







THE WATCHER OF THE TRAIL

BIG GAME
HUNTING
For Boys

NORTH AMERICA AND ASIA



BY JOHN HYDE

ILLUSTRATED

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THE GARDEN
HUNTING

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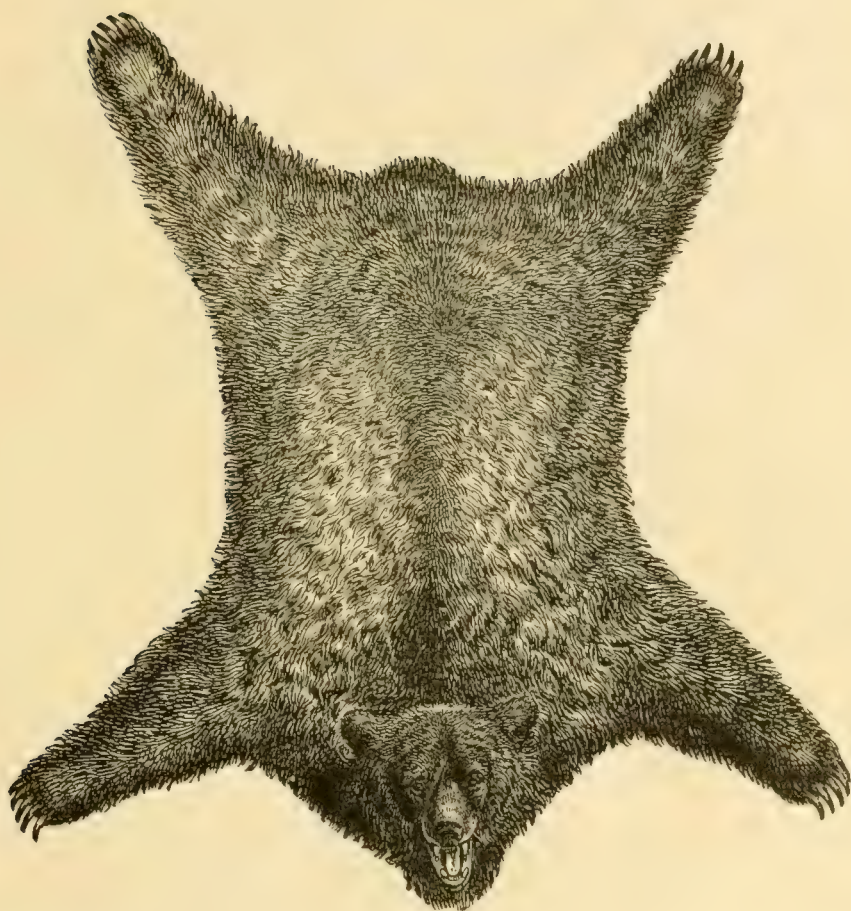
BIG GAME HUNTING has a fascination for boys of all ages. There is something more to the sport than the mere running down and slaying of a rare animal. Every hunter knows that in following the world's most powerful creatures, whether in the Rocky Mountains, or in the swamps of Central Africa, or on the Veldt of the Transvaal, or in the Highlands of Tibet, he must have more than ordinary human pluck and endurance, for he can never tell at what moment he may have to face death in a rockslide, or be lost in a whirling snowstorm,

or even run the risk of dying for lack of water in some sandy waste.

Every boy who follows the big game becomes at once a man—and something more than a man—for besides learning the ways of the mighty beasts, he finds the love of the forests, jungles and rocks growing in his heart. Once he has felt the spirit of the silent places encompassing him he will be changed. Never thereafter will he quite forget the mystery-voice of the mountains, and the memories of majestic solitudes will abide with him forever.



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A HUGE GRIZZLY SKIN FROM WYOMING



HOW OUR GREAT-
GREAT-GRANDFATHERS
WENT HUNTING.



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NORTH AMERICAN HUNTING



- The Grizzly Bear
- The Kodiak Bear
- The Black and Cinnamon Bears
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THE GRIZZLY BEAR

IN writing of big game animals it is only natural that an American should deal with his own country first; but there are other than patriotic reasons. The United States presents a list of game creatures, wing, foot and claw, that any other nation may well envy. The fact must be borne in mind that a country as large as ours has many varieties of land, and more especially of climate, varying from the burning plains of Arizona and New Mexico to the cold North-Western regions.

The first animals worthy of attention are the Bears, and here it will be seen at a glance that the collective States are better represented than any other part of the world. In fact the two largest bears known to exist are found in Alaska and our Western states. The general opinion seems to be that the bear is entitled to be called the "Dean of American Animals."

Let us first consider the most famous member of the family, the Grizzly Bear. Legions of hunters, naturalists, trappers and writers have argued over the relative merits or demerits of the size, strength, pluck and fighting capacity of the grizzly bear. A very able authority, one who has had large experience with all kinds of bears, has said that it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules when dealing with grizzly, for of all animals

it shows the most contradictory phases of character. There are stories told of this great bear showing it as putting up a fight of the most desperate character, and on the other hand stories, equally true, relate incidents of its displaying the most arrant cowardice. In a word, where men have related personal experiences, it is safe to say that they all are telling the truth, although from their accounts the bear may thus appear in many lights. Let us examine a few of these interesting stories and we shall see how diverse the evidence is.

A professional hunter in Northern Wyoming one day came across the fresh trail in the snow of a large bear. He followed it up as quickly as he could, for the snow was only a few inches deep. Suddenly the trail turned off sharply and the hunter paused. For he knew full well that the grizzly might have winded him, although hardly a breath of air was stirring.

The grizzly is a very cautious animal and at times will turn the tables and appear to stalk the hunter; at any rate an attack of a big bear from behind is most disconcerting and dangerous.

To return to our story, the hunter listened for a few minutes and thought he heard far away the sound of snapping twigs. This reassured him, and again he went forward, but with great caution. The trail lead past a clump of firs, beyond which was a rocky place, not broken up to any great extent. The bear at that moment was leisurely making its way to the shelter on the far side. The hunter immediately fired, but his shot went low and did no particular damage except to rouse the bear to fury. It swung round and charged with lightning speed. Its shambling gait might have deceived a novice but not an old experienced hand. The hunter stood his ground, and allowed the bear to come within ten yards, when he planted a second shot in the right shoulder, and at the same

time, sprang nimbly to one side. Through the smoke came a huge paw, with its ugly three-inch curved claws, making a vicious "side swipe." The bear wheeled again and charged, this time getting a bullet in the other shoulder. But this rascal was cunning, and judging that the hunter would again step to one side it swerved a little too. The next thing the hunter knew was that while the claws had narrowly missed him, he himself was knocked sprawling by the whole weight of the bear. The huge beast stumbled over the prostrate man and fell dead some twenty yards further on. This was pure luck, for had the bear charged a third time it would have been all up with the hunter.

This story illustrates a vicious and genuine charge of a grizzly. Most of the "charges" that hunters report are not made so much with intent to attack its enemy as to get away. Quite often, if smokeless powder is used, and the hunter is well hidden, the bear may be confused and rush for safety right over the spot where the hunter lies concealed. Therefore there is some truth in the statement that the majority of the exciting so-called "charges" of a grizzly that hunters narrate with great gusto, are only the result of panic, not a deliberate attempt to kill the enemy.

On another occasion a group of hunters came upon a large grizzly busily engaged in clawing a wild bees nest out of a broken tree stump. One of the hunters whistled, and the bear wheeled around in surprise. The first shot entered the upper part of the shoulders, but did not do much damage. With a snarl the bear rose on its hind legs and stood looking at its enemies and then it got down on all fours and came towards the hunters. The men scattered at once, and by luck one of them paralysed the bear's hind quarters. In all fourteen well

aimed shots entered the bear before it was killed. This is an instance of the bear's marvellous tenacity of life, and the experience of these hunters is not unusual.

A hunter, well known to the writer, came across a grizzly drinking from a small stream at the bottom of a canyon in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming. The man approached the bear so suddenly that their surprise was mutual. The bear stood perfectly still staring at the intruder. The hunter fired at close range, and the bear dropped dead at a single shot. An examination of the skull made later, showed that the bullet had entered the nostril and had passed through the heavy bones, shattering the back of the skull. The skin was very large, but it should have been taken a few weeks earlier, for the fur would then have been in prime condition.

In hunting grizzlies, or in fact any of the bear family, it is well to remember that they often roam in pairs. On one



occasion a hunter brought down, with a couple of neck shots, a small grizzly, and was leaning over examining the body, when hearing a rustle behind him, he turned his head just in time to see the mate charging him. The hunter was knocked down at once, and a few

THE GRIZZLY BEAR

hours later his camp mates found his lifeless body badly clawed and torn and the skull crushed in.

A story is told of some hunters surprising a grizzly while it was feeding a litter of cubs. After a desperate fight the mother was killed, and a wild scramble took place to capture the cubs. The little things bit and scratched like fiends, but finally all were gathered in and secured but one, and the rest were then carried back to the log cabin. The men were really on a trapping, not a shooting, expedition. The next morning they had occasion to go to a line of traps on the other side of the mountains, and were to spend the night in a shelter hut. Before they left they placed food on the floor for the cubs, and then turned them loose in the cabin. On their return, however, about twenty-four hours later, they found their cabin door smashed open, the interior looking as if a cyclone had visited it. The heavy marks of a bear were all around and the cubs had vanished. It appears that the old



THE GRIZZLY BEAR



male had followed the trail, and after satisfying itself that the men were not about, it had rescued its cubs. From the state of the hut it looked as though it had been deliberately wrecked.

A ranchman in North-West Wyoming told the writer he had been greatly troubled by a huge grizzly bear that insisted on raiding his pork larder. All bears, especially black bears, are very fond of pork, alive or dead, and will take considerable risks to gain the coveted dainties. The cowboys had tried every means to clear the grizzly out, such as poison, traps and guns. No door seemed to be strong enough to keep the huge

beast away, for it had wrecked an iron-bound door as if it had been made of match-wood, with one blow of its huge paw. At length an unsportsmanlike scheme was tried. A bucket was half filled with sweet molasses, and to this was added nearly two gallons of Jamaica rum. Then the tempting bait was left just outside the door of the pork larder. During the night the bear came down from the mountain and as it cautiously approached the larder it smelt the rum and molasses. It sat down on its haunches, looking in the half light for all the world like a huge shaggy tramp. It put its paw into the bucket, and then licked it with approval. Finally it drank the entire contents, and the next morning was found sitting with its back against the pork house, smiling broadly, and hopelessly drunk. It was then an easy matter to kill it.

There is a story told of the attack of a grizzly on a bull elk. The bear did not get a good hold, and the elk lashed with its horns, inflicting terrible wounds on its huge enemy. The strength of the bear conquered in the end, but not until it had had an awful tussle. These fights are not very frequent, for experienced hunters have gone for years without witnessing one. In the majority of cases we imagine the weight of the bear would insure it victory.

In hunting the grizzly the youngster should remember that it is a very dangerous animal, to him at any rate, and chiefly on account of its tenacity of life. A shot that would kill a moose or wapiti appears to have but little, or no effect, on a grizzly. It must be borne in mind that it is no earthly use to "pot" at a grizzly. A score of body wounds will not stop it, but only increase its fury. Hold your shot until the bear is close at hand, and then fire at a vital spot; unless you do this you might as well save the powder and shots as well as your life.

ONCE in a while the grizzly makes trouble among the cattle. A ranchman, while looking at his stock, saw a grizzly approach a herd of cattle which was presided over by a fine bull. The bear came on slowly, growling angrily the while. The cows at once ran away to safety but the old bull was made of sterner stuff and advanced to the attack. When about ten yards apart both creatures stood still for a while, each one waiting for the other to start the trouble. After several minutes the bull charged, and then the fight was on in earnest. The ranchman did not take a hand in it but stayed perfectly still to see what would happen.

The fight was waged with great fury and the odds appeared to be in favor of the bear, for the bull was streaming with blood from wounds inflicted by its antagonist's claws. Suddenly the battle took another turn, for the bull ripped the bear's shoulder badly and immediately it let go its hold and shuffled away. The bull seemed to have had enough too, for it did not attempt to follow up its advantage. Later on the ranchman found it was necessary to destroy the bull, for the grizzly had mauled it until it was all but a cripple.

Every cattle ranch has similar experiences to tell. Taken on the whole however the grizzly could hardly be called a cattleman's pest. In the vast majority of battles the bear would win for its strength and endurance are far beyond those of any animal that it is likely to meet. The grizzly does not like fresh meat, but it will eat from a carcass that has been dead some time.

All other animals are inclined to give the grizzly a wide berth, and not without reason, for it will not let any other quadruped invade its domains. Might is right with a vengeance from the grizzly's standpoint.

THE KODIAK BEAR

THE American people can well be proud of the fact that within the limits of their territory is found, what is without doubt, the most gigantic bear in the world; a bear beside which its black cousin looks like a cub, while even the mighty grizzly has to take second place. This is the little-known Kodiak Bear, so called after the island of Alaska on which it was first found.

It appears that the Alaskan natives must have known of this beautiful, golden-tinted creature for ages, but travellers and explorers have paid no attention, thinking that the stories were grossly exaggerated. It appears now that the bear was all that the natives claimed for it, and it is not without reason that they held it in awe. This bear has high forward shoulders, and in many respects it looks like an enlarged grizzly. Its appearance impresses one at once; for its enormous strength and bulk make it tower above its fellows.

This bear has only been known for a few years and there is still much to be learnt regarding its habits. At the present time even its range is not positively known. One thing seems certain and that is that it is a savage beast and one to be mightily feared by any hunter. Other natives of Alaska, farther to the north and on the mainland, have legends about a huge "Red Bear." The authorities are of opinion that the Red bear and the Kodiak bear are one and the same animal.

This bear's fur is of a very fine quality and is exceptionally long, as it would need to be owing to the extremely cold latitude in which it is found.

The majority of hunters, on first hearing of the Kodiak bear, jumped to the conclusion that it was simply a huge grizzly, similar to the type found on the Barren Grounds, but it is now certain that this giant from Alaska is really in a class all by itself.



THE LAST LOOK AROUND BEFORE THE WINTER'S SLEEP

THE BLACK AND CINNAMON BEARS

WHEN the average American speaks of a "bear" he usually means a Black Bear, for this fine animal has been met with in nearly every state in the union, and in many localities it is still numerous. The black bear is also to be found across the frontier, practically all over Canada.

The fur of the black bear is very fine, and it is put to a variety of uses from rugs to soldier's helmets. In size these bears vary quite a good deal, the larger ones being found in the Northern states.

The writer witnessed, only a year or so ago, a bear hunt in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The local farmers had been greatly pestered by several black bears that had taken to killing their pigs in a wholesale manner. They organised a party, among which were a number of good hunters and a pack of fierce cur-dogs. A man, who had crossed the mountains that day, reported having seen some bears not many miles away. This was encouraging, but still the hunters knew that these large creatures will travel great distances in twenty-four hours, especially if they have been attacked or alarmed.

However an early start was made the next morning, and while passing a farm the party beheld its angry owner ruefully surveying a wrecked and empty pig-pen. This looked as if the game was not very far away. The trail of the bears was soon picked up, and as it was quite fresh, it was silently followed. In the midst of the beech woods two big bears were sighted, quietly feeding on some berries. Before they could take alarm, one fell dead, and the other was badly wounded. The second bear however showed considerable fight, mangling several dogs of the party and a dozen shots were necessary to dispatch it. Inside of an hour three small bears were found, and killed without any great difficulty. It appeared afterwards that all

THE BLACK AND CINNAMON BEARS

five bears belonged to one happy family,—father, mother, and three well-grown cubs.

The reader must not get the idea that black bears are always handled in such summary fashion, for the death role of imprudent and inexperienced hunters is fairly large. A boy, well known to the writer, had an experience that is worth recording



with a black bear, near his home in the Catskill Mountains. He had only a good shot-gun with him, but fairly heavy shot and smokeless powder. He came upon a bear quite suddenly. He knew enough of the creature's temper not to fire. The bear after getting over its first surprise advanced growling angrily. The boy waited until it was only five yards or so away when he gave it both barrels full in the face, and fled for

THE BLACK AND CINNAMON BEARS



his life. The bear seemed stunned for a moment or two and then made off in another direction, filling the woods with its howls of pain and rage. The boy did not stop running until he got home. When he told his story he was promptly branded a liar, but the dead body of the bear was found the next day, near a stream a mile from where it was shot. The cause of death seems to have been the loss of its eyes.

One day a hunter heard the sounds of a battle royal going on in a belt of fir trees some distance from where he was standing. He ran forward to the place and found a pair of bears in deadly conflict. They were howling and coughing and screaming like demons, at times gripping paws and then rolling over and over like wrestlers. They bit and clawed at each other with the utmost fury. The hunter not being "loaded for bear" could do nothing but look on, which he did with great interest. At length one bear gave up and fled.

THE BLACK AND CINNAMON BEARS

There is a bear, much rarer than its black cousin, known as the Cinnamon Bear. The authorities on animals have definitely decided that the cinnamon bear is nothing more than a brown-colored black bear, and not at all a separate species as hitherto had been believed. There has been a good deal of discussion and protest against this classification, but the naturalists are learned men, and they base their decision on sound



scientific grounds. Many hunters declare that the cubs of the two animals are not alike. That is true, for there are instances of brown-colored cubs being found in a black bear's litter, and black cubs in a cinnamon bear's litter. This is an argument of course for the scientific classification as laid down.

The size and bulk of the cinnamon bear is, if anything, greater than that of the black bear, and in some states it nearly reaches the proportions of the grizzly. The cinnamon bear has a bad reputation for having an ugly temper, for of all

American bears it is the most quarrelsome and is said to rarely miss a chance of provoking a row with its arch-enemy — man. However it does not always show fight, as a lady, a friend of the writer's, can testify. She met a cinnamon bear on a hillside path within ten miles of San Francisco. She was terribly frightened, but the bear also seemed disconcerted; at any rate both retreated in great disorder.

Not infrequently the cinnamon bear is trapped, and then it is a demon to deal with. Unless the trap is of exceptional strength the bear will get away, even if it has to sacrifice a paw in the attempt. Getting a bear out of a trap is a risky job, for on the approach of a man, the brute's efforts to escape, or attack its enemy, become frantic and unless the chains are sound the hunter is likely to be mauled.

In hunting for black bear, a heavy straight-shooting rifle should be used, such as would bring down a large grizzly. All bears are tenacious of life and the black bear is no exception. Its vital spots are few in number, and above all things it is necessary to be cool and reserve the fire. What we have said in the case of the grizzly also applies to these bears, and that is blind blazing away with guns at an enraged bear is useless, if not positively dangerous. The novice had better try his hand at smaller game. It is not a bad scheme to hunt black bears with dogs, but only strong and fierce ones should be used. The dogs should be trained to work silently, and not give tongue until they are close upon their quarry. The hunter must expect to have some of his dogs maimed or killed if they succeed in bringing the bear to bay.

The black bear has considerable speed and, as a rule, when it detects its man-enemy its first instinct is to run away with its silent, shambling gallop.



POLAR BEARS IN THE SPRING

THE POLAR BEAR

THE real monarch of the Polar Regions is the Great White Bear. This huge beast is never found very far inland but stays along the edge of the ice pack, and fights with the walrus, or catches seals when they are foolish enough to come near its haunts. Its method of enticing seals within its reach is clever. It digs a hole about three feet across in the ice-field, where it is not frozen very thick. Then the bear, who is nearly the color of the ice, crouches down and waits for its prey. The



seals seeing an air hole, come up to it at once. The instant they show their heads above water the bear either strikes them dead, or claws them out on the ice.

Once in a while whalers report having seen a number of seals mobbing a bear, to the extent of swimming about, just out of its reach, and barking a loud chorus of derision.

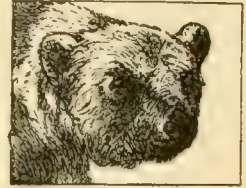
Terrific battles take place between the walrus and the polar bears, and if the walrus is near the water it will struggle to get to it. Sometimes a bear tries to get between the walrus and the ocean, but if it should be pushed into the water it would go hard with it, for the walrus would surely come off victor. On looking at a polar bear you get the impression that it must be a good swimmer. Its chops are not puffy like the grizzly's, while its head is very flat on top and clean at the sides. As a matter of fact it is a magnificent swimmer and has been known to cross open straits nearly twenty miles wide.

The majority of polar bears that are captured come from sealers and far north traders. The specimens seen in Zoological collections are nearly always cubs that have been born in captivity or captured while very young in the North. The whalers sometimes kill the she-bear and then the task of secur-

THE POLAR BEAR

ing the cubs is very easy. It would be too much of a contract for any body of men to attempt to trap a full grown bear. The chances are a hundred to one, that it would never be secured until it had received a mortal injury in the fight, to say nothing of the damage it would do to the men.

Once in a while the white bear comes far south. A hunter came across a bear on a small island and before he succeeded in killing it he was in serious doubts as to whether he would escape alive. The ground was icy and dangerous for the man to travel over. The bear's paws on the other hand, being formed for walking on ice with great speed, gave it an enormous advantage. But for a lucky shot entering the heart the hunter might never have lived to tell the tale.



Sometimes a polar bear is seen afloat on an iceberg in the North Atlantic and its plight is then very miserable indeed, for certain death stares it in the face. As the berg travels to the warm gulf stream, its floating home day by day grows steadily



smaller. At length it has to choose between two evils starvation or being drowned.

The polar bears seen in captivity are usually very friendly and playful and they survive the summer's heat fairly well. Cold weather has absolutely no effect on them

whatever. The range of the polar bear is very wide for it is met with all through the Arctic Circle. Huge skins have been brought from Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen and even from the North Coasts of Siberia.

THE MUSK OX OF THE BARREN GROUNDS

FAR away in the Northern part of the Dominion of Canada between 55 and 65 degrees of latitude, to the North West of Hudson's Bay, near where the Slave and Mackenzie rivers flow away to the Arctic Ocean, there lies a huge stretch of land known as the Barren Grounds. Its name is ominous enough and naturally it has not been earned without reason.

Let the hunter visit this land in the summer months, when its hills are green with new grass, its trees in leaf, its lakes and rivers teeming with fish, while the uplands shelter myriads of wild fowl, and above all the almost continuous daylight, he would get the idea that the land was not so bad after all; but the hunter must look deeper. Let him dig a few inches into the soil and he will find it as hard as a rock, or let him examine secluded inlets of the lakes and in high summer he will still find thick ice lurking in the shady spots. These things are warnings and they clearly show that the land puts on its summer garb only for a little while. But the Barren Grounds in winter—the water fowl have fled to the South, the deer and caribou moved to the great forests or the sea coasts.

Desolation is everywhere. Deep snow has blotted out hills, trees and tiny streams alike, the lakes are all but frozen solid. The hunter who would go very far into this land at such a time faces certain starvation. There is practically no food to be obtained and not even lumber to build a fire with, everything is buried deep under a vast winding sheet of snow.

The very animals found on the Barren Grounds in summer seem to be in a hurry, always appearing to have one eye on the encroaching enemy, the Arctic winter, for the birds know only too well that the berries they love may at any moment be frozen before they have time to ripen, and their fledglings covered in snow on the nests ere they are strong enough to



fly to the South. The summer thaws show the tragedies of the previous winter's freeze.

But strange to say there is one huge animal that braves the winter, caring nothing for Arctic gales and blinding snow storms, and stays comfortably where it is all the year round and this is the Musk Ox. This splendid creature appears to be unmoved by changes of climate that would kill another animal, for all other creatures have given way to it. Far up into Greenland the musk ox holds sway, for there is none to dispute its rule. The great creature is not

cautious or wary, for it has been accustomed so long to have nature shut the doors tightly behind that it will not take the trouble, as a rule, to get away from a hunter. In summer time the fur of the musk ox is worth very little, but in the depth of winter it is very fine, and it takes a hunter of hardy courage to follow it even to the outskirts of the forbidden land. Only in the last year have accounts reached the United States of a party in Labrador, which might be called the North East frontier of the Barren Lands, dying miserably of starvation.

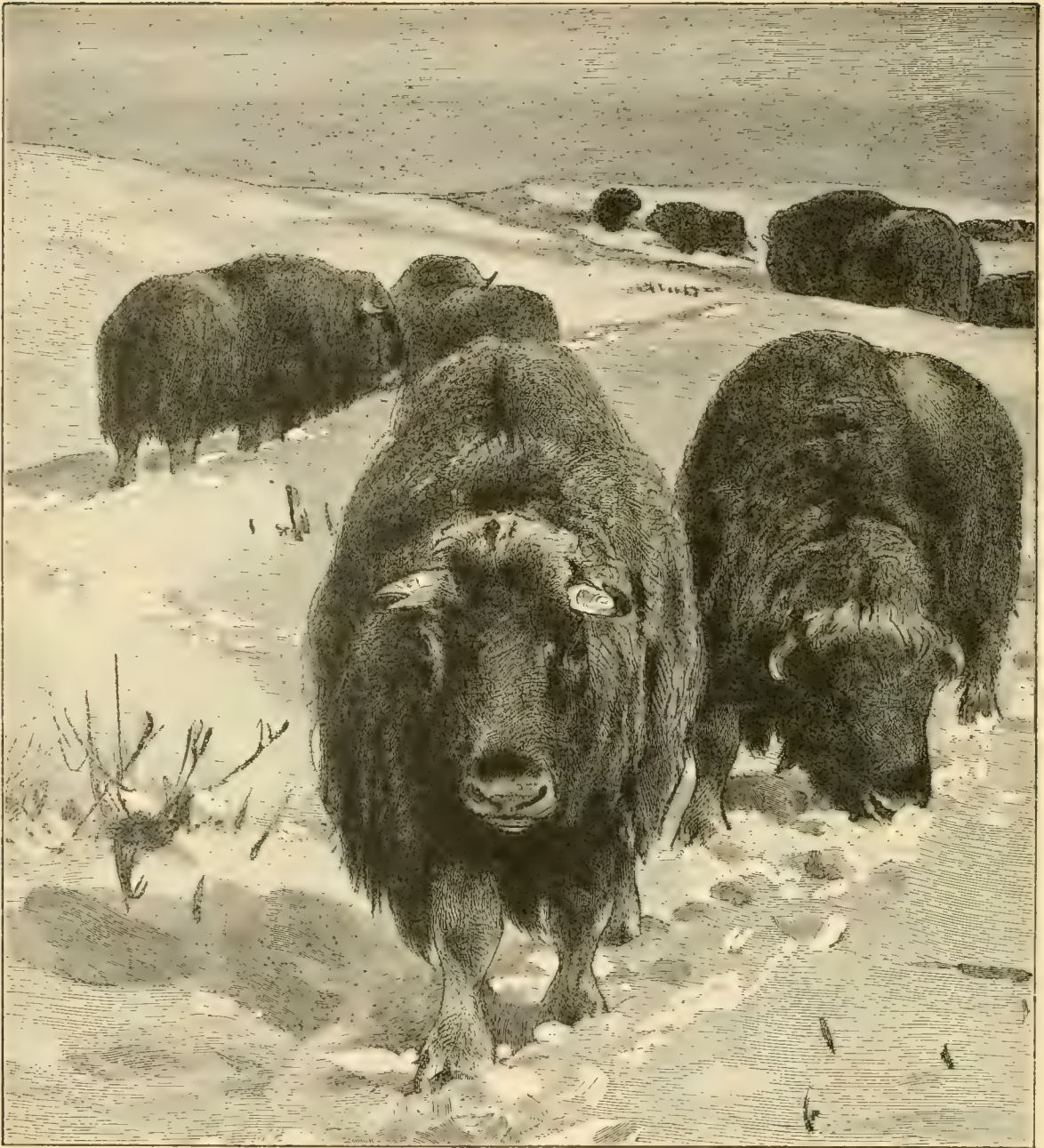
THE MUSK OX OF THE BARREN GROUNDS

The Indians hunt the Musk Ox throughout the summer, just to lay in a supply of meat. In the early winter they go farther afield carrying their fuel with them, but more than one expedition has been wiped out through the fuel being exhausted and no game met with. Quite often the brave hunters are seized with a panic and a rush takes place to the nearest station, their weakness and despair being lashed into



desperation by the spectre of starvation. It is true that the wolves make trouble for the musk ox, but they will not tackle a full grown bull unless they are in a pretty desperate state; for there are so many other animals, the caribou for instance, that make easier killing. Taken on the whole, the musk ox may be said to be remarkably free from enemies and it owes this mainly to its geographical position in the world.

