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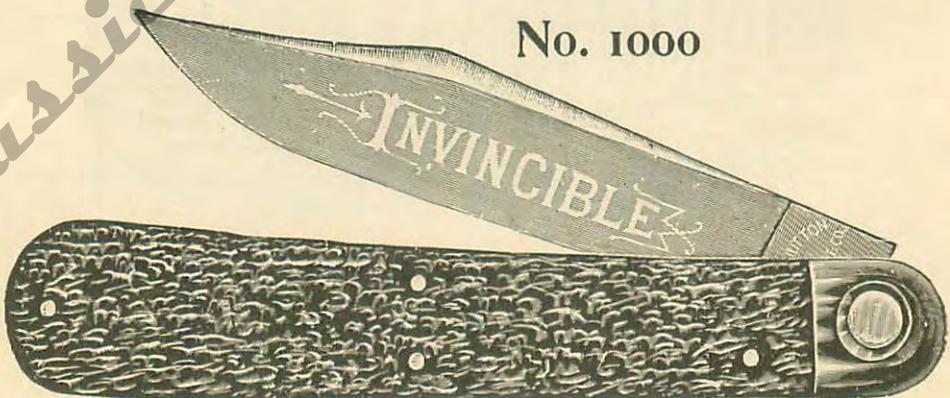
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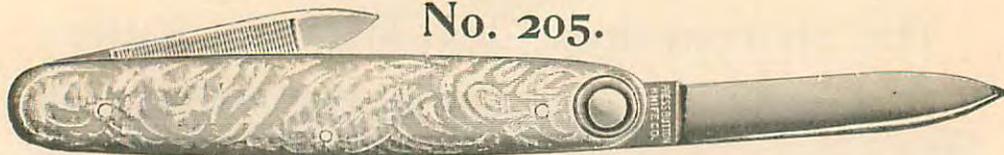
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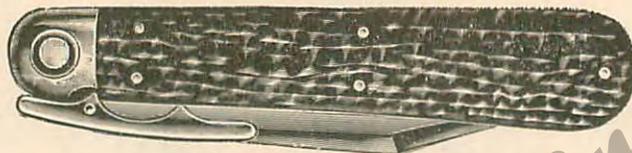
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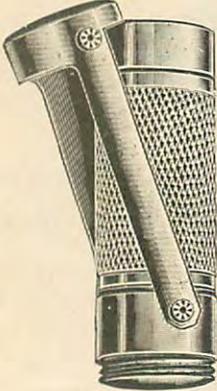


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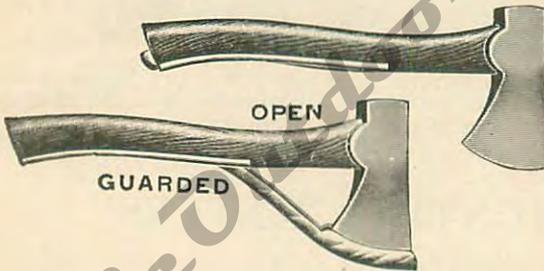
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Plain needle, without jewel, stationary card dial, given for

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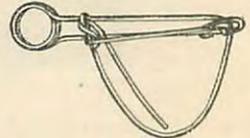


Just the thing for any trapper, hunter or camper. Can be carried in the hip or side pocket. Weight about 19 ounces. Given for THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

### Stop Thief Trap.

These traps are made of strong wire, and are supposed to choke the animal to death soon after being caught. One No. 2 or one No. 3 will be sent postpaid for only.

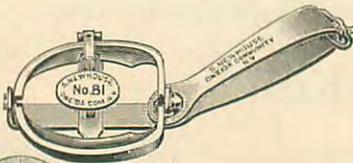
ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.



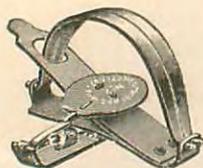
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### BOOKS! BOOKS!

**DEADFALLS**—This is an instructive book written by the editor of the H-T-T, and although a small book, it should be in the hands of all trappers who expect to use these traps. The contents of this book is divided into fourteen chapters, as follows: How to Construct; Some Trip Triggers; Stone Deadfalls; Spring Pole Snare; Board Traps; The Proper Bait; Some Triggers; Where to Build; Number of Traps; Looking at Traps; Traps Knocked Off; Season's Catch; Caring for Skins. This book is illustrated. Given for **ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.**

**STEEL TRAPS**—This book explains "Where and How to Set," as far as possible, without being upon the ground. Young trappers especially will find this book of great value to them. The contents is divided into twelve chapters, as follows: Proper Sizes; How to Fasten; Where to Set; How to Set; The Proper Bait; Looking at Traps; Traps Sprung; Different Methods; Caring for Traps; Marking Traps; Good Dens; General Information. This book is illustrated. Given for **ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.**

**AMATEUR TRAPPER**—This is a valuable book especially for the beginner. Given for **TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

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### NEWHOUSE TRAPPERS' GUIDE.

A Good Guide containing 126 pages, 24 full page illustrations, tells how to catch all kinds of fur bearing animals, and other valuable information for all trappers. Given for **ONE NEW SUBSCRIBER.**

This guide in good cloth binding with "The Trappers' Guide" stamped in gold. Given for **TWO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

**Complete Guide**, more than 200 pages. It gives full description of all the animals which the trapper is likely to meet with, tells how they live, how to trap them, and how to care for and cure their pelts. No man who is interested in trapping wild animals, whether it be muskrat, bear, the cunning fox, should be without this complete book of instructions. Fully illustrated by engraving of most of the fur-bearing and game animals of North America. Given for **FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

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### ANDERSCH BROS. GUIDE.

This book contains 300 pages and illustrates the fur-bearing animals of America, the skins of which have a market value. It also tells how to trap, manner of stretching skins, trappers' secrets, description and illustrations of snares, deadfalls, etc. The book contains more than 100 illustrations, many of them being full page. The illustrations alone cost the author, it is said, about \$2,500. The price of this guide is \$1.50. Given for only **FOUR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

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**Hunter-Trader-Trapper, 326 E. Broad St., Columbus, O.**

## NOTICE!

The active fur season of 1904-5 closes in all markets about May 1st. We of course can sell furs all the year round and get full value for them at all times. Many furs come in to us during summer months from the far North, and in such cases we usually advise putting the furs in Cold Storage to be held for the opening of active season. We shall be pleased to follow any instructions our shippers may give us about disposing of their furs, but we now have our own Cold Storage and will be pleased to carry their furs Free of Charge, and make liberal advances on such shipments, so the shippers will have the use of their money, and we can carry them in Cold Storage for them and sell them at the beginning of the next active season when more money can be obtained for them. We are the ONLY house in America that is in position to make such a liberal offer to fur shippers. During the season just past, we have done the largest fur business that has ever been known in the history of the Fur Trade. We have received and sold more furs than all the rest of the St. Louis market put together. We know that the only way that we can keep our name at the top of the ladder, and the best in the fur trade, is to get our shippers the best possible net results.

We wish to thank our friends and shippers for the business they have done with us this past season, and will always try to deserve their good opinion as well as their business in the future.

FUNSTEN BROS & CO.,

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

# Hunter-Trader-Trapper

Volume 10

JULY, 1905

Number 4

## Game Animals of Montana

While Montana is not a paradise for the hunter, nor even harbors game in such varied abundance as several others of the Western States, it can still rightfully lay claim to being one of the best states of the Union for the all around sportsman. Being a state of considerable extent and varied surface, and having as it does different parts effected by different climatic influences. Its fauna as well as its flora presents itself in different parts of the state with many variations.

While the name Montana implies a mountainous region, more than half of the area of the state is a more or less level tract. The Continental divide passes obliquely through the western part, and save for several small level valleys this portion is completely covered by numerous ranges, ridges and spurs, which form an admirable home for game, both large and small.

That portion of Montana which lies east of the Rockies is included in the Great Plains, and is a semi-arid, treeless tract, generally undulating, though some of it is practically level, while still other parts are formed by numerous table lands or plateaus, small areas of bad lands, "terres mawaise," spurs from the famous bad lands of South Dakota are found here in several localities. The Great Plains furnish homes to many types of animals, specially adapted to this region, among which are several highly prized game animals.

As a whole Montana has a copious representation of those creatures which form the object of the sportsman's pursuit, and although there are few localities that truly abound in them, truly as few localities are entirely destitute of them.

Contrary to most expectations, the moose and caribou are at the best but rare visitors here, and the wild bison being extinct and now represented only by several herds in captivity, we must look toward the elk for the largest representative of game animals. This antlered lord of the hills still holds

his own in the more remote mountain regions, to which he annually leads the hardy hunter in quest of his tasty meat and handsome head. At present his greatest numbers are found among the rugged mountains near the Wyoming borders, north of the Yellowstone National Park.

Besides the elk, two other species of the deer family roam over the hills and vales of Montana. The white tailed or Virginia deer, whose range extends from ocean to ocean, and the mule deer or black tail, a typical western species. Both species are more or less abundant throughout the state, and it is these that furnish by far the greatest amount of big game sport.

The Rocky Mountain sheep, the Rocky Mountain goat, and the prong horned antelope, complete the list of big game animals. The Rocky Mountain sheep has been reduced in numbers so materially that extinction seems almost inevitable; it is now found only in the higher and more inaccessible mountains, and is exceedingly scarce here. Formerly a distinct variety of the big horn was found in the Black Hills and among the Bad Lands of South Dakota and Wyoming. It occasionally roamed into the southwestern part of Montana, but for years these have not been met with within the borders of this state.

The Rocky Mountain goat, like the big-horn and the pronghorn, is unique in itself. It is a typical mountain species, and is rarely found except on or near the high rocky crags and the more remote portions of the Rockies, where its love for the abrupt is fully gratified, and where its sure-footedness enables it to place distance and safety between itself and its pursuers. It is not a very shy animal, nor is it cunning or crafty. Its entire safety rests in the inaccessibility of its home. For the hardy hunter who is resourceful of perseverance nothing can be more satisfying than a long, hard climb over the rocky ridges, among the haunts of the wild goat, for the main re-

quirement of a successful goat hunt is the perseverance and hardiness necessary to follow it to its home.

Among the animals found on the Great Plains the prong horned antelope stands as the most unique. Much has been written about it and its habits, and it is not necessary to give it more than a casual notice. Like the bison, its exposed haunts have subjected it to wholesale slaughter, and its once numerous herds are reduced to a few straggling parties. Even these stragglers would soon be taken were it not for the restrictive game laws of the state, which protect the antelope throughout the year for several years to come.

For the interest of our trappers it may be mentioned that the wolf and coyote still hold their own in numbers in many localities, in spite of the heavy bounties paid for their scalps by the state and the stock associations. The constant ravages committed by them on calves, colts and sheep have resulted in the stockman's joint warfare against them, with the subsequent reduction of the numbers of the pests. Yet as has been said, many are still found in certain localities, and the energetic trapper earns a good living by hunting up the dens and securing the young in the spring.

Besides the wolf and coyote the mountain lion or puma carries a bounty on its scalp. This animal is still common in remote mountain regions. It is a wary animal and hard to take.

Small fur bearing animals are not numerous in any part of the state, although muskrats and minks are regularly met with along the water courses. Badgers, the swift, a small fox, and skunks are also found occasionally over the plain regions. The last named being present over the entire state. The highly prized beaver is badly reduced in numbers, and now bears the protection of the state game laws. It is, however, still present along most of the streams of the state, and stringent game laws will tend to restore its numbers to some degree.

In the mountains black bears are common, and even the ferocious silver tip is killed at long intervals.

There is hardly a spot in the state where a hunter or trapper might chance to stray, where he will not meet with some member of the rabbit family, and these are often the principal fresh meat for him. From the mountains east, the jack rabbit finds a

congenial home. His meat is not despised here as in some states, but he truly deserves the praise sometimes accorded him. True it is, where the jack rabbit is forced to live entirely on sage brush his meat savors of that plant, but the localities covered with sage brush are few and small, and as a rule there is too much cactus and other vegetation around to force him to the former diet. The cotton tail is present here in large numbers, and wherever a patch of buckbrush is found, or a hole in the bank, one may expect to see this modest little creature flip its tail. In the mountains several other species are found, among which are the Pigmy cottontail and the snow shoe rabbit.

Montana is rich in bird life, and a large list of birds are present. Geese breed along the larger water courses, as well as several species of ducks. During the fall migrations, when the protection on these birds is lifted, immense bags are often killed. Shore birds are equally plentiful, and for those who love shooting snipe, plover, etc., an enjoyable time may be had. The curlew, an upland wader, comes north to the Montana plains to breed, and in the late summer, when the young congregate with the parent birds, make the air ring with their shrill calls, preparatory to leaving for the South, the curlew hunter will find no trouble in loading himself with these palatable birds. The old birds are rather tough eating, but the young birds are both tender and tasty.

Of the grouse family Montana has several representatives. East of the mountains these are represented by the pin-tailed grouse or prairie chicken and the sage cock; among the brush patches along the smallest streams and in the foot hills, by the ruffled grouse and fool hen; while the much sought for blue grouse mountains its own in the higher altitudes. All the members of the grouse family are still abundant, and afford fine shooting in their respective haunts

Louis Wessel, Butte, Mont.

I saw a black fox here some years ago and one was also seen last fall. Neither has been killed so far as I know.

Muskrat Trapper, Berwick, Me.

Last season I caught about 100 pieces of furs. I often catch coon in traps baited with corn.

C. A. Barta, Kavor, Texas.

## Ginseng and Golden Seal

By LEE S. DICK, Dickson, W. Va.

In closing my article on skunk and opossum in the June issue of the H-T-T I said, in fun, "Now for 'Seng and 'Seal." Taking it for granted that from the above, I must know something of the culture of these weeds, letters began to come to me requesting me to write an article on the cultivation of Ginseng and Golden Seal, so here it is:

It is very natural for anyone interested in the domestication of the skunk and opossum to be interested in the cultivation of these two wild but valuable plants.

Thirty-five years ago I had a little Ginseng patch and was beginning to experiment in the cultivation of this peculiar plant. Golden Seal was so plentiful then and of so little value, 3 cents per pound, dry, that I paid no attention to it.

The rich, virgin soil along our smaller streams, and the benches along our north hill sides, were just literally covered with it. These rich lands have all been cleared away, and in a great many cases worn out by bad farming. Most of the time the Golden Seal was not even dug, but was destroyed, ruthlessly, along with the May-apple, yellow puccoon, rattle weed or black cohosh, snake root, and many other wild weeds. In fact, the people who settled and cleared up these valleys and hill sides were a very destructive race.

These hills once teemed with buffalo, elk, deer, bear, panther, wolves, wild turkey and many other varieties of game, large and small. The buffalo passing through this country from the Kanawha Valley to the blue grass lands of Kentucky and back again as pea vine, or blue grass, was most plentiful in these respective regions, made the first road through it.

In fact, these animals made the beaten way upon which the first pioneer traveled who made his home in this land of natural plenty. And, would you believe it, this old buffalo trail is the location of one of our most traveled roads to this day. Buffalo Shoals and Twelve Pole River was the great ford where tens of thousands of these monarchs of the wilderness crossed this stream. Hunters waylaid them along this trail, spring and fall, in season and out, and killed them in wanton waste.

They beat down the pigeons from their

roosts at night with clubs, until the ground was literally covered with the slain, and wild hogs crunched and feasted upon them that they themselves might be hunted and slain when they became fat. When these rich lands were cleared, great, beautiful walnut and cherry logs, three or four feet in diameter, were piled up with many a heavy life into heaps, and burned by these wasteful and improvident people.

In many cases one of these walnut or cherry logs would be worth today an acre of the land upon which it grew. Fine oak timber that grew thick upon the land, and would make fine ship building stuff, was girded and left to hang with threatening boughs over the plowman, until it finally rotted and fell down. But, I must get back to Ginseng and Golden Seal.

In most cases the "digger" did not get them. They were simply destroyed along with the timber, the game, and the fish. The destruction is complete and amounts to annihilation, because the very soil that produced these plants was destroyed. The price of Ginseng has gone up by leaps, and bounds from 52 cents per pound in 1858 to \$8.00 per pound in 1904.

We depend upon one nation only for the sale of this root, and upon the ignorance of the heathen and superstitious people at that. Let China be converted to Christianity and give up the old "Trodden Ways" of Confucius for the new paths of science, and the ginseng digger would be out of a job.

Ginseng is a most peculiar plant. It has held a place of high esteem among the Chinese from time immemorial. It hides away from man with seeming intelligence. It is shy of cultivation the seed germinating in eighteen months, as a rule, from the time of ripening and planting. If the seeds become dry they lose, to a certain extent, their germinating power.

The young plant is very weak and of remarkable slow growth. It thrives only in virgin soil, and is very choice in its selection of a place to grow. Remove the soil to another place or cultivate it in any way and it loses its charm for producing this most fastidious plant.

It has a record upon which it keeps its age, or years of its growth, for it passes a great many years in the ground, dormant.

I have counted the age upon the record stem of small roots, and found their age to be from 30 to 60 years. No plant with which I am acquainted grows as slowly as Ginseng.

A great many superstitious notions are held by the people, generally, in regard to Ginseng. I think it is these natural peculiarities of the plant together with the fancied resemblance of the root to man, and, also probably its aromatic odor that gives it its charm and value. Destroy it from the earth and the *Materia Medica* of civilization would lose nothing.

I notice that the cultivated root is not so high in price by some two dollars as the wild root. If the root is grown in natural environment and by natural cultivation, i. e. just let it grow, no Chinaman can tell it from the wild root.

We have at present in our Ginseng patch about 3,500 plants, and will this year get quite a lot of excellent seed. Our ginseng garden is on a flat or bench on a north hillside near the top, that was never cleared. The soil is a sandy loam, and in exposure and quality naturally adapted to the growth of this plant. The natural growth of timber is walnut, both black and white, oak, red bud, dogwood, sugar, maple, lin, and poplar, and some other varieties.

We cultivate by letting the leaves from the trees drop down upon the bed in the fall as a mulch, and then in the early spring we burn the leaves off the bed. Our plants seem to like this treatment very well. They are of that good Ginseng color which all Ginseng diggers recognize as indicative of good sized, healthy roots. Our plants are from one to four years standing. We have plants of all grades from the little leaf seedling to the great seed bearing four-prong.

It is very interesting to grow, and looks like a little living gold mine. We have had no trouble with mould or rot. The moles have destroyed a few plants. If Mr. Sneakum does not find it I am pretty sure it will prove a paying venture, that is, provided China does not boycott the United States nor accept our religion.

Now as to Golden Seal and its cultivation. Golden Seal furnished one of the most valuable drugs known to the science of medicine, to-wit, Hydrastin. We do not have to depend upon the ignorance of a heathen land for a market for Golden Seal,

as the whole world uses great quantities of this drug.

The trade has been supplied hitherto, generally, by old women and children who dug it and bartered it at country stores for calico, coffee and other commodities. I have known country girls to buy their Sunday School dresses with golden seal. I knew an old lady, who a few years ago, would buy a pair of fine shoes each spring or early summer with golden seal, and these shoes were made to last 'till the seal grew again.

Since 1858 ginseng has increased in value one thousand four hundred per cent, but golden seal has increased in value in the same time two thousand four hundred per cent.

Golden Seal transplants easily and responds readily to proper cultivation. There is no witchcraft about it. The seeds ripen in a large red berry in July to germinate, if planted at once, the next spring. The fibrous roots, if stratified in sand loam, in autumn, will produce fine plants. Any good, fresh, loamy soil, that it partially shaded, will produce a good golden seal.

You want soil that is in good tilth, full of humus and life, and free from grasses and weeds. It will stand a great deal more sun light than Ginseng. It will also produce a crop of marketable roots much quicker than Ginseng. There is no danger of an over supplied market, of the whims of a nation changing, or of a boycott of a jealous people. I have my little patch of Golden Seal that I am watching, and with which I am experimenting.

I want to say right here that you do not need a large capital to begin the culture of these two plants, that are today being exploited by different parties for cultivation. Just get a little plot of virgin soil, say six yards long by one yard wide, and divide it into two equal lots. Then secure from the woods or from some one who has stock to sell, about 100 plants of each, then cultivate or care for your little apron garden and increase your plantation, from your beds, as you increased in wisdom and in the knowledge of the culture of these plants.

The Bible says, "Despise not the day of small things." Do not, for your own sake, invest a lot of money in a "Seng" and Seal plantation, or take stock in any exploiter's scheme to get rich quick by the culture of

these plants. Some one has written a book entitled, "Farming by Inches." It is a good book and should be in every gardener's library.

Now if there be any crops that will pay a big dividend on the investment, farmed by inches, "Seng" and "Seal" are the crops.

In my next I shall try to answer some anxious inquiries in regard to the civilization and enlightenment of the Skunk and Opossum. Good night dear lovers of nature.

### AN ELK STAG DUEL.

The Oregon game laws keep a protecting hand over the noble elk at all seasons, and they have become as tame as sheep in some districts on the Coast and Cascade Ranges. Last spring the writer spent several weeks on a Cascade Mountain ranch, and had ample opportunity to study the elk during the rutting and mating season. From the notes of observation, taken at that time, the following real story of the big elk that roams that section of the mountains at will, was developed:

Out of the deep recesses of the black hemlock woods, noiseless as silence itself, with head erect and eyes glistening like beads of emerald, a great elk stag stalked into the open and surveyed the surrounding landscape. Behind him the endless mountain forests, the pine-clad ranges piled one above the other to the distant horizon. Before him swept an open plain, with bunches of manzanita, clumps of chaparral, open valleys, fields of planted grain and rivers flowing away to the sea. The stag paused. Spring was touching everything with a warmth of beauty in the valley below. He was tired of the dark forests, his winter home. His furry coat of brown was ruffled by winter winds. His flanks showed gaunt from long sustenance on manzanita leaves and grease-wood shoots. He longed for a feast of the sweet grasses now peeping through the valley soil, of the pussy willow buds bursting by the river's brink.

Cautiously, silently, he stalked still further into the open. Not a dead twig snapped, nor a dry leaf crumpled beneath his hoofs, so discreetly did he tread. On down into the valley he glided. A rail fence was reached. Just over it a field of growing grain, tender blades, sweet, inviting. Over he nimbly sprang and stood for a

moment surveying the landscape, his head held high, eyes and ears alert, and the keen nose sniffing the breaths of wind that blew in gentle puffs from the valley. No danger! Now for the feast. His long legs and short neck prevented his reaching the shortest and sweetest, but in the fence corners the grass grew high and here he greedily ate.

But the danger! For one happy moment he was unmindful of his surroundings. His keen nose thrust into the grass missed the juff of wind that scented ill.

"Boo-oo! Bow-bow-oo-oo!"

The sharp ears caught the sound. Instantly the stag paused his greedy munching, raised high his head, and stood with every nerve on the alert.

"Boo-oo-oo!" The sound swept low and indistinct from the distant fields. The stag sniffed the passing breeze. It scented of hounds! Terror! In a twinkling he bounded from his tracks, cleared the fence and was off across the open like a whirlwind.

Over the chaparral bushes and the manzanita brush, over the fallen logs he nimbly leaped, across the open plain he skurried back to the dark forests and safety. There it was dark and dreary, but there he was out of harm's way. There he could baffle the hounds and tease them to his heart's content. Into the forest he plunged just as the distant baying of the hounds told him they had struck his trail.

Let them come. He had had a good meal; he felt in fine fettle and was anxious to lead the dogs a merry chase. He knew every gulch, every canyon, every stream in the forest wilds. He knew just how and when and where to leap to cast the dogs aside and lead them from his trail.

All day the loud baying awoke the echoes of the canyons. Close at the heels of the stag the hounds would yelp in vigorous triumph. But all too soon, for just then a stream would be reached, and the taunting stag would take to the water.

When night time came and two hungry, lean hounds slunk into the farmyard the back way, with lapping tongues and dragging tails, the farmer knew his dogs had been chasing a deer; just chasing one, nothing more.

By and by the pinch of the frost left the air. The last splotches of white left the mountains and spring breathed everywhere. With the change of things about him, our

stag too, began to change. He became restless and impatient. He would paw the earth, stamp the ground with his hoofs, and sniff the air with his pointed nose. It was nearing rutting time, and the stag longed for a mate. The little, swollen tufts of fur that had appeared on his frontal bone were growing forth into budding horns. Covered with a soft, brown velvet, sensitive were those horns at first. How fast they grew! At first they were but short stubs of velvet brown; then they branched into a single fork; then other branches formed and grew and spread like a great tree above his head.

In ten weeks the stag's antlers had attained their growth. Such antlers! Four feet from tip to tip. Fourteen branches and a branch for every year of the stag's life. Fourteen years he had roamed the wilds of the Southern Oregon forest; he the oldest, noblest stag among the many stags of those pine-clad depths.

As time passed the branches harder grew and lost their former softness. The velvet coat peeled off, and to aid its removal the stag rubbed them hard against a tree trunk and raked them across a rock's sharp edge. He could restrain himself no longer. Madly he pawed the earth, stamped his hoofs and thrust his antlers into the earth until they were as sharp as needles.

Out into an open near the edge of the forest the stag stalked fearlessly. He halted with his head uplifted, gazing intently toward the center of the plain. Out there another stag was stalking proudly from the other side, with a timid doe trailing timidly at her heels. Our stag sniffed the air loudly. The doe hid herself in the protecting shelter of a manzanita clump, while the guarding gallant boldly approached the nearing foe. Each halted while yet several yards apart, stood erect, snorting madly and glaring angrily at each other. Each threshed the chaparral bushes with his horns, eager for the fray.

"Thump! Thump!" stamped the hoofs loudly on the earth as the two stags drew near together. Bristling, snorting with rage the two leaped forward and came together with a crash. The loud, clattering echoes of the fray was like the rattle of a bayonet charge. Madly the two beasts wrestled over the open. The new grass and the trampled earth flew from the excited hoofs, as the two stags tore back and forth through

the chaparral. Never had the old stag met so mighty an adversary. Once he was lifted from his feet and forced upon his haunches, recovering only by a mighty effort. Lower and lower they drew their heads, each vainly trying to get an underhold. The shrill whistle of their gasping nostrils told of their wasting strength.

