

HUNTING THE WAPITI

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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ANCE, while on a hunt with John Willis, I spent a week in a vain effort to kill moose among the outlying mountains at the southern end of the Bitter Root range. Then, as we had no meat, we determined to try for elk.

We were camped with a wagon, as high among the foot-hills as wheels could go, but several hours' walk from the range of the game; for it was still early in the season, and they had not yet come down from the upper slopes. Accordingly we made a practice of leaving the wagon for two or three days at a time to hunt; returning to get a night's rest in the tent, preparatory to a fresh start. On these trips we carried neither blankets nor packs, as the walking was difficult and we had much ground to cover. Each merely put on his jacket with a loaf of frying-pan bread and a paper of salt stuffed into the pockets. We were cumbered with nothing save our rifles and cartridges.

On the morning in question we left camp at sunrise. For two or three hours we walked up-hill through a rather open growth of small pines and spruces, the traveling being easy. Then we came to the edge of a deep valley, a couple of miles across. Into this we scrambled, down a steep slide, where the forest had grown up among the immense boulder masses. Finally, in the afternoon, we left the valley and began to climb a steep gorge, down which a mountain torrent roared and foamed in a succession of cataracts.

Three hours' hard climbing brought us to another valley, but of an entirely different character. It was several miles long, but less than a mile broad. Save at the mouth, it was walled in completely by chains of high rock-peaks, their summits snow-capped; the forest extended a short distance up their sides. Hardly had we entered this valley before we caught a glimpse of a yearling elk walking rapidly along a game path some distance ahead. We followed as quickly as we could without making a noise, but after the first glimpse never saw it again; for it is astonishing how fast

under them, straining every muscle in their huge bodies, and squealing savagely. They were evenly matched in weight, strength, and courage; and push as they might, neither got the upper hand, first one yielding a few inches, then the other, while they swayed to and fro in their struggles, smashing the bushes and ploughing up the soil.

Finally they separated and stood some little distance apart, under the great pines; their sides heaving, and columns of steam rising from their nostrils through the frosty air of the brightening morning. Again they rushed together with a crash, and each strove mightily to overthrow the other, or get past his guard; but the branching antlers caught every vicious lunge and thrust. This set-to was stopped rather curiously. One of the onlooking elk was a yearling; the other, though scarcely as heavy-bodied as either of the fighters, had a finer head. He was evidently much excited by the battle, and he now began to walk towards the two combatants, nodding his head and uttering a queer, whistling noise. They dared not leave their flanks uncovered to his assault; and as he approached they promptly separated, and walked off side by side a few yards apart. In a moment, however, one spun round and jumped at his old adversary, seeking to stab him in his unprotected flank; but the latter was just as quick, and as before caught the rush on his horns. They closed as furiously as ever; but the utmost either could do was to inflict one or two punches on the neck and shoulders of his foe, where the thick hide served as a shield. Again the peace-maker approached, nodding his head, whistling, and threatening; and again they separated.

This was repeated once or twice; and I began to be afraid lest the breeze which was very light and puffy should shift and give them my wind. So, resting my rifle on my knee I fired twice, putting one bullet behind the shoulder of the peace-maker, and the other behind the shoulder of one of the combatants. Both were deadly shots, but as so often with wapiti, neither of the wounded animals at the moment showed any signs of being hit. The yearling ran off unscathed. The other three crowded together and trotted behind some spruce on the left, while we ran forward for another shot. In a moment one fell; whereupon the remaining two turned and came back across the glade, trotting to the right. As we opened fire they broke into a lumbering gallop, but were both downed before they got out of sight in the timber.

The wapiti is, next to the moose, the most quarrelsome and pugnacious of American deer. It cannot be said that it is ordinarily a dangerous beast to hunt; yet there are instances in which wounded wapiti, incautiously approached to within striking distance, have severely misused their assailants, both with their antlers and their forefeet.

