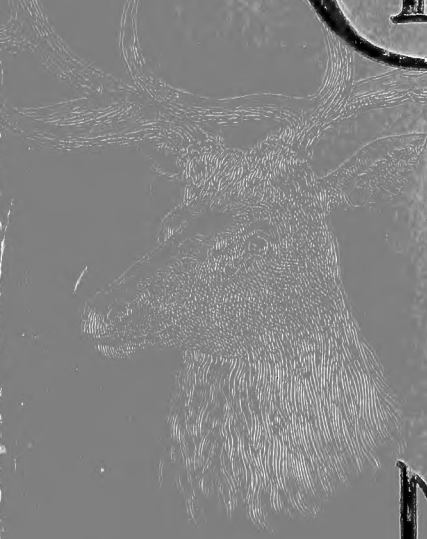


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# HOOFES CLAWS AND ANTLERS



OF THE  
ROCKY  
MOUNTAINS

By  
The Camera

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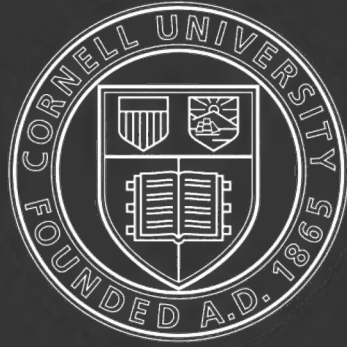
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*Hoofs, Claws and Antlers*  
*Of the Rocky Mountains*



BY THE CAMERA



PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF WILD GAME FROM LIFE,  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

*Hon. Theodore Roosevelt*

OF NEW YORK



1894  
FRANK S. THAYER, PUBLISHER  
DENVER, COLORADO

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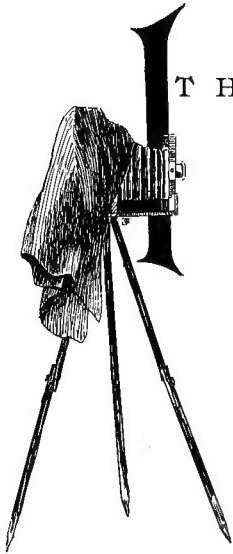
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## Meditation



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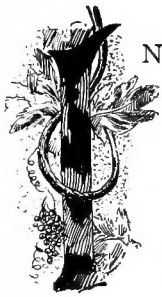
# Introduction



IT HAS NEVER been my good fortune to see as interesting a collection of game pictures as those that have been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, and I am equally pleased with the simplicity with which they tell their most interesting stories of the way in which they got these photographs. The book, when published, will be absolutely unique and will be of the utmost value. The picture of the bunch of deer watering at the spring pool in snowy weather gives an idea such as no written description could of the way black-tails look as they come down to drink in a band. Then the pictures of the two startled bucks just about to jump off, and of the buck and the doe, the doe still unconscious and the buck looking suspiciously in the direction in which the camera is, are just as good in their way. So with the antelope pictures. The alertness of the queer prong-horned beasts is caught to perfection, as well as the difference in their attitudes when compared with the attitudes of deer. Knowing as I do by long experience the extreme difficulty of getting so much as a shot with the rifle at either wolf or cougar, I cannot express my astonishment at seeing these remarkable and characteristic photographs of both. The cougar in the tree has a special and peculiar value, showing as it does the way the beast stands. The wolf slouching over the hill is so characteristic that I seem to see him in the flesh as I look at the picture. So it is with the bull elk standing in the snow among the sage brush, with the head of the black-tail doe swimming through the icy water, and with the bands of cow elk and of antelope. Indeed, so it is with all these pictures, while, as I said above, the vividness, simplicity and truthfulness with which Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan have told their stories add greatly to their value. It is a credit to Colorado and a credit to the United States that a book of this kind should be produced.

*Theodore Roosevelt*

## Publisher's Note



IN THE accumulation of the various subjects contained in this book, the photographer was rarely able to obtain the most favorable position or sunlight advantage. The extreme difficulty of securing first-class negatives under these conditions (many failures and few successes), is therefore apparent, and in some of the plates, the work of reproduction by half-tone process, necessarily shows a deficiency in the original, especially as the photographs have all been very much enlarged. This is the publisher's apology for what otherwise might have been perfect mechanical execution.

Use is made of the principal photographs of a series taken by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan which form the basis of the book. In order to make the collection of wild animals found in the Rocky Mountains more complete, it has been necessary to use several photographs obtained by others, but inasmuch as these photographs are by various people, their individual names are not given, more particularly as the incidents of the photographing were unobtainable.

