

would I blame those who have the enforcement of the game laws in their power. But I hear something of the same story from other parts of the State. In the case of the two deer that I saw, I am assured by guides and others that they both will be killed before the beginning of August; that jack shooting in close time is regularly practiced on the pond in question. If any one in authority, and desiring to look after that pond, will write the FOREST AND STREAM, the letter will be forwarded to me and I will give the needed information. SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have just returned from a fishing trip to the Maine woods, having visited the Moosehead and Naticous region. In Moosehead Lake and at its west outlet the fishing was all a sportsman should desire. Fly-fishing was not as good as I have seen it there, but large trout could always be gotten trolling with flies. The fishing in Naticous Lake and Passadumkeag stream, its outlet, was decidedly poor, there being too much water from the recently heavy rains.

What I especially wish to call attention to is the lawless spirit of the inhabitants of both Moosehead and Naticous. While fishing at the dam at the west outlet of Moosehead (Wilson's) I saw a river driver deliberately jigger a large trout which was lying in water a foot deep on the apron of the dam. Upon being asked if he knew he was breaking the law he said, "Yes, but there is no law in the woods." This fellow was a Canadian Frenchman, and a hard-looking specimen. I told several people around the dam about it, but they seemed to think it was all right.

In the Naticous region a large part of the inhabitants gain a living by assisting self-termed sportsmen in clubbing deer to death in canoes. From the time one gets out of the train at Olamton station on the Maine Central Railway till the lake is reached, a unanimous and loudly expressed contempt for the law against hounding deer is expressed. They openly declare that they will hound deer, and defy the authorities to stop them. Preparations for next fall's shooting were already in progress, and men boasting of the ability of their dogs to drive deer to water or pull them down. The only way the game commissioners can stop this Naticous poaching is to send several game wardens to establish a camp on the lake the first of September and keep them there till the lake freezes, or the poachers are all arrested. An efficient fish warden should be kept at the west outlet dam, Moosehead Lake, from June 1 to Dec. 1, and one not connected with the lumbering or hotel interests. Winter hunting and fishing should be prohibited in future, for incalculable harm is done both interests by permitting such latitude.

PISCATAQUA.

Natural History.

LONG ISLAND BIRDS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Will you be good enough to ask your readers to inform me whether they know of any specimens of the following species of birds that have been taken on Long Island, New York, within the last twenty years; if so, are they now extant and where? The numbers and names are from the American Ornithologist's Union Check List.

WM. DUTCHER, 51 Liberty street, New York city.

No. 9. Black-throated Loon.	No. 37. Swallow-tailed Kite.
13. Puffin.	349. Golden Eagle.
27. Black Guillemot.	354. Gray Gyrfalcon.
30. Murre.	374. Black Gyrfalcon.
38. Long-tailed Jaeger.	37A. American Hawk Owl.
62. Sabine's Gull.	445. Gray Kingbird.
65. Royal Tern.	465A. Trall's Flycatcher.
71. Arctic Tern.	486. American Raven.
80. Black Skimmer.	511a. Bronzed Grackle.
90. Manx Shearwater.	514. Evening Grosbeak.
98. Black-capped Petrel.	515. Pine Grosbeak.
104. Stormy Petrel.	517. Henslow's Sparrow.
126. Brown Pelican.	593. Cardinal.
138. Widgeon (European).	597. Blue Grosbeak.
138. European Teal.	601. Painted Bunting.
150. Ring-necked Duck.	618. Bohemian Waxwing.
171a. An. White-fronted Goose.	642. Golden-winged Warbler.
174. Black Brant.	645. Nashville Warbler.
184. White Ibis.	646. Orange-crowned Warbler.
185. Glossy Ibis.	650. Cape May Warbler.
194. Louisiana Heron.	679. Mourning Warbler.
203. Yellow-crown Night Heron.	724. Short-billed Marsh Wren.
219. Florida Gallinule.	731. Tufted Titmouse.
235. American Avocet.	735. Carolina Chickadee.
236. Black-necked Stilt.	763. Varied Thrush.
260. Ruff.	765. Wheatear.

