

ROOSEVELT'S
MARVELOUS EXPLOITS
IN THE
WILDS OF AFRICA

CONTAINING

THRILLING ACCOUNTS OF HIS KILLING LIONS, RHINOCERI
AND OTHER FEROCIOUS BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE

INCLUDING

FULL AND GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF HUNTING BIG GAME,
HIS MIRACULOUS ADVENTURES AND WONDERFUL FEATS WITH
HIS RIFLE, TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES WITH FEROCIOUS
ANIMALS, STRANGE PEOPLE, STARTLING REVELA-
TIONS AND AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS
IN DARKEST AFRICA

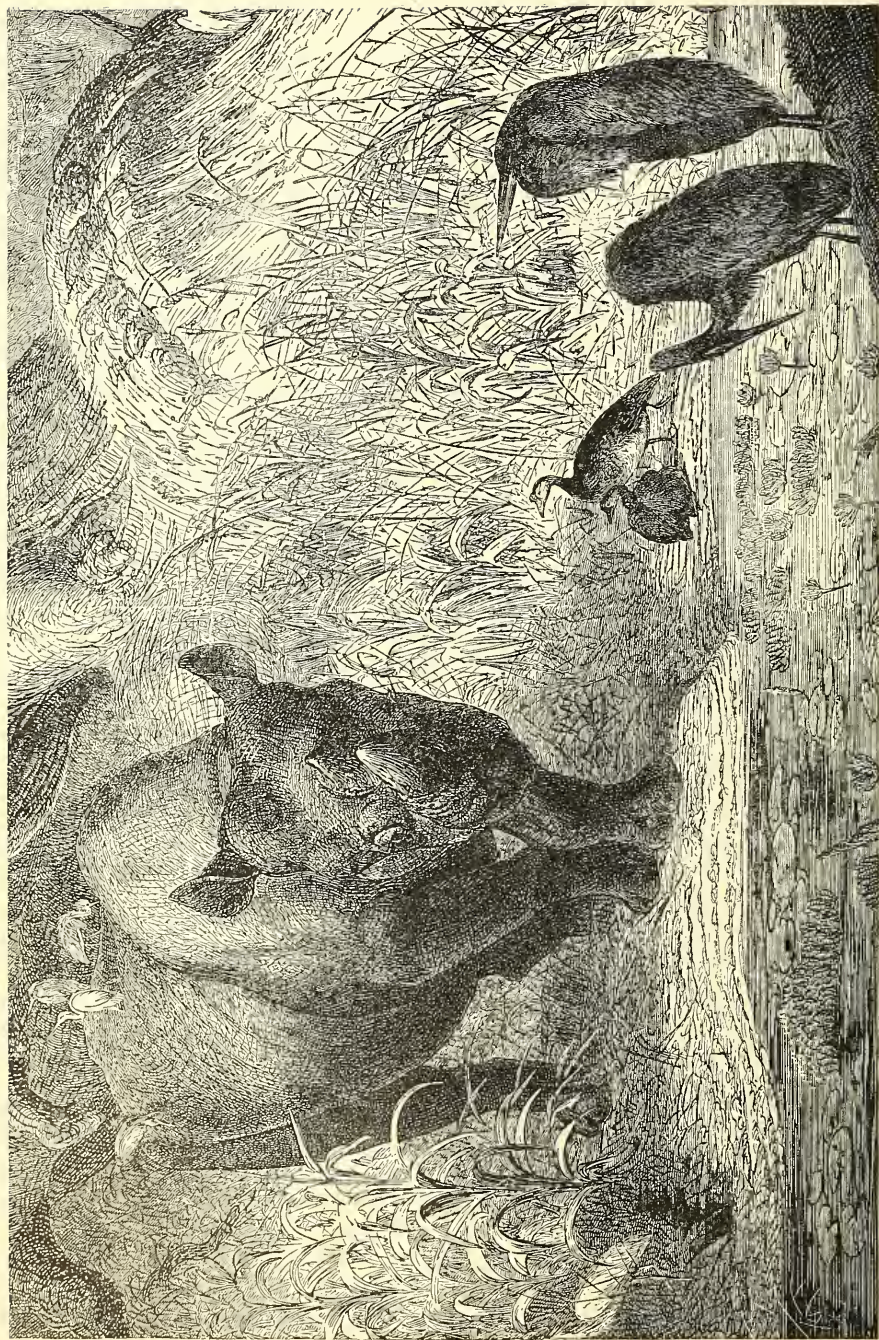
THE WHOLE COMPRISING

THRILLING STORIES AND FASCINATING NARRATIVES OF
ROOSEVELT'S ADVENTURES IN SEARCH OF
SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE

BY JAY HENRY MOWBRAY, PH. D., LL. D.

The Celebrated Author, Traveler and Lecturer

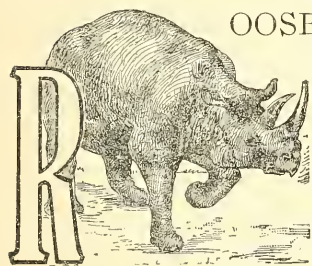
Embellished with a Great Number of Striking Illustrations of Wild
Beasts and Scenes in the Dark Continent



A MADDENED RHINOCEROS CAME WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF COL. ROOSEVELT IN ITS WILD CHARGE.
A SINGLE SHOT AND THIS DREADED BEAST OF THE JUNGLE WAS KILLED.

CHAPTER I.

LULLED TO SLEEP BY ROARING LIONS—ARRIVAL AT KILINDINI—
BRITISH WARSHIP SALUTES—GREAT RECEPTION AT MOMBASA
—OFF FOR THE JUNGLE—THE HUNTING GROUNDS AT LAST—
PLAINS ALIVE WITH GAME—OTHERS TELL OF WONDERFUL
TRIP—PROWESS TOLD IN SKETCH AND SONG.



ROOSEVELT'S ship, the Admiral, on the evening of April 21, entered Kilindini harbor, flying the American flag at her fore and main-masts. She dipped the German ensign while passing the British cruiser Pandora, whose rails and masts were manned by cheering sailors. The Pandora saluted the ex-President, who was on the bridge.

The first word of the sighting of the Admiral brought the people of Mombasa in crowds to vantage points, where they might catch a glimpse of the distinguished visitor. The Admiral came slowly up to the harbor and it was dark when Colonel Roosevelt, his son Kermit and the captain were brought ashore in the commandant's surfboat and carried to a place of shelter in chairs on natives' shoulders.

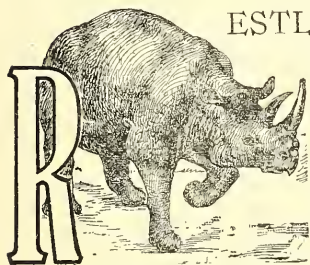
There was a perfect deluge of rain, but in reply to the expressions of regret at this, the Colonel said he was glad to get ashore in any weather. He added that he was in splendid health and that the start to the hunting grounds could not come a minute too soon.

The Governor's aide boarded the Admiral and extended a welcome to Colonel Roosevelt, who received another cordial greeting on shore from the provincial commissioner, who conducted him to the government house.

R. F. Cuninghame, the hunter and field naturalist, who had charge of the preparations for the expedition, also was on hand at the pier.

CHAPTER IX.

FACING A 'RHINO'S CHARGE—HELLER TELLS OF COMING SCENES—
DARING DEATH AMID CROCODILES—SAVED BY LUCKY SHOT—
SLAYING GIANT HIPPOPOTAMUS—NATIVES TO THE SCENE—
RHINOCEROS MORE DANGEROUS THAN LION—ARMOR-PLATED
DESTRUCTION.



RESTLESS, not one of the party felt that he could compose himself to sleep. So again, as they had two nights before, the white men gathered about the fire—for its light, rather than because warmth was necessary. Again the older hunters of the party began to narrate past experiences.

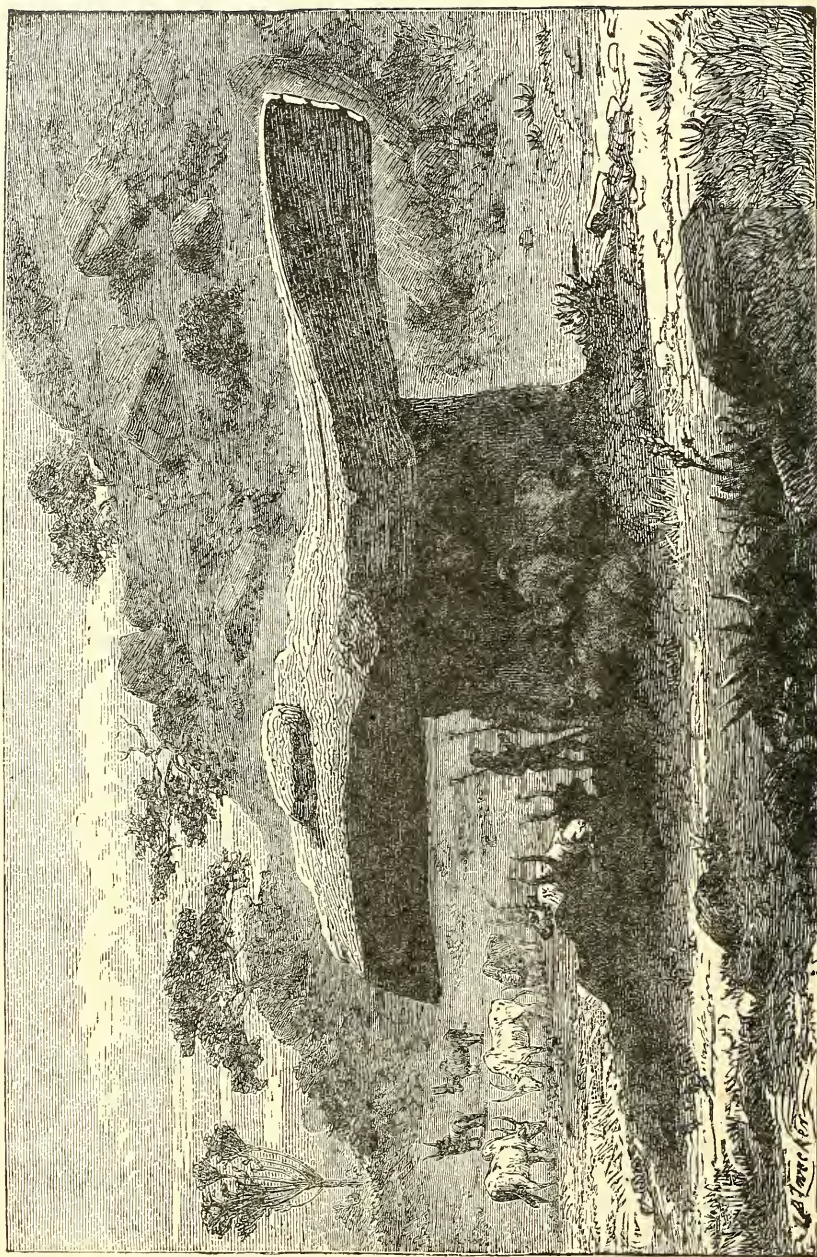
Heller, who was of the original party, had the floor.

