

HUNTING THE WHITE-TAILED DEER

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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ONE afternoon, while most of us were away from the ranch-house, one of the cowboys, riding in from his day's outing over the range, brought word that he had seen two white-tail deer, a buck and a doe, feeding with some cattle on the side of a hill across the river, and not much more than half a mile from the house. There was about an hour of daylight left, and one of the foremen, a tall, fine-looking fellow named Ferris, the best rider on the range, but not an unusually good shot, started out at once after the deer. Ferris found the deer easily enough, but they started before he could get a standing shot at them, and when he fired as they ran, he only broke one of the buck's hind legs, just above the ankle. He followed it in the snow for several miles, across the river, and down near the house to the end of the bottom, and then back toward the house. The buck was a cunning old beast, keeping in the densest cover, and often doubling back on his trail and sneaking off to one side as his pursuer passed by. Finally it grew too dark to see the tracks any longer, and Ferris came home.

Next morning early we went out to where he had left the trail, feeling very sure from his description of the place (which was less than a mile from the house) that we would get the buck; for when he had abandoned the pursuit the deer was in a cove of bushes and young trees some hundreds of yards across, and in this it had doubtless spent the night.

When we got to the thicket we first made a circuit round it to see if the wounded animal had broken cover, but though there were fresh deer tracks leading both in and out of it, none of them were made by a cripple; so we knew he was still within. After working some little time we hit on the right trail, finding where the buck had turned into the thickest growth. While Ferris followed carefully in on the tracks, I stationed myself further on toward the outside, knowing that the buck would in all likelihood start up wind. In a minute or two Ferris came on the buck where he had passed the night, and which he had evidently just left; a shot informed me that the game was on foot, and immediately afterward the cracking and snapping of the branches were heard as the deer rushed through them. I ran as rapidly and quietly as possible toward the place where the sounds seemed to indicate that he would break cover, stopping under a small tree. A minute afterward he appeared, some thirty yards off on the edge of the thicket, and halted for a second to look round before going into the open. Only his head and antlers were visible above the bushes which hid from view the rest of his body. He turned his



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head sharply toward me as I raised the rifle, and the bullet went fairly into his throat, just under the jaw, breaking his neck, and bringing him down in his tracks with hardly a kick. He was a fine buck of eight points, unusually fat, considering that the rutting season was just over. We dressed it at once, and, as the house was so near, determined we would drag it over the snow ourselves, without going back for a horse. Each took an antler, and the body slipped along very easily, but so intense was the cold that we had to keep shifting sides all the time, the hand which grasped the horn becoming numb at most immediately.

When not much molested white-tail feed in the evening or late afternoon but if often shot at and chased they only come out at night. They are very

Ohio Oranges.
A Bellefontaine (Ind.) man who recently returned from Kenton, which is also a "dry" town now, says he went into a fruit store while there and asked for two oranges and laid down \$1. When the oranges were handed to him he found each one contained a tiny circular flask of whisky.

Workingman Senator in France.
The first workingman in France to be elected to the senate took his seat a few days ago. His name is Victor Reymoney, and he is employed in the arsenal at Tonlon.

neath the windward bank. Here we remained pretty well sheltered until the storm was over. Although it was August, the air became very cold. The wagon was fairly caught, and would have been blown over had it not been for the driver and horses escaped without injury, pressing under the leeward side, the storm coming so level that they did not need a roof to protect them from the hail. Where the center of the whirlwind struck it did great damage.

The wagon came on to the creek, along whose banks we had taken shelter, and we then went into camp. It rained all night, and there was a thick mist, with continual sharp showers, all the next day and night. The wheeling was, in consequence, very heavy, and after striking the Keogh trail, we were able to go along it but a few miles before the fagged-out look of the team and the approach of evening warned us that we should have to go into camp while still a dozen miles from any pool or spring. Accordingly we made what would have been a dry camp had it not been for the incessant down-pour of rain, which was gathered in the canvas wagon-sheet.

There was on hand in the lawyers' offices a collection of rifles running all the way from the little Winchester 22 repeater to the Springfield 30, the United States army rifle and the most powerful of its kind in the world. Taking the Winchester 22 first, Mr. Maxim fired a shot from the naked gun to give an idea of the report. Then he fired with the silencer attached. There was a click about as loud as one would make by snapping the trigger on an old-fashioned musket.

"Now," said Mr. Maxim, "if you will analyze that noise under proper conditions you will find out that it consists of two noises, one produced by the impact of the bullet, the other by the cleavage of the air. You don't hear the gun at all, although you may think you do. The proof of this comes when you make a test under military conditions, with the target at a sufficient range so that the impact of the bullet is not heard. Then you hear only the swish that comes from the initial cleavage of the air. At the target you hear the bullet strike and wait in vain for the report of the gun."

