

In Unknown Africa

A NARRATIVE OF TWENTY MONTHS' TRAVEL
AND SPORT IN UNKNOWN LANDS AND
AMONG NEW TRIBES

MAJOR P. H. G. POWELL-COTTON,
F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

AUTHOR OF
"A Sporting Trip through Abyssinia"

With 204 Reproductions from Drawings by A. Forestier and the
Author's Photographs, and two Maps

LONDON

HURST AND BLACKETT, LIMITED

1904

All rights reserved

a deep cave. This was said to be a favourite halting-place for small parties of Kamba when on a raiding expedition. Here I also bagged a curious Thomson's gazelle, the skull of which bore no signs of the second horn. In the evening a herd of forty eland slowly filed past camp, led by a splendid old bull. By now our men had settled down to the usual routine of camp work, and we were spared the endless little disputes that had, at first, been referred to us. When I had my last look round before turning in, camp showed at its best.

The flickering light from the watchfire in the centre fell on the swarthy faces of the two sentries, one of whom stood leaning on his long Snider rifle, while the other was sitting with a carbine across his knees, huddled up in true native fashion. Beside them rose a great mound-like pile of baggage covered with green waterproof sheets, while on the other side the fire lit up two white cotton shelters for the mules. Facing the fire stood my tent with its wide verandah, which served us as a dining-room, and close by was C——'s smaller one. The little white pent-shaped tents of the men lay round us in a large irregular circle, which was broken by an odd collection of red blankets and patch-work shelters stretched on sticks, belonging to the Kikuyu porters.

Our last march to the foot of Doinyo Sabuk led us into a wide depression close to the southern end of the hill, where a herd of some 300 zebra were grazing on the fine short grass. They formed up, retreated, and wheeled round again to gaze at us before disappearing into the thorn trees as we approached. In the afternoon I climbed the hill in search of Chanler's reed buck, which were said to frequent his district. In a couple of hours I had seen no less than

a dozen groups of two to five ; I wounded a couple of males, and we had considerable difficulty in finding them in the long grass. While chasing one I fell down a bank and lost my rifle, which I did not recover until evening had fallen, and the finishing shot had to be fired when I could no longer see the sights. Whistling up my men



Photo by]

Porters crossing a swamp.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

to skin the beast, I started alone along the hill-side for camp, and luckily discovered it, disturbing more than one animal on the way. Some of the men had scarcely started with lanterns to help the gunbearers fetch in the meat, when we heard several shots fired. On their return they declared that they had disturbed a lion, but I thought it far more likely to have been a reedbuck.

Before leaving Doinyo Sabuk I had another good day's shooting among the Chanlers. The greater part of the hill is grass-covered, intersected with little belts of dense jungle which extend almost to the top, while the lower slopes are dotted with trees like an old orchard at home. In some places the ground was cut up in every direction by rhino tracks, and on the upper south-western and western sides, where the belts of jungle grew wider, I found endless fresh signs of buffalo,

On the day we moved camp to the ford across the elbow made by the Athi River, I worked northwards along the hill-side. My gunbearer, who rejoiced in the name of Marajana, but whom we speedily christened Mary Jane, as being much more appropriate, was very anxious that I should stalk a solitary stone he had spotted on the hill-side, and which he insisted was an animal. A few days before he had led me a long tramp after what he said were four rhinos feeding on the plain, but which, when they came into sight again, proved to be zebra.

Soon after we had settled our difference of opinion as to whether a stone were an animal or not, I noticed a rhino moving out of a thick patch of jungle and working up hill just over the third ridge from us. It was followed by a second. We started in pursuit, forcing our way through the dense scrub and long grass growing in the dips between the ridges. The wind was blowing hard down hill, so we had to shape our course downwards and then up again over the last ridge. Near the spot where we had last caught sight of them we heard them bathing in a pool, and, as we approached, the smaller of the two fed towards us. We retreated, but not before it had seen us, and it began to snort and dance about as if in two minds whether

to charge or not. Meanwhile Mary Jane, greatly excited, urged me in a hoarse whisper to fire, muttering “this big one—other gone,” to all of which I turned a deaf ear. With a final snort the beast slowly moved off up hill, stopping at intervals to look back towards us. I was puzzled as to what had become of the big one and cautiously worked through the long grass to the place where I supposed the pool to be. Just as I caught sight of his tail, he heard us and swung round, broadside on. I fired for his shoulder. He made straight for us and, as we bolted into the long grass, dashed past and disappeared down hill. Mary Jane, in spite of my urging him to take up the track, persisted in searching distant hill-tops, and it was not until these endeavours proved futile that I induced him to accompany me down hill, along a track stained with blood, which, as it reached the steep hillside, became a slide down which the rhino had fallen to the bottom, where he was lying stone dead. He proved to be an old male, standing 5 feet 2 inches at the shoulder, and with his front horn a fraction under 2 feet in length. Leaving Mary Jane by the carcase, I set off to find camp, which was hidden just under a little ridge below the north-west spur of the hill. On the way I saw a good waterbuck and over thirty reedbuck. Not till the following morning did we succeed in getting the scalp and horns from the skull, and then only by tying the skin to a tree and making some thirty men pull on a rope passed through the eye sockets.

When the undertaking was successfully completed, I started for the ford, where the river was some 35 yards wide and 3 feet deep, with some fine trees overhanging its waters. I marched on through long grass to the banks



Photo by

[MR. F. C. COBB.]

Nzau, our head man, and my first lioness.

watching them for some time before I could decide which had the longest horns. This time my first shot was fatal. Hardly had I mounted my mule again after packing the last impala off to camp, than I ran across a hungry old lioness still on the prowl for dinner. She grunted her discontent at meeting us and broke into a trot. I slid from my mule, but was some moments unarmed before I could wrest a .400 cordite from Mary Jane. When I did manage to get it, the beast was making nearly straight away from us, and my first bullet merely cut a tendon of one of her hind legs. Instead of turning, she limped off growling, but the second shot caught her in the left side and, passing through her heart, killed her nett. C— meanwhile had had an exciting time with a pugnacious old rhino, which had taken a lot of lead before succumbing, and he had also bagged a fine gnu bull. His men were so absorbed in the rhino encounter that they let his mule bolt, and although we sent askaris in every direction, we never heard of it again.

CHAPTER III.

Crossing the Thika—A right and left at lion—A troop of lions and a long chase—First glimpse of giraffe—We double back for Kongoni and lion—Fort Hall—Reorganising our safari—A native bridge—He of the one boot—Buying a wife—Highly cultivated country—Dancers and their costumes—A Beluchi traders' camp—Their tales of Abyssinians—A small-pox scare.

AFTER a long and unsuccessful search in the neighbourhood for Waller's gazelle, we crossed the Thika by means of a fallen trunk of one of the magnificent trees that shade its steep red banks. From the continual moisture, the foothold was extremely slippery, and I ordered a rope to be stretched from side to side to serve as a handrail for the laden porters.

C— had met Dr. Hinde, the Collector of Fort Hall, who, with his wife, was on his way to Nairobi. That night there was quite a chorus of lions round camp, and at day-break we started in opposite directions to make a wide circle to look for them, but failed to find their tracks. As the safari had only been going to march an hour, I was disgusted to discover that, after regaining the path, I had still three and a half hours' walking between me and camp. Hardly had I sat down to tiffin, when a man ran in with the news that our woodcutters had just seen a troop of lions. Hastily pulling on my boots again, I hurried off through long grass, under the scorching rays of an after-

noon sun. When I reached the woodcutters they said that the lions had moved off, and I had to slacken my pace as I took up their tracks. One of the Swahili porters climbed a tree and pointed out the direction in which the beasts had gone. Expecting them to be some



A natural bridge over the Thika.

way ahead, I was rather taken aback to suddenly find myself confronted by three of them, which appeared as it were from nowhere, some thirty paces distant. At sight of us, the one to our right bounded off and disappeared from view. The one in the centre, an old lion with a fine black mane, turned away, only pausing for a second or two to look back at us over his shoulder. The third,

a young male, slowly moved off with an ugly growl. The centre beast was the prize, and I fired for his shoulder with the .400, just as he was leaving. The bullet struck him true and he fell dead, shot through the heart. As I fired, I saw the younger animal spin round as though to charge, but the sudden death of his companion seemed to daunt his courage, and he turned to escape, only to be raked through by a solid bullet from my left barrel. This did not stop him from bounding away, but when, after a few minutes, we took up the trail, we could hear him moaning as he dragged himself through the long grass. As soon as all was silent, we made a most careful approach, but our caution was needless, for he was lying stone dead. Carrying the body back to the place where the other lay, we commenced skinning them, and during the process I looked up to see three others sitting watching us from the top of the next ridge. They did not seem inclined to move, and I waited some little time in the hope that C—— would arrive, in response to the message I had sent him by one of the men; but, as the sun began to sink, and there were still no signs of him, I set off after them.

The grass was so long as I descended the dip of the valley that they entirely disappeared from view. When I again got a glimpse of them, I apparently missed with my first barrel but hit with the second, as they turned and bolted. For some time I followed them, but although I saw them once or twice, I could not get another shot, so returned to camp.

C—— did not come in till after dark, his men having lost the path, and made even a longer march than I had.

The next morning I spent in camp, looking over the lion

skins and labelling and packing others, while C—— had an unsuccessful day in search of lion.

When the safari resumed the march, I made a detour past the skeletons of the lions, picked clean by the hyænas and vultures, and across two other ridges, where I came upon a path made by a troop of lions through the wet grass. Soon after I counted five of them, just entering a patch of high reeds, and, descending the hill, I followed their pugs. It was rather jumpy work, as I fully expected them to appear at any moment. However, after I had tracked them for some distance along the reed bed, the path led me over the hill-side into thick bush. Here I saw a fine waterbuck, and on the opposite side of the valley a rhino. The latter, getting our wind, made for the horizon at its best pace. Kicking up my mule, I circled round so as to work up wind, and spotted one of the lions moving slowly through grass and scrub on the slope facing me. I threw myself off my mule, only to find that the beast was hidden in the long grass, but, as I was pushing along parallel to the course it was taking, another appeared following it. Two snap shots missed clean, but a third, better aimed, knocked it over. I then ran round and tried to cut off the first animal we had seen, but although one of my men declared he had again caught sight of it, I failed to do so. The one that had been hit was disabled, and I had some difficulty in getting close enough to be able to place a finishing shot without coming within reach of a possible spring. However, I at last managed to settle the beast, which proved to be a young lioness. While we were busy skinning it, a solitary giraffe moved across the sky line, the first I had ever seen in the open. As night fell, I found camp pitched on the opposite side of

the Maragua River, a clear, rapid stream, ten to twelve yards across and four feet deep, with a rocky bed. On the top of a steep hill beside it was the first Kikuyu village we had seen.

That evening, while talking things over with the natives, they told us that we had reached the edge of the lion country, and that we should see no more Coke's hartebeest. C— was naturally anxious to bag his first lion, and I wanted to secure another specimen or two of kongoni, so we decided to leave the majority of the safari there whilst we went back for a few days' more shooting. During the three days we were away, I secured several fine head of hartebeest, and one black-backed jackal, besides seeing the first roan antelope of the trip; and C— caught sight of a lion, but, unfortunately, did not manage to get a shot at it.

On the 20th March, after returning to the main camp, we set out for Fort Hall, or, as the natives call it, Mbirri, which crowns a little hill, and reached it in an hour and a half. Mr. Humphery, who was in charge of the station, came out to welcome us, and very kindly insisted upon us considering ourselves his guests during our stay. The post had been established, some eighteen months previous, by Mr. Hall, whose grave lay just outside the Fort. The latter consisted of a roughly built stone wall, about five feet high, with a platform running round the inside, and containing two rude mud huts with corrugated roofs and earthen floors. The huts were in process of being replaced by a fine stone-built house, at which a band of natives, under Indian masons and carpenters, had been labouring for the past five months. The whole was encircled by a deep, narrow trench, with barbed wire coiled at the bottom.

A guard of thirty-five men, with their families, were quartered in an enclosure surrounded by barbed wire, standing close to the Fort, and connected with it by a draw-bridge. On the other side of the Fort were four Indian shops, containing a few Europe stores, blankets, cotton sheeting, iron wire, and other trade goods. The water of the nearest stream to the south of the Fort was reputed to cause dysentery, but a stream of good water, called Madua, lay rather further away to the north. Unhappily, no sooner had I reached the station than I got a touch of fever, which was the more annoying as it came at a time when there were a good many arrangements to make.