THE MUSK OX OF THE BARREN GROUNDS



If a very large pack of wolves attack a band of musk oxen, the old bulls generally get the cows and the young ones inside presenting a formidable front to the enemy and as a rule the wolves retire after getting the worst of it. In the warmer months the old bulls wander singly and they are then as

dangerous as they look. The hunter must be a good shot and use a heavy soft-nosed bullet, for the musk ox is no tame creature and it takes considerable killing; furthermore it must be borne well in mind that if a sturdy old bull is only slightly but painfully wounded, it will make things lively until it is stopped. There is no great caution needed in stalking the game, for as we have said, the beasts will not take much trouble to get away unless you are in a region that has been vigorously hunted over. The Indians round up the musk oxen and try to trap them crossing a river or lake where the ice will not bear their weight and a sickening butchery takes place. The musk ox does not like to swim and only on desperate occasions will it cross a wide lake. When seen swimming it gives one the impression of being top heavy—in fact it is a poor swimmer and it is doubtful if it could go very far without considerable danger to itself.

A well known hunter once reported having found the dead body of a musk ox floating in a small lake and from his own observations he came to the conclusion that it had been drowned. It is just possible that it had fallen through unsafe ice and become exhausted in its efforts to climb out. At any rate there was no spear or shot wound on the body.

Occasionally the musk ox is seen in captivity, for it lives in our Zoos apparently with the utmost contentment, not sighing for its northern home at all. The great creatures are not easily tamed, for they always remain sulky and very uncertain in temper. In size they are not as large as the American buffalo but their shaggy coats make them appear bulkier than they really are. The skin when taken at the coldest season of the year makes extremely handsome fur.

THE BUFFALO IN AMERICA

THE reader may ask, what has the Buffalo to do with big game hunting? The answer is, very little, but there is a moral that adorns the tale.

Every young American should know the ugly history of the buffalo so that he may in years to come profit by his ancestors' mistakes and do his part in preventing their occurrence again.

In a word the history of the buffalo is a blot on the fair name of the United States — a thing we would all like to pass over. None of us care to contemplate a page of our history that shows us guilty of an act of ignorance and brutality that would shame a savage nation.

When the American people were in the midst of their struggle for liberty huge herds of buffalo roamed all over the country as far East as the states of Tennessee, Ohio and Kentucky but the first years of the nineteenth century found the poor beast already driven to the other side of the Mississippi river. Great inroads had been made on the herds before the war, but it was after peace that the real relentless slaughter began. Three things led to the extinction of the buffalo. The first was the gradual spread of "civilization" in the west; secondly, the improvement in the range and hitting powers of the rifle; and thirdly, the building of the railroad across the continent. The year 1865 saw the beginning of the end of the buffalo, and by 1880 the bloody work had been completed. Today it is said that there are less than one thousand animals all told left in the entire country.

Buffalo hunting was comparatively easy, the beasts were not hard to approach and the only danger lay in getting in the way of a stampede, for once in a while the huge creatures would be seized with panic and would rush off in such numbers that nothing could withstand their flight.

When the Union Pacific Railway was built a large section of the West became suddenly accessible. The railroad men slew the buffalo for meat and it must be confessed that they murdered tons where pounds would have sufficed. Then there grew up a demand in the East for buffalo robes and thereupon the West was invaded by hordes of skin hunters.

The spirit of murder seemed to infect all classes, for at times Union Pacific trains would go out with loads of passengers who looked from their guns as if they were going to war. If the train ran across a herd, which was a common enough occurrence in those days, a stop would be made and everyone would get out and shoot, engineers, conductors, messengers passengers—both men, boys and even women. The poor beasts would go down by scores and others limp away badly wounded or with a shattered limb as a testimony to the bad marksmanship. Buffaloes shot in the eye and not fatally wounded would roll in agony and as often as not no merciful shot would put them out of their misery. The herd would at last get away, then the train would move on and the passengers get back into the cars and brag of their hunting, leaving the prairie strewn with bodies and sodden with blood. A train of twenty cars would often have been insufficient to carry away the dead killed by a few carloads of people. It seemed as though the men of those days had gone blood mad. This sort of slaughter went on until in this year of grace not one single specimen out of the herds of millions is left alive in a wild condition! It is not a pretty story but it is not a bad one to read and remember. The awful fate of the buffalo has not been without its effect. There is a growing tendency to preserve our splendid game creatures, to study their habits and to show more mercy and intelligence.

We have never decried legitimate hunting. There is all the difference between maiming a beast from a car window, where you know you can't carry away the trophy and not even be sure that you hit it, being only possessed by the insane desire to destroy life; and the sportsman who still-hunts the moose, following its trail for days through heart-breaking country, matching man-skill against animal-skill and then shooting with knowledge at a vital spot and killing the game dead. Real hunters don't kill for the sake of killing, they don't leave a trail of useless dead behind them, for paradoxical as it may seem, in a vague way they respect life.

The sight of a herd of buffalo, numbering perhaps thousands, must have been awe-inspiring. A letter to an old hunter who had known the buffalo in the war days brings this characteristic reply — "you ask me about the buffalo — well where can I begin? I could write to you for days without exhausting the subject. However, in glancing back now I may say that the most impressive moment of my life was my first encounter with a mighty herd. We had trailed all one hot day towards a rocky hill where we intended to camp. Just at sunset far away on the horizon we beheld for the first time through the dust clouds the faint outline of a large herd. It was too near dark to start a hunt then so we decided to wait until morning. We were safely encamped among great boulders near a steep bluff. During the night the herd came up and passed close to our camp. I was young in those days but I confess that my heart was in my mouth during those dark hours. First were heard the measured thunder of the army's tramp, tramp! Then came suffocating dust clouds and all the while we could see nothing, but could only listen. The beasts were so close that the grunting and snorting of the bulls were plainly heard.

The night was made further hideous by the howls and wails of hundreds of coyotes and big wolves that hung like camp followers about the outskirts of the moving army. Occasionally we could hear the vicious snap of wolves, followed by the piteous cries of a baby buffalo — then a pause would ensue, a scuffle and the angry gruntings of an old bull that was battling for his own. Sometimes the snarls would die away indicating that the thieves had been routed, but more often we heard the



hideous snarl-shriek of agony as some daring wolf, holding onto its prey too long had been ground to the earth beneath the mighty head of some great bull. I felt myself that our expedition was all over, for there wouldn't be a buffalo in sight by sunrise, but I was wrong. The first streaks of dawn showed us everywhere a living sea of huge beasts all moving steadily in one direction. What had been a rugged bluff the night before, now looked as though a giant's hand had smoothed and rounded it off. The passage of countless feet had leveled the ground in every direction for several miles.

THE BUFFALO IN AMERICA



There is no need to give you the details of the day's hunt. It is enough to say that we had all we wanted. It was well along in the middle of the afternoon before the last of the herd had vanished. But what is the use of writing more? You know as well as I do that the buffalo is a closed chapter of our country and the less said of it the better." This letter is surely a true description of what was then a common occurrence in the lives of hunters of the West in those days.

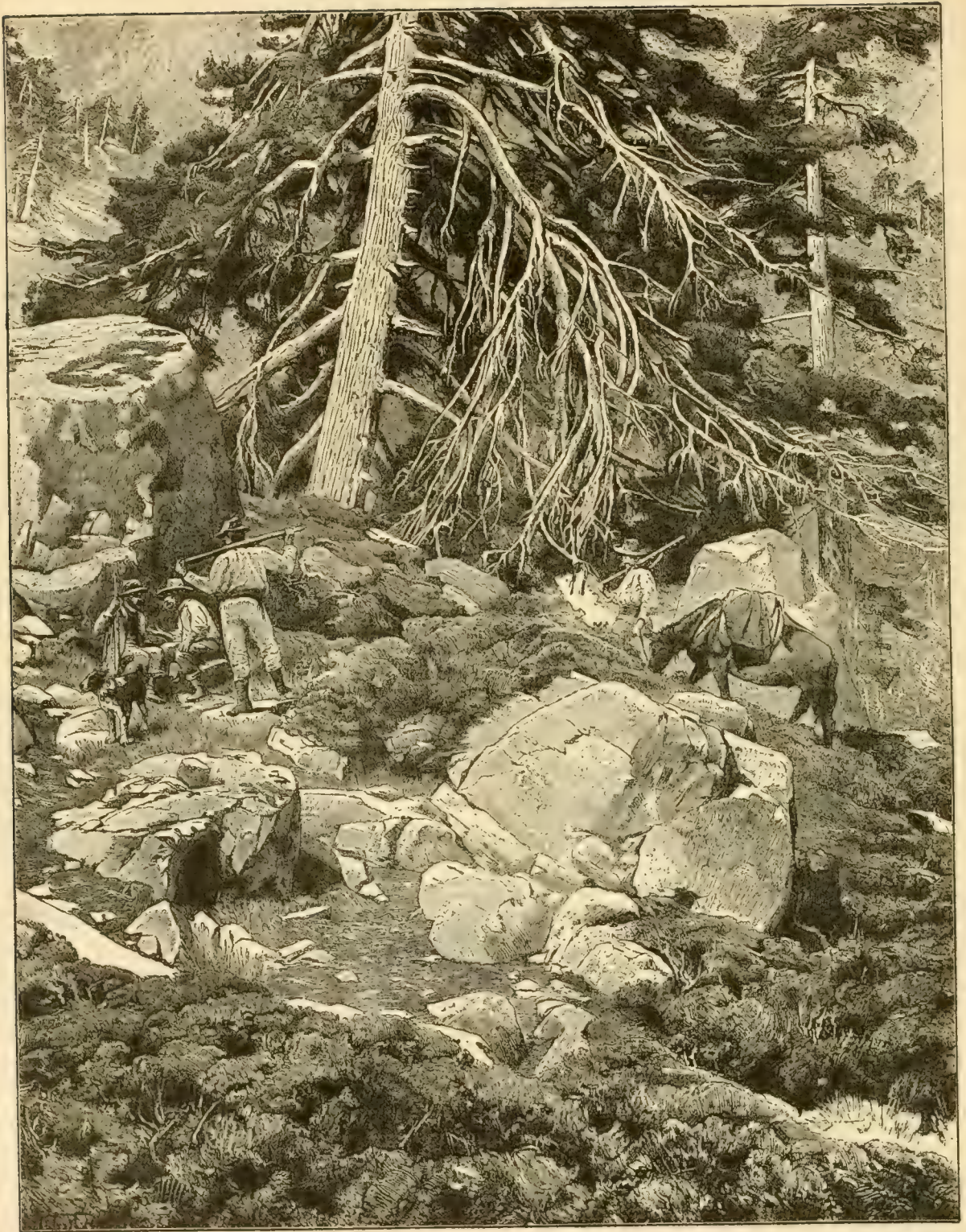
THE BIGHORN

THE very name of "Bighorn" conjures up in the mind pictures of struggles among the crags, breathless rushes across mountain sides, enduring blinding snow storms. No hunter can follow this noble animal unless he has more than the ordinary supply of pluck, and he will also need sound lungs, keen eyes and strong muscles besides. The hunting of no other animal can be said to so thoroughly test the sportsman, and bring out every ounce that is in him, for once a boy can show a big horn sheep's head that he has killed himself he can write his name large for ever after.

The mountain sheep have the keenest senses; their alertness has become proverbial for they are always on the watch. The faintest suspicious sound, wafted up the side of a ridge by a fitful gust of wind, is enough to send the flock across the mountains so that they may be seen, but never reached again that day. The hunter may all but successfully stalk his game when he has the misfortune to run across an eagle whose angry screams warn the sheep for miles around. If a small animal is flushed and scampers away, the sheep know only too well that what is dangerous for it, is a menace also to them, and off they go. A friend of the writer's once summed up sheep hunting as "heart-breaking."

The bighorn does not choose, as its abiding place, such difficult country as the Ibex of India or the Thar of the Caucasus, but its watchfulness makes it a match for any man. The novice on his first hunt can hardly expect to make a kill unless he has a mighty streak of good luck, for there is a saying which runs "the wild sheep never sleep," and it would seem as if there were some truth in it.

There are half a dozen distinct varieties of the bighorn sheep, each one shading into the next; the difference of locality



GETTING NEAR THE BIGHORN COUNTRY

and food seeming to account for the slight variations.

The bighorn is found in Montana, Nevada, Utah, the Dakotas and California, but at the present time the sheep in those states are enjoying a closed time, and will continue to do so until about 1912. In Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon the bighorn may be shot, but with restrictions as to number, and removal from the state. At any rate, in all these states the killing of the ewes is strictly forbidden at any time.

A friend of the writer's, who has been a sheep hunter for many years, recommends following the sport alone, unless the companion be a silent-footed, close-mouthed Indian, for there is no room for mistakes with the bighorn. After a careful day's stalk, a sneeze, a stumble, an overturned rock or a snapped twig may undo the whole labor. This hunter states that he once spied a bighorn on the ledge of a precipice, and waiting till it had rounded a corner out of sight, then, the wind being in the right direction, he scrambled after it. But his hunting instincts got the better of his caution, and when he came to a rock he could not climb, it dawned upon him that he was in a position from which if he escaped with his life he would be lucky. After coolly surveying his plight he saw that the only thing he could do was to go down to a lower rock ledge. Few men, unless they are trained mountaineers realize that in rock climbing it is easier to go up than down. You can nearly always see what is ahead of you, while in going down you are not half as certain. In this case the hunter had to make a clear drop of about four feet, a short distance to be sure, but in case he did not land exactly or his body swerved out he saw several hundred feet yawning to receive him.

Another unpleasant thing was that once he was down it was by no means clear that his difficulties would then be over.

At anyrate after a moment's thought he took the risk and landed safely. Then he found it was necessary to round the rock corner on the open face of the cliff. Just as he was suspended in mid-air, so to speak, he caught sight of the big-horn quietly watching him as though it were fully aware that the hunter needed his both hands and feet to retain his hold.



Then the sheep, having satisfied its curiosity, moved on slowly, leaving the hunter with very mixed feelings.

However, climb number two proved to be much easier than climb number one, and after reaching safety, the hunter saw to his chagrin that if he had gone two hundred feet higher up he would have passed the bluff without any difficulty. With a strong effort of will he pulled himself together, for he was shaking all over, and after allowing a minute or two for his

heart to quiet down, he made his way slowly to the top of the ridge. Going over to the far side a safe distance he set off at an easy trot, for he was now travelling on fairly clear ground. He made a mile or more in this fashion, and then coming to a small ravine, he dived down it about one hundred and fifty feet. He knew the wind was in the wrong direction but there was nothing to do but to take chances, for to follow a sheep that has once started a man would need to be a sort of a combination of greyhound, goat and panther.

The hunter calculated that he was well above the bighorn, and in a few minutes he was rewarded by a sight of the beautiful creature coming along quite swiftly. He waited till it passed near a big rock and then fired, making an awful miss! The sheep was travelling quickly, but the noise and absence of smoke seemed for an instant to confuse it, for it must have thought that its enemy was behind. At anyrate it paused a moment on a rock and with the second crack of the rifle it dropped dead in its tracks. So the hunter got his game after all.

On the islands off the coast of California, a very fine variety of the bighorn is found, but it is extremely difficult to shoot. The land is high at its centre and sloping always to the sea, so that in stalking the game, the hunter is likely to be seen while he is several ridges away, whereas in the Rockies the unevenness of the ranges gives a better chance to come upon the sheep unawares.

The writer has followed the bighorn on these islands for several days at a time, and so far has never obtained a specimen. The nearest approach to a kill was one day when a sheep was sighted far up on a steep hillside. After a lengthy stalk, under a hot sun and over blinding sandy wastes, it was

possible to take a long shot. The hit was clean and the sheep rolled head over heels for several hundred feet down the slope. But on examination the prize proved to be no bighorn at all but a very fine tame ram, which later made a series of good meals, but from a hunting standpoint left the hunter open to the jeers of equally unsuccessful companions. They solaced themselves with the fact that at anyrate they had not been stupid enough to kill an inoffensive domestic creature. At that great distance the ram looked all right, and without glasses it could not be distinguished from its wild brother.

As a matter of fact huge flocks of sheep range over these islands and not infrequently become mixed with the bighorn. Sometimes one sees lambs of a very fine appearance, looking as though there was a streak of bighorn in them.

The horns of the island species are not as fine as those of the coast ranges but nevertheless the heads are no mean prize. The smallness of the area over which these sheep are able to roam makes them shy, even for a bighorn, which is only another way of saying that they are almost unapproachable.

Before we leave the bighorn, we would like to say a word about the rare "Black Sheep" or "Stone's Mountain Sheep."

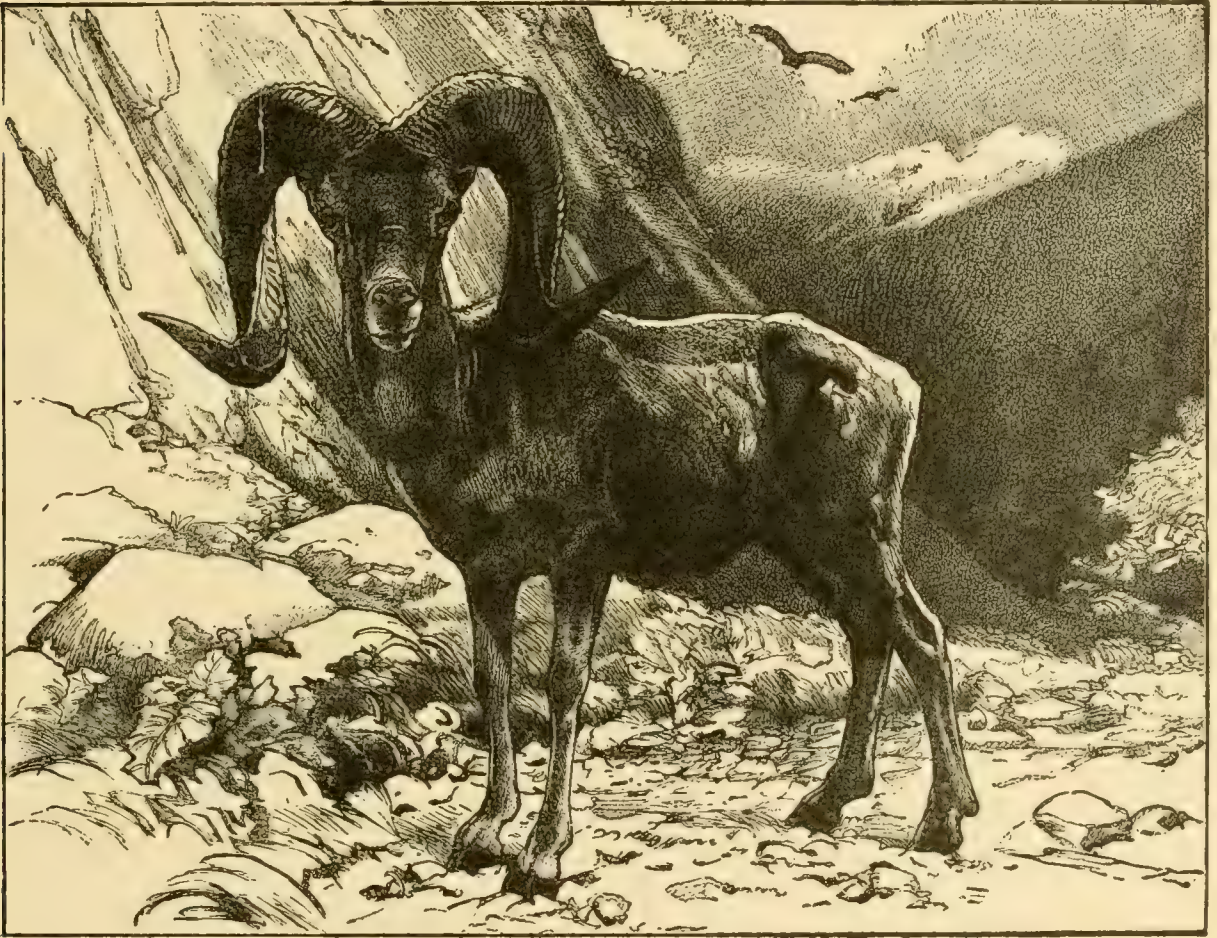
In the year 1896 Mr Andrew J Stone succeeded in obtaining a bighorn which proved to be an entirely new species. The authorities have appropriately named this sheep "*ovis stonei*" in honor of the man who discovered it.

So far there is really very little known about this beautiful creature, for only a few specimens have been shot, and apparently none taken alive. Its size is almost identical with the famous bighorn known as "*ovis dalli*," but when compared to other members of the wild sheep family it appears to be lighter in build, its legs giving one the impression of

THE BIGHORN

great speed, as well as sure-footedness. The horns are of lighter build than those of the true bighorn, but what they lack in bulk, they make up in length. They are very gracefully curved and come down low on the head.

Stone's Sheep is a noble creature in every sense of the word, holding its head high as though it realized its own majesty,



and Mr. Stone is to be congratulated on his good luck. It is also reported that in the year 1896 another great authority on sheep, Mr Pike, saw parts of a bighorn, (some heads and skins), which appeared strange to him, and the opinion seems to be general, that they may have belonged to specimens of the rare Stone's sheep.

Mr Stone discovered this rare animal in the Cassiar Mountains in the North West corner of British Columbia. These mountains cross, at an angle, the 132 degree of longitude while their latitude is roughly 65 to 59 degrees. So far this sheep has occurred only in this comparatively narrow range. The head and horns seen by Mr Pike, were on the Yukon River in Alaska, and if they really belonged to a Stone's sheep it would appear that this animal ranges many miles to the north. In the next few years we shall probably know more of this interesting animal.

Canada and the United States have been so thoroughly overhauled by hunters that it is startling to hear, at this late date, of the appearance of an entirely new animal.

There is probably still good sheep hunting to be had in Northern Mexico and Lower California, where two very fine specimens are found, known as the Nelson's Sheep and the Mexican Sheep. These varieties are very much like their bighorn brother, both in build and appearance.

Lower California is a risky country to hunt in for many reasons, one is that water is at a premium. Also in case of illness or accident the hunter might as well be at the North Pole as in Lower California for all the help he can get.

It has been said that men who have no guns see more game than the real hunter, and there are few of us who have not had experiences that make this look like the truth. Mining engineers have often said that while searching for claims in the lonely mountains, they have run across many kinds of the rarest animals. A mining man, a friend of the writer's, said that while in Idaho, a wild sheep one evening nearly stumbled right through his camp. No doubt many other men could tell stories of a like nature.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

WITHOUT doubt one of the rarest animals in the United States is the Rocky Mountain Goat. As its name signifies, it is found in the highest and most inaccessible places of that mighty range. In spite of its jet black, curved horns and tiny hoofs, contrasting with its snowy white body, it has sometimes been called the "chamois of the Rockies." Very little is known of its habits, for it is most difficult to approach, owing to its splendid sight and keen sense of smell.

A sportsman, a friend of the writer's, who had been after this noble animal, on being asked about the hunting, nearly lost his temper. He was a man who had his own way about things, and when he set his heart on an object nothing was allowed to swerve him. But it seems that the Rocky mountain goats thought otherwise, and played hide and seek with him in wicked fashion. Having arrived in the goat country our friend proceeded to lay his plans with all due caution, for he was an old and experienced hunter. Taking with him a tireless Indian guide, who knew the mountains like a book, they set out for a protracted hunt.

For five days they climbed and scrambled among unnamed peaks, but no sight of goats was to be found. At length, early one morning, the hunter's powerful glass showed a moderate sized specimen feeding on the sides of what seemed a sheer precipice. Twenty minutes watching showed them in what direction the goat was travelling. There was nothing for it but to make a long detour around the mountain. After a scramble, equal to thirty miles of travelling on a level road, they got to their position. Establishing themselves well concealed, they peered around for the game, but it was nowhere in sight. At first the two men thought they might have made a mistake in their calculations, but before long this doubt was

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

disproved for the goat hove in sight a mile or more away. An hour showed the distance between them reduced to a little over half a mile, and at the same time the wind shifted. Before the hunter and guide could change their base the fatal taint was carried to the goat, and in an instant it was off, leaping over places that a man could hardly obtain foothold on. The Indian looked ruefully at the hunter and neither said a word,



for both knew the utter futility of a further chase, for the goat would keep a sharp lookout for them thereafter.

On another day they sighted a much larger goat, and just as they nearly had it in position an eagle came sailing along, and spying the two men lying concealed, circled upwards in alarm, screaming with might and main, and instantly the goat took the warning and vanished.

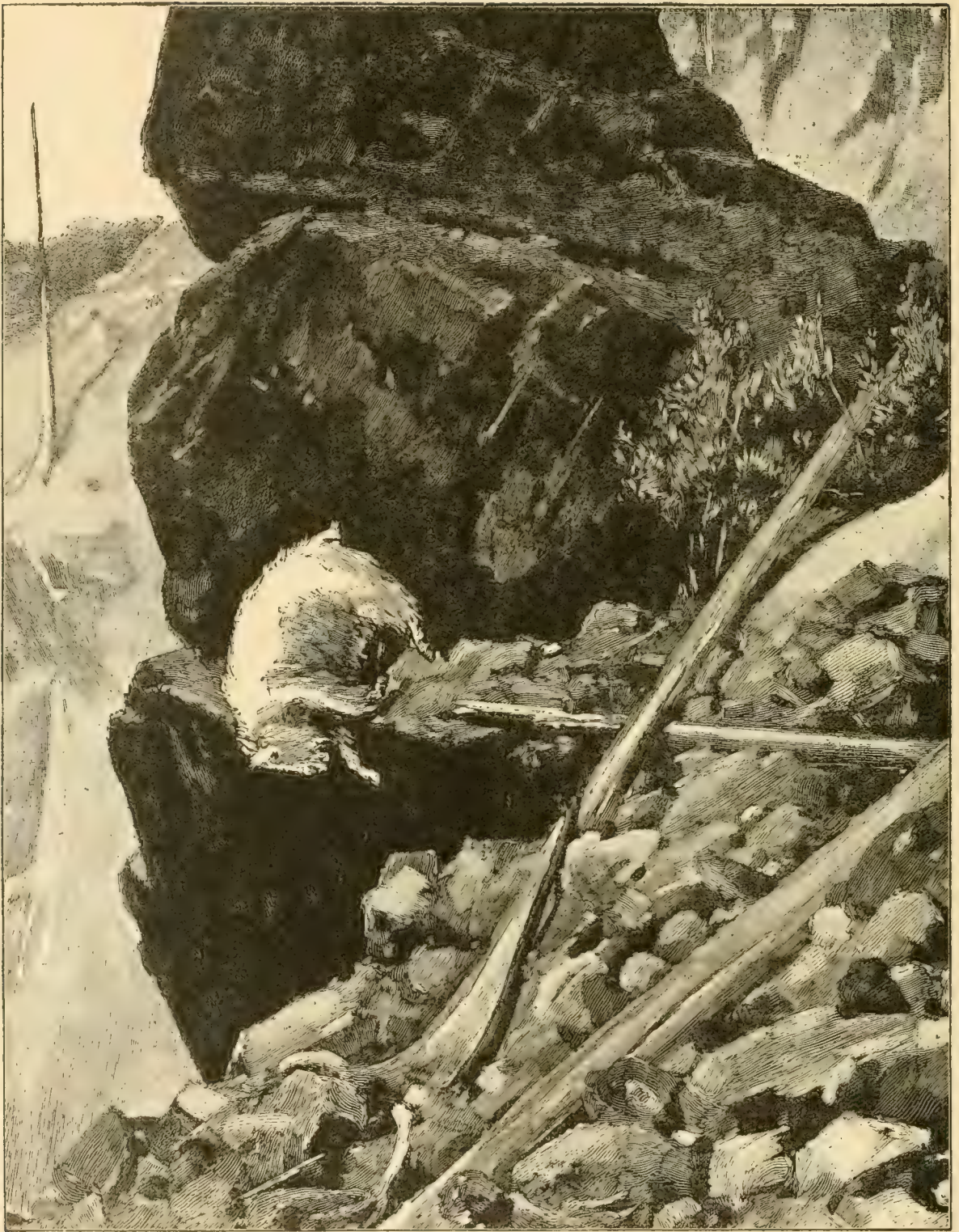
And so this tale of woe went on, one bad streak of luck

after another. At the close of one arduous and fruitless day, however, while returning to camp, the guide who was some hundred yards or so in advance of his companion, suddenly surprised a goat on a ledge of rock. The beast was not fifty yards away and before it could move a shoulder shot brought it down, but the body fell off the ledge and down the precipice falling some eight hundred feet, and lodging firmly in a place completely out of human reach. The two men tried in every way to reach their prize, but each attempt was baffled and they had to give it up. So in the end the hunter returned without getting a goat, hence his display of bad temper when the subject is mentioned.