He had been in Africa before and knew every inch of the country the party were to traverse. He began by telling of the jungle beyond Nairobi, which the party soon were to visit. For this reason, if for no other, he was listened to with breathless interest.

“Immediately after passing the Nandi hills the descent of the plateau of the Victoria region commences,” he said. “The country rapidly sinks in level from this point to the Nyanza. We leave the train at Port Florence, at the head of the Gulf or Bay of Kavirondo. There are only about one hundred white people there and three thousand natives, mostly from the village of Kisumu.

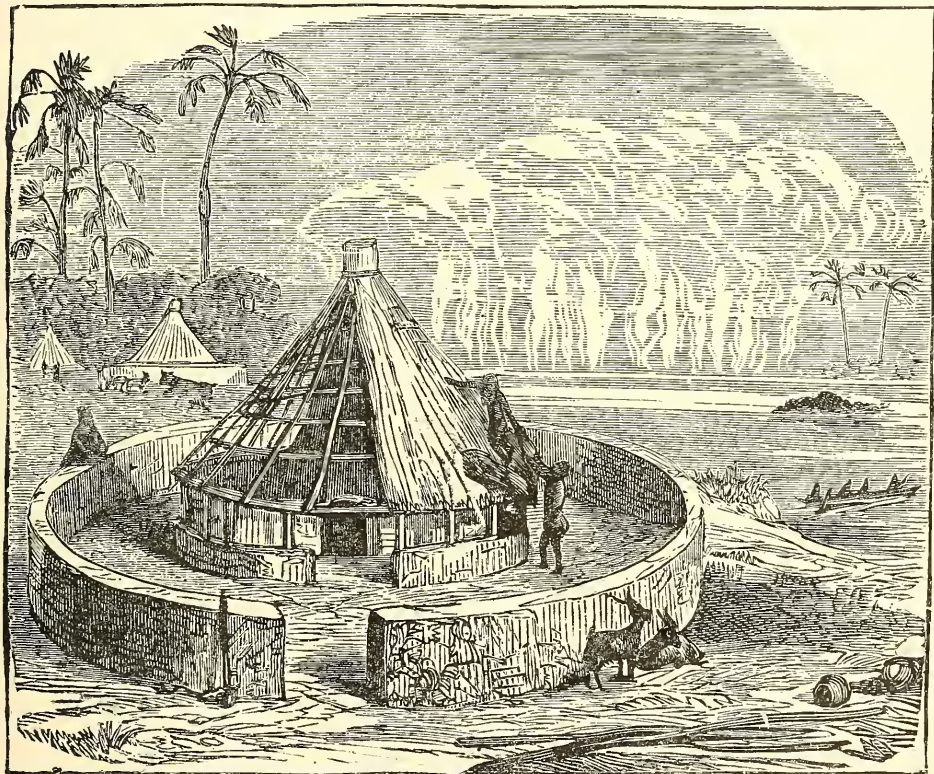
“These Kavirondos are a peaceful agricultural race. Their villages are surrounded by a deep ditch and a clay wall, and consist of little circular huts with walls only four feet high, with grass roofs. Their clothing is conspicuous by its absence, but, as is always the case in scantily clothed races, they are peculiarly moral compared with the tribes who have adopted a certain amount of clothing.

“Whenever we passed close to a village, the men and women



CURIOUS TABLE-ROCK IN THE VALLEY NEAR THE CAMP.

came outside of the village hedge in groups, quite naked, to see us go by. The more inquisitive of the young men and women ran down to the very path, and when we had camped for the day our tents were instantly surrounded by laughing crowds of these merry people. They had not the remotest idea that they were quite naked. When they saw our porters in trousers or sorts some of the girls made a string of a few blades of grass and, putting it around their waists, suspended a leaf of a weed or tree in front.



HOUSE BUILDING AMONG THE KANIRONDOS.

“While camped at Kitoto’s village I called up a few of the men and began making vocabularies and getting what information I could about the country. We were not long thus engaged when a batch of naked young women came up to see what we were doing or talking about. I gave the girls pieces of American sheeting to wrap around their loins. They had no idea what was meant when

the cloth was handed to them until I tied it around one of them. Then the others fastened their pieces around their waists, but directly they left my tent they threw them away.

“Ferguson, my companion, had some business to attend to at Port Florence in connection with the shipment of some goods across the lake to Entebbe, the port of Uganda. “We will put up here for the night,” said he, “and in the morning we will start up the coast on a real big game hunt. Better get all the rest you can, for to-morrow we will start on the trail of the rhino—the fiercest and maddest beast in all Africa. Lion? Bah! Hunting the ‘king of beasts’ is child’s play compared with tackling a rhinoceros.

“A lion will only fight when he is driven into a corner and his escape is cut off, but a rhino! He’s got a chip on his shoulder all the blessed time. One minute he will turn on steam and go crashing through the bushes after a jackal, and an hour later he will charge recklessly into a herd of elephants, or scatter a family of lions. There isn’t a scrap of fear in his leathery carcass.

A RHINOCEROS VISION IS DEAD AHEAD.

“There are only two things that stop him from exterminating all the other animals in Africa—his range of vision is dead ahead, and he is so bulky that he can’t turn except in a considerable circle. With a sense of hearing as keen as a fox, a bulletproof hide and a supernatural sense of smell, he is the most formidable brute a hunter will behold over his gunsights, and God help a man if he has not got the hardest steel in his bullets and in his nerves when one of these 3,000-pound brutes comes charging down on him with his ugly horn advanced.

“A dozen bullets from the most powerful express rifle made will no more stop the rush of a rhino than a popgun could stop a battleship, unless they pierce the brain. The heaviest bullet will not reach a vital spot after going through that great bone snout.

“Having wounded a rhino, there will be but one thing for a hunter to do—to take aim at the centre of his forehead for a second shot. If he misses he will never fire another shot. If I did not know that I was a dead shot and that the boys were to be relied



INFURIATED RHINOCEROS ROUTING HIS FOES.

upon I wouldn't dream of taking you along. You've hunted grizzlies? So have I, but to-morrow's sport will be something entirely different."

"And it was. The four of us started out at 6 a. m., after a substantial breakfast, along the wooded shores and swamps of the Kavirondo. The country was an overflowing chaos of vegetable life. We skirt dense forests, where the ground is covered with a tossing welter of luxuriant undergrowth, vivid with many tints of green. But it isn't all beautiful. We come on patches of swamp where we flounder knee deep along patches of slimy evil-smelling mud winding between high walls of tangled reeds.

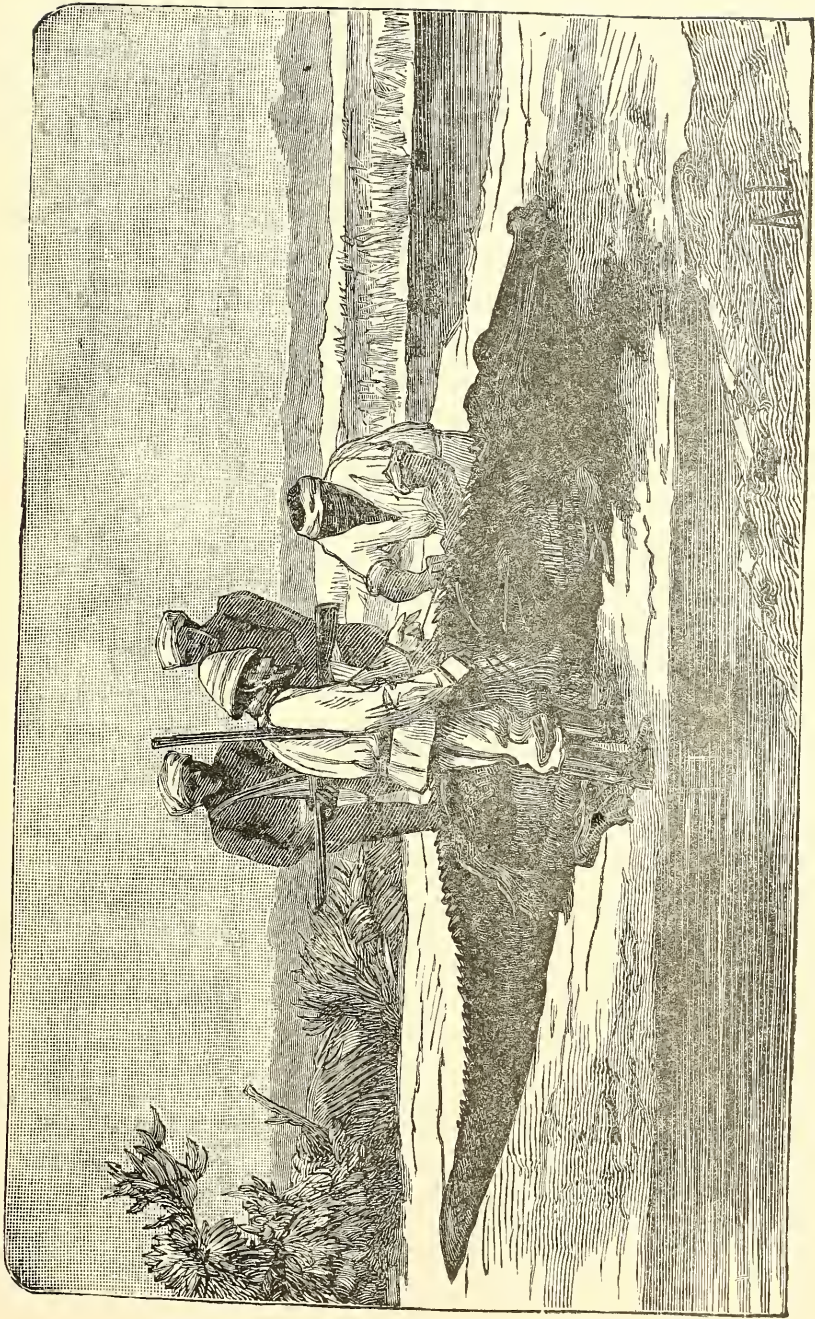
"But most dreaded of all is the glossina papalis, a fly of the tsetse specie, which haunts these beautiful wilds, and whose bite means a lingering and agonizing death. We have protected ourselves from its attacks by smearing our faces, necks and hands with vaseline and ichthyol.

