

## **ELKHUNT** TWO OCEAN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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OODY and I started to hunt over the great table-land, and led our stout horses up the mountain-side, by elktrails so bad that they had to climb like goats.

All these elk-trails have one striking peculiarity. They lead through thick timber, but every now and then send off short, well-worn branches to some cliff-edge or jutting crag, commanding a view far and wide over the country beneath. Elk love to stand on these

lookout points, and scan the valleys and mountains round about.

Blue grouse rose from beside our path: Clarke's crows flew past us, with a hollow, flapping sound, or lit in the pine-tops, calling and flirting their tails; the gray-clad whisky-jacks, with multitudinous cries, hopped and fluttered near us. Snow-shoe rabbits scuttled away, the big furry feet which give them their name already turning white. At last we came out on the great plateau, seamed with deep, narrow ravines. Reaches of pasture alternated with groves and open forests of varying size. Almost immediately we heard the bugle of a bull elk, and saw a big band of cows and calves on the other side of a valley. There were three bulls with them, one very large, and we tried to creep up on them; but the wind was baffling and spoiled our stalk. So we returned to our horses, mounted them, and rode a mile farther, toward a large open wood on a hill-side. When within two hundred yards we heard directly ahead the bugle of a bull, and pulled up short. In a moment I saw him walking through an open glade: he had not seen us. The slight breeze brought us down his scent. Elk have a strong characteristic smell; it is usually sweet, like that of a herd of Alderney cows; but in old bulls, while rutting, it is rank, pungent, and lasting. We stood motionless till the bull was out of sight, then stole to the wood, tied our horses, and trotted after him. He was traveling fast, occasionally calling; whereupon others in the neighborhood would answer. Evidently he had been driven out of some herd by the master bull.

while we were vainly trying to over- the way home. The following day I take him we heard another very loud killed another bull elk, following him and sonorous challenge to our left. It by the strong, not unpleasing, smell. came from a ridge-crest at the edge of and hitting him twice as he ran, at the woods, among some scattered about eighty yards. So far I had had clumps of the northern nut-pine or good luck, killing everything I had pinyon-a queer conifer, growing very shot at; but now the luck changed. high on the mountains, its multiforked through no fault of mine, as far as 1 trunk and wide-spreading branches giving it the rounded top, and, at a distance, the general look of an oak rather than a pine. We at once walked toward the ridge, up-wind. In a minute or two, to our chagrin, we stumbled on an outlying spike bull, evidently kept on the outskirts of the herd by the master bull. I thought he would alarm all the rest; but, as we stood motionless, he could not see clearly what we were. He stood, ran, stood again. gazed at us, and trotted slowly off.



We harried forward as fast as we dared, and with too little care; for we

I peered over the crest.

suddenly came in view of two cows As they raised their heads to look. Woody squatted down where he was. to keep their attention fixed, while I cautiously tried to slip off to one side unobserved. Favored by the neutral tint of my buckskin hunting-shirt, with which my shoes, leggins, and soft hat matched, I succeeded. As soon as I was out of sight I ran hard and came up to a hillock crested with pinyons, hind which I judged I should find the herd. As I approached the crest, their strong, sweet smell smote my nostrils. In another moment I saw the tips of a pair of mighty antiers, and I peered over the crest with my rifle at

the ready. Thirty yards off, behind a clump of pinyons, stood a huge bull, his head thrown back as he rubbed his shoulders with his horns. There were several cows around him, and one saw me immediately, and took alarm, 1 fired into the bull's shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound: but he went off, and I raced after him at top speed, firing twice into his flank; then he stopped, very sick, and I broke his neck with a fourth bullet. An elk often hesitates in the first moments of surprise and fright, and does not get really under way for two or three hundred yards: but, when once fairly started, he may go several miles, even though mortally wounded; therefore, the hunter, after his first shot, should run forward as fast as he can, and shoot again and again until the quarry drops. In this way many animals that would otherwise be lost are obtained, especially by the man who has a repeating-

The elk I thus slew was a giant. His body was the size of a steer's, and his antiers, though not unusually long, were very massive and heavy. He lay in a glade, on the edge of a great cliff. Standing on its brink we overlooked a most beautiful country, the home of all homes for the elk: a wilderness of mountains, the immense evergreen forest broken by park and glade, by meadow and pasture, by bare hill-side and barren table-land. Some five miles off lay the sheet of water known to the old hunters as Spotted Lake; two or three shallow, sedgy places, and spots of geyser formation, made pale green blotches on its wind-rippled surface. Far to the southwest, in daring beauty and majesty, the grand domes and lofty spires of the Tetons shot into the blue

That night, as on more than one night afterward, a bull elk came down whistling to within two or three hundred yards of the tents, and tried to join the horse herd. The moon had set, so I could not go after it. Elk are very restless and active throughout the night in the rutting season; but where undisturbed they feed freely in the daytime, resting for two or three hours about noon.

