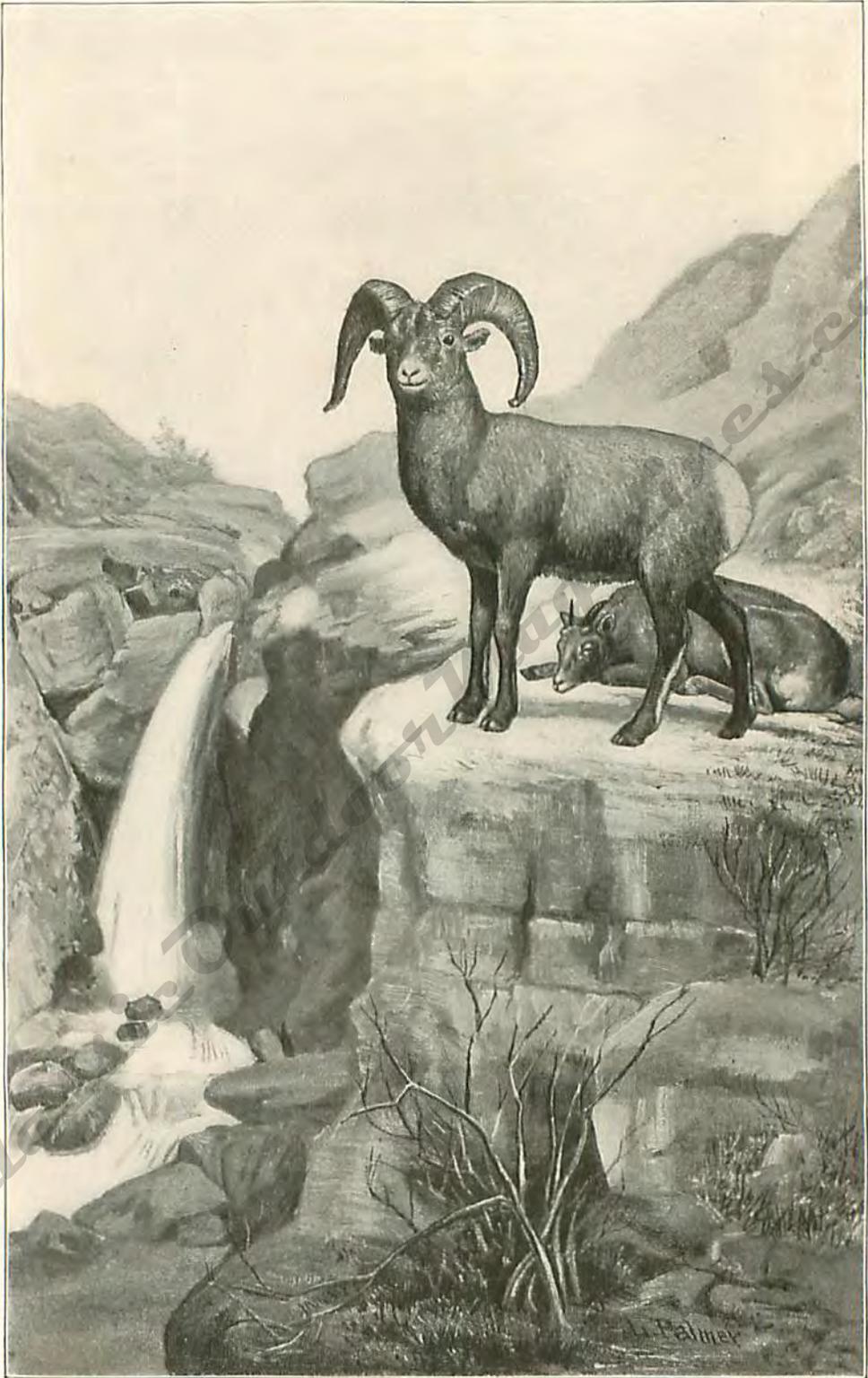
When you hear a bull elk's bugle notes, far up the mountain range.

There's something in the swish of the water flowing by

That makes a sportsman wish he wasn't born to die.

This something's in all Nature if we may only hear,

'Tis music sweet, 'tis music grand, who'll lend a listening ear?



MOUNTAIN SHEEP (*OVIS MONTANA*).



## ECHOES IN THE MOONLIGHT.

MARGUERITE TRACY.

The growing light of the harvest moon  
Follows the lingering twilight soon,  
Merrily over the waters blue  
Soundeth a yodle la—la—e—hoo!

Laughing and calling a merry clan,  
Laughing and calling as light hearts can,  
Gathers together the whole dear crew  
Summoned by la—e—la la—e—la la—e—hoo!

Out through the dusk where letters hide,  
Stealing the fairest of all, they glide:  
Is there a straggler? Call her—do—,  
Soft and low—la—la—e—hoo!

Back to the fountain's rippling light,  
Lingering there till the dusky night  
Scatters them home thro' the falling dew,  
Calling and answering la—e—hoo!

Over the water's glistening play,  
Over the shadowy, darkening way,  
Floateth and echoeth faint but true,  
La—e—la la—e—la—e—hoo!

## A YALE-PRINCETON FOOTBALL GAME.

COURTLAND NIXON.

However great the interest in other athletic events, the football game, between Yale and Princeton is looked forward to not only by every one in these great universities, from the opening of the term, but by thousands of enthusiasts and friends of the colleges. The day is an eventful one even in the second city of the world. The game is played on Manhattan Field, 155th Street, New York City.

As early as 9 o'clock, on the morning of the great day, a few supporters of one college or the other, who arrived in town during the night, may be seen wearing their favorite colors. From this time on, the fakers of flowers, pins, flags and other souvenirs in college colors will increase. Hundreds who expect to see the game—yes, and many who hardly know the meaning of it all, wear the blue or the orange-and-black.

The teams leave for New York the afternoon before the great day. After seeing friends who call at their quarters, the trainer gets the players early to bed. At 7 o'clock the men are at breakfast, then a light lunch at 11, and by noon they are off for the grounds.

Those who have not secured seats begin to move up town even earlier. The throng continues until after the game begins, at 2 o'clock. The cars on the elevated road are simply jammed, for they go direct to the grounds. The windows along the way are gay with flags, either blue with a white Y, or orange bearing a big black P. Each draws cheers from bands of students, from the different colleges.

In the streets below, many carriages are seen, all headed up town, or perhaps a tally-ho, with trumpeter much in evidence, containing a party from some hotel or club. The men may wear long blue ribbons, while the ladies wear huge bunches of blue violets; an immense blue flag, with "Yale" in white letters, fastened at the top and hanging down, covers the sides of the coach. If the trumpeter can bring forth some favorite college air, the party is sure of many hearty cheers.

Another coach may have the spokes of the wheels alternately bound with orange and black bunting, while above floats a big orange flag, bearing in black, the word "Princeton." The coaches and carriages are driven along the fence, at one side of the grounds, and the horses unhitched.

All around the high fence, on the bridge near by and on the hill just at the West, men stand in solid rows, 4 or more deep. Boxes and benches are utilized, as well as posts and poles of all kinds; anything to get above the heads of others. Inside the

inclosure it is even worse. Between the fence and the stands men are walking about, some calling for bets, all wearing showy colors. Here is a man with an umbrella, one section black, the next yellow; there a pair of Yale men carrying a banner bearing the record of former victories.

Two o'clock comes and the game should be called, but the time does not drag; the scene is too festive. In one section of the grand stand the blue appears as a solid bank. In the stand, on the other side of the field, caps and sweaters striped in orange and black predominate. These are the "cheering sections" of the respective colleges; their purpose soon becomes evident.

In one corner of the field, a commotion arises. Through the crowd, about 20 men—team and substitutes—come in, all in blue sweaters and stockings, big canvas trousers well padded, some with shin-guards, head-guards, or only nose-guards. Two footballs are rolled out on the gridiron. One is passed among the players; some fall on it, while 3 or 4 gather at one end of the field to kick goals, either from "place, or drop kick."

Every blue color is aired; it looks as if nothing else can be found. The blue bank keeps up an unbroken "Rah! rah! r-a-h! Yale! Yale! Yale!" while the different-toned tin-horns make an awful din. Some one leads Yale's mascot—a blooded bulldog covered with a blue blanket—around the field.

From another corner comes the Princeton team; the bold players distinguished by a big P in orange on their black sweaters. The field instantly becomes transformed, and the color of Princeton's favorite flower—the yellow chrysanthemum—predominates. Blue disappears—for the time. The "rocket cheer" "Rah! rah! rah! tiger! siss! boom! ah! Princeton!" is heard on every hand. When some young enthusiast down in the front tier jumps to his feet, pulls off his coat, showing a tiger-striped sweater, and calls for a cheer, the noise which follows fairly makes the air quiver and the grand stand tremble.

The captains meet, toss a coin and choose goals. The players peel off outside sweaters and bunch around the referee to hear his injunctions; then they separate and the game begins. Now the crowd sends up a general cheer.

Thus it goes throughout the game; if one side makes a good gain, every one is on tiptoe to get a better view. Should you be a little slow in sitting down again, a gentle tap on the shoulder from some one's cane, and a "down in front, please," reminds you "there are others." When one side scores,

its followers own everything for the moment, colors are waved and cheers rend the air.

When a delay occurs, the substitutes, who are seated along the playing line, run out and throw blankets over the players, who then move about like Indians, until play is called. Then the substitutes dash back to their places with their robes.

At the end of the first half, the players trot off for a rest, a rub-down and to hear, whether heeded or not, words of advice and encouragement. The spectators, meanwhile, move restlessly about or impatiently await the beginning of the second half. Excitement holds every one fast until the closing scenes bring joy or sadness; wild exultation or deep disappointment.

A few leave before the game is quite over, if the ball happens to be near the centre, so no more scoring is likely to be done; not because they are discouraged or on the losing side, but gentlemen with ladies wish to avoid the rush. The man with the big

camera, who has been following the players, to catch all important moves, folds up his instrument; the messenger boys cease to run from the reporters' table; students leave their seats to work toward the rail. Time is called, then over the rail these students leap, half a dozen after each player, who tries to evade them. The members of the winning team are soon caught, by an arm, a foot, or anywhere, then up on shoulders they go and off to the clubhouse—a well-earned, triumphant, long-remembered ride.

There was only one entrance to the grounds, but it is a slow, hard push to get out of one of the 20 exits. Then comes the fearful jam at the station and during the crowded ride. You are fortunate indeed not to find yourself possessed of a deep bass voice; due to howling not wisely, but too loud. On arriving down town, you meet the newsboys waiting for you, with the evening papers containing a "full account of the game."

## A PUZZLE PICTURE.

Concord, N. H.

Editor RECREATION: You may remember that some weeks ago I wrote you about a snap-shot picture, taken with an \$8 Hawk-eye camera, which, when developed,



proved that 3 exposures had been made; and still the picture is a fairly good one. At least we consider it quite a curiosity. I send you herewith a silver print of the picture in question; also a print from another negative of the old farmhouse, where the last 2 exposures were made.

My sister, coming from Philadelphia to visit us, last summer, stopped at Hartford,

Ct., and took a snap-shot at the Capitol buildings there. She then visited us here, and we drove out in the country, to a place which is at least 6 miles off from any railway. Here she took a snap-shot at an old well-sweep, and farmhouse, with my little boy standing by the well. Then she evidently made another exposure on the same subject, and on the same plate, after the boy had turned around, for we got 2 distinct pictures of him, and of the old sweep. In one of these pictures you will note the boy is looking at you; while in another his back is turned toward you.

The railway track appears to run within a few feet of the sweep; yet as I have said the nearest railway is 6 miles distant.

The Connecticut Statehouse appears to be within half a mile of the farmhouse, yet it is more than 100 miles away.

It has been said that the camera can not lie, but it has a mysterious way of distorting the truth, under certain conditions.

S. W. Barker.

If you know any sportsmen who are not yet readers of RECREATION send me their names and addresses and I will send them sample copies of the magazine. Thus you will confer a favor on them, as well as on me.

Turn to my premium list, on page xlviii of this issue of RECREATION, and see the tempting array of articles that can be had for merely a few hours' work.



RUFFED GROUSE (*BONASA UMBELLUS*).

## RUFFED GROUSE AND WOODCOCK.

U. B.

Toward the close of last August, a friend and I decided on a day after woodcock. The place we fixed on is known as Weaver's swamp, in the Southern part of Columbia county, New York. We had selected this locality because the dry weather had driven the birds from the smaller marshes. Here were springs and streams.

The day of our hunt was hot; such a day as fairly curls one's gun barrels, and gives high pressure indeed to the powder. Our guns were Bakers; mine a 12 gauge, a trifle over 7 pounds in weight. Poor Jim took a heavy 10 gauge duck gun. Hurriedly picking up the case in the dark, he did not discover his mistake until the hunting grounds were reached. His shells, he said, were loaded with  $5\frac{1}{2}$  drams of powder and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  ounces of shot. After hearing the 1st discharge, I took it he meant pounds instead of drams and ounces.

We arrived at the swamp just as it was light enough to tell the rich black mud from the heaps of decayed leaves. After putting the horse in a neighboring barn, we started to hunt, but as it was too dark to make out anything in the bushes, we sat down. That is, we intended to sit on a log, but it proved to be only a dark shadow over a streak of the softest mud I ever sat down in. We then got out of the bushes and held down a rail fence until sunrise.

A walk of 15 minutes in the alders brought us to solid ground. As we had been wading in muck up to our knees, our faces and hands covered with mosquitoes, this was some relief. The brush was almost impassable, but we worked around and sent the dog through. Following his movements among the bushes, we soon saw him crouch. At the command, "Go on," he took a step, and away went a bird. I let go an ounce of 10's, propelled by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  drams of nitro, while Jim turned his duck gun loose. The result was what might have been expected. The dog brought in a mouthful of feathers with a few fragments of skin and bones clinging to them.

"Robin," I murmured.

"Holy smoke, no! I'm sure it was a woodcock," said Jim. There the argument ended, for it couldn't be proven either way.

The dog again stopped a short distance ahead, by an old log on a knoll covered with ferns. We advanced, and 2 birds flushed. As is usually the case, we fired at the same one, the 2d getting away; then followed a wade through mud knee deep for half an hour, with a result of 7 more woodcock.

We were now at the North side of the

alders, near a huckleberry field. Of all things that tempt ruffed grouse, a huckleberry field stands first. Before we were over the fence, the dog came to a stand. The click of safeties, or the sharp "go on," started a dozen birds, which scattered in all directions. I missed my 1st, but redeemed myself by grassing 2 with my left. Jim brought down 2, the 2d with a broken wing. This one started toward the swamp, he in hot pursuit with an empty gun.

As I expected, he had not gone a dozen steps when up started 3 grouse with a fluttering of wings that brought him to his senses. It was amusing to see him try to shoot with an empty gun, and then to hear him cuss because it would not go off. He joined in the laugh, remarking it was a mighty lucky thing for the birds.

The dog having laid the dead grouse at my feet, I took no further notice of him while talking to Jim. When we were ready to move on, he was not in sight. A hasty search failing to reveal him, we walked on toward the alders, in the direction the wounded bird had gone. We found the dog a few rods away, crouching in the rank growth; but a walk all around him failed to show what he was pointing. A closer search revealed a small hole almost under the dog's nose. Jim, in rather a reckless way, reached in his hand, and drew out the lost grouse, dead.

The next move was to look up the rest of the covey. Several had swung around toward a knoll dotted with bushes. Here the dog pointed. We advanced slowly and had almost reached the pointing dog, when, with a great flutter, a single grouse rose—an old bird. He twisted and dodged in a way that showed he was familiar with what was coming. "Boom—bom," then 2 spiteful "cracks" from the nitro powder, but they served only to hasten his departure.

The setter started ahead at the reports, utterly disregarding my "come in, sir."

At his second jump, up rose a whole covey of young grouse. The old bird certainly had a head on him that would have done credit to a larger body. Many seasons devoted to the art of escaping shot guns, served his family well. How nicely he had calculated! Every young bird was safe in the thick alders before fresh shells were in our guns. There we stood trying to force cartridges into the chambers base first, or, jamming them, concluded they were swollen, and tried others.

Who has not been there? Do not smile, old veteran. This was not the first covey of grouse James and I ever pointed a gun at. On the contrary, we have hunted these

sly birds under almost all conditions; but this was our first hunt for nearly a year. Then, too, a big covey of ruffed grouse creates a little excitement in almost any one's system.

It was now 11 o'clock, and so hot our clothing was wet through with perspiration. Seeking the shade of a spreading hickory, we rested and ate our lunch. After an hour or so, the hunter's instinct began to assert itself again. This feeling was increased by the sound of muffled drumming, coming from the edge of the field under the alders. When within 40 yards of the swamp, a young cock strutted up and down the fence that separated the field and marsh. The dog was sent ahead. As we expected, the bird flew directly upward. Jim sent a load of 8's into the air, doing no damage, and as the bird was nearly out of range, I dropped him.

This was where the covey of young birds had been flushed. The dog got up 2 more

in retrieving my bird, which shows how grouse will return to a certain spot.

We now tried the marsh again, wading about for some hours. Several woodcocks were flushed, and a fair number of them killed. As we came out into the field, where our horse had been left, the lengthening shadows told that our day's sport was at an end. When the wagon was reached, our coat pockets were examined. The count showed 13 grouse and 9 woodcock. Not much of a bag, perhaps, if one judges by numbers, but we were well satisfied. We had had a day of royal sport, and the birds that were left have furnished us many a good time since.

Give me a good companion, a fair number of birds, and a well-broken dog, and my mind is at peace with the world. I can then, for the time being, forgive the man whose bull chased me out of a field wherein lived 40 woodchucks, with such haste that in climbing the fence I broke my rifle.

## OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—CANOEING ON THE STICKEEN.

A. J. STONE.

As I have heretofore referred but briefly to the difficulties of navigating the Stickeen, I will here describe one of our experiences, in our first attempt to get up that river.

There were 4 of us in the party, Ed, a white settler, with his Indian wife, and I. Our boat was a flat bottomed, sharp pointed scow, well built, but too heavily laden for the strength of the oarsmen. We had been working very hard to make an average of 7 miles a day. The lower Stickeen is very wide, and, in many places, divided into numerous currents and separate streams by long, narrow, wooded islands. As we had no pilot who knew the stream, we often took the wrong route and attempted channels that were simply impassable.

We fought our way up until we gained a point almost opposite the Great glacier. Here we encountered a strip of water that flowed over a sand bar about 3 miles long, and that was so shallow we found we could wade it. Giant trees that had fallen and been brought down from above, were stranded here and there on this bar and gave us no end of trouble.

We must either travel through this stretch or go a long way back and around; and the latter we declined to do. The water was so rapid we could neither row nor

pole our boats through it; so 2 of us waded it the entire length of the bar. We were compelled to use the greatest precaution in order to keep moving, the swift current often proving almost too much for us.

After using up the greater part of the afternoon at this work we finally landed at the head of a little island, piled high with drift wood, at its upper end. In a little eddy, behind a large drift, we halted for rest, about 100 yards from the mainland.

To our left was the main body of the river, while just ahead of us a heavy body of water left the main stream and poured over and down a side stream, through jagged rifts of lodged timbers. The current was simply frightful. There was no way around it. The river, to our left, was wide and rapid enough to prevent our crossing. Where the side stream separated from the main one, there seemed a ridge or crest which we thought might be passable. We tried it, but after a desperate effort, lost control of our boat and after being turned 2 or 3 times and driven back with fearful force, managed to regain the eddy.

The river was rising rapidly and night coming on. Something must be done. The island was low, and liable to be submerged before morning, so we could not think of



"WE AGAIN STARTED FOR THE MAINLAND."

camping there. Stacking about half our supplies on top of the drift wood, so as to lighten our boat, we again started for the mainland, with a rush, and were again driven back. Then we unloaded more of our freight, and a third attempt proved successful, only after the most determined effort. Several times I thought we would fail, and several times it seemed we would sink in the boat, exhausted. When we finally landed we could barely crawl up the low, grass covered bank.

But what about our supplies—our cameras, plates, guns, and provisions—back on the drift wood?

The man we had with us, a brave man and a good canoe man, saw I was perplexed. We had over 300 feet of rope with us and he suggested that, after unloading the boat, he and I coil in the rope, make fast one end to the shore, let ourselves back to the island and leave Ed and the Indian woman to tow us in.

We undertook this and down we went like a shot. We managed to make the proper landing, but by the time our stuff was loaded our rope had fouled under some drift wood, about half way, and could not be recovered. Taking my position in the bow I took in rope, hand over hand, until near where it was fast, when we were sud-

denly thrown from our course by the current; and had the rope not been cut, instantly, we would have capsized.

When the rope parted we were driven violently down the side current but managed to land about a quarter of a mile below, on the mainland. Towing and brushing were then in order, to reach camp, which was accomplished at 3 o'clock the following morning.

All this time the mosquitoes fairly drove us crazy; and we were so fatigued we could not think of cooking a meal. There were some cold boiled beans in the kettle and we managed to make some tea. These comprised our repast after 14 hours' exertion and excitement, and we went to sleep on the ground, with our heads under pieces of muslin to keep off mosquitoes.

The next day we rested, fought mosquitoes, and watched the drift wood disappear, at the point where our supplies had been stacked the evening before.

I could relate many other incidents of the trip, equally hazardous, but will only say that to navigate the Stickeen requires the best of canoe men, and at least one who knows the river. It was after discovering these facts that I turned back to Fort Wrangle and secured a complete Indian crew, who knew the stream, to take us up.

## CATCHING A TARTAR.

CAPT. J. G. LEEFE, U. S. A.

When Yellow Jack made his biennial entry into New Orleans, the garrison of Jackson barracks retreated, in good order, and took up a position on Ship island. This was in 1870. The island is simply a bar, belonging to Mississippi; but, unlike other bars to which her faithful sons thirst for admittance, this one is entirely surrounded by water. It is about 12 miles off Biloxi; laved on the South shore by the emerald waters of the Gulf of Mexico, but only half washed by the muddy surge of Mississippi sound on the North.

Here we arrived at midnight, and were welcomed by half the entire male population, to wit: the light-house keeper, who shone resplendent in a new wooden leg, the gift of a grateful country. The other half, a high-toned goat, deferred his part of the ceremony until the next morning. Then he appeared before the commanding officer, bowed gravely, and butted him off the plank walk leading across the sand. His goatship at once retired, with dignified slowness, to his fastness at the other end of the island, and stayed there.

Incited by the Doctor, who had been there before, we brought with us lots of hooks and lines and other things with which to lure the wary fish. There was little chance for angling on the South shore, but the surf was fine. So tempting was it, Lieutenant O'Bog declared he would "be afther lavin' meself in it for a bit ov a shwim." However, when a swift and shining shark rolled over on its side, and, with a bland smile, showed 6 rows of gleaming teeth, the Celt took water and swore he would "bate the likes of that naygur wid a hook."

There was fishing to spare on the North shore, and the long pier jutting thence  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile, until it met clear water, was the daily resort of idle men in blue, eager for bites. Many a polished rod swung to shore the shining perch. There were lots of sheepshead, green trout, silverfish, and others that shall be nameless, because I do not know what they were. Sometimes we hooked a pompano, the *pontifex maximus* of all flat fish. Now and then a shoal of redfish huddling shoreward, leaping and fleeing in terror from a pursuing porpoise, "would the multitudinous seas incarnadine."

Sharks of every species pervaded the deep at times; and so the smaller fry did not fare so well. One scorching, nibbleless day, Mr. O'Bog's "naygur" was inquisitive, regarding 6 pounds of salt pork, and was hauled ashore, to be despatched by the irate Celt. Then some one else became an object of envious interest by land-

ing another kind of shark (one of the no name series), small, black and glossy, with upper part of snout corrugated, like the sole of a tennis shoe.

The *pièce de résistance* of our feast of fishing came to the surface on a fine September day, when the wind was lively from the Northeast and the waves were turbulent. Not so rough, however, as to disturb numerous albatrosses that rode the waves like old caravels at anchor. The Doctor came up smiling, prophesying devil-fish. Suddenly the albatrosses took to themselves wings; the already storm-tossed waters grew unduly vexed; while a line The O'Bog had set for shark tautened—a splash, a snap, and back flew a part of the line against the pile to which it was attached. Close to the pier, careening swiftly by on the top of the waves, we saw a monstrosly hideous thing!

Before the Doctor could find breath enough to gasp, "th- th- that's one of 'em," the thing disappeared. It was flat, diamond-shaped, like the mortar-board hats worn by students, and appeared 12 feet across. Its glistening back was dark, but as it swayed from side to side, like an overhand swimmer, its belly flashed white through the pale green waves. In front of its hideous head, moving back and forth and laterally, was a pair of feelers, or tentacles, each about 4 yards long, resembling serpents. Close about its beaked mouth writhed and twisted a mass of smaller claws. Its huge round eyes, like a pair of gig-lamps, shone with glassy fierceness.

There was no more fishing. Discussions were in order. At the mess that evening, when cigars had been lighted, the Doctor, with his usual air of having "been there before," shied his castor into the arena.

"You are of course aware gentlemen," he began, "we have to-day seen one of the great family of *Mollusca*, of the class *cephalopoda*, mis-called by the mariners of these waters, 'devil-fish.'" The Doctor's fine courtesy in assuming we knew what he was talking about, won from us a spontaneous burst of silence.

"If I may ask you," he continued, "to remember the oyster, which has formed a not unimportant part of this repast, and then to pass to the contemplation of the proportions of the monster that made away with Mr. O'Bog's hook and line, you may form some idea of the extreme range in this class of animals. They are mentioned by Aristotle, and, if I am not mistaken, by the elder Pliny. Mr. Gosling, who is fresh from his books, will kindly correct me, if I misstate (subdued snore from Mr. G.). The specimen that appeared

to you to-day was a cuttle-fish, of the order *decapod*, or having 10 arms." ("Bedad!" muttered The O'Bog, who stood in awe of the Doctor, "now I know fy thim things is called tin tackles.")

The Doctor, loftily ignoring the Celt's existence, continued: "The octopod has, as you well know, but 8 short arms, branching from the margin of its mouth, and is destitute of the longer tentacles you observed in the *decapod*. The latter is frequently seen in the waters of the Caribbean sea and the Mexican gulf. Some of the early Norse writers gave astonishing accounts of the colossal *cephalopoda*. You need not refer to the books. You have actually seen what they attempted to describe. I am led to assure you, if the day is fair to-morrow, you may again see, over by Cat island, more than one of these huge creatures, sleeping on the water, as is their custom after a storm. Er-may I trouble you for a light?"

The next morning every one was earnestly looking Westward toward Cat island. On the surface of the water, now smooth and glassy, here bright with golden light, there darkened by the shadows of fleeting clouds, not the faintest sign of any living object could be seen. So those who had not yet breakfasted went back to their quarters, while others who had already had a bite threw out their lines and awaited nibbles.

All of us thought unutterable things of the Doctor. There were no fish in the sea, apparently; but Antonio, skipper of the little felucca that brought us a semi-weekly mail, a Sicilian, explained, with a smile, "No leetle feesh-a. Alla same diablo feesh-a bime-bye."

This he accompanied with a graceful wave of a thin brown hand to the West; so we looked again. A soldier named Elliott, a quiet man with a marksman's gray eye, said, in a calm voice, he could see some of them. Sure enough, not  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile off, dark objects were floating on the water. We counted 13 huge creatures, like little islands.

In a moment a boat was manned and put off, Elliott in the bow with a harpoon. Antonio sprang to his craft and hoisted sail. Other enthusiastic fishermen leaped from the pier into the vessel, tumbling over each other as they reached the deck. The breeze was so faint the canvas hung flat, and the craft made little headway. By this time the pier was crowded and the shore was lined with excited spectators. The small boat with Elliott in its prow had such a start, and the oarsmen pulled so well, the felucca could not overtake it; but we came close enough to see Elliott standing with one foot resting on the gunwale, harpoon

poised. The monsters still seemed to enjoy the sleep of the just. The little boat headed for the nearest and largest. When it appeared as if the dory would surely run against the creature, Elliott drove his weapon with mighty force into its back.

For perhaps 5 seconds, the sea was lashed as if by a miniature tempest. The little craft was whirled and tossed like a chip. Now the felucca approached and made fast. The fury of the water gradually subsided; bubbles and eddies marked the surface; the harpoon line paid out across the gunwale with a whiz; and it was apparent the monster had sought the depths. The others had also disappeared. We began to move through the water at a rapid rate, Cat island to our right as we sped by. Our course was Southerly, and in front stretched the broad expanse whose limit was the Southern shore of the Caribbean sea.

Both vessels labored and plunged. The felucca was "down by the head" and listed toward the side on which the dory was lashed; while the dory's stern stood up a little as her nose bent down. The harpoon-line was vertical and taut. This told us our submerged friend was striving to drag us under water. As he had already shown his ability to tow the felucca and her little consort, in spite of our efforts to put about, the possibility that he might corral us all in the coral halls of Davy Jones, was more exciting than agreeable. Then, too, the chance that he would reappear on the surface and woo us with his enveloping tentacles did not heighten our pleasure.

To make matters worse, Antonio told us there was nothing to eat on board; and at the same time he plaintively pleaded the presence of certain provisions in his mail-contract, a violation of which would deprive his "cabinettos" of their needed loaves and fishes. So, with much reluctance and a little hatchet, the bond of our attachment was cut. At once our headway diminished as if an air-brake had been applied. Then the felucca, the dory now in tow, put about and stood for Ship island, far away to the Northeast, its white sands shimmering in the light of the descending sun.

When we stepped ashore, one of the first to greet us was the Doctor, who volunteered to go with us next time to show us how to land a devil-fish.

To which The O'Bog, who had been with us and had done lots of work while remaining strangely silent, said: "Ould Aiscu-lappious wud talk the tin tackles aff av the dekkypod and lave the divil harrumless an' widout a leg to shtand on in the middle av the say; but he'll not have the likes av me in the anjience afther the game he gev us lasht night."



THE BATHERS.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. MOULTROP.

Awarded Eighteenth Prize in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.



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ANTELOPE ON THEIR NATIVE HEATH.



AMATEUR FLASHLIGHT PHOTO BY J. H. JONES.

ALL AT HOME.

Highly Commended by Judges in RECREATION'S Second Annual Photo Competition.

## A CANOE TRIP TO RAINY LAKE.

HARRY SILVER.

Gold-bearing quartz was discovered in Northern Minnesota in the summer of 1893, though it was really known to a few hunters 20 years earlier. It was never fully investigated, owing to the lack of railway facilities, and to the country being broken by lakes and water-courses, so that getting in and out was accomplished with difficulty. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, many a hardy prospector traveled through the region North of Rainy lake, and washed "colors" from pounded rock.

The last discoveries were on the shore of Rainy lake and along Rainy Lake river, the Northern boundary of Minnesota. The only way to this new Eldorado was by a land-and-water route from Duluth, or a water route from the Lake of the Woods, up the Rainy river. As both ways were roundabout we decided, when the trip was planned, to make our way across from Fosston, Minnesota, to Rainy Lake city, and add the exploring of an undeveloped region to the pleasures of an outing.

Early in the spring of '94, W. J. Hilligoss, a veteran cruiser of Northern Minnesota, Fred Ayers and I, left Fosston by team for Red lake, 65 miles distant. Red Lake Agency was reached the next day, just in time to get the Captain of the steamer to delay starting until we could arrange for canoes, guides, etc. With the assistance of the merchant at the Agency, who spoke Chippewa, we engaged 2 Indians to show us an old trail and portage from the head waters of the Tamarac to the Sturgeon. We bought a birch-bark canoe and some supplies, and loaded all on the steamer.

A ride of 40 miles to the Northeast end of the lake brought us near the mouth of Tamarac river, where we were landed about midnight. We at once turned in and slept till sunrise.

Our canoes were soon loaded for the long voyage. The canoe of the guides was made to carry all that could be put into it. They watched the loads, and as the pile in theirs grew larger, and the pile on shore diminished, they showed such signs of displeasure we had to let them go; though when we came to load our canoe, and 3 of us got into it, we found it too heavily laden.

The bank where we embarked sloped abruptly into 15 or 20 feet of water, so it was with shaky feeling that we pushed off. No accident happened, however. We paddled steadily until about 3 p. m., when we stopped for lunch. Hungry enough we were. For 3 hours we had been looking for the dry landing place our guides kept telling us was just ahead, but finally getting disgusted with their idea of distance, we

pushed our canoe to the driest looking shore we could see. It may have been dry at one time, but now 2 feet of water covered it while dry grass, matted above, gave it the appearance of land. By hanging the tea-pot on a limb, and building a fire of grass and twigs, we soon had tea, which, with our cold meats and baker's bread, made us forget we had had an unusually hard half-day's work.

The journey was continued until sundown. Then, for want of a better place, we camped in a tamarac swamp and swung our hammocks to the trees.

The next day at noon we reached the portage. Here our supplies were done up into packs, suitable for carrying on the back. We made one for each of the Indians, who were under agreement to do all the packing. They sat by and watched us. When all was ready to make the start at the portage, they got up and walked back to their canoes and took the homeward route. The work before them was too much. We saw no more of them; but as they were to be paid when we reached the Sturgeon, we were not out anything. Their departure was not regretted, although we were at the beginning of a portage we knew nothing about.

We began packing along the trail, over trees and stumps, through dense undergrowth, and swampy places in which we sank to the knees at every step. Six trips were made, before sunset, to a point about a quarter of a mile from the starting place. Here also we were obliged to swing our hammocks, as water stood all about. This being the second experience in fastening our hammocks, we missed some of the excitement of the night before, when Hilligoss had stood up in his hammock, balancing himself on one leg while pulling the boot off the other. You can imagine the result; no bucking broncho ever landed his rider in better style.

The hard work of this part of the portage started the veteran out early next morning, along the trail, to find how far it was across to the Sturgeon, and in what condition the trail might be. In the meantime, the rest of us moved the supplies another notch along the route. About noon our friend returned with the information that it was 4½ miles to the river, and that he had met some acquaintances, land hunters, who would help us.

With 3 hardy fellows added to our party, we made good headway. Camp was pitched that night in 2 feet of water; dry land could not be found. By cutting a large number of small jack pines, we built a crib above

the water. Covering this with pine boughs, we made a comfortable resting place. The night was warm and the mosquitoes were out in force; so we slept with screens over our heads.

Breakfast was prepared with the stove placed on a pile of moss, while the cook waded knee-deep in water.

The trail for the next mile was open, and the water deep enough to pull the canoe along with all the supplies.

In this way we dragged our load, taking frequent rests and alternately helping each other out of a hole. Sometimes one would go waist-deep into the soft moss and water, which in places seemingly had no bottom. Only by grabbing a tree could one extricate himself. Many laughable scenes were witnessed, and in spite of the disagreeable features, we appreciated all accidents. About 4 o'clock we landed at the Sturgeon. I doubt if any weary band of explorers ever hailed more heartily a long looked for water-course than we did that small stream, scarcely 15 feet across. We now had a down-stream ride the rest of the way, and we turned in early, well satisfied with the day's work.

Camp was aroused a little later by some of our hunters attempting to get sight of a moose that splashed through the water close by, but the night was too dark.

By 10 o'clock next day we had said good-bye to the men who helped us in making the portage. Soon after we were afloat. The banks of the stream showed signs of moose all along, and of course we were on the lookout, for we wanted a good shot for our camera. Indian signs of moose-killing were seen. A pole sticking up in the bank, with a bone or piece of rawhide fastened to it, or a meat-drying rack, were the usual methods of marking the spot. Their hunting is done at all seasons, and large numbers of these noble animals are slain. The Indians are not restricted on or off their reservations, and although they are subject to the same laws as the white man, these laws are not enforced.

