ELK IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

A MAGNIFICENT HUNTING GROUND FILLED WITH GREAT GAME.

Elks Bugling—Love Calls and Battle Cries—A Combat to the Death—Meat in Mass—Four Shots in Vain—A Wounded Stranger—A Bear for a Change—The Elk's Tough Neck—A Wounded Bull Elk's Furr.

RAWLINGS, Dec. 15.—"Hark, the elk are bugling!" my comrade said, as he waved his glowing pipe at me to warn me to silence. We were in the Sierra Madre mountains. Our hunting camp had been made in a clump of green timber close by a spring, and about two miles below the summit of the range. It was September. It was night, and consequently cold. Ice was forming in the tin cups which stood around the camp. Sounding clear through the frosty air the notes of marvellously sweet-toned flutes, of rare compass, reverberated—now rising, then falling; now answered from yon wooded hill, then echoed from the timbered slope of the hill behind us, again to break forth from the far edge of the highland meadow where our horses were picketed. In all directions the sweet, flute-like notes rose and fell, as though our arrival had been expected, and the elk had assembled to serenade us. There was not a breath of wind. The long leaves of the pines were silent. We sat motionless by the fire, and listened intently to the music. Love calls filled the air. The animals were all around us. We could hear their hoofs strike the logs as they walked through the down timber. We heard, as though but a few rods away, the clear voice of an elk bull ring out. No longer was he wooing the shy elk maidens of the forest. Plainly he challenged some stranger bull to fight. His battle cry was answered from a wooded point which jutted into the meadow about a half mile from our camp. Again our bull challenged, again he was answered. The bugling of the other bulls ceased. My comrade, who is the best hunter and the most observant of the habits of game animals I know, said slowly:

AN ELK BULL FIGHT AT NIGHT.

"A stranger bull, or maybe many bulls and many bands of elk, have been driven off of the layal summit of the mountains by the Englishmen who are camped at Pine Lake. The wandering animals have entered the elk range. The cows of this ground is going to fight with the bulls of the migrating elk. I wish it was daylight. I love to see elk fight, they enter into it so with such spirit. But you are in luck, my boy," he said, "there are more elk around this camp and in these woods than I ever before saw together at this time of year. Hush!" he said, as a challenge to fight rang out loudly, about 300 yards from us.

It was answered angrily. Plainly the two animals expressed their feelings. It was silent, and we knew that the bulls looked each other presumptuous to every step. They snorted loudly, and then a crash rang out as their bodies, many pronged antlers locked. It was more than I, who had not seen or heard an elk for three years, could stand. I grasped my rifle, intending to draw near to the combatants under cover of the darkness, and attempt to shoot one of them. My comrade laid a restraining hand on me, and said:

"You cannot kill in this light. You can't see your rifle's sights, nor the elk. You will have plenty of shooting before you leave the range. Sit down and let 'em fight it out."

I knew he was right, so I sat down, and the elk fought it out; but it took about half an hour to bring the contest to a close. Then the bugling began again. It seemed as though the elk were scattering in bands, and that the chief of each band bugled at short intervals as the animals slowly drifted to their feeding ground. I heard the sweet, hunter-inspiring notes sounding clear along the deeply furrowed flanks of the Sierra Madre whenever I awoke during the night.

KILLING A BLACK-TAILED BUCK.

Early the next morning, while we were still sucking crisp bits of bacon out of a frying pan, our horses, which had been feeding on the meadow, threw up their heads and looked intently toward a point of woods. We looked in that direction, and saw two large, black-tailed deer standing motionless in the open. They advanced a few yards, then dropped their black muzzles to the ground to crop a mouthful of grass, then stood still again, and with heads high in air looked at our horses. They were about 400 yards from us. I wanted to shoot at them, but my comrade, cooler and wiser than I, said that I could not hit them, and if I fired that they would run into the forest. I knew he was right, and I did not shoot. I will here say that the men who kill game animals which are said to be 400 and 500 yards away from them almost always do so when they are alone. I have never seen animals killed at those great distances excepting by accident, and I have a large acquaintance among trappers and hunters. Nine-tenths of the game animals which are killed are shot inside of 150 yards.

Presently the deer entered the woods. Then my comrade, a one-legged man, who has of necessity to ride horseback while hunting, sprang to active life, grabbed his crutch, mounted his gentle rifle, jumped on his barebacked and unbridled horse, and rode off, just telling me to go to a point of timber, which he indicated with outstretched arm, and which jutted into a valley where a stream of ice water foamed over granite boulders. While I was standing over the logs and my heart was beating strongly with the ardor of pursuit, my comrade, crutch under his left arm and rifle in hand, disappeared below the crest of the hill. Long before I reached the crest of the hill I heard the report of his rifle. I hurried on, and when I arrived at the bank of the creek, where I found my comrade dressing a fat, full-antlered, black-tailed buck. We hung the animal high in a tree, with his liver snugly hidden in his chest, so that the predatory and ever hungry camp jays would not find it, and then we proceeded carrying the meat of camp at sundown. He rode up the creek and I walked down the valley.

