



Yours sincerely  
Richard J. Gader

# THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA

BY

RICHARD TJADER



*WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS FROM  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR*

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY  
NEW YORK AND LONDON

1910

## INTRODUCTION

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Good books on hunting trips and adventures in the Dark Continent are plentiful. My only apology for offering to the public *The Big Game of Africa* is my desire to comply with the wishes of many friends, who, having heard my lectures on Africa, have repeatedly asked me to issue something like them in book form.

This volume is not only a narrative of my own wanderings and experiences in that continent, but is also intended to be a guide book to those many who are interested in the life and habits of the African game animals as well as in the best way of stalking these with either camera or gun. For in the many good books on hunting in the Dark Continent, little or nothing has been said that may help the would-be African big game hunter in the selection of the proper outfit, guns, cameras, curing materials, etc., nor do they give him any definite information as to where, when and how to secure the game he wants, and none of them contains the most necessary introduction to the Ki-Swahili language, even a slight knowledge of which will prove of immense help to the sportsman when hunting in British East Africa, German East Africa and Uganda.

This book is the result of my own experiences and observations during three different expeditions to British East Africa, and contains the most reliable information I was able to obtain from other sportsmen and professional hunters, as well as from the wild sons of that wonderful game country who, themselves, spend most of their lives roaming around among the Big Game of Africa.

## INTRODUCTION

If, therefore, through the following pages the reader will be benefited to some extent, as well as derive pleasure from the photographs and simple accounts of big game hunting, which are related without exaggeration or "stretching," my labor has indeed not been in vain.

R. T.

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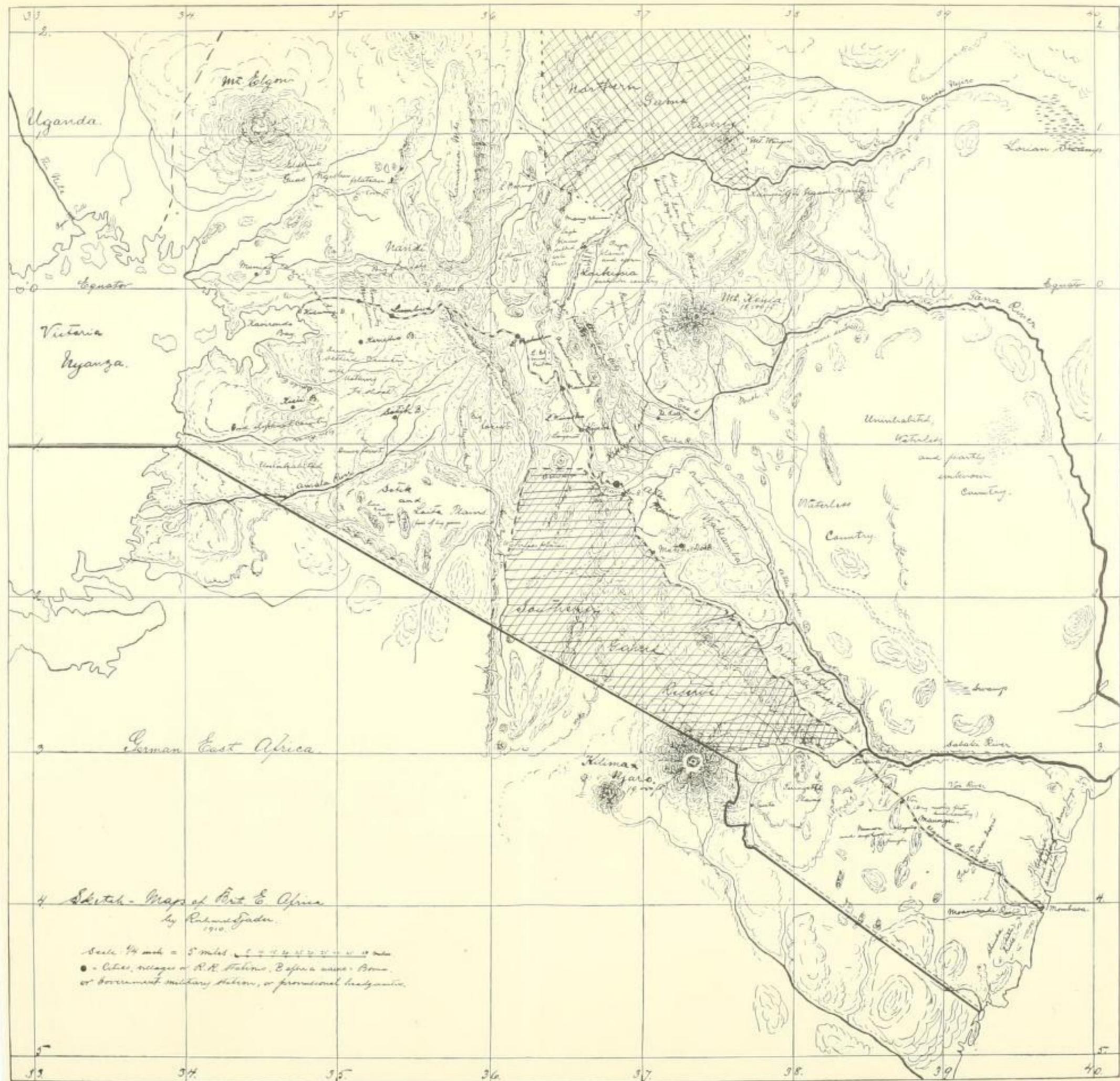
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4 Sketch - Maps of Part E. Africa  
 by Robert Gaden  
 1910

Scale 1/4 inch = 5 miles  
 • - Cities, villages or R.R. Stations.  $\odot$  - Stations of Government military Station, or provisional headquarters.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS

THERE are not less than five species of rhinoceros in existence. Of these, Asia claims three. The great, or Indian, rhinoceros, and the Javan variety, carry but one horn, whereas the Sumatran, the smallest of all living species, has two horns, like his African relative. The Sumatran seems to be more closely related to the African rhino than the other two Asiatic species, for he has not only two horns, but his skin has not the large armor-plated patches as clearly defined as the Indian and Javan rhino.

Of the two African species, the white or square-lipped rhinoceros is the larger of the two. This rhino is also much the rarer, existing only in a few small districts in South Africa and in the Lado Enclave, to the north of Uganda, where recently Colonel Roosevelt was lucky enough to secure several fine specimens. The skin of the "white rhino" is in reality not white at all, but dark gray, and only very little lighter than the ordinary "black rhino." His front horn attains a height of some thirty to sixty inches, a good deal larger than any horn of the common black rhino, while he stands about six feet high over the shoulders.