As a matter of information to the sportsman, tourist, or pleasure seeker, the publisher would state that the particular section of the Rocky Mountain region from which most of the foregoing pictures were gathered, is in the Northwest portion of the State of Colorado, on what is known as the Western Slope of the Continental Divide, the most central point of rendezvous being Glenwood Springs, which is reached by the Denver & Rio Grande R. R., starting from Denver.

The hotel accommodations and other accessories at this point are unsurpassed in the United States and trips can best here be planned to the hunting grounds which are only a half day's ride or drive by horse or wagon.



# How we made the Photographs



Sketch of  
G. Wallihan



BORN in Footville, Rock County, Wis., in 1859, I lived there and on a farm near there until 1870, when I accompanied my parents to Denver, Colo. We moved to the Divide in the Spring of '71 and had the postoffice of Southwater—four miles below Monument—until '76, when we returned to Wisconsin. I was too much saturated with love for the mountains to stay there, so in '79 I returned to Husted and on to Leadville, thence to Colorado Springs, and hunted antelope for a month. Drifted into the mountains in the fall and to Alpine in the spring, settling in Lily Park, where we were amongst the deer so thick when they came down in the fall as to astonish us. While a good shot at antelope, I could not kill a deer until I had fired six shots, all less than sixty yards away and standing. I killed one and was thereafter all right on deer shooting. We left Lily Park in June, '85, moving to Sulphur, Wyo., remaining there until October, '85, when we removed to Lay, Colo., where we have since resided. Was appointed postmaster at Lay early in '86, and have been postmaster ever since, except a year and a half. In 1889 I took up photography and in 1890 I secured the first good negative of deer, and the accounts herewith will show you how I have secured others since.



Sketch of  
Mrs. Wallihan

I was born in Milwaukee County, Wisconsin. My father moved to that place in 1835, from Massachusetts, town of Franklin. On my mother's side of the house we are of the old Revolutionary stock of English descent—the Rawsons. We are proud we are Americans. My father was a fine shot—could drop a partridge, ruffed grouse, or squirrel from the top of a tall maple tree, taking the head off at every shot with the muzzle-loading rifle he used. Many a time I sat by his side watching him mold the round bullets, thinking them so pretty and bright as they rolled out into the box that caught them. He could drop a black bear, a panther or wild cat. The panther of the east, the lion of the mountains, one and the same—the cougar or puma more properly. I do not remember of his dropping a deer, though he would follow them for miles. Though interested in this kind of shooting I never had an opportunity to try my skill until I came west, and about the time I was married. My brother and Mr. Wallihan wanted me to learn to shoot. We were miles from any house—alone in

the mountains. I had fired a revolver a few times and a gun once. The men laid plans for me to use our Parker shot gun on cotton-tail rabbits. When I made my first attempt I could not hold the shot gun out at arm's length, so I learned to shoot from rest. After a short time I tried a shot off-hand at some geese flying over and killed one at sixty yards and about seventy-five feet high, which surprised and pleased my brother and Mr. W., and myself as well. My first deer I got next spring, shooting him in the neck, dropping him. Mr. Wallihan and myself still work together, happy in our effort of trying to preserve the game in photography for the world at large.



In the spring of '91 I took a trip to the noted Bear River. The deer were on their return now towards the mountains and were quite thin and ragged looking. Climbing down the trail over a thousand feet and quite steep all the way and in places quite difficult to get down with camera as a drawback. I sat upright on the gravelly edge of the river, without anything to hide me. A yearling doe came down and after drinking and satisfying herself that everything was right she started over. Deer swim very easily and fast, and she came right towards me, and when about twenty steps from shore she turned to land above me and I took a snap shot while swimming. She landed, shook herself, looked at the camera and me and went up the trail. A deer has not the power of discerning what an object

Deer

PLATE NO



MR. A. G. WALLIHAN

is without there is motion or they can scent it. Shortly after I took a snap shot at five but the negative was not good. One of these came within ten feet of me and veered off, landing above me. I had exposed on the five and could not change, as she would have scared at the motion.



