

any rate, I noticed one herd of hartebeest which, after feeding through the late afternoon, lay down at nightfall.

After getting the bull rhino, Heller needed a cow and calf to complete the group; and Kermit and I got him what he needed one day when we were out alone with our gun-bearers. About the middle of the forenoon we made out the huge grey bulk of the rhino, standing in the bare plain, with not so much as a bush two feet high within miles; and we soon also made out her calf beside her. Getting the wind right, we rode up within a quarter of a mile, and then dismounted and walked slowly toward her. It seemed impossible that on that bare plain we could escape even her dull vision, for she stood with her head in our direction; yet she did not see us, and actually lay down as we walked toward her. Careful examination through the glasses showed that she was an unusually big cow, with thick horns of fair length—twenty-three inches and thirteen inches respectively. Accordingly we proceeded, making as little noise as possible. At fifty yards she made us out, and jumped to her feet with unwieldy agility. Kneeling, I sent the bullet from the heavy Holland just in front of her right shoulder as she half faced me. It went through her vitals, lodging behind the opposite shoulder; and at once she began the curious death waltz which is often, though by no means always, the sign of immediate dissolution in a mortally wounded rhino. Kermit at once put a bullet from his Winchester behind her shoulder, for it is never safe to take chances with a rhino; and we shot the calf, which when dying uttered a screaming whistle almost like that of a small steam-engine. In a few seconds both fell, and we walked up to them, examined them, and then continued our ride,

sending in a messenger to bring Cuninghame, Heller, and an ox-waggon to the carcasses.

The stomach of this rhino contained some grass stems and blades, some leaves and twig tips of bushes, but chiefly the thick, thorny, fleshy leaves of a kind of *Euphorbia*. As the juice of the euphorbia's cactus-like leaves is acrid enough to blister—not to speak of the thorns—this suffices to show what a rhino's palate regards as agreeably stimulating. This species of rhino, by the way, affords a curious illustration of how blind many men who live much of their lives outdoors may be to facts which stare them in the face. For years most South African hunters, and most naturalists, believed in the existence of two species of prehensile-lipped, or so-called "black," rhinoceros: one with the front horn much the longer, one with the rear horn at least equal to the front. It was Selous, a singularly clear-sighted and keen observer, who first proved conclusively that the difference was purely imaginary. Now, the curious thing is that these experienced hunters usually attributed entirely different temperaments to these two imaginary species. The first kind, that with the long front horn, they described as a miracle of dangerous ferocity, and the second as comparatively mild and inoffensive; and these veterans (Drummond is an instance) persuaded themselves that this was true, although they were writing in each case of identically the same animal!

After leaving the dead rhinos we rode for several miles, over a plain dotted with game, and took our lunch at the foot of a big range of hills, by a rapid little brook, running under a fringe of shady thorns. Then we rode back to camp. Lines of zebras filed past on the horizon. Ostriches fled while we were yet far off.

lungs and the big bloodvessels of the heart. Painfully he recovered his feet, and tried to come on, his ferocious courage holding out to the last; but he staggered, and turned from side to side, unable to stand firmly, still less to advance at a faster pace than a walk. He had not ten seconds to live, but it is a sound principle to take no chances with lions. Tarlton hit him with his second bullet, probably in the shoulder, and with my next shot I broke his neck. I had stopped him when he was still a hundred yards away, and certainly no finer sight could be imagined than that of this great maned lion as he charged. Kermit gleefully joined us as we walked up to the body; only one of our followers had been able to keep up with him on his two-miles run. He had had a fine view of the charge, from one side, as he ran up, still three hundred yards distant; he could see all the muscles play as the lion galloped in, and then everything relax as he fell to the shock of my bullet.

The lion was a big old male, still in his prime. Between uprights his length was nine feet four inches, and his weight four hundred and ten pounds, for he was not fat. We skinned him and started for camp, which we reached after dark. There was a thunderstorm in the south-west, and in the red sunset that burned behind us the rain-clouds turned to many gorgeous hues. Then daylight failed, the clouds cleared, and, as we made our way across the formless plain, the half moon hung high overhead, strange stars shone in the brilliant heavens, and the Southern Cross lay radiant above the sky-line.

Our next camp was pitched on a stony plain, by a winding stream-bed still containing an occasional rush-fringed pool of muddy water, fouled by the herds and flocks of the numerous Masai. Game was plentiful

around this camp. We killed what we needed of the common kinds, and in addition each of us killed a big rhino. The two rhinos were almost exactly alike, and their horns were of the so-called "Keitloa" type, the fore horn twenty-two inches long, the rear over seventeen. The day I killed mine I used all three of my rifles. We all went out together, as Kermit was desirous of taking photos of my rhino, if I shot one; he had not been able to get good ones of his on the previous day. We also took the small ox-waggon, so as to bring into camp bodily the rhino—if we got it—and one or two zebras, of which we wanted the flesh for the safari, the skeletons for the Museum. The night had been cool, but the day was sunny and hot. At first we rode through a broad valley, bounded by high, scrub-covered hills. The banks of the dry stream were fringed with deep green acacias, and here and there in relief against their dark foliage flamed the orange-red flowers of the tall aloe clumps. With the Springfield I shot a steinbuck and a lesser bustard. Then we came out on the vast rolling brown plains. With the Winchester I shot two zebra stallions, missing each standing, at long range, and then killing them as they ran, one after a two-miles hard gallop on my brown pony, which had a good turn of speed. I killed a third zebra stallion with my Springfield, again missing it standing and killing it running. In mid-afternoon we spied our rhino, and, getting near, saw that it had good horns. It was in the middle of the absolutely bare plain, and we walked straight up to the dull-sighted, dull-witted beast, Kermit with his camera, I with the Holland double-barrel. The tick-birds warned it, but it did not make us out until we were well within a hundred yards, when it trotted toward us, head and tail up. At sixty yards I put the heavy bullet

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE GREAT RHINOCEROS OF THE LADO

“THE region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the River Zaire. And there is no quiet there nor silence. The waters of the river have a saffron hue, and for many miles on either side of the river’s oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies . . . and I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation. And all at once the moon arose through the thin, ghastly mist, and was crimson in colour. . . . And the man looked out upon the dreary River Zaire, and upon the yellow, ghastly waters, and upon the pale legions of the water-lilies. . . . Then I went down into the recess of the morass, and waded afar in among the wilderness of the lilies, and called unto the hippopotami which dwelt among the fens in the recesses of the morass.” I was reading Poe, on the banks of the Upper Nile; and surely his “fable” does deserve to rank with the “tales in the volumes of the Magi—in the ironbound, melancholy volumes of the Magi.”

We had come down through the second of the great Nyanza lakes. As we sailed northward, its waters stretched behind us, beyond the ken of vision, to where they were fed by streams from the Mountains of the

Moon. On our left hand rose the frowning ranges, on the other side of which the Congo forest lies like a shroud over the land. On our right we passed the mouth of the Victorian Nile, alive with monstrous crocodiles, and its banks barren of human life because of the swarms of the fly whose bite brings the torment which ends in death. As night fell we entered the White Nile, and steamed and drifted down the mighty stream. Its current swirled in long curves between endless ranks of plumed papyrus. White, and blue, and red, the floating water-lilies covered the lagoons and the still inlets among the reeds; and here and there the lotus lifted its leaves and flowers stiffly above the surface. The brilliant tropic stars made lanes of light on the lapping water as we ran on through the night. The river horses roared from the reed beds, and snorted and plunged beside the boat, and crocodiles slipped sullenly into the river as we glided by. Toward morning a mist arose, and through it the crescent of the dying moon shone red and lurid. Then the sun flamed aloft, and soon the African landscape, vast, lonely, mysterious, stretched on every side in a shimmering glare of heat and light; and ahead of us the great, strange river went twisting away into the distance.

At midnight we had stopped at the station of Koba, where we were warmly received by the District Commissioner, and where we met half a dozen of the professional elephant hunters, who for the most part make their money, at hazard of their lives, by poaching ivory in the Congo. They are a hard-bitten set, these elephant poachers; there are few careers more adventurous, or fraught with more peril, or which make heavier demands upon the daring, the endurance, and the physical hardihood of those who follow them.

