BY

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I remember a friend of mine, who had spent three months in Rhodesia, showing me the result of his trip with pride. I was ignorant then of African game, and so was duly impressed. I know, now, there was scarcely one head in the lot worth keeping.

He, however, only brought back what he had shot himself, for he was a good sportsman; but the truth is, very many of the bags reported are not made by the men returning them. The professional hunter does much of the shooting, and not seldom skins, tusks, and horns, are bought. It is not hard to forget (at least, some seem to find it easy) what you yourself have or have not shot.

But is that sort of thing sport? I am not speaking from haphazard hearsay, but from things that I know.

I have often seen a would-be salmon fisher on our own rivers, sit reading a novel hour after hour, day after day, in his canoe, while his expert Indian threw a good fly over his shoulder. When the fish was hooked then the sportsman played it, and landed or lost it as the case might be. It takes more than money to make a sportsman. Enough said perhaps on an unpleasant subject.

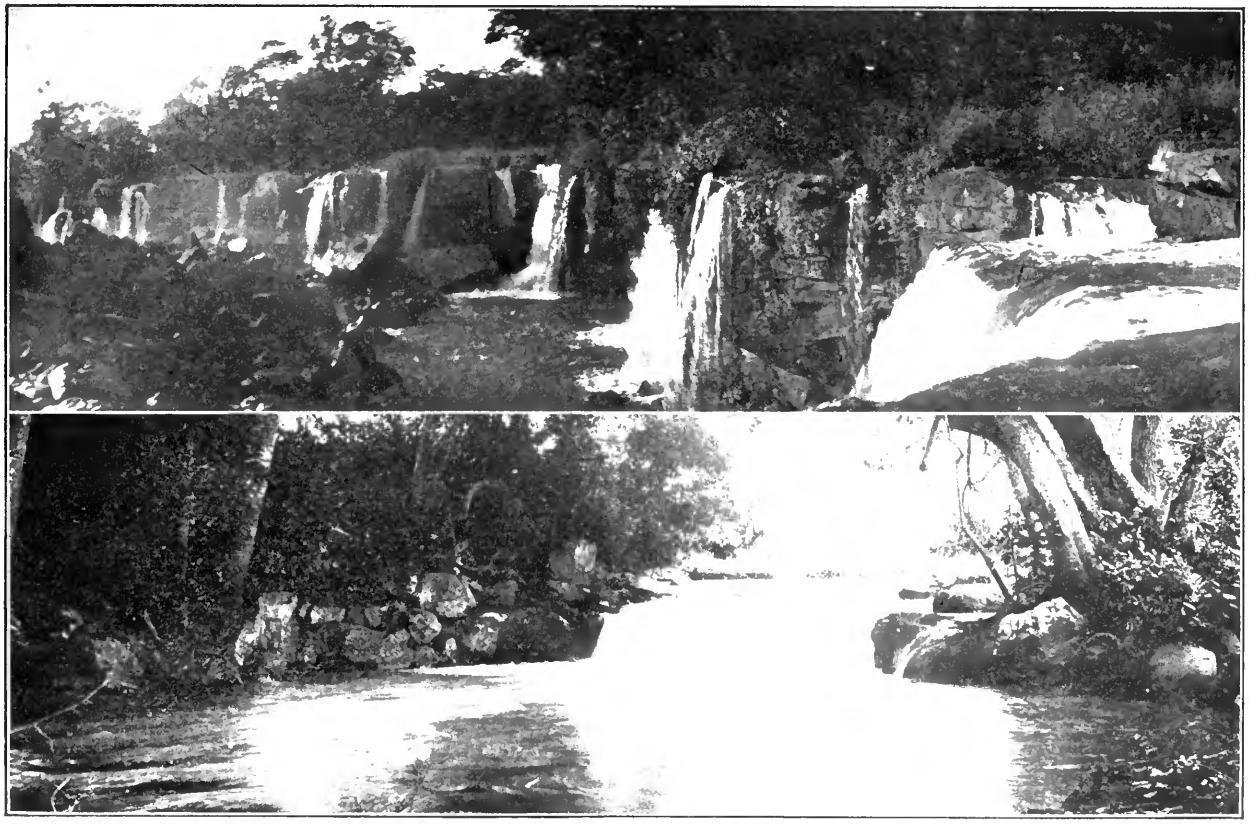
In the second place, game is not at all as plentiful as it was even in Africa. You cannot expect to stroll out of camp about eight o'clock, after a late and heavy breakfast and run across what you came out to get. A few years ago the Athi Plains were almost a sure find for lions. I do not believe that to-day one sefari in five gets a lion at all on them. There were a dozen places where with reasonable industry you at least had a chance to get a fifty pound elephant tusk. Now you may visit them one after the other and never see a reasonable tusker. It is the same story with rhino. Five years ago anyone could within a radius of thirty miles of Nairobi, make sure of securing his two heads, with horns measuring over twenty inches. Now rhino scarcely exists in that vicinity at all, and you may

hunt perseveringly for months all over the country, see scores of rhino, and yet never come across a horn over sixteen inches. In short, Mr. Ward's measurements are a delusion, an alluring but impossible dream, so far as East Africa is concerned. I fancy the same thing holds good for the whole country.

But though the great trophies are gone or nearly so, if a man takes the trouble to study the game of the country, and rigorously refrains from blazing at the first thing he can see, if he rises early in the morning, and does not mind an occasional crawl in the sun, he can still secure beautiful trophies, and, what is more, can do so without indiscriminate slaughter, and without measurably diminishing what remains of this wonderful fauna; for an old buck killed, scarcely ever hurts the herd, and it carries almost always the best head.

Nor can game be approached any longer in the haphazard fashion of yore. Now and then, of course, you stumble by good fortune on a desirable beast, but consistent stalking is usually necessary to secure anything worth the having. The sportsman, too, will find that he must take many shots, at a much farther distance, than he would be obliged to do in America, Scotland, or Europe.

The common animals such at kongoni, zebra, Tommy, and rhino, usually permit a close shot. Waterbuck and oryx will now and then let you near. On some days you can quickly walk up to Grant, and pick your head from a herd at one hundred and fifty yards, but you will not get such chances every day. Far the larger number of shots made are over one hundred and fifty yards, and often over two hundred, sometimes over three hundred, which is a long shot. It follows, then, that old-fashioned rifles (and the fashion in rifles changes almost as rapidly as that of our clothes), form a poor battery. Black powder guns of all sorts are, of course, to be left at home; .500



Falls of the Athi River

and .600 bore expresses are cumbersome and very unsatisfactory weapons. A .450 double Cordite express will kill anything in the country, but you will be wise to use constantly a much lighter gun, and one with ammunition easier to carry. The rifle question needs a page or two to itself.

One of the most important matters, as I have found it, and one never insisted on in any books, seldom mentioned by any hunter, is to so regulate the marching of your sefari, when you are changing ground, that there will be time for a quiet inspection of the country, the evening you make camp.

A sefari is at best a noisy affair. Forty to a hundred men will make a noise when they reach their resting-place. Tent-pitching, wood-gathering, very often from a distance of a mile or more, cooking and water-hunting and carrying, all mean noise. Game may be found that same evening of arrival, within half a mile or more of your tent, which next morning you may seek in vain at five miles distance. The rule is a good one, start at daybreak, and camp before noon. The early hours are the coolest, six hours of hard, stony or thorny ground with sixty pounds, often more, to carry, is all a humane man should ask of his porters. To rush from place to place does no good, tires your sefari out, and if there are many other hunting parties in the country, is apt to make you deservedly disliked.

Never under any circumstances give up an animal you have wounded, unless night is falling, or you are utterly done and can go no farther. In that case give your rifle to your head gunboy and promise him "bakshish" if he brings in head and meat.

Perhaps even mentioning such a matter seems useless to many, I wish it were so. But to see, as I have often seen, poor wounded zebra, kongoni, or many another, limping painfully after the herd, with month-old wounds

is a sight that should give pause to the careless shot. No man has a right to kill things carelessly, or to waste life; least of all to inflict pain, and continuous pain, just because he is lazy. If he is a good shot, nine times out of ten his chosen beast dies with far less suffering, than if it died by disease, driven forth from the herd, or by the lion's grip. It moves but a few paces from the place it received its death shot. If he is a poor shot, he will only fire at game within his killing distance, which distance is soon learned by all. But no man, surely, should leave the thing he has chosen to kill, to slowly die. The people of the country are often peculiarly careless in this respect. Game has been and is so plentiful, "Let it go, there are many more."

The natives and Somali have no feeling whatever about inflicting pain. It never occurs, seemingly, even to the most intelligent of them, that an animal should be considered at all. You must act for your servants, and insist that they obey your orders, punish any breach of them immediately. So far as they are concerned nothing more can be done.

And this leads me to say something of "tracking." Every sefari should number among its porters men who can track, who know at a glance the meaning of a foot-mark that may baffle you or escape you altogether. Some experienced hunters advise the engaging of N'dorobo trackers and say there are none so good. I have found the Wakamba to be about the best trackers in the country. The Wakamba are a hunting tribe and all the little but important matters, such as skinning, cleaning heads, making kobokos, they are adepts at.