At last the old stag felt his foe begin to weaken. With redoubled vigor he beat and battered at the swaying antlers of his adversary, and inch by inch drove him back. The timid doe emerged from her cover and gazed nervously on the fray. At times she approached the combatants and blatted weakly, urging on the fighters. The supreme moment came. With an overwhelming effort the old stag hunched his antlers beneath the breast of his foe, heaved upward and threw the defeated beast upon his haunches. As he fell backward into the brush, his exposed breast became a ready target for the goading tines of the conquerer. Trembling, bleeding, blinded, the defeated one lay for a moment inert, then, rising to his feet tottered feebly away, driven across the open by his merciless enemy.

Returning, our proud stag met the timid doe. Their noses met in friendly recognition. Sniffing the air for a scent of danger, the two made off in a swinging gallop for the forest.

Dennis H. Stovall, Grants' Pass, Ore.

### FOX HUNT IN CONNECTICUT.

'Twas in the month of December, 1902, for seven successive mornings I had started out at 3 A. M., and on reaching a stand about one-half mile from my home in Trumbull Co., had sat patiently on a rock until 7 A. M., waiting to try my old 10 bore on a big red fox that generally crossed this bit of pasture every morning between 4 A. M. and daylight.

Four out of the seven times I had seen my intended victim. He was lame in the fore leg, and in the bright moonlight, against a snow background, he looked as big as a setter dog. Wind was always in my favor and I do not think he was aware of my presence, but although I sometimes changed position fate always kept him just outside of effective gun shot.

Some mornings he used a certain pair of bars, on others a pair some 100 yards east

of the first, then again he would jump the stone wall between them, always coming in a slow leisurely fashion, not showing a sign of suspecting danger. After the seventh time, 3½ hours' wait, with the thermometer ranging from 10 above down to zero, I had decided I had been fooled long enough, so dropped a postal to my friend Roswell to come over with his old hound, who has many of these sly red and gray jackets to his credit.

At 6 A. M., on December 29th, a series of yells outside my window shattered my slumbers, and I jumped up to find Roswell with dog and gun on the steps. After cooking a hurried breakfast we were off. The morning vigils, the hounds picked up the and just cold enough to make pleasant hunting.

When we reached the park' road west of the pasture lots, where I had held my early morning vigils, th hounds picked up the trail, and Roswell and I hurried to what we considered the most advantageous positions, and waited. The old dog took a course due east across the Daniels' Farm Road over into Nichols', occasionally giving tongue.

In about half an hour we heard him turning back again, and fifteen minutes or so later the fox crossed the pasture some 200 yards from Roswell, and further from me. He was proceeding quite leisurely, and occasionally glanced backwards in the direction of the baying dog. On reaching the brook he jumped across back and forth several times, running a few feet along the brook at each jump, and finally continuing his course northwest across the Park Road into Park woods, and on toward the Trumbull pond.

He had hardly disappeared when the dog arrived at the brook and for a few minutes was badly "balled up" where the fox had done his jumping act. At last picking out the trail he followed and passed out of hearing. After nearly an hour faint sounds told us that the fox had turned again, and was coming perhaps to meet his fate. I changed my position, locating behind a stone wall near the spot where his foxship had crossed the brook, Roswell keeping his old place, thus hoping to get red's bones between us.

I was scarcely located in my new position when the fox hove in sight, crossing under the wire fence which skirted the Park Road,

crossing the swamp lot, passed through the bars into the pasture, coming directly toward me. The wind was in my favor, and with cocked gun I impatiently awaited his nearer approach. On he came at an easy trot to within fifty yards of me, then stopped and turning, looked toward the dog. this was my time. The wall was shoulder high, too high to shoot over comfortably, and was covered with light snow and ice. With my back against an old apple tree which grew about one foot from the wall I secured a hold among the slippery stones with my toe and raised myself for the shot, but just as I pulled the trigger my toe slipped out and I was thrown forward on the wall, the contents of my right barrel tearing a hole in the snow some 10 yards from where I lay.

For a second or two the fox seemed bewildered, he bounded into the air, and when he struck the snow again was looking all ways at once, then like a flash, he started towards Roswell's position "north." Recovering myself as quickly as possible I swung ahead and cut loose with my left barrel, and although ill aimed, a portion of the charge found its target, and Old Red Bones went over on his side with a broken spine, but the spirit of escape was still unconquered, and the rapidity with which he drew his crippled body over the snow, using only his fore feet, was simply astonishing.

We caught an skinned him, the dog coming up meanwhile and showing his appreciation in dog fashion. We went back to the spot, and found the fox had covered some 20 yards from the spot where he stood when I slipped on the wall to the place where he fell. One shot had broken his back just above the tail, another had broken the right hind leg, and a third had passed through the flesh of the hip, doing no damage. So my tumble very nearly allowed the old fellow to escape.

This fox was very grey about the muzzle, one fore leg had been broken evidently long ago, and the bones slipping past each other had grown together his leg about 2 inches short, and around the break had formed a bunch of flesh and muscle as large as a duck's egg, making a very peculiar limb.

I was using a 10 ga. 10 lb. 32 inch full choke Remington gun, loaded with 4½ drs. Dupont and 1¼ oz. single B. shot.

We moved one more fox that day, but

the dog holed him up in the ledges where we had no means of getting him out. We still hunted rabbits in the afternoon, Roswell shooting at them with a 22 cal. 6 in. Diamond Model Stevens pistol, which he rested across his arm. When this failed to connect with bunny and he started to run, my 10 ga. would get busy.

We got a half dozen rabbits in all. I took the rabbits and gave Roswell (who has to work hard for a living) the fox skin I shot over his dog. He collected the state bounty of \$1.00 and sold the hide for \$3.50, thus netting a pretty fair day's pay.

We reached our house at 5 P. M., thus ending a successful hunt.

J. Wm. Beardsley,  
29 P. O. Arcade, Bridgeport, Conn.

## THINGS TO AVOID.

By Martin Hunter.

### SUMMER.

Supposing your canoe has been turned over on the beach all night, never launch it in the morning without first thoroughly examining the bottom from end to end. If there are rabbits or rats about, the place of a greasy hand is enough to draw them, and they will gnaw a lot of boat for very little grease.

This might be overlooked in the hurry of getting away, and the canoe either sink under you or sufficient water enter to damage your things.

Once my chum and I were making our way up river with our supplies. Amongst the provisions was a half barrel of pork. When camping the first night we left the pork near the overturned canoe. The rest of our outfit we carried up to our camp on the top of the river bank, thinking nothing would touch a solid hardwood barrel.

Well, in the grey morning when we went to get water for our coffee we found the staves in shooks and the bricks of pork scattered about the gravelly beach. Rabbits had cut the hoops and the barrel had fallen to pieces. The rest was easy to the rabbits—not to us.

If you are a lone hunter never travel in summer without an extra paddle. You may lug this about all season and never require it but once, but that once you will be glad you have it.

Often when approaching game it is ex-

pedient to drop the paddle quietly in the water when taking up your gun. In the stillness of the wild, the noise of placing the paddle inboard is sufficient to scare away the game and the chance is lost. With a spare paddle at hand the hunter can quickly pursue the wounded game or paddle back and pick up the dropped paddle.

If you have a chum a second paddle is not necessary, as he can either forge the canoe ahead or back her to where you dropped yours.

Never talk or make an unnecessary noise while hunting. Old hunters never do. It is only about the camp fire they talk, and even there always in a low tone of voice.

Old hunters communicate to one another all that is necessary by a shake of the canoe, a nod of the head or motions of the hand.

When portaging at a carrying place never when you get to the other end, put down the canoe at once, but let the man in the front first scan carefully all about each side of the lake or river as far as the eye will carry. Something might be on the surface, standing in the shallows, or in the edge of the bush, which the noise of putting down the canoe would frighten away.

If you wish to avoid the dew of the morning, camp at the upper end of a carrying place, i. e., rapid, but if you wish to have a refreshing slumber camp at the foot of the rapid, have your head up stream and pointing to the north if possible.

Never push on and camp on the border of some small stagnant lake, merely to add a little length to your day's trail. Better camp this side and have living water for your cooking purposes.

If you are hunting in the fall in a beaver country and watching to shoot them in the evening:—

Never, if it is a big lodge, fire at the first, or even the second beaver that breaks water. If you do good-bye to the others for that night. It is better to allow the first and second to swim away along shore to their wood-yards unmolested. The next to make its appearance will most likely be one of the old ones. This kill if you can, and then paddle slowly in the direction the first has taken. The chances are you will meet them coming back or see them ashore cutting wood.

See that your two or three traps are in

good order, and leave the lake for your camp before darkness sets in.

Your camp should be half a mile away and to the leeward of the beaver lake.

In the spring of the year beaver begin to swim early in the afternoon and take to their lodge late in the morning. In the autumn when the nights are long they break water late and are not to be seen after sunrise next morning.

If you see two beaver at one time swimming and shoot one, leave it floating on the water. The chances are the second one will make a short dive, and you want to be ready with your gun when he comes up. I have often got one with each barrel this way.

By shooting in the evening and leaving three traps set I have cleaned out a lodge of seven beaver in an evening and a night, from 4 P. M. to 7 A. M. next morning, and this with only a boy of ten years old for a companion.

The hardest part was in packing them and my canoe out over five carrying places. But oh! when the bunch was at the post what recompense, all those fine rich furs and the luscious and sustaining meat, with a roasted tail now and again as a side bite.

Now penning these lines in my last camp in a town of ten thousand inhabitants how my mind longs for one more season in the bush, but, alas! I fear it may never be.

### RIFLES.

I just finished reading a letter which August McManus, Utica, Mich., has written about his experience with rifles. He says, that a 38-40 or 44-40 is large enough for deer and black bear, and has great penetrating and smashing power. I will give you my experience with rifles.

Forty-one years ago I used a muzzle loading rifle, and shot many deer and bear with it and other smaller game. I bought a 44-40 Winchester in the year of '78 and thought I had just the gun for deer and black bear, but I was badly mistaken. I shot a bear twelve times and hit him every time, and then didn't get him until a week afterwards when I found him dead and spoiled, as it was early in October. My hounds have chased many deer four or five miles in the lake after being shot through inwardly and in many vital places.

The caliber I have is the Winchester 33

Special. It has 33 gr. of high pressure smokeless powder and has 200 grs. of lead, which makes the bullet just the right weight for any kind of game, and it is warranted to kill the largest kind of game. It is not a heavy gun, it only weighs 7¾ lbs. I have hunted ever since I was twelve years old. I am now 56 and have hunted in the Rocky Mountains, and had all kinds of caliber rifles from 38-40 up to 45-90, but I prefer 33 Winchester Special. For small game use a solid steel bullet, then it won't spoil the hide.

In the year of '89 I shot 45 wild cats, 17 foxes, 57 coons, 37 mink, 19 deer and 11 black bear, and trailed them all with my hounds. Game is pretty scarce here. There are mink, muskrat and a few coons. Let me hear from other old hound hunters.

John Weber, Forestville, Wis.

### MOOSE HUNTING.

I have hunted alone and also with the best Indian hunters that this country contains, and in my opinion they are hard to beat. Here where I hunt the bush is thick, there being so much underbrush as to make it impossible to see a moose at more than fifty yards. On that account a man must be a good stalker to get sight of them. I find them harder to hunt than deer or elk, because the latter two depend mostly on their eyes for safety, while the moose depends on his nose and ears.

The moose watches the wind at all times. When he is up and feeding he most always works into the wind, but when he wants to lie down he always makes a half circle to leewards and lays down. In this way it is impossible to get to him by following his track because he can hear better than any other wild animal in these parts, and he don't carry that big nose for nothing either. He can smell a human at half a mile with fair wind.

When I strike a moose track and see that it is fresh, I calculate how far he is away. If he has been feeding along and the track is fresh he isn't far away, and I don't follow it an inch further. A man can judge pretty well how old a track is when there is snow on the ground by feeling it with his foot, and see how hard the snow is frozen in the track. Now as I said, when a track is fresh I leave it and see which way the wind is blowing, and then approach on the



*PRINTZ AND PEYTON CAMP No. 4.  
Rock Creek, Summit, Montana. Mr. J. E. Printz in foreground.*



*PRINTZ AND PEYTON CAMP No. 6.  
Head of West Fork, Rock Creek, Montana. Main Supply Camp for the Eight Other Camps.*

lee side of the track. The wind blows from the track towards me and travels parallel with the track, keeping about a hundred yards to the lee side of it. Of course where the brush is very thick I keep closer, and where it is more open I keep further away, or on a very windy day I keep still further away, because a moose makes a longer turn before lying down.

Now go slowly and look all over and watch any object that you can't plainly distinguish, because it may be a horn or an ear, but above all make no noise and have patience. I have often spent half a day going half a mile. If you break a twig half as big as your little finger and are close to Mr. Moose he will be off, and ten to one you won't ever hear him running and will keep on going until you come to where he has been lying.

Of course there is very little use in trying to get up to a moose on a calm day, but with a good wind blowing, and by crawling along carefully I can generally come upon them. Most generally they are lying down so you have to look along the ground and all over to see them. Now if I come upon him lying down and can't get a good shot at him, I make him get up. Here you have to be very careful, because if you startle him he will jump up and be gone before you can get a shot at him.

Some hunters pick up a small twig and break it. This will make him get up, but very often he gets up so quickly and runs before you can do business with him. A better way in my estimation is to talk to him, just say "get up," or anything you like, but you must say it low so it will sound far off. He will get up and listen. Now is your chance. I have shot some when they were running full tilt, but this is chance work where the timber is thick.

The chief diet for the moose here is the red willow, or knickinink, as some calls it. They are very fond of this in winter, but go more for gray willows in summer.

The Indians here slaughter lots of them in summer when the flies are bad. They watch some small ponds or lake where there is lots of moose sign, and they just sit there and wait for Mr. Moose. In very warm weather they will come to the water long before dark. They jump right in, and if the water is deep enough they will dive clear out of sight to get rid of the flies. It is no trick to knock them over when hid

close by. Then again they kill lots of them in September, which is the running season, by going through the woods following the moose paths and calling like a moose.

The old bucks are very reckless at this time, and will come on the run. Sometimes the Indian carried a bone in his hand, generally a shoulder blade of some animal, and as he goes along he hits the trees with this bone a glancing blow to make it sound like a moose horn scraping past the trees. If there is a male moose near he will come towards him on the double quick.

H. B. Pilatzke, Winnepeg, Beech, Man., Can.

### FOX HUNTING.

I am a lover of a good hound. I have had two or three all my life since I have been large enough to follow them. I find there isn't very many dogs that has any business with a red fox, as he is a hard proposition.

I can say that I have found the right dog at last, that is the Walker dog. I believe he can catch any fox that ever run the woods. If he has a good day to run he will catch him or hole him. The one I have tongues about every 50 yards, and does not bark every jump as some dogs do.

All the famous breeds for miles around come to run me. I run them out in 15 minutes and to their home they go. They put their dogs in every time he comes around with the fox, but there is nothing to it. He is a good coon dog too. My partner has a female of the same breed that is getting so she can run up pretty close to him.

I also like to trap, but hunt mostly with dogs as I think it fine sport.

As to training young dogs, I will give a little of my advice. As soon as your pup is old enough to run take him out with the old dogs, and if there is any run in him he will go in and run as long as he can. Don't expect too much of him in the start.

If he is inclined to run rabbits a little you will soon take the rabbit running out of him if he will run a fox. The same with coon. I don't believe in pulling ears, but if he won't quit it on his own accord just take a switch to him. Give him a good one and he won't forget it as long as he lives.

I am not much of a hand to train dogs with a drag, as I like to get them after the real thing. If you have a good old dog he is better than a dozen drags. They will learn to run with him, tree, and will have

something to kill that will do him more good than a drag.

I can't agree with E. J. Mellon on fox hunting. I see he prefers the slow trailing dogs to the fast ones. You can't get them too fast for me. If your fast dog takes a fox out of the County he will bring it back if he don't catch it. I consider your chance to shoot one a great deal better if the dogs are close on to him, than if they are a mile behind. The fox will watch the dogs if they are close to him, while if they are a mile behind he will be looking out for something ahead and not worried about the dogs. If they run the fox out of the county and catch it let his pelt go and hurrah for the dogs.

Ray Tinker, Melrose, Iowa.

## Short Letters.

My catch in one month, mink, weasels, skunk and muskrats, was over \$30.00. Fur bearing animals are very scarce down in this part of the country. I sold the furs to Funsten Bros. and F. C. Taylor, St. Louis, and was well satisfied with the returns. I have a 30-30 Winchester repeater, and they are up to date. I recommend 30-30 rifles. I am going to Washington this Fall, about September, to trap and hunt, and will take my 30-30 rifle. I am using all kinds of traps, Blake & Lamb, Newhouse, Stop Thief and Victors. I like the Newhouse and Blake & Lamb best. I have about fifty traps in different sizes.

Charles E. Erickson, Marathon, Iowa,  
R. F. D. No. 1.

Well boys, now that the trapping season is over I suppose you have all given your traps a good coating of oil and hung them up in the dry awaiting another season, which will be too short to suit me. I see that a number of the boys are sending their reports of game caught, whom sold to and price received, which is a very good plan indeed. I ship to McMillan Fur & Wool Co., Minneapolis, Minn., and get the highest price for my furs from them. They are honest people and will always pay what they quote in their lists, which is among the best. I received for medium sized weasel, slightly yellow, 90 cents, and 23 cents and 19 cents for rats this spring.

Sometime ago I promised to tell how we

caught our furs here, but as so much has been said about the subject, will say that our methods are about the same as used in other localities. Now a word about the Web Jaw trap. Some say that they are not very satisfactory, but I have had great success with them and never lost an animal out of one yet. For skunk and mink I prefer the Stop Thief trap size No. 3. I believe that the double jawed trap made by the Oneida Community would be the best trap yet for muskrats, as they could not twist out of them.

W. J. Daunt, Delaware, Ont.

The Oneida Jump traps are harder to set than the B. & L. and they haven't such a strong spring as the B. & L. If you take a piece of board 5 in. long and 3 in. wide when making a set, dig a hole same size as the board, set a Jump trap in it and cover nicely, the trap will jump a foot high, more or less, and never miss the animal. I tried this and caught a mink by the hind leg so high up that his foot stuck down through the bottom of the trap.

L. B., Wisconsin.

My catch last winter was skunk 3, mink 2 and rats 18. I think the best way to set for mink is to set in their paths where they are sure to go and cover like it was, using no bait.

One word to trappers: Save the den and you will get more furs, and do not trap until the fur is prime. I like the Blake & Lamb traps. They are easy to conceal. I go to school and do not have much time to trap. I like the H-T-T very much, and am glad every time it comes. The game is not very plentiful. The rat, coon, mink and fox is about all.

S. Bradford Leonard, Thompsontown, Pa.

My catch of furs for 1904 and 1905 were as follows: Muskrat 49, skunk 1, opossum 8, coon 1 and mink 10. Received \$33.60 for the bunch. I am not much of a trapper, but if I was where there was game to trap like some of the fellows have I would try a little and see how far behind I would be. But all trappers know it is pretty hard to get game where it is scarce, and the scarcer the harder it is to get what there is, but the opossum and coon were mostly frozen in the winter of 1903-1904.

Wm. Heldenbrand, Hartville, O.

I am 17 years old and live on a farm. I have one dozen Hawley & Norton and two Victor No. 1 traps. I think the Hawley & Norton are the best. The fur bearing animals which we have here are mink, muskrat, coyotes, weasel, skunk, civit cat and a few otter. My catch last winter was 7 mink, 1 muskrat and 2 skunk. These I sold to the Northwestern Hide & Fur Co.

Roy Fryer, Plainview, Nebr.

Game was rather scarce here last winter. Mink and muskrat were thick here last summer, but when trapping time came it seemed they all took the hint and left for a healthier climate. I did not trap much last winter on account of game being so scarce, but have caught a few mink, muskrat, skunk, civit and wild cats. Have shot dozens of squirrels, quails, pheasants, hawks and rabbits. I was coon hunting once last winter. We hunted for over half of the night but without success. After we had given up coon hunting and started home we holed two skunk in an old hollow fir and chopped them out, which was all the game we got.

I see in the March number of the H-T-T that one of the boys says, never set but one trap in a place for mink. It may be best where he lives, but not here. I never caught a mink in a place where I just had one set but what he got away. So I generally set two in a place, as you never know what is going to stumble into them.

Boy if you ever take a notion to become a taxidermist get your lessons of the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebr. It is an honest reliable school, and they do exactly as they say. I took lessons from them in the fall and have been learning fast. Would not take five times the price of the courses and do without them.

George Walker, Sweet Home, Ore.

As soon as the ice broke up in Bass Lake this spring, which is about four miles from here, we got our traps ready and prepared for spring trapping. My partner went down to the lake to get the boat but the water was so high he could not get it, so we could not shoot rats. When the water went down we began trapping on the inlet to the lake, but as we were going to school we could not visit our traps until night, for the lake is three miles from town. We then set traps on the lake, but as we could not visit

them often enough nearly all our game was stolen and a trap or two by fellows hunting ducks. We pulled up our traps and went to trapping near home again. During the fall trapping I had three traps and a mink stolen by trap thieves.

My catch of fur was small, 3 mink, 7 skunk, 1 white weasel and 10 rats. I expect to have better luck the coming season for I will set about fifty traps. The way I caught my first mink: I set a trap in a hole under the bank of a small creek. I set the trap under water and staked it out full length of chain into the water. One morning as I came to this trap I found a mink in the trap. He had tangled himself up and drowned. He measured thirty inches in length. In trapping skunk I use a 22 caliber rifle and shoot them when caught. It kills them quickly and does not give them time to scent much, and a small bullet hole through the head does not injure the fur much. Wishing success to the H-T-T and all its subscribers.

G. F. Hosford, Chardon, O.

One kind of trap will not do for all kinds of animals. The Newhouse are the best for big animals, but I like the Jump trap for small game because the Newhouse pans are too small. I like large pan for small animals and a small pan for large animals. And another thing, the long springs are in the way when setting in muskrat holes, etc. My best coon trap is the B. & L. No. 2, and for mink and muskrat I like the Oneida Jump trap the best. If the Oneida Community would put double jaws on their No. 1 Jump trap they would be better than the Newhouse for rats, because they jump and catch higher. The web jaw on the No. 2 would be all right for coon.

My catch last season was muskrats 20, skunk 12, mink 2, fox 1, weasel 1. I also shot a few ducks, 25 gray squirrels, 25 partridge and over a hundred rabbits. There are fifteen trappers within two miles of me who trap a little every year. John Sneak'um is also here.

I have been a reader of the H-T-T since the second copy. I only wish we could have it twice a month. I would like to know through the columns of the H-T-T if a fox or mink can see a trap under water if the jaws are not covered with anything else.

Dana C. Woodman, Northwood, N. H.

**ONTARIO.**

I see several letters from Canada but not very many from Ontario. I will endeavor to swell the number. I trap in the fall of the year from the latter part of October as long as the snow allows me to, or until it is two or three feet deep, then I pull up my traps and stay at home. The fur bearing animals here are muskrat, mink, raccoon, skunk, ermine, red fox, silver and cross fox. Rats along some of the streams are quite plentiful, but this is an old settled country and game of all kinds is pretty scarce.

But if you want to go shooting just for the fun of shooting you can find all the sport you are after with the woodchucks. They are here by the hundreds. Last week I sat on a knoll and shot three without even moving off my seat at three different holes.

I see some giving their methods of trapping. I suppose each one can make his own way successful. By study and practice each one drops onto a right way. The way I set for woodchucks is, I find a hole when I have just seen one enter, then I stake my trap just far enough away from the hole so that he can get his hind feet into it when he gets caught.

To get him in I dig the ground all around the hole, but leave room enough to set my trap there. I place my trap and make everything look about traps as if nothing had been disturbed. He won't walk over the disturbed looking places, he is afraid to do that, not because he knows anything about steel traps, for I do not believe any wild animal has any knowledge of traps or any sort, but in order to preserve their lives they have to be constantly on the watch.

There is only one law among them, and that is "might is right." If you read Seeton Thompson you would think that wild animals knew all about raps, guns, etc., where the best ones are made, and the names of the maker. Such bosh. If Mr. Thompson had adhered strictly to facts his stories would have been much more interesting, even had they only been half as long. Well to get back to my method.

Perhaps you will wonder why I want him to get his hind feet into the hole. When he can do that he will pull steadily, he can't jerk and tumble around and twist his foot as he would if he could not get partly into the hole, and he can't get far enough down so that he can brace himself against the

sides, and you would release him in pulling him out. Then I have a good collie coon dog, and I like to see him get his chuckship out of the hole. He has lots of practice and knows his business and seldom gets bitten.

Say, I was thinking about digging some roots this summer. I wrote a firm and got their catalogue. I went out and dug blood root for half a day and got a hundred pounds. Now they quote it at five cents washed and dried. What I want to ask you brother root traders is: Can any of you make any money at such a price? If you can how do you do it? Where do you market your stuff, for you must have your market nearer home than I am to West Virginia, for at that price I must deliver goods at Charleston, F. O. B.

I would like to hear something further from some of you who are interested, bearing on root digging and marketing.

Now in regard to the H-T-T. It is the only magazine I have ever read that is of any practical use to the trader and trapper, and I have read them all. Boys the information we get in the H-T-T is like money found. Let us do all we can to make it still more interesting and of still more practical value to each subscriber. To expose all fraudulent dealers is all right and should be promptly done.

Thomas Ware, Plattsville, Ont.

**GREY FOX.**

As I am among the oldest subscribers of the good H-T-T I will tell the editor and readers something of the habits of the grey fox in Southern Colorado and Northern New Mexico from the Rio Grande East.

Now the grey fox in this section will climb a straight tree with ease and at their own pleasure. I have found them sitting in a tree after I have trailed them. The trees here do not often have a large enough hollow for them to go into, but there are plenty of holes in the rocks. My hounds have never run but two in holes in five years hunting.

That is not all that Mrs. Grey does, for sometimes she raises her family of young ones in a nest up in a tree. This will seem funny to an Eastern hunter, but it seems funny to me to hear an Eastern hunter tell about shooting a fox ahead of the hounds, or kick because the fox ran straight away.