Elephant hunters face death at every turn—from fever, from the assaults of warlike native tribes, from their conflicts with their giant quarry; and the unending strain on their health and strength is tremendous.

At noon the following day we stopped at the deserted station of Wadelai, still in British territory. There have been outposts of white mastery on the Upper Nile for many years, but some of them are now abandoned, for as yet there has been no successful attempt at such development of the region as would alone mean permanency of occupation. The natives whom we saw offered a sharp contrast to those of Uganda; we were again back among wild savages. Near the landing at Wadelai was a group of thatched huts surrounded by a fence; there were small fields of mealies and beans, cultivated by the women, and a few cattle and goats; while big wickerwork fish-traps showed that the river also offered a means of livelihood. Both men and women were practically naked; some of the women entirely so except for a few beads. Here we were joined by an elephant hunter, Quentin Grogan, who was to show us the haunts of the great square-mouthed rhinoceros, the so-called white rhinoceros, of the Lado, the only kind of African heavy game which we had not yet obtained. We were allowed to hunt in the Lado, owing to the considerate courtesy of the Belgian Government, for which I was sincerely grateful.

After leaving Wadelai we again went downstream. The river flowed through immense beds of papyrus. Beyond these on either side were rolling plains, gradually rising in the distance into hills or low mountains. The plains were covered with high grass, dry and withered; and the smoke here and there showed that the natives, according to their custom, were now burning it. There

was no forest ; but scattered over the plains were trees, generally thorns, but other kinds also, among them palms and euphorbias.

The following morning, forty-eight hours after leaving Butiaba, on Lake Albert Nyanza, we disembarked from the little flotilla which had carried us—a crazy little steam-launch, two sail-boats, and two big row-boats. We made our camp close to the river's edge, on the Lado side, in a thin grove of scattered thorn-trees. The grass grew rank and tall all about us. Our tents were pitched, and the grass huts of the porters built, on a kind of promontory, the main stream running past one side, while on the other was a bay. The nights were hot, and the days burning ; the mosquitoes came with darkness, sometimes necessitating our putting on head-nets and gloves in the evenings, and they would have made sleep impossible if we had not had mosquito biers. Nevertheless it was a very pleasant camp, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a wild, lonely country, and we saw no human beings except an occasional party of naked savages armed with bows and poisoned arrows. Game was plentiful, and a hunter always enjoys a permanent camp in a good game country ; for while the expedition is marching, his movements must largely be regulated by those of the safari, whereas at a permanent camp he is more independent.

There was an abundance of animal life, big and little, about our camp. In the reed sand among the water-lilies of the bay there were crocodiles, monitor lizards six feet long, and many water birds—herons, flocks of beautiful white egrets, clamorous spur-winged plover, sacred ibis, noisy purple ibis, saddle-billed storks, and lily-trotters, which ran lightly over the lily-pads. There



were cormorants and snake-birds. Fish-eagles screamed as they circled around—very handsome birds, the head, neck, tail, breast, and forepart of the back white, the rest of the plumage black and rich chestnut. There was a queer little eagle owl with inflamed red eyelids. The black and red bulbuls sang noisily. There were many kingfishers, some no larger than chippy sparrows, and many of them brilliantly coloured; some had, and others had not, the regular kingfisher voice; and while some dwelt by the river bank and caught fish, others did not come near the water and lived on insects. There were paradise flycatchers, with long, wavy white tails; and olive-green pigeons, with yellow bellies. Red-headed, red-tailed lizards ran swiftly up and down the trees. The most extraordinary birds were the nightjars; the cocks carried in each wing one very long, waving plume, the pliable quill being twice the length of the bird's body and tail, and bare except for a patch of dark feather webbing at the end. The two big, dark plume tips were very conspicuous, trailing behind the bird as it flew, and so riveting the observer's attention as to make the bird itself almost escape notice. When seen flying, the first impression conveyed was of two large, dark moths or butterflies fluttering rapidly through the air; it was with a positive effort of the eye that I fixed the actual bird. The big slate and yellow bats were more interesting still. There were several kinds of bats at this camp; a small dark kind that appeared only when night had fallen and flew very near the ground all night long, and a somewhat larger one, lighter beneath, which appeared late in the evening and flew higher in the air. Both of these had the ordinary bat habits of continuous, swallow-like flight. But the habits of the slate and yellow bats were utterly different. They were

very abundant, hanging in the thinly-leaved acacias around the tents, and, as everywhere else, were crepuscular—indeed, to a large extent actually diurnal—in habit. They saw well and flew well by daylight, passing the time hanging from twigs. They became active before sunset. In catching insects they behaved not like swallows, but like flycatchers. Except that they perched upside down, so to speak—that is, that they hung from the twigs instead of sitting on them—their conduct was precisely that of a phœbe-bird or a wood peewee. Each bat hung from its twig until it espied a passing insect, when it swooped down upon it, and after a short flight returned with its booty to the same perch or went on to a new one close by; and it kept twitching its long ears as it hung head downward devouring its prey.

There were no native villages in our immediate neighbourhood, and the game was not shy. There were many buck: waterbuck, kob, hartebeest, bushbuck, reedbuck, oribi, and duiker. Every day or two Kermit or I would shoot a buck for the camp. We generally went out together with our gun-bearers, Kermit striding along in front, with short trousers and leggings, his knees bare. Sometimes only one of us would go out. The kob and waterbuck were usually found in bands, and were perhaps the commonest of all. The buck seemed to have no settled time for feeding. Two oribi which I shot were feeding right in the open, just at noon, utterly indifferent to the heat. There were hippo both in the bay and in the river. All night long we could hear them splashing, snorting, and grunting; they were very noisy, sometimes uttering a strange, long-drawn bellow, a little like the exhaust of a giant steam-pipe, once or twice whinnying or neighing; but usually making a succession of grunts or bubbling squeals



The "white" rhino

*Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin from photographs, and from descriptions furnished by Mr. Roosevelt*

through the nostrils. The long grass was traversed in all directions by elephant trails, and there was much fresh sign of the huge beasts—their dung, and the wrecked trees on which they had been feeding; and there was sign of buffalo also. In Middle Africa, thanks to wise legislation, and to the very limited size of the areas open to true settlement, there has been no such reckless, wholesale slaughter of big game as that which has brought the once wonderful big game fauna of South Africa to the verge of extinction. In certain small areas of Middle Africa, of course, it has gone; but as a whole it has not much diminished, some species have actually increased, and none is in danger of immediate extinction, unless it be the white rhinoceros. During the last decade, for instance, the buffalo have been recovering their lost ground throughout the Lado, Uganda, and British East Africa, having multiplied many times over. During the same period, in the same region, the elephant have not greatly diminished in aggregate numbers, although the number of bulls carrying big ivory has been very much reduced; indeed, the reproductive capacity of the herds has probably been very little impaired, the energies of the hunters having been almost exclusively directed to the killing of the bulls with tusks weighing over thirty pounds apiece; and the really big tuskers, which are most eagerly sought after, are almost always past their prime, and no longer associate with the herd.

But this does not apply to the great beast which was the object of our coming to the Lado, the square-mouthed, or, as it is sometimes miscalled, the white, rhinoceros. Africa is a huge continent, and many species of the big mammals inhabiting it are spread over a vast surface; and some of them offer strange

problems for inquiry in the discontinuity of their distribution. The most extraordinary instance of this discontinuity is that offered by the distribution of the square-mouthed rhinoceros. It is almost as if our bison had never been known within historic times except in Texas and Ecuador. This great rhinoceros was formerly plentiful in South Africa south of the Zambesi, where it has been completely exterminated except for a score or so of individuals on a game reserve. North of the Zambesi it was and is utterly unknown, save that during the last ten years it has been found to exist in several localities on the left bank of the Upper Nile, close to the river, and covering a north and south extension of about two hundred miles. Even in this narrow ribbon of territory the square-mouthed rhinoceros is found only in certain localities, and although there has not hitherto been much slaughter of the mighty beast, it would certainly be well if all killing of it were prohibited until careful inquiry has been made as to its numbers and exact distribution. It is a curious animal, on the average distinctly larger than, and utterly different from, the ordinary African rhinoceros. The spinal processes of the dorsal vertebræ are so developed as to make a very prominent hump over the withers, while forward of this is a still higher and more prominent fleshy hump on the neck. The huge misshapen head differs in all respects as widely from the head of the common, or so-called black, rhinoceros as the head of a moose differs from that of a wapiti.