Your gunboy is, of course, a good tracker. All his "chits" say so. Alas, chits are usually as reliable as cooks' references at home. Men who continually do nothing but abuse their gunbearers while they employ them, in some mis-

guided fit of compunction, I must suppose, salve their consciences, at the same time that they inflict a real wrong on the man himself and on his future employer, by giving him, shall I call it, an "inaccurate" chit.

Hast thou found a gunbearer who is staunch and a tracker, raise his wages, and hold on to him while you are in the country.

I believe Indian Shakeris are often wonderful trackers. I have met and employed one master of the craft, in Nova Scotia. I have heard of another. I name them, for one of my objects in publishing these travel and hunting notes of mine, is, not merely to tantalize a reader by telling him what I have discovered after long search and many failures, but, if it is possible, to help him to succeed where I failed. If you have got a good thing, hand it on, share it as far as you can, your own share will never be denied you. But I must not fall into sermonizing. The two, the only two whom I have ever met, who were the sort of trackers you read of in novels (written by men themselves who never followed a tracker probably), are the brothers Malay of Moser River, Halifax County, Nova Scotia.

Fortunate indeed is the sportsman who secures either of these men for a moose hunt. For three long September days I have seen Will Malay follow one bull moose, over eighty miles of rocky bog, fallen timber, alder swamp, and fern-clothed lands, pick out that one hoof mark, when again and again it merged, and to any other eye was hopelessly lost, in not less than fifty other tracks, and three times bringing up his man to within forty yards of the watchful beast, hidden in darkest, noisiest, black spruce swamp, till at least that head was ours. Go to Nova Scotia, it is well worth the trip to see such work.

Your Wakambas cannot approach your Irish-Scotch Nova Scotian. But encourage them, make them see you

expect good work from them, make them look out their best man for you, keep them to it when they think they are beaten, and you will have always an interesting and sometimes, as you deserve, a successful time.

Even if your gunboy can track, as mine can, you need a man at your hand whose eyes are not on the ground but above it, and in the surrounding grass or bush. See a lot of men unaccustomed to African hunting, and probably they all of them will have their eyes on the ground at the same time. The first thing you know there is a crash or a growl and the beast is away. Insist, and keep on insisting, that the man who carries your rifle, look not on the ground, but ahead of him and around.

Rhino, in spite of their great weight, are difficult to track once they are travelling on the inconceivably hard, sunbaked ground. They seem most aimless of all beasts, there is no purpose in their wanderings. They will move quite rapidly, too, in all directions. No one can predict safely their course.

Lions, generally move in a large curve or half-circle. It pays, therefore, to follow them and follow them for hours. One track is apt to lead you at last to quite a family conclave.

Impala, spring off on a seemingly steady course, but never keep it. No wounded beast is more artful than this beautiful antelope.

Bush buck, crouch and hide, like a fox. Water buck, will cunningly find a patch of thorn, so exactly corresponding with their own coats, that nothing but the closest hunting will find the wounded or dead game.

Oryx, generally go pretty straight, and the sharp hoof beneath the heavy body, make them perhaps easiest of all to follow.

Always see your head skins, if you want them, taken off yourself. See them packed with grass or green twigs,

to prevent the bloody edges soiling the skin. All blood harbours flies, and flies too often blow and ruin a good skin or pelt.

See to it yourself, too, that all the meat is brought to camp. You are not legally obliged to give your porters meat. Potio is supposed to be ample provision for them. But you will find that most of the men require meat more than occasionally. The Wanyamwazi, who are likely to be the mainstay of your sefari, are good marchers, and if they like you, and have arrived at the conclusion that you mean to act fairly by them, will, in their turn, act fairly by you. I have always been open and above board with them. Sometimes for many days together I have had to put them on half rations of potio, sometimes to give them beans, the despised Kikuyu's diet, instead of meal or rice. But when I can get meat they know they will have it, and so they are willing to strain a point to please me. I have told them I badly wanted to take in such and such heavy trophies, for instance, If these were to be carried many of the loads would be nearer eighty than sixty pounds. They have taken them up cheerfully, and in one instance I well remember made fifteen miles without water, on a very hot day indeed.

So, as I say, see all your meat is brought in and neither on the veldt, nor yet in camp, wasted. But here you may find an unexpected difficulty. Half or more of your sefari are professed Mohammedans and these do not eat meat that has not been "hallaled," i. e., throat cut before the animal is dead. If the porters who happen to accompany you on a certain day, are Mohammedans, and you want to save a head skin, of course, refuse to have the throat cut, or, if the shot has killed the animal instantly, and so there is no possible excuse for throat cutting, they will need a sharp eye on them, if the unclean meat is to be carried in. It is a good plan judiciously to keep away from any

he is not justified in taking. I have written at length of lion hunting in another chapter, but here let me jot down a few things about the other savage beasts; and will my reader please always remember that I am not trying to instruct the experienced, but seeking to help the inexperienced sportsman. And as I attempt to do so, may happily interest some, who would like to know a little of that wild life circumstances have denied them chances to see.

Take the rhino, a great lumbering brute he seems as you look at him, with his extraordinary ill-formed, ugly head, small pig eye, and formidably armed snout. He weighs perhaps two tons, and looks as though nothing could stop or turn him. I have myself no doubt from what I have seen, and also from what I have heard, that the rhino, like our grizzly, is losing in the presence of well armed man, a good deal of his pugnacity. He very seldom charges deliberately. I have approached fifty rhinos,* and beyond the usual stamping and snorting (his method of greeting an object he cannot make out), I have never seen any of them show determination to attack. (Later I had good reason to modify this statement.) Yet if you are to believe stories you hear of men who have seen but one or two, and indeed I must add stories told by some old hands, you would expect every second rhino you meet to charge you without warning.

When a rhino receives a shot he is apt to spin around once or twice, and rush off at a great pace, leaving the direction of that rush almost to chance, though he will go up wind usually if he can. He may happen to take your direction, most probably he will not. He cannot see you at more than thirty of forty yards off. But he is certainly very sensitive to the footfall of man or horse, and sometimes, even the wind, of course, being favourable for it shows signs of alertness, at a hundred yards distance.

* And many more since this was written.

He is not hard to kill for all his thick hide, and, most fortunate of all, he is not hard to turn, when he does come your way.

The danger with the rhino is, that in an extraordinary way, he manages to conceal himself in cover, when it would seem impossible, and getting the wind of the hunter or the sefari, as he is taking his siesta in the brush, he stumbles forth blindly and in a hurry going up into the tainted breeze. Your porters' loads go cracking down, and men and totos take to the trees. In this way damage is sometimes done. But there are many, many scares for one man really hurt.

I had once a rhino thrust his head out of a bush on to me, at not more than three or four feet distance. My useless gunboy bolted; and so did the poor beast, when I had to fire quickly in his face. I don't think I hurt him much, I am sure I hope I did not, but he might have crushed me had I not fired, and, of course, to take chances of his turning away at that distance, were not to be thought of. If his temper is up, and he comes right on, a shot from a good rifle will always make him swerve in his charge, and pass you a few yards to one side. If you want to kill him, a shot as he passes will usually do it. Small-bore rifles seem to kill rhino almost as quickly as large. Better use nickel bullets.

Buffalo are more plentiful than they were a few years ago. The cattle plague almost exterminated them in some districts where it used to be possible to get a fair head. But, at best, buffalo are hard to bag in British East Africa. They frequent the denser thicket country generally near rivers, feed early in the morning, and late in the evening, and at the slightest alarm plunge into scrub, when it is highly imprudent to follow them if wounded. Unwounded, even a cow when followed by her calf, will sometimes charge desperately. If the ground is at all open, and

there is space between the bushy clumps to see what you shot at, a charging buffalo with lowered head, should be easy to stop. The great broad shoulders and neck offering a mark which is almost impossible to miss. Such a country is that round the upper waters of the Guasi Nyiro end of the north, and usually these animals are very plentiful here.

Thickets near the water side, or on mountain land, are a totally different matter. No one who has not tried to force a way through African cover, can have any idea of its holding qualities. Legs, arms, rifle, hat, may be tied down, dragged back, plucked over your eyes, all at the same moment. For long distances you must crawl through dark, leafy, prickly, tunnels, where you can see nothing ahead of you. So handicapped, the best shot in the world has a poor chance for his life, with the rhino or buffalo.

The rhino blunders on top of you. The buffalo lays in wait for you, cunningly chooses his position near his own retreating spoor, but to one side. He has doubled back on his course to do so. And when he sees you, and you cannot see him, charges home, nothing but death stopping his rush.

I have known of a good man killed in the evening by a buffalo he had wounded in the morning, and whose spoor he had for many hours abandoned. He was coming back to camp through the same country he hunted in the morning. As he did so he unfortunately chanced to pass close to the spot where all day long, the wounded beast had awaited his enemy. He was killed almost instantly.

