



ELK HUNT AT TWO OCEAN PASS BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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WOODY and I started to hunt over the great table-land, and led our stout horses up the mountain-side, by elk-trails 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 bear 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 flirring 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.

He went faster than we did, and while we were vainly trying to overtake him we heard another very loud and sonorous call to our left. It came from a ridge-crest at the edge of the woods, among some scattered clumps of the northern out-pine or playon—a queer conifer, growing very high on the mountains, its multiforked 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.

The ready. Thirty yards off, behind a clump of playons, 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. I 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-rifle.

The elk I thus slew was a giant. His body was the size of a steer's, and his antlers, 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, sedge 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 sky.

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 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 antlers and meat of the two dead elk; and I shot off the heads of two or three blue grouse on the way home. The following day I killed another bull elk, following him by the strong, not unpleasant, smell, and hitting him twice as he ran, at about eighty yards. So far I had had good luck, killing everything I had shot at; but now the luck changed, through no fault of mine, as far as I 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 distant.

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 accoured 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, and 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 toil 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 success 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 Piñon Peak, beside a little mountain tarn; each morning we found its surface skinned 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 halting-place, 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 success.

To be continued next week.

Samuel R. Worley of Hixburg, Va., has been shoeing horses for more than fifty years. He says: "Chamberlain's Pain Balm has given me great relief from lame back and rheumatism. It is the best liniment I ever used." For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City and Molalla.

Death of Mrs. Gobat. Mrs. Jane Gobat died at her home near Jones' Mill Sunday. Death was caused by an attack of pneumonia. She was the wife of William Gobat, and was a native of Switzerland, being born on August 19, 1845. The funeral will be held at the residence Tuesday morning. Rev. Kraxberger officiated. The remains were interred in the Redland cemetery.

Files Lien on Property. F. C. Saldow has filed a labor lien on the south half of block 4 of Palmer's addition to Boring for \$78.80, the amount still due him for building a house on the premises. The property belongs to John Manning.

Prisoners Break Jail. John Bowers and Arthur Clark, two prisoners in the county jail, gained their liberty Thursday night in a novel manner. The pair were in the same cell, and by heating the broken handle of a frying pan or skillet and pressing it against the woodwork, they succeeded in burning off the boards and making a hole eighteen inches square through the ceiling of the jail and the floor of the county assessor's office and jumping out of the window of this office, they succeeded in making good their escape. Misses Edith and Leitha Jackson, two employees in the county assessor's office, worked at the office on the night of the delivery, going over some books, and doing a good deal of type-writing, and they heard peculiar noises under the floor, but supposed that these were made by rats. One thing, however, which attracted the notice of both of the young ladies was the fact that whenever they stopped running the typewriters the noise stopped also. They thought this very strange at the time, but dismissed it from their minds. The authorities were in ignorance of the jail break till about 6 o'clock Friday morning, when the other prisoners attracted the attention of Peter Nehren, the court house janitor, by shouting until he found out the trouble. Sheriff Beattie was notified at once, and a rigid search at once began for the jail birds.

Clark was serving a six months' sentence for breaking into a cabin near Estacada and stealing a quantity of tools. Bowers was awaiting trial in the circuit court on charge of assault with intent to kill, preferred by his wife, when he visited the latter part of August carrying a 38-caliber revolver and talking in a very threatening manner. Bowers' bail was fixed at \$3000, but as he was unable to post that amount, he was placed in jail.

Two men, both Russian Finns, were buried alive 80 feet underground by the caving in of timbers in the Brooklyn sewer between East Sixth and East Seventh streets in Portland last week. A third victim, Frank Matsen, was buried up to his neck and head pinned in timbers. Matsen was dug out of his perilous position after many hours of toil by a rescue party. One leg is believed to be broken and he is otherwise injured. He was removed to a hospital.

A FAMOUS BEAUTY SPECIALIST Gives Advice to Women Lacking in Energy and Vitality.

Thousands of women are using toilet preparations unsuccessfully. Cosmetics fail to improve their thick, muddy complexions or to banish the pimples, blackheads and crow's-feet.

No wonder. Their trouble lies far deeper than the skin. They have bad blood, and bad blood is 90 per cent of the cause arises from inflammation of the mucous membrane. Their blood is filled with poison which is certain to break out in unsightly humors and blotches—while pale, drawn faces, deep circled eyes, stooping shoulders and weak backs complete the story of suffering and despair.

