

CHAPTER VIII.

Large 'rhino' shot—Down a precipice after koodoo—The Webbi Shebeyli
—Tracks of elephants—Abundance of insect life—Nest of bees.

NEXT day, we had gone barely a quarter of a mile from camp, when I saw a rhinoceros, which bolted on our near approach. Shortly after I saw another, with a poor head, which I let alone. Number three dashed away out of some bushes in which it was lying asleep, and as the men walked along, talking and making a great noise, my second shikari spotted a fourth within an hour. He excitedly exclaimed: 'Come down from the boney.' I stalked the 'rhino' until I got fairly close, took a careful aim, and fired. There was a tremendous commotion, and for a second or so I saw only a cloud of dust, out of which suddenly dashed the monster, across an open space, at a tremendous pace. He certainly looked very awe-inspiring, galloping off with his head stretched out and nose high in the air, the dust flying behind him like a whirlwind. We ran to the spoor, and found a good deal of blood, which we followed, and in a few minutes found the great brute snorting under a thorn-bush. Creeping as close as I dared, under the cover of some thin bushes, I fired the big gun at him again, and evidently hit him, for he plunged about violently, but did not leave the thorn-bush. As he kept turning round and round, and would not keep still, I waited. At length I fired again, and hit him right behind the shoulder. Feeling for more cartridges, I found I had not one left, and as my men were some 20 yards behind me, I had to sit still and await results, as I dared not move back, fearing he might see me and

charge. At last, after what appeared to me to be an age of suspense, he lay down. My men began to talk, when he stood up again and began snorting loudly. At length he lay down again in a kneeling position, when I quickly shifted my position and got my Express. I fired one shot at him at long range, but as he did not move, I walked up to him shouting. As we got up to him, he lifted up his huge head twice in the air, and let it down again upon the ground with a bump, making us all start back; but he never moved again, and we cut his throat, and left him looking most natural and life-like, as he knelt with his chin resting upon the ground. Coming back a couple of hours afterwards, we found that, owing to the absence of blood and his life-like appearance, not a single vulture had as yet arrived. He proved to be the finest specimen I had as yet shot, measuring 12 feet from tip of nose to tip of tail, and 9 feet 10 inches in circumference. His front horn measured $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches round the curve, rear horn $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; circumference of front horn $17\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and of rear horn $15\frac{1}{2}$ inches. It shows that this animal was here very numerous, when in one short morning we came casually across four without any tracking.

The guide returned in the afternoon from investigating some wells half a day's march off, and reported further elephant and 'rhino' tracks by the dozen. During the night two lions roared round the camp, causing a general stampede as usual among the camels, which came crashing into my tent and through the thorn zareba. They were with difficulty and no little danger found, secured, and brought into camp again.

Next day I took a rest, it being Sunday. I sent out the men to look for lion spoor, but it was utterly impossible to find it in the rocky ground. At five next morning we struck camp and marched to Boholo Deno (the Blocked-up Water Hole). On the way we saw some oryx, one of which I killed with a good shot through the shoulder at long range. We then walked up a small river-bed in which we

found a number of holes in the rock full of water, most of it tasting very salt, and salt was deposited on all sides on the rock in the river-bed, looking exactly like a thin covering of snow. Here we found elephant tracks, some two days old, innumerable 'rhino' tracks, and what made my men look grave, namely, tracks of Abyssinians of the day before. There was no mistaking them, their feet giving a totally different imprint in the sand from those of Somalis. I sincerely hoped these robbers would keep out of my way, as the pleasure of shooting and collecting ceases when the hunter becomes the hunted either of man or beast.

Coming back to where the camp was pitched we found fresh lions' spoor. It was extraordinary we never came across lions in this desolate country, although we frequently saw their spoor, and they roared round our camp nearly every night. It was amusing to see how my men now stuck to their rifles, even when going down to the well, which was barely a couple of hundred yards off. The two donkeys would have an escort of four or five men, as the men feared Gallas and Abyssinians, to say nothing of lions, elephants, and 'rhinos.' To-day my head-shikari turned up on the field of action for the first time since he had been tossed by the rhinoceros.

Next morning we found very fresh spoor of four elephants in the little river-bed close by camp. We followed it west for several miles. From the top of a small hill we saw two rhinoceros, but, as I was after bigger game, I left them alone.

On and on we went for miles. The elephants had made a pathway which could not be mistaken, strewing the ground all the way with branches of thorn-bush which they pulled off to eat as they walked along. We tracked them to the Daghato River, a river running at the bottom of an immense gorge. The elephants evidently knew their way, for they passed down a precipitous and narrow rocky path, the only pass we could find down to the river. Across the river they went, and right up the other steep side of the nullah,

where, as darkness was coming on, we were forced to leave them.

Coming home I shot a large marabou stork which was scavenging round the camp in the dark. This bird has a very large and strong beak, and a naked head and neck, with the exception of some fluffy, fur-like feathers at the back of the head. Where the neck joins the body there is a huge crop, bag, or pouch of skin hanging down in front. The look of this bird is most gruesome, his face appearing to frown at one as he turns his back and slowly stalks along with his thin legs, and screws his huge head and beak round to gaze at you. The skin of the sides of his face is red and yellow, spotted with black, and the naked skin of the neck is bluish-gray, except where it joins the body at the back, where it is a brilliant vermilion.