The morning after making camp we started on a rhinoceros hunt. At this time in this neighbourhood the rhinoceros seemed to spend the heat of the day in sleep, and to feed in the morning and evening, and perhaps throughout the night; and to drink in the

evening and morning, usually at some bay or inlet of the river. In the morning they walked away from the water for an hour or two, until they came to a place which suited them for the day's sleep. Unlike the ordinary rhinoceros, the square-mouthed rhinoceros feeds exclusively on grass. Its dung is very different; we only occasionally saw it deposited in heaps, according to the custom of its more common cousin. The big, sluggish beast seems fond of nosing the ant-hills of red earth, both with its horn and with its square muzzle; it may be that it licks them for some saline substance. It is apparently of less solitary nature than the prehensile-lipped rhino, frequently going in parties of four or five or half a dozen individuals.

We did not get an early start. Hour after hour we plodded on, under the burning sun, through the tall, tangled grass, which was often higher than our heads. Continually we crossed the trails of elephant and more rarely of rhinoceros, but the hard sun-baked earth and stiff, tinder-dry long grass made it a matter of extreme difficulty to tell if a trail was fresh, or to follow it. Finally, Kermit and his gun-bearer, Kassitura, discovered some unquestionably fresh footprints which those of us who were in front had passed over. Immediately we took the trail, Kongoni and Kassitura acting as trackers, while Kermit and I followed at their heels. Once or twice the two trackers were puzzled, but they were never entirely at fault; and after half an hour Kassitura suddenly pointed toward a thorn-tree about sixty yards off. Mounting a low ant-hill I saw rather dimly through the long grass a big grey bulk, near the foot of the tree; it was a rhinoceros lying asleep on its side, looking like an enormous pig. It heard something and raised itself on its fore-legs, in a sitting posture, the

big ears thrown forward. I fired for the chest, and the heavy Holland bullet knocked it clean off its feet. Squealing loudly it rose again, but it was clearly done for, and it never got ten yards from where it had been lying.

At the shot four other rhino rose. One bolted to the right, two others ran to the left. Firing through the grass Kermit wounded a bull and followed it for a long distance, but could not overtake it; ten days later,<sup>1</sup> however, he found the carcass, and saved the skull and horns. Meanwhile I killed a calf, which was needed for the Museum; the rhino I had already shot was a full-grown cow, doubtless the calf's mother. As the rhino rose I was struck by their likeness to the picture of the white rhino in Cornwallis Harris's folio of the big game of South Africa seventy years ago. They were totally different in look from the common rhino, seeming to stand higher and to be shorter in proportion to their height, while the hump and the huge, ungainly, square-mouthed head added to the dissimilarity. The common rhino is in colour a very dark slate grey; these were a rather lighter slate grey; but this was probably a mere individual peculiarity, for the best observers say that they are of the same hue. The muzzle is broad and square, and the upper lip without a vestige of the curved, prehensile development which makes the upper lip of a common rhino look like the hook of a turtle's beak. The stomachs contained nothing but grass; it is a grazing, not a browsing, animal.

There were some white egrets—not, as is usually the case with both rhinos and elephants, the cow heron, but

<sup>1</sup> Kermit on this occasion was using the double-barrelled rifle which had been most kindly lent him for the trip by Mr. John Jay White, of New York.

the slender, black-legged, yellow-toed egret—on the rhinos, and the bodies and heads of both the cow and calf looked as though they had been splashed with streaks of whitewash. One of the egrets returned after the shooting and perched on the dead body of the calf.

The heat was intense, and our gun-bearers at once began skinning the animals, lest they should spoil; and that afternoon Cuninghame and Heller came out from camp with tents, food, and water, and Heller cared for the skins on the spot, taking thirty-six hours for the job. The second night he was visited by a party of lions, which were after the rhinoceros meat, and came within fifteen feet of the tents.

On the same night that Heller was visited by the lions we had to fight fire in the main camp. At noon we noticed two fires come toward us, and could soon hear their roaring. The tall, thick grass was like tinder; and if we let the fires reach camp we were certain to lose everything we had. So Loring, Mearns, Kermit, and I, who were in camp, got out the porters and cut a lane around our tents and goods; and then started a back fire, section after section, from the other side of this lane. We kept everyone ready, with branches and wet gunny-sacks, and lit each section in turn, so that we could readily beat out the flames at any point where they threatened. The air was still, and soon after nightfall our back fire had burnt fifty or a hundred yards away from camp, and the danger was practically over. Shortly afterward one of the fires against which we were guarding came over a low hill crest into view, beyond the line of our back fire. It was a fine sight to see the long line of leaping, wavering flames advance toward one another. An hour or two passed before they met, half a mile from camp.



Wherever they came together there would be a moment's spurt of roaring, crackling fire, and then it would vanish, leaving at that point a blank in the circle of flame. Gradually the blanks in the lines extended, until the fire thus burnt itself out, and darkness succeeded the bright red glare.

The fires continued to burn in our neighbourhood for a couple of days. Finally, one evening the great beds of papyrus across the bay caught fire. After nightfall it was splendid to see the line of flames leaping fifty feet into the air as they worked across the serried masses of tall papyrus. When they came toward the water they kindled the surface of the bay into a ruddy glare, while above them the crimson smoke-clouds drifted slowly to leeward. The fire did not die out until toward morning, and then, behind it, we heard the grand booming chorus of a party of lions. They were full fed, and roaring as they went to their day beds; each would utter a succession of roars, which grew louder and louder until they fairly thundered, and then died gradually away, until they ended in a succession of sighs and grunts.

As the fires burned to and fro across the country, birds of many kinds came to the edge of the flames to pick up the insects which were driven out. There were marabou storks, kites, hawks, ground hornbills, and flocks of beautiful egrets and cow herons, which stalked sedately through the grass, and now and then turned a small tree nearly white by all perching in it. The little bank-swallows came in myriads—exactly the same, by the way, as our familiar home friends, for the bank-swallow is the most widely distributed of all birds. The most conspicuous attendants of the fires, however, were the bee-eaters, the largest and handsomest we had yet seen, their plumage every shade of blended red and rose

varied with brilliant blue and green. The fires seemed to bother the bigger animals hardly at all. The game did not shift their haunts, or do more than move in quite leisurely fashion out of the line of advance of the flames. I saw two oribi which had found a patch of short grass that split the fire, feeding thereon, entirely undisturbed, although the flames were crackling by some fifty yards on each side of them. Even the mice and shrews did not suffer much, probably because they went into holes. Shrews, by the way, were very plentiful, and Loring trapped four kinds, two of them new. It was always a surprise to me to find these tiny shrews swarming in Equatorial Africa just as they swarm in Arctic America.

In a little patch of country not far from this camp there were a few sleeping-sickness fly, and one or two of us were bitten; but seemingly the fly were not infected, although at this very time eight men were dying of sleeping sickness at Wadelai, where we had stopped. There were also some ordinary tsetse fly, which caused us uneasiness about our mule. We had brought four little mules through Uganda, riding them occasionally on safari; and had taken one across into the Lado, while the other three, with the bulk of the porters, marched on the opposite bank of the Nile from Koba, and were to join us at Nimule.

It was Kermit's turn for the next rhino, and by good luck it was a bull, giving us a complete group of bull, cow, and calf for the National Museum. We got it as we had got our first two. Marching through likely country—burnt, this time—we came across the tracks of three rhino, two big and one small, and followed them through the black ashes. It was an intricate and difficult piece of tracking, for the trail wound hither and

thither and was criss-crossed by others ; but Kongoni and Kassitura gradually untangled the maze, found where the beasts had drank at a small pool that morning, and then led us to where they were lying asleep under some thorn-trees. It was about eleven o'clock. As the bull rose, Kermit gave him a fatal shot with his beloved Winchester. He galloped full speed toward us, not charging, but in a mad panic of terror and bewilderment, and with a bullet from the Holland I brought him down in his tracks only a few yards away. The cow went off at a gallop. The calf, a big creature, half grown, hung about for some time, and came up quite close, but was finally frightened away by shouting and hand-clapping. Some cow herons were round these rhino, and the head and body of the bull looked as if it had been splashed with whitewash.

