

# A GRIZZLY HUNT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



Copyright, 1893, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Published under arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

**I**F out in the late fall or early spring, it is often possible to follow a bear's trail in the snow; having come upon it either by chance or hard hunting, or else having found where it leads from some carcass on which the beast has been feeding. In the pursuit one must exercise great caution, as at such times the hunter is easily seen a long way off, and game is always especially watchful for any foe that may follow its trail.

Once I killed a grizzly in this manner. It was early in the fall, but snow lay



A slight whistle brought him to a stand on the ground, while the gray weather boded a storm. My camp was in a bleak, wind-swept valley, high among the mountains which form the divide between the head-waters of the Salmon and Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. At dawn I rose and shook myself free of the buffalo robe, coated with hoarfrost. The bushes of the fire were lifeless; in the dim morning the air was bitter cold. I did not linger a moment, but snatched up my rifle, pulled on my fur cap and gloves, and strode off up a side ravine; as I walked I ate some mouthfuls of venison, left over from supper.

Two hours of toil up the steep mountain brought me to the top of a spur. The sun had risen, but was hidden behind a bank of sullen clouds. On the divide I halted, and gazed out over a vast landscape, inconceivably wild and dismal. For two hours I walked on wards across the ridges and valleys. Then among some scattered spruces, where the snow lay to the depth of half a foot, I suddenly came on the fresh, broad trail of a grizzly. The brute was evidently roaming restlessly about in search of a winter den, but willing, in passing, to pick up any food that lay handy. At once I took the trail, travelling above and to one side, and keeping a sharp look-out ahead. The bear was going across wind, and this made my task easy. I walked rapidly, though cautiously.

At last, peering cautiously over a ridge crowned with broken rocks, I saw my quarry, a big, burly bear, with silvery fur. He had halted on an open hill-side, and was busily digging up the caches of some rock gophers or squirrels. He seemed absorbed in his work, and the stalk was easy. Slipping quietly back, I ran towards the end of the spur, and in ten minutes struck a ravine, of which one branch ran past within seventy yards of where the bear was working. In this ravine was a rather close growth of stunted evergreens, affording good cover, although in one or two places I had to lie down and crawl through the snow. When I reached the point for which I was aiming, the bear had just finished rooting, and was starting off. A slight whistle brought him to a standstill, and I drew a bead behind his shoulder and low down, resting the rifle across the crooked branch of a dwarf spruce. At the crack he ran off at speed, making no sound, but the thick spatter of blood splashes, showing clear on the white snow, betrayed the mortal nature of the wound. For some minutes I followed the trail; and then, topping a ridge, I saw the dark bulk lying motionless in a snow drift at the foot of a low rock-wall down which he had tumbled.

One day while camped near the Bitter Root Mountains in Montana I found that a bear had been feeding on the carcass of a moose which lay some five miles from the little open glade in which my tent was pitched, and I made up my mind to try to get a shot at it that afternoon. I stayed in camp till about three o'clock, lying lazily back on the bed of sweet-smelling ever

green boughs, watching the pack poles as they stood under the pines on the edge of the open, stamping now and then, and switching their tails. The air was still, the sky a glorious blue; at that hour in the afternoon even the September sun was hot.

When the shadows began to lengthen, I shouldered my rifle and plunged into the woods. At first my route lay along a mountain side; then for half a mile over a windfall, the dead timber piled about in crazy confusion. After that I went up the bottom of a valley by a little brook, the ground being carpeted with a sponge of soaked moss.

At the head of this brook was a pond covered with water lilies; and a scramble through a rocky pass took me into a high, wet valley, where the thick growth of spruce was broken by occasional strips of meadow. In this valley the moose carcass lay, well at the upper end.

In moccasin feet I trod softly through the soundless woods. Under the dark branches it was already dusk, and the air had the cool chill of evening. As I neared the clump where the body lay I walked with redoubled caution, watching and listening with strained alertness. Then I heard a twig snap; and my blood leaped, for I knew the bear was at his supper. In another moment I saw his shaggy brown form. He was working with all his awkward giant strength, trying to bury the carcass, twisting it to one side and the other with wonderful ease.

One he got angry and suddenly gave it a tremendous cuff with his paw; in his bearing he had something half humorous, half devilish. I crept up within forty yards; but for several minutes he would not keep his head still. Then something attracted his attention in the forest, and he stood motionless looking towards it, broadside to me, with his fore-paws planted on the carcass. This gave me my chance. I drew a very fine bead between his eye and ear, and pulled trigger. He dropped like a steer when struck with a pole-axe.

If there is a good hiding-place handy it is better to lie in wait at the carcass. One day on the head-waters of the Madison, I found that a bear was coming to an elk I had shot some days before; and I at once determined to ambush the beast when he came back that evening. The carcass lay in the middle of a valley a quarter of a mile broad. The bottom of this valley was covered by an open forest of tall pines; a thick jungle of smaller evergreens marked where the mountains rose on either hand. There were a number of large rocks scattered here and there, one, of very convenient shape, being only some seventy or eighty yards from the carcass. Up this I clambered. It hid me perfectly and on its top was a carpet of soft pine needles, on which I could lie at my ease.