Now in some places in Texas and this

state the hunters would poison a man's hounds for shooting the fox ahead of them. They say if your dogs cannot catch them let them go for some other hunter whose dogs can. As for me, all I want is for Mr. Fox to take straight away, because when he leaves the big rocks and starts across the country he is a goner, for the hounds will soon be pushing on the end of their noses, and he will have to take up a tree or give up his pelt.

H. E. Briles, Gulnare, Colo.

### MY OLD TIME LUCK.

One morning in the by gone days,

I thought I'd have some fun,  
I whistled up my dog and took,  
A stroll out with my gun.

I went along the water's edge,  
Where stays the mink and rat,  
And sitting down upon the bank,  
I soon spied a large bob cat.

I raised my gun and shot the cat,  
He fell close by my side,  
Then the water splashed and looking round,  
A large, dark mink I spied.

With the other barrel I shot the mink,  
He fell as dead as stone,  
I heard a scream and looking up,  
Saw a sight which made me groan.

For crouching on a huge fir limb,  
Not forty feet to my right,  
I saw a monstrous mountain lion,  
A most terrifying sight.

I gave him a load of buck shot boys,  
But it only made him mad,  
So I gave him another buck shot shell,  
Which was all of them I had.

I then drew both of my revolvers,  
As he sprang straight at my head,  
And as soon as he touched the ground,  
I began to pump him full of lead.

I skinned my game and started home,  
Well pleased with what I'd got,  
But before I reached the cabin door,  
Four pheasants I had shot.

Away back in the sixtys boys,  
You could get your share of game,  
But somehow at the present time,  
It isn't quite the same.

Geo. Walker, Sweet Home, Ore.

### RIFLES AND AMMUNITION.

Now that the trapping season is past, I thought a few lines in regard to rifle ammunition might be of interest to some of our Fraternity. More especially to those who load their shells with black powder instead of the Nitro or smokeless.

To illustrate, suppose one has a 38-55-255 repeating rifle. That is a telling load on any game, even up to the caribou or moose, i. e., if within range. But the ball is almost or quite twice the heft necessary for the game usually met with East of the Rocky Mountains. In fact so heavy that we get a high trajectory coupled with heavy recoil.

Now to obviate these defects the writer procured of the Ideal Company a mold that cast a bullet of 170 grains; thus the shell would load with 55 grains powder, only a trifle over three of lead to one of powder, instead of 5.1-3 to one. Now if we wish to still flatten the trajectory we load with 56 grains fffg. powder and stiffen the ball with pewter. By so doing we can flatten the trajectory nearly one-half at 200 yds.

T. J. Fenton, Jamestown, N. Y.

### GOOD CATCH.

Another trapping and hunting season has passed, but it was not a very favorable one to make a good catch. My season's catch is as follows: muskrats 5, raccoon 6, mink 5, red fox 10, gray fox 1, opossum 9, skunk 121, and 4 weasels.

I also shot a good many animals last fall, such as rabbits and gray squirrels. The largest bag of rabbits I shot was the first day, which amounted to 13. I also shot 10 gray squirrels in one day, but had to hunt hard to get them.

My best night's catch this season with my dog was 9 skunk, sold for \$12; one large mink for \$4.50; one large raccoon, sold for \$1.25; one opossum, sold for 50 cents. That night's hunt, which lasted about seven hours, brought me \$18.25, which was a good night's wages considering how furs are hunted, trapped and dug out as they are where I live. I would like to hear from some one who knows where opossum, skunk and coon are in big numbers through the columns of the H-T-T, especially in some of the Eastern states, as Pennsylvania, New York, etc.

I never trapped much for fox until the last season, and then didn't have but three

traps set. In one I got eight red fox at one set, and two in another, and one in the other. I caught them all on dry land, using my own judgment, and will say a fox isn't afraid of human scent about traps, nor is he afraid of things torn up.

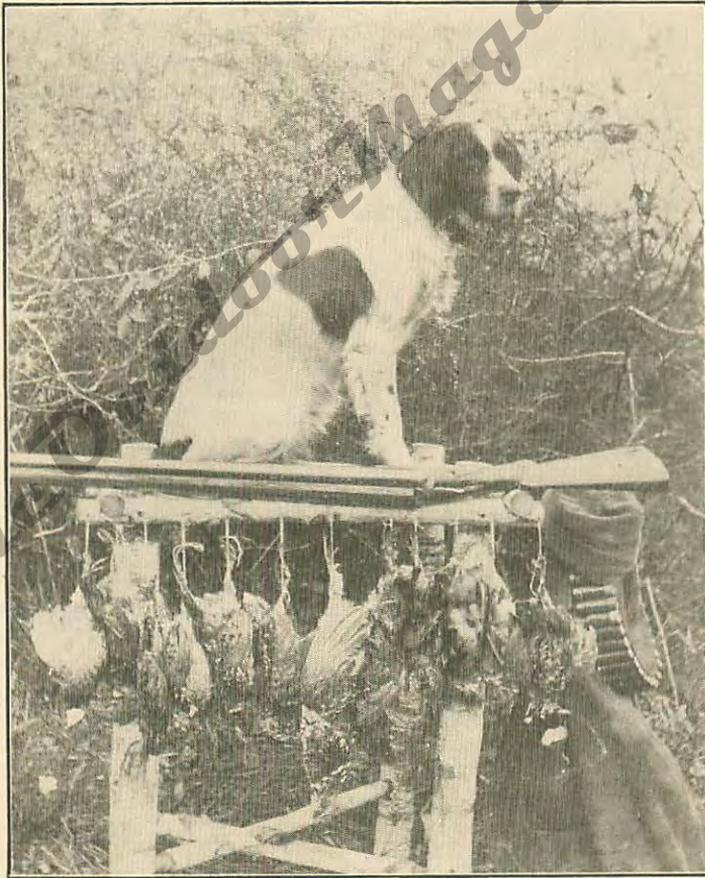
The place I caught eight at I had the trap fastened with steeple, and some were in for two days, and of course had things torn up to suit themselves. I killed them in the trap and the blood laid where it ran out of them, but I always brushed and smoothed things over to make it look natural before leaving, and caught some of the oldest dog foxes living around these hills.

The fellow who puts on extra gloves, uses scented bait and all such other patent ideas, is generally the one who has some method he wants to sell. I have found out as far as

I know, if you study the animal you are going to trap closely, and put your money in good traps such as Blake & Lamb, Newhouse and a year's paid subscription to H-T-T instead of the decoys, scents, etc., which are so much advertised, you will reap a nicer profit at the end of the year. I never bought anyones' methods, but saw a book of Mr. E. N. Woodcock's, and will say this much for the old gentleman, his ways are first class.

Trapping isn't in it about these parts as there are too many Sneak'ums to contend with, and I would rather have a good night dog than 200 of the best traps, made in sizes for opossum and coon, as a good dog is worth a fortune in a place where furs are thick.

Joseph Funk, Glenn Hall, Pa.



ENGLISH SETTER BITCH, "DIXIE."

Owned by Mr. L. W. Beardsley, Bridgeport, Conn. Fruits of two days hunting over her in Connecticut on Partridge, Quail and Woodcock.

## Mr. Marten's Cradle and Grave.

When the good Father, La Chartier crossed the divide between Lac St. Jean and Lac Mistassini, carrying with him the glad tiding of an eternal life to those Indians who roamed over that vast country, he little dreamed that he also carried the spirit of commercialism. But that Angel, as well as the spirit of the holy Roman Empire descended like a cloud upon that country, and from that day to this the fur trade has never ceased in that remote region.

While we really cannot speak of it as a great trade, it is the beginning of trade. It is where the harvest of furs are gathered which go out over the entire world. And with their advent comes a great trade.

Away back on Mt. Tourgemont in dark and gloomy glen, Mr. and Mrs. Marten have their home. In the early springtime the children come and gladden her heart. At first a little bunch of fur no longer than a full grown mouse, with eyes as tightly closed as our little kittens, but in the course of a week or ten days increasing in strength and size, nature opens their eyes and the light of this world bursts upon them. A few days longer and mother takes them out of the hollow tree, and they begin to enjoy life. The days grow into weeks, mother's burden becomes lighter, and one fine morning in July she bids farewell to her offspring, who have now grown to be strong children in mind as well as body.

Each one starts forth with high ambitions, one to become an expert in catching squirrels and partridge, while perhaps another's special desire is to slay poor bunny, who innocent of all sin lurks beneath a leaning tree, on which stretched out at full length lies Master Marten. A leap and a cry, and bunny is no more. The cruel teeth have closed forever his nervous and frightened days.

The months wear on and Master Marten has become strong and vigorous and full of life. He has no fear, why should he fear? He has no enemies. Has he not mastered all? The days become shorter and the morning air is a little cool, but his winter clothing has already come. A fur coat of magnificent color, dark deep brown, rich and silky.

The day is dark, today the sun does not shed his light, and snow comes down whitening the earth. What does he care, so much the better, bunny will be in his cabin and the door will be open, but upon the threshold there will be no welcome worked in letters of gold, but what does he care? Was not his early teachings to call first and send his regrets afterwards, if there was any one left?

Today God has sent down his snowy mantle to cover the earth from Lac St. Jean to Ungava Bay. How soft the snow; what fun for him to run in it, but then he can also run from limb to limb upon the over-spreading pines and spruces. Nature has done her best. He can walk the earth or climb the tallest tree. The cold begins to strengthen. It is December, and the life that was once so brilliant is now so still. Hunger seizes upon him from his snug nest in the old hollow tree that leans over the once chattering brook, which only murmurs once in a while, "Winter."

Today Pierre Chapeau, the trapper, comes along. What and who is he? He has never seen such a sight and such a smell too, and the noise that curious thing makes causes him to shudder and lay low in his nest. Pierre, with a few blows of his hunter's axe has cut a hole in the very tree he calls his home, letting in the light below his bed. With a few brushes of his hand and a slight movement a little object was inserted, and then, what is that? A dinner for him, can it be possible, the odor of a nice delicious rabbit. It is surely, and at this time when he is so hungry, and the object which surprised him has gone away.

He would see. Yes, surely it was a piece of rabbit, he could not be deceived. A hundred times before had he smelled and tasted that delicious food. Nearer and nearer, he is almost within reach, in a moment his hunger would be satisfied. Horrors! his foot is seized with a snap and terrible pain, and he is struggling to throw off the foe with all the strength he can give, it still holds on. Oh Lord! is it possible that he cannot escape this terrible foe, who holds with a terrible strength. His strength is almost exhausted. He who once could catch the swiftest squirrel or slyest hare,

must suffer thus. Oh pain! Oh death! Come quickly.

All day, all night, all the next day and night he suffers unbearable. A sound, what can it be. It grows more distinct, something is trying to get in at the entrance. It is the unknown object, Pierre Chapeau, the trapper. A tug at the chain, he summons all his strength, but worn and weary he has but little, and a moment more his eyes behold the monster. In another second all is blank, the world grows dark, and Pierre exclaims what a fine skin I will have here.

Passing over his short line of 90 miles the trapper reaches his home cabin, and by the light of a tallow candle the skin is taken from Master Marten's body and drawn tightly over a smooth cedar stretcher. On the back of the cabin it is hung in the shade, in the dry air which soon dries it, and one day Mr. Chapeau steps out and takes the skin from the stretcher and carefully places it in an old greasy canvas bag.

The days are growing warmer and the river will soon open and he will visit The Post, carrying his furs which he hopes to dispose of at a good price.

It is May, and one morning a canoe loaded with furs comes around the bend in the river about the Post. It is Pierre Chapeau. The landing is soon made, and after greetings and inquiries the object of the visit is made. The clerk looking over the collection picking out this particular skin with the exclamation, "what a fine skin!" He jots it down upon his day book as a No. 1 skin, \$15.00.

On to London goes the collection of the post to be sold at the great London sales of the Hudson Bay Co., and our Marten is sold to a Paris Merchant for \$22.50. Then to a tanner goes the skin. In due season it returns to the manufacturer who has it made up into a fine coat with 40 other skins.

One day in December there came into the glittering fur store a young lady, the joy of life is on her face, and her mind is buoyant with future hope. It is Felise Javey. Her engagement has just been announced to Felix Revillon, and she must have a new coat. One after another has been tried on, and at last the coat of beautiful marten. It fits and just suits. How much? \$2,500. It is ordered to be sent to the Rue de Rivoli and there in the privacy of her own home she puts it on. How it glistens, and how

becoming. How Felix will be cheered tonight as he sees her arrayed in that wondrous and beautiful coat. Oh life! how lovely is thy veiled way, and we two are soon to be one.

The wedding day is over, the life of dreams is a reality, and in a few seasons the coat is returned to the furrier to be remade. It is carefully made over and again Felise goes forth, but her joy and pride in dress are gone. By the hand she leads her little daughter. No longer fashion holds her a slave. Her life is centered in her children. Time passes and again the coat is remade, this time for little Marcia, the daughter. How proud the little girl is. She feels the thrill of young womanhood, and how proud today she is as she goes to school.

But alas, the grim spectre of death hovers over gay Paris. The morning session passes quickly in the school room, the noon hour has almost arrived. Hark! what is that? The dreaded cry of fire. The children are panic stricken, the smoke and flames fill the room, a rush is made for the stairways, but there the flames leap forth, and the fight for life begins. Drop the curtain over all. The existence of both coat and little girl are forever gone. Thus perished the last remains of Master Marten, who began life under such favorable conditions and with so sad an ending.

Thus it is with every skin, they all pass through the ways of this life and in the final end, all is blank. The suffering of this poor animal gave joy to a human being, but in the end there was sorrow and awful woe. And yet God knows what is best.

N. C. Burbank.

### FOX TALKS.

Under this heading I will endeavor to give you a few points on the subject. My best method is to set my trap in an old log road or path, where there is no traveling done. We should set the trap level with the ground. The trap should be a 2½ Blake & Lamb, which is the best fox trap made.

I have discarded the use of baits and scents altogether. Baits are all right sometimes, but the average trapper can do considerable better without them. I know rotten onions and rotten eggs are no good for scents. I made a scent like Bentley described in the April number, 1905, and I left drops along an old road where foxes traveled every night. After that every fox

that came along would walk around it and back in the road several rods from where the rotten stuff was, not going within three or four rods of the scent.

I believe there is one kind of scent that is all right at certain times and places. As for skunk and muskrat scents, it is a waste of time and labor besides the dreadful smell it has. Boys if you want to catch foxes easy and without rotten onions and rotten eggs and cows' feet, why not purchase of E. N. Woodcock, as he has had over fifty years of trapping the sly fellows, and has probably caught ten foxes to Bentley's two.

Boys what is the use of buying methods when you can get them without buying them. Every part I bought of Bentley I can see in the H-T-T. Read Bentley's view in a recent H-T-T. Yes, Bentley's scents are all right if you have the right kind, but the kind he is selling is worse than none.

We do not doubt your honesty Bentley, but we could put an ad. in the paper similar to yours and sign our name and address of some one in Colorado, but if a party would write to the supposed party we could not get any answer, for probably there would be no such a man.

But Bentley don't wager Woodcock more than five hundred, because you will lose it. Brother Bentley, in your views you ask a few questions, and I will answer them the best I can. You say that some folks say that fox and mink are not afraid of iron rust or human scent. Now as far as we are concerned we can hardly say that mink are no more afraid of iron than a chicken at some places, and other places they are. I have caught a great many mink in traps set right open. Does that say they are afraid of iron, no I guess not. We say if we take a rusty trap and put a little scent with the trap and a little bait that is what scares the fox away. I can take the rusty trap you have and set it, and catch the first fox that comes along, where if I would throw some bait and scent there I could never catch a fox.

Well Bentley, we will be glad to hear from you in the next number.

The H-T-T is certainly worth the price. I would not do without it for five dollars a year. Could we not have it published semi-monthly and make the price two or five dollars a year? We want to all join in with our editor and help him as much as possible, and to expose the fake games that are advertised.

Boys send for Bro. Bentley's particulars as to where to sell animal oils for \$10.00 and \$25.00 per gallon. But think twice before you act once.

E. A. Miller, Knoxdale, Pa.

### A LITTLE OF WISCONSIN OUTDOOR LIFE.

Well brother trappers, another summer has found us still alive I guess. I spent the latter part of the trapping and hunting season in the northern part of Wisconsin. I was studying the ways of the wood folks about as much as I was trying to kill game. One particular thing that I took great interest in was the lynx. It seems to me that in the winter he would be a very hard animal to catch, being about the same color as the snow covered bushes.

In the night time he glides about like a shadow. He is always hungry and is always wandering. He never gets enough to eat unless he, with the help of some of his companions, pulls down a great bull moose, that has been wounded on some of the barrens where they are hunted almost constantly during the fall and early winter, when they are fat and their hide is prime.

Once while I was sitting on a log watching for an old fisher, which passed this particular place every evening about the same time, I was startled by something running on a fallen tree, and saw a red squirrel chased by a pine marten. The poor squirrel was almost frightened to death. It came on the same log that I was on and stopped stock still just at my side. I was very much surprised to see a young lynx also engaged in the chase just to the rear of the pine marten. A slight movement of my hand sent the squirrel and marten away like a whirl wind, but the lynx just stood and looked at me and then slunk away into the young spruce like a shadow.

He has a very queer way of catching a rabbit. His eyes and nose are his weak points. He couldn't see a rabbit if it was right under his feet. When he thinks there is a bunny close to him he squats down in the snow, all in a bunch, ready for a spring, and then gives a screech that even a rabbit's nerves cannot endure. The rabbit starts to run and the lynx makes his jump, there is a different kind of quack and you know what has happened.

One night as my Indian partner and I were seated behind our wind break of

boughs, I heard this queer squeach for the first time and my pard says "old, starved and hungry lynx got "um" rabbit that time." A lynx will always come around your camp fire for I think he knows that the light attracts the rabbits in that vicinity.

I started out one Sunday afternoon without gun or partner, to take a little ramble to see what I could. I started toward an old barren where I knew moose stayed during the winter. I struck the track of a very large lynx and followed it for about a quarter of a mile when it joined seven others. These led away for a half mile, when they struck the trail of a wounded moose. They followed the trail of the moose for a hundred yards, in long flying jumps, and then the snow was all beaten down as if a battle had been fought there. There was blood all over the snow, and the blood covered snow told the story. The moose had one leg broken and it was very difficult for him to run on three legs. When a moose gallops he is very easily tired out. When he trots the snow must be deep and the way long before he gives up.

I had gone about three miles from camp and suddenly I saw something that made me kick off my snow shoes. It was those lynx fighting over that old tough moose. That is the first thing a lynx will do, no matter who comes out the worst, is to fight after they have helped one another kill the game. I had to make tracks getting away from there for I was unarmed, and those big cats all staring at me there with almost a dozen moose birds screaming from the spruce and pines overhead. It was a fine picture indeed if I had had my Kodak, but that is something I had forgotten on my trip, and so have no photos.

The foxes in the northern vicinity are not the same as those in Ohio and Kentucky. They are not so shy or cunning, but more scatter brained. I knew a little fellow up there that caught from eight to ten every winter on rabbit paths, using snares. An old fox hunter with whom I got acquainted invited me to hunt with him one day. He had four very fine fox hounds. We were going to start out one morning when the snow was about four inches deep. A warm wind was blowing, and there was a fine prospect for a good day's hunt.

Just before starting out, my pard started to the hen house to feed his fowls in case we should be gone all day. It was only six

o'clock, and that time a day in winter was not light, not by any means. He took the lantern with him, and on drawing near the hen house found a fox track leading into a small opening under the door. He quickly seized an empty box and shut up the trap. On opening the door and going in he found a dead pullet and also a supposed dead fox. He thought the fox had gone up on the roost, and after securing his game had fallen down and broken his neck. He picked up the dead bodies and laid them on the empty box outside and went on feeding his fowls. When he came out he saw the fox running down a hill close by with the pullet over his shoulder.

Of course we did not hunt any further for a fox track, but turned the dogs loose. In about three shakes of a sheep's tail there was the awfulest noise you ever heard. The four dogs howling to beat Sam Hill. We followed the dogs until about three o'clock in the afternoon, and returned home foot sore and hungry without fox or pullet. I could write of several other incidents that occurred in the North, but will quit for this time.

Howard S. Coulter, Oxford, Ohio.

### COTTON MINK.

I have noticed several articles during the two years that I have been a subscriber to the H-T-T, in which some one trapping has captured an offshoot or unnatural colored or shaped animal of some species. Now I would like to ask if any of them have ever caught a "bastard," or cotton mink, so called.

To those who have never seen one, will say that the general appearance is the same as the ordinary mink, but on separating the out hairs the inner fur is found to be nearly or quite white, and worthless in the market. Skins of this description usually have good dark furred tails. I caught two of them one season and received for them what the tails alone were worth, and no more.

I don't know whether they are found in all sections of the country or not. Neither did I ever hear the cause of this peculiarity explained. Would be pleased to hear from others in regard to this mongrel, or whatever it can be called. I caught a muskrat in this same condition last spring.

C. F. Morton.

**NORTH DAKOTA.**

Under separate cover I will send you a photograph of some hunters and their game on the Missouri River.

I see in the H-T-T that some of the trappers are having some trouble with muskrats twisting off their feet. Now I have been much troubled with this, and have at last overcome it by taking a sliding chain and ring (which you can buy from the Northwestern Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.,) or make it yourself. If you buy the chain and fasten a rock or piece of iron to the right end on the bank of stream or lake, and throw the rock in the water.

I never lost a rat or mink by this method. I think you can use this method where the rats have houses by letting weight to the bottom on the inside of the house.

I would like to have some trapper let me know through the H-T-T how to make or where you can buy a trap to catch mink alive and uninjured?

Adolph W. Herzig, Tasker, N. Dak.

**MIXED THOUGHTS.**

Ira Bachelor.

Having read with considerable apprehension of a move to start a Trappers' Alliance or combine to inflate the value of raw fur, I must say I have no faith in such a move. We of the trap and gun are the most independent class of men I know of, and unreservable censure trusts formed for the same purpose in other lines of business. We ought to do nothing that we condemn in others. And if we all lived closer to our conceptions of true and honorable men, we as a class would not be under the ban that a trapper must endure today.

Heretofore a trapper was a denizen of remote sections, where civilization and education was unknown, and the wild life they led bred in them a disregard for everything pertaining to it. But today very few trappers live such a life, and if we are a disgrace to the community in which we live it is the fault of the man and not the trade he follows.

So many men take to trapping from being



HUNTERS AND GAME IN NORTH DAKOTA.

too lazy to work and are also too lazy to trap, for if a man makes from \$400 to \$700 in six months trapping he has done hard work. But so many men just fool along and their family goes destitute, glad to eat any old thing that will fill their waistband, that it casts contempt on the calling, while there are today many men in the business that make good yearly salaries, are educated and a credit to their race, and the few that know them personally respect them as much as a butcher or a carpenter or any other tradesman.

So I am convinced that we "blaze the trail that our feet must tread. We build the column on which we stand and if o'er our coffin no good word is said, remember the pathway was made by our hand." But as a rule if you treat a trapper square you will find him the most obliging and generous sort of a fellow going, but if you bother his traps there will be trouble.

I am no exception, so will tell you how I treated the two cases of "Sneakum" that I had to do with last season. I ran a coon to a mighty elm and offered the man owning the land half we got if he would help get them out, but he fooled around and wouldn't do anything, so I climbed the tree to the opening and let down an alarm clock to go off soon. I laughed so I could hardly bat the three coons that came tearing out with their eyes sticking out like shoe buttons, but I did it with my little hatchet, and the jealous cuss that thought I couldn't get at them followed my line next morning and stole a mink out of my trap.

I went to the house and demanded the pelt and got it, after the father and the brother decided they had better not try to lick me.

The other case was in the Russian Settlement. They discovered what I was doing along the river and took two traps and a mink. I rode into one fellow's yard and shooting one of his dogs dead, with horse and dog both on the jump, whirled up to the door and told him if I lost another trap I would kill every dog in the Russian Settlement. It is needless to say I had no more trouble with them, as they knew I meant it and every one of them had from two to four dogs.

I have trapped rats two seasons, but this is my first season of diversified trapping. I will give my catch. Oct. 16 to Nov. 4th, rats 1040, mink 3 (accidental) sick two

weeks. Nov. 20 to April 6, mink 68, weasel 27, coon 3, skunk 8, wild cat 1, (cat broke chain and was killed by a friend). Then I went after rats as the mink began to shed. Got 360 and two mink accidental, before April 12th, when the rats started to shed, so I pulled for home with a shade over \$400 for the season. Sold mostly to Redick Hide & Fur Co., of Grand Forks, N. D.

Now about scents: I tried the decoy for mink and fox and was able to keep everything away from traps I used it on, even to "Johnnie Sneak'um." That might not have been what kept the latter away as skunks don't mind it, but a mink came within four feet of set. I tried it and a number of times and he would run like he had seen a ghost when he got the smell of it. I got a number of them 25 yards from the rat house. I put the decoy on but only one ever went to the house after I put the wonderful decoy on it, and he left quick. I had to boil the trap in sumac buds to ever use it again. That was in Wisconsin.

The first of my successful trapping I got 42 mink in two weeks after I got on to setting for them. Only got one the first two weeks. I won't attempt to tell how I got them as practically the same thing is in a dozen H-T-T's, and if a boy can't trap with the methods given he had better sell his traps and go to work digging mud or anything else.

I don't believe trappers can be made anyway. My father was always wild to hunt but never killed as many deer in his whole life as I killed in one year, and that was only forty. He would always get two shots to my one when we went out together, but he had a marvelous knack of letting the deer get away and he never could take anything in traps, while I could always get anything I went after with a little study of the animal. I don't tell this to brag but to explain my assertion that trappers are born to the art. There is an indefinable something to it that everyone cannot acquire, although most anyone can take some fur.

I got 41 of my mink last season where a noted trapper lived, was born and trapped there for years, but he thought there was none there.

I use no scent although sometimes bait, but I will tell you of the only other scent I ever used. It was the minnow in the bottle perfume. I hung the bottle back of a

lumber to "make." When I brought it out six weeks later a young Swede saw me and thought it was "booze." I said it was fine and he took a good smell, and I dodged the bottle which broke on the tramway. I worked there all summer, but the Swede was the only thing that I ever knew to get caught with that scent. Yes I did try another mink scent, but got home where there were plenty.

