

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE

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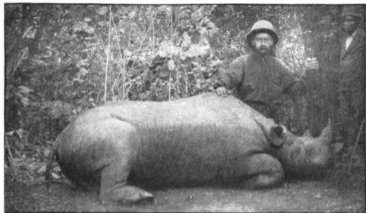
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MR. TJADER AND A YOUNG BULL RHINOCEROS KILLED WITH ONE SHOT. THESE ARE THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMALS IN AFRICA. THEY ARE NEVER TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT, AND ALWAYS ATTACK A HUMAN BEING.

In the Wilds of Africa

Rhinoceros Hunting

By

Richard Tjader

The exciting tales of hunting experiences in Africa told in the White House nearly two years ago by Mr. Tjader practically settled Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to go to the Dark Continent in search of big game. This is the story of rhinoceros hunting experiences substantially, as told to the former President, with the same photographs which so aroused his enthusiasm at that time. It is the second of the series.—EDITOR.

I WAS invited to visit the forest country near Kijabe, by an American missionary, Mr. C. E. Hurlburt, who there has the central station for his work among the Kikuyu tribe. I went with a caravan of sixty men and after arrival added some native trackers. One was a most clever fellow. He had a scent like the best hound. Often he would stop or throw himself down on the ground, sniffing and scenting, and then tell me that he knew there was

somewhere close by a rhinoceros, an elephant, a buffalo or a wild boar, etc., and almost invariably he would be right.

One day when I stayed in camp because I had some writing to do and because the rain was pouring down in torrents, this fellow came rushing up to my tent shouting that he had located a rhinoceros and that he knew from the tracks that it must be a very large one. As I had not yet seen a rhinoceros 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

my guns, the gun-bearer and a few men and followed the tracker.

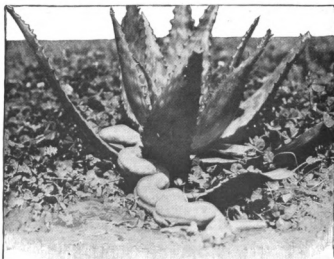
We went through an almost impenetrable jungle where in places we had to crawl on our hands and feet to get through and, after two hours of such hard marching in the pouring rain, we finally found a fresh rhinoceros track. After having followed it for another hour under similar circumstances, my men stopped and consulted with each other. I had at the time not less than four different nationalities represented among the men, and they were now all trying to make each other and me understand that there was no use going any further because the "rhinoceros had gone too far away." I felt that they for some reason wanted to deceive me and that they were simply tired of the pursuit or else that they were afraid to go any farther, as we could plainly see that two rhinos had passed over the same path one after the other. I upbraided them for their cowardice and told them I wanted to go ahead, and that in no circumstances would I return to camp before I had at least seen one of the rhinos.

Now they came straight out and told me 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 I would have to take the lead myself and they would follow. This I did without hesitation, fortunately exchanging my Winchester for the heavy 577 express, which the gun-bearer had been carrying behind me.

In perfect silence, and as quietly as possible, we followed in the tracks of the big beasts, being particularly careful not to step on dead branches nor to make other noise which might disturb the animals. We had not gone on more than perhaps ten or fifteen minutes before my men stopped again and tried 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 dozen yards or so away from us.

Where we stood the jungle was so dense that it was almost impossible to freely move the arms or to raise a gun, but a little to my



THE NATIVE AFRICAN IS EXTREMELY FOND OF SWEET POTATOES, BUT THERE THE SWEET POTATO SOMETIMES GROWS IN SHAPES WHICH MIGHT MAKE IT UNPALATABLE TO WHITE MEN. THE ONE SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE WOULD PROBABLY CAUSE A WHITE MAN TO LEAVE IN A HURRY



THIS RHINOCEROS WAS KILLED WITH ONE SHOT IN THE DENSE JUNGLE WHICH MR. TJADER PENETRATED ALONE. HE WAS NOT ALONE WHEN HE STARTED, BUT, WHEN CHARGED BY TWO RHINOCEROSSES, BOTH COMING THROUGH THE HEAVY THICKET WITH THE SPEED OF A RAILROAD TRAIN, HIS ATTENDANTS TOOK TO THE TREES. HE HAD ONLY ONE RIFLE—A DOUBLE-BARRELED 577 EXPRESS. HE KILLED BOTH WITH ONE SHOT EACH. THE ONE SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE WAS SO CLOSE THAT ITS HEAD WAS BADLY POWDER-BURNED.

left and in the direction from where the noise of the rhinos came, I saw a small opening for which I quickly made, thinking that I was 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 Mabruki the gun-bearer was ready with my reserve gun, I found they had all disappeared.