October, 1893, found the great mule-eared deer traveling furiously for their winter range. I had been told so many times that I must "hurry or the deer would all be past," that I did not heed the tales of parties who told me the deer were flying past. The earliest snowstorm for years had started them and they were indeed "flying" by. I went over into the cedars near Wet Gulch and selected the most central bunch of trails and made ready. It got cloudy and I nearly despaired of success. I was ready, within

Deer

PLATE NO

thirty feet of the best trail, when I caught a glimpse of a horn and was instantly on the alert. Out walked a four point buck, right where I wanted him, and stopped. Before I could send the message from brain to hand to press the bulb he stepped forward—stopping again four or five feet ahead. Again did he move too quick. Thinking to stop him I broke a small twig with my left hand; quicker than ever he bounded clear out of the view and ran off. In a moment out stepped two more—a three point and a spike buck. When they were at the right place I bleated like a fawn, which stopped them right. When the shutter clicked the spike buck squatted slightly but they did not move until they looked as long as they wished, then passed on.



## Deer

PLATE No. 17

During the fore part of October, and after a few days' trial near home when we met with but fair success, my husband and I started with camp outfit for Bear River to photograph deer as they cross the river in Juniper Canon. At noon we were in camp, our team taken care of, a lunch disposed of and we were off. Could anyone have seen us they would have thought we were packed for a trip across the continent; they would have been mistaken, for we had only a camera on each of our shoulders. I wanted to try my hand at photographing game, so I had fixed up an old camera for trial. What luck I have had you will soon see. We had a walk of about a mile beside the river's edge, over rocks and sand, with the sides of the canon nearly perpendicular, and finally reached our point laid out for work. We set up the cameras and waited a long time but no deer came. The wind came up and it turned very cold and we had to go to camp. Before we could get our tent up it was snowing and a high wind blowing. Hurriedly gathering sage brush for fire and putting it in the tent to keep dry, we were soon ready for the night. My husband had to cook the supper out in the storm. It was soon ready and we drank our hot tea with venison, bread and butter, then crawled into our blankets. I think I never was so cold in my life. While I lay there shaking I could hear the patter of the snow on the tent, while the wind kept up its howl. I think I shook the harder from hearing it. Sleep came at last. When I awoke it was most morning, the stars were shining, all bright, like a child's face after a good cry; we were warm and comfortable. We got up before the sun and found about three inches of snow. A hot breakfast with hot coffee was soon dispatched. Just after sunrise we were off for the trails. We soon reached them and had our camera ready, Mr. Wallihan was hid behind his camera, which was covered with gray cloth, while I hid behind a rock. We watched for an hour I think. I know I got very tired, as we had to look up hill 500 to 800 feet above us to watch the trails. More than half the day was gone when a band appeared at the top of the mountain above us. Down



MRS. WALLIHAN

the trail they came without a halt until the water was reached, when Mr. Wallihan secured this picture—No. 17. Some of them were behind and hurrying to catch up. They moved further up the river and commenced to cross. While they were strung clear across, with some out on either side, Mr. W. caught them again. They make a fine photograph with the high mountains behind them covered with snow and the rocks and river in the foreground. The snow hanging on the cedars and brush helps to beautify the scene.



Next day, after taking Nos. 17 and 18, I was at the same place when this doe and fawn came down to cross. After quite a bit of looking and starting they finally struck out and swam nearly straight across. I turned the camera with them and sprung the shutter just as the doe struck footing and the fawn was still swimming. They landed and shook themselves for a minute, and climbed the mountain. It is quite amusing to watch a

## Deer

PLATE No. 2

bunch take the water when the river is high. Some will wade deliberately in and start swimming easily, others will plunge in, and some leap as high and far out as possible, go clear under, bob up serenely, shake their heads and swim furiously for the other shore. I saw one swim half way across, turn down stream, and swim about 100 yards to where a big boulder raised the water high. It went over this boulder and down out of sight for a rod or so, only to bob up and strike for shore, evidently having enough swimming for the time.



I had waited long and patiently one morning, when I saw the gleam of the sun on a pair of horns through the cedars. With nerves all of a tremor I watched to see if he would keep on the trail he was on, which passed about sixty feet from me—but no—he turns directly toward me and comes panting down the trail until within sixty feet, when I bleated like a fawn, at which he instantly stopped, with his mouth wide open, as he had evidently been running and was very fat. The click of my shutter told me that I had his shadow hard and fast, so when he had looked and I had admired him as much as I liked, I moved my hand and he was gone—almost like magic. Satisfied for the day, I packed my camera and was soon riding over the hills for home.

## Deer

PLATE No. 21



The next day or so I was at the same place when three bucks came on the farther trail and I caught them just when the central one was behind a cedar top and the hind one was feeding. The one in the lead was the largest—a fine fat fellow—and when the shutter clicked he flinched a trifle, which they are quite apt to do when any cracking or snapping noise reaches their great mule ears. And it does not have to be very loud for them to hear. Noises that

## Deer

PLATE No. 22

would be unheard by any other animal they will catch, as I have learned to my sorrow many a time. Elk are quick to hear but not so acute as deer, while the antelope depends on his sight to guard him and wonderfully well does it serve him.