Inflammation of the mucous membrane is catarrh. Banish catarrh and complexion will clear as if by magic, pain vanish, eyes will brighten, faces become plump and shoulders erect. Perfect beauty goes only with perfect health, and perfect health for women can only be obtained through Rexall Mucuo-Tone, the one positive and permanent cure for catarrh.

Mme. Swift, 44 W. 26th St., New York, the most famous beauty specialist in the world and an accepted authority on all relating thereto, has this to say of Mucuo-Tone: "I can strongly endorse the claims made for Rexall Mucuo-Tone as a cure for systemic catarrh. Its tonic effects are remarkable. It builds up the strength and restores vitality. If women who are tired and run down, lacking in energy and vitality, will use Mucuo-Tone they will praise it as I do for its strengthening and healing qualities."

Rexall Mucuo-Tone works through the blood, and acting directly upon the mucous-cells—the congestion and inflammation of which are the sole cause of catarrh—causes them to expel the poison and to resume their natural functions. Thus the membranes are cleansed—the blood purified and revitalized.

We know that Rexall Mucuo-Tone will cure every form of catarrh, no matter where located, of how long standing, or by what other names it is known. We guarantee to refund your money if you are not satisfied with the vigorous health and clear complexion it brings you. Sold only at our stores. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Mail orders filled. Huntley Bros. Co., Drug-gists, Oregon City and Molalla.

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Advertisement for Hart Schaffner & Marx clothing. Text: 'IF YOU LIKE TO BE DRESSED IN THE SMARTEST STYLE, AND THE BEST QUALITY, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE'. Includes an illustration of a man in a suit and the name 'L. ADAMS'.

Woodburn. Mrs. D. A. Lewis and daughter No-rine, of Portland, visited old friends in Woodburn Sunday.

Dr. Chapman, a leading doctor of Woodburn, moved to his Walnut farm near Marquam last week.

Ethel Raimey and Mabel Vandeleite, who have been attending school in Woodburn, visited their parents at Hubbard Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Edith Graves, a returned mission-ary from China, spoke on mission work in China at the Free Methodist church Sunday evening.

W. C. U. convention in Portland this week. Mr. and Mrs. John McKinney returned Thursday from a trip to Breitenbach Springs.

The Woodburn school is progressing nicely with an attendance of 276 pupils. The High school has accepted an invitation to join the State Debating League for the winter, while two literary societies have been formed in the school. The classes are organizing and lively times are expected for the winter.

Miss Taylor returned last week from a trip to Colorado and resumed her work in Mr. Hall's studio.

Miss Yoder, the assistant teacher in the High school, visited her relatives near Hubbard, Saturday and Sunday.

A GOOD STOMACH. Means Good Health, Cheerfulness, Ambition, Persistency and Success.

Relief is not cure; opium will stop the most excruciating pain, but it won't cure the disease. And it is just the same with alleged dyspepsia cures which contain pepsin. The pepsin will help digest the food, but the stomach is left in worse condition than it was before.

You don't want any pepsin to digest your food; you want the natural juices of your stomach to digest your food. If you have dyspepsia or any stomach trouble, you want to make your stomach so strong that it will digest its own food.

You can make your stomach so strong that you can eat what you wish and all you want any time you want it, without distress. Mi-on-a will cure your dyspepsia or any other stomach trouble by building up the flabby walls, and making the stomach so strong that it will digest food without artificial aid.

Jones Drug Co. is the agent for Mi-on-a in Oregon City and they say to every reader of the Oregon City Courier whose stomach is weak, who has indigestion or dyspepsia, that Mi-on-a is guaranteed to cure or money back.

The price is only 50 cents a box, and one box is all you will need to prove that you are on the right road to health and happiness. "I can't say enough about Mi-on-a tablets; they have done more for me in one week than all the doctors have for the two years I have been under their care, and I will do all I can to recommend it to my friends. You can also use my name in your ad, if you like, for Mi-on-a is better than gold to me. I am like a new man, and am able to work once more for the first time in over a year."—W. A. Ennis, 328 Green St., Syracuse, N. Y.

A Healthy Family. "Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, Guilford, Maine. They cleanse the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25 cents at Jones Drug Co.

Drink Talk. There is hardly a spot inside of the tropic zone where tea or coffee cannot be grown, possibly barring the Sahara Desert. So it is natural to suppose that there are a hundred different qualities of teas and coffees.

It is a matter of your personal taste as to what suits you best. In Japan the natives brew tea that Americans would not care to drink—you would probably call it "vile stuff." The way to find tea or coffee that is just exactly what you like is to keep trying different brands until you find yours.