Some don't like the Stop Thief traps and some do. I'd like to meet the ones that do, perhaps I could unload the fifteen I got stuck with. They are No. 3 and will hold mink, but a skunk sprung one of them four times without moving it out of position. He then became the most educated skunk I ever heard of, and got out of that den without touching the trap.

The No. 2 Blake and Lamb trap is the best trap for an all round. I had three mink pull out of a 1½ Newhouse last season, but if I got a toe in the B. & L. is was my toe. I got several that had lost feet in other men's traps, and really I cannot see anything sly or smart about a mink. They won't run into a trap thrown down any old way, but if the man has a little perception they are very easy.

The plate of the B. & L. traps are so large a mink can't foot off. He can't get his mouth in there to eat off below the jaws, but if the Oneida Jump trap No. 2 had a thin fringe hanging down on outside of jaws so game could not foot off, they would be the best all round trap on earth. The B. & L. plate is so large game will very often spring the trap by stepping on the edge of plate and jaw, and not get even pinched.

I lost 25 per cent. of the game that sprung them until I got on to placing them a little to one side of where the game was supposed to come up. After that I got fur galore. I would advise all amateurs to buy only good traps, but if they will use the Victors it will leave many breeders to have a good supply of game when I come that way.

I gave a year's subscription to the H-T-T when it first started, but got so disgusted with the incomprehensible abortions from the pen of "Lone Dave" that (as little of a trapper as I then was) I refused to renew, but am delighted to see that Bro. Harding has now some trappers writing that are all right, and do more than tell what they got and darkly hint at great secrets, and want

\$1.00 for six sure ways to catch mink, (ha ha) or want \$5.00 or some other sum for a fox method. It is a singular thing that so few favor scents that don't have them to sell; I have sometimes wondered how much the bunches of fox hides cost some of the men that have their picture taken with to advertise the methods they are selling.

Say fellows how can you read the H-T-T when almost every letter has the same identical note of lament in, (game is getting scarce here) and then go and trap it when worth only half value? Rats up here sell for winter after October 15, if you ship to Frank Percy or Redick Hide & Fur Co., and handle the skins right, they are the only two fur companies I have dealt with in nearly twenty years that give me what I consider fair grading. I bought fur for years before I came here, and know a bit about grading.

I will have to look up a new range this summer as I cleaned out the mink so bad in my last winter's grounds that it won't pay to trap it over for a few years hence. Now about legislation on trapping. The only laws that would be effective would be to prohibit the buying or selling of unprime furs. An exception might be made of muskrat as they don't prime before March, but this spring fur was shedding here by April 15th and last spring it was May 20th when I quit trapping and rats were full prime then, and I don't know how much later, and men will trap regardless of law if fur is prime. Amy, North Dakota.

### A YOUNG TRAPPER.

I will tell you how I keep my traps, guns, etc. over summer. First I get about five pounds of tallow, then melt it and let it stand until it is not so hot, but so it is still in a liquid form. Dip a trap into the grease and then take it out. The trap will be covered with a thin layer of tallow, which will immediately become fastened to the trap if not too hot when dipped in. This is also a good way to keep your guns or anything else made of iron.

I will give you a few cures for dog diseases which are appreciated by dog owners:

1st. If a dog has worms, give one dose of 15 grains kamala in one teaspoonful of syrup. Repeat in one week if necessary.

2nd. For tape worms, give same as above.

3rd. For catarrh of the ear, give Boracic Acid. Work well into the ear.

4th. If a pup has flees, which is generally the case, powder him well with Persian insect powder. These remedies come from some of the best Veterinaries around here.

Boys if you buy a gun, trap, dog or method, don't condemn its owner until you have tried it in every way. Then if it don't work, get out your pen and let us hear you talk it off through the H-T-T. I have sent for traps, a revolver, razor, knife and other

tered here in Southern Illinois by the dozens.

A heavy snow and sleet fell about December 15th and stayed on the ground until the first of March. Coon were holed up until January 1st. Then the weather began to moderate and turn a little warm. About every other day there would come a light snow, and the coon could no stay in any longer and began to run, and the next day and were tracked up. Of course they couldn't find anything to eat at all, as the snow and sleet was seven or eight inches deep. The ice on the ponds and slough was a foot thick.

There is not enough coon left around here to tell the tale. Along about the last of January the coon run in day time, especially toward evening. When the sun began to get warm I caught several with my dog in daytime. You could look almost any direction when you were in the bottoms and see someone going along looking down on the snow, with an axe on his back and perhaps carrying a couple of coons. You could hear someone chopping and dogs barking in almost any direction. I know of twelve or fifteen coons caught in several days during the month of January.

Talk about not destroying den trees. That is a thing impossible here in Illinois. I was cutting a tree for coon, and there were eight other hunters that came to me before I had it cut down.

My hunting and trapping ground consists of about four or five hundred acres of bottoms, cypress ponds and sloughs. All the upland is in cultivation.

A word about scent. When these ponds and slough go dry in the early fall then you can use bait and scent until they get water in them. Then bait and scent are no good.

There are a good many foxes here. I never set a trap for a fox, but I am going to try it next winter. I have two young red fox. I saw in the H-T-T where Dr. Cecil French, of Washington, says he will pay far more for live animals than you can get for the fur, and I wrote him.

I would be glad to know how many brothers have a badge and would mention it in their letters.

I would like to read of more coon hunts in the H-T-T. Several brothers say they have a good coon dog, but they don't tell about any of their hunts.

Joseph Swink, Dongola, Ill.



A YOUNG OHIO TRAPPER.

Clarence Raisch, Pleasant Run, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 1

articles to advertisers of the H-T-T and they are just as represented.

Now about that skunk stink again. I know a fellow who used to say he would not skin a skunk for \$5.00, but lately he has skinned some for me as low as 20 cents.

We have a good show for plenty of furs here next year. I got a pup from Leo Kern, Paris, Ky. He is a pure fox hound. I think he will make a fine coon dog. I have four dogs now so I think I have enough for a while.

Clarence Raisch, Pleasant Run, Ohio,  
R. R. No. 1.

### COON AND OTHER NOTES.

How did last winter serve you? It was the worst on fur bearing animals I ever saw. Especially coon. Coon were slaugh-

## *My First Mink and Other Notes.*

By ROBERT H. GREEN.

When I was a boy of ten going to school I returned home one beautiful evening in November to find a visitor at the house, a stranger. I soon learned that he was a fur buyer, and became interested at once. I listened to him tell his tales of hunting in the far north, and thought it grand. I also learned that he was a buyer for a well known house in New York. Hearing him talk gave me the trapping fever, so I sent my little savings to town for some traps. As the buyer was going to spend several days with us I asked him to show me how to set the trap, but he was going to hunt that evening and said he would the next day. I did not like this, so I thought I would set it myself. I went down to the big barn where I had seen several animals run under the floor when I was playing down there in the evening. I set the trap by placing my foot on it and using both hands. I then put it in a hole where I had seen them go, and nailed the chain to the barn.

The next morning I went to my trap before breakfast. When I reached it "sure" there was something trying to free itself. It looked as big as a house cat to me. I picked up a stick and hit it with all my strength several times. When it was quite dead I picked it up and went to the house as fast as I could run. The fur buyer said it was a young mink and gave me fifty cents for it. When I went to town again I bought four Victor traps with the money. I now thought that I was rich. I set my traps and caught one more mink and fifteen muskrats that season.

I trapped a little every fall and winter until I was sixteen, then I bought a lot of traps and went after them right. I will relate an adventure I had with a mink several years ago. I was trapping along a small stream where there were lots of mink and skunk. I had several box traps set and baited for skunk. Something would spring one of them every night and get the bait. This went on for three or four nights and I concluded to put a stop to it, so I took two No. 1½ traps and set one at each end, covering very carefully. The next morning I had a fine mink fastened by both front feet. I reset the traps and caught several skunk in the same way.

Boys see that your traps are free from rust and properly greased before you put them away for the summer. Hang them in a dry place and before using in the fall, boil well in a kettle of water thickened with cedar or hemlock boughs. In treating traps as above described, they will last longer and work easier in the jaws.

As the trapping season of 1904-05 is closed, I will try to describe some of the various ways in which fish are taken in East Virginia. In the spring and early summer of 1904 I spent several weeks along the James River in East Virginia, fishing. The principle fish are sturgeon, shad, German carp, silver perch, cat fish, and herring. The most profitable fish to the fishermen is the shad in early spring, which sell for 60 and 70 cents each in March. They are caught in gill nets, which is a large seine made of fine cord. It is usually very deep. One side is held up to the top of the water by large corks. As soon as the seine becomes wet it sinks. When a fish swimming in the water comes in contact with the seine it tries to force its way through, and its gills become fastened in the fine cords, holding it fast until it is released by the fisherman. Shad are caught in or near the channel of a river. Herring are best caught in shallow places when the tide is high. German carp are taken in these nets weighing from 10 to 30 pounds. In the fishing season small sail boats may be seen anchored on both sides of the James. Even small steam yachts stop at intervals along the river to try fishing.

Fish turtles are taken in large numbers on the mud flats. When the waters are high the turtles go to the shallow part near the bank, then the tide falls leaving the turtles to be picked up by the turtle hunters. They are then taken in boats to some landing place and shipped to the cities, where they sell well. When a person calls for turtle soup at a fashionable hotel, he may expect to pay well for the same.

Terrapins are also taken in the same way and sold in the large cities. Terrapins are considered very fine meat, and you must pay well for them to get them at all in the cities. Hundreds of thousands are taken each season, and terrapin hunters are well paid for their work. Some of them get all

they make, while others only get a percentage.

Persons owning small sail boats and row boats on the James can make easy money and plenty of it. Frogs are also taken in early spring and shipped to the cities, some selling for 12½ cents each. Boys did you ever try a meal of fried frogs' legs? They can not be beat. One day while out on the river I saw a large crate coming down the river. I knew it was a fish crate, so I rowed up to it, tied a string to it, and towed it to the bank to see what was in it. What do you think there was? Just two hundred and sixty-nine big cat fish. Just imagine my delight, and what a supper I had that night. Some one had caught them and put them in the crate and staked it to the river to keep them alive until they could catch a shipment, but the line broke so I enjoyed them myself.

Duck hunting is a great sport and also a very profitable business carried on along the James. I will tell in the next issue some of the ways practiced in killing ducks in East Virginia.

### THIRTY-NINE MINK.

My experience in trapping is limited to one season, the last, during which I trapped 39 mink, besides the five that left their legs in traps and four taken by thieves and dogs. But my success has been so much above that of others who have tried to duplicate my luck, that I want to give some pointers to some of your readers, who have not had satisfactory results in trapping mink.

This is a well settled, prairie country, with one small creek running through it, and occasional slough. Game of all kind is pretty well cleaned out, in fact, it was not generally known that any number of mink existed here. Being quite a hunter with nothing to hunt I conceived to trap a mink, and before I got through I found the sport more enjoyable and profitable than hunting. I had no trappers' guide to help me, and it took me three weeks and more than a dozen trips to my traps to catch the first mink. But during that time my experience and observations were teaching me fast. And later when I saw a trap at about every hole in the country with seldom a catch, it amused me.

My receipt to a beginner is: Get three sizes of traps, No. 0 to set at holes, No. 1

to set in water or path and Stop Thief to set over holes that the others cannot be used at, or for sure catch when you know mink to be in. See that your traps have strong springs, and that when set fine the pan is on a level with jaws. All traps should be alike in this respect. Now to prevent them from rusting as well as to take the scent off, heat them enough to run over them some wax.

As to where to set them, you must find some signs of mink near water, tracks in sand, droppings, or best of all, used holes. Now remember you have to deal with some of the most intelligent but superstitious and shy of animals. I kept one at my house for a while and found him more intelligent than a dog or cat. They get bold and careless sometimes, but not very often. Their holes are frequently shallow, and they are suspicious of one's presence. The less you frequent the place and tramp about his paths the better. Avoid the hole if possible.

First choice is to set the trap in shallow water on his runways, up weeds if necessary to make him go over the traps. The next choice is where he goes in and out of the water. Next in dry path and last at his hole, where he is the most suspicious of disturbance. Water set is the best and easiest, but even then the trap should be covered with light mud.

On dry land you should leave the place looking as natural as before. At the hole use a small trap, Blake & Lamb is the easiest and quickest to set. Remove enough dirt to sink the trap to a level. Set trap with jaws never crossways to the hole. Have jaws rest so that jaws will not tilt if stepped on. Now see that pan is set just about right, not too easy, and now you are ready for the most important part—to cover—so it will stay covered and spring regardless of freezing, thawing, snowing or blowing, and not clog the jaws with rubbish. It is too tedious to get the mink over the trap to have something go wrong at the critical moment. I use brown tissue paper or the fuzz from cattails, which I sprinkle with a little fine dirt or rubbish at hand. The chain having been previously staked and hid. All should now be left looking as natural as before, and one's tracks obliterated.

A well set trap will not reveal itself to the game nor to any other trapper. A hole

set trap should not be approached unnecessarily. Mink will seldom get in the first night, and it takes too long to reset them.

Mink will stay in holes several days if they fear danger. I had one stay 12 days because there was a Stop Thief trap over the hole, but I kept it there because there was steam visible at the mouth of the hole and I got her. I have used scent to some advantage, not to draw but to detract the minks' attention, but as to baits I have faithfully tried them all from muskrat to a frog, and I have never known a mink to approach any of them no matter where, when or how left, except if left by themselves.

In the forepart of the winter I caught about all the males perhaps because they were bolder. Later I got the females. The largest mink I got stretched 42 inches from tip to tip, and his hide on a five inch board was 24 inches. He was light brown. No. 0 trap held him by two toes. In fact, I never lost a mink from that sized trap. Those that chewed out were caught too high.

The best prices I got was from Funsten Bros., St. Louis, \$4.30 for not the best. And the lowest I got was 10 cents for a \$3.00 mink from J. McGeehan, Galesburg, Ill.

While I give you my experience and advise you how to trap mink, it is my earnest desire that this beautiful and intelligent specie be not exterminated. When this earth is stripped of its animals and birds, as it is getting to be, it will be an uninviting desert to every lover of nature, and we owe it to our posterity that we leave it as enjoyable as we found it.

The same human motive prompts me to speak for the use of Stop Thief traps which will kill without prolonging suffering.

Dr. A. Slaman, Lennox, S. Dak.

### IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

As I promised before to write again and tell the readers of the H-T-T more about my hunting trips to Northern Minnesota, I will now tell you of the excitement I had with a five point buck. They are easily killed if hit in the right place, but as you will see if not hit in a vital part, it is almost impossible to keep one down. I once shot a spike horn buck with a 32-40 Marlin rifle and a soft lead ball with black powder at about 200 yards, hit him from the side well forward through the shoulders, and killed

him so dead he didn't fall over on his side, but just simply squatted down on all fours, and never made a struggle.

Well but then I was going to tell you: One afternoon my partner and I went across the thoroughfare and across the clearings looking for deer. We hustled for several hours and didn't see any and got discouraged and started for the shack. We went down along the lake until we came to a cedar swamp that came down to the lake



KILLED IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.  
By B. S. Strayer, Hudson, Iowa

on one side and had a high bluff on the other side. We noticed quite a few deer tracks in the moss, and I said to my partner "I believe there are deer in there." I went around the bog onto the high bluff and got on a stump.

I hadn't been on the stump more than a minute when I heard something coming through the swamp, and up came a pair of antlers right toward me. When he got within about four rods of me he saw me and shifted off to the left. I drew a bead on his shoulders and pulled the trigger and down he came, so I think old boy now I have a pair of antlers. I jumped off the stump and started for him on the run. The bluff was so steep I couldn't stop until I got past him, and when I got turned around I saw my deer just going over the bluff. I sent three more 32-40 after him but he

didn't stop, so I went up the bluff after him.

I began to think I had lost my deer after all, but on the ridge the pines had been cut and burnt over, so I could see several hundred yards. I climbed onto a stump about ten feet high and looked around. I saw my deer about 200 yards off standing, going from one side to the other, hardly able to stand any longer. I pulled for behind his antler and blazed away. Down he went and I thought surely he was dead this time. I ran up, leaned my rifle against a stump, grabbed him by the antlers with my left hand, put my knee on his shoulder, and started to bleed him. He had fallen in a little basin probably 3 or 4 feet deep and about a rod square. I guess he didn't like my sawing away at his throat with my hunting knife, for the next thing I knew I was turning somersaults in the air, and lit straddle of a stump clear out of the little basin.

I gathered myself up and saw my deer going through the clearing sideways on two legs. I grabbed a 32-40 and began to pour lead and steel into him. Finally down he came again, but you be I didn't take hold of him until I had put a bullet from my revolver through his brain. He hit me either with his antler or his front foot under my jaw, and I have the scar there yet and I guess I always will have.

My partner didn't catch up with me until I had him down the last time, and he wanted to know what I was doing all that bombardment for. I had shot through him seven times. Twice through the shoulders, once through the neck, once through the paunch, once just through the skin over his back, once through one hind leg and once back of the antlers. He weighed, dressed, 125 pounds, was a five point buck, and I have his antlers mounted and they are right up over my desk now.

Well brother hunters and trappers, if you want to hunt go where there is something to hunt. Try Northern Minnesota, and if you are not satisfied I will pay the expenses. There is also great fishing there. I presume you are getting tired of this. I will tell you how near I came getting lost one afternoon when it was snowing, some other time.

B. S. Strayer, Hudson, Iowa.

### AN OLD TIME YARN.

I have heard the following but cannot vouch for its truth: It was back in the fifties, in the month of November, when my pard Jim and I started for an old hunting ground. We carried a good supply of provisions, guns, traps and ammunition.

We reached our cabin in the afternoon, and by night had things set to rights. We were eating supper and were sitting around the fire smoking when Jim said, "Let's have a bear hunt tomorrow pard." "Just what I was thinking of" said I. "Let's go to bed early so as to be ready for a chase in the morning." With that we turned in.

We were up and ready for a hunt early next morning. We started out with big hopes, and hadn't gone far when the dogs gave tongue and we followed in hot haste. They soon treed, and when we came up we saw high up in the tree, (which was a big fir tree), a large black bear and a good big cub.

We raised our guns to fire, when the bears started down the tree. We fired but only one ball got home, passing through the larger bear's fore-foot. They came down like lightning.

The cub made for the brush with the dogs after him, but the older bear came at us before we could reload. She hit Jim a swipe to the side of the head, knocking him down.

She then made for me, but I side tracked and broke her right shoulder with a ball from one of my pistols. She fell down and rolled over once or twice, got up and made for Jim who had just got up, but the bear was too quick for him. She had him in her arms before he could get away. He shot her in the breast with both pistols, and then began to slash her with his knife.

I now had my rifle loaded and running up to bruin and was about to give her the contents in the head, but she turned on me so quick that the ball passed through her ear.

She was a loving creature, and taking me in her arms gave me such a hug that it almost took my breath. I shot her with my remaining pistol, and Jim who now had his rifle loaded, shot her through the heart, which ended her fighting right there.

We then followed the dogs, who had been after the cub, and found that they had the bear down and were having a lively time with him. We were a little more careful

with him than with the other, and after watching them fight for awhile we ended his life.

We then dressed them, and with the ponies packed them into camp. We got several more bears while there. We also caught a lot of mink, muskrat, otter and beaver, and shot two deer and five cougar.

Geo. Walker, Sweet Home, Ore.

### FIRST SEASON'S TRAPPING.

I am a farmer and this past season was my first season at trapping any kind of animals except coyotes, but I expect to be with the boys in the future, as father has bought a farm that joins the Middle Loop River, with a Spring Creek running through one corner. We catch our coyotes with stag hounds and it is great sport, as you get to see a race and a fight if your horse is fast, and there are not too many fences in the road. Two or three hounds will kill a wolf, but we often have ten or more together, as there are several good packs in this part of the country. But the hides are ruined before you can get the doge to let loose when you have too many dogs.

We had good luck shooting duck here all winter. The creek didn't freeze over and there were Mallards all winter, also a few jack snipe, but geese were very scarce this spring. This was a great goose country a few years ago, but they seem to have changed their route to their breeding grounds in the North. We have prairie chickens in abundance, but the past season was very hard on quail.

I don't think this is much of a fur country, as there isn't much timber except a few willows along the river and some brush in the Canyons. There are skunk, mink, a few otter, wild cat, badger and coyotes. Our catch for the season of 1904-05 was: 2 otter, 10 mink, 7 skunk, 10 coyotes, 1 weasel and 15 rats. We shipped to Frank Perry. The otter brought \$12 and \$16. They were both females and medium size. The \$12.00 pelt was damaged. The mink brought from \$3.50 for large to \$1.25 for small damaged, an average of \$2.70 for the mink. The coyotes' hides averaged \$1.25. They were badly damaged as they were killed with hounds and body torn. These were all satisfactory prices as our season's catch brought \$76.35, and was not taken care of the best as this was our first season trapping.

We caught all of our game in land sets, as we didn't learn the water set in time. But I hope to be able to do better next year by the aid of the H-T-T, which I think is the best paper I ever read.

I had two otters to pull their toes off and get out of No. 4 traps. It is almost impossible to catch the whole foot. We had no trouble in holding skunk and mink in No. 1 Victor traps. Our best set for mink was any old hole straight down if possible, 8 inches to a foot deep. Set your trap in the middle, throw a few feathers over it and a duck's head or a piece of muskrat back of trap.

Forrest Sargent, Walworth, Nebr.

### CAMP COMFORTS.

One reason why many people fail to enjoy camp life is because they are ashamed to be comfortable. The man who lives in the woods the year around develops so that he needs but few of the smaller luxuries. There is no sense, however, in a city liver going into the woods for two or three weeks and trying to live on the basis of a native. On your first trip to the woods take everything you think you may want, and then carry on the eliminating process as you see fit. You know your own needs better than anybody else, so don't be afraid of being called a tenderfoot. It is better to be comfortable in camp than to undergo real hardship for the sake of appearing like a veteran.

In the few hints below there is no attempt at any hard and fast instructions. Good sleep is the one thing that will make any camping hardship seem trivial. For camping in the Northern woods take plenty of bedding. Two pair of good woolen blankets and one rubber blanket are not too much for a portaging trip. If you make but one camp, you will not regret taking an old comfort to lay over the balsam bough mattress. A length of old carpet or an old rug is an excellent thing for a tent floor. It does not feel "clammy" in the morning.

This dunnage is most conveniently carried in a water-proof canvas, 45 inches wide by seven feet long. Along the side of the canvas have two strips of lighter fabric stitched. These should be half the width of the tarpaulin, with eyelets so that they can be laced over the blankets lengthwise and laid upon the canvas and secured with a strap around each end, and one in the middle. This pack will carry much or little.

When unrolled one's bed is already made, with the water proof next to the ground.

Don't burden the feet nor take chances on sore feet. If you are to walk much, wear woolen socks, light, strong shoes, well hobnailed, and water proof canvas leggings. High lace boots may be more picturesque, but wear them on a ten mile walk and you will wish for moccasins. Wet feet are better than tired or galled feet.

Don't be afraid of taking cold; active, open air life will make you practically immune. Don't take too many clean clothes, nor too many little things into camp. One change of clothes is enough. The little things get lost. Have small bags of unbleached muslin in which to carry your provisions. Any other form of packing will burst or break, or take just as much space when nearly empty as when full. Take plenty of sweetening. Sugar is a good energy food, and you can't spoil it in the cooking. Don't waste space on faddy or fancy foods; your stomach is more than your palate in the woods. If you crave delicacies, walk another five miles and everything will taste good.

For a condensed cooking outfit, get a "nest" of three stout in kettles, with room in the smaller ones for the cups and spoons, two frying pans with sockets for green wood handle, if you wish to save space; and one coffee pot, which must be seamed and riveted instead of soldered. Remember you are going beyond reach of stores and duplicates of necessary things which may break and be lost, such as rod tips, spoons, books, leaders, etc. Take plenty of gun oil and a strong cleaning rod. Firearms of all kinds require attention in camp, as they rust quickly.

Here is a basis on which staple provisions are figured. This is what I always take for one week's camping: 7 lb. flour, 5 lb. pork, ¼ lb. tea, 2 lb. sugar, 2 lb. beans, 4 onions, 1 oz. rice, 1 lb. dried apples, 1 lb. oatmeal, baking powder, soap, matches, candles.

Trapper J. Peterson,

874 N. Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### A CHRISTMAS HUNT.

My old partner Harry proposed a hunt on Christmas day, so when the day dawned it found Harry and I in the trail. He carried a double barreled 12 gauge shot gun, and I had a 12 gauge Winchester repeating shot gun. We had three dogs, two rabbit

dogs and a shepherd, that wasn't afraid of anything.

When we got about one-half mile from home the dogs jumped a rabbit. Bang! went pard's gun, and there was a dead rabbit. Next we went to a small lake where ducks feed. We sneaked through the willows and cottonwood and saw twenty Mallards on the pond, and the bombardment that followed was enough to raise the dead. When the smoke cleared (for pard shot black powder) we saw nine dead and wounded Mallards.

We bagged our game and started for the river, where the dogs scared up a big rabbit. Bang! Bang! went pard's old gun, but the rabbit went through the brush like a streak of lightning. Pard jumped on a big log and run along that. Bang! went my gun and you bet the hair flew, for by accident I had a shell loaded with buckshot. Well, the rabbit was so badly torn up that we took him to the river where I had some muskrat traps set. We set them for mink and baited with the rabbit and went on.

Up the river two miles we came to a tree that looked like a coon tree. Up the tree I went until I came to a limb which was broken off and was hollow. I poked my head in and met a coon. When he saw me he started back into the hole, but I grabbed him by the tail and jerked him out. Down he went among the dogs and pard. He didn't stay long for the shepherd was right after him. Pard let loose both barrels and tore a hole in the ground big enough to crawl into. Away went the coon, dogs, and pard cursing and loading his gun all at the same time. After about ten minutes the old shepherd treed the coon. I shot, and down he came dead. 44 Cal.

### CONNECTICUT NEWS.

I herewith enclose a few lines for H-T-T to thank those who have replied to my inquiries (both through the medium of your valuable magazine and by mail) of how to set the trap for woodchucks. Most methods submitted were similar to my own, but on the whole I have no doubt acquired some valuable points in the matter.