Next day I went west again to look for elephants, and as we walked along the top of a range of hills we spied some koodoo far below us. There were two females and a magnificent male. They were feeding quietly, so I made a huge *détour* and came up above them. We found that they had moved, and for a long time could not see them. At length I spied a cow watching me intently, and soon after a large bull walked up to her and stood broadside on. My rifle shook with excitement! A chance like that occurred perhaps once in a lifetime. A huge drop of perspiration fell from my forehead into my eye as I pressed the trigger on one of Africa's grandest animals. I heard the bullet 'phut' on him, and a moment later saw that I had fired too far back. I fired again as he bounded away and disappeared headlong over the precipice. I ran as hard as I could over the loose rocky ground, and reached the edge of a yawning gulf. Not a sign of the koodoo was to be seen. There was not a sound to be heard in the stillness of the morning. We soon found, however, a spot of blood, and then began one of the stiffest and most dangerous descents I had ever experienced. Down, down, down the mountain-side we went, following the blood spoor, now losing the

track, now being obliged to make a *détour* to get round an impossible precipice.

After an hour of this sort of thing my throat became parched, and my water-bottle was by now miles away behind. The sun came out strong, and I longed at that moment to be following red-deer in a country where one treads on water at every step. We were still far from the bottom of the huge nullah, where I saw a 'tug' (dried-up river-bed) wending its way through the hills. A river-bed; but how far should we have to dig to find water? We had now lost the blood spoor, and shouted to the men above us for the water-bottle. Not a sound broke the stillness after the echo had died away in the valley. Down and down we went on recovering the blood track. Soon after there was a rushing of loose stones below us. We raced down the precipices, but saw nothing among the thick bushes and huge boulders.

We next came upon a great quantity of clotted blood, and knew that we must see the game again ere we reached the bottom. Creeping, crawling, sliding, and slipping, we slowly wended our way down the steep mountain-side until we came to a place where the koodoo had evidently fallen. On tip-toe we crept on, when up jumped the antelope out of some cactus bushes, and immediately disappeared again amid a rumble of stones. I was nearly played out, and fell twice on the uneven ground in quick succession. I was obliged to stop and take a breather. By this time we were within 500 yards of the bottom, having come all the way down in a slanting direction.

On restarting more blood became apparent, and at last I caught sight of the beautiful animal's head crouching among the rocks facing us. My shikari in his excitement fired my rifle before I could stop him, and the bullet whizzed over the animal's horns; but the poor beast was now too done to get up, and, seizing the rifle, I put a merciful bullet through its neck. What a truly magnificent animal he was! His great spiral horns measured 42 inches in a

straight line, making a record head from Somaliland. Soon after the fall of this monarch of the mountains the men came down the hill with the precious fluid, and I sat under the shade of a tree during the skinning operation, and thoroughly enjoyed a good pull at my bottle. After a long and very arduous climb we reached the top again, and did not reach camp until after dark.

Early next morning I started for the Webbi Shebeyli, or Leopard River. After following a small dried-up river-bed for several miles, we reached a large pool of water in it shaded by trees, and seeing tracks round it of countless game, we walked over the river-bank, and immediately saw two oryx staring at us about 120 yards away. They were kind enough to allow me to dismount, load my rifle, sit down, and take a steady aim, when I struck both, right and left, but we eventually lost one of them.

After this we passed over the everlasting rough, stony ground until we came to a cone-shaped hill with the top cut off. The remaining top was covered with a light yellow stone, whereas the base was dark, and at a distance it reminded me exactly of the great Fujiyama, the sacred volcano of Japan, on a small scale. From the top of this cone we got a grand view of the surrounding country. To the south of us was a huge gorge, or nullah, at the bottom of which ran the great river of Somaliland, the Webbi Shebeyli. To the east stood out the great mountain range called the Nagob, and south of it the curious-shaped Mount Culdush. As I looked upon the vast sea of trees below me, there emerged from the bushes two zebras, which majestically walked past the cone-shaped hill I sat upon; but I let them pass unharmed, as I could not find the heart to spoil so grand a picture.

Coming down from the hill, we soon reached a huge nullah, at the bottom of which trickled a small river which joined the Webbi Shebeyli close at hand. To the bottom of this nullah we essayed to march, intending to follow its course to the big river, which we wished to cross. But we

utterly failed to find a pass for the camels to get down. We set to work to make one. We made stepping-stones of rock where it was steep, we hauled rocks out of the path, we cut down dozens of trees and cleared huge branches and roots out of the way to make a road ; but do what we would, the camels utterly refused to come down, and after pushing, pulling, hitting, coaxing, and swearing at them, in turn, we had to turn round (a matter of great difficulty in the narrow path down the precipitous rocks), and go up again and encamp at the top of the nullah. There I found that my bearer whom I had sent to look for game was missing, but he eventually turned up and reported having seen water-buck at the top of the nullah.

In the afternoon I walked down the side of the steep, rocky nullah to get my first sight of the Webbi Shebeyli. The rock here was covered with cactus as in the Daghato Valley. As I neared the river I found the water entirely hidden from view by a dense forest of rich trees, including three sorts of palm, the first of their kind I had as yet seen in Somaliland. The scenery here reminded me of the rich vegetation of Ceylon, one of the most beautiful countries after Scotland, to my thinking, in the world. Butterfly life swarmed here, and setting two men busy with nets, I proceeded to the water's edge with great difficulty through the almost impenetrable jungle which lined the river-banks.

The river Shebeyli was here about as wide as the Thames at Reading, and flowed about 4 feet deep. On either side of the river towered steep rocky hills covered with bush. On the sandy bank of the river I noticed the curious spoor of the hippopotamus coming out of the water at night to feed on the luxuriant grass growing on the banks of the river. I had a most delicious bath in some shallow water, which was marred, perhaps, by suddenly discovering the distinct form of a large crocodile imprinted on the sand just where I had left my clothes ! There it was, head, tail, feet—a perfect fossil-like spoor ! The im-

print of the foot, which had four toes, measured $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 2 inches broad.