He went on next to test the silencer with a 22 Winchester automatic. The result was not as good with this weapon, because the ammunition chambers did not remain altogether closed, and a certain report came from the breach of the weapon. But the silencer applied to a Winchester 30 high power sporting rifle reduced its report to a "puck" that an air gun might make.

The same was the case with a six millimeter Mannlicher military rifle, a seven millimeter Mauser, a 32-40 Stevens marksmans target rifle and a Springfield 30, the new United States army rifle. The demonstration with the last gun was particularly convincing. After firing it a couple of times with the silencer Mr. Maxim took a little wooden frame to which was attached by a metallic paper clip one of his calling cards. This card he held by means of the muzzle of the gun and fired it without the silencer. The explosion of the gases not only blew the card to pieces, but shattered the wooden frame and put the paper clip out of commission. Then Mr. Maxim took another card and, having attached the silencer to the rifle, held it in his bare fingers in front of the muzzle. The gun was fired. Mr. Maxim exhibited a card with the "Mr." shot out of it as cleanly as though the bullet had traveled its target distance. The card was not burned and only slightly discolored by the gases.

Mr. Maxim explained also that the silencer diminished by about 50 per cent the recoil of a gun on which it was used. He was asked if it could be applied successfully to larger ordnance and replied in the affirmative. Mr. Maxim declared that it would be easier to apply the silencer than to small arms, for the reason that the element of weight would not be a problem to reckon with.

The Maxim silencer, which is attached to the muzzle of the gun, has the outward appearance of a thin steel tube a little longer and greater in diameter than a box of stick shaving soap. It weighs for the heaviest calling gun about seven ounces and for the lighter ones seven or eight ounces. Cut it open and inside one sees ten or twelve little disks or chambers, penetrated somewhat above the center by a hole slightly larger than the bullet which is expected to pass through. The center of the disk is pressed back and the outside edge is rolled over so as to make a thick ring, hollow on the inside.

When the disks are in place in the chamber the effect is that of a reversed turbine fastened to the muzzle of the gun. As the bullet is fired, clearing the silencer without interference because the hole through the series of disks is larger than the diameter of the bullet, the gases accompanying it are caught by the first disk and by virtue of its shape rotated very rapidly. Centrifugal force makes them fly out toward the periphery of the disk inside the rolled over ring, and it is only as they slow down that they can escape into the next disk, where the process is repeated. Hence the gases go into the third disk, then into the fourth, and so on until their force is entirely dissipated.

"It is just like stirring around a wash bowl full of water," explained Mr. Maxim. "You get it rotating fast enough and a hole will run right down through the center to the open escape pipe, but no water will run out."

The silencer is applied to the end of the barrel by means of a thread on which it screws.

Not Ducklike.
Mrs. Yeast—And did you at one time call your husband a duck? Mrs. Crimmon—Oh, yes. That was before I found out that he'd never take to water!—Yonkers Statesman.

His Cleverness.
Nell—Young Mr. Bigwad is no fool.
Delle—No. He's clever enough to have a rich father!—Philadelphia Record.

Never disclose your schemes lest their failure expose you to ridicule as well as disappointment.

Postal Course for Schools.
Postmaster O. C. W. Lang of Bayonne, N. J., recently sent to the board of education a communication asking that the pupils in the public schools be taught how to address and mail letters, how to make out a money order and how to register letters. The postmaster said that he had printed fifty booklets containing information, and he suggested that these be distributed. The board adopted the suggestion, and hereafter the pupils in all the public schools will receive instruction in postal matters once or twice a week.

Mrs. Longworth's Shell Chair.
Curious collections of shells are coming to the United States, and shells as ornaments in every sort of way are seen in modish homes. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth is fond of shells, and she got some exceptionally fine necklaces and bracelets in Hawaii. She has a lovely little shell rocking chair. The woodwork is inlaid with tiny iridescent shells and water color landscapes framed in exquisitely tinted shells. Navy men who go to the south seas are begged by their friends for the small opal shell which is seen so much just now strung on gold for neck.

SHOOTING IN SILENCE

Efficiency of Hiram P. Maxim's Sound Killer Proved. DEVICE USED ON MANY GUNS.

Report of an Army Rifle With "Silencer" Attached No Louder Than an Air Gun—Inventor Says the Device Will Work Perfectly on Cannon.