I can furnish very little of interest in the trapping line, for I cannot spare the time daily required to attend to it satisfactorily. I do manage, however, to steal a little time from business during the hunting season, but the game of our old Nutmeg State is,

like the buffalo, fast disappearing.

Some years ago, viz., in 1897, I killed 150 snipe in less than one half day's shooting, and often in these years past 50 to 75 or more birds a day during the flights, but things have changed now, for the spade has drained and dyked our meadows and the axe has laid our woodland low. A mixed bag of 25 snipe is doing good work today here. The fall flight are nothing compared to 8 or 10 years, yes, to five years ago. Dosing the meadows with kerosene oil has done much toward driving off flight birds. Our spring duck shooting is getting to be a thing of the past. This year there were no birds either at Stratford or Fairfield during April. This was a great disappointment, for the boys had planned a great time during the last week of April, but my old 10 Ga. did not come out of her case.

Quail and gray squirrel are disappearing in this locality, but partridge and woodcock seem to be holding their own. In 1897 or '98 I made bags of 10 or 11 gray squirrel and often 12 to a day's shooting, without going out of the limits of the city of Bridgeport, then containing 60,000 inhabitants, but today eight or more miles out of the city one does well to get seven or eight grays to show for a day's hunting.

Five years ago I often killed fifty to seventy rail birds to a tide on the Housatonic River, at Orowque. Last year my largest bags were eighteen to twenty birds, and these native birds raised on the grounds. There were practically no flight rail last year on the river, and the year before the flights were very poor, but we looked forward to a better season in 1905. I did not hunt as much as usual last year, but killed during the season of 1904 the following game: 142 partridge, quail, woodcock and snipe, 35 ducks, 62 rail birds, 30 woodchucks, 61 gray spirrels, 9 rabbits, 1 red fox, and 1 otter. Most of this game, excepting a few woodchucks, were killed with a shot gun.

The partridge, quail and woodcock only were shot over dogs. The rest by still hunting. My wife is more interested in the H-T-T than I. As soon as the magazine comes into the house she pounces upon it and clings tighter than a Newhouse. She has two shot guns of her own, and this no doubt accounts for her attachment to your monthly. Will write an account of some fox hunts in a short time, and send some photo-

graphs of my dogs. With best wishes for HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER, I remain,

L. W. Beardsley, Birdgeport, Conn.,  
No. 29 P. O. Arcade.

### MISSOURI.

Well boys, I will give you my two years' catch. My first trapping was 1904-05. My catch was 4 civit cats, 1 crow. I received my first H-T-T June, 1904. Then I commenced trapping 1904 and 1905, and it was the worst winter for the trapper that could be, as the snow was from 12 to 14 inches with a heavy crust, but this is my catch: 1 weasel, first I have seen for 20 years, 2 civit, 12 rats, 5 opossum, 6 skunk, 11 mink. This fur was caught with ten No. 1 Newhouse traps. Now you can see what the H-T-T has done for me. I am going to trip-ple that this winter. I sold my fur to Funs-ten Bros. & Co., and know by the H-T-T that I got good prices and grades. I got from 20 to 50 cents more for mink than they and other houses listed. I would say to you that if you have not sent them fur as yet, give them a trial.

I have shipped game for a number of years but this will give you some idea that I know what I am doing. I live in Southern Missouri and I get from \$3 to \$3.50 for my mink, but I put them in shape before shipping. I would like to see you beat that for this country.

I see so many fine shots made in the H-T-T that it reminds me of one I made. My nephew and I took the old rifle and started down the woods until we came to an old clearing fence. I saw a large hawk on the further side. Kill that hawk, says I. "Thunder" says he, "it's half a mile away." No it isn't over a quarter says I. Give your old uncle the gun. I laid the gun across the fence and sighted and sighted, finally I got it steady and bang she went. Well boys, I missed that hawk.

Now as to the Digemouts and early trappers. Boys consider a little. I am a new trapper, but study as I go along. Do you own all of your hunting and trapping grounds? If you do you had better quit trapping.

Bear in mind that we have to infringe on someone when we go to trapping. Now suppose they would say, "get those traps off of my land." What would you think? Now if you try by any other means than by

kind words, you will more than likely lose some of your line, because every man has his friends, let them be Digemouts or what not. Now boys talk to them and explain matters, it is better than trouble, even better than laws, as you can't enact laws that will prohibit a man from protecting his property. I think the H-T-T the best journal of its kind on earth. Can't we all get at least one new subscriber and double his list?

D. D. Cooper, Hume, Mo.

### BAY LYNX.

Enclosed I send photograph of myself and Bay Lynx that I killed April 8th. These animals are wonderfully spry, and when driven to the wall are not a pleasant customer to meet. Their screech is just hair raising to the extreme. They are not averse to paddling in the water, and I think they can be easily taken by the water set.

Will some trapper that has had experience in trapping the Bay Lynx or wild cat



Mr. A. K. Learned and Bay Lynx.

give their method? Are mink afraid of human scent? This question will be mooted long after we have done trapping. I never believed human scent frightened many mink. More than likely the careless way in which the trap was set or by leaving the surrounding objects look suspicious to the mink. I caught 9 prime mink last season using no bait. I received for the best pelt \$7.00.

If the young trapper will read some of the

back numbers of the H-T-T he will find in the letters of Moses Bone the best and surest method. I find no better method of preserving traps than by giving them a light coat of paint on traps used in water. My preference of traps are the Blake & Lamb pattern, but for skunk I have never seen any trap equal to the Stop Thief. They are simply invincible.

A. K. Learned, Gardner, Sta. A., Mass.

### TRAPPING ON CONESTOGA RIVER.

The past fur season has not been a very good one for me as the fur-bearing animals have been thinned out pretty much. I caught only 38 rats, 4 coon, 5 skunk and a few mink. I was after one old sly mink for about two weeks and did not get him, although I should have had him as he was fast in the trap and left a bunch of hair in it.

Another time I had a trap set for him and he stepped right on the treadle of the trap and pressed it down, but the trap did not go off. Now boys here is something that will open your eyes if the same thing happens to you, and you bet it will teach you a lesson as it did me. I went to work, took a carcass of a muskrat and put it in a hole under a stump, and set the trap so that the mink would have to step on the trap to get at the muskrat.

Well that part was planned all right, but the trap was a defective one on account of one jaw being about an inch higher when the trap was set, so I cut a small piece of wood and put it between the treadle and the jaw so it would let the other jaw lower down, as I always like to set a trap flat. But that little piece of wood spoiled the whole shooting match, or trapping match, or anything you wish to call it. The trap couldn't go off as the little piece of wood completely blocked the trap, and the mink dragged Musky's body over the trap and off she went, so that is what comes of carelessness. This happened on the mill dam which broke away at the time of the spring freshets.

I noticed in the Toronto Globe that there is a Bill in the Provincial House which provides for the protection of beaver and otter for another period of three years. That's all right.

Alvin G. Menger, St. Jacobs, Ont.

**NEVADA NEWS.**

I have been a silent reader of the H-T-T for some time, so I thought I would let you hear from the Sage Brush State again. I am sorry to say I did not get to do any trapping last winter as I was laid up with rheumatism in my feet all winter and have not gotten over it yet.

I will enclose a clipping from the Nevada State Journal to show what trappers are doing out here. The article says: "Scalps to the number of 720 of cats, coyotes and cougar were received by Sheriff Ferrel recently from H. L. Morton, of Sheephead. The bounty was paid and the scalps burned by the Sheriff."

I was going to trap near the place mentioned in the clipping if I had been able. I know the man who brought in the scalps.

I see so many discussions about the bait and scent question. My father was a trapper during the Civil War and I have done some myself, and neither of us use scent or bait, yet we have good luck. I do not condemn either and say they are no good. Other trappers seem to do well with them, so I am willing to believe they are all right if one knows how to use them. I know it takes different methods in different parts of the country to catch the same kind of animals.

I have seen so many inquiries about the so-called civit cat. The little spotted skunk which is so often called the civit cat is nothing but the pole cat. The civit cat proper is built much like the ringtail cat, described by C. A. Barta, Kovar, Texas. They are found on this coast. The civit cat is raised for its musk, which is very valuable. It is extracted from the musk bags with a long very slender silver spoon. I am afraid the ladies would not pay very much for the musk of a pole cat.

A good Natural History is a good thing for a trapper to have. I have settled many disputes with one I used to have.

The ringtail cat on this coast resembles the coon in color. I have not seen very many. They may be different in different parts of the coast. The wild cat is scarce here but the bob cat is more numerous and very large. I think it is what is called the catamount back east. There are wild house cats on this coast which are as savage and almost as large as a wild cat. I killed one in Kansas in 1892 that many people said was a wild cat, and the country paid \$3.00 bounty on it. It was almost as large as a

wild cat, but it had too long a tail. I have never seen nor heard a gray wolf in this part of the country.

I will send a copy of the State game laws if I can obtain them. I think if the trappers from every state would do that it would be a good scheme, as we could inquire through the H-T-T about the laws on different game in different states, or they could be printed in the H-T-T at least once a year. It is a good thing to keep posted on the game laws.

Fred Du Bois, Reno, Nev.

**NEBRASKA.**

Now boys I haven't trapped much for thirty-two years, as there are no streams near where I now live, consequently no game to speak of. But I trapped a fine farm worth today \$6 an acre. In my young days I used to do a good deal of trapping, and without boasting I believe I was a natural born trapper, as I have never found an animal yet that I could not catch. The sly mink and otter that I read so much about I could catch on dry land at the age of 12 years. I for one cannot agree with those who think that mink are afraid of human scent, neither can I agree with those writers who condemn the use of scent for catching fur-bearing animals.

There are scents that can be used to catch every fur-bearing animal that the writer has ever seen, providing you know where to get them, prepare them and use them. One great thing in trapping is to use lots of common sense. Now please do not jump on me with both feet because I do not agree with all of you, for I have practiced what I preach.

Well boys, I am working west. I was born in Wisconsin, raised in Northwestern Iowa. When we settled in Iowa there were Indians by the millions, rattle snakes nearly every step, and the deer fed around like cattle. My next move was here, and if my health will permit my next move will be northwest from here about the 10th of September. I will then try my hand at trapping again, and will be a little fresher on the subject. As long as my health will permit I intend to trap and hunt, and there is no better sport on earth for me.

I spent part of my winter in Kansas City, was on the surgeon's operating table twice, and came home cured (I think) on February 22nd. Of course, like any other little boy

I had to set a few traps. I had some traps out, eleven nights in all, and I caught 48 skunks, 1 mink, 1 muskrat and 1 badger. This was on high dry prairie.

Now boys I won't ask you or the Editor to tell me how to trap, but I would be pleased if some of you would tell me where pearls are found, and how a person who has never seen one would know one if he found one.

Geo. F. Moore, Juniata, Nebr, R. R. No. 3.

### WESTERN NOTES.

It has been some time since the readers of the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER have heard from me. I have done some wandering since I wrote last. A year ago I went to Colorado and stayed through the winter, calculating to trap there, but did not find it up to my expectations. I put in quite a while traveling and working with a surveying gang, working in the mountains mostly. I saw that game and fur was scarce in the parts I was in. Up in the higher mountains they claimed there was more to be found, but it would be very hard to stay up in the higher mountains through the winter, and very dangerous, too. Very few have any idea what it would be unless they had seen for themselves.

I found some of the stories told by old trappers was nearly all wind. A good many of them that tell about their bear trapping does it in the summer time by following up the cattle camps. Bear hang around the cattle a great deal to eat the dead ones and catch a calf once in a while. A good many of the cattle owners will give a trapper his board to catch the bear and mountain lions. An extra had one they will pay them something to catch. This is not all hearsay, for I have been right among them and saw for myself. The bear skins I saw were not worth much. The cowboys always carry some kind of a gun, and the people in general believe in killing anything when they like and get a chance.

I did not like it where I was. I came back to Iowa intending some day to go in some other direction. I think now that I have found better territory in Washington, in two different localities. I think of going some time next September to see how it is. If any good reliable trapper wishes to go as a partner with me he can find out particulars by writing to me any time before then.

The trapping grounds are getting very poor around here now, too thickly settled and too many trappers. I had fair success myself considering the conditions. The time I spent at it was not very long. I got rats 271, mink 9, skunk 17, weasel 7, civit 5. I got most of these in the fall trapping, as after that there is not much left to catch here. Mink were very scarce and so were skunk. I sold at home and got fair prices.

I see by the outlook of the fur market, in general, that we can expect fair prices next fall. A person cannot trap here as he would like; he cannot put out any more traps than he can watch or he will lose them by Johnny Sneakum. I have paid for a good many traps that some one else now uses.

C. W. Chamberlain, Rutland, Iowa.

### SOUTHERN LETTER.

I will give you my entire catch for the winter of 1904. It is as follows: 13 coons, 3 mink, 7 opossum, and 9 rats. It was the worst winter we have had in sixteen years. I shipped to Funsten Bros. & Co., St. Louis, Mo., and can say I got good returns. I will tell how the fur-bearing animals are killed here. During the summer months I have myself killed at least 300 opossum. The farmer kills coon in the summer months. Opossum and mink are killed at any time of the year.

I think if any of the brothers want to trap the mink, coon, otter and opossum, they should come to Louisiana on the rivers and ponds. I like to trap as well as anybody. I wish I could be with some old trapper one season. My grandfather was a great man to hunt.

I will relate a hunt that two of my friends and I had one night in February. It was a beautiful night. We started for the woods. We went about one mile west to an old field and all at once the dogs began to bark, and they let out in a run and soon treed something. We went to the tree and as we couldn't get sight of anything we cut it down, and out jumped an animal. If we didn't have some fun I don't know the reason why, but we didn't get anything. I would like for the brothers to tell me what it was through the H-T-T!

I used scent last winter all the time. I have tried to kill some turkeys this spring but didn't succeed. I have killed at least 1500 squirrels in my time.

Ulysses Snow, Hudson, La.

### A TRIP DOWN THE ARKANSAS RIVER, 1891-92.

In the fall of 1891 a party of three of us were located on the Arkansas River, south of Arkansas City, Kansas. Our object was to build a couple of boats and travel down the river, trap, fish and hunt. The members of the party were, "Huckleberry Ben," my old trapping partner, Allen Boyd and myself. It took us nearly ten days to build two boats and get ready to travel down the river.

I might as well mention right here that although we had trapped nearly all of the different kinds of fur-bearing animals of our home state, Iowa, we had never caught any beaver or otter, as at that time the beaver were all caught and otter were very scarce in the state of Iowa. We had heard there were considerable beaver, etc., in the Indian Territory, along the Arkansas River, and we intended to try and see what a success we could make in trapping beaver, etc. "Huckleberry Ben" had caught a few in Guthrie Co., Ia., a number of years ago, and considered himself quite a beaver trapper.

After leaving camp at Arkansas City with two days' travel down the river, we saw our first beaver sign, but after trapping for them three or four days we left without catching any. It was nearly two weeks later before our old beaver trapper "Ben" succeeded in catching his first beaver, and with varying success we kept moving down the river, sometimes stopping a week in a place where we caught considerable coon, opossum, skunk and wild cat.

One day when pulling down the river we noticed considerable beaver sign, and concluded we would stop and try and catch some of them that evening. I took several of the No. 3 Newhouse traps, and getting in the boat pulled up the river to where I noticed considerable sign. I found a place near a steep bank. There was a log extending out over the water, and about three feet from the water's edge. I took some castoreum and rubbed it on the upper side of the log, then I set a trap which had an extra length of chain on it in about five or six inches of water, and about a foot or more from the bank. This castoreum was rubbed on the log close to the shore. I fastened the chain to a log nearly full length out in the river. I then went up the river and set three or four more traps, and as it was getting dark came back to camp.

The next morning I was the first one up in camp and down to the river I went, got in the boat and pulled up to where I had set the first traps. Well the chain was drawn out and down around that snag, and I worked nearly a half hour before I got it loose. My but it was cold. Remember this was late in December, but when I pulled the trap up there was a fine large beaver in it. So this was the first one I had ever caught. Maybe you think I wasn't tickled as I noted incidents, etc., of that down in my note book. The measurement of that beaver was 40½ inches from tip to tip, tail not quite a foot long, and tail 4 inches wide at widest part. This beaver was caught on the night of December 15th, and on the 16th at the same place I caught another one just about as large. On the third morning I caught a coon in the same trap. In the other traps I did not get anything, although one of them was snapped.

We got \$7.50 for one and \$6.50 for the other beaver skin. The other boys caught two further up the river. We caught nine altogether on that trip. We lost several by them footing themselves. Unless the traps are fixed so as to drown them the beaver will nearly always get away if caught by the front foot. The beaver along the Arkansas River are what is known as bank beaver, and have their dens in the banks, which they enter through a hole under the water.

I don't suppose there are many left now, as this trip was undertaken before the Cherokee strip was opened for settlement.

John Bartz, Avon, Iowa.

### SOUTHERN BOY TRAPPER.

I take the H-T-T and would not do without it if it cost twice as much as it does. I have read Mr. S. Newhouse's Trappers' guide, but no man can learn as much from trappers' guides as he can from the H-T-T.

I have caught 5 mink and 9 muskrat. I did not go in it heavy this year, but expect to next year. Most of you catch skunk and woodchuck, but we have neither here, only mink and rats, and a very few of them. My father caught 9 mink and 1 rat last season. He uses box traps altogether and has good success.

Now about mink being afraid of human scent. They are not afraid of it here. I think the ones that have trouble catching mink are the ones that cover their traps

carelessly, and if a mink don't put his foot in it they will say, "oh that is an old sly fellow and afraid of human scent." I expect to go to a large swamp next season and trap wildcat, skunk, etc. I have a friend who takes the H-T-T, and we are going together.

Will some of the brother trappers tell me if there is any sale for sarsaparilla? There are large beds of it down here on the brooks.

I ship to John White & Co., of Louisville, Ky., and get good returns. Trappers in Iowa say they get \$3.50 for mink. I get \$3.25 down here in "Dixie" for nearly all of mine. Why don't some of the Southern trappers write more? I am only 14 years old and expect to make a regular trapper when I get larger. Mr. C. N. Dally is telling the truth about mink. Now I don't know, but I think Mr. Bentley is one of these fellows that "know it all."

J. B. Covington, Morven, N. C.

### ONEIDA JUMP TRAP.

Having read an article in a recent number of the H-T-T in which the writer claims that the Oneida Jump trap was not a good trap to hold game, I will give my experience with it, which was considerably different. I bought thirty of the No. 2 size last fall and caught coon, skunk, civit, mink and rats in them, and found no trouble as to the animals getting out. I caught the coon in a trap set for rats; I set the trap in a rat road and fastened it to a limb stuck down in the bottom of the creek. I caught one rat and then the coon, and from the way things were cut and dug up, I think she was in the trap about all night, but the Jump trap had her for keeps. It was the largest coon I ever caught.

I was running a pretty long line in December, and one morning I missed a trap that I had set for skunk and fastened to a drag. The ground was icy, and as I was in a hurry to see to my other traps and having been troubled with "Sneakum," I charged the missing trap to him and went on, but each morning I kept a sharp lookout for the missing trap. So one morning about ten days after I had missed the trap I went through a patch of brush, and seeing a mound of fresh dirt I went to it, and behold! there was my trap fully 60 yards from the place it had been set, and still firmly

gripping the leg of a fine furred but very thin short stripe. The skunk was alive, so this was a victory for the "Oneida Jump."

I also had a few H. & N. No. 1½ traps out for skunk, and one morning being in a hurry to go rabbit hunting with some friends, I skipped a trap in which I had been catching mice, and on going to it the next morning I found that something had been caught and had "footed." I kept traps at the den for some time but did not catch anything more except rabbits. Exactly four weeks later I found a dead and frozen skunk in some weeds not far from this den, and I think it was the one I lost. Having been frozen up his fur still "stuck," so I peeled him.

Now the above may sound fishy to some, but yet it is true. My catch was as follows: 40 skunk, 20 civit cat, 20 muskrats, 1 coon, 1 black house cat and many rabbits and a few ground hogs. I also bought some fur. There are lots of rabbits here. I am not much of a hunter, but I killed 29 one day. Thousands are killed every winter, but still they increase.

I wish the H-T-T and all honest trappers success, and I may call again.

Henry Murr, Tonganoxie, Kan.

### SOME REASONS.

Boys do you know why everyone who is interested in the fur business should be a subscriber to the H-T-T? First: Because this was the first publication of any kind to come out and make a bold stand in behalf of the Trapper and Fur Producer.

Second: It is filled with interesting reading. You get instructions from old and experienced trappers that will be of value to you which heretofore was impossible.

Third: Through the H-T-T we are warned against shipping to dishonest houses. That is, the dishonest fur dealers are exposed through the H-T-T, thus saving the trappers and shippers thousands of dollars each season. And boys let me say here, we should not ship to any firm who does not advertise in the H-T-T. Mr. Harding is better posted than we are, and he will not ad. any firm unless they have a good reputation. I think it would be a good plan for us when writing to the H-T-T to tell who we shipped to and how we were treated.

I have been selling the most of my furs to local dealers for the past thirteen years

until this season, because the home buyer would pay more than I could get by shipping. Here is the way one fur house in Chicago treated me: I shipped 48 beaver, 9 otter, some mink, coon, wolves, lynx but I have forgotten the number, as this was about 14 years ago. They were nice furs and handled well, and the check I received for them was \$118.00. They averaged about \$1.00 per skin. They were the last furs I shipped until about three months ago. I saw F. C. Taylor's ad. in the H-T-T and the name sounded all right, and I thought I would ship him a small lot and see if he practiced what he preached. Since then I have made him three larger shipments, and have been well pleased with the returns. He pays me according to his quotations.

F. L. Gregg, Beulah, Ore.

### AN OHIO LETTER.

In the winter I make it a business to hunt and buy furs; in the spring trap some for muskrats. My catch in thirteen nights hunting is as follows: 9 coon, 9 skunk and 8 opossum. I bought a mink the 5th of February which measured 2 feet 11 inches. I shipped it to an Ohio concern and they took it for a shedder. Did you ever have the luck to catch a sheddy mink on the night of the 4th of February? If this firm gets any more of my furs they will get them some time when I am asleep or away from home.

I saw in Ira Fillman's letter where he has

had his dogs poisoned. I think sweet milk and lard is the only thing to give a dog when it is poisoned. This will kill the poison if the dog is not too far gone. I think if all the buyers would quit handling unprime furs the trapper and hunter would quit catching them. I will send you a photo of myself, pony and dogs before starting to a fox chase.

Herman McKay, Westboro, Ohio.

### TRAINING DOGS.

Seeing in the June number of the H-T-T that Henry Haner, of Catskill, N. Y. wants to know how to train his hound pup to run foxes, I will answer. I have always hunted foxes with dogs, and will give you my way of breaking a young fox dog.

When your dog is one year old it is a good plan to take him out with a good running dog, one that will stick to his work all day. That will give the pup an idea what you want of him. Don't take him out too often in company. Run him alone and he will learn to follow a fox faster and make a better dog to run alone.

Any dog can run in company, the old dog doing all the work. In a hard place, such as a fox is sure to leave a tangle mass for the dog to straighten out, the young dog hardly knows what has happened or how the difficulty was gotten over with.

When you take your young dog out alone go early in the morning. If he takes a cold trail don't lead him, let him go as he



STARTING FOR A CHASE.

Mr. Herman McKay, Westboro, Ohio, and Two Fox Hounds.

pleases, and make it a point to cut him off at different points to let him see you, and encourage him by talking to him the same as you would a child. Keep this up until he starts the fox. If he should get bothered after that, which he most likely will, get to him as soon as possible before he gets discouraged. Your presence will give him new courage. Circle in different directions with the dog to help him find the trail.

If he should give up and come back to you take him back to the trail and urge him to go on. Don't pet your dog too much, only when you kill a fox for him. When he comes up to the fox then is the time to make over him. He understands and appreciates it. If I have a pup that has the making of a good fox dog I never have any trouble in developing him into one.

L. A. Durgin, Dover, N. H.

Someone asks about a water spaniel, that is a good dog to hunt rabbits, and asks whether it can be trained to hunt coon and other animals? I know of the best night dogs living that will catch coon, skunk, opossum, etc., (and in day time will run rabbits and tongue the track), better than most full breed beagles, but it lays in the dog to be a good one, and also in the way you train him to make these do these things.

A water spaniel should catch coon, mink and muskrat, as all three animals are water animals, but a coon is a great deal different with a dog than a rabbit when it comes down to business. A young dog is easier trained than an old one that has been let run around and get worthless by joining all the mongrels for miles around and tonguing rabbit tracks.

I prefer a half beagle and half bull dog for a night dog, also a shepherd or hound, but any good spunky, scrappy breed of a dog is generally a good one to choose for a night dog. I must also mention the Irish terrier for a good breed of night dog, and when about one year old it is ready to train. Be sure and always keep your pup chained while young so he will not learn to run rabbits. If any one around your community has a good night dog try and go along some night with your young dog. When he is loosened from the chain he will be ready to scrap anything. Before taking him out you can teach the young dog when 8 or 10 months old what to do by catching an ani-

mal that you wish to train your dog on and leading it around. If it is a coon or opossum then put up a tree or on a fence. Loose your dog and let him trail until he finds it. Teach the dog to bark by hissing him on and clapping, hooping to him and such like.

If for skunk, kill one and drag it around, place it out of pup's reach, and teach him to bark when he comes upon his game, but don't let him learn the habit of tongueing the track after night. Let your young dog shake and chew at the game you are training him to hunt for. After he has found it and he fails to bark by hissing him, tie a rope three feet long to it and keep throwing it toward him and pulling it quickly away to teach him to grab at it and hold on, and also bark. A live skunk generally gives a young dog such a lesson the first time that he is always afraid of one afterwards, unless he is a Irish terrier or bull dog or beagle crossed. These two breeds are good ones for any kind of night hunting.

Take a live animal, a coon or something, and lead it past your young dog's box where he is tied and let him see it and take notice how he will want it, but all you want is to teach him the scent and how to tongue when he comes up on the game, and I believe what I have told will generally break any dog.