Elk

PLATE NO. 7

A friend came up to go hunting with a neighbor last winter and I joined him and rode up to the neighbor's, eight miles north of Lay, one day in January. Next morning we rode out and it turned bitter cold. Riding over a high ridge we saw an elk lying down. On our approach he got up and ran, so our neighbor's dog was put after him. After a short run he brought the elk to bay and we came up and I set up the camera and walked up to within twenty steps and took one negative and we were all so near frozen that I was glad to pack up and climb on my horse. We found a band of about 250 and drove them down almost to my neighbor's, when we killed what we wanted and went to my friend's for the night. Elk will go against the wind in spite of anything until they come to something that makes them turn or to a country they don't like to venture on.

Elk

PLATE NO. 8

Learning that a band of elk had been seen about four miles northwest from home late one evening, I started next morning for a try at getting some new photos. Riding over the hills across the now untraveled deer trails, recalling to my memory scenes of past years, I was soon at the spot and after a short search found the trail of the elk. The ground was thawing, for it was the middle of March, '94, and I could follow the trail on the lope. Rapidly I followed as I knew they were beginning to move toward the mountains. Climbing a steep hill I found myself in full view of the bunch before I knew it, but as they were still traveling and about a quarter of a mile away I saw that they had not seen me, and stood still until they had passed over the hill they were crossing out of sight, when I rode quickly after them. They were traveling at a right angle to the line I had been following, owing to the wind changing. They travel against the wind nearly always. Here they bunched up and I thought would lie down, so I climbed the hill and came out on top to find they had gone on and I was again in sight, but they were traveling away from me and did not catch sight of me. While I reconnoitred to find the closest place to approach, a coyote came up to them and they bunched into nearly a ball. The coyote left and I worked up to within 120 steps, where I made the exposure, having to whistle to get them up, for

they had lain down. They started feeding against the wind, and I ran down under the hill and got as nearly in front of them as I dared, and got an exposure at forty steps, but it was blurred by a slip of the camera leg. One cow saw me as I raised the camera over the brush and the whole line was instantly warned by her without any visible means. I think they use their tusks or "ivories" as a warning, by producing a squeaking sound with them. Before I could turn the plate holder they ran off and I rode home completely tired out as I had spent the whole day after them.

During the night we heard elk calling and in the morning I found a large band had laid down for a while within 150 yards of the tent. Taking their trail we followed it until it passed on to the frozen ground and was almost lost. Seeing a band behind us we turned and rode down the gulch to head them. They passed within 100 yards of our large tent, and just as I was about to get a photo of them a friend whom we expected came up the road and they ran off. He had his dogs with him, so we started to find the trail of the bunch we had left. We found it was too hard to follow, and knowing the direction of their travel, rode on in that direction and soon saw a bunch a mile or so away. Making a detour to get in front of them we saw them lie down at a snow bank and by much sneaking we managed to get within about 200 yards of the nearest ones where I obtained this negative of them. I counted 187, I think, and there were some in the sage brush—I could not tell how many—but then there were about 200 in the bunch. The photo does not show near all, as they covered the plate, and quite a good many off at each end.



MR. WALLIHAN AND HIS CAMERA

Several of them were feeding and worked up on the hill so when he got round they were up in sight and saw him before he was very close. I was ready and when he had them in about the best shape I took this shot at them. You can see him at the right just coming in sight—horse and man's head. The bunch split in two, and a spike bull endeavored to run from one bunch to the other. This was his chance, so he sailed in and ran him away from the bunch, and his dog took after the elk and they ran out of our sight. Hurriedly taking down the camera we rode after and soon saw our friend waiting for us.

Elk

PLATE NO. 9

Elk

PLATE NO. 10

## Elk

PLATE NO. 13

This shows the elk in a different pose and the dogs and their master. After taking this Mrs. Wallihan walked up within about twenty feet to admire the elk, and a pup about ten months old went along and kept between her and the elk as if to guard her. After looking at him to her satisfaction, we rode to camp and next morning went home without finding the large bunch, as there were no large horns in the band we were after last.