What a delightful walk that was! First I followed one well-beaten trail, then another, and then another, keeping in the green timber and eagerly looking for game. Three or four squallish mountain parrots or conure birds, accompanied me, now flitting from tree to tree ahead of me, now following after, then with a derisive squall, which plainly said that I was a stick compared with Adam, one to my meatless fate, then repeating, or reconsidering their determination, they would overtake me and squall out noisy epithets, which I resented, and together we would go on. Pine squirrels barked their disapproval of my presence, and occasionally crossed the trail in front of me. No tame were these birds that I ceased to walk so as not to disturb them. They stopped and looked at me, their bright eyes shining, and they remarked softly, one to the other, that I was a stranger, but they had no fear. I left the timber and walked down a valley, seeing an occasional deer at long range, but no elk, and it was the latter animals I was hunting for. About noon I turned to retrace my steps. Game signs were all around me, but no elk were there.

KILLING A BULL ELK.

Late in the afternoon I reached the wooded point near which the deer had been killed in the morning. I was exceedingly tired. I walked slowly up the hill to the top, where the timber was sufficiently open to see through for 150 yards. There I sat down behind a large boulder to rest and to smoke. While smoking I heard a noise behind me. I looked around the boulder and saw a large, handsome bull elk standing motionless, with his head high in the air. His almost coal-black mane waved briskly in the breeze. My heart sprang into my throat, and there struggled and fluttered. I drew my rifle around and pointed it at the elk, but I could not hold it on him. Trees, and bushes filled the sights, and now and then the elk would spring over the sights in a most unaccountable manner. So I crouched down and waited until I got hold of my nerves, and then I again thrust the rifle around the rock. The elk was still there, looking through large, beautiful eyes at the blue mountains beyond the creek. He was not more than seventy-five yards from me. I covered his forehead, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he quickly dropped his muzzle almost to the ground, drew in a long breath, and then threw his head high in the air, his mouth slightly open, his wide-spread antlers resting on his back, and bugled lovingly for a mate to come to him. Heard close by the note is not as sweet as it is when mellowed by distance. After bugling, the bull stood motionless, apparently listening intently. Again he bugled. I was no longer eager to kill him, but we were shooting meat, on the sale of which my comrade and his family depended for their winter's provisions, so I murmured to myself, "Well, meat is meat," and I held my rifle on the point where I shot him through the head. I dressed him, and threw his liver and heart and lungs on the ground, where the parrots, which now highly approved of me, could get them to eat.

THE WOUNDED ELK.

Leaving the elk lying on the ground, as I was unable to hang the meat up without help, I walked along a game trail which led through the green timber toward our camp. The sun was about an hour high. I had no thought of game. An elk, tall antlered and of enormous size, broke from a pine thicket about 100 yards ahead of me and trotted across the trail at full speed. I fired four shots at this animal as I saw him between the trees, and missed him. Then I ran to the edge of the timber to get another shot if he was in sight, but he had disappeared. As I looked over the interlaced fallen trees I saw an elk trotting down the hill behind our camp. His hoofs struck every log he passed over. He did not swerve from his course. Suddenly he was tired. I walked briskly for a couple of hundred yards to a point near which I thought he would enter the valley-bearing green timber, and there I waited for him. The animal trotted steadily toward me. For half a second I stood frozen with fear, then I drew a bead on his head. I did not hear the report of my rifle, but I saw the elk stagger and fall. When the stricken elk was about fifty yards from me he rolled. He raised up his head and looked into the forest for an instant, then he commenced to rise, as though he had seen or scented me. As he turned, his side behind the foreleg filled my rifle's sights and I touched the trigger. The force of the blow almost knocked him down. He staggered, then caught himself, and trotted off briskly. I knew he was my meat and I did not fire again, but sat and watched him trot slower and slower, and then walk unsteadily for an instant and then stand with hanging head and then fall heavily. I walked over to him to dress him, and saw that he had been previously wounded in the head by a rifle ball that had been feebly driven by insufficient powder. I know that some other, and to me unknown, hunters were shooting on the range, but we did not meet them during our stay in the mountains.

DRESSING THE GAME.

While dressing the elk I heard 7 heavy and nearby reports of a rifle which was being fired as fast as the lever could be worked. Then a band of elk swept by just outside deadly rifle range. Presently my comrade, red handed, his face and clothing smeared with blood, galloped to me. He was excited. He had seen hundreds of elk during the day, but had not shot at any of them until the seven shots in rapid succession. He had killed four elk and wounded another. He feared that he could not dress them all before dark, and he had ridden over to see if I would help him. I agreed to do so. He pointed out as well as he could where they lay and I rode off. I followed and presently came to him. A bull, a cow, and two large calves lay together in the dead timber at the bank of a creek. It was dark before we finished work, and I refused to walk a mile through down timber to camp. So we built a great fire of logs, and roasted the ribs of a calf elk before it, and washed down the tender meat with ice water from the creek. After supper my comrade rode to our main camp after blankets and a saddle. When he returned we spread the heavy California blankets, and crawled in side by side. The brook murmured, the pines sighed faintly above us, distant elk bugled softly, fainter and fainter the sounds became—and then it was morning. The fire was burning; the sun was just rising above the distant Medicine Bow Range. The pack animals, which had arrived while I slept, stood with their heads hanging low around the fire. A breakfast of deer steaks was broiling over the coals. I had lost a night.

