

HUNTING THE WHITE-TAILED DEER

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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NE 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 ranch, 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 to ward 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 farther on toward the outside, knowing that the buck would in all likelihood start up wind. In a minute or two Ferris came on the bed where he had passed the night, and which he had evidently just left; a short informed me that the game was on foot, and immediately afterward the crackling 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



Each took an antler, and the body slipped along very easily. 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 there 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 colored 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

partial to the water, and in the warm summer nights will come down into the prairie ponds and stand knee-deep in them, eating the succulent marsh plants. Most of the plains rivers flow through sandy or muddy beds with no vegetable growth, and to these, of course, the deer merely comes down to drink or refresh themselves by bathing, as they contain nothing to eat.

At times the white-tail will be so close that it may almost be trodden on. One June morning I was riding down along the river, and came to a long bottom, crowded with rose-bushes, all in bloom. It was crossed in every direction by cattle paths, and a drove of long-horned Texans were scattered over it. A cow-pony gets accustomed to travelling at speed along the cattle trails, and the one I bestrode threaded its way among the twisted narrow paths with perfect ease, loping rapidly onward through a sea of low rose-bushes, covered with the sweet, pink flowers. They gave a bright color to the whole plain, while the air was filled with the rich, full songs of the yellow-breasted meadow larks, as they perched on the topmost sprays of the little trees. Suddenly a white-tail doe sprang up almost from under the horse's feet, and scudded off with her white flag flaunting. There was no reason for harming her, and she made a pretty picture as she bounded lightly off among the rose-red flowers, passing without heed through the ranks of the long-horned and savage-looking steers.

Doubtless she had a little spotted fawn not far away. These wee fellows soon after birth grow very cunning and able to take care of themselves, keeping in the densest part of the brush, through which they run and dodge like a rabbit. If taken young they grow very tame and are most dainty pets. One which we had round the house answered well to its name. It was at first fed with milk, which it lapped eagerly from a saucer, sharing the meal with the two cats, who rather resented its presence and cut it off heartily when they thought it was greedy and was taking more than its share. As it grew older it would eat bread or potatoes from our hands, and was perfectly fearless. At night it was let go or put in the cow-shed, whichever was handiest, but it was generally round in time for breakfast next morning. A blue ribbon with a bell attached was hung round its neck, so as to prevent its being shot; but in the end it shared the fate of all pets, for one night it went off and never came back again.

Only once have I ever killed a white-tail buck while hunting on horseback; and at that time I had been expecting to fall in with black-tail.

This was while we had been making a wagon trip to the westward following the old Keogh trail, which was made by the heavy army wagons that journeyed to Fort Keogh in the old days when the soldiers were, except a few daring trappers, the only white men to be seen on the last great hunting-ground of the Indians. It was abandoned as a military route several years ago, and is now only rarely travelled over, either by the canvas-topped ranch-wagon of some wandering cattle-man—like ourselves—or else by a small party of emigrants, in two or three prairie schooners, which contain all their household goods. Nevertheless, it is still as plain and distinct as ever. The two deep parallel ruts, cut into the sod by the wheels of the heavy wagon, stretch for scores of miles in a straight line across the level prairie, and take great turns and doublings to avoid the impassable portions of the Bad Lands. The track is always perfectly plain, for in the dry climate of the western plains the action of the weather tends to preserve rather than to obliterate it; where it leads downhill, the snow water has cut and widened the ruts into deep gullies, so that a wagon has at those places to travel alongside the road. From any little rising in the prairie the road can be seen a long way off, as a dark line, which, when near, resolves itself into two sharply defined parallel cuts.

On the trip in question we had at first very bad weather. Leaving the ranch in the morning, two of us, who were mounted, pushed on ahead to hunt, the wagon following slowly, with a couple of spare saddle ponies leading behind it. Early in the afternoon, while riding over the crest of a great divide, which separates the drainage basins of two important creeks, we saw that a tremendous storm was brewing with that marvellous rapidity which is so marked a characteristic of weather changes on the plains.