The river broadened as we left the tamarac swamp, and rapids were frequent, helping us a little faster on our way and making the ride pleasant and interesting. On we went, through a forest of oak, birch, poplar and pine, growing to the water's edge, inhabited by moose, caribou, deer and smaller game, but enjoyed by only shiftless Indians, who have never appreciated its possession.

Lunch was had afloat, for we wanted to get to the Big Fork river that evening. Night overtook us about 3 miles above, where we camped. The Big Fork was reached next morning about 9 o'clock. Here we stayed long enough to exchange a few words with an old settler, who had made his home at the forks of the rivers, thinking the water-power at the rapids

above would make his land valuable for mill and townsite purposes. He now lived by fishing; sturgeon being his principal catch, the bladders of which he dried and sold.

The Big Fork, down which we paddled 5 or 6 miles an hour, is a broad, rapid stream, having its source near Lake Winnebogoshish, and winding its way through a country of great possibilities. The vast amount of timber to be cut and marketed; the almost endless extent of land, which when cleared and cultivated, will be rich and productive, the many opportunities for water-power; and the fact that iron and coal exist there, will one day make this portion of Minnesota resound with the hum of trade and industry.

The day's trip was one to delight the heart of any lover of canoeing. Taking things easy, we moved along, enjoying the fine scenery and fresh warmth of the June day. Straggling crews of loggers were passed, and an occasional batteau-driver, as he poled his heavily-loaded boat along the shore.

The high, dry banks were pleasing after being so many nights in the swamps. We selected a good camping-spot in a pine grove and stopped early. Hilligoss, being an expert at making balsam-bough beds, was assigned this work; while the others straightened out the baggage and prepared supper.

The ride to Rainy Lake river was without incident. We reached the North side of the Rainy about dark, and camped on the bank near the landing-place of the steamer. The next morning we boarded her, bound for Fort Francis.

The boat went down stream a short distance to unload some merchandise marked for Hannaford, which we found on a map to be the destined metropolis of Northern Minnesota, but which at that time was a clearing of about 5 acres, covered with stumps, and not a building in sight.

Forty miles up the Rainy river, from the mouth of the Big Fork, brought us to Fort Francis; a small Canadian village, so slow and easy-going that when a mail arrived, the inhabitants were told of it by a flag on a mast in front of the post-office. The attraction here was the falls, which we photographed from several directions.

We took passage on a small steamboat that ran daily to Rainy Lake City, and were soon in the midst of a country of islands and water, which continued until the Gold City was reached.

This mushroom town, scarcely 4 months old, looked prosperous; having 30 or 40 buildings, ranging from the bachelor's cabin to substantial story-and-a-half frame houses. Most of the inhabitants were busy making boats, and preparing for prospecting among the surrounding islands.

We sailed over to the island on which the Little American mine is located; then re-

turned to the city and were soon on our way back to Fort Francis. We were obliged to wait 48 hours for the steamer, bound for the Lake of the Woods and Rat Portage.

The trip by boat from Rainy lake down

the Rainy river, and across Lake of the Woods, will some day become a favorite one for pleasure seekers.

Rainy lake may not rival the Thousand Islands, but for natural scenery it is all one can wish.

## THE KING OF THE GAULIES.

MARK T. LEONARD.

Many of the sportsmen of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Maryland will recognize, in the above cut, "The King of Gaulie Mountains" whom so many have



THE KING OF THE GAULIES.

followed through the wilds of West Virginia, in the region about the head waters of the Elk and the Gaulie rivers.

Harmer Sharp is one of the best known hunters and guides in that state. His services will not soon be forgotten by those who have been with him through the Gaulie, South, Middle, and Leather-bark mountains.

His training, from youth, in the science of woodcraft in these remote regions, has made him a most skilled, cautious and valuable aid to hunters going into these vast, unbroken forests.

It is not generally known that such wild, uninhabited regions still exist, within the boundary of the old colonial states, as is this domain of the Gaulie King.

Mr. Sharp lives at the foot of the Gaulie mountains, near the junction of Slaty fork and Elk rivers, where he owns a comfortable little home and 1,000 acres of land, on the Northern edge of this mountain wilderness.

During the hunting season he guides hunters to and from the mountains, where many deer and bear are killed each year. He is an expert marksman; and when his old 45 Winchester sends the echoes ringing from hill to hill it generally means one more antlered monarch down. "Crockett" speaks of him as being one of the best shots in the state of West Virginia.

It was Mr. D. C. Braden, the champion one-armed wing shot of the world, who crowned and dubbed Sharp "King of the Gaulies"; and by this name he has since become familiarly known among sportsmen who visit this district.

Uniontown, Pa.

"Where can I get good country board?"  
 "Well, I should say in the oil regions,  
 That's the best bored country I know of."



TURTLE LAKE CLUB HOUSE.  
Turtle Lake Rod and Gun Club, Canada.

### TURTLE LAKE.

Turtle lake is about 360 miles Northwest of Montreal. Its nearest railroad point is North bay, on the Eastern extremity of Lake Nipissing, and is the Northern terminal of the Grand Trunk Railway, 227 miles north of Toronto.

In the fall of 1895, The Turtle Lake Rod and Gun Club was organized, and during the summer of 1896, the Club built a new house, which is shown in the cut.

North Bay is reached via Buffalo and Toronto, 24 hours from New York. Fare, for round trip, \$27.00. Turtle lake is 5 miles long, and varies from  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile to 2 miles in width. It is one of a series of 3 lakes, Trout, Turtle and Lake Salmon, which form the headwaters of the Mattewan river. It is North of all civilization, in the unbroken wilderness of Canada. The cabin is on an Island, about 3 miles from the head of the lake.

The fishing is excellent; small mouth bass abound, varying from 1 to 5 pounds. Brook trout are plentiful within a distance of a few miles; muskalonge are to be had in Turtle and Trout lakes. In 1892 Mr. W. B. Capen, a member of the Club, caught one weighing 32 pounds. In May and October salmon trout fishing is good in Trout lake. Pike and pickerel are abundant, and weigh as high as 8 pounds. Moose, deer, bear, foxes, and smaller game are found in the adjacent woods. Ducks and ruffed grouse can be had after the middle of August. The average temperature is 65° F., for August. There are no mosquitoes nor black flies after July 20th.

October and November are the best months for hunting.



I send you a picture of a high bred cocker spaniel, owned by Mrs. A. J. Perham, Wakefield, Mass. He is a very intelligent dog and besides being a fine hunter can do a number of interesting tricks. He is a favorite with everyone, on account of his kind disposition and his great intelligence. He is now 8 years old.

Percy J. Bowker, Bryant Pond, Me.

## ELKLAND.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

Any man who would describe a trip from New York out to the West must be either a Shakespeare or a fool. I do not claim to be either.

As we left Minneapolis, in the glow of a red sunset, we had the first truly Western thrill. We had crossed the Mississippi, but now, for the first time, I really felt myself back in the West. A prairie meadowlark sang the dear, old strain so familiar and so long unheard and his song awakened many pleasant memories.

As we went on we continued to look for news of the formidable Indian rising that the papers were then full of. At New York it was a terrible and bloody outbreak. At Chicago it was widespread and dangerous. At St. Paul it was very threatening. At Bismarck the authorities were said to be taking precautions. At Miles City, few seemed to know anything about it, but one man remembered that the sheriff had arrested an Indian for being drunk and impolite.

While I am correcting popular error, let me give you a quiet hint about that badger business. There's nothing in it. I mean the report that an enterprising Yankee, at Bismarck, has a lot of tame badgers trained to dig postholes, and that he is making a fortune by their hitherto wasted energies.

At the Mandan Railway station is an interesting display of curios, among which



"ABOUT THAT BADGER BUSINESS."

is a shorelark, mounted as the taxidermist thought it should be. The man is a discoverer as well as an artist, and having satisfied himself that the shorelark belongs to the owl family he improved on all previous attempts, and produced something like this. If he meant it for a joke, it is a good one. If he didn't it's better.

It is well known that a sensible person always conforms to the custom of the coun-

try he is in. And we, determined to be like the natives, outfitted at Chicago, with broad sombreros and complete cowboy (and cow girl) togs. Of course, we felt a little strange among the Easterners; but we knew that once over the river, we should be merged in the mass. As we went Westward, we could see a faint infusion of broad brims, but still our sombreros were away West of the West.

We continued to hope we should not be peculiar when we were really in it; and at last, on arriving at the Yellowstone Park, we encountered the first genuine cowboy, in up to date togs. He wore a hat like our own and we felt that at last we were *en règle*. We were; and all would have been well, but alas! alas! we soon learned that he was a dude, fresh from New York, and out West for the first time in his life.



"WE OUTFITTED AT CHICAGO."

Twice in one day, during our trip across the prairie, did I see the dry grass set on fire by sparks from our own engine, when the use of the exhaust sent showers of burning coals from the smoke stack. These fires were of course attributed, by the settlers, to marauding Indians.

About noon of June 8th, we entered the paradise called the badlands. They presented the most bewilderingly beautiful and fantastic formations, and exquisite tints, I ever saw. The journey through them was like a succession of unspeakable sunsets. I now realized, for the first time, what was meant by the color vulgarization of many of our well known artists, who have flattered themselves they could show the world, on canvas, what the badlands are like. As soon as possible, I shall attempt my own vulgarizing of their delicate hues.

At Livingston we entered the mountains. Now, between ourselves, I have never had much love for mountains. They always seem to me aggressive, overpowering, inaccessible and brutal; and they always seem posing for admiration. They give one a shut-in feeling, and make things seem close and stuffy. I am a prairie bird, you see, and whenever I see a large moun-



A SHORELARK PROPERLY (?) MOUNTED.

tain, I always think what a grand prairie it would make if it were taken away, altogether.

However, mountains are charmingly inconstant in color, which they cannot help, for the prairie sun shines on them; so they may prove interesting. I shall reserve judgment. This is my first introduction, and it may be that, like ancestral Limburger, one may learn to like mountains by perseverance.

The other passengers uttered a lot of expressions that were quite new to me; such as,

"Look at those mountains; aren't they grand?"

"Oh, how I do love mountains," etc., etc.

Of course, I made a sketch. That's what I came for.

In the Park we saw the mamm— but no! I won't. I didn't want to see the— Honest I didn't. But we "was druv," and forced to it. The only satisfaction I got was by pretending to know more about them than the guide did. And before long, the drove, then the guide, and finally I, myself, began to believe it was really so.

We promptly made the acquaintance of Captain Anderson, the monarch regent of the National park, and of General Young, the heir apparent. Captain Anderson has made a successful and accessible preserve of this place; and while he is personally one of the most popular men ever branded U. S. he seems to love the hate of bad men; and there is no lack of free and independent citizens hungering for his scalp. Men who know what he has done for the Park will be delighted to learn that at Gardiner, the other day, a lawless tough was overheard telling another,

"Damned if I don't believe Young is going to turn out meaner and cusseder, even, than Anderson."

As we hadn't come on a poaching expedition, and as moreover we were backed by RECREATION, we found the military despotism of the Park the reverse of irksome. It was the dread despot himself who showed us around, and helped us to the best guide, and the inside track, whenever there was one; who assisted in getting together an outfit; who gave us letters of safe conduct (so to speak); who uncorked his finest O. K. W.; who admonished "all whom it might concern" that we were backed; who convoyed us to our first camp, and who looked us up, periodically, to see that we lacked nothing. We found it difficult to reconcile our experience with the current account of the inhuman monster who reigned over the Park.

This is Elkland. Way back in the forties, according to Dodge, and other authorities, it was common to see bands of 10,000 to 15,000 elk, on the Yellowstone. To-day they say bands of 2,000 to 3,000 are

not rare, in the autumn. Wherever one goes, one finds elk horns. They litter the hills, and obstruct the little streams. One is never out of sight of at least 2 or 3. The other day I counted 8, within 100 yards. The photographer at the Springs has made a garden fence of some 120 shed antlers, picked up in the neighborhood, and the whole country, high and low, is pebbled over with elk signs. We are living on Elk creek. Yet we have not seen a single elk.

The reason is said to be that they are all up in the mountains, at their summer resorts, in 3 social grades. Lowest, in the wooded pasture lands, are the does, with the fawns. Next grade, higher up, are the yearlings; and away up near the snow line are the bucks, devoting their every moment and energy to growing their immense antlers and getting fat for the social life and lively doings of the fall—and for the annual winter famine.

From time to time, on our travels, we come to a scene like this; and when we remember there were 6 feet of snow last winter, and that the saplings in the valleys have the bark gnawed off, for many feet up, it is not necessary to call in the aid of a poacher to account for the downfall of the antler-bearer.

When I say we have not seen an elk, that means we did not during the first week. We saw plenty of antelope; and one evening a pair of blacktail deer strolled up to our cabin door, and blew their noses at us. Nearly everyone we questioned replied,

"Why, yes; I saw 60 or 70 elk a mile from here." Or

"Yes, I saw about 100, back of the ridge," etc.

At length we girded our loins and our horses, and said

"Here goes for Elkland. This cabin isn't much more than a mile higher than



AMATEUR PHOTO BY MRS. E. S. THOMPSON.

FALLEN.

New York; so we'll head for the high life summer resorts."

My wife and I, accompanied by Dave Roberts, an experienced hand, set out together. First we rode up to a favorite watering place, the "Nymph Spring." No!



AT 40 YARDS.

not high enough. We tried Calcite Springs and Lohe. No! another 1,000 feet needed. And we took the elevator once more, coming to a high, upland plateau over Tower creek. Then, looking around, we saw 3 antelope. It was like a jeer. They seemed to say,

"You ain't high at all. You are away down on the plains, among the antelope."

So we kept on, and at last struck a great multiplex track. This led us into a wood, and we came, finally, on a band of cow elk—the lowest of the 3 social grades.

They were lying down, and I had time

to make a few sketches, at 40 yards. And here let me remark that my sketches are not photos. They are impressions; and with the help of a little imagination (you have one, I suppose) they will suggest pictures—maybe.

Well, I sketched away at the elk, and made notes that were useful—to me at least—when suddenly the wind changed. They must have smelt us, for they ran. The dozen we had seen became scores. The alarm spread, and away they went, leaping, and crashing through the woods, till the sound was like that of a tornado; and they passed from our sight.

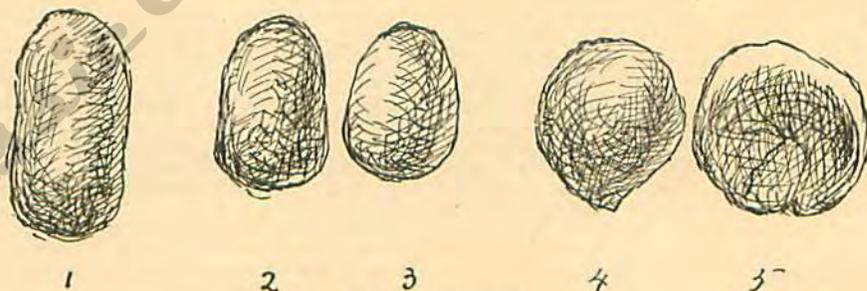
This was the first time either of us had seen a wild elk. It was also one of the times when we had no camera; but we shall soon go elking again, and shall go fully armed. Don't mention this to the



AT 50 YARDS.

Park authorities, and you shall have some of the results, whether or no.

Here are some elk signs, for an appropriate tail piece.



ELK DROPPINGS.

1. Winter; chiefly of bark.

2 and 3. Spring; bark and grass mixed.

5. Summer; wholly grass.

4. Summer; chiefly grass.

## THE BEAR, THE BELLE, AND THE BLACKBERRIES.

FRANCES WEBSTER.

If any apology is needed for the secondary position of the Belle, in the title, it will be found in the state of the young lady's mind when she met the bear. At that moment, he was the more important.

Isabel Reed had the good fortune to be pleasing in appearance; so some of her admirers, with no great effort of wit, called her "the belle." All one winter Miss Reed burned the candle at both ends, and attended strictly to the occupation of amusing herself all summer. By autumn, she was thin, nervous and cross. In consequence, she was banished to the country to recover her lost health and temper, and to furnish a subject for this story.

She found a quiet home in a country village, with a relative, where she rested for a short time. Then she turned her attention to the people about her. The country girls and their beaux, as her aunt called them, interested her. There were more girls than young men at East Saugus; consequently much competition.

Miss Belle stepped daintily into the arena, taking in the situation with wide open eyes of experience. She resolved to establish peace in the ranks, for a time, by conquering the whole company at once. The native belles did not recognize the temper of their foeman's steel. They hardly thought the thin, pale stranger dangerous. They had to learn the value of her tact and social experience.

It soon came about that when she walked, Madge Earle's quondam admirer carried her umbrella; when she sailed, it was May Lewis' beau who managed the boat. She talked and rode with escorts innumerable. At the parties given in her honor, she was surrounded by attentive young men. She sang, and they all listened; she smiled, and the other girls were forgotten. To make matters worse, she was so charming to the discomfited maidens, they themselves could not but admire her. Belle did not flirt, as they understood the matter. No young man monopolized her, none made love to her.

Let it not be thought she sanctioned neglect of other girls. She somehow made it known to the young men that courtesy to all is duty. She raised the standard of company behavior. In her bright presence no girl frowned or pouted, but they learned to smile, at suitable times, and say pleasant things always. In this way, unconsciously, Belle brought to East Saugus the spell of social observance.

Miss Reed was used to marked attention, but she had never reigned before. It required diplomacy to keep the train intact,

letting no one advance or retreat. She enjoyed herself immensely, as did the least favored of the village girls, who had no beau to lose. Belle, on the rare occasions when her conscience pricked her, made them, together with her short stay—and Richard Lane, her excuse.

He and Belle had long been friends, but had quarrelled. If any trifling heartache had arisen from this affair, she may have hoped to get rid of it by distributing it among the other girls. With much surprise, she saw Lane arrive, with the morning mail, 2 weeks after her own arrival. Before she met him, this was all hidden. She smiled sweetly, and coolly gave him a chair on the piazza.

"How do you amuse yourself here?" he asked, after some formalities.

"I am not in search of amusement. I came here to rest; it is very quiet."

"Would you not like to go for a ride? Perhaps I can get a rig."

"Thank you," she smiled, "I am going this afternoon—with a young man here, a Mr. Rogers."

"Ah, then how about a stroll, or a row this evening," he persisted.

"I am so sorry, but I told Mr. Moore I would walk with him this evening; and possibly there will be a boating party. If I had known you were coming—"

"Yes, I see," he interrupted, "Well, I will leave you to your friends. If at any time you have an hour for me, you can send word. Good morning."

Belle looked after him as he went down the street. "He needs a lesson," she said under her breath. "Yes, I will send word—when I forget myself."

She went on with her rides and other amusements. At every turn she met Lane, smiling and happy, surrounded by a group of beaming girls. How he had managed to meet them, Belle did not know. The girls revelled in the situation. They turned the tables with all their might. Parties, picnics and all possible diversions rapidly succeeded each other. When the 2 strangers met, they were indifferently civil. The astonished young men found the girls able to talk of nothing but Mr. Lane's attractions.

For a final festival, before Belle's departure, and as a last resort of inventiveness, a blackberry-picking excursion was arranged, by May Lewis.

"You see," she said, to George Moore, "it will make a nice, long ride, for we will go to Burnt mountain and take our luncheon. We can pick berries or not, as we please. It is lovely there; so wild. Mr. Lane will enjoy it."

## HOW WE PHOTOGRAPHED THE WILD CAT.

COYOTE BILL.

We called him "Old Kodunk." His maiden name, that he brought to Colorado with him, was "Big Kate"; but when he got struck by lightning we christened him "Old Fireworks." Then when he insisted on calling my kodak a "kodunk" we branded him over again. Just what his sure enough name was I never learned. He was so modest he never seemed to care to talk about himself, and his past life, and I never urged him.

But as I was going to say, when Old Kodunk got mad about the coyote photographing contest, I had to round up a new partner, in the trapping business. He was a tenderfoot, just out from the East, but he seemed about the right calibre, and had a look in his eye that said he would hang to danger till the rope broke, and then go chase it. So I told him I guessed he'd do. We set our traps in a wild little canyon, where I had caught wild cats the season before. I furnished the traps and horses and he rode out every morning to look after the traps, and was to bring me word if we caught anything worth photographing.

I knew there were lots of skunks in the canyon, as well as wild cats; but I did not let him know it. I reckoned he would find it out for himself. And he did, you bet, for he caught one or 2 skunks every morning, for about a week, and buried a suit of clothes every day, till he had nothing left of his wardrobe but a pair of boxing gloves.

So one morning, when he failed to show up at the store, I guessed something was wrong and slid around to his house to see what the trouble was. I found him sitting out in the back yard, with nothing on but a pair of old overalls and a gunny sack.

He looked sad and disgusted, like, and didn't wear his accustomed smile. Guess he had buried it with his last suit of clothes. When I got around on the off side of him, away from the wind, I inquired the cause of his seeming sadness; but he didn't seem inclined to talk much and, fearing he might get mad and quit, I didn't urge him. I merely reminded him that "faint heart never won fair lady"; that "virtue was its own reward" and a few other quotations, of similar nature, that I had read in Shakespeare and in RECREATION.

Then I loaned him an old suit of corduroys and turned him loose again on the cat track. It was not long after this till I met him, one morning, coming up the street, with a big smile playing on his countenance, like a flock of buzzards around a dead steer, and I knew he had caught something more than a skunk this time.

"Hurry up! Fox in one trap, wild cat in the other. I killed the fox, but the cat's alive and all right for a picture. Saddle your camera and bring your horse, and be quick about it." He got things mixed a bit; but I knew what he meant, and was not slow in getting my snapshot outfit in shape for the trip.

We had made our brags that if we got a wild cat we would first take its picture and then bring it in alive. I knew the eyes of the amateurs of the country were upon us, and that the RECREATION prize was at stake. I also knew it was no easy job to take a Rocky mountain wild cat out of a steel trap and bring him in alive. I wished I had Old Kodunk back again, for he never missed fire on such occasions; so I sent him a cipher dispatch, by a kid, on horse back:

"Bring lariat. Wild cat alive in trap. Take our old trail by Convict Wilson's cabin. Coyote Bill."

It fetched him, you bet, and he was there on time. I thought while we were having a picnic with the wild cat we might as well stir up the other animals too; so we got one of the cow boys to start the report that we had a mountain lion, and were going to fetch him in alive.

We got a big crowd in no time and directed them to take the right hand trail beyond the Soda Point; but while they were off after horses and saddles we slid out in a hurry, on the left hand trail a mile this side, and were soon paying our compliments to the wild cat.

He didn't seem much pleased to meet us and kicked up an awful dust when he saw the kodak. Then we let him have one end of the lariat, across his back, and he squared around as if he were ready for business; opened his mouth wide and cussed us, in cat language, in great shape.

I got in 2 good shots with the camera, but they didn't suit me. Light was not quite right. So we dusted him off again, with the lariat, and coaxed him up a little cedar tree where he sat, looking out between 2 limbs as natural as could be; just as the sun peeps out over old Pike's peak:

Such a chance for a snap shot a fellow doesn't often get; and I improved the opportunity. I took 2 turns at him with the kodak. Then we got the lariat around his East end, and a smaller rope around his West end, and strung him out. I took another snap just as he was helping himself to a bite of Old Kodunk's whiskers. Then, after a good deal of cussing from Old Kodunk, and words of exhortation from the

"skunk killer," we got the cat in the sack, all right, and hit the trail for home.

We had plenty of fun with the wild cat, but it was more fun watching the suckers on the hills, a mile beyond. "The woods were full of 'em"—men and boys on horse-back, looking for the mountain lion we had told them of.

We hurried on so as to get out of sight before they saw us. Old Kodunk was in the lead, pushing his horse along as fast as he dared, down the steep trail, when all at once, just as we reached the bottom, we saw something on the trail, just ahead, coming our way.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Wonder if it's branded," said Kodunk. The skunk killer laughed and looked kind of surprised, but seemed to know what "it" was as soon as he saw it.

From what he told me afterward I judged they were quite common where he came from. Don't think they even took the trouble to brand 'em. "It" proved to be a young professor, fresh from Oberlin College. He was out here for his health; growing a new lining on the inside of his breathing box. He was one of your high toned young ducks, and wore a silk hat, a white neck tie and gold rim eye glasses—one of the kind that sleeps on a dictionary and covers himself with a grammar. He fired a whole charge of proper language into us, before we had a chance to pull a gun or get under cover.

"Pardon me gentlemen; I am informed you have been fortunate enough to procure a catamount, alive, and if it would not inconvenience you too much it would afford me great pleasure to be allowed to inspect the specimen."

Kodunk looked at "it," as if he felt sorry for it. Then he fired back.

"Well! Young feller, I don't know nothin' 'bout 'procurin' cat-ermounts' but if you want to see a big Rocky mountain bob cat just shed your goggles a bit and peep into this here sack when I tie 'er loose."

The professor flushed up a little, but I think he wanted to see the cat pretty bad; for he didn't get mad. He only said something about "being able to retain perfect vision through his lenses" and "wishing to write little episodes of Western life to his friends East," and some other such guff, I didn't just catch on to; but I reck-

oned he'd get his fill of "episode" before he got through with Kody and the wild cat. So I draws off to one side and waits for the circus to begin. Then Old Kodunk lets up on the rope and the professor stoops over and peeps into the sack.

Then there was an instantaneous exposure, for about the one-hundredth part of a second. A big paw hit the air and we saw a silk hat playing tag with a pair of gold rim eye glasses, in the sunbeams above our heads. Then Old Kodunk pulled the sack together again.

I wanted to laugh, but out of respect to the stranger from the East I kept still, while Old Kodunk draws himself up, looking sober as a judge, and says, by way of apology:

"I forgot to tell you, stranger, that bob cats is kind of suddent like."

We left the professor sitting on a rock, wiping the dust from his "lenses," and I guess he's there yet, for we haven't seen him around town since.

Old Kodunk and the skunk killer took charge of the cat, while I went to the store to develop my pictures.

I rocked the tray gently back and forth, according to directions, and waited. Then I rocked some more, and waited again; but nothing appeared on the plates. Then another rock and I began to think hard things about photography; but I kept on rocking till I was satisfied something was out of gear. I got mad and fired the whole outfit in the trash barrel. Then I went out of my dark room, into the store, and made some impolite remarks, not necessarily for publication but as an evidence of good faith. These remarks were addressed to the boys who mixed the developer for me. Or rather they hadn't mixed it; for investigation proved they had left out the sulphite of soda! Had I been a photographer, instead of an amateur, as soon as I found something wrong I should have covered my plates, mixed new developer, gone to work anew, and got my negative all right; but unfortunately I was only an amateur, learning by experience, and that experience cost me my picture—and the RECREATION prize.

Moral (for amateurs and college professors only): Mix your own developer, and don't look in the sack just because Old Kodunk tells you to. He's a tricky old cuss.

"The pitch of that roof," said the architect friend,  
"Is not enough by a foot or more."

But the sun came out, and the pitch on the roof  
Dropped onto his neck, and the architect swore.

—Cincinnati Tribune.

## THE WOLF QUESTION.

FROM WYOMING AND MONTANA.

Ames, Neb.

Editor RECREATION: Replying to the questions propounded by Mr. E. S. Thompson on page 45 of July RECREATION I have this to say:

Wolves have caused enormous losses to cattle men, in Eastern Montana and Wyoming, and Western Dakota. No one can estimate the amount of such loss, for the last 8 or 10 years. Some people reckon it greater than the average losses from winter exposure, and without any doubt the wolves have destroyed many millions of dollars' worth of stock, within this time.

For the last 2 or 3 years, in Wyoming, we had persuaded ourselves that the number of wolves was sensibly diminished, through our efforts; but this year the entire Northeastern quarter of Wyoming is suffering greatly from their ravages. Our own cattle company, with 2 hunters operating in Montana and 2 in Wyoming, has killed 250 wolves in the last 3 months, principally puppies.

It is extremely difficult to catch or destroy grown wolves, and so far as I know no one has ever yet been able, by any means, to kill enough grown wolves to effect any valuable decrease in their numbers. A good many are killed by poison, but I do not believe that in a score of years the number of wolves can be greatly lessened by the use of poison, by as many hunters as choose to use it. After a short time the wolves refuse entirely to take baits, and they are not under the least compulsion to do so as there is always an abundance of food in the shape of calves, cattle and foals, all over the range.

I have known a small ranchman, having in a pasture 11 head of mares, with 11 foals, to have all the foals and one mare killed by wolves, within a short time. I heard, this year, of a ranchman with a small bunch of cattle, having lost one of his calves every night until all were gone. The depredations of these hungry brutes are not confined to calves. They attack and kill all classes of cattle; but naturally more calves than older animals. On the spring round-ups, recently finished in Wyoming, there has been everywhere evidence of great numbers of wolves, and many cattle are found, in every drive, wounded and bitten.

Our range in Wyoming, where our breeding cattle are, is in Crook county, the Northeast county, and as I have said, wolves are very troublesome in that country; also in the entire country on either side, East in Dakota, South and West in Wyoming and North in Montana. They have been particularly troublesome in Converse, Natrona and Johnson counties, Wy-

oming. I do not know that they destroy many sheep, as these are always penned at night, and are in charge of a herder in the day time; but they destroy vast numbers of calves and cattle, and are particularly fond of foals.

As I have said it is impossible to estimate the amount of damage, but I should judge it to be \$50,000 a year, in our own county, and \$500,000 for the entire State of Wyoming, which is twice the cost of running the state government.

I have never known of a grey wolf injuring or even threatening a man, on the plains. Sometimes they are very bold, and finding that a person approaching them is not armed make no effort to get out of the way. I have heard of perhaps 2 fairly authenticated cases of wolves being really menacing or dangerous, to men; but nothing of the kind has come within my own observation. The reason for this is that there is always an abundance of food present, and the wolves never suffer from hunger. Their food is so abundant that at times of the year the old wolves get very fat. They are then so short-winded they are easily overtaken and roped, by cowboys.

We believe we have had some valuable effect in decreasing or holding down the numbers of wolves, on our own immediate range, by our efforts, for a number of years. Since the spring of '95 we have killed about 500 grey wolves, on our range in Wyoming; and for the few years preceding '95 had killed a considerable number, but not so many. Last spring they appeared as numerous, or more so, than ever for a while; but as the roundups progressed and our cowboys made reports of other ranges, we find our efforts have not been without effect, and that there are fewer wolves in our immediate country than on neighboring ranges.

Considering the Northeastern quarter of the State of Wyoming there are probably now as many wolves as there have ever been; and including the much larger territory mentioned before, the same is probably true. No one can definitely answer the question as to whether there are more wolves than 5 years ago; as accounts conflict greatly. There must, however, be as many, and perhaps more. Having abundance of food and being protected from cold, by living in holes in the ground, there is no reason why they are not increasing in numbers. They are very prolific, and the females have litters of anywhere from 4 to 12 or 13 each year.

I never heard any one mention such a thing as wolves making signals to each other, and do not believe they do. In Wyoming the hunting is so good, everywhere,

8. What is the average and the greatest weight and measure of a wolf, according to your certain knowledge?

Never saw one weighed but have measured some that were  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet long and all one man could do to put in a low wagon.

9. Do you consider the coyote a nuisance; or do you consider the harm done in killing lambs, etc., more than balanced by the good they do in keeping down gophers, ground squirrels, etc.?

Yes a great nuisance, especially to the sheep industry.

10. What do you consider the best means—legislative and practical—of dealing with the wolf question?

State legislatures might offer a bounty of \$15 to \$25 on gray wolves, 50 per cent. of which tax could be met by the taxpayers of the state at large; the remainder to be paid by a stock tax, levied equally between the sheep and the cattle owners.

Frank Dunham, M.D., Lander, Wyo.

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## THE BROADWAY CABLE SINGS.

(With a familiar refrain.)

MARGUERITE TRACY.

Step lively please! Step lively please!

There're plenty of cars behind!

Step lively please! Step lively please!

There's never a soul inclined

To wait until the next I bring,

They're all so fond of me!

They're all so keen to crowd and cling

And jostle merrily.

*Rattle their bones over the stones,*

*Only some passengers nobody owns!*

I've got my fingers on the keel,

I've got the car in tow;

They trust themselves to me for weal,

They'll trust to me for woe.

*Rattle their bones over the stones,*

*Only some passengers nobody owns!*

I've got them on the Dead Man's Curve,—

They can't get off this street—

Just watch those wild ones swing and swerve!

I'll take them off their feet!

*Rattle their bones over the stones,*

*Only some passengers nobody owns!*

I'll make that tall proud girl fall down,

I'll smash that stove-pipe hat;

I'll make His Reverence play the clown,

And what do you think of that?

*Rattle their bones over the stones,*

*Only some passengers nobody owns!*

I've got a death hold on the grip,

I tow the Juggernaut.

Now let that man who's crossing slip,

Or let his heel get caught!

*Grind up his bones over the stones,*

*Only a passer that nobody owns!*

Step lively please! Step lively please!

There're plenty of cars behind!

Step lively please! Step lively please!

There's never a soul inclined

To wait until the next I bring,

They're all so fond of me!

They're all so keen to crowd and cling

And jostle merrily.

*Rattle their bones over the stones,*

*Only some passengers nobody owns!*

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There are still some unfortunate sportsmen who are not readers of RECREATION. If you know any such send in their names, and greatly oblige them and

THE EDITOR.

## FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

IN FLORIDA GLADES.

G. E. K.

I have read, with much interest, the hunting and fishing adventures told in RECREATION and presume something from the wilds of Florida might be appreciated by its readers. I spent 4 enjoyable years in the land of flowers, and believe it unexcelled in furnishing enjoyment to the sportsman.

Two years ago, I took a party of my Ohio friends for a 10-days' hunt, in the Lake region of Polk county. There were 6 of us beside the guide and a cook; 2 of the party being ladies. With 3 light wagons we had a delightful trip through the piney woods, and among the many lakes, reaching a suitable camping ground on Lake Pierce, 20 miles from our starting point, about sundown. It took some lively work to get the tents up, and enough moss and palmetto leaves for our beds, before dark. There is little twilight in Florida; night falls quickly after the sun sets.

Every one was astir at an early hour, for the guide was anxious to go across the lake after game. We tramped the woods till noon, and although several deer were jumped, they were too far away for a successful shot. The hunters returned to dinner, weary and hungry; but full of hope and courage for the next day.

The guide went out for a little hunt of his own, in the afternoon, saying, as he left camp; "Didn't come out heah to eat salt meat; got to have some fresh meat in camp to-night." No one offered to accompany him, for every one was too tired for another long tramp that day.

To pass the time pleasantly, the vicinity of the camp was explored. On either side was a dense hummock of undergrowth—palmettos, cabbage-palms, and flowering jessamine. Not 100 yards from camp, there were fresh bear signs, showing where bruin had climbed a cabbage-palm, after the fruit. The ladies exacted a promise from us that at no time should they be left in camp without a protector.

The beauty of some of these wild spots is almost indescribable. Here the ax has made no inroads into the grandeur of the luxuriant vegetation; wild flowers abound among the graceful palms and bay trees; while here and there beautiful air plants and orchids may be seen gracing some giant cypress. The Spanish moss lends a weirdness to the scene, making it more beautiful and impressive.

Just at dusk the guide approached with something on his shoulders. To our surprise and delight he threw down 2 big gobblers. They weighed over 20 pounds each. The bronze plumage was beautiful, in the

light of the camp fire, and the birds were much admired.