For four weeks I walked daily in the forest. To-day hunting deer, to-morrow shooting grouse, the next day shooting elk. I studied the habits of the game animals under the intelligent supervision of my comrade, who had lived among them for years, and whose living, in a great measure, depended on his being able to kill game at the proper season. We shot many animals. The hunt was almost a slaughter, but we took no mean, mean advantage; we hunted fairly, as though he had to rely on his rifle for food, and we killed only what we needed to bait bears, none thrown away. Every pound that we did not eat was carefully saved and sold. The meat was packed on horses' backs for from five to ten miles through dense green timber, over burnt lands, and across fallen timber to the wagon camp at the edge of the timber. From there it was hauled to Laramie, Fort Collins, and Rawlings for sale, and the money obtained for it was expended for provisions. The trails on which we entered or left the elk range were purposely blind trails, and unknown to other persons.

A SCABBY ELK AND A BEAR.

One afternoon I was hunting on the flanks of the main range a short distance below the summit. I saw an immense bull elk standing on a rocky knoll. I stopped from tree to tree until I was about 100 yards from him. Then I sighted my rifle at a point just behind his fore-shoulder and touched the trigger. The ball sped forward and broke the opposite shoulder of the elk. He fell, then staggered to his feet, then fell dead. Dressing him, I saw that he was the largest animal which I had killed; but he had the "scab," a disease which bull elks are subject to. I cut off his antlers and left the carcass lying on the rocks.

A few days later I was hunting for black-tailed deer, and had very unwisely taken a light 44-40 Winchester rifle with me. I saw a large doe and two fawns in the forest, and killed the doe and one fawn. A game trail led from where I was standing to the dead animals. I was walking slowly along this trail, when I heard the brush break in front of me. Looking up I saw an immense silver-tipped bear shambling down the trail. I dropped behind a rock, threw my light Winchester to my shoulder, and prepared to fight. I solemnly swore that if I got out of the scrape I would never again carry a popgun in the Sierra Madre mountains. The bear lumbered down the trail until he was within twenty feet of me before he saw me. Then he stood up on his haunches, with his fore paws hanging down, and looked at me. He grunted loudly, dropped to all fours, wheeled, and ran swiftly up the trail and disappeared. That bear weighed at least 1,000 pounds. No, I did not shoot at him. I was too glad to see him go off. After dressing my deer I went to the spot where I killed the scabby elk to see if the bear had eaten him. He had. There was nothing but bones, and a little scab left there.

The habits of elk are similar to those of deer, but they are much larger animals. Cows that are in good condition dress about 350 pounds, and fat bulls dress about 450 pounds. I have heard of bulls that dressed 600 pounds, but I never saw such large ones. I have seen hundreds of them. In September the calves dress from 80 to 100 pounds. Their meat is tender, but tasteless and veal-like. A fat two-year-old elk heifer is probably the best meat on earth, at least I think so. The cows are good eating, but inferior to black-tailed deer. The bulls are rather tough at all times, and their meat is unworthy of being cooked during the rutting season.

TOUGH-NECK AND ANTLERS.

Shortly after the rutting season the necks of the full-antlered bulls begin to swell and to grow hard. Then it requires an exceedingly hard shooting rifle to drive a ball through their necks. I saw, while on this hunt, four bulls shot low down on the neck, and in no instance did the ball pass through, and in no case did it strike the neck bone. In all instances it lodged under the skin on the opposite side from the hunter. We used 44-60 Winchesters, the latter bullet representing thy number of grains of powder required behind the ball. This rifle will throw a ball through an elk or through a bear from side to side, but it will not carry through an elk.

Bull elk drop their antlers in January generally, but this, I suppose, depends on the latitude in which they live. A bull in full antlered when he is 13 years old. Then there are six prongs on each antler. Sometimes the antlers "sport," as corn does, and the horns take queer chances. This is a very serious disaster to the elk, as he cannot fight effectively with "sported" antlers, and he is driven out of the herd he knows. "Sports" which have thirteen prongs on each horn. The bull that wore these heavy, useless antlers spent the season in seclusion. He could not fight.

One of the most remarkable spectacles in the nine-mile highlands is to see a full-antlered bull elk trot at speed through the forest where the trees stand so thickly that a horse has to slowly pick its way. I have frequently seen an elk bull, whose spread of antlers was at least four feet, dash at full speed through a belt of timber where I could not follow on horseback, because the trees were too close together, and he did not strike a tree with his antlers.

HEROISM OF A BULL ELK.