The stories of hunters who follow this tricky goat bear the same earmarks, for they are of one accord in agreeing that the animal is shy above all other creatures. A man might spend days among the mountains where the goats were quietly feeding, and yet he would not catch sight of one, even though he were lucky enough to get close up. Although its coat is white, it harmonises remarkably with its surroundings, for this goat lives at high altitudes near the snowline. Once it takes to the snow in its flight, and viewed from any considerable distance, it becomes absolutely invisible.

The Rocky Mountain Goat is not very large. Its body has more or less of a clumsy appearance, with a head too small in proportion, but as a matter of fact its hardihood and strength are superb; still it cannot be compared to the great goats of Persia, Siberia, Tibet and India.

It weathers, without difficulty, the awful storms that burst upon the mountains, living comfortably all the year round, where other animals would succumb to the elements. If captured young it grows very docile and tame.



SHOT! — ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT



A BULL MOOSE IN THE OPEN

THE MOOSE

THE Moose is conceded to be the grandest of the huge game animals found in the United States; this is a fact agreed on by all hunters and writers, although they differ with each other in many ways as to the great creature's habits, its shyness and the danger encountered in its pursuit. These differences largely arise from the various true accounts given by hunters of their experiences; hardly any of them making fair allowance for the fact that the habits of the moose, owing to altered conditions, vary in different parts of the country. The moose in the Rockies for instance does not behave in exactly the same way as does its brother in the State of Maine.

Now the moose is found in many localities, but its great strongholds are the North-Western States and Maine. Of course individuals are seen once in a while far to the South, but it will be found on examination that they are nearly always specimens that have strayed away from their regular haunts. The legs of the moose are long and its capacity for trotting almost unlimited hence it does not take a great amount of energy on its part to carry it far from home.

The Moose is wary, all hunters agree on that fact, but the locality in which it is found tends to make it more or less cautious as the case may be. For instance in the West the moose will frequent more open spaces than it will in Maine and it naturally uses much greater caution.

Another thing in relation to its wariness is that in some sections it is more hunted than in others. Naturally the more the moose is hunted the cannier it gets. In the West it is not an uncommon thing to find the moose and the great elk living side by side. The writer has never heard of a case of a battle between the two creatures. They seem to have agreed to let each other alone, although what would happen in case of a

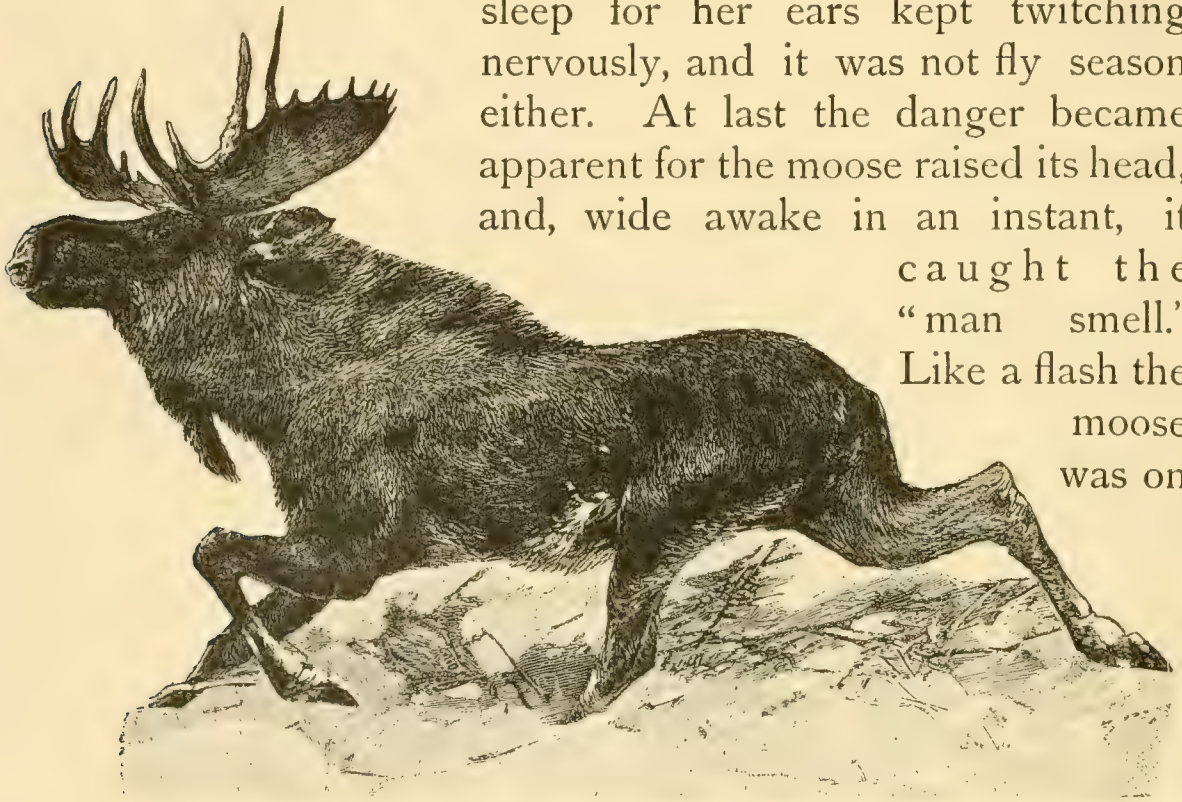
THE MOOSE

fight stirs the imagination. The moose has excellent senses of hearing and smell. In many instances hunters have come across a fresh trail and have followed it, not only for hours but for two or three days without as much as getting a sight of the great creature. On one occasion a hunter, who happened to be unarmed, came upon a cow moose asleep on the edge of a forest. It would seem as if she scented danger even in her

sleep for her ears kept twitching nervously, and it was not fly season either. At last the danger became apparent for the moose raised its head, and, wide awake in an instant, it

caught the
"man smell."

Like a flash the
moose
was on



its feet and off at a smart trot leaving the hunter behind with mixed feelings. It is seldom that you will find a moose's ears still. They are always turning from side to side, watchful sentinels to warn their owner of the least unnatural sound. Even the unusual breaking of a twig is sufficient to send a big bull moose off in a first class panic.

It is almost hopeless to try and get down-wind to a moose

for it will scent its enemy a long distance away and steal off like a shadow.

The moose, when alarmed nearly always goes off in a straight line. It is so huge and strong that hardly anything but a good stout tree would stop its career. Saplings, young trees, the toughest creepers and brambles offer it no resistance at all.

The moose does not often gallop for the gait is not natural to it; this is proved by the fact that it will soon tire out at a gallop, while at a trot it will go on for hours. Its length of leg is enormous and its stride is proportionate. It will travel with ease, and without any slacking up or change of step, across rocks and fallen trees.

A moose was once seen to cross at full speed an open patch covered with felled tree trunks on top of which was about two feet of snow. The moose strode across these as easily as we would a moderately rough road.

A curious trick of the moose's is that of turning its head to the trail it has come along when it pauses to rest. If a moose is alarmed and makes a long run it will rest if it thinks that it is not pursued, or in immediate danger, but to make doubly sure it lies down with its head turned in the direction that it has just come, so that its ears and nose may give it instant warning of danger.

Many people who are not hunters frequently get the best chances of observing the moose at close quarters. Any fisherman who has been years in the woods, silently working up a trout stream in the forest country, will be sure to tell you instances of sudden encounters with the moose. On one occasion a canoe party came upon a splendid bull moose quietly drinking his fill. It happened that the two occupants

THE MOOSE

of the canoe had not been talking for some minutes, and furthermore, just at that moment were taking a rest from paddling. The canoe quietly slid around a bend of the river and fifty yards away stood the moose. The canoe travelled at least another good fifteen yards ere the beast saw its enemy. Before it could attempt to fly a bullet hit it in the shoulder. It had turned to the woods but now changed its mind and charged the canoe instead. The river current was swift and it was a hard job backing the canoe away. There were but two men in the canoe, and as it took their four hands to work the paddles there was no chance for a second shot. Before the canoe was really going full speed astern the moose was only a couple of yards away. Suddenly the shallow river bed became deep water, and the moose was swimming. After a few strokes its head fell forward and it floated dead. By the way the best method to carry a huge moose carcass by water is to cut two stout long straight poles and lash them to the canoe, fore and aft; then get two cross pieces, which should be longer and lighter, and lash them crosswise. In this manner a cat's cradle is formed, and the canoes, lashed squarely, are rigidly kept a few feet apart. The body is then placed on the cat's cradle and fastened in position. In this way the heaviest moose may be carried in perfect safety. Of course this is a risky proposition on a rapid river, but on lake water it is perfectly safe.



On still another occasion an Indian guide and a novice hunter were on a lake when they came across a moose swimming full tilt for the farther shore. The Indian brought the canoe close up alongside the swimming animal, never dreaming for an

instant that the hunter was not an experienced hand. The hunter fired, missed his shot altogether and the recoil of the heavy rifle caused him to suddenly shift his balance and so



give the canoe a lurch. In the meanwhile, before the Indian could recover and spin the canoe around, the moose turned on its enemies and brought the flat side of its huge horns down on the frail craft, and naturally it went in half. Rifles, kit and everything sank at once.

As the hunter came

to the surface the moose again brought down its horns, as though it were wielding a club, upon the unfortunate man's head and that was the end of him. The moose seemed to think that it had done enough damage by that time for it swam away in the direction that it had been going. A second canoe, a mile away, had seen the accident and was hastening to the rescue. The Indian was picked up and later the body of the hunter. The poor chap was in a fearful condition, his head and shoulder bones were smashed flat. The Indian in this case can hardly be said to blame, for the shot was an easy one, the water being smooth. Excitement or nervousness of the novice was really the cause of the disaster. There are stories told around the camp fires of Indians following a swimming moose. When they get alongside, they go overboard, and swimming up to the creature's neck, place a hand on the

THE MOOSE

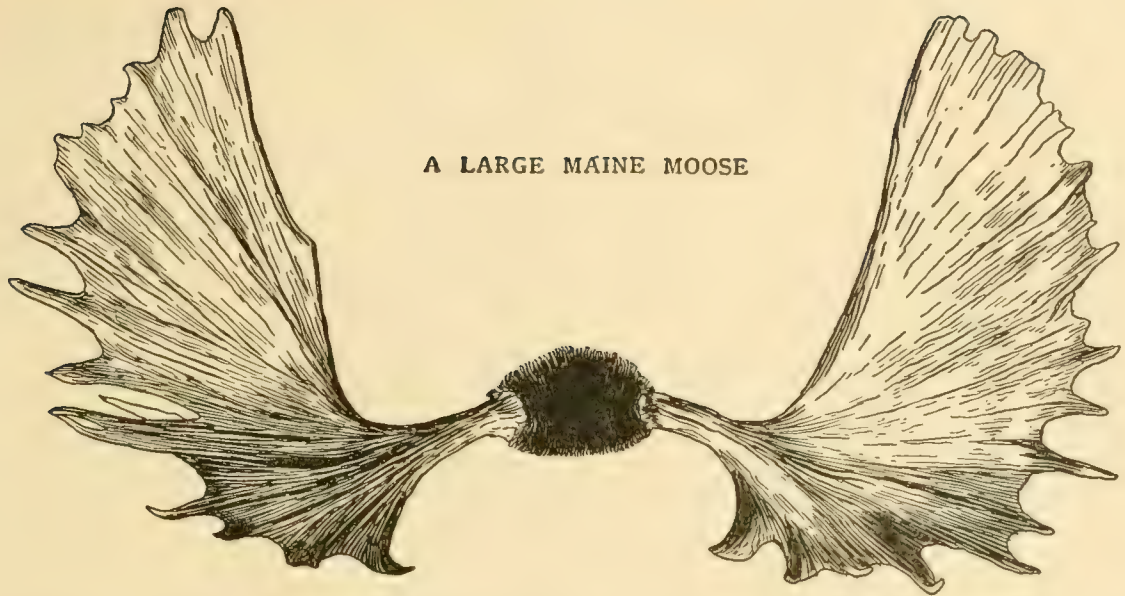
base of its horns for support, and then cut the beast's throat with a hunting knife. As a rule the shooting of a swimming moose does not present any very great difficulties, and many hunters are of opinion that it is hardly sportsmanlike. The real hunting of the moose is in the forest where the hunter matches his skill and woodcraft against the cunning and resources of the moose.

There is no doubt great danger in hunting the moose, but



there is no hard and fast rule, for circumstances make almost each case different. For instance, if the moose is surprised or shot at from a distance its first instinct would be to clear out as swiftly as possible. But if the moose is attacked at short range it is apt to show fight, especially if it has been wounded. Beyond the difficulty of stalking the moose, its hunting does not present as many dangers as would the hunting of other great creatures. The moose isn't as quick or ferocious as the lion or tiger, nor is its bulk as great, nor is its charge as

THE MOOSE



A LARGE MAINE MOOSE

terrific as that of the elephant. Again it is vulnerable in many parts, and has not huge, impenetrable bones, nor bullet-defying skin like the rhinoceros. The temper of the moose is variable just as the temper varies in dogs of the same breed. Still taken all in all it is an ugly brute. If the moose is attacked on marshy ground the danger to the hunter is very great, and the same may be said of woods filled with very thick undergrowth. This undergrowth, while heavy enough to check a man, would go down like grass before a charging moose. There is a lot of hunting done in these days with the camera instead of the gun and within the last few years a new lens has been invented which brings an object, say a mile away, within a couple of hundred yards. This invention in time is sure to give us fine pictures and much more information about the forest and mountain folk. It takes, if anything, more skill to "shoot" big game with a camera than it does with a rifle. The camera is bulkier than the gun, and one can readily see that to get a camera in position, focus it and obtain a photo is a job requiring no mean skill. As an instance a man

THE MOOSE

trailed a moose for half a day until he found the beast near an open spot in the forest. The moose was standing in the shadow making it impossible to get a picture. So the photographer quietly got his camera in position and focussed on a small sunlight patch a yard or so away on the chances that the quarry might move in that direction. A scrub oak tree hid the camera and across the face of the lens kept blowing an oak leaf. To put out a white hand and remove the leaf would be quite sufficient to send the moose off in a panic. The photographer quietly cut a switch with which the troublesome leaf was held out of the way.

For one hour the man lay concealed, keenly on the watch with the shutter bulb in his hand, and the state of his nerves can be imagined. At last the moose rose and as luck would have it moved out into the sunlight. The photographer made a slight sound and at once the moose faced around in alarm, head up, a perfect picture of a forest king. The shutter clicked and the next instant a cloud of leaves and turf showed where the game had stood. The plate was entirely successful. There is no need to go into the details of the hundreds of failures that are reported. Try and photograph your household cat in a natural position and see what a job you will have, and then consider what it means to take the picture of a wild beast with senses ten times as acute as the ordinary cat's.



THE MOOSE

The moose usually has only one mate and it is not uncommon to see a pair with two young ones. The female moose gives birth to one or two youngsters at a time, very seldom more. The parents are very affectionate and fight fiercely in protection of their young.

The moose is a fine swimmer and will cross lakes of considerable size. It swims high, that is with shoulders well out of water. Its stroke is long and easy and it gets along quickly.

From time to time there have been grand rows among the naturalists over the size of the moose and after hearing what has been said one is tempted to believe that all of them are right. The truth of the matter seems to be that the moose varies in size in different places.

Now it must be borne in mind that the moose is found in Siberia, Northern Russia, Norway and Sweden and in America from Maine to Alaska, and in all these countries there is a difference between the creatures. So far the largest specimens have been killed in Alaska. Here it would be well to state that one must agree on what is meant by size. The heaviest moose do not always have the largest horns. The best way it seems would be to give some weights. A moose was killed in Norway weighing 1250 pounds. Again moose killed in Maine have weighed from 900 to 1,100 pounds. Of course the bull is heavier than the female. Two hunters in Alaska claim to have killed a moose weighing 1980 pounds. So far this seems to be about the largest specimen known. Another moose killed a few years ago in Southern Alaska weighed 1570 pounds. It must also be taken into consideration when determining the weight of the moose that the creature has its fat and lean seasons. In fact it may be said that while the moose average a certain weight in one district it is not possible to declare an

THE MOOSE

average weight for the specimens found all over the world.

As to measurement in inches a huge bull moose shot in Alaska measured 11 feet from its nose to its tail, and stood 7 ft. 2 inches at the "hump" or highest part of the shoulders. An average man would look very small alongside such a beast.

As to the antlers, those of the moose would probably outweigh any others carried by the deer family, but it is usual to



class them by the measurement from tip to tip. Now 5 feet in expanse is a large moose horn, but specimens killed in Maine and Montana have measured 5 feet 8 inches. But authentic reports have come in of various kills in Alaska in which the horns varied from 5 feet 5 inches to 6 feet 2 inches and in one instance a huge pair of antlers actually measured 6 feet 4 inches!

The growth of horns seems to be largely controlled by the digestion. In the case of a young healthy bull moose its antlers grow larger and more majestic each year. On the other hand

THE MOOSE

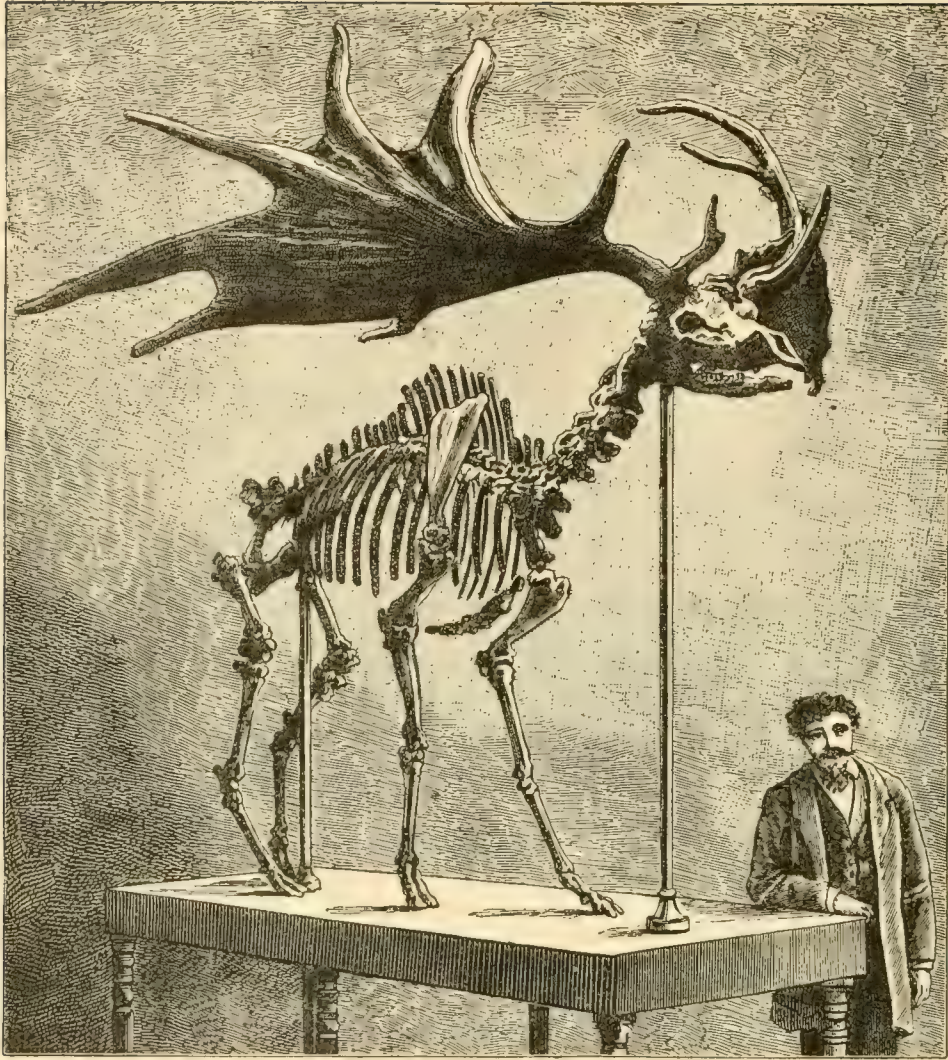
a young moose, with fairly well grown horns, was captured and shipped to Scotland and placed in a game preserve. On the way over it was terribly sea sick and it was some weeks before it fully recovered its normal state. The next year its antlers were much smaller. As time went on it became used to its new home and its horns grew apace until they would have compared favorably with any wild specimen. Then there came the time in the life of this moose when its teeth began to get blunt and food was harder to get. At once the effect was noticeable in the horns for they began to shrink. At the same time it would not be altogether safe to take as a standard a preserved park specimen for there life is not natural. In summer the moose roams free but in winter it is fed. It is tolerably certain however that an old moose in a wild state has not as large horns as a younger male.

It might be well to state here that thousands of years ago when the mammoth, the forefather of the elephant, roamed the earth, there was found in Ireland a gigantic "Elk" which must have looked a good deal like our moose. Its spread of antlers was enormous, frequently twice as great as that of the moose found to-day! In the marshy parts of Ireland these great skeletons are dug up from time to time. The writer has seen a pair of horns that were 9 feet from tip to tip. The moose of that period must have appeared a little top heavy, for judging from the skeleton, the body that went with the horns was not very much larger than that of our moose of to-day.

The moose is purely a game animal. Its fur is worth hardly anything and its skin isn't much better, being inferior, it is said, to ordinary deerskin. Its flesh is coarse and wouldn't be fit to eat except in the woods and with a true hunting appetite.

The moose, when it can, will stay near marshy or swampy

THE MOOSE



ground. It loves shady spots for it suffers considerably from the attacks of insects, and it is said at times to be driven nearly frantic by the swarms of deer flies and mosquitoes. This would indicate that in spite of its great size, its skin is very sensitive to the touch.

The moose, is a browsing and not a grazing animal; its true food consists of cotton-wood, willows, birch, mountain ash, swamp-maple, but it is also fond of lichens, ferns, grasses, mosses, and above all things lily pods. It will wade out to its

shoulders to get at this coveted food. At times the moose will go down on its knees to feed on the young grass.

Before we leave the moose we must say a word about its enemies. The most dangerous time for the moose is in the spring when the first thaws set in, for at once it becomes the prey of hungry wolves. The frozen crust is strong enough to carry a wolf, but the poor moose flounders through the treacherous ice. In spite of its great strength a very few hours of this sort of work will leave it exhausted. At this time men go out on "skees" or snow-shoes and kill the moose, but it is little better than butchery for the beast is practically helpless. Hunters (so called,) have been known in one week to clear all the moose out of a district. Some of the Indians have even killed a moose with a knife, so helpless does it lie. Once in a while a bear tackles a moose but not always successfully. The antlers of the moose are terrific weapons but it also uses its forefeet both to pound and kick with. On one occasion a large bear that had been foolish enough to make a head attack on a moose was flung violently off. Immediately the moose pounded it fiercely with its hoofs. The bear had no second chance; it was done for. The so called "elk" yard, where the moose spend the winter, is nothing more than a series of paths. A family of moose will locate themselves in the densest part of the forest and from there wander for about a mile in all directions. As the deep winter snow falls the passing of the beasts keeps the paths open until they are just the width of the animals and at times five or six feet deep. The moose scrapes away the snow in spots to get at the lichens beneath. Not infrequently we see pictures of an elk yard looking as though the moose had made snow-castles like boys. If enemies appear, the moose will forsake the yard, even in the dead of winter.

THE CARIBOU

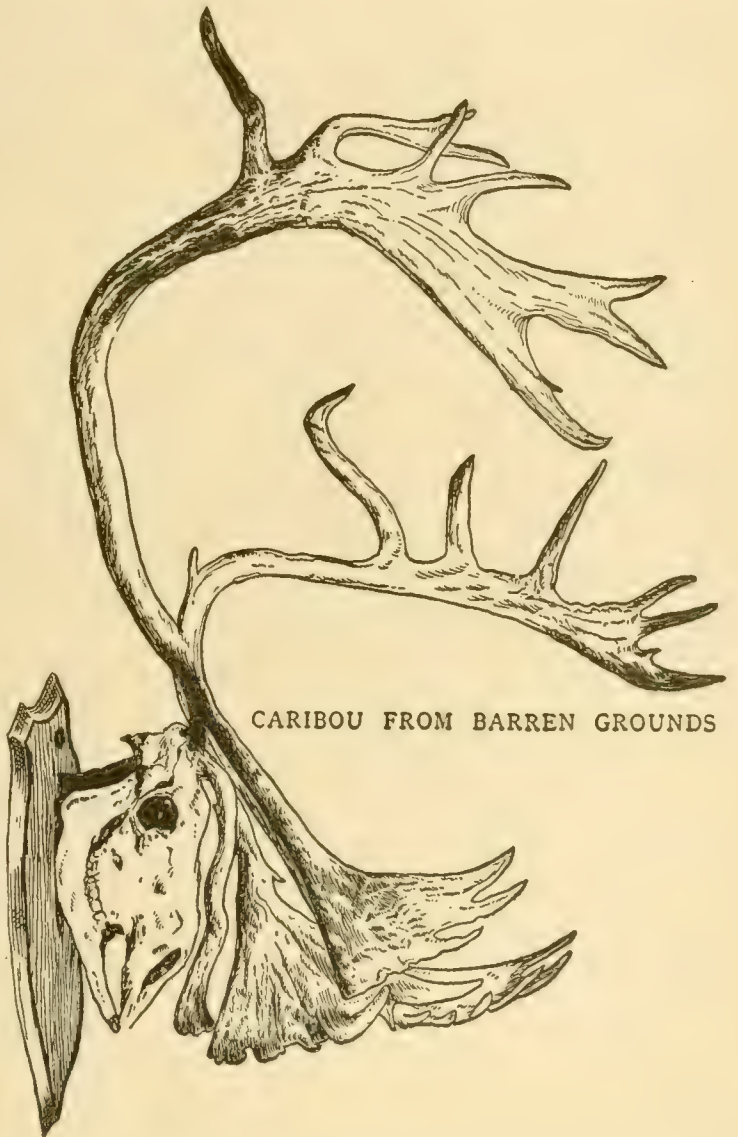
THERE is perhaps less danger in hunting the Caribou than any other member of the "big game family." In appearance the caribou is majestic enough, but it hasn't the fury and recklessness of the moose. But at the same time the caribou is an



ugly customer to handle when wounded at close range.

A couple of hunters with two Indian guides were encamped in the caribou country in the Canadian Rocky mountains. They had been travelling for several days without seeing the game. That day they had moved their camp to a steep bare stony slope commanding a view for miles around. Just before sunrise the party were aroused by a cry of dismay from one of

the Indians. The man pointed excitedly to the opposite valley where a small group of pine trees was on fire. In a few minutes the clouds of sparks had started another blaze a few hundred yards on, and half an hour later the whole mountain side was blazing. The wind was in the opposite direction to the hunting camp so that there was no immediate danger. It might be well to state here as a word of advice — “never trust a forest fire.” The flames spread with fearful rapidity, especially in the dry season and one can never tell at what moment the wind may take it into its head to shift. On more than one occasion hunters have lost their entire outfit from such a cause, while they themselves just barely escaped with their lives. Distance seems to be no object to a forest fire. The writer once witnessed a blaze in California two miles wide and fifteen miles long. The fire was seen to jump a valley half a mile wide. It seemed as though the intense heat generated clouds of gases which burst into a flame-cloud and spread



CARIBOU FROM BARREN GROUNDS

destruction in every direction. So good advice to the young hunter is that unless he has competent guides along, let him give a forest fire a wide berth.