The black rhinoceros, usually met with all over East and Central Africa, is somewhat smaller, averaging five

## THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS

feet to five feet six inches in height, while one of the largest horns on record measured only forty-two inches in length. This species is prehensile-lipped and almost black in color, except that, from wallowing in different colored mud and clay, the animals appear sometimes red, sometimes dark gray.

The African rhino feeds exclusively from twigs and leaves of trees and bushes. He is not as fond of swamps as his Asiatic cousin, and is often found even in practically waterless country, where he goes considerable distances from the nearest stream or water hole. As a rule, he will return to drink at night, and sometimes he also drinks in the early morning. It has been said that the black rhino does not like cool weather, and that he seldom goes higher than 5,000 feet on plateaus and mountain ranges. This, however, is a mistake, for he is very abundant on the Laikipia Plateau, lying at an altitude of over 6,000 feet, and in 1906 I shot a charging female rhino, accompanied by a half-grown calf, which I met on one of the foothills of Kenia, at fully 8,000 feet altitude. It was evident from the many rhino paths on this side of the mountain that it was a favorite feeding place for the big pachyderms.

I have noticed that there are two somewhat different species even of the black rhinoceros, for I have always found certain differences between those living on the plains and the rhinos inhabiting bush and forest country. The rhino of the plains has, as a rule, a much thicker and shorter fore horn than the bush rhino, whose horn is more curved backward, much more slender, and very sharply pointed. I have also noticed that the feet of the rhino inhabiting the plains are, in comparison, larger than those

## THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA

of the bush rhino. As to viciousness, I believe that the rhino of the bush is much more bad tempered than the one inhabiting the open plains, which is said to be true also of lions.

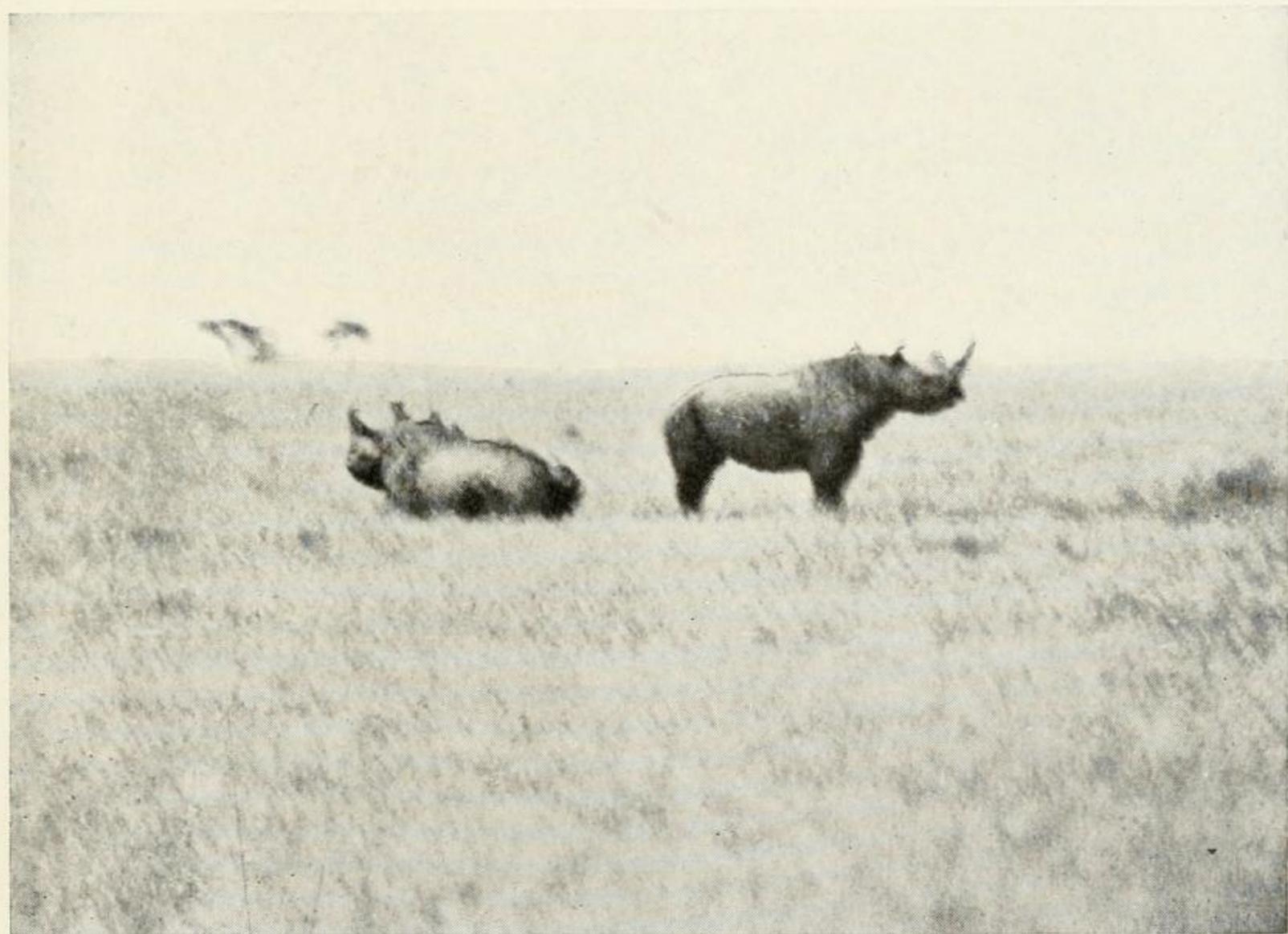
One of the most curious of pachyderms is without a doubt the African rhinoceros. He distinguishes himself from his Indian, one-horned cousin by having two horns, one straight behind the other. Both horns vary a great deal in size. Usually the front horn is the larger of the two, curving slowly backward, much in the shape of a Turkish saber, and being in most cases round, very thick at its base, and tapering to a sharp point at the end. The other horn is generally much smaller and somewhat like a short Roman sword, being much flatter than the front horn and almost straight.

The front horn of the male rhinoceros is a great deal thicker than that of the female, but a good many rhinos have been seen and killed on which the second horn was larger than the first. I myself have seen on the Sotik plains a huge female rhinoceros which had the second horn very much larger than the first, and curving forward over the first horn, which was a small, swordlike one, just exactly as the second horn generally is. The curved, second horn of this rhinoceros protruded at least six inches in front of the nose and appeared to be almost resting on the top of the small front horn.

I had told Colonel Roosevelt that I was only going to stay on the Sotik plains for about a week or ten days, as he himself had planned to go there right after me, and, hoping that the colonel might be able to secure this strangely shaped head for the Natural Museum at Wash-



TWO RHINOS ASLEEP ON THE PLAINS TO THE NORTHWEST OF GUASO NAROK,  
DISTANCE ABOUT FORTY YARDS.