After fetching down some nuts from the palm-trees, which turned out to be as hard as bricks, and photographing the river, I wended my way through a beautiful little forest of palms, and then went through another almost impenetrable thicket of trees, creepers, and undergrowth, under which we were often obliged to crawl on our hands and knees. Coming to more open ground, I disturbed a small herd of water-buck, and was lucky enough to get in a shot at the old male, bringing him down with a crash. He had a long shaggy coat and fine horns.

The next day I sent men all along the top of the gorge, to look for a pass down which we might take the camels, in order to cross the river. Others I sent in different directions to look for elephants, and collect birds and butterflies. I went out myself in front of the men along the top of the nullah. It turned out to be a very hot day, the temperature at noon reaching 117° Fahrenheit. From the top of a small hill we spied a rhinoceros slowly walking along. We descended, and found him still on the move. It was very difficult to keep pace with him on the rocky ground, as if one advanced too quickly the noise made would be sure to scare off the game. At length he stopped to feed where the bush was very thick. As I could see but his head and neck, I crawled within a few yards of him, and took aim at his neck; but my rifle shot high, and I suppose the bullet went over it, for he went off snorting loudly, like a steam-engine, and raising clouds of dust as he rumbled over the stones. We found no blood, yet I could hardly believe I had missed the huge brute at such dreadfully close quarters.

I found rhinoceros-shooting very exciting and dangerous work. After the shot you never knew in which direction he would make his headlong charge to get away; and as his sight is always extremely bad, he was just as likely to make straight for you as in the opposite direction. He is

certainly very easy to stalk, if the wind is blowing from him to you.

A minute or two after firing at the rhinoceros, we came to a hole in the rock, full of very brackish water. We were talking loudly round it, when suddenly, from behind some thorn-bushes, about 15 yards off, sprang, or rather blundered, two rhinoceros, which careered away at a great pace. We could hear the rumbling of stones for several seconds. Whilst kneeling down and peering under the bushes, I beheld them staring in every direction, but before I could get close enough to make a certain shot, they made off among the bushes. After this we walked along a dried-up watercourse, as far as the foot of Mount Culdush, a path probably untrodden hitherto by white man's foot. Here we found that a large herd of elephants had been at work two or three days before, scratching holes in the sandy river-bed, searching for water.

The havoc made by these animals was extraordinary. Branches torn down and stripped of their bark lay in every direction. Large trees had been literally torn up by the roots and hurled aside, and were left to die stretched lengthwise on the stony ground. Every now and then the elephants had rested in a small patch of thick bush. Here was a pretty mess. Branches all over the place, and the grass all trampled down.

Everywhere we went we found elephant spoor, but we were two days too late. Not an elephant remained behind, and we wended our way home, hot, tired, and disappointed. At night, when the camels came in, they were followed by a perfect swarm of tsetse fly. The sting of this fly, though harmless to human beings, is very painful, and made me jump every time I was bitten, as if a needle had been stuck half an inch into my flesh. One of my ponies was badly bitten on the 'billy,' his tail not being long enough to whisk the pests off. The Somalis said the pony would live until the next rain. We rubbed sheep's fat on the ponies and the camels every day.

It is an extraordinary sensation, coming into a belt of 'fly.' There may be but a tiny river-bed. On one side of it not a fly will be encountered, but walk a dozen feet and they suddenly come buzzing by one in hundreds.

We stayed by the river Shebeyli for some days trying to get the camels down the nullah, but all to no purpose; we could not find a suitable place, and after having good sport with oryx, bush-buck, water-buck, and other game, I decided to go back, my supplies getting short, and many of my followers contracting fever by the river. So, breaking up the camp, I marched away from the river northwards again, after being greatly disappointed at not being able to find one single elephant. We had not proceeded far when we cut the fresh spoor of a rhinoceros, which I determined to follow. The spoor led us east for a long way through pretty thick bush. At length, when I was beginning to get tired out, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Borele quietly walking along in front of us, his great gray back showing up well in the sunlight, and his armpits and parts of his neck tinged with a faint blush of red, which showed up stronger in some lights than in others. On and on he walked, heeding nothing, and never lifting his head. How unlike an antelope, now nibbling a blade of grass, now quickly raising his head, and ever on the *qui vive*!

We continued to walk close after him, as quiet as mice, as if we were part of a funeral procession following a huge hearse, instead of a party of men stalking big game with beating hearts and full-cocked triggers. At last he slowly turned and offered his broadside. The anxious moment had arrived. Quickly kneeling and 'drawing a bead' for his heart, I pressed the trigger. Looking under the great volume of smoke, I saw that I had knocked him backwards upon his haunches. Bang! and another spherical ball went crashing through his ribs close by the first. This last knocked him clean off his four feet, and he lay on his side, plunging, snorting, banging his huge head and horns upon the ground, and kicking up the dust in his vain endeavours

to regain his legs. But he was by no means done for yet. I sent a .450 solid through his neck, which quieted him, and my shikari ran down to cut his throat. But no! With a fearful effort, the huge beast almost regained his feet, and, falling back into a half-sitting position, brandished his formidable-looking horns about in threatening fashion. Fearing if he regained his legs there might be trouble in store for some of us, I again seized the eight-bore, and, running right up to him, finished his awe-inspiring struggles with a bullet through the neck.

As we were now a long way from the main caravan, I sent my syce on the pony to fetch a camel to carry his head and hide. This animal measured $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet long; girth $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet. His anterior horn measured $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the posterior horn 7 inches, in length. Whilst following the caravan we fell in with an incredible number of 'rhino' spoor, and a few old elephant tracks. The latter had evidently left the country. In the west the lightning was flashing every night, and this the elephants had followed. For lightning means rain, and rain means fresh green grass and tender shoots upon the thorn-trees, whereas here it was all burnt up, and there was a general atmosphere of drought. As my shikaris truly said, 'Dar aliphint is all same wind, now here, den dare.' We at length found the camel's spoor, and after tracking it for several miles came upon the camp pitched near Boholo Deno.

