

*Editor Forest and Stream:*

My ranch lies in the Bad Lands of extreme Western Dakota. There is still a good deal of game about it, and this year I have, on several occasions, when the cattle did not need attention, taken two or three days off and done fairly well with black-tail deer, white-tail deer and antelope. There are some mountain sheep about, too, and I intend to take a day after them as soon as I get time.

This summer I made quite a long trip through the cattle country of Eastern Montana and Northern Wyoming, in company with my foreman, William Merrifield, who is an excellent rider, a first-class shot and a very keen sportsman. During the course of our trip I took two weeks' hunting in Big Horn Mountain. While there I killed three grizzlies—one of them a huge beast weighing close on twelve hundred pounds—and six elk, four of them having fine heads; Merrifield got two bear and four elk, I always taking first shot when we were together. The five bears were killed with seven bullets, three of them being struck in the brain; we followed them up on foot, our buckskin suits and moccasins enabling us to go so noiselessly through the woods that we could get to very close quarters; the big one was but nine paces off when I fired, taking him square between the two eyes. Only one of them—a she bear with a large cub—had a chance to show fight, the others being killed almost as soon as they discovered us; she turned when struck in the side, but was killed with the second bullet when she had come a few steps toward us.

The buffalo have disappeared forever; one of the last that was killed near my ranch was a fine bull which I shot near Pretty Buttes a year ago this fall.

I am not a good shot, having very bad eyes, and should be ashamed to state the number of misses I have made this summer; I made two or three good shots, however. Once I killed an antelope at 300 yards (actual pacing), and by what I suppose must be regarded as merely a fortunate chance, on another occasion killed two fine blacktail bucks with one bullet at 431 paces.

I use two rifles, both of them six-shot repeaters: one a .50-115 express, the other a .45-75; they are excellent weapons. I notice that "Devil's Ramrod" puts in a plea for the double-barreled express rifles, and sneers at repeating arms. The prejudice against the latter is, of course, sheer nonsense, like the old prejudice against breechloaders. I know nothing of game shooting in India or Africa, but for anything in the United States, from a grizzly bear down, a repeating rifle is as much ahead of a doublebarreled English express as the latter is ahead of a doublebarreled muzzleloader.

There are a great many ducks, geese, sharptail grouse and sage grouse to be shot round my ranch; young sage grouse, in August and September, are most delicious eating, fully as good as the sharptail, which is our common game bird.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

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