

The Wilderness Hunter



(By President Theo. Roosevelt.)

The true way to kill wolves is to hunt them with greyhounds on the great plains. Nothing more exciting than this sport can possibly be imagined. It is not always necessary that the greyhounds should be of absolutely pure blood. Prize winning dogs of high pedigree often prove useless for the purpose. If by careful choice, however, a ranchman can get together a pack composed both of the smooth-haired greyhound and the rough-haired Scotch deerhound, he can have excellent sport.

Once I had the good fortune to witness a very exciting hunt of this character among the foot hills of the northern Rockies. I was staying at the house of a friendly cowboy, whom I will call Judge Yancy Stump. Judge Yancy Stump was a democrat who, as he phrased it, had fought for his democracy; that is, he had been in the confederate army. He was at daggers drawn with his nearest neighbor, a cross-grained mountain farmer, who may be known as old man Prindle. Old man Prindle had been in the union army, and his republicanism was of the blackest and most uncompromising type.

There was one point, however, on which the two came together. They were exceedingly fond of hunting with hounds. The judge had three or four track-hounds, and four of which he called swift-hounds, the latter including one pure bred greyhound of wonderful speed and temper.

Old man Prindle's contribution to the pack consisted of two immense brindled mongrels of great strength and ferocious temper. As I was very anxious to see a wolf-hunt the judge volunteered to get me up, and asked old man Prindle to assist. The party consisted of the judge, old man Prindle, a cowboy, myself and the dogs. The judge and I carried our rifles and the cowboy his revolver, but old man Prindle had nothing but a heavy whip.

At last we reached a somewhat deeper valley in which the wolves were harbored. The valley was a couple of hundred yards broad and three or four times as long, filled with a growth of ash and dwarf elm and cedar, thorny underbrush choking the spaces between. Posting the cowboy, to whom he gave his rifle; with two greyhounds on one side of the upper end, and old man Prindle with two others on the opposite side, while I was left at the lower end to guard against the possibility of the wolves breaking back, the judge himself rode into the thicket near me and loosened the trackhounds to let them find the wolves' trail.

The big dogs also were uncoupled and allowed to go in with the hounds. Their power of scent was very poor, but they were sure to be guided right by the baying of the hounds, and their presence would give confidence to the latter. There was a moment's pause. Then a clamorous baying from the thicket in which both the horseman and dogs had disappeared showed that the hounds had struck the trail of their quarry and were running on a hot scent. The hounds ran zigzag through the brush, as we could tell by their baying, and once some yelping and a great row showed that they had come rather closer than they had expected upon at least one of the wolves.

In another minute, however, the latter found it too hot for them and bolted from the thicket. My first notice of this was seeing the cowboy, who was standing by the side of his horse, suddenly throw up his rifle and fire, while the greyhounds, who had been springing high up in the air, half maddened by the clamor in the thicket below, for a moment dashed off the wrong way, confused by the report of the gun.

I rode for all I was worth to where the cowboy stood, and instantly caught a glimpse of two wolves, grizzled-gray and brown, which, having been turned by his shot, had started straight over the hill across the plain toward the mountains three miles away. As soon as I saw them I saw also that the rearmost of the couple had been hit somewhere in the body and was lagging behind, the blood running from its flank, while the two greyhounds were racing after it; and at the same moment the trackhounds and the big dogs burst out of the thicket, yelling savagely as they struck the bloody trail.

The wolf was hard hit, and staggered as he ran. He did not have a hundred yards start of the dogs, and in less than a minute one of the greyhounds ranged up and passed him with a savage snap that brought him to; and before he could recover, the whole pack rushed at him. Weakened as he was he could make no effective fight against so many foes, and indeed had a chance for but one or two rapid snaps before he was thrown down and completely covered by the bodies of his enemies.

Yet, with one of these snaps he did damage, as a shrill yell told, and in a second an over-rash track-hound came out of the struggle with a deep gash across his shoulder. The worrying, growling and snarling were terrific, but in a minute the heaving mass grew motionless and the dogs drew off, save one or two that still continued to worry the dead wolf as it lay stark and stiff with glazed eyes and ruffed fur.

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convicted at the recent term of the Rio Arriba county district court, when the judge sentenced him to 99 years in the penitentiary. "I served one term in that penitentiary and I don't want to go there again," declared the man emphatically, evidently much in earnest in his request that the court sentence him to be hanged.

Because of the finding of the jury, the court was compelled to sentence the man to the penitentiary, and he was sent there yesterday with six other prisoners, four of whom, beside himself, were found guilty of murder at this term.

Olguin was convicted on the evidence of his accomplices, Romero, who plead guilty to killing a man named Archuleta, at Chama in this county, Romero declared that he and Olguin called Archuleta out of a saloon at Chama and crushed his head with a rock.

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FIVE CONVICTED ON MURDER CHARGES

Santa Fe, N. M., June 25.—Seven prisoners and five of them convicted of murder in the second degree were lodged in the territorial penitentiary Saturday evening by Sheriff Narciso Sanchez and two deputies of Rio Arriba county. Four of the men found guilty of homicide were sentenced to terms of ninety-nine years, which is equivalent to life imprisonment; the other man was given a minimum sentence of five years on account of mitigating circumstances connected with his crime.

Trinidad Olguin and Henry Romero two of the life term convicts sentenced at the recent term of the district court of Rio Arriba county, were convicted of the murder of a man named Archuleta, which occurred about three months ago at Chama. Archuleta was lured from a saloon for the purpose of robbery and was struck over the head with a rock which resulted in his death almost instantly. Olguin and Romero fled but were later arrested and the latter confessed his part in the crime.

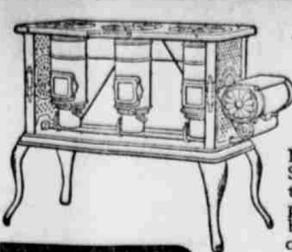
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HILLSBORO INDIAN DROWNED IN KANSAS

Lawrence, Kan., June 25.—Rolando Chavez, a Pueblo Indian, aged 17, a member of this year's graduating class at Haskell institute, was drowned in the Wakarusa last night while swimming. The body was sent to Hillsboro, N. M., for burial.

A Fortunate Texan. Mr. E. W. Goodloe, of 107 St. Louis St., Dallas, Tex., says: "In the past year I have become acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, and no laxative I ever before tried so effectually disposes of malaria and biliousness." They don't grind nor gripe, 25c at all dealers.

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