One of the first things Humphery enquired about was the total number of our rifles. When I told him that we had thirty, he seemed satisfied, but warned us never to let our men go out unarmed, or in very small parties, as the Kikuyu were well known for their treachery. This was my first experience of how difficult it was to obtain accurate information about a district and its natives, except from the official in immediate charge. At Nairobi I had finally been assured that the Kikuyu were absolutely tame, and that if I took some half dozen rifles for my escort they would be more than sufficient.

Of the twenty-four Kamba porters from Nairobi, which had been selected for me by the Sub-Commissioner of that place, seven had deserted, and only three of the remainder elected to go on with us. To add to our misfortunes, there were seven sick men amongst our Mombassa porters, and I had discovered that my second gun-bearer was almost blind. When he was asked why he had taken service, knowing that his eyesight was defective, he re-

plied that it was not his fault—Allah had so afflicted him—and he seemed surprised at my answer, that at all events Allah had not intended him to be my gun-bearer.

While Kikuyu porters were being procured to fill these vacancies, we dispatched the dismissed men with twelve packages of trophies for the Coast, and started on our



Photo by

A Kikuyu bridge over the Tana.

[MR. F. O. COBB.]

march northwards. On the first day we crossed the Tana River by a ramshackle native bridge built of rough poles supporting a slippery switchback-like footway, nearly forty yards long. Just a little up stream the river rushed over a fall of nearly forty feet. No sooner was our camp pitched close by, than the chief, Oreorear, arrived, bringing a present of bananas and sour milk. C——, to his intense

astonishment, immediately greeted him by name, having recognised in him the man described by Humphery, as wearing only one boot, and that more often than not on the wrong foot.

The next day, accompanied by Ororear and his followers, we passed numerous villages, generally built in thick bush, and surrounded by much cultivation, where the men and women were working in the fields clad in scanty skirts of banana leaves. Indian corn, beans and mtama (a sort of millet) appeared to be the chief crops, interspersed with banana and sugar-cane plantations, and occasional patches of tobacco. On the way we were met by parties of women, bearing on their backs large skin bags full of market produce. These were slung by straps passed across their foreheads, and, in addition, some of the mothers were carrying their babies in the same way. In spite of Ororear's attempts to reassure them, the majority dropped their loads, and fled into the jungle till we had passed. At one place we came upon a row of women preparing the ingredients for making "tembo"—native drink. This was done by pounding sugar-cane with heavy wooden pestles, in mortars made by sinking holes in a hard log of wood. They were much amused when we presented them with a few beads, and induced them to continue their labours for our edification.

Shortly afterwards, shrieks and yells proceeded from a village lying a little to one side of the path, and a number of natives emerged from their huts armed with spears, and apparently ripe for a brawl. I dispatched a couple of my men to find out the cause of the disturbance, but before they reached the village, one of Ororear's followers ran up to us and began an excited harangue. The inter-

preter explained that the man had handed over the customary price in sheep and goats to his prospective father-in-law, who lived in this village, but that the latter had neither produced the lady, nor returned the sheep and goats. The aggrieved party had thought our presence an excellent



Photo by]

Ororear, the "One Boot" Chief.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

opportunity of getting his claims settled. I told him I could not enter into the matter, but would give him a letter to the official at Fort Hall, who would doubtless deal out impartial justice.

As each hour went by, Ororear implored us to stop, but we pushed steadily on, determined to reach Karhoteny, a village in the Zimberu district. From here we knew that

one day's march would bring us to the centre of a number of villages, where we could quickly get the flour we wanted.

On our arrival, camp was soon thronged with natives, who brought sugar-cane, bananas, sweet potatoes, milk and tobacco for sale. This latter was made up into packets, some two feet long, and wrapped in banana leaf. It was exchanged for cotton sheeting, and we laid in a good store, for tobacco is a great article of barter with the Dorobo of Mount Kenya and the Suk of Baringo.

Soon, party after party of Kikuyu dancers arrived, each consisting of three or four men, their bodies smeared with mutton fat and white clay, in which they had traced elaborate designs with their fingers. While these differed to a certain extent in each band, all largely consisted of a zig-zag pattern, like conventional lightning. This, according to tradition, had been decreed by the God of the Kikuyu, who has his dwelling on Mount Kenya. The legend runs, that the Father of all the Kikuyu felt an irresistible impulse to attempt the ascent of the mountain. As he made his way over the upper slopes, his God met him, and presenting him with the first of all the sheep on earth, impressed on him that if he and his descendants wished to flourish, every male on attaining manhood, and on any special ceremony, must decorate his body to represent lightning, the sign of his God's might.* Besides the variations in the designs, the ornaments worn and the figures of the dances differed according to the district.

The first three men wore round the waist a leather band covered with six rows of blue and white beads, a fringe formed of short bits of reed, each terminating in a bead, and

* For this and other information about the Kikuyu I am much indebted to Mr. W. Routledge.



Photo by]

Kikuyu dancers.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

at the back a dressed serval skin. At the end of a leather strap with kauri shells sewn on it, which was suspended high on the right thigh, hung a large bean-shaped iron rattle, containing pellets of the same metal. This was fastened by a thong across the leg, just above the knee.



Photo by

Kikuyu dancers.

[MR. F. C. COBB.]

From the left ear dangled a strip of guinea-fowl's skin, and from the right, a similar strip from a stork, with the feathers still attached. On both arms they carried heavy brass wire armlets, while high on the left, was fixed, in addition, an oval carved shield with a black and red design on a white ground. The arm was passed through a hole pierced in the lower part of it, which was then plugged up with



Photo by

Kikuyu bee-hive.

[MR. F. O. COBB.]

leaves to keep the shield from slipping. In their right hands the dancers held a long staff covered with the white fur of the guereza monkey. During the dance a monotonous chant accompanied the usual shuffle, as they faced us or turned to each other. When they jumped in the air, their staves were brought to the ground with a thud, and, by twitching their shoulders, the shields were kept in a perpetual waggle. At the finish the men squatted, and one by one hopped towards us and back again, like so many frogs.

For three months these bands wander about, dancing and showing themselves in every village, that all may recognise that they have reached manhood. Another party wore a hoop or halo of feathers fixed in cane round their heads.

Ororear watched the proceedings from the verandah of my tent, where C—— and I were writing letters, and we seemed to be an endless source of interest to himself and his retinue. Meanwhile, one loving Kikuyu couple, who strolled about arm in arm, caused us much amusement, and lent quite a homely touch to the scene. The girl was decidedly good-looking.

On our march from this camp, we traversed much the same sort of country as before, but with more banana plantations and fewer villages. Perched in the upper branches of the trees we noticed many typical native bee-hives, formed out of a hollow log with the ends plastered up.

Close to the spot we had chosen for our camping-ground, were pitched the tents of some Beluchi traders who had just returned from round Kenya. They were delighted to find someone who could speak Hindustani, and while

regaling us with tea, Indian sweets and biscuits, they poured out their troubles. They told us that, during a previous trip to the west of Lake Rudolf, an Abyssinian force had fallen upon them, appropriated over 10,000 lbs. of ivory, and taken a number of them prisoners. On a dark, rainy night the seven Beluchis had succeeded in



Photo by]

Beluchi ivory traders.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

escaping, and after six days without food, managed to rejoin some of their men, but eighty of them, with sixteen rifles, were still missing*. When the traders heard that

* Lord Hindlip, on his way from Abyssinia, down the French Railway to Jibuti, in August, 1902, met some of these men, who, owing to the efforts of Sir John Harrington, our representative in Abyssinia, had been released, and were on their way back to Mombassa. They had a few rifles, but every bit of their ivory had been confiscated.

I had been in Abyssinia and knew the Emperor Menelik, they plied me with questions as to the probability of their being able to recover at least part of their hard-earned ivory, but, unfortunately, I could give them little hope.

Kuitu, the head chief of the village, an ugly, wrinkled old fellow, promised us that, on the morrow, the villagers would sell us flour to replenish our store.

In the afternoon we noticed one of the two Masai guides we had engaged at Fort Hall busily scratching himself within a few yards of our tent, and calling Abdallah, our English-speaking boy, we proposed that he should present the gentleman in question with a piece of soap, and make a few remarks fitting for the occasion. Abdallah had a short interview with him, after which he quietly turned to me and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "the man he have small-pox badly." We were not disposed to receive this news so philosophically, but hastily summoned the head man, Nzau, and suggested that the sooner the sick man were sent back to Fort Hall, the better. We afterwards learnt, however, that he was merely suffering from chicken-pox.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to a Kikuyu village—A dead woman's hut—Field costume—Trading for food—Start for Kenya—Trouble with guides—The foot of the mountain—Search for Dorobo—Enter forest—Guereza monkeys—An albino specimen—A herd of elephants—A vicious animal—A narrow escape—Bushbuck shooting—Kenya's snow-capped peak.

EARLY one morning we visited a typical Kikuyu village, which was concealed in a clump of thick jungle near the summit of a small hill. We waited outside the stockade till permission was given us to pass the only entrance, which was formed of stout stakes driven into the ground, and was just high enough to allow us to scramble through without crawling. The first village consisted of a cluster of three huts. The elder of the settlement, an old fellow without a stitch of clothing, received us, and after some little talk with our interpreter, raised no objection to our taking some photographs. We were then conducted through a sort of palisade to Musarcartey, as the inner village was called. This was composed of five huts, one of which, standing a little apart, was apparently isolated, as the doorway was barricaded and there were no cooking pots to be seen outside. In answer to our enquiries, we were told that the woman to whom it had belonged had died there, and therefore the hut was abandoned. This was evidently the custom in the district, as the late occupant



Drawn by

Entrance to a Kikuyu village.

[A. FORESTIER.]

had not been the victim of any infectious disease. The huts were constructed of the usual framework of stakes and pliant branches covered with straw and grass, with a very low opening to serve as a doorway. In two of them the thatch just overlapped the low circular wall, while in the others it was continued right down to the ground.



Photo by]

Shelling peas in a Kikuyu village.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

The villagers were busy shelling peas, and the elder, who was seated by his "old Dutch," a wrinkled hag who was positively hideous, seemed to be very fond of, and to make a great deal of her. The only other woman we saw was by no means bad-looking, and when her shyness was once overcome, she took quite a lively interest in us and the camera. Perhaps her shyness was partly due to the fact that we had evidently called before she was expecting

visitors. Not having time in her hurry to fasten her stays, she had flung them round her neck, where they hung down over her soft leather dress. Her corsets consisted of many strings of beads and kauri shells. Enormous wire earrings, strung with beads, and half-supported by a cord



A coy Kikuyu couple.

passed over her head, and the inevitable bracelets of coiled wire, completed her costume. In the picture which I secured of herself and her husband, she looked especially coy.

While we were taking photographs, a man came in from his work in the fields in a kilt of banana leaves, and a rather sketchy one at that.

From here we paid a visit to the Beluchi's camp, and

took photos of them and their men, with the largest tusks they had secured. The longest measured 8 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and weighed 92 lbs. On our return to camp we found that a brisk trade for beans and millet was in progress, the principal articles in demand by the natives being cotton sheeting and beads. The sheeting was sold in lengths called hands, which were measured from the elbow



In Kikuyuland, bargaining for beans.

to the tip of the middle finger, and each of which purchased three two-pound Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tins full of grain. For a string of beads they would exchange one tinful. The natives were shrewd traders, and it was some time before we could convince them that they must give full measure if they expected the full amount of cotton cloth. Often, after half an hour's haggling, the owner would clear up all his beans and go away, only to return soon afterwards and repeat the whole process.

In the afternoon several petty chiefs came in with presents, to tell us their grievances. According to their accounts it appeared that the Masai had robbed them, and when they retaliated, the officials of Fort Hall had sent down the askaris and burnt their villages. The only advice I could give them was that, the next time they were robbed, they



A Kikuyu chief and his followers.

should make all the prisoners they could, and march them into the station, instead of killing them out of hand. One of these men had his hair dressed after the Masai fashion, into a countless number of tiny plaits which were divided into two queues, one drawn tightly to the forehead and the ends bound together, the other gathered in at the nape of the neck. Their heads, faces and necks were

smear'd with grease or oil, and coated with red clay, and snuff boxes made of little tusks of ivory, rhino horns, or old cartridge cases, were suspended round their necks. The Monarch Gramophone held them spell-bound, so long as it was reeling off songs and recitations, but the band pieces fell absolutely flat.