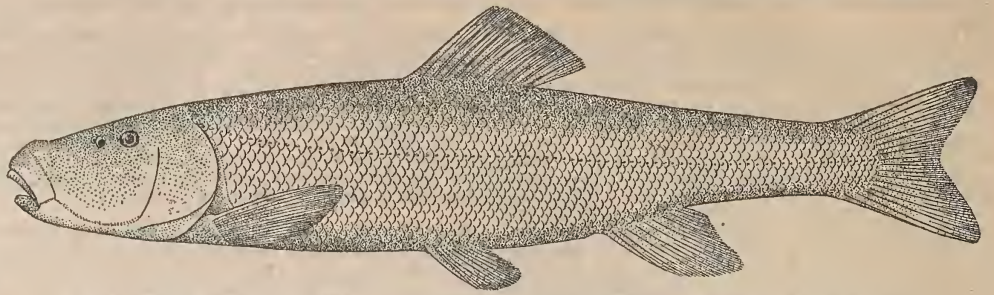
THE LOST RIVER SUCKER.

THIS is the local term, applied to a good-sized fish, first described by Prof. E. D. Cope in the American Naturalist Vol. XIII., 1879, p. 784, under the name of *Chasmistes luxatus*. He tersely describes it as follows: "Elongate in form, head long, flat above and with a large fontanel. Mouth terminal, the spines of the premaxillary bones projecting, so as to form a hump on the top of the snout. Lower lip very thin, dermal fold extending entirely around the chin. Scales 12-80-9. Radii: D. 11; A. 9.

"Color, clouded above with black punctations, below paler, with red shades in some specimens, fins uncolored. It attains a length of nearly 3ft. It ascends the streams in thousands in the spring, and is taken and dried in great numbers by the Klamath and Modoc Indians. The former call it Tswam. Its habitat is given as Klamath Lake, Or."

This is all there is on record regarding this species, and as it has never been fully described nor figured, I make this the principal excuse for this article at this late date, believing that a short description of the mode employed in catching the fish will be of interest to some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

While stationed at Fort Klamath, Oregon, during parts of the years of 1882-83, I learned from the settlers and Indians living in the vicinity of the post that early in March each year countless thousands of a large species of sucker ascended the Lost River out of Tulé Lake, for the purpose of spawning about the headwaters of this stream, and that it was a sight well worth seeing. From the descriptions given me I believed that this fish was then still unknown to science, and I therefore at the time caused drawings to be made of fresh specimens, both colored and uncolored, which are inclosed herewith. These were made by Sergt. C. Gloster, Troop K, 1st Cav.,



LOST RIVER SUCKER, MALE. ONE-FIFTH NATURAL LENGTH. (From Alcohol Specimen.)

and are good likenesses. A pair, male and female, were skinned by me on account of their large size, and forwarded to the National Museum at Washington, D. C., where they are still the only representatives of this species. The only other specimen in the hands of a naturalist, so far as known to me, is the type in the possession of Prof. E. D. Cope, at Philadelphia. The following detailed description was kindly made for me from the skins above referred to, by Dr. T. H. Bean, the ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission:

Chasmistes luxatus Cope.—The two skins in the U. S. National Museum are about thirty inches long and represent two sexes. The dorsal has eleven developed rays and the anal nine; there are twelve rows of scales between the lateral line and the beginning of the dorsal fin, nine rows between the lateral line and the beginning of the anal fin, and from eighty to eighty-two scales in the lateral line. The eye is one-fifth as long as the snout and is contained between ten and eleven times in the length of the head. The head is about one-fourth of the total length to the end of the scales. The distance between the eyes is nearly four times the length of the eye. The length of the dorsal base is about one-half the length of the head and is somewhat greater than the longest ray of this fin. The anal base is about equal to the distance from the tip of the snout to the anterior nostril. In the male the longest ray of the anal equals the length of the pectoral fin, which is a little more than one-seventh of the total length to the end of the scales. The male is profusely covered with minute spiny tubercles most abundant on the snout, top of head, the fins and the posterior half of the body. The table of measurements given below will enable authors to compare this species with others of the same genus.

