

# HUNTING THE WOLF

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT



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**T**HOUGH I have never known wolves to attack a man, yet in the wider 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 unarméd.

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 rabid snuffing 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 purposes.

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



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 wolf-hounds, the latter in-

cluding one pure-bred greyhound bitch of wonderful speed and temper, a dun-colored yelping animal which was a cross between a greyhound and a fox-hound, 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 bridled 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 un-reconstructed 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 horse-back 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 raked 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 prairie 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 rumped 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 paving 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 he 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 his head turned around threatening him, yet by his feints he delayed the beast's flight so that in a moment or two the remaining couple of swift hounds 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 shrewy feet and longer fangs.



## WHY SUFFER?

Breathe Hyomei and Kill the Loathsome Catarrh Germs.

Just as long as you have catarrh your nose will itch, your breath will be foul, you will hawk and spit, and you will do other disgusting things because you cannot help yourself. The germs of catarrh have got you in their power; they are continually and persistently digging into and irritating the mucous membrane of your nose and throat. They are now making your life miserable; in time they will sap your entire system of its energy, its vigor and vitality.

You do not kill the loathsome germs of catarrh, their desperate efforts will in time undermine your reason, rob your brain of its brilliancy and activity, and leave you not only a physical, but a mental wreck. This picture is not overdrawn; you have seen thousands of men who have personally experienced the demoralizing results that come from the ravishing attacks of the terrible catarrh germs, the greatest pest of civilized nations.

But there is one remedy that will cure you, and that is Hyomei, the Australian dry air treatment. There may be other remedies but they are not guaranteed as Demaray, the druggist will guarantee Hyomei to cure catarrh or money back. Don't delay this pleasant antiseptic treatment. Every day you allow these germs to exist in your system brings you nearer to complete demoralization. Demaray will sell you a complete Hyomei outfit for only \$1.00. Ask him about it. It is also guaranteed to cure bronchitis, asthma, coughs, colds and hay fever. 12-18 & 1-1

## Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

### WHAT HE MISSES.

The poor, forlorn old bachelor man! How does he ever know When he is making of himself A rosy tinted glow? No wife to kick him on the shins Or later set him right Regarding actions of that sort When they get home at night.

He must be ever his own guide, Philosopher and friend, His handy pocket etiquette And on himself depend.

No near companion of his soul At breaks he makes to frown Or in the quiet of his room To later call him down.

The mannerisms that are not The kind that make a hit He overlooks, not having one To beg of him to quit.

The same old flat and pointless tale A dozen times he'll tell If there is no one near enough To ring the chestnut bell.

The lady who is not his wife, But has some hopes to be, A dozen places to correct Most any time may see, But still she doesn't say a word, Though she may have a plan To make improvements soon as she Can get him for a man.

### Old Timers.



"Did you enjoy yourself at the show?"  
"Yes; I met so many old friends."  
"That was strange."  
"No, it wasn't. Blinks, the comedian, came on with his standard jokes."

**Fitted His Case.**  
"Object," said the lawyer briefly. "State your objections," said the court.  
"It's a leading question," said the lawyer.  
"Well," broke in the lawyer for the other side, "he is a leading citizen, isn't he?"

**Lame Shoulder.**  
This is a common form of muscular rheumatism. No internal treatment is needed. Apply Chamberlain's Liniment freely three times a day and a quick cure is certain. This liniment has proven especially valuable for muscular and chronic rheumatism. Sold by M. C. Lewis.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough syrup tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It cures the cold by gently moving the bowels and at the same time it is soothing for throat irritation, thereby stopping the cough. Sold by Sabin's drug store.

## BOOMS HOME TRADE

Prosperity Week a New Foe to Mail Order Menace.

BOOSTS LOCAL INDUSTRIES.

Original Idea of a Bright California Girl That May Be Applied to Any Town or Section With Lasting Benefit—May Become General.

Did you ever hear of prosperity week? Perhaps not, for it is something new under the sun. It is an enterprise of November, 1908, in southern California, but it might just as well be transported to and transplanted in our town or any town.

Some of the New England and other states have their old home week, when former residents or expatriated natives gather at the old home and spend a week in revisiting familiar scenes and talking over the past with the well remembered oldest inhabitant who has been there since the big snow of 1840. But that is merely sentimental—fine and healthful sentiment, to be sure, but nothing more. Prosperity week is fine sentiment plus something more substantial. It is a practical proposition. It is a business proposition. It means more money in the pockets of the old home folks who are still doing business at the old stand or at new stands. In fact, it seems a general living up of interest in the home place from the standpoint of trade.

Prosperity week as designed by its originator is a business booming week, a home trading week. It means much to the community concerned in the way of the patronizing of home industries, and it means something to the mail order concerns of the big cities in the way of a falling off in patronage.

Prosperity week was invented by a young woman in Los Angeles. When she suggested to the chamber of commerce that a week be set aside under that designation during which everybody should make a particular effort to buy only home grown products and trade only with local merchants, cutting out mail orders altogether, the bright idea was adopted promptly, and the week beginning Nov. 16 was so designated. The result? Well, immediately the idea took hold, and thousands of citizens entered with enthusiasm into the project. The plan was advertised liberally in the home papers. Committees were appointed to work up interest. Other committees were named to devise ways and means for creating a hearty home trade sentiment. Still others were formed to get up tangible methods of celebrating the week, such as an exposition of home products, so that everybody could see just what the local producers and manufacturers had to offer the buying public, the home people, their friends and neighbors in their own community.

And Secretary Frank Wiggins of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, who has proved his ability in many states as a boomer for his city, pronounced the girl's proposition "a ten million dollar idea," declaring that prosperity week would benefit home industries by at least \$10,000,000.

Now, why is not this the genesis of a practical proposition that should take root in every community and result ultimately in defeating the dangerous growth and menace of the mail order business, which is choking the prosperity of thousands of small cities and towns and rural communities?

Prosperity week can be applied to any town, this town included. If so applied the result is quite likely to surprise many of us. It is safe to say that but a small percentage of citizens know just what goods are produced or manufactured in their own community. By a concerted effort, a tangible showing such as might be made during a prosperity week, the producers and the consumers would be brought together. The home products would be put right under the eyes and noses of the home consumers, so to speak, so that the gulf between buyer and seller would be wiped out.

Suppose your town should get up a week's exhibition of home products. The local merchants of course would be included in the displays, with booths showing their special bargains for the week and, for that matter, all the year bargains. The "butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," all would find it profitable to participate in the display. Down the street may be a man who makes ax handles superior to the kind you buy outside of town, but perhaps you are not aware that he is making ax handles at all. Out in the edge of town may be a candling factory which is putting up canned goods that beat any you buy abroad. From the smallest to the largest order octopus a twisted tentacle—the one that reaches out to grab your community by the neck and throttle it—while your home enterprises would get an injection of the elixir of life.

Who will start the prosperity week plan for us here at home?

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