Just as we were ready to start next morning, a Kikuyu head man and thirty porters came in with some boxes we had left behind, sacks of flour for our men, and, what was by far the most welcome, two mails from home.

Till we reached the banks of the Sagana, where the tall yellow grass, from a little distance, looked not unlike a field of ripe oats, our march lay through cultivated fields and villages. I forded the stream, which was swift and rather deep, in a vain attempt to stalk two little steinbuck which we could see dodging about in the grass. Soon afterwards I wounded a waterbuck, but we lost the track and were a long time before we found and finished the animal. The rushes along the riverside were so high, and the banks so steep, that we had considerable difficulty in getting across and finding camp, which lay in the picturesque fork made by two streams, the waters of which were overhung by fine trees, and backed by a line of hills. The ground along either side of the Sagana, and indeed, much of the country we now traversed, could be easily irrigated, and, being of good quality, highly cultivated. Climbing out of the valley, we found ourselves on a grassy plain, where our guides had promised us lots of shooting, but although I made two wide circuits, I saw absolutely nothing, and C— only caught sight of two Thomson's gazelle, one of which he shot.

It appeared to me that the guides, instead of taking

us direct to Meru, as they called Kenya, were keeping parallel with its western foot, so, as soon as we halted, I had them and the head man before me, and we held a long shauri.* They apparently wanted to take us to the north-western spur of the mountain, where they said there were natives who would sell us flour and show us where to find elephants. However, my proposal was, that as there was apparently nothing to be found on the plain we were traversing, we should march direct to the mountain, and follow round its foot, where we might ourselves strike elephants or other game. In the afternoon, after a long stalk in short grass, I managed to secure a steinbuck—a sitting shot at 130 yards, and, on my way back to camp, a gazelle. When we resumed our march next morning, the guides, in spite of the shauri of the previous day, still persisted in keeping north-east, and declaring there was no water directly east. I therefore determined to take the lead myself, and march straight for the mountain. On the way we only saw a few Thomson's gazelle and steinbuck. In five hours we were among the belts of wood which stretch out into the grassy plain at the foot of the mountain, and a fine stream was soon found close at hand. Our guides did not seem at all abashed at this discovery, but simply said that they did not know; they thought there might be no water there. The last of our men to straggle in brought the news that they had seen a party of Masai with their lion-mane head-dresses, and arrayed in full war kit, going northwards, evidently bent on a raiding expedition. Our camp was pitched at an elevation of 6,700 feet, and we were glad of a huge wood fire in front of the verandah.

* Native council.

During the ten days we spent camped at the western foot of the mountain, C—— and I, setting out in different directions, scoured the forest in search of elephants. We had been anxious to engage some Dorobo hunters as guides and the Kavirondo chief, Kaitu, had, before we left his village, brought in a Dorobo elder, with whom we had arranged, to his apparent satisfaction, that he should accompany us and introduce us to his tribesmen, who were elephant hunting on the western side of Kenya. However, although repeatedly sent for, he failed to put in an appearance. While in the Kenya forest, we often saw the fresh footprints of the hunters, but although we hung little packets of tobacco and rings of iron wire on the trees, in the hope of thus inspiring their confidence and inducing them to visit us, we could not catch sight of them. Nor were our men able to get into touch with them, so we were left to our own resources.

My first day in the forest was a very exciting one. I left soon after sunrise, and followed the grassy bay in which we were camped to its head. It was almost impossible to pierce a way through the undergrowth of the outer fringe of the forest, except by means of an old elephant path, but once through this, the way became easier. The lower jungle soon gave place to great naked tree trunks, rising on every side from ground almost bare of vegetation, while far above our heads, a vaulted roof of branches, thickly interlaced, shut out the bright day-light. The impressive stillness which always reigns in a great forest seemed to be intensified by the twitter of birds and the hum of insects we had just left behind us in the sunshine.

As we were descending the steep banks of one of the numerous streams that flowed from the snows, there was

a bird-like cry, which, in a flash, carried my memory back to the first time I had heard it in the Managasha forest, a few days' march from the capital of Abyssinia.

When, a second later, I caught the glint of a black and white silky body which swung from one lichen-clad juniper branch to another, high above us, I recognised the guereza monkey, the rarest and most beautiful species to be found in Africa. Even when its almost exact position on a tree is known, the guereza monkey is most difficult to descry, owing to the wonderful way in which the black and white of its coat blends with the dark shadows cast by a tropical sun, and the contrasting white beard moss on the branches.

Soon, however, I made out three or four of them, and with a little patience, managed to get a shot at what appeared to be the largest of the troop. As I fired, a pure white one darted away. Here was a prize worth any amount of trouble to secure. I posted my men round and promised them a rich reward if they could discover where the animal was lurking, while I moved slowly from tree to tree, and peered into every dark corner with my binoculars. All, however, without success. On subsequent days the search was renewed in the same spot, but neither here, nor among the many troops of guereza which we saw before leaving the forest, did we ever catch sight of another albino specimen. While I was still searching for the white one, my syce climbed the tree to bring down the body of the other monkey I had shot, when to his surprise, it crawled away, and I had to fire again before it fell. Carrying the skin with us, we crossed a clear running stream of cool water, by the side of which ran a rhino track made the previous day, and climbed the opposite hill, through almost continuous bamboo.

When, after a long march, we still found ourselves in the midst of dense bamboo, and as none of the elephant paths which we had followed seemed to have been recently made, at one o'clock I turned down hill again, munching a captain's biscuit by way of lunch. "Mary Jane" took the lead, and, trusting to the almost invariable power of a native to retrace his steps, it was not until we reached a deep valley which I did not remember, that I began to suspect he was leading me astray. In the depths of the forest there was not a single landmark to guide me, and I was puzzled to know where we were.

At length we struck the stream we had crossed in the morning far higher up, from which it was plain that we were a long way to the north of camp. Our course was altered accordingly. An hour later, while we were still pushing our way through dense bamboo brake, my attention was arrested by the sound of elephants feeding close at hand. Accompanied only by my second gunbearer, Saburi, I turned in the direction of the spot, but as the first group sighted consisted of cows, I left them undisturbed, and managed to withdraw without being seen. Not far ahead, I again detected the noise of another, tearing down and crunching the young bamboo tops, and in the hope that this might prove to be a bull, as they often feed rather apart, I threaded my way towards it, as noiselessly as was possible over the leaves and broken bamboo in an old elephant path. Suddenly the beast stopped feeding; for a moment all was silent, and then a wild shriek of rage broke the stillness as the elephant bore down on us. Even had we known the exact spot where it would appear, it would have been folly to think of flight over the path we had come by, obstructed as it was by fallen bamboo. I

grasped my double .600 cordite, pushed Saburi behind me, and waited, rifle at shoulder. The suspense was soon over. In the dim light I saw a huge head with raised trunk and outspread ears burst through the bamboos and tower almost directly above me. No more than nine or ten paces separated us, as I took a quick aim for the centre of the forehead, which was partly hidden by the upraised trunk, fired both barrels in rapid succession, and turned to escape—only to slip and fall. The next moment there was the mighty crash of a huge body falling behind me, and, as my man helped me to regain my feet, he told me that the elephant was dead. I found that only seven paces lay between its forehead and the place from which I had fired.

While we were standing beside its dead body, we heard another elephant crashing through the bamboos, and expected every minute that it would get our wind and bear towards us. We listened anxiously as it made a narrow circle round us, and then, to our relief, the noise of cracking bamboos grew fainter as the beast turned away. It was now four o'clock, and as I was very uncertain how far we were from camp, and was not at all inclined to spend the night in the forest, I hurriedly took some measurements of the tusks, cut off the tail, and set out. We had hardly gone more than a few hundred yards, when one of my men clutched me by the arm and pointed ahead. An elephant was coming towards us in the very path we were following. When I turned to seize my rifle, I saw my men were scattering and running in every direction. I took up the chase and, just as I snatched my .600 from the man who was carrying it, I heard the beast close behind me, and sprang behind a big tree. The animal pulled up



[A. FORESTIER.

“A near thing with a Kenya elephant.”

Drawn by]

some fifteen paces the other side of it, and stood waving its trunk about trying to get our wind. It was a cow with very poor tusks, and as I had had enough of elephants at close quarters for one day, I fired at its head in a position that I knew would not kill it. The shot evidently stunned it, for it moved away unsteadily. We now continued our march, and in a little over an hour reached the edge of the forest, where we were glad to see the glow of a large grass fire, which had been lit to guide us to camp. As it was, we did not arrive till night had fallen. After this, we decided to search the forest further north, while we sent the head man back to replenish our supply of flour. In the outer belts there were signs of a good many bushbuck, of a much darker variety than any I had previously met with, but it was only after a great deal of trouble that I bagged three of them.

Every day we explored some new tract of the forest, and found many old elephant paths, and fresh signs of rhino, buffalo and dik-dik. These, with a few hyænas, the guereza, and one other kind of monkey, were the only animals of which we saw any traces in the forest.

Kenya did not lose its charm on nearer acquaintance. The dark mass of forest at the foot of the mountain merged into the lighter green of the bamboos which clothed the higher slopes. These latter were crowned by mist, through which pierced an occasional rocky peak or barren slope. Sometimes for a few minutes, just at dawn, or when the after-glow of sunset was still lingering in the sky, the mists would roll aside, and a glistening white peak shine out like a great opal, catching the changing light which was reflected from the clouds that hovered round its base, as though jealous of man gazing on their mistress.

touched the ground, thus showing to perfection the massive muscles of her neck and shoulders. From the twitching of her tail, it was evident how keenly she resented being robbed by man, the only living creature she feared, of her favourite meal of zebra meat.

The lion had none of the slinking appearance of his mate. He held his head high and proudly as though half inclined to dispute our business on his hunting ground. Several times he hesitated in his walk, and turned towards us to show his teeth, but each time, as his mate kept steadily on, he seemed to think better of it, and continued to follow her.

If anything, they gradually quickened their pace, and although I tried to cut them off by running whenever a bush or tree hid them for a moment, I hardly decreased the 300 yards which originally separated us.

At last they halted behind a thick tree close to the belt of jungle we had come through. They were growling angrily, and I hurried forward just in time to catch a glimpse of the hind-quarters of the male. I threw up my .400, only to find that Mary Jane, like the idiot he was, had put the sight down. The second's delay in adjusting it lost me the shot, for the beasts had plunged into the thick jungle.

We spent some time vainly trying to pick up their tracks, and finally set out after the safari, across a wide valley, and into a thick belt of forest on the other side, where I found a Dorobo arrow. Just at dusk, a rifle shot broke the silence, and we imagined that camp must be close at hand, but as, after some time, there were no signs of it, I fired and received an answering report. By the light of an almost full moon we managed to press on, and at length emerged from the forest on to an open hill-top, where we

met a party of askaris sent out to look for us. We did not reach camp till eight o'clock, as the Gwasho Narok, a clear stream some twelve yards wide, had to be forded. This was the first fair-sized river we had seen since leaving the Gwasho Nyiro, for the River Pacey, of which we had heard



Photo by]

Porters crossing a stream.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

so much, turned out to be a mere trickling brook flowing from the swamp.

We were now beyond the influence of the cold winds which swept across the country from Kenya, and even the men suffered under the oppressive noon-day heat. The next part of the march led through such thick bush that we had to keep close to the men for fear of losing the safari

path altogether. At mid-day we reached Lari lol Morio, at an elevation of 6,500 feet.

Our head man, who, as usual, had gone on to prospect the route for the coming day, did not return that evening, nor the following morning, but we found him at the next camping place near the foot of the Marmanet hills. This was a lovely bit of country; its clear streams, undulating grassy hills, fine clumps of trees and patches of bush, reminded one of an English park. Of the many ideal spots for white settlers which we had seen, this was one of the finest, lying as it does at an elevation of over 6,000 feet. It is well watered, and the little woods and copses scattered about the hill-sides and in the valleys would provide timber and firewood. According to our Masai guide the rich pasturage clothing the valleys is always good, and as the railway is within easy distance, there would be no great difficulty in getting both stock and produce down to it. Being at present a "no-man's land" there are no natives to be dispossessed or to feel aggrieved at its occupation by white men.

As lions had roared several times during the night, I made a big circuit back over our path of the previous day, before following the caravan across the grassy summit of the Marmanet hills, which was only some 500 feet above our camp of that morning.