	Female.	Male.
	Inches.	Inches.
Total length.....	30.00	29.75
Length to end of scales.....	26.50	26.75
Head, length of.....	7.00	6.40
greatest depth.....	3.20	3.80
width of mouth.....	1.50	1.90
length of lower jaw.....	2.30	2.30
upper jaw.....	1.50	1.80
snout.....	3.40	3.30
snout to nostril.....	2.50	2.50
nostril to eye.....	.50	.50
width of interorbital space.....	2.50	2.90
length of eye.....	1.70	.60
Dorsal, length of base.....	3.25	3.50
longest ray.....	3.20	2.90
Anal, length of base.....	2.40	2.40
longest ray.....	4.00	4.00
Pectoral, length of longest ray.....	4.20	4.00
Ventral, length of longest ray.....	2.80	3.10
Caudal, length of middle rays.....	2.00	1.90
external rays.....	4.00	4.00

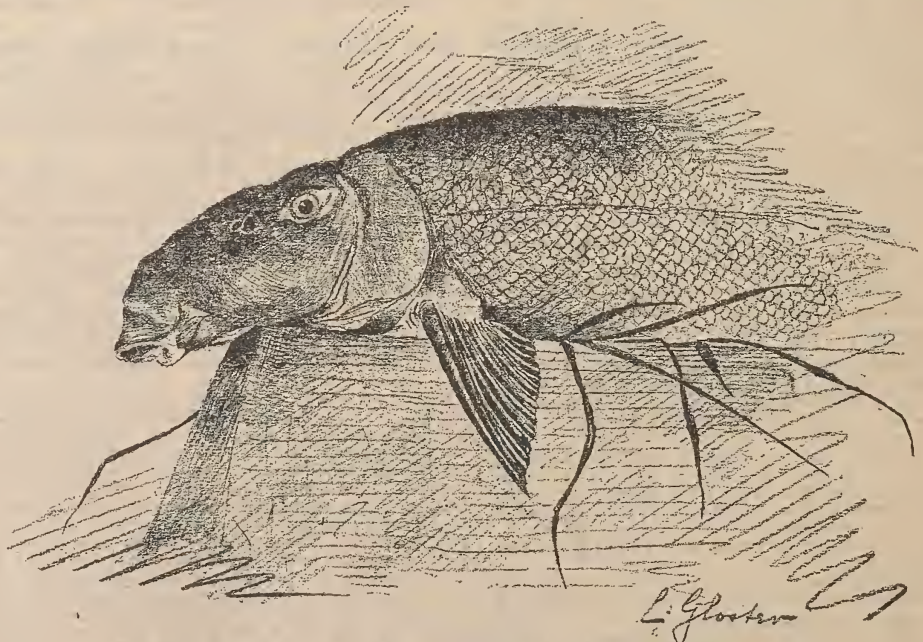
The maps examined by me show no Tulé Lake on them; but according to these Lost River flows into Rhett Lake,

small fry. As I was making a general collection of the fishes found in that region for the U. S. National Museum, I am certain that such a conspicuous fish as the latter would not have been overlooked by me.

In order to obtain some of these fish I made a special trip to the fishery on Lost River, some forty miles south of the post, and secured several specimens, which I packed in ice, and after having drawings made of a pair, male and female, I skinned and forwarded them with a general collection for the National Museum.

I arrived at the fishery on Lost River early on the morning of March 6, 1883. The surrounding country is flat and uninteresting and for the greater portion covered with sage brush. Looking westward, Tulé Lake could be seen probably about ten miles distant, and beyond it the outskirts of the Modoc stronghold, the lava beds, appeared in plain view. A few scrubby willows fringe the banks of the stream, which at the fishery is probably 30ft. wide. There the river flows over a rocky ledge, forming shallow riffles with perhaps 2 or 3ft. of water on them. The riffles are about 100yds. in length and the banks on each side some 3ft. high. Above and below these the stream widens out and the water in most places seems to be sluggish and deep. At the time of my visit it was quite muddy from the melting of the snow in the mountains, and the run of these fish was not at its height yet. However, it appeared to me that they were caught quite abundantly even then, and both sides of the streams were lined with whites and half-breeds as well as Indians, the last camped in the immediate vicinity with their families and a full complement of papooses and dogs. The squaws were busy splitting the fish up along the bank, removing the heads and backbones and spreading the split fish upon the numerous sage bushes in the immediate vicinity to dry. The stench from the mass of decaying offal, which was scattered about everywhere, was anything but pleasant, but one can get used to most anything in time, and after having been there a little while I forgot all about the odoriferous condition of the atmosphere and enjoyed the scene almost as much as the Indians.

