

ship went from Havre to New Orleans, and I heard tell as how the old man shipped her to New York by steamer as soon as ever he got there. This here case were perhaps a extreme one, and I've been shipmates with lots of wimmin

as didn't go, to interfere like she did, but still, as a rule, even as passengers, I'd vote for to leave 'em ashore where they be longs. They're dreadful nice, is wimmin, in their proper sphere, but thet there sphere in my opinion ain't found onto a ship."

AN ARMY HUNTERS NOTES ON OUR NORTH-WESTERN GAME.

BY S. C. ROBERTSON.

United States Army.

THE hunting of large game is to-day enjoyed nowhere in this country to a greater degree than around our military posts in the West. Situated, as they in most cases are, in the least settled portions of our territories, and nearly always near some mountain range still stocked with goodly numbers of the noble game 'animals, at them the now scarce cream of real sport is still gathered in considerable quantity by our army sportsmen.

Previous to 1879, our regular soldier, as a rifle shot, was a jest and a by-word to both Indian and cowboy. To-day, thanks to a system of practice approached by no other army in the world, he is the superior of both, and is himself excelled by perhaps no other class of riflemen in existence. Every conceivable stimulus to his skill in shooting is offered him by the War Department, and towards this end, as well as to perfect the soldier in woodcraft and knowledge of the country about him, post commanders are in numerous orders "enjoined to show all possible liberality in the extension of hunting leaves to both officers and men." The distance to the hunting grounds is usually not great; and rifles, ammunition, tentage, transportation, and a thousand and one things that form the main difficulties and expense of a civilian's hunting trip, can be had by the army hunter for the asking. Under such inducements it is not strange that our service contains many ardent sportsmen.

To an Eastern lover of such sport, especially if his experience has been limited to a summer or two on the Adirondacks with amateur woodsmen, unaccustomed, in the language of the West, to "rustle for themselves," an outing with one of our army hunting parties could not fail to be

a pleasant novelty. It is only with such a party, where absolute system and thorough experience are combined, that the perfect charm of camp life can be enjoyed; for under such circumstances only, is it robbed of all its little worries and fatigues. We invite our Eastern friend to accompany us on one of these trips we have in mind—a fair type of many the writer has actually made in the West. Besides our guest, our party consists, say, of two non-commissioned officers and ten privates of cavalry—a detachment not large enough to interfere with each other in the hunt, and yet sufficiently so to perform readily the various duties of camp. Our hunting permit is announced to us in the following order just handed us by the Adjutant:

"Ft. ———, ——— Ter.,
"Orders No. — Sept. 1st, 1886.

"2d Lieut. X. Y. Z., — Cavalry, is hereby directed to proceed to the vicinity of Cypress Mountains, ——— Ter., to explore such portion of that country as he may deem advisable.

"A detachment of two (2) non-commissioned officers and ten (10) privates of Troop F, — Cavalry, all mounted, armed and equipped for fifty (50) days in the field, will report to Lieut. Z. in connection with this duty.

"The Quartermaster's Dept. will furnish the necessary forage and equipage; also, two (2) four-mule teams and two (2) teamsters, ten (10) pack and two (2) riding mules, and two (2) civilian packers.

"The Subsistence Dept. will furnish the necessary rations to the above party.

"Lieut. Z., on his return from this

"trip, will submit a detailed report and maps of the country traversed by him.

"By order of
"Colonel A——.

"(Sg'd) B. C——,
"1st Lieut.—Cav., Post Adjutant."