We spurred hard to get out of the open, riding with loose reins for the center of the storm swept by behind us, fairly across our track, and we only got a wisp from the tail of it. Yet this itself we could not have faced in the open. The first gust caught us a few hundred yards from the creek, almost taking us from the saddle, and driving the rain and hail in stinging level sheets against us. We galloped to the edge of a deep wash-out, scrambled into it at the risk of our necks, and huddled up with our horses under-

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 if the top had been on; 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.

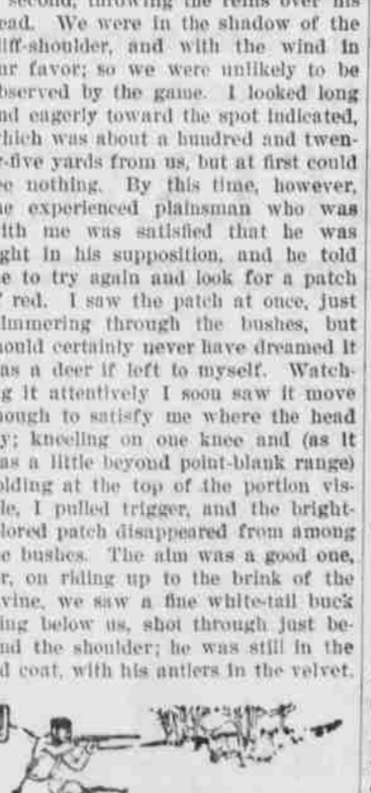
The wagon came on to the creek, along whose banks we had taken shelter, and we then went into camp. It rained all night, and there was a thick mist, with continual sharp showers, all the next day and night. The wheeling was, in consequence, very heavy, and after striking the Keogh trail, we were able 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 we gathered in the canvas wagon-sheet



The bright-colored patch disappeared, and in our oilskin overcoats in sufficient quantity to make coffee, having with infinite difficulty started a smouldering 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 traps 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 stopped 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 earthy places, where they would neither stumble nor strike their feet against stones, and not letting our rifle barrels or spurs click against any thing. 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 both 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.



Mr. Mautz has given his house a new coat of paint. Mr. Nash was sawing wood for Mr. F. M. Darling Tuesday afternoon. Our lumber yard man had a sick cow last week, but she is better this week.

Redland. J. T. Fullam recently had a sheep killed in his field by coyotes. He retaliated by getting one coyote at the bait, and thinks that several others also ate the poisoned meat, but got out in the brush before they died.

Chas. Cutting and A. Cutting of Molalla, with their hounds are visiting in the neighborhood and looking for that stray cougar. The Clear Creek Lumber Company shut down their logging crew, pending a settlement of several disputes. Surveyors are out at work in this part and they are fast locating roads and disputed lines. Now is the time to settle these lines, for as the land grows in value, disputed lands will be harder to gain possession of.

A special road meeting is called for December 26 at the Redland school house, to levy a tax for repairing the by-roads. A special meeting of the stockholders of the Clear Creek Telephone Company is called for December 21 at 10 A. M., at the Grange Hall, to levy an assessment. The C. E. Tel. Co. has decided to put up a new line into Estacada as the old line does not give satisfaction.

Mr. Hooper sold a cow to W. Barrett. L. Funk sold a fresh cow to the same party.

Wm. Gaskell writes that he has purchased ten acres of land at Kennewick and is going to try truck and fruit gardening. Mrs. Linn is enjoying herself visiting old friends at Beloit, Wis. A. M. Kercham has gone on an extended surveying trip to Idaho. Don Allen is doing chores for A. M. Kercham during his absence. W. H. Brown is having all kinds of misfortune. He is nursing a sore hand from blood poison, his boy came very near dying from croup, and a cougar got some of his sheep. The gall that some politicians have would stall an elephant. Can the anti-statement Legislators conscientiously support C. W. F., when he was dunned by his party, and Gake made the nominee? Certainly C. W. F. is in small business for a man holding such an honored position.