But to return to our story. This fire sent the game, wing and foot, in every direction. It was not long before a large bear, growling angrily, came within range and fell a victim to the rifles. Next a bull caribou, the first seen, came trotting up the mountain side and was killed also. But the most curious incident happened when a cow caribou, followed at some distance by a tiny young one, stumbled right through the camp. The mother got away but before the little one knew what it was doing it got tangled in the tent ropes and was promptly pounced upon by the Indians. The tent was badly wrecked with its kicks and struggles but at length the small prize was secured unharmed and tied up like a dog. This youngster was eventually brought to the haunts of civilization.

The caribou's feet are wonderfully constructed. They are very broad and enable it to run with great speed across a bog or swamp that a man or a deer would sink knee-deep in. The caribou may be said to be always on the move. The herds will go far up into the mountains in summer, in fact above the timber line and stay there until the deep winter snows drive them to the lower levels again. The caribou, like the moose, seems to suffer a great deal from insect attacks and this is thought to be the reason of their migrations to the mountain tops. There are really two kinds of caribou. The Woodland variety is larger than that of the Barren Grounds, perhaps a third larger, also it is generally darker in color and has fewer white spots about it. The habits of the two species are about the same in all localities.

The horns of the caribou are huge and majestic in appear-



A CARIBOU HERD ON THE MARCH

THE CARIBOU

ance. They have not the grace of the elk, nor the solid appearance of the moose but they are very fine just the same. The horns vary a great deal in size and points; for all sorts of



BARREN GROUND CARIBOU.
Greatest Length 58 Inches

From a photograph provided by
the Am. Mus. of Natural History

styles may be met with in the same district. The big bulls generally are rid of their horns by the second week in December but it is said that the younger bulls and the cows carry them much later. In the Arctic regions both sexes carry the horns later than in the more southerly latitudes. We have inserted in these pages at least four drawings showing different kinds of antlers. By comparing them the reader will see what a variety of shapes and sizes they will attain to. It might almost be said that the head-gear is never alike in any two caribou.

The caribou has many traits that appear strange for an animal of its class.

In the first place it takes nearly first rank as a beast overloaded with curiosity. On seeing a man, or any strange object, its first impulse is to come up and play with it, especially if it is in the open country. As long as a man is willing to run up and down and bob his head and make quite a fool of himself, a caribou, or even a band of them, will keep up the game indefinitely and at a short range too, but the caribou just the same does not like to be approached directly by a man who is walking very slowly. It gets suspicious at once and away it goes, and so contrary is the nature of the beast that it may continue running for a whole day, at anyrate the hunter would

THE CARIBOU

be foolish to try and follow its trail. Where man has settled in numbers and the caribou have been slaughtered wholesale it rapidly becomes canny and is then very hard to approach at anything like close range.

In fact many hunters draw the caribou within gun shot by tying a red handkerchief to a stick, or slowly swaying the body from side to side. As said before the caribou is literally a moving mass of curiosity.

The caribou are affectionate and take good care of their young, but during the early babyhood of the little ones their lives are in constant danger from the wolves that infest the herds, always hanging on the outskirts ready at any moment to rush in and carry off the little fellows. The mortality from natural enemies like wolves is very great.

At times the caribou gather together in enormous bands and then their attitude of mind seems to change, for they move from one place to another without the least fear.

There have been stories told of the caribou passing right over large camps leaving them as if they had been visited by a whirlwind. In the old days of the Hudson's Bay fur traders, before high class express rifles were invented the caribou in the far North roamed in much larger herds than they do now. It is said that hunters have watched a living stream of caribou that has taken hours to pass. It is stated that once near a



CARIBOU FROM NORTHERN
LABRADOR, Greatest Length 60
Inches; Greatest Breadth 34 Inches

From a photograph provided by
the Am. Mus. of Natural History

Hudson's Bay Fort the caribou took three days to pass. One can imagine what a herd it must have been. To try and cross such a band would be certain death, for man and horse would be trampled under foot in no time.

The caribou is considered the most valuable of all animals found in North America. Its skin makes the best winter clothing, while its meat is good eating. The Indian has known of the caribou's usefulness for ages, for he gets his new coats, tents, mittens, moccasins, fish-nets, snares, canoe lashings all

from the skin of this animal. It is doubtful if the Indian hunters made any real inroads on the caribou herds, for they were too lazy to go after them to any great extent. The Indian of the North West won't hunt until he has to. He loves the luxuries of the white man but he is too lazy to trap the fur-bearing animals whose skins he could readily trade at the posts.

It makes all the difference whether the hunter goes after the caribou on the Barren Grounds or in the mountains. Shooting caribou on the Barren Grounds is but little better than butchery, while trailing the game through the mountains is real sport, for the herds are much smaller and

the beasts more cautious and difficult to approach. If the herds are much shot at they may suddenly leave a district altogether. It also frequently occurs that the herds go away for no apparent reason at all.



NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.
Very Heavy Specimens of Horns.
Number of Points 37

From a photograph provided by
the Am. Mus. of Natural History

THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

THE range of the Pronghorn or Antelope, whatever you may choose to call it, is a large one, but it has been sadly reduced in area since the early days of the century.

The Antelope is now found in Old Mexico and then travelling north through New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Oregon, the Dakotas, Montana, and for about five degrees of latitude into North Western Canada. There was a time, however, when the Appalachian mountains formed this little fellow's Eastern frontier.

Many of our large game animals have been hunted for their skins, but the antelope has been hunted for its flesh, as its skin is not of much value as the hair has a tendency to come out. It is essentially a dweller of the plains, and this country seems to produce no desert or sage brush waste too hard for the antelope to live in. It is pretty generally conceded that the animals of our country that live in the forest are safer than those that live on the plains or the mountain side, for the simple reason that the latter are much more open to attack.

The habits of the antelope are curious; unlike its cousins it does not take much trouble to hide itself, but on the contrary, if it is alarmed it will make for the nearest mound or high place from which it can look all around. Its sources of safety are in its wonderful speed and its keen eyesight. In fact, to the novice hunter who is not very well acquainted with the pronghorn's tricks, it seems all eyes. Now there is one trait or habit that the antelope has which must never be lost sight of while hunting it, and that is that it always takes to the open plain and never to the woods or broken country. It is said that if a band of antelope are alarmed

they will risk a dash past the hunter to gain open country, while on the other hand, had they sense enough to know it they would be perfectly safe if they made for the nearest hillocks or scrub forest.

The antelope fawns are pretty little things, and when they are still young they can be caught and become very tame. They are docile little creatures and readily make friends with people frolicking or jumping about the ranch, and chumming even with the dogs and cats.

For the first few days after birth the fawn is helpless, its sole protection is in its wonderful coloring which harmonises so completely with the arid sun-bleached plains that you might almost step on one without seeing it. The fawn will not move but will allow you to take it up in your arms. Many hunters make the mistake of trying to rear such a little one but it is generally too young. It must be caught at a later stage if a household pet is wanted. In a few days, however, the fawns are able to run and then they follow their mothers everywhere.

The way of hunting antelope is through stalking, and you must match your skill against your quarry's eyesight.

Like other members of the deer family the antelope has a goodly share of curiosity and in the early days, before ruthless persecution had taught it wisdom, many tricks were successfully resorted to, to draw the antelope into range. Almost anything would do such as flashing a small pocket mirror or waving a colored cloth or handkerchief. The Pronghorn rarely starts off at its best speed, and it frequently runs zig-zag as if undecided in which direction to go, but once it has made up its mind and settled down for its terrific gallop the hunter may as well give it up, for nothing short of an

THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE

automobile would catch it, for usually a cloud of dust alone marks the place where it stood.

Sometimes the antelope are hunted on horseback with dogs, and the main chance comes through a habit that the bands have, at the start, of running in a large circle and thus giving the slower-footed dogs a chance to cut corners and make their attack.



The Antelope have many enemies, and the worst one is the wolf. This scourge of the plains will even attack a full grown buck but its greatest crimes are against the tiny fawns and does. The strength and fierceness of the wolf, coupled with the desperation born of hunger, make it an ugly animal for a creature made of sterner stuff than the pronghorn to deal with. Coyotes too sometimes band together and tackle

a doe but a single coyote would need to have lots of luck on its side before it could master a grown buck, in fact, we have never heard of a single killing. Sometimes the large birds of prey like the eagle are not above swooping on a helpless fawn. Last and not least must be mentioned the powerful mountain lion. This creature drags itself stealthily towards its quarry using every inch of uneven ground for shelter, and relying on its dun colored coat to keep it well concealed, until it gets within striking distance, and then, in true cat fashion it makes its deadly spring. If it gets a good hold the kicks and struggles of the antelope make no difference, for the mountain lion knows only too well that its prey cannot last long and must soon come to earth.

One of the safeguards of the antelope lies in the fact that it is always on the move, going long distances for water or in search of its beloved green grass. Then if food becomes scarce or the snow too deep on its section it will migrate in large bands many degrees of latitude to the south where the climate is less rigorous.

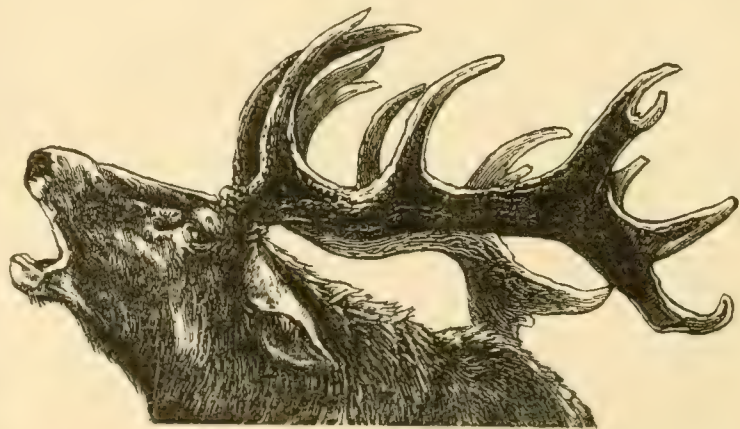
The pronghorn is not very shy by nature for there are many stories told on western ranches of small bands coming fairly close to the human habitations and staying quietly there as long as they were not molested. Although it is not altogether evident that the pronghorn is in need of extra protection, there seems to be no doubt from the alarming shrinkage in its ranges that strict laws will soon be necessary if we are not to lose the little creature altogether. The breed of hunters is multiplying much more rapidly than the breed of antelope, for it must be remembered that when wild creatures are being exterminated wholesale the well meaning but sleepy government usually gets to work too late.

THE WAPITI OR AMERICAN ELK

THE Wapiti, if not the largest, is said to be the finest member of the deer family in the world. Its beauty and grace easily place it in the front rank. Its majestic head, with horns often five feet long, crowns a perfectly shaped body. The writer recently saw a set of antlers nearly six feet from tip to tip; the head having been taken in Montana!

Many enthusiastic naturalists consider the wapiti to be the most representative of American mammalia and one well fitted to bear the country's standard in a congress of lordly animals.

It is impossible to write at length on the wapiti without disclosing a page of American history almost as discreditable as that of the buffalo. A few years before the beginning of the nineteenth century this grand animal ranged freely over nearly two-thirds of the continent, but the settling up of the land, and the wave of peaceful conquest that set westward proved the nemesis of the American elk. The Alleghanies and the Adirondacks were favored haunts of noble herds, and a few wanderers were found in the wilder parts of Western New Jersey and Pennsylvania. But the era of ruthless, unthinking, greedy slaughter set in, and, step by step, the wapiti was driven back to the West. It ceased to exist in Ohio, Tennessee, the Carolinas many years ago, but a few managed to escape the general persecution by going across Texas and down into Mexico. California, Oregon, Washington and some parts of Canada still remained



strongholds. The last specimen killed in the East was about the year 1870. Today a few wapiti are found on the Island of Vancouver and desultory bands wander through Manitoba and the British North-West territory. By 1880 the wapiti was practically confined to the Rockies, and while it is still found in Idaho, Wyoming and Montana, it is extinct in Colorado.

The real salvation of our wapiti lies in the protection afforded to the few thousands that have sought the shelter of the Yellowstone national park. Without doubt this beautiful tract of land, less than a hundred miles square, is the finest game preserve in the world. Here the elk and other animals are strictly watched, under United States army supervision, and they seem to be breeding and slowly replacing a tiny percentage of the damage done to their species.

Other states, realizing that the big game were a valuable asset, have followed the lead of the Government. For the first few years the life of the game warden was anything but safe, and unscrupulous hunters, who looked with angry eyes on too much official zeal, did not hesitate to mistake the warden for game, or, to put it more plainly, murder him in cold blood. Then came a real factor into play, an aroused public opinion; so to-day the game laws in our states are fairly well obeyed and the people sympathize with the efforts made to punish offenders. It is the old story however, plenty of zeal when the damage is done almost beyond repairing.

Two travellers who had seen much hunting in a section of the West almost untrodden by the foot of man, decided to make one more trip in quest of big game. They carried their main outfit and tents in a wagon, and having gone as far as it was practicable they formed a camp.

The next day the two hunters pressed on into the wilderness.

THE WAPITI OR AMERICAN ELK

In the cool early hours, while carefully looking about them for traces of the game, they came across a small herd of elk cows, some feeding, others lying down. Before long they beheld the "Lord of the Herd," a little to one side, with its head raised and listening intently. At first the hunters thought that they had been winded but a hasty examination showed them that this was not so. As a matter of fact the wapiti's attention was at a right angle from where the men were concealed. The



bull was at too long a range to make a sure shot, and just as the hunters were considering an advance, the wapiti gave vent to a roar.

The hunter at once whispered to his companion that it was a challenge, and before long across the valley they heard a faint roar in answer. The wapiti roared again and the challenge was taken up but this time much closer. The cows rose at once to their feet and stood facing the same way as the bull. The hunters decided to lie close and see what would happen. As the other wapiti drew nearer the first bull gave vent to roar after roar. Suddenly a light tread was heard and the rival stepped out of the shadow of the woods into the open sunlight.

What a picture those two splendid creatures made. In size and horn measure there was but little to choose between them, the new comer, if anything, was a little light in weight.

The two wapiti advanced within fifty paces and then stood motionless, eyeing each other with disdain, while the group of cows fidgeted about uneasily. The hunters watched with rapt attention; the cows grew still, the birds in the trees ceased singing and a silence of awe fell until it seemed that every living thing was awaiting breathlessly the shock of battle. Without a moment's warning it came; the two creatures charged and their lowered antlers met with a terrific crash and then with interlocked horns they struggled and wrestled, each one trying to bear the other to the earth. After tossing their heads with fearful violence their horns became untangled and they drew away, their flecked and bloody nostrils and heaving sides betokening the severity of the struggle.

The lull in the battle was only momentary for both antagonists charged again, with even greater fury and the fight raged over a much larger area. Once the larger wapiti was borne to its knees, but it was up again with a titanic effort that drove its enemy back half a dozen yards. Then the tide of battle turned, but so suddenly that neither of the hunters saw just how it was done. The wapiti that they had first seen fell on its side, and at the height of its struggle to regain its feet, the hunters heard a crack like a rifle and the poor beast's huge antler broke off. In an instant the rival saw its advantage and with one downward blow of its head left its rival helpless.

The hunters had forgotten all caution during the progress of the battle and had risen to their knees to get a better view, when suddenly they were sighted by the cows who instantly fled, followed by the victorious bull.

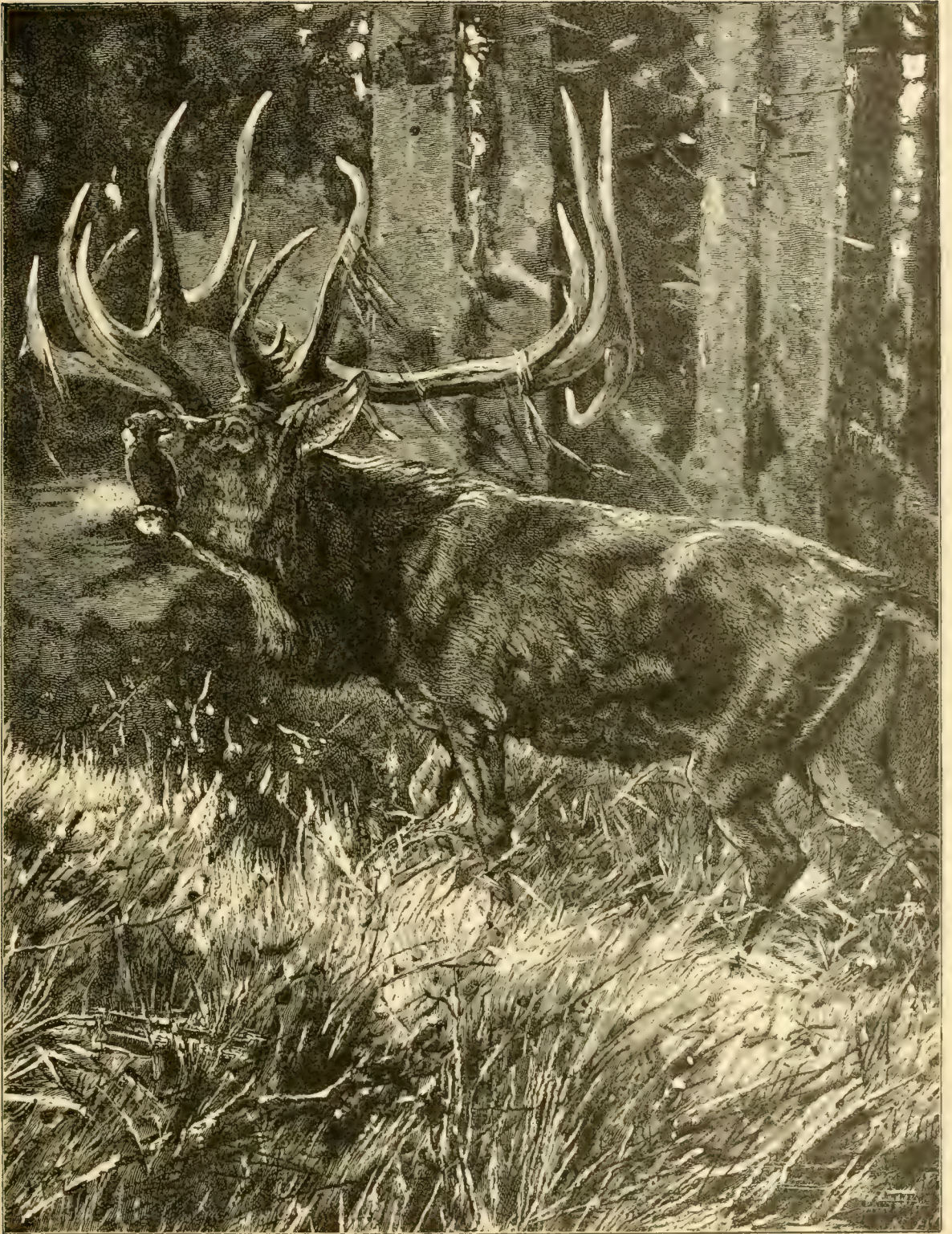
The two hunters walked over to the dying wapiti and gazed in awe at it. It was clear that a frightful horn wound in its chest was what had felled it. As it lay panting for breath, there was still blood in its eye and doubtless if its shoulder muscles had not been so badly torn as to render them useless, it would have risen to its feet and continued the battle with one antler. In pity the hunters shot it dead and then they looked over the battle ground. The trees were barked, saplings torn up, huge clods of earth displaced wherever the fighting pair had struggled. The broken antler proved to be perfectly sound and it had evidently been shattered by the sheer impact.

The body was carried to camp and while the day had been "gameless" in one sense of the word both hunters felt that in this battle of giants they had witnessed a sight that does not often fall to the lot of man.

The weight of the dead wapiti was close to half a ton, while the points of its horns numbered twelve. As it lay dead its measurement to the shoulders was over five feet.

The wapiti are said to be the most quarrelsome of the deer family for every spring great battles take place between the bulls. On rare occasions there will be a three-cornered fight which is sure to end fatally.

As a general rule, however, the struggles do not end in the death of either fighter. The battle we have described is altogether an exception. The enormous horns of the wapiti are terrible weapons to be sure, but at the same time they act as guards. When two wapiti meet, head on, their horns interlock and then there is a grand pushing match. A fatal blow will never be struck by a direct charge. On more than one occasion, during a pause in a battle, a wapiti will lay itself open to a fatal stab from its enemy by having its attention



THE KING ISSUES HIS CHALLENGE

distracted by a watching cow, and it is seldom that a chance like this is allowed to slip by its alert opponent.

The horns of the wapiti have been a subject of much heated argument among the authorities, both as to shedding, size and quality. Twelve points is about the average number found in a full sized bull, and the growth is usually fairly regular. As many as eighteen points have been seen on a head but it is a rare occurrence. The wapiti cast their horns in the spring and four months later the new antlers have fully grown to their huge proportions.

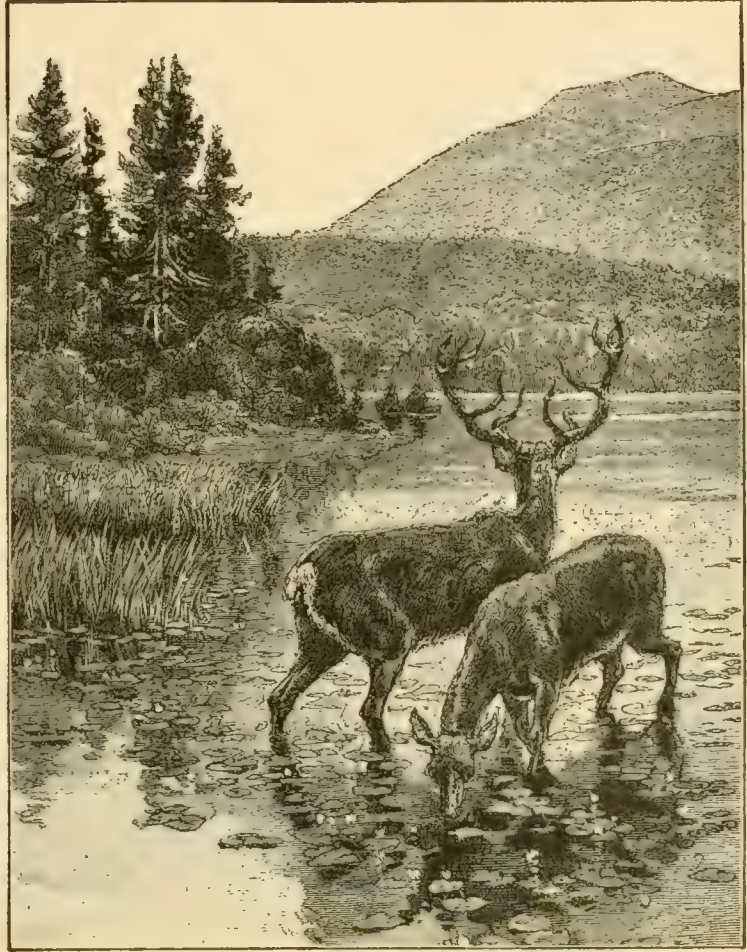
Some naturalists claim that a distinction should be made between the Rocky mountain specimen and the one found on the Pacific coast. The matter is still in debate but it seems certain that the coast wapiti is a little smaller than the great mountain variety. The late Sir Samuel Baker, who was a great authority on hunting, held the opinion that the American elk were really red deer, although the former surpassed at every point their European cousins. The color is similar, although the rump of the wapiti is lighter, but there is a marked difference in the horns, that might not be observed. The wapiti horns sometimes have points turning back, caribou fashion, and a few have been killed showing a tendency to grow fluted and fan-like. These eccentricities are unknown in the European red deer.

The hunter needs to have his wits about him while in pursuit of the wapiti, for the animal is no mean antagonist when aroused. As a rule, on scenting the dreaded man-enemy the biggest bull wapiti will take to its heels like a rabbit, but there are always exceptional cases when it will not, and those are the ones the novice must watch for.

A hunter mentions having successfully stalked a small herd of

THE WAPITI OR AMERICAN ELK

wapiti, the two finest members of which proved to be a good sized bull and a much younger one. The youngster was shot dead through the heart, while after a second shot, the old bull rushed away, followed by its cows. Now a novice would have declared that he had missed the larger beast entirely, but the hunter knew better, for a quarter of a mile away he found his prize lying dead. It is a curious fact that on being hit the wapiti will often run away with its regular swinging stride as if nothing had happened. Sometimes this occurs when the creature has been fearfully wounded. The wise hunter will always follow



up the trail on the chance that his shot may have been fatal.

On another occasion this same hunter shot a wapiti, and whether it was confused by the sound of the rifle, not knowing exactly from what direction it came, he was not sure, but at any rate it charged straight at him as he lay concealed. Scrambling to his feet, not an instant too soon, he stepped to one side. The spreading antlers of the wapiti ran against a sapling, which

in turn swung down like a club across the hunter's shoulders, knocking him senseless. It looks as if this charge of the wapiti were not deliberate for the beast did not return to the attack.

On still another occasion a hunter in British Columbia shot a wapiti and was promptly attacked by the infuriated animal. He hastily slid behind a tree for protection as the wapiti rushed past, but on the return the hunter tripped and instantly the wapiti caught him on its horns and dashed the body literally to pieces.

On the Pacific coast we once heard a story which we doubt, but give it for what it is worth. A hunter, in much the same plight as the last one, wounded his wapiti but not badly enough to stop it. For some reason or other, which was not explained, he lost his balance and at the same time loosened his grip on his rifle. He saw the wapiti charging with lowered head, its horns clearing the ground like a cow catcher. Seizing an antler near its base the hunter held on and with his free hand he plunged his hunting knife into the brute's throat. This is the story, and we beg leave to doubt it, because we do not believe that there is any man alive strong enough to hold on to the swinging head of an infuriated wapiti bull and at the same time make a knife play with his disengaged hand. One thing is clear however from the foregoing incidents and that is that the wapiti, under certain conditions, is a very dangerous animal to encounter.

With regard to the origin of the wapiti the scientific men are not fully agreed. In Mongolia, in the Altai Mountains for instance, there is found a magnificent specimen of the wapiti and this is considered to be the head and founder of the family. The American wapiti is supposed to have sprung

from this source. How the wapiti reached the Americas can easily be shown by the geologists. They must have emigrated at a period before geological cataclysms, or other violent upheavals, changed the shape of the land.

It is not unlikely that long ago, what is now the Aleutian Islands formed a solid connecting link between Alaska and Siberia, and that many animals besides the wapiti chose this as their route from Northern Asia. From Mongolia other branches of the wapiti family have wandered far afield, and are best represented by the Indian Sambur deer, and the magnificent stag found north of the Vale of Kashmir; both of these creatures are very lordly animals.

The whole question of the distribution of animals is very interesting. We know that the main shape of the continents of the world has not changed a great deal in ages, so it is clear that the majority of our animals must have been in their present condition, and strictly isolated from one another for many thousands of years at least.

The fact that there is a difference in size and build between the wapiti, red deer, and sambur would easily be accounted for by the changes of climate, food and surroundings. Where the food is rich, and plenty of it to be found, the deer would grow very large, whereas if a branch of the family found themselves, with their retreat cut off, in a land where the living was hard, they would grow wiry but smaller. We can see that if our grizzly bear were suddenly moved to a tropical land it would suffer from the heat. but in course of time its fur would change, perhaps become thinner, and the beast would soon get used to its new life. It must be remembered that what means rich food to one animal might mean starvation to another. Nature provides for all according to their wants.

THE MULEDEER

THE Muledeer might be called the "deer of the forests" as distinguished from the Virginia deer which dwells by preference in the marshy and flat lands or in the tangled thickets.

The muledeer is much rarer than its cousin, having suffered considerably at the hands of man. Its habitat is roughly in the Rockies and to the west of that lordly range. The muledeer is practically extinct in the states west of the divide and in British Columbia.