In the afternoon C—— told me that he had seen a big herd of hartebeest feeding further down the valley we were in, and as the men were getting extremely short of food, I sallied out to try and slay one. Just as I reached some scrub near which they were, a blinding thunder-storm came on. However, I hit one hard and was on the track, when I found a rhino and its calf directly in my path. Not

anxious to have an encounter with them, I retreated, and circled round to pick up the tracks of the wounded animal, but evening was drawing in and I was obliged to leave it and return to camp.

At sunrise I was back again resuming the trail, and in a couple of hours had found and finished the beast, which



Photo by]

A halt on the march.

[MR. F. C. COBB.

was lying in some thick scrub. I then sent back to our old camp for some porters who had been left to look after the skins, and were to follow the safari later, but they could only spare a couple of men.

At mid-day I started with three followers, leaving the remainder to carry the meat. No one appeared to know in which direction the safari had gone, and although we

struck right across the valley, we failed to find their tracks. As we neared a deep narrow gorge which led about west-north-west, the direction in which I knew Baringo lay, I detected with the glasses a well-worn path lying at the foot of it, and decided this was the one the safari must have followed. A zig-zag track brought us down the steep side of the valley, the first part of which was formed by a cleft in the rock, so like a cutting that it was difficult to believe it was not the work of man.

When we reached the path, although it was evidently in constant use, there were no traces of our men having passed along it. While skinning a female bush-buck which I had shot *en route*, I sent on a syce to see if he could find any signs of the whereabouts of our safari, the other two men having disappeared from sight. The syce returned without finding any traces, so we decided to strike up the right-hand side of the valley. Twice I was swept off the mule by the overhanging branches, the first time being suspended in the air by the straps of my water-bottle and field-glass, while one foot was caught in the stirrup. To our surprise, we came across the trail of our men, in the midst of a big wood. They had evidently made their way without any regard to a path. It was now four o'clock. We followed on till after six, across grass and through patches of jungle, till, on entering a wood, we lost the track, and even when we reached grass again could not distinguish it in the darkness. However, we pushed forward, when suddenly three huge forms loomed up in the hazy light directly in front of us; there was a chorus of angry snorts, and I realised that we had disturbed three rhino out for an evening stroll. In addition to my usual kit, I was carrying two rifles, the bush-buck skin, and some of its meat, and thus hampered, as

I attempted to get off my mule, my foot caught in the reins, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The result was more satisfactory than might have been expected, for the noise of my fall, added to the force of the language to which I gave vent, had such an effect upon the rhino that they vanished into the night. Things were getting a little too exciting for night marching, so we



Lake Baringo.

returned to the wood, lit a fire, and roasted bits of bush-buck liver and kidney, skewered on sticks, for supper.

Then we set to work to make a bed of leaves, on which I lay down while Saburi took the first watch. At midnight I took over the care of the fire, and once during my vigil the mule became so fidgety that I feared some lion must be prowling near.

After daybreak we soon recovered the safari path, which

led us close to the place where we had disturbed the rhino on the previous night and through two more belts of wood. Here and there were scattered a number of bleached buffalo skulls, the results of the rinderpest of a few years back, and I also noticed the fresh workings of an ant-bear, an animal which from here towards Lake Baringo seemed to be more numerous than on any other part of my journey.

Two hours after starting, I caught my first glimpse of the lake, lying some 3,000 feet below us. It looked so small in the distance that I imagined at first our guide had brought us too far south, and that it was Lake Hannington; but when with the glasses, I distinctly made out several islands, I came to the conclusion that it must be Baringo.

Here the track made an acute turn northwards, and half-an-hour afterwards, a party of our men from camp met us. The way down the escarpment was very steep and rock-strewn, with thorn trees dotted about. I was delighted to suddenly come on five kudu cows, for although I knew that Count Teleki, the discoverer of Lake Rudolf, had found these animals in the district, I feared that disease might have decimated them, as had been the case in so many other parts of Africa, and even as far north as Abyssinia.

At eleven I reached camp, pitched at the foot of the upper great step of the escarpment, at an elevation of about 5,000 feet. Two of my lost men had already arrived, and soon afterwards, Mary Jane and the remainder straggled in and reported that, while waiting by the meat, a lion, doubtless attracted by its smell, had walked up quite close to them.

In the afternoon, while having a great time sorting skins, many of which, to our disgust, had gone wrong during the

last few days, a party of natives were seen approaching. For a moment there was great excitement, and our askaris ran to get their rifles, but I stopped them and told Nzau, with two or three men and the guide, to go and meet them.

They proved to be a little band of eight or ten Suk, who had seen our tents in the distance, and had come to find out who we were. They were carrying green branches in their



A band of Suk.

hands as a token that they came in friendship and not in war, and on entering camp, spat freely on their palms, shook hands all round, and murmured, "Chumka, Chumkaka, Chumkakoo"—the Suk equivalent for "How do you do?"

Spitting, I afterwards learnt, is an important ceremony among the Suk, but happily the Baringo Collector had managed to instil it into those of the tribe in closer connec-

tion with the boma, that a white man considers the greeting quite as hearty, if that part of the performance is omitted.

As our visitors announced that they would guide us to the Government boma, which was three days off, we gave them meat and tobacco, put their spears into safe custody, and they spent the night round our camp fire. They belonged to a pastoral branch of the Suk tribe, who had been induced to come southwards and settle within touch of the Government station.

The Suk are an exceptionally tall and well-developed race, who, like the Karamojo and Turkana, wear little or no clothing, which leaves them free to devote their time and attention to an elaborate method of dressing the hair.

To their natural growth, the elders add the hair which they have inherited from their ancestors, and have shorn from their enemies slain in battle, working it into a felt-like mass, and stiffening the whole with clay. Eventually it attains an enormous size and reaches in a bag-shaped chignon nearly to their waists. It is decorated with ostrich feathers, and a slender piece of rhinoceros horn, or a few quills bound round with giraffe tail-hairs, curves upwards from the base, tipped by a little white tuft of hare's fur. The edge of the chignon is turned inwards, sometimes as much as five inches, the base being divided to form two shallow pockets, in which are carried a quid of tobacco, snuff and other light odds and ends. The Collector of Baringo told me that he had even seen a native produce a gourd of honey from one of them.

The younger men wear a little pat of clay on the top of their heads stuck with ostrich plumes. A cape of softened monkey skin is worn across the shoulders, not, however, as a garment, but simply to throw over their heads and keep

the clay from being washed out of their matted hair, in case of rain. The rest of their kit consists of a string of beads round the waist, iron wire wound round their necks and arms, small brass wire earrings, and the usual flat sandals made of rhino, elephant, or giraffe hide. Some of them also affect brass pendants, which are passed through a hole pierced in the lower lip. Among the Suk proper, I saw no quills worn in the lip, and have it on good authority that they are confined to the half-caste tribes of the hills, with whom some writers have confused the true Suk. As a special visiting costume, they don a bib of goat skin with the hair left on, which reaches to just below the waist.

As weapons, the Suk warrior carries a couple of long slender spears, one of which he throws during an attack, while the other he retains to stab his enemy at close quarters. The blades are leaf-shaped, and measure 8 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; the haft is 22 inches in length, and the wooden shaft double as long, while a 12-inch iron foot gives the balance, and is used for sticking the spear upright in the ground. On the third finger of the left hand, they wear a knife ring for gashing an enemy's flesh, while many of them also affect a curious circular knife which is fastened to the right wrist, and when not in use, its razor-like edge is protected by a leather sheath.

None of the Suk proper carry bows and arrows, although they may be found among the mongrel hill tribes already mentioned. This is another point in connection with which the true and bastard tribes have been confounded, and misleading information given, to the effect that bows and poisoned arrows are among the weapons of the pure Suk. The shield of giraffe or buffalo hide is long and narrow, and the slight inward curve of the four sides towards the

centre makes the corners very pointed. A stick running lengthways down the back, like a midrib, stiffens it and provides the hand grasp. To the lower end of this, which projects below the hide, is fastened, as a finishing touch, a pompom of black ostrich feathers.

The custom of circumcision is now gradually dying out among the tribe, the reason they give being that their young men have been too often beaten in battle.

The Suk women wear much more clothing than the men, but do not affect such an elegant hair-dress. The matrons are dressed in a sort of skirt made of two skins, the one behind being the longer, and another is thrown over the shoulders. Round their necks are ropes of beads, besides necklets of brass and iron wire, of which metal they also wear armlets and bracelets. Their heads are occasionally shaved, but are more often covered by an untidy mass of short frizzy hair.

The younger girls are very much more scantily clad, their costume principally consisting of ostrich eggshell beads. Some of them twist their hair into strings and let it hang down like a mop, while others clip it close to the head along the sides, leaving a ridge down the centre from back to front, or only a little tuft of hair two-and-a-half inches long, well in the front of the head.

CHAPTER VII.

Baringo plain—Reach the boma—The Collector—Mail from home—Mild-mannered crocodiles—Greater Kudu—The African chamois—Trial of a native—Ambatch wood boats—Hippo asleep on shore—The island—“The Place of the Hot Springs”—Steam blow-hole—Submerged trees—Villages—Cooking lunch—Baboons and snakes—A night on the island—A weird scene—A storm on the lake—Return to the boma.

THE next day our way lay over a sun-scorched plain, with thick clumps of thorn bushes and aloes here and there, where the graceful little dik-dik, one of the smallest of the antelope, were numerous.

We camped below the second step of the escarpment, close to a little stream, whence it took us only two hours on the following morning to reach the boma. As I passed through a traders' camp, lying at the foot of the little bare hill on which the Government station stands, the Collector, Mr. Hyde Baker, came down to meet me and led me up a steep path to his quarters, where a great sackful of letters was awaiting us.

Of course, the rest of the day was spent in reading our correspondence, and discussing the news and our future plans. It seemed that the plague had been so virulent at Nairobi that it was doubtful whether either C— or our trophies would reach the Coast without being quarantined on the way. At daybreak the Kikuyu

porters started off on their return journey home, and Baker sent a runner to Eldama Ravine, or Shemoni, as it is more generally called, to find out whether C—— would be detained or not.

We spent one whole day at the south-east corner of the Lake, where the turbid waters of the River Molo flow in, and where we found the usual crowd of crocodiles lying sunning themselves on its mud banks. C—— succeeded in killing a big one with a shot through its head, as it lay floating in the water, and we both wounded one or two others, but were not lucky enough to recover them.

Baker took C—— out in a collapsible boat, a relic of one of Lord Delamère's trips. They managed to get close to a hippo and stepped overboard, so as to fire a steady shot, but the water proved a little too deep for C——, and in his endeavours to keep his footing in the mud, he missed his quarry.

As they could not scramble back into their unsteady craft, they had to walk ashore, and on the way C—— stepped on a crocodile, which skinned his shin as it wriggled peaceably aside. The crocodiles of Lake Baringo seemed to be much more mild-mannered than any I had previously met with either in Africa or Asia. Perhaps this is due to the enormous number of fish with which the Lake is stocked. At all events, the cattle and sheep which graze on this shore of the Lake are but seldom molested, and I could only hear of two cases of men being attacked, one of which, curiously enough, occurred just before we arrived at the boma.

The victim was Baker's fisher lad, who, when standing knee-deep in the water, as is the native custom when

fishing, was seized by one of these brutes and his leg badly torn before his companion could rescue him. Baker had him carried up to the boma, where his wounds were dressed every day.

After one day at the mouth of the Molo, we started



Cobb and his best crocodile.

for the foot-hills to the east of the Lake, rather further north than the route we had come by, as C—— was very anxious, if possible, to add that much-sought prize of African shooting, the greater kudu, to his bag, before leaving for the Coast.

What with one thing and another, we did not get away till nearly mid-day, and found the heat reflected from

G*

the rocks very trying after the cooler atmosphere of the Likipia plateau.

Herds of impala and Grantii were frequently seen on the way, and C—— wounded one of a couple of klip-springer on the lower ridge, but failed to recover it. On the plain above we saw four oryx, a herd of zebra and numerous dik-dik; on the next ridge we could distinguish several mountain reedbuck, and a little party of kudu cows, while in the distance, an old rhino, who had got our wind, trotted away. In the evening we found our tents pitched in "Kudu Camp," a lovely spot amid the hills, with shady trees overhanging the little stream which ran through it.