It was an old bull, with a short, stubby, worn-down horn. It was probably no heavier than a big ordinary rhino bull such as we had shot on the Sotik, and its horns were no larger, and the front and rear ones were of the same proportions relatively to each other. But the misshapen head was much larger, and the height seemed greater because of the curious hump. This fleshy hump is not over the high dorsal vertebræ, but just forward of them, on the neck itself, and has no connection with the spinal column. The square-mouthed rhinoceros of South Africa is always described as being very much bigger than the common prehensile-lipped African rhinoceros, and as carrying much longer horns. But the square-mouthed rhinos we saw and killed in the Lado did not differ from the common kind in size and horn development as much as we had been led to expect ; although on an average they were undoubtedly larger, and with bigger horns, yet there was in both

respects overlapping, the bigger prehensile-lipped rhinos equalling or surpassing the smaller individuals of the other kind. The huge, square-muzzled head, and the hump, gave the Lado rhino an utterly different look, however, and its habits are also in some important respects different. Our gun-bearers were all East Africans, who had never before been in the Lado. They had been very sceptical when told that the rhinos were different from those they knew, remarking that "all rhinos were the same"; and the first sight of the spoor merely confirmed them in their belief; but they at once recognized the dung as being different; and when the first animal was down they examined it eagerly and proclaimed it as a rhinoceros with a hump, like their own native cattle, and with the mouth of a hippopotamus.

On the way to camp, after the death of this bull rhino, I shot a waterbuck bull with finer horns than any I had yet obtained. Herds of waterbuck and of kob stared tamely at me as I walked along, whereas a little party of hartebeest were wild and shy. On other occasions I have seen this conduct exactly reversed, the hartebeest being tame and the waterbuck and kob shy. Heller, as usual, came out and camped by this rhino, to handle the skin and skeleton. In the middle of the night a leopard got caught in one of his small steel traps, which he had set out with a light drag. The beast made a terrific row, and went off with the trap and drag. It was only caught by one toe. A hyena similarly caught would have wrenched itself loose, but the leopard, though a far braver and more dangerous beast, has less fortitude under pain than a hyena. Heller tracked it up in the morning, and shot it as, hampered by the trap and drag, it charged the porters.

On the ashes of the fresh burn the footprints of the game showed almost as distinctly as on snow. One morning we saw where a herd of elephant, cows and calves, had come down the night before to drink at a big bay of the Nile, three or four miles north of our camp. Numerous hippo tracks showed that during the darkness these beasts wandered freely a mile or two inland. They often wandered behind our camp at night. Always beside these night-trails we found withered remnants of water cabbage and other aquatic plants which they had carried inland with them—I suppose accidentally on their backs. On several occasions where we could only make out scrapes on the ground the hippo trails puzzled us, being so far inland that we thought they might be those of rhinos, until we would come on some patch of ashes or of soft soil where we could trace the four toe-marks. The rhino has but three toes, the one in the middle being very big; it belongs, with the tapir and horse, to the group of ungulates which tends to develop one digit of each foot at the expense of all the others, a group which in a long-past geological age was the predominant ungulate group of the world. The hippo, on the contrary, belongs to the class of such cloven-hoofed creatures as the cow and pig, in the group of ungulates which has developed equally two main digits in each foot—a group much more numerous than the other in the world of to-day.

As the hippos grew familiar with the camp they became bolder and more venturesome after nightfall. They grunted and brayed to one another throughout the night, splashed and wallowed among the reeds, and came close to the tents during their dry-land rambles in the darkness. One night, in addition to the hippo

chorus, we heard the roaring of lions and the trumpeting of elephants. We were indeed in the heart of the African wilderness.

Early in the morning after this concert we started for a day's rhino hunt, Heller and Cuninghame having just finished the preparation, and transport to camp, of the skin of Kermit's bull. Loring, who had not hitherto seen either elephant or rhino alive, went with us, and by good luck he saw both.

A couple of miles from camp we were crossing a wide, flat, swampy valley, in which the coarse grass grew as tall as our heads. Here and there were kob, which leaped up on the ant-hills to get a clear view of us. Suddenly our attention was attracted by the movements of a big flock of cow herons in front of us, and then, watching sharply, we caught a glimpse of some elephants about four hundred yards off. We now climbed an ant-hill ourselves, and inspected the elephants, to see if among them were any big-tusked bulls. There were no bulls, however; the little herd consisted of five cows and four calves, which were marching across a patch of burnt ground ahead of us, accompanied by about fifty white cow herons. We stood where we were until they had passed; we did not wish to get too close, lest they might charge us and force us to shoot in self-defence. They walked in unhurried confidence, and yet were watchful, continually cocking their ears and raising and curling their trunks. One dropped behind and looked fixedly in our direction, probably having heard us talking; then, with head aloft and tail stiffly erect, it hastened after the others, presenting an absurd likeness to a baboon. The four calves played friskily about, especially a very comical little pink fellow which accompanied the leading cow. Meanwhile, a few of the

white herons rode on their backs, but most of the flock stalked sedately alongside through the burnt grass, catching the grasshoppers which were disturbed by the great feet. When, however, the herd reached the tall grass all the herons flew up and perched on the backs and heads of their friends; even the pink calf carried one. Half a mile inside the edge of the tall grass the elephants stopped for the day beside a clump of bushes; and there they stood, the white birds clustered on their dark bodies. At the time we could distinctly hear the doctor's shot-gun as he collected birds near camp. The reports did not disturb the elephants, and when we walked on we left them standing unconcernedly in the grass.

A couple of hours later, as we followed an elephant path, we came to a spot where it was crossed by the spoor of two rhino. Our gun-bearers took up the trail, over the burnt ground, while Kermit and I followed immediately behind them. The trail wound about, and was not always easy to disentangle; but after a mile or two we saw the beasts. They were standing among bushes and patches of rank, unburned grass; it was just ten o'clock, and they were evidently preparing to lie down for the day. As they stood they kept twitching their big ears; both rhino and elephant are perpetually annoyed, as are most game, by biting flies, large and small. We got up very close, Kermit with his camera and I with the heavy rifle. Too little is known of these northern square-mouthed rhino for us to be sure that they are not lingering slowly toward extinction; and, lest this should be the case, we were not willing to kill any merely for trophies; while, on the other hand, we deemed it really important to get good groups for the National Museum in Washington and the American

Museum in New York, and a head for the National Collection of Heads and Horns which was started by Mr. Hornaday, the director of the Bronx Zoological Park. Moreover, Kermit and Loring desired to get some photos of the animals while they were alive.

Things did not go well this time, however. The rhinos saw us before either Kermit or Loring could get a good picture. As they wheeled I fired hastily into the chest of one, but not quite in the middle, and away they dashed—for they do not seem as truculent as the common rhino. We followed them. After an hour the trails separated; Cuninghame went on one, but failed to overtake the animal, and we did not see him until we reached camp late that afternoon.

Meanwhile, our own gun-bearers followed the bloody spoor of the rhino I had hit, Kermit and I close behind, and Loring with us. The rhino had gone straight off at a gallop, and the trail offered little difficulty, so we walked fast. A couple of hours passed. The sun was now high and the heat intense as we walked over the burnt ground. The scattered trees bore such scanty foliage as to cast hardly any shade. The rhino galloped strongly and without faltering; but there was a good deal of blood on the trail. At last, after we had gone seven or eight miles, Kiboko the skinner, who was acting as my gun-bearer, pointed toward a small thorn-tree; and beside it I saw the rhino standing with drooping head. It had been fatally hit, and if undisturbed would probably never have moved from where it was standing; and we finished it off forthwith. It was a cow, and before dying it ran round and round in a circle, in the manner of the common rhino.