In general appearance there is a striking difference between the muledeer and the Virginia deer. The former is larger, its ears are longer and its antlers much finer. Then their tails are different—in fact the two species are often called the Black-tail and Whitetail deers, although the true muledeer hasn't a black tail at all. The muledeer travels to considerable heights and may often be seen feeding near the edge of the timber line. The hunter will find that he has a difficult task to close in on his game, for this beautiful animal is exceedingly wary, and will take alarm at the least sight or sound that it does not understand. Once the game has been started it becomes even more alert, and then nothing but dumb luck will make the hunt successful. Sometimes muledeer are seen roaming among the flocks of sheep, but even then they are hard to approach. When alarmed they go off in a series of buck-jumps which look rather clumsy, but the speed attained in this way is terrific. This is the regular gait of the deer and it is most extraordinary to behold. The true home of the muledeer is in the rugged mountain valleys where there is just enough timber to afford secure and good shelter.

The muledeer is frequently seen in private collections, for it takes very kindly to park life, but not as well as the Virginia deer. The latter is the easiest to raise of all the deer family.

THE VIRGINIA DEER

THE most widely distributed member of the American big game family is the Virginia or Whitetail Deer. This splendid animal is known by many names in different parts of the land and in truth there are some slight variations in the species. Its range is very wide, in fact it may be said to cover pretty nearly every state in the Union. Generally speaking when Americans talk of "Deer" they mean the Virginia deer. It is essentially a dweller of the forests and swamp lands and is very seldom seen in the mountains unless they are wooded to the tops.

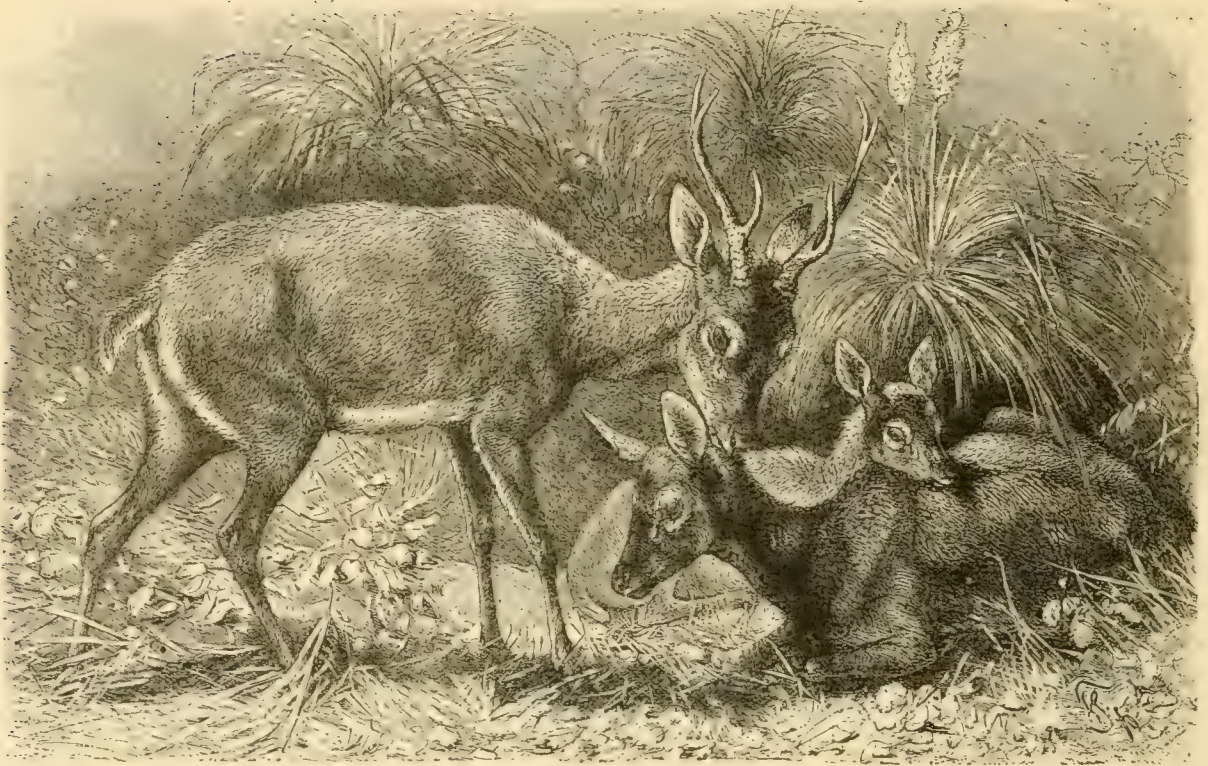
The hunting of this animal is carried on in a variety of ways. So far, in spite of guns, it has stood out better against the advance of man than any other game creature, and this is not so much due to any special shrewdness or sagacity on its part, as to the nature of the country it inhabits. The real sporting way of getting the deer is to still-hunt it, and in doing this the hunter will find that he has a task on his hands.

Here in the Eastern States deer have been seen in recent years not far from the City of New York, while a fine buck was observed crossing the New Haven railroad just over the Connecticut state line. The writer while staying at a large summer hotel in the White Mountains once saw a deer cross the lawn, stare at the golf players, and then trot off through the village. It being "closed season" the pretty creature was not molested.

Deer hunting in California is difficult. The air in the mountains is very still and the snapping of a twig can be heard a long way off. The deer are found mostly in the chaparral and greasewood. They are nearly the color of the soil and are consequently very hard to see, to say nothing of approaching.

Once in a while a large section of the mountains will be devastated by a forest fire and then the deer will come down

THE VIRGINIA DEER

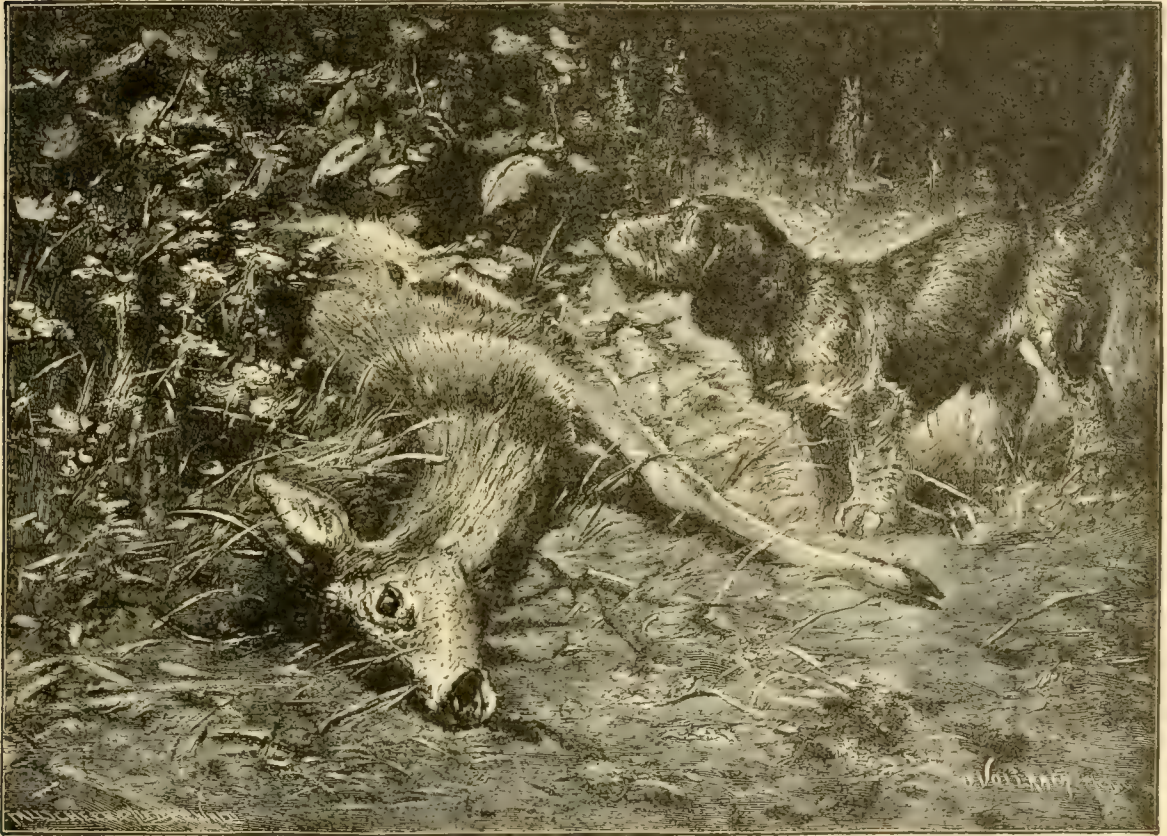


into the cultivated lands even near houses, regardless of the presence of man. On one occasion a California ranchman reported having seen during the progress of a huge fire, a couple of horses, a mule, a cougar, a bear and some deer all in one group — their natural antipathies for the time forgotten. They were united in their blind terror and haste to escape from the leaping destruction behind them.

It is probable, that for several reasons the Virginia deer will outlast all our other game animals. In the first place it breeds fairly easily and takes advantage of the strict legal protection that it gets. Secondly it inhabits land that it is hard to dislodge it from. In the spring and summer the deer come down to the lake or river banks to feed on the new grasses and water-lilies. If you are moving slowly through the woods you will be sure to come across a fine buck, standing knee-deep in

THE VIRGINIA DEER

the water, feeding to its heart's content. Then as the fall advances and the water-food withers the deer go back into the woods and hunt for the roots, berries and leaves. It is said that these migrations are not undertaken in bands, neither do they occur at any stated times, for as long as the food lasts the deer will not move, and seasons are not always of even length.



On some of the sea-islands around our coasts, especially in the South, the deer have a stronghold that it will take many years to dislodge them from. The usual method of hunting is something like this. "Stands" are established about a few hundred yards apart or even nearer. These stands are nothing but hillocks from which a view can be obtained of the flat grounds near at hand. Then a beater is sent away with a

nondescript pack of hounds to round up the deer. The dogs know their business well enough and they soon have the game moving. It does not appear that the deer insist upon going either up or down wind, but simply make off in what seems to them to be the

It is a common big bucks to take sandy beaches who gets the stat-frequently has the

The speed of deer is very great most extraor-din-a great hurry it a series of magni-may make a con-in running or not. buck appears the hunter the ing. It is a com-see the deer make leaps and then a big one, then repeat it, and all the time the four feet are held together.



A "NINE POINT HEAD" KILLED BY A TWELVE YEAR OLD BOY.

best direction. trick for the to the open hard and the man ion near the surf best shooting. the Virginia and its gait ary. When in comes along in ficent leaps. It siderable noise Quite often the without giving slightest warn-mon thing to three short

On one occasion a small boy told the writer that on his first hunt a fine buck was started and headed for him. The boy was stationed between two rocks. The buck came on like a whirlwind evidently not seeing the enemy in front. The boy let it have both barrels which missed clean and the next instant the creature, with one superb spring cleared his head, rocks and all. It was found afterwards that the distance between the hoof-prints from the take-off to the landing was 22 feet!

THE VIRGINIA DEER

The Virginia deer has fine horns and on occasions knows how to use them. Great caution is necessary in approaching a wounded deer. Sometimes the creature will lie perfectly still, to all appearances dead, and then suddenly spring to life and, as like as not, attack its nearest enemy. An experienced hunter once shot a deer which ran some hundred yards or so



and then fell. With great glee he advanced and bestrode his prize, admiring its size and beauty of horn. Suddenly the buck sprang up and the man literally rode it for fifty yards until he was flung headlong, escaping with a torn wrist and broken ribs. The buck was really wounded and was found lying dead a mile or so further on.

The hunter can use either a rifle or a double-barrel with buck shots. The deer though have enormous stamina and it is little short of a miracle to see how, once in a while, a speeding buck will carry away a full charge, and apparently not show the effects. A badly wounded deer will sometimes travel miles before it gives up. The heart and lungs are the most deadly points to shoot at to make a clean kill.

On another occasion while hunting on a misty rainy morning the small boy mentioned had another experience with a doe.

The creature had been started by the dogs and had recovered from its first fright and was coming along with slackened speed. The doe was not looking straight ahead as she ran and consequently neither she nor the boy saw each other until they met. The doe ran right into the youngster, her head striking his chest and knocking him a complete somersault! He kept his wits about him however, scrambled to his knees and making a splendid shot he brought the doe down at over two hundred yards. Any hunter who regularly follows the hunting of the Virginia deer is sure to have a great many adventures nearly as exciting as this one. This sprightly creature has any amount of pluck and when angry is a most dangerous and agile enemy to face. It is a common mistake of non-hunters to consider all deer cowards but this is anything but correct as the naturalists can testify.

We have seen an old buck that had been driven to the beach enter the surf and from there do deadly damage among the pack of hounds. It is shrewd enough to stand just out of the dogs' depth and a large percentage of those that swim to the attack are sure to be killed. In most cases the deer would win the fight if the hunter with his rifle did not come down and take a hand in the game.

The Virginia deer are very quarrelsome and great battles take place among the bucks. The fighters eye each other with disdain and then come together with a crash. Neither will budge an inch and a grand wrestling match takes place. Sometimes the struggle will continue for several hours until one gives up or gets a broken antler. When a buck loses the fight it watches its chance and then springs away with lightning speed. If it is ever overtaken by the victor it will probably be killed. On one occasion a party of hunters came upon the

THE VIRGINIA DEER

skeletons of two fine bucks with horns locked tight. The pair must have become so entangled that neither could get away and thus they both died miserably of starvation. This we are told is not a very rare occurrence.

The scientific men are of opinion that the little deer of Florida and the variety found in New Mexico and the adjacent territories, while closely allied to the Virginia deer, are really distinct species. It is probable however that they all sprang from the same ancestors.

The fawns of the Virginia deer are the most beautiful little creatures in the world. They are spotted when young, looking like miniature axis deer, but these markings vanish before they have grown very old.





THE TIGER AT BAY.

ASIATIC HUNTING



The Tiger
The Orang-Utan or Mias
The Crocodile
The Leopard
The Rhinoceros
The Elephant of Asia
The Bantenge
The Yak of Tibet
Asiatic Bears
Axis Deer
The Black Buck of India
The Siberian Wild Sheep
Ibex Hunting in the Himalayas
The Markhor

THE TIGER

WHEN we speak of the Tiger we always think of India at the same time, but the tiger is by no means confined to India alone; for it is found in Persia, Afghanistan, China, Burmah and in the Malay Peninsula. The Englishmen have hunted the Indian tiger and also written a good deal on the subject, hence we have heard more of their beast while other countries have not had their specimens so exploited.

The tiger is a truly magnificent creature. It combines so many qualities that the possession of even a couple of them would be quite enough for any other animal. For instance very few creatures are as strong, surefooted, silent, swift, agile or sly as this great cat. It is a match for nearly every creature that comes in its way. Only the terrible Indian buffalo, the sturdy rhinoceros or the elephant have any chance against a tiger's onslaught.

The hunting of the tiger is both dangerous and not dangerous. We do not wish to convey the idea that there is ever a time when the tiger is not a formidable animal to meet, for this would be wrong. A few Englishmen and many of the rich native chiefs hunt the tiger in style; that is with a large number of elephants in the party and a small army of beaters, servants, bearers and general hangers-on. The risk in this sort of hunting is reduced to a minimum. On the other hand there are men who hunt the tiger alone on foot. These are the real hunters, for they risk their lives every minute.

To return to the first scheme of hunting, it is employed mostly on state occasions. When a man like the Prince of Wales visits India he is sure to be invited to a tiger hunt. But he doesn't see the real sport for it is like going after an American grizzly with a small army and a brass band. The tiger, at these big hunts, has no show, for the odds against it are too heavy.

THE TIGER

The guests are duly invited and for several days beforehand silent and swift-footed natives have been scouring the surrounding country until they have located a fine tiger. They keep in touch with the creature, following its trail, watching its drinking places but never disturbing it. Other runners are



continually passing back and forth to the hunt headquarters and reporting where the game lies. On the day of the hunt the host and his guests mount the elephants and set off early to the jungle. In the meanwhile hundreds of native beaters have surrounded the part of the jungle where the brute is known to be hiding and then they proceed to narrow the circle, yelling, beating drums, and blowing horns, thus keeping the tiger on

THE TIGER



the move. Where the elephants stand there is no noise and the tiger naturally heads in that direction thinking that there lies his only avenue of escape. Suddenly the royal beast breaks cover and endeavors to pass the line of elephants. It is shot down, and the hunt is all over unless there be a second tiger at hand. If the royal guest makes a bad shot and the tiger shows a disposition to attack his elephant there are twenty guns close at hand that will riddle the poor beast before it can spring. The tiger has no chance at all.

In spite of all these elaborate precautions however, the tiger, if it has been hunted in this fashion before, and has managed to save its skin, will put its wits to work and escape its enemies

once more. Not infrequently the tiger lies close and sneaks through the line of beaters, or lies perfectly still and lets the men pass over its hiding place. It is said that a native in this fashion will sometimes walk safely within a few feet of a tiger. More often the tiger suddenly charges the line of beaters, who not being armed are only too anxious to scatter and let it through, and then accuse one another of cowardice.

It is a difficult job to get an elephant suitable for tiger hunting, for the former, in spite of its bulk, is a timid animal, and much given to rushing off in a panic. It is said that if an elephant has once been badly clawed by a tiger it is useless ever after for hunting purposes. Some men protect their elephants by fastening over their trunks a flexible armor made of the scales of the crocodile. When the tiger springs on the elephant's head it slips off at once because its claws can get no hold on the smooth, tough, shiny surface.

Now let us look at the men who hunt on foot. The late head of the London police, an ex-army officer named Bradford, had only one arm, the other a tiger got away with. It is said that while he was hunting he wounded a tiger that attacked him and knocked him down. The brute tried to bite him and to save his head, he rammed his arm up to the elbow down its throat.

He thus saved his head and life at the expense of his arm. Friends nearby killed the tiger.

A friend of the writer's said that his district in Burmah had been greatly worried by a tiger and he went forth to kill it. He took up a station near a drinking pool. He had been lying in wait for some time when he heard something rustle behind him. On turning his head he saw the tiger not five yards away. Before he could fire the creature bounded out of sight. That night the tiger slew and partially ate a tame

buffalo of one of the villagers. The next morning the hunter took up the chase again. He found his game lying peacefully asleep among some large rocks. It was fairly gorged with meat and was sleeping the effects off. He whistled and immediately the tiger raised its head and stared at him only half-awake. Instantly he planted a shot into its brain and the brute rolled over kicking up its heels. Sometimes a tiger gets more than it bargained for and here is an instance. A tiger came upon a baby elephant that had strayed from its watchful parent. The she-elephant hearing its youngster's squeals for help promptly charged the enemy. The baby proved to be more troublesome to hold than the tiger thought and the fearful din it made drowned the noise of the approaching mother. She seized the tiger with her trunk and wrenched it away by sheer strength and then brought it down to earth with a violent blow. The tiger appeared stunned and before it could recover the elephant deliberately knelt upon it and crushed out its life. When she was quite sure that the tiger was dead she slowly rose to her feet and went off to soothe her clawed young one.

On still another occasion a hunter tells of having witnessed a fight between a tiger and an antagonist of not nearly so lordly a size as an elephant. While the hunter was looking for duck near a swamp he started a wild boar, or "pig" as it is called in India. The boar not liking to be disturbed, moved off grunting angrily and as it passed a thicket a tiger sprang upon it. Now the great cat had made an error of judgment and had not gripped its victim firmly. All hunters know that if a wild boar is given a half chance it is a match for anything its size and many beasts much larger. The tiger discovered this fact for the boar shook itself loose and then instead of rushing away it fiercely charged its enemy. A rough and tumble biting

MANCHURIAN TIGERS IN WINTER TIME



and clawing match then took place and it was hard to see which was getting the best of it. Suddenly the boar shook its head loose and gave an upward rip with its dreadful tusks and the tiger dropped dead immediately. It is fair to say that the tiger was not a particularly fine specimen.

The Indian tigers may be properly divided under three heads. The young, perfectly grown fellows,—the true kings of the jungle; secondly, the cattle-killing nuisances; and thirdly, the man-eaters. The latter are nearly always poor specimens, brutes well along in years whose teeth are blunt, and spring not swift enough to pull down a deer. As a last resort, often through the dread of starvation they take to killing the easiest thing in the world—man. It is said that the eating of human flesh ruins a tiger's fur, making it mangy, but this is by no means an established fact. Luckily for India only a small proportion of the tigers can be classed as man-eaters. The finest tigers in the world, those with the brightest colors and longest fur do not come from India at all but from Manchuria in China, where the Russians and Japanese have recently been fighting. Now Manchuria is very cold in winter and these tigers are frequently seen after the deep snow is on the ground.

Sometimes these tigers attack the flocks of sheep on the plains and unless the shepherds are well armed they are sure to be killed or driven away.

When the tiger of Northern China becomes desperate from lack of food it has been known to attack a small party of travellers and often successfully. The attacks are usually very sudden, violent, and from a well chosen ambush such as an overhanging rock. The tiger always kills by breaking the neck of its victim. It rarely uses its teeth at the first spring.

There is a considerable difference in the body, form and build

of tigers. There is one creature known as the Aral-tiger that has a snub nose and a short stocky head. This species has not the graceful bearing of the Indian variety.

It is the general opinion of experts that the tiger will long



outlast the lion, for the reason that it is shrewder, and does not take the risks of the latter. A tiger usually lies concealed until nightfall and then goes about its hunting in silence; the lion on the other hand is often seen out in daytime, and goes about at night roaring loudly and giving hunters a clew to its whereabouts.

THE ORANG-UTAN

THE Mias or Orang-Utan does not come strictly under the head of big game hunting for few men care to take the risk of killing this giant ape. The Orang-Utan has always been a mark for the catcher of wild animals to aim for, as a specimen is worth a lot of money to Zoological Societies. As a rule a large number of men make war on a family of orangs and, having killed the old ones, seize the youngsters before they can escape. It is next to impossible to capture a full grown specimen, for it fights so hard that it is sure to be fatally injured in the struggle.

The strength of the orang is extraordinary. It has been known to seize a rifle out of a man's hand and twist it into a knot as if it were made of bamboo. Another thing that makes the orang-utan difficult to catch is that it seldom comes to the ground. It is a rather clumsy performer when walking, but in the trees it climbs, or swings itself from tree to tree with great speed, and often escapes its enemies in this way.

The orang, while not quarrelsome, is held in great awe by the natives, for they seldom dare to molest it. Once the orang has been roused to fury it is not only dangerous but displays great cunning. Its tenacity of life is as great as that of our grizzly. Many stories are told of several members of a party of hunters being killed by an enraged orang before it has succumbed to the attack. It is a very risky thing to try to capture a young one without killing the parents, for they are likely to follow the trail of the lost one, with disastrous result to the thieves.

The orang-utan does not live very well in captivity, being extremely subject to pneumonia and consumption. When caged however it is very docile and soon shows considerable affection towards its keepers.

THE CROCODILE

THE Crocodile in the East comes in for a good share of attention. It is a sly and tricky reptile to shoot and a fearful beast to be attacked by. In the water the crocodile has no equal, but on land its movements are clumsy; its long tail continually gets in its way. It is said that if you are chased on shore by a crocodile, run crookedly and you will escape.

The crocodile is pretty generally disliked. It hasn't any of the qualities that appeal to our fancy. It is a lumbering sneak-thief with a low, crafty disposition. It becomes necessary at times to clear the brutes out of certain spots, for they have a habit of lying in wait for bathers, or women who come to wash, and suddenly rushing upon them. Directly any great work commences near a river bank in India the crocodiles appear and keep a continual death watch. While working high up on a scaffold of a bridge, for instance, it is not nice to feel that if you slip, and even escape being dashed to pieces by the fall, there is a hungry crocodile waiting for you.

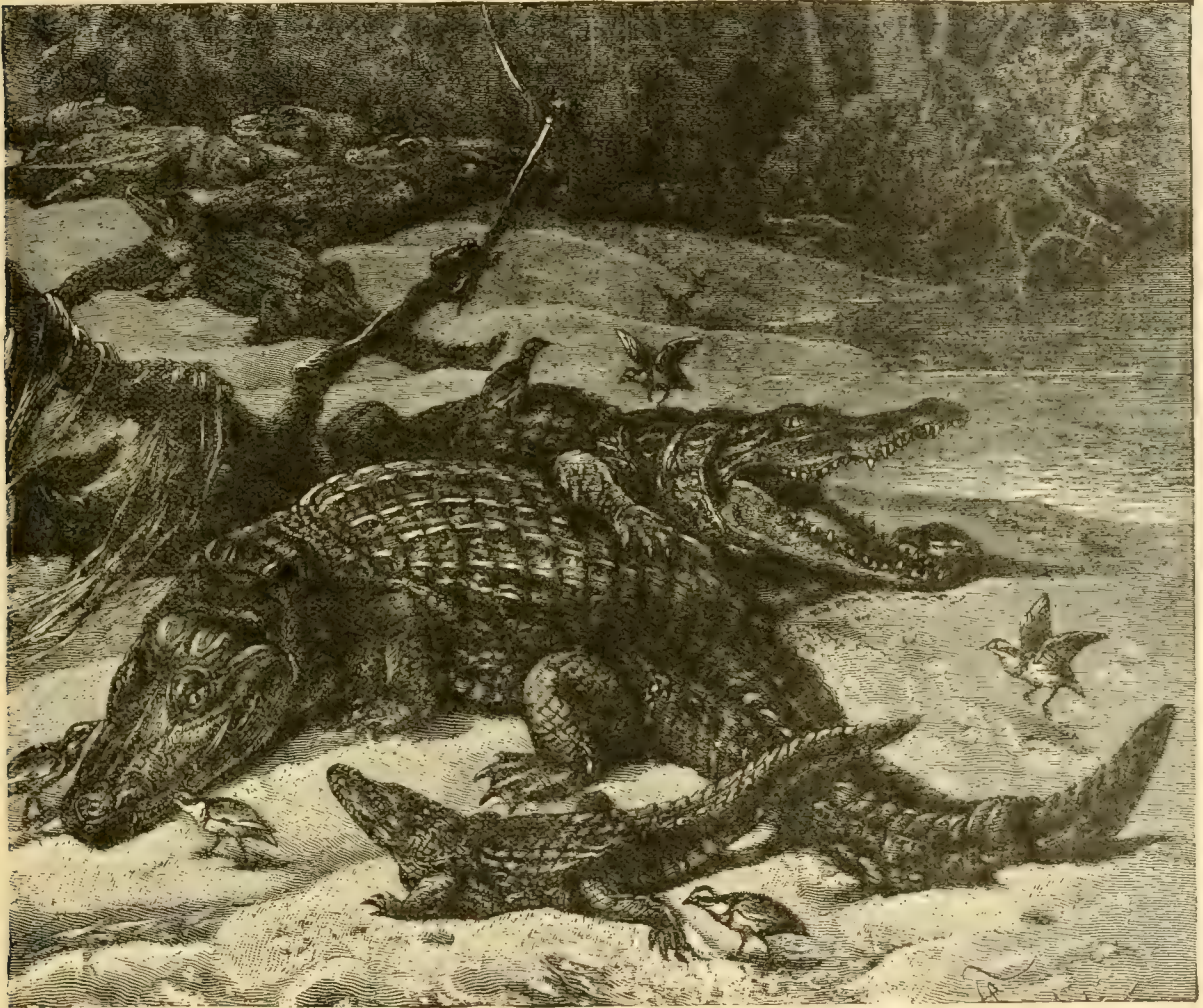
In shooting the crocodile it is necessary to get at the beast from short range, and great caution is necessary. The brute has a way of suddenly making a vicious sweep with its tail and if a man should be unlucky enough to be near he would be killed, or at least have his legs broken. The sting-ray, the shark and the crocodile all understand how to use their tails as weapons of offense. The crocodile's tenacity of life is great and it frequently takes a lot of shooting before it gives in.