One day my comrade broke the backbone of an elk bull. He fell, then rose to his fore feet and dragged himself off. I ran around and headed him. The animal showed fight the instant he saw me. His mane stood out, the long hair along his back stood up in an angry looking ridge, and his eyes blazed with battle light. He dragged himself directly at me. Curious to see what he would do, I stepped behind a tree and waited. Quickly he arrived at the tree and then he struck at me with his antlers. If he had had the use of his hind legs he would have killed me in an instant. As it was, he barked the tree and drove me from behind it, and followed me to another tree and drove me from behind that. The play of his horns was so rapid when he endeavored to reach around the tree to strike me that I could not follow their motions with my eyes. The animal was wild with rage and pain, and was intent on killing me. Clarry counseled me to no to kill him, to put him out of pain, and I did so.

THE TWO ORPHANS.

When a cow elk is killed her calf will run off to hide in the woods. But it will frequently return to the place where its mother fell, and it often pays for its hungry search with its life. I shot a fat cow one morning, and saw two calves not far from her. When the rifle cracked the calves disappeared. That night I mentioned the fact of the calves running off to my comrade. He said: "If you will go there tomorrow morning you will probably find both of the calves snooping around in the woods near the dead cow. They will be hungry by that time, and they will return to their dead mother toget a drink of milk. The two calves will just make out our wagon load of meat. You had better go and kill them."

I went back the next morning. The two beautiful, graceful calves stood by their dead mother trying to make her rise. Evidently they were hungry and impatient for their breakfast. They were about to suckle her when I shot black noses, or strike her sharply with their fore feet. It was a pitiful sight, and I felt like a murderer, and did not have the heart to kill the calves. I drove them away, and when my comrade came up with the pack animals I told him that my rifle did not go off, which was true.

A DAY'S HUNT.

About a week before our hunt ended I decided to take a long day's hunt on a densely wooded mountain flank on which I had not hunted. I had heard elk bugle there the previous day. After breakfast I picked up my heavy Winchester, filled its magazine, put a handful of cartridges into my coat pocket, lit my pipe, and trudged off. The twitt-twitt followed me to a hogback, off of which the timber had been burned. This hogback was the divide between two roaring creeks. It was a spur from the main range, and led up to the summit. It was bare of timber for half a mile, then came thick standing pines. The summit of the hogback was tracked by elk as though a herd of cattle had passed over it. I saw three places where the ground had been trampled and torn by bull elk while fighting. Entering the forest, I came on the heaviest game trail I ever saw. A well-worn path, wide enough and cut smooth for a horse, dividing to pass a rock, to go around a fallen tree, or to avoid a bog. I followed this trail for a mile, and then I sat down on a fallen tree to listen. The silence in the unbroken forest was profound. Save the trail I had followed no human being had ever intruded. Not a bird was in sight, not a squirrel was in sight, not a sound was heard. I was alone in the primeval forest, where the trees were bathed in sunlight, and everywhere were beautiful nine trees swaying gently and whispering softly one to the other. In a damp, brush-covered spot I saw where a bear had dug for roots or to wallow, and a little further on I saw where another bear had turned over a log to get the ants under it.

It was a delightful walk. I walked slowly for a couple of hours, following many divergent trails, but seeing no game. Then, clear and sweet, an elk bugled close by. I followed the invisible elk. He was travelling rather free and bugling as he walked. I chased that animal through the forest for an hour, and I do not believe that I ever walked in the right direction. I could not place him precisely, because his call echoed from hill to hill and reverberated through the forest. First he was on one side of me, then on the other, then far in advance, and then he lagged behind. I could not find his tracks, and had almost decided that he was a phantom elk, which made no tracks, when I heard him run close in front of me. He had seen me and was off. My wandering had brought me back to the heavy game trail. I resolved to follow it back to a point where it divided and where a spring gushed forth from under a boulder as large as a small house, and there to drink in water and to smoke. Carelessly I walked, talking to the parrots, encouraging squirrels to gather pine cones, and stopping to admire a martin that had tassels on his ears, and then I was greatly interested in me. Arrived at the spring I drank deeply, then filled my pipe, lit it, and sat on the ground at the base of the boulder with my back resting against its mossy surface. As I smoked and thought of the pleasures of life in the Sierra Madre Mountains, I heard an elk bugle not over 200 yards from me, and to my front and right. Before me the game trail led for 100 yards through a natural alley between trees. Beyond that was a narrow park. I could see plainly for 150 yards before the trees closed in to form a vision-obscuring wall. The pipe fell from my mouth. My rifle was to my shoulder, and I waited. Eagerly I looked down the alley. I could hear a band of elk walking in the dense timber in front of me and to the right of the trail. Would they cross it? Quickly I was answered. The clean cut head of a cow elk, the leader of the band, was thrust into the path. I dragged my rifle to my shoulder and held ahead of her. As she slowly walked into the sights a ball crashed through her neck and she fell dead. Then there was excitement and confusion among the elk. They trotted across the path, and I fired, and fired, and fired, as they filled my rifle's sights. When they had passed the danger they circled back and entered the park, and ran aimlessly to and fro across my line of vision. I shot. They would then stand still and try to see me. I fired until my rifle was too hot to hold.