Hour after hour passed by. Every slight noise made my pulses throb as I lay motionless on the rock gazing intently into the gathering gloom. I began to fear that it would grow too dark to shoot before the grizzly came.

Suddenly and without warning, the great bear stepped out of the bushes and trod across the pine needles with such swift and silent footsteps that its bulk seemed unreal. It was very cautious, continually halting to peer around; and once it stood up on its hind legs and looked long down the valley towards the red west. As it reached the carcass I put a bullet between its shoulders. It rolled over, while the woods resounded with its savage roaring. Immediately it struggled to its feet and staggered off; and fell again to the next shot, squalling and yelling. Twice this was repeated, the brute being one of those bears which greet every wound with a great outcry, and sometimes seem to lose their feet when hit—although they will occasionally fight as savagely as their more silent brethren. In this case the wounds were mortal, and the bear died before reaching the edge of the thicket.

I spent much of the fall of 1880 hunting on the head-waters of the Salmon and Snake in Idaho and along the Montana boundary line from the Big Hole Basin and the head of the Wisdom River to the neighborhood of Red Rock Pass and to the north and west of Henry's Lake. During the last fortnight my companion was the old mountain man, named Griffith or Griffin—I cannot tell which, as he was always called either "Hank" or "Grif." He was a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he was worn out with age and rheumatism, and his temper had failed even faster than his bodily strength. He showed me a greater variety of game than I had ever seen before in so short a time nor did I ever before of a hunt make so successful a hunt. But he was an exceedingly disagreeable companion on account of his surly, moody ways. I generally had to get up first, to kindle the fire and make ready breakfast, and he was very quarrelsome. Finally, during my absence from camp one day, while not very far from Red Rock pass, he found my

whiskey-flask, which I kept purely for emergencies, and drank all the contents.

When I came back he was quite drunk. This was unbearable, and after some high words I left him, and struck off homeward through the woods on my own account. We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which possessed the invaluable trait of always staying near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping-bag, a fur coat, and my washing kit, with a couple of spare pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs. I walked, while the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having hold the larlat which served as halter.

As dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook, with crystal water. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, kneehaltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

As I was thinking of turning towards camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowly off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterwards found, ranging downward and piercing one lung.

At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off. After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hill-side, a little above. He turned his head stiffly towards me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball, which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth,



He made a vicious side blow at me, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onwards, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

NEXT WEEK: "Hunting Deer on Horseback"

### A Good Movement.

Next year it will be fifty years since the Civil War was concluded, and the various counties throughout the State are preparing to celebrate the occasion by having what is often termed an "Old Home Week." It will be in honor of the soldier who faced shot and shell in that dreadful struggle from 1860 to '65, Centre County stands first in the list as being loyal to the cause, and from her presidencies went many true and brave men who fought valiantly for the cause. Centre County should be the first to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of this noted event, because it furnished one of the most prominent figures in the war, in the person of Andrew G. Curtin, familiarly known as the "War Governor of Pennsylvania." It was through him that Abraham Lincoln received much encouragement to carry the great conflict to a successful conclusion. Being honored with such a prominent personage, in such a critical time, it would be nothing more than in keeping with Centre County's pride to prepare for an event that would fitly commemorate the gallant deeds of her sons. Let us have a Centre County reunion of all the "Old Folks" from far and near, a homecoming for all, but especially for the "Old Soldiers" and in their honor at this time.

It is not looking far in the future to say there will be few more appropriate opportunities for such a gathering. Then it will be a novel feature for the people of our county to hold an "Old Folks" gathering, and for that reason we believe that it would prove an enjoyable event for all our people.

### What a Woman Will Not Do.

There is nothing a woman would not do to regain her lost beauty. She ought to be fully as zealous in preserving her good looks. The herb drink called Lane's Family Medicine or Lane's Tea is the most efficient aid in preserving a beautiful skin, and will do more than anything else to restore the roses to faded cheeks. At all druggists' and dealers. 25c.

### MAY MEET AT COLLEGE.

Owing to the contemplated extended repairs at the court house, the next annual institute of Centre county's pedagogues may be held at Pennsylvania State College, although Petriken Hall would answer the purpose just as well as the court house. The most practical place to hold the "Teachers' Institute" in the county seat, and not drag it all over the county as if it was a circus or a merry-go-round. Here is found the necessary accommodations for the teachers and the evening lectures are well attended by our people. It would be a most excellent scheme to have an excursion to State College during the week, but to hold the institute there would be a mistake. It is to be hoped that County Superintendent D. O. Eters will thoroughly consider the matter before he comes to a decision.

### May's Hair-Health

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Refuse all substitutes. \$1.00 and 50c. Bottles, at Druggists. Is Not a Dye. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Hair." Philadelphia Spec. Co., Newark, N. J.

