

HUNTING THE WOLF BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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THOUGH I have never known wolves to attack a man, yet in the wilder portion of the far Northwest I have heard them come around camp very close, growling so savagely as to make one almost reluctant to leave the camp fire and go out into the darkness unarm.

Once I was camped in the fall near a lonely little lake in the mountains, by the edge of quite a broad stream. Soon after nightfall three or four wolves came around camp and kept me awake by their sinister and dismal howling. Two or three times they came so close to the fire that I could hear them snap their jaws and growl, and at one time I positively thought that they intended to try to get into camp, so excited were they by the smell of the fresh meat. After a while they stopped howling; and then all was silent for an hour or so. I let the fire go out and was turning into bed when I suddenly heard some animal of considerable size come down to the stream nearly opposite me and begin to splash across, first wading, then swimming. It was pitch dark, and I could not possibly see, but I felt sure it was a wolf. However after coming half-way over it changed its mind and swam back to the opposite bank; nor did I see or hear anything more of the night marauders.

Five or six times on the plains or on my ranch I have had shots at wolves, always obtained by accident and always, I regret to say, missed. Often the wolf when seen was running at full speed for cover, or else was so far off that though motionless my shots went wide of it. But once have I with my own rifle killed a wolf, and this was while travelling with a pack train in the mountains. We had been making considerable noise, and I never understood how an animal so wary permitted our near approach. He did, nevertheless, and just as we came to a little stream which we were to ford I saw him get on a dead log some thirty yards distant and walk slowly off with his eyes turned toward us. The first shot smashed his shoulders and brought him down.

The wolf is one of the animals which can only be hunted successfully with dogs. Most dogs, however, do not take at all kindly to the pursuit. A wolf is a terrible fighter. He will decimate a pack of hounds by rapid snaps with his giant jaws while suffering little damage himself; nor are the ordinary big dogs, supposed to be fighting dogs, able to tackle him without special training. I have known one wolf to kill a bulldog which had rushed at it with a single snap.

The true way to kill wolves, however, is to hunt them with greyhounds on the great plains. Nothing more exciting than this sport can possibly be imagined. It is not always necessary that the greyhounds should be of absolutely pure blood. Prize-winning dogs of high pedigree often prove useless for the purpose.

Once I had the good fortune to witness a very exciting hunt of this character among the foot-hills of the northern Rockies. I was staying at the house of a friendly cowman, whom I will call Judge Yancy Stump. He was

cross between a greyhound and a foxhound, and two others that were crosses between a greyhound and a wire-haired Scotch deer-hound. Old man Prindle's contribution to the pack consisted of two immense brindled mongrels of great strength and ferocious temper.

As I was very anxious to see a wolf-hunt the Judge volunteered to get one up, and asked old man Prindle to assist, for the sake of his two big fighting dogs; though the very names of the latter, General Grant and Old Abe, were gall and wormwood to the unreconstructed soul of the Judge. Still they were the only dogs anywhere around capable of tackling a savage timber wolf, and without their aid the Judge's own high-spirited animals ran a serious risk of injury, for they were altogether too game to let any beast escape without a struggle.

Luck favored us. Two wolves had killed a calf and dragged it into a long patch of dense brush where there was a little spring, the whole furnishing admirable cover for any wild beast. Early in the morning we started on horseback for this bit of cover, which was some three miles off. The party consisted of the Judge, old man Prindle, a cowboy, myself, and the dogs. The Judge and I carried our rifles and the cowboy his revolver, but old man Prindle had nothing but a heavy whip, for he swore, with many oaths, that no one should interfere with his big dogs, for by themselves they would surely "make the wolf feel sicker than a stuck hog." Our shaggy ponies rucked along at a five-mile gait over the dewy prairie grass. The two big dogs trotted behind their master, grim and ferocious. The track-hounds were tied in couples, and the beautiful greyhounds loped lightly and gracefully alongside the horses. The country was fine. A mile to our right a small plain river wound in long curves between banks fringed with cottonwoods. Two or three miles to our left the foot-hills rose sheer and bare, with clumps of black pine and cedar in their gorges. We rode over gently rolling prairie, with here and there patches of brush at the bottoms of the slopes around the dry watercourses.

At last we reached a somewhat deeper valley, in which the wolves were harbored. Wolves lie close in the daytime and will not leave cover if they can help it; and as they had both food and water within we knew it was most unlikely that this couple would be gone. The valley was a couple of hundred yards broad and three or four times as long, filled with a growth of ash and dwarf elm and cedar, thorny underbrush choking the spaces between. Posting the cowboy, to whom he gave his rifle, with two greyhounds on one side of the upper end, and old man Prindle with two others on the opposite side, while I was left at the lower end to guard against the possibility of the wolves breaking back, the Judge himself rode into the thicket near me and loosened the track-hounds to let them find the wolves' trail. The big dogs also were uncoupled and allowed to go in with the hounds. Their power of scent was very poor, but they were sure to be guided aright by the baying of the hounds, and their presence would give confidence to the latter and make them ready to rout the wolves out of the thicket, which they would probably have shrunk from doing alone. There was a moment's pause of expectation after the Judge entered the thicket with his hounds. We sat motionless on our horses, eagerly looking through the keen fresh morning air. Then a clamorous baying from the thicket in which both the horseman and dogs had disappeared showed that the hounds had struck the trail of their quarry and were running on a hot scent. For a couple of minutes we could not be quite certain which way the game was going to break. The hounds ran zigzag through the brush, as we could tell by their baying, and once some yelping and a great row showed that they had come rather closer than they had expected upon at least one of the wolves.