Next day, which was rainy, we spent in getting in the antiers and meat of the two dead elk; and I shot off the He went faster than we did, and heads of two or three blue grouse on could see, and Ferguson had his innings. The day after I killed this bull he shot two fine mountain rams; and during the remainder of our hunt he killed five elk-one cow, for meat, and four good bulls. The two rams were with three others, all old and with fine horns; Ferguson peeped over a lofty precipice and saw them coming up it only fifty yards below him His two first and finest bulls were obtained by hard running and good shooting; the herds were on the move at the time, and only his speed of foot and soundness of wind enabled him to get near enough for a shot. One herd started before he got close, and he killed the master bull by a shot right through the heart, as it trotted past, a hundred and fifty yards dis-

> tant. As for me, during the next ten days I killed nothing save one cow for meat; and this though I hunted hard every day from morning till night, no matter what the weather. Our ill success was in part due to sheer bad luck; but the chief element therein was the presence of a great hunting-party of Shoshone Indians. Split into bands of eight to ten each, they scoured the whole country on their tough, sure-footed ponies. As they slew whatever they could, but by preference cows and calves, and as they were very persevering, but also very excitable and generally poor shots, so that they wasted much powder, they not only wrought havoc among the elk. but also scared the survivors out of all

> the country over which they hunted. Day in and day out we plodded on. In a hunting trip the days of long monotony in getting to the ground, and the days of unrequited toll after it has been reached, always far outnumber the red-letter days of success. But it is just these times of failure that really test the hunter. In the long run, common-sense and dogged perseverance avail him more than any other qualities. The man who does not give up, but hunts steadily and resolutely through the spells of bad luck until the luck turns, is the man who wins suc-

> cess in the end. After a week at Two-Ocean Pass, we gathered our pack-animals one frosty morning, and again set off across the mountains. A two-days' jaunt took us to the summit of Wolverine Pass, near Pinyon Peak, beside a little mountain tarn; each morning we found its surface skimmed with black ice, for the nights were cold. After three or four days, we shifted camp to the mouth of Wolverine Creek, to get off the hunting grounds of the Indians. We had used up our last elk-meat that morning, and

when we were within a couple of hours' journey of our intended haltingplace, Woody and I struck off on foot for a hunt. Just before sunset we came on three or four elk; a spike bull stood for a moment behind some thick evergreens a hundred yards off. Guessing at his shoulder, I fired, and he fell dead after running a few rods, I had broken the luck, after ten days of ill

Next morning Woody and I, with the packer, rode to where this elk lay. We loaded the meat on a pack-horse, and let the packer take both the loaded animal and our saddle-horses back to camp, while we made a hunt on foot. We went up the steep, forestclad mountain-side, and before we had walked an hour heard two elk whistling ahead of us. The woods were open, and quite free from undergrowth, and we were able to advance noiselessly; there was no wind, for the weather was still, clear, and cold. Both of the elk were evidently very much excited, answering each other continually; they had probably been master bulls, but had become so exhausted that their rivals had driven them from the herds, forcing them to remain in seclusion until they regained their lost strength. As we crept stealthily forward, the calling grew louder and louder, until we could hear the grunting sounds with which the challenge of the nearest ended. He was in a large wallow, which was also a lick. When we were still sixty yards off, he heard us, and rushed out, but wheeled and stood a moment to gaze, puzzled by my buckskin suit. I fired into his throat, breaking his neck, and down he went in a heap. Rushing in and turning, I called to Woody, "He's a twelve-pointer, but the horns are small!" As I spoke I heard the roar of the challenger of the other bull not two hundred yards ahead, as if in defiant answer to my