EXCEEDINGLY SHY AFTER A FEW SHOTS.

"We occasionally saw the uncouth head of a hippopotamus protrude from the water, and we decided to shoot one. They were exceedingly shy after a few shots, exhibiting the snout only to draw breath, and instantly withdrawing it. Ferguson managed to hit one behind the ear, which is a vulnerable spot, and it spun around in a huge circle like a great top, emitting horrifying sounds, until it died, and the body floated on the water.

"A large number of Kavirondos had gathered around us, attracted by the shots and the prospects of hippo meat. Well, there was two tons of it lying on the water, but the intervening distance was alive with crocodiles. Ferguson suggested to the natives that one of them should swim out with a rope so that we could drag the hippo in, but no amount of eloquence would induce them to enter the water.

"Without further ado Ferguson, to my horror, pulled off his boots, and, seizing the end of the rope, jumped into the river. Almost instantly the dark form of a crocodile glided in his direction. Sick with fear, I raised my rifle and fired at its head. Thank God!



A DEAD CROCODILE.

My shot had stopped the loathsome maneater, and a few moments later Ferguson clambered onto the slippery carcass of the hippo and fastened the rope around its legs. By this time there were more than a hundred men and women gathered on the shore, and Ferguson and the enormous seacow were dragged high and dry onto the grass bank.

“The scene that followed beggars description. The news of the killing of the hippo spread like wildfire, and fully 300 naked Kavirondos fell upon the carcass like vultures, fighting for a piece of the meat. Occasionally cutting one another’s feet and legs in mistake for the hippo, they hacked away until the huge body was totally cut up and carried off in all directions. Only the Kavirondo men eat hippo meat, the women abstaining from it through a curious fear of being childless. They will, however, fight like wildcats to secure a piece of hippo meat for their lords and masters.

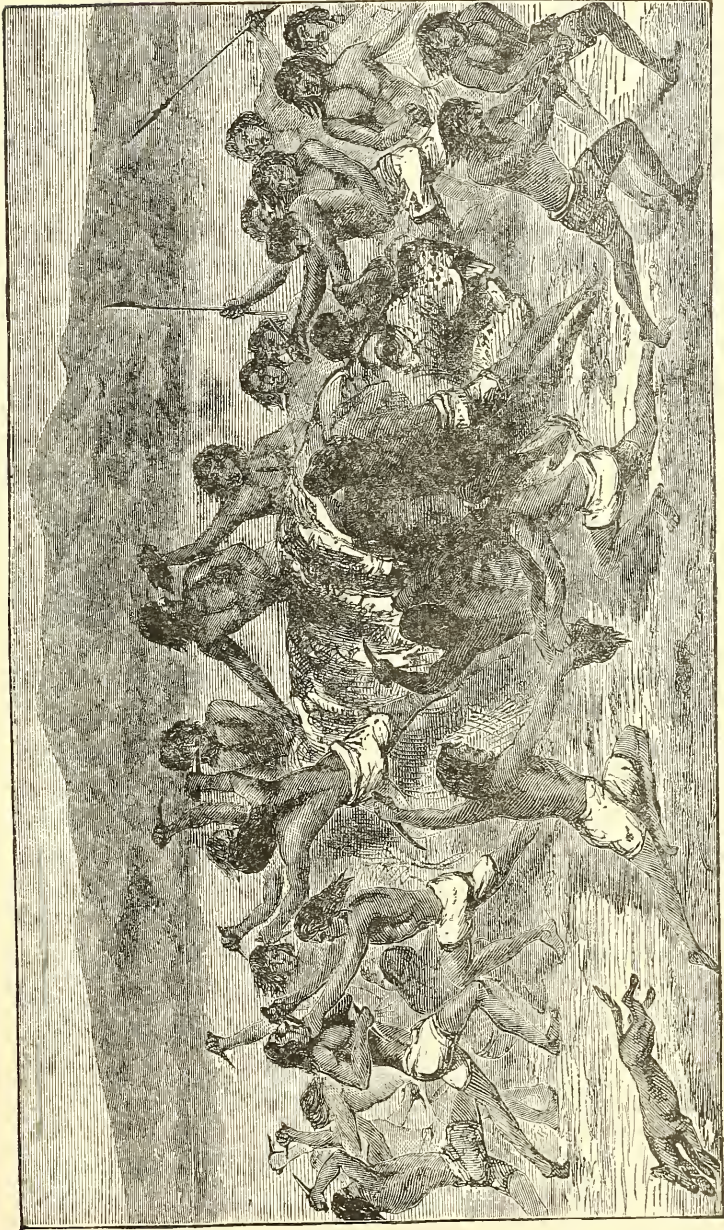
FIGHTING FOR A PIECE OF HIPPOPOTAMUS MEAT.

“The landscape soon resembled a meat market, where bushes were converted into shambles and their branches were bending to the ground overloaded with meat. The natives formed themselves into parties, each carrying portions to their respective huts as fast as they could. Some being more expeditious than others excited jealousy, and soon caused a frightful uproar.

“The legs and feet were cooked by a singular process. Several ants’ nests, which are composed of hard clay, were dug up near by and their occupants destroyed. The space thus obtained was filled with lighted fuel till the bottom and sides within became red hot. The embers were then removed, the leg or foot of the hippo introduced and the door closed up with heated clay and embers.

“Fire was also made on the outside over the nests and the flesh allowed to remain for several hours, when it was delicious, resembling pork in flavor. We soon tired, however, of this scene of broiling, gnawing and chewing and proceeded on our way, for the hippo after all is tame sport, and nothing less than a rhino would satisfy us this day.

“We started off in the direction of a thicket which extended



GREEDY NATIVES FIGHTING OVER CAPTURED HIPPOPOTAMUS

almost down to the river, where we felt pretty sure of finding our game. We forced our way for several miles through thorny creepers and bushes, the "wait-a-bit" thorn catching in our clothes and justifying its name by compelling us to halt every now and then to extricate ourselves. Emerging onto an open space, we sighted a herd of water-buck.

"I quickly knelt down and raised my rifle. Crack! and one was on his back battling the air with his legs, and then the rest bounded off like lightning. I soon put the unfortunate creature out of his misery, and the boys were engaged in cutting it up when we heard a crashing sound from the thicket, and the next moment a vicious looking rhinoceros was charging down on us.

With a shout of warning Wakundi sprang behind a bush and I followed suit. Ferguson, with his usual magnificent nerve, stood firm as a rock, rifle in hand, ready to fire, and knowing full well that if he missed he would be gored to death.

CLOSE CALL FOR THE HUNTERS.

"Flight was out of the question. As the infuriated brute—the only one in all Africa which will relentlessly pursue a man directly it catches sight of him—came rushing on. Ferguson raised his rifle and fired, and almost at the same moment Wakundi's rifle and my own spoke. Before the smoke had cleared away Ferguson had leaped to one side, as the rhino sank to the ground uttering a loud scream of pain and anger. In vain it attempted to rise as Wakundi and Chumah sank their hunting knives into its breast.

"The rhino, by the way, always charges in a straight line, trampling down underbrush and small trees as if he were making a trail through a flower garden. Caught in the whirlwind rush, a native will sometimes stand stock still, hoping the animal will mistake him for a tree and pass on, which he occasionally does.

"Until I knew the rhinoceros I supposed the elephant to be the boss of the forest and plain," said Ferguson, as the boys were cutting out the horn and part of the flesh of the rhino. "I hadn't been very long in Africa when I found out that the elephant played second fiddle. We were hiding at a water hole one day to watch



• AN ELEPHANT'S FURIOUS CHARGE UPON HIS FOES.

the direction taken by a troop of nine elephants who were loafing about.

“They were not yet ready to go when a bull rhinoceros appeared on a path about twenty rods away. He stood in the open and took a long survey of the elephants. As they caught sight of him they crowded together, as if alarmed, but it never occurred to me that they would shirk a fight. The rhino got ready after a bit, and with a loud snort he came charging down. Among the nine was a colossal elephant—about as big as Jumbo.

“The rhino made directly for the big fellow, and he struck him on the left shoulder, knocking him clean into the pool, and then fell over him. The sight of those two huge beasts floundering about in the water was the funniest thing I ever saw. All the other elephants bolted, and the big one managed to scramble out of the water and ran bellowing away, with the rhino digging him in the rear with his horn.”