On receipt of this order we at once commence the rolling of our blankets and packing of clothing; our own baggage attended to, the wagons are driven to the barracks and there loaded with the men's effects, ammunition and kitchen utensils; at the commissary with rations; and at the Quartermaster's warehouse with stoves, tentage and such forage as we are to take. The pack-train, designed for mountain country where our wagons cannot travel, is equipped, each mule with its *aparejo* and rigging; belts are filled with cartridges, horses are saddled, and canteens, lariats, hobbles and nose-bags slung from pommel and cantle. In a couple of hours from the signing of our order we may be on our road, and our civilian friend wonders at the rapidity and absence of confusion with which these preparations have been made. The Sergeant in charge, however, has fitted out for many a hunt and scout before, and we may be sure that, despite his haste, he has seen that everything necessary, from the kitchen soap and dish-rags to extra chains and tongues for the wagons, has been taken along. Each man's equipment is probably no less complete; for it does not take a frontier soldier long to acquire the art of "looking out for number one." You may trust him to have along everything in the shape of comfort his means and wagon-space will permit. It is only the first of September and the weather is beautiful, but you can't fool *him* on the North-western climate; he was caught in a two-days snow storm while on a scout at just this time last year, and now, as a result of this experience, in go buffalo coat, fur cap and gloves and winter overshoes. In some corner of the wagon, too, we are apt to find that he has stowed an extra sack of onions and potatoes from the troop's garden, a few tins of milk and other canned dainties from the commissary, and a keg of vinegar with which to dilute the alkali water he may have to drink upon the prairie. His chest and pockets contain a varied assortment of field necessities that experience has taught him the value of. He is much given to buckskin in his attire and will be sure to

have a pair or two of moccasins in which to hunt or loaf around camp.

We get into camp the first day and our civilian comrade sees the wagons quietly and deftly unloaded; the Sibley tents spring quickly up, each in charge of its own squad; fires started with a rapidity which only men who have kindled them on the prairie in all degrees of rain and snow are capable of; the animals freed from saddle and harness and turned out to graze in care of the mounted herders—and presto! dinner is announced and he is smoking a post-prandial pipe in little more than the time it would have taken his Adirondack friends to have rotten up a couple of tents and built their fires.

At night, if in a dangerous locality, the stock is brought in and picketed near the tents and a sentinel posted until morning. At daybreak camp is aroused, animals fed, or moved to fresher grass, and our friend, after plunging head and hands into the cold, clear stream, running past our tent door, and eating breakfast, already with a slight sauce of field appetite, is ready to watch the breaking of camp. The same system and celerity he has seen the day before are visible now. The cooks of the two messes—officers' and men's—pack their respective kitchen kits; one detachment strikes the tents, after piling their contents alongside the wagons; another loads the latter under the sharp eye of the "non-com," who, astride the wagon beds, direct the distribution of the load with the expertness of men who have voyaged for many years with the "prairie schooner;" the teamsters and packers—always exempt by camp rules from other sort of work—are fitting harness and *aparejos* to their mules and will be ready for the start as soon as their loads are made up.

Everything is finally in place; fires are carefully extinguished (it is now, in parts of the West, a five hundred dollar fine to leave one burning), and the teams and pack train move out. The horses are saddled, lariats coiled, at the pommel, and the balance of the party swing themselves into their McClellans. In a few minutes we are riding ahead of the wagons, the fresh air of the prairie fanning our cheeks and our course fixed on the distant mountains, in whose deep blue depths we already see a picture of lovely camps, and countless herds of elk and deer.

At noon we halt beside, a little stream dancing along the bed of some prairie

coulee. Bridles are removed, cinches loosened, our horses sink their muzzles into the deeper pools and then stray off in search of succulent tufts of bunch grass, while their riders, stretched in lazy attitudes beside them, discuss the contents of sundry packages drawn from their respective saddle pockets. A half hour's rest, and saddles and loose packs are again tightened up, our pipes re-lit and the march resumed.

Towards two or three o'clock we descend a slope towards the stream on which we are to camp. We find a spot where "wood, water and grass"—the holy trinity of the prairie traveler's faith—are most abundant, and in a twinkling our canvas dwellings are erected for another night beneath the tall cottonwoods that fringe the brook. Often, if the weather be fine, some members of the party, instead of putting up their tents, simply spread their blankets on the grass, and sleep in the open air, many of the older troopers asserting without affectation that an open tent is stifling, even in the cool night temperature of the prairie.