THE SAME ANIMALS.  
Note the tick birds on the backs of the beasts.

## THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS

ington, I did not shoot the beast, which I could very easily have done, as the rhino, followed by an almost full-grown calf, passed in front of me at a distance of not more than fifty to sixty yards; I was fortunate enough, however, to secure a couple of good photographs of this curious-looking animal.

In 1906, when hunting northwest of Mt. Kenia, I saw at a distance of some two or three hundred yards an unusually large rhino with a long and abnormal-looking horn. In this case it was the front horn, which had grown up to a length of probably some forty inches or more, while almost at its middle it had a sort of extension which, at that distance, looked as if the rhino had put its horn through a pumpkin. For hours and hours I tried to get within shooting range of this queer-looking beast, but before I could find any cover, the wind being unfavorable, he scented us and made off at a very quick gait, never to be seen by us again. In 1909 I saw some trophies that were sent down from German East Africa by way of Victoria Nyanza and the Uganda Railroad, and which belonged to a German settler. He had shot, among other animals, a most curious-looking rhino, having both horns of about the same size and length, but both curving toward each other until they met, thus forming a perfect arch over the nose.

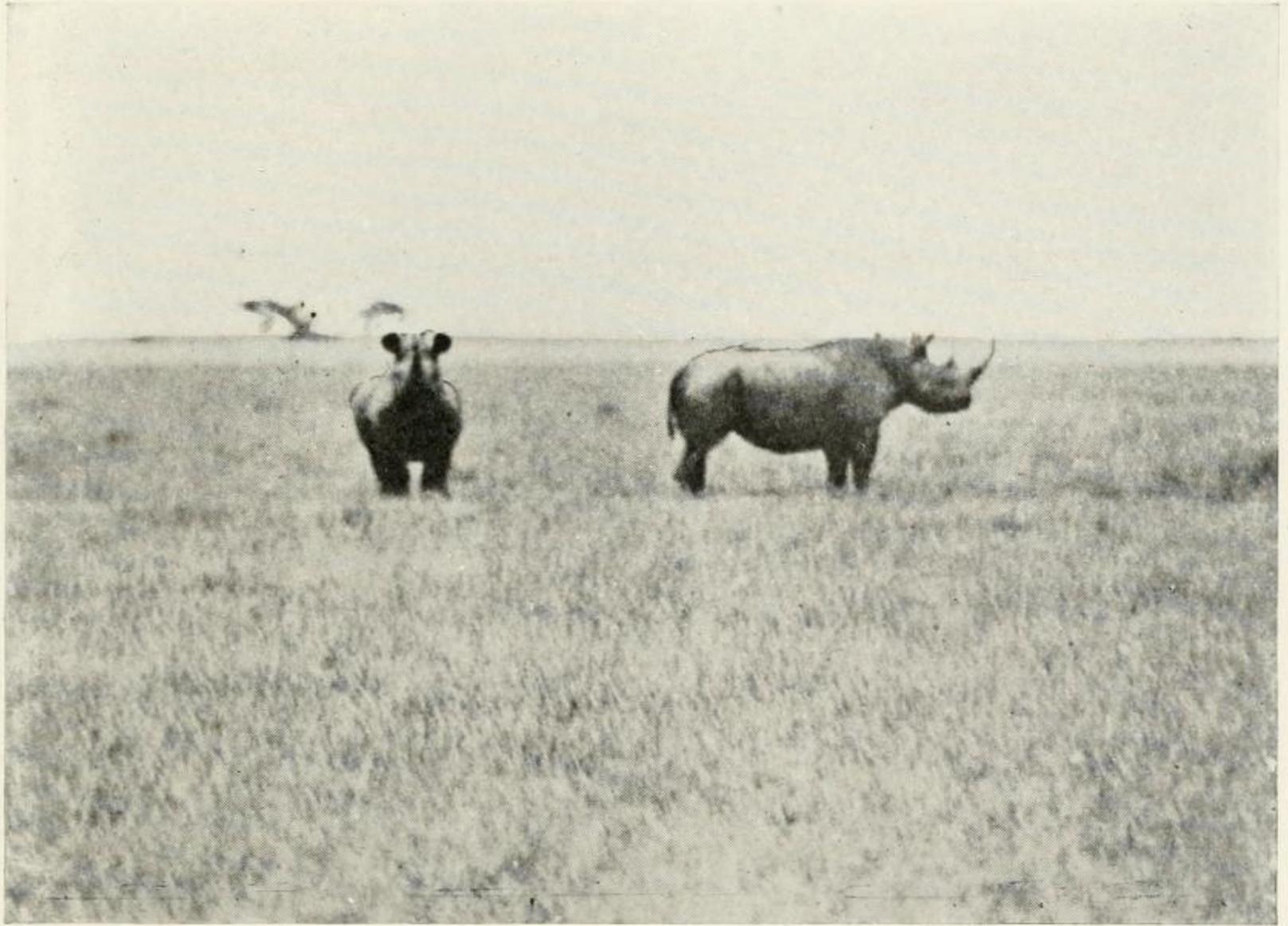
While the skin of the Indian one-horned rhinoceros is thicker than that of the two-horned African, and divided in large, armorlike patches, the latter has a more uniform and much smoother skin, varying in thickness from one third of an inch under the belly and inside of the hind legs to fully one inch and more on the sides and back. The

## THE BIG GAME OF AFRICA

skin is always thickest on the sides, over the shoulders, and on the back of the powerful neck. It is rather remarkable that, in spite of the great thickness of the rhino's skin, it should be possible for parasites to live and feed on these great pachyderms, some of which are literally covered with these giant ticks. They seem to be able to find cracks and soft places in the heavy skin, through which they are able to suck the animal's blood, and in such places they congregate in great masses, sometimes causing bad ulcerations and sores.