## Cougar

PLATE NO. 1

"Come over at once and you can get some lion pictures." This was the message I received from some friends on White River early last December. Arranging home affairs I left as quickly as possible. The ranchmen were glad to see us, as the lions kill 30 to 50 per cent. of their colts every season in that country. One of the ranchmen and a neighbor were out hunting and on coming in later reported seeing three tracks of lions on the mountain top. It snowed during the night, which we did not like, as it would obliterate what tracks were made early in the night. However, we went out and about one or two o'clock found a large lion track, and the whole pack of dogs turned loose. We had two old fox hounds, five fox hound pups and three shepherds. The old dogs were thrown off in the first rush but we got them and found the trail quickly and started them alone. They led us across Piceance Creek just above White River City and up on the mountain west of Piceance and along the top for a mile or so, the music of the old dogs encouraging us to urge our horses forward. The dogs gained on us rapidly after they got over the crest of the mountain and traveled so fast that we knew the trail was fresher. We lost the sound of their voices entirely for a few minutes, but on coming over a ridge could hear the welcome bay of their voices, signifying our game was treed. Hurrying forward we found they were down on the north slope of the mountain facing White River, about 100 yards or more from the top. Tying our horses we walked down to them but the lion jumped when he saw us, but they pinched him so he climbed again. The mountains were covered with scrub cedar and pinon pine and the lion was in a cedar which grew right on top of a small cliff of twenty-five or thirty feet. Approaching within thirty feet I set up the camera and when ready shouted at the lion, who looked at me, and I waved my hand, while with the other I pressed the bulb of my shutter. Wishing to get closer I went down around a tree on the left and came out within about twenty-five feet of him when he

started to go down right amongst the dogs to get away from me, when two rifles cracked and his colt killing career was stopped. He was a fine blue one about eight feet from tip to tip. When we reached the valley it was muddy and just about dark, and we were a tired lot when we reached camp, but our success made us jubilant.

After getting two more, which were contrary and would not pose, we finally got the trail of this lion one morning and turned Spot and Speckle loose. The trail evidently crossed itself, for we found them running the back trail and finally took them off and put them on right again, and they soon got straight and we followed as rapidly as we could and managed to be near them most of the time. About 3 p.m. we rode up to the hounds, within about fifty yards of where they were balked and were hunting the trail, when we saw a pinon tree sway and the dogs instantly commenced to bark their "treed" bark and we knew our chase was over.

Before we could tie our horses the lion jumped and the shepherd treed it about 300 yards away, in an old dead pinon. We came up carefully, as she stood splendidly for a picture until the moment I was ready to expose, when she got down to growl at a dog which had climbed a tree on the opposite side from me and we could not get her to stand up again so I had to be content with the sneaking glance which she gave me. She soon after jumped and ran about 100 yards, when Hector again treed her.



MRS. WALLIHAN WITH DOG AND HUNTING PONY

This time the ranchman with us tried to shoot her but did not shoot right and only made her angry. She jumped out but only got about twenty-five yards before the dogs stopped her. Billy ran in with his six shooter drawn to kill her so she could not injure the dogs, but she shook loose from the dogs and ran past me within ten feet and jumped on the side of a tree, but Hector jerked her loose and again the dogs rolled her. Again she got loose; this time Wells stood within six feet of her and in front, and she stood ready to jump at him, but afraid of him still—and his six shooter steadily cracking at her. The third shot knocked her down, but up she raised and again went down after the fourth shot to rise no more, as Hector had her throat and the other dogs were hold of her to stay now. Billy was in close quarters but did not flinch a hair. Two of the shepherds were not with us, which accounted for her getting loose so many times. Our dogs were nearly exhausted and while I packed the camera and the boys took the hide from the lion, the dogs lay under the trees shivering and shaking

## Cougar

PLATE NO. 2

as if cold from exhaustion. We reached camp early and next day I started home, arriving there after twenty-six days of hard work in the cold and snow.

me to the water, but scared again and went higher up to drink. I made exposures on one or two other bunches but got my camera aimed too low and cut off parts of them.

### Coyote

PLATE NO. 1

This I obtained about the same time as Antelope No. 3 and at the same place. I was watching both ways for antelope, when, as I turned my head to look down the gulch I saw the coyote, who saw my head turning and at once became suspicious. He left the gulch, going out on the opposite side, and I felt sure he would prowl around to where he could see what the object was which had attracted his attention. I turned the camera to about where I expected him and was not disappointed when he came trotting out in sight right where I looked for him. He had gone so far by me that he had to look directly toward the sun, which was low, and could not see me for some time, but when he did he stopped and looked a minute or so while I caught his beautiful and lamblike countenance. He seemed to have a strong dislike for my immediate vicinity, so trotted off for a way and watched me for some time.