The crocodile is really a scavenger. It hangs around in the river pools and eats almost anything that chances along and in this way is useful in a tropical country. The harvest time of the crocodile is during the great rains when the floods bring down numbers of drowned sheep and oxen. This period is also the easiest one in which to tackle the brute because it

THE CROCODILE

is usually gorged with food and therefore slower of movement; also greed for more makes it give up for a time some of its habitual caution.

The birds shown in the picture have a curious habit of picking and cleaning the crocodile's teeth. They are the only



living things safe near this creature. It is quite a common sight to see the bird at work standing inside the brute's open jaws. The bird removes matter that collects where the crocodile is unable to get at it. It is surely an extraordinary provision of nature. The rhinoceros also has a bird companion that treats it in much the same way.

THE LEOPARDS

THE Leopard is easily distinguished from the other members of the great cat family by the groups, or rosettes, of spots that cover its skin. It is a very widely distributed animal being found in Africa as well as over a large part of lower Asia. The ancient Egyptians were very fond of using the leopard's skin as an article of dress.

The leopard is a mighty hunter and its exploits in this line have made it famous. It is said that half the crimes in India that are charged to the tiger's account are really the result of the leopard's activity.

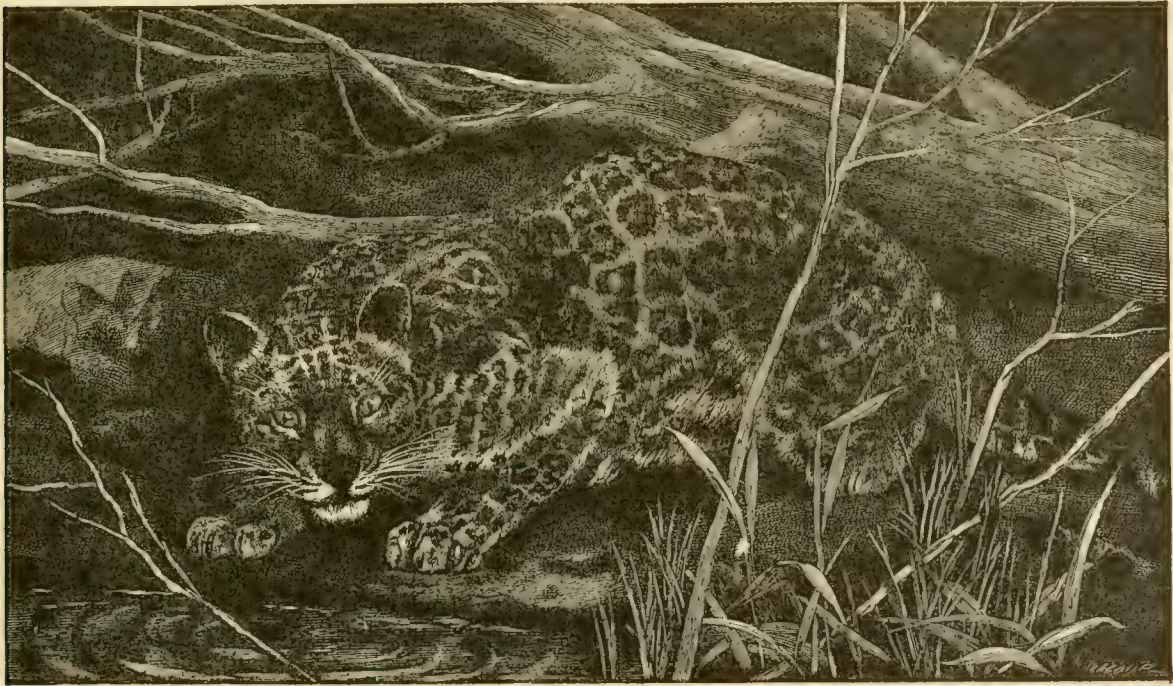
It is probable that the animals fear the leopard on the whole more than the tiger. It has one accomplishment however that its large cousin has not, and that is it is an excellent climber. Sometimes bands of monkeys mob the tiger, shrieking and hurling sticks at it until it beats a hasty retreat. Now they would never be foolish enough to try such tricks with an angry leopard, for the latter would instantly clamber after the rascals through the trees. The two deadly enemies of the monkeys are the great snakes and the leopard. Sometimes the forests are suddenly aroused at dead of night by yells of rage and terror. The listener may then be sure that a snake or leopard has ambushed a sleeping colony of monkeys. It will be hours before the disturbance is over.

Another trick of the leopard is that of lying on an overhanging limb of a tree across some trail and from there silently dropping like a stone on any deer or other game that happens to pass beneath.

The leopard hasn't always its caution with it for it sometimes foolishly picks a quarrel with an animal larger and more powerful than itself such as a rhinoceros, and it takes all its skill and agility to get away with a whole skin.

THE LEOPARDS

Near Singapore is found the splendid Black Leopard. This is the rarest, most beautiful and dangerous of its kind. The creature seems to have a permanently bad temper. The hunting of this leopard entails some risk for when wounded it has been known to attack man. In spite of its small size its strength is enormous. The leopard, as far as shooting goes, is not a very difficult animal to kill, but the young hunter can never be too cautious. The speed and swiftness of motion of this animal



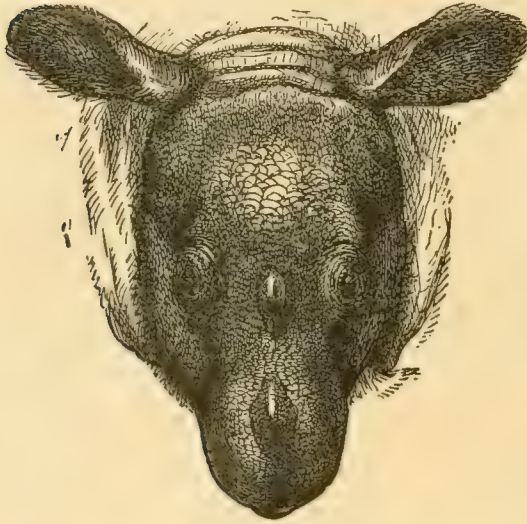
defy description. It is almost too wary to enter a trap, although on rare occasions it tumbles into a hidden pit-fall built for some other animal.

The leopard does not avoid man as much as the tiger and will even go so far as to steal stray dogs from the edge of the villages. On rare occasions a leopard has entered courtyards and stolen a dead sheep or other meat left hanging unguarded. In the way of small live creatures nothing comes amiss to the leopard's larder, for it forages in all sorts of weird corners.

THE RHINOCEROS

THERE are three kinds of Rhinoceros found in Southern Asia. The first is the Indian variety, the second the Javan variety and the third the Sumatran variety. The finest of these three is the Indian Rhinoceros. This specimen is very powerfully built, having deep folds in its thick and ponderous skin and above all it has a single short thick business-like looking horn.

Some specimens of rhinoceros have hardly any horn at all, others a long and tapering one, but the one, worn by the Indian species closely resembles the ram of a modern battle-



ship. The rhinoceros is not very common in India, being confined to the dense swampy jungles, but once in a while it roams in search of a change of diet and then it becomes a terrible nuisance. The rhinoceros loves any young growing green thing and when the crops are just coming to perfection a visit from one of these hungry creatures is a calamity to the farmer.

It is not that the appetite of the rhinoceros is so great but its bulk is so large that it will trample a wheat field to pieces. Furthermore, the strength of the creature allows it to make straight for its chosen object, passing ruthlessly over walls, hedges and ditches. The bill for repairs is large after a visit from a rhinoceros.

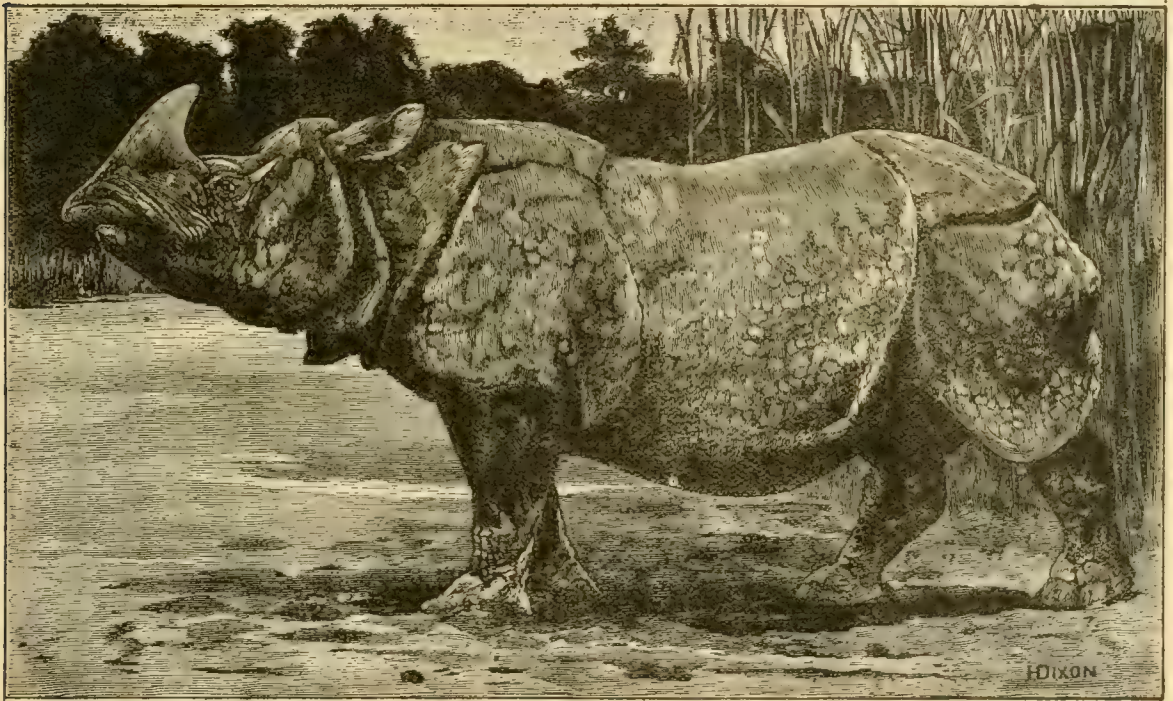
The hunting of this huge animal is full of excitement and danger. Two men bent on killing a rhinoceros heard that one was lying at the edge of a swamp not far from the village. At sunrise they started on their hunt, with a native shikari for



THE RHINOCEROS COMES DOWN TO DRINK

THE RHINOCEROS

guide. They made their way to the thicket and then separated. One hunter who was considerably in advance of his partner nearly walked on top of the huge beast. The rhinoceros was standing in the shade of a large tree and its dirty hide matched the shadows exactly, rendering it all but invisible. The beast had heard its enemies coming and had stood motionless waiting to see who it might be. The man and beast eyed each



A FULL GROWN INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

other for a moment or two in mutual astonishment and then the rhino snorting angrily charged. The hunter got out of the way and allowed his companion to shoot. The rhinoceros wheeled and charged first one man, then the other. After a stern battle the beast fell dead.

The rhinoceros is a very difficult animal to kill. Its skin is extremely tough and its bones so huge that it takes a first class bullet to penetrate them. The most deadly spot to shoot at, and the most difficult to hit, is the brain. The horn of the

THE RHINOCEROS

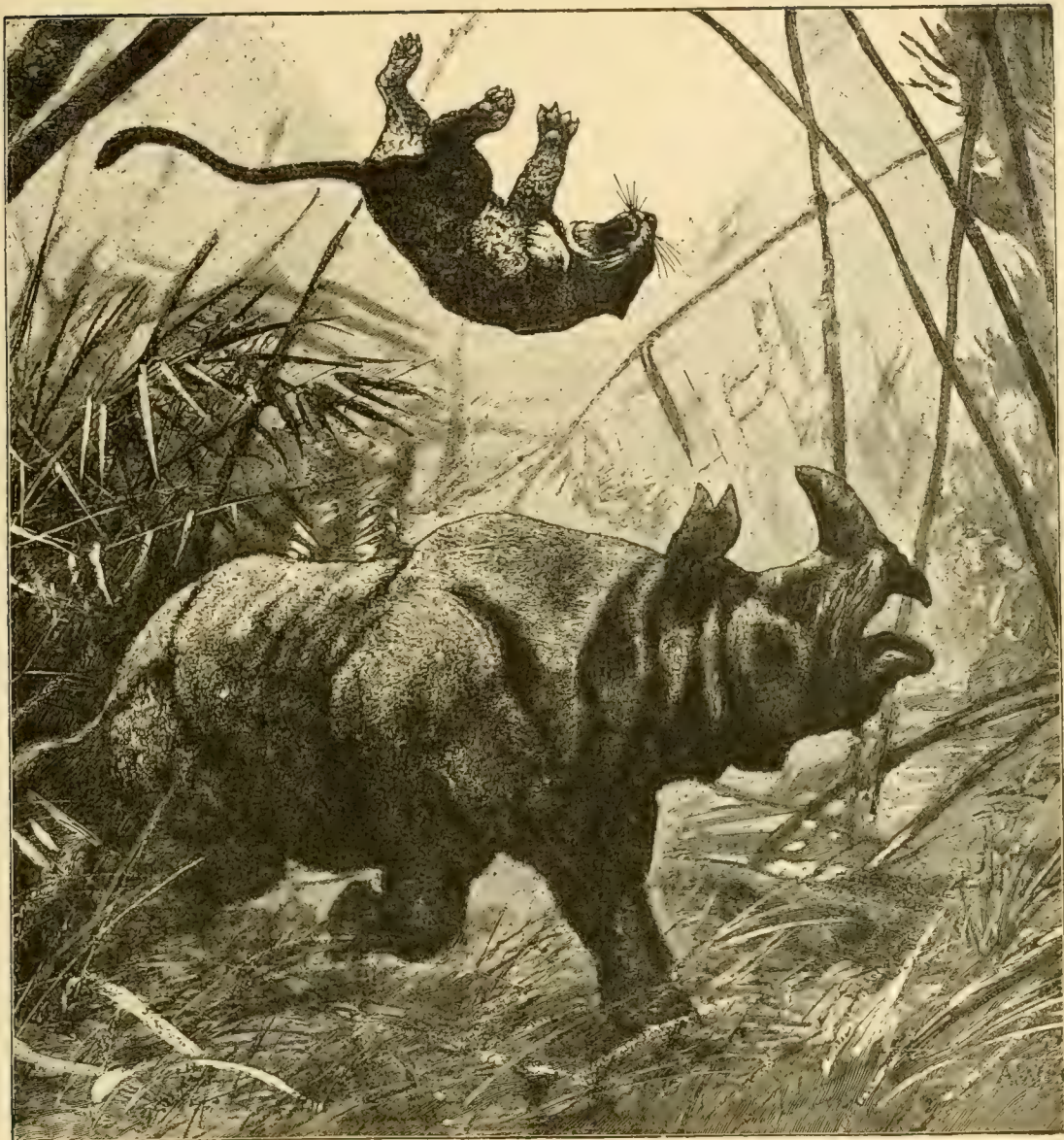
rhinoceros forms a natural protection to the brain which in itself is ridiculously small for so huge an animal.

The rhinoceros represents blind, stupid pluck, for once its temper is roused it charges anything and everything and it will keep up the fight when loaded with lead, and will return to the charge and move about quickly even on three legs.

The Rhinoceros of Java is another single-horned variety, but it is nothing like as large, nor as imposing as its Indian cousin. At the same time however its hunting is just as difficult and the danger entailed in its pursuit is very great. The natives sometimes succeed in killing this beast without the help of modern high-powered rifles. To conquer one of these animals in this way it is necessary to have numbers. The rhinoceros cannot kill a hundred of its human enemies and the chances are that it will be seriously wounded in the struggle. Quite often though these hunts end with the maiming or killing of half a dozen natives. Men who have witnessed the rhinoceros killing say that the business is very exciting and that the natives show great pluck in facing the enraged brute. The efforts of the crowd are always directed towards hamstringing it and then its killing is an easy matter. Spears and heavy two-handed swords are the favorite weapons and they can only be wielded by an expert. In spite of the clumsy appearance of the rhinoceros it is a swift animal and can run a short distance with astonishing speed. It is said that a rhinoceros on rough ground will overtake a horse, that is, unless the latter has a flying start.



THE RHINOCEROS



The Sumatran Rhinoceros is another small specimen, but it possesses two, not very imposing horns, furthermore its skin is entirely smooth, and to a small degree is hairy. This is a true swamp dweller and is a quarrelsome animal to deal with.

The beast is said to be the swiftest runner of the whole family and is frequently referred to by the natives as the "trotting" rhino.

THE ELEPHANT OF ASIA

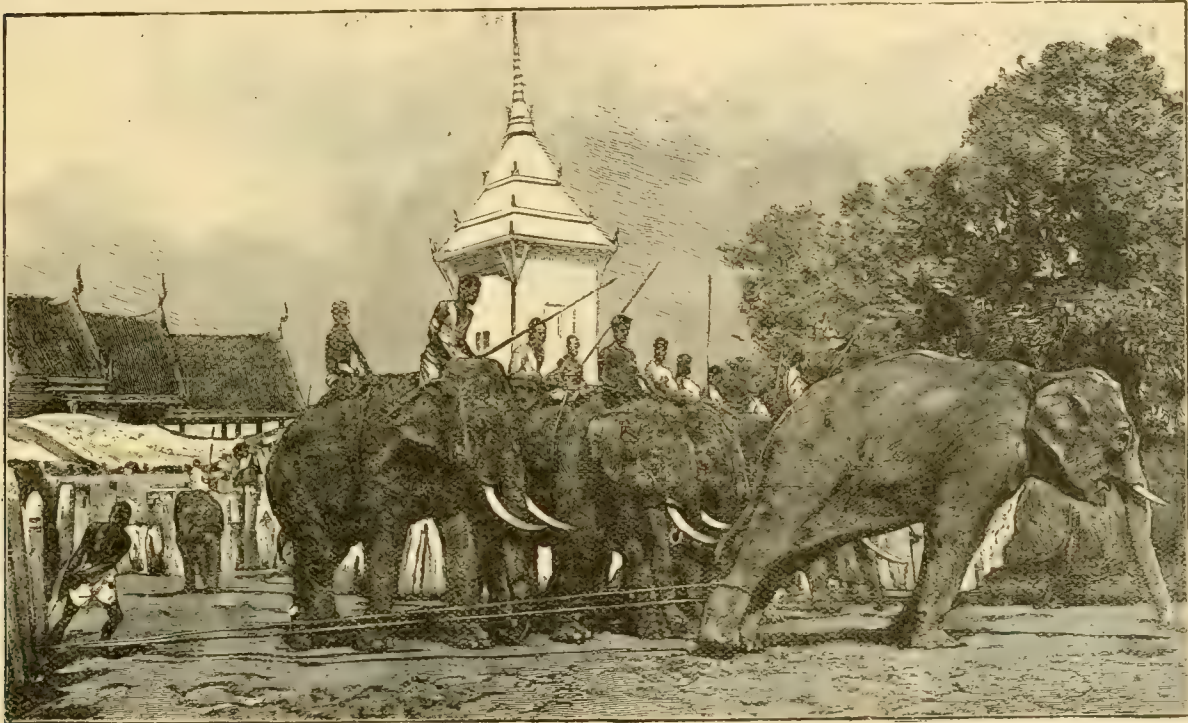
EXCEPT in rare cases the hunting of the Elephant has ceased entirely in Asia. In the lands that are under the control of the Indian Government the elephant is sure of protection. Its intelligence and enormous strength make it a far more useful animal alive than dead. In fact when this aspect is considered it seems a shame that the elephants should ever have been shot at all.

The elephant is very knowing and clever and in a short time it can be broken to obedience. The process of breaking is a strenuous one, but the lesson once learnt, does not have to be repeated. A wild elephant is put to school and taught like any boy. A great deal has been written about the methods of catching the elephant, and without going into elaborate details, it is something like this. An old and well-trained "tusker" is turned loose in the jungles and forests where the wild elephants are known to be lurking. In some mysterious way the wild animals follow the leadership of the tame ones. It is apparent at once that this scheme would never work with a herd of deer for instance, as the bucks would set upon the new-comer and drive it away. Not so with the elephants, for they seem to accept their civilized brother. As a rule there will often be many bulls in a herd of elephants and if their security is threatened they all unite against the common enemy, instead of quarreling among themselves.

The trained tusker may be gone several days, but the hunters do not worry for they know that it will gradually lead the wild herd towards a certain part of the jungle where a huge V shaped corral has been built. Here the herd suddenly finds itself entrapped. The scene about a corral when a herd first arrives is one never to be forgotten. It is usual to attempt to bring the animals in after nightfall, for then they do not

see quite as well as in daytime and are less likely to take alarm. This is necessary for the elephant is very suspicious.

Crowds of natives lie hidden about the mouth of the huge V stockade, and directly the elephants enter between the concealed walls, they spring out shrieking, beating drums and waving torches, and the terrified creatures are driven like a flock of sheep through the narrow head of the V into the detention pens beyond where they are hopeless prisoners.



When the elephants realize that they are caught a stampede takes place. The huge beasts struggle to break down the stout stockade walls, for all sense of unity of action leaves them, and each, one struggles individually to get away. Frequently small females and young ones are killed, so frightful is the crush. Gradually the panic subsides, often because the creatures are too exhausted to struggle any more; then it is time for the sorting out of the most likely members of the herd. Those that are to be trained are selected by the headmen and turned

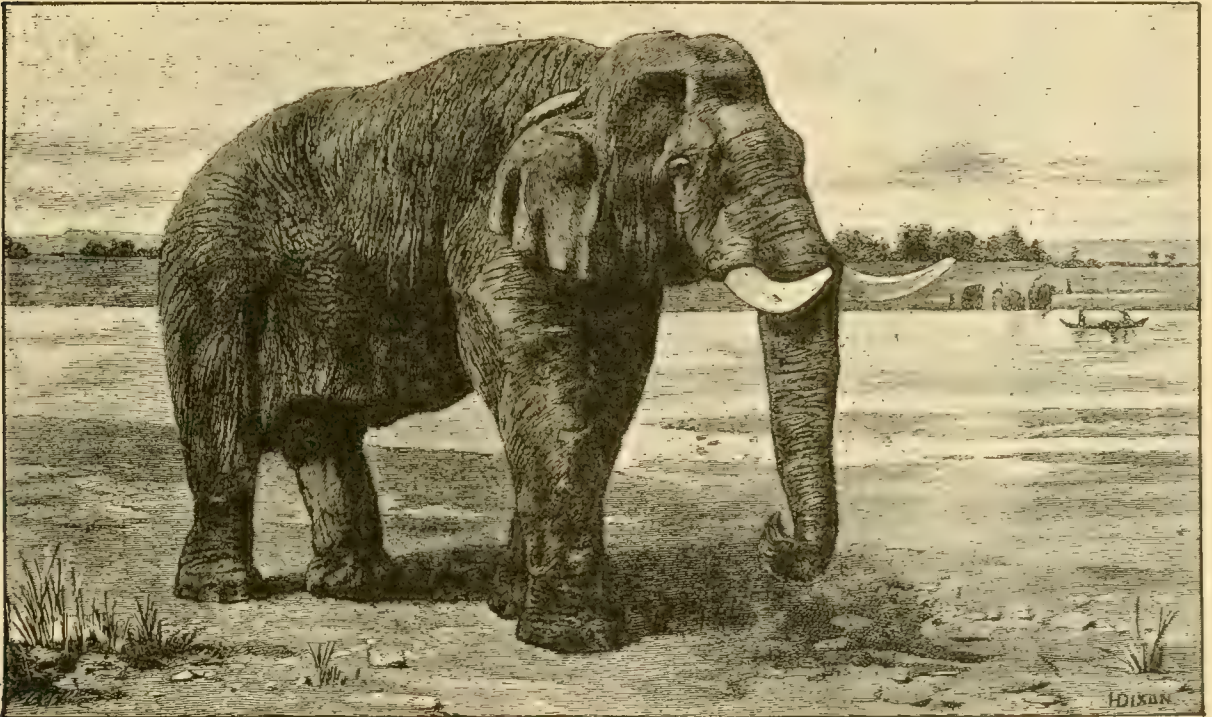
over to the drivers. It is quite a job getting the doomed elephant away from its fellows and it is accomplished very much in the same manner as our Western cow-punchers "cut out" a steer from the herd.

Now as to the process of training, it is this. A big elephant is singled out and driven into a small corral all by itself. There ropes are placed about its feet and it is securely fastened to a stout tree. It spends its first day or so, lashing about in rage, but as it is kept without food its struggles grow weaker until it is completely exhausted. This is natural; suppose you shut a small but very bad-tempered boy up in a room with nothing to eat. In thirty-six hours he would be quite ready to listen to reason, so it is with the elephant. The next process consists of bringing two tame elephants into the corral. These are chained or yoked by the necks to the wild one and the lesson begins. The elephant struggles at first but it soon sees that it is useless. Then it is fed up, and as long as it is well-behaved its food comes regularly, but as soon as it gets "ugly," its rations are shut off, and the elephant sees in no time that peace and quiet will serve its ends better than rage and trickery. Then the elephant is placed in the charge of one driver, called a mahout, and the two usually become great friends. The mahout must be a man of great patience. He gradually teaches his charge, little things at first, more difficult tasks later. It takes about a year to get an elephant to the point where it is safe to work it in the open. The uses the elephants are put to are many. They toil in the lumber yards, help at the clearings, carry material to the new railway workings and haul the field-guns across roadless mountain passes.

There is still some elephant hunting in Siam, which is nominally an independent kingdom, though within the "sphere

THE ELEPHANT OF ASIA

of influence" of France. The government though keeps a strict watch on the hunters and their kills. A friend of the writer's said that just at sunrise one day he came upon a herd of wild elephants and got within two hundred yards of them and succeeded in exposing a camera plate. The herd apparently did not notice the photographer as they gradually moved away in search of shelter. The elephants feed at night and it is very awe inspiring to hear a herd crashing through the forests and



trumpeting loudly to one another. The same traveller relates that an Englishman, just arrived in Siam, was much struck by our friend's successful photos and determined to try his hand. He got quite close to a herd and obtained several good snaps. Then he drew a revolver and blazed away at the game. The females fled at once, but one enraged bull charged the rash man. There was no refuge close at hand and the Englishman and the huge beast played tag until the elephant won. The fellow did not appear in camp by noon and a search was made.

Practically nothing of his body was left intact, for the elephant had literally trampled it to pieces. All new-comers are warned to treat a wild elephant herd with respect, that is if they put any value upon their lives.

In the good old days when elephant hunting was a legitimate pastime the hardy men who followed the sport all declare that it was most exciting. The charge of a wounded elephant is terrific. It goes straight for its enemy and nothing but the stoutest tree will check its career. When its huge bulk is considered it is remarkably nimble, for it can wheel and turn a corner with lightning speed. When the elephant runs it does so with a peculiar shuffling motion which is very deceiving, for when really moving the brute is exceedingly swift. Its normal gait however is a slow and dignified walk.

The elephant is not so difficult to shoot as the rhinoceros for the latter's bones and covering are much tougher. But woe to the inexperienced hunter who maims an elephant and then fails to get another shot. The fury of the beast is frightful to behold. There is an instance related of a hunter who did just this thing to a large bull elephant. He had been concealed in a small tree and from there had made his shot. The elephant soon spied its enemy and charged the tree with its head. The impact of the blow sent the hunter forty feet through the air, the fall breaking his back.

Taken on the whole the elephant, when in a wild state, is not an aggressive animal. On first seeing a man a herd will stampede rather than attack him. The females however when they have young are always dangerous to approach. Both sexes are very affectionate and will defend a helpless youngster to the last ditch and if it is hurt in any way the distress of the parents is very pathetic to behold.