I counted twenty-seven animals moving around in the park. I picked my elk, and shot until my rifle's magazine was empty. I knew that I had a wagon load of meat lying in the park, so I arose and yelled. The remaining animals saw me, wheeled and ran away. I hurried to the park. On the trail and in the park lay two full-antlered bulls, two black-tailed deer, two young calves, and two cows. I cut their throats and then followed the band to see if there were any wounded animals. I saw that one had a broken leg, and that another's trail was reddened by drops of blood on both sides, showing that it was shot through the lungs, but that it was not to kill quickly. My comrade followed me to the park, and we worked hard skinning both of them. The minute's shooting filled a wagon with choice meat, which sold for $65, and it practically ended the hunt.

ELK IN SNOW DRIFTS.

That night a furious snow storm raged along the flanks of the Sierra Madre Mountains. It lasted for twelve hours. The snow was a foot deep on the level by morning. They were drifts in places. I was anxious to see the elk migrate from the high altitudes to the foothills, so I waded through the snow to a point where many game trails crossed a creek, and where I knew there would be deep drifts. There I concealed myself and waited. Presently I saw a band of twenty-one elk slowly walk forth from the woods. A cow led the band. She broke the trail. She wallowed through the drifts. The band followed almost in single file, first cows, then calves, then young bulls, and two full-antlered bulls in the rear. When the leading cow turned, she stepped aside, and another cow took her place, and the tired cow fell into column in front of the calves. This change of leadership was repeated several times while I saw the migratory animals.

The snow lay deep in the mountains. The game was driven down to the lower altitudes. My time was almost spent. One night we decided to hunt no more, and to break camp the next day. All our meat had been packed out to the wagon camp. The next morning, while we were eating breakfast and gayly talking about the game we had killed, incidentally my comrade said: "I'll be ——— if the boys did not get an early start this morning. There come the pack animals," and he pointed with outstretched arm toward the point where the trail emerged from the green timber to enter the meadow, from which the snow had been blown by the winds.

I looked in the direction he indicated and saw four men elk walking in single file directly toward our camp. "Let's kill my winter's meat," said my comrade. "No old bulls, mind," he added warningly as we sank into the snow behind logs.

The elk approached to within a hundred yards of our camp fire. Then they stood still and looked attentively at the camp. Then they turned, and in less time than it takes to read of it two cows and two fat calves fell dead. The remaining elk trotted half a few rods and then walked. Quickly the meat was packed out instead of our camp equipage. The next morning we struck camp, and while waiting for the pack animals four black-tailed deer stepped out of the forest into the meadow and walked to within 200 yards of us. They stood and looked and looked and for a few minutes. Columns of vapor poured out of their nostrils. I looked at my comrade inquiringly. He shook his head negatively and said: "I cannot use the meat. Let them live. Maybe some one will want them before grass grows." We did not shoot. The deer finally concluded that we were not good, desirable neighbors. They whistled shrilly, wheeled, and were off at full speed. They were the last game animals which we saw in the highlands. The hunt in the Sierra Madre Mountains was over.

FRANK WILBRANDT.

THE BOY HUNTER OF SULLIVAN.

Clarence Shattuck, Aged 12, Kills Two Bears and Shames the Veteran Nimrods.

TEN MILE RIVER, N.Y., Dec. 24.—Two more of the drove of eleven bears of Little Pond Swamp, in the town of Forestburgh, have been hunted down. This drove is the one discovered by A. Reeves Harkins and his brother last fall, and which was followed by them for three days without it being made one bear less. The killing of one of the drove by Capt. Jack Boyd of Hartwood, a week or so ago, after it had been peppered with the bullets of half a dozen hunters nearly all day, was told in THE SUN at the time. Two days after that another of these bears was indiscreet enough to appear on the borders of the swamp. A number of hunters started after it at once, among them Clarence Shattuck, a tough and enterprising son of Sullivan, aged 12 years. This veteran of the chase took a survey of the field, and made up his mind that he knew about where the bear would make his appearance when the dogs got after it.

Young Shattuck's father, Stoddard Gordon "will come plungin' out o' that swamp not ten paces from that old hemlock yonder."

"You're way off, Clarry," said Stod Gordon, "but you can go hide yourself behind that hemlock, if you want to, and if yoh peek out you can see the bear kill that dog as it comes out down yonder by the alder hole."

Clarry went to the hemlock, but he didn't hide behind it. He stood by it, in plain sight of everything, and in less than ten minutes a great hullabaloo was heard in the thicket off to his left. Clarry cocked his gun. The hullabaloo came nearer, and a moment later out sprang the bear—a big fellow—just at the spot the boy hunter had said it would. The veteran Stod Gordon was a quarter of a mile away. The bear didn't get across the open swamp. Young Shattuck, as he saw him, and the ball crashed through bruin's brain. He gave one or two lunges, and fell dead. When the dogs came out on the trail Clarry sat on the bear's carcase loading his gun. That was his first bear, but he wasn't any more excited than the old veteran hunters, and if he had wrung the neck of a chicken.

