

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The open season for deer shooting in this State, which closed yesterday, has been, taken all in all, a fairly successful one for hunters. Thanks to the section in the revised game laws which provides that only three deer can be killed in a season by one hunter, and prohibits the transportation of more than one deer belonging to the same person, the despicable practice of slaughtering deer for the market and for money has received an effectual damper, and the chief incentive being removed, the destruction of the animals has, in a measure, been checked. Certainly the slaughter has not been as great as when the use of hounds was permitted during the entire open season. The present law regulating hunting deer with dogs is the result of a compromise between the advocates and opponents of the practice, and most sportsmen in this section think it is open to criticism in many respects. In the first place the better class of sportsmen in Central New York are unconditionally opposed to hounding deer. Secondly, the opening of the season for hounding as early as Sept. 1 is objected to on the grounds that the deer, the does more especially, are not in a fit condition to run, and it is cruel to force them to do so in hot weather. Thirdly, the hounding season closes Oct. 5, just at the time when the deer are becoming fit for venison, they are not, as a general thing, in their prime until a little later in the season than that even.

But in spite of its faults the new law has operated better and given better satisfaction than many of us feared it would. One of the good results has been to distribute the deer killed more equally among the many parties visiting the Wilderness, and it is safe to say that more amateur hunters have had shots at deer this year than in any season previous. The numerous pot-hunters who with their packs of hounds scoured the woods and slaughtered hundreds of deer for the markets two and three years ago, have not appeared. The members of the Bixby Club have killed twenty deer this fall, and about the same number have been taken at and near Jock's Lake. A party of seven hunters from New Haven, Conn., killed ten deer on Fourth Lake of the Fulton Chain. As far as can be ascertained about thirty have been killed on North and South Lakes and Black River and probably fifty or more in the Moose River region. Reports from the northern part of the Wilderness state that the hunting there has also been good. PORTSA.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Up to Sept. 15 I think the dogs were kept pretty securely fastened. As soon as that date arrived all hands, dogs and men, were off to a hunt. The first day resulted in the killing of two deer, one said to be a yearling, the other a very small spotted fawn which, from all accounts, was of the size of a hare. It fell before the rifle of a gentleman from New York. He was very much elated, but a friend in the hunt advised him to get the skin out of sight as soon as possible, as it might be troublesome evidence. I think quite a number of fawns were killed about here. Soon after the above hunt three or four parties, numbering in all twenty or more, with half as many dogs, were in camp at the Upper Ausable Lake two weeks (some three), and secured three deer, I think. They report deer more plenty than ever before; but that talk is only to keep their courage up and make themselves and others believe that it is the result of hounding. I have been in the woods a good deal of late, and I know I never saw so few deer tracks as this year. Since the 5th of October I think but one dog of this place has been fastened. I know of one deer they ran down and killed and ate. One party has been twice in the woods "still-hunting" with dogs, and killed three deer, perhaps more. They are cautious about telling how many they kill, lest some one should know when they reach the limit of three deer. A party was out Friday last but got nothing. Out yesterday, killed one. Reported on their return that they were out partridge hunting and came across the deer. But the story is "too thin to wash" with people who know them. Not a day passes that I do not hear the hounds after deer, some days two or three races are in hearing at the same time. These are facts, and Dr. Ward and his friends should spend a few weeks here at this time. They would never wonder at the difficulty they might have in starting a deer in season. AMRACH.

KEENE VALLEY, Oct. 24.

SHORE BIRD NOMENCLATURE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you kindly allow me to answer the questions of your correspondent, "Beach Haven," in your issue of Oct. 21, a little more positively, and—permit me to say—a little more accurately than you have done in the same issue? I have had plenty of experience in shooting on Cape Cod, and am professionally well acquainted with our shore birds.