RHINOCEROS “BUTTED INTO” AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

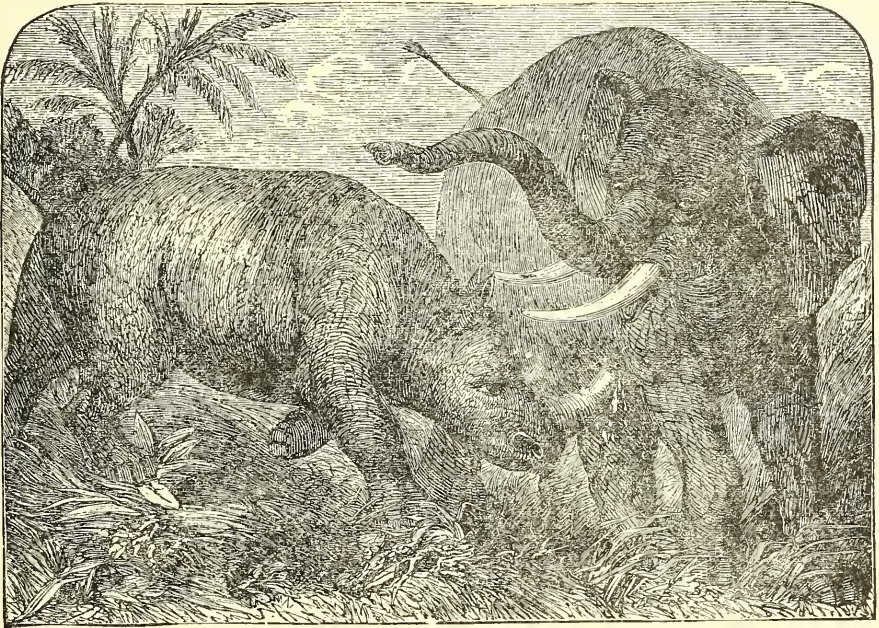
Mr. Cuninghame then related an adventure where a rhinoceros “budded into” an elephant hunt. After giving some of the earlier details, in which he told of being hurt, he went on as follows:

“Once more,” he says, “the trumpeting burst forth, the sounds echoing through the forest. A minute afterwards I heard the crashing of boughs and brushwood some way off. I guessed, as I listened, that the animal was coming towards where I lay. The sounds increased in loudness. Should it discover me it would probably revenge itself by crushing me to death, or tossing me in the air with its trunk. I had my rifle ready to fire. There was a chance that I might kill it or make it turn aside. The ground where I lay sloped gradually downwards to a more open spot. I expected the next instant that the elephant would appear. It did so, but further off than I thought it would, and I thus began to hope that I should escape its notice. It was moving slowly, though trumpeting with pain and rage.

“The instant I caught sight of it another huge creature rushed out of the thicket on the opposite side of the glade. It was a huge

bull rhinoceros with a couple of sharp-pointed horns, one behind the other.

“The elephant on seeing it stopped still, as if wishing to avoid a contest with so powerful an antagonist. I fully expected to witness a long and terrible fight, and feared that, in the struggle, the animals might move towards where I lay and crush me. That the



“THE RHINOCEROS DROVE ITS HORNS INTO ITS BODY.”

elephant was wounded I could see by the blood streaming down its neck.

“This probably made it less inclined to engage in a battle with the rhinoceros. Instead of advancing, it stood whisking its trunk about and trumpeting. The rhinoceros, on the contrary, after regarding it for a moment, rushed fearlessly forward and drove its sharp-pointed horns into its body while it in vain attempted to defend itself with its trunk.

“The two creatures were now locked together in a way which made it seem impossible for them to separate, unless the horns of the rhinoceros were broken off. Never did I witness a more furious

fight. The elephant attempted to throw itself down on the head of its antagonist, and thereby only drove the horns deeper into its own body. So interested was I, that I forgot the pain I was suffering, while I could hear no other sounds than those produced by the two huge combatants. While I was watching them, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and saw one of our party standing over me.

“‘I am sorry you have met with this accident!’ he exclaimed. ‘The sooner you get away from this the better. There is a safer spot a little higher up the bank. We will carry you there.’

“I willingly consenting, my friends did as they proposed, as from thence I could watch the fight with greater security. They, having placed me in safety, hurried towards the combatants, hoping to kill both of them before they separated.

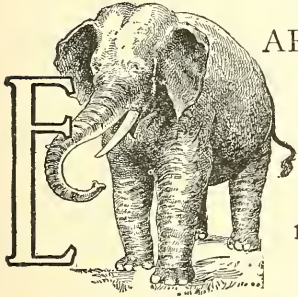
“The elephant, already wounded, appeared likely to succumb without our further interference. There was indeed little chance of its attempting to defend itself against them. One of the men sprang forward until he got close up to the animals, and firing he sent a bullet right through the elephant’s heart. The huge creature fell over, pressing the rhinoceros to the ground. As the great beast was now pinned fast and unable to escape, it was not difficult to dispatch him, and this was quickly done.”

Throughout these recitals both Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit sat, breathlessly listening. If anyone of their companions imagined for an instant that these tragic escapes filled either one of the two Americans with terror, he was sadly mistaken. All the Colonel said was: “Kermit, we must make sure of our aim. Then all will be well.”

And, after all, that remark is characteristic of the whole career of the man, whether he was sitting in the White House or was facing the raging beasts in the heart of the Dark Continent.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTERS' TALES INSPIRE AMERICAN—REFUSES TO BREAK CAMP TILL HE CAPTURES RHINOCEROS—LORING BAGS LEOPARD—SAVES LIFE OF A NATIVE—THE COLONEL'S STORY OF RHINOCEROS HUNT—TWO BIG ONES SLAIN—DARING SCENES IN HUNT—HABITS OF THE "BATTLESHIP OF THE PLAINS."



EARLY the next morning the camp was astir.

When Colonel Roosevelt emerged from his tent, after a hasty toilet, he was astonished to find the porters busy in their preparations to break camp and to return to the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease.

"What's this? what's this?" he demanded. "You had ordered that camp be broken, Excellency," replied Hassan, the head porter, humbly.

"So I had; so I had," laughed the distinguished American, "but second thoughts are always better, as the poor widower remarked when he married a rich woman."

"You see," he continued to Selous, who had joined the group, "those rhinoceros stories have set my blood to tingling. If Sir Alfred has no objections, I should like to stay here till I had had a trial at this 'battleship of the jungle.' Maybe he will not give quite so good an account of himself as our American armor-clads are accustomed to doing."

Then, recollecting that his auditor was a Briton, he hastily added with his usual tact:

"Or your British battleships, either, for the matter of that." A continued stay in the hills was, of course, perfectly agreeable to Sir Alfred, and it was so arranged.

The first day, however, failed to reveal a rhinoceros, although a large variety of smaller game was shot, mostly by Kermit, whose aim and coolness daily were becoming more perfect.

One incident of the hunt, however, came very near to resulting fatally to one of the native trackers, who, armed with spear alone, had ventured into a small copse of wood, in the hope of arousing a rhino.

Had it not been for a fine shot from Loring's rifle he would have paid the penalty of his rashness with his life, for scarcely had he entered the clump than he was seized by an immense leopard. As it was, he was badly clawed before Loring's bullet laid him low.

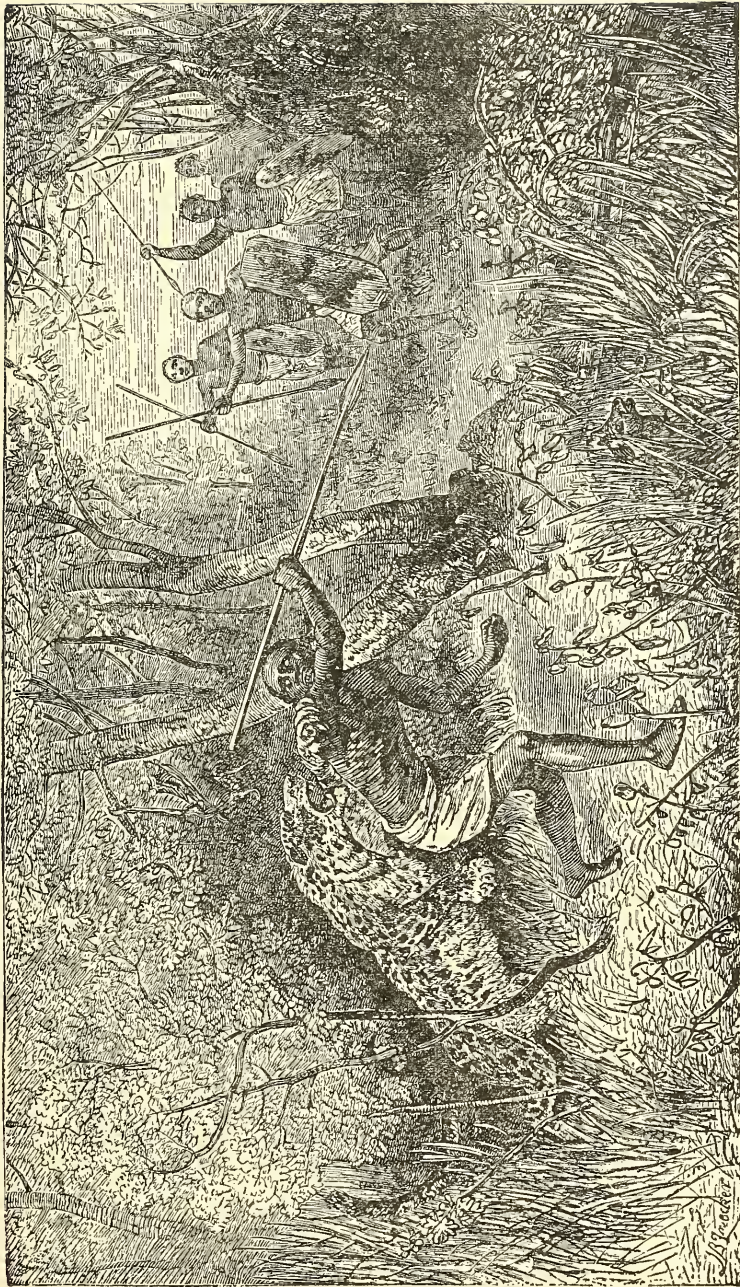
The second day, however, was more productive of results, as the following account, told as if in the Colonel's own words, will attest:

I had been observing the country for some time from my high station, when I suddenly perceived two rhinoceroses emerge from a ravine; they walked slowly through a patch of high grass, and skirted the base of the hill upon which we were standing; presently they winded something, and they trotted back and stood concealed in the patch of grass.

SENDS FOR HIS HORSES.

Although I had a good view of them from my present position, I knew that I should not be able to see them in their covert if on the same level; I therefore determined to send to the tent for my other horses, and to ride them down if I could not shoot them on foot; accordingly, I sent a man off, directing him to lead the horse I had been riding from the peak and to secure him to a tree at the foot of the hill, as I was afraid the rhinoceros might observe the horse upon the sky line. This he did, and we saw him tie the horse by the bridle to the branch of a tree below us, while he ran quickly towards the camp.