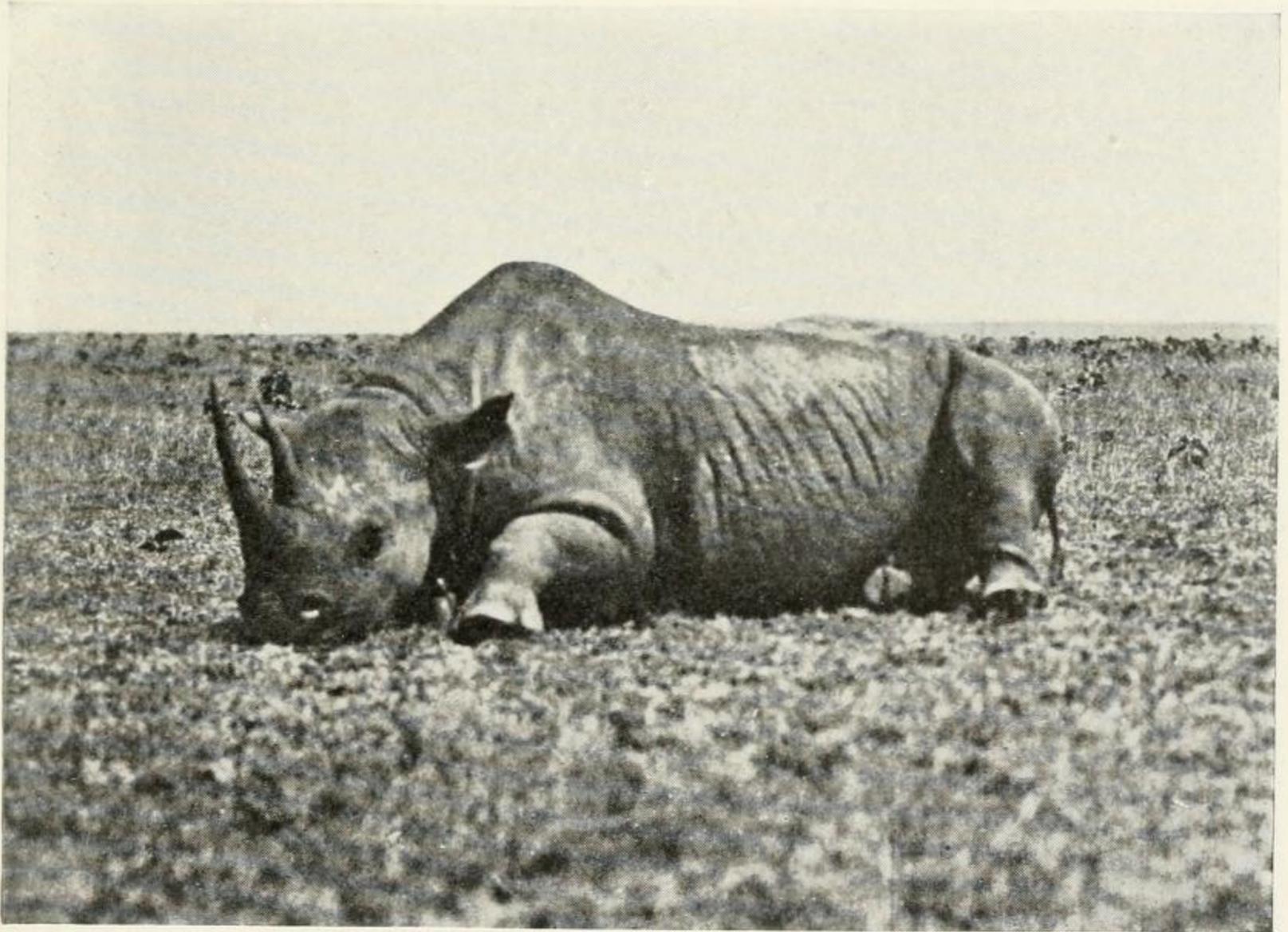
In such circumstances it is a blessing to the rhinos that the so-called "tick bird" exists. This is a brownish-looking little bird with a strong, straight bill, which always seems to follow the rhino both in the bush and in the open country. These wary little friends not only serve the rhinoceros as "tick-eaters," but also warn him of any approaching danger. Many a time I have stalked a rhino with my camera under the most favorable conditions, and I would have been able to come within a few feet of the powerful beast without attracting his attention, had it not been for the little tick bird, which with its shrill "pt-jaeh, pt-jaeh," warned the rhino of the approaching hunter, and, to my disgust, the coveted trophy would either run away or make a vicious charge.

It must be said, however, to the credit of the tick bird, that it is sometimes useful also to the hunter. For in dense bush the sportsman would often not be able to see the rhino, until almost right upon him, if the tick bird with its "pt-jaeh" did not warn the hunter of the proximity of this dangerous beast. One morning when I was encamped with a large caravan not far from the junction of the



THE SAME ANIMALS.

The one facing the camera is about to charge at full speed.



AT ABOUT TEN YARDS HE FELL, KILLED INSTANTLY BY A BULLET FROM THE  
BIG .577 EXPRESS RIFLE.

## THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS

Guaso-Narok and the Guaso-Nyiro, I started very early for the jungle with some twenty-five men. Before it was quite light enough to shoot accurately or to photograph, we had to go through a stretch of very dense bush. As we had not seen any rhinoceros tracks or other marks of their presence in that particular place, we did not imagine that there were any of these beasts around, when suddenly a little tick bird flew up out of the thicket right in front of us, and with his shrill "pt-jaeh, pt-jaeh" warned us to be on our guard.

No sooner had I heard the bird before the angry sniffing of a rhino announced that we were in dangerous company. The moment the tick bird gave the signal, my gun bearer, of his own accord, reached forward the big .577 Express with the words, "Kifaru karibu, bwana, kamata msinga" ("A rhinoceros is near, sir, take the 'cannon'!") The next minute two rhinos rushed forward and faced us, right across a small opening in the bush, and for several seconds we eyed each other at a distance of only some ten yards or less. It was a big mother rhinoceros with her half-grown calf, snorting at us from across a low, red ant-hill. Unfortunately it was still too dark for a snapshot.

With the big gun at my shoulder, with safety-catch pushed forward, and finger on the trigger, I was ready for a "brain-shot," if the rhino had moved forward an inch, but there she stood for a good many seconds motionless, except for a few tossings of the head. Then the animal turned around just as suddenly as she had appeared, and rushed off into the dense bush, crashing down everything in her wild attempt to escape. I was glad that the "inter-

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view" ended thus, as I did not want to kill another rhinoceros unless absolutely obliged to do so to protect my life.

The strength of the African rhino is almost incredible. With ease he roots up trees and bushes, and is able to break down the jungle and go through the thickets so thorny and dense that one would think it absolutely impossible for any beast to penetrate. During the construction of the Uganda Railroad it more than once happened that rhinos took exception to the invading of their country, routed the workmen off the track, and upset and destroyed wheelbarrows and tools. On one occasion a huge rhinoceros rushed forward toward a gang of workmen, who were fastening a rail to its sleepers, scattered the men, and then made for the construction car, which stood on the completed track a few hundred feet farther away. It put its mighty horn under the car and literally lifted it off the track, after which performance the beast, sniffing and puffing, departed. It took the workmen several hours to recover from their fright and to jack the car onto the track again. Horses and mules, and even cattle, have often been attacked by these vicious brutes and tossed many feet up in the air, horribly gored and mutilated by the powerful horns of the rhinos.