Loring stayed to superintend the skinning and bringing in of the head and feet and slabs of hide. Mean-



while, Kermit and I, with our gun-bearers, went off with a "shenzi," a wild native who had just come in with the news that he knew where another rhino was lying, a few miles away. While bound thither, we passed numbers of oribi, and went close to a herd of water-buck, which stared at us with stupid tameness; a single hartebeest was with them. When we reached the spot there was the rhino, sure enough, under a little tree, sleeping on his belly, his legs doubled up, and his head flat on the ground. Unfortunately, the grass was long, so that it was almost impossible to photograph him. However, Kermit tried to get his picture from an ant-hill fifty yards distant, and then, he with his camera and I with my rifle, walked up to within about twenty yards. At this point we halted, and on the instant the rhino jumped to his feet with surprising agility, and trotted a few yards out from under the tree. It was a huge bull, with a fair horn; much the biggest bull we had yet seen; and with head up and action high, the sun glinting on his slate hide and bringing out his enormous bulk, he was indeed a fine sight. I waited a moment for Kermit to snap him. Unfortunately the waving grass spoiled the picture. Then I fired right and left into his body, behind the shoulders, and down he went. In colour he seemed of exactly the same shade as the common rhino, but he was taller and heavier, being six feet high. He carried a stout horn, a little over two feet long; the girth at the base was very great.

Leaving the gun-bearers (with all our water) to skin the mighty beast, Kermit and I started for camp; and as we were rather late Kermit struck out at a great pace in front, while I followed on the little ambling mule. On our way in we passed the elephants, still



We walked up to within about twenty yards

From a photograph taken by Mr. F. S. ...

standing where we had left them in the morning, with the white cow herons flying and walking around and over them. Heller and Cuninghame at once went out to camp by the skin and take care of it, and to bring back the skeleton. We had been out about eleven hours without food ; we were very dirty from the ashes on the burnt ground ; we had triumphed ; and we were thoroughly happy as we took our baths and ate our hearty dinner.

It was amusing to look at our three naturalists and compare them with the conventional pictures of men of science and learning—especially men of science and learning in the wilderness—drawn by the novelists a century ago. Nowadays the field naturalist—who is usually at all points superior to the mere closet naturalist—follows a profession as full of hazard and interest as that of the explorer or of the big-game hunter in the remote wilderness. He penetrates to all the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the earth ; he is schooled to the performance of very hard work, to the endurance of fatigue and hardship, to encountering all kinds of risks, and to grappling with every conceivable emergency. In consequence he is exceedingly competent, resourceful, and self-reliant, and the man of all others to trust in a tight place.

Around this camp there were no ravens or crows ; but multitudes of kites, almost as tame as sparrows, circled among the tents, uttering their wailing cries, and lit on the little trees near by or waddled about on the ground near the cook fires. Numerous vultures, many marabou storks, and a single fish eagle, came to the carcasses set for them outside the camp by Loring ; and he took pictures of them. The handsome fish eagle looked altogether out of place among the foul carrion-

feeding throng; on the ground the vultures made way for him respectfully enough, but they resented his presence, and now and then two or three would unite to mob him while on the wing.

We wished for another cow rhino, so as to have a bull and a cow both for the National Museum at Washington, and for the American Museum in New York; and Kermit was to shoot this. Accordingly he and I started off early one morning with Grogan—a man of about twenty-five, a good hunter and a capital fellow, with whom by this time we were great friends. It was much like our other hunts. We tramped through high grass across a big, swampy plain or broad valley between low rises of ground, until, on the opposite side, we struck a by-this-time familiar landmark, two tall royal palms, the only ones for some miles around. Here we turned into a broad elephant and rhinoceros path, worn deep and smooth by the generation of huge feet that had tramped it; for it led from the dry inland to a favourite drinking place on the Nile. Along this we walked until Kassitura made out the trail of two rhino crossing it at right angles. They were evidently feeding and seeking a noonday resting-place; in this country the square-mouthed rhinoceros live on the grassy flats, sparsely covered with small thorn-trees, and only go into the high reeds on their way to drink. With Kassitura and Kongoni in the lead we followed the fresh trail for a mile or so, until we saw our quarry. The stupid beasts had smelt us, but were trotting to and fro in a state of indecision and excitement, tails twisting and ears cocked, uncertain what to do. At first we thought they were a bull and a small cow; but they proved to be a big cow with good horns, and a calf which was nearly full grown. The wind and sun were

both exactly wrong, so Kermit could not take any photos; and accordingly he shot the cow behind the shoulder. Away both animals went, Kermit tearing along behind, while Grogan and I followed. After a sharp run of a mile and a half Kermit overtook them, and brought down the cow. The younger one then trotted threateningly toward him. He let it get within ten yards, trying to scare it; as it kept coming on, and could of course easily kill him, he then fired into its face, to one side, so as to avoid inflicting a serious injury, and, turning, off it went at a gallop. When I came up the cow had raised itself on its forelegs, and he was taking its picture. It had been wallowing, and its whole body was covered with dry caked mud. It was exactly the colour of the common rhino, but a little larger than any cow of the latter that we had killed. We at once sent for Heller—who had been working without intermission since we struck the Lado, and liked it—and waited by the body until he appeared, in mid-afternoon.

Here in the Lado we were in a wild, uninhabited country, and for meat we depended entirely on our rifles; nor was there any difficulty in obtaining all we needed. We only shot for meat, or for Museum specimens—all the Museum specimens being used for food too—and as the naturalists were as busy as they well could be, we found that, except when we were after rhinoceros, it was not necessary to hunt for more than half a day or thereabouts. On one of these hunts, on which he shot a couple of buck, Kermit also killed a monitor lizard, and a crocodile ten feet long; it was a female, and contained fifty-two eggs, which, when scrambled, we ate and found good.

The morning after Kermit killed his cow rhino he

and Grogan went off for the day to see if they could not get some live rhino photos. Cuninghame started to join Heller at the temporary camp which we had made beside the dead rhino, in order to help him with the skin and skeletons. Mearns and Loring were busy with birds, small beasts, and photographs. So, as we were out of fresh meat, I walked away from camp to get some, followed by my gun-bearers, the little mule with its well-meaning and utterly ignorant shenzi sais, and a dozen porters.

We first went along the river brink to look for crocodiles. In most places the bank was high and steep. Wherever it was broken there was a drinking place, with leading down to it trails deeply rutted in the soil by the herds of giant game that had travelled them for untold years. At this point the Nile was miles wide, and was divided into curving channels which here and there spread into lake-like expanses of still water. Along the edges of the river, and between the winding channels and lagoons, grew vast water-fields of papyrus, their sheets and bands of dark green breaking the burnished silver of the sunlit waters. Beyond the farther bank rose steep, sharply peaked hills. The tri-coloured fish eagles, striking to the eye because of their snow-white heads and breasts, screamed continually—a wild, eerie sound. Cormorants and snake-birds were perched on trees overhanging the water, and flew away, or plunged like stones into the stream, as I approached; herons of many kinds rose from the marshy edges of the bays and inlets; wattled and spur-winged plovers circled overhead; and I saw a party of hippopotami in a shallow on the other side of the nearest channel, their lazy bulks raised above water as they basked asleep in the sun. The semi-diurnal slate-and-yellow bats flitted from one

scantly leaved tree to another as I disturbed them. At the foot of a steep bluff, several yards from the water, a crocodile lay. I broke its neck with a soft-nosed bullet from the little Springfield; for the plated skin of a crocodile offers no resistance to a modern rifle. We dragged the ugly man-eater up the bank, and sent one of the porters back to camp to bring out enough men to carry the brute in bodily. It was a female, containing thirty eggs. We did not find any crocodile's nest; but near camp, in digging a hole for the disposal of refuse, we came on a clutch of a dozen eggs of the monitor lizard. They were in sandy loam, two feet and a half beneath the surface, without the vestige of a burrow leading to them. When exposed to the sun, unlike the crocodile's eggs, they soon burst. Evidently the young are hatched in the cool earth and dig their way out.

We continued our walk, and soon came on some kob. At two hundred yards I got a fine buck, though he went a quarter of a mile. Then, at a hundred and fifty yards, I dropped a straw-coloured Nile hartebeest. Sending in the kob and hartebeest used up all our porters but two, and I mounted the little mule and turned toward camp, having been out three hours. Soon Gouvimali pointed out a big bustard, marching away through the grass a hundred yards off. I dismounted, shot him through the base of the neck, and remounted. Then Kongoni pointed out, some distance ahead, a bushbuck ram, of the harnessed kind found in this part of the Nile Valley. Hastily dismounting, and stealing rapidly from ant-heap to ant-heap, until I was not much over a hundred yards from him, I gave him a fatal shot; but the bullet was placed a little too far back, and he could still go a considerable distance. So

far I had been shooting well; now pride had a fall. Immediately after the shot a difficulty arose in the rear between the mule and the shenzi sais; they parted company, and the mule joined the shooting party in front at a gallop. The bushbuck, which had halted with its head down, started off, and I trotted after it, while the mule pursued an uncertain course between us, and I don't know which it annoyed most. I emptied my magazine twice, and partly a third time, before I finally killed the buck and scared the mule so that it started for camp. The bushbuck in this part of the Nile Valley did not live in dense forest, like those of East Africa, but among the scattered bushes and acacias. Those that I shot in the Lado had in their stomachs leaves, twig-tips, and pods; one that Kermit shot, a fine buck, had been eating grass also. On the Uasin Gishu, in addition to leaves and a little grass, they had been feeding on the wild olives.

