



Painted for OUTING by C. Bangs.

(Big Game in the Rockies.)

"ON GUARD! THE AMERICAN LION." (p. 457.)

lines run, one in connection with the network of the Manhattan Elevated system at One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and the other direct to the Grand Central Depot at Forty-second street.

The first tournament, open only to those who were not members of clubs in the United States Golf Association, was held over the nine-hole course November 28, 1896.

The years from 1896 to 1899 were years of anxiety, for, whilst numbers increased, discipline and order decreased. It remained for a wiser policy (thanks largely, if not solely, to Commissioner August Moebus) to be inaugurated, and a green-keeper of the wide experience and distinct firmness of Thomas Bendelow, to be left in almost autocratic charge, to bring chaos to order in this year of grace.

The course has been extended to eighteen holes, and so much are the powers that be encouraged that they are now laying out a still further public course in Sunset Park, Brooklyn. More power to the good cause!

The original nine holes at Van Cortlandt form a vision of delight to the eye, and, though capable of being made more satisfactory to the golfer, they could scarcely be more artistic. A long, flat valley, all grass, with

wooded hills coming down on one side close, and on the other a lily-covered lake and parklike uplands, inclose a moving panorama of color-dotted players, who, in variety of costume, give to the pasture an effect not to be equaled for brilliancy and life on any links in the world. A Saturday afternoon on the old nine-hole course is one of the sights no citizen, much less a golfer, should miss.

And now, in conclusion, lest it be thought that the students of the metropolitan university, Columbia, were behind their contemporaries in golfing sport, let it be noted that that institution has a flourishing golf club and enjoys the best of opportunities for exercising it, but, from the peculiar geographical conformation of the Manhattan isle, not within the city limits. The university, as all the world knows, crowns the Riverside heights, and it is easier for its golfing members to cross the Hudson by the Fort Lee Ferry and take the cars to Englewood, over in New Jersey, than it is to reach any other links in the metropolitan area. So that they are in the metropolis, but, as golfers, not of it, and hence, by the necessities of the limitations of this article, are not legitimately to be reckoned with in an article on golf in Gotham.

BIG GAME IN THE ROCKIES.

BY JOHN N. OSTROM.



I HAD been hunting bear and elk for six months, in my mind's eye, and when on September 16th I found myself actually dumped off at Berry's Ranch amongst a formidable pile of guns, ammunition and camp equipment, I realized that at last the campaign was actually to open with all its excitement, hardships and dangers.

Our hunting party had been organized for business, and for that peculiar pleasure experienced by some in doing what is difficult, dangerous and perhaps foolhardy. Excepting myself, the hunters were all from beyond the Missouri, and experienced on the plains and in the mountains. I could not claim as much experience; but as I had frequently hunted in the Indian Territory I did not by any means consider myself a tenderfoot, and so far as endurance was concerned I believed myself as well able to follow the trail all day as any of my comrades.

Berry's Ranch is on the Eagle River, about fifty miles northwest of Leadville, and the mountains rise directly from the foaming river.

Mine host Berry is a born hunter. Although his gray hair and wrinkled

face indicated his age to be some sixty years, his eye was keen and restless, and he had that peculiar habit in walking of raising the feet high up and putting them down softly as though not to scuff dead twigs and leaves—the sign of a successful game stalker.

The next morning's train brought my cousin Hub and two of his friends, completing our party. We had expected that Berry would accompany us as guide, but as harvesting had begun he could not get away. His neighbor, Dutton, however, came to our rescue, and proved a veritable old sleuth-hound on the trail.

I turned out in the morning before the sun, for in hunting I like to get an early start, but it availed me nothing in this instance, for Jennie was late with her breakfast, although it was a most excellent one when we did get it. We should have been off at sunrise. Dutton led the column with the pack-horse "Nibs;" then came little long-eared Jenny, covered under a mass of white canvas, bags of provisions, and general camp fittings; then Smith, riding the black horse Nig, and carrying my camera outfit; then George, mounted on the sorrel Pete, and bringing up the rear came Hub and I on foot. The day was beautiful, and we got along for nearly the whole ascent without serious trouble. I frequently stopped to look back, for the sight was an inspiring one. Many miles away, across the Eagle, rose the majestic Mount of the Holy Cross. It cannot be advantageously seen from the valley, but two or three thousand feet up, on the opposite range, its white cross and clustered peaks rise in enchanting beauty. About sunset we reached a beautiful spring in a bunch of green pines, pretty well toward the top. It was the first water we had seen since leaving the ranch, and we stopped long enough to get a drink and to eat a mouthful of snack, carried in our pockets. The camp-fire chat was not very animated, as we were all very tired, and no one had tried to hunt, though we had seen abundance of old "signs" of elk and deer on top of the divide.