A big cone-shaped hill, which dominated the valley, was pointed out as the centre of the ground on which kudu were always to be found. After this we separated, Baker taking C—— with him, while I, with some Njemps trackers, set off in a different direction, and was soon lucky enough to make out with the glasses, a kudu bull with a herd of cows. However, after I had made several detours in order to approach him, it turned out that he carried but a small head, and I made my way back to camp, passing a few reedbuck, some zebra, and one duiker.

The others returned after a long day, without having seen any marlu, as the Njemps call the kudu. On the way back to the boma we searched a wide extent of hilly, stony ground; but although we sighted one small bull and several cow kudu, we came upon nothing shootable.

We had just given up all hope of C—— getting a chance at one, and had determined to shoot specimens of the smaller game which we had, so far, ignored. Suddenly, however, as we were descending a steep path in single

file, C——'s second gun-bearer, Asman, a Somali, pulled his sleeve, and pointed out a kudu bull, which had just risen from the spot where it had been lying, 120 yards from the path. C——, instead of firing at once, whistled to me; I made signs to him to fire, and passed along the



A Baringo shauri.

signal to Baker, who was in front, but by this time the animal had realised his danger and bolted.

He reappeared again on a ridge in front of us, just as C—— had joined Baker. The former got a standing shot at about 180 yards, and, much to his delight, knocked the beast over. It stood 57 inches at the shoulder, weighed 654 lbs., and, like all the Baringo kudu, had a fine spread of horns.

and evident delight when we stroked it. They always took care, however, to watch proceedings from a safe distance.

A half-wild cat also belonged to the boma, but it was only seen occasionally. Some time before my arrival Baker had had two genets, ferret-like animals with long bodies and still longer tails, but they turned out to be quite untameable and were eventually released. With one of these, the half-wild cat had formed an intimate friendship, and one night as I was writing late, my attention was attracted by the sound of an animal lapping, and glancing round, I saw the cat drinking the water from one side of a basin on the floor, while on the other side, was this curious animal, measuring some 38 in. in length, and appearing to be nearly all tail.

I kept quite still, and when they had done drinking, they gambolled round my room two or three times before disappearing into the night.

Fortune proved kinder than the responsible officials who had done their utmost to prevent me getting a chance at the giraffe, for, only a few days after their reply came, news was brought in that a small herd had moved south, and just as I was ready to start in pursuit of them, my men returned from Nakuru. Nzau was sent down to enlist fifty porters against my return, and I set out. On the second morning, I spotted two ostriches in the distance, and as these birds are quite the cutest I know, I left my gun-bearer behind, and started for them alone, armed with my .256.

As I was edging towards a thick belt of scrub, two big ears, twitching among the grass not twenty paces away, attracted my attention, and for a moment I thought it was a zebra lying down. A peep through my glasses, however, soon showed that it was a big rhino; luckily its head was

away from me and the wind was fair. I turned and beat a hasty, but noiseless, retreat to the nearest bush, behind which I crouched, for taking on a tough old rhino at close quarters with tiny split bullets, which were all I had with me, was hardly in my programme. The brute, however, had heard me, and scrambled to his feet, turning his great



My followers, giraffe tracking.

head from side to side, his ears cocked, and his wicked little eyes peering about trying to spot the disturber.

I lay quiet till he gave up the search and began to feed straight towards me. Now a rhino in that country, when he discovers danger close at hand, invariably makes for it, so I decided on aggressive tactics, and sitting up, got the sight to bear on the back of his neck, and fired.

Off he went well to my right front, but as he got abreast of me, either catching my wind or seeing me, he wheeled round and bore down in my direction. The next cartridge missed fire. Throwing out the empty case, I plugged in two bullets as quickly as I could work the bolt, which made him swerve across my front at fifteen paces distance.

I let him have another as he passed me, and one at his stern as an *au revoir* ; then I breathed again.

The next morning I came across some fresh giraffe tracks and followed them for three hours, seeing on the way two single rhino, and two cows with their calves. One old lady and her child walked straight towards me, and only turned off just as I feared I should have to fire. She apparently did not realise what we were, till some way off, and then sticking up her ugly head, she snorted and went off at a hand gallop.

At last I spotted two giraffes in the distance, but decided to leave them unmolested, until preparations were made for dealing with the skins. On the following day I set the men to work to build an open platform, which I had designed as being the best adapted for drying the hides quickly without unduly stretching them. We made it of branches tied with aloe rope to a series of forked stakes set in the ground, and on one side of it rose a pole some 18 ft. high. When all was completed, we made a start, and an hour's march through dense thorn scrub brought us to the edge of a wide grassy plain, on which roamed eland, Grant's gazelle, rhino, ostrich and oryx, while near the centre, we saw three giraffes slowly stalking towards us. At length, after many halts, they reached a patch of thorn bushes about 1,000 yards from us, but as we

crept forward, we found the place very open, the bushes affording us but scanty cover.

Having left my men behind, I crawled on alone to the shelter of a fallen tree some 150 yards from the nearest beast. With the aid of the glasses, I decided that all were full-grown cows, and as one was wanted for the National



Masai tracker and cow giraffe. (Now in Natural History Museum, South Kensington.)

Collection, I selected the largest "horns," and as soon as their owner moved into the open, fired at her shoulder with my .400. The beast reeled and almost fell, but recovered, and was just turning away as I hit her with the other barrel. Her companions, meanwhile, stopped feeding and stood gazing at me in a bewildered sort of way; nor did they move when I followed the wounded one, which turned out

to be very sick. To put a quick end to her suffering, I fired another couple of shots ; she swayed violently from side to side, her head sank, and she fell over dead.

While a messenger was sent off to fetch some of the men from camp, I took a few photos of the animal with my Masai tracker standing by its side, and a series of measurements as a guide to its being set up at home. It stood 13 ft. 10 in. and measured 8 ft. 2 in. in girth behind the shoulder. The blotches were rich red in colour, of every variety of shape and with broken edges, each of which, however, corresponded more or less to the side of the blotch next it, as though a piece of crazy patchwork had been unpicked, frayed, and stitched on to a cream-yellow ground, leaving as equal a margin round each patch as possible. On the front of the neck there was much more ground-work showing, while the lower part of the legs from just above the knee was a plain, dirty-cream colour.

When the carcase was skinned, we commenced paring down the hide, a tedious process, which required constant supervision to prevent the men shirking their work, for, if not carefully done, the skin—from its great thickness—becomes tainted, and the hair slips off. The thinning completed, the skin was carried back to camp by relays of a couple of men at a time, and was then with great difficulty hoisted on to the platform, the neck being hung on the high pole, so that the air could play on every part of the hide. Day and night men were told off to watch it, and, on the first sign of rain, every man in camp was turned out to wrap it in great waterproof sheets ; no easy task on a dark, blustering night, as I know from having had to turn out many a time and hurry the men up.

Every morning the skin had to be taken down, folded and

replaced, for if allowed to get thoroughly dry without this precaution, folding it would have been impossible, and as it was, the hide made an extremely awkward package to carry.

Two days later, while still searching for giraffe, the Njemps tracker turned to me as we were crossing a dried-up river-bed, and whispered, "El'gobusuruk*." I slipped off my mule



Giraffe skin platform.

just in time to see three of them galloping down on us. The next second they turned abruptly away, circled round, and dashed across the bed of the stream, quite uninjured by two bullets I sent after them. I turned and told Bedoui that I thought they must have been chased by a lion. Hardly were the words out of my mouth, when the Njemps beckoned me forward and pointed out three of these beasts making up the opposite hill. They proved to be a couple

* The Njemps name for Oryx.

of lionesses and a two-parts-grown cub. As soon as we saw them top the ridge, we set off in pursuit, but lost the track on stony ground.

In the valley, however, we again took up the pugs, which led us past the remains of a young zebra they had killed that morning, and up another hill, where they had lain down two or three times. At last, after a weary march, we reached a valley covered with thick bush, and as the natives said there was no water in it, I concluded that the beasts must have come here to lie up, and advanced with extreme caution.

Suddenly I caught a glint of their yellow coats as they worked up the hill-side. By that time it was two o'clock, and we had been on our feet since six, so I ran forward and opened fire with the .256, long range as it was. After my first shot, which was too high, I managed to place the rest close enough to drive one of the animals from the path, and it was utterly bewildered by a stream of bullets knocking up the ground under, and all round it. Just as it reached the top of the hill, and we expected to see it disappear from sight, I fired a parting shot, and it made a mighty bound into the air, its tail going like a catherine wheel.

We hurried up the hill, but could find no blood track, when suddenly my eye lighted on a lioness standing motionless not thirty yards away, half-concealed among the broken rocks and tufts of yellow grass. For a moment this unexpected encounter took me aback, but my first bullet knocked the beast over, and another, as she was trying to struggle to her feet, killed her at once. A second later there was a growl close by, and the men pointed to a bush in which they declared an animal had just showed, but for the life of me I could not manage to get a sight of it.

At last I fired at the place where they said it was crouching, only to hear it dash out of the other side of the bush apparently unhurt. When we came to examine the beast I had killed, there was no trace of the .256 bullet to be seen, and whether one of the .400 shots had struck the same spot, or whether I had hit one of the other animals, we were quite unable to decide. The syce, who came up later, reported that three leopards had tried to stalk the mule beside which he was waiting, and he had considerable trouble to drive them off.

The following morning we crossed the valley to the west, and I spent some time telescoping the ground, but without any satisfactory result. As we were marching up a small side valley, two giraffe cows, which the trackers ahead of me had missed seeing, attracted my attention. I slipped off my mule and made towards them, eventually discovering five cows, which were joined a little later by a fine black bull. A painful and very cautious crawl—for the beasts evidently scented danger and were looking alarmed—at length brought me so close that I thought one more advance of about thirty yards, to the shelter of a bush, ought to give me an opportunity of a shot; but all at once the herd bunched together and made off, gradually increasing their speed.

A more comical sight than giraffes galloping it is difficult to imagine; the action of their forelegs is so exaggerated, their long necks sway backwards and forwards, their bodies roll from side to side like a ship in a heavy sea, while their tails are continually being screwed up into a knot, first on one flank and then on the other. A good horse pressed to his utmost speed might have been able to range alongside, but not so my mule. However, we followed the tracks

over a low hill, from which we commanded a wonderful view across a plain teeming with herds of zebra, eland, oryx, Grantii, ostrich, rhino and the giraffe we were pursuing. A tedious stalk brought us up to them again. Once more they bolted, and as it was now well on in the afternoon, we set out for camp, determined in the morning to pitch it beside a small stream, which in spite of the assertions of the guides that there was no water near, flowed close to this spot.

CHAPTER XI.

A pugnacious rhino—My gunbearer knocked over—A lion foils us—Hungry visitors—A big herd of giraffe and their sentries—A troublesome stalk—A successful shot—A fine bull—The five “horns”—Bag an ostrich—An oryx duel—Giraffe lying down—Bad luck.

ON the way homewards, while passing some thin scrub, we saw two rhino, who, on catching sight of us, began shifting about uneasily. They were evidently making up their minds to charge, and as they would have reaped the full benefit of our wind directly we had passed them, I thought it best to bring the matter to a crisis before they bore down on our rear. Acting on this decision, I aimed for the shoulder of the larger animal, but the shot was awkward, owing to the thorn trees which obstructed my view, and, though I hit it, the next moment they were both charging down on us, while my men fled in all directions. The uninjured one kept across slightly to our right front, but the brute I had fired at was evidently bent on revenge, for it galloped at me in a bee-line. It was hit in the lungs, for blood and foam were dripping from its mouth and being blown into the air from its distended nostrils. I hit it hard again with the left barrel, but failed to stop it, and turned to run like the rest, re-loading as I went. This was hardly done when the ground shook under my feet and I heard the angry snort of the brute so close that I

thought it must be almost on me. I jumped to one side, swung round and fired both barrels at its shoulder at some three yards distance. This made it swerve, and as the infuriated animal dashed past me, it caught sight of Bedoui, who had not fled so far as the others, and deliberately chased him as he dodged behind some thorn trees. Although he was in great danger, I could not help being amused at the ludicrous figure he cut as he fled for his life and doubled from side to side in his attempts to escape the vicious brute.