Much has been said about the poor sight of the rhinoceros, and I have even heard prominent lecturers on African topics, and also sportsmen, speak about it as the "blind rhino." Although I know it is a generally accepted fact that the rhino is "almost blind," this theory is, in my opinion, not altogether warranted. I do not believe that he is nearly as badly off in this respect as he is supposed to

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be. On my first visit to Africa in 1906 I started out rhinoceros hunting with the belief that the beast was extraordinarily nearsighted and stupid, but a good many of my experiences, some of which I will relate in the following paragraphs, have made me change my mind considerably on this subject.

It is generally said that the rhino cannot recognize an object at any farther distance than seventy-five to one hundred feet, and it is contended that if a rhino has observed a person at a longer distance than this, it is probably not through the sight, but through his wonderful scent that he has detected the hunter. In a good many instances it may be hard to say whether this is so or not, but as I had heard from one man, who had a great deal of experience in big game hunting in Africa, that he, for one, did not believe in the bad sight of the rhinoceros, I made up my mind that I should make as many thorough "tests" in this respect as possible.

While I have seen that the rhino, like a great many other wild animals, both in Africa and in other continents, cannot very well distinguish between a man and a tree stump, if the former stands perfectly motionless, particularly if he is well or partly hidden by bushes, trees, or long grass, this may often be the case even with human observers, if only the distance is increased. As to the rhinoceros, I have found that in bush country, when the wind was such that it was absolutely impossible for the beast to scent me, he would not detect me, even ten to fifteen yards off, if I stood motionless among the bush. On the other hand, I have seen how the rhino clearly discovered my presence when I was moving along in the bush, or even stand-

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ing still in open places, at a distance of from two to three hundred feet.

Both on the Sotik plains and on the plateau to the northwest of the Guaso-Narok River I have repeatedly had experiences with rhinos which prove that their eyesight is really not as bad as it is generally believed. On the former plains I saw two rhinos lying down in the open, just about the noon hour, taking a sleep and exposed to the burning rays of the equatorial sun. I advanced unnoticed to within one hundred and fifty yards for the purpose of taking photographs, when the noise made by one of the gun bearers, as his hob-nailed shoes crashed against a stone, awakened both animals. They sprang to their feet, and, although the wind was very strong and blowing from them to us, so that it was absolutely impossible for the animals to get our scent, they both saw us. They whirled around instantly and faced us, sniffing and puffing and wobbling their heads sideways and up and down, evidently attempting also to get a "whiff" of the disturbers of their siesta. We all three stood as motionless as we could, except that I tried to focus my lens on them, but just as I snapped the first picture both animals turned and ran away at high speed.

One morning on the Laikipia Plateau I had the opportunity of seeing no less than eleven rhinos in three hours, during which time I repeatedly tried to stalk right up to the beasts. A strong southwest breeze was blowing, and as I approached the animals from the northeast there was no possible chance for them to get a whiff of our wind. Time and again, I noticed, to my dismay, that the big pachyderms had an eyesight good enough to detect

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us at distances of from one hundred to two hundred yards and over, when all of them would run away, with the exception of one old bull, which was lying down when I approached him. This rhino remained motionless, with his eyes evidently fixed on me, as I advanced with camera in one hand and the big Express in the other. Finally, when within less than fifty yards of the beast, as I was trying to make a semicircle around him to the southward, so as to be able to get a better light for the picture, he followed me with his head, and then suddenly rushed up, made a couple of angry sniffs, and charged right down on us, snorting like a steam engine.

In spite of very careful work, great patience, and strong, favorable wind, I have never been able to approach a rhino that was awake nearer than about seventy yards on the open plains before he noticed me. I have several times actually paced the distance between me and the rhinos, which ran away, when they saw me even as far off as from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five yards. The distance at which the beasts would either run away or charge us depended doubtlessly also on the different districts where they were found—i. e., whether they had been much hunted or not. If much disturbed, even the vicious rhino learns that man with his firearms is too dangerous an enemy to encounter. On the other hand, one of the most sudden and dangerous charges I experienced was made by an old bull, which had evidently been wounded a good many times before, as I found in his skin two Wandorobo arrowheads and several other wounds from bullets.

Accompanied by a few men and taking only a rifle and

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a shotgun, I had gone up into the dense bush near the Kijabe Railroad station to shoot a small antelope for my table. We had walked fifteen to twenty minutes, when we suddenly came across fresh rhinoceros tracks, but, as we had only gone out for the antelope, we left the track and went in the direction of an open place, overgrown with grass, where the natives had told me that they had seen the antelopes feeding about an hour before. Just before we reached this place, the vicious old rhino dashed out at us from the thick bush. My men disappeared as if swallowed up by the ground, and, although I turned around as quickly as possible, the rhino's head was not more than two yards and a half from the muzzle of the gun when I pulled the trigger of the little Mannlicher. The beast fell instantly, but the momentum of his charge hurled his body to my very feet. I assure the reader that it is no exaggeration to say that it was actually less than six inches between the rhino's nose and my left foot! Had the bullet not found the brain, nothing in the world could have saved me from being killed by the ugly brute. This rhino must have been very old, for his horn, so powerful at its base, was worn down until probably only one third of its original length remained.

The scent of the rhinoceros is very sharp indeed, and in this respect he is exceeded only by the elephant. I have tried on the open plains to see how far a rhinoceros would be able to scent a couple of men if the wind was not too light. Rhinos that were feeding with their noses to the ground and evidently not suspecting any danger at all, scented us often at a distance of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards. When the big pachyderm

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scents a human being, he generally runs forward in the direction of the place from which the scent comes, to locate his enemy, and to "investigate," not always meaning to charge in any vicious way. Eight out of the twelve rhinoceros that I have shot, I have had to kill, as they charged down on me, evidently meaning mischief, although in several instances I waited with the fatal shot and gave the rhinos a chance to change their minds, until they were within a few yards of me, when I did not care to have them "investigate" any closer.

It is impossible to say what a rhino will do in certain circumstances, for one time he will run away from and another time he will charge down on his pursuer in exactly the same situations. I remember once, when our caravan was marching from the Laikipia Plateau toward Mt. Kenia, how a large rhinoceros was feeding right in the little native path, which we were following at the time. Not wanting to kill the animal, but at the same time not willing to risk the lives of any of the porters of the caravan, I consulted with the gun bearers and nearest men as to what we had better do. They proposed that we should make as much noise as possible, shouting and beating with sticks on empty water pails, to frighten away the rhino. As we began this terrible "kelele" the rhino, which was only some seventy-five yards away, threw up his head and tail and rushed away as quickly as he could.

A few months later, however, when we were marching toward Sotik through the Southern Kedong Valley, we had an experience of an entirely different character. We were following along an old Masai cattle trail, close to the foothills of the Mau escarpment, when, reaching the top of

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a little ridge, we discovered two large rhinos calmly feeding close to each other on either side of the little path, only a few hundred yards away from us. The animals were walking slowly in the same direction as we, and as we would have caught up with them in a very little while, we decided to try our old method of scaring them away with great noise. On a certain signal, some fifty of us shouted at the top of our lungs, while others beat empty water cans and pails. This had the unexpected effect that both animals instantly whirled around and charged down on us like a team of horses, running along close to each other, one on each side of the little path.