In the morning I slipped out at daylight, and took a circle around on the divide. It had snowed a little during the night and frozen, so that stealthy walking was impossible, and I knew that I should probably not sneak onto any

game, as I had hoped to. But the landscape was grand. Across the Piney, in the far distance, the Gore Range rose snow-capped, and without a cloud to obscure it. This sight alone was worth the hard climb of the day before.

The peculiarity of the country here is alternate patches of green pines about a foot in diameter, dead ones in wind-falls, and interspersed with bare patches of good range. The wind being down the mountain, Dutton advised descending through the openings and coming up through the green pines, so that we might have the wind of the game we hoped to find there. After we had descended cautiously about a mile in the open we heard a crash in the timber to our right. The rattle of horns through the limbs meant that he was in there, but had no use for our company, so we kept on down the open for about half a mile further, and then swung around to the right into the timber, and headed up the mountain. We had not gone far when we struck the perfectly fresh trail of a big bull elk, which settled the identity of the fellow we had flushed half a mile above. But he was making straight down the slope, and Dutton said it was useless to trail him. It was too bad to give him up, but there was some consolation in hearing him run and seeing his ox-like track. After this we scrambled around through the pines up the mountain for a while and then separated. In about an hour I heard a couple of shots above me, which braced me up somewhat with the anticipation of a steak for dinner; but on reaching camp I met a disgusted party with only a groundhog and a grouse.

Just as the sun was going down I set up my camera and shot the Gore Range, which had come out clear and bold, with a background of azure, dotted with a few cumulus clouds, in a very striking manner. We cooked a good supper of hot biscuit, flapjacks, boiled potatoes, fried grouse and pork, and coffee. I noticed that it took perceptibly longer to boil potatoes than at usual altitudes, and I judged that we must be about 10,000 feet above sea level. While at supper we decided to move camp a day's ride further along the divide.

In the morning I made some exposures of Camp Piney, and we then packed up. We had not gone more than half a mile before we struck the trail of

a bull elk and two cows, all apparently made the night before. The trail took us down the mountain through a succession of green pines and openings covered with good range grass. It certainly was an ideal place for deer and elk, and I fully expected to jump a bunch of them in every new opening we struck. We followed the old bull's trail for about four hours; crossing a stream and climbing a mountain opposite, when his track again swung down toward the Piney, and it was evident, from the lay of the bald knob we were on, that he was making for the green pines at least eight miles below. We were now several miles below the summit, and Hub knew there was a small lake somewhere above us in a niche called the Devil's Slide. I noticed that within sight, and at the head of the run we were on, the water came over a quite broad crest of rock, and it occurred to me that the lake might be back of it. I therefore suggested making the climb, which we did, finding the lake.

We had scarcely struck its little outlet before I stumbled onto a bear "sign" so fresh that it made my heart thump. A big fellow had been wallowing in the run so recently that the water was yet roily. The rocks and green pines were thick around us, and a sort of swamp grass, about shoulder high, grew along the run. It was a veritable den. The trail led directly through the tall grass, and the track was so large and fresh that we were afraid to follow it without reconnoitering with great care. With this end in view, Hub proposed to go around the patch of grass to see if the trail passed out anywhere, for if it did not we knew that our game was probably lying down asleep inside. I got back a little way from the grass and took a position behind a sort of rocky bulwark, so that there were several yards of clear opening between me and the point where the trail entered the cover. As the wind was in my favor, I knew that I should not be scented, and if the bear came out on my side I should have a fair shot. Hub then began his circle around the swamp grass, which was about 100 yards in diameter. When he had got about one-quarter of the way around, I heard a sort of snorting grunt, and almost immediately after a frightful-looking grizzly rose up on his hind feet in the grass, about fifty yards

