

the whole situation. The red man pursued the bison as his main support while both were uninterfered with by civilization. Now that the bison has gone, the red man must still follow him—even to the same goal.

JULIAN RALPH. ✓

The enthusiastic sportsman who wishes to find the last of the American bison and undertakes to do it will learn before he has accomplished his purpose that the task will exhaust his leisure moments during many months. He (the bison) exists in limited numbers in many localities in the mountains from northern Montana to the South, even to the plains of Texas. Not in enormous herds as he was found years ago, but in scattered bunches and usually in the small parks where the white man and Indian have failed to follow him. One such herd of this almost extinct creature is known in Colorado, but it is as much as a man's life is worth to invade their home.

Within one hundred miles of Denver there are to-day numbers of these animals, and they have been there ever since the oldest settler near their home knew of their existence. There they will probably remain and possibly multiply without hindrance or interference from remorseless hunters for many years to come. Fortunately for them, they roam in a natural preserve, with the additional safeguards of a healthy public sentiment around them, backed by stringent State laws, and he who kills one should make haste to place strong barriers between his guilty self and an outraged public, which stands ready to convict on even shadowy circumstantial evidence. His chance for life after committing a homicide in broad daylight, in a public thoroughfare, would be greater than the possibility of escaping punishment after killing one of these animals and publicly boasting of it.

From the point where the Denver and South Park Railroad crosses the range at Kenosha and enters the northern boundary of South Park, to Pike's Peak, is probably between thirty and forty miles in a straight line. Along the western slope of the front range beneath this line is a broken region of which little is known. It offers little attraction except to those purely in search of adventure, and those who have attempted to explore it and returned alive tell terrible tales of their hardships and the difficulties encountered

before they escaped from its confines. About three years ago an adventurous hunter paid the locality a visit and brought out the evidence that he had shot a buffalo, but he also presented undoubted proof that he killed the animal to save himself from starvation while endeavoring to escape from what is locally known as Lost Park.

The most reliable information concerning them comes from the cattlemen whose stocks traverse the margin of Lost Park. These men would lynch any pot hunter who might be foolish enough to kill a bison, and thus the little herd have the double protection of a strong local sentiment aided by strict State laws. One of these men, while hunting cattle, came upon a bunch of about fifty or seventy-five of them. He could only estimate their number, as they moved rapidly away. He saw bulls and cows, but no calves, and he expressed the opinion that they are not breeding to any great extent. Last summer they were also seen by other stockmen about fifteen miles from Kenosha, who reported them to be in fine condition.

The region through which they roam is well watered, and as there is grass along the banks of all mountain streams they doubtless have grazing in abundance during the summer. Then they are fat, sleek and active. During the winter, unless the snowfall is heavy, there is probably enough dry grass to keep them alive, but those who have seen them in the spring always note their feeble condition and prominent bones.

At the session of the legislature in the winter of 1886-7 a law was passed protecting them for ten years and punishing anyone who violated it with fine and imprisonment, and with such restrictions as these "the game is not worth the powder." Added to this is the difficulty of getting into and out of Lost Park, the impossibility of getting guides into this *terra incognita*, where this little herd of bison roam at will with every opportunity to thrive and multiply that State law and popular prejudice in their favor can furnish.

Those who have seen them assert that they are smaller than the bison of the plains and their hides and hair are of a finer quality, but on this point conjecture and imagination may furnish the bulk of the testimony and be used in the absence of facts, as with the single exception