At daybreak 3 of us took the boat and rowed across the corner of the lake, to what proved a hilly section, of barren brush and scrub palmetto, with occasionally a cactus. Here we met the guide who had ridden around. Soon the hounds struck a trail, and away we went through the brush and palmettos, only to have one of the hounds forge ahead and jump the deer fully a quarter of a mile off. All the consolation we had was the sight of its white flag disappearing among the trees.

About 10 o'clock a buck was started within shooting distance. We amateurs wasted some good powder and shot trying to stop him; while the guide sat on his pony, on an adjoining ridge, laughing.

The hounds were called back and put out again. Within 100 yards of where the first deer broke, another buck was jumped. This time we "pulled down on him," and he soon lay among the palmettoes, kicking his last. One man failed to see him fall, and kept on shooting. The guide almost rolled off his pony with laughter, yelling: "Don't shoot no moah, don't shoot no moah; you done kill him."

After the smoke cleared away, we found our friend had put a 38 Winchester bullet through the deer's heart; while several buckshot, from my Winchester shotgun, were scattered about in various parts of his anatomy. The shot made by the rifleman was a pretty one, and the verdict was in favor of the deer being his meat. I had to content myself with the consolation of having the only shot gun in the party that was fired, in the melee, and with knowing I had hit the deer.

The guide prepared our game for the trip to camp. It was a tired though happy party that gathered around the board that day.

We shot 5 more turkeys and one spike buck, during the 10-days' sojourn. Then we went back to civilization, with renewed health and vigor, but glad to sleep on a "sure-enough" bed, and ready to resume our vocations.

### SHOOTING ON THE WING

J. A. MACKENZIE.

How to become a good wing shot is even more puzzling than what gun to select. I am not a good shot, and frequently miss; but then we poor shots, when we do hit, get more pleasure from it than the gunner who chooses his bird and kills it with certainty.

These few suggestions to the beginner, will, I hope, bring out more practical information from the older sportsmen. First, learn to handle the gun quickly. Fifteen minutes' practice every day, in your room, snapping the gun at objects on the walls, will be of benefit. Empty shells in the chambers will save the hammers from striking the breech. Having decided what to aim at, fix the eyes on it and bring up the gun with an easy motion. When the aim is correct, or nearly so, press the trigger. Never try to better the aim but pull the trigger the instant the mark is seen fairly over the muzzle. Hand and eye should work in unison.

Keeping both eyes open increases the range of vision and enables a much quicker aim to be taken. Should the left eye be the stronger, close it and shoot with one eye; or grasp the barrels with the left hand so as to obscure the view of the left eye. However, practice with the left closed will generally result in the right gaining sufficiently in strength to align the gun, when both are open.

Practice snapping until the gun comes up truly aligned on the mark. The beginner should commence with shells loaded with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  drs. of powder, 1 felt wad and  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of fine shot. Practice with these at stationary marks, 15 or 20 paces away; high, low, to the right and left. When these can be hit 9 times out of 10, it is time to try moving objects.

Now, another difficulty arises. At birds flying straight away, or toward the shooter, the manner of aiming is the same as at stationary marks; but at crossing, rising, and descending birds, an allowance must be made.

An ounce of No. 6 shot has a velocity of about 840 feet a second, for the first 40 yards; therefore it takes  $\frac{1}{112}$ , or  $\frac{1}{4}$  second for it to go that distance. A bird flying at the rate of 40 miles an hour, an ordinary flight, would go about 8 feet in that time. Taking into consideration the time required to pull the trigger, which varies with different men, it would fly from 9 to 12 feet before the shot could overtake it, if at 40 yards from the gun.

Allowance for this is made in 2 ways: by holding ahead, and by swinging the gun past the bird. In the first method, many beginners make the mistake of not allowing for the time it takes to bring the gun up. This must be determined from experience, for it varies with different shooters.

The second method, which I think is the better, is less likely to develop into "snapping" at everything. Swing the gun in the direction of the flight, and as it passes the bird press the trigger without diminishing the lateral movement. By the time the shot leave the barrel, the gun has gained sufficiently on the bird to make allowance

for its flight. Some men move the gun far enough ahead of the game to make the allowance, but this is apt to make one a "poking" shot. Aim above rising birds and below descending.

Good practice can be had at sparrows. Use light loads of No. 10 shot and 2 drs. of powder. One will be surprised at the effectiveness and at the sport furnished by these little robbers, as they dart from stack to barn or rise singly from the fence.

The novice generally shoots behind and under game. Not because he does not know where he should hold, but he fails to put his knowledge into practice. He is, in common with many old shooters, likely to get into the habit of snap-shooting at everything. This is due to nervousness, and is difficult to overcome. It is a good thing to be able to make a snap-shot in cover, but in open the snap-shot is not in it with the deliberate shooter.

Several times last fall, I missed with the right barrel, at short range, and, cooling down a little, made a clean kill with the left. In deliberate shooting, the sportsman sees the bird over the gun, or follows its flight before he shoots. In every case, however, one should shoot at the first sight, if nearly correct. The nervous snap-shot frequently shoots even though he is aware the aim is not within several feet of the bird.

Some writers recommend target practice with a rifle, as likely to help the beginner in wing shooting. Has any reader of RECREATION tried it?

I will repeat, "Practice." Do not be easily discouraged. One cannot become a good field-shot with 1 or 2 seasons' work. The first fall I tried bird shooting, my bag was 2 woodcocks, one quail, and 3 ruffed grouse. The second season, after going through such a course of practice, as here outlined, I got 5 woodcocks, 21 quails, 10 ruffed grouse and 10 rabbits, besides several hawks and other birds. All these birds were killed on the wing. Twenty-five ruffed grouse are enough for any man in one season; and, to my notion, will furnish more sport than 2 moose or half a dozen deer.

#### WISCONSIN DEER LICKS.

Jamestown, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: It may interest the readers of RECREATION, who never watched or saw a deer lick, to know how and what they look like. Last spring, from the 10th of April to the 10th of May, I was in Sawyer county, Wisconsin, propagating muskallonge. It is a wild, desolate place, 21 miles from a post office, between the Omaha railroad and the headwaters of the Chipewewa river. Three years ago this country was traversed by forest fires, which swept

away the underbrush, leaving nothing but blackened trunks of trees and fallen logs, for many miles. So, if you are accustomed to seeing deer in their haunts, it is no trick to discover one in this locality.

I had been at Lost lake nearly 3 weeks, and had seen, in my travels around the lakes, numerous fresh deer tracks, but could not get sight of a deer, although, coming on my back track one day, I saw where one had stepped in one of my footprints.

I told our guide about it and he said I would see plenty of them if I knew how to look for them. I did not care to kill one, but simply wanted to see one.

One day, while exploring around the outlet of Wilson's lake, a small lake West of Lost lake, I discovered a natural lick, and it looked as if a herd of sheep had visited it, so thick were the tracks. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, so I climbed a tree and watched the lick till nearly sundown. At that time I was rewarded by seeing a young buck suddenly come in sight, as if he had risen from the ground. He came leisurely toward the lick, till within 10 rods of it, when a puff of wind came up and he stopped. He had scented me and stood a few moments when another puff of wind came. This satisfied him and he gave that whistle so familiar to hunters. Up went his flag, and about the same time, to my right, was another signal and there went as large a buck as ever I saw. The way those 2 bucks sailed over fallen logs was interesting.

In about half an hour 2 does came right under me, went up to the lick and stayed there till I got tired of watching them when I moved a foot and disturbed the branches. This put them to flight in an instant. They looked thin, as if they had passed a hard winter. I came down from the tree, well paid for my trouble. If this had been in season I should probably not have seen a blamed deer.

This lick was at the base of some rocks, and a spring was close by that tasted strong of iron. I saw an artificial lick, near a lumber camp, that had been made by pouring brine on the roots of a large stump. Near by was a tree, with a ladder reaching up into the branches, where a seat was placed among the limbs. There the hunter seats himself, and when the unsuspecting deer come underneath he shoots them. Hundreds of deer are killed in and out of season, in this Northern country, during the year; yet you can hardly blame the settlers for killing what deer they want.

During the summer the deer have plenty of feed; in winter they have poor picking.

After I saw the first deer, among this dead timber, I had no trouble seeing them every day, during my stay at Lost lake.

The deer, up here in Wisconsin, are very large. They are light gray, while over in Minnesota they are smaller and darker and you will find among them some black tails.

The guide and cook we had was Frank Griffin, of Hayward, Wis.

Frank W. Cheney.

#### FIVE DEER IN 50 SECONDS.

Olympia, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: I noticed in the May number of RECREATION a communication from F. H. Knowlton, about killing 2 deer in half a minute. I can discount that record. Last fall I was in Clallam county, Wash., and hunted with a young man who had never seen a live wild deer, in his life. One night we camped at the foot of old Mount Constance; taking an early start in the morning to climb to the summit.

As we cautiously slipped along the crest of a ridge, I spied 2 deer, about 150 yards below. They heard us and were looking our way. I told my companion to get ready, for I intended to shoot the larger one. At the crack of my rifle they started, my deer tumbling backward at the second jump. As the other one reached the summit of the ridge, it stopped just long enough to get a bullet behind the shoulder. The killing of both took about 15 seconds.

The next morning we again started for the summit. Along in the afternoon, we saw a bunch of 6 deer, 60 yards away.

I got in one shot before they started to run. The buck I shot took a jump and turned up his toes. The others scattered, a big doe taking the lead, right up the canyon; and the biggest buck of the band was only one jump behind her. I let him have it through the hip. He went on, as though nothing had happened. Being determined to get him, even if all the others got away, I pumped another bullet into his body, this time close to the fore leg. At the second jump, he keeled over, just as I let another buck have it. The last one was hit in the rear—a shot that was a settler for him.

By this time the old doe was nearly out of range, so I let her go, turning my attention to a spike buck that stopped to look back, and a big doe taking a short cut over the ridge. I halted the doe with a bullet in the flank. The little buck had his neck broken by a bullet.

I now turned to my companion, and saw him standing still, with a look of surprise stealing over his features, evidently having forgotten he had a gun. I had killed 5 deer out of 6, and they lay kicking, within a space not larger than a square acre. I am sure the time of the shooting was not more than 50 seconds.

We had started to go over the range, but with so much meat on our hands, we went back to get help to bring it out. Every pound was consumed by the settlers.

Allen Weir.

This does not justify you in such a wholesale killing. One or 2 deer is enough for any man to kill, at one time. EDITOR.

## ANTELOPE ON THE HORSE RANGE.

Lander, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: When I was 14 years old I hired out to a Mr. Hall to herd horses, about 75 miles from here, on Lander creek. Big game was plentiful, such as elk, deer and antelope, although when I arrived there, most of the elk and deer were farther back in the mountains.

I had a 44 Winchester rifle and a 45 revolver, and of course was anxious to kill something. My first shot was at 2 elk. I was riding a young horse, and had only my revolver.

I was riding down a narrow hog-back, looking for a stray bunch of horses, when I noticed, down to my left, in a bunch of quaking asp, what I took to be 2 cows, lying down. They must have been asleep, for I rode up to within 50 yards of them, before they jumped up, when I saw they were elk. I slid off my horse while they stood there wondering what kind of an animal I was. I put my arm through the bridle rein, took as careful an aim as I could, and pulled.

The next thing I knew I was on my back, in the rocks, and that measly cayuse was yanking me around to suit himself, in his efforts to leave me afoot, 10 miles from camp. He finally quieted down, when I got up and looked around for my dead elk.

The 2 cows were about a mile away, going South. The one I shot at finally died—from old age.

For a month after that I was shooting at antelope every day, but could not hit them. Finally one morning, I saddled up my gentlest horse, took my Winchester, and started out, with blood in my eye. I had determined to get meat or die trying.

I was riding along in the foot hills, when I saw a bunch of antelope, about a mile away, in the head of a gulch. I rode up on the opposite side of the hill from them, until I thought I was near them; tied my horse, and crawled up to the top of the hill. As I raised up to locate the game they saw me and ran up the hill, on the other side, about 75 yards away, where they stopped. I got down on one knee, took good aim at a fine buck and fired. He fell in his tracks and did not even kick. On examination I found I had shot him through the heart. I loaded him on my horse and rode into camp, the proudest boy West of the Mississippi river.

W. G. B.

## A STRANGE KNOCKOUT.

Clover, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Few hunters ever have such an experience as being run over by a deer; but that was my luck while camping on the Teaway. I started out

hunting, one morning, with one companion, Pat Flood. We made our way up a mountain near camp, through the quaking aspen. Just the place for deer, Pat said. Of this I was soon assured by seeing tracks of a bunch of 5 or 6.

Pat started down the slope, while I followed the tracks, which led to a steep hill covered with mountain-ash and hazel so thick I had to creep carefully not to frighten the game before I could see it. The deer were scattered and feeding. I felt sure they were not 200 yards away, for in front lay a deep gulch; on the other side of this there was a steep bluff. I was certain they were between me and the bluff.

I was in brush almost too thick to crawl through, and about as high as my head. Suddenly I heard the crash of a deer, on the hill-side, just above and within a few feet of me. Rising from a kneeling position, I saw a deer's head and breast outlined against the sky. Pushing my rifle forward, it met him half way. At the instant it was discharged, I received the full force of the bounding deer, and was knocked headlong down the hill, through the tangled brush.

Picking myself up, some seconds later, nose bleeding, my eyes full of mud, hat and gun gone, I was brought to my senses by hearing Pat's rifle making music not far below me. Looking around, as best I could, I saw 5 deer bounding up the gulch. Though a long way off, I opened fire, and after several shots succeeded in getting one. Making my way down to Pat, I saw a buck which he had killed, and I at once claimed it, for the animal was marked with my brand on the shoulder, where my rifle had burned the hair off. The bullet had just grazed the hide. J. B. Liptrap.

## TRAILING FOXES.

J. T. M.

"Let's go bag a fox or 2, in the morning." Such a proposal from my friend and hunting companion, Billy, was always sure of a hearty approval. Seven o'clock the next morning found me at Billy's house, fully equipped for business. In 10 minutes we were on our way to the woods. Notwithstanding the stinging cold, we enjoyed our walk of 2 miles as only enthusiastic sportsmen can.

Our way of killing foxes is to track them in the snow and to shoot them while they are lying down or, as more often is the case, on the run. We use new Baker guns, and load with No. 2 shot. This combination is perfection, for extreme ranges; but I am digressing.

"Here is a good track, Tom; and here is another, both going the same way," said Billy. Noting one track was large and the other small, we concluded we were after a male and a female, and would find them together.

Following the tracks a short distance, they showed that the foxes had been looking for a place to sleep. Now we moved forward cautiously, watching to the right and left, more than to the front; knowing a fox always doubles on his track before lying down.

The tracks approached a deep gully, thickly grown up with trees and brush; a likely place for a fox, on a cold, windy day. Having the wind in our favor, we walked to the edge and looked in. Yes, there they were; 2 round, red balls, just behind an old worm fence.

Bang—bang—bang. They were both down; but the big one was 80 yards away before he dropped to the last shot. Pshaw, that was too easy!

It was then only 9:30. So, quickly skinning the pair, we tucked the pelts into our hunting coats and began looking for more tracks. After going about half a mile we struck another. Mile after mile we followed, until 5 miles from home. Here it circled back again.

All the way the fox had been hunting. Here and there, as we tramped along, we read the signs of tragedy. The trail followed a creek for 100 yards, where the bank hung over; a favorite roosting place for small birds. Several long leaps, a spot in the snow thickly padded with tracks, a few feathers, and the tale is told. The tracks crossed a meadow. Here 2 long leaps to the right, a hole in the snow, a dead mouse. I wondered by what one of the 5 senses the fox located that mouse. Farther along he caught a rabbit, after a straight run of 100 yards. After eating half, and burying the rest in the snow, he started off toward an old slashing. We congratulated ourselves, for the chase would soon be over; but the woods were hardly entered when, 200 yards ahead, we saw him sneaking away. The wind was against us. A fox places great reliance on his nose.

After him again, for we know he will not go far before lying down. Presently we see him, or think so, 200 yards away, lying by a tree. Billy stays here while I make a detour, get the wind in my favor and trying to get close enough for a shot. Imagine my feelings, after 15 minutes of crawling and creeping, to find the supposed fox only a bunch of leaves.

Motioning to Billy, we moved on again. Now we find where the fox left the woods and started across the fields. Ten minutes more and we see him lying under a thorn-apple bush. One, 2, 3! and the right barrels crack together. He was hard hit, but tried to run. The left barrels roared and he dropped dead.

Three o'clock; ample time to get home before dark. Seldom indeed do we bag more than one fox in a day; and feel well repaid for our day's tramp if we do that.

## A TEST OF NERVE.

J. C. B.

The latter part of March, along in the early '80's, my hunting partner and I were camped near the mouth of the canyon at the junction of the North and South forks of the Little Bighorn river. Our camp was in Wyoming, but for 80 miles to the North the Crow reservation extended to the Yellowstone river.

Shut in on all sides by high bluffs and towering mountains, the little basin was always free from rough winds. A wagon-sheet stretched over a pole was ample protection from the early spring snows and rains.

We had been in camp several days, but as there was no snow we could not expect to do much on bear. As we sat before the fire one evening, it began to snow. Our spirits rose immediately, and a hunt was planned for the morning. We always hunted separately.

Before daylight we saddled our horses and pulled out. I crossed the main Little Horn, below camp, and began to climb the hill on the North side. After going about 3 miles, I crossed a large bear trail. I got down and examined it and saw it was fresh. From its enormous size, I judged it to have been made by a grandpa bear; so I left my horse and followed it. I became disgusted by noon, and concluded not to go any farther, so sat down to rest, before starting to climb out of the canyon.

After cooling off, I felt better, and thought I would not give up just yet. Another hour's walking, sliding, and falling, and I came to the brink of a jumping off place; almost perpendicular and 150 feet to the bottom. The bear had gone down all right, as the piled up snow on either side of the trail showed. Apparently he sat down, pulled off brakes and slid to the bottom. I felt sure I could slide down where a bear could, but was not so sure of being able to slide up again. However, I took the chances, and slid. It was pretty rough tobogganing, I thought, as I pulled up at the bottom. After trying my legs and finding they would work all right, I again took up the trail. Within 400 yards I found where the bear had wintered. Then I knew he would lay up for the day near by, as this was his first trip out of winter quarters.

The slope of the mountain side was steep and uneven; so I climbed up about 30 feet and started parallel with the trail. Taking a step, I would stop and look sharply in every direction for the bear, also locating trees having limbs close to the ground, convenient for climbing. I felt as if I might have use for one presently. I moved in this way for about 150 yards, when suddenly I saw the bear rise on his fore feet, in his bed. His head was toward me and

he sat watching me, like a great dog. I could have shot him in the breast or neck, for the distance was only 31 paces, I found later, but I dared not risk the shot. I wanted to kill him instantly, for if wounded, even so he could go but 6 feet, he would roll and slide hundreds of feet down into the canyon.

When the bear was discovered I was carrying my gun in both hands, waist high and cocked, but for several seconds I did not move a muscle, realizing that getting a good shot depended on making no hasty movement. Two feet in front of me and on a line with my left side and the bear, was a tree. If I could get my gun against this for a rest, without alarming the bear, I had him sure. Slowly the rifle was raised to my shoulder and to the tree. It seemed an age before it was in position. The bear looked steadily, but seemed unable to make out what I was. My nerves were strung to their highest tension, and I felt sure of putting the bullet exactly where I wanted it. Taking deliberate aim, just over the right eye, I pressed the trigger. At the crack of the 45-75 Winchester, the bear wilted in his tracks, scarcely moving afterward.

Going up near where he lay, I looked at the great mass, realized it was all over and that I had killed my first bear. Then my nerves relaxed and I shook as badly as when I killed my first deer, in Wisconsin, more than 20 years before.

The bear had a magnificent hide, and was fat, considering the season. I will not venture to estimate his weight, but he was by no means a common grizzly. I have killed many since, but none so large as this.

#### A TRIP ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

There is no place where one can find more varied sport than on the great Father of Waters. The time to leave, for a trip on this great stream, varies with the season. As soon as the ice passes out is a good time to start, and you will meet geese and ducks, by the thousands, on their way North.

Don't fail to take with you a good supply of decoys and calls. Both geese and ducks have a tantalizing way of swimming just out of gun range, from the shores, and when you start to them, in boats, they wait until you are almost in range and then fly. As to a boat, take some small craft, all on lower deck and propelled by steam, with a good supply of regular river skiffs. When properly made the river skiff is broad, and steady, and can be run out over the thousands of acres of swamp lands, along the river, where the geese and ducks collect in immense numbers, to feed, and where the mud is so deep it is impossible to wade, even with the tallest boots.

On February 15, 1897, a party of us left St. Louis, for a trip through all the hunting region as far South as Helena, Ark., and while we had much rare sport we lost a lot of valuable time by not having the right kind of a boat.

If you want some grand shooting, next season, start at St. Louis or Cairo, Ill., and go down the Mississippi. Watch the flight of ducks and geese, and when you see many flocks flying over the timber, in one direction, you may rest assured it is not far to some lake, where you will find all the sport you wish. There are hardly 5 miles in any one stretch, but on one side or the other, a short distance back, is a pond or lake where the birds gather by thousands to feed.

But before you start on this journey test your boat, and its motive power, thoroughly. Be sure it works perfectly and that it is reliable under all conditions; for there is nothing more exasperating than to have your engine give out, when you are 10 miles from even a blacksmith shop.

H. C. Mead.

#### TEXAS DOVE SHOOTING.

Quanah, Tex.

Editor RECREATION: A friend and I drove out about a mile from town one evening, to a field grown up with sunflowers, for a little dove shooting, and before we got through the wire fence, the doves began to flush. On the first rise I killed one bird, not shooting my second barrel, while my companion killed one.

As we walked on, 2 to 10 doves would flush at every 20 or 30 steps, and the shooting was lively, of course. This was kept up until both ran out of shells. Ed., my friend, had started with 30, I with 25. When we got back to the buggy and counted our birds, it was found that Ed. had 13 birds, while I had killed 11.

After resting a few minutes we started again, my companion with 30 shells, I with 25. This time we each managed to bring down 2 doubles, though frequently we had to use the 2d barrel on the first bird. Sometimes, too, a dove would escape both barrels.

It took only about 30 or 40 minutes to run the birds all out of the field. On again returning to the buggy and counting up, Ed. had 16 killed for 26 shots, and I 13 to show for 23 empty shells. This gave us a total of 53 doves for 104 shots.

We are members of the Quanah Gun Club, and on telling some of the other members of our fine sport, one of them asked what our score was. On learning our average, he said he could beat that—could average 70 per cent. During the argument that followed, I told him we would shoot together, and he could have my birds,

if he came up to his mark; if not, I would take all he should kill.

He agreed to this, and one afternoon, a few days later, we, with Ed., started for the sunflower field. With 25 shells each in our pockets we invaded the place. My opponent was given the right side, Ed. the centre, while I took the left. It was "bang—bang—bang"; and so close together came the shots that one could not tell what the other shooters were doing.

After 5 or 6 reports from the right side of the field, I heard my opponent say that he did not want any doves anyway. On returning to the buggy, it looked very much that way. Ed. had 13 birds, I 12 and our friend only 4—and all of his shells were gone! Ed. and I were generous with him, however, and gave him enough birds to make a presentable looking bag.

B. F. Williams.

#### WASHINGTON GAME NOTES.

##### Lake Cushman, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: Another warm, open winter, with little hunting and no slaughter of game, either furred or feathered, gives us great promise of fine shooting during the summer and fall, while an unusually full berry crop makes a large bear supply a certainty. There are more broods of ruffed grouse, and blue or dusky grouse, than ever before known; while all signs indicate a prolific year for deer and elk. A herd of the latter, numbering between 20 and 30, have "sprunged" within 5 miles of here. Judging from the signs they are all cows and calves.

Our populistic solons, in Olympia, have drawn up and passed an excellent game law, with one proviso which will render the whole inoperative. They prevent the killing of large game, except during September, and prohibit all killing of quail and Mongolian pheasants until 1900. A final clause, however, provides that ranchers and prospectors may kill at any time, for their own use, and as anyone, by stretching the truth a little, can be a rancher or a prospector, I fear there will be general killing all the year around. Sportsmen, and those who kill game for legitimate use save far more game, by helping to exterminate wolves, cougars and wildcats, than they destroy in hunting.

We all believe a law prohibiting the killing of any female deer, at any time of the year, and an entire prohibition of the sale of game, at any season, would do more to protect our game than anything else could; and we hope you will join us in an effort to bring about the enactment of such a law. It is the market and hide hunters who do the mischief—not the sportsmen nor the ranchers.

F. J. Church.

I am heartily in favor of the enactment of laws, in all the states, prohibiting the sale of game at all times. I announced this proposition 20 years ago and have urged it ever since. I also favor the enactment of laws forbidding the killing of female animals, at all times.

EDITOR.

#### AMONG THE OZARKS.

##### Galena, Mo.

Editor RECREATION: Among the drooping cedars, and stately oaks, in the somewhat isolated district of Stone county, Mo., can be found one sportsman who will at any time "jine ye" for a day or so, to hunt the wary buck or to cast for the gamy bass. Having spent the greater part of my life in the cities of the West, with only an occasional day to call my own, I resolved to settle where game and fish were abundant, and where, without limit, I could put in the time at my own sweet will. So among the beautiful hills and rugged Ozarks I established my camp.

To the South, 20 miles away, winds the beautiful White river, famous for its fish. At our very door ripples the clear and limpid James fork of the White, noted for jack salmon, speckled bass and big-mouthed bass.

The great "White bluff," near us, rises perpendicularly 400 feet from the water's edge; while the "Virgin bluff," 12 miles South, rears its rocky crown 700 feet above the river, overhanging so that, in passing in boats, the top cannot be seen.

In September let a party take canoes, at Galena, on the James, and, with rod and spoon, float 100 miles to the mouth of the stream. The scenery is grand the entire distance, but as the rapid current carries you on, do not forget to cast your spoon into the shadow of some old bowlder, for there lie the gamiest of bass, and they will fight you to a finish, too.

It will take at least 4 days to make the trip to the mouth of the James. Then, entering White river, take a run of 2 days, landing, at supper-time the second day, at the home of Hon. H. C. Thomas, who is one of the boys.

After this 6-day run, you will be only 18 miles from the point of starting. Be loaded now for a hunt back. The national birds (according to RECREATION for May), turkeys, are plentiful and at this season are full grown. Then again, if birds are too small, you can find deer frolicking in the cedar woods, adjacent to the streams.

This country, not many years ago, was full of deer. A man told me, a short time since, he had seen 75 skins of deer, killed by one man, and the hide of the first killed was hardly dry. Think of such destruction simply for the hides! No law can be too severe on such men; but, thanks to the last Mis-

souri assembly, we now have better laws for the protection of game and fish.

This part of our state, for a few years, has been overrun with a lot of unscrupulous hunters who kill and drive with hounds, everything before them. In the fall they fire the woods, which destroys the mast upon which the few remaining deer might live. In future our game will not only be protected by law but also by an alliance of our best citizens, who will endeavor to prosecute all offenders. Many thanks to RECREATION for the stand-taken to protect game. May it not be long until, through its influence, stringent game and fish laws will be made and enforced in every state.

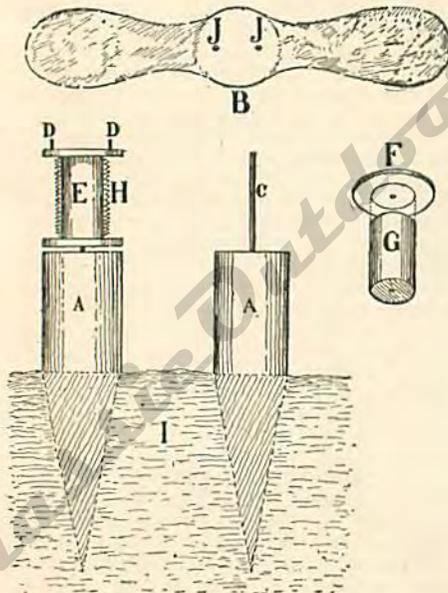
O. W. Bett.

A CHEAP TRAP.

Cincinnati, O.

Editor RECREATION: I saw in your highly esteemed magazine some points as to how to shoot on the wing, also a description of a glass ball trap. Enclosed find drawing of a pigeon trap, which a friend and I invented, and which we have found successful as well as economical.

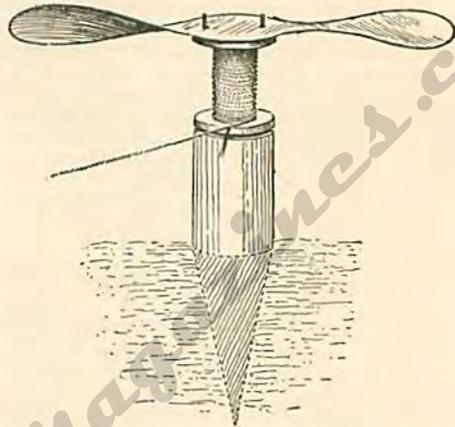
A is a stake  $1\frac{1}{2}$  by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches and about 10 inches long. B is the bird, which may



be made of old tin cans or of scraps of thin copper or brass. C is a long wire nail, driven in stake (A). D and D' are wire nails driven in spool (E) with heads cut off and projecting about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. E is a spool  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter and 2 inches long; made by taking a block one inch

thick by 2 long, cutting it in the form of G and fitting a collar (F) at each end, made of  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch wood,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches in diameter. H is the cord wrapped around spool. I is the ground and J, J' are holes in pigeon, to fit nails D and D'.

To set up trap drive stake in ground; place the spool or nail as at E. Wrap cord around spool as in H; place pigeon on nails D and D'. Bending the wings, one a



little up and the other a little down, at their margin.

By pulling cord, which is wrapped around spool, and which leads to a person back of shooter, the spool revolves rapidly and pigeon is sent on its flight.

If pigeon will not sail at first, bend wings until it does, and then keep same for model and make others like it.

I am now experimenting on a small motor, to take place of cord. It is too much like work to wind the cord each time. If it is successful I will send you plan of same.

One good thing about this trap is that the bird never goes twice alike. It will go first to the right and then to the left, or straight up or away from you, at a 2.40 clip, and I dare say it will take any young shooter some time to get the knack of breaking the pigeons.

H. Willaner Lowe.

HUNTING IN MAINE.

Editor RECREATION: It was a jolly party of hunters that started for the Maine forests, the last of September, 1896. There were E. M. Goodall, F. A. Allen, W. J., C. A. and Stillman Bodwill, all of Sanford, Me.; Dr. F. A. Bragden, Springvale, and Dr. Ferguson, of Cambridge, Mass. Our 4 guides, Uncle Nathan, his son and grandson, and George Spaulding, were awaiting us at Bingham.

On the evening of the third day, permanent camp was reached. Small game was

scarce, but big game was plentiful. We would have had no difficulty in killing all we wanted, had it not been for the rain, which fell almost incessantly. In fact, we had but 5 hours of sunshine during the entire 10 days in the woods. Every time there was a lull in the rain, some of us would go out, but we were certain to return drenched to the skin.

The guides were, to some extent, at sea; for the gates of Moxie pond had been closed, for the benefit of the lumbermen; and this, with the heavy rains, caused the water to rise, and large game was obliged to seek new feeding grounds.

Our accommodations were good and, notwithstanding the rain, we managed to pass the time pleasantly. Hackett, at whose camp we stayed one night, had promised to send us a shoulder of caribou. On Saturday it arrived. I saw at once, that, instead of caribou, he had sent veal. Whenever we saw anyone from Hackett's neighborhood, after that, he would invariably ask how we liked our caribou. At every opportunity, we sent Hackett word to give us some more veal, like the last. He thought he had played us a good joke, but some of our party had been in the Maine woods before.

Bragdon and Allen were obliged to leave at the end of the first week. Allen, by means of a persuasive tongue and the wherewithal, managed to get a buck, to take back with him.

On breaking camp, we tried to follow a blazed trail, to a "tote-road," which would take us to Chamberlain hill, where we were to spend a few days, at a farm-house. We followed the trail until we reached a clearing; there we lost it completely. This was at 11 o'clock, and it was nearing dusk when we finally found a wood-road that led to Chamberlain hill.

In the morning, in the field near the farm house, we saw the footprints of several deer and plans were laid for that night.

In the evening we selected positions and waited. When tired and disgusted, we retreated to the house and went to bed. The next morning there was not a track of a deer in the field. It seemed we were destined to meet with disappointment, as far as big game was concerned, so we gave it up and went back to Bingham.

Will and I, taking a stroll along the principal street, saw an old trapper who had just brought in a black bear that he had killed. He knew the animal was worth \$25, and so did we; but he finally agreed to part with it for \$20.

The day we left Bingham, the game on the train consisted of 7 deer, 2 black bear, 2 caribou and a moose, all killed at the fork of the Dead and Kennebec rivers.

F. M. G.

#### COONS IN THE WATER.

Last spring, 3 of us, Barney, Dan and I, went to Lake Addie, near our town, for a duck hunt. It was so foggy objects could be seen only a few rods away, and the wind blew so hard there was no flight of ducks.

After a time the sun came through the fog; then, looking out on the water, Dan noticed 3 small objects moving toward us. Thinking they were muskrats, we opened fire, but could not hit them.

On they came, and when they were within 2 rods of shore I saw they were 'coons. We had been shooting at their tails, for nothing else but their noses showed above the water.

On seeing us, the 'coons turned and started back across the lake. We kept shooting until they were out of range, then Dan got a boat that was near by, and pushed off in pursuit, using a fence-rail for a paddle. He left his gun, but took our 2 dogs.

The 'coons were nearly across the lake when Dan caught up with them. The dogs jumped into the water, half filling the boat as they did so. Dan used the rail on the 'coons, but it took him nearly 30 minutes to kill the first.

The dogs were after the other 'coons, but whenever a dog approached near enough, the 'coon would reach out with a front paw and hit a canine nose so hard its owner would swim away again.

Dan began on another 'coon as soon as he secured his first. While he was pounding it, the third swam ashore and got away. Dan's second victim was finally hauled in. The 'coons weighed 18 and 21 pounds, respectively.

For game, in this vicinity, we have nearly all of the different kinds of ducks, geese, prairie chickens, snipe, jack-rabbits and cottontails; also red foxes, badgers and woodchucks. For the angler, there are pickerel, black bass, rock bass, perch, sunfish, suckers and buffalo fish.

Louis A. Ahlbrecht, Brownton, Minn.

#### GOOD AND BAD GUIDES.

St. Anthony, Fremont Co., Idaho.

Editor RECREATION: I had a small advertisement in the June number of RECREATION, and received a number of letters dated prior to June 2; the writers saying they saw my advertisement in RECREATION. I have been asked how to get a good guide. In answering I will tell how not to get a poor one.

One man who claims to be a guide had a party out last summer, in the Jackson Hole country. After he had taken his party to the railroad, I asked him if he had had

good luck on his trip. He replied that the hunters did not kill any big game, and he did not care. As he was not getting big wages, he did not take them where the game could be found. They saw a few antelope, caught some trout and killed a number of sage-hens. The guide put in all the time he could, and that was all he cared for.

Another party started at the same time and killed 6 bear, 14 elk and 2 deer. These hunters were not out so long as the others, but paid their guide good wages, and he tried to satisfy them.

I know several men who have come here expecting a good time, but who have gone away dissatisfied, because they were fooled in the man who took them out. To any one contemplating a trip, I would say, get a good guide and pay him good wages. You will be better satisfied at the end of your trip than if you had a cheap man, who put in lots of time, but did not find the game.