off. He had not seen me, but had scented Hub and was looking towards where I knew him to be and standing broadside to me. As I raised to fire my arm trembled so that it was impossible to hold a steady bead, for the bear was so much larger than I had ever dreamed of meeting, and the danger was so great if I missed, that it completely unnerved me. I knew it was my time, though, and, holding as nearly under his huge shoulder blade as I could, I pulled. My heart fairly jumped into my mouth on the instant, for I was conscious that I had pulled off to the right from my intended aim. With an awful roar the bear disappeared in the grass, and then began the most furious exhibition of frenzied rage that I had ever witnessed. I could only see the grass swaying violently, but the beatings of the ground with his huge paws, the roars and growls and whines, were perfectly frightful. I had evidently got in a shot, however, that made it impossible for him to more than roll around in a small circle. Finally, as everything had been quiet for some minutes, we began closing in on him cautiously, but in what proved to be a most foolhardy undertaking, for I had not gone more than fifteen yards within the cover before, with a fierce roar, the bear's head showed in the grass immediately in front of me, in a mad charge. I whirled immediately and ran for the rocks. As I bounded through the intervening opening, I heard Hub's rifle crack twice in quick succession, and not hearing the bear immediately behind me, I looked around and saw him reared up on his fore-paws, just out of the grass. I then saw what I had suspected before, that I had fortunately broken his back. Every few seconds he would rise up on his fore-paws and gnash his teeth in a perfectly terrible manner. Thinking to put an end to him, I shot him again directly in the hollow between the shoulders, as nearly as I could judge. The bullet knocked him down, but he rose again, when Hub, who had approached on his flank, shot him sideways through the neck, just below the ear, from which he sank, and, stretching out with a convulsive shiver, died.

Coming to examine his wounds we found that my first bullet had crashed completely through his backbone about six inches below the shoulders, while the second one had just missed the

heart and had ranged clear through him, being found in one of the hams. But neither of the 45-caliber 500-grain bullets had killed him, and my chances would certainly have been slim if the tremble in my arm had not deviated the shot to the most vulnerable spot I could have chosen. Hub's first two bullets, when the brute was charging me, had gone through his lungs, and the last one had broken his neck.

We had been so much excited and interested during the operation as to forget about time, when all at once we realized that night was closing in on us. Hub said we were about four miles

ing and watching. I won the morning watch by guessing the nearest on our northern bearing, decided by my compass. Then I crawled under the bear-skin, on top of the feathers, and was soon lost in sleep.

About three o'clock, feeling thirsty, I went down to the lake for a drink. While lying down drinking I heard a dead twig snap directly on the opposite shore from me, and, looking over intently, without rising, I soon saw, low down near the water, a pair of eyes in the darkness. Although considerably startled, I determined to try a shot at them, the slight sound convincing me

that it was a lion, and I knew that he could not spring upon me before I could get back to camp. I therefore rested my elbows on the beach and held up my gun to see if I could catch a bead. The low camp-fire being directly to my back, I found that I could dimly see the front sight, and taking deliberate aim about six inches below the eyes, as nearly as I could estimate, I fired. At the crack there was a frightful scream, followed by a rustling noise, as though the animal were bounding off through the grass. I knew at once that it was a lion, but decided



PINEY LAKE.

from our proposed camp, and that the ground was very rough, being cut up with deep gulches. As we were both about played out, therefore, we decided to make the best of it and camp in the den. We therefore dragged the skin around to the other side of the lake, which we found about 150 feet in diameter, and selected a nice place in the pines some 100 feet from the water. Hub made a fire and brought some bear steak, while I made a good soft bed of "Colorado feathers" by cutting off the tips of the pine boughs from the trees around.

It was now as dark as Egypt, except from the red glare of the pine fire, and being in a dangerous place we determined to take alternate turns of sleep-

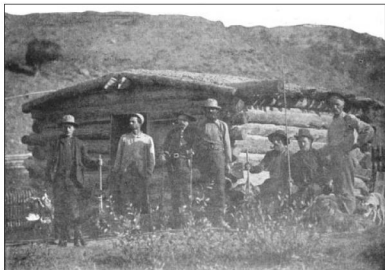
not to reconnoiter until morning.

Just before daylight I heard a snarling and snapping in the direction of the bear carcass, and knew at once that the wolves must be at work there. I therefore awoke Hub, and as he confirmed my belief we decided to try and sneak on them for a shot.

When morning came it was necessary to find our camp as soon as possible, and after hanging up the bear-skin in one of the pines we pulled out. Upon emerging from the timber surrounding the lake the great Gore Range came again in view, and now we could fairly see at its base Piney Lake, the head of the Piney River and the home of speckled trout. Hub had already told me of it, for he had been there the July before on



PACKING OUR BUCK.