THE ELEPHANT AT HOME

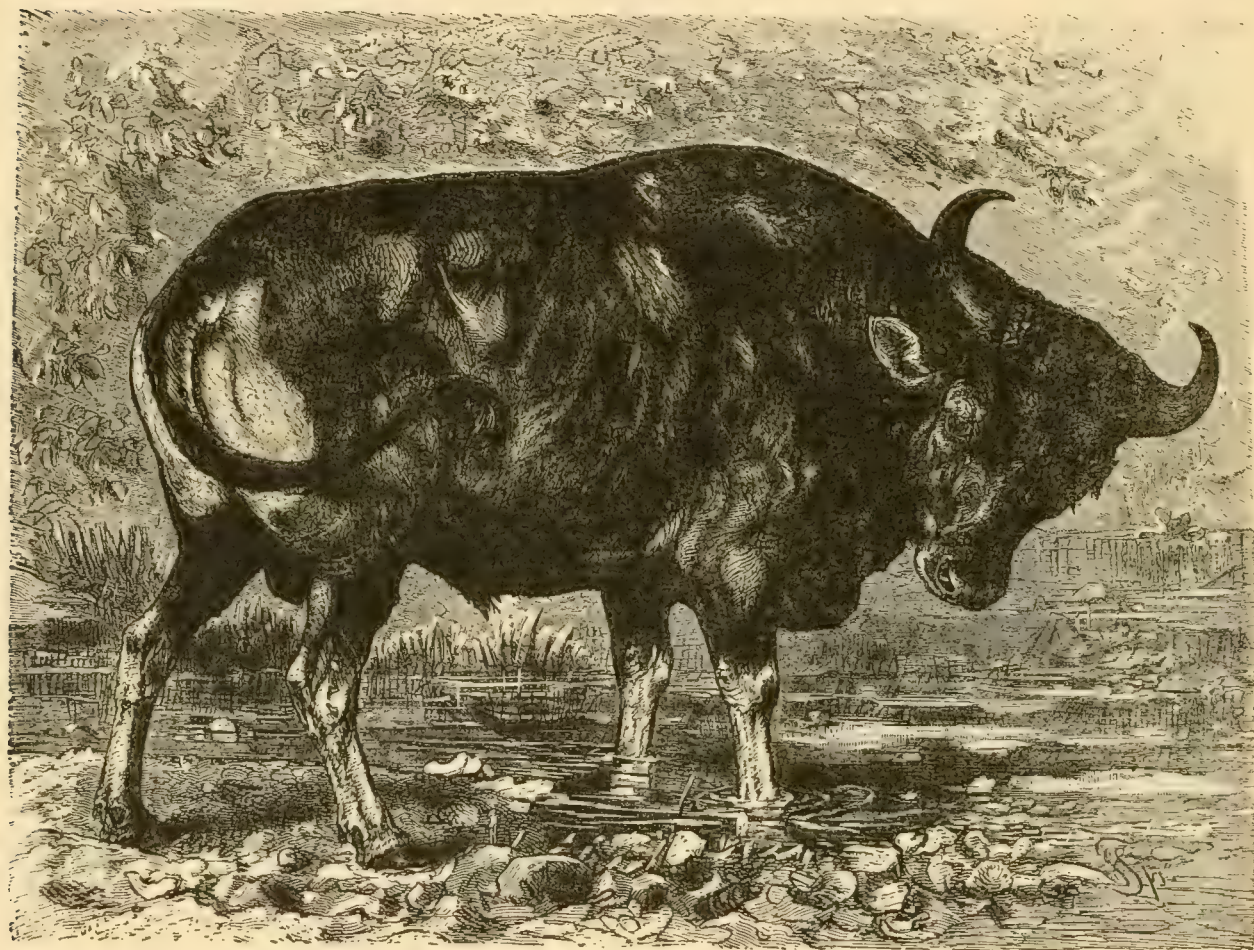
THE BANTENGE

THE Bantenge, or Banteng as it is sometimes spelt, lives in the Island of Java and there takes the place of the wild cattle of India. When the Bantenge is caught young it can be tamed. The natives of Java have been quite successful in making this huge animal a beast of burden, it being quite useful for ploughing where the ground is very marshy or muddy.

Hunters in Java have reported that the wild Bantenge is a beast by no means to be despised. One account is given of a party of hunters who had wandered far inland among the jungles. Early one morning they came across the tracks of a pair of these creatures. They were out of fresh meat and decided to make a kill. They knew that while the animal was very shy, no very great caution was needed in its chase. The tracks were followed and led farther and farther into the densest part of the jungle where there was danger of taking fever and meeting with poisonous snakes. Suddenly at a small clearing the game came in sight. The cow immediately ran away and could be heard crashing through the creepers and undergrowth. The bull turned to look at its enemies, lashing its tail and snorting and pawing the ground in anger. The bull evidently made up its mind that it would not fight and it turned to follow the cow. A few steps carried it into the shadows and its colors harmonised so perfectly with the trees that it was all but invisible. One of the hunters chanced a shoulder shot, but it flew high and only inflicted a flesh wound. In an instant the bantenge charged. The party scattered but one unfortunate native gun-carrier was caught and flung against a tree trunk and instantly killed. The huge creature wheeled like lightning and charged again. A second shot crippled a fore-leg but this

THE BANTENGE

seemed to check it but little. Matters were beginning to look serious, for the party were in the midst of dense creepers that prevented a man from running, but offered no resistance to the bulk and weight of the enraged bantenge. A native hunter now leapt to one side and got a clean shoulder



shot and the brute toppled head over heels and lay dead.

The account of this hunt is rather exceptional for the bantenge is not usually very aggressive. Any large member of the cattle family is dangerous when roused. We have only to look at our own domestic bull to see what effect injury or fright will have upon its temper.

THE YAK OF TIBET

THE shaggy, fierce-looking Yak is really a game animal, although, like the elephant, it has been caught and tamed by man. When broken to harness the poor yak is the most miserable and abused creature in the world and its temper is always bad; but wild, and on its native heath, it is quite a majestic creature. The yak is really the "Bison of Tibet," and this name has often been applied to it. It lives very comfortably anywhere from 11,000 to 14,000 feet up, and appears indifferent to the awful storms that sweep the mountains that it inhabits.

For its safety the yak appears to rely entirely upon its nose, for its sense of smell is little short of marvellous. On the other hand the creature's hearing and eyesight are not good. Therefore in hunting the yak it must always be approached against the wind, and the stronger it is the better. The reader is sure to have noticed that all animals that live in the pure air at great heights, like our wild sheep, and some kinds of deer, have a wonderfully keen sense of smell. The dwellers of the lowlands gradually get their senses blunted. If a boy goes for a month into the woods, he will find his powers of smell vastly increased when he returns to his home, but it will soon wear off.

The yak has a habit of grazing in elevated positions where its nose is on guard all the time, and then it is a most difficult animal to approach.

A well-known hunter crossed over from India through one of the open passes into Tibet and then proceeded into the unexplored regions. After a five days march, which caused him great pain, he and his hunters camped at a height of 16,000 feet. The next day the party came across a herd of yak. There was a mist over everything at first and though the yak could not be seen they were plainly heard grunting to one another. This sound is most peculiar and has caused the

THE YAK OF TIBET

animal to be called quite frequently the "grunting ox." When the mist cleared the herd was not far away, but in such a position that it took the party a solid hour of scrambling before they could get in range. The hunter chose the largest bull specimen and fired. The herd ran at once, leaving their lord and master behind. After struggling a few seconds it fell dead.



A wounded yak is a very dangerous animal for it will charge a hunter without the slightest hesitation.

Its fur is exceedingly long and the natives of Tibet weave it into a very strong and heavy cloth. A yak-nair coat will resist the cold to a wonderful degree, even in Tibet, which is one of the earth's most rigorous countries. The yak is found chiefly along the entire north side of the Himalayas, and then it stretches back to the north over practically all Tibet and on to the borderland mountain ranges of Mongolia.

ASIATIC BEARS

THERE are several well-known species of Bears found in various parts of Asia, but none are so important as the specimens living in our own country.

The Indian Sloth Bear is perhaps the best known. This bear, in looks and build, is utterly different from any other kind.



It has an uncombed appearance, while its snout is white, giving it a very odd look when viewed from the front. The name "sloth" refers to some of its characteristics in form which resemble those of the South American animal of that name; in fact it may be a link between the sloths and the bears. The reader must not get the impression that the name "sloth" refers to any inactivity, for of all bears it is one of the most lively and

ASIATIC BEARS

quarrelsome. This fine creature lives in the great forests of India. It is not at all common by any means. India has perhaps the greatest array of wild animals of any country in the world, but in the matter of bears she is poorly represented.

It should be stated that in the Himalayas is found another very fine species that closely parallels our black bear. Again still further to the North lives a curious creature known as the Hairy-Eared Bear. This fellow comes from the Altai Mountains in Mongolia. It is rather a rare creature, and not often seen in captivity. The island of Yezo in Japan produces a very large bear, which nearly approaches our grizzly in bulk and appearance. The natives regard the creature with awe.

Another well known animal is the curious little Malayan Sun Bear. It is the smallest, ugliest and the most vicious member of the family. One writer described it as "pure devil." It is found throughout the great Southern islands—Java, Sumatra and Borneo. It is said to always have a chip on its shoulder and be most anxious to fight. When it gets in a rage it stands on its hind legs and squeals, not infrequently barking like a dog. It is an excellent climber, spending a large part of its time preying on the monkeys, lemurs and other small creatures that live in the high forest trees. Its real food however consists of tropical fruit and leaves, and only its ill-nature prompts it to make life miserable for other creatures that live near it. The hunter needs caution in tackling the sun bear for it is swift and, though small, it is dangerous to wound.

Another famous creature is the Syrian Bear. This is the bear that is mentioned so many times in the Bible, for on one occasion a pair of them slew the young idolaters who insulted the aged prophet. From an historical standpoint therefore this bear has been known longer to the world than any other.

AXIS DEER

INDIA produces no more handsome a little animal than the Axis Deer. It ranges over the Western half of Hindustan, and as far south as Ceylon.

One evening at sunset a hunter was lying in wait for any game that might chance to come along. Within gun shot stretched a drinking pool. The slanting rays of the setting sun were already turning the jungle trees blood red, and the wild creatures of the night were beginning to yawn and stretch themselves before starting for their night prowls. While the hunter was watching, a pair of axis deer came out into the open. The pretty spotted creatures trod so lightly that they had come into view without making a sound. The buck was nervous, straining its eyes and ears in every direction, and lightly stamping its fore feet, while the doe stood watching her lord ready, at a moments notice, to fly after him. The hunter felt positive he had not been winded, for he was already in position. He had not made a stalk, so he knew that he could not have been heard. He decided not to shoot for a moment or two, but wait and see what would develop. It took will power to lie still for the mosquitoes buzzed around his head, and the tiny ants were investigating inside his hunting boots, and trying to carry him away piecemeal. The doe moved away some twenty yards, standing ankle-deep in the water, with head bent down to drink. The buck had not relaxed its vigilance, however, and a moment or two later the hunter saw that there had been good reason for caution. Just beyond the buck, and in the opposite direction from which it was looking, the hunter saw a movement near a rock, and a moment later a huge python, the largest of Indian snakes, raised its head. Inch by inch it rose, at the same time coiling its body ready for a strike. The splendid reptile balanced a moment and then

AXIS DEER

struck. In a flash one coil was around the buck, quickly followed by a second. The victim was not strong enough to fly with its enemy hanging on to it, but instead it struck out, right and left, with its horns, inflicting a fearful wound in the snake's side. But the reptile did not wince, instead its glistening coils tightened mercilessly, and the buck collapsed. Then



the great snake uncoiled and lay looking at its prey. Again it raised its head and the hunter fired. The snake wound up like a huge watch spring, and then as swiftly straightened out and fell to lashing with its tail. Again and again the tail smashed against the buck, knocking its body about as though it weighed nothing. But even a python cannot stand an

express bullet; its struggles grew weaker and at length it lay dead, its huge coils still moving with unspent muscular energy. The hunter made his way to the pair, and running his hand along the deer's sides, he found that every rib had been broken, the skin sinking under the fist pressure like a sponge.

The hunter, well satisfied with his quarry, hastily made his way back to camp, and after the evening meal sat back in a cloth chair, and watched his men skin both victims, while around stood a ring of jackals waiting to make a meal of the useless bodies. At length the skinning processes over, the bodies were hurled away to become at once centres around which fought a snarling, snapping ring of demons. The python measured eighteen feet stretched, probably about sixteen feet, or a little more, when it was alive.

Both sexes of the axis deer are spotted, and the male has beautiful horns. The little fawns, too, are spotted from birth. In size the axis deer is small, being about the weight of a moderate Virginia deer. It is very shy, and moves chiefly at night, hence it is considered more rare than it really is. A hunter might spend some time in an Indian section where the axis deer is plentiful, and yet not see a single specimen. Once in a while a pair may be flushed in day time while beating the jungle for other game.

The worst enemies of the axis deer are the leopards and tigers. To them it is an easy prey, for it is not blessed with particularly keen senses, and it is easily pulled down. It is very swift of foot, and if either of the great cats misses its spring, they will not go after it, for the deer will vanish like the wind. The skin of the axis deer is often seen in American houses in the shape of rugs. The fur isn't very long but what there is of it has good quality.

THE BLACK BUCK OF INDIA

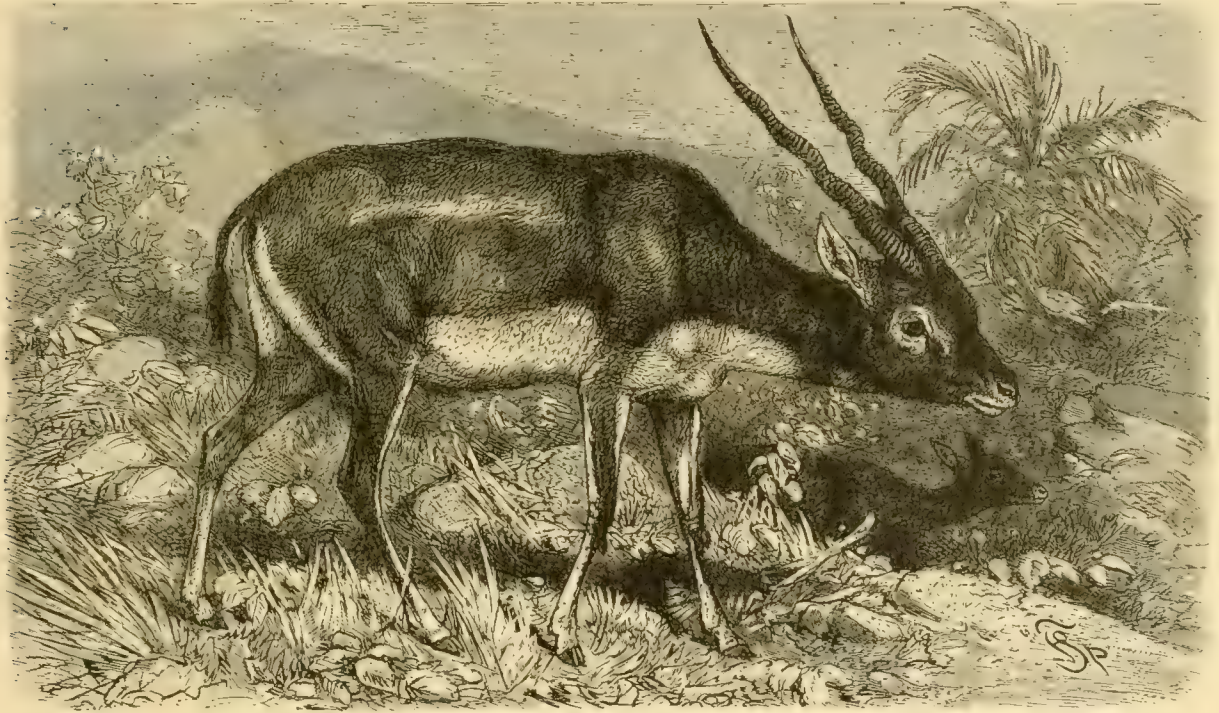
IN the opinion of the late Sir Samuel Baker the Black Buck afforded the best sport of any of the antelopes of India.

The color of the adult males is very striking. The back and sides are pitch black, while the under parts are snow white. The eye too is surrounded by a white ring. The horns are of a graceful spiral shape and have a series of rings running their whole length. These horns average about twenty-five inches in length. The females are not as strikingly colored as the bucks, their coats having a distinct brown tinge. The males do not acquire their perfect coloring until they are at least five years old. Before that time their dark parts are more or less sooty-gray. This is easily seen when looking at a small herd containing bucks from one to seven years old. The contrast in size is not as great as that of color.

These little antelopes are found all over India, but are not evenly distributed. The question of food supply and persecution seems to exert a large control over their numbers. In parts of Central India hunters report having seen herds of black buck numbering several hundred individuals, but the average size of a herd is about twenty animals, or even less. These small herds are always under the control of the largest and finest buck, who holds his authority solely by dint of horns and strength. The tyrannical rule of the master-buck is very comical to watch. If one of the smaller bucks casts loving looks upon a doe, the leader promptly stops, and eyes the pair with disdain, as if blowing up the doe for her weakness. Then it attacks the offending buck, and if it is a very young one it gets a good thrashing from the master's horns and is perhaps driven away from the herd altogether. The outcast then wanders free until it grows larger and is able to acquire mastery, through a series of fierce battles, over a herd of its own.

THE BLACK BUCK OF INDIA

It is said that the black bucks are the most quarrelsome and pugnacious of all the antelope family. When two males of about even size agree to "have it out" the battle lasts a long time, and they become so absorbed and interested in the fight that they may be approached without difficulty. The females fly from the hunter in alarm, but the two fighters do not seem to notice their absence. In this way many a lucky hunter



shoots first one buck down and then the other before it has grasped the cause of its enemy's downfall. There are stories told of hunters stalking a pair of fighting bucks and securing one or both of them with a rope. This is a risky business for the black buck when roused is an ugly little creature to handle.

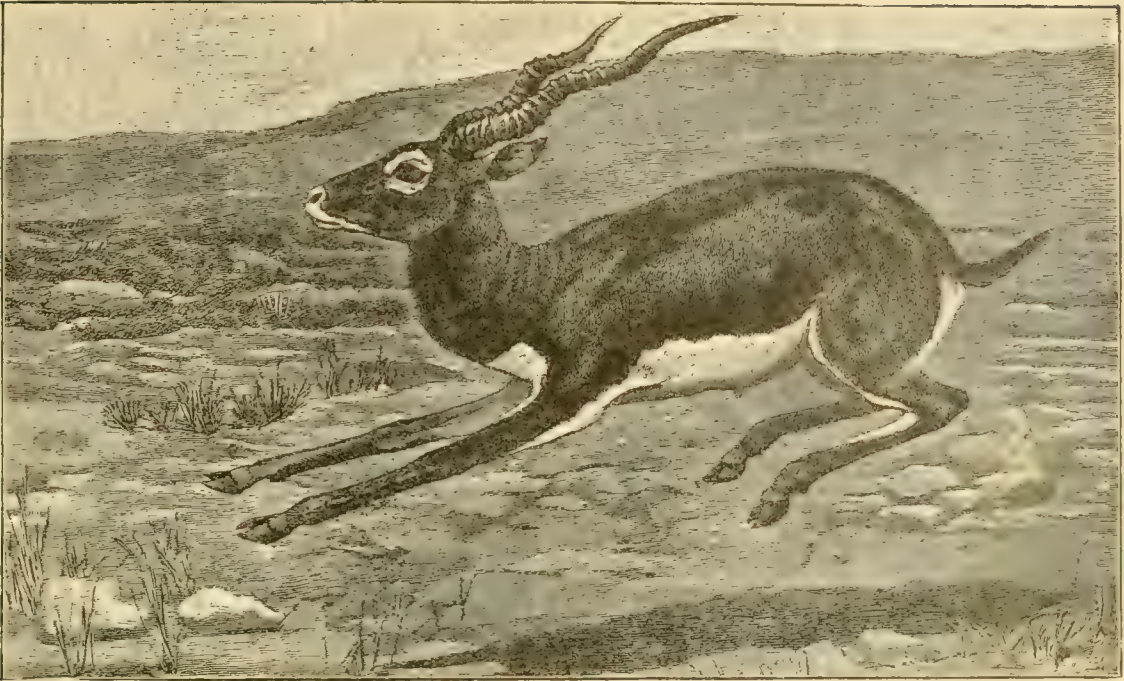
The herds of black buck are a great nuisance to the native farmers for they raid his crops in shameless fashion. The religion of the Hindus forbids their killing and maiming animals, and the black buck seems to take advantage of this

fact. They destroy chiefly the young wheat just as it shows green a few inches above the earth. The fields then have to be watched day and night. This antelope however is very much afraid of the sound of a gun or explosion, and on hearing one they will run away, and if there is no shelter near at hand they may leave the neighborhood altogether.

The black buck runs in the most extraordinary fashion. It does not gallop like most of its kind but progresses in a series of leaps which carry it six feet straight up in the air, something after the fashion of the springboks of South Africa. Its speed is enormous, and once it has got a good start it will maintain a gait of fifty or sixty miles an hour without any trouble.

The hunting of the black buck is conducted in three ways—by the gun—or the dog—or the hunting leopard. In stalking this little antelope no very great caution is necessary. The black buck will not take any notice of natives, and they will even let a white man approach within a couple of hundred yards, provided he is driving or on horse back, but the instant he stops to look at them they take instant alarm and vanish like magic. A favorite trick of hunters is to hire a slow moving ox-cart and take it with them for a “stalking horse.” They walk on the side away from the game, being hidden by the cart. The black buck look at the cart with its native driver and see nothing about it to alarm them. Then, getting in range, the hunter drops on his knee and as the cart draws clear he shoots before the herd have sighted him. This scheme works very well. Sometimes the black buck can be approached in broken country by getting a bush between them and the stalker, but it is necessary to walk quietly, and keep the gun covered for the slightest glint of sunlight on the bright metal parts will

THE BLACK BUCK OF INDIA

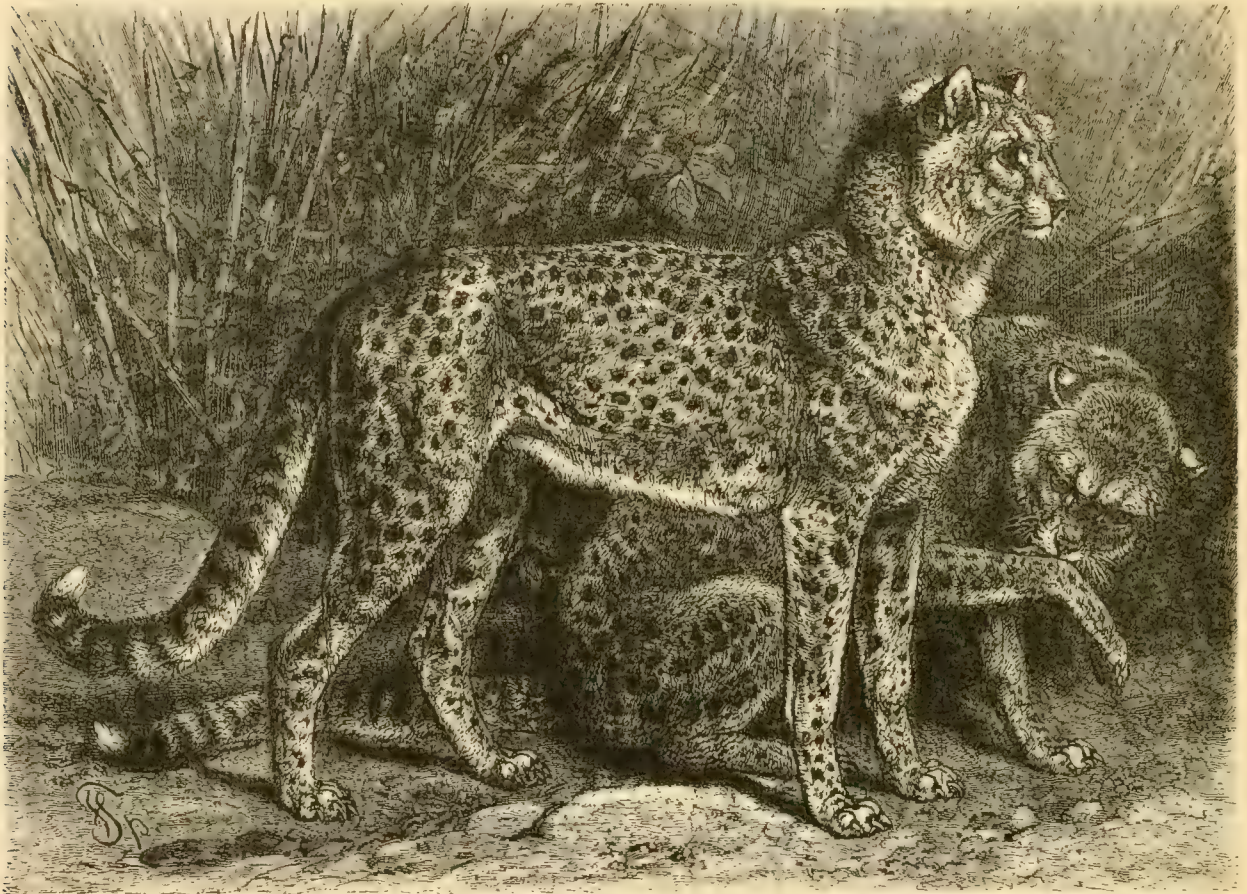


stampede the herd in an instant. We have seen cases reported in which a hunter has got up to a small herd while singing or whistling. The animals promptly wheel around and stand at attention listening to the strange sound. In this way, with luck, the hunter gets within range. It is necessary to make a clean shot at a black buck, for the little creature's tenacity of life is wonderful, and it will get away with a bad flesh wound that would stop many a larger animal.

The second method of hunting the black buck is with the help of a couple of speedy dogs. Unless the dogs manage to get up very close indeed before the herd takes alarm they may as well give it up. The whole chance of the dogs lies in taking their quarry by surprise. The late Sir Samuel Baker expressed the opinion that a black buck would, in the majority of cases, outrun a greyhound. He stated though that he had never seen the experiment tried. One thing is certain, however, and that is that if the chase were held over a large stretch

of ground the greyhound would soon be left behind. The black buck runs equally well on rough or smooth land, and it has been known to shake off a less sure-footed enemy in this fashion; the dogs for instance have no show over rocky ground.

The third method of hunting the black buck is with the Cheetah or hunting leopard. This beautiful creature has been



used for centuries in the chase. A native is placed in charge of it, and it is carried in an ox-cart, with a slip-knot cloth bandage over its eyes. Directly a herd of black buck is sighted, the ox-cart is driven quite slowly forwards, at an angle, endeavouring to get as close up as possible. Then the native hunter slips the bandage from the hunting leopard's eyes. In a second or two, the well-trained creature spies the game and slips out

of the cart. The oxen meanwhile are kept going. The leopard crouches down and stealthily makes its way towards the feeding herd. The moment it gets within striking distance it bounds at the nearest buck, and with a superb spring lands on its back, and pulls it down. The cart is then stopped and the hunters hasten to the kill. The leopard is given part of the buck's blood to drink as a reward, and then its eyes are bandaged again, and the ox-cart moves on in search of more game. Sometimes the cheetah misses its strike, and if it does not catch the buck in half a dozen strides it gives up and lies down lashing its tail with anger and disgust. For a short distance the speed of the cheetah is terrific, its motion cannot exactly be called a gallop. It seems to concentrate all its energy into one splendid rush. The weight of the cheetah is not very great, but its impact at full speed would easily overturn a heavy animal.

The cheetah is the longest legged of the cat family. Its head is small in proportion to its body, but its stretch of jaws is not great. It is found in Africa as well as over a large section of Southern Asia. It is rather a rare animal and is not often met with in a wild state. It takes very kindly to captivity, and many of the best hunters have been born in the Indian rajah's cages.

The common leopard is much more numerous than the cheetah, but anyone, with half an eye, could never confuse the two. This leopard can be tamed and safely handled better than any other member of the larger cats. The sport of stalking the black buck is chiefly carried on by the native chiefs as but few Englishmen possess a tame cheetah. Everyone who has been present at a royal hunt admits that the sport was well worth watching.

THE SIBERIAN WILD SHEEP

In the opinions of some authorities the finest of all the Wild Sheep comes from Siberia. Rumors that the central mountains had in their fastnesses a species with unequalled horn measure came to the West from time to time, but it is only within quite recent years that this splendid wild sheep has been looked up, classified and put where it belongs.