In another minute, however, the latter found it too hot for them and bolted from the thicket. My first notice of this was seeing the cowboy, who was standing by the side of his horse, suddenly throw up his rifle and fire, while the greyhounds who had been springing high in the air, half maddened by the clamor in the thicket below, for a moment dashed off the wrong way, confused by the report of the gun. I rode for all I was worth to where the cowboy stood, and instantly caught a glimpse of two wolves, grizzled-gray and brown, which having been turned by his shot had started straight over the hill across the plain toward the mountains three miles away. As soon as I saw them I saw also that the rearmost of the couple had been hit somewhere in the body and was lagging behind, the blood running from its flanks, while the two greyhounds were racing after it; and at the same moment the track-hounds and the big dogs burst out of the thicket, yelling savagely as they struck the bloody trail. The wolf was hard hit, and staggered as he ran. He did not have a hundred yards' start

of the dogs, and in less than a minute one of the greyhounds ranged up and passed him with a savage snap that brought him to; and before he could recover the whole pack rushed at him. Weakened as he was he could make no effective fight against so many foes, and indeed had a chance for but one or two rapid snaps before he was thrown down and completely covered by the bodies of his enemies. Yet with one of these snaps he did damage, as a shrill yell told, and in a second an over-rash track-hound came out of the struggle with a deep gash across his shoulders. The worrying, growling, and snarling were terrific, but in a minute the heaving mass grew motionless and the dogs drew off, save one or two that still continued to worry the dead wolf as it lay stark and stiff with glazed eyes and ruffled fur.

No sooner were we satisfied that it was dead than the Judge, with cheers and oaths and crackings of his whip, urged the dogs after the other wolf. The two greyhounds that had been with old man Prindle had fortunately not been able to see the wolves when they first broke from the cover, and never saw the wounded wolf at all, starting off at full speed after the unwounded one the instant he topped the crest of the hill. He had taken advantage of a slight hollow and turned, and now the chase was crossing us half a mile away. With whip and spur we flew towards them, our two greyhounds stretching out in front and leaving us



He rose on his hind legs like a wrestler.

as if we were standing still, the track-hounds and big dogs running after them just ahead of the horses. Fortunately the wolf plunged for a moment into a little brushy hollow and again doubled back, and this gave us a chance to see the end of the chase from nearby. The two greyhounds which had first taken up the pursuit were then but a short distance behind. Nearer they crept until they were within ten yards, and then with a tremendous race the little bitch ran past him and inflicted a vicious bite in the big beast's ham. He whirled around like a top and his jaws clashed like those of a sprung bear-trap, but quick though he was she was quicker and just cleared his savage rush. In another moment he resumed his flight at full speed, a speed which only that of the greyhounds exceeded; but almost immediately the second greyhound ranged alongside, and though he was not able to bite, because the wolf kept running with its head turned around threatening him, yet by his felts he delayed the beast's flight so that in a moment or two the remaining couple of swift horns arrived on the scene.

For a moment the wolf and all four dogs galloped along in a bunch; then one of the greyhounds, watching his chance, pinned the beast cleverly by the hock and threw him completely over. The other jumped on it in an instant; but rising by main strength the wolf shook himself free, catching one dog by the ear and tearing it half off. Then he sat down on his haunches and the greyhounds ranged themselves around him some twenty yards off, forming a ring which forbade his retreat, though they themselves did not dare touch him. However, the end was at hand. In another moment Old Abe and General Grant came running up at headlong speed and smashed into the wolf like a couple of battering-rams. He rose on his hind-legs like a wrestler as they came at him, the greyhounds also rising and bouncing up and down like rubber balls. I could just see the wolf and the first big dog locked together, as the second one made good his throat-hold. In another moment over all three tumbled, while the greyhounds and one or two of the track-hounds jumped in to take part in the killing. The big dogs more than occupied the wolf's attention and took all the punishing, while in a trice one of the greyhounds, having seized him by the hind-leg, stretched him out, and the others were biting his undefended belly. The snarling and yelling of the worry made a noise so fiendish that it was fairly bloodcurdling; then it gradually died down, and the second wolf lay limp on the plain, killed by the dogs unassisted. This wolf was rather heavier and decidedly taller than either of the big dogs, with more sinewy feet and longer fangs.

Prof. A. H. Espenshade and Dr. Gill, of State College, represented Penn State at the inaugural of Dr. W. A. Shanklin as president of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., last week. Both gentlemen are graduates of this institution.