In the meantime I watched the rhinoceroses; both animals laid down in the yellow grass, resembling masses of stone. They had not been long in this position before we noticed two wart hogs wandering through the grass directly to windward, toward the sleeping rhinoceroses; in an instant these animals winded the intruders, and starting up they looked in all directions but could not see them, as they were concealed by the high grass.



ONE OF THE NATIVE TRACKERS HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A LEOPARD.

Having been thus disturbed, the rhinoceroses moved their quarters and walked slowly forward, occasionally halting and listening; one was about a hundred yards in advance of the other. They were taking a direction at the base of the hill that would lead them directly upon the spot where my horse was tied to the tree. I observed this to Cummings, who was with me, as I feared they would kill the horse. "Oh, no," he replied, "they will lie down and sleep beneath the first tree, as they are seeking for shade—the sun is like fire."

THE RHINOCEROS ATTACKS THE HORSE.

However, they still continued their advance, and upon reaching some rising ground, the leading rhinoceros halted, and I felt sure that he had a clear view of the horse, that was now about five hundred yards distant, tied to the tree. A ridge descended to the hill, parallel with the course the animals were taking; upon this I ran as quickly as the stony slope permitted, keeping my eye fixed upon the leading rhinoceros, which, with his head raised, was advancing directly towards the horse. I now felt convinced that he intended to attack it.

The horse did not observe the rhinoceros, but was quietly standing beneath the tree. I ran as fast as I was able, and reached the bottom of the hill just as the willful brute was within fifty yards of the horse, which now for the first time saw the approaching danger; the rhinoceros had been advancing steadily at a walk, but he now lowered his head and charged at the horse at full speed.

I was about two hundred yards distant, and for the moment I was afraid of shooting the horse, but I fired my rifle and the bullet, missing the rhinoceros, dashed the sand and stones into his face as it struck the ground exactly before his nose, when he appeared to be just into the unfortunate horse. The horse in the same instant reared, and breaking the bridle, dashed away in the direction of the camp, while the rhinoceros, astonished at the shot, and most likely half blinded by the sand and splinters of rock, threw up his head, turned round, and trotted back upon the track by which he had arrived. He passed me about a hundred yards dis-

tant, as I had run forward to a bush, by which he trotted with his head raised, seeking for the cause of his discomfiture.

Crack! went a bullet against his hide, as I fired at his shoulder; he cocked his tail, and for a few yards charged towards the shot; but he suddenly changed his course and ran round several times



“CRACK! WENT A BULLET AGAINST HIS HIDE.”

in a small circle; he then halted, and reeling to and fro, retreated very slowly, and laid down about a hundred yards off. I knew that he had his quietus, but I was determined to bag his companion which in alarm had now joined him, and stood looking in all quarters for the scent of danger; but we were well concealed behind the bush.

Presently the wounded rhinoceros stood up, and, walking very slowly, followed by his comrade, he crossed a portion of rising ground at the base of the hill, and both animals disappeared.

I at once started off one of my native porters, who could run like an antelope, in search of the horse, while I despatched another man to the summit of the peak to see if the rhinoceroses were in view; if not, I knew they must be among the small trees and bushes at the foot of the hill.

I thus waited for a long time, until at length horses arrived with my messenger from the camp. I had just mounted, when my eyes were gladdened by the sight of my favorite animal cantering towards me, but from the exact direction the rhinoceroses had taken. "Quick! quick!" cried the rider, "come along! One rhinoceros is lying dead close by, and the other is standing beneath a tree not far off."

THE RHINOCEROS LAY KICKING ON THE GROUND.

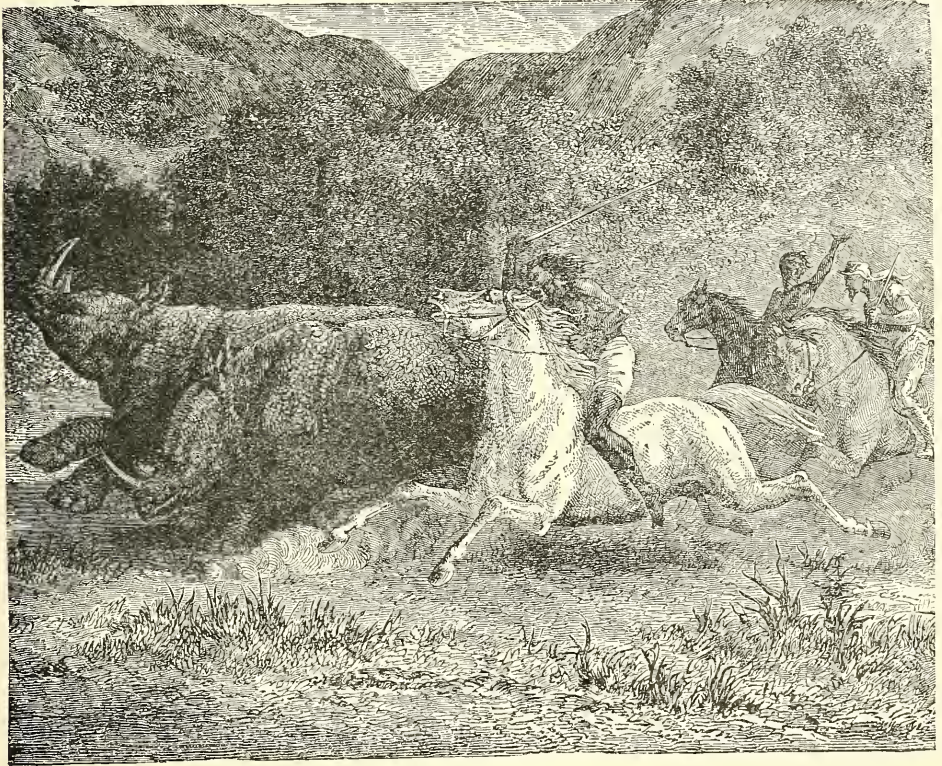
I immediately started, found the rhinoceros lying dead about two hundred yards from the spot where he had received the shot, and I immediately perceived the companion standing beneath a small tree. The ground was firm and stony, and all the grass had been burned off except in a few small patches; the trees were not so thick together as to form a regular jungle.

The rhinoceros saw us directly, and valiantly stood and faced me as I rode up within fifty yards of him. I was unable to take a shot in this position, therefore I ordered the men to ride round a half-circle, as I knew the rhinoceros would turn towards the white horses and thus expose his flank; this he did immediately, and firing well, exactly at the shoulder, I dropped him as though stone dead.

The rhinoceros lay kicking upon the ground, and I thought he was bagged. Not a bit of it! the bullet had not force to break the massive shoulder-bone, but had merely paralyzed it for the moment; up he jumped and started off in full gallop. Now for a hunt! up the hill he started, then obliquely; choosing a regular rhinoceros path, he scudded away, my horse answering to the spur and closing with him; through the trees, now down the hill over

the loose rocks, where he gained considerably upon the horse. I took a pull at the reins until I reached the level ground beneath, which was firm and first-rate. This gave me just the advantage I needed for successful operations.

I saw the rhinoceros pelting away about a hundred and twenty yards ahead, and spurring hard, I shot up to him at full speed until



A DESPERATE RACE.

within twenty yards, when round he came with astonishing quickness and charged straight at the horse. I was prepared for this, as was my horse also; we avoided him by a quick turn, and again renewed the chase, and regained our position within a few yards of the game.

Thus the hunt continued for about a mile and a half, the rhinoceros occasionally charging, but always cleverly avoided by the

horse, which seemed to enjoy the fun, and hunted like a greyhound. Nevertheless I had not been able to pass the rhinoceros; he had thundered along at a tremendous pace whenever I had attempted to close; however, the pace began to tell upon his wounded shoulder; he evidently went lame, and as I observed at some distance before us the commencement of the dark-colored rotten ground. I felt sure that it would shortly be a case of "stand still."

In this I was correct, and upon reaching the deep and crumbling soil, he turned sharp around, made a clumsy charge that I easily avoided, and stood panting at bay. Cummings was riding a very timid horse which was utterly useless as a hunter, but, as it reared and plunged upon seeing the rhinoceros, that animal immediately turned towards it with the intention of charging. Riding close to his flank, I fired both barrels of my rifle into the shoulder; he fell at the shots, and stretching out his legs convulsively he died immediately.

LOST A GOOD HORSE.

This was a capital termination to the hunt, as I had expected the death of my good horse, when the first rhinoceros had so nearly horned him. The sun was like a furnace, therefore I rode straight to camp and sent for the hides and flesh. As I passed the body of the first rhinoceros, I found a regiment of vultures already collected around it.

The following description of the rhinoceros may appropriately be given here:

Both varieties of the African black rhinoceros are extremely fierce and dangerous, and rush headlong and unprovoked at any object which attracts their attention. They never attain much fat, and their flesh is tough, and not much esteemed. Their food consists almost entirely of the thorny branches of the "wait-a-bit" thorns. Their horns are much shorter than those of the other varieties, seldom exceeding eighteen inches in length. They are finely polished by constant rubbing against the trees. The skull is remarkably formed, its most striking feature being the tremendous, thick ossification in which it ends above the nostrils. It is on this mass that the horn is supported.

The horns are not connected with the skull, being attached merely by the skin, and they may thus be separated from the head by means of a sharp knife. They are hard, and perfectly solid throughout, and are a fine material for various articles, such as drinking-cups, mallets for rifles, and handles for turners' tools. The horn is capable of a very high polish.

The eyes of the rhinoceros are small and sparkling, but do not readily observe the hunter, provided he keep to leeward of them. The skin is extremely thick, and only to be penetrated with hardened bullets. During the day, the rhinoceros will be found lying asleep, or standing indolently in some retired part of the forest, or under the base of the mountains, sheltered from the power of the sun by some friendly grove of umbrella-topped mimosas.

TRAVEL MOSTLY AT NIGHT.

In the evening they commence their nightly ramble, and wander over a great extent of country. They usually visit the fountains between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock at night, and it is on these occasions that they may be most successfully hunted, and with the least danger.

The black rhinoceros is subject to paroxysms of unprovoked fury, often plowing up the ground for several yards with its horn, and assaulting large bushes in the most violent manner. On these bushes they work for hours with their horns, at the same time snorting and blowing loudly, nor do they leave them in general until they have broken them into pieces. All the four varieties delight to roll and wallow in the mud, with which their rugged hides are generally encrusted.