There are good guides in Jackson's Hole, and there are good guides who do not live here, but who know every foot of the country, where the best fishing and hunting can be had.

A man in New York wrote asking what wages a good man would expect. I do not think the right kind of a guide can be had, in this country, for less than \$5 a day and board. He would furnish his own saddle-horse, but the rest of the outfit would be extra. Some men would not go for \$5.

A good guide will want the party engaging him ahead to send a small deposit, as a guarantee of good faith. I have known of parties engaging men here, keeping them waiting until too late to go with anyone else, and then they did not come. I have also known guides who contracted to take certain parties, but some one else coming along would offer the guides bigger wages, and the first hunters would arrive to find their man had deserted them.

The best way, when engaging a guide, is to put up a forfeit and then have the agreement in writing. I have lived in the Rocky mountains all my life, and have seen a good many parties of hunters, and many guides too, fooled. As a rule a guide can be depended on to stick to his word.

Recently I had a letter from a man in Colorado, saying he could get a guide in this part of the country, who would take him, in 2 days' travel from the railroad, where he could find elk, moose, bear and mountain sheep, and where he could catch all the fish he wanted, without moving camp.

There is no such place in this or any other country. A hunter may go up in the mountains as far as water can be found, and then it will take him a full day to get to the sheep. There are some moose in Idaho, but few in Wyoming. There are

still some mountain sheep here, but the hunter cannot find them and get back to camp the same day. For trout fishing, Idaho and Wyoming beat the world.

George Winegar.

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NOTES.

Toledo, O.

Editor RECREATION: I saw a statement, in a recent number of RECREATION, from L. D. W. to the effect that he had borrowed a well broken pointer and had gone after some birds, which he found but which he did not get. If I borrowed a dog I should not condemn him because I did not get as many birds as my partner. That is discourteous to the dog and to his owner.

Last Thanksgiving morning L. D. W., Chas. Eastwood, C. Wright, T. Hoover, D. McBride, and I went about 8 or 10 miles West of this city, to a place called The Openings. Mr. Hoover, who was not feeling well at the time, had his throat tied up with a flannel, and wanted to be careful not to get his feet wet. In crossing a creek, on a pole, he slipped and fell. In order to keep his gun dry, he thought he could strike his elbows on the opposite bank; but fell short about 2 feet. About the time he was emptying the water out of his gun-barrels, and hip-boots, the air was rather blue around there.

McBride, who is not much of a wing shot, but who is noted for being a great coon and fox hunter, and for knowing the woods from one end to the other, got twisted and spent part of the afternoon climbing trees to find his way out. He nearly wore out a pair of corduroy trousers; but we finally all got out and had a good day's sport. We found game enough to make it interesting, and killed 11 ruffed grouse, 2 quails, 2 gray squirrels and 2 rabbits. We have plenty of birds left over—more than usual. O. O. H.

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I saw in one of the sportsmen's papers an article stating that deer only chew lily pads, to spit them out. That statement is amusing to me. I have seen a lot of deer in my time; have opened the stomachs of many of them and have found them full of lily pads. Have also opened many caribou. In September they wade the ponds the same as deer, and live on the pads.

As I am writing, 7 A.M., there are 9 deer within a stone's throw of this house. They are with the cows, in the pasture, and it's a regular thing for them to come out. There are 2 bucks, 2 or 3 does and some yearlings.

One cow does not like them to come in and eat up the grass. She shakes her head and runs at them. Then they make a bolt for the woods, but soon return.

I have been in the woods about one month, building a hunter's camp. Have but 8 miles of canoeing, from this place, over on the West branch of the Penobscot river. Have seen as many as 20 deer in a day, and never less than 2 or 3. All this without going out of my way. They seldom run off; but stand and look at you as you go by; then go to feeding again.

Have seen several moose tracks. No moose were killed just in this part, last fall, but that does not prove anything. They do a lot of roaming.

Fishing never was better, on the West branch, at this time of year. We look for a large crowd of sportsmen this season. I see no reason why they may not be amply repaid for coming here, as the game is more plentiful than ever before.

John J. Kelley, Northwest Carry, Me.

Burnet, Texas.

**Editor RECREATION:** The sportsmen of Texas are rejoicing over getting our game bill through the Legislature. I think we have a fairly good bill. It protects antelope and Mongolian or Chinese, and English pheasants for 5 years. Pheasants are being introduced into the state, and I hope, in 5 years, we can have fine sport with them.

The shipment of game from the state is prohibited. The netting of partridges or quails is prohibited at all seasons. It is unlawful to kill ducks and geese by any other means than ordinary guns, capable of being shot from the shoulder. It is unlawful to kill pheasants from February 1st to August 1st; antelope January 1st to September 1st; deer January 1st to September 1st; prairie chickens February 1st to August 1st; quails or partridges, March 15th to October 1st.

It is unlawful at any time to hunt deer, or any other game, by the aid of a hunting lamp, or lantern, or any other light used for the purpose of hunting at night. The possession of game during the close season "shall be prima facie evidence of the guilt of the person in possession thereof." The penalties are from \$10 to \$200.

T. A. Harrison.

I have been a reader of RECREATION for 2 years. It is the best of its kind, and I think it becomes better every issue. All lovers of out-door sport should be readers of it.

Small game, such as rabbits, quails, and squirrels, are plentiful here. This is also a good section for fishing, owing to the numerous lakes and streams; but the laws have been violated so much, of late, the fishing is not so good as formerly.

Our last legislature passed some good game and fish laws. Already some violators have been prosecuted. This will tend

to put a stop to such work, and permit our fish and game to increase again.

I was fishing recently, with an old angler, and we caught 92 fish, averaging about 1/2 pound each, which was all we could use. Our fish are bass, rock-bass, sunfish, perch, catfish, and pike, with suckers, and some others in the streams.

I am a lover of fishing and hunting, and am down on hogs and violators of game and fish laws. I heartily endorse the tone of RECREATION, in its scoring all such, and only wish we had more men to talk and act in the same way. J. I. F., Akron, Ind.

Michigan people know a thing or two about protecting fish and game. Here are some records that are good for sore eyes:

May, 1897, broke the record for arrests, in the state game and fish warden's department. There were 109 prosecutions and 96 convictions, growing out of 149 complaints, which were all investigated. Of the 109 cases there were only 6 acquittals. Two cases are still pending, and 5 were dismissed. There were only 3 arrests for violating the game laws, all the others being for fish law violations.

In April, 1896, there were 105 arrests, and in May, 1896, 99 arrests. As many violators are sometimes prosecuted in a single month, now, as were arrested in an entire year, when the department was first created, which indicates, in some degree, the growth of its efficiency. State Warden Osborn says Deputy Warden L. W. Watkins, of Manchester, was especially active and zealous during May.

If every state, and every county, could have such officers as these there would be game and fish for every one, for a thousand years.

A woman was appointed county game and fish warden, in Grand Traverse county, Mich., on the solicitation of herself and friends. She is Mrs. Warren Neal, and handles a gun and boat expertly, in addition to being a practical woodswoman. She is probably the only feminine game and fish warden in the world.

Chris Horandt, the silk manufacturer, paid \$123 for a woodcock dinner, this morning, and didn't get the dinner either. It appears Horandt ordered the birds from Charles Conklin, of Midvale, through Charles Coursen, a juror now in attendance on the county courts. Conklin says the written order said "Get the birds, and never mind the law." Conklin got a half dozen birds and collected \$3. Then Game Warden McLean arrested both men. They were arraigned before Justice John Keys and Horandt paid a fine of \$120. Conklin went to jail for 90 days. Coursen will step up to see the justice, later in the week.

James Stasso, who was arrested by Game Warden McLean, was fined \$80 for having 4 robins in his possession.—Paterson (N. J.) News.

This is mighty good medicine for law-breakers, and if game laws were administered as vigorously, everywhere, as they are in New Jersey there would be plenty of game in every state.—EDITOR.

Gabriella, Orange Co., Fla.

I have been a reader of RECREATION about one year, and cannot get along without it.

I have hunted and fished in almost every state in the Union, and have employed guides in numerous localities, but meeting with heavy losses in the North, and last in Florida, I am compelled to offer myself as a guide. I have been in Florida 12 years, am well informed as to the fishing and hunting grounds and think I could give satisfaction. I can give good Florida and Pennsylvania references as to my standing and reliability. We have 13 lakes within 1/2 mile to 1 1/2 miles from the house and good quail shooting. Deer and turkey ground is from 8 to 10 miles away. John Beidler.

West Superior, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: Last September we had good chicken shooting about 100 miles from here. Before the Hinckley fire, 3 years ago, there were no chickens within that distance, but now, anywhere within 10 miles of Hinckley they are abundant. Quails are also getting a good start about there, thanks to Minnesota's 3 years of protection.

Last winter we had an unusually heavy fall of snow, and the pot hunters had a snap, shooting deer all winter. One man was arrested and sentenced to a year in jail, but that is the only case of any one being interfered with. One of our game wardens refused to seize 40 carcasses of deer, on the track, consigned to Chicago parties; because, he said, there was no money in it for him.

Trout fishing is not so good as it was 3 or 4 years ago; although an angler can still get a good catch, early in the season, on the Brule river, 35 miles from here.

On the Nepigon river, last August, some friends of mine had great sport, and brought home one trout that weighed 5 pounds.

B. J. S.

Warren, Minn., is the best place for sportsmen, on the Great Northern Railway. It is 330 miles North of St. Paul. April is a good month for geese, but October is better.

A man makes a mistake who uses an 8 gauge gun, over decoys. A 10 gauge gun, with No. 2 shot, for geese, every time. I got in my pit at daylight, one frosty morning last October, with an 8 gauge, and had lively shooting for an hour. Twelve flocks of geese came to the decoys. I emptied 24 shells and only dropped 12 geese. With a lighter gun a man could have had at least 20 birds. The field was handy for a sneak and was covered with geese at evening. The farmer wanted me to crawl up and kill 20 at a shot, but I did not disturb

them, knowing they would come to feed in the morning, and the fun of seeing 12 geese fall beats a pot shot any time. It usually counts more birds too. My gun was only built for one bird at a time, and the reason I missed so many was because I did not have a crack shot in the pit with me, and I was able to count every miss. I will send you a photo of my next string of geese.

E. Blee, Warren, Minn.

One morning in June I saddled up to ride a circle in search of a strayed horse. I did not count the antelope I saw, but I was not out of sight of them, for more than half an hour, at any time during the forenoon. Sometimes I saw 2 or 3 small bunches at one time. They were in the scattering timber, small parks, and pot-hole country. I could have had a number of easy shots; but as this was in the close season, I did no shooting.

I also saw 3 elk and one moose. The latter was crossing a strip of park near my camp. I urged my horse along, which caused the moose to change his course and to pass within less than 50 yards of my tent, which it did not appear to notice.

I judged from the number of trout I saw in Jenny's lake, at the foot of the Grand Teton, some one will have good sport this fall.

O. F. Bike, Jackson, Wyo.

Great Falls, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: Last fall our party camped on Beaver lake, in Flathead county. The weather was perfect, with about 8 inches of fresh snow on the ground. Here the deer were not wild. We started out early one morning and after several hours' hard walking, through ravines and over ridges, with no success, we came to where 2 ridges met. There being 4 of us, we each took a side of a ridge, and continued farther up the mountain.

I was about discouraged, when I ran across fresh deer tracks. I started on the trail and soon came to a warm bed, from which a deer had started.

I continued to trail and on going over one ridge, saw the deer on another, about 100 yards ahead. I took a snap-shot, and the deer fell.

I hastened forward, but, when within a few yards, it jumped up and went over the ridge. I got another shot, making a clean miss.

Soon after, a shot came from over the ridge. I hastened forward and found one of my friends standing over the deer.

We hunted 2 days longer, going home with 14 deer.

O. E. T.

I have closed out my interest at Marvin Lodge, and have moved up here into Northwestern Wyoming, to live. I have

as partners W. F. Hill and Hermann Rich, both well known guides, and we shall put up a first class sportsmen's camp, here on the head of Green river. There are 7 of us in the party, with 70 horses and 21 dogs, and the bear and mountain lions are going to run up against a new deal. This is certainly a great game and fish country, and the people here are strongly in favor of protecting the game and fish. If only Uncle Sam would keep his pets at home all would be well; but that is not to be hoped for. It seems a pity that a lot of armed beggars should be allowed to defy the laws of a state and be backed up by the United States in doing it.

I hope to have some good stories for RECREATION when we get the hounds at work, next fall. We all want to see what they will do when they run up against a wolverine.

Wm. Wells, Cora, Wyo.

Can the editor, or any reader of RECREATION, tell me who is the game warden of this state? I have asked local sportsmen, but none of them seems to know.

A few days since, I heard a young fellow invite another to "come out some Sunday, and I'll show you some squirrel hunting." The game in this section of the country, while it consists mostly of rabbits, squirrels, and quails, will be more plentiful this fall than for several years previous. Still, the law breaker is among us, and it is not owing to any rigid enforcement of the game laws that the game will be less scarce than formerly. Down with the hog!

P. D. Q., Salem, O.

I have not the name and address of the game warden of your state, but if you will write the Secretary of State, Columbus, O., he will give you this information.—EDITOR.

There are a good many sportsmen in Wisconsin, but also a large number of game butchers. The game wardens do all they can, but there are not enough of them to enforce the law. Deer are unmercifully slaughtered, in the Northern part of the state, by lumbermen. The way jobbers and contractors use deer is shameful. Some supply their lumber camps with venison all winter regardless of the season, in place of beef or pork. They find it cheaper and more convenient.

Sam Crofoot, Fond du Lac, Wis.

I saw a letter from H. O. W. in a late issue of RECREATION, where you and he gave the trap shooters a roasting for slaughtering ducks, in Texas. I was there at the

time and wrote one of the weekly sportsmen's papers about it, but my letter was not published and the whole matter was hushed up.

J. C. French, M.D., Quebec, Can.

That's where RECREATION differs from some of the other alleged sportsmen's journals. It roasts game hogs, and fish hogs, wherever it finds them, no matter how many subscribers it may lose.—EDITOR.

Last Monday evening 2 deer came into town, with some cows. They came from the South and went through the main business street, a distance of 6 or 7 blocks, stopping several times on the way. The men on the street tried to surround and capture the deer, but they got away and went out at the North end of town. It would have made a grand picture; but, unfortunately, as it is not an every day occurrence, they took us unawares.

J. D. Jones, Kinneo, Me.

Geo. Cornell, Mt. Upton, N. Y., writes that the best grouse, squirrel and woodcock shooting to be found in the state, may be had in his vicinity, and that he will be glad to show visiting sportsmen where the game is. Mt. Upton is reached by the N. Y., O. & W. Ry. and is about 100 miles from New York. It would be well for sportsmen who wish to get a day or 2 of good shooting, within easy distance of the city, to communicate with Mr. Cornell.

My time lately has been put in between here and McDonald, and the only game I have seen was 3 black bear, on a snowslide, near Stony creek bridge.

Ed. G. W., Bevelstoke, B. C.

There will be plenty of water in the Horican marsh next fall, and that means good shooting.

B. W. H., Waupun, Wis.

All sorts of game are plenty. My brother and I caught some fine trout at Scott's Station, near here.

L. McC., Little Rock, Ark.

There are wild ducks, partridges, squirrels, rabbits, etc., here.

E. D. N., Hudson, N. Y.

We have deer and antelope in this section, but no bear.

W. P. R., Gillette, Wyo.

## FISH AND FISHING.

IS THE OUANANICHE A FRAUD?

Quebec, Can.

Editor RECREATION: I have just come down from Lake St. John, the home of the ouananiche. I read about that chap 15 years ago, and now that I have had him on deck, and had it out with him, I am going to tell the truth (paradoxical as it may seem, in a fisherman) about him.

First, it costs \$7 a day to fish for him. Second he does not rise to the fly. Let any man deny that if he can. No jump-clean out-turn over-and come down again-knock it with his tail-or get it any way, about him. He just opens his mouth and sucks it down. You never see him grab the fly; and after the reputation of rod smashing, jumping, wild horse tactics, he has, he was a sore disappointment to me.

I got 2, several times, and got them in swift water; fish that weighed 2 pounds apiece—not guess weight but actual weight. I had them both in the net and never lost one, in 3½ minutes by the watch, using a 7½ ounce rod.

Out of 20 fish only one jumped out of water. Gentle friends of the angle, it's my humble opinion, and that of the 4 friends who fished with me, that this chap is a bit overrated. One of these friends is an American who has fished the Nepigon and many other famous waters. Another is a Scotchman who owns waters and who fishes for salmon and trout, in this country and in Europe. So you see they are competent judges.

I am no sore-head. I have been fishing and hunting most of my time for 12 years; and you catch more ouananiche trolling your fly than by casting it. His food is *in* the swift water, not on it. He won't and can't "Jomp quinze fit hagh!" as the fat-pork-and-sundown French guides say he can.

Four pounds is a big ouananiche; and when you spend the time, and money (and it takes lots of both), you will think of the story of Hank White's beans, i.e., "He didn't git so many beans on that piece of land as he expected to, and he didn't expect he should when he planted 'em."

There are, as nearly as I can learn and see, about 5 or 6 miles of the Grand Discharge, and not one-fourth of that can be fished, because it is too rapid. The water was leased by Mr. Beanwar, of the Roberval hotel, the upper part I mean—and the lower by a trusted employee, Mr. Scott. Now there is friction and the water the hotel has is small in quantity and, in my opinion, sadly overfished. Railroad and steamboat connections are nil, before the

summer trains are put on, and 7 *simulations* per diem rather stiff when 6 men do not break a tip, lose a leader, nor catch a fish weighing over 4 pounds; when one and all declare the fish do not rise like a trout, or a salmon, and that they are not so good to eat, by any manner of means.

Had I been alone I might have swallowed some of the yarns about 6 pounders, later; but when I heard Mr. Cox's story I was certain Ananias's seed was not extinct. Six meant 2 and 4 meant 1½.

Mr. Cox is here and I am going to ask him some questions, when he comes to lunch. There are 4 others behind him and he was high line while there. More than that another Johnny has just gone up and is going to fish the best water. I will collar him when he comes down; for to take the hotel people at their word the fishing, this year, should be at its prime right now.

The foregoing is matter of opinion and I claim a right to mine. I have been there. True, I did not stay long; neither did any one else I saw, and I had a chance to see the catches of others, and to get their version of things in general. I believe the thing overdrawn. Having fished in many waters I carry a large bag of salt, and find it comes handy.

Mr. Cox has just come in and I asked him how he caught his ouananiche.

"All by trolling; none on the cast. My big basket was 19 fish, weight 30½ pounds. Largest fish 3 pounds. The guides said that would be the largest taken, as there were but one or 2 better last year. I believe them, and not the record book in the hotel.

"All my fish took the fly below water. Same thing in Metabetchuan, where I fished 3½ days and did not see a fish take the fly above water; nor did I see any one who did see it. The largest fish I saw up there weighed 4 pounds."

Now, there you are, just as we saw it. Use these letters as you please, so you get in the facts.

J. C. French, M.D.

KING AND BARTLETT LAKE.

W. D. GRUET.

Leaving Hartford on June 20, 1896, I spent the night at Portland, Me. The next morning the journey was resumed, and at Dead river station the stage was taken, for Eustis. About 3 miles from the station I saw my first wild deer. He was grazing, across the river, not over 150 yards from the road.

At 10 o'clock in the evening we were at Eustis. The next day's programme was a buckboard ride of 15 miles, to King and

Bartlett, where I arrived in the afternoon. This camp is about 50 yards from the shore of King and Bartlett lake, and consists of about 2 dozen log cabins.

The fishing at King and Bartlett is excellent. I took about 10 trout a day, averaging 1½ pounds. One day I caught 20, the lot weighing 27 pounds. I spent a day on Spencer stream, and though the trout were not biting freely I caught 100, weighing from 2 to 12 ounces each, and returned them all to the water except enough for dinner. Under favorable conditions one can take 100 trout an hour, from this stream, often 2 and even 3 at a cast.

The usual programme is a day at Spencer stream, a few days at Big Spencer lake, where togue or lake trout are abundant; then, taking the trail to Parker pond, where one can see deer galore; thence to Horse Shoe and Little King and Bartlett ponds; and back to the main camp, with several side trips.

I was fortunate in having Douglas E. Bloomfield as guide. He was efficient, and a very pleasant companion. I saw 14 deer, one fox, a loon, and several ruffed grouse, with their broods. The grouse were so tame one might have shot their heads off with a rifle. To my regret it was the close season; for I would have enjoyed this kind of target work. I also saw several moose tracks, but did not get a glimpse of the animals.

Near Gerard's camp, at the head of Big Spencer lake, I had a 75-yard snap-shot at a buck, with my 4x5 Premo, getting an excellent negative. This being my first photograph of a wild animal, in his native haunts, it is a souvenir I highly prize.

Three young men of Hartford were sojourners at the camp. They are very enthusiastic over this region, preferring it to the Adirondacks, where they have passed several vacations. They saw 23 deer at Parker pond, in about one hour. The day before leaving they caught 5 trout, that weighed 10 pounds, off the wharf. These they took home with which to silence sceptics. One of the boys caught 3 trout weighing 4 pounds, at one cast.

After having experienced the excitement of battling with gamy trout, and the romance of roaming through grand old forests, breathing aromatic odors of fir, spruce and pine, I returned to my work with renewed zest. The good health I have since enjoyed proves a trip to King and Bartlett is a "bracer" that will keep one "braced."

#### AFTER TARPON IN TEXAS.

Galveston, Texas.

Editor RECREATION: Tarpon were never so plentiful in these waters as during last summer. Late in the evening they would bite well on cut bait. The first day our

party was at San Luis pass, we lost 18 hooks and any amount of line, while fishing for mackerel. We were using light tackle and live bait, so the tarpon had a regular picnic, at our expense. When the mackerel stopped biting, Stanley got out his tarpon rig, and inside of 10 minutes had a tarpon hooked. After playing him about 45 minutes he succeeded in getting the fish into shallow water, where I went out and speared him.

The next morning I waded into the pass, to my waist, made one or 2 unsuccessful casts, and was about to give it up, when I had a hard strike. At the time my left hand was clasped over the rod and line. Before I could put the brake on with my right hand, the fish rushed about 115 yards, and the line burnt holes in my fingers. This was all done in about 3 seconds.

Finally I turned the tarpon and started for shore, to gain more slack. At this he made another turn and began to leap. He would leap about every 2 minutes, but I did not give him an inch of line. When he came my way I reeled in slack and worked toward shore. When he started out, I shut down on him and followed him to deep water. Several times I followed, up to my shoulders; but always turned the fish, until once, when out as deep as I could go, I had to give a little line. He had to fight for every inch he got. The line was nearly all gone, so I decided to break loose rather than lose it. I shut down on it and fortunately turned him. He made a rush toward shore, and I could not reel fast enough to take in the slack. Had he made another outward run I should have lost him. After nearly 2 hours of hard work I landed my fish, with the help of one of the boys and a gig. That was the hardest work I ever did in 2 hours. My left arm ached and the fingers on my left hand still show scars, from the burn.

Our party was composed of Stanley Sinclair, George Anderson, Victor Pichard, Chas. Holt and me. During our stay we caught, in the day-time, all the trout and mackerel we could eat, and went floundering at night. Each of the boys caught a tarpon and they could have caught more if they had played them. Then the angler would put on a new hook and make another cast for trout or mackerel. The largest mackerel taken was 32 inches in length and weighed over 4 pounds, dressed.

Any Northern sportsman wishing to catch tarpon, pompano, trout, mackerel, jack-fish, alligator-gars, sting-rays or green turtles, should come to the Gulf coast during May, June, July or August; he can then catch all he wants.

I would like to exchange game pictures, unmounted, with some other reader of RECREATION.

We have a shell road running 16 miles down the island, and we do all of our snipe

and plover hunting on bicycles. I mean we use a bicycle instead of a horse, but I have shot plover from my wheel.

Charis Rogers.

L. C. Flynt, wife and son, and A. D. Norcross and wife, of Monson, Mass., with F. G. Nelson and wife, of New York, made an enjoyable trip through Nova Scotia during the first 2 weeks of June.

Their route was from Boston to Yarmouth, by steamer; thence by stage to Tusket and return; thence by steamer along the beautiful South shore, touching at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax, and returning by rail, through the Evangeline country, Annapolis and Digby to Yarmouth, and thence by steamer to Boston. At Tusket they had 1½ days of fishing, on the North branch of the river, taking 65 fair sized rainbow trout and brook trout, on small, dark-colored flies. From Shelburne the party drove 16 miles to Upper Clyde, where the product of 4 days of fishing was 172 brook trout, averaging nearly ¾ of a pound. Large flies, Montreal, Brown Hackle, Parmachene Belle and Silver Doctor, on No. 4 hooks, were the most successful. From Liverpool the anglers drove 3 miles to Milton, where 2 salmon, weighing respectively 8¼ and 8½ pounds, were taken, on a Silver Doctor and trout tackle.

Editor RECREATION: Will you kindly inform me as to whether there is such a fish as a strawberry bass; and whether or not it is a true bass. We sometimes catch them here and I have had the fact disputed.

D. Thompson, Troy, N. Y.

There is such a fish as the strawberry bass. It is also called calico bass, grass bass, barfish, and sometimes crappie, though it is not the true crappie. The strawberry bass is known in the books as *Pomoxis sparoides* while the true crappie is *Pomoxis annularis*. They both belong to the same family as the large-mouthed black bass, the small-mouthed black bass, and all the sunfishes.

The strawberry bass has 7 or 8 sharp spines in its dorsal or back fin, while the crappie has but 5 or 6. The anal fin in the crappie is plain, while in the other it is strongly reticulated with darker. The strawberry bass reaches a length of a foot or more, is a splendid pan fish, and is found from the Great Lakes and upper Mississippi valley South to Texas. It prefers clear, running streams, while the crappie is most abundant in lakes and bayous.

Everyone who travels over the O. & W. R. R. knows big hearted, jovial, honest Bill Keener, who keeps the hotel at Rockland, Sullivan county, N. Y.

No slicker fly fisherman ever cast a fly on the Beaverkill, which runs by the rear of his pleasant hostelry. Bill recently had the good fortune to pick out a 4½ pound trout, on a No. 8 Reuben Wood fly. The fish was a beauty, and up to date there is no record of a larger one being caught, on a fly, in the Beaverkill.

It would do you good to hear Bill tell how he caught him. Every plunge, every run, he made, is explained by this expert with the keenest delight.

Bill presented the fish to Mr. Star Church, the popular O. & W. conductor. If you ever go to Sullivan county get Bill to go out with you, and you will have the company of a true angler and will return with a well filled creel.

L. Roth, Middletown, N. Y.

I consider RECREATION the loveliest and best sportsmen's magazine published. Every sportsman should read it.

In perusing a recent number an article entitled, "Rangeley Trout Lore" attracted my attention. I have had the pleasure of visiting the Rangeley lakes several times, and of spending a few delightful months on their picturesque borders. One cannot appreciate them, however much he may read of them, until he has taken, at least, a short sojourn there; when their magnificent scenery, salubrious climate, fine hunting and fishing, all will conduce to make him declare them a veritable sportsmen's paradise.

I have camped from Umbagog to Parmachenee; have hunted the deer, trapped the mink and sable, caught the trout and the salmon, and now I am firmly convinced that a place better adapted to sportsmen does not exist. To all who wish a good time, and one they will never forget, I say go to the Rangeleys.

Walter H. Bond, Freeport, L. I.

Mr. C. B. Barton, superintendent of the Electro-Chemical Works, of this place, went to Garland pond a short time ago and had some good trout fishing. He has a trick of getting trout when others fail. In this case he used a 6 foot leader, with a bait on the tip and 2 flies trailing. On one occasion he filled the leader beautifully. Putting a 4½ pounder on the tip, Mr. Barton began playing him when a 1½ pounder struck the second fly and a one pounder took the third. Mr. Barton carefully coaxed them up to the boat in order that the guide might take a part in the play. After a time the net was placed under the largest fish and the leader was severed with a knife. The 4½ pounder being taken in out of the wet, the others soon followed.

Mr. Barton said these trout showed a decided lack of "team training"—not work-

ing together at all, but that they made up in muscle what they lacked in skill.

C. B. H., Rumford Falls, Me.

The season just past was an unusually good one for deep sea fishing near Avalon, Santa Catalina island. May was a particularly good month. Launches and yachts were kept busy taking the visiting anglers to the fishing-grounds. C. F. Holder, well known to the readers of RECREATION, was among the men who captured big fish on light tackle. On a 10-ounce rod he took, one week in May, a 44-pound sea-bass, a 30-pound albacore, and a yellow-tail of 17 pounds.

Trolling from yachts, for barracuda, is a favorite sport. A party of 5 anglers, in one afternoon, in this way took 194 of these fish. During one hour, using only 5 lines, 160 were landed. Previous to this, the largest catch, for the season, was 154 barracuda, which were landed in 2 hours. One catch of 20 fish was made in 30 minutes.\*

Mackerel began running about June 1st, off Redondo, Cal. July, August, and September, however, are the best months for mackerel, both at Redonda and Catalina.

B. C. H., Los Angeles, Cal.

I send you this clipping to let you see what we are doing for fish protection, in this part of the state. The 4 men were each fined \$25.

Have also, in the last few weeks, pulled a number of illegal nets.

Frank A. Hackleman,  
Deputy Fish Commissioner.

The clipping reads as follows:

For some time it has been known that men have been seining the streams, and using dynamite. Deputy Fish Commissioner, Frank Hackleman, heard of this and has been watching for the offenders.

Recently he went to Dublin and had warrants issued for the arrest of David and Oliver Chrisman and Charles and Oliver Ostheimer. They were charged with violating the fish laws, by using a seine. Constables Green and Smith, of Dublin, and Reese, of this city, served the warrants. Prosecutor Metzger, of Wayne county, has the case in hand and the matter will be pushed to the end. The fine attached to each offence, like this, is not less than \$5 nor more than \$200. There are some 20 witnesses in this case.

I am always glad to learn of convictions, for violations of fish or game laws; and would be glad if my readers would report all such as they may hear of. Commissioner Hackleman deserves great credit for his prompt and energetic action in this case.—EDITOR.

The Camp Comfort Club, composed of Massachusetts and Rhode Island men, is having great luck fishing at Moosehead

\* Here are some men who are sadly in need of the civilizing influence of RECREATION, and if B. C. H. will send me their names and addresses I will gladly send them copies of this issue, with this paragraph marked.—EDITOR.

lake. On one day, 83 square tailed trout and 34 lakers were caught, a total of 117 fish. The largest trout weighed 3½ pounds, and the largest laker 14¼ pounds. The next day the total catch was 142 fish; the largest trout 4½ pounds and the largest laker 15¼ pounds.

The club record was broken by Milton Payne, who caught a laker weighing 17½ pounds and measuring 3 feet in length. Mr. Payne was an hour and 20 minutes landing his fish. The club has so far caught over 20 trout that would weigh over 3 pounds each. G. M. H., Bangor, Me.

L. E. K., West Fairview, hits the nail on the head when he asks for something for the beginner. Will some one please tell us how to cast the first fly?

I have as good an outfit as there is in the market, yet I cannot get my fly more than 20 feet away. Please give me my first lesson, or tell me where I can get it.

Fish Crank, Salina, Utah.

Will some fly caster please respond? There are several books that give these rudimentary lessons but I should be glad to print some original instructions, in RECREATION, if some of my friends will kindly furnish them.—EDITOR.

I send you to-day, a brown trout weighing 4 pounds 2 ounces, which was taken by Bill Keener, of Rockland, N. Y., under the railroad bridge over the Beaverkill.

This makes Keener's third big fellow this season. His first was taken in the same place, and weighed 4 pounds 10 ounces; and the second 5 pounds 2 ounces.

Please report this in RECREATION.

J. M. T., Williamsport, N. Y.

I measured this trout and he was exactly 20 inches long. He was a handsome, robust specimen, and Mr. Keener is to be congratulated on his rare good luck.—EDITOR.

Dr. Edward Hamm and C. A. Walker, of Chelsea, Mass., with the Hon. David Smith of Washington, D. C., enjoyed a successful fishing trip to Nova Scotia last spring. They crossed over from Boston to Yarmouth, via Yarmouth S. S. Co., and went into the woods from Hectanooga, a station on the D. & A. Ry., 21 miles North of Yarmouth. Striking the headwaters of the North Branch of the Tusknet river they spent the last 2 weeks of May fishing the river and its tributaries, down to Tusknet. They caught all the trout they could use, beside a supply for their friends. In consequence of unusually high water they used large, light colored flies, salmon sizes being the most successful.

## SULLIVAN COUNTY NOTES.

The Trout fishing in Sullivan County, N. Y., is better this year than for several seasons past. The following items are a few, only, of the many that could have been gathered from local newspapers:

William Keener, of the Roscoe House, caught, at the forks of the Beaverkill and Willowemoc, 2 trout which weighed, together, 6 pounds 6 ounces. The largest weighed 4½ pounds and measured 22 inches in length. The smaller one weighed 2 pounds, lacking 2 ounces. Both of these trout were caught at nearly the same place and within a few minutes of each other, on a No. 8 fly hook.

General Superintendent Edward Canfield, of the O. & W., was presented with a trout, Saturday, which weighed 2½ pounds and measured 17 inches. It was caught on a fly, by Walter Peak, at Trout Brook. He had one of the proudest fights in his fishing career, in landing it.

"Ding" Darling and Charles Smith visited the West Branch of the Neversink, near Claraville, and brought home over 300 trout.

T. E. Hayes and W. L. Millsbaugh caught 21 trout, in the Willowemoc, which weighed 20 pounds.

Howard Fredenburgh caught a California trout, under Sherwood's mill dam, at Livingston Manor, which was 10½ inches long and weighed 3½ pounds. He caught a second one, a little later, which weighed about 1½ pounds.

Gus Kaiser and Jack Morris, of New York, spent 2 weeks at D. Murdock's, near Parksville, on a trout fishing excursion. They report the fishing excellent, having caught 59 the first 2 days. Mr. Kaiser caught a trout 19 inches long, in the Little Beaverkill.

O. H. Brown, of Middletown, caught 37 trout in the Willowemoc, Thursday.

Emery Keene of Emmons ville, near Livingston Manor, caught a lake trout, weighing 4 pounds, in Forest lake, and Israel Winner caught a brook trout there which was 16 inches long.

F. G., New York City.

We have good fishing here. A friend and I caught, in 2½ hours, in Lake Underhill, a mile from Orlando, 29 black bass, weighing ¾ of a pound to 3 pounds each; one weighed 12 pounds. I fished, while my companion managed the boat. I used a No. 12 Bristol steel rod—the best rod made for the money—and a No. 2 spoon. This I consider the most killing bait on the market.

A. M. N., Orlando, Fla.

I think RECREATION the brightest and best sportsmen's journal published.

Fishing in local streams, Big and Little Miami, last spring was not good. Too much rain; still, some nice strings were caught. Jas. Hickman (Kingfisher), caught 12 fish, averaging a pound each; and I caught 8, about the same size, in one day's fishing.

T. L. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The game laws are not enforced as they should be, in this section. Still, there is better fishing in Seneca river than for some time past. It is easy to get a good string almost any day; pickerel, mostly, being the catch now. One man, in one afternoon, got 32, of 2 to 8 pounds each. Whipping with pole and spoonhook, is the best way to catch them.