DODGE. Dodge held a telephone meeting Tuesday evening to arrange for the construction work, as we are now fully organized. The officers are: President, E. Lacey; vice-president, F. Kellar; secretary, M. D. Horner; and manager, I. M. Park. There seems to be some opposition concerning the route. Mr. Marshbank wants the Redland route, while the majority want the Estacada route. The Dodge telephone company is known as the Dodge Rural Telephone Company. The new mill company are getting along fine. They have a good many thousand feet of logs cut, ready for the mill. The work on the dam is progressing. The new company is composed of men who are hustlers. Miss Myrtle Park, who is teaching school at Welches, has taught one school. She likes her school very much. The Courier will print news from her hereafter.

Springwater. A minister came up from Portland last Sunday and preached for us, and in the evening one came from Estacada and preached. Last Friday evening, the young people gathered at Shibley's and had a candy pulling. All had a fine time. Mona Lewellen has gone east of the mountains to be with her sister, Mrs. Zellan, on account of the latter's illness. The grippe is subsiding in this neighborhood. Erma Shibley has taken up her school again. Mr. Schenk has his new chimney built by Earl Shibley. There will be Christmas entertainment at Springwater.

Gresham. At the city election held Tuesday, the following were elected to the respective offices: For mayor, F. B. Stuart defeated E. C. Indler by a majority of 19 votes. D. M. Roberts was re-elected recorder; H. Gullikson re-elected marshal; R. W. Thomas, Peter Nickel and Arthur Fieldhouse were elected councilmen for the two year term; T. R. Howitt, councilman

for the one-year term; J. H. Matzger re-elected treasurer. No election cigars were dispensed. The Gresham Juniors will meet the fast team of Multnomah Addition of Portland on the local gridiron Saturday. A good game is expected. Mrs. A. E. Allen has sold her new cottage in Thompson's Addition to Mrs. C. Smith. The consideration was \$1500. The foundation for Rev. Paroulnson's home is completed and the work will be pushed to completion as rapidly as possible. R. L. Shepherd has completed the

plans for his cottage, which will be built in Thompson's Addition in the early spring. Miss Ella Merrill has recovered from an attack of the grippe. A masquerade ball will be given in Johnson's skating ring Xmas Eve. As Ed always gives us our money's worth we are looking forward to an enjoyable time. Everyone cordially invited. It is reported that the Estes Lumber Company of Estacada will establish a depot at this place. All business in and about Gresham shows a steady advance. Mrs. E. N. Foster, Mrs. E. Burnett and Mrs. C. Jackson of Eagle Creek were in town Saturday.

Parkplace Letter List

List of unclaimed letters advertised for the month ending November 30, 1908, at Parkplace postoffice, Oregon: Mrs. Martha White, Mr. L. R. Miller, Mrs. A. B. Hughs, card, Mrs. L. B. Miller, card, T. E. Morris, Mr. Geo. Huron, card, Mrs. Christina Heise, card. WM. A. HOLMES, Postmaster.

TOYS

TOYS

W. L. BLOCK



Headquarters or Santa Claus

You can meet me here--Well I will tell you later through this paper just when. Watch for my arrival. I will be awfully glad to see you again this year. Now, children, DON'T FORGET. A larger and better line of Dolls and Toys than ever.

Also a new line of Dining Tables, Bookcases, Music Cabinets, Dressing Tables, Dressers and Hall Trees, Rugs and Carpets of all kinds, just call and see our new goods, and I'm sure you will agree with me as to quality and prices. Our Motto: "Best Goods and Lowest Prices"

Beautiful Dishes of all kinds. Sets of Dishes from \$3.47 up.