After several hours of sawing, hacking, and cutting at the 'rhino's' head, my men managed to sever the horns from the skull, not before they had broken my saw and snapped a heavy chisel into two pieces! They were getting tired of work, it was easy to see, by the grumbling and growling that went on every day, and the careless way in which they loaded the camels and attended to the big game trophies. I was obliged to watch the latter with the greatest care, as the ravages made by a little beetle-grub upon the skins were terrible. I also discovered that part of the head of one rhinoceros was going rotten, and was

full of maggots, and I only saved it in time with hot wood-ashes mixed with alum and saltpetre.

After leaving the river butterflies were scarce, but other insect life positively swarmed. There were black ants from $\frac{1}{8}$ inch to 1 inch in length; there were brown ants, red ants, and cream-coloured ants. There were grasshoppers innumerable, one of which reminded me of a yellow-underwing moth. Another beauty had its upper wings of a brilliant emerald green; another had its upper wings of green and chocolate brown, with under wings of a fiery red. Unfortunately the colours of these fade dreadfully after death. Then there were the marvellous 'stick' insects, which you would never see unless they moved, so much do they resemble a piece of stick, the branches of which are its legs! The longest I caught measured 5 inches.

Spiders were 'very fine and large;' one monster of a dull reddish-brown which ran across the floor of my tent at Berbera I have never ceased to regret not having been able to capture. Another common but very local spider, which builds a huge web strung between two bushes, has a black body with yellow bars meeting in the centre of the back. Beetles in Somaliland are very numerous, reptiles few, with the exception of small lizards in the sand. There are but three common snakes, two of which were said to be very deadly.

According to the Somali, the Webbi Shebeyli flows into Egypt's Nile. This, of course, is ridiculous, as it flows towards the east coast of Africa, in entirely the opposite direction. It is supposed never to reach the sea, but loses itself in a large swamp know as Lake Batti.

A word about storing insects. Butterflies travel best in little triangular pieces of paper. One butterfly only should be put into each paper. Moths and insects with long brittle legs and antennæ should be pinned in store boxes on one side of the box only, the other side having a sheet of cotton-wool pinned to it, in which, in the event of

a moth or leg of a beetle becoming detached, it will be caught and kept from being broken.

Next day we marched towards the zebra plain again, and as we proceeded down-wind the whole day, sport was in consequence but poor. We tracked a rhinoceros for a long way, but he ultimately got our wind and decamped. The same thing happened when we saw four zebra. As we marched, one of my camels, which had contracted a bad sore back from being carelessly loaded, fell down and utterly refused to get up again. I was obliged to shoot it and march on. I took its head as a trophy. This was the third camel I had lost since leaving Berbera. My caravan always looked an imposing spectacle when on the march, the camels being tied together in long strings, the tail of the foremost being attached to the head of the second, and so on down the line, which often reached a distance of upwards of half a mile.

Next morning we marched north and crossed the spoor of three 'rhino' all walking together, but the noise of the camel-men, who were not far behind us, must have disturbed them, as we soon afterwards found by the tracks that they were running on ahead of us. At length we emerged out of the bush upon an open plain, and saw three full-grown rhinoceros at full gallop enter the bush on the opposite side. As there was a large herd of oryx on the move on the plain, I left the bigger animals, having had quite enough of 'rhino'-shooting. The oryx had fled from the 'rhino,' and would pass us some few hundred yards off. I ran hard to get to some bushes, from which I should have had a grand chance, but I could not get there in time. When I reached the shelter, they had all gone past, and firing at their retreating forms, I missed clean both barrels!

Whilst we were looking at the track to see if we could find any blood, Nur Telegrapho (or whatever our guide's name was) suddenly ran away from us with all his might. When I asked for an explanation of this extraordinary performance, my shikari said that he had heard a bird

'calling,' by following which he hoped to find honey. Presently we heard a whistle, and running up found 'Nora' contemplating a tall ants' nest 8 or 9 feet high, with a huge grin on his ugly face. On closer inspection I perceived a lot of bees crawling in and out of holes in the pillar of the old ants' nest. We were soon at work collecting dry sticks and grass, and lighting two bonfires to windward of the pillar. We then by our collective weight broke the pillar in two, and bolted as hard as we could go, followed by a perfect swarm of bees, which stung us all over from head to foot. Then, armed with torches of burning wood and sticks, we approached the base of the ants' nest, and with the aid of an axe got at some honey, which we lifted out.

The fires had now caught the thick bush round the nest, and, blazing up to an immense height, forced us to beat a hasty retreat, with the exception of 'Nora,' who, armed with his axe, and standing absolutely naked, surrounded by flames, remained hacking away at the ants' nest, and every now and then putting his hand into the hole and producing more honey, whilst above and upon his head swarmed the bees. Up his naked back they crawled in hundreds, and little did he seem to care or notice the stings, except that every now and then he would stop for a second to scratch himself.

The base of the hill was so hard that it was impossible to break it, so we left what honey remained in it to the busy little workers. After dusting off the bees which crawled over the immense quantity we had collected, we put it in a *tobe*, and as we walked away an onlooker would assuredly have laughed heartily at our comical appearance, as we all scratched away at the irritating stings we had received. It was quite the most delicious-flavoured honey I had ever tasted, but, then, the circumstances attending its capture gave us a greater relish for it.