J. O. B., Savannah, N. Y.

Fishing is good in the Yellowstone, and smaller streams. An angler caught a rainbow trout, recently, weighing 6 pounds 6 ounces. The Park line is here, and the streams are teeming with all the trout species—salmon, rainbow, brown, brook, and Loch Leven. We also have good grayling fishing, on the Madison.

J. W. H., Crevasse, Mont.

I have been propagating muskalonge, on Lost lake, in Northern Wisconsin. This is at the head of the Chippewa river, in one of the wildest places in America, where the waters are alive with fish, and the forests full of game. Lost lake is one of a chain of 4 lakes, in Sawyer county, 45 miles from Lake Superior.

F. W. Cheney, Jamestown, N. Y.

A party of 4, of whom Irving Totten was one and I another, started to fish at 9.30, one morning, and stopped at 3 p.m. A count showed almost 300 smelt and about a dozen perch. We divided and went home.

D. G. McR., Washington, D. C.

Expect to start soon for the Kedgwick river; in New Brunswick. This is a branch of the Restigouche, and has been leased by a few of us, for the term of 5 years.

H. O. W., Philadelphia, Pa.

Have just returned from my annual visit to Lake Winnipeg, for trout. Had a very enjoyable trip, catching 19 lake trout, weighing 84 pounds.

J. H. S., Haverhill, Mass.

The fishing season started in very favorably at Catalina island. Many yellow-tail, sea bass, etc., are taken daily.

B. C. H., Los Angeles, Cal.

Would like to see an article on pickerel fishing, in South Jersey ponds.

E. J. McM., Philadelphia, Pa.

There was some great fishing at Greenboro, Vt., last season.

A. W. S., Morrisville, Vt.

We have good trout fishing here.

J. E. B., Dingman's Ferry, Pa.

## GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

### TWO GOOD GUNS.

Des Moines, Ia.

Editor RECREATION.—We read a great deal in the sportsmen's press, from owners of guns, each writer commending the gun of his choice and advising brother shooters to buy guns of that make, regardless of the fact that what suits one shooter, to perfection, may not fill the bill for another man who may use his gun for a different purpose, and who handles and cares for it differently.

I do not wish to pose as an authority on the subject of guns and shooting. What I have learned has been learned in that best of all schools, practical experience. I have expended many a good dollar in guns, and have owned or shot all the better makes of American guns, carefully noting what I considered the good points and the weak points in all.

I finally concluded to order an imported gun, for trap use; and after looking over cuts of the several makes of good London and Birmingham guns I finally decided to buy either a Greener or a Cashmore. I had used a Greener and liked the shooting qualities and the durability of them. I should, in all probability, have sent in my order for that make of gun, had it not happened that about that time our fellow townsman, C. W. Budd, shot 2 matches here, with Dr. W. F. Carver, and that I had an opportunity to examine and note the deadly execution of the Cashmore, in the hands of this well known expert shot. That settled the matter. What is good enough for a shooter such as Carver is good enough for an amateur of average shooting ability. Mr. Cashmore received my order and, in due time, built me a gun of which I am proud every time I put it to my shoulder. He charged me a reasonable price and is a gentleman to deal with. My only regret is that the gun is too finely finished to hunt with.

Not wishing to wait the length of time it would require to order a second gun, from Birmingham, I concluded to buy an American gun, of cheap grade, for hunting purposes.

I ordered a Hollenbeck, or Syracuse, gun, on condition that I should give it a thorough trial, for a reasonable length of time, and if it did not prove satisfactory I was to return it and get my money back.

I did not return the gun. It answers the purpose admirably. Indeed it would be hard to find a more durable or a better shooting gun than this little 7½ pound No. O grade Syracuse.

Sportsmen you pay your money and take

your choice. I do not wish to dictate to anyone what gun he shall buy; but for a high grade, hand made gun the Cashmore is a lot of gun for the money. For a machine made gun the Syracuse is excellent value. Amateur.

### HOW TO LOAD.

Editor RECREATION: I should like to explain to G. E. S. and 11 Gauge, who replied to G. E. S.'s inquiry, my method for using 11 gauge wads in 12 gauge paper shells; not with the idea, however, of improving on 11 Gauge's device, but to give G. E. S., or any other fellow sportsman, a simpler and cheaper method.

I take an ordinary brass, or nickel loader, into the base of which I fit a circular band of copper or heavy tin sheeting; when properly fitted, so that it just fits the calibre of the loader, push it up until it rests between the barrel of the loader and the shell protectors, so that the end of the shell just comes against it. Your loader is now ready for use and will either load new shells, or will reload those that have been used without swelling the shell.

A little experimenting will show you the proper thickness of copper, or tin, of which to make the circular band. I use copper  $\frac{3}{16}$  of an inch in thickness, and could use a little thicker.

This contrivance is original with me, and if any lover of the gun, who wishes to try this method and does not clearly understand, or fails to succeed, will send me his address I will gladly explain further. I am using this device and will fill an empty nitro 12 gauge shell, which has been fired, with 11 gauge wads  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch, and send it for inspection; also a new shell filled in same way.

I do not think this superior to 11 Gauge's device, but it is simpler, cheaper, and can be used to reload as well as for new shells.

Dr. F. S., Clarksville, N. Y.

The shells are well loaded and the device seems a good one.—EDITOR.

### A WORD FOR THE SAVAGE.

I see there have been some inquiries in RECREATION about the Savage rifle, and I want to say a word in its favor. I think it is one of the best smokeless rifles on the market.

First,—it is simple of construction, durable and finely finished.

Second,—it has a circular magazine, thereby obviating the danger of exploding shells in it.

Third,—you can load it easily and rapidly, when used to it.

Fourth,—you can also use short range loads, in the regular shell made for the rifle.

Fifth,—it has a positive safety, making an accidental discharge impossible, when the safety is on.

Sixth,—it is the easiest to manipulate of any lever gun on the market.

Seventh,—the extractor is positive and powerful, ejecting the shell to the right with great force.

Eighth,—the gun is handsome, well balanced and weighs but  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds.

I have used the short range cartridges and find them accurate at 30 yards, shooting at same elevation as the regular charge, at that distance. Have never shot them at long range.

I have not had an opportunity to use a Savage on game, but from the way the soft nosed bullets tear holes in targets I made, by setting up dry spruce boards, an inch apart, I should think they had as much stopping power as a 50 express, without the weight, smoke or recoil of the 50.

Percy J. Bowker, Wakefield, Mass.

#### ABOUT LYMAN SIGHTS.

Portersville, O.

Editor RECREATION: I notice some of your readers are making inquiries as to the Lyman sights, on rifles. In my opinion a Lyman combination rear, and ivory bead front sight, on any rifle, doubles its value, for either hunting or target work. More accurate shooting can be done, under all weather conditions, and in all conditions of light, than with any kind of open sights.

With a Marlin 32-20 rifle, and Lyman sights, I have placed shot after shot in very small targets, at distances of 20 to 50 yards, after it was so dark I could not have seen through a crotch sight. If I could not get another set I would not sell mine and use open sights again, for the price of a new rifle.

One of my friends has a 25-20 Marlin and was using open sights, but after using my rifle one day he was thoroughly convinced of the superiority of Lyman sights, and at once ordered a set. The ivory bead is much superior to the hunting sight, for the front in my estimation.

Now a word as to choice of rifle. For an all round small game and target rifle, the 32-20 Marlin can not be improved on. Such a rifle will give the user more satisfaction than any of the new models lately brought out. It is more easily cleaned and it is easier to clean and reload the shells than it is the extreme bottle necked shells.

By doing your own loading you can shoot a 32-20 about as cheap as a 22. With the 32, small game is generally killed if only grazed; while with the 22 it takes a centre shot to kill game dead. But whatever cartridge you choose, you can not make a mistake in buying a Marlin.

J. T. Maris.

#### AMMUNITION.

Having carefully tested both my guns with the different nitros, I find the Cashmore makes the best pattern with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  drams of nitro,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  ounces of chilled 7s, in smokeless or leader shells. The Syracuse does the better with 3 drams nitro and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  ounces 6 shot. It also makes a fine pattern with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  drams of F. F. E. G. black powder, which load I use in my second barrel, in duck shooting.

I should like some brother shooter, who has used the new semi-smokeless, made by the King Powder Co., to give us the results. The advance in price of Shultz & E. C., makes trap shooting expensive sport, and it would be good policy for us to find some cheaper load until the price of nitro comes down.

Your correspondent "11 Gauge" sends out of what I consider a dangerous loading block. No doubt it will seat the wads without swelling the shell; but if a shell should, by any chance, explode in the block it may do more. It may also kill the operator. I once knew of a shell exploding in a wooden block without doing much damage, beyond making kindling wood of the block. Suppose it had been a steel block. The charge would then have come out like a charge from a gun, at short range. Life is too short to take such chances, or to bother with loading one shell at a time when a good 50 hole block can be bought for a few cents. An 11 gauge wad can be loaded in a wooden block, without swelling the shell, if care be taken.

You need not use 11 gauge wads in modern guns, bored for nitro powders, and will get but indifferent results even if you use 11 gauge wads in the old style American guns which were not bored for the new powders.

Amateur, Des Moines, Ia.

#### LYMAN SIGHTS AND REPEATING SHOT GUNS.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: I wish to say, in answer to P. J. M., as to Lyman sights, that I consider them the best in the market, and I have used nearly all the others. The Lyman sights undoubtedly facilitate shooting, both in the woods and in the open, and strain the eye as little as possible, if any at all. The game is readily seen, through and

over these sights, and the strain on the eye is reduced to a minimum.

The ivory bead for the muzzle, and the triangle of ivory, set in a rectangular leaf of steel, which lies flush with the barrel when not in use, for the breech, make the finest open sights; and with the Lyman combination rear sight, for long range, which is placed on the stock just back of the trigger, a man must be hard to please if these do not fill the bill.

The placing of a sight as far back as the latter is of great advantage for accurate shooting, inasmuch as the greater the distance between the 2 sights the more readily is any deflection in the aim appreciated.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

I am a great admirer of RECREATION and am specially interested in "Guns and Ammunition"; but I think some of your correspondents must be inspired when they tell about killing game at 127 yards, with a shot gun, using  $3\frac{1}{4}$  drams powder and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  ounces No. 8 shot.

I do not believe any shot gun will throw No. 8 shot hard enough to kill game at 127 yards. I should like to ask Mr. Pinkham if he would be willing to make an oath that he shot 127 yards and killed game, with the charge as above stated; also what the game was.

I own a Forehand gun, that I think shoots about as close as any of them, though I do not claim it is the closest shooting gun in this world; but if I ever see any game at 127 yards, the game will be perfectly safe, whether I have No. 8 shot or No. 1 shot in my shells. I shall not waste any good powder at that distance.

Now brother sportsmen, give us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

E. I. Latham, Hinsdale, N. H.

After testing the new semi-smokeless powder, the latest product of the King Powder Co., I have nothing but praise for it. When shot from a rifle, it is as accurate as black powder; a little stronger, bulk for bulk, than ordinary f.f.g., while it burns remarkably moist and clean in the barrel.

It is loaded the same as common black powder and strong primers are not necessary. It possesses all the good qualities of the best nitro compounds, but is sold at half their cost. I have no interest whatever in the sale of this or any other powder. I only wish to call the attention of brother sportsmen to a good thing.

J. P.

In the June number of RECREATION, "Moody" says he is looking for a repeater

that will shoot the 22 calibre cartridge as good as a certain little single shot. I would recommend the Marlin 22 calibre as a rifle of the most extreme accuracy. A friend of mine owns one, and from the trials I have made with it, I know it will shoot as well as any rifle can be made to shoot.

G. H. Swift, Harbor Springs, Mich.

Will some reader of RECREATION kindly give me his opinion of the Remington rifle, No. 2, for wing shooting.

I prefer the .22 calibre rifle, of that make, but am willing to yield to wiser heads if they think the .32 is better.

Would also like the advice of some reader as to the kind, model and calibre of rifle which could be used to best advantage for the game in the Adirondack mountains.

M. A. Lewis, Long Branch, N. J.

Will some of the readers of RECREATION tell me how heavy a pull they consider best for a hunting rifle, on which it is impossible to put a set trigger?

I read RECREATION with great interest, and find but one fault. It does not come often enough.

J. S. Barron, M.D., New York City.

I should like to hear from some of the shooters who have used the 25-20 Winchester repeater, model 1892, the 25-35 Winchester repeater, model 1894, or the 25-36 Marlin repeater, model 1893.

I can't see how anybody who likes to shoot or fish can do without RECREATION.

J. M. M., Beloit, Wis.

I would like to hear from some of the shooters who have used a 25-36 Marlin repeater.

Can black, or low pressure nitro powders, with lead bullets, be used in this arm, with any degree of success? RECREATION is the king of sportsmen's magazines.

J. M. Miller, Verdery, S. C.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

Study the anatomy of the grizzly on page viii. Mark the 3 shots, as you think they were planted, and send in the result.

Where would you aim at a grizzly, if he were walking slowly by, at 50 yards? This is a mighty serious question, when you come to sit down and think of it. Take 3 shots at the one on page viii, and send in your score.

## MY "RECREATION."

HON. S. B. MCMANUS.

Dedicated with hale and hearty regards, to the readers of this magazine.

With wooing easy chair drawn close beside  
the fire,  
Whose warmth and light just strike the  
happy mien,  
In comfort quite complete—with little to  
desire,  
My pipe fresh filled with brave old "nico-  
tine,"  
I open up my book, that care-kill book of  
mine  
And yield myself to thought that comes  
near to divine.

No more of anxious care (why must one  
care and fret,  
Till life seems but an irony at best?)  
With mind and heart unchained—no tram-  
mel, but to let  
Them wander as they list in happy, joyous  
zest.  
O work begone, and care and fret good-  
by;  
I'm once again beneath God's clean and  
clear blue sky!

I breathe the scent of trees—the balsam-  
laden air,  
And catch the whispered gossip of the  
leaves,  
And see the birds enplumed in garments  
rich and fair—  
And lo! I hear a song as in and out it  
weaves  
Its happy way in scores of dainty lore,  
While bush and branches wave a hearty,  
hale encore.

I note the splash of trout within the moun-  
tain stream—  
I see the lake, betrayed, yield up its choic-  
est gift,  
I hear the thrilling click and catch the flash  
and gleam  
Of reel, and see the rod its brave game up-  
ward lift.  
A thousand lakes I see and rivers like a  
strand  
Of quivering, laughing light illumining the  
land.

Anon, I see the flash (or is it lightning's  
play?)  
Of gun and hear the peal (or is it thunder's  
crash?)  
Of rifle, as it speeds the bullet on its way;  
And see the game through brake and tangle  
lash.  
That strange thrill fills my soul—so hard  
in words to tell—  
The joy of prizes won—the sorrow that  
they fell!

The camp fire, too, I see—that beacon of  
the wood,  
And round it with boon comrades do I sit;  
And feel that glowing sense of freedom  
rare and good—  
While incense-like come perfumes from  
the spit  
Of broiling steak or fish—a feast fit for a  
god,  
The trophies of the chase, the harvest of the  
rod.

And thus I think and think and dreaming,  
smoke and smoke,  
And con the smiling pages one by one,—  
And inward bless the man whose spell can  
thus invoke  
By print so great a joy; a task is sure well  
done  
O RECREATION, where one pain is turned to  
bliss,  
And yours a thousand turns, my brave  
young alchemist.

## NATURAL HISTORY.

### COYOTES ALSO DOPE.

Railroad Creek Lake, Chelan, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: I notice Mr. E. S. Thompson's query regarding the habit wolves have of rolling in decomposing animal matter, and Mr. T. seeks further enlightenment on this subject. This habit is not confined to wolves alone, but most, if not all, members of the canine race are more or less addicted to it. I have shot and trapped a number of coyotes in Montana, and have observed many little points that were of interest to me. Among them was the practice alluded to.

The coyote rolls in carrion and apparently enjoys the sensation. I have seen one in the act of doing so. He was doping in the entrails of a dead horse. This coyote had been feeding on the carcass, but selected the meat on the under side of the loin for its meal, and then rolled its head, neck, shoulders, and breast in the offal, exactly as a dog will disport itself on the grass, after having a bath. What its object was I never could guess, but always supposed the odor was pleasing to the coyote.

Dogs do the same. When with a party of English sportsmen, in the Belt mountains, we had a large English retriever, which was very intelligent and companionable. One evening he came in in the most vile condition imaginable. His black curly coat was covered with filth and showed too clearly, even if the soul stirring odor had not convinced us, where he had been. He was not allowed in or near the house for a week. Even small, carefully kept pet dogs indulge in this luxury when they have the chance; but opportunities are not so plentiful in a town, or in a thickly inhabited country. On the stock ranges, dead animals are plentiful.

This retriever I have mentioned had no special need to disguise his scent. How then, can his actions be accounted for? I am of the opinion dogs and wolves enjoy the smell of putrid meat and we all know how dogs bury bones and meat until they get "high" and tender. Coyotes do this too, for I found where one had buried a dead lamb. It bore the regular coyote mark—a bite across the neck.

While writing these items I am wondering whether a fox will indulge in this practice. They were very scarce in the section of Montana I lived in, and opportunities for observing their ways were correspondingly so. There is one other animal that does roll in filth, and that is the otter.

With me now is a hunter and trapper, of 25 years' experience. He has trapped fur bearing animals of all kinds, in the Idaho mountains. He tells me an otter

will go some distance from the rivers it haunts, if there is a dead and decomposing animal to be found, and will roll and disport itself among the entrails, although it will not eat a morsel unless hard pressed with hunger. This man caught a number of otters, in the Salmon river country and, whenever possible, would place rotten meat near the river to attract them.

Chas. Greenwood.

I should like to say to Ernest Seton Thompson, in reply to his inquiry in June RECREATION, as to the habit of animals rolling in carrion, that I have a Gordon setter which always does this when any carrion is found that is too filthy to eat.

I first noticed it last winter, when a decayed fish was found in the snow. After smelling it the dog rolled on it; and for several days thereafter she would go out of her way to roll where the fish lay, under the snow. Again last spring I found her rolling on the decayed body of a hen. At other times I have discovered traces of filth on her back, which proved that this is a habit with her, and that the habit is not confined entirely to wolves.

I should like to hear an explanation, and to learn a way to stop the dog of thus polluting herself. G. H. R., Necedah, Wis.

I notice in this month's RECREATION, Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson's query as to whether any of the readers of RECREATION have noticed the habit wolves have of rolling in carrion that they would not deign to eat. This trait of the wolf never came under my observation; but I have owned several English and Irish setters that had adopted that manner of perfuming themselves, whenever they could find the perfumery. The reason for such action never occurred to me until I ran across Mr. Thompson's article. I have owned dogs of various other breeds, but have never seen any of them scent themselves in this obnoxious fashion. I would be pleased to hear from others, through the columns of RECREATION, in regard to this peculiarity.

K. H. Cressman, Leech, Minn.

I notice in your June number an inquiry by Mr. Thompson as to the reason for wolves rolling in carrion. His suggestion that wolves do this to overcome the odor natural to them, in order to make it easier to avoid causing fear to other animals, seems rather far-fetched. It is undoubtedly a habit belonging to the dog tribe, as dogs almost invariably roll in the carcass of a dead animal. I cannot say they use all dead animals thus, as I have observed it only in the case of cattle, whose carcasses are common in the cattle region, and are

large enough to give the dogs opportunity to roll completely. In all probability dogs do this to drive away fleas—at least I can think of no other good reason. Dogs frequently roll on the ground or floor, apparently to produce a reaction of the skin, and to get relief from fleas, and in my opinion they roll in carcasses for the same purpose.

R. M. Allen, Ames, Neb.

Noting Mr. E. S. Thompson's inquiry as to whether or not others had noticed the habit which wolves have of scenting themselves, by rolling in carrion: I have not had the opportunity to observe the habits of wolves in this respect; but it is common to nearly or quite all dogs, whether of high or low degree.

I have also observed the same habit in cats; but in only a few instances. From the action of the animal while engaged in rolling in the carrion I believe the motive is one of personal gratification, as they seem to enjoy the odor and exhibit every sign of pleasure during the action.

F. C. Koons, Louisville, Ky.

#### THOSE DROOPING HORNS.

San Diego, Cal.

Editor RECREATION: It is of record in Holy Writ that "The Preacher" in Ecclesiastes, commonly held to be Solomon, the wise son of David (on both of whom be peace), maintained that "The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." It is the purpose of this screed to put in evidence an odd instance of the accuracy of this solemn dictum of the aforesaid Solomon, wisest of mortals, youngest son of David and Bathsheba, and remote progenitor of Christ, according to Matthew, but not according to Luke (on all of whom be peace).

In June RECREATION there is a picture of a lophorned antelope. A note accompanying the illustration states that, previous to his reduction to the last common denominator of the deer family, viz. venison, the former and original proprietor of the head had the strange habit of walking backward while feeding; being compelled to do so by his long, drooping horns.

To refresh my memory in the matter of antelope horns, I have before me the heads of 2 antelope bucks. These animals I assassinated on the high mesa at the head of the Arroyo Grande, some 400 miles Southeast of San Diego, in the Mexican Territory of Baja California, 4 or 5 years ago.

Now it seems to me these head ornaments constitute Nature's most successful attempt to set up, in horn, an interrogation point. There is a snag half way up, as if the maker of the horn had been af-

flicted with a hiccup, in the middle of his job; but all the same the horns are right good marks of inquiry. Nor could any other shape be half so appropriate; for probably no creature that wears horns is so incurably addicted to idle curiosity. So, on its ever inquisitive noddle it carries its points of interrogation. But the above-mentioned freak, in Laramie, is just the opposite of all this. He appears to have lost his curiosity before his horns started. Possibly he sneezed when they were freshly put on, and still warm.

And to think this unique beast was under compulsion to do all his feeding, as the Parthians were said to do most of their fighting, "on the retreat." Remarkable? Very! Something entirely new? Well—hardly—if we hold opinion with Solomon.

It is true Solomon is a back number. Nearly 27 centuries have flitted since he inflicted grief, or at least mourning, upon his thousand widows, by passing over to that New Jerusalem whose single portal is the grave.

But Herodotus, the clear-headed old Greek, has something to say that substantiates Solomon's proposition. Herodotus is also a "has been"; but not so far back among the dead yesterdays as Solomon, by more than 5 centuries. This is what the venerable "Father of History" says in Book IV. (Melpomene); paragraph 183, while speaking of the Lotophagi: "Among them the kine that feed backward are met with; they feed backward for this reason: they have horns that are bent forward, therefore they draw back as they feed; for they are unable to go forward, because their horns would stick in the ground." The genial old story teller joined the innumerable silent majority 424 years before the birth of Christ. May the clods rest lightly on his dust, for he deserved well of his kind. The reading of his quaint pages will afford instruction and delight to myriads yet unborn.

R. J. Gregg.

#### RECORD BUFFALO HEADS.

Bozeman, Mont.

Editor RECREATION: In the interest of science, and for the benefit of sportsmen, I herewith enclose the certified and sworn measurements of 3 buffalo bull heads, to be placed on record. All of them exceed Mr. Sheard's record-breaker, in point of circumference of horn. The largest is 17¾ inches and the greatest length of horn 22 inches.

The measurements were made by J. M. Robertson, a civil engineer and surveyor, and at present under sheriff of Gallatin county, Mont., in the presence of several witnesses. He used a new tape line, which had been carefully tested and found correct. These measurements were taken

from mounted heads, and so far are the largest on record.

Bozeman, Mont., July 10, 1897.

HORN MEASUREMENTS OF 3 FULL-GROWN BISON HEADS.

	No. 1.	2.	3.
Circumference of left horn at base.....	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	15 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	17 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Circumference of left horn above base.....	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Circumference of right horn at base.....	16 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	15 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	17 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Circumference of right horn above base.....	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	13 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Length of left horn—base to tip.....	22"	20"	19 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Length of right horn—base to tip.....	21 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	20 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	19"
Spread of horns—from tip to tip.....	27 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	27"	19 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Spread of horns—at widest part.....	35"	33"	30"

We, the undersigned, who measured the 3 bison bull heads in Bozeman, Mont., do hereby certify, that the above measurements are correct.

James M. Robertson,  
Aug. Gottschalck.

I hereby certify that on this 10th day of July, A.D. 1897, personally appeared before me James M. Robertson and Aug. Gottschalck, who being first duly sworn say that the above and foregoing statement is true and correct in every particular.

A. D. McPherson,  
Notary Public.

I also enclose photos of 2 unmounted buffalo bull heads, which outmeasure the noted "J. G.," Middletown, N. Y. head. The measurements are as follows:

	No. 4.	5.
Circumference of left horn at base.....	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	13 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Circumference of left horn above base.....	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	13"
Circumference of right horn at base.....	14 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	14"
Circumference of right horn above base.....	14"	13 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Length of left horn.....	19 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	19 $\frac{3}{8}$ "
Length of right horn.....	20 $\frac{3}{8}$ "	19 $\frac{3}{8}$ "

August Gottschalck.

Photographs received but are not reproduced because the heads shown therein are not materially different from others recently illustrated in RECREATION, except as to size. The photographs show tape line tacked on horns, and the reading of the lines shows above measurements to be correct.—EDITOR.

AN HEGIRA OF HAWKS.

Wichita, Kans.

Editor RECREATION: An unusual sight, and one which it is the privilege of but few men to witness, was seen on the military reserve surrounding Fort Reno, Oklahoma, in October, 1896. Only the few who happened to be passing across the reservation at that time saw the occurrence, and it was a great source of wonderment to all. Some of them were old time

hunters and plainmen, but had never seen the like before.

We were driving North, and on reaching the top of a hill, a long, dark streak could be seen, to the West, about a mile distant. It extended to the Northward about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, and stretched away to the South more than a mile.

At first it seemed only the shadow of a cloud, but the sky was perfectly clear, and the real cause was then a mystery. Driving faster we soon found the long, dark streak was a gigantic convention of hawks, of various species.

The road lay directly through the line, and we hesitated before driving near them, as we expected them to fly when we approached, but not one of them stirred. We drove in among them, and they paid no attention to us, except that those in the road leisurely walked out of the way and stopped.

All the species of hawks I ever saw were there, except the little sparrow hawk. Some were as black as ravens, and there were a few goshawks—which are seldom found so far West. There were many of the common chicken hawks, a few pure white,\* some red shouldered, and other varieties, with which we were unacquainted.

Some of the birds remained so near that our driver struck at them with his whip; but even these only ran out of reach and did not take wing.

The birds all faced North, and not one of them even looked around at us, save those who were compelled to get out of our way. They seemed very tired, yet every eye was open.

We passed through this great throng, for a distance of  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile. The birds stood 3 to 8 feet apart. It was a very strange and interesting spectacle. They were evidently bent on some long migration, and had simply stopped here to rest.

After we had left them about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile behind, those at the Northern end of the flock first arose, and flying just far enough Northward to gain their balance, swung off to the left and turned South; the others getting up and following in order as their turns came. It looked like an immense scroll, as the birds arose in perfect order, and gracefully swinging around to the left, followed the head of the column. The noise made by the wings was distinctly audible when the nearest birds were 200 yards away; and the movement of the air, as the first half mile of them passed over us, was sufficient to disturb the loose ends of the handkerchiefs about our necks.

Franklin L. Paine.

GAZING INTO THE GATES OF HELL.

It would indeed be difficult to decide as to which is the most wonderful feature

\* There is no species of pure white hawks in America, and these must have been Albinos.—EDITOR.

embraced within the Yellowstone National Park. After taking into consideration the peculiar features of the paint pots, with their fine tints of cream, pink, drab, and delicate blue, all bubbling up and forming beautiful flowers of every color embraced in a rainbow—and all of mud; after standing in awe and silence a thousand times, meditating over the wonderful geysers, throwing out their boiling streams 150 feet into the air; after meditating over the wonders of the fiery region of Hell's-Half-Acre, with its prismatic pools and diamond sparkling bottoms; after taking into consideration all the great wonders to be found along the Fire Hole river, which certainly must be the pathway to Hades; after pondering over the countless geysers which pour forth their clouds of steam and water, the one most horribly grand sight, in my opinion, is the mud geyser. The rumblings of this strange freak can be heard long before one reaches its immediate vicinity. As it is approached one becomes aware of a sickening odor, of something which cannot be described. Away down in the side of a mountain is a tremendous open mouth, and from it is belched forth a seething mass of boiling mud, accompanied at all times with the awful rumblings of a vomiting world. To look down into the open jaws of this huge monster, one imagines he can gaze into the very gates of hell.

L. M. Earl, Salt Lake City, Utah.

#### AN EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS.

About June 1 the executive officers of the Zoological Society began a systematic effort to increase the membership of the organization. A *News Bulletin* was published, containing "A Call for Friends and Funds," and the friends of the Society and the Zoological Park were invited to hold up their hands and be counted.

At once applications for membership began to come in, from persons desiring to become patrons (\$1,000), life members (\$200), and annual members (\$10 a year). Since June 1 the Executive Committee has held 2 meetings for the election of new members, and the membership of the Society was increased by the addition of 2 patrons, 18 life members and 151 annual members. On July 20 the total membership consisted of 3 founders, 10 patrons, 64 life members and 313 annual members, with new applications coming in daily.

The result of the campaign, thus far, has been very gratifying to the officers and members of the Society: for it shows the public is in hearty sympathy with the work undertaken. The first result of this practical manifestation of sympathy and good will was the decision of the Executive Committee to at once take steps to carry out its long-cherished plan to make a systematic effort to encourage and promote the paint-

ing of American wild animals. The Society has therefore decided to hold, next February, a general and competitive exhibition of oil paintings (in colors) of American quadrupeds, birds and reptiles, and to offer, for the best work, a series of cash prizes and medals. The details of the plan are now being perfected and an announcement, to American animal painters, will soon be made—possibly before this issue of RECREATION shall have gone to press. I am assured, however, that every effort will be made to stimulate not only the production of high-class paintings of our animals, but also the purchase of them, by our art galleries and art patrons. It is the deliberate intention of the Society to make the New York Zoological Park the centre of the world for animal painting and sculpture; and the exhibition proposed will be only the first of an annual series.

The readers of RECREATION need not be told that the editor of this magazine regards this important step of the Zoological Society with intense satisfaction. As a lover of wild animals, I am naturally interested in the production of good pictures of them, in the preservation of their beautiful forms, on canvas and in bronze, as well as in museums and zoological gardens. The long series of animal pictures which RECREATION has been placing before its readers, ever since it began to be a magazine (and the best pictures to be had for money!) fully attest my own love for such works of art, and my belief that other people also love them.

The results of the Zoological Society's movement, in behalf of our animal painters and sculptors, will be far reaching, and of great importance. Its benefits will be shared by millions of people who thus far have not even heard of the Society. To our shame be it said that at present there is not, so far as I can learn, a single high-class painting of an American wild animal to be found in any public art gallery in the United States! And this in a country which has the finest big-game fauna of any temperate region in the world!

I hope that before the expiration of this year, enough more persons will have joined the Zoological Society to bring the total membership up to 1,000. And to that end I shall labor. Send me your check for \$10 and I will present your application for membership.

#### THE DEATH LOCK.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION: The accompanying photo of the heads of 2 deer, with horns interlocked, is, in some respects, the most remarkable ever secured, one of the deer having been alive when found in their desperate plight.

In November, 1895, Mr. F. F. Strong, a

well known Chicago business man, and an ardent sportsman, was, with a small party of friends, hunting near Indian river, in Schoolcraft county, Michigan. One day, when the party was out, ravens were noticed hovering noisily over a certain spot, and, attracted by curiosity, the hunters sought the cause. Emerging into a comparatively open space, in the wood, they made a discovery. For the space of nearly an acre the ground was torn and furrowed by the hoofs of 2 bucks, and near the centre of the open space lay the bucks themselves, with their horns inextricably locked.

One of the deer was dead and the hungry ravens had already eaten both his eyes, though deterred from further feasting by the occasional spasmodic movements of the surviving combatant, whose eyes were already glazing.

The hunters put the live deer out of his misery, cut off the 2 heads and photographed them, as here shown. The heads were subsequently mounted and are now owned in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mr. Strong, who was of the party, is the father of H. M. Strong, game warden of New Mexico, who is doing efficient work in preserving the game of that territory. Reports of some of his rides, after violators of law, would astonish the wardens of some of our older states. Stanley Waterloo.

#### GOATS ON THE SNOW.

One of our lucky mining men here, Mr. J. H. Holden, was telling me of a curious habit he observed in the mountain goat, last summer. He was prospecting, far up a tributary of Railroad creek, and one day stopped to eat his lunch near some snow banks. His climb had been a long, hard one, and fatigue caused him to fall asleep. On awakening, there were goats all around him. He counted 34. Then he lay there, quietly, and watched them. One would make a bed in the snow and lie there, rubbing itself a little while. Then it would get up, go a short distance, make another bed, and repeat the process, continually. The prospector thinks the reason for these antics was that wood ticks were troubling the goats, and the rubbing in the snow was to cool the irritation thus produced. It was in June too, and their winter coats were shedding.

We often find goat wool (it is always called wool here, for, excepting the long outer hair, it certainly resembles it) adhering to trees and rocks. The Indian women spin it into a kind of yarn and make it into socks. The Puget sound Kloooh-men also weave it into blankets.

One of the men killed a large lynx, with a 22 calibre rifle, a few days ago. Its fur was in good order, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, for it had lived at a great altitude. Charles Greenwood.

I have always taken great pleasure in reading your magazine carefully. In your May number I notice a controversy regarding buffalo heads. I send you by mail a photograph of a buffalo bull head that I own. You will notice the 2 fore feet are mounted with the head, on an escutcheon which is 4½ feet high. This bull was killed in December, 1890. The hide weighed 96 pounds when taken off, and I had it mounted as a rug, for my library floor. The head is in perfect condition and if you desire special measurements I shall be glad to send them; although the size of the escutcheon, as stated above, will give you an idea of the size of the head.

A number of sportsmen, hunters and taxidermists have examined this specimen and pronounced it the finest they have ever seen. I do not know of any buffalo feet in the country, excepting the hind feet from this bull, which I gave to a friend in the West. I also have about 30 pairs of first class buffalo horns.

H. H. Meday, Detroit, Mich.

Two cars containing 12 buffaloes, 20 antelope and 20 male deer have been received by former Secretary of the Navy W. C. Whitney, at his beautiful country place in Lenox, on October mountain.

The shipment came from B. R. Adams, of Wyoming. Last year 33 head of elk were received from his ranch.

A special enclosure of some 500 acres has been built for the buffaloes, and a 12 foot wire fence, of tested strength, built by the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Ann Arbor, Mich., will keep the animals within bounds. The park is being rapidly stocked, and the animals show great care in selection.

I have lately received, from South America, the largest jaguar skin I have ever seen. It measures, from tip of nose to tip of tail, over 7 feet, and across the hind legs 5 feet. Who knows of a larger one?

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine ever printed.

R. Marron, Taxidermist,  
Jersey City, N. J.

Colonel R. Dale Benson, of Philadelphia, killed a coot, last spring, at Bengies point, which is regarded as a great curiosity. Its back plumage is bright red, instead of the usual dark color.

As to Mr. E. S. Thompson's note about wolves rolling in carrion: Dogs and otters do the same; and I can see no reason why an otter should try to hide his odor, for he captures his food under the water.

F. E. White, Jackson, Wyo.

## EDITOR'S CORNER.

### WHY I USE FIGURES.

I have frequently been criticised for using figures to express numbers. The following correspondence explains why I do so.

"I enjoy RECREATION very much, and would enjoy it more if you would only drop your present fad of printing numerals of all kinds in figures. It is a pity to spoil the appearance of an otherwise well-written article by dotting it all over with figures, many of which are put in the place of real words—adjectives!