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 express gun—and the huge rhino rolled over dead only a few feet away from me, his brain pierced by the powerful steel-jacketed bullet. Just as I was gasping for breath, and before I had time even to lower the gun, Mabruki's voice rang out from the top of a nearby tree:

"Master, the other one is coming!"

Hardly had he finished his sentence before I saw rhino number two 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 horn and, with a shrill noise, he went down, stone dead. Within less than a minute's time and with only two successive shots of the big express gun, I had felled the two first 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 hesitated and returned to camp at my men's suggestion, I would probably never have had this wonderful experience. It is in a case like this that one cannot depend upon anybody else for protection, and in such dense jungle the hunter 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. It seems to me that Mr. Roosevelt or any other man who would have to wear eyeglasses in a case like the one described, would be terribly handicapped; for in such a rain-storm and creeping through the dense, steaming jungle, glasses would be a great

hindrance indeed, one needs to see clearly and quickly.

Not very long after this, with over a hundred men I was marching down the Kedong Valley in a southwesterly direction toward the great river Guaso Nyiro when, after crossing a dried-out river-bed, we were taking a well-needed "pumsika"—a rest for the caravan. While most of us had thrown ourselves down on the ground to rest, some of the men went out in different directions in search of fresh water. Suddenly two of them came running back and told us excitedly that close to where we were resting they had seen two large rhinos, a male and a female. Instantly we were upon our feet; Mr. Lang, my photographer and preparator, with his camera, and I with the big gun, to see if it were possible to get a good photograph of the beasts. But long before

have to pass. I consulted with my gun-bearer, Mr. Lang, and a few others about what to do, as I feared the rhinos might charge down upon the caravan as on other occasions, and I would either have to kill them or lose some lives among our own number.

The majority voted for going on silently until noticed by the rhinos and then raising the worst "racket" possible to make them run away. This resolved upon, we again continued our march until we had come within some two hundred yards of the brutes, when they noticed our scent and quick as lightning turned around and faced us, one on each side of the path on which we were going. Grabbing the big gun from Mabruki I gave the signal, and most of our hundred and seventeen men made an infernal "kelele" by shout-



A MASSAI CHIEF AND HIS SIX WIVES.—A VERY UNUSUAL PICTURE. IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO PERSUADE A CHIEF TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS WIVES. THE WOMEN DON'T MIND, BUT THE CHIEF KICKS—HUMAN NATURE IS HUMAN NATURE THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Lang could even attempt to "snap" them, the rhinos trotted off and disappeared behind a little hill.

Disappointed at not having been able to photograph them, we returned to our resting place, as I had already overshot my licensed number of rhinos and did not want to kill any more of them. After we had waited for another half hour we again continued our march. We had not gone more than perhaps ten minutes of the way, before we saw from the top of a little hill over which the narrow path led us, the two rhinos, quietly feeding among some bushes four or five hundred yards away but right close to where we would

ing at the top of their lungs, beating with sticks on empty cans and pails, etc. But alas! the noise had the opposite effect from what we desired and, instead of running away, the couple charged down upon us like two big steam engines, puffing and snorting as they came, and as close together as a team of horses.

I had repeatedly been told by big game hunters that if an animal was hit on one side he would invariably turn out toward the other in an effort to get away from his assailant. Here was an opportunity to make a "test case," and as the rhinos were rushing down toward us, I said to Mr. Lang that I

was now going to make the experiment and "rap" each of the rhinos on the side next to the other. I still waited as they came thundering along on the hard dry ground. Finally both Mr. Lang and Mabruki began to falter and begged me to shoot, Mr. Lang adding:

"Think of your wife and your children!"

Relying upon my big express gun I held my breath and waited until the animals were within some fifty yards, when I shot in as quick succession as I could pull the trigger. Bang! Bang! and both rhinos

instantly rushed apart as if hit by a mighty wedge. The female, which was on our right side, made a bee line for some thick bushes two hundred yards or so away, and the big male rushed in about the same angle down toward our left. Fortunately I had instantly reloaded the rifle, for in the next moment the male rhino changed his mind, turned about in an angle of forty-five degrees and charged us again, single-handed. Between the charging rhino and me, and about ten yards from the place where we stood, was an ant-hill over which he would have to run to reach us, unless he would deviate from his straight course, which they very seldom do, and I resolved not to shoot before the rhino reached that place.