Our average day's march is now about twenty-five miles. Sun-up often sees us on our way, and this distance is readily accomplished by the early afternoon, without fatigue to either animals or men; fresh air, good appetites, and abundant sleep and exercise, would enable them, in fact, to do twice as much without effort.

Our course thus far has been "across prairie," but it must not be imagined that it has been monotonous or uneventful. The buffalo are no longer to be seen, 'tis true; but small, shy bands of antelope are still met in sufficient numbers to cause us a half dozen times during the day to turn rein in pursuit; and rabbits—jack and cottontail—and that ubiquitous bird, the prairie chicken, offer frequent marks for our rifles along the road. Every now and then a village of prairie dogs furnishes a "fancy shot" to an unsportsmanlike member of the expedition, and infallibly a chase on the part of our dogs, whose ardor never seems dampened by their ever repeated failures to catch the nimble little inhabitants of those settlements. The prairie, too, is flocked with many a patch of warm, bright color, fantastic rocks and occasional little parks of willows and cottonwoods along the crossings of streams, and these keep the eye interested as we move along.

It is not, however, until we strike the

foot-hills of the mountains that we begin to really see either sport or hard work. Here the route becomes rugged, and the water-crossings steep and bad. In many places the teams are "doubled up," our eight mules tugging at each wagon as it goes up a sharp ascent; and on some steep siding the whole detachment dismounts and hangs on the lariats thrown over the wagon-bed, to prevent its slipping into the deep cañon below.

Farther progress with our wagons soon becomes impossible and we decide to abandon them. Harness, extra tentage and stores—everything we can do without during the weeks ere our return—is "cached" in some secluded spot near the road, the wagon drawn out of the way, and the extra mules driven along with us.

The road now narrows to a trail and we have to advance throughout each day in single file. As we get farther into the range, we are often forced to dismount, and, on foot, drag our unwilling horses over rocky ledges that our civilian friend would have pronounced impassable. In other places we toil through acres of fallen timber, frequently so thick as to form a perfect crib-work of logs, over which horses and pack-mules scramble with greatest effort, and with constant danger to their limbs. This dead timber, unknown to any similar extent in Eastern ranges, forms one of the most frequent and annoying difficulties of travel in all Western mountains. Add to this the countless bogs which the melting snow keeps alive in the deeper valleys throughout the summer; the eternal snow-banks which we are occasionally obliged to traverse when we get above timber line in the main divide, and the vast beds of loose volcanic rock, over which our animals slip and fall, cutting leg and pastern, and wearing out the hardest iron shoe—and some idea is gained of the roughness of our travel.

But what delightful compensations are there for all this! The "charm of the wilderness," as it is called by worthy old writers—and which means the love of the primitive savage still lurking within us, for nature and the freedom of his old life—is over it all. The eye is delighted at every turn by grand, rough landscape—high, snow-capped peaks, dark, mystic cañons, and flashing waterfalls.

While civilization, like the torrent of a

broken dam, has swept over, and filled with its flotsam of ranch and village, much of the prairie portion of the West, the larger mountain ranges have, here and there, turned aside its current, and the trail we now travel may never before have been trodden by a dozen white men's feet.

In ten or fifteen years more, perhaps, this cannot be said, but as yet we may still feel a delight, keen as a woman's in the possession of a rare jewel, in the scene which surrounds us and which so few others have enjoyed. On that blue lake which suddenly lies before us, as the trail leads us to the brink of some abrupt mountain side, float water fowl that have never yet heard the crack of rifle or shot gun, and across our path occasionally bounds a deer that runs but a few paces and then stops to look us over—actually ignorant that the strange beings he is regarding are the deadliest and most cruel of his enemies! What a duffer his Adirondack brethren would consider him, and what a lot they could put him up to concerning the wiles and wickedness of the human race!