### Pure Food

an essential to

### Good Health

Nearly every state in the union, as well as the Federal Government, has realized the need, as well as the wisdom, of enacting PURE FOOD LAWS for the protection of the General Health of the public. In these days of ingenuity in all lines of manufacture, the processes for imitating the GENUINE, by placing inferior goods on the market, no where has been more widely practiced than in the general line of groceries and Food Products.

Inferior adulterations of all kinds abound. They are, to all appearance, pure and nourishing, but invariably are injurious, and in some cases fatal. For many years the firm of SECHLER & CO., BELLEFONTE, has been a by-word and a God-send to the housewife for the reason that the name alone always was a guarantee of purity and quality in any thing that came from this famous grocery store. The long experience in this one line enables SECHLER & CO. to buy intelligently and sell reliable groceries to those who appreciate the fact that PURE GROCERIES are the CHEAPEST FOOD, and an assurance of good health to the consumer.

What you buy from SECHLER & CO. is always right and the price consistent every day of the week, and every week of the year.

When you have intelligent consideration of your health, the matter of providing for your table should be the first to enlist your attention, and that is why SECHLER & CO.'S Grocery Store can supply every want.

Sechler & Company, Bellefonte, Pa.

### Who Can Answer?

When the territory along the lower Bald Eagle was part of Centre county a Revolutionary soldier, by the name of John Boggs, was an inhabitant of that section. Mr. Boggs, after his death, was buried in the Union Cemetery in Bellefonte, but his last resting place, the location of the grave, is not known, hence it can not be honored with floral tributes on Memorial Day. Mrs. Harry Valentine, who takes patriotic interest in the matter of keeping green the memory of all departed heroes, is desirous to find the tomb of Mr. Boggs, and having been informed that some person to her unknown can tell where the grave is, she will consider it a great favor to have the information imparted.

### Must Measure Public Roads.

The act of assembly approved the 12th day of May, 1909, the supervisors of the highways of the several townships are required within six months after the passage of the act to measure all public roads in their respective townships. Such measurements shall be made either by the use of a cyclometer or otherwise as the board may direct, and the supervisors shall report the number of miles of road in each township to the said highway commissioner.

**WAVERLY**  
30 Years  
Experience in the manufacture of Gasoline means much to the motorist. In the use of  
**Waverly Brands**  
76°—  
Motor—Stove—  
you are guaranteed the greatest possible efficiency—instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion—freedom from carbon deposits on spark plugs or in cylinders—ready ignition. Your dealer will supply you.  
Waverly Oil Works Co.  
Independent Refiners  
Pittsburg, Pa.  
**GASOLINE**

**EASIEST AND QUICKEST LAID ROOF**  
**CORTRIGHT**  
Any competent mechanic can make a better and more durable roof with CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES than the most expert roofer can make with any other material. Four artistic designs—every shingle made to fit into another—no solder, no seams, fewer nails, least cutting, little weight, less than half the work. Proof against water, fire, lightning, wind. Shipped painted or galvanized, and will outlast all other kinds of roofing. Write for our three free books and the name of your neighbor who has a Cortright Roof.  
If we have no local representative at your place, write direct to  
**CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING CO., 50 N. 23d St., Philadelphia**

**A. E. Schad**  
FINE  
**SANITARY FLUMBING**  
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.  
Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Gas Fitting,  
Furnace, Steam and  
Hot Water  
Heating,  
Slatting,  
Tin Roofing,  
Spouting,  
All kinds of  
Tinware  
made to order.

**Get Busy**  
and have that inside Painting and Papering done now, before the rush, which is almost now at hand. We still have some Big Bargains in Wall Paper, in the Remnant Sale of one and two-room lots, these papers reduced one-third and one-half off for cash. Our line of Wall Paper was never as complete as it is now, ranging in price from 5c Per single roll to \$1.50. Give us a call and be convinced.  
**E. J. ECKENROTH'S,**  
BUSH ARCADE.  
Dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnish, Glass, Wall Paper, etc.  
Picture Framing a specialty.

**WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR MONEY TO EARN 20 Per Cent.?**  
Such a question is almost superfluous; all you naturally want to know is how and where you can get the twenty, on your surplus capital. Here is the opportunity.  
The fact that we own and control a large number of building lots, we are in position to offer the BEST PROPOSITION IN REAL ESTATE THAT HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC IN THE STATE OF PENNA.  
We have for sale one new 11-room house, centrally located. Lots sold on easy terms. Great demand for houses and rooms at State College. Houses renting here now from \$25 to \$100 per month and not a vacant house in town.  
Russell Sage said "your Real Estate will make your old age comfortable."  
State College has the brightest future of any town in the State. It is the ideal town for home and education.  
Call and see our proposition and select for yourself one of the choice lots. Free transportation to anyone buying a lot in the next 30 days. Call or write  
**LEATHERS BROTHERS,**  
Commercial Phone. STATE COLLEGE, PA.  
"The Best Investment on Earth is in the Earth Itself."