Last Sunday evening Lew Boyd discovered the track of another foolish member of the Hankins drove, and Monday morning out the hunters went again, among them the veteran 12-year-old Clarence Shattuck. They wanted to post him at a certain place, but he said he would post himself, and he did. It was nearly half a day before Boyd and the dogs started Bruin in the swamp. He led them a long chase, and at last emerged within twenty rods of where Clarry Shattuck stood. The boy hunter gave him a rifle ball in the head, but the bear went on. The boy followed with his buckshot barrel, and the bear dropped and lay there. And he never got up again until he was carried away by the hunters. The probabilities are that Clarence Shattuck is quite a lad among the old hunters of Sullivan about now.

There are now only eight of the Hankins bears left. If this warm spell of weather keeps up some of them are bound to walk into the jaws of death before New Year's.

After Oil and Gas in the Oregon Mountains.

DEPOSIT, N. Y., Dec. 23.—As long ... any one can remember, curious noises have been heard in the Oregon Mountains, in the vicinity of Doolittle's Pond, four miles from Windsor village. The noises have been subterranean rumblings and explosions. A few weeks ago a number of prominent citizens employed an oil expert from the Pennsylvania oil field to visit the place and give his opinion whether the disturbance might be made a thorough investigation, and reported that he was satisfied that both oil and gas could be found in paying quantities. A company with a capital of $60,000 has been formed, a derrick has been erected, and all the machinery is on the spot for the drilling of a well, the work being now in progress. The contract for the work is in charge of Mr. Wilbur, who has had much experience in the oil region, and who is a man of good character and reputation for the prime which might be meted out to him, and which also could probably escape, as most other women have. When the trial came on, Mrs. Hale was present, and the result at the end was just as the sagacious leader predicted. When the minority came to her duties to meet that memorable commemoration of misfortune, Warren

WHO SHOT EMIL PENSEYRES?

"WALKIN' FOR" OF MOSELEY IS A PRESENT MURDER IN BUFFALO.

The Pistol Shot in the Morning—Curious Behavior of the Murdered Man's Wife—Her Career—The Stories Told by her Son.

BUFFALO, Dec. 25.—A murder which is mystifying the authorities was thought at first to be a simple enough case of killing, but the developments constantly occurring make the case more interesting. The plain story of the crime as it at first seemed to have happened is briefly given.

Early on the morning of Dec. 7 a man was murdered in an apartment in the third story of a tenement block on Main street, opposite the Tifft House. About 8 o'clock the police were notified by Frank S. Roe, a youth of 20, that some one had been killed in the rooms of Emil Penseyres, who was his mother's fourth husband. Sergeant Jordan went to the door, but admission was denied to him by Mrs. Penseyres. The officer burst in the door, and was confronted by the woman, who eyed him sullenly. To some questions she responded that it was none of the officer's business. He immediately began an inspection of the premises, and in doing so tried a door, partly of glass, leading to a room used for cooking and sleeping. A cloth over the glass was torn away, and the officer, with another policeman, saw on the bed within the body of a man, lying in a pool of blood. Mrs. Penseyres endeavored to prevent them from entering the room, and when they succeeded she dashed under the bed and secured the revolver with which the fatal shot had been fired. The officers say that the infuriated woman attempted to shoot them or herself, and that they had a hard struggle to overpower her.

When she had been subdued it was seen that Penseyres had been shot and killed while asleep. The expression of the face was peaceful, the bedclothes were not disturbed, and he had not moved after the bullet had penetrated his heart. Asked why she had shot him, the wife alternately denied the crime and said: "He didn't use me right; that's all." Everything was plain to the police. Mrs. Penseyres, through jealousy, probably, had deliberately murdered her husband.

But the more the case was looked into the more the conviction was challenged, and, to show this, it is necessary to revert to her history. Mrs. Penseyres is a tall, well-built, muscular woman, who has been pretty, but whose beauty is faded, of about 40 years of age, although she insists that 33 is the correct figure. She has relatives at Aurora, this county, where her son Frank and her daughter Annie, aged 18, have lived. They are the offspring of her first marriage to Delavan Roe. After leaving him she married Mr. Cutliss Curtiss and Jacob Meyerhardt. In unsatisfied matrimonially, she woman entered upon an immoral life and became conspicuous among the members of the not altogether lost women who live in some parts of the Third precinct. While she was leading this life Emil Penseyres, an industrious young man of 17 years, had and was working for a living. They were married and went to housekeeping about a year ago in the rooms where the tragedy occurred. It was learned she was addicted to the morphine habit, and since her arrest she has been more or less kept under the influence of the drug. Emil worked at his trade of carriage maker, but was not able to support her comfortably.