However, the fiercest wapiti bull, when in a wild state, flees the neighborhood of man with the same panic terror shown by the cows; and he makes no stand against a grisly, though when his horns are grown he has little fear of either wolf or cougar if on his guard and attacked fairly. The chief battles of the bulls are of course waged with one another. Before the beginning of the rut they keep by themselves; singly, while the sprouting horns are still very young, at which time they lie in secluded spots and move about as little as possible; in large bands, later in the season. At the beginning of the fall these bands join with one another and with the bands of cows and calves, which have likewise been keeping to themselves during the late winter, the spring, and the summer. Vast herds are thus sometimes formed, containing, in the old days when wapiti were plenty, thousands of head. The bulls now begin to fight furiously with one another, and the great herd becomes split into smaller ones. Each of these has one master bull, who has won his position by savage battle, and keeps it by overcoming every rival, whether a solitary bull, or the lord of another herd, who challenges him. When not fighting or love-making he is kept on the run, chasing away the young bulls who venture to pay court to the cows. He has hardly time to eat or sleep, and soon becomes gaunt and worn to a degree.

The battles between the bulls rarely result fatally. After a longer or shorter period of charging, pushing, and struggling the heavier or more enduring of the two begins to shove his weaker antagonist back and round; and the latter then watches his chance and bolts, hotly, but as a rule harmlessly, pursued for a few hundred yards. The massive branching antlers serve as effective guards against the most wicked thrusts. While the antagonists are head on, the worst that can happen is a punch on the shoulder which will not break the thick hide, though it may bruise the flesh underneath.

Wapiti keep their antlers until the spring, when and moose lose their antlers.

ly that of a vicious and brutal coward. He bullies her continually, and in times of danger his own thought is for seeking off to secure his own safety. For all his noble looks he is a very unamiable beast, who behaves with brutal ferocity to the weak, and shows abject terror of the strong. According to his powers, he is guilty of rape, robbery, and even murder. I never felt the least compunction at shooting a bull, but I hate to shoot a cow, even when forced by necessity.

During the rut the bulls are very noisy; and their notes of amorous challenge are called "whistling" by the frontiersmen,—very inappropriately. They begin to whistle about ten days before they begin to run; and they have in addition an odd kind of bark, which is only heard occasionally.

Heard at a little distance, and in its proper place, the call of the wapiti is one of the grandest and most beautiful sounds in nature. Especially is this the case when several rivals are answering one another, on some frosty moonlight night in the mountains. Once, while in the mountains, I listened to a peculiarly grand chorus of this kind. We were traveling with



He plunged wildly forward.

pack ponies at the time, and our tent was pitched in a grove of yellow pine, by a brook in the bottom of a valley. On either hand rose the mountains, covered with spruce forest. It was in September, and the first snow had just fallen.

The day before we had walked long and hard; and during the night I slept the heavy sleep of the weary. Early in the morning, just as the east began to grow gray, I waked; and as I did so, the sounds that smote on my ear, caused me to sit up and throw off the warm blankets. Bull elk were challenging among the mountains on both sides of the valley, a little way from us, their notes echoing like the calling of silver bugles. Groping about in the dark, I drew on my trousers, an extra pair of thick socks, and my moccasins, donned a warm jacket, found my fur cap and gloves, and stole out of the tent with my rifle. Two herds were approaching one another from opposite sides of the valley, a short distance above our camp; and the master bulls were roaring defiance as they mustered their harems.

I walked stealthily up the valley, until I felt that I was nearly between the two herds; and then stood motionless under a tall pine. I made up my mind, from the sound of the challenging, now very near me, that one bull on my right was advancing towards a rival on my left, who was answering every call. Soon the former approached so near that I could hear him crack the branches, and beat the bushes with his horns; and I slipped quietly from tree to tree, so as to meet him when he came out into the more open woodland. Day broke, and crimson gleams played across the snow-clad mountains beyond.

At last, just as the sun flamed red above the hill-tops, I heard the roar of the wapiti's challenge not fifty yards away; and I cocked and half raised my rifle, and stood motionless. In a moment more, the belt of spruces in front of me swayed and opened, and the lordly bull stepped out. He bore his massive antlers aloft; the snow lay thick on his mane; he snuffed the air and stamped on the ground as he walked. As I drew a bead, the motion caught his eye; and instantly his bearing of haughty and warlike self-confidence changed to one of alarm. My bullet smote through his shoulder-blades, and he plunged wildly forward, and fell full length on the blood-stained snow.