The bucks, encumbered with but little clothing, although the air was still anything but spring-like, did the fishing proper. The only implement I saw in use was a long slender pine pole about 20ft. long, to one end of which a piece of iron rod about half an inch thick was



LOST RIVER SUCKER. ABOUT ONE-THIRD NATURAL SIZE. (FROM LIFE.)

which is evidently the same body of water universally known in that region under the former name. This lake is located about forty miles from Fort Klamath in a south-southeasterly direction, and is not quite so large as either of the Klamath lakes. As near as I have been able to ascertain, the so called Lost River sucker is indigenous to Tulé Lake, and is not found in either the Upper or Lower Klamath lakes, as stated by Prof. Cope in his original description. In a conversation I have had with him recently on this subject, he told me that he obtained his specimen from an Indian, and understood that it was caught in Klamath Lake. During the eighteen months I was stationed at Fort Klamath, I never heard of nor saw a fish of this kind caught in the Klamath Lakes or their tributaries, but am aware that a smaller and less important species of the same genus, the *Chasmistes brevirostris* Cope, is found in these waters, and may be seen in considerable numbers along the shores of the upper lake from the wagon road running along Modoc Point almost any day in the spring of the year. This species is much smaller, and one of the large Lost River suckers would be noticed at once among such comparatively

attached. This rod was bent in the shape of a hook with the point well sharpened. The operator would reach out into the stream with his pole, as far as practicable, the curve of his rod dragging on the bottom, the point upward, and when coming in contact with a fish, a sharp jerk would be given, which usually impaled the poor brute in some part of the body, and after considerable struggling on its part to break away, it would be landed and at once removed from the hook by one of the squaws in waiting. As the majority of the fish will average from 6½lbs. to 7lbs. it took quite a skillful hand and no little labor to raise them up the steep bank without allowing the slender and pliable pole to turn and let the fish drop off before being properly landed. It all seemed simple enough looking on, so I concluded to try my hand also, but found it everything else but easy work to land my fish after hooking one. They make things especially lively when hooked near the tail, and my vain efforts to get control of one so hooked by me afforded considerable amusement to the entire Indian population then at the fishery. I never worked so hard to get a fish, and after all my endeavors it managed to wriggle off, just at the

time I thought I had it all right, much to my mortification, and the gratification of the large audience present. Of course it was the largest one booked that morning; at any rate I thought so. An expert will readily catch in this manner a hundred such fish a day, and even more, and I am sure that he will not be disturbed by unpleasant dreams at nightfall after such a day's work, judging from my limited experience.

A handsome young Modoc, while engaged in this work, especially attracted my attention, as well as that of several of the young squaws present. He proved himself exceedingly skilled in the handling of his pole, his graceful and sinuous figure anticipating every movement of his victim and preventing his escape. He probably landed two fish to most of his competitors' one. There seemed to be a good deal of rivalry among the younger members to see who could catch the most fish, and while a bungler was most unmercifully chaffed, every one notwithstanding seemed to be in the best of humor, and I presume that your humble servant came in for his full amount of their jokes. Possibly, for my peace of mind, it was about as well that I did not understand all that was said about myself.

These fish vary from 5 to 8 lbs. in weight and an occasional one will reach 10 lbs. It certainly cannot be called handsome, but its flesh is firm and white, much freer from bones than ever I supposed a sucker to be, and well flavored, free from the muddy taste that even sticks to many of the larger trout found so abundantly in that region. I certainly preferred those I had cooked on my return to the post to any of the average trout in the Klamath basin, excepting the small ones possibly, and I was not alone in that opinion. The females were full of nearly ripe eggs which were almost ready to be deposited. They are about the size of a No. 4 shot and pale straw yellow in color. The Indians made no use of these as food. I am told that this fish, when slightly salted and then dried, tastes very much like codfish, and some of the cattlemen in the vicinity put up barrels full yearly. The Indians use no salt on them whatever; after having the entrails and head removed and split open, they are simply spread out on sage bushes to dry, and occasionally the drying process is accelerated by smoking.

When the run of this fish is at its height, these riffles at the fishery are said to be completely covered with a struggling and squirming mass, fairly raising each other out of the water at times in their efforts to rush over the narrow and shallow stretch of river at this point. As one of the old residents expressed it, "By gosh, Cap, there are millions of them there." After the spawning season is over the fish return to the lake and few are caught while they remain there, the shores of this lake are shallow and a dense growth of tule obstructs the ready approach to deep water in most places.