Running quietly forward, I speedily caught a glimpse of his body. He



was behind some fir-trees about seventy yards off, and I could not see which way he was standing, and so fired into the patch of flank which was visible, aiming high, to break the back. My aim was true, and the huge beast crashed down-hill through the evergreens, pulling himself on his fore legs for fifteen or twenty rods, his hind quarters trailing. Racing forward, I broke his neck. His antiers were the finest I ever got. A couple of whisky-jacks appeared at the first crack of the rifle with their customary astonishing familiarity and heedlessness of the hunter; they followed the wounded bull as he dragged his great carcass down the hill, and pounced

with ghoulish bloodthirstiness on the

gouts of blood that were sprinkled

over the green herbage. These two bulls lay only a couple of hundred yards apart, on a broad gametrail, which was as well beaten as a good bridle-path. We began to skin out the heads; and as we were finishing we heard another bull challenging far up the mountain. He came nearer and nearer, and as soon as we had ended our work we grasped our rifles and trotted toward him along the gametrail. He was very noisy, uttering his loud, singing challenge every minute or two. The trail was so broad and firm we walked in perfect silence. After going only five or six hundred yards, we got very close indeed, and stole forward on tip-toe, listening to the roaring music. The sound came from a steep, narrow ravine, to one side of the trail, and I walked toward It with my rifle at the ready. A slight puff gave the elk my wind, and he dashed out of the ravine like a deer; but he was only thirty yards off, and my bullet went into his shoulder as he passed behind a clump of young spruce. I plunged into the ravine, scrambled out of it, and raced after him. In a minute I saw him standing with drooping head, and two more shots finished him. He also bore fine antiers. It was a great piece of luck to get three such fine bulls at the cost of half a day's light work; but we had fairly earned them, having worked hard for ten days, through rain, cold, hunger, and fatigue, to no purpose. That evening my home-coming to camp, with three elk-tongues and a brace of ruffed

EXT WEEK:- "Hunting The White-Tailed

White-Tailed directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they are so valuable in constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill. NEXT WEEK:- "Hunt-Deer."

grouse hung at my belt, was most hap-

What to Do In an Emergency.

Shipwrecked:-Go ashore as soon as possible; remove wet clothing and relate your experiences to nearest reporter. Add photograph if possible. Baby, Cat, Asleep on Face Of .- Remove cat.

Train, Run Over By .- Remove train, using force if necessary. Upon re- to the highest psychic functions. lease acquaint nearest station master with the facts and proceed as in case of shipwreck.

Pantry, Burglar In .- Procure a copy of the Tariff Reform league's latest protestations. Mrs. A. hastened to the publication on free food fallacies and read same to intruder, taking care to elucidate most telling arguments. The contrite cracksman will at once turn over a new leaf and express his sorrow. Under the circumstances you doing?" will do well to accept his assurance of regret.

Crime, Having Committed or Being Suspected Of .- Apply to nearest music hall manager for an engagement. Insist on being put among the "star" turns and demand a salary proportionate to the gravity of the crime in question.-Punch.

Not Worth It.

A young man, after his banns had been twice announced, called upon the 1785, at Potsdam, was the daughter of busy vicar early one morning. He a sergeant, After being brought up in wanted to have a private word with the military orphanage of that town him about the banns.

"Well," said the vicar, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, it's the girl's name."

"Hasn't it been given correctly?" want you to put another girl's name mind and would rather marry Mary 'Arris instead of Sarah Jenkins."

The vicar lectured the youth upon his fickleness and told him if he wanted any alteration it would be necessary to make a fresh start and have the Dannenberg, Sept. 16, 1813. The Prusbanns published afresh.

"What, and pay another shilling?" gasped the lover. "Certainly," replied the vicar.

let it be as it is, and I'll marry my first love."-Pearson's Weekly.

Enlivened His Sermon.

A minister of Crosmichael, in Fife, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing and indeed passage from Exodus one day, he proceeded thus: "'And the Lord said unto Moses'-sneck that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yersel' ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yeman, he didna let it stay muckle open. 'And the Lord said unto Moses'-I see I'm sure, man, ve're clear o' the soogh o' that door there. Keep aff your ban- habit.-London Globe. net, Thamas, and if your bare pow be cauld ye maun just get a gray worsted wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear -plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for ma'am?" And he held aloft a lump of 10 pence apiece." The revere tleman then proceeded with his dis- the sirioin steak, course.