With raised gun I was ready to give him a warm reception when, as if capable of mind reading, the rhino suddenly stopped when he had come up to the foot of the ant-hill. He sniffed and snorted, throwing his head angrily



A LARGE BULL RHINOCEROS JUST AFTER BEING KILLED. ITS HEAD IS NOW IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. IT WAS ONE OF THE LARGEST OF ITS SPECIES. WITH ITS HEAD RESTING ON THE GROUND, THE TIP OF ITS HORN ALMOST REACHED THE SHOULDER OF A MAN OVER SIX FEET TALL.

up in the air and pawing the ground with his fore feet, while I repeatedly shouted:

"Come on, old man, I am ready for you!"

Again Mr. Lang and Mabruki begged me to shoot and not play with so dangerous an animal, but as I did not want to unnecessarily kill the beast, I still waited. The next moment the rhino whirled half about and, with another angry sniff, rushed off toward the right in a heavy gallop, exposing his left side with a flesh wound about two feet long, from which the blood was flowing down, where the

big bullet had grazed his ribs and plowed through the thick skin.

Unfortunately we never reached the coveted hunting grounds on the other side of the Guaso Nyiro River, for another day without having found water almost proved fatal to the whole of the caravan. The contents of the large water bags and pails, which we had carefully filled at the last watering place, had been carelessly and without permission used up by the porters, and they were now really dying from thirst all along the path. While Mr. Lang remained with the bulk of the caravan near a dried-out cave where they had thrown away their loads and refused to go any further, I succeeded in getting seventeen men to go with me in further search of water.

Some of the men cried like babies, others had resigned themselves to the inevitable and thrown themselves down on the ground to die, while a few, with rolling eyes and in con-

vulsions, seemed to have only a few moments more to live. After about half an hour's further search, in vain, my seventeen men refused to go any further, threw themselves down in the shadow of some mimosa trees and declared that they preferred to die there rather than to go on. I was not much better off than they. My throat and tongue were so swollen that I could hardly speak, my lips cracked and bleeding and, sitting down on the trunk of a fallen tree, it seemed terrible to me that all these hundred and seventeen men should perish because I had led them into the wilderness. Finally I decided to resort to drastic measures and, pointing my big automatic revolver at the breast of the leader of my men, I told him that unless he would get up at once and follow me with his men I'd shoot. Quicker than I can tell it he sprang to his feet shouting:

"Don't shoot, Master. You have always been good to us. We will go with you and die."

His example was followed by the rest of the men, and on we went in search of water. This time we fortunately were successful after only a few minutes' march. When we had relieved our thirst the men filled their water bottles and voluntarily rushed back to their dying comrades, and, I am happy to say, two hours later the whole caravan was resting by the rocks where we found the water, without a single man missing!

The men were now so disheartened that it was impossible to induce them to march on any further, and we had to return the same way we came, marching in the cool moonlight night almost thirty miles until we

reached the cooling waters of the Kedong River the following morning.

Often at night in these regions we heard lions and leopards all around the camp and, from what I had heard and read, I often expected the camp to be attacked by some infernal old "man-killer" which had once gotten taste of human flesh. One night one of my Askaris came running into my tent, shouting at the top of his lungs:

"Simba mkubwa karibu, Bwana!" that is, "A big lion is close by, Master."

This was welcome news to me and, with a bound from my cot, I grabbed the big gun and rushed out from the tent in my night clothes, only to see in the dim light of the camp-fire a big beast crouching right back of one of the tents. I "blazed away" with both barrels in quick succession and saw, to my joy, that the animal instantly dropped to the ground. Securing a lantern we went over there only to find to our surprise and disappointment that I had killed a big hyena instead of the supposed lion.

At the end of our march on the following day, while waiting for the main body of the caravan to come up, I looked around through field-glasses. To my surprise I detected only a few hundred yards away five or six giraffes, which were slowly walking off toward the north of us.

Although very much tired out, I took my gun and, asking Mabruki to come, started in pursuit of the giraffes. A few seconds later Mr. Lang and one of the other men started to follow us. After a few minutes walk, we had come close enough to shoot. I singled



A CHEerval CAT—ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE A HOUSE CAT, AND NOT VERY MUCH LARGER. THEY SELDOM GROW MORE THAN A FOOT IN HEIGHT. THEY ARE VERY FEROCIOUS, KILL MANY SHEEP, AND THEREFORE ARE MUCH HATED BY THE NATIVES, WHO TAKE GREAT DELIGHT IN HUNTING THEM TO DEATH.

out one that we thought was the largest and fired. Instantly the animal went down on its knees, but rose again in a few seconds and galloped off with the rest of the herd.