Will others give their methods, as this seems to be an article that is the most important to the hunter and trapper, and is the one most slighted. A good dog well broken to hunt coon, skunk or opossum is worth 500 No. 1 traps. Don't be afraid to switch a young dog some to make him learn good from bad, like tongueing track and rabbit. Always pet him and be friendly after chastising him, and a good scolding with a couple of light smacks with open hand will take the place of the whipping. Don't use stick unless necessary. Use judgment, the same as you would want some one to use you, and in a few nights' training your dog will be catching game. It is easy sailing after a few are caught, and your dog is your greatest friend you have. He will make you from \$5.00 to \$15 a night, where if you were trapping for the same game you would be lucky if you got a dollar's worth of fur, and besides it is finer sport than a day's gunning to hear your old dog up on yonder hill or in some woods talking to you to come his way.

Joseph W. Funk, Glenhall, Pa.

**TRAPPING TURTLES.**

As Mr. Marks, of Michigan, wants to know how to trap turtles, I will give him one I use with the best success. Make a frame 4 feet long and 2 feet wide. Take some gunny sacks and make a bag same size and about 3 feet deep. Fasten in frame and find some logs that turtles climb up on; fasten your frame along side of log, having frame about 10 inches out of water. When turtles are on log approach from opposite side and they will roll off in your trap. You can use barrel hoops and sacks, putting a couple or more at each place. I have caught thirty in one day this way. If you want to catch them on fish hooks hang your hooks 3 or 4 inches above water baited with salty pork rind, but the sack method is the best.

J. H. Deross, Jennings, La.

**CANADA.**

Seeing that my last letter was published I accept it as invitation to come again, believing that some one may be benefited by reading my experience. I shall harp on the same string as in my last letter, but shall refrain from mentioning any of the firms.

I believe with John L. Woodbury and others in sticking to one firm, but would say, first be sure that you are shipping to a firm who pays all your furs are worth. There are fake firms and fake firms. Those firms are not the worst who take the whole thing, because, you are done with them for good and all, but there are firms who take a big rake off every time you ship to them by grading your furs down to one-half or two-thirds their value, unknown to you unless you are well posted on furs, and skinning you by degrees.

I will now relate my experience of last winter, which is somewhat similar to that of Chas. P. Prine. I have been shipping to a man in Wisconsin for years, and have always been well treated, but as I was not sure that I was getting all my furs were worth, I decided to do a little experimenting.

This is the way I went at it. Fixing up four lots of weasels, all pure white and of equal sizes, as near as possible, I sent the lots to four different firms, the first to the afore-mentioned man in Wisconsin, (as he does not advertise in the H-T-T I shall not give his name, for convenience, "my man") who quoted 20 cents to 80 cents, and paid me 20 cents to \$1.00, averaging 62 cents. The second lot I sent to a firm in Milwau-

kee, who quoted 30 to 75 cents and paid me 15 to 50 cents, averaging 28 cents. The third lot I sent to a firm in Minneapolis who quoted 30 to 50 cents, and who paid what they quoted, averaging 42 cents. The fourth lot I sent to a firm in St. Louis, who quoted 40 cents to \$1.00, and who paid me 15 to 80 cents, averaging 38 cents.

You will notice there is a wide range of prices quoted, but still more so in prices paid. I have since shipped all my weasels to "my man," and have received no less than 40 cents for kitts to \$1.25 for large ones. If you did not get \$1.25 for your best weasels you did not get all they were worth.

After reading this you will not wonder that I have decided to stick to "my man." Another thing, he never classed any of them as soiled or yellow tinged. I got \$1.25 for long-stripe skunk, \$1.50 for badger and as high as 18 cents for rats. The rats here are small and thin pelted.

My catch last season was 4 skunk, 2 badgers, 83 weasels and 2700 rats, but having my farm to take care of I could not put in all my time at trapping.

T. Gullickson, Liberal, Alta., Canada.

**TEXAS.**

Well brother trappers, as I have been a subscriber for the H-T-T for two years I will write a short letter. I like the H-T-T very much, and learned a great deal about trapping by reading it. I didn't trap any last season, as I had a good job and it wouldn't pay me to quit my job and trap, but I will trap this coming winter. I use the Blake & Lamb No. 2½. They are my favorite traps, but I think they can be improved some by widening the jaws at the ends so when they are covered with leaves or such like and throwed, they won't stand open. I have lost some game from that cause. I have learned to cover them very lightly.

We have nothing larger than the wild cat or bob cat here to trap for. The game is mostly coon and mink. I trap on the Sabine River and small creeks. I have had some trouble with John Sneak'um as well as the rest. We have a good many trappers here in this country. I think I will spend the entire winter trapping if we don't have too much high water.

I don't believe in patent scents. I don't use any bait at all unless it is late trapping in the spring, then I use fish if I can get

them. I noticed two letters from Texas in the June number. I like to read letters from my own state. I think we ought to write often.

C. H. Prior, Baren, Texas.

### TRAPPING FOXES.

I see in the June number of the H-T-T that O. Douglass, of Hamburg, Mich., says there are few prime water trapped foxes. It may be the case in some localities, but in others you can catch them when they are prime with water set as well as dry set. I never trapped much for fox, as I thought it took too much time, but last winter I made up my mind to catch one. So on December 21st I took a couple Blake & Lamb No. 3 traps and some bait, and started for some spring gutters which never freeze up unless snow falls on them several feet deep. They are found along trout streams in cold weather; you can see the stream flying off. I made two water sets and did not make any rounds until the 25th, when I was surprised to find a grey fox in one. So I thought it was not such a hard job to catch one.

I kept on and baited another one but dogs got to taking bait, also I did not wish to set there. I noticed where a fox got to following my trail through the snow, so I planted a trap in my tracks. The first night he trotted over and stepped about on both posts. So I laid a weed across, and next morning when I came the snow was all torn up. I followed about five rods, where I found him anchored.

Up to February 22nd I caught six fox. There was such deep snow and rough weather from January 12th to February 16th, that I did not get a pelt of any kind. The snow was about three feet deep where it was not drifted. My worst trouble is to get red fox baited. I fixed up a spring and set and caught an opossum. So I took my trap away and laid a small piece of muskrat in. When I went back foxes had it trampled up around the spring, within a few feet of water. I scattered cracklings around and the next night they walked over them and would not touch them.

I wish some experienced trapper would tell me through the H-T-T what to use for bait when they won't eat cracklings. Some will say perhaps that I walked around the spring and scent or sign scared them away, but I waded water to and from it.

My catch was 13 skunk, 11 coon, 8 mink,

6 fox, 3 opossums, 20 muskrats and a few weasel and 2 cats.

The Blake & Lamb and Oneida Jump traps suit me the best of any I ever used. The Victor are only fit to foot things. I caught 2 fox, 5 coon and numerous skunk in B. & L. No. 1 and never had anything pull out, but find chains too light on larger sizes, as I had a dog to tear one.

C. A. Auman, Kregar, Pa.

### "KILL" OR "LET LIVE."

In the June number of the H-T-T, "W., Minnesota" criticises my appeal to trappers to secure live animals for me during the summer months when trapping for fur is impracticable. With all due respect to this writer's opinion, I feel constrained to assert in my turn that he is all wrong. I believe he is laboring under a misapprehension as to the purposes for which these living animals are desired, and when I have explained this feature of the case, I think he will regard my appeal as legitimate, if not highly praiseworthy, and in a wider sense, of undoubted ultimate benefit to the community of trappers. For my efforts are directed not towards death and destruction, but rather to conservation and perpetuation of the very creatures, upon the sacrifice of which every trapper is in part, if not wholly, dependent for a living.

Until within recent years there existed but one incentive to a trapper to follow his occupation, and that was the relentless demand of mankind for fur, expressed through the medium of the dealers in fur. Unhappily, without its fur the life of an animal is no longer possible, and thus is applied its death. If we pursue this line of reasoning to its logical conclusion, the premature death of an animal (and this is what always takes place when it meets its end in the trap) implies the destruction of the species. Every killing of a fur-bearing animal means one step nearer to total annihilation of the species. To realize the force of this fact we have only to look around and witness the impending doom of the buffalo, the antelope, or the beaver. The one great cry of those directly or indirectly interested in the fur business is "kill, kill, kill." And so it will go on until there is nothing left to kill, with the inevitable result that there will no longer be any goose to lay golden eggs for the trapper.

Having shown Mr. W. what trapping for

fur involves, let us look at the other side of the case, and see whereof the newer incentive is. Of late years there has arisen a small but ever-increasing body of earnest men, naturalists, zoologists, and lovers of animal life, with an entirely different object in view. Their one great cry is "let live." In the vicinity of the more thickly populated districts some have established zoological collections. Of course, the main object of a zoological collection is the education of those whose position in life prevents them from coming in touch with nature. Nevertheless, I have yet to meet the zoologist who seeks other than to encourage propagation of the animals entrusted to his care. Indeed, I know of some zoologists in this country who at the present day, are urging upon the National Government the necessity of taking some steps to investigate the possibilities of the breeding of fur-bearing creatures.

My object is to establish here in Washington, the National Capital, a sort of exchange for animal life, where those who trap and take wild animals and birds may find a profitable depository, and where those seeking to restock depleted preserves and to procure specimens for zoological collections will know where they may find what they want. Only last year through my relations with trappers, I was able to assist the State of New York to secure some living beaver, which that state wished to turn out in the Adirondacks in an effort to once more establish there that interesting species. In a few years' time it is hoped that there will again be colonies of beaver in that region. And I venture to say, without wishing to pat myself on the back, that those beaver would not be there today had I not established the medium of their acquirement.

So, brother trappers, let me repeat my request, and urge upon you to help in this undertaking. You will benefit yourself immediately greatly more than by selling fur, you will benefit me, you will benefit the community at large by assisting in the diffusion of species, and finally you will eventually benefit your own fraternity. For, every animal or bird that reaches me is preserved alive and eventually finds its way to some place where it will be permanently protected.

Cecil French, Washington, D. C.  
June 9, 1905.

### EASTERN TRAPPER.

Game is about wiped out here. I only caught 26 fox last season, 25 red ones and one cross, 6 mink, 10 skunk, 2 coon, 8 rats and trapped from November 1st until March 1st. I used the same scent and bait that I used the first fall I trapped in this section in 1895.

That fall I camped here four weeks and caught 40 red fox, 2 fine cross fox, 20 coon, 15 mink, 25 rats and 75 skunk, all in the month of November, and there seemed to be enough left for seed. Last year there were five trappers all around me during the month of October, and got a lot of cheap fur. I doubt if all the fur the five got brought as much as mine. I sold red fox as high as \$4.50, mink as high as \$5.00, skunk as high as \$1.65, coon \$1.50, rats 25 cents. F. C. Taylor & Co. paid me the best prices of all. I shall try them again this fall.

John Sneakum stole two foxes and seven traps for me last fall. If there is a fine for stealing traps and game you should find out what it is and publish it once a year in the October number, for each state. I have trapped for 25 years and "Sneakum" has never failed to show up some part of the season.

E. R. Barnes, Swift River, Mass.

It may be a little late for me to state my catch for 1904-5, but it is as follows: From December 1st, 1904, to April 1st, 1905, mink 12, skunk 11, muskrat 64, which I sold to a friend for \$60.08. I think I did as well as most of them that ship.

Out of the 12 mink there were only 4 female minks. I saw where other trappers mentioned the same thing. Can any brother trapper tell me why there are so many more male minks than there are females?

A friend of mine and I are going to trap next winter. He is all right and a good, honest fellow trapper. Fur bearing animals are very scarce here. A year ago we had quite a few opossum and now we haven't any. The cold weather killed them all. There wasn't but two caught in this section that I know of last season.

E. L. Terwilliger, Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Mink and coon are quite plentiful here. I received \$1.75 for my best skunk and \$3.90 for mink. I have a Parker gun.

A. G. Volkner, Lafayette, N. J.

# Hunter-Trader-Trapper.

The Only Publication of its Kind in the World. Devoted to the Interests of Hunters, Traders and Trappers.

Entered as second-class matter, April 5th, 1905, at the Post-office at Columbus, Ohio, under Act of Congress, March 3rd, 1879.

A. R. HARDING, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

ISSUED MONTHLY AT 326 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

\$1.00 A YEAR - - - 10 CTS. A COPY

ADVERTISING RATES AND SAMPLE COPIES SENT ON APPLICATION.

JULY, 1905.

## DOGS.

Elsewhere in this number will be found several letters telling how to train fox and night hunting dogs. These letters are from practical hunters and will prove instructive. The August number will contain additional letters on "Dog Training." A good dog is indeed a great help to a hunter or trapper. In the wanted column this month it will be noted that some of the well known dog raisers are advertising. We believe that they are reliable.

## ADDRESS.

Last month a change was made in the subscription list. Instead of writing your name and address on the wrapper of your magazine you will notice that it is now set up in type. In addition to your name and address the date that your subscription expires is given. Watch the date on the wrapper which will be changed if received not later than the 25th of the following month. This will be the same as a receipt. To illustrate say your name is John Long, Minneapolis, Minn., July 5. That means that your subscription expires with the July number, 1905. Suppose you send one dollar to renew, and your letter reaches us on or before July 25th. On that date we begin correcting the August list and will make John Long, Minneapolis, Minn., July 6. If your wrapper does not show July 6 the letter did not reach us. If received after the 25th of any month the change can not be made the following month, but of course you will get that month's magazine.

## ANIMALS.

The article "Game Animals of Montana," by Louis Wessel, will be read with much interest by all. Montana is an immense state, and for years will contain considerable big game. In the mountain regions trapping will be carried on for years. In fact, the fur-bearing animals will never become extinct. It is rather remarkable, but in some of the longest settled states some fur-bearers are more numerous today than twenty years ago. If trappers and hunters will use discretion animals will be found in considerable numbers even in thickly settled regions for an indefinite time.

## WEASEL.

One of our Canadian subscribers, Mr. T. Guillickson, in writing some of his experiences in this issue, says that if you did not get \$1.25 for your best weasel you did not get the full value. Readers must remember that far up in Canada furs are much better than in most places. The chances are that Mr. Guillickson only received this price for a very few, and he perhaps struck the market at its best.

This same trapper received 18 cents for his best muskrat. Many of our readers, and especially those in states where muskrat skins are heavy, will think that he was "skinned" on his rat skins. This is not the case, however. Muskrat in Northwestern Canada are very thin pelted and rule low. With this one exception furs are better the further north, and trapping can be begun earlier in the season and carried on later in the spring.

## ROOTS.

The article "Ginseng and Golden Seal," by Lee S. Dick, of Dickson, W. Va., will be read with interest by thousands. Since 1858 ginseng has advanced from 52 cents a pound to \$8.00 last year, an advance of 1400%. Golden Seal, during the same time, advanced 2400%.

What the future will be of these two roots is indeed hard to tell. It appears, however, that Golden Seal has a medicinal value that is recognized by the American trade which is yearly increasing. The great advance in price of the root is surely speaking well for it.

That these two roots will be largely grown there is no doubt. There is reason to believe that good money can be made by

growing them. But as mentioned in the June number, ginseng must be grown in soil similar to that in which it grows wild. Ground made rich with manure or fertilizer will grow the plant, but when placed on the market it is detected. The Chinaman is the heavy ginseng buyer, and they do not want the root which has lost its wild flavor.

We caution all who may enter into the raising of either ginseng or golden seal to start right. Either set your plants in the native forest or haul earth from the forest to your garden where the plants are to be grown. What is worth doing at all is worth doing right. If you start your plants in soil made rich artificially, with manure or fertilizer, your plants will no doubt grow all right, but when you come to marketing them your trouble will begin. If able to sell at all it will be at a much less price than if grown in the native soil which will assure the wild flavor for which the roots are wanted.

### CAMPING.

"Camp Comforts" and "Things to Avoid" are two instructive articles. Whether you intend camping out during the summer for recreation or this fall and winter on a hunting or trapping trip, it will pay to note carefully what the writers of these two articles have to say.

### HUNTING.

Many who go hundreds of miles each season expecting to kill a bear, deer, wild turkey and other game often return empty handed, while their friends who hunted nearer home were successful. The stories told of abundance of game in a certain section hundreds of miles away is often overdrawn.

This is done by railroads and hotel keepers to attract sportsmen over their lines and to stop at hotels. We caution our readers about going to these places. Would it not be best to employ some old and experienced hunter? A man of this kind knows where there is game.

It is rather astonishing the number of large animals killed each season in the old and comparatively thickly settled districts. A careful reading of this magazine may put you next a good hunting section, much nearer your home than you had ever thought of.

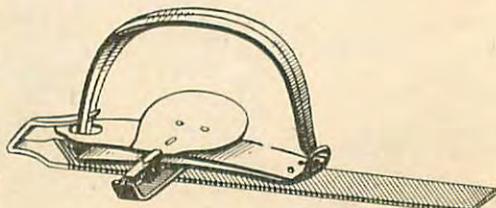
### PRICES.

The prices at which raw furs have sold the past year or two has been an inducement for more trapping. The demand seems to be as great as ever. In fact, the general demand for furs is perhaps greater now than ever. The uses to which manufactured furs are put seems to be broadening each year.

Should any one article become too high it is possible that trappers would overstock the market in time. The prices at which furs ruled, a few years ago, was too low rather than present prices being too high, as some claim. While it may be true that one or two articles are near the danger high line, the majority are not. Indications are that the present plane of values will be about maintained on most articles.

Trappers who make their living at the business will find that there are about as many animals fifty years in the future as now, or long after they have set their last trap or gone over their trap line for the last time. New trappers will take their place. The animals caught by the trapper of the future may not be in the proportion they are now. It will depend upon how rapidly civilization takes place.

Those who have watched closely results of the settling of a country upon the fur-bearing animals will tell you that some wild animals decrease before the tide of civilization, others increase. Some animals like the wild primeval forest best, while others follow civilization. Is it not true that the red fox, skunk, muskrat and other animals do best in fairly thickly settled districts? In fact, some of these animals were not found in certain sections until partly settled.



A Bent File Used for Setting Jump Traps.

# THE FUR MARKETS.

The results of the June sales shows very few changes from March. It will be noticed that beaver advanced 15%, spring muskrat 20%, and winter, fall and northwestern rats 35% over January, 1905. At the same time beaver at the March sales advanced 10% over January, 1905, and the advance of muskrat at the March sales over January was just the same as June, so that these two articles are practically the same as after the March sales. The June sales often shows a decline on many articles. This year only fox and lynx went lower, and the decline was small.

## OFFERING.

The offering at Messrs. C. M. Lampion & Co.'s sales, June 20th, 21st and 22nd, 1905, compared with June, 1904, is given:

	1905	1904
Raccoon .....	64,000	84,849
Muskrat .....	650,000	636,848
Skunk .....	160,000	221,586
Civit Cat .....	10,500	16,502
Opossum .....	105,000	15,540
Mink .....	15,000	45,119
Marten .....	7,700	2,974
Sabel, Russian .....	1,500	1,484
Fox, Silver .....	150	156
Fox, Cross .....	350	175
Fox, Blue .....	150	401
Fox, Red .....	3,600	13,959
Fox, Grey .....	6,000	11,636
Fox, White .....	3,000	1,482
Fox, Japanese .....	5,000	12,772
Lynx .....	4,800	1,417
Otter .....	600	4,210
Beaver .....	2,700	1,176
Bear .....	1,600	675
Wolf .....	8,400	20,918
Wolverine .....	100	238
Cat, Wild .....	3,600	8,335
Badger .....	1,800	3,425
Hair Seal, Dry .....	1,600	1,228
Chinchilla, Real .....	1,000	487
Chinchilla, Bastard .....	10,000	17,441
Grebe .....	2,400	2,840
Opossum, Australian .....	410,000	274,400
Wombat .....	39,000	10,928
Wallaby .....	20,000	14,191
Kangaroo .....	200	703
Salted Fur Seal,		
Cape Horn .....	1,500	
Salted Fur Seal,		
Cape of Good Hope .....	200	

## RESULTS.

Skunk, same as last March.  
 Raccoon, same as last March.  
 Opossum, same as last March.  
 Marten, same as last March.  
 Otter, same as last March.  
 Bear, same as last March.  
 Wolf, same as last March.  
 Wild Cat, same as last March.  
 Wolverine, same as last March.  
 Badger, same as last March.  
 Civit Cat, same as last March.  
 White Fox, same as last March.  
 Red Fox, same as last March.  
 Mink, 10% higher than last March.  
 Silver Fox, 15% lower than last March.  
 Cross Fox, 15% lower than last March.  
 Grey Fox, 10% lower than last March.  
 Kitt Fox, 10% lower than last March.  
 Lynx, 20% lower than last March.  
 Beaver, 15% higher than last January.  
 Muskrat, Spring, 20% higher than last January.  
 Muskrat, Winter, 35% higher than last January.  
 Muskrat, Fall, 35% higher than last January.  
 Muskrat, Northwestern, 35% higher than last January.

## ROOTS.

One of our advertisers quotes the following prices for goods delivered. Several markets can be had for these articles, as our advertising columns reveal.

	Per pound
Ginseng, (wild) New York State, Canada, Northern Penn .....	7.50
Ginseng, (wild) Ohio, Wisconsin, So. Penn., Indiana and Illinois .....	7.00
Ginseng, (wild) W. Va., N. C. ....	6.00 to 6.50
Ginseng, (wild) Va., Ky., Tenn. ....	5.00 to 5.50
Golden Seal (Yellow Root) .....	1.15
Senega (Southern) .....	.45 to .50
Black Snake Root (Va. Snake) ..	.25 to .30
Lady Slipper Root .....	.12 to .15
Blood Root .....	.04 to .05
Spikenard .....	.03 to .04
May Apple (Mandrake) .....	.02½ to .03
Wild Ginger .....	.06
Rattle Root (Black Cohosh) ....	.01
Butterfly .....	.04
Star Root .....	.15 to .20
Star Grass .....	.08 to .17

Pink Root .....	.10 to .12
Sassafras Bark of Root (Rosed)	.05
Wild Cherry Bark, young green skin .....	.03 to .03½

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

There is a cash market for many articles that some of our readers know nothing of. Now that the trapping, hunting and fur buying season is quiet, some money can be made off the following:

	Per pound
Beeswax, clean .....	.25 to .27
New Geese Feathers, white.....	.40 to .44
Old Rubber Boots and Shoes..	.04½ to .05
Heavy Copper .....	.10 to .11
Light Copper .....	.08 to .09
Heavy Brass .....	.07 to .10
Light Brass .....	.04 to .05
Lead .....	.02½ to .03
Zinc .....	.02½ to .03

**JUNK.**

This includes a number of articles such as bones, rags, old rubber and many other articles. As a rule we do not mention any particular firm, as several are usually advertising for the same thing. The firm of L. Frank & Sons, Zanesville, Ohio, buy, paying cash for either rags or bones. If any other advertiser buys them we have overlooked their name, and will gladly mention in next month's issue if our attention is called to the matter.

Among those that buy beef hides, sheep pelts, tallow, etc., in addition to the firm just mentioned are the following: Northwestern Hide & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Albert Lea Hide & Fur Co., Albert Lea, Minn.; Weil Bros. & Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.; H. Willard Sons & Co., Marshalltown, Iowa; H. C. Metcalf, Alstead, N. H.; The M. H. Redick Hide & Fur Co. Grand Forks, N. D.; Ohio Hide & Fur Co., Columbus, O.; David Bluestein & Bro., Charleston, W. Va.; John Mack & Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; Black's Hide & Fur Co., Durand, Wis.

**CONDITIONS IN EUROPE.**

Leipzig, Germany, June 12, 1905.

Business is very quiet this week over here, it being the week before the sale. Stock are very small among the larger dealers on the Beuhl, and practically the same conditions exist here as in America. That is, the main stocks lay with the manufacturers. Skunk are in strong demand here

and are practically all owned by the manufacturers, so the dealers will probably bid freely for them in the coming sale, but this fact should not mislead our exporters, because the supply is just as large as ever only it is more widely distributed, and still just as much of a speculative article for the coming year as if it was used chiefly by the larger dealers.

The ladies alone can hold up the good prices we paid for them last year, or neglect them and cause a great reduction next year. This time alone will decide.

Minks are neglected here on account of the high prices paid to the shippers, and will probably sell a little cheaper than in March. Muskrats also seem to be weaker. The catch was extra large this year, and while the demand is greater than last year it is not in proportion with the supply to stand the advance we all anticipated just before the March sales.

Raccoons still continue neglected, and am sorry to say there seems to be nothing to keep them from selling even lower than they have in the last three sales.

Beavers are in fair demand in England and France. Bears are about the same as in March. Opossums are offered in unusually large quantities of very poor quality, and no doubt will be reported as declining quite a good deal, but the quality is fully 45% below last years' offering.

American red fox will be about the same as March. Martens will probably decline a little as the stocks are very large. Otters and civit cats remain about the same as at the close of last season.

Very truly yours,

Lowell Lamb.

**MARTEN TRAPPING.**

According to my promise in the May number of the H-T-T, I will now write a few lines about the much coveted marten.

The marten found in Northern Minnesota is of a brown or pale color. Occasionally a very dark one is caught, but the majority sell as pale or brown. The former greatly exceeding the latter in numbers.

For the benefit of the young trapper who does not know the difference between a marten and a mink, I will try to give a comparison between the two.

A marten, classified by fur dealers as small, is about the size of an average medium mink. Its fur is of yellowish brown

color, with a light yellow spot under its throat. It is finer, softer to the touch, and nearly twice as long as the mink. Its ears are longer, the nose more pointed, and the general appearance of the head is something like a fox. Its feet are large and nearly round, and it never sinks down in loose snow and makes a furrow like a mink. Its skin, when dry, is very thin and papery, like a fox skin.

Its habits of life are similar to that of a fisher. They both inhabit the same kind of ground, and heavy pine and spruce forests is their favorite home.

Their principal food is rabbits, partridge, mice and small birds that come within their reach. In summer, the fisher, unlike the marten, makes frequent visits to lakes and streams in search of fish, muskrats, clams, crawfish, etc. I once had an opportunity to watch a fisher on White Face River jump off from a piece of floating ice into the river, and soon came up with a big water lily in his mouth and proceeded to make a meal of it. His fur was good at the time but I had no gun, so I had to let him enjoy his vegetarian breakfast in peace.

The marten is easy to trap. He will readily go into any kind of trap that has some kind of bait in it. There are exceptions to this rule, however. In certain sections and localities they can hardly be induced to take bait. I don't know the cause of their shyness, but it is a fact. The winter of 1903-04 was one of them, in St. Louis Co., Minnesota.