Of course this species cannot be considered a game fish, and would probably afford but poor sport to the angler, still its abundance and edible qualities as well as its size, entitle it to some importance as a food fish, especially when the fact is taken into consideration that excepting the *Salmonidea*, the Pacific coast has but very few other edible fresh-water fishes that attain such a size, excepting the sturgeon.

Should my surmise be correct, which, however, is entirely based on the statements of settlers and Indians, who (especially the latter) would be likely to know, that this fish is only found in Tulé or Rhett Lake, and not in any of the other numerous sheets of water abounding in southeastern Oregon and northern California and Nevada as well—some of these, like Harney and Malheur lakes in Grant county, Oregon, of considerable size—it appears to me that it would be well worth the trouble for the U. S. Fish Commission, which has already done so much valuable and successful work in the line of propagation and distribution of food fishes, to investigate this species to a certain extent. Inasmuch as one of the most complete stations, the one at Baird, Shasta county, Cal., is now within comparatively easy reach, it would not entail such a great amount of labor to do it. I believe the Lost River sucker to be a hardy one, that would stand transportation and transplanting very readily.

CHAS. E. BENDIRE.

TO PENNSYLVANIA ORNITHOLOGISTS.—West Chester, Pa., June 6.—Having been informed that you are interested in the study of ornithology, I take the liberty of addressing you and stating that by a recent act of our State Legislature I have been directed to prepare a second and revised edition of the "Birds of Pennsylvania," for gratuitous distribution. I am exceedingly anxious to correspond with competent field naturalists in every county of our Commonwealth. If it is not imposing too much on your time and good nature I will be pleased to correspond with you relative to the bird-life occurring in your section of the State. Inclosed please find a printed list of birds recorded as occurring in Pennsylvania. I will be greatly obliged if you will kindly mark the list as indicated and return it to me at your earliest convenience. Should you decide to furnish me with information relative to the feathered tribes, which is worthy of special mention, full credit will be given in the forthcoming edition of the "Birds of Pennsylvania." If you know of any naturalists in this State with whom I can correspond in relation to birds and mammals, please give me their names and post office address.—B. H. WARREN, State Ornithologist. [A provisional list of the birds of Pennsylvania accompanies this open letter.]

FEMALE NARWHAL WITH TUSKS.—The male narwhal has only one developed tusk, and that is on the left side. The female has two tusks, but they are usually not functional. About the month of July, 1887, Captain James Fairweather harpooned a female narwhal with two tusks in Prince Regent's Inlet. Specimens of narwhal with two tusks are rare in museums. About eleven examples are recorded, but the sex of only one of these is certain. A female captured in 1684 is preserved in the Hamburg Museum. Robert Brown says that double-tusked narwhals are not rare; Scoresby denies this. In the specimen recently obtained by the National Museum the spirals turn in the same direction and the symmetry of the two sides is wonderful. It is questionable whether a male narwhal with a right tusk is known.

PENNSYLVANIA SONG BIRDS are protected by a law patterned after the New York law. To take birds for scientific purposes a certificate must be obtained from the county prothonotary.

RANGE OF THE TURKEY BUZZARD.—Belmar, N. J., May 27.—On Saturday last while driving along the beach at this place I came across a pair of turkey buzzards. As they did not take wing until I was within 50 ft. of them I was enabled to get a good view and to recognize them as being the same species I had so often seen at the Homosassa River, Florida. I have also seen them at the southerly end of Barnegat Bay, but never in this neighborhood before. What is their northern limit?—BIG REEL. [The turkey buzzard occurs as far north as southern New England on the Atlantic coast and on the western plains to latitude 53°. We have seen them in Connecticut.]

Game Bag and Gun.

DUCKING FROM A CATAMARAN.

A gust of wind swept in through the car door as the brakeman swung it open. His indistinct exclamation of "Amityville!" recalled my dozing senses.

"Come, Ed, wake up; here we are!" "All right, old man; I'm not asleep; only thinking. Let me help you with that bag."

The train moved off into the darkness, leaving us the sole occupants of the little station room. We were speculating as to whether Frank had received the telegram and considering the advisability of setting out for his shanty without him, for he usually met us at the station.

"Hello, boys! Darned if I ain't glad ter see yer. Shake!" was his greeting as he stalked into the clean house, making havoc with the neat floor wherever his cowhides, covered with mud, landed.

"It's good you youngsters had sense enough to fetch 'long them ileskins of yours. Better crawl right into them now, an' don't waste no time. Thars supper waitin' fur yer down ter the ranch."