I had several times heard that if a large animal is hit on one side, it invariably turns out toward the other side to find his pursuer, and not wanting to kill any of the beasts, I fired, when they had come within some fifty yards, hitting each of them on the side facing the other. It was just as if a mighty wedge had been driven in between the animals, for they suddenly separated and ran away in different directions. The female disappeared on our right into a clump of bushes, whereas the larger one, an old male with a fine horn, rushed off to our left into the open. After making a run for a few seconds, he suddenly changed his mind, possibly annoyed by the noise and laughter of the men, and turning around, he charged us again with uplifted tail and lowered horn, coming on as fast as he could!

In the meanwhile I had had time to reload the big rifle and was ready to give him a "warm reception." Between us and the charging brute was a low, circular anthill, only some fifteen yards away, and I said to Mr. Lang and the

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gun bearers, who begged me to shoot, that I would wait until the rhino had reached the anthill, to see if he would not change his mind before that. It seemed almost as if the rhino had been a mind-reader, for, having reached the outer edge of the hill, he suddenly stopped, snorted and puffed, and threw up the red clay with his front feet. With the gun to the shoulder, I shouted, much to the amusement of my men, "Njoo, Mzee, mimi tayari" ("Come on, old fellow, I am ready"). He showed his anger in this way for a few seconds, and then turned around and ran off to our left, exposing a long flesh wound of about eighteen inches, from which the blood was trickling, proving that the big bullet had only plowed through his thick skin for that distance, causing him no serious injury whatever.

Of the ferocity and courage of the African rhinoceros many contrary things have been said. While some people hold that the rhino is an exceedingly clumsy and stupid beast, which very seldom attacks the hunter, and in most instances runs away when molested, others consider him one of the most dangerous animals in existence. I myself side with the latter, having had, as already mentioned, a good many narrow escapes from these vicious brutes. Before I had ever met a rhino, I believed that they were not to be classed among the more dangerous game animals, but my first experience with these beasts soon gave me a different opinion about them. One day when encamped not far from the Kijabe railway station I had remained in my tent, as the rain was pouring down, and as I also had some writing to do. Suddenly a Wandorobo hunter came running into the camp, shouting that he had located a rhino, and that he knew from the tracks that it must be a

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very large one. As I had never seen a rhinoceros yet in his wild state, and was most anxious to secure a fine specimen for the museum, besides having the excitement of a rhinoceros hunt, I flung away my writing paraphernalia, took a couple of guns, the gun bearer and a few men, and followed the tracker.

We soon had to go through an almost impenetrable jungle, where we in places had to crawl on hands and feet to be able to advance at all. After two hours of such hard marching in the pouring rain, we finally found the fresh rhinoceros track. Having followed it for another hour through similar circumstances, the men suddenly stopped and consulted with one another. They then all tried to make me understand that it was no use to go any farther, because the "rhino had gone too far away." But I gathered enough, from what they had said, to understand that they were afraid to follow the beast any longer in this terrible jungle. I was sure that they wanted to deceive me, and that they were simply tired of the pursuit and afraid to go any farther, as we could plainly see that not only one, but two rhinos had passed over the same path, one after the other. I upbraided them for their cowardice, and told them to go ahead, and that under no circumstances would I return to camp before we had at least seen the rhinos.

Now they came straight out and told me that it was a most dangerous undertaking to follow two of these big brutes in such dense jungle. They said that if I persisted in going any farther I would have to take the lead myself and they would follow close behind me. This I did without hesitation, fortunately exchanging the .405

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Winchester for the heavy .577 Express, which the gun bearer had been carrying behind me up to that time.

In perfect silence and as quietly as possible we followed in the tracks of the big beasts, being particularly careful not to step on any dead branches, nor to make any other noise, which might disturb the animals. We had not gone on thus more than perhaps ten or fifteen minutes before the men stopped again. They now tried even harder than before to make me give up the pursuit. Again they said that it was useless to follow the rhinos, as they were much "too far away" from us to be overtaken. Before I had even a chance to reply, the rhinos themselves answered with their peculiar angry sniff, only a couple of dozen yards or so away from us!

Where we stood, the jungle was so dense that it was almost impossible to move the arms freely, or to raise a gun, but I saw a little to my left, and in the direction from where the noise of the rhinos came, a small opening, for which I quickly made, thinking myself followed by the gun bearer and the rest of the men. Louder and louder sounded the crashing of the trees, as the big beasts came charging down upon us, and, turning around to see if the gun bearer was ready with the reserve gun, there was not a man in sight. It was as if the earth had swallowed them all!

As I reached one end of the little opening, out shot the head of a big rhino on the opposite side, only about twenty feet away. A flash and a tremendous roar from the powerful gun, and the huge rhino rolled over only a few feet away from me, his brain pierced by the powerful steel-jacketed bullet! Just as I was gasping for breath, and