TO THE CHILDREN, LARGE AND SMALL: Santa Claus will arrive at W. L. Block's Monday Evening December 14th at 7:30. Don't Miss Him

W. L. BLOCK

Corner Main and Seventh

A Partial List of Presents That are Appreciated by MEN and BOYS

- Traveling Sets\$1.50 to \$10.00
- Shaving Glasses\$1.00 to \$6.00
- Military Sets\$2.00 to \$7.50
- Ink Stands25c to \$3.00
- Manicuring Sets50c to \$7.00
- Pocket Knives15c to \$2.00
- Old Style Razors\$1.50 to \$5.00
- Shaving Sets\$1.00 to \$7.00
- Leather Card Cases50c to \$3.00
- Leather Bill Books75c to \$4.00
- Safety Razors\$1.00 to \$5.00
- Sterling Match safes\$1.00
- Necktie Boxes50c to \$3.00
- Handkerchief Boxes50c to \$4.00
- Leather Collar and Cuff Boxes\$1.50 to \$3.00
- Celluloid Collar and Cuff Boxes75c to \$4.00
- Gold Pens\$1.00 to \$1.50
- Box Cigars50c to \$12.00
- Leather Cigar Case \$1.00 to \$5.00

Xmas Cards and Post Cards

More Than 300 Kinds to Choose From

We Invite You

To call and inspect our immense line of Holiday goods. Here you will find something for everybody. We have arranged our stock so that it will be a pleasure for you to look around. If you see anything you want we will gladly lay it aside for you. If you don't see anything you want, no harm done, we are just as pleased to see you. You'll find everything marked in plain figures and a congenial clerk who will be glad to make suggestions and show you around. You are never urged to buy at this store. Your are just as welcome whether you buy or not.

A Partial List of Pretty Presents Suitable for Ladies and Girls

- Post Card Albums.....25c to \$2.50
- Perfume Atomizers50c to \$3.00
- Triplicate Mirrors\$2.00 to \$6.00
- Bridge Whist Sets.....\$1.00 to \$3.00
- Metal Jewel Boxes\$1.00 to \$3.00
- Photograph Albums\$1.00 to \$7.00
- Autograph Albums.....25c to \$1.50
- Toilet Sets75c to \$15.00
- Work Boxes50c to \$3.00
- Leather Lap Pads\$1.00 to \$3.00
- Fancy Box Stationery.....25c to \$3.00
- Fancy Calendars25c to \$2.00
- Fancy Bottles Perfume 10c to \$10
- Leather Hand Bags.....\$1.00 to \$10
- Leather Finger Purses \$1.00 to \$5
- Leather Music Rolls.....50c to \$4.00
- Gold Pens\$1.00 to \$1.50
- Glove Boxes50c to \$3.00
- Framed Pictures25c to \$7.00

FREE DELIVERY TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY
Canadian Money Taken At Par

The JONES DRUG COMPANY

Andresen Building
Reliable Druggists
OREGON CITY, ORE.

Mountain View. Quite a cold wave passed over this berg last week. The thermometer registered 22 degrees Sunday. Improvements still go on here. Mr. Parish is putting in a new fence and new sidewalk. Ed. Gottberg is giving his house a new coat of paint. Mrs. Gottberg is still quite poorly and is falling fast. Mrs. P. M. Darling's sister, who has been visiting here the last month, started to her home in Mt. Auburn, Benton county, Iowa, last week. Mr. Gerber and son Thomas drove out to their ranch near Colton last

Sunday. Will Bruce and family lately from Kansas were visiting with his sister, Mrs. Jackson and family last week. Mrs. Matchett-Brown is with us again, having returned from Klamath Falls, Oregon, one day last week. Mrs. Everhart returned from Sheridan Monday evening and is visiting here with her son, George Everhart. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Jones of Eldorado were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bon Faust Tuesday. Miss Rosa Mulvany of Meadowbrook called on Mrs. S. A. Gillett Tuesday. The Mulino people were here Tues-

day to attend the funeral of Mrs. Gibson, of Salem. She was better known here as Miss Minnie Daniels. All her friends of this place attended the funeral. Mr. Gillett lost a calf last week. Mr. Wallace and wife of Multno were the guests of Mr. Parish and wife, Saturday. The Mountain View Sunday school is preparing a program for Xmas. Preparations are being made for the building of an addition to the church. Mr. and Mrs. Will Crawford have a sick baby this week. It is suffering with a gathering in its ear.