This sheep, many hunters declare, is the natural head, by right of its size and beauty, of the large tribe. It inhabits the wind-swept treeless highland regions of Siberia and Mongolia, roughly in a line from the Altai Mountains to Lake Baikal, but also extending south into Turkestan. Luckily for the sheep they live in a portion of the world that is only imperfectly known to the geographers and even less to adventurous, wandering sportsmen.

A hunter, famous for his daring exploits, in search of big game, gives this account of his efforts to get specimens of the Siberian Sheep. First of all the Altai mountains lie in Russia, and before the Russian government will issue a passport they must be assured that the hunter has only big game in view, and is not a spy, or travelling with a secret ultra-political object. However, thanks to the British Ambassador in St Petersburg, the permit was issued and the hunter was off. The overland train takes one just so far in the right direction, and from the terminus it is necessary to post for nearly thirty days over what the Russians call roads, but what in the United States we should not dignify by the name of trails. At length, aching in every limb, the hunter saw the forbidding peaks of the great mountains looming up against the sky line, and he knew that his tortures were nearly over.

The journey taken by the hunter lay along one of the great tea-trade routes to China, consequently the villages met were of

a better order than is usually found in that inhospitable land, the inns being clean and the food passable.

Luckily our hunter ran across a friendly Kalmuck chief who told him that he would surely find his game close at hand and furthermore provided him with sturdy little ponies and a veteran guide from the mountains. During a stroll near the camp the hunter was startled to find the skull and horns of a ram of the very game he was after. He had heard all the stories of the horned splendor of this beast, but he was not prepared for what met his eyes. There before him, like a mute witness, lay a pair of horns, that might have graced a Temple of Jupiter, measuring nearly five feet long and as thick at their base as a man's thigh. The guide, who was watching with evident amusement, shrugged his shoulders and said that the horns were of average size.

The next morning the hunt began in earnest. The guide had said that at that season of the year the great sheep would be found among the new grass. A couple of hours' ride uphill on the little ponies brought them nearly to the ridges. It was not long before the guide's experienced eyes detected a large flock a mile or two away. It was necessary to advance quietly and with caution, but the hunter found to his relief that these sheep were not nearly so hard to approach as the ibex or the American big-horn, probably because they had not been hunted to any great extent.

It was necessary to leave the ponies behind and scramble forward on foot. The herd, led by some splendid rams, was travelling along at a fair walking speed. Presently they reached the ridge summit and vanished on the other side. The hunter and the guide now broke into a sharp run, gained the shelter of some rocks at the top and found the sheep within

THE SIBERIAN WILD SHEEP

easy gunshot, but he was too much out of breath from his spurt to shoot with any certainty of hitting the mark.

Before his heart ceased beating and he was in condition to be sure of his aim the beasts took alarm, probably from a back draught of the wind. All stopped eating and every head was held erect. There was not an instant to lose. Choosing the nearest ram, which was really about as large as any in the



herd, the hunter fired. The great beast sprang clear in the air and then rolled over kicking and struggling. The herd vanished like magic leaving their leader behind. The head proved to be even larger than the skull that the hunter had found on the first day he arrived. It is likely that within the next few years we shall know more of this wonderful sheep and exactly what relation it bears, from a naturalist's point of view, to the other members of its family. One thing is certain, however, that in size and weight of body, beauty and breadth of horns it is easily in the front rank.

IBEX HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS



THE real stronghold of the Ibex is in the Himalaya Mountains of India and Tibet, from which generations of hunters have been unable to dislodge it. Nature is on the side of the ibex, for the regions it inhabits are so awful that the men bent on hunting it, have to surmount unheard of difficulties until they reach their quarry successfully.

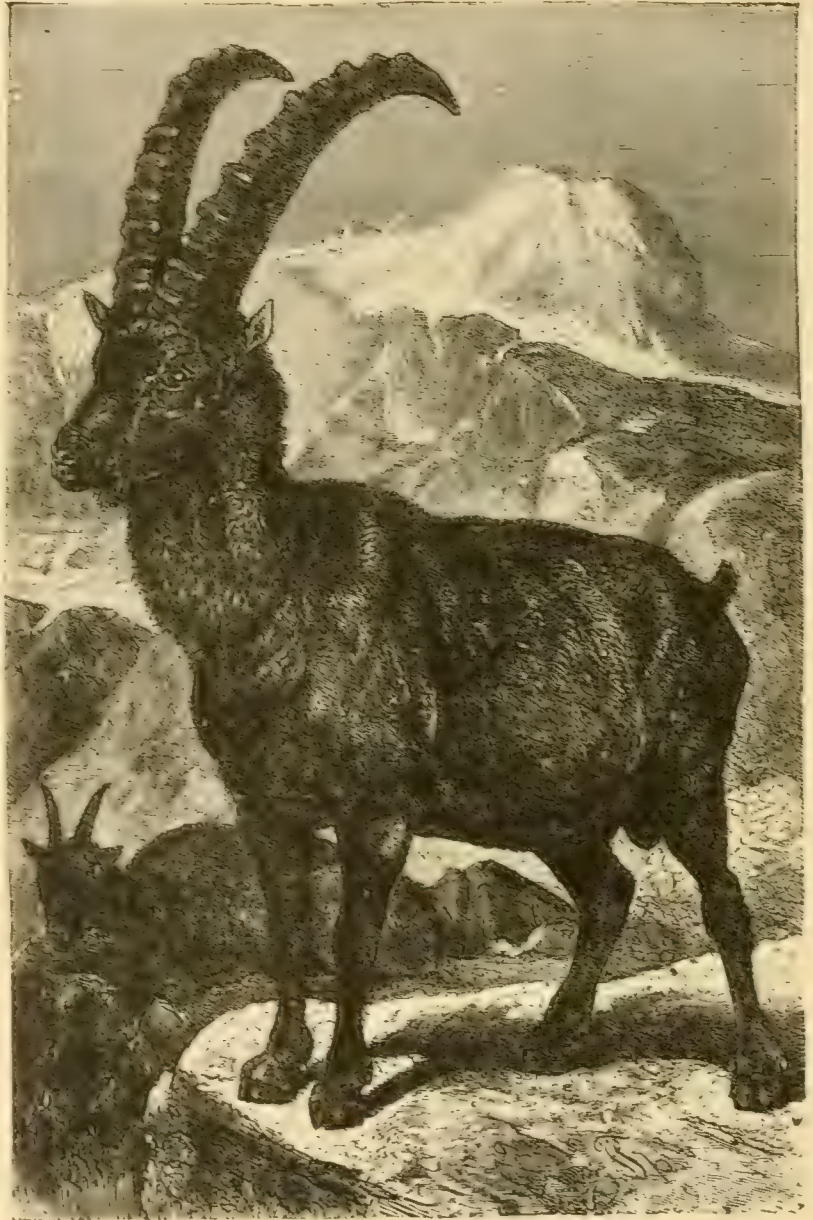
To give an idea of an ibex hunt it would be well to examine the account of a typical chase of this grand game. Two hunters had decided to try and get the ibex on its native heath, so preparations were made at once. In India, where servants are to be hired very cheaply, men travel in more style and take along luxuries that a western hunter of our country would be amazed at, if he did not actually scoff. But still the bearers can only go a certain distance, for the average Hindu dislikes the cold mountain regions very much, so that the main camp often lies some miles in the rear.

As an actual guide the hunters had selected a fierce, black-eyed, be-whiskered native of the hills, a man famous for his strength coolness and bravery. He had safely piloted many hunting parties of Englishmen before. Starting out from the nearest hill station, the party travelled away to the north, ever toward the glistening frontier ranges. Twenty-four hours later the great snowy peaks seemed as far away as ever. But the party went steadily up hill and the land soon began to change, the jungles vanished and their places were taken by huge forests of primeval splendour. Once in a while a human habitation would be passed such as a tiny farm, clinging with might and main to the steep hillside, where fierce-eyed farmers came and bargained with the guide for eggs and chickens. Even this sign of life passed away, and the hunters

IBEX HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS

plunged into the unknown regions. Here a permanent camp was erected to act as a base, and from there the real hunting expeditions were to take place. The guide, and two hardy little brown-skinned gourkhas, tough, wiry and bred to the hardships of the mountains, and the hunters formed the party. During the day, although the sun was high, making the air warm, it was necessary to cross mountain streams whose water was so cold that it made the feet ache. There was but little rest, for these hunts are often done in "rushes," so the climb was always up, up.

Near sunset the group found themselves upon a bare outlying ridge while above them, towering in majestic silence, rose the snowy peaks of the Himalayas. The next day the party pressed farther still into the



mountains. The aneroids recorded eleven thousand feet, and already the two white men showed slight signs of mountain sickness. The next night brought the party nearly to thirteen thousand feet and both hunters gave out. Under the experienced hands of the guide, the two men made rapid progress, lost their headaches and inertia, and were ready for action for they were now close to the ibex ground.

The next day the hunt began in earnest and was chiefly spent in searching the mountain sides but not a trace of ibex could be found. The two hunters were disappointed but made no comment, while the guide himself promised nothing, said nothing. The following day at sunrise the ridges to the north were searched. Early in the afternoon, while the hunters were lying flat among the rocks, scanning the gray mountain sides in every direction, the guide's hand closed with a grip of steel on one hunter's wrist, while he pointed down the valley among the rocks some distance away. The native's eyes, (whether better, or trained for the work) had seen the game move. Neither of the hunters could detect anything stirring for at least five minutes. Then they made out a small herd composed of some females and a couple of rams moving very slowly with the wind behind them. Nothing could have suited their plans better. The guide and the hunters soon began to descend on the herd, for they had spied them while they were resting at an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet. The guide went first, the other two followed close behind, every advantage being taken of the huge stones to hide their approach.

Suddenly, at a steep spot, one of the hunters trod on a treacherous boulder, it turned over once, then again with added momentum, and then went crashing down into the valley beneath. The guide fell flat on his face at once, and the other

two did likewise. For an hour they did not stir. Then the guide slowly rose, and taking advantage of a tuft of brush, looked down the valley. A miracle must have happened for the ibex had not scampered away—the guide smiled grimly and said “the rock was an accident, Sahib, it could not be helped, but the gods favor us—the herd is not alarmed. From now on, silence!” The three rose and proceeded downwards with the utmost caution. At length reaching a flat rock bounded with loose scree they halted. Rifles were placed in position, while the guide peeped cautiously. Half an hour later the hunters saw with delight that the herd was slowly coming along, and going to cross below them. As soon as they came to a favorable distance both men fired. The herd scattered at once, one old ram fell dead, while another badly wounded limped after its flying companions. Leaving the fallen ibex by itself, all three men set off to capture the wounded one. The guide had grave doubts as to their being able to do it, if it was only slightly hurt, but a mile on his fears were dispelled when they came upon their game lying dead on a patch of snow. During the next few days other hunts took place and a bag of six ibex resulted. Then food began to run dangerously short and a swift retreat was made to their permanent camp. From there they returned by easy stages down to the ever-sunny highlands of India once more.

In Persia is found still another variety of the Ibex. The horns are not of the same build as seen in other specimens. The horns of the ibex of the Himalayas have the appearance of a rounded tooth-edge on the outer rim like a cog-wheel that has been worn down. On the other hand the Persian Ibex's horns have the cog-teeth every few inches only, as though three in four cogs were missing.

IBEX HUNTING IN THE HIMALAYAS



The Persian Ibex is found in the high mountain ranges, and it is nearly as hard to get at as its Himalayan brother. True, the mountains it loves so well, are not of the size, or the terrific aspect of those of India, but the conditions met with during the hunts fairly bristle with difficulties.

A hunter bent on running down this ibex, took ship to Aden, and from there travelled in a native trading dhow, through the Straits of Ormus into the Persian gulf. He had noted carefully the experiences of men who had been before him, and he knew something of the difficulties he was likely to meet. The country, he found, was hot and waterless; indeed such little water as could be obtained he drank at his peril.

The high mountains near the coast are extremely difficult to hunt in on account of their barrenness. There is hardly any

shelter to aid the hunter in stalking. Then again, the region is calm, and sunny and the stillness among those lonely peaks is so great that the slightest sound vibrates entirely out of proportion. The echo is carried along great distances, warning the alert creatures of the presence of enemies.

The ibex remain on the high ridges, and in case of danger, they have a habit of going to the top, so as to obtain a view all round. They travel over the barren wastes with such speed that it is almost impossible to follow them. They feed at daybreak and sunset, often lying down during the heat of the day. Their color so perfectly matches the ground that it is hard to pick them out. In fact a small band of ibex might move away from the danger zone without being seen at all, unless it were through a cloud of dust from their feet, and even this would not appear were they moving slowly.

On one occasion this hunter watched a leopard stalk an ibex, and although the creature moved forward with the utmost caution, before it got within striking distance, the ibex took alarm and clattered away leaving the great cat snarling with disgust. But the poor leopard's troubles were not over, for the hunter placed a bullet between its shoulders, killing it dead.

The coat of the leopard affords it nearly as good a protection as the ibex. Now it can be seen that if a professional hunter, like the leopard, with the help of its color, small size and silent tread, has difficulty in getting close to an ibex, it gives one some idea how much greater must be the task of a lumbering, clumsy man, with noisy hunting boots, and creaking belts. For, viewed in any light, the most skilful and silent hunter is noisy in his movements when compared to a beast of prey.

On yet another occasion this hunter saw a leopard stalk a herd of ibex, and spring on a female. The herd fled at once,

all but the old male who promptly came to its mate's rescue, and attacked the leopard with the utmost fury. It wielded its huge horns like clubs, and succeeded in battering the leopard until it let go its hold. The female, badly clawed, then got away and was soon rejoined by the heroic ibex. The hunter got the impression that the leopard was only too glad to get out of the mess. It limped away, showing that it had been badly wrenched or torn in the fight. The incident gave the hunter a new idea of the ibex's pluck, for there are not many animals of its size that will face a leopard.

Taken on the whole the ibex family is not greatly troubled by enemies. They are exposed to their greatest danger when food gives out in the mountains, and they are compelled to come down into the valleys. On the heights the ibex is fairly safe, for any beast of prey that relied on killing an ibex every day would soon die of starvation.

As far as Europe is concerned the ibex may as well be counted out, for, if it is not quite extinct, it has become so rare that no hunter would credit a story of its appearance in one of its former haunts.

The ibex was once plentiful in Switzerland, and there may still be a few there under protection. There are undoubtedly specimens of this fine goat to be found in the Caucasus Mountains in Asia Minor.

The ibex has vanished in recent years from the Pyrenees and Sierra Nevada Mountains of Spain. With regard to this latter species many naturalists hold that this ibex wasn't an ibex at all, but closely related to the tame goat.



It is just possible that the breed was formed by domestic goats having run wild, and taken to the mountains. It has been declared that the finest horns ever taken from an ibex came from Eastern Turkestan. They were huge in proportion, and the graceful sweep, and regularity of ridges made them as nearly perfect as the heart of man could desire.

Beluchistan is, without doubt, one of the happy hunting grounds for the ibex hunter, for the specimens found there are very fine, and reported to be fairly numerous. Hunting in Beluchistan is hard work, for the natives are not very trustworthy, and the sportsman may lose his kit through mountain robbers. Beluchistan is a country that is only nominally under the law, and as it is surrounded by fierce and warlike people who enjoy a chance to make trouble, the traveller's risk is great. Still many hunters have gone from one end of the land to the other, and lived to tell the tale.

A hunter has recorded that during a three weeks hunt he only obtained three heads—literally one a week—and that to get those he had to travel over some of the roughest and most mountainous country in the world. The guides are usually staunch and true men, especially if they have confidence in the hunter, that when his opportunity comes, he will not make an inglorious miss. The free-masonry of the hunter-folk is strong in any part of the world, for the chase draws all classes closer until they meet on common ground.

Throughout Beluchistan the ibex ranks high as a game animal, just as the Bighorn or the Rocky Mountain Goat do with us, for in all the places that it is found the native hunters agree that it is a very difficult animal to shoot. A man who has a pair of ibex horns in his collection, from his own gun, has something to be proud of.

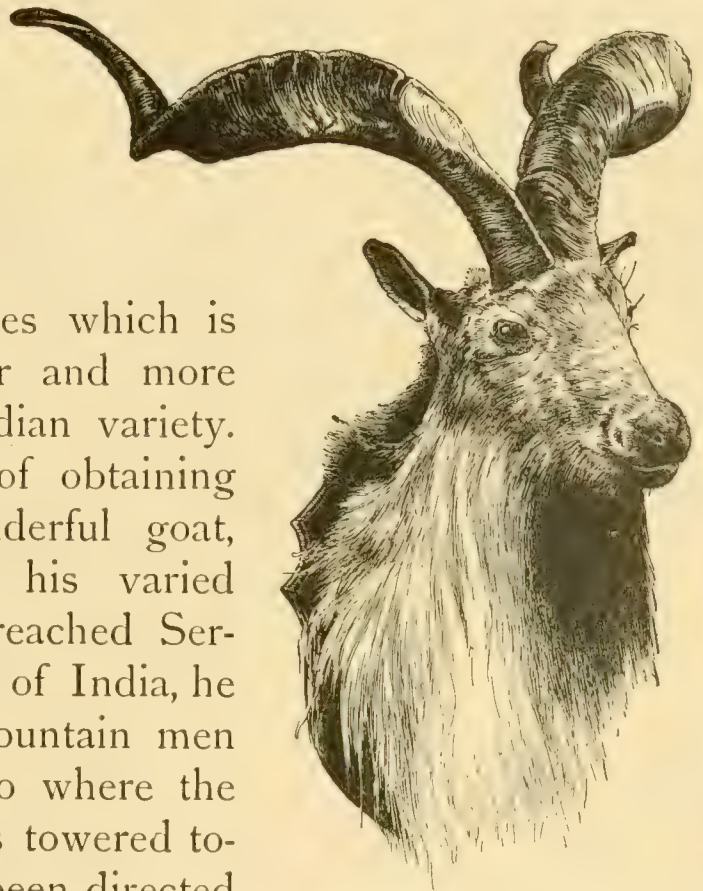
THE MARKHOR

THE Markhor is without doubt the most lordly of all the goats. The appearance of this animal is most striking. Its coat is dark and shaggy, while under its throat the hair grows a foot long and is of a beautiful creamy color. But the crowning glory is in the horns, which are truly magnificent. They are black as ebony, and branch upward in a huge spiral. These horns sometimes attain a length of five feet!

The great difficulty of obtaining a specimen of this goat makes it appear as a blue ribbon to be won by hardy sportsmen. Curiously enough the horns of the markhor are very irregular so that the spiral form is entirely missing in many specimens, but this only serves to whet the sportsman's zeal.

In Beluchistan another species of the markhor is found but it is not so fine a beast as the one of India, while in Afghanistan still another little-known species lives which is said to be even larger and more magnificent than the Indian variety.

A hunter, desirous of obtaining specimens of this wonderful goat, gives this account of his varied experiences. Having reached Serinagur from the lowlands of India, he obtained coolies and mountain men and then struck away to where the Kara Korum Himalayas towered toward the sky. He had been directed to a certain village where he was to meet a shikari, or native



hunter of Kashmir. Thereafter the expedition was under the sole command of the shikari. For days they toiled upwards through the forest pausing once in a while to stalk a deer, or shoot some of the pretty pheasants. The timber grew smaller and thinner, while the chilled winds from the mountains threatened the safety of their tents at night. Having pitched a camp the hunter, the shikari and another sturdy looking man, went off in search of game. The hunter soon discovered why so few experienced sportsmen were able to show a markhor's head among their collections. This beautiful goat will often lie in the shelter of a huge rock, or tiny cave, during the heat of the day only emerging to eat at sunrise or sunset. Then it chooses the most inaccessible places to live in. Four days this trio scoured the surrounding mountains only to return to camp at night empty-handed. At length, as the sun tipped a distant ridge, and lit up the gloomy forbidding depths of the valley, the hunter saw with delight a fine goat far out on the face of a precipice. Using the utmost caution a stalk was made, with the result that it was found impossible to get closer than two thousand feet to the game without being seen. To risk a shot at that distance at such a small object, only imperfectly seen, was sheer folly; besides the hunter's rifle was not fitted with telescopic sights. There was nothing to do but to give up.

On another day the trio found a small markhor herd feeding high up on a precipice. They proceeded at once to get into a favorable position, when the guide stopped suddenly with a short exclamation of dismay. Over the huge mountain crests swept a great bank of clouds which soon blotted everything out and later a slight fall of snow occurred. To risk finding the camp again was impossible, and as it was near sunset there was nothing to do but to seek shelter nearby. The shikari

finally decided to stay between two enormous boulders. The wind increased in violence, which was really a benefit for it drove the snow over their shelter instead of hemming them in. They had very little food with them and but two blankets among three men. The shikari ingeniously laid the blankets so that the three were able to roll up tight in one heap. The mountaineer called upon the Gods of the Hills for protection and then, being a true philosopher, he went to sleep without more ado. The shikari said, "Sahib, we are perfectly safe, so take your rest," but something in the man's voice showed that he was lying. The next morning the hunter could hardly move, his limbs were numbed and his head ached, for spending a stormy night in the open, with hardly any shelter, 16,000 feet up in the Himalayas, would try the strength of any man.

The snowfall had been only slight and the shikari proposed that they make at once for the camp. The hunter was now able to walk fairly well. On the way down they ran across a fresh markhor trail in the snow, the hunter insisted that they follow it up, and the shikari reluctantly obeyed. He admired the sahib's pluck, but doubted the wisdom of undertaking a stalk while he was in a run-down condition. They had not gone far when the hunter collapsed entirely. Without a word the giant shikari shouldered the unconscious form, and strode away to the camp.

Warm food and drink and a cot to lie on soon brought the hunter round but his people were in the depth of gloom foreseeing a barren ending to all their work. On the third day the hunter sent for the shikari to come to his tent, and told him that before sunrise the next morning he would be ready to start on another hunt, declaring that he would not leave the mountains till he got a markhor's head. The shikari could



hardly believe his ears, but his face lighted with a grim smile as he said, "The sahib shall be obeyed, for his courage is very great. Now I know how your ancestors conquered India."

The hunter was as good as his word. Daylight found them high up near the snowline, but again they were disappointed for no markhor were sighted. The next day the camp was moved some miles on to an even wilder region. The climbing here was more difficult than any they had met with. Over the camp fire the shikari asked the hunter where he had learned to know the hills, and far into the night the grim old mountaineer listened to the stories of scrambles in the Rockies, the Sierra Nevada, the Selkirks, and the Andes. At the end he grunted approval and said, "I should like to hunt in that far away land. This moose you talk of must be a king of beasts."

The next day broke bright and clear, and an early start was made. Before very long a herd of markhor were sighted, and this time closer in range than had previously been seen. The shikari and the hunter crawled forward on hands and

knees using the huge rocks as shelters. The stalk was most exhausting, the loose scree tore their clothes in shreds, while their hands and knees were covered with blood. But the spirit of the chase was on them both and they paid no attention to their wounds. At length, reaching a high point of rocks, they peered cautiously over. The herd was not far away. Getting his breath back and taking his time, the hunter made a careful shot and when the smoke cleared a markhor goat fell dead! The hunter was wild with delight, and was for scrambling off at once to the game, but the old shikari restrained him, saying, "Be careful, sahib, that you do not climb down where you cannot get up again. What would be the use of reaching the goat, you could not carry it away? Have patience and we will get help."

So they sent back to camp, and presently the coolies arrived bringing with them a long rope. One of their number was lowered some two hundred feet down the face of the cliff to the ledge on which the body lay. A series of jerks on the rope was a signal to draw up and in a few minutes the dead markhor arrived at the top.

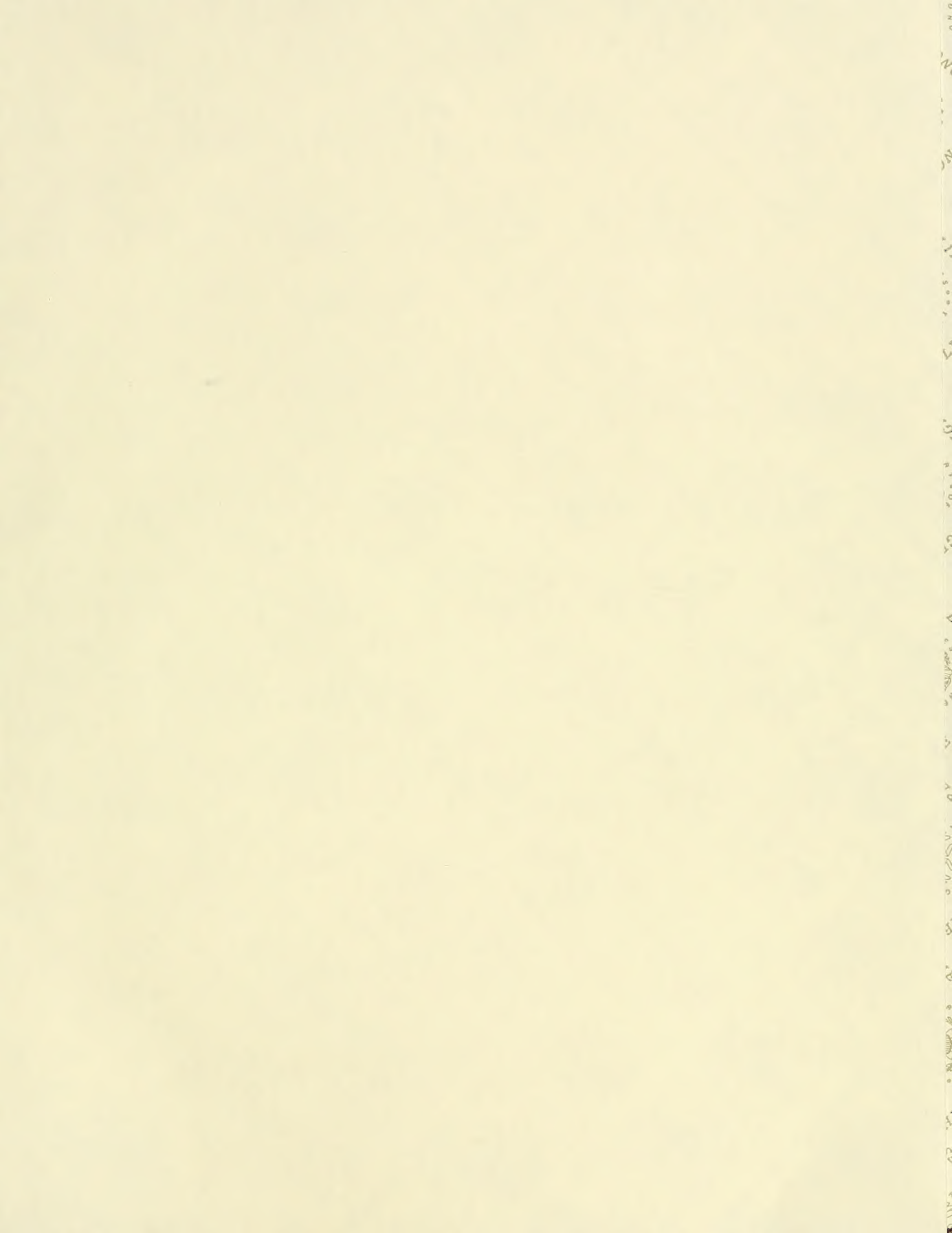
The hunter found to his sorrow that while the head was a fine one, the horns were without the wonderful corkscrew formation he so much desired, but still it was a fine markhor specimen for all that,

Three days later the hunter chanced a long shot at the leader of a small herd. The bullet took effect, for the goat, after making half a dozen springs, rolled over the precipice, and went bounding down about eight hundred feet striking the rocks in its fall. When the shikari and the hunter reached the body they found it battered nearly to pieces, but the horns being of stouter stuff were only badly bruised. Above all

THE MARKHOR



they were fine specimens of the rare and coveted spiral shape. In truth the markhor's horns may be divided under three heads, first the variety having a graceful spiral form; second, the kind in spiral form, but nearly straight, looking like a huge drill; thirdly the horns nearly straight and having no twist to them at all. The hunter was satisfied with his success, so camp was broken and a return made to the Vale of Kashmir.







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