I was running as hard as I could to endeavour to intercept them and draw the rhino away from his quarry, when Saburi, who was in a direct line with both the animal and Bedoui, raised his rifle to fire. As I knew what an indifferent shot he was, and that, if he hit anything, the chances were it would be his comrade, I yelled to him to desist, but it was too late. The report rang out, but, happily, the only damage done was to knock up the dirt a few yards in front of him. A moment later Bedoui was measuring his length on the ground, while the rhino continued its course over his prostrate body. When we helped him to his feet he was a good deal shaken, but uninjured, save for a badly bruised wrist, where the beast had stepped on him. After recovering ourselves a little, we searched for the rhino and found it lying close by; I fired a solid .256 bullet into it, and then made a cautious approach for fear it might still show signs of life. While my other followers collected the things they had strewn round in their headlong flight, I took a photo of the rhino with Bedoui sitting on its back. The only member of the party that seemed quite undisturbed by the encounter was my good old mule, who, although left quite by itself, stood patiently watching

proceedings as though wondering what all the fuss was about.

On visiting the remains of the carcase early next morning we came upon a big lion track, that led us back in the direction of the camp, and then into a thick belt of jungle along the bed of the stream, through which we tiptoed,



Bedoui and the rhino that chased him.

expecting every moment to surprise the beast. However, after twisting about a bit, it had turned sharp back across a big plain, over which tracking was very easy, as the ground was for the most part formed of soft earth. We passed through the thorn patch where we had seen the giraffes the day before, and although they even came out to gaze at us, I was too keen on a shot at the lion to disturb their peace. Moreover, the platform for drying the next

skin would not be ready until the following day. The lion track now led us along another stream, and I had just reached the edge of it, after slowly pushing my way through the scrub, when there was a rustling noise, and I saw the bushes shake on the opposite side. Running back, I gained a clear spot on the bank, but could not catch a glimpse of the lion, and although I dashed across the river and hurried along outside the belt in the hopes that I might cut it off, my efforts were unrewarded. On the way to our new camp we almost ran into a sleeping rhino, but backed just in time, and managed to get round him without disturbing his nap.

The next day I decided to spend in camp, and was busy over the giraffe skin when a party of Suk turned up, one of whom was wearing a fine lion's tail down his back in place of the usual monkey-skin cape. They reported that in the rains this plain was covered with giraffe, but that now they had all moved further north, *i.e.*, into the Reserve. The whole band proved to be shocking beggars, demanding cloth, tobacco, and meat, but, as I consider it a mistake to foster a mendicant spirit among natives, I only distributed a few strips of rhino flesh among them, and told them that, if they wanted anything else, they must first bring me in news of giraffe. Of course they made profuse promises to do so, but, needless to say, never carried them out. In the afternoon I went out for a stroll round, to be soaked to the skin by a heavy shower of rain. My disgust was increased when, on reaching camp, I found the trench round my tent had overflowed, and many of my possessions standing inches deep in water.

Soon after six next morning, we espied on the opposite side of the plain, a large herd of giraffe, some lying down,

CHAPTER XII.

Hyænas and wild dog—I thin a pack—A fine oryx head—Rhino chases us—A wounded impala—Rhino galore—Should rhino be protected?—A string of kudu—A grand head—A mission boy—Return to the lake—Arrival of the new collector—"Coronating"—Release of prisoners—A notorious character—An official muddle—Picturesque shauris—A Dorobo hunter and his clever donkey—Dik-dik shooting.

ONE morning, while following up a lion track, no less than six hyænas skulked out of a patch of thorn, and we made certain that either they must have been finishing up the remains of a meal left there by their lord, the lion, or were waiting till he moved off. But we were doomed to disappointment, for there were no traces of the lion or his kill.

Almost directly afterwards, a couple of animals, which I at first took for more hyænas, showed at the foot of a hill near by, but with the glasses I made out that they were wild dog. The next moment I detected the remainder of the pack trying to cut off a zebra from a herd, which, however, saw them, bunched together and drove them off. The pack then set off along the hillside, and I followed, trying to keep out of sight as much as possible among the thick bush on the plain. At last one of them gave me a chance, and I knocked him over, which brought the rest back at once to see what was in the wind. After worrying the body of

their comrade for a moment, the whole pack made for me, uttering angry snarls of revenge. I brought another to the ground and then missed several shots as the beasts dashed madly in and out among the bushes. One more successful shot finished my store of cartridges, and while the dogs were snuffing at the bodies of their wounded mates, I suddenly bethought myself of urgent business elsewhere,



A pair of wild dogs.

and made off at full speed. Having secured a fresh supply of ammunition, I returned to the spot and found the beasts still prowling round. Three of them fell to my rifle, and then I followed up one blood-stained track, while the syce took up another. A long-drawn too-oo from one of the survivors suddenly broke the silence, and guided me to the spot, where, among a jumble of boulders and scrub, the wounded animal was almost hidden from sight. At my

third shot it fell dead. Another, whose answering cry we had heard, was nowhere to be found, although we made a long and careful search. On the way back we came across the carcase of the master dog, making a total of six animals killed, and leaving only three of the pack unaccounted for. These wild dogs stood a little under 2 feet in height, had very large rounded ears, and a mangy coat of rusty black, blotched with brown and white. There was a large brown patch on the neck, and the tail and forelegs showed a good deal of white. The hide stinks more than that of any other animal I have killed, and seems to retain the smell, no matter how old it may be. The hair of the coat slips very easily, and the sun worked considerable havoc, even in the few minutes before we found the bodies and carried them into the shade. Although these wild dogs are fairly common in Asia and Africa, it is very seldom that they are seen in daylight, and still more unusual for them to be shot and their skulls and skins sent to England. I had previously killed one of a pack in Thibet, and seen others in the Central Provinces and also in Somaliland, but this was the first time that I had had the satisfaction of materially thinning the ranks of a band of these beasts, which are a perfect pest to sportsmen, driving away all game from their hunting ground.

It was to this district that I owed my best specimen of oryx beisa, which, one evening as we returned to camp, we saw tear across the plain a long way in front of us, then turn and come back across our right rear, where he stood a second at gaze. His head was such a good one that I fired, although hardly expecting that my shot would have effect, for the range was some 320 paces. To my delight, however, he dropped dead, and we found that the .256 split

bullet had cut his heart to ribbons. His horns measured 34½ inches, and were very thick.

The next day, while out hunting, we noticed a rhino some 500 yards to our left, and after we thought we were well past him and out of danger, there was a cry that the brute was chasing us. The men threw down the cameras and their other light loads, and made for the nearest trees, while I kicked up my mule to overtake my gun-bearer and seize the .600, before dismounting. The rhino trotted up fairly close to us, stood for a moment or two pawing the ground and snorting, and then to our satisfaction made off. Soon afterwards, I jumped a fine impala, and wounding it with the second shot, set out in pursuit. The animal followed the usual tactics of its kind, dashing away in headlong flight, with every now and then a series of huge bounds into the air. Then it would suddenly stop dead behind a bush, only to break away again as we approached. During one of these halts, I descried it, with the aid of the glasses, standing behind a thorn tree, and fired through the branches, but with no apparent result. Directly afterwards a crackling behind me caught my ear, and turning, I saw a rhino coming full pelt for me. Just as I was wondering whether small split bullets would serve me as well as they had done with the previous rhino, it swerved to one side and crashed on through the undergrowth. I then gave chase to the impala, and hit it twice before it managed to get away. As we were following it up, Bedoui seized me by the arm and whispered that another rhino was standing in the bush close by. We immediately made a detour to avoid it, only to come face to face with a cow and a very small calf. Now as these ladies have the reputation of being specially vicious, I clutched the .600 and backed gracefully from her presence

as she gazed at me for a moment or two, and then, to my intense relief, turned and disappeared. I again took up the impala track, to disturb yet another rhino, which happily, did not come to close quarters, but allowed us to continue our pursuit of the wounded animal. However, after jumping it once more, we lost the spoor altogether. A little later another impala standing in a tiny clearing caught my eye. I fired, but could not see the result of my shot. A second animal, which appeared a moment later, collapsed in a heap to the bullet, and to my delight, it proved to be a fine head of 28½ inches.

For the day I had had enough rhino incidents. At a distance they are doubtless interesting animals, but when they are as pugnacious as at Baringo and in many other districts of East Africa, they become a dangerous pest. I have discussed the matter with a good many officials, and, almost without exception, they agree that the regulation restricting a sportsman—who has paid £50 for a license—to two, is absolutely absurd. It seems to me that in some districts, where rhino are particularly numerous, it would not only be advisable to remove all limitations as to their destruction, but also to encourage it by permitting the export of the horns and skins without duty. If some of those who, from a superficial knowledge of the rhino and his little ways, would have us believe that he is a much maligned and really quite sweet-tempered animal, could only have been with me in the Baringo country, I think they might have been led to change their minds. Constantly I had to stand helplessly by and see my most precious loads, including cameras and other almost indispensable treasures, thrown violently to the ground, while the bearers took to flight. If I killed a third specimen of these cherished

animals, I knew I should lay myself open to fines and imprisonment. As I have before mentioned, natives stand in far greater awe of rhino than of either elephant or lion, and this seems to me to be a conclusive proof that he is not quite as timid a creature as some chance visitor to African wilds may think. Moreover, when your followers see you taking to your heels instead of facing the brute, they naturally



The chain gang.

put it down to the white man's want of courage, and smile a superior sort of smile when you try and explain that the Sircar (Government) forbids you to kill it.

The two or three herds of giraffe which had come southwards now seemed to have disappeared again into the Reserve, and as there was little chance of their revisiting this country for some time, I determined to make my way back to the boma, across the kudu ground. During the

of the 8th, for endless shauris had to be held with the natives to introduce them to their "new bwana." These were always picturesque. The natives would solemnly take their places in a semicircle, with the chiefs and interpreters in the centre, outside the verandah, in which Baker and



Dorobo hunter.

Pearson were seated. Baker then gave his farewell address and introduced Pearson as their new master to whom they were to bring all their troubles, as they had done to him.

These remarks were translated into the different dialects, and the chiefs replied. Pearson would then assure them, in a short speech, that he would treat them as a Father,

and help them in any way he could. These ceremonies, of course, afforded me an excellent opportunity of securing photos of the different tribes. Amongst others, I managed to persuade a Dorobo hunter, who is noted throughout the district for his success in the chase, to let me take him. With infinite skill this man dresses up his cleverly trained donkey to represent any animal he may have made up his mind to stalk. With the horns of some beast strapped to its head, and its body painted or covered with a skin to correspond, the clever little creature would decoy many an unwary victim within reach of the poisoned arrows of the hunter crouching behind it. This man had quite the most handsome features of any I saw during the whole trip. He was tall and well-built, with a strong and intelligent face, cast in rather Egyptian mould, and his whole bearing involuntarily aroused vague wonder as to how, in that place, so fine a type of features could have developed.

While Baker was making preparations for his departure, I employed the time packing up my trophies for the journey, and shooting a few animals which I still wanted from the district for my collection. Several times I went dik-dik hunting, amid some dense thorn bushes, interspersed with patches of aloe, which lay near by. There was always a spice of adventure about these expeditions, for rhinos frequented the spot, and it was quite likely that, creeping carefully round a clump of aloe, with only a shot gun in your hand, you would find yourself face to face with a tough old specimen, instead of the timid little dik-dik you were seeking.

camp remain there that day, while I saw what game the neighbourhood could offer. As companions, I took with me the guide, clad in a policeman's blue tunic and a blanket, and four Kakumega, who had just arrived, armed with spears, bows, and reed arrows, the hard-wood barbs of which were dipped in poison.

We spent a long morning forcing our way through the



Mount Elgon.

dense underwood and tangled creepers of the forest, and I bagged a couple of good specimens of guereza, which were much less shy than in the Kenya or Mau Forests. They frequented large trees with small green leaves, amid the foliage of which they were much more easily seen than in the moss-clad branches of the forests where I had previously found them.

The Kakumega hunt them for food, but not nearly so

persistently as the Dorobo, who are therefore much more expert in detecting them among the branches. As far as I could ascertain, the Dorobo do not work this country at all.

I also saw the tracks of both duiker and dik-dik in the woods, but was not fortunate enough to come across the animals themselves.

No sooner had we crossed the boundary into Kabaras than my guide and his friends insisted upon returning, although we had not yet reached any village. Before letting them go I made them small presents, and bought some of their arrows.

The old trouble of posho running short necessitated my sending Abdallah and one of the men to the nearest villages to replenish it, while I set off to ascend the escarpment. It was a bright, clear day, and Mount Elgon showed up well on the western horizon. Our climb brought us to a fringe of long grass, some quarter of a mile wide, bounded by a dense forest into which we could see no opening. It was, therefore, decided to camp by a stream in the grass belt, and fill in the rest of the day searching for the best route for the morrow. It was not long before we struck a path leading into the forest, past a deserted clearing with one Nandi hut on the edge of it, and then on across a little valley intersected by a stream to another abandoned settlement. After various false starts from here we found a trail in the direction we wished to follow, which finally brought us to a salt-lick cut up by rhino tracks, in one of which I noticed a game pit.