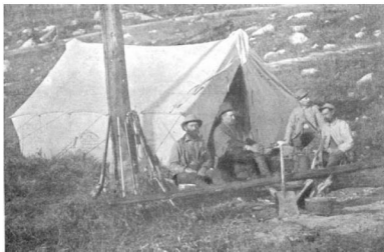
BERRY'S CABIN.

a fishing trip. We were now in sight of our objective camp, but to reach it we had two deep forbidding gulches to cross.

After we had crossed the first gulch we met Dutton, who, thinking that we were lost, had started out in search of us. We then hurried on to camp. The boys had just finished breakfast and were evidently relieved at seeing us once more safe and sound. Hot coffee, bread and potatoes were certainly an agreeable substitute for unsalted bear steak, and besides we had some nice juicy venison,

Eagle and the Piney, and the view was superlatively grand. To the right the Mount of the Holy Cross loomed up through the clouds, while by going 500 yards to the left the saw-tooth edge of the Gore Range rose in bold relief.

According to agreement Hub and I saddled up in the morning, and, taking camera and guns, laid our trail for the lake. We reached it after a four hours' hard ride, and my anticipations of pleasure were more than realized upon looking upon its placid surface from the shore. It certainly is a worthy subject



CAMP PINEY.

Dutton having killed a yearling buck on the trail the day before.

I was very anxious to visit Piney Lake, and this would take a day from our present camp. It was therefore agreed that Hub and I should start for the lake in the morning, while the others should return to the ranch. Dutton agreed to be back by the second morning to take in the pack.

As the sun had been shining all the morning the light snow was gone, so that hunting for the balance of the day was unfavorable, and I therefore decided to unpack my camera and take some views of Camp Gore before breaking up. We were now camped on very nearly the highest ground between the

for a poet's dreams or an artist's touch. It has been so frequently used by camping parties that the underbrush is all cut out; in fact, we found two tents pitched there, but the owners were out. The lake is about five hundred yards in diameter and nearly round, and, like the outlet, abounds in brook trout, but it was out of season.

We made the trip back without incident, reaching the tent about dark and finding it unmolested. After a hearty supper we turned in.

As Dutton had not returned in the morning by the time we were ready to start, we determined to leave the tent for him to pack in and start ahead with the horses for the ranch through a prom-

ising deer country which Hub knew of. In about two hours we came to the head of June Cañon, which empties into the Eagle not far from our destination, and sat down on a log in the thick pines, thinking that our game might come to us, as is frequently the case in such circumstances. We had not been resting more than twenty minutes before we heard a rattle in the timber ahead of us, and we could soon see through the pines a large buck. When about one hundred and fifty yards off he stopped suddenly, turned around and lay down quickly, with his head toward what had frightened him. He had not scented us, as the wind was in our favor, and his attention was attracted in the other direction. Hub told me to shoot first and he would try him on the run if I missed. As he was lying, I could only see his neck and shoulders, and being endwise to me it was by no means an easy shot; but, resting my elbow on my knee, I drew close down on the base of the neck and fired. Without even raising his head he fell forward, and upon coming up we found a six-prong buck still in death. The bullet had struck squarely in the base of the neck and broken it. As we had two horses with us we decided to pack the buck in, and after a hard lift succeeded in landing him across old Nibs' saddle and binding him on with the lariat. We

now heard steps ahead of us, and soon saw Dutton coming along with the horses. He had flushed the buck about a mile below us, and was following his trail. As the old man agreed to go back for the pack alone, we gave him our extra horse, and then started out with the buck. It was very troublesome work until we got out of the pines, and old Nibs seemed on the point of bucking a great many times when the horns swung around into his ribs, but for a wonder he did not, and we finally reached the ranch in good order.

The time of year to choose for a trip to the high Rockies varies with the nature of the game you most desire. If you want trout at their best and bears, at least in the district we were in, then I should say select July.

If you want comfort go in September. If you are after elk and deer, then later, in October, and though that noble game has been thinned even in the Rockies, you will find a sufficient remnant to satisfy all legitimate sportsmen. What you will need to be, however, in addition to a good shot, is a good climber, and in good condition.

Do not in any event go high up on the divide, for the risk of sudden storms is great there, and it is not prudent to challenge pneumonia to a race in those altitudes. You might lose.



ON THE TRAIL.