Next day I was back to the blind early and several came in but not near me. Thinking I heard a splashing above me I peered over the bank and saw a few had come in there to water. They soon worked my way and aiming the camera as near right as I could to where they would come, I waited, while my fever rose as I heard them coming splashing along. Imagine if you can of being within thirty feet of this most wary of game animals as I was when those walked out to where you see them. Could you control your nerves? I cannot and I have been amongst them twelve years. Nor have I seen the person who could, notwithstanding their boasting that they never have "buck fever."

### Antelope

PLATE NO. 5

Later in the day a bunch came in and went down to the water about fifty yards below, but scared and came up and came right down within thirty feet to the water's edge, but suddenly ran up to the place you see them—forty-five feet. They did not see the camera as they did not look that way. You will notice the crooked horn one. I saw that day every shape of horn that could possibly grow, I think. These they shed annually and all look like young bucks then except to experts. Next day I made an exposure on the best bunch of all at this same spot, forty-five feet, but the camera was pointed too low. If it should be wrong I could not move to alter it, as they would leave instanter. And it is very much of a gamble to tell where they will come.

### Antelope

PLATE NO. 6

### Antelope

PLATE NO. 1

This I obtained the same day I did No. 6 Elk, and about one-half mile from the elk. As I rode toward where I knew the elk were I got a glimpse of this band lying down, so I rode as near them as I could and got in shape to catch them. As I raised the camera over the hill they were coming up to see where I was and were not more than forty yards away, but as quick as a wink they ran back to where I caught them. They were all bucks and I saw several bands that day crowding up with the elk—as fast as the elk would break trails through the snow drifts on the ridges the 'lopes would follow through.

In the fall of 1891 my husband told me I must get the winter's meat while he took photographs of the deer. So we commenced in the usual way by saddling our ponies and starting out with rifle to kill the deer and camera to take the photos. The first day I got nothing. The second I lost a fine buck because I had to shoot past my husband, as I thought, too close for safety. Then I moved a hundred yards or more from him. I had hardly got ready before I saw two fine bucks and a number of does and fawns. I confess I was a little selfish—I wanted both bucks very much. As I had lost the large one I thought two with one shot would please my husband very much. So quicker than I can tell it I fired and killed them both at 130 yards with one shot.

### Deer

PLATE NO. 2

### Antelope

PLATE NO. 3

Loaded with hay and a camp equipage and accompanied by a friend, we rode northeast of Lay about 13 miles in November, '93, and camped at a small spring about half a mile from another and larger spring. Next morning I went to the other spring, while Mrs. W. thought to watch for them at the camp spring. Building a blind where a small side gulch came into the larger one, out of sage brush and weeds, I was soon ready for Mr. Antelope and all his family. Here comes a bunch, but they come in below me, scare at something, run back and come right down in front of me. When they walked out in front of me as you see them on top of the bank of the gulch and stopped, I was suffering with buck fever, but after I made the exposure I felt relieved. They came right down within thirty feet of

MR. A. G. WALLIHAN

MRS. A. G. WALLIHAN





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## *The First Scent of Danger*

MULE DEER, BUCK AND DOE  
PLATE NO. 22



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## A Winter Morning at the Ford

BUNCH OF DEER  
PLATE NO. 17



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## *What Did We Hear?*

*TWO BUCKS—DEER  
PLATE NO. 15*





A. G. WALLIHAN, LAY, COLO

## Black Tail Doe Swimming Bear River

DEER PLATE NO. 8



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## *The Lord of the Glen*

*BUCK-DEER*

*PLATE NO. 21*



A. G. WALLINAN, LAY, COLO.

## Crossing a Stream

TWO BLACK TAILS  
DEER PLATE NO. 2



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## Who Comes There?