On my return to camp a letter was handed me. It proved to be from Knight, forwarding a report from Nzau that, owing to the large purchases by the East African Syndicate,

donkeys were not procurable, even at double the usual price.

Another misfortune happened to me that same day. I had been making a collection of orchids and bulbs, which had been spread in the sun to dry, but my goats had found



A Nandi elder's summer coat.

them out, and made a meal of the latter, while I was only just in time to rescue the orchids from a similar fate.

For the next two days our way lay through dense forest, in which there were any number of old elephant tracks, and many fresh traces of rhino and bushbuck. A couple of rhino charged into my little flock of sheep and goats

en route, and scattered them bleating in all directions. As ill-luck would have it, our best milker was never recovered. Bushbuck barked all that night, and guereza took the place of the farmyard cock at early dawn.

The second day we came on two little settlements of the Nandi tribe, who seemed very much alarmed at our approach. Warning cries sounded on all sides, and the people fled from their huts into the jungle. With some little difficulty the inhabitants of the second hamlet were reassured, and we told them that, on the morrow, the caravan would march through their settlement, but that they would not be interfered with in any way, provided they were friendly.

The Nandi are a large powerful tribe, closely allied in physique to the Masai, whose headquarters lie further to the south. Although much in contact with the white man—the Uganda Railway passes through their country—they have never accepted British rule with any sincerity. They are a formidable foe, and particularly skilled at stalking an enemy till a favourable opportunity offers for an attack, when they will pour in a flight of poisoned arrows, or make a sudden rush to close quarters, stab right and left, and disappear again into the long grass, almost before their presence has been realised by any except their unfortunate victims. The Nandi practise night attacks, as several of the leaders of the Protectorate's troops have learnt to their cost.

The tribe is continually giving trouble. Not a month passes without its tale of Indian coolies being cut up on the line, or of the deliberate murder of natives travelling through Nandi territory. On several occasions, after a more audacious outrage than usual, parties of troops

CHAPTER XXV.

Writing on the rock—Lesser kudu—How elephants bury their enemies—A night in a tree—A rocky pool—No road—I hunt for water—Sun-baked rocks—Thirsty men—A night bivouac—An inquisitive rhino—A long day—Blasted hopes—Men give in—Abandoning the loads—A terrible march—Digging for water—Lost in the night—The relief party—Death from thirst.

SOON after my arrival in Coutlis' camp, the Karamojo brought in news of a big herd of elephant feeding in the valley to the south-west of us, and Coutlis told some of his men off to keep an eye on them till the morning.

With a view to examining the herd, and finding whether it contained any big bulls, we set our faces at sunrise towards the mighty, even-topped mass of rock which forms the northern spur of Moroto. Its sheer side presented an almost flat surface, over which two fine waterfalls poured a sparkling torrent into the valley below.

My attention was at once arrested by what appeared to be lines of writing in huge characters cut into the smoothest part of the cliff. Even the glasses did not dispel this impression, and it was not till I reached a little hill three hours nearer Moroto that I assured myself the indentations were not the work of man, but were produced by parallel lines of faults in the strata. While pressing up hill I espied a lesser kudu bull standing at the foot,

a sight which confirmed my belief that the tracks discovered the previous day had been made by one of them.

Fearing that a shot might disturb the elephants, I did not fire, but the precaution was unnecessary, for a careful view of the country failed to reveal any trace of the herd, and soon afterwards some of Coutlis' men came up to say that, during the night, they had banded together and moved off in an easterly direction towards the Turkwel River. No doubt the men themselves had scared the beasts and made them shift their ground. Judging from the tracks there must have been one or two very fine bulls amongst them.

As we wound our way through the thick undergrowth back to camp, fortune favoured me with a good chance at a lesser kudu, which I dropped with a single shot from the .256. It was a fine specimen with horns over 29 inches long. The skinning and cutting up took us so long that night had fallen before I reached camp.

As soon as Coutlis, after a whole day's patient haggling, had struck a bargain with some Karamojo for a number of buried tusks they said they had in their possession, we began our march down the Monyen. On the way the Karamojo guide aroused our curiosity by telling us camp was to be pitched by a pool further ahead whose water was "hot, and when you drank it you wanted more." On arrival, we were surprised to find it quite cool, but a strong brackish taste made the man's meaning clear.

That night we could hear lions grunting as they approached the pool, and as soon as there was light enough to see the tracks I started in pursuit. A small herd of elephant cows and their young had followed the lions, so that the pugs were difficult to distinguish, but eventually

I traced them clear, only to lose them altogether on a bit of hard ground.

I then pushed up a long valley running northwards into Murosoka. Soon my approach disturbed a small herd of Grant with a single oryx, and I started after them, but a couple of rhino lying in some thick thorn scrub drew my attention away, and I turned up a small hill to watch the latter. As one of them seemed to have a fair-sized horn I fired behind its shoulder, when both of them sprang to their feet and dashed off through the undergrowth.

On regaining the summit of the hill I detected one of them lying down in the far distance. As I made toward the place, the other charged down on us, but happily a shot from the .400 made it alter its course. With the first animal at which I had fired the bullet had done its work, for we found it lying stone dead. It was a big cow, and its companion must doubtless have been a two-parts grown calf. It was lucky indeed that the second rhino had been so easily turned, for Bedoui, in spite of his little experiences at Baringo, had brought the .256 as a second rifle, instead of the .600. Such is the absolute lack of reasoning power of an average Swahili.

That afternoon one of my men appeared in camp carrying a broken spear. He explained that, while he had been searching lower down the river bed for water, his eye had lighted on a large pile of thorn trees uprooted whole, and branches torn from the trees hard by. Close by he had picked up the spear, which the Karamojo, from its pattern, knew must have belonged to a Turkana. Its shaft was splintered, the iron bent nearly in a circle, one edge of the head was completely doubled back as though beaten

on a stone, while there was a blood stain on it eight inches long.

Our follower had pushed away some of the boughs to discover underneath the mouldering remains of a man, with the ribs and some of the other bones broken. The Karamojo, without any hesitation, pictured the whole scene. They said that the dead man must have come on an elephant as, in the heat of the day, it was drowsily flicking off the flies and seemed half asleep. Thinking it an easy prey, the Turkana had probably stolen up and plunged his spear into the animal's body, but had not been quick enough to beat a retreat. The elephant had probably swung round, caught and killed him, and then buried the body under the heap of branches. But this had not spent his fury, and he had turned to wreak his vengeance on the weapon that had wounded him.

John Kanarakis had previously told me how, at Kilim, he had once found a skeleton concealed in the same way. His trackers had assured him it was the work of an elephant, who always bury the bodies of any men or lions they may kill. This explanation had sounded so like a fairy tale that I was loth to accept it, but our follower's new discovery seemed a convincing proof of its accuracy. Natives in this part never bury their dead, but leave the body in the open to be devoured. If the Turkana had been murdered, he would certainly have been robbed of his weapon, which a native greatly prizes. Moreover, nothing but an elephant could have bent the spear and shattered the shaft in such a way, to say nothing of uprooting the thorn bushes whole. Perhaps the elephant has a dim idea that the body of his victim may come to life and molest him again if he does not imprison it, for

animals never seem to realise death, or perhaps the smell of blood is so repugnant that he tries to hide the carcass from his sight.

By this time Coutlis had made up his mind to follow the Monyen till he came to its junction with the Nakokoh, and then to march along the Turkwel into Turkana. My own plans, on the contrary, were to try and cross over into the upper waters of the Tarash, which were marked on the maps as rising on the eastern side of Murosoka. Nothing was known of this river except that Captain Welby had crossed it on his route from Rudolf to the Sobat.

After a fruitless watch overnight in a tree near the pool, in the hope that the lions might revisit it, I moved camp to some water pits at the junction of two little tributaries of the Monyen, which commanded a distant view of a prominent rocky cone jutting out from Murosoka. As the country was uninhabited we could procure no guide, so parties of my men were sent out to search for water ahead. Although the Karamojo claim that this land is really part of their territory, it forms a common hunting ground for themselves, the Suk, and the Turkana.

On the second day Nzau brought in news of a pool in a gorge of Murosoka, to which we made our way, and as Abdallah found a second, a short march further on, we again shifted camp. To my mortification the water that he was so proud of having discovered lay a good long way up the next gorge, so that, after an hour and a half's march, we had made about half a mile's real progress. The Swahili is a distinct thorn in the flesh sometimes.

While the safari were completing their march, I made a little trip down into the main valley in search of game, and spotted a pair of oryx lying in the shade of a bush. A

long crawl at length brought me within range, and I dropped one with a shot behind h's shoulder, and the second with a bullet through the chest as it came towards me. To my satisfaction they proved to be very good specimens of a bull and cow respectively.

According to the aneroid, my new camp was at an elevation of but 2,856 feet, and the confined valley made it even more close and hot than it would otherwise have been. In my tent at 2.30 p.m. the thermometer read 97°, while at 8 in the evening it had only fallen to 83°.

One of my scouting parties returned about midnight to tell of a long fruitless search for water, and another was sent off at early dawn. Meanwhile I filled in the time exploring the other head of the gorge, which offered plenty of good grazing, with much larger and more accessible pools of water. A number of fresh zebra tracks drew me up hill till I came on a little party of four, whose leader fell to my rifle. He was a fine beast, and the markings of his coat seemed to me to differ from those I had previously seen at Baringo and on the Gwashengeshu.

That night men returned from the search party to say that Nzau had found water $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours off, but the last hour and a half was up a rocky gorge, impassable for either donkeys or laden men. The matter was getting serious. Food was fast diminishing, and we seemed as far off the discovery of a practicable road into the Tarash Valley as ever. There was nothing for it but to make a search myself, encouraged by the idea of my success at Moroto.

By lantern light next morning I left camp, accompanied by my two gunbearers, my boy, a syce, and six porters, laden with water for two days, food, and bedding. Our

course lay along the foot of the main line of hills and across a big valley that ran up to the north-west. Then, climbing a hill on the opposite side, I sent one gunbearer up to the head of the gorge, while the rest of us continued on, disturbing a rhino and calf en route. Still there was no trace



The Poote gorge.

of water. Two more gorges were carefully searched, and at last, worn out with a hard and fruitless day's work among the sun-baked rocks, I decided to bivouac that night on a little level plateau in the hillside. A large herd of giraffe feeding in the plain below made me feel certain that there must be water not very far away.

At dusk my men rejoined me, when, to my horror, I

discovered they had recklessly served out the water and almost exhausted the supply. Only fourteen tumblersful were left in the big drum; contrary to my orders, no other load had been brought, and eight out of the ten men had failed to fill their water-bottles. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! However, that night we could do nothing. As soon as I had served out half a glassful of water to each man, and had had a meal after a fifteen hours' fast, we turned in, the men lying down in a little clearing hard by.

Toward midnight, when the fire had well-nigh flickered out, the crunch of gravel and a rustling in the jungle disturbed my rest. At first I dreamily wondered whether it could be caused by some beast feeding on the hillside, but as the noise increased, it suddenly dawned upon me that the sandy surface of the ground on which my blankets were spread bore the impress of a rhino's hide. This, then, must be one of the beasts bent on taking his nightly sand bath on the very spot I had chosen for my bed. Rifle in hand, I retreated to the fire, and while my boy was feeding the dying embers and doing his best to create a blaze, I peered into the gloom, trying to make out the animal among the bushes.

The sound of its approach grew louder and louder, till, just as I made out the dim outline of a huge beast, it stopped short as though to reconnoitre. We shouted our hardest and brandished smouldering branches, but it advanced steadily, quite undaunted.

The men took to their heels, and I was on the point of firing, when, with a loud snort, it turned, and, to the accompaniment of rolling stones and crashing jungle, rushed headlong down the mountain side.

In the morning I filled my two bottles with water,

shared out the remainder, and sent two men back to arrange for a supply to meet me at the foot of the gorge up which camp lay. Meanwhile I meant to discover, if possible, where the giraffe obtained water.

The gunbearer I had sent off the preceding day had not yet rejoined us, so I came to the conclusion that he must have missed our track and returned to camp.

