

Governor Roosevelt's Colorado Hunting Trip.

If Governor Theodore Roosevelt writes a history of his coming hunt for mountain lions in Colorado he will not be able to repeat his famous sentence: "At the next shot I got him."

For in hunting mountain lions there is no "next shot." If the first shot does not kill or cripple, ten chances to one the hunter is in for a bruising, clawing, bleeding scuffle with a tawny and terrible antagonist, with nothing but the thin blade of a hunting knife as salvation, says A. T. Chapman in the New York Herald. The sound of a rifle shot is always looked upon by a mountain lion as an invitation to fight, and the invitation is generally accepted so promptly that there is no time to pump another shell into the magazine. Of course, if the lion has been treed by a pack of hounds, the hunter has a chance to pick the animal off at his leisure, but such a method of hunting will hardly be adopted by Governor Roosevelt, in view of his essays on the beauties and advantages of being strenuous in every thing.

The mere announcement that Governor Roosevelt will hunt big game in Colorado has served to stir up interest throughout the length and breadth of the State. All men are hunters in Colorado. Some follow the fresh spoor of the deer and elk on the western side of the great divide. Others make bear, mountain lions and bobcats their specialty, while the respected gentlemen from the East roam over the clay and marl beds of the State, breathlessly intent on running some long dead dinosaur to his last resting place. The prospector is the most rapacious hunter of all, even though he is liable to wander into a bear trap in his apparently aimless search for the auriferous outcroppings that is to lead him to wealth. All these hunters have a wondrous fellow feeling for each other. Governor Roosevelt experienced the freemasonry of the craft during his ranch days in Montana, and the same bond of sympathy exists in Colorado, as in all States or countries where there is much outdoor life.

Many invitations have been sent to Governor Roosevelt from Colorado, all telling where he is sure to find the best game, and the most of it. But in all probability the governor will go to Glen Beach park, near Debeque, which is a private game preserve, where he can hunt deer without regard to the Colorado State game laws. From there he will undoubtedly make his way into Rio Blanco and Routt counties, in the extreme northwestern part of the State, where bear, deer, elk, wildcats and mountain lions are to be found in great numbers.

The vast hunting area in these two counties is an empire in itself. Not a railroad has penetrated the mountain fastnesses of either Rio Blanco or Routt county, each of which is larger than some Eastern States. It is truly a country of magnificent distances. Sometimes the traveler's horse will plod fifty miles over the trail between ranch houses. Rio Blanco alone, which has only seventeen hundred inhabitants, is larger than the State of Massachusetts. The only means of travel in this wild country is either saddle or stage, and most travelers prefer the saddle. There is a stage line to Steamboat Springs, the metropolis of Routt county, and a telephone line has been strung along the trail from tree to tree and from bowlder to bowlder, connecting Steamboat and Rifle, in Garfield county.

West of Steamboat Springs, toward the Utah line, Routt county is indeed terrifying in its loneliness and the magnificence of its scenery. There are mountains and hills that have never been explored by white men. Mountain sheep can be seen scaling precipitous and barren heights, while further down, in the recesses below the timber line, black bear are numerous and an occasional grizzly leaves the marks of his claws on the trees. These signs of wild life are numerous, and occasionally a venturesome ranchman goes out with his hounds and goes a grizzly skin, but as a general rule these fierce beasts are not severely alone, even by the Indians.

It is in this spotless paradise that the White River and Uintah Utes

slaughter thousands of deer every year to the distraction of the Colorado State authorities and the anger of law abiding hunters. The Indians, according to their treaty with the United States government, have acquired the right to hunt, and are not required to stay on their reservations. Accordingly, every year they pour into the counties of Routt and Rio Blanco, and even penetrate south to the White River plateau, where they slay deer by thousands, just for the skins. Uncle Sam maintains an attitude of complete indifference and the frantic appeals of Colorado's officials are lost.



VICE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

Picture of the Politician and Soldier Who Has Donned the Hunter's Garb and Who Is Now Engaged in Bagging Big Game in the Wilds of Colorado.

The governor is told that if the Indians are violating State game laws that is none of the government's business. So the governor usually ends by sending his game commissioner and a few deputies to chase the Utes from the hunting ground. By the time the State officials arrive on the scene the Utes have all the deerkins they want.