Keeping within the narrow circle of Frank's lamp we plodded through mud and water, congratulating ourselves that our backs were to the fierce storm of wind and rain. The eye could trace nothing beyond the circumference of that little spot of light emanating from Frank's lamp, the only cheering ray or sign of life in this vast gulf of palpable darkness. How the wind did moan through the low pines that lined the road, driving the rain in vicious sheets among the branches and upon us with all the fury of a March nor'wester. It was a relief, after tramping over a mile, when we saw in turning a bend the ruddy glow from the windows of our guide's house.

All those who love the gun for the scenes and incidents it brings them among, know the enjoyment of being one of three or four sportsmen when grouped together around the after-supper table. Who cannot recall such evenings? Who cannot, if he is a sportsman, recollect some of the reminiscences that accompany the curling haze of tobacco smoke?

"Wall, boys, yer'll have a clear day ter-morrow, I'm thinking," said Frank in his paternal tone. "This yer storm has been a whooping things up fur the last two days, an' it'll blow itself out ter-night. I've got everything all ready ter jump right inter, so as we'll not waste no time in the mornin'." The broadbills have been rather plenty lately.

"By the way, Frank, where is that catamaran that you used over on the beach last summer?" I inquired.

"She's over there yet hauled up 'longside my fishing shanty."

When the ducks are migrating they fly along the shore, some days in numbers. Ever since my eyes had fallen on that little double boat, the idea occurred to me that it might be used as an excellent means of preventing the onward course of a few south-southerlies. This scheme had become firmly fixed in my mind, and I determined to give it a trial this trip.

Like all old settlers, Frank's head was stored with stories of hunting trips and happenings that are inseparably connected with the pursuit of sport upon land or water. It required little more than an interrogative word now and then to extract these retrospections from him. We all know these genial characters. Frank possessed all those virtues that make a man universally liked. Good-natured, honest, a child of nature, living but today, taking the world with the same even philosophy, whether the days bring misfortune or good luck. It was a very tender point with him to have his friends call him Frank. This arose rather from an indication of sincere fellowship than to make him feel young, for he had scarcely reached the half century line and was as tough as any of his fellow baymen.

It was late before we turned in, and when we last looked at the heavens the clouds were commencing to break. It seemed to me that I had been underneath the blankets something less than five minutes when I was roused by some fiend, with a lamp, shaking me.

"Come, Frank, let's have another wink," I muttered drowsily.

"All right, but yer'll have ter sleep without ther blankets," and the cold-blooded villain swept the covering over the foot of the bed.

A couple of cups of hot coffee restored the good nature in both of us. The night still hung over the earth when we sallied out, loaded down with stools, shells and guns. A small arm of the bay reached up back of the house, where Frank moored his catboat. Stowing everything hastily away, we tied down two reefs and went skimming down the little creek before the night breeze. How strange and unearthly it all appeared. The little boat swept onward over the long waves that still remained out on the bay. Everything was dark and unreal, the only sounds that disturbed the silence were the dismal sing of the wind and the surging of the water parted by the bows. The gloom threw over my mind a feeling of vague hallucination; for a few minutes it seemed like some unusual dream. A dash of the cold briny in the back of the neck dispelled this illusion. The skipper headed the Sanderling into one of the small coves on Oak Island, threw her into the wind and let go halliards.

We were all ready, with some fifty decoys bobbing in front of our blind, by the time the daylight commenced to creep over the waters. For some time before it was light enough to distinguish anything we could hear in the air above the ducks swinging along on whistling pinions.

The sun was just peeping above the banks of clouds when the first flock came in. Only three forgot to depart. By 10 o'clock we had scored but 13 birds, and things were getting dull.

A storm of any duration from out the north and north-west, smooths the ocean close to shore. The wind beats down the surf so that there is scarcely a break. It was so to-day. The blow of the last three days had the effect of making the sea as placid as a millpond. The sun toward the middle of the day came out very warm and the dying out of the wind made it more like an April than March day.

Now or never! I could see flock after flock of "old mummies" skirting low over the water just out of range of the shore. Taking about twelve decoys I tied them together with twine (two and two) about two feet long and slung them over the supports of the catamaran. She was but fourteen feet long. Just light enough for Ed, and myself to lift easily. Before launching I fastened a short stick in each corner and wound a strip of light green muslin some eighteen inches high around them, to serve as a blind.