Hiram Percy Maxim gave the first public demonstration the other day of his new rifle silencer, the latest of his inventions, before a group of newspaper men in the offices of his firm of counselors in New York City. The silencer reduced the report from the highest powered rifles of this and foreign countries to the noise made by the initial cleavage of the air and the "puck" of the bullet as it struck in a packed sand backdrop. The whole sound was no louder than that made by the discharge of an air rifle in an inclosed gallery.



The bright-colored patch disappeared.

and in our oilskin overcoats in sufficient quantity to make coffee, having with infinite difficulty started a smoldering fire just to leeward of the wagon. The horses, feeding on the soaked grass, did not need water. An antelope, with the bold and heedless curiosity sometimes shown by its tribe, came up within two hundred yards of us as we were building the fire, but though one of us took a shot at him, it missed. Our shapes and oilskins had kept us perfectly dry, and as soon as our frugal supper was over, we coiled up among the boxes and bundles inside the wagon and slept soundly till daybreak.

When the sun rose next day, the third we were out, the sky was clear, and we two horsemen at once prepared to make a hunt. Some three miles off to the south of where we were camped, the plateau on which we were sloped off into a great expanse of broken ground, with chains upon chains of steep hills, separated by deep valleys, winding and branching in every direction, their bottoms filled with trees and brushwood. Toward this place we rode, intending to go into it some little distance, and then to hunt along through it near the edge.

As soon as we got down near the brushy ravine we rode along without talking, guiding the horses as far as possible on early places, where they would neither stumble nor strike their feet against stones, and not letting our rifle barrels or spurs clink against anything. Keeping outside of the brush, a little up the side of the hill, one of us would ride along each side of the ravine, examining intently with our eyes every clump of trees or brushwood. For some time we saw nothing, but, finally, as we were riding together round the jutting spur of a steep hill, my companion suddenly brought his horse to a halt, and pointing across the shelving bend to a patch of trees well up on the opposite side of a broad ravine, asked me if I did not see a deer in it. I was off the horse in a second, throwing the reins over his head. We were in the shadow of the cliff-shoulder, and with the wind in our favor; so we were unlikely to be observed by the game. I looked long and eagerly toward the spot indicated, which was about a hundred and twenty-five yards from us, but at first could see nothing. By this time, however, the experienced plainsman who was with me was satisfied that he was right in his supposition, and he told me to try again and look for a patch of red. I saw the patch at once, just glimmering through the bushes, but should certainly never have dreamed it was a deer if left to myself. Watching it attentively I soon saw it move enough to satisfy me where the head lay; kneeling on one knee and as it was a little beyond point-blank range, holding at the top of the portion visible, I pulled trigger, and the bright-colored patch disappeared from among the bushes. The aim was a good one, for, on riding up to the brink of the ravine, we saw a fine white-tail buck lying below us, shot through just behind the shoulder; he was still in the red coat, with his antlers in the velvet.

ODDITIES IN BILLS.

Freak Measures Introduced in the Legislatures.

Why Wisconsin Legislator Would Deception as to Sizes of Their Shoes—Skunks Protected in an Indiana Measure—Make Water Wagon a Common Carrier is Oklahoma Plan.

A bill in the Wisconsin legislature is designed to force shoe dealers to properly label women's shoes as to size. It was prepared by ex-Assemblyman Daggett of Milwaukee, who when a member of the lower house eight years ago made his sole claim to fame in the introduction of a bill to forbid the wearing of corsets by men or women. He said he didn't believe women needed corsets, because his wife wore none, and that a corset was an inducement to immorality in its effect on the vital organs. He now says that the American woman's shoe is largely responsible for the title "the weaker sex," for the woman who cannot stand comfortably because of a small shoe is unable to perform her part of the world's work properly.

Of the freak propositions introduced in the Oklahoma legislature by Representative Bill Durant, a Choctaw Indian, to make the water wagon a common carrier would possibly be termed the oddest anywhere except in state wide prohibition Oklahoma. But, taking the business world into consideration, the strangest is the measure introduced by Senator Reuben Roddie to limit the number of banks in a town by providing extremely high capitalization in proportion to the town's population.

Such a measure has actually become a necessity in Oklahoma because of the adoption in Guthrie of the guaranty bank deposit law. So many new banks were started when it became known that deposits were being guaranteed that the banking business of towns was badly split up, and numerous failures were feared.

Representative A. Ward Copley of Detroit has introduced a bill in the Michigan legislature to prohibit "Joy rides." It makes it a felony for any chauffeur to use a car without the owner's permission and for any one to ride in a car that is borrowed without the formality of saying "by your leave." At present Michigan laws do not have jurisdiction over this offense, and the employers have no recourse but to "fire" the offending chauffeur. The practice has resulted in a number of serious accidents.