As we follow our mountain trail, we find springs and streams in every valley, the dark blue pools of the latter streaked with the silver forms of darting trout. Along these water-ways little meadows of juicy "blue-joint" and "bunch" grass, dotted with lofty pines and tamaracks, and strewn with piles of royal logs for fire-wood, make tempting bids for us to stop and camp. On halting for the day, now that we are well into the range and are no longer in much fear of our stock's straying off, horses and mules are simply hobbled and turned loose to graze at will; the hunters saunter off on the neighboring mountain side for game, and a fisherman or two strolls along the streams in search of likely places for a "rise." Blue grouse, trout and venison soon become drugs in our camp market.

The mountain air now grows chilly towards evening, and ice forms in our canteens at night. Extra blankets are produced, and at sundown fires are built, around which we sit until bed time, toasting our moccasined feet and relating over our pipes the remarkable stories of by-gone scouts and hunts, that are nowhere told so recklessly, or so eloquently, as over a night fire in the mountains.

It has been the good fortune of the writer to have had many such outings in

the West as the above. It has seemed to him a pity that our Army men, who have certainly enjoyed such sport in more variety than any other class of hunters in the United States, should contribute so little concerning it to the annals of sporting literature. Some of our older officers, whose Western stations have changed every few years, know, from practical experience as sportsmen, the hunting craft of almost every region from the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast. They have scaled the peaks of the Cascades and Rockies after mountain goats and sheep; chased buffalo and antelopes on the plains of Wyoming, Utah, Dakota and Montana; tracked the shy moose in the ranges near the British line; and killed black bear and deer, and drawn trout from their crystal streams, in almost every conceivable locality in the West. Their experiences would make many a grand chapter beside the trivial accounts of robin-hunts which so often render absurd the columns of our sporting journals.

Their silence possibly proceeds, in many cases, from that modest reticence and aversion to "talking shop," which generally characterize military men, and which hide, like a bushel, much light that they could shed upon the world on such topics as these. The little less than eight years' service of the writer have afforded him but few opportunities in comparison with some of these older hunters, but various scouting and hunting trips have taken him across man of the plains and mountains of Oregon, Idaho, Washington Territory and Montana; and a word about the game of these regions to-day may not be uninteresting to Eastern readers.

In the first place, it must be said, a brief glance at the subject reveals many changes that are startling and painful for the sportsman to contemplate. It is scarcely possible, for one thing, for him to realize that the immense herds of buffalo, which, up to even four years ago, roamed over our Western plains—especially the North-western ones of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota—have, practically speaking, absolutely disappeared from the country. At rare intervals we hear of a stray bull or very small band in some remote part of the bad lands of these territories, but in many cases even these rumors prove to be unfounded, and there is good reason to believe that several hundred would be a liberal estimate for

the total number remaining in the country south of the British line to-day. Up to *six years ago* professional buffalo hunters made several thousand dollars a man, per year, by selling their hides at two and three dollars apiece! Over thousands of miles of prairie in Montana alone the eye cannot gaze in any direction to-day without encountering the melancholy piles of bleaching bones and vertebrae which mark the spots where they have fallen victims to this disgraceful slaughter. From a single knoll, the writer, while on a scout last autumn, near his present post in northern Montana, counted over a dozen of these skeletons scattered on the prairie. On some of the skulls of these the hair still remained in a state of fair preservation, showing how recent has been the bloody extermination of the species. In our National Park, perhaps, can be found a larger number of these animals, thanks to the care of its recent civilian and military superintendents, than exist in any other single locality. A gentleman who has been in the Park during the present winter, and whose statement is beyond question, reports having counted forty in one band. There are probably a few bands more numerous than this in the country across the British line, and one enterprising subject of the Queen, somewhere in the region near Fort McLeod, British Territory, is said to have a herd of over a hundred which he holds as a speculation, and offers for sale at two hundred dollars per head.