After her arrest she declined to make any direct statement admitting her guilt, but frequently said with energy that she intended to commit suicide with the revolver which the policeman had taken from her by force.

"Why did I let them take that revolver?" she muttered moaningly. "If I only had it I would not be here. I wish I was dead. I must have been crazy to let them take it away from me."

Mrs. Penseyre's motive seemed less certain as more facts became known. One theory was that she was jealous of her husband because he flirted with other women, and was suspected of having a fondness for her own daughter. Mrs. Curtiss of Aurora, who was understood to have deserted her husband. Another theory was that the couple had quarrelled and the woman had emphasized her arguments with a bullet. It was also suggested that Emil might have refused to give her more morphine when she craved it, and that she had, in her half-crazed condition, taken his life. His brothers rather plainly intimated that the circumstances pretty plainly showed that the murder had been committed while the victim was sleeping.

As the investigation went on Frank Roe, the son, became a more conspicuous figure in the case, and at this time there is ground for the suspicion that he was either principal or accessory in the commission of the crime. He has told stories of the occurrence three times at least, and they have not wholly agreed. On the day of the tragedy Frank merely said that he heard the shot fired; that his mother had slept in a different room from Emil, and that after the shooting she had come and prevented him immediately giving the alarm by threatening him with the revolver. At the Coroner's inquest he was examined at considerable length. He swore that he slept in the front room the night of the murder. Early in the evening, he said, he heard his mother quarrelling with Emil, and she then came into the front room with a paper and a lamp. He continued:

She returned to the kitchen, but came out soon with something glittering in her hand, which I thought was a pistol. She placed it on the floor and then knelt down. I went to sleep, but was awakened by my mother talking to Emil in the kitchen. I could hear before. They were quarrelling about some trouble. I think it was because on Monday (the day before the murder) my sister had a girl visitor from Buffalo. My sister had been visiting. That morning, after the girls had gone, my mother went over and accused Emil of having been the cause of the visit. Emil denied it, and followed them. She said when she came back they had gone to the shop, but that the engineer had spoken them out the back way. Soon after my mother left for Aurora. Emil came to the door and asked where his wife Annie was. My mother said she had gone to the train. I think she was jealous of Annie and Clara. ... A short time before I had turned out the pistol shot. My mother was at the foot of my bed. I asked, "What's that?" She replied, "Oh, nothing." I started for the kitchen, but she told me to go back to bed. I did so. I thought that Emil had the revolver in her hand. She walked the floor, muttering to herself, looked up a minute over the door, and called to Emil to come.

Frank says that he lay on the lounge watching his mother three hours before he was able to escape. He told his story without emotion, except when he thought that he might have had cause to be afraid of his mother. As a result of the inquest the jury found a verdict of premeditated murder against Mrs. Penseyres, and it was principally on her son's evidence. She was much affected, and pleadingly asked her son how he could do it. She said to him: "Don't you know?" she asked. "that Emil and I were good friends?" Afterward she referred to Frank as the worst enemy she had.

The case was then taken to the police court, in accordance with a ruling of Judge Daniels, so that young Roe's story could be taken for use at the trial in the Circuit Court, should he abscond after being released. Those proceedings are still pending and will not be completed until next Monday. Before referring to Roe's story, told in the police court, it should be said that on the Friday before the murder Roe left Aurora because he got into trouble. The constable there had attempted to arrest him for stealing, and Roe had pulled a revolver on the officer, making his escape, and walking twenty miles over the rough country road to Buffalo. Constable Wilson's charge was that Roe had stolen an overcoat and a cheese, which he took to a barn in the woods where he spent nearly all his time. Roe, it was said, had committed criminal acts in Chicago and in Toronto, and other information tended to show that he was a pretty tough young man.

At the police court Frank Roe retold the story of the tragedy much as before on the direct examination, but on the cross-examination Lawyer John Laughlin, a former law partner of ex-Congressman Crowley, considerably rattled him. Roe said he had wandered around the country, but denied attempting to shoot the constable. He admitted walking in from Aurora. His mother and stepfather had a dog which the former wanted to shoot, and she had pawned her watch to buy a pistol to shoot the dog. Roe admitted having a revolver three weeks before the shooting, but a few minutes later he said that he did not know how to remove the barrel until his mother showed him a few days before the murder. The boy's story was not so well connected as before, and there were many inconsistencies in it. Many of those who had watched the case became satisfied that he knew more about it than he had told, and there were those who thought possibly the boy himself had fired the shot.

If the boy was guilty of the crime a motive has yet to be supplied, and the only one that has occurred to mind is that he may have sought to free his mother of a husband who he thought abused her. There was no quarrel of recent occurrence, comparatively, for the victim was sleeping peacefully when killed, and the time necessary for him to relapse into slumber after a quarrel of such bitterness should have been sufficient to cool the hot blood of any person who might wait that long before pressing the trigger. Roe's friends think the matter so seriously that he has hired a lawyer to look after the boy's interests.