"In these 2 ways it is claimed, etc.' How absurd! How silly!"

Geo. A. Kellogg, Eureka, Cal.

Dear Sir: I note, that at the end of one of your sentences, you place a small round dot. I assume this is meant for a period. If so, why not say so? Why use a sign when there is a word in the language that would express your meaning, more fully and elegantly?

You speak of my printing numerals of all kinds in "figures," and this word is underscored. I assume the wavy line, underneath, means this word is to be specially emphasized in reading your letter. If so, why not say so, in words? Why deface your letter with a sign like this, when the English language is capable of expressing your meaning at greater length? Of course, the words would take up more room in the letter, and it would take longer for you to express yourself in that way; but if your criticism on my printing numerals in figures is just, then you are sadly at fault in not carrying out your own theory, when writing letters.

After the word "adjectives" you place a vertical dash, with a dot under it. I assume this means that you wish to express astonishment. If so, why not express it in words, instead of in a sign? Of course, the sign is much more brief; and brevity is said to be the soul of wit. Beside, most people are busy nowadays, and they like to economize in time and in space; yet it is just as rude and impolite for you to use these signs in your letter, as it is for me to use the figures 14 to express the idea that would be conveyed by printing out the word "fourteen."

Your letter is dated April 7, 1897. Why do you use figures to express these dates? Why not write out "April Seventh, One thousand Eight hundred and Ninety-seven"? It is a pity to mutilate a letter, that would otherwise be intelligible and interesting, by the use of such abbreviations. How absurd! How silly!

EDITOR.

### TO ANOTHER CRITIC.

My dear Mr. Nelson:

The fact that other publishers have been spelling out words, for a hundred years, when figures would have expressed their ideas much more energetically and tersely, is no reason why RECREATION should do so. Neither does it prove that these same publishers will always continue in this antiquated style. Our forefathers used to write out, in words, the date "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy-six," for instance; and the public printer at Washington still does so, in all legal documents. Even the great magazines, however, have improved on this stilted form, and write this year of our Lord—"1897." I am well aware that many people object to my use of figures, but people object to every reform that is instituted, and when all the other great magazines adopt figures, instead of words, I shall have the satisfaction of pointing to my bound volumes and saying, "I told you so."

When any man can give me a better reason than tradition for printing "seventeen" instead of "17," then I shall be glad to consider his suggestion; but this is too busy an age for people to live on tradition. Our great grandfathers used to wear brass buttons on their dress coats. Our grandfathers followed suit, and even some of our fathers did so. But we of the present generation, have found we can be just as comfortable with cloth covered buttons on our coats. These old forefathers—or rather 3 fathers—also wore white beaver hats, with long nap and broad brims. Would we not look rather grotesque if we still followed their style? If we can improve on the methods of our ancestors in some ways, why not in others? Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

### A SAD BREAKING OF CAMP.

My old friend, M. W. Miner, who is well known to readers of RECREATION, writes me, under date of June 27th, of the loss of his partner and hunting companion, A. B. Lyons. They were camped on the middle fork of Salmon river, where they were prospecting. Lyons had an attack of grip and became delirious. The 2 men were alone and Miner watched and cared for his friend, day and night for nearly a week. Having been 4 nights without sleep, Miner finally got his patient quieted and lay down, at 3 o'clock on Friday morning, to get some rest. When he awoke, Lyons was gone. He had gotten up quietly, put on his rubber boots and gloves, had taken a 6 shooter, a wagon sheet and a walking

stick and had quietly left camp, in the darkness. As soon as Miner awakened, he called to his aid 2 trappers, who were camped about half a mile away, and the 3 men searched the country, thoroughly. The only trace they could get of the missing man was the wagon sheet, which they found hanging on a bush near the creek, and the walking stick, which lay near the water's edge. They also found a few foot marks.

They dragged the creek and the river, industriously, for long distances, but failed to find the man, or any further trace of him.

Mr. Miner thinks Lyons undertook to cross the creek, was drowned and washed down into the Salmon river. Miner at once went to Banner, Idaho, and reported the case to the authorities. A further search is being made, and ranchmen and miners, living along the river, have been notified.

All the friends of the missing man, and of Mr. Miner, will be deeply grieved at this sad intelligence. Lyons was a big hearted, genial, good natured man; an enthusiastic hunter and was liked by every one with whom he came in contact.

#### THE FRESH AIR FUND.

New York, July 13, 1897.

Treasurer, St. John's Guild,  
501 Fifth Ave., City.

Dear Sir: I hand you herewith my check for \$60, being amount contributed by readers of RECREATION for the Sick Children's Fresh Air Fund. I hoped to have had a much larger sum for you by this time, but it seems my readers, generally speaking, have so much fresh air they cannot understand how any one else can be in need of it.

Yours truly,

G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.

ANSWER.

ST. JOHN'S GUILD,

Office, No. 1 Madison Ave., New York.

July 14th, 1897.

Mr. G. O. Shields,

Edr. and Mgr. RECREATION,

Dear Sir: Your valued favor of the 13th inst., enclosing check for \$60.00, has been received, and I return you, herewith, the Treasurer's receipt for the amount.

On behalf of the Board of Trustees, I beg to thank you cordially for your interest in the work of the Society, and the very material aid that the contribution of the readers of your magazine has given.

In the name of the many small sufferers, who will be benefited by the contribution sent, I also thank you, and through you, the readers of RECREATION, most sincerely.

Yours very respectfully,

Duff G. Maynard, General Agent.

Several of my readers have contributed \$1 each, so that the number who have sent 10 cents each, instead of reaching into the thousands, as I had hoped, is less than 500. I am sadly disappointed at this result; yet I most earnestly thank the good people who have responded.

RECREATION now has a circulation of 40,000 copies a month. I want to increase this to 50,000 by the first day of November. If 10,000 of my present subscribers will each send in one additional subscription, this will put the edition up to the 50,000 mark; and it would be a simple matter for many thousands of my readers to do this. Will you be one of the number?

In fact it would be easy for many readers to pick up 4 or 5, or 10 subscriptions each. There are hundreds of thousands of sportsmen in the U. S. who do not yet read this magazine, and who would be only too glad to pay \$1 a year for it, if it were brought to their notice. There is ample opportunity for all who are kindly disposed toward the magazine, to do it material service in this way.

As soon as my circulation reaches the 50,000 limit, I shall increase my advertising rates, and this will enable me to further improve the magazine. Thus it is to the interest of every reader to aid in this good work. I shall feel deeply grateful to each and every person who will send me one or more subscriptions, with this end in view.

#### OFF FOR ALASKA.

Mr. A. J. Stone, who is in charge of RECREATION's Alaskan Exploring and Collecting Expedition, left his home in Missoula, Mont., July 1st, en route for the field of his future labors. He will go up the Stickeen river to its head, cross the Rocky mountains to Dease lake; then proceed down the Dease river to the Mackenzie; down this to its mouth; across the Rockies again to the head of the Porcupine—which is one of the tributaries of the Yukon—down this to its mouth, and gradually work his way back to Fort Wrangle. This trip, and the work Mr. Stone will do en route, will occupy 3 years.

He is completely outfitted with everything necessary to the successful prosecution of his work, and, barring accidents, will send out and bring out a large and valuable collection of the natural history specimens of the country, and many interesting and beautiful photographs. The record of his work will be published, from time to time, in RECREATION, during the coming years.

With this issue is begun the publication of a symposium on the wolf question, which will prove of deep interest to all cattlemen,

farmers, and, in fact, to thousands of business men West of the Missouri river. The articles to be published during the next few months, on this subject, are being written by stockmen, business men, naturalists, hunters, and trappers, and contain a great fund of valuable information that has never before been made public. I should like to reach, with this series of articles, all the cattlemen in the West, and you will confer a personal favor on me by giving me the names and addresses of all such whom you may know, in order that I may send them sample copies.

October RECREATION will contain, among other things, "A Story of the Comanches," by Capt. C. J. Crane, U. S. A.; "On Croatan," a goose shooting story, by E. J. Myers; "Shooting Sea Lions," by E. W. Wilde; "Mistakes in Fish Distribution," by Col. W. T. Dennis; "The Salmon's Rival," by C. F. Holder; another valuable chapter of the symposium on "The Wolf Question;" several interesting articles on RECREATION'S Grizzly Bear Competition; important information from the Game Fields; on Fish and Fishing, Natural History, Bicycling, Amateur Photography, etc.

#### BUSINESS NOTICES.

The General Passenger Department of the Northern Pacific Railway has issued a beautiful little book entitled "Above the Clouds on Rainier, King of Mountains." The outing which this little book advertises affords an unusual opportunity for climbing the grandest peak in the United States. A company of choice spirits can have an outing entirely original and useful. The Mazamas, an Alpine club of Portland, Oregon, will climb this mountain in August and would be glad to have any number of good people join them. The book tells all about the trip and is beautifully illustrated. Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., will send you a copy for 4 cents, if you mention RECREATION.

Visitors to Lincoln park, in Chicago, will be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages, full to overflowing with delicious half tone pictures of one of creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents, in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill. Mention RECREATION.

"The Red Man's Greeting," Pokagon's birch bark book, is having a large sale. It was written by the old chief—a full blood Pottawattamie Indian—and contains many beautiful legends of his tribe. The leaves are of various shades of crimson, white and golden colors, just as he cut them from the birch trees. The Booklet is often termed "The Indian Book of Lamentation" and Pokagon is called the "Red Bard," "The Longfellow of his race," etc.

The price of the book is 50 cts. Address C. H. Engle, Publisher, Hartford, Mich.

Here are figures showing my subscription receipts for the 3 dullest months in the year:

	1895	1896	1897
May.....	\$292	\$902	\$1,596
June.....	307	770	1,402
July.....	345	563	1,101

You will note the increase is 100 to 300 per cent., each year, over the corresponding month of the preceding year. Shrewd advertisers always like to be represented in periodicals that are growing rapidly.

If you have sent in a club of subscriptions to RECREATION, and have gotten your premium, and if it be satisfactory, please tell all your friends about it and advise them to do likewise.

Please send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen of your acquaintance, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

Take 3 shots at the grizzly bear, on page viii. of this issue, and send in your score. You will find it interesting.

The enterprising Yankee who recently flooded the market with artificial hen's eggs, which would hatch but which produced chicks without feathers, has now come out with a rubber angle worm. It is cheap, seductive, and wears for seasons. It wriggles admirably and is easily adjusted.

This man has also invested it with a little vocal organ, which emits a piercing scream of agony when the worm is put on the hook. This last addition is considered a drawing card, with anglers. The invention has turned out more useful than even the inventor expected; for these rubber worms are found a very satisfying food for canaries and other cage birds.

This inventor comes of a famous old Hartford family. It was his grandfather who invented the wooden nutmeg, and his brother who claimed to have succeeded in crossing a honey-bee with a fire-fly, and to have produced a bee that could work all night.

## BICYCLING.

### A ROAD MAP STUDY.

I spend many winter evenings in studying road maps and planning trips awheel, to be taken in summer. A critical study of the ordinary road map gives a great deal of information which aids in planning such trips; and it is information which is generally overlooked. This can be illustrated no better than by describing a day's trip, taken early in the season.

The map shows part of the day's run. The macadam roads are in double lines and the ordinary country roads in dotted lines. The map also shows the water courses, which is an important feature.



We were going from B to A and we took the macadam road to C, which is the only road used by cyclists. There was a strong wind—in fact almost a gale—blowing in the direction of the arrow. After leaving B we had a steep climb up hill H. Then before we got to C there was one more small hill to climb; but the grade was mostly in our favor, so we coasted nearly all the way. The wind at our backs made this a wonderfully exhilarating run. From C to A the grades were easy, and the road superb.

We had dinner at A, but my peace was disturbed by haunting thoughts of the return trip. The wind was still blowing hard, bringing vividly to mind the great clouds of dust we would have to face as we worked our way up the long grade, from C to B. Incidentally it may be remarked that there is no dust quite so disagreeable as the dust from a macadam road.

I took out the road map to see if there was any comfort to be derived from that. First I noticed that there was an ordinary country road, leading almost directly from A to B, which would be much shorter than the macadam by which we had come. Second the country road followed a water course, which would indicate no hill to climb. Also as the road ran up the valley the chances seemed to be that we would not be so much exposed to the force of the head wind as we would on the macadam road, which was on high, open ground.

All this seemed so convincing that I went to interview the stable man. He strongly advised against the short cut, as it was an old and little used road, and so sandy as to be almost unridable. Such information, coming from such a source, would seem conclusive; but still I was not satisfied. After we had started for home, on the macadam, I told my companion of my ideas and suggested we return by the country road, taking our chances as to results. Tow-headed girls are generally willing to take any chances that are suggested; and this one proved no exception. So we turned to the left, at the first cross road we came to, and started on our journey into the unknown.

I had memorized, by counting on my fingers, the turns in the road—left—right—left—right—left, and then to follow the brook. We had no trouble in keeping our course, and for half the way the wheeling was good. The last half of the road was so sandy as to be unridable, but my companion was a skilful enough cyclist to thoroughly enjoy the side path. As anticipated we had no hills to climb and, almost too good to be believed, we were entirely protected from the wind all the way, as the road wound up the valley through dense woods.

In planning trips awheel, from road maps, the water courses should be noted; as they give a knowledge of the topography of the country which is of great value. For level riding follow the water course. When the route leads across a water course it generally means a hill to climb.

### HUMILIATED.

The redskins ripped the welkin with their war whoop till the air

Seemed to curdle with the terror of its spell,

Then their faces blanched, and, paralyzed, they scattered everywhere—

A tourist had let out a college yell.

—Richmond Dispatch.

## THE BABY'S PLAINT.

Editor RECREATION:  
 Papa and mamma and all have wheels  
 And you don't know how forlorn I feels,  
 With Nurse left all alone.  
 She's good to me  
 As she can be,  
 But I'd like to ride  
 At mamma's side,—  
 If only I was grown!

If only some one knew baby talk,  
 The speech of babies before they walk,  
 He'd find a plan, I know  
 So babies could be  
 At their mothers' knee  
 And so could sail  
 In the family trail,  
 Wherever the rest might go.

I'm only what bruvver Bob calls a "kid,"  
 A fat little thing in the bed-clothes hid,  
 And as short as I can be.  
 But I'd like to go  
 With the family so,  
 That I thought I'd write to you,  
 To see what you can do,  
 As soon as you can, for me,  
 The Baby.

## SHORT GRIPS.

Many riders delay getting out on the road, these summer days, until the coolest and best part of the day is gone; instead of starting at 4 or 5 A.M., and being able to ride as comfortably as they could in October. If you ride till say, 9 A.M., on a warm day, then loiter in the shade somewhere until about 5 P.M., taking a nap after dinner, and then ride till dark, or even by lamplight, you may make long tours, in hot weather, with little or no discomfort.

Then, when you do ride, don't go mile hunting. Drift along in a way that will not take more life out of you than is necessary. By having a good wheel and a supply of good judgment, one may revel in cycle outings, even in August days, in New England, where much of the land is set up edgewise and the flow of milk and honey is not continuous.

Cycling has become so general that we naturally expect to find at every house a foot pump, or any repair material that may be needed. Thousands of passers dismount at "Brookhouse," every week, ask for the loan of a pump, and after sampling the clearest and coldest of spring water, journey on again.

A pretty cyclistine, from Jersey, says the story of a man having mistaken a mosquito for an airship, over there, is a base fabrication. She stands up, valiantly, for her native state and its good roads. You

should have seen the curl of her red lip when she refuted the slander.

If in touring you would secure the utmost pleasure and profit, do not carry a load strapped on your back a la pack peddler. Secure all you need on your wheel. This is easy with the aid of the various carriers, in the market, and you will be free from a pack horse's weariness.

Do not ride to pile up miles. Let the scorchers do that, and shorten their days, if they like. You should ride slow enough, and stop often enough, to enjoy the charms Nature ever spreads out in every land.

It is better to ride alone than to have with you one who is constantly hurrying you along; or who, on the other hand, is so slow that earth's green carpet verily grows under his tires.

Ride a good and reliable wheel, of American make, whether you tour at home or abroad, if you would avoid delay and annoyance on the road; for the constant attention and numerous repairs that are required by the average foreign wheel, not to mention the bargain counter mounts, at \$28.88, that have come to deface American highways, will sadly detract from the solid comfort you should secure on such a trip.

It is well to carry, on a long tour, a few extra small parts, chain links, nuts, bolts, etc., the weight of which would count as nothing in case of an accident which would cause them to be needed. This is important because the parts from some other make of wheel may not fit yours; and you would dislike to wait a few days for the arrival of parts.

Stamford, Ct., has a recently organized cycle club, of about 60 members, many of whom are among our solid men. "Jack" Robinson is one of the pushers in it. I am honored by being an honorary member.

Good oil and good judgment make a wheel run smoothly.

Stamson.

Bicycles are cheaper  
 Than ever this year,  
 But the bicycle girl  
 Remains just as dear.  
 —Washington Capital.

Wheeler—Whew! Isn't this day a scorcher?

Walker—It is a disagreeable, exasperating, muggy, infernally hot day, but I wouldn't call it so mean a name as that.—Indianapolis Journal.

## CAUTION TO MIDDLE-AGED BICYCLISTS.

Any form of exercise or sport which makes serious demands on the attention, on quickness of eye and hand, and on endurance, ought not to be taken up by people who have reached middle life, and who are engaged in sedentary occupations, unless with great circumspection. The lesson has been learned by Alpine climbers, through many bitter experiences. It is generally held, by them, that most of the fatal accidents in mountain climbing occur through the failure, at the critical moment, of some man who has taken to mountaineering too late in life, and who is, perhaps, also out of condition. An old dog cannot be taught new tricks, according to the proverb; and though it is disagreeable to have to realize that we have passed the age when we can excel in a new pastime, requiring special skill, to avoid accidents, and youthful adaptability and elasticity to avoid overstrain, it is the part of wisdom to accept the inevitable.

There is no reason why middle-aged men, and even those who have passed middle age, should not take to cycling; but it should be with a frank recognition of the limitations which age imposes. Great speed, long distances, and hill climbing put a strain on the constitution, and will find out the weak places, the parts of the system which are aging faster, perhaps, than the rest—the heart, it may be, or the vessels of the brain. So, also, in regard to riding a bicycle in crowded thoroughfares; the strain on the attention is considerable and the risk not small, if a man has lost the quickness of youth.—British Medical Journal.

Tommy—Pa, I want a pony.

Pa—Why, my son, I gave you your choice between a pony and a bicycle. Why is it you want a pony, now?

Tommy—'Cause I've got a bicycle.

## MY WHEEL AND I.

E. N. D.

My wheel and I have merry times  
As o'er smooth roads we fly  
Mile upon mile, without a care  
Between the earth and sky.

And should we meet a bloomer girl  
Spinning along, ah well,  
And should we flirt a little bit  
Who is there that would tell?

A case that will interest all wheelmen, and particularly those who occasionally ride on the cable slot, is that of W. F. McCarthy, a member of the L. A. W. against the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. McCarthy, through George E. Miner,

brought suit against the company for \$2,000 as damages sustained while riding the slot of the Broadway line, some weeks ago. McCarthy rides a wheel with tires of the usual width, 1¼ inches, and therefore felt safe in riding the slot in Broadway.

On the day in question, while going at a fair rate of speed, he alleges the front wheel of his bicycle slipped into the slot, nearly to the hub, and stopped short. McCarthy was thrown over the handlebars with great force and sustained serious injuries about the legs and knees.

Mr. Miner contends that the section of the slot where the accident occurred must have been wider than the law allows, which is ⅝ of an inch. Wheelmen, he says, have a perfect right to ride on the cable slots, and under the law the traction companies must keep the openings within the legal limit of width.

Governor—Jimmy, you look red hot. You haven't been cycling this hot day, have you?

"No, I've been following some newspaper directions for keeping cool."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Park Commissioners of this city have recently promulgated some rules for the regulation of cyclists which it will be well for all to observe.

Park policemen are instructed to promptly arrest cyclists who ride faster than 8 miles an hour; who fail to show white lights 30 minutes after sunset; who coast, or ride without using the handle bars, or who dismount in the middle of the road; who fail to sound their bells when passing carriages or who ride more than 3 abreast; who indulge in trick riding or who make nuisances of themselves by carrying great gongs, instead of bells of ordinary size.

"Earth is the only one of the 4 elements that never shows unkindness to man."

"Say, you've never fallen off a wheel, have you?"—Chicago Record.

The Associated Cycling Clubs of New York are protesting against the proposed city ordinance which requires brakes on all bicycles, to be ridden in this city.

"What's new in bicycle suits?"

"Well, the scorcher continues to be about the freshest thing."—Chicago Journal.

James Quinlan, a carpenter, was recently sentenced to 9 years' imprisonment in Sing Sing, by Judge Aspinall, in the County Court in Brooklyn, for stealing 2 bicycles.

## RECREATION IS AHEAD.

Mr. F. C. Wilson is a Chicago advertiser who uses *Outing*. Mr. L. S. Abbott is the Chicago representative of *RECREATION*. He called on Mr. Wilson and advised him to also use *RECREATION*; stating, as one of the reasons why he should use it, the well known fact that *RECREATION* has a larger circulation than *Outing* has. Mr. Wilson is not well informed as to these 2 journals, and so disagreed with Mr. Abbott. A discussion followed, the outcome of which is best told in the following correspondence:

Chicago, July 3, 1897.

Mr. G. O. Shields,

Editor and Manager *RECREATION*,

Dear Sir: I called on F. C. Wilson yesterday and made a statement about our circulation which he disputed, and said he would bet \$100, if I dared to take him up, that we could not prove as large a circulation as *Outing* has. If you want to take this bet, and if you are ready to prove this circulation, you can make \$100. Do you not think it would be well to accept his challenge?

Awaiting your reply I am yours truly,  
Lynn S. Abbott.

ANSWER.

New York, July 6, 1897.

Mr. F. C. Wilson,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: Our Mr. Abbott writes me you question my claim to having more circulation than *Outing* has, and that you offer to bet \$100 I cannot prove this claim. I accept your challenge and enclose herewith my certified check for \$100, which is to be placed in the hands of Mr. Raymond, of the J. Walter Thompson Agency, of your city, as stake holder. Please deposit with him a like amount.

The conditions of this proposition are that I, and the publisher of *Outing*, are each to make affidavits as to the number of copies of each magazine printed, for each of the months of January to July inclusive, 1897. Furthermore, each publisher is to furnish affidavits, from his printer and his binder, as to the number of copies printed and bound in each of these months. Furthermore, each publisher is to furnish an affidavit, made by an officer of the American News Co. as to the number of copies of each of these magazines bought by that company, for each of the months as above enumerated, and as to the number of copies of each magazine returned during these 7 months.

Furthermore each publisher is to furnish post-office receipts, signed by the postmaster of New York City, or one of his assistants, for postage paid in the months of May, June and July, on said magazines.

If you cover this bet, I will appoint one man, you are to appoint one and these 2 are to select a third to act as judges, and to pass upon the affidavits and proofs to be submitted; to decide whether or not such testimony is competent, and to pay over the stakes to you or to me as the judges may determine.

I submit this proposition through our Chicago office, and invite you to go with our Mr. Abbott and see that the check is properly deposited in the hands of Mr. Raymond. Yours truly,

G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.

MR. WILSON WRITES HIS CHECK.

Chicago, July 14, 1897.

Mr. G. O. Shields, N. Y.

Your favor enclosing certified check for \$100, and the bet proposition, received. I compliment you on your promptness in this matter. It is exceedingly gratifying that you should be willing to put up your money on such a challenge as this.

Mr. Wilson read your letter several times, drew his check, after some little discussion about various things contained in the proposition you made, and agreed to meet me at the Thompson office this afternoon at 4 o'clock, sharp, to make his deposit. Yours truly,

Lynn S. Abbott.

MR. WILSON FAILS TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT, OR TO DEPOSIT HIS CHECK.

Chicago, July 14, 1897. 5 p. m.

Dear Mr. Shields: I have just returned from Thompson's office, where I went at 4 p. m. to meet Mr. Wilson. He was not there but telephoned me he would not put the money up unless the publishers of *Outing* would agree to show their hand. He said he had telegraphed them and they replied by referring him to Rowell's directory. I told him this was no proof, and he would have to furnish proof according to our offer. He replied that he had written them, explaining the matter, and that if they would show their hand he would bet. I have an appointment to see him again on Monday, July 19th. Yours truly,

Lynn S. Abbott.

ANOTHER PROPOSITION.

New York, July 17, 1897.

Mr. F. C. Wilson,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: I understand *Outing* declines to furnish proof of circulation. I, therefore, amend my proposition and will bet you \$100 that *RECREATION* has more than TWICE as much actual paid circulation as *Outing* has. Same conditions, as to proofs, are to govern in this wager as stated in my letter to you of July 8th.

My certified check will remain in the hands of Mr. Raymond for a reasonable time, awaiting your deposit of an equal amount. Yours truly,  
G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.

OUTING PEREMPTORILY DECLINES TO MAKE PROOF.

Chicago, Ill., July 20, '97.

Dear Mr. Shields: I have again called at Mr. Raymond's office, where I learned that Mr. Wilson has decided not to put up his money, because Outing writes him they will not stand by him, and will not furnish proof of circulation, even on your second proposition. Mr. Raymond will therefore return your check. Yours truly,

Lynn S. Abbott.

AND MR. RAYMOND DOES SO.

OFFICE OF

J. WALTER THOMPSON CO.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ADVERTISING,

452 ROOKERY.

Chicago, July 20, '97.

Mr. G. O. Shields,  
19 West 24th St., New York.

My Dear Sir: Enclosed I return your certified check of \$100, which your Mr. Lynn S. Abbott deposited with me, on a bet as to Outing's circulation.

Mr. F. C. Wilson, who first proposed to make this bet, failed to put up his money.

Please acknowledge receipt of this check, and greatly oblige,

Yours very truly,

H. M. Raymond.

FINALE.

And thus ends this remarkable incident. The publisher of Outing has recently printed a full page ad in Rowell's Newspaper Directory, and a quarter page ad in "The Fourth Estate," in both of which he claims a circulation of 83,000. Yet he declines to stand by an assertion, made by one of his advertisers, that Outing has more circulation than RECREATION has; and RECREATION claims only 40,000. Then he declines to stand by this advertiser on a proposition that RECREATION has twice as much circulation as Outing has; and still RECREATION claims only 40,000.

The Outing man had a chance to win \$100 on either proposition, and to prove his claim to this 83,000; but he declines to show up.

Why? Because he dare not.

My offer to bet \$100 on this latter proposition still holds good, and will during the remainder of this year. Any man may accept, no matter who, or where he lives.

Advertisers will draw their own inferences.

G. O. Shields,  
Edr. and Mgr. RECREATION.

GAME NOTES.

I caught one small black bear, awhile ago, and got part of a foot of a monster silver tip—the one who used to kill cattle, last summer. Now I will never get him in the same place. Those old monsters are very shy about a bait. He either twisted the most of his foot off, or ate it off. The bones of his foot were fast in the jaws of the trap, but what was on the under side of the jaws of the trap was gone, claws and all. I know he twisted some of the upper part off because he had the trap chain twisted till the trap was fast, and he hit the head of the bait and knocked it 10 or 12 feet away from the body. He had knocked and hit every thing within reach, before he wound himself up close. I have 12 feet of light log chain to each trap. Where I missed it was when I only had one bait. I should have put down both traps. Then when he was flying around he would have got another foot in.

I have had bear with a forefoot in one trap and a hind foot in another; but it was 5 miles from the ranch, where I was trapping, and of course when I went both ways it doubled the distance. The traps are 42 pound Newhouse. Ralph Anderson.

I send you an extract from a letter received from my brother, who lives on the Similkameen river, at the foot of Mt. Chopaca. He writes:

"You should come up and bring your gun. Game is very plentiful and some of it getting extremely handy. This morning, when I went into the old cabin we use as a kitchen, I was confronted by a big wild cat. When he saw me he began to scamper over tables and stoves, upsetting tin-ware, tearing old clothes off the wall and making fire fly from everything his claws touched. I got a revolver, and after a short battle finished the cat.

"I see mountain sheep every day, on the mountain above the house. White-tail deer are numerous in the brush, along the river. Prairie chickens by the thousand and lots of ducks. You should bring your camera too."

J. B. L., Clover, Wash.

While in Maine, in the summer of '93, I visited a place called Brooklin. It is near Mt. Desert Island, and is in the midst of a game region. I saw deer, red foxes and some bears, within 10 days, and we were barely out of the village. To get there you take steamer from Boston to Rockland; from there by small steamboat to Brooklin, passing all the islands along the coast. L. M. Taylor, N. Y. City.

Please send me the names and addresses of all your friends who are sportsmen, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

they take more than one subject on any one day. Experience has taught them that this can not be done successfully; as each subject is governed by conditions that do not affect any two points alike; and it is by carefully observing these conditions that the good results are obtained.

One of these men said to me last summer, when showing me a negative he had just made of the falls: "There, isn't that a beauty? Notice all the detail and how 'wet' the water looks. I have made many exposures on the falls, but this is the first one that comes up to my idea of what a first class negative should be."

It was indeed a prize, and a rich reward for the untiring efforts he had made.

#### DONT'S FOR AMATEURS.

Don't tone too warm, if using a combined toning and fixing bath. Keep it at about 55 degrees, by using ice. Prints tone slower thus, but are more permanent.

Don't fail to use the extra fixing bath in connection with the combined toning bath; as it insures more permanent prints.

Don't use an old hypo bath, for plates or paper. It is bound to stain. Make fresh each time. Hypo is cheap.

Don't tone more prints at one time than you can handle and examine, frequently.

Don't try to tone several dozen 4x5s in 8 ounces combined toning solution. It won't work. Use plenty of solution and figure in this manner—viz.: 8 ounces contain about 1 grain of gold, which should tone not more than 18 4x5 prints.

Don't—if you make your own developer—use too much alkali. It makes the deoxidizing agent too energetic and clogs up the shadows too soon.

Don't forget that sulphite of soda is added to the developer to regulate the color of the negative, which would be very yellow without it.

Don't forget that hypo is the most likely cause of prints yellowing, and it should therefore be thoroughly eliminated by frequent changes of fresh water. Or, you can keep them 1½ hours in running water; keeping the prints well separated, or they will settle to the bottom of the tray and the water will flow over them.

Don't—unless you want yellow prints—wash over night.

Don't dip your hands in the hypo and then in the toning dish. The ingredients don't combine.

Don't hurry your work and expect superior results. He who makes haste slowly gets the best results, as a general rule. Everything takes time and work should not be rushed through, just to see how it looks.

G. A. C.

#### A NOVEL WASHING BATH.

A novel and, at the same time, a perfect method of washing prints, is to take an ordinary wash basin, or better still a dish pan about 14 inches in diameter; punch a hole in the side, ¼ inch from the bottom; then through the hole and bent to conform with the inside of the dish, insert a piece of tube, which has been closed up at the end, and drilled full of holes the size of a darning needle. Solder this tube on the outside, making a water tight joint. Now punch a row of holes, 1 inch from the top and ⅛ inch in diameter. These holes should be punched from the inside, leaving a smooth surface; the burr being on the outside. The idea is to give a circular motion to the prints. When finished fasten a piece of rubber tubing to the end of the tube passing in at the bottom, and connect with a spigot. Turn on the water and when the dish is full put in the prints to be washed. The water flows in below and out above through the holes in the side; thus avoiding the trouble of watching the dish. No prints can float out because the dish never gets full.

Don't turn on too great a stream; just enough to keep the prints in motion.

By having the dish deep enough, and by making a metal rack, plates may be placed in it and washed, thoroughly, in half an hour. The whole outfit should not cost more than 50 cents; is easily made and if painted with asphaltum, occasionally, will last a lifetime.

C.

Enclosed find photo taken by lamp light, according to directions given in a previous issue of RECREATION. I want to say right here that I have gotten more actual money value from RECREATION than from any other paper I ever read.

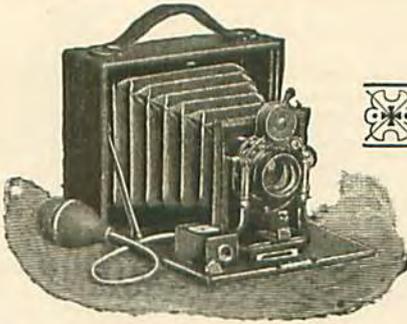
This picture was made with a pocket kodak. I used 2 lamps—one above and one below and to right of camera. Time of exposure 8 minutes.

There is one thing to be made a special note of, in this picture, one which any woman will do well to remember, when sitting for a photo. The lady kept her mouth shut for 8 consecutive minutes, and was not asleep either.

R. P. Schermerhorn.

The picture is good, considering the conditions under which it was made, but is not good enough to reproduce.—EDITOR.

Getting subscriptions for RECREATION is easy. The magazine does its own talking. Turn to the premium list, on page xlvi., and see what you can get by sending in a club.



PREMOS  
PRODUCE  
PERFECT  
PICTURES

# Premo Cameras

Have achieved an enviable reputation the world over. Their PERFECT construction and ease of manipulation, combined with grace, beauty, and superb finish, have placed them in the front rank, and they are to-day the Favorite Camera with the foremost Amateur and Professional Photographers.

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20

DIFFERENT STYLES  
AND SIZES

Special Designs for the Sportsman and Tourist

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By ALOIS BEER, Photographer to Emperor of Austria.

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as much care must be used in the selection of the Plates or films as the Camera.

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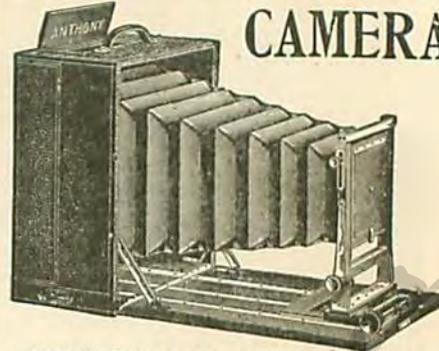
Give Universal Satisfaction

Also J. C. DEVELOPING TABLOIDS, put up in 3 sizes, price 25c., 40c., 75c.

If you intend competing for prizes let us assist you in winning by the aid of our Plates, Films, and Developer. For sale by all dealers. Catalogue free.

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We recommend CLIMAX DRY PLATES They are quick and reliable to amateurs

The INTERNATIONAL ANNUAL, Vol. IX., 100 illustrations, 80 practical articles on photography, now ready. Price, 75 cents; postage, 15 cents.

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If you are in need of  
**A Camera that will produce a Perfect Picture,**

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## The HAWK-EYE, Jr.

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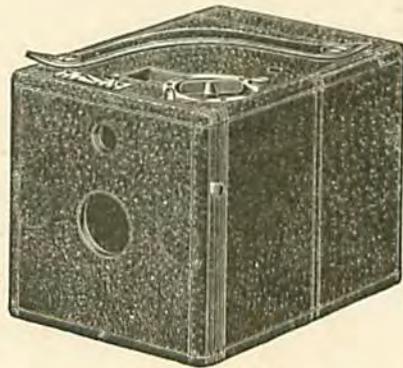
The simplicity of its working parts enables the novice to obtain results that will astonish old photographers. Size, 4 3/8 x 4 3/4 x 6 1/4 in. Photo, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. Weight, 20 oz.