For marten and fisher I most always use the deadfall described by Thos. J. Fenton in the April number of the H-T-T, but in place of making the bed piece round I flatten the top and outer side so as to leave a square edge. By so doing the bait, stake and bottom of standard can be moved out to the extreme edge of bed piece and set delicately enough to be pulled off by a mouse if desired, or by moving the standard further in on the bait stake it will take a 15 or 20 pound pull to spring it, according to weight on the drop.

The Indians make this deadfall exactly as stated by Mr. Fenton, and the square edge bed piece is an improvement of my own. I have tried many kinds of deadfalls, but believe this is the best ever made for small or medium sized animals. All the material needed for its construction is found right in the woods, and the whole trigger

business is made in less time than it takes to make one notch in the old cumbersome figure four.

For marten and mink the standard should be three or four inches high, and the bait five or six inches inside of it. In localities where the fisher is found it can be increased to 5 or 6 and 8 or 9 inches respectively. The inclosures should never be over 12 or 14 inches long, and after setting, the top must be carefully covered with brush, bark or anything handy to prevent the animal from going in at the top.

When there is plenty of snow I simply trap it down with the skis or snowshoes around a small tree, and lay the bed piece and drop alongside of it. The tree is used in place of stake and steadies the drop. The rest of the inclosure is set in the packed snow, which in a few hours freezes solid and remains all right all winter. If convenient, a high spot or on top of an old log is better than level ground.

For some unexplainable reason the fisher and marten seems to have more pressing business along the edge of heavy spruce swamps and north side hills than any other place.

Well, you old marten chaser of Sisters, Ore., (page 13, June number of H-T-T) I have never used horse meat for bait, but can't see why the martens shouldn't like it. For scent take a quart bottle and fill it with small pieces of fresh fish, cork loosely and hang it in the sun for two or three weeks, then cork tight and you will have something good and strong for next season. Sprinkle a few drops of it around your traps and bait with something more appetising, and every animal that comes your way will smell it a long distance off if the wind is favorable, and will lose no time to investigate where the rich aroma comes from. I am not a strong believer in any kind of scent, but have used this with some success.

As for "sure catch" and "never fail" scents and sets, I have yet to learn their good qualities. I do not believe I know it all, far from it. If I get credit for knowing about one-fourth of it I will be well satisfied, but am sure I know one thing, that I never saw a mink or marten make a short cut for the nearest drug store to buy scents.

Since my last letter in the May number of the H-T-T, I have received several letters from would-be Homesteaders, asking particulars about the land, etc., and will say

through the H-T-T that there is a good deal of vacant land left yet. It is mostly timbered, with a large number of lakes, rivers and creeks, plenty of fish in most of them. I would not advise any one to come here chiefly for trapping, but for those that want a good piece of land, and make himself a home, I think this place offers as many advantages as any other, or more. Any further information on the subject will be cheerfully given.

Algat L. Johnson, Bowstring, Minn.

### COLORADO TRAPPER.

As I read so much on trap construction, the different ways and opinion of trappers, I wish you would put some of them to rest on the subject. C. M. Barker, in the June number, in regard to the proper place to fasten the chain is one of them. My trap has the chain fastened in the center of trap, also has adjustable pan to use with dog or without dog. The jaws are there to stay, no animal can pull them out. It has also  $\frac{1}{4}$  less pieces than any other jump trap.

You will see by the photo that I am somewhat of a hunter as well as inventor, and also good at trapping. I am the champion on trapping wild cat. If you are trapping on a small stream and find a steep bank where the stream runs near, dig a hole back in the bank 12 or 18 inches, set

your trap in entrance, and put rabbit's head in hole for bait. Another way is, find a log across the stream, cut place for trap, set and cover with chaff or rotten wood, then put briars or thorn bush across log 8 inches from trap and catch every cat, coon or mink that crosses the stream on this log.

James W. Parsons, Slater, Colo.

This spring early one of my friends and myself wanted to go down and look at some of my traps. We didn't know whether we should take our shot guns or not for we wanted to go to town from there, but I thought we had better for we couldn't tell what we might see. On coming near where our traps were set there was a tree (two trees grown together). As I looked in that direction I saw something lying there. Well, I got ready and went toward it. I hadn't taken more than two or three steps when out jumps Mr. Coon on a dead run, but before he had gone many steps I shot him. He had caught a rabbit and was having a good time when I came. I took him to town, and one of our home buyers asked me what I would take for him. I told him \$1.00, and he took him. Well, he skinned the coon and sent it away with some of his other furs. He showed me his returns and he got \$1.25 for it.

Gabriel Wiest, Ft. Atkinson. Ia.



MR. JAMES W. PARSONS, HUNTER AND INVENTOR OF A STEEL TRAP.

**DEADFALL FOR BEAR.**

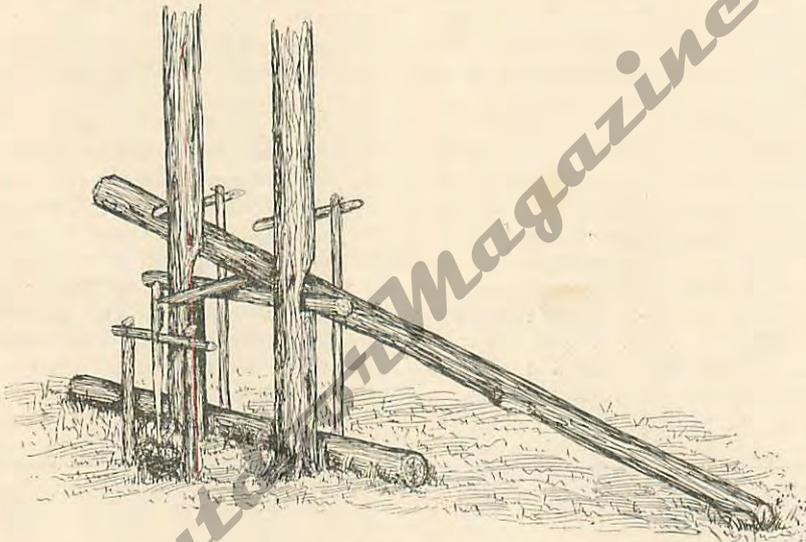
I will describe a dead fall for bear which I use, and which works the best of any I have ever tried. I have two small trees about 30 inches apart, cut a pole ten feet long for a bed piece and place in front of trees, then cut a notch in each tree about 27 inches above the bed piece, and nail a good strong piece across from one tree to the other in the notches. Cut a long pole five or six inches through for the dead fall, place the large end on top of bed log, letting end stick by the tree far enough to place on poles for weights.

Then cut two stakes and drive on outside

side until you think you have enough to hold any bear. Then put on as many more and it will be about right. Stand up old chunk around the sides and back and lots of green brush on the outside. Get it so he can't see the bait.

It doesn't require a very solid pan. I drive about three short stakes in front and leave them one foot high, so when he pulls back they will come against him, and the set is complete. You can weight it with a ton of poles and still it will spring easy. The closer together the two notches the easier it will spring.

W. F. Tillotson, Troy, Mont.



of both poles, and fasten tops of stakes to the trees one foot above the cross piece. Then on the inside, 30 inches from the trees, drive two more solid stakes about 2 feet apart and nail a piece across them 6 inches lower than the cross piece between the trees. Then cut a lever about three feet long and flatten one end, and a bait stick about two feet long. Cut two notches six inches apart, one square on the top and the other on the bottom, and both close to the top end of bait stick.

Fasten bait on the other end and then raise up the deadfall, place the lever stick across the stick nailed between the two trees, letting the end run six inches under the deadfall. Take the bait stick and hook lower notch on the piece nailed on the two stakes and place end of lever in the top notch, then cut weights and place on each

**NORTHWESTERN NEWS.**

I have been taking your valuable magazine for two years from our local newstand and I am very much pleased with it. I see in the June number where Mr. H. E. Glazier, of Sisters, Oregon, is speaking of marten and bait for them, and the way he traps them. In 1891 my brother E. P. and I were trapping on the Jervis Inlet, in British Columbia. We had very good success from October 1st until December 20th catching marten and otter. We also got a few bear, five I think.

The bait we used mostly was one we compounded ourselves, and for the benefit of those interested, I'll tell the secret. Take 4 lbs. of tallow,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. strained honey, 3 drams oil of lavender,  $\frac{1}{4}$  dram of musk. Put the whole in a frying pan, get it hot, stir it most of the time and get it thor-

oughly mixed. When it is nearly cool roll it into balls. This amount of ingredients will make about 40 balls.

This bait is good for all flesh eating animals, from house cats to bear or cougar. It has never failed us. A bear will leave a skunk cabbage patch for it, providing you will split around the trap a few bushes 3 or 4 feet from the ground, and insert small pieces of *assofoedida* in them.

I have trapped a great deal in this part of the state. Also in 1892 I was in British Columbia, on the Chilliwack River, that empties into the Frazer River about 60 miles from Vancouver. I was two years on the head waters of the McKenzie River in the far Northland. I have a record of every day's work from the time I left Seattle in February, 1898, until I came back in those grand old mountains again. That is the best fur and game country I was ever in. There are five different kinds of foxes, beaver, otter, wolverine, marten, wolf, two kinds of moose and caribou.

I had two brothers with me on that Northern trip and they were the best pards a man ever had. I might write you a short sketch of the trip some time and give you a description of winter and summer travel, fauna, plants, formation, etc. I wish you every success with your magazine. It is what every man ought to have, and I think it fine.

H. N. Dunbar, Bremerton, Wash.

### COON TRAPPER.

I am not an old trapper. I have been trapping for mink and coon for 15 years. I still learn something every year. Drug Store scents or baits are no good for me. I have tried many different ways and prepared baits.

My best way to catch coon or mink, if you have a good No. 1½ Newhouse, is as follows: Go along a river or stream, set your trap in the edge of the water, two inches under if water is clear, cover with thin leaves. Take a piece of fish, one inch wide and two inches long, tie to a cork or a dry piece of wood, then tie to a rock or a piece of iron. Have the spring long as you need it, and let it float about three inches from your trap. He will wade in your trap at once to get your fish, as he thinks it is a live fish.

I like the Web Jaw traps, they are all O. K.

Here is my catch for November and December: coon 67, mink 22, rats 50, opossum 5. Game is scarce in this country. I ship all to Funsten Bros. & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Average for coon 90; average for mink \$1.79; average for rats 11 cents; average for opossum 60 cents.

A. B. Campbell, Obion, Tenn.

### EXPERIENCE OF AN INDIANA BUYER.

I have just read O. D. White's letter in the June H-T-T. It reminds me of some of my experience in buying furs. I have been a buyer for the last ten years. I have run up against some very peculiar beings in the shape of men.

One man I now have in mind was what I called a hog. I passed his house one day. He stuck his mug out of the door and asked me what I was paying for good star skunk. I told him I was paying \$1.50. He studied a minute. Well, he says, I have one down at the stable, come down and look at it. I went and found it a good No. 1 skunk. It was not skinned and quite dirty. You can do a little better than \$1.50 can't you? I said no not in the condition it is in, and only one hide.

Well, he says, I will skin it and take it to town where I can get \$1.55 for it. I told him to take it. (The town was 7½ miles from his place.) I never found out whether he got his \$1.55 or not. This is only one of the queer ones that I have had dealings with.

But the man I despise above all others is the man that will over rate you or under rate you. I have bought quite a lot of fur of a certain young fellow that lives just out of my neighborhood that is one of that kind. Almost every time I bought a bunch of fur of him he would tell some of his neighbor boys what a price I had paid him for his fur or certain articles in his bunch. The price he mentioned was beyond all reason, and would lead some of the other boys to bring in their furs to me with the expectation of getting something big, but on learning my prices (which is always the same to all) would be disappointed, and make their furs hard to buy, and sometimes I could not buy them at all.

Some time I would buy a bunch of stuff from this same fellow and he would tell some of his chums that I literally skinned him out of his fur, which would leave a

bad impression with the boys, and would have a tendency to keep their furs from me. Did any of my brother trappers have such luck? If you have you had better quit that fellow as you are better off without his business, if you are an honest buyer.

O. O. Taylor, Blooming Grove, Ind.

### OREGON TRAPPER.

A lady reader asks to see more letters from girl trappers. Now "thems just my sentiments." I recall only one girl trapper, and darn it, she has already caught her fox.

Come on girls, you have clear sailing, no opposition and little competition—remember most of us are single men. I'm between 30 and 35 years old, as near as I remember, and have never been "ketched." I am "shy" but my hide is worth trying for, so if you have had 20 or 30 years' experience, and desire my pelt, just make a set and bait it with a pretty face, dark eyes and hair, kind heart, a desire for camp life and an ability to keep things neat and well, and I may blunder into it.

But come anyway, no matter if your eyes are pink and your hair blue or green, for maybe you can do a lot of good toward lessening the misery of some old mink or skunk. Hunting and trapping is, I think, more or less wicked at best, yet much depends upon the influence brought to bear on the trapper. Some trappers leave their skunk to starve to death in the trap from fear of being scented themselves. Others visit traps just often enough to prevent hides from being spoiled. I am afraid I shall have to plead guilty to the last offense, only I had my eyes filled with tears when I did go.

Why is it boys we so love to hunt or trap when we often have our eyes fill with tears? Once last winter when the weather was 30 degrees below zero I found two marten in my traps, both frozen stiff. One had coiled up in the smallest possible heap on the snow in a vain endeavor to keep warm. The other died hanging in mid air, unable to reach top of snow. Its eyes were half open, and to all appearances it died in great agony. I took the two to camp and placed them on the wood pile back of the stove to thaw out. After supper no one to talk to and nothing to read, I sat smoking and gazing at the two little fellows—the one with the half open eyes seemingly looking right

at me, the other coiled up, Oh, so innocently.

The tears came creeping into my eyes and I asked myself "why do I trap these little creatures?" With me it is not the financial value for I can make a living much easier than by trapping. I really do not know why it is.

Many times I have shot deer, breaking their backs, and as I approach to cut their throats perhaps I stop a moment to gaze. Their bristles are up, their eyes, oh such innocent eyes, apparently beg for mercy. To cap the climax, that bleat. Most old hunters have heard it, and he whose eyes fail to fill is indeed hard hearted.

As a boy I used to think the face of wild animals hideous. It is not that way now. Tree a cougar or bear and note his expression, and it is not one of hate but rather one of curiosity and surprise, mingled perhaps with fear.

The cougar, instead of the lowered head, snarling, showing his teeth, crouching position, his ears laid back and tail lashing from side to side, ready to pounce upon you, are just the opposite. Their heads are usually thrown forward, standing upright, ears thrown forward, not back, and the tail may or may not be moving. The look throughout bids you no harm.

H. E. Glaizier, Sisters, Oregon.

### VIRGINIA HUNTER AND TRAPPER.

As I am a reader of the H-T-T and am interested in reading its pages about hunters and trappers, I will try and send you some of my experience on that line. When but a boy too small to carry a gun, I have sat by the old fire place and listened to my grandfather tell of his hunting scrapes he had with deers, wolves and panthers, and would go to bed and not sleep one bit that night but just lay and studied how he escaped from being killed.

I have been out hunting with him when too small to shoot a gun, (squirrel hunting) and would get tired and he would carry me home. But since I have been large enough I have spent many happy hours in hunting small game, such as squirrels, rabbits, partridges, etc., as large game was almost all gone before then.

About ten years ago we had a farm hand staying with us over winter, so he said to me that winter, "let's get us some traps and trap some." Of course I was in for it,

so we got a few traps and set them. That was the first winter I had ever seen mink or muskrats. I have trapped some every season since, and have caught a good many pieces of fur.

I am always glad when the trapping season comes, as I delight in setting traps. I will give one of my sets I make to trap Mr. Mink. I go along the stream and make a hole out of stone or dead sticks about twelve inches long and six inches square, and close up one end. I put muskrat in the place for bait, so mink will have to go over trap to get to bait. Set trap in about two inches of water. After set is made make everything look as nice and natural as possible. I always have good luck in catching mink that way.

The way I catch muskrats is to go along a stream and make a slide along the bank large enough for the trap. Set trap in water and I never fail. In the spring I bait with parsnips. A trapper must study the nature of the animal he wants to trap if he wants to be successful.

Now in conclusion will say that all brother trappers should give in their experience and how they bait for mink and fox, as I find there is lots to learn.

A. P. Williams, Newport, Va.

### VIEWS OF A PENNSYLVANIA TRAPPER.

In reading the articles of Mr. H. G. Glazier, of Oregon, and that of W., Minnesota, both of these articles containing so much good judgment, I could not refrain from writing a few words in their praise.

No, Brother Glazier, the true hunter or trapper is not taken in by those who write of that terrible screech of the panther and that bear that goes waltzing around on his hind feet, challenging some brave trapper to combat, and one can readily smile with the writer of such articles. But I would like to have Bro. Glazier tell me how one can laugh when they see an article written by one who you are personally acquainted with and read his description of how he catches the fox, mink and other animals, when you know that he never caught anything more gamey than a muskrat. I have seen articles in the trapping magazines reported to be written by parties who never wrote a word in their lives, so the article must have been made up by some one so that the man's name might be seen in print.

Now I wish to say a word in support of what "W.," of Minnesota says in regard to trapping animals in the summer time to be sold alive. Now brother trappers, take the advice of the Minnesota writer and stop and think for a moment, and see how fast you are killing the goose that lays the golden egg, by trapping the fur-bearing animals during the summer. For instance, you catch in May or June or even later in the season, a female fox or mink which has a litter of young, you get \$5.00 for the fox or mink as the case may be, and having to go to all the trouble in fixing a proper cage to ship the animal alive. But what have you done? You have destroyed fifteen or twenty dollars worth of young animals which you very likely would have caught the next season. No boys, do not trap the fur-bearing animals during the summer. If you do I am quite sure you will regret it.

E. N. Woodcock, Coudersport, Pa.

### FLORIDA.

I have taken your magazine about two years and I intend to do so the balance of my days. It is the real thing. Myself and pard trapped three weeks in February this year and caught as follows: 8 otter, 37 coon, besides a number of opossum and a skunk or two, which we did not count. We use No. 4 Blake & Lamb traps with teeth for otter, and No. 2½ Blake & Lamb and Oneida Jump traps for coon and other varmints.

I heartily agree with "Trapper," of Ontario, Canada, that the Jump trap would be the best in the world if the company would make them with the same care and equal strength size for size as the Newhouse, also fit them with chains with shorter links.

I shipped my furs to Lowell, Lamb & Co., and was well pleased with my returns. In the June number H. E. Glazier cautions us against using valuable space with complaints of unreliable fur dealers. Now I consider information of that kind of vital importance to the trader and trapper, as it is much pleasanter to learn from the experience of others whom to avoid.

C. O. M., Limona, Fla.

I have not done much trapping the past three years, but next year I am going in to it for fur. I am going to Maine or Vermont or New Hampshire next fall to try my luck.

Chas. G. Bateman, Ipswich, Mass.,

R. F. D. No. 7.

**GO-A-FISHING.**

Boys you know how we all like to gather around the camp fire, and talk over our hunting and trapping experiences, of how we caught a certain mink, fox, coon or bear or how we killed a certain deer. So while we are out fishing I thought I would like to have a chat with the trappers. And boys, all you who have not camped out for a week and had a good time fishing, do not know how much you have lost, especially those who need the care of a doctor.

Yes boys, take your camp outfit and go out into the woods among the hills, streams

a migratory nature they will nevertheless visit their old homes frequently, so you will find these places a pretty sure place to make a catch next fall when you put out your traps. Do not forget that during the summer is just the time to fix some of your best sets for fox and other fur bearing animals.

As I have had many years' experience in camping, let me say to those who have never camped and who expects to camp the coming season, that now is the time to hunt up a partner and get acquainted. I have camped many seasons in large woods both with and without partners. I will try and



THE OLD FOX TRAPPER FISHING.  
E. N. Woodcock, Coudersport, Pa.

and lakes. There you will find one of the most competent doctors and nurses that ever treated the ills of the human family. Do not forget to take a few copies of the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER along and other sporting magazines, so while you are resting in camp you can visit with the trapper boys all over the Union.

This is May 20th, and the second time I have been out camping and fishing this spring. I am sending picture of camp No. 2. Trout are not as plentiful as they were forty years ago by a great deal, but we still get all we can use, and that is plenty.

While you are out fishing do not forget to keep a lookout for signs of game you will be trapping next winter. You may see where there has been a litter of young mink, fox or coon reared. While these animals are of

write next month and give some of my experiences, and tell why a partner is necessary.

E. N. Woodcock, Coudersport, Pa.

I see every brother trapper is giving his catch for last season. Mine is as follows: 40 muskrats, 2 mink, 1 skunk, 1 opossum. My catch was not very good as it was my first year. My traps caught twenty-five "Sneak'ums," and I never caught "Sneak-um" nor the traps.

I see some letters from Canada, but they don't tell the kind of game nor the ground they have to trap on. That is what we trappers want to know, as our ground will not last forever.

Herbert Meuegary, Louisville, O.

**LETTERS FROM EVERY-  
WHERE.**

I would like to see more about Ginseng in the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER. I have a small bed that I started last fall. I found all my plants in the woods. I have 16 plants and 40 seed planted. I expect to gather about 300 seed from the 16 plants. Now some say the price will go down when all the wild will be dug, but I do not think so, because the Chinese have to have it, and when the wild is gone they will have to use the cultivated. The price may drop somewhat, but I believe that the Ginseng industry will be carried on a long time.

I hope all the brothers have done well the past season. My catch is as follows: 2 mink, 25 muskrats, 2 squirrels, 1 bird and a fish. The fish was caught by the head in a No. 1 Newhouse. This may sound fishy but it is true nevertheless.

J. Harold Tibbits, Northville, Mich.,  
R. F. D. No. 2.

I am a trapper and pearl buyer. I have been for twelve years. I have hunted pearls on the Mississippi two years. The rest of the time I was on small streams of Wisconsin. My catch last year was 18 mink, 125 muskrats, 32 skunk. Fur is very scarce here.

Chas. L. Brill, Columbus, Wis.

Game is scarce around here except foxes. I never trapped much until last winter and then I caught 18 skunks, 16 muskrats, 4 minks, 20 rabbits, 1 coon and 1 wildcat or bob cat, as some call them. I am 17 years old. I haven't been smart enough yet to catch a fox. I set my trap in a spring with a piece of moss on the pan, and put a skunk carcass a little way beyond it. I have had foxes walk within two feet of my traps last winter but didn't pay the least attention to either the trap or the bait. I have some box traps set for mink now. I am going to try to raise mink as I think there is good money in it.

There are more trappers and dogs around here than there is game. Would somebody who has had experience raising mink please answer the following questions:

How large an enclosure is it necessary to have for mink?

Would it do to have a lot of mink together or should there be not more than five or six?

What time do they breed and have their young?

As soon as I get to raising mink I will let you hear of my success. I have 61 traps. I have never had over twenty traps set at any time, and after snow time now over five. I have the Newhouse, Sargent, Blake & Lamb, Victor and Stop Thief traps. I also have a 22 Cal, Remington rifle, 25 Cal. Stevens Favorite, and two 32 Cal. revolvers. Samuel Bartlett, Tyringham, Mass., Box 66.

Since I wrote last I have moved from Manitoba up here in Alberta, and am now residing on my homestead.

We have a good many wild animals such as the moose, bear, wolf, fox, skunk, badger, mink, weasel, and muskrats by the thousands. The Vermillion River runs close to my place, and it teems with fish. I would catch a lot of wild animals and birds here, many very strange to me, but owing to the railroad being so far have no way of shipping them. I was within 100 yards of a pure black fox the other day. There are also a great many cross and silver fox here.

I see some of our readers wants information about the lands and homesteads from different parts. This part here is fast settling. A lot of people from the United States have come in lately, and they all seem to be well pleased with the country and land. Free homesteads can still be taken up, and although the railroad is a hundred miles off it will be through here this coming fall. It is a nice place for hunting and trapping. I am going to try trapping next winter. If anyone wants more information about this country write me with stamped envelope for reply.

I will tell you about the way I hunt for deer when I write next.

I would like to hear from some one on taxidermy.

Thomas A. Gould, Island Lake,  
Alberta, Can.

I wish to say that I have trapped and hunted for twenty-five years. My son and I are contemplating a hunting and trapping trip this fall in the northern part of Michigan. We have about 225 traps, two boats, a tent, and all the other necessities for the trip. I want to say that last season I caught two skunks in one small steel trap. Some of the old trappers may think my experience just a hunting story, but nevertheless it is

true. I set the trap in a hole under a tree. The next morning I found the two skunks in the trap. One of the skunks evidently left the hole without springing the trap, but was followed so closely by the other one that the last one out stepped on the first one's tail and sprung the trap. One was caught by the tail and the other by the foot.

Frank Stampfer,  
45 Kirby St., Battle Creek, Mich.

Well boys, I was just reading the June number, and maybe Brother Harding hasn't got this journal just about right. I got the fever along with the rest of the boys last winter. I scratched together about a half dozen Blake & Lamb traps, No. 2, and about the last week in February started in. The ice had just broken up along the streams, and maybe the muskrats were not hungry. I would just set the trap along the bank in a few inches of water, then take an apple, pare it, stick it about ten inches above trap and hang the parings on the stick. Then stick up a few small sticks around the bait so it couldn't be reached without first stepping on the trap.

I got 62 that way, and I didn't suppose there were a dozen rats in the stream. Some I caught by the tail, some by both front feet, and some by the hind feet. If you will always stake your trap the full length of the chain out in the water, and leave enough of stake stick up above the ground, the rat will wind around the stake; he will be there dead as a door nail when you come around on your next trip, and not leave a foot, as they surely do if you don't drown them.

I shipped my catch to the Bach Fur Co., of Chicago, and received the following: No. 1, 18 at 23; No. 2, 16 at 19; No. 3, 3 at 15; No. 4, 12 at 8; black, 1 at 30; opossum, 1 at 50. Total \$9.39.

I always use the three piece board as you can make a much better job out of your stretching. Bear Claw Joe, Hatboro, Pa.

Game is very scarce in this part of the country. We have mink, muskrat, skunk, rabbits, squirrels, partridges, once in a while we see some wolves and occasionally a coon and badger. I think it is fun to trap. I caught a large muskrat. He measured 20 inches from the nose to the root of the tail.

