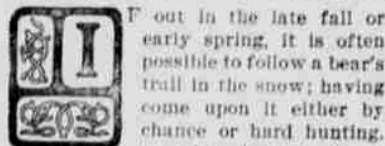


A GRIZZLY HUNT

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



Copyright, 1908, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Published under arrangement with G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.



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 ashes 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 onwards 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 silvered 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 evergreen boughs, watching the pack ponies 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 moonlighted 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 1889 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 "Griff." 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 or after 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 lariat 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, knee-halted 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.



OREGON FARMERS WANT A CHANGE OF LAW

Believe They Should Have Right to Kill Game Without Regard to Season.

Linn County farmers have started a movement which will undoubtedly be popular with the farmers of Josephine and other counties in Oregon. They desire to have the state game laws so amended as to allow the killing of game birds without regard to the season by farmers, fruit-growers and gardeners. The matter was taken up at a meeting of the Linn County Council of the Grange and thoroughly discussed and afterwards referred to the various granges of the state.

The main purpose of the movement is not to allow the farmers the privilege of general hunting out of season, as they are perfectly willing to wait until the proper time for that pleasure but they say that the birds have come so numerous as to destroy a considerable amount of grain, fruits and garden truck. This is also true of deer, as they are nearly always found in the grain fields early in the spring. The farmers are also complaining of the damage done to property by hunters who go through the country, shooting at everything in sight and trampling down grain and other farm products, and this question came up for discussion at the Linn county meeting. To cover the matters, the following amendments to the existing game laws were suggested:

To permit the killing of game birds and game animals without regard to season when found in growing crops, the killing to be done only by the owners of the farm, orchard or garden where the birds are found, and the owner to have the right to use the birds so killed for food, but for no other purpose; requiring a heavier license for non-resident hunters; requiring all hunters to carry a written permit to hunt from the owner of the land traversed; to put a tax upon all guns and dogs except those kept by the farmers, the gun and dogs of the latter to be kept for protection from ravages of game birds only and not for promiscuous hunting.

While the farm folk generally will be apt to favor the proposed changes, they will undoubtedly be opposed by city hunters.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the Most Popular Because it is the Best.

"I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the past eight years and find it to be one of the best-selling medicines on the market. For babies and young children there is nothing better in the line of cough syrups," says Paul Allen, Plain Dealer, La. This remedy not only cures the coughs, colds and croup so common among young children, but is pleasant and safe for them to take. For sale by M. Clemens.

Turn the Wick

as high as you can—there's no danger—as low as you please—there's no smell. That's because the smokeless device prevents smoke or smell—that means a steady flow of glowing heat for every ounce of fuel burned in a

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

You can carry it about and care for it just as easily as a lamp. Brass oil font holds 4 quarts burning 9 hours. Handsomely finished in japan and nickel. Every heater warranted.

The **Rayo Lamp** adds cheeriness to the long winter evenings. Steady, brilliant light to read, sew or knit by. Made of brass, nickel plated, latest improved central draft burner. Every lamp warranted. If your dealer cannot supply Perfection Oil Heater or Rayo Lamp write our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

ARE YOU LOOKING

For bargains in furniture? If so, come and see my new stock and get my prices. My car of new Couches, Beds, in fact anything and everything for the parlor, dining room, bed room and kitchen has come, and you'll be astonished at the splendid goods and the right prices.

M. E. MOCRE, NEW and SECOND HAND GOODS

SCHOOL BOOKS and supplies at CLEMENS SELLS DRUGS

TREES! TREES! TREES!

BUY YOUR TREES FROM "Old Reliable Albany Nurseries" and you are sure of getting just what you order. We grow our trees for quality not cheap prices.

GEO. H. PARKER, Agent
Office with J. E. PETERSON

"Tour of the Tourist"

REMARKABLE event in the history of automobilism was the tour of more than thirty *Tourist* cars from Los Angeles to San Francisco and return, August 12th to 22d, 1908, carrying 94 men, women and children.

This tour differs radically from any previous automobile run in that practically every car was operated by its owner instead of a professional driver, thus demonstrating simplicity and ease of operation, and proving forcibly that the *Tourist* is an owner's car—so simple in operation and mechanism as to enable the novice to negotiate the severest test to which an automobile could be put.

This more-than-a-thousand-mile-run was successfully accomplished without mishap or accident, and will live long in the annals of automobilism as a glowing testimonial to mechanical genius and constructional ability.

Model "K" Tourist

The Type "K" Touring Car, that powerful, sturdy Western giant which earned such an enviable reputation the past few years, is a two-cylinder car of remarkable ability. Its construction is the very acme of simplicity, and its accomplishments have earned for its makers world-wide renown. This car, beautifully finished in a choice of four colors—22 H. P.—five-passenger removable tonneau, is \$1300 at Los Angeles.

Tourist Cars are covered by a very liberal guarantee, and with the factory close at hand to replace all parts quickly.

Model "O" Tourist

The Type "O" Tourist Roadster represents the culmination point in two-cylinder automobile construction. All the features of the now famous model "K" are here blended with the racy, chic lines of the high-priced roadster. Nothing on the market today can compare favorably with the type "O" for all around serviceability, style, reliability and low price. This car with a finely finished trunk on rear sells for \$1300. With single rumble seat on trunk, \$1325; and with double individual seats on rear, \$1350. F. O. B. Los Angeles.

R. S. WILSON, Agt., Grants Pass Oregon.