ANTELOPE, OR PRONG HORN TRIO  
PLATE NO. 5



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## A Solid Phalanx

A BUNCH OF ANTELOPE  
PLATE NO. 1



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## Curiosity Aroused

ANTELOPE, PLATE NO. 3



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## Unconsciousness

ANTELOPE, PLATE NO. 6



## On Guard

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT  
PLATE NO. 1





A. G. WALLIHAN, LAY, COLO.

## Ready to Move

GROUP OF ELK  
PLATE NO. 3



A. G. WALLIHAN, LAY, COLO.

## Brought to Bay

ELK  
PLATE NO. 13



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## *The Mountain Monarch*

*BULL ELK (WAPITA)  
PLATE NO. 1*



Francis Dyer

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## A Royal Procession

HERD OF ELK  
PLATE NO. 11



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## *Herd in Repose*

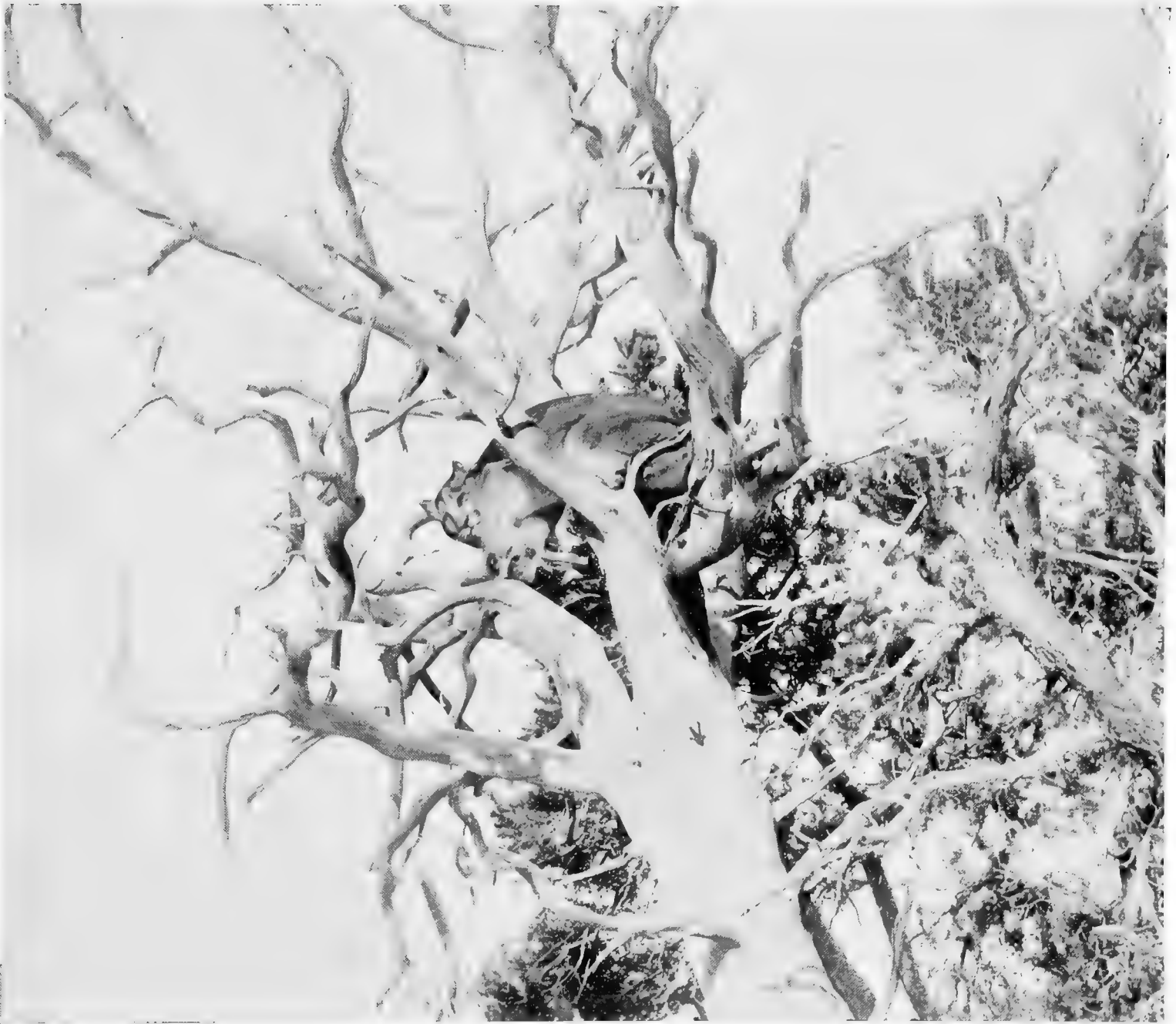
*HERD OF ELK  
PLATE NO. 10*



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## On the Lookout