CAME FROM IOWA TO SECURE WIFE

THE LASS A LITTLE TIMID, BUT YET WILLING

WILL LOOK NEW HOME OVER

Accompanied the Man to Iowa Where She May Say the Final Word—Interesting Romance—Their First Meeting.

A few weeks ago a man from the west arrived at Beech Creek and made inquiry for Mrs. Amanda Shearer, a widow. This lady had been the house-keeper for John P. DeHaas at the Bellevue until the day before the man appeared on the scene. He was considerably disappointed when he found that the lady had gone to Mill Hall and told Mr. DeHaas to hurry and drive him where she was, as his time was worth something to him. He was taken to the family with whom Mrs. Shearer was temporarily visiting, and there they met for the first time. It appears that the gentleman came east after considerable correspondence and an exchange of photographs, the opportunity coming through relatives of Mrs. Shearer residing in Iowa, who are neighbors of the gentleman. The latter seemed in no hurry to get back west after he met Mrs. Shearer and time did not seem to be worth so much as it did before he found her. He is a man between 55 and 60 years old, speaks with a decidedly German accent and is reputed to own a farm in Iowa and another in southwestern Kansas. However, Mrs. Shearer did not rely wholly upon the advice of her western relatives and before giving her consent to marry the gentleman, determined to accompany him to Iowa where she will visit her relatives and in the meantime she will look things over. If she likes the west and the circumstances are favorable, she has written to friends here, that she will locate there, but if she is not favorably impressed, she will return east as Mrs. Shearer still. She is a woman aged about 40 years and lived in Beech Creek township until the death of her husband a few years ago. She has no children. The pair left Mill Hall on Friday for Iowa.—Lock Haven Express.

FANCY PRICES HALTED.

Lock Haven Express says farmers and hucksters who anticipated realizing fancy prices on potatoes this winter, and who claimed that butter would sell at 50 cents a pound in Williamsport, have just received a sudden jar. Potatoes were retailing at \$1 a bushel some weeks ago, but grocers and produce dealers in that city have received car after car of tubers, purchased elsewhere, and are selling them now at 65 to 75 cents. Butter, which was in oversupply on account of the fancy prices asked, sold after market hours on Saturday when peddled about the city as low as 25 cents a pound. Practically the same conditions presented themselves in Lock Haven, but

some merchants at once began to receive cars of potatoes from other districts and the price dropped from \$1 to 45 and 70 cents. Cabbage which crop was actually scarce in some districts of Clinton county may be purchased now as low as one cent a pound, two choice cars of Danish cabbage having already reached here.

Heavy Shipment of Apples.
Three Selinsgrove exporters of Snyder county apples this fall shipped out 28,000 bushels, which brought on an average of \$14,000 in the city markets. The apples came mostly from the townships along the Susquehanna.

That the way some young men in Bellefonte get in company with certain girls is, they put up a big bluff.

FIFTEEN HEADACHES CURED FOR 10¢ BY MOYER'S HEADACHE TABLETS FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

OUR \$3.00 SHOES



We have just secured from the best manufacturers the best Three Dollar Shoes they could make. These Shoes acknowledge no equals at the price.

WOMEN'S STYLES
Selected leathers, Artistic Shoemaking, Button or lace models, Medium Toes and Cuban Heels, Turn or welt sewed. New perforations. Every size and width.

MEN'S STYLES
There are several choice models. Splendid leathers. Swing or straight lasts. Conservative styles or Shoe smartness. Button, Lace or Bluchers.

We fit each Shoe perfectly and not one person in a hundred can distinguish these splendid Shoes from the higher price members of our Shoe Family.

MINGLE'S SHOE STORE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

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

Central R. R. of Pa. Train Schedule
Leave Bellefonte—
For Mill Hall... 7:05 a.m., 9:30 and 6:50 p.m.
Leave Mill Hall—
For Bellefonte... 8:33 a.m., 3:56 and 8:30

Say Now, "I Will Try These Foods Shot from Guns"

Order one package, either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Then you will know the whole story.

Hear what your folks say when they taste the gigantic grains. See if they ask for more.

Do this tomorrow—order the package now. Do it to learn just how much you are missing.

Hosts of housewives have already done this, and been glad that we told them to do it.

Puffed Wheat—10c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

And their folks have been glad.

For no other cereal foods can compare with them. None are even half so good.

The result is this: Those folks last month served seventeen million dishes of these delightful foods.

Can you doubt that you are going to like them as well as the rest of the world?

One package will tell.

Puffed Rice—15c

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company



The worrying, growling and snarling were terrific.

at daggers drawn with his nearest neighbor, a cross-grained mountain farmer, who may be known as old man Prindle. There was one point, however, on which the two came together. They were exceedingly fond of hunting with hounds. The Judge had three or four track-hounds, and four of what he called swift-hounds, the latter including one pure-bred greyhound bitch of wonderful speed and temper, a dun-colored yelping animal which was a