Our porters were not, as a rule, by any means the equals of those we had in East Africa, and we had some trouble because, as we did not know their names and faces, those who wished to shirk would go off in the bushes while their more willing comrades would be told off for the needed work. So Cuninghame determined to make each readily identifiable; and one day I found him sitting, in Rhadamanthus mood, at his table before his tent, while all the porters filed by, each in turn being decorated with a tag, conspicuously numbered, which was hung round his neck—the tags, by the way, being Smithsonian label cards, contributed by Dr. Mearns.

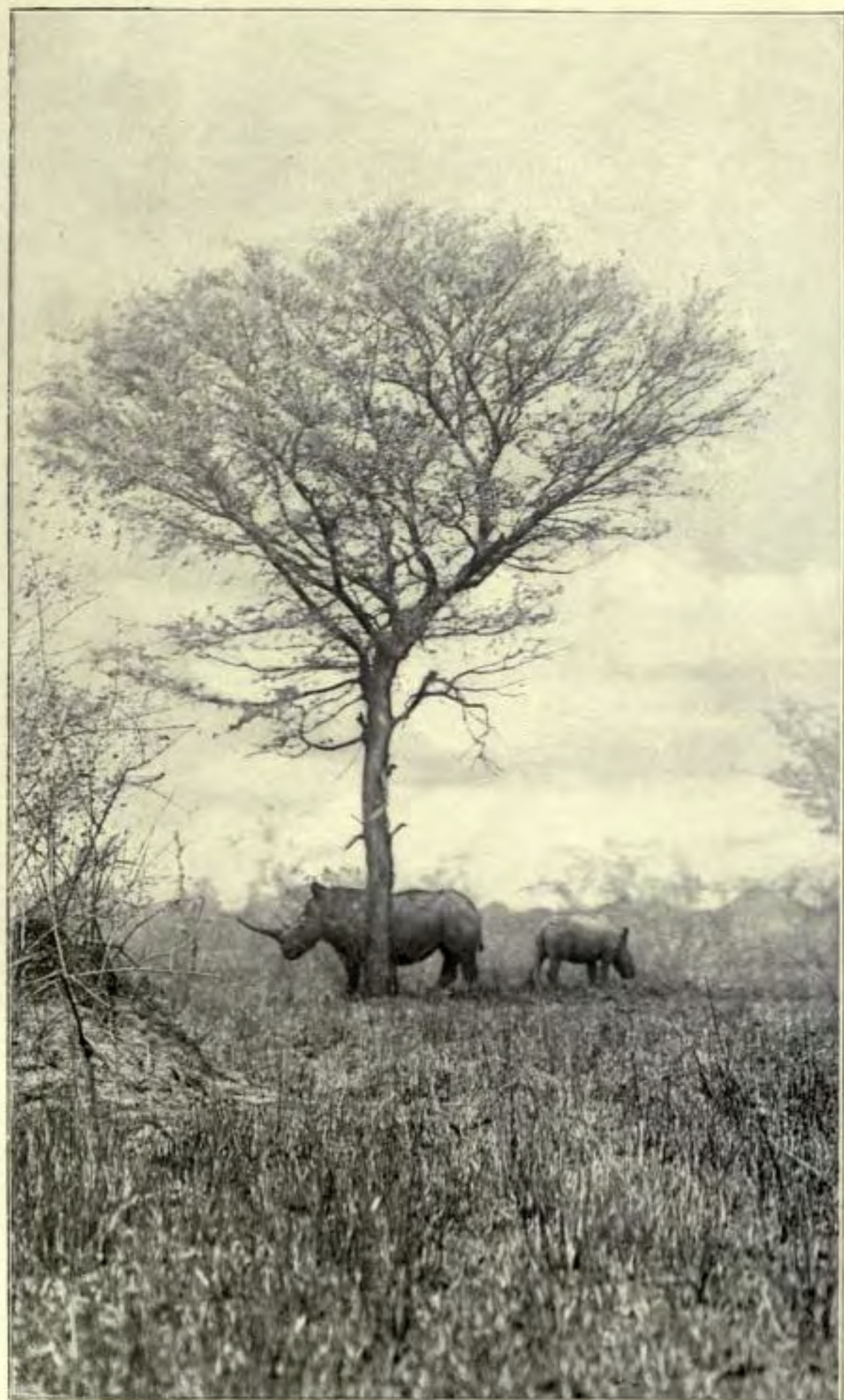
At last Kermit succeeded in getting some good white rhino pictures. He was out with his gun-bearers and Grogan. They had hunted steadily for nearly two days



without seeing a rhino ; then Kermit made out a big cow with a calf lying under a large tree, on a bare plain of short grass. Accompanied by Grogan, and by a gun-bearer carrying his rifle, while he himself carried his "naturalist's graphlex" camera, he got up to within fifty or sixty yards of the dull-witted beasts, and spent an hour cautiously manœuvring and taking photos. He got several photos of the cow and calf lying under the tree. Then something, probably the click of the camera, rendered them uneasy, and they stood up. Soon the calf lay down again, while the cow continued standing on the other side of the tree, her head held down, the muzzle almost touching the ground, according to the custom of this species. After taking one or two more pictures Kermit edged in, so as to get better ones. Gradually the cow grew alarmed. She raised her head, as these animals always do when interested or excited, twisted her tail into a tight knot, and walked out from under the tree, followed by the calf. She and the calf stood stern to stern for a few seconds, and Kermit took another photo. By this time the cow had become both puzzled and irritated. Even with her dim eyes she could make out the men and the camera, and once or twice she threatened a charge, but thought better of it. Then she began to move off, but suddenly wheeled and charged, this time bent on mischief. She came on at a slashing trot, gradually increasing her pace, the huge square lips shaking from side to side. Hoping that she would turn, Kermit shouted loudly and waited before firing until she was only ten yards off ; then, with the Winchester, he put a bullet in between her neck and shoulder—a mortal wound. She halted and half wheeled, and Grogan gave her right and left, Kermit putting in a couple of additional bullets as she went off.

A couple of hundred yards away she fell, rose again, staggered, fell again, and died. The calf, which was old enough to shift for itself, refused to leave the body, although Kermit and Grogan pelted it with sticks and clods. Finally, a shot through the flesh of the buttocks sent it off in frantic haste. Kermit had only killed the cow because it was absolutely necessary in order to avoid an accident, and he was sorry for the necessity; but I was not, for it was a very fine specimen, with the front horn thirty-one inches long, being longer than any other we had secured. The second horn was compressed laterally, exactly as with many black rhinos (although it is sometimes stated that this does not occur in the case of the white rhino). We preserved the head, skin, and skull for the National Museum.