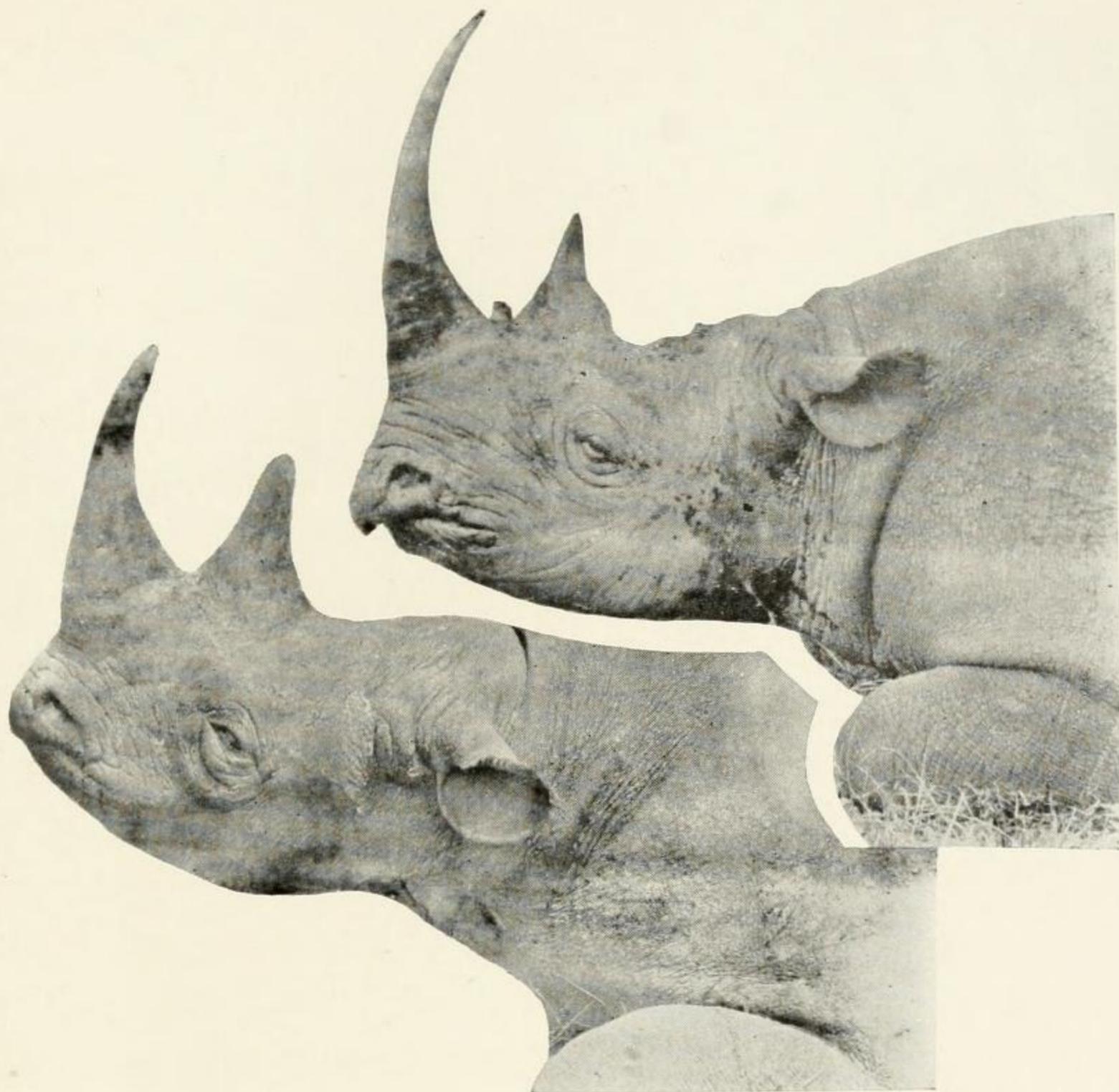
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before I had time even to lower the gun, Mabruki's, the gun bearer's, voice rang out from the top of a nearby tree, "Bwana, ingine anakuja" ("Master, another one is coming").

Hardly had he finished his sentence than I saw Rhino No. 2 charging down upon me from another side, and, turning toward him, I gave him the second barrel, with which I was fortunate enough to hit the head again just back of the second horn, and down he went, stone dead. Within less than a minute's time and with only two successive shots of the big Express gun, I had succeeded in felling the first two rhinos which I had ever seen at large.

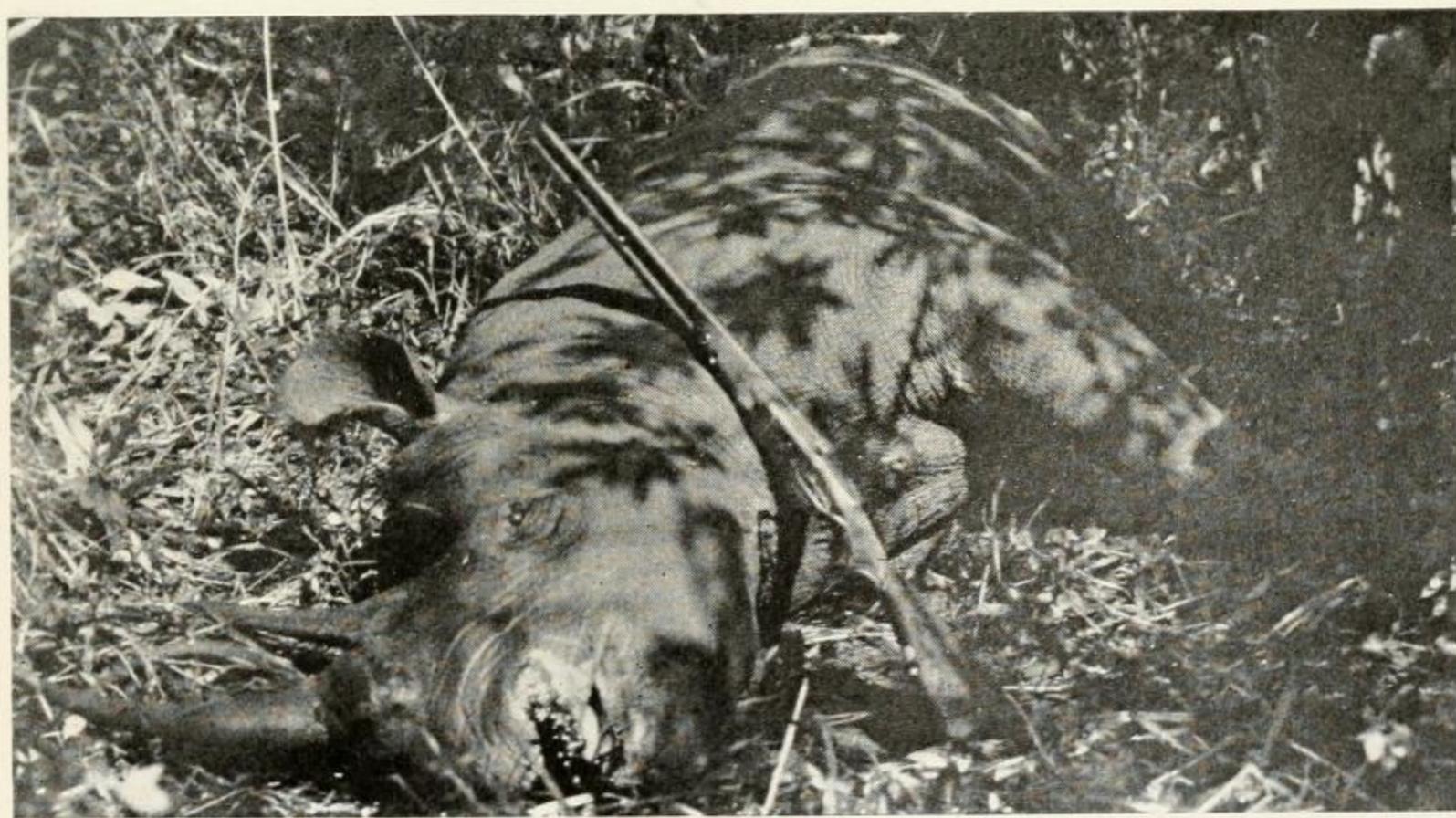
It is impossible to describe the joy I felt when I was resting on the side of one of my fallen "enemies," for if I had not understood any of the language of the men, or had I hesitated and returned to camp at their suggestion, I probably would never have had this wonderful experience. It is in a case like this that the hunter cannot depend upon anybody else for protection, and in such dense jungle he has to rely upon his own nerve, swiftness of decision and good aim, more than upon any fellow huntsman, be he ever so near at hand. To show how uncertain it is to count on the stupidity of the rhino, or to believe, as a prominent English sportsman and author affirms, that perhaps only once out of two hundred and fifty times the rhino means mischief when charging, as he is coming on only to "investigate," I will here relate a few facts that certainly speak for themselves.