I was, as I think now, foolish enough in just such a covert, to follow the first buffalo I had wounded, for four hours. There, several times, he doubled on his track, and stood waiting till I came up and passed him by. It was quite impossible to see him. His heart must have failed him at the last moment, for all the sign I had of him was

the crashing of the bushes, a few yards away, as he charged off, and not at me!

Mr. A——, of the Chicago Field Museum, a first-class shot and hunter, tracked buffalo for two months in this country before he secured what he wanted. If you have time and patience, and wait till you get a fair chance, and so can choose your head, you are reasonably sure, for years to come, to be able to secure, what I think is the best trophy that Africa can yield you.

Professional hunters have always made use of the local native for elephant hunting. These were commonly sent off to look for fresh "sign," or to locate herds, the ivory hunter staying in camp till reliable news was brought to him. This is really almost the only way to secure big ivory, and it means that for a considerable time, all other hunting and travelling must be foregone. Personally, I never cared enough for an elephant to do it. The waiting may be for long, and the wooded country you are obliged to wait in is dreary in the extreme. Of course, sefaris may, and do, happen on to elephant. I have done so three several times, and twice have been able to stalk close up to the herd. But in none of those three cases was there a big tusker in the lot. The game regulations now forbid any elephant to be shot carrying less than sixty pounds of ivory to the two tusks. Now there is no reason why a much more frequent use of local native help should not be made, when other game than elephant is sought. But very few sportsmen think of doing so. If you want lion, try and reach the neighbouring N'dorobo, or Massai or Kikuyu, tell them they are sure of "bakshish" if they show you a fresh and undisturbed "kill." The "undisturbed" part of the bargain is all important, for if they, as they are apt to do, go first up to the carcass, and cut off some of the meat, or, if you are in Kikuyu land, and they set snares for the birds (these snares are very cleverly laid,

nooses of kongoni sinew, laid down in the grass; maraboo and vultures entangle their feet in them, as they come to feed on the carrion) whose feathers they covet, then the chances of the lion returning to the kill are but slight. Generally a lion will return next night to his kill, often staying there till quite late in the morning. Even if he goes away at daylight, he will lie up at the nearest water or in some brush hard by. You can, in this way, get some idea of his whereabouts and often get a shot.

Or, the natives may locate him in some favourite ravine, where several lions, will often for quite a long time, take up their quarters. Or, again, the Massai may have tracked the great cattle thief to some family refuge in a kopji, and you might be weeks in the neighbourhood without discovering it. There are, in short, a great variety of ways, in which you can get aid and information from the local native and be sure and use him when you can. You must be prepared, however, in the first instance, to be often denied all information. I suppose the tribes have their own reasons for this cause of action, for it is very common, but I could never discover it. The N'dorobo, for instance, who may be very meat hungry, when you first see them, and who are living meagrely on honey and meat stolen from lion "kills," are likely to assure you, when you ask if there are many lions round, that there are none within three or four marches. In a week these same N'dorobo will haunt your camp, crowd to your fire, till you have to drive them away, and bring their sick to get "dowa" (medicine).

If there are many of these hunting "wild men," as the other tribes call them, in your neighbourhood, better come to an understanding with them about this matter of "kills." Promise to give them a kongoni now and then, if they will leave all kills alone, and come to you as soon as they find one. If some such arrangement is not made with them,

CHAPTER XIII

A MORNING'S RIDE THROUGH RHINO COUNTRY

WHEN the weather is fine I always breakfast in the open by the glowing embers of the watch-fire of the night before. Just as I had finished my meal this morning, the sun's rim rose on the plain — my back was to the sunrise — and quickly out of the gray dawning light a perfect rainbow shaped itself, so near, so clear, that one could surely mark the very spot where would at last be found by somebody the "golden key" which, as every well-educated child knows, or used to know, lies hidden in the ground at the place the rainbow starts from. There was not yet enough sunshine to make the edges of this sunrise rainbow very distinct, but the arch of it was very high and very perfect, and in the middle of its great bow all the morning vapours had taken on a soft rosy tinge wonderful to see.

"A rainbow at morning the shepherd's warning," says the old Scotch saw. At the Equator nature will not b bound by the rigid rules of the North, so my rainbow ushered in a delightful day.

I have said that there was but little colour among the trees and shrubs of this part of Africa. But its very rarity makes its presence all the more welcome when you do light on it. Here to-day as I ride is colour indeed. It brushes against my mule, raises its sweetness to my face, hangs on all sides ready to be plucked and appreciated. Our way winds among scattered thickets of a straggling gray bush not particularly noticeable till its flowering time comes — which seems to last many weeks — but stop then and examine what

it offers you. In rows of from three to eight on the end of each bending stem hang the beautiful yellow blossoms, almost four inches long. At a few feet's distance they look like Marechal Niel roses half-blown, growing on a gray althea bush and if you imagine an althea flower four inches long and pendant, with five petals that overlap each other (I have no botany book with me and I am ashamed to say I have forgotten how many petals the althea has) and so thick and rich in colour that the flower is solid and heavy as it hangs, not spread out flat along the parent stem as the pretty althea, but bravely swinging free, then you would have some idea of my nameless yellow African beauty. The pistil is of a rich crimson, and so waxen that even in blotting paper all beauty is crushed and lost if you try to dry it. The calix is soft green. The petals are a brilliant scarlet at the base. Like many another beautiful and interesting thing in the land this flower is nameless; and when some one does give it a name I plead for something better than an inch or more of hyphenated Latin! There is, too, an orchid that hangs out now and then a flaming spot of crimson from its background and anchorage of cactus brush. The flowers are closely bunched together, about an inch and a half in length, little frills of yellow on their lips. This is a pretty orchid that shrivels and falls when you touch it, but if left alone it seems somehow to get a good living by the side of even the warlike cactus.

The country around here for many miles is flat and when the veldt is flat and has been regularly pastured by herds or game after the rains, blue, yellow, white and mauve flowers grow in patches close to the ground. One, very like a single primrose in shape, colour and smell, is lovely. It raises its two inches of height from an inconspicuous little bunch of gray leaves, and lives only for a day or two.

And now, still following the river's course toward the blue wooded ridges that skirt the great mountains, the whole aspect of things changes. The tiresome euphorbia and its

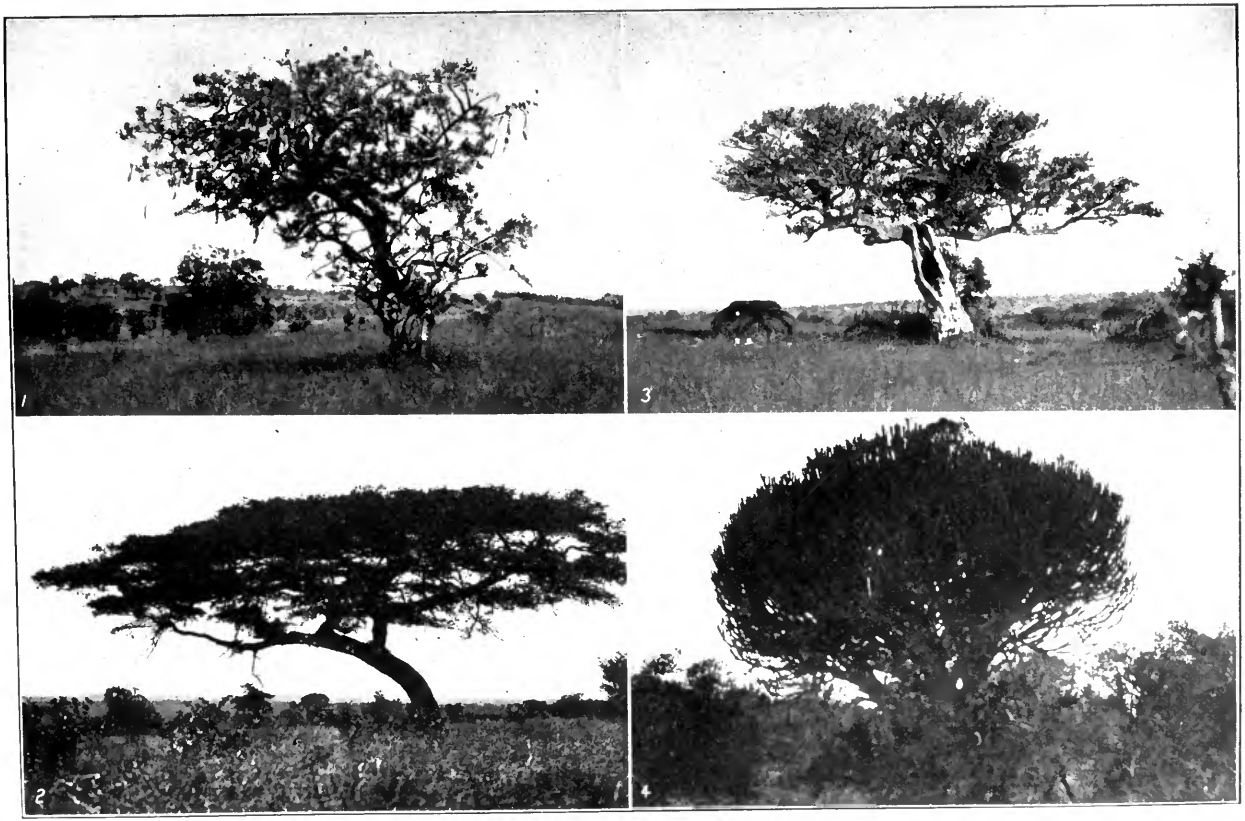
spiney following are all left behind and beneath me. The pretty cedar-like thorn trees still grow along the river bank, but mingling among them are others that tell of the mountain near by. The juniper, perhaps the best timber tree in East Africa, begins here to show itself, not yet grown into the stately tree with straight stem rising one hundred feet and more, free of knot or branch, which we left amid the dark woodland beyond Eldama Ravine. But stunted thought it way be, for the ravine land is too hot, sandy and dry for it to flourish in, it is good to see.