Morris A. Thompson, Blair, Wis.

I never trapped very much but I can tell you how to catch a coon when the water is not frozen. See where the animal goes into the water, place your trap there, take an old white plate and break it in about eight pieces and lay them around trap. Don't put trap in mud, but in gravel. The coon will turn every piece over looking for mussels.

The most I ever got for a mink was \$3.00, skunk \$1.50, coon \$1.10, opossum 65, muskrat 24.

J. Jolly.

I can remember the first trap I ever had. It was a No. 1 Sargent brand. I used to catch mice and rats in it and finally I caught a mink. I thought I was big then, and not knowing the value of the fur, threw it away. There are quite a number of fur-bearing animals here such as the mink, beaver, otter, muskrat, skunk and rats.

Olaf Olsen, Westport, Ore.

A lady reader of Louisiana would like to know if there is a market for live young opossum, as per her letter in the June number, on page 64. If she writes me I will tell her of a market for live opossum and raccoon. Very young animals only.

Erie G. Anderson, Elmore, Minn., Route 2.

I have just finished reading the June number and I see that one trapper has trouble with his Victor traps. If he will take two of them, take the spring off of one and put it on the other, making a double spring trap of it, I will guarantee it will hold anything that gets into it. Before putting the spring on the trap post will have to be filed so the eye of the spring will fit over.

I wish some old trappers would give cuts and dimensions of their stretchers for all the common animals such as mink, muskrat and skunk. There are a good many young trappers who can catch animals but very few who know how to stretch skins properly. The way I catch skunks, I take the lights (lungs) of a pig, roast them to a crisp and cut them up into six or eight pieces. I put a piece in deserted holes and set my trap in the entrance. If a skunk comes within a half mile of it he is sure to smell it.

Noyes C. Burnham, Jonesville, N. Y.

Last winter I caught 14 mink. This was about my first experience, but with the aid

of the H-T-T I hope to catch many more the coming year. I like to read the letters from trappers telling their experience.

T. M. Green, Whiteville, Pa.

I am preparing to trap more than ever next fall. I sent to a firm and bought two dozen Victor, one dozen H. & N., four S. Newhouse and two Stop Thiefs. The steel traps are all No. 1½ and the Stop Thiefs are No. 3. I never tried any of them but I expect to give them a fair trial. I also have one dozen Victor traps No. 1. I have a T. Barker 20 gauge double gun, a Stevens Maynard rifle and a Stevens Favorite rifle altered down into a sort of a pistol. It shoots well and can be carried in the hip pocket. It is fine to shoot skunks.

I also have two dogs that ought to be good, considering the price I paid. I bought a 20 month old dog, ¾ hound, ¼ pointer, of H. S. Ferguson, Rainsboro, O. He is said to be a good coon stock and I believe he is, for he has treed one coon already. I shot him and am tanning his skin. I have never been hunting with this dog but twice.

I like to see good articles in the H-T-T about dogs, and about the best kind of stock for coons and skunk. I wanted to get one ¾ hound and ¼ pointer, but I had to take one ¾ and ¼. I believe it is a very good game stock. I have a black cur that is the "dickens" to fight when he gets to the game but is a slow hunter.

I see much about the sign and scent question. For my part will say the mink of Ritchie county are afraid of both human scent and sign.

About the only way to use the water set is to stay in a boat to set your traps. As for skunk they will go into most any old kind of a trap. Some say they can be killed without scenting but I would rather see it done than read about it. I wouldn't want to be very close with my Sunday clothes on, I don't care how they are killed.

A. P. Hatfield, Goff, W. Va.

I will tell you how I caught my first mink. When I began to trap a friend told me that a mink would not go in an uncovered trap. I tried to catch Mr. Mink. I found a hole going under a stump about 18 inches deep, so I set there for about three weeks without success. I covered the trap with dry ground.

Once I tried to snap the trap with a stick and found that a mink could not snap it. At last I found out about the cotton under the pan. Then I soon got him. I guess you think I was not proud.

The way I catch them now is to set a trap in running water, spring tiles, etc. Wade up the creek with rubber boots and set your trap while standing in the water, drive the stake out of sight and don't use any bait or scent, and he is yours. After I look up my traps I saw plenty of game signs, and will try my luck next year. I was trapping a coon with a big trap, but he always pulled out and I did not get him. I have a Stevens Favorite 22 rifle. I like it very well. I have been trapping for three years and learn a great deal yet. My catch last winter was small. I caught 3 mink, 3 skunk, 23 muskrat, and I do not know how many rabbits I caught and shot. I shot one rabbit while running with my 22 rifle, which a dog was after. I was surprised to see him tumble. This may sound fishy but it is true.

Joe Plattner, Carlock, Ill., R. F. D. No. 23.

#### PENNSYLVANIA LETTER.

I have just finished reading the H-T-T for June, and I think it is getting better every issue. How about it boys? I agree with "W.," Minnesota, when urging trappers not to catch fur-bearing animals during the summer. Of course, a better price could be received for the animals alive than for their pelt, but what will your catch be during the winter when fur is prime? I think all fur-bearing animals should be protected during the summer.

Game is very scarce about here because animals are killed at all seasons.

I live in town and work in public works and don't have much time to trap, but my uncle and I set some traps last winter. We could only go to them three nights each week, then we would take our dog along and would generally catch more with him than in our traps. Our catch was, skunk 37, opossum 5, coon 6, muskrat 40 and mink 1. We shipped our fur to Ohio Hide & Fur Co. and Lowell, Lamb & Co., and received good prices.

Sneak'ums are here too. They do not trap, but just "sneak" traps and game. I lost thirty-five last season, mostly Blake & Lamb. I got ten of them back.

R. B. Smith, Westchester, Pa.

**PUBLISHER'S NOTES.**

Young trappers, and we might add most old ones, will be interested in Mr. C. F. Morton's advertisement of patterns for stretching boards. There is much in properly skinning and stretching fur animals to get outside prices. When writing Mr. Morton mention that you saw the adv. in the H-T-T.

The Oneida Community Ltd., Oneida, N. Y., manufacturers of several makes of celebrated traps, publishers of Trappers' Guides and The North American Trapper, have several ads. in this issue. It will pay you to read them all. When ordering any of their goods don't fail to mention where the adv. was seen.

Messrs. Becker Bros. & Co., 103-107 Michigan St., Chicago, and New York, are extensive dealers in Ginseng, Golden Seal and Senega Root. They request all interested to send for quotations.

Note the advertisement of The M. H. Redick Hide & Fur Co., of Grand Forks, N. D. They are the largest and oldest firm in the state. They want shipments especially from Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana, of Hides, Wool and Seneca root.

Hunters and trappers will find in this issue the advertisement of the Omaha Tent and Awning Co., Omaha, Neb. Better write for catalogue No. 107, which will describe their goods.

The Animal Trap Co., Abingdon, Ill., as will be seen from their advertisement elsewhere, want a catchy or striking name for their new steel traps which will be placed on the market soon. Many that have already sent in coupons use common names such as "Sure Catch," "Trapper's Favorite," "Hold Fast," "Invincible," "Eureka," etc. The Animal Trap Co. says that these are all good names, but at the same time they desire to have some attractive name that is not in common use. Parties that have already sent in their coupons have the privilege of filling out another coupon with different names. Trappers with the above suggestion put on your thinking caps, and see if you can not land the prize. The H-T-T will publish the names adopted, and

sincerely hopes that the names of the winners will be on its subscription list.

Messrs. Silberman Bros., Chicago, Ill., tell in a page advertisement that they are headquarters for selling wool, furs and ginseng. When writing for their circular mention that the adv. was seen in this magazine.

Messrs. Wm. Eisenhauer & Co., 507 W. Broadway, New York, want ginseng in large lots, small lots, good lots, poor lots, wild root, cultivated root, for which they pay top prices. Read their advertisement on first page.

The Bach Fur Co., 121 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill., are dealers in ginseng and roots as well as furs and skins. Write for their prices.

Rockwood Kennels, Lexington, Ky., are advertising several breeds of hounds that are used by hunters and trappers. See their advertisement. They will send catalogue for four cents in stamps. Mention the H-T-T when writing.

Mr. Wm. A. McMarrow, of Logan, Ohio, is a buyer of roots. He has published a Ginseng Guide for root growers. The price of the book has been 35 cents, but to all who send 20 cents, silver, and mention where they saw the advertisement, the book will be sent. The book contains much information about Ginseng and Golden Seal.

Hann & Adair, Printers, have an adv. on page 80 of this issue, giving reasonable prices on printing envelopes, letter heads, price lists, etc., for hunters, traders and trappers. They will also use any cut on your stationery which appeared in the H-T-T the past eight months.

Read the "Wanted" pages carefully. Several parties are offering dogs for sale. In addition black coon, young foxes, ginseng and golden seal roots and seeds are offered for sale, etc. These pages are valuable to those that want to either buy, sell or exchange articles that are wanted by hunters, traders and trappers. If you once try these pages you will be surprised at results. A booklet on advertising will be sent free for the asking.

**INQUIRIES ANSWERED.**

Mr. L. Denman, of Melbourne, Canada, asks the following questions: Do mink travel on the top of the snow when it is deep or do they burrow under it? In skinning animals such as fox, wolf, coon, etc., do the legs have to be cut up from the feet to the body?

Mink usually travel on top of snow. Around dens and along water where there is ice, etc., they often travel under the snow.

In skinning animals the hind legs are cut from the feet to the body. Those that are stretched open such as coon, badger, bear and beaver should also be split up the fore-legs. Coon is one animal that can be either cased or stretched open and the skin is worth the same.

A Massachusetts reader wants to know if Golden Seal grows wild in this state?

Will some reader in Massachusetts please answer? We think that it does, but of course only in small quantities.

Mr. Myers Collins wants to know how many feet away ducks should be to shoot at?

We have known hunters to shoot at them about 1000 feet but they never seem to get them. With shot gun something like 100 feet.

Mr. Earl R. Sanders, of Woodburn, Oregon, wishes to know the following: When should Golden Seal be dug? How old ought it to be? How much is it worth? How is it dried?

It should be dug in the fall, about August, September and October. It can be dug when two or three years old but older is better, roots are larger and heavier. It was quoted by dealers the latter part of June at \$1.15 per pound. After it is dug it should be laid on the floor in some airy and cool room.

An Ohio subscriber signing himself G. P. wants to know the following: Do woodchuck or groundhog kill or drive other small animals from their den?

They may drive certain animals out during the summer months, but seldom if ever kill them. Groundhogs are not very active animals and are unable to get hold of other animals. During cold weather groundhogs are dormant, and other animals can safely enter the same burrow.

Several subscribers request that Mr. George W. Cross will tell how he catches mink by the neck. The letter written by Ned Marsh, of Franklin Falls, N. H., in June number, page 47, referred to this.

We will gladly publish Mr. Cross's method, and hope he will answer in time for the next issue.

Another subscriber who only gives his initials, J. C. R., wants to know the following: Is there any law protecting skunk in Ohio? Will a white ferret skin sell for the same as a white weasel? Which is the best way to remove the bone from a mink's tail without tearing it? Should skins such as coon, mink, skunk, rat, etc., be salted? What size traps are best suited for catching coon, mink, skunk and rat?

In the winter of 1902 a law was passed prohibiting the trapping or catching of skunk. In brief, the law is this: Skunk can be only caught from November 1 to February 1st, a period of three months. Violators of the law can be fined not less than \$5 or more than \$15, and jailed until fine and costs are paid. Owners or tenants of land may kill any skunk at any time when doing any injury upon his premises. The law does not seem to be enforced in most places in the state.

White ferrets are not pure white like the weasel, and it is doubtful if they will ever be worth much for fur. It may be, however, that in a few years they will be quite valuable.

The bone can be removed from a mink's tail by the thumb and finger usually. If the animal has long been dead the hide may stick rather tight to the bone. In this case split a small stick, placing over the bone near the body where the skin has been removed, and pull. The bone will readily come out.

No skin should be salted. Trapping should not begin in the fall until the skins will keep without salt. Scrape all the fat off the hide and after stretching hang in some cool, shady and airy place.

The No. 1 Newhouse will hold most any of the animals mentioned. For coon perhaps No. 1½ or 2 would be best. The Blake & Lamb Jump No. 2 is all right except for coon, which should be No. 2½. The Stop Thief No. 3 will hold the animals mentioned. For coon perhaps No. 3½ Stop Thief should be used.

I will tell you what a boy of 15 did going to school all the time, looking at my traps night and morning. Last winter was my first at trapping to any extent. I had never caught a mink before last winter. My catch last season was: mink 7, coon 2, skunk 1, muskrat 27. Caught 4 mink on land and 3 in water sets.

The way I caught the four mink was in a small hole dug with bare hands beside a path we boys made going back and forth fishing in the summer time. I put bait in back of holes, set No. 1½ trap at entrance, covered trap with sand all but the pan and inside of jaws. I put fine dead leaves on pan and inside of jaws and sprinkled sand on to finish set. Try this young trapper, along a river or creek about three or four or even ten feet from water, if the bank is that far up. Cover chain, stake and all just as described above, and you will get some mink if there are any around.

The way to get coon out of a hollow tree is to throw a ball of fire down the inside. They will come out a flying and not get singed very bad either. I tried it with one of the coon I got. I got up the tree, as it was a big elm with a hollow limb about 20 feet from the ground. I nailed pieces of board on the trunk and climbed as fast as I nailed them on until I got up to the limb. Father was down below with the old musket and he said to throw the ball in at the squirrel hole on side of hollow limb. I did and Mr. Coon came up and stuck his head out of the hollow limb. Bang! went the musket but he did not fall. Another shot and he fell.

I was as proud as a peacock with a new coat of feathers on. The trap was on the coon's front leg. The other one got away, trap and all. I caught the coon in traps set for muskrats this spring and also two mink in the fall the same way, baited with muskrat. Lately I was looking at an old coon tree and I see the coon are using it again, even when the boards are nailed on the tree trunk. I think that speaks pretty well for this method of not spoiling the den by cutting the tree down.

Mink are not afraid of human scent or I would not have caught the three beside the path we boys made. Remember what H. Kauffman says in the June number about stirring things up. Mr. Mink will look out for a trap then.

Hubert P. Shankland, Hale, Iowa.

## WANTED!

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for two cents a word per issue. CASH WITH ORDER. Those having articles to advertise that are of interest to Hunters, Trappers and Raw Fur Buyers will be surprised at the results by placing their "Want" and "For Sale" notices here. The cost too is but a trifle—two cents per word. No advertisements taken for less than 30 cents per month. Copy for Aug. must be received not later than July 25th. Rates on large Advertisements will be sent on application, and those contemplating advertising should remember that the HUNTER-TRADER-TRAPPER not only circulates throughout the United States, but Canada as well.

NOTE—We are now located at 326 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio, where all mail should be sent.

**WANTED**—All kinds of wild animals and birds. Particularly Mountain Goats and Sheep, Wild Turkeys, Beaver, Mink, Marten, Wolverines, Fisher, Otter, Canada Lynxes, Jaguars, Cranes, Grouse, Swans, Geese, Ducks, all kinds of Squirrels, and many kinds of White (albino) animal or bird.

NOTE—I pay far bigger prices for live stuff than you can get for hides. I can only use sound stuff without hurt by traps. Don't write till you have something to offer that you have actually caught and don't ask what I pay, but state your price and you will receive an immediate answer.

### ATTENTION TRAPPERS. CASH PRIZE.

To the trapper or trapper's agent from whom I buy the greatest value in animals or birds during the next twelve months, commencing May 1st, 1905, I will pay a cash bonus of \$25.00. This sum will be paid May 1st, 1906, and the name of the winner will be published in the H-T-T of that month. This offer holds good all over the United States, Canada and Mexico. Get Busy Boys.

DR. CECIL FRENCH,  
Naturalist,

718 12 St. N. W.

Washington, D. C.

**WANTED—LIVE WILD ANIMALS**—Cash paid for lynx and wild cat kittens, mink, weasels and other wild animals and birds. Very young animals and animals about to have young, especially desired. Please state lowest price. If you do not receive an immediate answer you may know that I do not need what you have offered.

Ernest Harold Baynes, Meriden, N. H.

**SCOTTISH TERRIERS**—Will drive out mink, skunk, opossum and other vermine, grittiest dog on earth. Pedigreed puppies for sale, \$10.00 each. Satisfaction guaranteed.

R. F. Johnson,  
Assumption, Ill.

**WANTED**—Man or boy to start in the tanning business in each locality. Pleasant work and good pay. No experience required. Particulars free.

July, E. S. Eaton,  
Box 593, Albany, Oregon.

**FOR SALE**—Fox-hound pups, \$5.00 each. A good fox-hound on coon and fox, \$45.00.

Edw. Housmann,  
(July) Hillsboro, N. Dakota.

**NOTICE**—To all Ginseng Diggers. I want two hundred thousand wild ginseng roots to set out. Will buy from June 1st 'till November. How many can you furnish? Write me.

Aug. C. H. Ball, West Williamsfield, O.

**WANTED**—Two Hundred Thousand Wild Ginseng Roots to set out, also Two Thousand Pounds of Dry Goldenseal.

Aug. C. H. Ball, West Williamsfield, O.

**FOXES**—Pair of red foxes, two-thirds grown, \$5.00.

L. W. Overholtz,  
Box 60, Norborne, Mo.

**FOX HOUNDS**—Pedigreed, fast as ghosts, true as steel, none better, old and young stock for sale or exchange for black bear cubs.

R. F. Johnson,  
Assumption, Ill.

**EXCHANGE**—Pure bred coon, skunk and opossum pupple for a Breach Loading Double Shot Gun, must be a close hard shooter.

Earnest P. Wallace,  
Box 329  
Cadiz, O.

**HUNTERS**—Take chances on my shot gun at five cents each.

M. E. Neely,  
Reidsburg, Pa.

**TRAPPERS**—You can get my complete method of capturing foxes in snow this month. Success guaranteed. Stamp for price.

S. Shattuck,  
Mt. Sunapee, N. H.

**FOR SALE**—Two black coons. One old, one young; highest offer takes the pair.

Wm. M. Harris,  
Rocky River, O.

**BOYS**—Take a chance on my Davenport 10 gauge. 25 cents.

Clifford Norton,  
Benkelman, Nebr.

**WANTED**—Some hunter and trapper living in a big game country to take a party of two after big this fall. Want to stay out 3 or 4 weeks.

F. T. Martin,  
230 S. Market st.,  
Canton, Ohio.

**FOR SALE**—Extra trained rabbit dogs, fox hounds, night dogs, bird dogs, bull terriers.

J. I. Kurtz,  
Vintage, Pa.

April

**FOR SALE**—Golden Seal plants 2 year, 15 cts., per doz., prepaid. Young opossums per pair, \$2.00, old, \$3.00. R. C. Rhode Island, Red Chicks, fine fancy, \$2.00 per pair.

Lee S. Dick,  
Dickson, W. Va.

Aug.

**FOXES FOR SALE**—Fine Specimens of Red and Cross Grays, old or young, will sell any number.

M. F. Stevens,  
Fox Farm Prop'r.,  
Doxer, Me.

**FOX SCENT**—For 50 cts. I will tell you how to make the best fox scent on earth, will attract foxes for miles.

Henry Muchow,  
Winthrop, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—One large, perfect Mountain Lion skin, with skull, price \$12.00. Buyer pay express C. O. D.

James Brown,  
Elder, North Humbolt Co.,  
California.

**HOUNDS**—Coon and fox hounds for sale; also some fine coon hound pups; hunters and sportsman address me with stamp.

V. P. Bryan,  
Big Creek, W. Va.

**FOR SALE**—35,000 prime 1904 cultivated ginseng seed; also golden seal roots.

J. V. Hardacre,  
Chardon, Ohio.

**WANTED**—Ginseng, Yellow Root, Mayapple, Wild Ginger, Blood Root, Spikenard. We pay highest prices. Send for prices.

Ralph McCov,  
Bens Run, W. Va.

**DETECTIVE**—Shrewd, reliable men wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Send photo and full description with application, or for private detective's address.

Otto H. Shaumburg,  
640 Railroad Ave.,  
Alameda, Calif.

400 Registered.  
Sept.

**TRAPPERS**—I can sell you the best dry land, snow and water set fox and mink methods that money can buy. Price and testimonials for a stamp.

Jesse Bentley,  
Sunderland, Vt.

**FOR SALE**—A 22 Cal. rifle, cost \$6.00 will sell for \$4.00, good as new, free from rust.

Frank Morgan, Jr.,  
Aledo, Ill.

**BLOODHOUNDS**—Foxhounds, Norwegian Bearhounds, Irish Wolfhounds. Registered. Four-cent stamp for catalogue.

Jan. Rookwood Kennels,  
Lexington, Ky.

**GINSENG**—Wild and cultivated seeds and roots for sale in their season. Get my method and grow Ginseng that looks and tastes like Wild "Seng". Its free with every order. New seeds \$25.00 per lb.

F. Gent,  
Rockford, Minn.

**FOR SALE**—Coon, rabbit and fox hound bitch in whelp to registered fox hound, a beauty. Sent C. O. D. for \$25; also coon hound dog a fine one \$20.

E. B. Martin,  
Monticello, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Seven live foxes. Write for price to

James G. Tvedt,  
Hoople, N. Dak.

**RIFLEMEN**—You can mould mushroom bullets easily by my method, they will double the killing power of your rifle. Sample bullet and method, 30 cents.

Lorenzo Woolsey,  
Fairport, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Two litters of puppies 6 weeks old, one litter of Scotch Collie Shepherd; one litter of ¾ Shepherd; ¼ beagle hound. Can't be beat for watch dog, skunk, coon, cow, sheep, poultry dog. I caught five skunks in one night with the mother.

C. W. Newcomb,  
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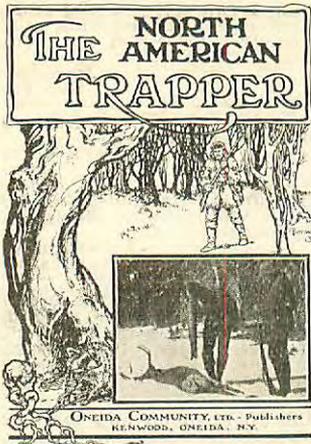
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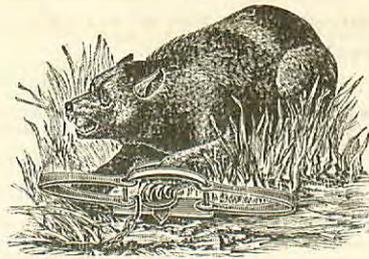
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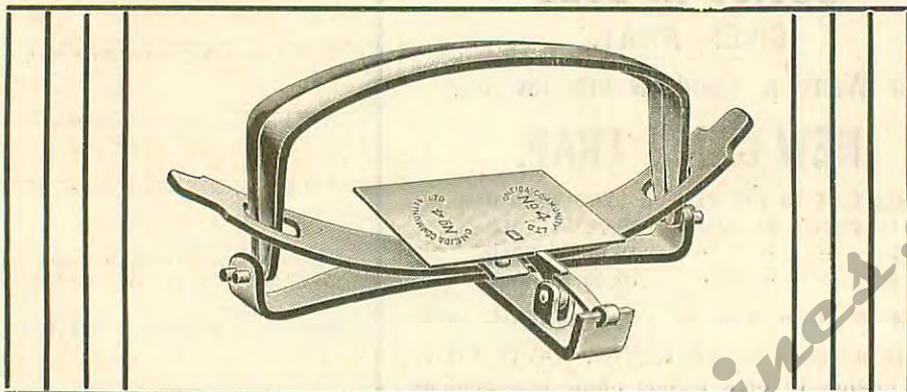
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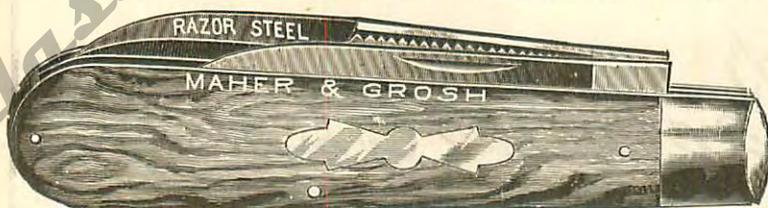
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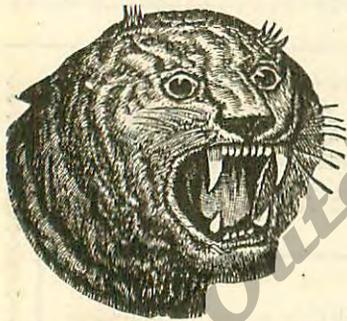
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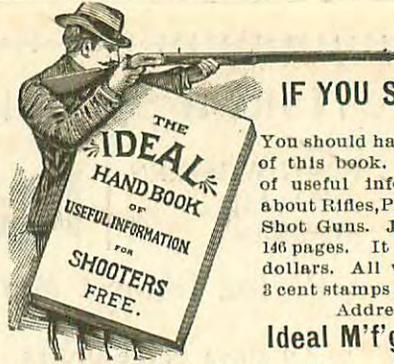
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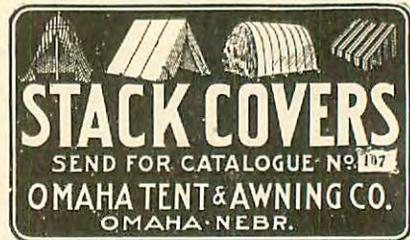
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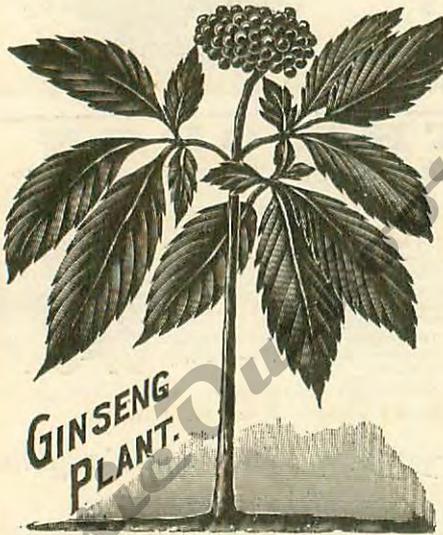


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