The scarcity of these animals, as set forth in the above exhibit, can hardly have been appreciated by an (intelligent) Eastern gentleman, who recently wrote to a Montana friend, requesting him to have "a few buffalo calves roped, and sent East to his address in the spring!" The letter was published a few weeks since in some of the territorial papers, and created, doubtless, much amusement among the prairie-men who read it. He might as well have asked that "a few" well-grown grizzlies be trapped and sent him by mail!

With the departure of this king of American game animals, the old-time "buffalo guns," and professional white and half-breed hunters, have become things of the past. When these latter, many of them now loafing out the balance of their idle lives in their log cabins on the Missouri, or around the saloons of frontier

towns, shall have followed their game to other hunting grounds, and when the bone heaps of the prairie shall have crumbled into the soil around them, who of the next generation will believe that up to the present decade *millions* of buffalo grazed upon these Western plains, and that it took sport and avarice so short a time to sweep every vestige, of them from our continent!

The next Western game in numerical importance to the buffalo—the antelope—has fared but little better. It is still seen, however, in favored localities—Montana and Wyoming being, perhaps, the territories in which the largest herds now remain—though "herd" seems a term of unlawful magnitude to apply to the small numbers in which they are now found together. Five years ago a band of some hundreds was known to huddle for shelter in a storm on the parade ground of a Montana garrison. Now a group of twenty is exceptionally large, and far from coming thus tamely into the habitations of man, they rarely allow the hunter to get within rifle shot on the most distant prairie. In the winter, however, when they congregate in greater numbers, and, especially where snow renders their movement difficult, some enterprising Indian pot-hunter still makes, every now and then, a killing large enough to keep his camp in meat many days.

The unsettled country along the lower part of Milk River in Montana, and the bad lands for some distance along the Missouri east of the Milk, probably now comprise their largest range in the North. White men who have traveled through that locality during the present winter report having seen several bands of over a hundred each, within the distance of several miles' travel. They are now, undoubtedly, with the exception of the moose, and, perhaps, the mountain sheep, the wariest of our Western game animals, the faintest scent of danger generally starting them on the full run in an instant. This is especially the case where the object of suspicion is invisible to them. But even when the enemy is in view, their well-known attribute of curiosity, which once made them such easy victims, seems in later days to have almost entirely disappeared, and the briefest glance at the hunter is usually enough to send up their short white flags and cause them to scurry in flight toward the top of the nearest ridge. Here, however, they will

invariably indulge in one last look, the whole band pulling up in line and staring back for an instant, and then suddenly, as by one impulse, turning tail again and vanishing on the other side. In my comparatively brief experience in hunting these animals, I have found that the sight of a moving pack-train possesses an unflinching attraction for them. On several trips with these trains in the past year or two I have seen them run close up to the canvas-covered pack of some mule and stare at him with a dazed expression which plainly said, "Well! I thought I had seen *all* the infernal contrivances of man during my troubled career of the last few years, but this beats *me!*" During a scout near the British line, last autumn, I had dismounted at sight of a buck antelope in front of my little column; I crept cautiously upon him, sheltering myself behind a favoring ridge, but in vain; I could not get him within 400-yard range. He had just started away at a full jump, when catching sight of the pack-train ascending a little knoll, in our rear, he slowed up as if in perfect astonishment, circled around, and finally stopped within ten paces of the leading mule, regarding him fixedly until knocked over by the rifle of a corporal with the train. Despite their curiosity in this partitular direction, I have frequently, in the past several years, tried the "flagging" process upon them; but never with success. It has been laughable, in fact, to see the promptness with which the first few motions of the flag has generally sent them off, on these occasions. It is a noteworthy fact that in many cases in late years the encroachments of civilization have forced the antelope from his original character of a plains-animal, and driven him to a life of greater safety in the grassy parks of neighboring mountains. I have often met him on recent trips through several of the small ranges of Northern Montana. Poor little fellow! I Between cattle that destroy his range, and cowboys, and hunters, and encircling railroads, his doom is near and inevitable.