Here and there you notice a graceful rounded mass of rich lilac flowers, one of the most beautiful sights the forest has to show. I cannot find anyone who knows its name; it is commonly called the chestnut tree* but I can see no resemblance whatever to the chestnut about it, unless it be a prickly burr which protects the seed.

Seen at a few feet's distance the flowers look ragged, but from the ground the effect it presents of masses and bunches of fresh lilac colour is very striking indeed. It grows as high as sixty feet. The stem is smooth and graceful, the crown spreads wide and is one mass of bloom. I have not seen it growing anywhere at a height of less than seven hundred feet.

As I mount higher still, the wild olive crowns the river banks and in single trees and small groves is scattered over the steep stony slopes of bordering hills. The colour and height of the African wild olive (a common tree) is very much the same as its Italian cousin. And I could almost fancy I was riding beneath a neglected olive slope in those parts of Tuscany where the poor land scarcely repays the toil of the peasant and the terraces have been allowed to crumble away. Now I turn my mule's head for an hour or two away from the river and, scrambling up the stony slope that leads to the level country at my left, I come face to face with a totally different scene.

*Calidendron. I have since learned that it is well known in other parts of Africa.



1. Bean tree on the Nzoia
2. A thorn tree on the Nzoia, 50 hands in diameter
3. Wild fig tree on the Nzoia
4. Euphorbia, Laikipia plateau

The suddenness, the unexpectedness of this land, is one of its many charms. A ride of a few miles is full of surprises. You never can tell what you may meet or see.

The spaciousness of the splendid landscape, the mountains standing solitary, as though they would not be crowded on, makes it unlike any land I have ever seen.

I am on the northwest side of Kenia and about forty miles still from the mountain's base, though it is hard to believe it. And behind me and before me, as I face it, the level country is thickly sown for twenty-five miles with great masses of red granite, out-croppings of the same formation. A Celt would say that the Devil and the giants had been at war or play in the old days, and that these rocks were the mighty sling-stones they had hurled from the mountains at each other. Some of them are one hundred feet high, some nearer four hundred feet, and all are imposing.

Around their rocky bases the grass grows so smooth and fresh that it might be a carefully tended lawn — the disintegration of the great stones must have added richness to the soil, and the sward has buried their broad bases for some feet under its carpet. Then the prairie falls away from one, rises gently towards the next in curves and dips of green.

They are half a mile apart, or only fifty yards as it may be. Some rise sheer and steep with no crack or crevice for bush or vine. On some dwarfed wild fig trees climb and cling. All are of rich red granite, and the sides and crowns shine and glisten gloriously in the light of the rising and setting sun. In the highest and most inaccessible, great troups of little gray monkeys have found the safest of hiding places. There no climbing cerval cat or leopard can do them harm, and up and down the sheer sides of the cliffs they race and play, looking like flies walking on the ceiling, not like animals at all.

As I came between two of those great turreted rocky islands, there suddenly arose an outcry so dreadful that

I took my rifle quickly from my gunboy. What could it be? Had a family of lions cornered a herd of zebra on the other side of the rocks? and was the hideous outcry the shrill death-cry of the zebra and the fierce growling of the lion echoed back by the rocky walls? It was simply the angry protest of a large band of baboons against our intrusion. I had often seen baboons before, in large troops too, but had never heard their war-cry. It was truly a dreadful cry. I can think of nothing to liken it to but a fire in a madhouse, when the flames might reach men, women and children at once. The simile is a horrid one, I admit, but the half human outcry was worse than anything I ever heard in my life.

As I get nearer still to the densely wooded country that lies before me, the masses of rock gradually soften the outline and merge themselves in higher and more regular hills and ridges, always covered with greenery that rise up and up till they meet the great flanks of Kenia. The sun was by now high in the heavens, yet the vapours still clung among these purple-blue foothills. In other lands you see the clouds rise up slowly, steadily from the woodland. Here sometimes they have a way of rising all their own; the breeze bids them be going; but they linger and cling to their home of the night that is over. I am not pressing too far a mere fancy; I am stating a literal fact. The clouds seem to drop cloudy anchor lines that from some miles' distance look as though they were twisted around the very tree-tops. The snowy feathery mass of them yields to the light air and floats away. But each separate cloud has its trailers behind it that bind it to the forest tops. The effect when the sun shines full on forest and mountain is very wonderful. It is as though a mighty army were camped on the great woodland, and that hidden among the trees ten thousand campfires were sending up columns of silver smoke. I have seen the same effect in early morning also on the slopes of Mt. Elgon.

Here, as I said, it is the unexpected that happens. Suddenly we come on two rhinos feeding among the brush. As we climb a ridge we are close to them before either party is aware of the other. I have been scribbling notes as I ride, but the note-book is now hurriedly pocketed. Ugly brutes these rhinos surely are, and dangerous as they are ugly. Now a sporting license issued by the Government of the Protectorate only permits the holder to kill two rhinos. Personally I think this a mistake. All rhinos should be shot at sight. They are a common nuisance, too common hereabout; useless for food, and especially dangerous to unarmed people. The natives dread them. I have in another part of the country already taken half my allowance of rhinos, and as neither of these has the one redeeming feature allowed to a rhino, a good horn, they are safe so far as I am concerned; so there is nothing to be done but to go around them, which I do, my syce with the memory of the buffalo column still in his soul, crowding up close on the guns with the led mule. As we make a circle we draw off to one side and pass close to a winding water-course, dry in the hot weather, but holding running-water now, which gurgles among tall grass and thorn bushes, its sides rocky and steep. A little ridge runs from the hill we had to turn down, in order to go around the rhino, to the edge of the water course, and shuts off our view of a sharp bend in its stream. The gulley makes another bend to meet this ridge, so, as our heads rise above it, there lies a little tongue-shaped promontory before us, and we stand on high ground at its centre. A few yards away is a whole family of ostriches, cock bird and hen and eight half-grown chicks (the chicks would stand over five feet high). For a moment dire confusion reigns, for the ostrich is exceedingly wary, and when the old birds have a brood they are the very most careful of all wild creatures; and if the Syrian ostriches, as the Good Book says, left their eggs to take their chances in the sand,

their African cousins do nothing of the sort. The birds old and young run hither and thither. The water-course is not to be attempted; father and mother might get over, but the tender bodies of the chicks could not endure the thorn bushes or the sharp rocks. Presently the hen rushes off to our left, but the cock is not of her mind at all. He chooses a braver and, as it turns out, a wiser course. In some way or other he impresses his will on his eight frightened children. Led by the boldest chick, they form a "line ahead" and with their pretty brown fluffy wings half spread sail steadily by us, keeping distance as though they were a line of battleships, the cock in the rear. Then when the father realizes how close his brood must come to us in passing, he deliberately leaves the rear of the family column and splendidly sails along between the enemy and his children. He seemed to look right into my face as he went by, not thirty yards away. It was a rare and beautiful sight.

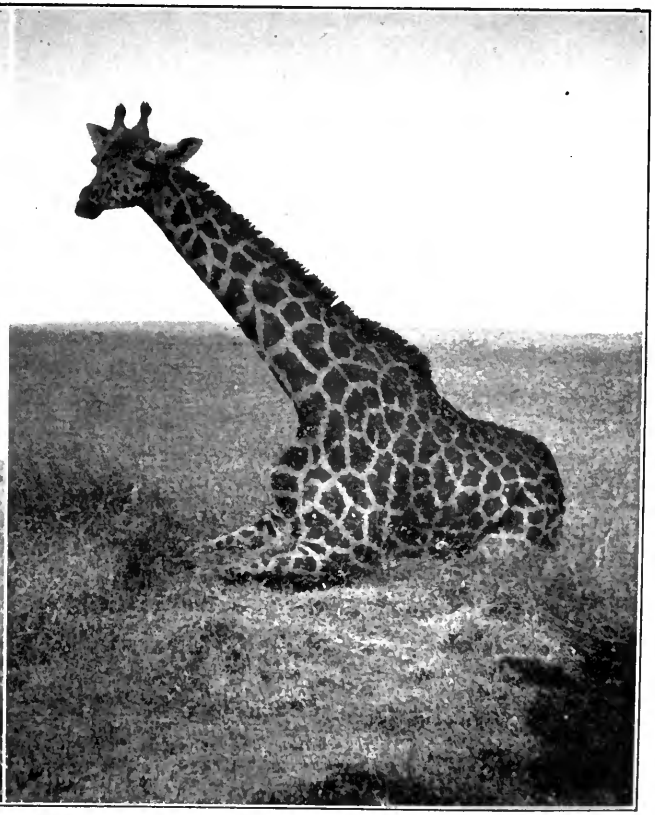
But the morning was not over yet, and I was to have another and a very near sight of an animal that always seems to me one of the most attractive in Africa.