In the afternoon we encountered a lot of game, but as we were going down-wind the whole time, and the caravan

was always close behind us, we made nothing of it. Twice our stalks after oryx and zebra were spoilt by my noisy camel-men. At length we reached the Bun Feroli again, and saw upon it 'owl' gazelle in hundreds, and a few herds of oryx; but as the water about here had nearly dried up, the zebra had shifted their quarters. On the way I noticed very curious clouds of sand, sent up sometimes to a height of 400 feet into the air by a whirlwind. This sand-cloud would often remain at this immense height in one huge pillar, which would slowly drift along, not dispersing for several minutes. The great quantity of dust was caused by the huge herd of camels which had lately been driven to and from the wells at Gonsali.

CHAPTER X.

The spoor of big game.

THE white man can never hope to compete successfully with the black man in following the spoor of big game. One would imagine that an animal possessing the weight of a rhinoceros would leave such an imprint upon the ground that it would be impossible to lose it. But wait till the rhinoceros walks over stony ground, and you will be nonplussed in less than five minutes ; your shikari, however, will follow almost at a run, pointing with his finger at the track among the stones, which, stare as you will, you cannot make out. The track of an elephant is much more easy to follow over rocky ground, owing to the havoc wrought on the trees and thorn-bushes by his trunk on either side of his path, which is strewn with half-chewed branches and leaves. The rhinoceros, on the other hand, when on the march, does not appear to feed as he goes, but waits until he reaches his favourite feeding-ground. An ostrich is a tiresome bird to track. He walks and runs in large circles.

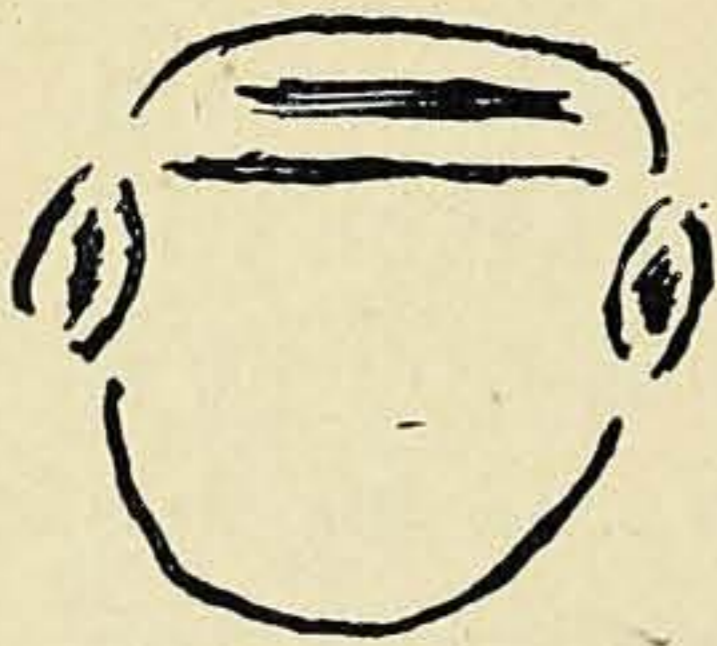
When a lion has discovered he is being tracked, he will often make a circle, and, reaching his own track again, will follow it up till he sees you, when he will make off at a run. You will easily see when he begins to run by his spoor. The claw-marks will show in the sand, and the sand will be thrown back a little by the pad of the foot. A leopard will follow you round like a lion, and often see you home, as he knows that where men live, there will in

all probability be sheep and goats also. Half the reported leopards round villages turn out to be hyænas.

It is of no use to send a man to look at the spoor, you must go yourself and examine it. The leopard is a cat, and when walking and undisturbed, its nails, which are retractile, do not show in the sand. The hyæna is a dog, and has non-retractile claws which always show in the sand; besides, the formation of pad and toes is totally different. The spoor of the leopard is like that of the lion, but smaller, measuring 3 inches long and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad. It is almost impossible to distinguish between the spoor of a koodoo and that of a young bull or heifer. As a rule, however, cattle are found in much larger herds and frequent much more level ground, except in the Gulis Range. The spoor of the oryx bull is short and broad in the fore-foot, but the hind-foot leaves a long and narrow spoor. That of the hartebeest, which resembles the koodoo somewhat, is short and rounded at the toe. The spoor of the hippopotamus is like that of a camel with four toes.

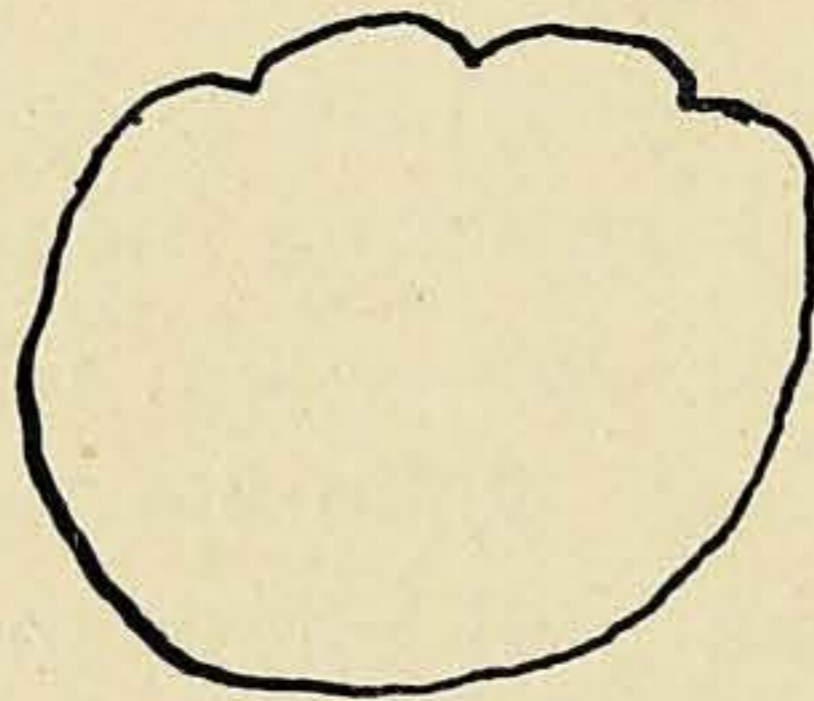
The imprint in the sand of a crocodile is like a glove with four fingers, and gives you quite a shock when you come out of a river, after a nice quiet bathe, and behold it fresh in front of you.