Both varieties of the black rhinoceros are much smaller and more active than the white, and are so swift that a horse with a rider on its back can rarely overtake them, yet they are often hunted with horses. Both attain an enormous size, being the animals next in magnitude to the elephant. They feed solely on grass, carry much fat, and their flesh is excellent, being preferable to beef. They are of a much milder and more inoffensive disposition than

the black rhinoceros, rarely charging their pursuer. Their speed is very inferior to that of the other varieties.

If we examine the skull of a rhinoceros, we shall find that just under the place where the root of the horn lies, there is a peculiar development of the bone on which the weight of the horn rests.



CAMP ATTACKED BY A RHINOCEROS.

Now, it is well known that of all forms intended to support great weight, the arch is the strongest.

Such, then, is the form of the bone which supports the horn; and in order to prevent the jar on the brain which would probably injure the animal when making violent strokes with the horn, one side of the arch is left unsupported by its pillar; so that the whole apparatus presents the appearance of a strong bony spring, which, although very powerful, would yield sufficiently, on receiving a

blow, to guard the animal from the shock which would occur were the horn to be placed directly on the skull. Such a structure as this is not needed in the case of the elephant, as that animal never strikes violently with its tusks, as the rhinoceros does with its horn.

Figner tells how the most daring natives sometimes slay the rhino. Two men ride on the same horse. The one is dressed, and armed with javelins; the other is naked, and has nothing but a long sword in his hand. The first sits on the saddle, the second rides behind him on the horse's rump. Directly they have got on the track of the quarry, they start off in pursuit of it, taking care to keep at a great distance from the rhinoceros when it plunges into the thickets, in the midst of which it opens for itself a broad passage, which closes as the animal passes on, but the moment it arrives in an open spot they pass it, and place themselves opposite to it.

HOW TO AVOID ITS FURIOUS ASSAULT.

The animal, in a rage, hesitates for a moment, then rushes furiously upon the horse and its riders. These avoid the assault by a quick movement to the right or the left, and the man who carries the long sword lets himself slide off on to the ground without being perceived by the rhinoceros, which alone takes notice of the horse. Then the courageous hunter, with one blow of his formidable Durandal, cuts through the tendon of the ham or hock of one of the monster's hind legs, which causes it to fall to the ground, when it is despatched with arrows and the sword.

On the whole we think the reader will agree with us that Colonel Roosevelt's way, though dangerous in the extreme, is decidedly the preferable one.

But hunting "big game," of course, could not be pursued all the while. In order to assist in the support of the large party, and at the same time to see the adjacent country, the white hunters went several times, during their stay, to the north of the camp for game.

The country is covered with clumps of beautiful trees, among which fine open glades stretch away in every direction; when the river is in flood these are inundated, but the tree-covered elevated

spots are much more numerous here than in the country further back. The soil is dark loam, as it is everywhere on spots reached by the inundation, while among the trees it is sandy, and not covered so densely with grass as elsewhere.

A sandy ridge covered with trees, running parallel to and about eight miles from the river, is the limit of the inundation on the north; there are large tracts of this sandy forest in that direction, till you come to other districts of alluvial soil and fewer trees. The latter soil is always found in the vicinity of rivers which either now overflow their banks annually or formerly did so.

Great numbers of zebras, tsessebes, tahaetsi, and eland, or pohnu, grazed undisturbed on the plains, so that very little exertion was required to secure a fair supply of meat for the party during the necessary delay.

HUNTING ON FOOT HARD WORK.

Hunting on foot, as all those who have engaged in it in this country, will at once admit, is very hard work indeed. The heat of the sun by day is so great, had there been any one on whom the white men could have thrown the task, the toil is supposed to impart. But the natives shot so badly, that, in order to save their powder, the whites were obliged to go.

Kermit shot a beautiful cow-eland, standing in the shade of a fine tree. It was evident that she had lately had her calf killed by a lion, for there were long deep scratches on both sides of her hind-quarters, as if she had run to the rescue of her calf, and the lion, leaving it, had attacked herself, but was unable to pull her down.

When lying on the ground, the milk flowing from the large udder showed that she must have been seeking the shade, from the distress its non-removal in the natural manner caused. She was a beautiful creature, and one of the Christianized natives, speaking in reference to its size and beauty, said, "Jesus ought to have given us these instead of cattle."

It was a new variety of this splendid antelope. It was marked with narrow white bands across the body, exactly like those of the

kóodoo, and had a black patch of more than a hand-breadth on the outer side of the forearm.

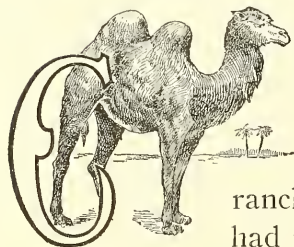
Except for the heat, it was not unpleasant work for Kermit especially, for most of his shots at big game had been with the camera. Among the smaller mammalia he slaughtered at will.

The most unpleasant experience Kermit had was one day when, in company with a score of native bearers and guides, he was obliged to wade waist-deep through a wide morass in order to get back to camp by nightfall. It was not dangerous, of course, but the slimy ooze made it decidedly disagreeable.

The naturalists of the party were kept busy preparing the trophies which Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit were bringing in daily. Forty-five skins already had been prepared for the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE FAMOUS JU-JA RANCH—THIRTY-SIX HOURS OF LEISURE
—EXPLORING THE BLUE NILE—GAME FURNISHED WIDE
VARIETY OF FOOD—IN THE LION COUNTRY—BATTLING WITH
HIPPOPOTAMI—SHOOTING CROCODILES—NATIVES FEAST ON
TURTLE—REVIEW OF HUNTING SUCCESS.



COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S first thirty-six hours at the world-famous Ju-Ja ranch were spent in quietly resting from the strenuous hunts while he was a guest at the ranch of Sir Alfred Pease, who, by the way, he had previously met while hunting big game in the Rockies. Added to these muscle-wearying and nerve-wrecking experiences, too, there had been the long and arduous journey across a broken country to Ju-Ja.

Small wonder, then, that even so energetic a hunter as the former President should be content to sit quietly on the broad veranda of the McMillan house and listen to the experiences of as famous a band of big-game slayers as, probably, ever were gathered together.

Many, too, were the local dignitaries who had journeyed from Mombasa, Nairobi and a score of lesser places to shake hands with the hero of San Juan hill and the man who had surpassed all previous East African records as a lion slayer.

A part of the day was spent in writing up his adventures to date and a few hours' wandering over the spacious game preserve with his host and Mr. Selous, whom, Colonel Roosevelt insisted, should still regard himself as a member of the party. The most of his time, however, was spent under the trees that shaded the McMillan bungalow, listening to talks of wild beasts slain and even more savage men conquered.



THE END OF THE CHASE WITH A WOUNDED RHINOCEROS.

One account he listened to with far more interest than most, inasmuch as it described a trip over country and amid scenes he soon was to traverse.

It was told by one of two Frenchmen who lately had traversed the Blue Nile region.

Here is, in substance, their remarkable experience: Having collected a caravan, consisting of twenty men and twenty-five camels for carrying baggage, food and apparatus, they started for the Blue Nile. There, having engaged extra porters and beaters and completed their store of provisions, they moved toward the valley of the Dinder river.

GAME IN ABUNDANCE.

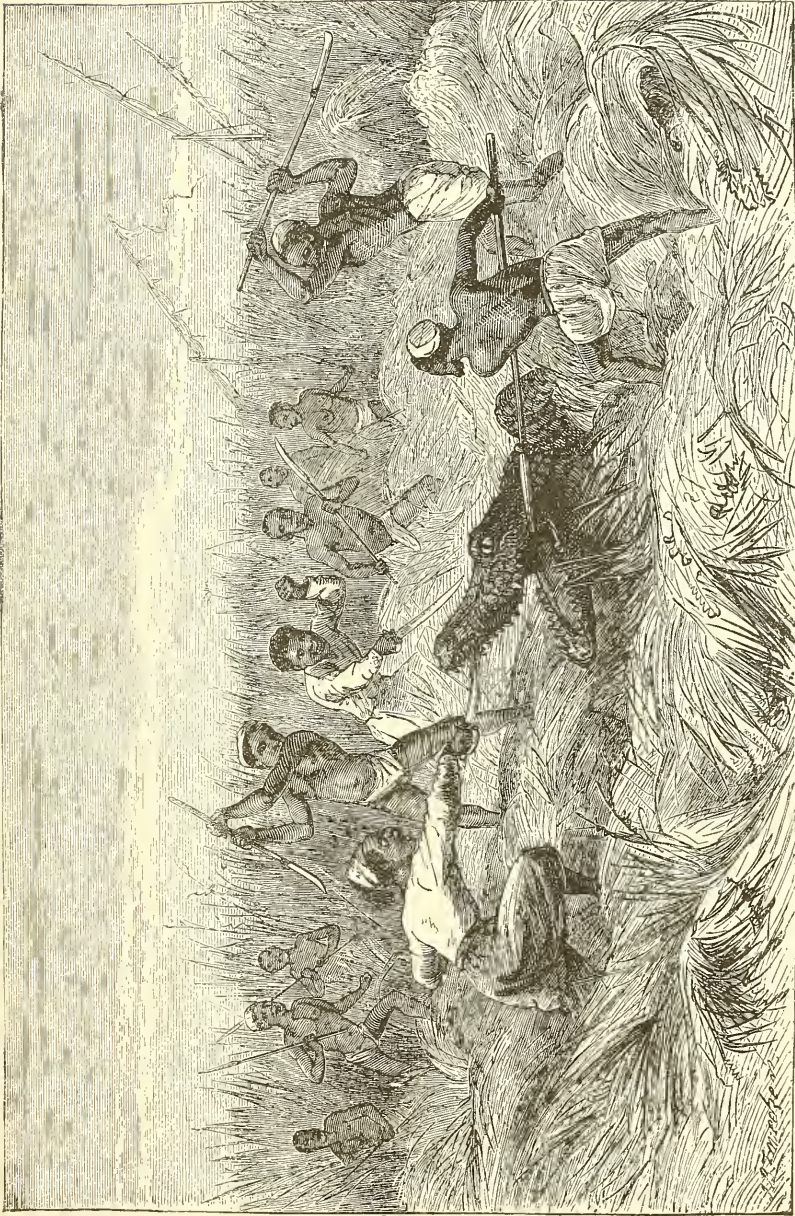
Gradually they came into a more desolate region and the game began to appear. Gazelles put in an appearance, and then a large herd of antelopes came into view. The channel of the Dinder was entirely dry, save here and there pools in which fought hideous crocodiles and that were also the watering places of flocks of aquatic birds.