Gradually we descended the hillside and soon found ourselves in a large valley—which I afterwards learnt was called Jow—stretching northwards. Along it ran a well-worn game path, made by rhino, giraffe, gazelle and elephant, all trending in the same direction. We felt certain this must lead to water, and on and on we trudged under the merciless rays of a scorching noon-day sun that beat upon the rocks till they blistered the feet of my unfortunate followers and created a thirst which there was nothing to quench. As the afternoon wore on the men began to drop out, saying they could go no further. Time after time I sent down to the bed of the stream that drained the valley, but the men invariably came back to say that it was quite white and scorched, without any sign of moisture.

At length, when I reached the wooded head of the valley, Bedoui and the syce were my only companions, and they were trudging along behind me, weary and despairing, with dry mouths and cracked lips. After giving each of them a measure of water in the cap of my telescope, I left the syce behind with the mule, while Bedoui and I pushed forward.

Searching the arid slopes with my glasses, I was delighted to discover, as I thought, a fine waterfall rushing down the head of a rocky gorge. This sight imbued us with

fresh energy, and we doggedly stumbled on for another hour, over rough ground and through dense scrub. As I drew nearer and got a better view of the cliff, my heart sank to find merely the dry white-worn channel of the waterfall's former course. On my breaking the bad news to Bedoui, he flung himself in utter despair on the ground, gasping that he could walk no further. Taking a sip from my water bottle, I handed it to him, and then scrambled on again in search of a pool among the rocks in the bottom of the gorge. A weary hour's work was unrewarded and I was forced to return.

Bedoui I found more hopeless than ever, and it was a hard task trying to cheer him up and help him along till we regained the place where I had left the mule. On the way we disturbed a hyæna, which, instead of slinking off at once, stood and looked at us. My companion evidently regarded its boldness as an evil omen, for it is a common belief among natives that these animals know by instinct when to follow man or beast in anticipation of a speedy meal.

Night was rapidly advancing, we were two long marches from camp, and I felt that, unless we got water before the setting of another sun, we must all inevitably perish. Bedoui was too exhausted to follow, so I left him with injunctions not to lose the path, while the syce and I started off, carrying one rifle and some cartridges.

On the way I picked up three more of my men. I had husbanded the scant supply of water that my two bottles held with such care that there was still a full one left. But now our thirst was raging, and when the men pleaded that one fair drink would give them strength to go all night, it was hard, indeed, to resist them. One, even

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pick up a fine pair of tusks—A six-horned giraffe—A foul pool—Elephants bathing—A Toposa guide—Shoot Giraffa camelopardalis cottoni—Enter Dodinga hills—Deserted villages—A hostile meeting—Touch and go—A fine race—Strange hair ornaments.

It was nearly half-past four before I rejoined the safari, who had pitched camp in a barren gorge of the mountain after a hot march of seven-and-a-half hours. It appeared that we had reached the southern boundary of the country belonging to the Toposa, who, together with the people of Marangole, were wont to hunt in this valley. The Turkana only penetrated so far when on a raiding expedition.

Our guide's knowledge of the land ahead was distinctly vague, for he said that beyond one pool of water far out in the plain he could remember no other in the district, nor did he know the way to Dodinga. The valley seemed to be full of game, for besides elephant I had seen lesser kudu, Grant, dik-dik and hare, and fresh tracks of rhino, giraffe and oryx.

On an expedition along the foot of Locorina, in an easterly direction, I saw three parties of elephants, but with no big bulls among them, and in addition to the game list of the day before, also spotted zebra and baboon. In a rocky cleft we found a little water, and my men were delighted at picking up a pair of specially fine cow elephant's tusks,

quite undamaged by the weather. These I refused to have anything to do with, for I knew that, in all probability, as soon as I reached a Government Station, there would be any amount of trouble explaining how they had come into my possession. However, the men brought them along.

To our east a great plain stretched away towards Rudolf, intersected by the river-bed we had crossed the day before, winding its way to join the Tarash.

During our next march over the plain in a southerly direction I climbed a little hill, just over the other side of which a giraffe bull was standing only some roo yards away, and I carefully examined him with the glasses. The blotches appeared to me to differ considerably from those of the Gwashengeshu giraffe, while a very prominent horn over the right eye caught my attention at once. As I was debating whether to shoot it or not, on the chance of it being a new specimen, the animal moved off and settled the question for me.

That night we had to make shift with the filthiest water I have ever tried to drink. It was drawn from what had been a small brackish pool, called Allotte, then so fouled by all the animals, from elephant to antelope, for miles round, that it looked more like a basin of thick, evil-smelling pea-soup than clear drinking water. My tent was pitched barely 200 yards from this spot, among some scanty thorn-trees, at an elevation of 2,350 feet.

Soon after dark a herd of elephants came to drink, and far too close their gambols sounded in the stillness of the night, as I sat at my tent door, nursing my trusty .600, for fear they should take it into their heads to stroll my way.

At sunrise I set out to follow their tracks, but these eventually lost themselves in a net-work of older ones, and

CHAPTER XXXI.

Reach the Kedef River—A tropical camp—Good sport—The doum palm—The Mielli people—A sensible Sultan—The marketers—"Who is the man in the gramophone?"—Buying a head-dress—Visit the Sultan's village—A queer agricultural implement.

CAMP was astir at daybreak, after a night of unbroken stillness. The first thing I did on coming out of my tent was to take a long shot to warn a couple of Dodinga sentries, posted on a hill overlooking us, that we were still on the alert. The sun had just risen when we took up our former positions for marching, and started out across the Kedef valley, as the Dodinga call the upper waters of the river Tu. Bearing away to the east we pitched our tents near the bed of the same stream which we had left in the morning.

At this camp Loarding asked leave to return to his own country. After a farewell talk, I offered him his choice of a cow and calf out of the herd, but he declined, saying that the enemy would be sure to dog him by their tracks, even if their lowing did not betray him before he was safe in Toposa. However, he was made very happy by a present of some iron and brass wire, tobacco, dried meat, a little of our precious store of flour, a knife and a cow bell, together with a fine spear and shield, making in all a load almost too heavy for him to carry. In addition,

I wrote out a letter recommending him to any European whom he might meet in after years. This he carefully treasured in a tin.

Next day, at an elevation of 3,250 feet, we reached the wide sandy bed of the Kedef, in clay pockets along the sides of which lay large shallow pools of water. The course of the stream wound its way through a belt of doum palms and tropical vegetation, behind which, on either bank, stretched a broad fringe of rich grass.

My sick men and half-starved donkeys and cattle were sorely in need of a rest, so I decided to halt here for a few days. In the meantime I set to work laying in a store of as much dried meat as possible, for we could be by no means certain of a friendly reception among the various hill tribes we had to pass through, before reaching the domain of Limoroo, the Latuka chief, who was well known as the white man's friend. Until we arrived at his territory, we would still be traversing unknown ground.

Five days' work up and down the valley afforded me good sport with hartebeest, waterbuck, bushbuck, Grant's, duiker, dik-dik, warthog, oribi and lion; besides which giraffe, rhino, ostrich, topi and reedbuck were numerous, while guinea-fowl and hare proved useful for the pot.

One night a troop of lions made across the bed of the stream, here 90 yards wide, evidently bent on attacking our cattle; but the watch-fires kept them at bay.

Early next morning I took up the tracks, and eventually sighted a lion skulking off from under a tree, over 200 yards away. Then, with the glasses, I made out two or three sitting watching us, and, opening fire with the .256, felt sure that one bullet had told. Away they dashed, I after them as fast as I could go, till one beast lagged a

little. I let drive at it, but missed, and my quarry broke into a trot. The next moment another lion showed. My first shot only raised a cloud of dust behind it, but the second was better aimed, and the bullet must have struck the leg, for on reaching the track, we saw that one was broken. As the beast was dragging itself along very slowly, I left it, to race along after the others.



The banks of the Kedef.

It was by this time nearly mid-day and terribly hot, the sun-baked ground being almost blistering to the touch. At last I came on the troop resting under the shade of a big tree and tried to crawl up to them. Before I was within 200 yards, they rose to their feet and slunk off one by one, passing round the back of the tree and giving me but a momentary chance before they vanished into some thick scrub.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Leave the Mielli—A rhino mounts guard over a dead antelope—Poor shooting—Lori, a fertile valley—A friendly people—Visit from a neighbouring chief—The origin of the tribes—A suspicious ruler—The Maranole tribe—My dealing with a dilatory Sultan.

ON April 11th, under the guidance of the Sultan, we left Mielli, and after a four hours' march in a north-north-westerly direction, reached a mass of rock in the plain with a good pool of water beside it. On the way I killed a snake that lay curled up close to our path, and bagged several dik-dik, of which there were a good number roaming about the bush. I also saw a large herd of hartebeest in the distance, but did not get near them.

That evening a man turned up to relieve the Sultan of his duties as guide, but he seemed to have a very indifferent knowledge of the land, for the safari was led far out of their way to reach the next water. Judging from the tracks, giraffe, rhino, Grant's, hartebeest, duiker, dik-dik and zebra were plentiful in the country, and from a fresh lion kill I picked up a good lesser kudu head.

Our next camp was pitched on a creek in sight of some low hills, with a high rocky range appearing behind them. The whole country teemed with game, and I decided to spend a couple of days there, sending Nzau on over the hills to interview the Tulono, as the people are called who in-

habit the Lori Valley, on the western side of Mount Egadang.

When I was returning from a short round in the afternoon, I saw through the bush the hindquarters of an animal which was grazing close to camp, and took it for one of my cows. In a moment, however, I was undeceived, for the animal suddenly threw up its head and made off, just giving me time to recognise it as a fine waterbuck.

During dinner I could hear lions roaring not far away, and at intervals they broke the silence of the night. Unfortunately it was impossible to get near them. There was not a good tracker to be had ; game was so abundant that the beasts never seemed to return to a kill, and the country was well-wooded enough to provide them with a secure retreat.

A couple of giraffe, which were feeding quietly in the open one morning, gave me an excellent opportunity of examining them. As far as I could judge, they were of the same species as those I had shot on the Koten plain.

That same day I had another little encounter with my old friend, the rhino. On my return from finishing a wounded antelope I found one of these old rascals holding the field, with my men sitting at a respectful distance watching him anxiously.

As I approached the animal walked slowly off, stopping every now and then to take a look at me, and finally halted at about 200 yards from where the dead beast lay. He had a poorish horn, and my men did not particularly relish rhino meat, but at the same time I did not feel inclined to await his convenience before cutting up the beast I had slain. In addition to this, there was the old difficulty of the bad moral effect it would have on the Tulono if they

should hear that the white man had been driven off his hunting ground by a rhino.

The land was absolutely open, and the moment I began to draw near the rhino, he turned and faced me. Anxious to place my first shot before it charged, I fired with the .400 at about 200 yards. He spun round and made straight for me. Three other shots failed to stop him, and it was only when I let him have two solid bullets from the .256 at close quarters that his four legs gave under him.

As he was stumbling about trying to regain his feet, I jumped up and gave him his quietus. His hide was covered with half-healed spear-wounds, and these, no doubt, accounted for his surly temper.

Four or five Tulono came to escort us to their village, and led us across the bed of the Kedef, which was there 80 yards wide, through a pass in the low line of hills, straight towards a double rock-peak which they called Lowruer.

On one side the range bounded a large basin of fertile soil, most of it watered by the little perennial stream Lori, from which the valley derives its name. The greater part of the land was under cultivation. The villages were dotted about the lower slopes of the Egadang hills, of which the twin peaks formed the chief feature.

Our march then continued northwards towards the head of the valley, through numbers of little gardens where the natives were hard at work, the men with their spears and shields resting against a neighbouring tree. Most of the women only wore a small leather fringe apron, and little naked children were often playing beside them.

Lopolo, the youthful Sultan, and his uncle, Keato, the Regent, were sitting under a tree awaiting our approach,

and rose to greet us. They were both of them well clothed and armed with rifles. In the course of our conversation, I gathered that the Dodinga had thrice raided the place, killing the people in the fields, and carrying off what flocks and herds they could lay their hands on. I afterwards learnt that the Tulono did not possess as many rifles as the Mielli.



Tulono men.

The people were friendly, and before long I was on intimate terms with them. Some of the men wore the pudding-bowl head-dress, but of rather a different pattern to that of either the Dodinga or the Mielli. A very large majority, on the other hand, had the head closely shaved, with an effective band, formed of numerous strings of white beads relieved with red, tied round the forehead. Others, again, had adopted a style which I had never come across before.