A Sample of His Nerve.

great friend of Captain William is tender." O'Nelll, the rough rider who was killed at Las Guasimas, Cuba, in the Spanish-American war. O'Nelli was sheriff of Tucson, Ariz, when Taylor became acquainted with him, and on more than one occasion the cowboy rendered the easterner a service.

"Did O'Neill deserve the reputation he held for nerve?" Taylor was once asked.

"Well," he said and then hesitated, as if careful to choose the right words, "I don't think there was anything that Bucky O'Neill was afraid of. Once he went into a den where ten of the pals of a murderer and train robber he was after were gathered, laid his hand on the man's shoulder and walked him out. He had not a friend or ally within sight or hearing. Was that nerve?"

She Had Tested the Oyster.

Dora, the pet of the household, was very fond of oysters, and after eating her lunch of oysters and crackers she thought of her dear mother busy at her sewing machine. She selected a nice large oyster, put it in a plate and carried it to her mother, who, pleased with her little daughter's thoughtfulness, ate the oyster and said:

"It is most as good as my little

"Yes," answered Dora, "I know it is good 'cause I licked it all the way from the kitchen."-Delineator.

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Persuasion.

Dr. A. is a specialist in nervous allments. In his most successful cases "persuasion" has played an important role. Six-year-old Frank has evidently had opportunity to imbibe his father's views on the efficacy of persuasion, which, Dr. A. contends, appeals

It was only a few mornings ago that Mrs. A. overheard an altercation in the kitchen between Master Frank and the cook. Mary's voice rose in loud scene and arrived just in time to see her son seize a convenient broom and threaten Mary.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed in horrified amazement, "what are you

But Frank was equal to the occasion. "I'm just trying to persuade Mary for some angel cake," he ex-

plained in a matter of fact way. If this treatment may not have appealed to Mary's highest psychic functions it at any rate tickled her sense of humor. Frank gained his point .-New York Times.

A Woman Soldier.

Eleonore Prochaska, born March 11, she became a cook in some citizen's house. When the great war against Napoleon broke out in 1813 she was led away by enthusiasm to quit her town secretly. By selling her poor be-"Oh, yes, it's correct enough, but I longings she procured male attire and weapons and enlisted under the name for the third calling. I've changed my of August Renz in the Lutzow corps. On account of her tall, slender figure her sex was not discovered until she was mortally wounded. This happened in the encounter in the Gohrde forest, Regierungsbezirk, Luneburg, Kreis sians were there attempting to storm a hill occupied by the French, she acting as a drummer. In 1863 a monument in memory of her was erected in "Well, in that case you had better the churchyard at Dannenberg and another in 1889 in the old churchyard of Potsdam.-London Sketch.

Stone Eaters.

Sir James Ross in the course of his travels noted a curious fact with regard to the penguin-namely, the habit irreverent familiarity. Expounding a of swallowing stones. In one specimen he found ten pounds weight of quartz, granite and trap. Other animals, reptiles, fishes and mammals exhibit the same strange fancy. In a paper contributed to the proceedings of the Bristol Naturalists' society W. dam Tamson, the bellman, got his H. Wicks has collected a number of death o' cauld, and I'm sure, honest facts connected with such stomach stones. The fact noted by Mr. Wicks that the pebbles are usually white a man aseath the laft wi' his hat on. quartz is interesting, but does not appear to throw any light on the strange

> A Rude Youth. "How do you account for this,

The landlady slightly flushed.

"I suppose the poor cows sometimes stray along the railroad track," she Buck Taylor, the showman, was a said. "But you must admit the steak

He thumped the coal with his knife. "Yes," he said harshly, "locomotive "ender."

And the meal progressed in silence. -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Concrete.

Concrete itself is, of course, very old. The concrete stairs of Colchester and Rochester castles still show the marks of the incasing boards. The dome of Agrippa's pantheon, which is 142 feet in diameter, is of concrete, and fragments of concrete buildings are found in Mexico and Peru.-London Spectator.

Wealthy Poverty.

There are still many houses in the country in England where the owners are unconscious of the fact that, while they themselves are apparently poor, they possess fortunes in furniture and pictures .- Town and Country.

Too General.

Little Eph-Mammy, who was Venus? Mammy-Fo' de law's sake, I knows so many Venuses-Venus Jonsing, Venus Smiff-an', look heah, chile, you mus' be mo' splicit!-New York Journal.

Every man who rises to any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way.-Bayne.

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