The country between Abou, Hashim and Durraba is the favorite resort of leopards, which there run down the crowds of monkeys that inhabit the section. In the same place are numerous elephants.

From this on there was plenty of variety in the food furnished the expedition. A guinea fowl, crocodile steak, a leg of antelope, roasted buffalo or broiled wild boar helped vary the menu provided from day to day. Ariels—a species of large gazelle which feed in bands of a hundred or more—were frequently met with. Then would come the bachmats, an antelope quite as big as a doe. The hoodoo was also a common animal, with twisted horns more than a yard long. Of these the hunters may only kill two.

Others that traversed the pathway of the expedition were the abouroofs and tetels, in shape like small horses and remarkably difficult of approach.

The travelers had now arrived in the region of lions. The first night a lion's long roar was heard. The entire camp was awake in an instant. The lion was on his way to the river for a drink,



THE NATIVES IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED THE CROCODILE.

but the sight of the camp disconcerted him and, growling, he turned tail and fled. As a rule, this animal is very cunning and hard to surprise.

The grunting of the hippopotamus as it browsed along the river also soon became a familiar sound. One night the noise these animals made showed that they were abroad in great numbers. The following day the party started in search of them. Suddenly there was a violent commotion in the water. One after another three hippopotami thrust up their heads. They snorted like porpoises and splashed around joyously. A well-directed bullet struck one squarely in the forehead, and it sank, emitting a great jet of blood-stained water.

Three or four hours afterward the vast body floated to the surface, to the great joy of the natives. What luck for them—food at least for a month and a skin to serve twenty useful purposes.

OBJECT OF FRENZIED INTEREST.

Utterly regardless of crocodiles, the whole band rushed into the water. They dragged to the shore the body, which became the object of frenzied interest. An hour, and it is cut into pieces. Some naked bones and a few fragments of flesh remained to tell the tale.

The numerous animals killed had drawn many hyenas about the camp. The noise they make was very disagreeable. Like the lion, they disappeared at dawn. According to the natives, their place of refuge was a little mountain visible, about an hour's march away from the camp.

It was visited by the hunters. Rocky and steep, it was marked all over by holes like those of a sponge, forming so many dens. As many hyenas could have been killed as the hunters chose if they had been worth killing.

The hunting brought many surprises. One day while watching for crocodile a small head like that of a serpent bobbed up. As often as it was fired at it simply dodged under, to appear again at another point in the stream. Finally one shot hit, and an enormous

turtle floated on the surface. The natives made it the centre of a great feast.

More variety was given the hunting by an immense boa caught in a wood. No lead was wasted on it. A dexterous throw of the lance nailed its head to the ground and other lance thrusts finished it. It measured twenty feet long. More material for a joyous native festival.

Near the island of Omrouk, on the Dinder, there are certain marshes that even in the heat of summer are fresh and grassy. When the rest of the country dries up the larger ruminants resort there. In the early morning herds of buffalo may be seen feeding, but it is not wise to attack unless under special conditions. In this herbage, which is often eight feet high, it is almost impossible to move.

DISCOVERED MARKS OF A BUFFALO.

The hunters camped on the island. At dawn the shore was reached and marks of the buffalo discovered. On the way they climbed an ant hill about ten feet high as a post of observation. The sixth of a mile distant a herd of sixty head was seen feeding. Resting his gun on a branch, the hunter fired. A splendid male dropped. Indescribable confusion in the troupe. The females, fearful, called their little ones about them, the males stamping the ground vigorously. Suddenly a panic seized the herd and it fled at full speed.

The hunter and his assistants now made their way to where the wounded buffalo was lying. Raising himself by a desperate effort, he charged on them. But his paw having been broken retarded his speed. The hunters hastily retired, when the buffalo turned and, with what speed he could, limped toward his late companions.

Following his bloody tracks they found him further on exhausted, a second buffalo keeping him company. The hunters felt a measure of uneasiness. M. Machin, one of the hunters, had only three bullets left. Therefore no shooting must be done unless it told. At twenty paces the animals scented the men and set up a

tremendous bellowing. Two balls were fired into the unharmed beast and one into the other.

Nothing more could be done in the darkness than return to camp and wait for morning. All rose at an early hour. They reached the spot where they had left the bodies. Imagine their surprise. The other buffalo was there, but the one wounded in the first place had absolutely disappeared. His tracks were followed, but he soon caught sight of his pursuers and fled. But fate was against him. Compelled to rest, a ball put him out of his misery for good.

The elephant incident was less brilliant. A native came one morning to announce that in a clearing at some distance wandered a dozen elephants. M. Machin set out immediately with his blacks in the direction indicated. After weary hours of marching suddenly a heavy shadow broke across the trail they were following. It was caused by an immense elephant. Fixed solidly on the earth, he faced the enemy, threw forward his long ears, brandished his trumpet and with a strident bellow advanced.

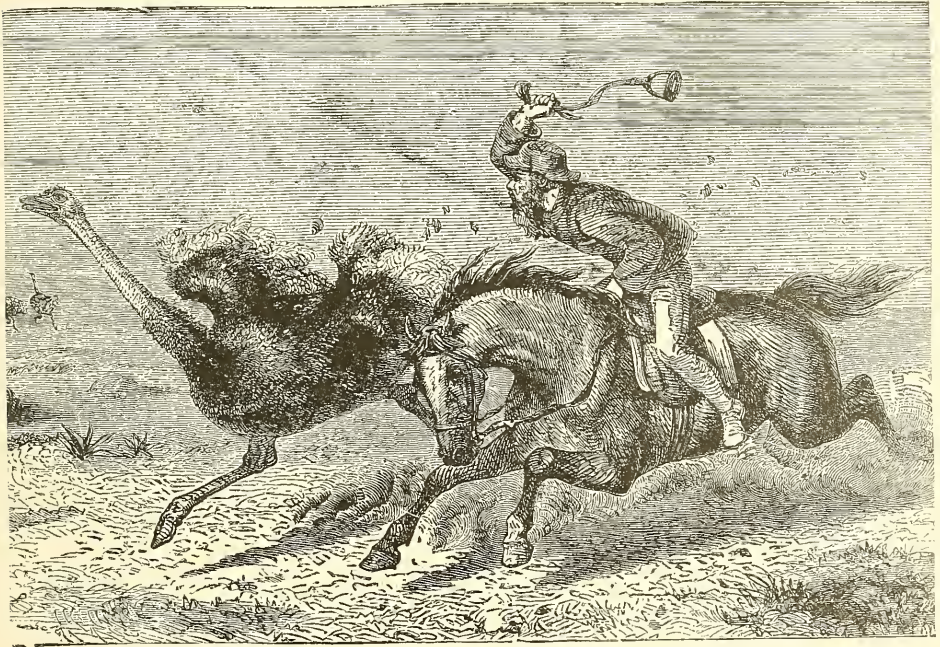
ELEPHANT ONLY STUNNED.

It was no time to hesitate. Aiming at one of the little black eyes in the huge head, the hunter pulled the trigger. Fortunately his aim was good. The huge beast tumbled down like a falling tree. The rest of the band, hidden at some distance, began to trumpet and add wildly to the uproar. But the huge beast was not dead. The ball, too small, had only stunned him. His rage was something fearful—trees pulled up, shrubs torn up and tossed in the air, a crushing and roaring like the roll of thunder in the midst of the forest, a moment before so quiet. No courage could well prevail against such a cyclone, a hurricane of madness. It was not difficult to feel the chill of death in the presence of such a monster of strength and fury. The men retired in good order.

Naturally, big game in Africa is not as plentiful now as it was a quarter of a century or more ago. In course of time the elephants, lions and other large beasts of the Dark Continent will probably be as scarce as the American buffalo.

Think of the game that fell before the gun of the original of Allan Quatermain during five months of 1874: Elephants, 14; rhinoceri, 9; hippopotamus, 1; buffaloes, 10; giraffes, 2; zebras, 7; lion, 1; eland, 1; wart-hogs, 4; other large animals, 24. During the three years 1877-1880 Mr. Selous killed 348 animals, including elephants, rhinoceri, buffaloes and antelopes.

Another sportsman a few years ago brought down, within



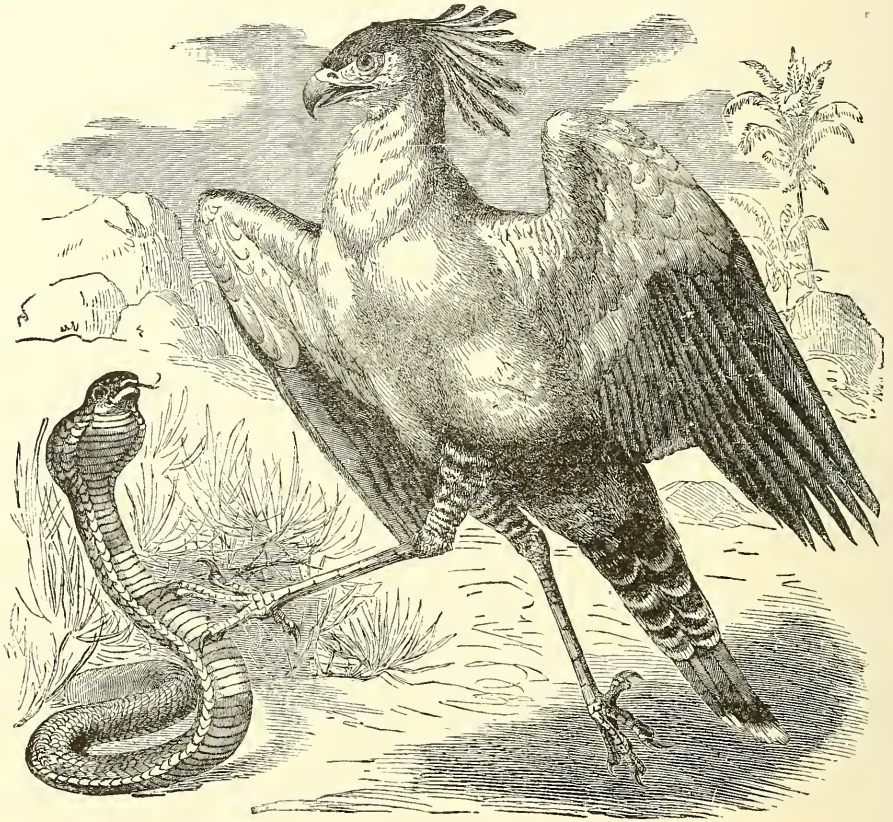
EXCITING CHASE OF THE WILD OSTRICH.

four months, 197 animals, among them rhinoceri, hippopotami, lions, hartbeests and water bucks. Africa is undoubtedly the sportsman's paradise.