The "black-breast" is one of the names for the golden plover (*Cladonia dominicus*), not for the black-bellied plover (*C. squatarola*) which, as far as I know, is universally known as "beetlehead" from Cape Cod northward. The "grass bird" is the "jacksnipe," "kicker," or pectoral sandpiper (*Tringa maculata*), though the name is also applied to one or two other less common species of small waders, among them the white-rumped sandpiper (*T. fuscolittis*) and the buff-breasted sandpiper (*Trygites subruficollis*). The "summers" are, of course, the smaller or "summer" yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*). These names are not universally employed on Cape Cod, and in fact the whole nomenclature of the article in which they occur struck me as being that used by the shooters of Boston and vicinity rather than that of the native "Cape Codders." For instance, a thoroughbred Cape Cod gunner from Orleans or Chatham calls the golden plover a "toadhead," and seldom speaks of a "summer yellowleg," much less a "summer" tout court.

The immense variety of local names that migratory birds like our waders receive in passing along the coast is a very interesting study. Much curious and interesting information is to be obtained from the study of such names as these, and I should be glad to see the subject taken up systematically.

In the mean time I should be glad to hear, through your columns, from any one who can tell me how far the use extends of the local name "fall snipe," as applied to the swarms of young red-backed sandpipers (*Tringa alpina pacifica*) that come upon the New England coast late in

the autumn. I have heard the name used in the neighborhood of Portland, Me. On Cape Cod, I believe, they are called "winter oxeyes." JOHN MURDOCK.

U. S. NATIONAL MUSEUM, Washington, D. C.

[In stating that the "black heart" was a name for the blackbellied plover (*C. Squatarola*) we gave the name as we have heard it applied. The name, however, it appears from the above communication is, like many other such appellations, in different localities applied to different birds. There is no keeping up with the vagaries of ornithological nomenclature in use by gunners and residents in different localities. Like the names of fishes and snakes one individual may change its name as often as a confidence swindler, and travel about under as many aliases as a post office fraud. We understand that the editors of a new dictionary, after considering the advisability of attempting to define all the local terms applied to birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles and insects, gave up the appalling task; and so we may not look for any help from that source.]

NEW JERSEY COAST RESORTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One of the best resorts for fishing and gunning has just been completed by Mr. Humphrey Martin of Manahawken, N. J. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has within the past year built a road from Manahawken across the bay to the sea shore running to Barnegat lighthouse, north, and Beach Haven, south, and Mr. Martin, who is one of the best known gunners on the bay, has erected a house of one story and 20x40, with bunk for twelve persons and divided off into sleeping room, eating room and kitchen. The house is located across the bay and within ten minutes row of all the best gunning points. The fishing at the location selected is the best in the bay, the waters in front of the building abounding in season with sea bass, weakfish, sheephead and striped bass. The writer of this two weeks ago took a striped bass not 50ft. from the house weighing 5½ lbs. Oysters, clams, hard and soft crabs and terrapin are to be taken in abundance. Arrangements have been made with the Pennsylvania Railroad by which their trains stop directly in front of the house, and connect with trains leaving New York and Philadelphia on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, so as to arrive at about seven in the evening. Leave New York by Central New Jersey Railroad at 1 P. M.

Formerly one was obliged to put up at Manahawken and starting out at three in the morning row three miles across the bay and the same on returning at night. The building of the road has not disturbed the birds, and broadbills, sprigtails, baldpates, mallards, brant, black ducks and geese are plenty.

There is no place where better sport can be had, and at a reasonable expense, guides, sneakboats and decoys are provided. CENTRAL.