I never care to shoot a giraffe. As a specimen he is unnatural unless mounted as he stands, and standing he would look uncouth unless one found him some such place to stand in as the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. (He would look better there, by the way, than some of the things now in it!)

The giraffe is too old to shoot; no one can tell how old he is, much older than the elephant. And no one would think of shooting an elephant were he not prodigiously destructive to the farmer and were his tusks not worth a great deal of money. But the giraffe is perfectly harmless, he was never known to hurt anyone, and he gets his living off the upper boughs of thorn trees, which no one can reach but himself, and nobody else would eat if he could reach them.

To see his beautifully mottled skin towering up among

Giraffe running. Photograph by Mr. Barker kindly given to the author



Giraffe. Photograph by Mr. Barker kindly given to the author

and over the flat green thorn trees, is surely one of the strangest and most beautiful sights the animal world offers to man. As he stands and dips and bends and twists his nine-foot long neck in and out among the armed branches of the tree, he is grace personified. I was able to watch seven of these creatures, the king, his harem and his children, all gathered around one green-topped tree. From seven points of vantage they dipped into it at once, stooping under an unusually keenly armed bough, bending over another, their necks seeming to twist two or three ways at once. I had the good fortune to come very near without alarming them, and with my Zeiss glass, could see them as though they were not more than ten yards away. But when at last the treacherous breeze betrayed us, and they plunged into flight! well, no one could call their movements graceful. The immensely long forelegs are thrown forward, as you see a very high-stepping horse sometimes throw his forelegs forward, till the hoof, for the faction of a second is pointed straight out in front. The giraffe makes this motion with a sort of jerk at the end of it, as though he intended in the first instance to fling his hoof as far as he could forward, and then as a sort of afterthought brings it to the ground, then when it reaches earth he flounders forward with his high shoulders, lifts both ungainly hindlegs and plants them almost together. There is a great antediluvian lizard known to us, who had two brains, one to move his body and another to move his abnormally long tail. It looks as though this giraffe, like the long lizard, also needed two brains, one to move his hind legs and another to move his forelegs, and as though the two brains wouldn't act perfectly together.

And now, coming back toward the river, camp is near. Is it possible that this upper country looking so fresh, so green, so shady, the streams running clear as in the hills of Ireland and Scotland, lies within twenty-five miles of the

rhino cactus stronghold? This is the land of surprises indeed. A few hours ago you dismounted from your mule if you were wise, for rhinos seem to have a peculiar aversion to mules, and walked warily in the spiney jungle of Africa proper; footprints of lion and rhino crossed and re-crossed the way, and while from the river sandbank the cruel crocodile pushed noiselessly into the yellow stream. Here is another land, a land where soft green meadows in curving swells press up to the very edges of dense mountain forests as though they were English park lands browsed by the deer. And looking sheer down on you is the brow of as glorious a mountain as there is in the world.

Mount Kenia was ascended with immense difficulty five years ago. The ascent was made from the southern side shown in the extraordinary photograph by Mr. Binks, a copy of which he has kindly allowed me to publish. The northern side of the mountain as I drew near seemed to offer a much easier approach at least as far up as the great depression into which falls the main glacier. From that basin towers aloft the final peak, on this northern face of it surely unscalable. Here a calamity overtook our sefari, when we had almost reached the foot of these northern slopes. The man we had trusted to provision our men failed us completely. The buffalo herds which we had come to seek had been driven away by the Massai cattle. We were out of potio and in almost gameless land; nothing remained for us but to send most of our men back to Laikipia to get food, and while we awaited their return from the journey of seventy miles, we were chained to camp. I enjoyed the ever-changing view of the mountain, but I greatly longed to push nearer and explore its northern side even for a little way. This was impossible; there were not enough men left in camp to move our tents, so I had to content myself by making excursions as far as my mule could carry me in a day.

I came to the conclusion that the forest belt here was not

nearly so dense as on the other sides and that a way through it might be found without any extraordinary difficulty.

On returning to Nairobi what was my chagrin on learning that a surveying party led by Mr. McGregor Ross was, at the very time we were restlessly waiting for our supplies at the foot of the mountain, making its way through the very forest belt that daily I searched with my glasses; and that having done so, they camped on the bare, heathy uplands that rose gradually to snow-level, and at a height of over ten thousand feet made a complete circuit of the peaks.

The scientific results of this remarkable expedition will soon be published, and with them I hope will appear, in some more popular form, Mr. Ross's beautiful series of telephotic photographs.

Mr. Ross tells me that a path through heavy woods and giant bamboo (the bamboo was often over sixty feet in height) was found. He passed these supposedly insuperable obstacles in two days' march, and that after this the upper mountain lands presented no difficulty whatever.

A trip to the snowy basin of Kenia will now be within the powers of any reasonably equipped sefari. Ten days from Naivasha should see camp pitched on the edge of its principal glacier. So much for the unexpected in East Africa!

Herds of elephant and buffalo were common amid these untrodden mountain solitudes. The explorers' time, however, was so taken up with scientific work that no hunting was done.

All round Kenia on the dry slopes of the Guasi Nyiro and farther to the northeast in the little known district of Meru, once dangerous but now pacified, is the chosen home of the rhino. It was in marching through the cactus lands of the Guasi Nyiro that Chanler's expedition, in the early nineties, was so tormented by their constant attentions. Lieutenant Von Höhnel was terribly wounded by one of these beasts, and had to be carried to the coast. The

prolonged agony of such a journey cannot be imagined by any who have not been in the country. After Von Höhnel received what was almost a death-wound, on three occasions the porters carrying him were so fiercely charged that they let fall the unfortunate man's litter, and so almost extinguished the spark of life that nothing but his indomitable pluck kept alight.

Three of these porters were killed by rhino, so it was no heedless panic that made them drop their suffering charge.

I had in this same cactus jungle on this same river the only narrow escape from fatal injury I experienced in East Africa.

Two or three miles back from the river are to be found small bands of that rare and graceful little antelope, geranuk. Its neck is long and flexible like a small giraffe's, the horns somewhat like those of a reed buck, but turned inwards at the tip. It does not bound away as do other small antelopes, but throws its forefeet forward in a springing and exceedingly fast trot. I fancy this is the only place in the Protectorate where it is to be found. You are limited to two bucks and may count yourself lucky if you can get one. Given time and patience and fair shooting, you may expect that one, and should be content after that to leave the shy graceful creatures alone. Farther out on the veldt between the sparsely wooded hills and plains that stretch forty miles to the base of Kenia the oryx is found in abundant numbers. This is one of the finest of the African antelopes and carries one of the most beautiful of heads; the male and female both carry horns. The horns of the bull are thicker, those of the cow often the longer. I would advise you not to be in too great a hurry to shoot the first one you see. Learn to distinguish between bulls and cows. Look at them carefully with your glass. Patiently crawl near, for if these should escape you there will be other chances before long. You can shoot but two, and if you kill males you will not hurt the herd,

for nature provides far more males than are necessary for reproduction. It is a pretty safe plan to select single bulls feeding by themselves. They nearly always carry a good horn. Oryx are sometimes rather difficult to approach, but with these antelopes, as with all the big game I know of in this country, perseverance is the sure road to success. When you have selected the animal carrying the trophy, wait; follow him, follow him as long as you can travel. If one stalk fail, wait a while, sit down and smoke a pipe, and follow him again. I have made four long and unsuccessful stalks in one day, on oryx, then sat down and waited until they began feeding at two miles off, then made my fifth attempt and secured my head. A good bull oryx often accompanies a large herd of zebra. It is therefore well to look the herds of zebra over carefully with your glass. If you can, separate your game from the zebra, as these often make an approach impossible. Never be discouraged, even in the morning you find the oryx almost unapproachable. Later in the day you will in all likelihood secure an easy stalk.

Six or eight miles up the Guasi Nyiro above its junction with the Guasi Narok, and some three or four miles out on the plain, among the giant kopjes that are here scattered over the country, seems the favourite haunt of this splendid antelope. Let me add the warning I have repeated in another chapter. Go up to a wounded oryx carefully. And above all, when your gunbearer is *hallaling* him (cutting his throat), stand clear of the sweep of his long sharp horn. He can, even when dying, deliver a lightning-like sweeping thrust. In this way one of our gunbearers, an old and careful hand, was wounded in the leg. Lion have been found dead, impaled on a dead oryx's horns.

On these great game-browsed meadows, and around the red granite kopjes that dot them, many lions still roam. You will nightly hear their deep, coughing, grunting cry.