Knowing from the way in which the giraffe acted that he had been hit in some vital part, I followed on the run instead of shooting again. After having run a couple of hundred yards, and just as I had come over a little hill, I found the big giraffe lying on the ground with his head erect and the other five standing around him. As I approached, the wounded giraffe became very uneasy and, while the rest of the herd walked slowly off, he got up again when I was only within some ten yards of him. It looked as if the animal would charge me as he staggered right toward me, but he was too badly wounded and another

bullet quickly ended his misery.

A few seconds later Mr. Lang and the other two men arrived and we were now very much puzzled as to what to do, as night was coming on and the place we selected for our camp about two miles distant. Having taken the correct measurements of the beautiful giraffe, I proposed that Mr. Lang, with the assistance of the gun-bearer and the porter, should skin the animal while I was to return to the camping place, from where I was to send



A KIKUYU WARRIOR READY FOR WAR—A KNOBSTICK IS HELD IN EACH HAND. THESE STICKS, WITH THE SPEAR, ARE THE CHIEF ARM OF THIS TRIBE. THE PAINT ON THE LEGS IS APPLIED ONLY WHEN WARFARE IS IMMINENT.



TWO KIKUYU SOCIETY BELLES IN THEIR "SUNDAY CLOTHES." THEY ARE WRAPPED IN BRASS WIRE, BEADS AND OLD RAGS. THEY WERE MUCH PLEASED WITH THEIR PICTURE AND ARE REALLY HANDSOME TYPES OF THEIR TRIBE. THE LADY ON THE RIGHT IS DECORATED WITH NEARLY TWENTY POUNDS OF BEADS AND BRASS WIRE.

back some dozen men with lanterns to bring the skin to camp. Both Mr. Lang and myself were so tired out from the day's march and from the run after the giraffes that we were almost sick.

When I came near to the place where we had left one of our men I found, to my great surprise, that he was still alone and not a man of the rest of the caravan in sight. My man told me in great excitement that he had seen in the far distance some of the men of the caravan marching off in a different direction, and he thought that the whole troop was lost and that we would have to sleep that night without tents or anything.

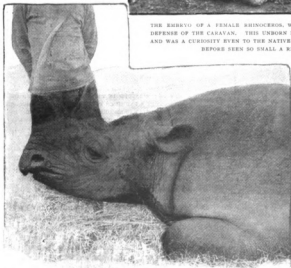
I took the expedition flag and, ordering the porter to follow me, ran up on a high ant-hill nearby. From this place I finally saw with

my glasses some four or five men with loads on their heads march off in another direction about two miles off, and soon disappear among the bushes. I shouted at the top of my lungs and fired with the big elephant gun several shots, while I had my man wave the "stars and stripes." After a few anxious moments I saw some of the men standing together in a little opening as if consulting with each other. Again I fired the gun several times and, to my delight, I saw the men turn toward us and move forward. As the sun by this time had set and it already began to be dark, we made a fire to further attract the attention of the men.

About half an hour later our caravan was gathered together at our camping place and some men were dispatched with lanterns to



THE EMBRYO OF A FEMALE RHINOCEROS, WHICH WAS ALSO KILLED IN DEFENSE OF THE CARAVAN. THIS UNBORN BABY WEIGHED 250 POUNDS, AND WAS A CURIOSITY EVEN TO THE NATIVE AFRICANS, WHO HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN SO SMALL A RHINOCEROS.



A LARGE RHINOCEROS KILLED AFTER THE FIVE ALLOWED TO MR. TJADER BY LICENSE HAD BEEN KILLED. THIS FELLOW CHARGED THE CARAVAN AND WAS KILLED ONLY TO SAVE HUMAN LIFE. SOME HUNTERS TELL STORIES OF DODGING A CHARGING RHINOCEROS—AN EXPERIENCED HUNTER DOES NOT OFTEN INDULGE IN SUCH FOOLISHNESS. THE RHINOCEROS IS THE ONLY ANIMAL THAT ATTACKS WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST PROVOCATION.

the place where the giraffe was killed, from where they returned a couple of hours later with the beautiful trophy.