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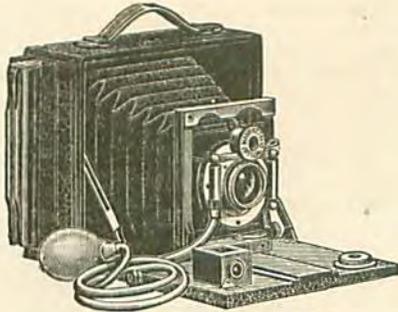
Send for Catalogue, giving description of all kinds of Cameras and Supplies.

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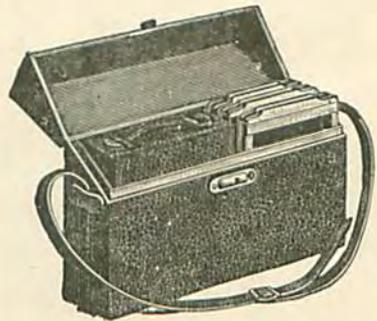
Is the  
Ideal Camera

FOR TOURISTS, WHEELMEN  
OR SPORTSMEN GENERALLY

*Fitted with our Extra Rapid Rectilinear Lens (unequaled in this country), and the Bausch and Lomb Optical Company's Iris Diaphragm Shutter.*

Complete with Carrying Case

**\$25.00**



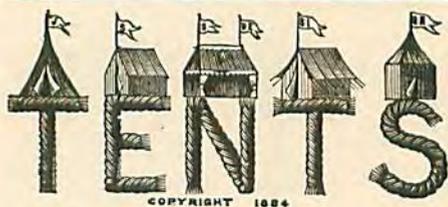
Same without rack and pinion, for focussing, and swing back

**\$20.00**



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We manufacture the largest and most complete line of tents in the country, and our goods are celebrated for their wearing and waterproof qualities.

Send 4 cents in stamps for our new 40-page illustrated catalogue showing all styles of Tents and Camp furniture.

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outgrade the so-called high grade. They have distinctive qualities of their own. Riders use them once and then always.

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**THE CYCLE LIGHT  
FOR 1897 IS**

# THE BANNER

We did not get out our '96 lamp until late in the season, but we could not make them fast enough. Our '97 is greatly improved and will more than please its purchasers.

Throws a powerful, broad light, and illuminates ground to perfection. Extremely handsome in appearance. Your dealer should have them; until he has will send, carriage paid, for \$2.50, to any part of the United States.

Absolutely Wind Proof.  
Will Not Jolt Out.  
No Solder to Melt.  
All Parts Removable.  
Fills on Outside Oil Fount.  
Solid Brass, Heavily Nickered.  
Easy to Take Apart.  
Easy to Put Together.  
A Perfect Road Illuminant.  
Has a Positive Wick Lock.



**\$2.50**

Delivered anywhere in United States.

Burns kerosene in packed fount. No splashing. 5½ inches high. Weight, 12 oz. Handsome side lights.

Send for Illustrated Booklet.

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Factories: Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.



**THE "ONEITA"**  
PAT. APL 2571 1893.

**Elastic Ribbed Union Suits**

are complete undergarments, covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women, and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit, for dresses, or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for illustrated booklet

**ONEITA KNITTING MILLS** Office: 1 Greene St. New York

## Hose and —

I want every reader of RECREATION to buy something from me. I am offering some things very low as an inducement. This month I have the following to offer:—

A black or tan sock, imported, 60 gauge, retail price anywhere, **35 cents**. My price, **25 cents**, six pairs, **\$1.35**.

For duck hunters and fishermen, long wool hose; comes over the knee; very heavy; 2x2 rib black, **\$1.00**, similar goods, not so heavy, blue, **50 cents**. Can't do better on these.

For ladies: lisle hose, black, three pairs in a box, **\$1.00**. Good cotton hose, black or tan, **25 cents** a pair, imported Hermsdorf black.

Ladies' cotton fleeced underwear for fall, a beauty in silver gray, **70 cents** a suit, good value at **\$1.00**; three suits, **\$2.00**. Same in Egyptian, **90 cents** a suit, three suits, **\$2.50**; vests alone, half price; sizes 3, 4 and 5.

I sell sweaters too. Have a beauty, hand-knit, honeycomb stitch, best lustre worsted; maroon, navy, white, olive green or black, **\$3.50**, leggins to match, **\$1.50**; good sweaters at **\$2.00** and **\$2.50**. I guarantee all goods to give perfect satisfaction and pay express charges to any address.

**GEO. F. WEBBER, Detroit, Mich.**

## FISH NOTES.

One of the finest specimens of the Tyece salmon ever caught in the vicinity of Tacoma, by hook and line, was landed near Point Defiance recently by R. P. Hughes. The big fellow weighed 38½ pounds, was 3 feet 1¾ inches from tip to tip and 28¼ inches about the girth.

The fish was landed with line, attached to rod and reel. The lucky angler was one hour in landing the salmon. He thought at first he had hooked a seal, and it was 10 minutes before the fish appeared at the surface. He leaped into the air and made a gamey resistance against capture. Two lines were tied together, with which to play the fish.

M. S. Hill, Tacoma, Wash.

A subscriber asks the names of the different bass flies, and the time of year when they should be used. An expert answers:

"For fly casting, for bass, the best time is the early part of June, although some anglers have good success in early July. Flies for casting are dressed on No. 2 and No. 4 hooks, and the best known varieties are Royal Coachman, Scarlet Ibis, Professor, Montreal, Red Hackle, Reuben Wood, Governor Alvord, Lake George, Silver Doctor, and Seth Green.

"July and August are the best months for trolling. Flies for trolling are dressed on No. 1 and 1-0 hooks."

O. C. Baker, Noblesville, Ind., requests information as to the best bait for sturgeon, in July and August. The U. S. Fish Commission replies that it has no information that can apply to these 2 particular months, in the region mentioned. Crayfish, otherwise known as "crabs" among the fishermen, are found in the stomachs of sturgeon taken during the summer months.

These "crabs" are often used by fishermen, on their set lines, and sturgeon are secured with this bait when all other kinds of bait fail to attract them. Fresh water snails and mussels might also be tried.

Would like to ask through RECREATION, what flies are best for brook trout in the streams of this State.

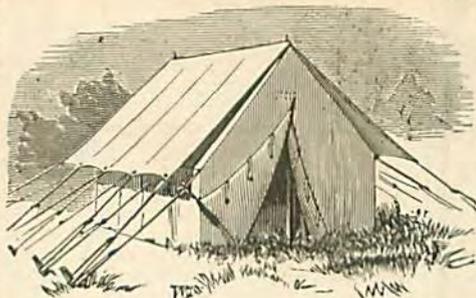
J. B. H., Glens Falls, N. Y.

Will some reader please answer?

EDITOR.

A telegram from Three Lakes, Wis., dated June 7th, says J. S. Vilas, A. C. Bossard, and W. C. Drake, all of Kaukauna, Wis., fished at Three Lakes, on the 6th, and caught 105 black bass and pickerel.

Thomas Richards, of the Fleming house, prides himself on having made the largest trout catch of the season. One day last week he caught 10 pounds between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.



Every  
Sportsman  
Should  
Have a

# WATER-PROOF TENT

A camper knows the advantages of a tent that is an absolute protection against rain and dampness. We secure this advantage by **OUR** water-proof **PROCESS** and avoid the extra bulk and weight of a fly.

We make tents of all sizes, shapes and materials, suited to the needs of hunters, campers, travellers, canoeists; also

## Water-Proof Sleeping Bags

CANVAS BUCKETS, AMMUNITION, PROVISION,  
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Enthusiastically endorsed by campers everywhere—not an experiment. Now made with improvements suggested by usage under all conditions—as, for instance, the outside waterproof canvas cover, the middle bag and the soft, warm, light inner bag—to be used separately or combined, thus giving perfect protection from cold, rain or sudden climatic changes. Strong, durable and useful, as a hold all.

A perfect  
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 unnecessary.

No stiffened muscles. No uncovering.

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are a revelation to buyers of the old, heavy and unsatisfactory square blankets.



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meets every requirement of the sportsman "waiting for a shot," whether at a deer, ducks or pigeons. Better than coats. Carefully made to combine all desirable features. Excellent as a Driving Cape.

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for use with the Bags, or for anyone exposed to severe weather, will be found very serviceable and a comfort in cold or windy weather.

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ORIGINAL.

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5-4<sup>th</sup> 1897

Received from

Recreation

IN WEIGHT, AS FOLLOWS:

	TARE.	GROSS WEIGHT.
244 No. 1 Sack, 3 lbs.		13554
No. 2 Sack, 5 lbs.		732
Net weight,		12822
Rate per pound,		.01
Amount of postage,		\$128.22

Per *A. W. Lamb* Postmaster.  
Receiving Clerk.

NOTE.—It is important that this receipt be compared with its duplicate, signed by the Postmaster, and issued at the close of each month.

Post-office receipt for May number of RECREATION. Other receipts cheerfully shown on application.

A copy of RECREATION weighs  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. and the postage is 1 cent a pound. This means a subscription list of 25,600 copies a month. Figure it and see. Then call for further proof.

Address RECREATION, 19 West 24th Street, New York

(N. Y., 3316. Ed. 5—25,000.)

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June 2		

New York Post Office,

6-2-1897

Received from

*Recreation*

IN WEIGHT, AS FOLLOWS:

	TARE.	GROSS WEIGHT.
185 No. 1 Sack, 3 lbs.		16718
No. 2 Sack, 2 lbs. 5 oz.		555
Net Weight, - - -		16163
Rate per pound, - - -		.01
Amount of postage, - - -		\$161.63

Per

*AWL*

Postmaster.

2-1-96

Receiving Clerk.

Post-office receipt for June number of RECREATION. The postmaster does not stuff the returns for any publisher.

This is for subscriptions only. The News Co.'s trade of 11,000 a month is not included. Total circulation, 40,000 a month.

If interested call for further proof.

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(N. Y., 3316. Ed. 5—25,000.)

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	to	
July 2	1115	

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7-7-1897

Received from.

Recreation

IN WEIGHT, AS FOLLOWS:

	TARE.	GROSS WEIGHT.
140 No. 1 Sack, 3 lbs.		13125
No. 2 Sack, 2 lbs. 5 oz.		
		420
Net Weight, - -		12705
Rate per pound, -		.01
Amount of postage, -		\$127.05

C. VAN COTT, P. M.

Per

A. W. Lamb

Postmaster.

2-1-96

Receiving Clerk

Here is a third receipt, and all these 3 are for the  
3 dullest months in the year

To Sportsmen and Tourists: I am located in Northwestern Colorado, in a paradise for sportsmen. Large game abundant and trout fishing unexcelled. Gentle saddle horses, pack outfits, etc. Everything first class. Correspondence solicited.

J. M. Campbell, Hunter and Guide,  
Buford, Colorado.

**The Hermitage:** Is on the bank of Henry's Lake, at the foot of the Grand Tetons. Fine trout fishing in the lake and adjacent streams. Elk, moose, deer, bear, mountain sheep, goats, and antelope are found in the neighboring hills. Superb scenery, fine climate, good, comfortable boats, and plenty of substantial food, well cooked. What more could a sportsman want? Address

BURTON HARRIS, Jackson, Wyo.

**Information Wanted:** I desire to spend 2 weeks, in September, baybird shooting and striped bass fishing, and will be greatly obliged to any reader of RECREATION who can recommend a good place for that combination of sport, anywhere from Montauk Point to Nova Scotia. Address

J., P. O. Box 1798, N. Y. City.

**For Sale:** Wild celery seed. Will receive orders till September 15th.

J. K. Terrell, Oshkosh, Wis.

**Jas. L. McLaughlin:**—Experienced Guide. Best references furnished. Elk, moose, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, lions, bear, sage hens and grouse. Best trout fishing in the country, within 10 minutes' walk of my ranch. Would take a few boarders. Tourist outfits furnished on short notice. Address

Ishawood, Big Horn Co., Wyoming.

#### ANY PARTY

wanting to see the National Park, or to hunt in the Teton or Jackson's Hole countries, should write me.

These are the best big game ranges in the United States. Moose, elk, deer, bear, mountain sheep, mountain lions, and all kinds of small game abundant; also the best of trout fishing in the West.

Have put in 16 years hunting, trapping, and guiding in Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, and know where to go for any kind of game you want. Write me and I will give you full particulars.

GEORGE WINEGAR, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., Idaho.

**Wanted:** To Exchange, an Eastman Pocket Kodak, with leather carrying case, complete printing outfit, and 1½ dozen dry plates, for a 22 Marlin Repeater, or a Field Glass, with leather case and shoulder strap.

Dr. W. C. Duncan, Clay City, Ind.

**For Sale:** Two red cedar row boats, each 15 feet long and 36 inches wide; made of 1 inch strips, nailed every 2 inches and sewed with copper wire. Weight about 70 pounds each. Address

Wm. Dicer, Albion, Mich.

**Eggs and Curiosities:** All boys or men, interested in Eggs and Curiosities, having either to sell or exchange, should write me. I have specimens from the Copper mines to sell or exchange.

M. A. Baker, Hancock, Mich.

## KAREZZA ETHICS OF MARRIAGE.

A bold, brave book teaching ideal marriage, rights of the unborn child, a designed and controlled maternity. **Union Signal:** Thousands of women have blessed Dr. Stockham for Tokology, thousands of men and women will bless her for Karezza.

**Arena:** Karezza is worth its weight in gold. Sample pages free. **Agents Wanted.** Prepaid \$1.00. ALICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., 277 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

**Information Wanted:** A competent taxidermist wants to settle in a thriving town, in the midst of a good game country. Will some brother sportsman, who knows of such an opportunity, please write me? B. C. DeLand, Lebanon, N. H.

**Adirondack Lands FOR SALE** in Various Parts of that Region; Suitable for Grand Parks, Game Preserves, Cottage Sites, Forest Land Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



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Great English Remedy for

### GOUT and RHEUMATISM.

SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.

Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.



Henry L. Armstrong and Henry P. Dain recently went trout fishing, in a brook not far from Peekskill, and caught 11 trout. William Mabie.

# THE AMERICAN BOOK OF THE DOG

THE ORIGIN, DEVELOPMENT, SPECIAL CHARACTERISTICS,  
UTILITY, BREEDING, TRAINING, DISEASES, AND KENNEL  
MANAGEMENT OF ALL IMPORTANT BREEDS OF DOGS

*A Book for Dog Fanciers and Dog Owners*

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8vo, 700 Pages, 85 Illustrations. Cloth, \$5.00; Half Morocco, gilt top, \$6.50;  
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| The American Field, and author of "Modern Training, Handling, and Kennel Management."  | The Chesapeake Bay Dog. George W. Kierstead.  |
| The Irish Setter. Max Wenzel, Secretary The Irish Setter Club of America, and B. F. Seitner, Vice-President The Pointer Club of America. | The Bedlington Terrier. W. H. Russell.  |
| The Gordon Setter. Harry Malcolm, President The American Gordon Setter Club.   | The Irish Terrier. Dr. J. S. Niven.   |
| The Pointer. Charles K. Westbrook, A. M.   | The Bull Terrier. Frank F. Dole.  |
| The Greyhound. Col. Roger D. Williams, President The Iroquois Hunting and Riding Club.   | The White English Terrier. E. F. Burns.   |
| The Deerhound. Dr. Q. Van Hummell.   | The Airedale Terrier. F. H. F. Mercer.  |
| The Foxhound. Dr. M. G. Ellzey, Associate Editor The National Economist.   | The Scottish Terrier. John H. Naylor.   |
| The Bassethound. Lawrence Timpson.   | The Dandie Dinmont Terrier. John H. Naylor.   |
| The Dachshund. William Loeffler.   | The Skye Terrier. Lawrence Timpson.   |
| The Bloodhound. J. L. Winchell.  | The Black and Tan Terrier. Dr. H. T. Foote.   |
| The Russian Wolfhound. William Wade.   | The Maltese Terrier. Miss A. H. Whitney.  |
| The Beagle. H. F. Schellhass, President The American-English Beagle Club.  | The Collie. Henry Jarrett and J. E. Dougherty.  |
| The Irish Water Spaniel. P. T. Madison, Secretary The Indiana Kennel Club.   | The Old English Sheep Dog. William Wade.  |
| The English Water Spaniel. William A. Bruette.   | The Great Dane (German Dogge). Prof. J. H. H. Maenner.  |
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| The Sussex Spaniel. A. Clinton Wilmerding, President The American Spaniel Club.  | The Mastiff. William Wade.  |
| The Field Spaniel. J. F. Kirk.   | The Newfoundland. L. F. Whitman.  |
| The Cocker Spaniel. J. Otis Fellows.   | The Bulldog. John E. Thayer.  |
| The Fox Terrier. August Belmont, Jr., President The American Kennel Club, and The American Fox Terrier Club.                             | The Dalmatian Coach Dog. Maj. T. J. Woodcock.   |
|  | The Poodle. W. R. Furness.  |
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|  | The Toy Spaniels. Miss Marion E. Bannister, Secretary The New York Pet Dog Club.  |
|  | The Schipperke. E. R. Spalding.   |
|  | Diseases of the Dog, and their Remedies. Dr. J. Frank Perry ("Ashmont"), author of "Dogs; Their Management and Treatment in Disease." |
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"The book is exceedingly interesting. It is free, too, from the sameness of expression and treatment so often found in books of this character, written by one man. It is, moreover, a very instructive book, and of practical value, in many features, to the owners and breeders of dogs.

"A valuable feature of this book is the illustrations. Many of these are artistic and beautiful in a high degree. The portraits of several dogs of world wide reputation are shown, and those of many other typical specimens, less widely known, add to the interest and attractiveness of the work. Nearly every breed is illustrated, and of some breeds several good specimens are pictured."

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#### THE NEW EXCELSIOR.

One morning at the break of day  
A languid stroller made his way,  
And at each turn he paused to say:—  
"Is't hot enough for you?"

As on he pressed with weary trot,  
A maiden cried:—"Why leave this spot?"  
"For me," he said, "it's much too hot—  
"Is't hot enough for you?"

"Oh, stay," the old man said, "and quaff  
A glass or two of 'alf an' 'alf.  
The youth replied with bitter laugh:  
"Is't hot enough for you?"

At eventide they found the wight  
Prone on the highway, cold and tight,  
He lay and snored the question trite:  
"Iz zotty 'nuff fr yoo-o-o?"  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### IN A CIRCLE.

"Dere's no good of it anyhow!" exclaimed Meandering Mike, after a long silence.

"Of what?" inquired Plodding Pete.  
"Thinkin'. Ye think an' think, an' de first t'ing ye knows ye've got right back ter where ye started from!"

"What's agitat'in' ye?"  
"Anarchists. I was reflectin' on de way dem fellers labors for nuttin', studyin' up on explosives. It takes an anarchist ter make a good bomb. An' purty soon I worked aroun' ter de fact dat it takes a bum ter make a good anarchist, an' den I says ter myself, Wot's der use? I'm goin' ter sleep."—Washington Star.

Game in this county (Blair) was not as plentiful as usual last fall, but rabbits, pheasants, and squirrels were killed in fair numbers. Few trout have been taken this season considering the number of anglers who have been out.

D. Duncan, Holidaysburg

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## ON THE E-KON-LOCK-HATCH-EE.

JOHN BEIDLER.

Gabiella, Fla.

Editor RECREATION: Starting from what is known as the "Big Cypress Swamp," a stream finds a devious course through the Eastern part of Orange county, Florida, to the waters of the St. Johns, which it enters near Lake Harney. From its many and sharp curves the Indians gave it the title of E-kon-lock-hatch-ee, signifying crooked river. This name has been retained by the white settlers, though it is also known as the "Big creek." During autumn, winter, and spring, the stream has an average width of about 40 feet; but during the summer or rainy season, it "spreads itself" to a large extent, in some places reaching a mile in width and becoming a rapid river. It is, however, during its normal state that angling is best.

The stream, for nearly its entire length, is shaded by numerous tall trees—huge, gray, old oaks, gnarled and twisted and aspiring to heaven; some of them spreading their vast arms over the lower tribes of vegetation, and clothed with heavy draperies of innumerable parasitic plants, which creep from tree to tree or fling their long tendrils a hundred feet from the ground. Tall cypress, ash, sweet gum, cabbage palmetto and many other species of wood crowd together in a dense thicket, which completely shuts in the stream. Willows trail their branches in the clear brown water, their leaves often stirred by the movement of an unseen fin below.

Game is abundant in the jungle which borders the stream. Deer, wildcats, otters, raccoons, squirrels, and wild turkeys hide there, as do also moccasins and rattlesnakes; while in the more open country quails abound.

The channel of the stream is difficult to navigate, even with a small boat, on account of the logs and dead tree-tops often found lying across it. These, with roots and cypress knees, sometimes block the passage, which necessitates dragging the boat over or around the obstruction. The water, in many places, is deep, and large alligators are often found basking in a streak of sunshine or silently watching for food. In such places, too, the pike has its haunts, and bass, bream, and large cat-fish are there.

Pike fishing, in this stream, is excellent; but on account of many logs and roots there is not much room for fancy work. You must yank them out as soon as you can lift them. You must, however, be exceedingly careful not to put your tackle's strength against the strength of the fish until he is quite exhausted in his efforts to break free, or your tackle is sure to be broken. These pike often grow to a weight

of 4 and 5 pounds, and, as every fisherman knows, a 5 pound pike is not the easiest fish to handle.

The Florida bass are all of the large mouth variety, and, like the small mouth, are voracious feeders, and very gamey. They are abundant in this stream, and I have heard of 20 pounders being caught, although I have never taken any of over 14 pounds in weight. A 14 pounder has sufficient strength and activity to give your tackle a good test, and yourself some show of displaying your skill as an angler.

The live bait most in vogue here are small sun-fish, and shiners, about 6 inches in length. The latter is a small fish, somewhat similar to a young shad, and makes an attractive bait; but one not always obtainable. A shiner 5 or 6 inches long, and lively, will almost invariably tempt a large bass to bite.

It is an exciting moment when you hook one of those big fellows. The rod bends almost double as the terrified fish dives and plunges madly about, lashing the water furiously in his wild struggles for freedom. Often rising to the surface, he bounds many feet in the air; then back again with a powerful plunge and a rapid dart for some log or root. It is then that you must show your skill or you will lose your fish.

The average size of the bass caught, when you have good bait, is from 3 to 8 pounds, and often half a dozen may be taken from one pool not over 20 feet across. Cat-fish weighing 5 to 30 pounds will sometimes annoy you, but as they are usually too slow for the bass and pike, you will only catch them when the bass and other fish are not biting freely. Soft shell turtles also are numerous, and can be caught without much effort.

One of the great pleasures to be enjoyed, while fishing in the E-kon-lock-hatch-ee, is the scenery. It is grand, impressive, strange, tropical—now gloomy and awe-inspiring; now fairy-like and charming, and again weird and wild. The great trees are interlocked with a perfect network of vines and are loaded with great clusters of mosses. The stream being narrow, often for quite a distance, the branches of the large trees interlock across the channel, forming vast, arched avenues, paved with a floor of intensely dark water, roofed with dense, dark foliage, decorated with great fringes of Spanish moss. These covered passages are solemn and impressive at any time; but in the night, when lighted up by the blaze of a brilliant camp fire, the scene is indescribable. The inky water, the lights and shadows of the foliage, the disturbed birds as they wheel gracefully out of sight, all leave an impression never to be forgotten.

The E-kon-lock-hatch-ee is one of the best fishing streams in the State, and has

good game ranges along its banks. Ducks, wild turkeys, deer, squirrels, and quails are still plentiful, and independent of the creek we have 23 lakes well stocked with fish. Anyone wishing to spend a few months, or the winter here can find good accommodations, with Northern families, at reasonable rates, and good guides can be had by addressing me. I shall be glad to answer any questions pertaining to these matters.

### THE BULLHEAD.

DR. H. S. MILLER.

It has long been a reproach to call a person "a bullhead." Now, in defense of the bullhead, or catfish proper, I will give the result of some observations of these fish.

I was fly-fishing in a stream one bright, hot day. As I walked along the bank, eagerly peering into the water, I suddenly saw, darting from close to shore, a bullhead, of about a pound in weight. The water was not more than 4 inches deep, with a mud bottom. The fish raised a cloud of mud with tail and fins, about 3 feet in diameter and so dense that nothing could be seen through it. I remained to determine what it all meant. After waiting 15 or 20 minutes, the mud partially settled. There on the bottom, was a solid mass of little bullheads, about  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch long.

As I am deeply interested in all forms of nature (indeed, it is the thing that adds zest to our hunting and fishing trips), I decided to remain quietly on the bank and watch the dénouement. The sun was hot, and with my high rubber boots on, I found it very uncomfortable; but I stood without a motion, patiently waiting the return of mother bullhead.

I was repaid by seeing her come stealing, slowly and with the utmost caution, from a different direction from that in which she made her exit. She approached her little flock with every evidence of affection. She nestled among them, and in a moment was invisible, her flock all about her; a picture of happiness and contentment.

I still remained, for I was deeply interested, though scorched almost to a blister. In a few minutes a sunfish approached, carelessly threading its way through the weeds. Like a flash of light, the old lady darted out from the cloud of little folks and plunged after the sunfish, which "did not stay on the order of his going, but went at once." The mother returned to the bosom of her family, though she seemed to have both eyes free to watch for the approach of enemies.

I kept perfectly still, not desiring to embarrass the old lady. Evidently she finally considered me nothing more than a stump, and indeed I began to feel that way myself.

After a time, pater familias put in an appearance; slowly wiggling his way through the weeds until he came within about 6 feet of the little cloud. Then out with a rush, the madam went, plunging toward the old man, who, evidently knowing what was coming, stopped. As she approached and discovered who it was, I could, in imagination, hear her remarks: "Oh! it's only you, eh? I feared some fiend was after my babies." After caressing each other a moment, by rubbing noses and sides, she returned to her family.

By this time, being stiff and uncomfortable from my long pose, I started to leave. The mother fish at once became scared and rushed toward deep water. Before her return, the little fellows thought to have a frolic, and began darting around, finally getting down the stream about 6 feet. When the madam returned and found the little ones gone, she was greatly excited and rushed about in every direction. So much was she exercised that my presence or motions did not alarm her in the least. She finally found her little flock; but I did not notice that she used her slipper on any of them.

Knowing this fish better, I think it should be considered a compliment to be called a bullhead. I have closely observed black bass, and other varieties of fish watching their nests. As long as the ova are unhatched, the female only (I think) guards; but when the fish appear and begin to swim, the mother forsakes them, while the male devours them on sight.

I was deeply interested in the article, in RECREATION, describing Mr. Thompson's work with the brush, and the engravings given especially appealed to me. His life in the Canadian Northwest and the illustration of the sod roofed cabin wrapped in a blizzard, awoke sundry slumbering memories, for I spent nearly 2 years on those same Assiniboia plains, near the Qu'Appelle Valley. I am familiar with the country from Winnipeg nearly to Edmonton; also with the whole Saskatchewan river. Would I could make a long trip up there again, for it is a splendid country for one who enjoys the finest small game shooting in North America. The lover of the small bore rifle—say a Lyman sighted 25-20—would there have the grandest shooting imaginable. Every kind of aquatic bird, from a sandpiper to a swan, is found there; and ruffed grouse, prairie chickens and rabbits innumerable, besides big game in the wilder and heavily timbered sections.

Chas. Greenwood, Chelan, Wash.

Please send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen of your acquaintance, in order that I may send them sample copies of RECREATION.

## WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

RECREATION has many warm friends here, and deserves everyone's praise. Good sportsmen's literature has been rare. RECREATION is setting the proper pace and will no doubt find many imitators. I am glad to have such a magazine at hand, to silence the old-fogy cry of horror, at the mere mention of the word "sport." It demonstrates that true manly and womanly exercise, recreation or sport, is not a hindrance to a pure heart and mind; but rather a stimulus.

Don D. Connell, Knoxville, Ia.

RECREATION is just the thing with which to remember my friends in the forest and on the plains. They will very near eat it, advertisements and all. Here are 2 of their names, and \$2, to start with.

Jesse Roberts, Chestnut Hill, Phila.

I remit \$1; please place the name of Carl Erickson, Dotsero, Eagle Co., Colo., on your list for one year. This came unsolicited, after a 5 minutes perusal of RECREATION. It recommends itself more effectively than any agent could.

L. D. Gilmore, Dotsero, Colo.

The only thing I have against your book is that I can sit down and read it, but can't take up my rifle, and go out and have some of that sport; but of course, that is not your fault.

Samuel Williams, East Akron, O.

I find RECREATION all you claim for it. It keeps the blood of a true sportsman in motion, same as the sight of a big buck, on a frosty morning.

Geo. C. Edgeter, Dayton, O.

I must again compliment you on your splendid magazine. Each number is better than the preceding one. I read it all, from cover to cover, advertisements and all.

S. M. Eaton, Watertown, Wis.

Enclosed herewith find my renewal. Could not do without RECREATION if it cost double the price. I read it from "Kiver to Kiver," quoting from Opie Reed. Success to RECREATION.

Geo. H. Reynolds, Necedah, Wis.

Your magazine keeps growing better and better. I can hardly wait for it to come. Those pictures of the game hogs and fish hogs are good.

J. F. Gardella, 3 Varnum St., Haverhill, Mass.

I have been a reader of your magazine for about 3 years, and find it very interesting and entertaining. It is brimful of good, wholesome reading matter.

P. J. Blount, Atlanta, Ga.

I have been buying RECREATION ever since the first number was issued, and believe it the best magazine published, in the sportsmen's line.

W. C. Dierks, Butte, Mont.

I like RECREATION very much. Have no trouble at all to get the sportsmen to subscribe for it.

N. Peterson, Haywards, Calif.

I am greatly pleased with RECREATION. It is the best magazine in America.

Chas. E. Starrett, 59 N. Market St., Boston.

Fenjoy RECREATION so much that I would not do without it for any reasonable amount.

S. Bradbury, Germantown, Pa.

RECREATION is the best magazine published.

Harry L. Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I started out on Monday morning, and by Tuesday night had 20 subscriptions.

Samuel Williams, East Akron, O.

RECREATION is truly the best thing that ever happened. Wyatt B. Hathaway, Chicopee Falls, Mass.

It is with pleasure I send you the remaining subscriptions to complete the club of 28 I have been working for. It was a very easy matter to show the samples to a friend, and the magazine did the rest. Those who have received RECREATION think it the finest thing out.

W. P. Springer, Gouldsville, N. H.

Received April number of RECREATION, and must say it beats all in its class. I saw your exhibit at the Sportsmen's Exposition, and it was as interesting as ever. I was especially pleased with the exhibition of the mountain goats and sheep, the first I had ever seen.

L. M. Taylor, New York.

I am just recovering from a severe attack of pleuropneumonia. The first day I was able to sit up RECREATION came to hand. It was the silver lining to the dark clouds that had been lowering, or like the golden pane the setting sun does just emblaze.

D. C. Norman, Roseville, O.

I take 5 different sportsmen's publications, and RECREATION is the best, most newsy and brilliant of them all. Success to your wish for 50,000 subscribers this year. Will help all I can.

Grant W. Humes, Harrisville, N. Y.

I want to tell you how much I like RECREATION. Mr. Haney has been buying it from the news dealers, and we both like it so much we have to pull straws to see which shall read it first.

Mrs. A. A. Haney, Ft. Worth, Tex.

Your magazine is the best sportsman's book I ever read. When I get it I soon read it through, and only wish it would come daily instead of monthly.

Ezra L. Roberts, Staunton, Mass.

Having read RECREATION 18 months, I consider it the most energetic and growing sporting magazine I know of.

F. C. Merry, Pelham Manor, N. Y.

RECREATION grows better and better every month. It is the best magazine I ever saw. No sportsman should be without it.

F. Edgar Brown, Brimfield, Mass.

Your magazine is all that could be desired—and a little more. It comes like a breath of fresh air in a city office.

Eugene A. Boylan, Lockport, Ill.

I like RECREATION so well I thought I would get a few subscriptions for you, so I started out this morning and got 10.

F. C. Clark, Valley City, N. D.

RECREATION is without doubt the best publication of the kind out. It improves with every issue.

Dr. Chas. Young, Dewittville, N. Y.

RECREATION stands at the head of sportsmen's magazines. It is par excellence.

Wm. H. Rice, Boston, Mass.

I receive RECREATION regularly and enjoy it immensely, but wish it came oftener.

B. W. Rosenstine, Moline, Ill.

RECREATION leaves all other sportsmen's papers in the shade.

B. Vreeland, New York City.

Everybody in this city is pleased with RECREATION.

C. L. Amos, Syracuse, N. Y.

We consider your magazine the best one we take.

W. G. Solomon, Macon, Ga.

RECREATION is the best of its class of literature.

Dr. D. D. Cornell, Knoxville, Ia.

I cannot get along without RECREATION.

W. E. Briggs, Parkman, Me.

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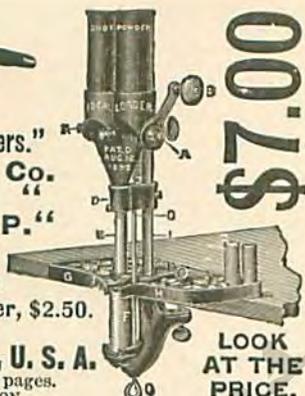
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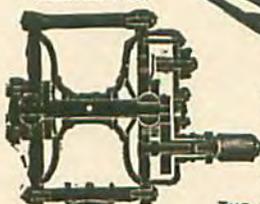
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RECREATION is the best magazine I have ever read, and I hope your circulation will be greatly increased by the end of '97. You certainly deserve it.

A. B. Bauman, Chicago, Ill.

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Am well acquainted with the haunts of the elk, deer, bear, mountain sheep, mountain goat, moose, and caribou; also with the whereabouts of all fur-bearing animals in this region.

Correspondence promptly and cheerfully answered **Everett, Wash.**

They sat in silence for some time.  
"Of what are you thinking?" he finally asked.

She blushed and fidgeted uneasily in her chair, for a minute.

"Never mind," she said sharply. "It's your business to propose, not mine."—Chicago Post.

I have heard that ranchers are killing elk, in Jackson's Hole, to keep them from destroying the hay. They say there are hundreds of elk there, and most of them starving to death. W. L. W., Egin, Idaho.

### WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

I have delayed acknowledging receipt of the Ithaca hammerless gun, which you so generously sent me, as a premium for 35 subscribers to RECREATION, until I could thoroughly test its shooting qualities. I now have to advise that it is one of the best shooting guns I ever saw. I will take my chances in the field against any of the higher priced guns, either for accurate or long range shooting, providing of course I am in company of my class. Many thanks for the gun. Everybody is pleased with RECREATION and I think I can send you many more subscriptions.

H. H. Packard, Cherokee, Ia.

The Premo Sr. camera, sent me for a club of subscribers to RECREATION, was received in good shape. All my friends pronounce it the slickest camera out.

Dr. Kutniewsky, Redfield, S. Dak.

I am much gratified with the way you answered my last letter, in which I asked for information about your book, "American Game Fishes." It is hardly necessary to say I had no sooner had a look at the book, than I saw what a good thing I had. I now call it my "Fish-Bible," a book whose precepts are to be followed for the good of one's soul. It is the best book of the kind I have ever seen. As soon as I can get time, I intend to color the plates, with water colors, and thus make the only possible addition I can think of to make it the book to swear by.

Dr. Franklin, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Bo-peep camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and sent me as a premium, arrived on the 18th, and I am very much pleased with it.

J. R. Peterson, Portland, Me.

This town is being pretty well canvassed for RECREATION, judging by what I hear. Would like to get a start of the rest of the lads, if possible. Mr. M. E. Sweeney received a handsome Marlin from you yesterday, as a premium for 25 subscriptions. He is a staid old bachelor, but looked 20 years younger, with his broad smile, when he remarked "I got the gun all right, boys."