A. J. Cameron, a New York book-binder, will present a bill to the Maine legislature for the interest on his claim for binding, which was adjusted in 1901. The state has never paid interest on its claims, and a creditor has sometimes been fortunate if he got the amount of the original bill. Cameron did a job for the state in 1878, but it was not until 1901 that he received his pay. Now he wants the interest, about \$2,000.

A freak bill appears on the calendar of the Indiana legislature, but its peculiarity was not intentional. It provides for the protection of wild fur bearing animals. A lynx eyed farmer discovered that muskrats and skunks will be protected, and he has pointed out that the ditches and earthworks that protect the farmer's land would be ruined by muskrats. As to skunks, he says, no argument is needed.

The bachelor tax bill by Senator Claude Hudspegh of Austin, Tex., is not the only odd measure pending before the Texas legislature. Bills have been introduced making it a felony to play baseball on Sunday. The blue laws of Texas are to be still further strengthened if pending measures are passed by prohibiting the sale of any article of merchandise on Sunday. This will close the drug stores along with all other businesses.

Representative J. M. Davis has introduced a bill into the Kansas legislature that provides for a bounty of 5 cents for each crow killed in Kansas and 1 cent for each egg of a crow destroyed. Some Kansas counties are infested with crows at certain times of the year. They appear in great flocks, ruin apple crops and do considerable damage to the corn.

A resolution has been introduced in the Iowa legislature prohibiting legislators from smoking in chambers and from putting their feet on desks while dictating to feminine committee clerks and stenographers.

America's Homecoming Fleet.
It has been around the world, everywhere its flag unfurled. And it's provided the very finest of its sort. Wherever it has sailed it has been with friendship hailed. And it's cheered our ships and men at every port. It has made our nation known a world power from zone to zone. And it's brought us a triumph as before. And the tributes it has won from a race to set of sun. It is bringing back in triumph to our door.

Not a finer set of men have the ports had in their day. Than the jockies on each Yankee battleship. Whether manning guns at post or at banquet, they've cheered our ships and men at every port. We have shown what we can do with a battleship and crew. We've proved how much we can do with a battleship and crew. We've proved how much we can do with a battleship and crew. We've proved how much we can do with a battleship and crew.

Art For Art's Sake.
"I like to see a man take an interest in his work."
"So do I. I once knew a policeman who was so enthusiastic that it positively pained him to see anybody out of jail!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The Wooing of Wilhelmina.

By Cecily Allen.

Of Wilhelmina's taste in dinner giving and the quality of her hospitality there could be no question. The first was above reproach; the second, like that of mercy, was not strained.

Of Wilhelmina's ability as an artist, however, there was very grave question indeed. Those who had no desire to defer to her dinners were very apt to pronounce her pictures daubs, which will explain why Dolson drew Remington aside and reviewed the situation. Dolson was taking Donald Remington, who had just returned from a year in England, to enjoy one of Wilhelmina's Sunday night dinners.

"You see, she hasn't had a fair chance yet, but she's awfully ambitious, and we all have hopes."

Remington nodded understandingly. He knew the type of artist, though the rosy colors in which Dolson had painted the dinner prospective had rather confused him.

"They lived on a farm—her folks had all kinds of money, blooded stock and all that—and they sent her to boarding



"I WANT TO BE YOUR TEACHER," HE SAID GENTLY.

school. You know how those finishing schools kill one's style."

"From finishing school to studio, eh?"

"Not much. You mustn't make any mistake. She isn't exactly a spring chicken. She'll never see thirty again. But we call her Wilhelmina because she likes it—makes her feel as if she was one of us."

"So does art defer to appetite," murmured Remington as he lit a fresh cigarette.

"Well, you wait. She went back home from school and took care of both the old folks till they died, three weeks apart. Then she sold out everything in Indiana and set up her studio here in New York. She's brought along a lot of the family heirlooms, mahogany, hand woven stuff and all that, and it's the greatest spot ever—"

"How about her pictures?" interrupted Remington good humoredly.

"Well, say, you want to be careful about those. She took the correspondence course in art after she went home, and you know what that means. She's an impressionist, and—"

"Never mind harrowing details. I am prepared for the worst."

Thirty minutes later he was standing, stricken dumb, in a most gracious presence. As he looked into her clear gray eyes, well set beneath a broad white forehead, he remembered having seen just one such face in his busy life. It was the face of an Englishwoman of title, whose peculiar gifts as a mother had made her greatly beloved of men.

"Did any one ever tell you how much you resemble the Countess of W.?" he demanded suddenly.