The flesh of this rhino, especially the hump, proved excellent. It is a singular thing that scientific writers seem almost to have overlooked, and never lay any stress upon, the existence of this neck hump. It is on the neck, in front of the long dorsal vertebra, and is very conspicuous in the living animal; and I am inclined to think that some inches of the exceptional height measurements attributed to South African white rhinos may be due to measuring to the top of this hump. I am also puzzled by what seems to be the great inferiority in horn development of these square-mouthed rhinos of the Lado to the square-mouthed or white rhinos of South Africa (and, by the way, I may mention that on the whole these Lado rhinos certainly looked lighter coloured when we came across them standing in the open than did their prehensile-lipped East African brethren). We saw between thirty and forty square-mouthed rhinos in the Lado, and Kermit's cow had much the longest horn of any of them; and while they



The cow and calf square-nosed rhino under the tree after being disturbed  
by the click of the camera

*From a photograph, copyright, by Kermit Roosevelt*

averaged much better horns than the black rhinos we had seen in East Africa, between one and two hundred in number, there were any number of exceptions on both sides. There are recorded measurements of white rhino horns from South Africa double as long as our longest from the Lado. Now this is, scientifically, a fact of some importance, but it is of no consequence whatever when compared with the question as to what, if any, the difference is between the average horns; and this last fact is very difficult to ascertain, largely because of the foolish obsession for "record" heads which seems completely to absorb so many hunters who write. What we need at the moment is more information about the average South African heads. There are to be found among most kinds of horn-bearing animals individuals with horns of wholly exceptional size, just as among all nations there are individuals of wholly exceptional height. But a comparison of these wholly exceptional horns, although it has a certain value, is, scientifically, much like a comparison of the giants of different nations. A good head is, of course, better than a poor one, and a special effort to secure an exceptional head is sportsman-like and proper; but to let the desire for "record" heads, to the exclusion of all else, become a craze, is absurd. The making of such a collection is in itself not only proper, but meritorious; all I object to is the loss of all sense of proportion in connection therewith. It is just as with philately, or heraldry, or collecting the signatures of famous men. The study of stamps, or of coats of arms, or the collecting of autographs, is an entirely legitimate amusement, and may be more than a mere amusement; it is only when the student or collector allows himself utterly to overestimate the importance of his pursuit that it becomes ridiculous.

Cunninghame, Grogan, Heller, Kermit, and I now went off on a week's safari inland, travelling as light as possible. The first day's march brought us to the kraal of a local chief named Sururu. There were a few banana-trees and patches of scrawny cultivation round the little cluster of huts, ringed with a thorn fence, through which led a low door, and the natives owned goats and chickens. Sururu himself wore a white sheet of cotton as a toga, and he owned a red fez and a pair of baggy blue breeches, which last he generally carried over his shoulder. His people were very scantily clad indeed, and a few of them, both men and women, wore absolutely nothing except a string of blue beads around the waist or neck. Their ears had not been pierced and stretched like so many East African savages, but their lower lips were pierced for wooden ornaments and quills. They brought us eggs and chickens, which we paid for with American cloth, this cloth and some umbrellas constituting our stock of trade goods, or gift goods, for the Nile.

The following day Sururu himself led us to our next camp, only a couple of hours away. It was a dry country of harsh grass, everywhere covered by a sparse growth of euphorbias and stunted thorns, which were never in sufficient numbers to make a forest, each little, well-nigh leafless tree, standing a dozen rods or so distant from its nearest fellow. Most of the grass had been burnt, and fires were still raging. Our camp was by a beautiful pond, covered with white and lilac water-lilies. We pitched our two tents on a bluff, under some large acacias that cast real shade. It was between two or three degrees north of the Equator. The moon, the hot January moon of the mid-tropics, was at the full, and the nights were very lovely; the little sheet of



The calf which was old enough to shift for itself refused to leave the body

*From a photograph, copyright, by Kermit Roosevelt*



When alarmed they failed to make out where the danger lay

*From a photograph, copyright, by Kermit Roosevelt*

vast level stretches, or up or down inclines so slight as hardly to be noticeable. The black dust of the burnt soil rose in puffs beneath our feet, and now and then we saw dust devils, violent little whirlwinds, which darted right and left, raising to a height of many feet grey funnels of ashes and withered leaves. In places the coarse grass had half resisted the flames, and rose above our heads. Here and there bleached skulls of elephant and rhino, long dead, showed white against the charred surface of the soil. Everywhere, crossing and recrossing one another, were game trails, some slightly marked, others broad and hard, and beaten deep into the soil by the feet of the giant creatures that had trodden them for ages. The elephants had been the chief road-makers, but the rhinoceros had travelled their trails, and also buffalo and buck.

There were elephant about, but only cows and calves, and an occasional bull with very small tusks. Of rhinoceros, all square-mouthed, we saw nine, none carrying horns which made them worth shooting. The first one I saw was in long grass. My attention was attracted by a row of white objects moving at some speed through the top of the grass. It took a second look before I made out that they were cow herons perched on the back of a rhino. This proved to be a bull, which joined a cow and a calf. None had decent horns, and we plodded on. Soon we came to the trail of two others, and after a couple of miles' tracking Kongoni pointed to two grey bulks lying down under a tree. I walked cautiously to within thirty yards. They heard something, and up rose the two pig-like blinking creatures, who gradually became aware of my presence, and retreated a few steps at a time, dull curiosity continually overcoming an uneasiness which never grew

water glimmered in the moon rays, and round about the dry landscape shone with a strange, spectral light.

Near the pond, just before camping, I shot a couple of young waterbuck bulls for food, and while we were pitching the tents a small herd of elephants—cows, young bulls, and calves, seemingly disturbed by a grass fire which was burning a little way off—came up within four hundred yards of us. At first we mistook one large cow for a bull, and running quickly from bush to bush, diagonally to its course, I got within sixty yards, and watched it pass at a quick shuffling walk, lifting and curling its trunk. The blindness of both elephant and rhino has never been sufficiently emphasized in books. Near camp was the bloody, broken skeleton of a young wart-hog boar, killed by a lion the previous night. There were a number of lions in the neighbourhood, and they roared at intervals all night long. Next morning, after Grogan and I had started from camp, when the sun had been up an hour, we heard one roar loudly less than a mile away. Running toward the place, we tried to find the lion, but near by a small river ran through beds of reeds, and the fires had left many patches of tall, yellow, half-burned grass, so that it had ample cover, and our search was fruitless.

Near the pond were green parrots and brilliant wood hoopoes, rollers, and sunbirds, and buck of the ordinary kinds drank at it. A duiker which I shot for the table had been feeding on grass tips and on the stems and leaves of a small, low-growing plant.

After giving up the quest for the lion, Grogan and I, with our gun-bearers, spent the day walking over the great dry flats of burnt grass-land and sparse, withered forest. The heat grew intense as the sun rose higher and higher. Hour after hour we plodded on across



into fear. Tossing their stumpy-horned heads, and twisting their tails into tight knots, they ambled briskly from side to side, and were ten minutes in getting to a distance of a hundred yards. Then our shenzi guide mentioned that there were other rhinos close by, and we walked off to inspect them. In three hundred yards we came on them, a cow and a well-grown calf. Sixty yards from them was an ant-hill with little trees on it. From this we looked at them until some sound or other must have made them uneasy, for up they got. The young one seemed to have rather keener suspicions, although no more sense, than its mother, and after a while grew so restless that it persuaded the cow to go off with it. But the still air gave no hint of our whereabouts, and they walked straight toward us. I did not wish to have to shoot one, and so when they were within thirty yards we raised a shout and away they cantered, heads tossing and tails twisting.

Three hours later we saw another cow and calf. By this time it was half-past three in the afternoon, and the two animals had risen from their noonday rest and were grazing busily, the great clumsy heads sweeping the ground. As I watched them forty yards off, it was some time before the cow raised her head high enough for me to see that her horns were not good. Then they became suspicious, and the cow stood motionless for several minutes, her head held low. We moved quietly back, and at last they either dimly saw us, or heard us, and stood looking toward us, their big ears cocked forward. At this moment we stumbled on a rhino skull, bleached, but in such good preservation that we knew Heller would like it; and we loaded it on the porters that had followed us. All the time we were thus engaged the two rhinos, only a hundred yards off,

were intently gazing in our direction, with foolish and bewildered solemnity ; and there we left them, survivors from a long vanished world, standing alone in the parched desolation of the wilderness.

On another day Kermit saw ten rhino, none with more than ordinary horns. Five of them were in one party, and were much agitated by the approach of the men ; they ran to and fro, their tails twisted into the usual pig-like curl, and from sheer nervous stupidity bade fair at one time to force the hunters to fire in self-defence. Finally, however, they all ran off. In the case of a couple of others a curious incident happened. When alarmed they failed to make out where the danger lay, and after running away a short distance they returned to a bush near by to look about. One remained standing, but the other deliberately sat down upon its haunches like a dog, staring ahead, Kermit meanwhile being busy with his camera. Two or three times I saw rhino, when roused from sleep, thus sit up on their haunches and look around before rising on all four legs ; but this was the only time that any of us saw a rhino which was already standing assume such a position. No other kind of heavy game has this habit ; and, indeed, so far as I know, only one other hoofed animal, the white goat of the northern Rocky Mountains. In the case of the white goat, however, the attitude is far more often assumed, and in more extreme form ; it is one of the characteristic traits of the queer goat-antelope, so many of whose ways and looks are peculiar to itself alone.