Nothing can be fiercer than a wapiti bull's carriage when excited or alarmed; he then seems the embodiment of strength and stately grace. But at ordinary times his looks are less attractive, as he walks with his neck level with his body and his head outstretched, his horns lying almost on his shoulders. The favorite gait of the wapiti is the trot, which is very fast, and which they can keep up for countless miles; when suddenly and greatly alarmed, they break into an awkward gallop, which is faster, but which speedily tires them.



First Silver Wedding.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hugues Capet. The servants, says Home Chat, belonging to him had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman, and what could he do as a reward? Calling the woman, he said: "Your service is great, greater than the man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and therefore I will give you a reward. At your age I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here—this farm from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majesty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?" "Then it shall be a silver wedding." And the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty.

This soon became known all over France and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion after twenty-five years of married life to celebrate a silver wedding.

The Treasury Vaults.

The first question the average visitor to the United States treasury building asks is, "Couldn't burglars tunnel under the vaults and rob the government?" Well, that is not likely. An armed guard sits beside the vaults. Every twenty minutes he is required to ring an alarm just to show that he is awake. An armed patrol makes the rounds hourly. Secret service men in plain clothes, with concealed weapons, keep watch and ward outside and inside the building. As to tunneling, the officials hold that if a man by any possibility should manage to bore underneath a vault the heavy metal would crush him to a jelly, thus administering a lasting gold cure. Even if the tunnel burglar should get away with his life he could not get away with much gold. Ten thousand dollars in double eagles weighs thirty-eight pounds. Forty million dollars in gold certificates of the \$10,000 denomination weighs eleven and a half pounds. Even burglars prefer the gold certificates to the real thing.—Buffalo Times.

Journalistic Reverages.

The curious boycott of the press in the Berlin parliament had a precedent in the mother of parliaments, the British house of commons. A writer in Harper's Weekly recalls that the person involved was no less a celebrity than the late Daniel O'Connell. He condemned the inaccuracy of the parliamentary reports, but he forgot to make allowance for acoustic difficulties and the buzz of intervening conversation. He charged the reporters with the malicious suppression of his speeches, and the gallery then refused to report him at all. Dan stormed and thundered in vain, even moving that the ringleaders be brought to the bar of the house. Finally he apologized, and all was well. Lord Lytton in 1871 fell foul of the press in the same way, and the late Lord Montagu had his name omitted from London newspaper reports for two years because he said something the reporters did not like.

A Misplaced Pin.

"I was in an uptown tea room where the scenery is all out of proportion to the amount served you," said a New York clubman. "I was dallying with some ice cream when my spoon struck a common, everyday pin in the bottom of the frozen stuff. I gave a little wave, and a waiter slipped to my side. 'See, a pin in this ice cream,' I said. 'Why, I might have swallowed that.' He took the glass and disappeared. When he returned he reminded me of an undertaker, he was that solemn. 'That pin has lost a man his job, sir,' he said. 'Well,' I replied, 'I am sorry for that, but it might have cost me my life, when you come to think of it.' 'Yes, sir,' said the waiter meekly. Then, 'Eat here just sip their ice cream and don't chew it.'—New York Times.

Growth of Pity.

No one formerly looked on with any pity or even horror at punishments which are now found too dreadful for description. Men were broken on the wheel, were burned at the stake, were racked, were cut up alive. No one seems to have felt any pity for their agonies. Men were put into noisome prisons, where, with bad air and insufficient food, they died unnoticed and unpitied. It is very different now. Human hearts are more tender.

She Voted.

"What was the topic of debate in our club today?" asked one member of the feminine society.

"The topic of debate," was the response. "Why—er—let me see—I can't remember what the topic was. But I voted on either the positive or negative side of the question. I forget which."—Washington Star.

The Problem Solved.

Newed—My wife has a habit of taking money from my pockets when I'm asleep. Oldwed—Mine used to do that, too, but she doesn't any more. Newed—How do you prevent it? Oldwed—I spend every cent I have before I go home.—Chicago News.

An Exception.

"Ah, kind friend," said the minister. "It is deeds, not words, that count." "Oh, I don't know," replied the woman. "Did you ever send a telegram?"—Detroit Free Press.

Cheering.

Aspirant—You have heard my voice, professor. Now please tell me candidly what branch of vocalism it is best adapted for. Professor—Well—cheering!

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