Of all the varieties of large game the deer, here, as in the East, has lasted best; or, rather, is still more universally found than any other. The "Blacktail," it is true, living much in the open country, like the antelope, has been sadly unfortunate; but the "Whitetail," wherever the mountain ranges have been extensive enough to furnish him secure retreats, is still found in fair abundance. The latter

species also inhabits in considerable numbers the willow and cottonwood jungles of the Missouri and many of the other larger streams wherever they are sparsely settled by man. The mountains of Central and Northern Idaho, however, are now, perhaps, their favorite grounds. I had, in February, 1880, the good luck, with several gentlemen from the Lapwai Agency, in Northern Idaho, to accompany a band of some thirty Nez Percés on their annual winter's hunt, in the mountains bordering the Clearwater River, in that territory. We personally counted the almost incredible number of one hundred and twenty-three whitetail deer killed by this party and our own in four days! The snow was very deep, the locality a picked one, and all the killing done by driving, but these figures, nevertheless, give some idea of the abundance of the species at that comparatively recent date. In that country of rough, tangled mountain ranges, they have probably not decreased alarmingly since. This variety of deer is far more difficult to approach than his blacktail brother. His scent is probably not so keen as the antelope's, but he is apparently far more alive to the sound of danger than the latter. In a dry season, when the grass and twigs of the woods are brittle, the hunter has a light foot who can get within range of him.

As for the remaining animals, elk are still scattered in small numbers throughout all the large ranges of the North-west, but well into the interior of them. Black bear are to be met in all mountain countries throughout this region, apparently with no predilections in favor of particular localities. While not so bold as the other varieties, their homes are, nevertheless, generally nearer the settlements than those of the grizzly or cinnamon. The grizzly yet furnishes adventure for hunters in this portion of the West, the Rocky and Cascade ranges still containing respectable numbers of its family. In the past year, among the Bear Paw Mountains, several miles only from the writer's present post, one of these gentlemen have a very warm reception to a party of Assiniboine Indians hunting in the vicinity, killing one, and breaking the leg of a squaw, on whom he lay for many hours—the woman with wonderful cunning and nerve simulating death until assistance arrived and the monster was killed. On a hunt in the Rockies, last autumn, I saw, within several days, the fresh track of at least a

half dozen of these bear, though the snow was too deep for us to readily follow them. During the first weeks of snow-fall in this range, in the early autumn, any hunter who has "lost any bear." and who is energetic enough to follow a trail to the end, can generally get all the sport of this kind that he wants. There are a few moose, it is said, in the Rockies of the North, and in the vast ranges of Idaho and Western Montana, but they are probably very few. I have never yet been fortunate enough to come across them. They have, in all the hunts I have made, been like the famous yellow dog in the race, "just a leetle ways ahead"

Mountain sheep and goats have probably been destroyed in fewer relative numbers than any other western game. The former is very shy and is met at present, as a rule, only in the most rugged and sequestered mountains; though up to a few years ago he was found in considerable abundance among the bad lands of the Missouri and in the smaller ranges. He does not range so high on the mountain-side as the goat, and the first snow often drives him down towards the foothills. His hide is of little value, but his bones form magnificent trophies on account of their immense size and symmetry. His flesh is juicy, tender and well flavored. On the expedition into the Rockies, spoken of just above, we saw a good many bands of sheep and bagged a number of them, besides several goats. The goat is much less wary and suspicious than the sheep, but fortunately for him, he has chosen his home amid the loftiest peaks of the Rockies and Cascades, and is generally to be gotten only on the very summits of even these. The sportsman who seeks him need not be the best of stalkers or marksmen, but he *must* be a fearless and energetic climber and have a heart and lungs that will work freely above timber-line. It is, usually, pure love of glory and "derring-do" that tempts one to the hunting of this dweller among the clouds, for its meat is tough, musky and unpalatable, and neither hides nor horns are of any particular value as prizes.