From the lily-pond camp we went back to our camp outside Sururu's village. This was a very pleasant camp because while there, although the heat was intense in the daytime, the nights were cool and there were



One remained standing, but the other deliberately sat down upon its haunches like a dog

*From a photograph, copyright, by Kermit Roosevelt*

no mosquitoes. During our stay in the Lado it was generally necessary to wear head-nets and gloves in the evenings and to go to bed at once after dinner, and then to lie under the mosquito bar with practically nothing on through the long hot night, sleeping or contentedly listening to the humming of the baffled myriads outside the net. At the Sururu camp, however, we could sit at a table in front of the tents, after supper—or dinner, whichever one chose to call it—and read by lamplight, in the still, cool, pleasant air; or walk up and down the hard, smooth elephant path which led by the tents, looking at the large red moon just risen, as it hung low over the horizon, or later when, white and clear, it rode high in the heavens and flooded the land with its radiance.

There was a swamp close by, and we went through this the first afternoon in search of buffalo. We found plenty of sign; but the close-growing reeds were ten feet high, and even along the winding buffalo trails by which alone they could be penetrated it was impossible to see a dozen paces ahead. Inside the reeds it was nearly impossible to get to the buffalo, or at least to be sure to kill only a bull, which was all I wanted; and at this time, when the moon was just past the full, these particular buffalo only came out into the open to feed at night, or very early in the morning and late in the evening. But Sururu said that there were other buffalo which lived away from the reeds, among the thorn-trees on the grassy flats and low hills; and he volunteered to bring me information about them on the morrow. Sure enough, shortly before eleven next morning, he turned up with the news that he had found a solitary bull only about five miles away. Grogan and I at once started back with him, accompanied by our gun-bearers. The

country was just such as that in which we had hitherto found our rhinos ; and there was fresh sign of rhino as well as buffalo. The thorny, scantily-leaved trees were perhaps a little closer together than in most places, and there were a good many half-burned patches of tall grass. We passed a couple of ponds which must have been permanent, as water-lilies were growing in them ; at one a buffalo had been drinking. It was half-past twelve when we reached the place where Sururu had seen the bull. We then advanced with the utmost caution, as the wind was shifty, and although the cover was thin, it yet rendered it difficult to see a hundred yards in advance. At last we made out the bull, on his feet and feeding, although it was high noon. He was stern toward us, and while we were stealing toward him a puff of wind gave him our scent. At once he whipped around, gazed at us for a moment with outstretched head, and galloped off. I could not get a shot through the bushes, and after him we ran, Kongoni leading, with me at his heels. It was hot work running, for at this time the thermometer registered 102° F. in the shade. Fortunately the bull had little fear of man, and being curious, and rather truculent, he halted two or three times to look round. Finally, after we had run a mile and a half, he halted once too often, and I got a shot at him at eighty yards. The heavy bullet went home. I fired twice again as rapidly as possible, and the animal never moved from where he had stood. He was an old bull, as big as an East African buffalo, but his worn horns were smaller and rather different. This had rendered Kongoni uncertain whether he might not be a cow ; and when we came up to the body he exclaimed with delight that it was a " duck "—Kongoni's invariable method of pronouncing " buck," the term he

used to describe anything male, from a lion or an elephant to a bustard or a crocodile; "cow" being his expression for the female of these and all other creatures. As Gouvimali came running up to shake hands, his face wreathed in smiles, he exclaimed "G-o-o-d-e morning"—a phrase which he had picked up under the impression that it was a species of congratulation.

As always when I have killed buffalo, I was struck by the massive bulk of the great bull as he lay in death, and by the evident and tremendous muscular power of his big-boned frame. He looked what he was, a formidable beast. Thirty porters had to be sent out to bring to camp the head, hide, and meat. We found, by the way, that his meat made excellent soup, his kidneys a good stew, while his tongue was delicious.

Next morning Kermit and I with the bulk of the safari walked back to our main camp, on the Nile, leaving Cuninghame and Heller where they were for a day, to take care of the buffalo skin. Each of us struck off across the country by himself, with his gun-bearers. After walking five or six miles I saw a big rhino three-quarters of a mile off. At this point the country was flat, the acacias very thinly scattered, and the grass completely burnt off, the green young blades sprouting; and there was no difficulty in making out, at the distance we did, the vast grey bulk of the rhino as it stood inertly under a tree. Drawing nearer, we saw that it had a good horn, although not as good as Kermit's best; and, approaching quietly to within forty yards, I shot the beast.

At the main camp we found that Mearns had made a fine collection of birds in our absence; while Loring had taken a variety of excellent photos, of marabou, vultures, and kites feeding, and, above all, of a monitor

lizard plundering the nest of a crocodile. The monitors were quite plentiful near camp. They are amphibious, carnivorous lizards of large size; they frequent the banks of the river, running well on the land, and sometimes even climbing trees, but taking to the water when alarmed. They feed on mice and rats, other lizards, eggs, and fish; the stomachs of those we caught generally contained fish, for they are expert swimmers. One morning Loring surprised a monitor which had just uncovered some crocodile eggs on a small sandy beach. The eggs, about thirty in number, were buried in rather shallow fashion, so that the monitor readily uncovered them. The monitor had one of the eggs transversely in its mouth, and, head erect, was marching off with it. As soon as it saw Loring it dropped the egg and scuttled into the reeds; in a few minutes it returned, took another egg, and walked off into the bushes, where it broke the shell, swallowed the yolk, and at once returned to the nest for another egg. Loring took me out to see the feat repeated, replenishing the rifled nest with eggs taken from a crocodile the Doctor had shot; and I was delighted to watch, from our hiding-place, the big lizard as he cautiously approached, seized an egg, and then retired to cover with his booty. Kermit came on a monitor plundering a crocodile's nest at the top of a steep bank, while, funnily enough, a large crocodile lay asleep at the foot of the bank only a few yards distant. As soon as it saw Kermit the monitor dropped the egg it was carrying, ran up a slanting tree which overhung the river, and dropped into the water like a snake-bird.

There was always something interesting to do or to see at this camp. One afternoon I spent in the boat. The papyrus along the channel rose like a forest, thirty

had amply earned. All the meat did not get into camp until after dark—one of the sailors, unfortunately, falling out of a tree and breaking his neck on the way in—and it was picturesque to see the rows of big antelope—hartebeest, kob, waterbuck—stretched in front of the flaring fires, and the dark faces of the waiting negroes, each deputed by some particular group of gun-bearers, porters, or sailors to bring back its share.

Next morning we embarked, and steamed and drifted down the Nile; ourselves, our men, our belongings, and the spoils of the chase all huddled together under the torrid sun. Two or three times we grounded on sand-bars, but no damage was done, and in twenty-six hours we reached Nimule. We were no longer in healthy East Africa. Kermit and I had been in robust health throughout the time we were in Uganda and the Lado; but all the other white men of the party had suffered more or less from dysentery, fever, and sun-prostration while in the Lado; some of the gun-bearers had been down with fever, one of them dying while we were in Uganda; and four of the porters who had marched from Koba to Nimule had died of dysentery—they were burying one when we arrived.

At Nimule we were, as usual, greeted with hospitable heartiness by the English officials, as well as by two or three elephant hunters. One of the latter, three days before, had been charged by an unwounded bull elephant. He fired both barrels into it as it came on, but it charged home, knocked him down, killed his gun-bearer, and made its escape into the forest. In the forlorn little graveyard at the station were the graves of two white men who had been killed by elephants. One of them, named Stoney, had been caught by a wounded bull, which stamped the life out of him and then liter-



ally dismembered him, tearing his arms from his body. In the African wilderness, when a man dies, his companion usually brings in something to show that he is dead, or some remnant of whatever it is that has destroyed him. The sailors whose companion was killed by falling out of the tree near our Lado camp, for instance, brought in the dead branch which had broken under his weight; and Stoney's gun-bearer marched back to Nimule carrying an arm of his dead master, and deposited his gruesome burden in the office of the District Commissioner.