These addresses of equipped gunners of the New Jersey coast, with the shooting points at their command and their rates, are given by the *Coast Pilot* of Cape May: *Cape May City*—Eighty miles from Philadelphia, by West Jersey Railroad, via Market street wharf. Aaron Schellinger, Jerry B. Schellinger, Charles Schellinger, Joseph Hand, D. W. Pearson, James Clark, E. O. Taylor, T. Sidney Townsend, Col. J. L. Lansing, Clark Brothers. Equipped gunners. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board. *Cape May Court House*—Sixty-nine miles from Philadelphia, via West Jersey Railroad. Chas. E. Foster, Wm. H. Foster, E. C. Wheaton, S. F. Hewitt. Equipped gunners. Rates, \$2 per day and board. *Mayville*—One mile from Cape May Court House. Lewis Ludlam, Benjamin Hawkins. Equipped gunners. Rates, \$2 per day and board. *Demisville*—Four miles from Seaville on West Jersey Railroad. Rates, \$2 per day and board. *Townsend's Inlet*—Via Seaville. Rates, \$2 per day and board. *Tuckahoe*—Six miles off Woodbine station on West Jersey Railroad, total distance sixty-two miles. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board. *Beesley's Point*—Reached via Pleasantville, West Jersey and Atlantic Railroad, total distance sixty-seven miles. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board. Gunning resorts in Cape May county are in and about the various sounds and thoroughfares, as Cape Island Sounds, Grassy Sounds, Jarvey Sounds, Cresse's Thoroughfare, Great Sounds, are well-known and available gunning points in this county. *Burlington county*—Available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor Bay, accessible from Tuckerton: Gaunt's Point, Gaunt's Cove, Jerimey's Point, Jerimey's Cove, Rose's Point, Rose's Cove, Hester Sedge, East Sedge, West Sedge, Johney Sedge, Good Luck Sedge, Shelter Island, Parker's Island, Middle Island, Storrey's Island, Hester Island, Bunches Island, Big Bunches, Barrel Island, Goose Bar, Bunton Sedge, Little Island. *Toms River*—Equipped sportsmen with yachts. Rates, \$5 per day and board, boats and equipments.

SNARED GROUSE ON THE ERIE ROAD.—Following is copy of a letter addressed to the Rockland County Game Protector: "NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—Mr. Joseph H. Godwin, game protector, Kings Bridge, N. Y.: Dear Sir—You will please to remember that last year, and the year previous, I drew your attention to the fact that the trapping of partridges was carried on very extensively in Rockland and Orange counties, this State. This year it is done as extensively, if not more than before, but the trappers have moved their shipping station. Having hunted last week in both the above named counties in company with Judge —, of Brooklyn, we were told that these trappers had made Greenwood their shipping point, Greenwood being a small station on the Erie Railroad, about four miles this side of Turners. We were also informed by one of the baggagemen on the Erie Railroad that regularly, if not every morning at least every other morning, these trappers shipped one box of trapped birds from the above named station. I have promised Judge —, who is a thorough and enthusiastic sportsman, to write you at once, and endeavor to stop this outrageous traffic. Shall be pleased to hear from you in regard to this matter. Truly yours, B. G. C."

GUN TINKERING IN THE SWAMP.—The day was fine, the sky almost cloudless, the air balmy for October, and with just breeze enough to make walking pleasant. I shouldered my gun about 2 o'clock and set out for a ramble. I was entirely alone, I did not have even a dog to keep me company. I hunted up the road that led to the island

and walked on briskly, too fast, in fact, for I started several partridges from the road that I might have got a shot at if I had been more on the lookout. You remember, perhaps, that when you and I were on that same road, just before we got to the clearing in the woods your dog started one that we did not get. Well, I raised him again right there, and followed him in the same direction, with the same success. However, a little piece further on, just as I crossed the brush fence one ran across the road and he was soon placed in the other pocket. Now came the turn of luck. I had in my mind to cross that swamp that you and I tackled late one afternoon, where we nearly got lost. I had heard of an old road leading through the woods, coming out at "Scrabbles," but when I came to load I found I had dropped the plunger (which, by the way, is a home-made affair), and I spent over half an hour looking for it in vain. Here I was in the midst of a laurel woods, three miles from home four cart-ridges in my pocket, and a useless gun. I had not the courage to face the swamp and the bears in that style, so I had nothing to do but retrace my steps. I took an inventory of my pockets to see if there was anything that would do for a plunger, and to my great joy found a rusty crooked nail, but in straightening it it broke, and neither piece was long enough. I had gone ahead two hundred yards, when I saw six partridges sitting in a birch tree eating buds. Imagine my feelings. I got excited and resolved to make that nail work or know the reason why. I broke it again, put one piece in, turned the head of the nail in upon that, and to my joy found that the gun would shoot as well as ever. But the partridges, oh, where were they? It was now 4 o'clock, and I knew if I was much longer there would be an old horn tooting in the neighborhood. So I kept the road. As I was coming along to the brook, right by the mill another bird crossed the road. My combination exploded the charge and another bird was added to the two already bagged. I had seen twenty partridges, and brought home one in each pocket and one in my hand.—B. E. L.