In Mrs. Penseyres case there is another question; she is a woman of quality pleasantly unpopular, there is good ground to build one up for her. Was she maddened by jealousy, crazed by opium, or made insane through the life she had led? It appears that Emil was the first of her four husbands, and the only fault that she found with him was that he tried to break her of the morphine habit. Her course in telling the lawyer not to "press Frankie too hard" when the boy became confused is commented upon, and the suggestion has been made that she may be willing to suffer the penalty for the crime which might be meted out to him, and which she could probably escape, as most other women have. When the trial comes next Monday many interesting

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

Secretary Endicott Unpopular Because He Is So Very Exclusive.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Secretary Endicott is the most unpopular man in Washington, and is continually doing things to increase his unpopularity. It is much more difficult to see him than the President, and, therefore, there are few visitors at the War Department. He has a messenger at his door, who, under instructions from the Secretary, not only demands the cards of visitors, but asks them to explain to him the business on which they come. Henry Watterson called when he was here, and when asked what his business was, said that he would explain it to the Secretary himself when he saw him. With great reluctance the messenger took in Mr. Watterson's card, but came back with a message that the Secretary did not know him, and was not in the habit of receiving visitors who refused to explain their business. Mr. Watterson made the corridor smell strongly of sulphur, but he had to submit to the rule.

This week Charles Dudley Warner and his party, who have been to Mexico and came home by way of Florida, called on the President to pay their respects. While in conversation with Mr. Cleveland the fact came out that they had recently visited the fort where Geronimo and his braves are confined, and, there having been reports that the Indians were not humanely treated, the President was glad to learn the facts from disinterested parties who had seen them and their surroundings. He asked a great many questions, and finally said it would be a great favor if the gentlemen would report to Secretary Endicott what they had told him. One of the party who was most familiar with the facts therefore went to the War Department, and in answer to the usual demand, offered his card and explained that he had called at the request of the President to tell the Secretary about the condition of the Apaches in Florida. The messenger disappeared, and, after a few moments' delay, returned with the card and an explanation that the Secretary was getting ready to go out and must be excused. The visitor was naturally astonished that one coming from the President should be refused admission and not even asked to call again, and took pains before he left town to see that the President was informed of the treatment he had received. But the story did not surprise those who know the Secretary's method of receiving visitors.

On the last day of the session Mr. Endicott had occasion to go to the Capitol on some business, and it was the first time he made his appearance on the House side. The doorkeepers did not know him, and would not admit him to the floor until he had taken a dose of his own medicine and identified himself to their satisfaction. When he entered the Hall of Representatives he was no more so ceremonious than the rest of us, he stopped forward to welcome him, as those who recognized his august presence slipped away. He wandered around trying to find some one he knew, and finally noticing Mr. Randall in his seat he sent a page to call him. Randall came forward and introduced the Secretary to the men he wanted to see.

Mr. Drexel's Methods.

From the Philadelphia Times.

The only man at all fit to cope with the Wall street bulls and bears is that prince of Western speculators, Phil D. Armour of Chicago. Since first he won respect from them, by virtue of the thousands he wrested from their hands, he has held to his own policy in spite of [illegible] the ... and his own policy has paid. In two hours last Wednesday, while his railway stocks held their own unsupported, he threw something over 1,000,000 bushels of wheat that he had been holding on the Chicago market, realizing 10 per cent. profit on it all. The price received for it was a little [illegible] from the output of Leadville. The Leadville [illegible] to was Gus Rische, and when the present millionaire and ex-Senator, Tabor, was keeping a store in California Gulch, Mr. Tabor used to "grub stake" Rische while he prospected for a lead. Eventually Rische and his crony, a man named Hook, almost accidentally found the great carbonate lead that quickly built a city among the clouds and boomed Denver so satisfactorily, and made a large number of millionaires. Of course Rische became rich with the others, but, being always a man of unexalted tastes and decidedly illiterate, there came a time within a few years in which a social line of demarcation was drawn. Thus it happened that once, when Tabor and others were entertaining some Eastern magnates and capitalists with a banquet at the Clarendon in Leadville, Mr. Carlisle walked into a saloon and beheld Rische consoling himself with an immense schooner of beer.

"Hello!" said Carlisle. "Why not at the banquet?"

"For der peest of reasons, Chim, I dond get an invite," replied Rische. "Dem fellers vas too aristocratic; dey vas too decent unt respectable, und dey dond invite me some more."

"Now, that's too bad," returned Carlisle.

"Dond you mind that," said Rische. "I vill gif a banget myself. I vill get me dot bill of fair and I vill more as duplicate it, und I dond hef a decent, respectable son of a gun at der table." Then suddenly, as if remembering something, he added: "Dond you get uneasy, Chim; you vill got an invite."

Zeb Vance Not the Only Senator who has Exhibited in a Circus.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A friend of John Kenna, the West Virginia Senator, says that Zeb Vance is not entitled to a patent on campaign speaking at a circus. Last fall, as the story goes, Vance and the circ