They seem to go to bed very early in the morning, and unless you are lucky enough to find them loitering on their "kill" of the night before, they are hard to see. If you are well mounted or have a Somali or gunbearer mounted on a swift pony to round them up, Laikipia plain is an ideal place to get them.

Grant antelope are to be seen here, not in as large herds as are common south of the railroad and east of Naivasha plain, nor do these Grant carry as long a horn. These of Laikipia are the *grantii notata*, a different variety. The beautiful horn does not branch as widely and curves more decidedly forward. A twenty-four inch measurement is a good trophy.

I must not forget the giraffe but somehow I have never been able to think of these strange old world creatures as things to be shot. Here they can be seen and studied at leisure, for near the river, and north to within a few miles of the mountain, herds of from five to fifteen are common.

I shot a wild dog on the plateau which I am inclined to think is a distinct species. It is quite smooth-skinned, no hair anywhere on the body, only a few sparse white hairs on the tip of the tail. It is quite black and resembles closely a Mexican hound. And twice I heard it bark distinctly. Other wild dogs do not bark. Three or four times I had an opportunity of examining the dog carefully with my glasses, and also twice I had one thrust his head out of a bush and very distinctly bark at me. If this species is distinct it is as yet unknown to science. To give some idea of the game resources of this splendid country, I will enumerate what I saw during one morning's ride. Zebra, eland (several hundred), Grant, five rhino, one leopard, giraffe (twenty), klipspringer, impala (three large herds), ostrich, stein-buck, duiker-buck and geranuk.

There is another attraction that the Laikipia plateau

to north of Mt. Kenia possesses. I name it last, though to my mind that is not by any means its place. The country is watered abundantly, for Africa, by streams, hill or mountain born, and though specially in Massai land with its great cattle herds, these soon lose their clear flow and become more or less turbid and yellow, still their waters are sweet and cool and are safe to drink without boiling. The one stream I now write about is unlike any I have found in Africa. It leaves the mountain by way of one of the many gorges that like great ribs seam its sides. There, somewhere among tangled forest as yet impenetrable, it has its spring sources. It has somehow chosen for itself a different course from that of all other brooks, which flow downward to form the Guasi Nyiro river, for these a few miles from the mountain are yellow, while this stream runs clear and cool as a trout brook in new or old England. Its flow is so rapid that it cuts for itself a gorge among the hills, and by the time it reaches the more level country that rises toward the base of the mountain, it has worn a veritable cañon deep in the grassy slopes.

I am sitting as I write, on a red granite kopje some half-mile from the edge. I can see the whole course of this mountain stream till it joins the large volume of the Guasi Nyiro five miles to the westward. In this very early morning light, while the vapours of night still hang tangled in the forest tops, faint silvery smoky columns of the lightest spray rise above the dark tree-tops which line the little cañon, marking each of them, the place where it rushes downward in a rapid or tumbles to a fall.

Clear streams are almost unknown here, so this one will repay a long ride. Indeed there is no better camping place in all the country. Its head waters are more frequented by buffalo than any other region, except it be the far lower and less healthy banks of the Tana River. And

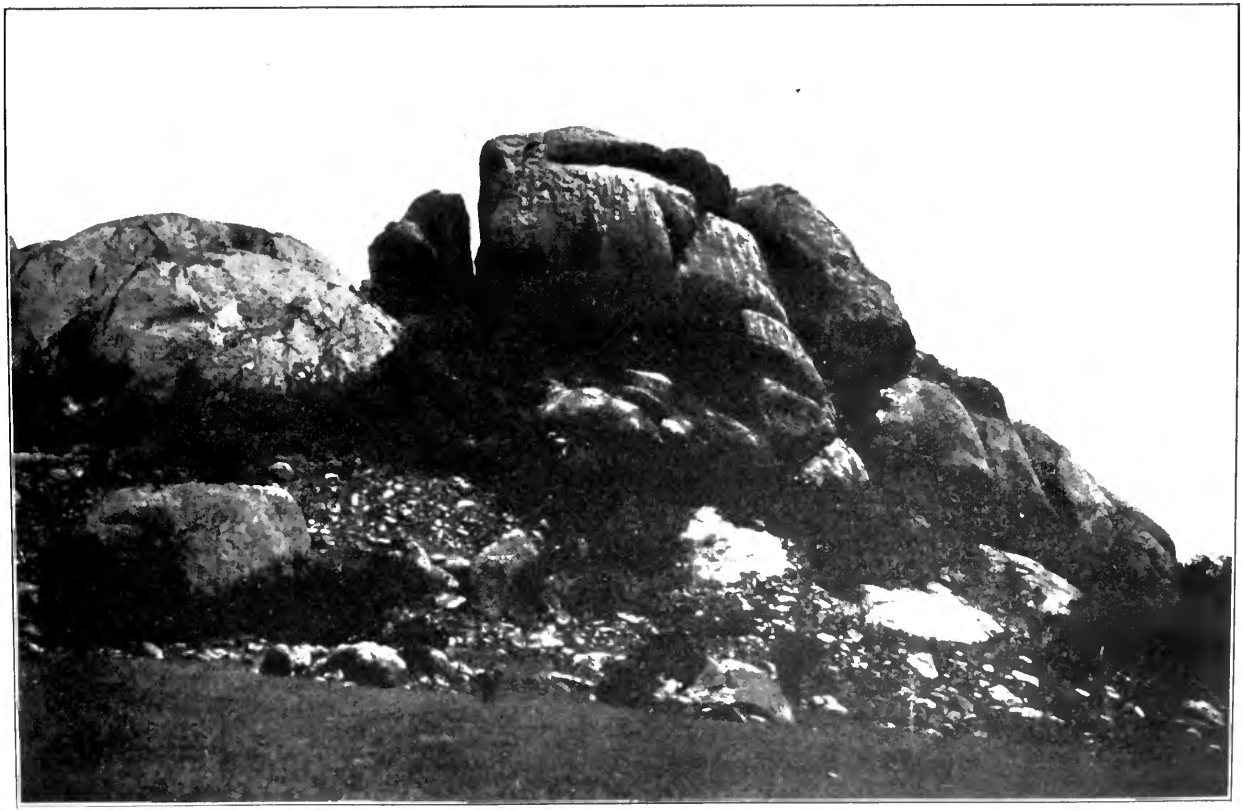
in its beautiful hidden woodlands you can always hear in the early morning the strange cry of the Colobus monkey sounding like a rapidly ground coffee mill.

I spent many a delightful hour exploring its banks and watching its delicious flow, so clear of all mud and swamp stain. The tree ferns love its cool shade. Many varieties unknown to me grew there. Little delicate fronded things like long branches of parsley. Clumps of maidenhair, and others with rich hanging, curling leaves. Some on the bank, some from great tree stems. You may ride within one hundred yards of that cañon's edge on smoothly cropped green grass land, and but for the broad tree-tops, just raising themselves above the level sward you could have no idea that a gorge fully a hundred feet deep lay at your feet.

Then as you walk for miles along its edge, you can study leisurely that new, strange world of the trees that you have so often longed to look into.

The heavy forests of Africa are usually dark, dank, unhealthy. The wild pig and an occasional bushbuck are the only animals that haunt them. But this upper world of the tree-tops is full of life. There, monkeys swing from bough to bough with extraordinary quickness. Parrots screech to their fellows, and the purple pigeons fly to and fro. All is above and beyond you as you walk in semi-darkness, or rather crawl, torn, scratched at every step. From the cañon's crest you have a clear view of what you never saw before, the world where the insects, the birds, the monkeys find a safe and sunny home, a region different as fancy can paint it from the sombre tangle below.

Besides, the little river in cutting its way so deeply has made a well-watered botanical garden all its own. There, great trees grow and sweet flowers bloom that are strangers to the country around. Here is the stateliest tree in East Africa, the juniper, whose great stem rises majestically



Laikipia red granite kopje. Notice mule in foreground

before you, as you painfully force your way amid the dark places of the great woods, but whose feathery boughs you never saw before, so densely packed and laced together are those forest tops. Here all open to the daylight, you can study the gnarled twistings of those splendid limbs, and they remind you of one of the trees Rousseau has so wonderfully painted, against a background of crimson sunsetting, a tree to dream of and but rarely seen. Here the wide-spreading chestnut finds all the space it needs for its great bouquet-like crown of rich lilac blossom, and groups of them take up the whole cañon from side to side. The precipitous sides of this cañon have saved them from the yearly devastating grass fire, and they sink their roots safely in the cool well watered soil. On the plain above grow juniper and olive trees in scattered thousands, but all are ragged and scorched. The junipers for half their stunted growth are notched and unsightly. The olive trees bloom only at the crowns; when they live at all they live a life of protest; the hardy thorn tree alone shows scarcely any sign of these fierce recurrent purgatorial scorchings.

In the cañon fire never comes. Its rocky borders give the flames nothing to feed on, and thus it is that within it you find a secluded little woodland, naturally matured.