Dr. Kolb, a German scientist and hunter, was one day bird-shooting a few years ago in German East Africa,



TWO DIFFERENT TYPES OF RHINOS.

The upper one represents the bush rhino, the lower one the rhino of the plains. Note the difference in the shape of the lips and relative position of the eyes. The little "extra horn" between the two horns of the upper rhino is, of course, unusual.



ANOTHER SPLENDID TROPHY.

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when he was suddenly charged by a large female rhinoceros. Although not accompanied by any calf, a circumstance which often makes these "mothers" vicious, this rhino, without any provocation whatever, charged down on the doctor, who at the time was only armed with a shotgun. Hearing the angry sniffings of the rhino, and the breaking down of the bush as she came on, the doctor tried to run for cover, and for a few seconds raced around a small but dense clump of bushes, closely followed by the vicious brute. Having discovered a large tree with a big cavity near the ground, the doctor unfortunately made for the same. No sooner had he entered the cavity than the rhino was upon him, and with its powerful horn killed him in a few seconds, mutilating him in a most horrible way, while the cowardly native followers looked on from nearby trees, without doing anything to distract the attention of the rhino from the doctor.

Mr. C. Schillings, in his wonderful experiences as a pioneer wild-animal photographer, relates also in his interesting book, "With Flashlight and Rifle," a good many instances of having been charged by a number of rhinos, which he had not provoked in the least. In fact, he had several times made regular detours, so as not to come too near the vicious brutes, which, in spite of all precautions, had scented him and charged him and his caravan. Once, Mr. Schillings relates, one of his porters was badly gored and tossed by a rhino, which suddenly "ran amuck" of the caravan. Wonderful enough, this particular native, who had actually had his intestines thrown out of his body by the rhino, subsequently recovered, without seeming to be any the worse for his experience.

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An Austrian nobleman, whom I met in British East Africa in 1906, told me of three very narrow escapes from charging rhinos. Once he himself had had his left shoulder bruised by a rhino which charged madly down upon him. In spite of having been twice badly wounded, the beast rushed so close past the Austrian, who with a side step tried to save himself, that the rhino's shoulder hit him, hurling him several feet out of the animal's way, while the brute fortunately continued straight ahead. On another occasion a female rhinoceros, accompanied by a young calf, was encountered in the dense bush country on the Mau escarpment, as the caravan was moving along in the early morning. Suddenly there was an outcry among the porters, who threw down their loads right and left, while an angry rhino mother made straight for the cook, whom it unfortunately succeeded in tearing to pieces with its sharp-pointed horn before the hunter killed it with a well-aimed bullet from his Mannlicher rifle.

Not even at night is the caravan perfectly safe from rhino attacks, and a good many times I have myself had nightly visits from the dangerous pachyderm. Once when in camp on the western slopes of Mt. Kenia I was awakened during a moonlight night by shoutings and great commotion in camp. Taking the big Express, I ran out in front of the tent and came just in time to see the hind-quarters of a big rhino, evidently a male, which had run right through the camp between some of the porters' tents, and had passed within three yards of my own tent, although at the time a strong fire was blazing.

Mr. Percival, the assistant game ranger in Nairobi, told me of a similar, although much worse experience,

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which he had had a couple of years ago. One night he was awakened by a feeling of unrest, as if something had gone wrong in his camp. His inclination was to get up immediately to investigate, but being very tired from a long march the previous day, and seeing that the big camp fire was blazing, and the Askari awake, he again lay down, wishing he might be able to go to sleep again. For some reason it was not possible for him to feel comfortable, having again the strong feeling that he should get up and look around the camp. Finally he decided to do so, took his big gun, and went out among the porters' tents to see if everything was all right. Hardly had he left his tent, when a big rhino rushed, full speed on, through his camp. Passing right over the fire itself, he ran down Mr. Percival's own tent, and, putting one of his heavy feet right on the very couch, which a few minutes before had been occupied by the sleeping game ranger, broke it in pieces.

In 1909 I was told of a similar experience in German East Africa by a Mr. Herman Gelder, of Berlin, who had made an extended shooting trip through the southern and western part of the German Protectorate. With over one hundred porters, Mr. Gelder was encamped at the edge of a large forest not very far from the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika. Having seen a good many rhinoceros's tracks in the vicinity, before camp was pitched, the precaution was taken of making a small "boma" around the camp. This was done by heaping cut-off branches of thorn bushes and trees in a circle around the camp. Having accomplished this, he ordered a big camp fire to be kept burning during the night. Suddenly, about 2 o'clock in the

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morning, Mr. Gelder was awakened by a tremendous outcry, and, when he had rushed out to investigate, he found that a rhino had broken through the boma, which was too low and thin, and had killed one of his Askaris, who had been sitting at the fire.

In camping in countries infested with rhinos and lions, the only safe device is to make a strong boma of thorn bushes all around the camp, or else in a horseshoe form, leaving a large camp fire to protect the small opening in the "wall." If this hedge is made eight to nine feet high and ten to twelve feet wide, it gives a perfect protection from rhinos and lions, although instances have occurred, as before related, where both rhinos and lions did not heed the camp fire. However, it very seldom happens that any wild beast ventures too near a blazing fire, particularly if it is of good size.

According to my own experiences with rhinos, I believe them to be the most dangerous of African game, as one never knows exactly what a rhino will do. As one is most often attacked by these vicious brutes in very dense jungle, it is impossible to see them before they are within a few yards. At such close quarters it is rather unsafe to let the rhino "investigate" any further, and the best thing to do then is to place a bullet in his forehead, for a heart shot will very seldom kill a rhino instantly. I have known of a case where an Englishman shot no less than twelve bullets from a .500 Express rifle into the body of a rhino, two of which bullets had touched the heart, and two or three penetrated the lungs. Yet the hunter was killed by this rhino, which, after goring his antagonist, walked over a hundred yards away before he fell.

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As the rhino, in spite of his dangerous character, is partially protected both in German and British East Africa, and as he not only exists on the open plains, where he is not nearly so dangerous, and much more easy to kill, but also inhabits the densest jungles, he will probably be one of the last big animals to be exterminated.