The rough sketches of spoor have all been drawn and carefully measured by me from imprints found in the sand in Somaliland. The measurements, of course, vary according as the ground is hard or soft, loose or firm.



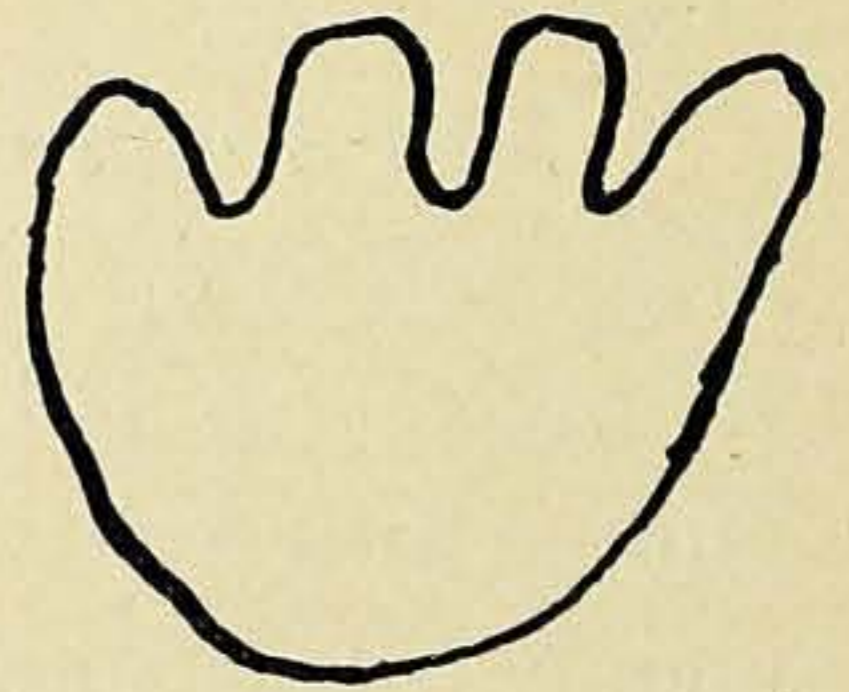
RHINOCEROS.

$9\frac{1}{2}$ in. long.
 $8\frac{1}{2}$ in. broad.



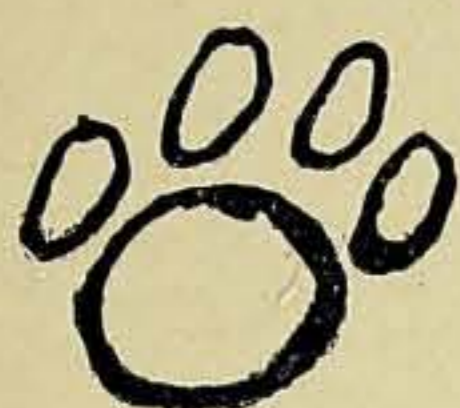
ELEPHANT.

16 in. long.
17 in. broad.



HIPPOPOTAMUS.

9 in. long.
10 in. broad.

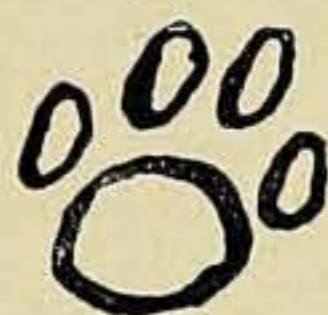


LION QUIESCENT.

5 in. long.
7 in. broad.
1 in. toes.



LION RUNNING.



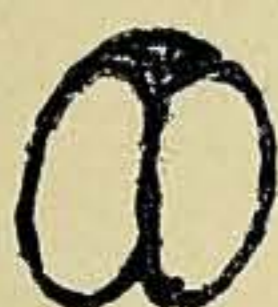
LEOPARD.

3 in. long.
4½ in. broad.



HYÆNA.

3½ in. long.
2¾ in. broad.



HARTEBEEEST.

4½ in. long.
4 in. broad.



OSTRICH.

7 in. long.
4 in. broad.



CROCODILE.

3½ in. long.
2 in. broad.



WALLER'S GAZELLE.

2½ in. long.
1¾ in. broad.



ORYX (FORE-FOOT).

4 in. long.
4½ in. broad.



ORYX (HIND-FOOT).



KODOO.

4½ in. long.
4 in. broad.



LESSER KODOO.

3¼ in. long.
2 in. broad.

The Wart Hog (*Phacochoerus aethiopicus*).

Found in the Boorgha country, at Bun Feroli, and at Lehello and Upper Sheik, just over the tops of the Gulis Range, also at the foot of the range. Height at shoulders, 30 inches. Colour dirty slate gray; two large warts under eyes, and two lower down on sides of snout; long dirty yellow bristles down back of head, neck, and back; bristles at end of long thin tail. It carries its tail erected on high when alarmed, and is a most comical object as it scampers off. Old boars carry enormous tusks; sows also carry fine tusks. Record length of tusks, 27 and 26 inches (R. WARD).

The Hippopotamus (*Hippopotamus amphibius*).

Found in the Webbi Shebeyli, 400 miles south of the coast. Tracks seen all along the banks.

Length 12 to 14 feet. Colour: sides reddish or yellow-brown; back blacker. Average length of male tusks, 30 inches.

The Black Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros bicornis*).