Darkness and dampness make the African forests unpleasant and uninteresting even when they are penetrable, while here are a hundred little green open glades where for part of the day the sun shines down. Silver gray moss hangs in long waving veils from upper branches. Rich orange-coloured mistletoe plants itself wherever it can see the sun. Long, delicate tree-ferns find rootage in the trees leaning close to the water, and between feathery juniper tops bunches of chestnut flowers twenty feet across make, with their gray moss wreathing, a colour scheme scarcely to be matched, and never to be forgotten.

The shy and pretty Colobus monkey, has chosen the cañon for his special haunt and home. There he is to be seen in the early morning, sitting on some topmost branch of juniper, taking a sunbath, drying his silky coat of white and black and his long snowy tail, after the night-dew bath. Be merciful to him, take one specimen or at most two, and shoot him not till you have a sure chance, and are certain that he cannot escape wounded among the thick trees. His aquiline nose gives to his black face a rather unpleasant human look, and I felt guilty when I had shot mine.

The rhinoceros is one of the stupidest and perhaps from that very cause one of the most dangerous beasts in British East Africa. He cannot distinguish a man from a tree stump at forty yards. His hearing, however, is very good indeed, and he detects at once the lightest foot-fall. The earth seems to act as a conductor of sound to some animals more than to others. I have often noticed rhino show signs of uneasiness as I was trying to get near enough for a photograph, when it was quite impossible for them to have heard my tread. They would rise from their shaded resting-place, face in every direction, sniff the breeze and, as I stood quite still, lie down again. On resuming my approach the same restlessness would be shown.

They will often trot up toward the long sefari marching line, stamp and snort a little, and then walk off, generally taking a long circle, so as to get the wind of the moving human snake that slowly crawls by them. In this way they would cut across the head or tail of a column of porters, creating sudden consternation, and sometimes doing damage. When once they have confirmed their suspicions by a strong sniff of the tainted air, they will either rush away at a rapid trot, which they are apt to keep up for several miles, or, if viciously disposed,

which is rare, will wheel sharply up wind and charge right down on the enemy they can but dimly see. Even then, nine times out of ten, a rifle ball at twenty yards hitting them anywhere about the head or the neck will make them swerve to one side in their charge, so they are not as dangerous as they look, which is fortunate, for there are few more disturbing sights than a two-ton rhino coming straight at you, his ugly head and threatening horns held well down, and at a pace so fast that no good runner could keep away from him. To the unarmed man and to the native he is specially dangerous, and a good many of these latter are killed by him. As such an accident seems of little consequence to the herdsman the news of it seldom reaches the local authorities. But they will drive their herds a long way round to avoid a bit of bush into which fresh tracks of rhino lead.

Some years ago, a noted professor of biology interested me greatly as he showed me the skull of a Myocene rhinoceros. In those far-away days the beast must have been well able to take care of himself, even in the dangerous company which he kept. The convolutions of the brain of the Myocene rhinoceros are fine, very much superior to those of his present-day descendant. The sawtooth tiger and cave bear took little chance out of him. He somehow so managed things, that while they disappeared he survived to see the end of his redoubtable antagonists. Then gradually life must have become too easy for him. He was big and burly and well armed; other animals kept out of his way. The inevitable consequences ensued. Competition keen and fierce had kept him up. The struggle for existence had made him the formidable, brainy beast that he was. When the struggle was over and his brain was no longer put to its best use, he began, like poor Dean Swift, "to die atop." The African fodder is as good as of yore. His hide is as thick,

his horn as sharp, everything keeps out of his way, so he lives on, a surly, ill-natured, dangerous, and quite useless life; occupying ground that more useful and beautiful things need. Surely a striking illustration, in the animal world, of that universal truth we are so prone to forget: that easy times do not always make for real usefulness or greatness.

Only the other day my friend the missionary, Mr. Shauffaker, very nearly lost his life in an encounter with a rhino. He is preëminently a man of peace, and generally rides, more often walks, on his way unarmed. On this occasion he borrowed a mule from another missionary, for the road he must take was a long one. As he was passing through some thickish brush he was, with out warning, incontinently charged by a rhino. Such an onslaught is usually made with exceeding swiftness, and though his mule swerved for its life, the cruel horns pinned him. Mr. Shauffaker is a young and very active man. He threw himself off and darted behind a friendly bush, but all in vain. The furious beast crashed through the dense shrubbery, carrying everything before him, and when my friend came to himself, for he was partly stunned, he held in his hand a small remnant of his sun umbrella, while a cloud of dust and trailing brush and the rest of the umbrella decorating his horn showed where the rhino was still furiously charging away.

During the night rhino seldom troubled the camp. But Mr. Percivale, one of the game wardens appointed by the British East African Government, told me of an extraordinary escape that he had lately had. He had risen about two in the morning, leaving his tent and his companion who was sleeping in it, for a few moments. Rhino had not been common in the neighbourhood for some time. Suddenly in the pitchy blackness, for there was no moon, a dark animal rushed by him. There

was a crash, down went the tent; then another crash, followed by loud cries from his men. He rushed back to find his friend crawling out unhurt from the wreckage, all bespattered with jam. He was scarcely awake, and quite at a loss to know what had happened. "Is it a tornado?" said he. Mr. Percivale's bed, from which he had risen but a moment before, was smashed to atoms. A tin of jam, crushed by the great beast's foot, had exploded like a bomb shell, spattering jam over everything. He called to his men and was answered by groans. One of them was badly trampled, and another bundled up in his little tent had been carried bodily off for twenty yards. The rhino's horn had cut a deep gash in the man's forehead, otherwise he was unhurt.

I have known of a rhino at night taking both sides of a Massai munyata in full charge, and scattering men, women, children and cattle right and left like a swarm of angry bees. But these are the only instances in which I have heard of a night attack by them. Were such things common, sefari life would be much less pleasant than it is, for neither their *bomas* nor campfires would prove any protection.

When I was near Fort Hall three years ago, a Government surveyor was run down by a rhino, and so badly trampled and horned that he died in two days. He had been warned not to go unarmed, but thought the chances of meeting a dangerous beast so slight that he could dispense with the bother of a rifle!

I may as well here tell my own experiences with the rhino. I shot the first two rhino I came across; they carried fairly good horns, and I shot them without any trouble. One bullet was enough for each, and each fell to a chest shot rather low down and full in front; a sure place to kill, I found it, though it is not usually counted so. Hit here by a solid .450 Cordite rifle, they wheeled at right

angles, ran some twenty or thirty yards, and fell with a sharp squeaking cry, quite dead. After these two, I was far more anxious to get a photograph of rhino than to shoot them and spent much time and ran some risk, in unavailing efforts. The bush was too thick, the light too bad, or the rhino stamped and snorted so when I got nearly within photographing distance (you cannot do much with a kodak at more than fifteen yards) that I had to keep handing my camera to my nervous gunbearer and grasping my rifle.

In this way I find I have approached close to more than fifty and never had actual trouble with any of them till a few days ago.

Now, the danger of the rhino is twofold. In the first place, you are apt to stumble on him most unexpectedly. He makes very little noise when he feeds, and moves his unwieldy body with unaccountably little crackling of bush, even in places where you find it impossible to walk noiselessly. I have often stood silently and watched him feeding amid thorns that were dry and brittle, and over ground thickly covered with fallen twigs. He would go about his business with a silence that was almost uncanny—Listen as I would, scarcely a sound betrayed him, yet there he was before my eyes, not forty yards away.

In the second place, if you do surprise him at close quarters, it is impossible to say what he may do. He may snort and rush away, or he may rush away as though escape was his one aim and object, and as suddenly turn right around and charge over men and baggage, carrying ruin and consternation in his train; or he may charge head on without one instant's hesitation. The smell of many animals distinctly indicates their near presence. A herd of wapiti or kongoni can be smelt at several hundred yards distance in still warm weather. A band of lions are unmistakable when you get close to them in the long grass.

buffalo, too, have a penetrating odour. But I have never been able to detect a rhino in this way, though I have often stood for several minutes within a few yards of them.

Bulky as he is, on a plain studded with ant hills, it is very hard to pick him out, since his brown bulk is just like an ant hill. If he is taking his siesta, it is under the deep shadow of a tree, and in the glow of sunlight you may pass quite near him and see nothing. Whereas if he is where he loves above all to be: in dense thorn or cactus scrub, he is absolutely invisible till you are within a few yards or even feet. It is surprising how often you find yourself unexpectedly quite close to rhino.