P. F. R., Marion, O.

I have received the Marlin rifle which you sent me as a premium for 21 subscribers to your fine, up-to-date magazine. The gun is a beauty, and is a much nicer one than I expected. It corresponds exactly with the description given in the catalogue.

C. R. Montgomery, South Bend, Ind.

The Premo B camera, sent me for 20 subscriptions to RECREATION, arrived in due time. I am very much pleased with it. Several friends who have seen it each expect to get one like it. You have my sincere thanks.

W. N. Johnson, Richmond, Ind.

Having been a reader of RECREATION since its first issue, I congratulate you on the success you have made of it, and greatly admire the courageous stand you have taken against the game and fish hogs.

H. E. Swezey, Chicago, Ill.

The Yawman & Erbe automatic reel you sent me, for 10 subscribers to RECREATION, received 2 weeks ago and I am more than pleased with it. It is something I have been wanting for several years, and now I get it by simply asking 14 persons to subscribe for RECREATION. The 3 or 4 who did not subscribe at once have promised to do so later. I will here say to all who want the best automatic fishing reel ever made that this is the easiest way I know of to get it. Get up a club of 10 subscribers to RECREATION, get the reel and you will always be proud of it.

B. F. Williams, Quanah, Tex.

I am just in receipt of the Bristol steel fishing rod, sent me as a premium for 10 subscribers to your valuable magazine. The rod is a beauty and I found it more pleasure than work to get the subscriptions. I will begin at once to get subscribers for the automatic reel.

P. Christianson, Spokane, Wash.

By reason of your generosity, I am the owner of a fine double barrel hammerless shot gun, received a few days ago from the Forchard Arms Co., and sent me as a premium for 35 subscriptions. Have been out with it 2 or 3 times and am perfectly satisfied with its shooting qualities. It shoots strong and makes a good pattern. It is greatly admired by all the sportsmen here, and they wonder how you can give such liberal premiums with so good a magazine as RECREATION.

F. C. Doane, Knoxville, Pa.

The Premo B camera, fitted with the lens which I desired, was received promptly, and I am delighted. It is a beautiful instrument and had I paid \$21 in cash for it, it could not have been any better. I consider myself fully paid for my trouble in securing the subscriptions, and feel under obligations to do everything in my power to help on your publication to success. You will probably receive some camping pictures, made with my camera, as my husband and I go camping every season.

Mrs. Geo. Nichols, Chicago, Ill.

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R. TENBROECK, Gen'l Eastern Agent,  
287 Broadway, New York City

E. DICKINSON, Gen'l Manager, Omaha, Neb.  
E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

The recent heated term and consequent dulness in business has afforded a large number of New York trout anglers an opportunity to make trips to the Eastern and Western fringes of the Adirondacks; and the North bound trains of the New York Central Railroad have been well filled, every day, with healthy looking men, in rough clothes, carrying their favorite fly rods. Those going to Essex county change at Albany, and Troy, to the Delaware and Hudson cars.

The sport has averaged good, for the New York State Fisheries Commission has been doing good work in stocking all the trout waters in the state. In this it has been generously aided by the railway companies who furnish free transportation for trout and other fish fry.

I am a constant reader of RECREATION. It fills a long felt want, and brings true happiness to the hearts of the friends of field and gun.

J. G. Patterson, Des Moines, Ia.

I read your magazine with great delight, and the man who has not, has something good before him.

Thomas F. Otley, Chicago, Ill.

## 20 BOOKS ❄ ❄

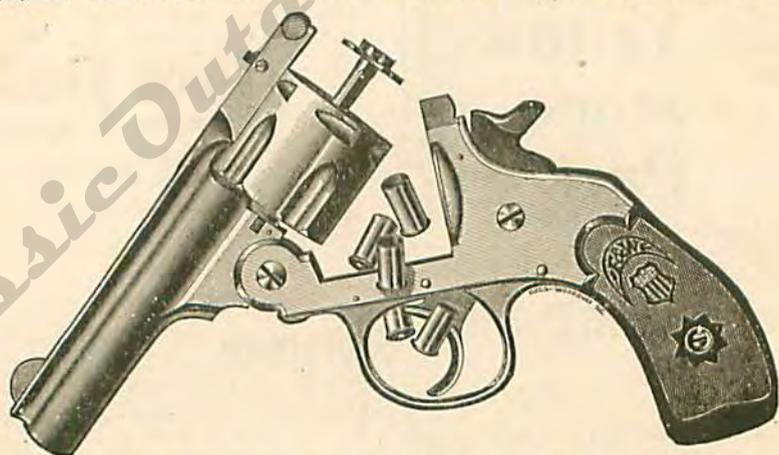
ON 20 DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,  
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Table d' Hote Dinner,		75 "

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Persons or societies who may engage him will not be disappointed. He refers, by permission, to the editor of RECREATION.

555 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your magazine is the best of its kind and we could not get along without it, in our family.

Geo. Bauman, Chicago, Ill.

I think more of RECREATION than of all the other magazines I read.

Fred. E. Baldwin, Stronghurst, Ill.

RECREATION is a splendid magazine, and I recommend it to all my friends.

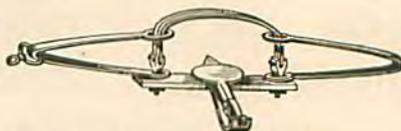
P. H. Fitzpatrick, Rochester, N. Y.



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**ANN ARBOR, MICH.**

My most valuable prize, the Marlin repeating rifle, is certainly a peach. It is really more than I expected. It shoots to perfection. I never had much experience in rifle shooting, but when I hold this gun to the mark it does the rest. I can never thank you enough, but will do more work for you and for RECREATION. Will get you more subscriptions in the near future and feel I am paid double for my work.

Ezra K. Brenner, Millersville, Pa.

### Taxidermists' Supplies

When you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

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**FRED. KAEMPFER,**  
Taxidermist,  
217 Madison St., Chicago.

I have received the Davenport shot gun you sent me for 15 subscriptions and like it very much. I thank you for the gun, and will send you more subscriptions soon. I am delighted with RECREATION and shall take it as long as I live.

Waldo Hallett, Worcester Academy,  
Worcester, Mass.



Ernest L. Brown  
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## SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides finds him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

## ALASKA.

William York, Juneau, moose, bear, deer, sheep, goats and small game.

## CALIFORNIA.

Chris. Ringsin, Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, goats, water-fowl, and salt water fishing.  
John Broder, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.  
S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia. ditto

## COLORADO.

J. M. Campbell, Buford, elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout and grouse.  
Chas. Smith, Buford, ditto  
Frank Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., "  
Charles Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., "  
John Meier, Sweetwater Lake, Dotsero P. O., "  
Eagle Co., "  
R. W. McGee, Debeque, "  
Lem Crandall, Debeque, "  
Sam. T. Himes, New Castle, "  
Luke Wheeler, Pinkhampton, "  
Nathan Fisher, Gunnison, "  
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, "  
W. L. Pattison, Buford, "  
J. E. Borah, Glenwood Springs, "  
Ed. L. Stockton, 527 11th St., Greeley, "

## FLORIDA.

C. L. Farnham, Avon Park, bear, deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, black bass, etc.  
Oliver Tinnny, Ozona, Hillsboro Co., deer, bear, turkeys, quails, ducks and salt-water fishing.  
E. M. Reynolds, Fort Myers, ditto  
Wm. Webb, Osprey, Manatee Co., "  
Frank Guptill, Osprey, Manatee Co., "  
W. J. Meyer, Tarpon Springs, "  
Robt E. Hammond, Key West, "  
Frank Carson, Ft. Meyers, "  
E. T. Robinson, Keuka, "  
Carson Bros., Frostproof, "  
J. L. Sandlin, Punta Gorda, "  
Oliver Archer, Clearwater, "  
L. W. Scroggins, Homeland, "  
Capt. Jas. Argo, Oviedo, "  
F. J. Adams, Sanford, "  
C. B. Bailey, Winter Haven, "  
W. H. Steacy, Pt. Tampa City, "  
Wm. J. Lyon, Interlaken, "  
L. L. Sutton, Sutherland, "  
M. B. Carson, Frost Proof, Polk Co., "  
W. D. Isler, Eagle Lake, "  
George W. Hawthorn, Hawthorn, "  
C. H. Hill, Maitland, "  
J. E. Bowen, Laughman, "  
Margan Bass, Kissimmee, "  
B. C. Lanier, Leesburg, "  
John Hunter, Winter Park, "  
H. Shipman, Haskell, "  
Robert James, Emporia, "  
Alex. Brown, Martin, "  
W. J. McCullough, Boardman, "  
Frank Smith, St. James City, "  
Jinks McCreary, Higly, "  
Baldwin Cassidy, Lisbon, "  
W. H. Howell, Centre Hill, "  
Ed. Brown, Dunedin, "  
G. B. Lawson, Lake Maitland, "  
J. H. Maddox, Wauchula, "  
Will Montgomery, Arcadia, "  
T. E. Fielder, Calvinia, "  
W. F. Hays, Webster, "

## IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.  
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto  
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "  
Ed. Stalley, Lake, Fremont Co., "  
J. S. Sadorus, Sarilda, Fremont Co., "  
Geo. W. Rea, Orange, Fremont Co., "  
Wm. Fraser, Beaver Canyon, "

## IOWA.

Geo. Jenkins, Spirit Lake, ducks, prairie chickens, black bass, etc.  
Wilbur Clark, Spirit Springs, ditto

## MAINE.

Wm. S. Emery, Blakesley Camps, Eustis, moose, caribou, deer, trout, grouse.  
Algic Spearin, Moro, ditto  
Charley Condon, Moro, "  
Wm. Atkins, Oxbow, "  
Miles D. Arbow, Oxbow, "  
Nathan B. Moore, Bingham, "  
Charley Hale, Medway, "  
Walter Dacey, Medway, "  
Elliott Rich, Bethel, "  
John C. Lamb, Kineo, "  
Winn McKenney, Patten, "  
Mitchell Francis, Patten, "  
Royal E. Paine, Stratton, "  
Charles Hathaway, Medway, "  
Victor Scott, Millinockett, "  
C. O. Norton, Dover, "  
Benjamin J. Woodard, Dover, "  
Benjamin Woodard, Dover, "  
Col. N. D. Brown, Roach River House, "  
Alonzo Davenport, Shesuncook, "  
Ichabod Smith, Greenville, "  
Ernest Ham, Guilford, "  
Charlee Capen, Capens, "  
Ed. Masterman, Moosehead, "  
Marsh Carlton, Rangely, "  
Freeman Tibbetts, Rangely, "  
Fred Reed, Medway, "  
Dan Hale, Medway, "  
Will Meyer, Eustis, "  
Charles Haley, Eustis, "  
H. R. Horton, Eustis, "  
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "  
Abner McPhiters, Norcross, "  
Albert McPhiters, Norcross, "  
Horace B. Cushman, Norcross, "  
Irving Hunt, Norcross, "  
Wm. O. Shaw, Dobsy Lake, Washington Co., "  
Ran. Day, Princeton, Washington Co., "  
Geo. C. Jones, Carritunk, "  
Geo. W. Spaulding, Carritunk, "  
Geo. Douglass, Eustis, "  
David Quint, Eustis, "  
Davis Moody, Stratton, "  
Gus Jones, Stratton, "  
Fred Viles, Stratton, "  
John Darling, Lowell, "  
Joe Francis, Old Town, "  
Sebat Shay, Old Town, "  
Louis Ketcham, Old Town, "  
Granville M. Grey, Old Town, "  
Thomas Benham, Jay, "  
L. A. Orcutt, Ashland, "

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Recommended by Dr. Hitchcock, Cliftondall, grouse, squirrels, salt water fishing.

## MICHIGAN.

Bony Markelty, Negaunee, deer, bear, grouse, trout, black bass, and muskalonge.  
Thos. Starr, Alpena, ditto

## MINNESOTA.

C. L. Porter, Glenwood, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.  
E. L. Brown, Warren, ditto  
Jack Baldwin, Jackson, "

SOME GOOD GUIDES (Continued).

MONTANA.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.  
 G. H. Heywood, Red Lodge, ditto  
 W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, "  
 Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "  
 Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "  
 Mr. William Jackson, Browning, Montana, "  
 W. A. Hague, Fridley, "  
 E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, "  
 Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "  
 James Blair, Magdalen, "  
 George Whitaker, Gardiner, "  
 Richard Randall, Gardiner, "

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

P. Marden, Wolfboro Falls, black bass, grouse and quails.  
 Frank Britton, Wolfboro Falls, ditto  
 J. Walter Akers, Errol, "  
 Ned Norton, Colebrook, moose, caribou and deer, "  
 John Bresette, Diamond Pond, ditto  
 Henry Bresette, Diamond Pond, "  
 Lafayette S. Covell, Connecticut Lakes, caribou, deer, etc.

NEW JERSEY.

Billy Throckmorton, Mannahawkin, ducks, geese, brant, shore birds, grouse, salt-water fishing.  
 Dory Hulse, Mannokoking, Ocean Co., ditto  
 Ernest Worth, Bayville, Ocean Co., "  
 James Emmans, Jr., Swartswood Lake, Swartswood, black bass, pickerel, quails and rabbits.  
 Mr. Riker, Culver's Lake, Branchville, perch, black bass and pickerel.

NEW YORK.

Cal. Blanchard, Upper Jay, deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.  
 Abe Rundle, Eldred, Sullivan Co., ditto  
 Eugene Scraftord, Eighth Lake, Old Forge, "  
 Edson Brown, Spring Cove, Franklin Co., "  
 William Boyer, Owl's Head, Franklin Co., "  
 Will Simonds, Franklin Fall, Franklin Co., "  
 Harry Freeman, Axton, Franklin Co., "  
 F. A. Young, Big Moose, "  
 Danforth Ainsworth, Big Moose, "  
 Chris Wagner, Beaver, "  
 Chester Elliot, Beaver, "  
 Edw. Ball, Old Forge, "  
 Garrie Riggs, Old Forge, "  
 Eugene M. House, Glendale, "  
 Geo. P. Finnegan, Smithville Flats, Chenango Co., "  
 L. C. Pendell, Athol, "  
 Geo. Goodsell, Old Forge, "  
 Joe Ward, C. & A. branch, R. N. & O., Oswegatchie, "  
 Martin Humes, Harrisville, "  
 Raymond Norton, Glendale, Lewis Co., "  
 Frank Perkins, Greg, Lewis Co., "  
 Chris Wagner, Beaver River, "  
 Chas. McKaffery, Saranac Inn, "  
 C. I. Stanton, Blue Mountain Lake, "  
 George W. Fuller, Blue Mountain Lake, "  
 Lawrence Sweeney, Lake Clear, "  
 Leonard Bunting, Greenfield, Ulster Co., grouse, woodcock and trout.  
 Thomas Flake, Cape Vincent, pickerel, muskalonge, black bass.  
 Wilfred Dodge, Cape Vincent, ditto  
 Ren Dodge, Cape Vincent, "  
 Warren Aldrich, Greenwood Lake, black bass, trout, grouse, squirrels, rabbits, etc.  
 Charles Lane, Good Ground, L. I., ducks, geese, snipe, plover and salt-water fishing.  
 Harry Rogers, Eastport, L. I., ditto  
 Geo. Rolston, Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I., "  
 Willett Ellison, Freeport, L. I., "  
 W. C. Raynor, Freeport, L. I., "  
 W. N. Ackerley, Patchogue, L. I., ducks, baybirds, salt-water fishing.  
 H. Smith, Moriches, L. I., quails, woodcock and grouse.  
 Dan Havens, Centre Moriches, L. I., ditto  
 Hugh Smith, East Moriches, L. I., "

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fenner S. Jarvis, Haslin P. O., deer, bear, turkeys and quails.  
 Robert Waterfield, Knotts Island, ditto  
 Jas. Tooty, Belleport, "  
 W. C. Halsted, Currituck C. H., deer, turkeys, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.  
 Fred. Latham, Haslin, ditto

NORTH DAKOTA.

Geo. Carl, Sanborn, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, snipe, black bass and pike.

OREGON.

Wm. Ascher, West Fork, Douglass Co., deer, bear, elk, trout, grouse, ducks and geese.  
 E. L. Howe, Creswell, Lane Co., ditto

PENNSYLVANIA.

Leonard Champion, Prop'r Lehigh Valley Hotel, Mahopany, Wyoming Co., bass, pickerel, salmon.

VERMONT.

E. Ward, Fair Haven, woodcock, grouse, black bass and trout.

VIRGINIA.

M. Corbel, Virginia Beach, geese, brant, ducks, shore birds, quails, salt-water fishing.  
 Captain R. E. Miles, Machipongo, ditto  
 C. A. Spencer, Buckingham, "  
 M. A. Barner, Clarksville, "

WASHINGTON.

John S. Wood, Morton Lewis Co., deer, grouse, trout, etc.

WISCONSIN.

T. R. Page, Bruce, deer, grouse, trout, black bass and muskalonge.  
 Charles Johnson, care Williams, Salsich & Co., Star Lake, Vilas Co., ditto  
 L. L. Thomas, State Line, "  
 John Thomas, State Line, "  
 Chas. French, Three Lakes, "  
 M. E. Monsell, Star Lake, Vilas Co., "  
 H. E. Soule, South Range, "  
 Judd Blaisdell, Camp Franklin, Woodruff, "  
 Alexander Gillies, Camp Franklin, Woodruff, "  
 C. J. Coon, Camp Franklin, Woodruff, "

WYOMING.

Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep, antelope, grouse and trout.  
 Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, ditto  
 James Fullerton, Ten Sleep, "  
 Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "  
 Geo. Y. Hayes, Dubois, "  
 S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "  
 R. C. Tregoning, Laramie, "  
 A. Pache, Laramie, "  
 N. E. Brown, Marquette, "  
 H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "  
 Ira Dodge, Cora, "  
 S. N. Leek, Jackson, "  
 Jack Hurst, Ishawood, "  
 W. A. Kepford, Ishawood, "  
 Wm. Wells, Cora, "  
 Frank L. Peterson, Jackson, "  
 O. F. Bike, Jackson, "  
 F. E. White, Jackson, "  
 W. A. Hague, Pleasant Valley Hotel, via Mammoth Hot Springs, "

CANADA.

Christopher Bowers, Shelburne, Nova Scotia, moose, bear, grouse, black bass and trout.  
 E. Thompson, Hammond Plain, Nova Scotia, ditto  
 John Bowers, Shelburne, Nova Scotia, "  
 Frank Komondo, Desert or Maniwaki, P. Q., "  
 Philamon Gashon, Three Lakes, P. Q., "  
 Robert Elliott, Kennebec Road, Armstrong, County Beauce, P. Q., "  
 Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, bear, ptarmigan, ducks and geese.  
 W. Kelly McKay, Upper Clyde, Shelburne Co., N. S., moose, bear, lynx, fox, partridge, rabbit, trout.  
 James H. Bower, Upper Clyde, ditto  
 Thomas Davis, Upper Clyde, "  
 Purney Davis, Upper Clyde, "  
 Christian Ryer, Middle Clyde, "  
 Daniel McKay, Middle Clyde, "  
 Parker K. Freeman, Milton, Queens Co., N. S., moose, bear, lynx, fox, partridge, rabbit, trout, salmon.  
 John Jeremy, Milton, ditto  
 Stephen Glode, Milton, "  
 Alick Michel, Milton, "  
 Enoch Freeman, Greenfield, "  
 Boardman Hunt, Greenfield, "  
 Capt. Jesse Milliken, St. George, N. B., "  
 Henry I. Millar, River Desert, "

## WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

I am just in receipt of April RECREATION and must send you a word of appreciation of the hard, clean work you are doing. One has only to make a comparison of your issue this month, with that of April, 1896, to be convinced that the magazine is a success and will remain a success, only more so. You deserve the support of every sportsman in the country and I hope you may get it. I shall certainly aid you all I can. Fred. W. Kriedler, Miles City, Mont.

RECREATION has a large following in this district. All my sportsmen friends take it. I also see it for sale in the principal book stores, and when on the road, through different parts of the Province RECREATION meets one at every turn. This shows it has a large circulation in Nova Scotia, and it must be a first class magazine for advertisers, reaching, as it does, all those interested in matters of sport.

H. Austen, Halifax, N. S.

RECREATION is a most charming and useful sportsmen's paper. I get 2 copies every month in order to cut out the pictures and paste them in an album. The pictures are often on the back of one another so I could not take one without losing the other. C. Rachmiel, New York City.

RECREATION is the finest magazine published in the United States. I read it from cover to cover. Am glad to see the subscription receipts swelling with such rapidity. Hope to see RECREATION at the 50,000 mark very soon.

R. H. Phillips, Milltown, Me.

RECREATION is the best magazine I have ever seen, and if it keeps on increasing in the future, as it has in the past, a sportsman cannot give it praise enough. In fact I can't see how anybody can do without it.

Jos. M. Miller, Verdery, S. C.

Reading RECREATION is like taking a long walk over fields, through woods, and by singing, flashing brooks, on a bright, crisp, breezy morning, when all the air is full of sunshine, and bird songs.

Mrs. M. Lilebron, Esperance, N. Y.

I would not be without RECREATION by any means. I will send you some new subscribers as soon as I can get to see them. All who read the book once always ask for it when they come again.

J. E. Bercau, Dingmans Ferry, Pa.

I have been a subscriber to your magazine 2 years and now cannot and will not do without it. It is the best sportsmen's magazine published, and wish you every success.

A. W. Woodhill, Sydney, Cape Breton.

RECREATION is "hot stuff." I have been taking it a year, without missing a copy, and it is a corker. The only fault I find with it is it doesn't come every week.

Robt. Acker, Mauch Chunk, Pa.

I am very much pleased with RECREATION, and shall continue to take it as long as I am able. Shall recommend it to my friends every chance I get.

Jas. C. Farthing, St. Stephen, N. B., Can.

My father has taken RECREATION for some years and it is one of the best magazines published. I take as much interest in it as my father does.

Alice C. Sweet, Williamsport, Pa.

I am a reader of the most complete magazine ever published. Its name is RECREATION. I read it every month, from cover to cover.

Geo. Jory, Calumet, Mich.

I have been a reader of RECREATION for a long time. One more voice added to the shout of praise for RECREATION.

E. H. Butler, Tacoma, Wash.

Have got 10 names since morning. Less than 2 hours' work altogether. The magazine sells itself.

H. D. Stebbins, Boston, Mass.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's journal published. I read several, but find none so interesting as this.

H. C. Kurasch, N. Hudson, Wis.

RECREATION is a good thing, and should be pushed along, which I am anxious to do. I do not see how it could fail to please anyone who has a spark of nature in him.

W. Porter, Worcester, Mass.

April number of RECREATION is just splendid, better and better all the time. A more interesting sportsmen's magazine I never read.

Frank E. Mills, Middletown, N. Y.

I am greatly pleased with RECREATION. It is the best sportsman's magazine out. I regret I did not take it before.

A. C. Santana, Paterson, N. J.

RECREATION is very popular here, and is longed for each month eagerly by the entire household.

Walter I. Shay, Marysville, Mont.

All the boys like RECREATION very much, and I can hardly wait for it to come, from one month to another.

Fred Libbey, Concord, N. H.

I think RECREATION is the best magazine in print, and intend to take it as long as I live.

Russell Allen Smith, Graniteville, Mo.

My father takes other sportsmen's papers but always wants to see mine, as he thinks it is best. RECREATION is it.

C. H. Smith, New York City.

I read most of the ads in your magazine and I have gotten some valuable information from them.

R. P. Schermerhorn, Wilton, N. Y.

I have only words of praise for your bright, up-to-date, little monthly, and its enterprising publisher.

Al Macnab, Fort Meade, S. D.

RECREATION is the best sportsman's magazine published. I recommend it to all lovers of sport.

Wm. B. Stanley, Little Falls, N. J.

Advocate legitimate sport and protection and your magazine will continue to be a success.

Frank McGuire, 636 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Am very much pleased with RECREATION. It is the best magazine, for the money, I ever saw.

W. E. Bartlett, Mt. Sterling, Ill.

Am delighted with RECREATION. I often wish it was printed weekly instead of monthly.

H. P. Camp, Hartford, Conn.

Here are 10 subscriptions for RECREATION, and it did not take me 2 hours to get them.

Harry A. Beaver, Cadillac, Mich.

I have just heard from some of the people whose names I sent you, who say RECREATION is out of sight.

H. D. Stebbins, Boston, Mass.

RECREATION is a dandy. It is worth more than all the others. I can hardly wait for it.

J. J. Whalen, Haverhill, Mass.

We are very much pleased with your magazine. The illustrations are fine.

W. J. Bush, Lockport, N. Y.

Of all the sportsmen's magazines I have read, RECREATION is the best.

H. Penniman, Cromwell, Conn.

I am stuck on RECREATION. It is the best magazine of the kind printed.

Harry Hibbs, Trenton, N. J.

RECREATION is all you claim for it, and a good deal more.

Duncan Ross, Middletown, N. Y.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine going.

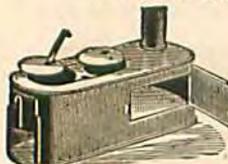
C. A. Lodge, Berent, Ill.

I like RECREATION better every month.

W. J. Kirkman, St. Paul, Minn.

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In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for.



The lightest, most compact, practical camp stove made; either with or without oven. Won't get out of shape, combination cast and sheet steel top, smooth body, heavy lining, telescopic pipe carried inside the stove.

Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

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**RECREATION**

Mention this when you write us.

I received the Forehand gun, in good condition and am much pleased with it in every particular. It is exactly as I requested. Have killed ducks with it which my companions said were out of reach of any shotgun. The subscribers all like RECREATION, which is not strange, by any means.  
Fred. D. Jones, Port Townsend, Wash.

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU  
WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION  
YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE  
THE EDITOR.

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**DRY PLATE**  
**WORKS**

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JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

WANTED.—LIVE ELK, MOOSE, CARIBOU, BLACK-tail deer, wild turkey, European roebucks, fallow deer, etc., for Litchfield Park, Adirondacks. Address, with particulars, EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, 59 Wall Street, New York.

The Forehand hammerless gun received and it far surpasses my expectations. The critics had their laugh, while I was getting the subscriptions; now it is my turn. Three of my subscribers have started out to get clubs in order to get similar guns. I will keep the ball rolling for RECREATION. I have one subscriber 84 years old and he takes more pleasure in reading RECREATION than in the news of the day.

A. V. Voorhees, 123 Varick St., N. Y.

The Ithaca gun you sent me, for 35 subscriptions, is far above my expectations. It is a hard shooting gun and one that any sportsman may well feel proud of.

Chas. E. Stone, Newburyport, Mass.

Permit me to thank you for the Bristol steel rod, sent me as a premium for 10 subscriptions. It is the first time anything of value ever came my way, for nothing. It is no trouble to sell RECREATION to a sportsman. The rod is a beauty and feels as though it would do good work.

Avery L. Foote, Newark, N. Y.

Yesterday I flushed a band of about 60 mallards, from the Sangamon swamps, near here.

A covey of 18 Bob Whites came to my corn crib every day, last winter, for their rations. They were fine, plump little fellows. Recently a Mr. Chas. Rider, while chopping on an old basswood tree, scared 2 fox squirrels out of a hole, in the top of the tree. He went to a house near by, got a gun and shot both of them. Then he felled the tree, went to a large hole near the top, and there lay an old raccoon. Of course he killed him, and began to think the woods were full of game. "Sangamon," Ellsworth, Ill.

She: What makes you think Sommers does not like Asbury Park?

He: I notice that whenever he goes out, he has a bored walk.

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The New York Tribune has secured the entire first edition, the chief part of which has been sold to its own readers, but it offers the same discount of 1-3 off—as long as the copies in hand last—to readers of RECREATION, as follows:

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I commenced the scheme of the work and the execution of it in those parts that I have been able to examine. A good acquaintance with our national history is really essential to good citizenship, and I hope this history may have a wide distribution.

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**Justice Stephen J. Field, Washington:**

The work is admirably prepared, and possess greater merits than any other history of the United States with which I am acquainted. It deserves a place in the library of every student.

If the history, which we make no attempt to describe in this small space, is not to your satisfaction, return at our expense and money will be refunded—and no quibbling about it. We only ask you to see the work. The opinions of 100 prominent buyers sent on request. Address

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Price but a little more than one-half that of any other good gun, and  
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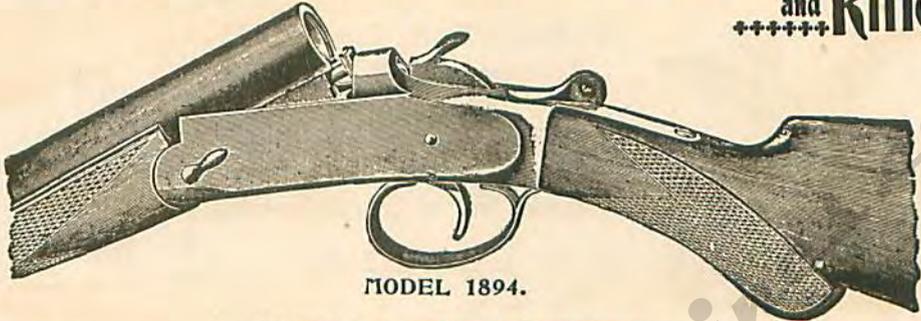
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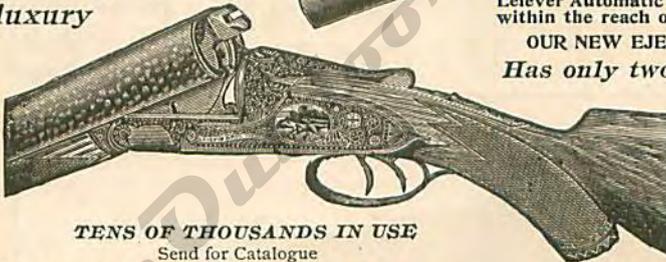
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Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 19 West 24th St., New York:  
Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION  
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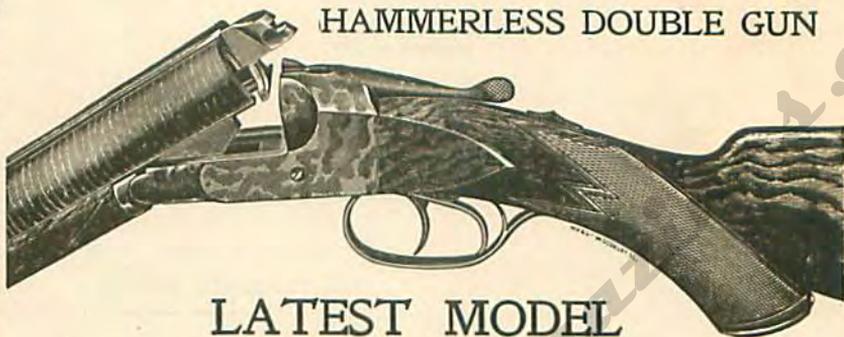
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HAMMERLESS DOUBLE GUN



LATEST MODEL

53 Lansdowne Ave., Toronto, July 16, 1897.

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Gentlemen: The twelve gauge gun, No. 2299, which I got from you in February last, has been given a thorough trial during the past five months, and in justice to you, as makers, I must express my appreciation of your work. The gun has been used with all sorts of charges, in the collecting of ornithological specimens, and in none of them has it failed to give the greatest satisfaction. The beauty of its lines, and the general excellence of the workmanship throughout has been a source of pleasure to myself and all my friends. I know you receive many of these commendations, but I cannot let the opportunity pass of adding to the pile.

Yours sincerely,

JNO. BOVD.

Read what men  
say of the  
Forehand, who  
are using it

MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY CO.,

New Franklin, March 7, 1896.

Forehand Arms Co., Worcester, Mass.

Dear Sirs: The 16 gauge ejector received in due time, and since shooting it I am satisfied I made a wise selection in getting a 16. The gun is a beauty, and an excellent shooter, and I am more than pleased with it. My friends congratulate me on getting such a fine gun. All who see it say it's the neatest and most perfect balanced and finished gun they ever saw, in a 16. After we get started on our trap shooting will let you hear again how she works on targets. Hoping the gun may be the means of securing you some orders, and thanking you for the nice and prompt work on it, I remain,

Yours truly,

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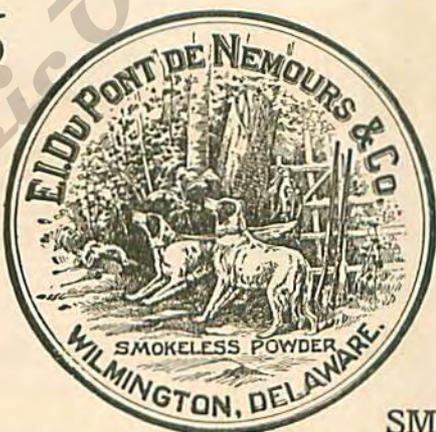
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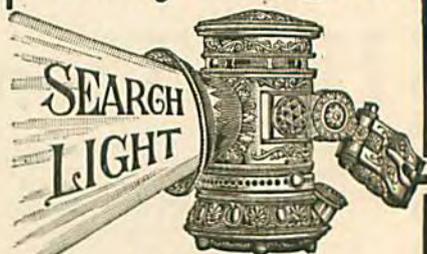
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I can give you the names of 20  
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who now have their wheels.

Write for particulars.

## RECREATION

19 West 24th Street  
New York



I wonder how many of your readers have ever hunted "gators"? Now that the deer, turkeys and quails are resting, and building, we of the South land take a bull's eye lantern, a boat and a rifle and shoot alligators. I have killed about a dozen in one small pond, during the summer and spring, all sizes. We shine their eyes while in a boat, shoot them and then with a gator hook, drag them ashore.

Fishing has been rather slow. Two of us had one fine morning's sport. Fished 2 hours, about sunrise, and caught 24 good bass. The string weighed 27 pounds; largest fish, 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  pounds. I landed him with a 2 ounce bamboo rod and a small line. Am expecting lots of sport next winter, among larger game.

D. Burson, Seffner, Fla.

I don't think there are 150 elk left in the Big Horn mountains; but they are cornered about Ten Sleep lakes, among rocky peaks, where they make a lot of tracks in a small area. I saw most of them, after snow fall, and there were no scattering tracks. It is too bad to see the elk wiped out. Nothing can save them.

Game has wintered fairly well; only old cow and bull elk are dying off. No bear signs anywhere this spring; very few antelope, but a good sprinkling of deer.

B. H., Jackson, Wyo.

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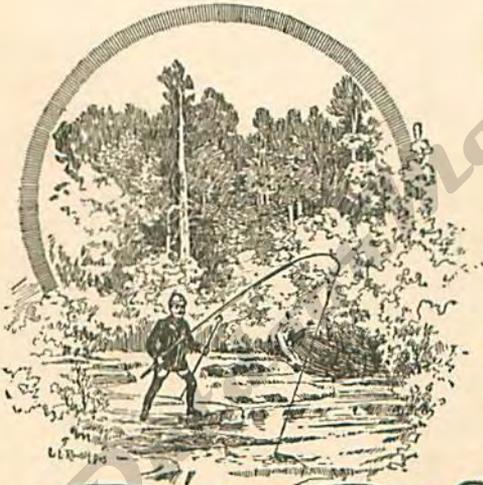
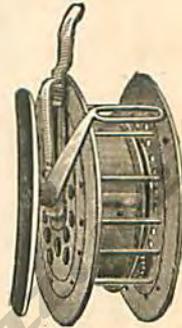
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