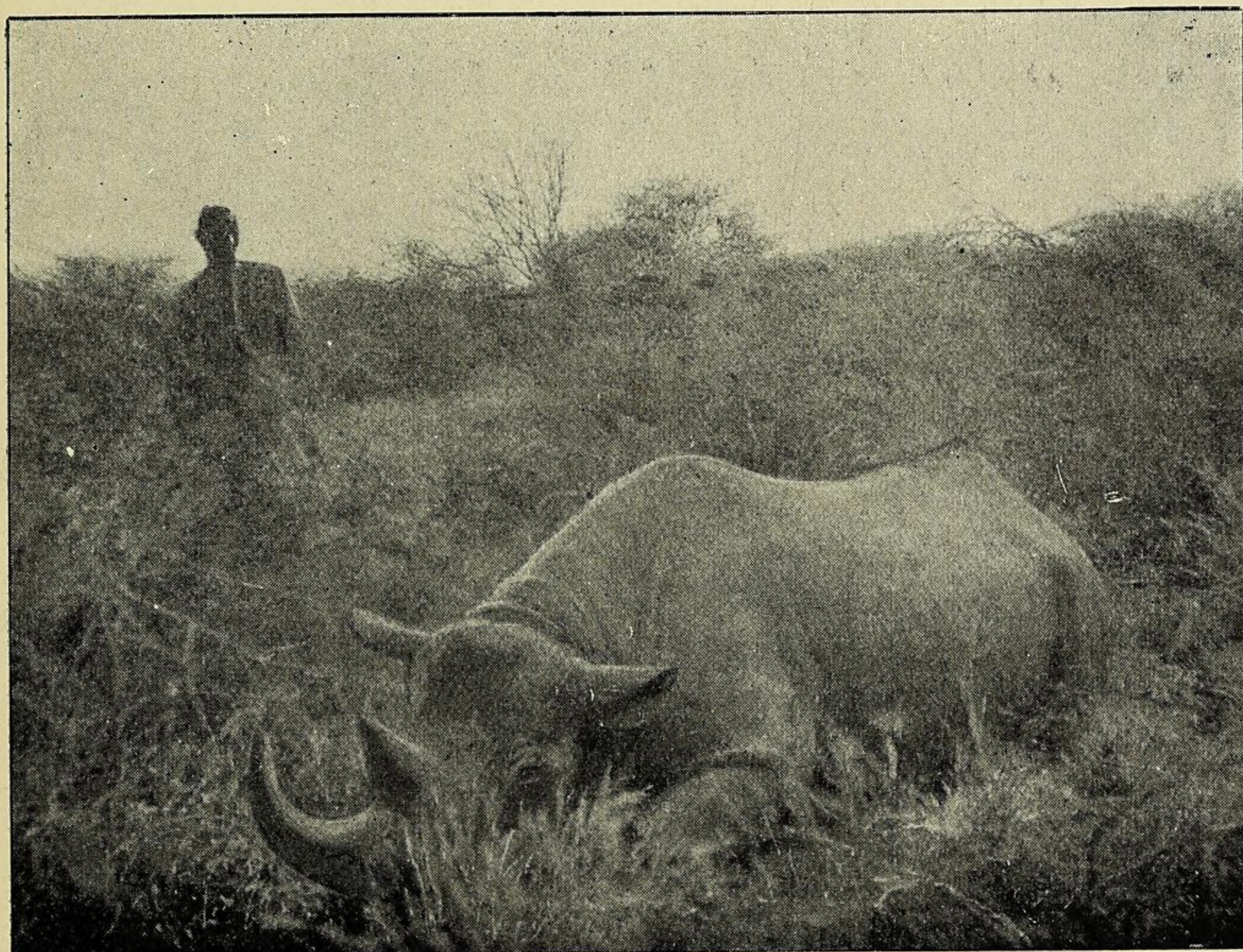
I found this animal very numerous in the Boorgha country at Biermuddo, Gonsali, and Havooli, and along the north bank of the Webbi Shebeyli, from Boholo Deno to Mount Culdush, and east bank of the Webbi Daghatto. A few left in the Farfanyer district, and to the east of Ogaden. A few near Galadi, in the Midjertain country, South-East Somaliland; also in the Marehan country, south-east. Very numerous between the Webbi Shebeyli and the Webbi Ganana.

Selous has clearly demonstrated that there are only two kinds of African rhinoceros, *i.e.*, the 'black' rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros bicornis*) and the 'white' rhinoceros (*R. simus*). A friend of mine asked the attendant at a well-known museum why the huge gray-black object he was contemplating was called white, and received the answer: 'Oh, because it has a square mouth!' The black rhinoceros, as a matter of fact, is almost the same colour as the white rhinoceros, but the difference lies in the head and mouth. The head of the black 'rhino' is small in proportion to its body; the head of the white 'rhino' is large in proportion to its body. The white 'rhino' has a huge 'square' mouth, and the black 'rhino' has the upper lip prehensile. Secondly, the black variety feeds on roots, leaves, and branches of thorn-bush, whilst the white feeds exclusively on grass.

Wherever I walked in the bush close to the Webbi Shebeyli, I noticed the dung tossed all over the place by the horn of the black rhinoceros, and a half egg-shaped hole scooped out of the ground about a foot deep. These holes I at first attributed to the wish of the animal to make a bed to lie in, but afterwards changed my opinion, as I have seen a rhinoceros lying down, and on going up to examine the place after he had left it, I found no such hole. The animal digs up all this earth with its horn to cover the dung and scatter it, so as to destroy all trace of itself, on the same principle as a dog does. As I have before remarked, I consider the hunting of this animal, which is very easy of approach, is attended with no little risk, especially in the Boorgha country, where there is nothing in the shape of a tree-trunk to get behind, the miserable little thin thorn-bushes affording no check to the rush of an infuriated and wounded rhino-

ceros. His sight being bad, he will often twist round and round, and then dash off in any direction, and often right into you. This, of course, is not a determined charge, but, nevertheless, when there are several men it is often very difficult for all to clear out of the monster's way, as he comes snorting and thundering by amid a cloud of dust. That this animal can be so infuriated as to make a determined charge I have before shown. I should advise hunters never to be conspicuous when firing at this animal, but to kneel or sit down if possible under shelter of some thorn-bush, however thin, or at least to have some thorn bush close at hand to which to repair after firing. Above all, never *show* yourself to a wounded rhinoceros—or any other animal, for the matter of that.