With the hides loaded on their ponies they travel back to the Utah line and settle down again on their reservation, prepared to tan the deer skins and to sell them for 50 cents apiece to enterprising white traders. In the meantime the Colorado game commissioner can do nothing but tear his hair over the remains of thousands of bucks, does and fawns, that have been slaughtered indiscriminately by the Indians, the carcases being left for the coyotes to pick clean.

It is in this hunting country that Governor Roosevelt will seek wild trophies. Even without guides, he would be able to find all kinds of game, but there is no lack of experts ready to show the next vice president where he can get the greatest number of pelts with the least exertion.

"Jake" Borah, one of the best of the

old time hunters, recently volunteered to lead the governor where he can have the most exciting kind of lion shooting. "Jake's idea of a good time is to start a pack of dogs along the bottom of a gulch. The lion will begin to climb and when he arrives at the top he finds a hunter there, ready to back up a missed shot with a rough and tumble fight. Lion hunters who have not "Jake's" nerve are content to let the dogs tree the same and then pick off the lion at their leisure.

In Meeker, the county seat of Rio Blanco county, Governor Roosevelt will find many mighty hunters. Even the women of Meeker are crack shots, and can show the pelts to authentic stories about bringing down mountain lions and bear or killing the fierce, active wildcat. Magnificent elk heads, worth hundreds of dollars, are to be seen in every house. Ranchers have rustic seats, and arbors manufactured of deer horns and lion skins and other pelts are so common as to excite no comment.

In the lobby of the Meeker hotel are five elk heads that are valued at \$500

"Hole-in-the-Wall" gang. They were experts in all departments of bandit life, but they were playthings in the hands of Colorado citizens when it came to shooting.

Against such shots as these Governor Roosevelt will stand a poor show, but it is not the nature of Rio Blanco or Routt county citizens to make an exhibition of their skill unless they are "bantered." Accordingly, if Governor Roosevelt's characteristic modesty stands him in stead, and if he does not attempt to show that he can shoot up to the standard of the newspaper stories about him, there will be no endeavor to make the New York State chief executive look like an amateur with the rifle.

If Governor Roosevelt sticks to his intention of spending two months in the hunting territory of northwestern Colo-

rado he is in for a siege of rough traveling. January and February are the worst months for snow in Colorado. The stage ride from Rifle to Meeker is of itself enough to weary an ordinary man past endurance. Twelve hours are required to make the trip. The trail is something frightful, owing to drifts of snow. Experienced stage riders wear three or four overcoats, a fur cap, leggins, overalls and two pairs of gloves.

Wolves, deer, coyotes, and occasionally mountain lions can be seen from the stage. In summer the trip is ideal, but in January or February even the hard-ened ranchmen hesitate about attempting it. One can easily imagine how much more difficult it will be to travel into the fastnesses of the big game in Rio Blanco or Routt, where not a sign of trail has been cut.

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HOW HE WON PRESIDENCY.

Interesting Account of the Beginning of the Life Work of Diaz.

When the history of the nineteenth century is written, a prominent place must be given to General Porfirio Diaz, president of Mexico. By many publicists he is regarded as one of the greatest men of the day, and his work of leading the Mexican people from semi-barbaric darkness into the light of civilization, and all within the narrow limits of a quarter of a century, must mark him as the equal of any statesman the century produced.

Julius G. Tucker, who in 1876 was an officer of the United States in Brownsville, Tex., received the fugitive Diaz into his home, entertained him for three months, and finally went to New York and purchased for him the arms and military stores with which the ex-ile won Mexico. He tells of the return of Diaz to Mexico.

Diaz had met with many obstacles in his fight for supremacy, writes Mr. Tucker. He had started the revolution in Mexico, and was bringing failure on his head. But he was known as a fighter—as "the hero of Puebla"—he had met the troops of Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, the self-appointed president of Mexico, and they had driven him from the country.

When he left the sympathetic land of gringos at Laredo he came to Brownsville to me, and later took a train for New Orleans. In the smoker was a dapper little American.

General Diaz heard this man ask the train boy in fluent Spanish for a cigar. The sound of his native tongue was to Diaz like a ray of hope, for he had been addressing those with whom he came in contact in English, and he had been unable to grasp the harsh English consonants.