I had stalked up to so many during my previous ten months' hunting, and had so unvaryingly found them retreat that I began to think there was no such thing as a really vicious member of the family left. I was destined, however, to be abundantly convinced that on occasion they are extremely dangerous. I was trailing a buffalo bull on the Guasi Nyiro of the north quite near the little cañon I have tried to describe. It was an excellent game country. Oryx abounded, there were several small bands of buffalo and rhino were far too numerous to be pleasant. Cactus and thorn scrub covered densely the steep rocky hills rising sharply from the beautiful river and glades, green and partly open, ran between their bases. The fresh spoor we were following led us for a mile or more up and down this woody country, and then turned up one of the steepest hill sides, where the brush was quite impenetrable. I and my gunbearers had crawled silently as we could some two hundred yards into the tearing, cutting jungle and I was on the point of saying we had best go out, as in such a place nothing could be done, when through the black wall of herbage to our right came the sharp whistling snort of a rhino. We stood stock still, and I fortunately was able to stand upright just there, and clear very quietly

the trailing creepers from my arms and rifle. Looking hard where the sound had come from, I was presently able to make out a small patch of brown skin, not longer than my hand, about ten yards away. I was naturally most anxious not to shoot. The noise would destroy my chances of coming on any buffalo thereabout, and besides, this was no place to shoot anything, much less a bush rhino, whose horn was almost certain to be a poor one. So we stood and waited, hoping that our most unwelcome neighbour would move away. He stood as silent as we did. Then very slowly I tried to retreat. All in vain, we were so near he must have seen us clearly. He wheeled with a crash, and snorting loudly rushed into us. I could see nothing to shoot at till his horn was within a few yards of the man next to me on my left. Now Dooda, my Somali, was a brave man enough, but in the presence of rhino or lion he became very much excited. He now fell back so violently against my left shoulder that as I threw him off, his rifle cut my hand and I almost fell. Had I done so nothing could have saved us all three from being gored and trampled on. As I straightened up I saw the broad shoulder and lowered horn almost on us. I fired the right barrel of my .450 into the spine, at a distance (afterward measured) of about ten feet. And the rhino fell, an inert mass, without a groan or a kick. I had just time behind the flash of my right barrel, to see a second great head and shoulder following the first. Indeed, so close was the second rush on the first that I could barely pull my left trigger quickly enough. Had I been using a black powder cartridge I could not have seen the second beast till he was upon me. Fortunately the almost unaimed shot took him in the same place as his fellow and he too collapsed. The charge of these two furious animals was so nearly simultaneous that my gunbearer, Dooda, had no idea that there were two, but fancied I had

The terror of the safari

shot twice into the one animal. When we stepped forward on top of *two* dead rhino, he leaped backward, thinking we had another untouched animal before us. My Brownie, cool as ever, had seen our second danger and had shot at the same moment as myself. He made a good shot for him, for he had actually scored in the fleshy part of the hind leg, a wound he took care to point out to me with pride, as I always chaffed him about not being able to hit anything.

Such is the rhino in East Africa. Nineteen times out of twenty, even in dense bush, he will rush away from you. But, as Bernard Shaw's play says, "you never can tell." And if as in this case there are two of them and they charge suddenly home, it is a very serious matter indeed. Two charging together have killed or maimed many a good man. When the bush is dense, when the little rhino birds fly up a few yards in front, it is best to go round or hunt somewhere else. I know that I shall next time.

Though the story I have just told proves conclusively enough that rhino in thick brush can at times be most dangerous, it by no means follows that all the yarns one constantly hears of charging rhino are true. The trouble is that most men when they shoot at a rhino, follow up their first shot with a stream of bullets. Indeed, after the first shot is fired, there is a good deal of excitement and confusion. It is the same story with elephant and with lion. I think this common plan is a bad one. If the first shot is, as it should be, carefully planted in a vital place, there is no need to fire any more. Indeed, a constant fire draws the animal's attention to where you are. If, on the other hand, you are sitting down quietly on the ground, the very great probability is that, confused and stunned by the impact of a modern bullet, your game has no idea where you are. He may rush toward you, though the chances are very many to one that he will not.

If he should rush toward you he is almost sure to pass you by at very close range. And if it is necessary to fire again, you can do so without rising or moving, and with deadly effect. Whereas, a succession of bullets fired at the head and shoulders of a charging beast generally do little damage. If he is coming right on, let him come. And at a few yards the heavy bullet will stop, turn or kill him. This applies to elephant and rhino. Lion and buffalo when once they have made up their mind to charge keep coming on till killed. As they come toward you, animals often look as though they were coming right on when really they are not doing so. I repeat what I said before: When possible, receive dangerous game sitting down. Your doing so gives your men confidence and there will then be no wild rifle firing.

I cannot insist too constantly on the need of drilling the gunbearers; getting to know them; making them understand your wishes, your own peculiar way of handling your rifle and selecting your cartridges. I have looked most painstakingly into the details of those unfortunate incidents, when wounds or death have been inflicted by the wild beast. I can assert that in the great majority of cases lack of care of rifles, undisciplined gunbearers, or some such cause, has been uppermost in bringing about the calamity.

Lord —— was charged, not far from Nairobi, by a lion he had ridden. Lady —— was on horseback not a quarter of a mile away, and was a horror-stricken spectator of what came near being a tragedy. Lord —— was a poor shot. The lion came slowly at first, as they generally do, out of the grass. Lord ——, with a gunbearer on either side of him, sat down to kill him. He fired at about sixty yards' range and only scratched him. Then the excited Somali on either side fired and, of course, missed. This maddened the lion more and he rushed

in. Lord —— turned first to one then to another of these much vaunted and useless men to find — empty guns!!! The lion was upon them. Lord —— fell, for some reason or other, forward on his face. The lion seized one gunbearer and shook him. Then strode across the fallen body of Lord —— and seized the second man. As he did so the bloody spume from his mouth was streaked all over Lord ——'s back. All three, to Lady ——'s terror, lay prone, the lion standing over them. A man who was with Lady —— told me it was the worst thing he ever saw. The great beast then walked quietly away, unmolested! That was a case where bad shooting and undisciplined gunbearers combined invited a tragedy.

The discipline of the gunbearer is a matter of life and death. I may be held guilty of giving brutal advice to sportsmen, but I feel sure that those who know what dangerous game shooting is, will acquit me of brutality. I advise you to have long talks and most clear explanations with the men who must accompany you into danger after wounded game. Having made your meaning perfectly plain, if your gunbearer disobeys you, there and then knock him down with such a blow as he is likely never to forget. It may save your life and his. And do not take Somali gunbearers with you unless you can help it. The Wakamba are in every way superior. Some Swahili that are first-class can be secured. A Somali, though brave, gets uncontrollably excited and is monstrously conceited, as a usual thing, to boot. He wants different food from the other men. Tea, ghee, halva — rice, sugar. He seldom speaks the truth and he bullies the porters and makes much trouble in the sefari. And there is one thing more should be said. The outrageous prices that the Somali demand and receive are apt to have a most demoralizing effect on your other men.

plains, are both rather undesirable places in which to tackle him. But the elephant hunter must take on elephant wherever he is fortunate enough to come on them.

There is scarcely any part of the protectorate in which you may not happen on elephant. They turn up unexpectedly in most unlikely places. In the Kinan Kop woods near Naivasha, all round Kenia, in the Aberdare range, on all sides of the Nzoia plateau, on the slopes of Mt. Elgon and in the Elgao forests, they are still abundant. But you may have to go up as I have to many herds, before you find bulls carrying ivory heavy enough to shoot.

Shoot: (1) between the eye and ear, nearer the ear and lower than the eye. (2) Right in the shoulder. (3) A foot *above* the tail, if he is going straight away, reaches the spine, and stops him. *One* shot in any of these places is enough.

Buffalo:

Buffalo have increased greatly in later years. One bull is now the limit permitted. There must be a change made soon, for buffalo are becoming destructive.

There are several herds near Nairobi and permission can often be obtained to take a head from these. Donyea Sabuk has many buffalo. There are more in the Kedong, thirty miles from the town.

Five miles from Punda Melia near Fort Hall there are several herds. All down the Tana near Embo they are very numerous. Laikipia along the Quasi Nyiro of the North they are common, but the cactus cover makes hunting very dangerous.

The valley of the Kerio and the slopes of Cherangang are full of them, but the horns do not seem to be quite as large as in other parts. Shoot them well forward and low down in the shoulder.

Rhino:

Everywhere. Few big horns anywhere. Across the

Quasi Nyiro of the South, along German borders they run larger. North of Kenia there are some large ones. There are very many on the Tana and Theka, three days from Nairobi. And also on Laikipia plateau.

Shoot them for a side shot well forward, rather low down; for a front shot, full in the chest and only a few inches above the brisket. They are easy to kill.

Greater Koodo:

Not common anywhere in British East Africa. Permits are given to some to shoot a single bull in the game reserve north of Lake Baringo. I saw a good one shot at Solai Swamp (the hills near by) three days from Nakuru north. The game rangers can be depended upon to know the latest news as to their whereabouts.

Lesser Koodo:

At the junction of Quasi Narok and Quasi Nyiro I saw them. They can be had with a little trouble. The railroad people are most courteous in giving information about lesser koodo. This antelope is very local, choosing a place and staying there for months, not moving to any distance so long as he can get water. He seems to feed on the nightshade fruit, the yellow tomato, so common everywhere. I am not aware of any other animal that eats it. The natives declare it is most poisonous and certainly it looks it.

Roan:

Common near Punda, where at present it is protected. Common at Muhroni, three stations from Port Florence on the Lake. Before visiting Muhroni find out if the grass has been burned. In long unburned grass, hunting them is a trying experience. There is much fever too. The buck is a splendid beast, weighing as much as 500 pounds, but in British East Africa the horns seldom attain a great length. Twenty-seven inches is a good head.