Our understanding of the tea and coffee situation has made it possible for us to select a number of grades that pretty nearly cover the whole scale of variation in taste. We can just about guarantee to give you the finest "cup" you ever tasted if you will sample a few of our brands. A ROBERTSON, The Seventh Street Grocer.

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PREMIUM LIST Continued from page 3

Two pounds dried prunes—A. J. Lewis, 1st. Two pounds dried raspberries—A. J. Lewis, 1st.

Assortment of jellies, six or more, no two alike—Chas. W. Wait, 1st. Mrs. A. J. Lewis, second.

Three glasses jelly—Mr. Warner, 1st. Mrs. Vinyard, 2d. Eight varieties of canned vegetables—Mrs. A. C. Beaulieu, 1st. Fifteen varieties of canned fruit—Mrs. A. C. Beaulieu, 2nd. Twelve varieties canned fruit—Mrs. L. H. Axtell, 1st.

Assortment of preserves, 6 or more, no two alike—Chas. N. Wait, 1st; Two pounds fresh dairy butter—Mrs. G. Erickson, 2nd. Two quarts wine, blue ribbon—Mrs. Erickson. Sweet cucumber pickles—Mrs. C. N. Wait, 1st.

Catsup—Mrs. D. J. Parmenter, 1st. Loaf of bread, potato yeast—Mrs. Porter, 1st; Mrs. A. J. Burdette, 2nd. Loaf of graham—Mrs. Porter, 1st. Hop yeast biscuits—Mrs. Vinyard, 1st. Cookies, two kinds—Mrs. Paddock, 1st.

Doughnuts—Mrs. S. Spulak, 1st. Two pounds fresh dairy butter—Mrs. A. J. Lewis, 1st. Honey, extracted, quart—Mr. Cummings, 1st. Honey, two pound comb—Mr. Cummings, 1st.

Assortment of jelly, 6 or more, no two alike—Mrs. A. J. Lewis, 2nd. Assortment of preserves, 6 or more, no two alike—Mrs. A. C. Beaulieu, 2nd. Chili sauce—Mrs. Lewis, 1st.

At Crown and Bridge Work and Fine Gold Fillings we set the pace. Before you have your dental work done, come and talk it over with us. Free examination. No Gas, No Cocaine EXTRACTING FREE AND PAINLESS when teeth are ordered. Oregon Dental Parlors Over Harding's Drug Store. A written guarantee with all work.

BEWARE---of Imitations USE THE GENUINE

AVENARIUS CARBOLINEUM

THERE'S A CHEAP IMITATION

on the market that is being offered at from \$1.00 to \$1.25 per gallon. The genuine can be bought in quart cans at 50c; 1-gallon cans at \$1.50

Insist on the Genuine Take no other

Put up in lithographed cans

For Sale in Oregon City Stores

FIVE-MINUTE TALK How to Keep Away CHICKEN LICE MITES COCKROACHES AND BED BUGS For a Whole Year by a Single Application of AVENARIUS CARBOLINEUM (German Wood Preserver.) Non-poisonous Sanitary Odor. Put up in lithographed cans only. Don't let your dealer give you a worthless imitation. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. Carbolineum Wood Preserving Co., Portland, Or. OUR BUGS USE LICE-KILLER

Fisher, Thorsen & Co. Wholesale Agents. Dept. 28 Portland Oregon. Write for Testimonials.

Storey & Thomas 4th and Main Sts. Oregon City

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE Cures All Kidney and Bladder Diseases—Guaranteed JONES DRUG COMPANY



I peered over the crest.

We hurried forward as fast as we dared, and with too little care; for we 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, leggings, 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 playons, behind 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 antlers, and I peered over the crest with my rifle at

More Than Enough is Too Much. To maintain health, a mature man or woman needs just enough food to repair the waste and supply energy and body heat. The habitual consumption of more food than is necessary for these purposes is the prime cause of stomach troubles, rheumatism and disorders of the kidneys. If troubled with indigestion, revise your diet, let reason and not appetite control and take a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and you will soon be all right again. For sale by Huntley Bros. Co., Oregon City and Molalla.

It hasn't no use to grumble and complain; It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice. When God sorts out the weather and sends rain, Why, rain's my choice. In this existence, dry and wet. Will overtake the best of men. Some little skiff 'o' clouds'll sheet The sun off now and then. And, maby while you're wonderin' who You've fool-like lent your umbrella to, And want it—cut'll pop the sun. And you'll be glad you hadn't got none! —James Whitcomb Riley.