Wilhelmina flushed faintly and shook her head.

"You are so English that you don't seem to belong here at all!"

"Oh, but I do belong here, and I'm every inch American. I have a latchkey of my very own—and no English girl has that."

All during dinner Remington watched his hostess curiously. She seemed so utterly out of place among her guests, harmless, irresponsible chaps, hanging on the ragged edge of art's prosperity, ungrounded girls with enormous mops of hair and yellowed fingers, which spoke of the cigarette habit.

"Looks like a Madonna among a bunch of dime museum freaks. It's a shame to spoil a good house mother to make a poor artist. Gad, what taste she had in hangings—and fittings!"

For Remington was an architect and a good one. He could size up the refinement and true artistic instinct as stamped on a home, irrespective of cost or pretense, and he knew that so far as homemaking was concerned Wilhelmina Stevens was an artist.

Perhaps that was why, when he caught his first glimpse of her cantos, she almost groaned aloud.

"Those birches are wonderfully true," he heard Dolson explain, and he knew that the boy had picked out the one best point in what he felt was a landscape gone on a Saturday night's spree.

The pathos of her pose was to him fairly fascinating. Often after that he came to the studio, and always his heart sank within him as he realized how absorbed and determined was this lovely, young-old woman. She reminded him of a family friend who would sit enraptured at grand opera or concert and yet who could never strike a single true note or carry a tune and who wept because slinging her babies to sleep was a boon denied.

Remington dropped in to see Wilhelmina oftentimes when he was sure of finding her alone. He avoided her dinners and teas and elaborate dish

pers. He found Wilhelmina's society a real inspiration in his work. For Remington had a mission. He wished to transplant to the suburbs of New York the love of old English architecture which he had absorbed during his year in the English provinces. And Wilhelmina not only appreciated English architecture, but she seemed instinctively to grasp its fundamental principles.

Remington had not dared to tell her how much he had depended upon her working out his plans for the cottage contest in the "Ladies" round the year guest." That was why, with triumph lighting his heels and brightening his eyes, he rushed into her studio one stormy March day, the letter of submission importance held aloft. And Wilhelmina sprang up abruptly from the mass of pillows on her divan and tried bravely but ineffectually to hide her tears.

Remington stopped, joy freezing on his lips at sight of her obvious grief. "Wilhelmina, what has happened?"

"Tell me at once."

"Daniels sent me home—told me to pack up my brushes and go away. His class was not for such as I."

The wretched truth was out. Daniels, whose special course at the academy was for the chosen few, the few with money to pay, had turned her out, money or no money. Like many a genius, he declined to teach those who gave no promise.

And Remington realized bitterly that the blow had been doubly hard because of the false hopes raised in this woman's heart by those who had feasted at her board.

Like a flash from the skies came his inspiration.

"I am sorry if you are disappointed, dear girl," he said, drawing her gently down on the divan and gripping her hand firmly in his, "but it gives me the courage to tell you what I wanted to say for a long time. Will you drop still life and the figure, oils and studio life—and dig hard into architecture and interior decoration? That's your gift. I've known it ever since the first night I stepped into this room and studied your hangings. And she who helps to build a home is as great as she who paints pictures for its walls. Will you?"

"Do you think I could really?"

"His words had been balm to her aching ears. She raised those wonderful gray eyes to his brown ones, and her lips curved into a smile pathetically brave and womanly. And again Remington did the thing he had not anticipated. He bent over deliberately and kissed the lovely lips.

"I want to be your teacher," he said gently. "Not for a few weeks or months, but always. Why, you know we've done those cottage drawings together and won! Here's the letter. We'll build one of these very houses on the site I was showing you last week. In the attic we'll have our studio. Think of the houses we can plan there, with the whole of New York harbor to inspire us! And some day when Daniels wants us to design a house for him we'll laugh and turn him down."

"Donald Remington," she said, sternly suppressing the dancing light in her eyes, "do you call this a proposal of partnership or matrimony?"

"Look me in the eye and ask that question again," he said.

"Her glances fell before his.

"I am thirty-four tomorrow," she murmured faintly.

"You are the loveliest woman in the world and the only one for me. I knew that the first time I saw you. Besides, I am of age myself. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"I will not!" gasped the astonished Wilhelmina.

"Why not?" argued Remington.

"Because I give a dinner tomorrow night to a crowd—and there is no time to call it off. It was to celebrate the coming of Daniels."

Just for an instant the shadow of regret fell upon her lovely face, and Remington, seeing it, took her in his arms.

"Bless the old bear! If he'd pronounced you a genius where would I have been?"

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