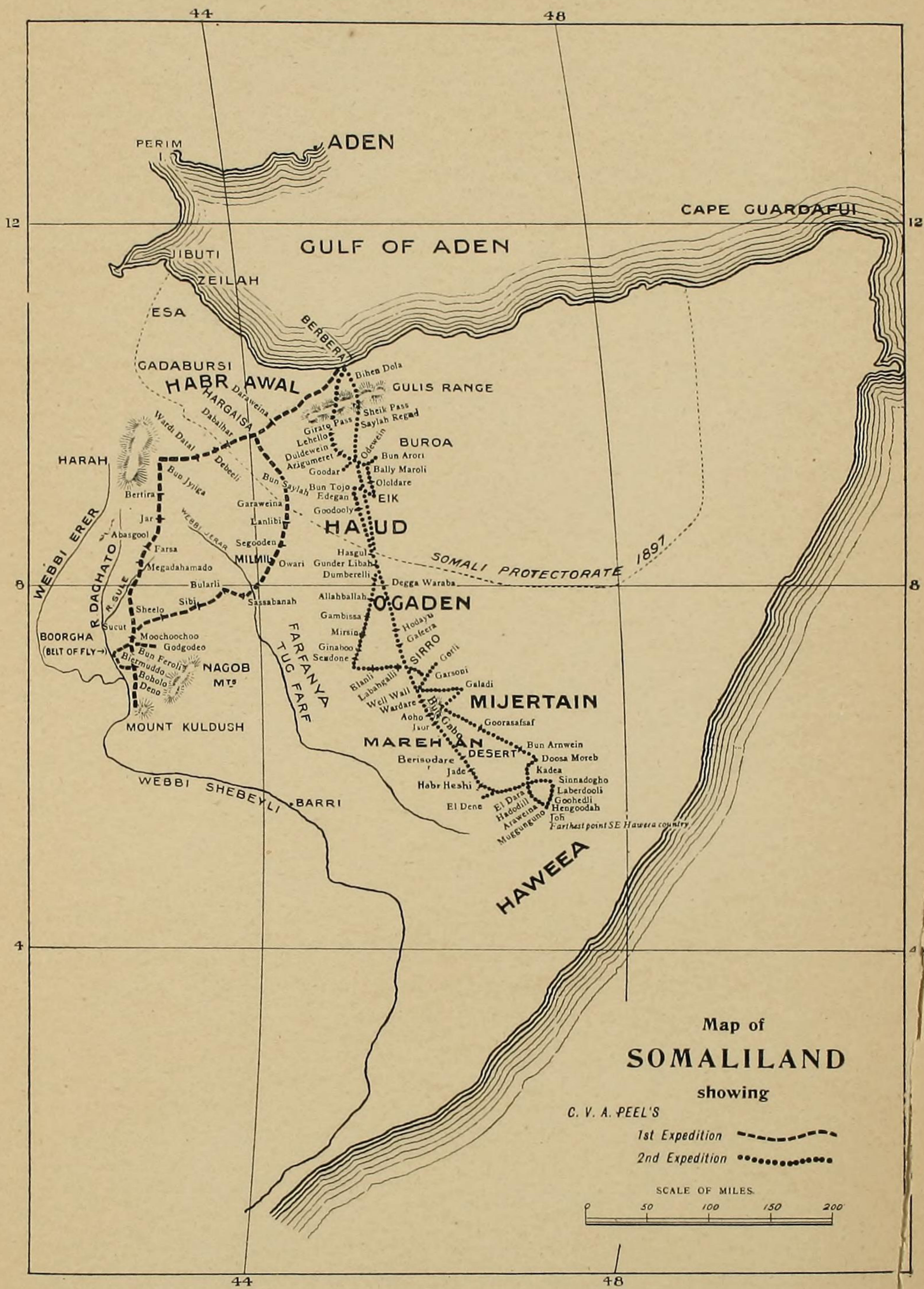
The skin of the rhinoceros comes off very easily, and looks on the inside, together with the denuded body, exactly like the peel and freshly-peeled



DEAD RHINOCEROS.

body of an orange. The skin dries to about half the thickness it possessed when first taken off the body, and becomes so hard that the edges will cut your hand if you do not lift a 'plate' of hide with care. The natives prize this skin, as it makes them excellent shields and whips, but they do not care for the flesh. When stripped of the *epidermis* and highly polished, the hide resembles clouded amber, and is semi-transparent. Dimensions of four killed by me in the Boorgha country :

Length from Tip of Nose to End of Tail.	Girth.	Length round Curve of Anterior Horn.	Length round Curve of Posterior Horn.
12 feet.	9 feet 10 inches	16½ inches.	7½ inches.
11 ,, 6 inches.	9 ,, 6 ,,	16½ ,,	7 ,,
11 ,, 6 ,,	9 ,, 6 ,,	11½ ,,	7¾ ,,
10 ,, 2 ,,	7 ,,	11¼ ,,	5½ ,,



Map of
SOMALILAND
showing

C. V. A. PEEL'S

1st Expedition ———
2nd Expedition ·····

SCALE OF MILES.