THE LOWELL (MASS.) ROD AND GUN CLUB went on the annual side-hunt Oct. 21 and 22. Capt. Bates's team scored 30,250 points; Capt. Knowles's team 16,855. On Oct. 26 the dinner followed. The members assembled at the American House. The post-prandial exercises were introduced by President E. W. Lovejoy, who presented Hon. George A. Marden as chairman of the evening. The latter accepted the post with brief remarks, and called upon Mr. Knowles, captain of the losing side in the hunt. Mr. Knowles said that luck had been against his side. In behalf of his men he challenged the winning side to a clay-pigeon shoot for an oyster supper. Captain Bates made a ready response, accepting the challenge. The chairman expressed himself as pleased to have the challenge accepted, and suggested that clay-pigeons would be likely to form a part of the bill of fare for the supper. A humorous description of a fox hunt was given by Mr. John Faulkner. There was some rallying about the Fort Hill Park fund at the expense of E. A. Smith, who was also eulogized as the coon hunter by Thomas R. Garity. Wm. S. Greene responded to a call for remarks upon the "didactic and moral aspect of hunting." The good results to be derived by the city from such an organization as the Rod and Gun Club were dwelt upon by George H. Stevens. The chairman thought there was not much need of anxiety in regard to the useless slaughter of game by the club. They were not so much nimrods as middlemen. Hon. Charles H. Allen told a number of stories of the far West. He remarked that he had been out there as a committee to see if any of the Indians had got away since the visit of the last committee. The lying of hunters, he said, was as nothing compared to lying in the boundless West, where the liar was found in all his native luxuriance. This was illustrated by a number of yarns. Hon. Jeremiah Crowley expressed regret that he had been introduced as a politician, for he was not after office now. It was a gathering of hunters. Marden, Allen and Haggert were hunters, and the speaker didn't know how soon he might be. W. A. Lang and A. A. Haggert made remarks, and Joseph Smith, of the *Citizen*, responded for the press. A vote of thanks was passed to Albert Wheeler & Co. for donations received, Jeremiah Crowley sang a song, and the company dispersed.

FIRE HUNTERS' LUCK.—Antimony City, Ark.—Two hunters had quite an odd experience a few nights ago while fire-hunting near this place. They were looking for deer with their fire pan blazing with fat pine, when suddenly they were startled by a peculiar whirring sound above their heads which lasted for several seconds, and then, as they were looking upward, a bird of apparently large proportions came within the circle of their light and settled on the ground, four or five yards in front of them. They thought it not worth a rifle ball and threw a stone which barely missed the bird. It immediately took wing and flew some 25 yds. and lit again and the same performance of the hunters throwing at it and the bird flying a few yards and lighting was kept up for a dozen times, when a lucky throw killed it and on their picking up their game it proved to be nothing more nor less than a hen mallard.—W. F. M.

For several years it has been known to the sportsmen of the vicinity that a monster moose has been roaming about the Rangeley Lake region. It has been the ambition of all the hunters to shoot this monarch of the forest, which has been distinguished of late years by the name of Jumbo. Several hunters have succeeded in getting sight of the moose, and he has many times been fired at. Some of the backwoodsmen asserted that the old fellow must carry pounds of lead in his body, but that he had a charmed life and could not be killed. A gentleman who has just returned from the Rangeley region told a representative of the *Press* last evening that the old moose has at last met his end. He was shot by Elmer Thomas, a noted guide and captain of a steamer on Kennebec Lake. The great moose stands 18½ hands high and weighs from 800 to 1,000 lbs. His antlers are said to be immense, and Mr. Thomas has been offered \$75 for them and the head. The moose must have been many years old, and is probably the largest ever shot in Maine.—*Portland Press*.

DON'T SUFFER COLD TO ACCUMULATE on cold until your throat and lungs are in a state of chronic inflammation. Attack the first symptoms of pulmonary irritation with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and achieve an easy victory. FRIE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in 1 minute.—*Adv.*