To sum up the situation, as stated above, it may be said that in the next year or two large game will have practically disappeared from all the prairies of the North-west, and that the hunter's only resort will then be the mountains of the larger ranges. Fortunately, these furnish

a reservoir which it will take another generation to seriously diminish, and which will never be entirely exhausted. Few of those who have not traveled much in the West have any idea of the vastness of its mountain system, either as regards the number of ranges, or their grandeur in height and extent. A relief map of our continent will convey some notion of it. In scarcely any part of the country mentioned above—that is, anywhere between, say, Central Montana and the Pacific coast—is it possible to travel for a whole day without the eye's resting on some lofty peak or bold mountain chain. Many of these are actually unrepresented by a single line on many of the so-called maps of the West. On others, magnificent mountain areas are indicated by merely the thinnest line of hachures. Look on the map, for instance, at the banks of the Salmon River, Idaho, and you will probably see the topographical indications of what seems nothing more than a narrow range of small mountains, or hills. By the map one might judge it, in fact, to be a good locality for wheat-raising, or town lots; and yet this is the trackless waste of mountains that proved so difficult of passage to the indomitable Bonneville, and which he penetrated only by the daring feat of descending the current of the Salmon through the heart of them. This range extends more than 200 miles up the Salmon, and, though its limits, where it runs into other ranges north and south of the river, are ill defined, its breadth is, perhaps, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty miles. North of the Salmon it combines, near the Montana line, with the Bitter Roots, Cœur d'Alénes, Clearwaters, Rockies, and others of local names, in a system vast and impenetrable enough to furnish cover for all the game of the United States for centuries to come. Most of its divides are but mass upon mass of rugged peaks, capped with eternal snow, and impassable to almost any living thing. The writer has made numerous expeditions into various parts of this wilderness; among them a scout, that will always be memorable to him, up the north bank of the Salmon, in 1880. We had thirty Umatilla and Nez Percé scouts; six "sheep eater" Bannocks, as guides and scouts; fifty picked mounted men, and a pack-train of seventy-six mules. With this expedition, perfectly equipped and splendidly organized for mountain travel, we

were several weeks in making our way across only some 150 miles of country—cutting our path through dense pine thickets and fallen timber, toiling over steep mountains of rock, floundering through snowy torrents and deep, boggy cañons, and finally, rafting the swift, ice-cold current of the Salmon, and emerging, after two months' arduous labor, from the southern outlets of the range. The miners, who, on our entrance into this particular part of it, had warned us of the difficulties of travel before us, had scarcely exaggerated them. Among other noteworthy experiences was a snow storm which lasted the greater part of two days—the 31st of August and 1st of September! But what were snow storms to us, in a land full of pleasant daily adventure, and stocked in every stream and valley with all varieties of trout, salmon and four-footed game! We fairly reveled in sport.

The hunter and adventurer may take heart at the thought that thousands of nooks and valleys among these mountains are still unexplored, and much of its game still ignorant of the existence of man. Several lines of railroads offer him convenient approaches to the country from both East and West. His best season will be from the last part of July, or,

better, the 1st of August, to the last of September. He will thus avoid the mosquitoes and flies, the worst pest of the mountain cañons during the earlier summer, and will find the snow sufficiently gone to enable him to travel. Stout pack animals (mules and *aparejos* are, by far, the best), and a good, strong outfit of clothing and material generally, are very important requisites to any expedition expecting the best success.

Civilian sportsmen from the East sometimes come West with all sorts of articles of sport and apparel that are unsuitable to the country, and, on the other hand, omit others which they find out the value of only when too late to procure them. It is impossible to lay down fixed rules as to the necessities of such an outfit. Articles needed in one locality are useless incumbrances, perhaps, in another. Many of our Eastern dealers in sporting goods issue, in their catalogues, lists of "indispensables," and many Eastern sportsmen have written columns of advice for the "camper out," that are perfectly impracticable and absurd when applied to Western hunting. In a future paper I shall venture upon a few suggestions that, it is believed, will be of value to the hunter who wants to equip himself for a summer in Western mountains.



"TOILING OVER STEEP MOUNTAINS OF ROCK."