"Buenos dias, senor," said Diaz. The little American arose. He was startled by the stranger's politeness, but shook his hand warmly and proffered a cigar.

The train rolled on through river gorge and over plains, and while the cigars burned low, the little American told that he was Dr. Jones and the other that he was Dr. Jones and the leader of the revolution in Mexico. "Make any request and I will grant it," Dr. Jones said. Dr. Jones, enthusiastic at being in the same seat with a man who aspired to be the ruler of a nation.

"There is only one request," answered General Diaz; "as an American you must sympathize with any man who fights for the right and liberty of his people; therefore, I ask you to sympathize with me. When we reach

New Orleans I must take the steamer to Vera Cruz. Then I can make my way to Tuxpan, where I have many friends. Now, the difficulty is how to get away unobserved."

Dr. Jones set his wits to work and finally suggested to Diaz that he should disguise himself as a ranchero and sail as such on the steamer bound for Vera Cruz. The details were perfected, and with a wig and false whiskers Diaz embarked on the vessel and feigned to be ill and under the care of Dr. Jones.

To the consternation of both Dr. Jones and his protégé a company of Mexican soldiers also embarked on the vessel, and to the still greater alarm of Diaz he found that he was personally acquainted with all the Mexican officers, whom he knew to be his bitter enemies.

However, the identity of the sick ranchero was kept a secret until the steamer was near Vera Cruz, when Diaz leaped overboard and attempted to swim the two miles to shore. The captain of the steamer ordered a boat lowered and, in spite of Diaz's efforts to gain the shore, he was taken back to the steamer.

Diaz lost his wig and false whiskers in the water, and while he was still climbing the rope ladder, the cry went up from the Mexican officers and their men who lined the side, "Aquí está General Diaz!" (Here is General Diaz!)"

Diaz was taken to his cabin more dead than alive. He recognized among the passengers Dr. Cooney, an American and brother Mason who had been attending him. The Mexican officers held a consultation and determined that the steamer's captain had General Diaz be turned over to them as a fugitive from justice. The skipper could not understand Spanish, so Dr. Cooney was called upon to act as interpreter. When the request of the Mexicans was understood it was quickly denied. The captain said that, as a passenger, General Diaz was under the protection of the American flag.

friend, an employee in the customs house, who will risk even death for me. He will bring me a disguise and, in the excitement of the moment, I can don the false garb and gain the shore. But I must get a letter to Juan Chico."

But who would carry the letter? Who was there about the steamer worthy of confidence? There was a Mexican mail agent, a young man named Zamora, of such a ponderous obesity that his friends called him "the baby," and who, Diaz rightly believed, could be trusted.

As the vessel approached Vera Cruz the rain fell in torrents, the wind blew a gale, and the night was a wild one. Dr. Cooney proposed a bowl of punch, and, quite agreeably to his wishes, he was selected to brew it. And brew it he did. Those who are living to remember it say that it was strong enough to make a horse dance. Cooney, with his customary kindness, could not forget the patient Mexican sentinels on deck, who, in the wind and rain, were watching to prevent an escape by Diaz.

They must have some of the punch, he said, and he would take it to them. Each glass so taken was filled with a strong narcotic. When all had retired, Dr. Cooney went on deck and found the Mexican watchman asleep. The life preserver was then thrown overboard and Diaz crept into the drawer of Dr. Cooney's chest.

There was trouble the next morning when the officers discovered that Diaz had escaped, but the shrewdest of them was not able to discover how, and nobody appeared more surprised than Dr. Cooney.

When the steamer touched at Tuxpan "the baby" was soon speeding to Juan Chico with a note from Diaz. That night Chico was hastening to Vera Cruz with three horses and two trustworthy armed men. "The baby" returned with a disguise.

Early the next morning, when the excited officers were telling the story to still more excited people thronging the deck, not a man paid the slightest attention to Dr. Cooney and the purser of the steamer, who were walking on the gang plank with a gray-headed Mexican between them. The purser was loudly berating the old man for bringing aboard the wrong papers, and Dr. Cooney was asking him to be less severe. Then the gray-headed man walked haltingly down the gang plank to the point outside the city where the horses were waiting him.

Quickly he rode to his own state, Oaxaca, raised a small army of volunteers, and— Well, a few months later he entered the City of Mexico, victorious, and proclaimed himself president, and he has been president ever since.

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