COUGAR, OR MOUNTAIN LION  
PLATE NO. 1



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## *Treed at East*

*COUGAR, OR MOUNTAIN LION  
PLATE NO. 2*



*Who Are You?*

*BIGHORN, OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP  
PLATE NO. 1*





An Untamed Pet



## King of the Plains

AMERICAN BUFFALO, OR BISON  
BISON PLATE NO. 1



*The Last Generation*

*BUFFALO COW AND CALF  
BISON PLATE NO. 2*



*In the Berry Patch*

BLACK BEAR  
PLATE NO. 1



*Building a Home*

BEAVER  
PLATE NO. 1



## Sage Hens

SAGE HEN  
PLATE NO. 1



## Out for a Breakfast

COYOTE (WOLF)  
PLATE NO. 1



*A Jumping Jack*

*JACK RABBIT  
PLATE NO. 1*





Coiled to Strike

RATTLESNAKE

PLATE NO. 7

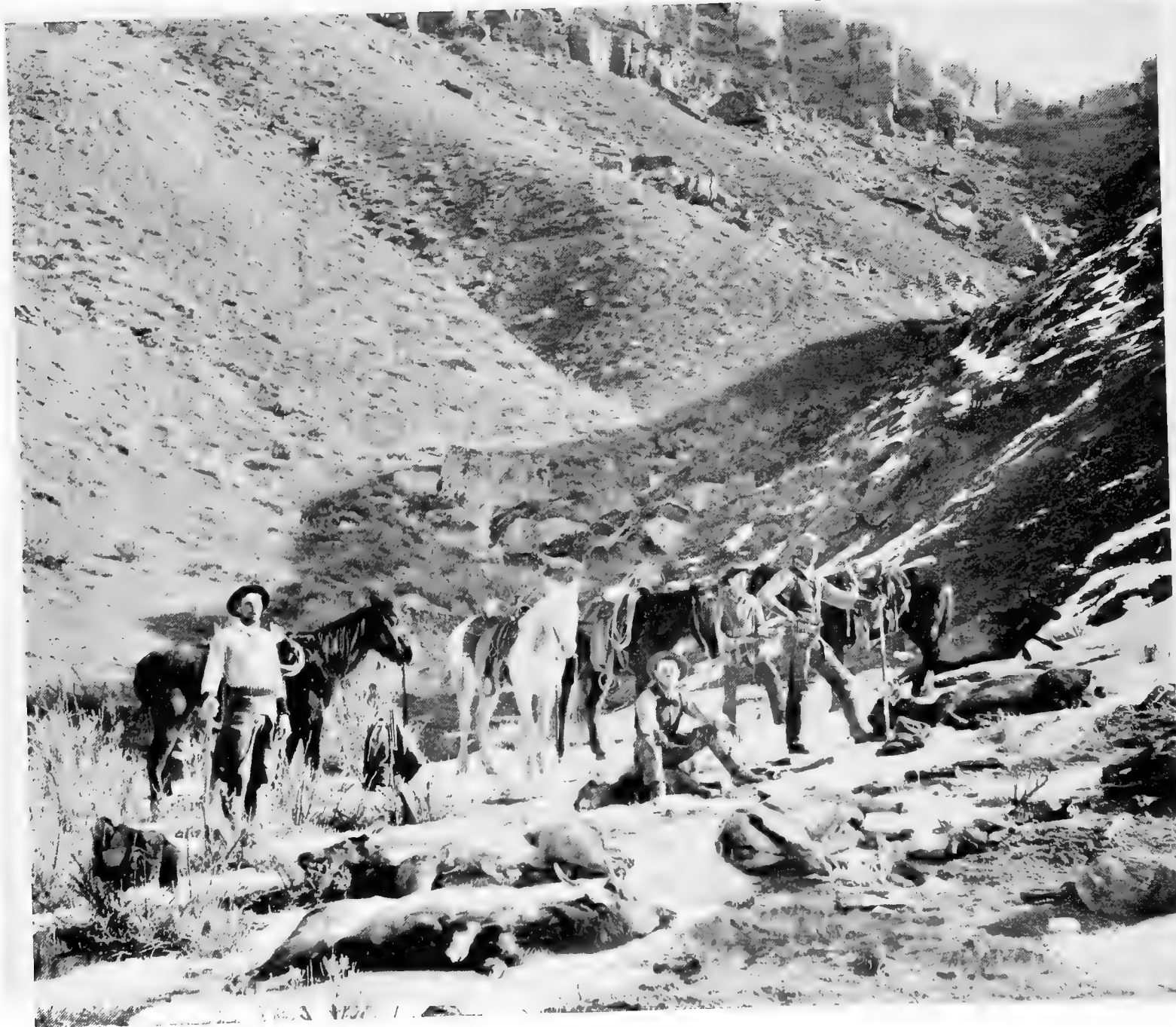


*Doubles at One Shot*



*A Case for the Game Warden*

*DEER*  
*PLATE NO. 29*



*Time to Start for Camp*



*"Dummy" Wilson's Cabin (Taxidermist)*



*Mrs. Wallihan's 30th Deer*



*A Successful Colony*

*PRAIRIE DOG COLONY  
PLATE NO. 1*



*My Audience*