Running out about 300 yds, I joined the strings of the stools together so that they formed a long line, each bird 2 ft. from its neighbor, connecting the whole crew to my floating battery by a long cord.

Things were not fairly ready. I was just attempting to discover the softest position to assume while lying flat on a level board upon my back, when in dashed a flock of seven or eight. Drawing on one of the old birds, I let go some No. 4, and catching two as they crossed tangled them up with an ounce of No. 2. One was only wing-tipped and dove instantly on touching the water. Two more flocks swung in, leaving five of their number, and I was lying low watching another approaching string, when a shadow passing just in front caused me to look up. There, almost directly above, was a large gull. Straightening to a sitting position and throwing the gun to my face, I pulled the trigger. As he turned over I recognized a bird I had long been anxious to procure. He was dead as a mackerel when I picked him up, but he was a magnificent bird. It was the only crack I had ever got at those wily pirates of the ocean, the great black-backed gull.

The wind was beginning to work around to the west and rising. The long ocean swells were gradually increasing in length and size, so I rowed in, with a number of south-southerlies, and among the lot some beautiful male birds with their long tail feathers and ruddy breasts. Ed and Frank had not been idle on the bay side. Gathering stools, etc., together we went scudding across the broad breadth of water between the beach and mainland, with a good mess of birds stowed away forward. They were not canvasbacks, true, but there was some consolation in knowing that the reason they were not of that species was because there were none of them around, *i. e.*, in the particular vicinity of our blind. Shooting ducks on the broad ocean from a catamaran is a unique experience, at least to one individual, and one not likely to be forgotten, even if the game is nothing more than the despised "south-southerly." Try it some quiet March day, and if the recollection of it in summer does not make you several degrees cooler, the writer is as wide of the mark as he once was of a certain woodcock who refused to be persuaded by two charges of No. 12.

REX B.

THE ARKANSAS DEER LAW.

BALD KNOB, Ark.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In the category of States that have lately distinguished themselves by the supreme idiocy of their attempts at game-protective legislation, the great State of Arkansas is certainly deserving of the red ribbon. The old law as it stood prior to the last session of the Legislature, was sadly deficient in some respects; only preventing the killing of deer for seven months in the year; the open season beginning ten weeks too soon, Sept. 1, and holding on until Feb. 1. Still it effected a great deal of good, doing away with hounding while the does and fawns were comparatively powerless to escape, and preventing the butchery heretofore common during the buffalo grant season, when any boy with an army musket could score a half dozen deer by a day's sitting near a smoking stump. As a consequence there was a marked and visible increase in the game supply to such an extent that our market gunners could make fair wages supplying the Memphis market, where it often happens that venison and wild turkey are quoted lower than beef and tame poultry.

However, our toothpickian Solons were determined not to let well enough alone. That there was room for improvement in the old law was quite apparent, but whether their effort in this line was crowned with success I leave the reader to decide.

First, instead of cutting the open season down to three months—from Nov. 15 to Feb. 15, or Nov. 1 to Feb. 1, either of which changes would have been better—they added on another month, August; so that now the ambitious sportsman who may be lacking a firearm, stands a very fair chance of running down and capturing an infantile "monarch of the forest," thus winning his laurel wreath in a manner strictly legal, though quite unique. How this change adds to the welfare of the game I am as yet unable to learn.

There has been for years a law that assessed a license on all "non-residents following hunting or trapping in Arkansas." Numerous attempts have been made to have this statute apply to sportsmen hunting in this State merely for sport alone, but the ruling has invariably been that the meaning of the clause was, "following for a livelihood," and therefore, inability to furnish proof that the accused had sold, or attempted to sell, game, naturally resulted in his acquittal. However, sportsmen who visited Arkansas with speculation in their eyes very often got poor returns for their game shipments, in the long run; and many a poor settler who found himself at the close of the crop season poorer in pocket than he had been in the spring, turned his attention to the game of the vicinity, and made more money in a month with his old "Human" rifle—as muzzleloaders are derisively termed by the happy owners of breechloaders—than he had made with the plow and hoe in the six months preceding.

Now this resource in the time of need is shut off by legislative decree. "Six years shall the Memphians hunger for the flesh-pots of Arkansas," spoke the law makers, and Gov. Eagle saw that it was good and signed