One day a native came into camp telling us that he had seen some colobus monkeys not very far from our camp near a beautiful forest of cedar trees and, as we were anxious to secure some skins of this monkey for the museum, we started off to get them. An ordinary hunter, who is simply out for the sake of pleasure,



A YOUNG KIKUYU GIRL, WHO WAS THE BELLE OF THE CARAVAN. SHE WAS NOT A MEMBER OF THE CARAVAN, BUT, WHEN DISCOVERED, SHE WAS OVERWHELMED WITH CALLERS. IN FACT SHE WAS SO POPULAR A BELLE THAT MR. TJADER, IN ORDER THAT THE ORDINARY CAMP-WORK MIGHT BE DONE, WAS FORCED TO DRIVE HER AWAY WITH A RIFLE

has the right to shoot only two of these monkeys; but collecting for a scientific institution, we were allowed to kill six of each kind of these fur monkeys, so as to be able to

get a group of male, female and young ones. The monkeys were very shy, as they are often hunted by the natives "on the sly," for the young warriors treasure very much the skins of the colobus for ankle ornaments. They kill them with their bows and poisoned arrows.

After some hard work in the dense underbrush we finally located a number of colobus monkeys, and in less than five minutes I had gotten all my six specimens; two big males, two females and two young ones. The last monkey I shot was a half-grown young male, which unfortunately fell in the fork of a branch high up in a tall and slender tree. One of my As-karis instantly volunteered to climb up for the monkey, but I told him that the branch would not hold his weight. He contradicted me, however, and said that he knew very well that that particular branch would easily

monkey, but I told him that the branch would not hold his weight. He contradicted me, however, and said that he knew very well that that particular branch would easily



A MASSAI HUT. THE HUTS ARE CONSTRUCTED OF TWIGS ARRANGED SO AS TO FORM A SORT OF SHELTER LIKE THAT MADE IN THICKETS BY THE AMERICAN HOG. THE AFRICAN HUT IS THEN COATED WITH A PREPARATION OF COW-DUNG AND CLAY—WHICH MAKES IT WATER, BUT NOT ODOR, PROOF



HEAD OF JACKSON'S HARTBEEST—AN EXTREMELY DIFFICULT DEER TO STALK, BUT WHEN WOUNDED AND CORNERED, ITS PECULIARLY SHAPED AND POWERFUL HORNS ARE VERY DANGEROUS THINGS TO FACE

hold him and so, in spite of my protest and warning, he climbed up, quick as a squirrel, in the tree. Just as he began to go out on the limb in which the monkey was held fast, I again shouted to him not to go any further but to climb down again.

Suddenly with a crash down came branch, monkey and man from the height of fully forty feet. Mohammed, the good Askari, lay apparently lifeless with his back to the ground, while the other men stood around without lifting a finger to help him. I told them at once to lift the man out of the bush onto a place where I had thrown my coat, but for the first time the porters refused to obey. They told me it was very bad luck to touch a dead man, and that everybody that would do so, would, himself, die in a few days. For this reason a great many tribes are cruel enough to drive out the sick people from the village that they may die in the bush and so be eaten up by the lions, leopards and hyenas, and for the same reason they never bury their dead.

Pulling out my big revolver I told the men that if they did not instantly obey and carry Mohammed up from where he was lying, I would shoot. This had the desired effect, and six of the men got hold of the unfortunate Askari and carried him up to where we had

prepared a soft bed with grass under a couple of coats. I bathed his face with water from my bottle and, to my delight, he soon opened his eyes and inquired where he was. I asked him where he was hurt and he put his hands toward his back, gave a yell, and again lapsed into unconsciousness.

I despatched a runner to our camp to bring back Mr. Lang, some more men and our canvas stretcher. When they arrived with the stretcher Mohammed was put on it and carried down to the

camp. A thorough examination revealed that not a bone in his body was broken, and after a few days of rest in the camp, he recovered sufficiently to continue with the caravan.

A good many times we had been tracking buffaloes in the dense jungles bordering the Rift Valley, but although on several occasions we had been within a few yards of these magnificent animals—which by many hunters are more valued than even an elephant or a lion—the density of the vegetation made it impossible to attempt a shot. One day we found fresh tracks of buffaloes, which we followed for a couple of hours. Here the jungle was fortunately not quite so dense and, after some hard and careful tracking, we finally saw a little group of buffaloes in among the trees. I singled out the one that seemed the largest, and fired, using the big express gun. The magnificent buffalo took a few big leaps, and in the next moment turned a complete somersault and rolled over, dead, with its heart smashed by the powerful bullet.

I am sorry to say, all my experience with African buffaloes has so far been limited to this one time in my life when I was brought close enough to take a good aim.