In comparison with these exploits, the American had not done badly. No wonder he sat back and reviewed the past strenuous weeks with pleasure.

Of the one hundred and one species of East African game Colonel Roosevelt had thus far bagged specimens of fifty. In order to make his collection complete it would be necessary for him to kill or take alive, as he did the okapi and several lion cubs,

ten species of quadrumana, which included monkeys, gorillas, baboons and mandrils. Of the carnivora Colonel Roosevelt had brought down several fine species, but he had yet to shoot a jackal, hyena, wolf, fox, caracal, civet cat, chaus, a species of lynx, and a herpeses, a prowling beast that destroys crocodile eggs.



SECRETARY BIRD.

Of the ungulata species the former President had bagged a zebra, several buffaloes and antelope and giraffe. If he wanted to complete his specimens of this species he must try for the onager, or wild ass; the fleet-footed quagga, the single-humped camel and a wild horse.

There were two specimens of the edentata species that Colonel Roosevelt must get. One of these was the aardwark, a species of

an ant eater. If he was going to include small game in his bag he would have to shoot a gilded mole, a hedge hog and a porcupine.

Colonel Roosevelt was especially after feathered game, but if he should devote a part of the trip to this sport he would perhaps land an ostrich, a messenger or secretary bird and some water fowl of gay plumage. He had already cut the reptilian population of the jungle down by shooting some big snakes, but if he desired more of this kind of game there were yet for him the python, purple naja, the horned viper, the ringed naja and the darting viper, all of which are venomous. The crocodile, too, had thus far escaped the attention of Colonel Roosevelt.

But, taken all in all, his record thus far truly was a wonderful one.

CHAPTER XV.

BAGGING BIG GAME AT JU-JA—PYTHON VICTIM OF EX-PRESIDENT'S PROWESS—KERMIT SLAYS LEOPARD—WOUNDED RHINOCEROS PUTS UP STRONG FIGHT—KILLED BY SEVENTH SHOT—NATIVES CHRISTEN KERMIT BWANA HTOTO OR LITTLE MASTER—CALL EACH OTHER BY NEW NICKNAMES.



DURING his stay at the McMillan ranch Colonel Roosevelt had as strenuous a time as he had had even on the great hunt on Sir Alfred Pease's ranch. After his first brief period of rest every moment seemed fairly crowded with excitement.

He and Kermit knew scarcely a dull moment. Their first bag included a waterbuck, an impalla and other varieties of antelopes. All the skins were being saved entire, and the expedition had now a total of sixty specimens, representing many different species.

Kermit Roosevelt, on one trip, dispatched a leopard at a distance of six paces. The animal already had mauled a beater, and was charging Kermit when he fired the fatal shot.

A python of immense size was a victim of the father's prowess.

Colonel Roosevelt got the biggest female rhinoceros killed in that vicinity in years, but only after he had taken his life in his hands to get the big game.

He went out on McMillan's ranch from the camp on horseback in search of hippopotami and while riding at full speed sighted the female rhino.

He took a snapshot at it from the saddle, but his aim was high, and he only wounded it in the shoulder. The big animal took refuge in the bushes and the Colonel dismounted and crawled after it.

He fired five shots without seeming effect, then it tried to

charge him. Dropping on one knee he took careful aim and bowled it over with his seventh shot.

It was of exceptional size, the hide and head weighing four hundred pounds. They were sent to Nairobi to be cured with the other specimens.

The porters nicknamed Kermit Roosevelt Bwana Htoto, or Little Master, and this made a hit with the Colonel, who as Bwana Tombo or portly master, had made a new shooting record.

The father and son constantly used the native nicknames in addressing each other and managed to get much amusement out of it.

Meantime a new source of anxiety had arisen elsewhere, though it disturbed the Roosevelts little, if at all. It was that a campaign had been begun against the Mad Mullah, with the suggestion that Theodore Roosevelt was incurring danger at the hands of the wild Somalis, who are the Mad Mullah's most dangerous followers.

ON THE ALERT FOR TREACHERY.

An impression prevailed in Mombasa that the former President had better keep an eye open for these treacherous tribesmen, of whom several bands of from twenty to fifty each were lurking about the northern boundary of the Somaliland Protectorate. Their very presence in the neighborhood, said one report, was suspicious, for at the most they only had a ten days' journey from Nairobi.

But, despite these rumors, the hunt continued, a great hippopotami filling out the former President's bag of big beasts.

Edmund Heller, the zoologist of the expedition, returned to camp that day after bringing about fifty specimen of animal and bird life to be cured and preserved.

But the famous American was not yet satisfied. On the next day he started on the most hazardous hunt of his trip. He and Kermit and their party left the Ju-Ja ranch to bag another hippopotamus. This time they decided to hunt the big game in the thick swamps where the hunters must hide perhaps for many hours before the chance to get a shot arises.

On the way to the lair of the "hippo" Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit shot two bull buffaloes. One, the bigger of the two, was brought down by Colonel Roosevelt alone, while the other was bagged by Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit together.

The python killed by Colonel Roosevelt was the largest taken in British East Africa in many years. The former President and F. C. Selous, his guide, stumbled across the python at the edge of a swamp, where it was quietly making a meal of an antelope, horns and all.

Roosevelt was more excited over the killing of the serpent, measuring twenty-three feet, than over his first lion, although there was slight danger to himself. The bullet that killed, however, was one back from the head, which cut a vertebra.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AN ANIMAL OF GREAT INTEREST.

When not occupied in searching for specimens or writing he spent his time practicing shooting. When particularly delighted with the result of his day's hunting he spent the evening at the campfire, pointing out how East Africa could be made a great country.

But the slaying of the great hippopotamus cannot be dismissed in a sentence. Indeed, this great beast is too interesting a subject to let mention of it pass without a closer investigation of its character and habits.

This enormous quadruped is a native of various parts of Africa, and is always found either in water or in its near vicinity. In absolute height it is not very remarkable, as its legs are extremely short, but the actual bulk of its body is very great indeed. The average height of a full-grown hippopotamus is about five feet. Its naked skin is dark brown, curiously marked with innumerable lines like those on "crackle" china or old oil-paintings, and is also dappled with a number of sooty black spots, which cannot be seen except on a close inspection.

A vast number of pores penetrate the skin, and exude a thick, oily liquid, which effectually seems to protect the animal from the injurious effects of the water in which it is so constantly immersed.

ficial cracks, which intersect each other diagonally with much regularity, being a veritable example of nature's "cross-hatching."

The tooth is very solid in its substance and close in its grain, and as it retains its color under very trying circumstances, is admirably adapted for the manufacture of artificial teeth. Throughout the greater part of its length it is quite solid, but bears a conical hollow about three or four inches deep at the extremity which enters the socket.

The extreme whiteness of the ivory obtained from the hippopotamus' teeth renders it peculiarly valuable for the delicate scales of various philosophical instruments, and its natural curve adapts it admirably for the verniers of ship sextants. The weight of a large tooth is from five to eight pounds, and the value of the ivory is from four to five dollars a pound.

With these apparently combined teeth the hippopotamus can cut the grass as neatly as if it were mown with a scythe, and is able to sever, as if with shears, a tolerably stout and thick stem.

ITS ENORMOUS APPETITE.

Possessed of an enormous appetite, having a stomach that is capable of containing five or six bushels of nutriment, and furnished with such powerful instruments, the hippopotamus is a terrible nuisance to the owners of cultivated lands that happen to be near the river in which the animal has taken up his abode. During the day it is comfortably asleep in its chosen hiding-place, but as soon as the shades of night deepen, the hippopotamus issues from its den, and treading its way into the cultivated lands, makes sad devastation among the growing crops.

Were the mischief confined to the amount which is eaten by the voracious brute, it would be bad enough, but the worst of the matter is, that the hippopotamus damages more than it eats by the clumsy manner of its progress. The body is so large and heavy, and the legs are so short, that the animal is forced to make a double track as he walks, and in the grass-grown plain can be readily traced by the peculiar character of the track. It may therefore be easily imagined that when a number of these hungry,

awkward, waddling, splay-footed beasts come blundering among the standing crops, trampling and devouring indiscriminately, they will do no slight damage before they think fit to retire.

The hippopotamus is, as the import of its name, River Horse, implies, most aquatic in its habits. It generally prefers fresh water, but it is not at all averse to the sea, and will sometimes prefer salt water to fresh. It is an admirable swimmer and diver, and is able to remain below the surface for a considerable length of time.

In common with the elephant, it possesses the power of sinking at will, which is the more extraordinary when the huge size of the animal is taken into consideration. Perhaps it may be enabled to contract itself by an exertion of the muscles whenever it desires to sink, and to return to its former dimensions when it wishes to return to the surface. It mostly affects the stillest reaches of the river, as it is less exposed to the current, and not so liable to be swept down the stream while asleep.

IS CAREFUL OF ITS YOUNG.

The young hippopotamus is not able to bear submersion so long as its parent, and is therefore carefully brought to the surface at short intervals for the purpose of breathing. During the first few months of the little animal's life, it takes its stand on its mother's neck, and is borne by her above or through the water as experience may dictate or necessity require.

There are various modes of hunting this mischievous but valuable animal, each of which is in vogue in its own peculiar region. The pitfalls are universal throughout the whole hippopotamus country, and lure many an animal to its destruction without needing any care or superintendence on the part of the men who set the snare.

There is also the "down-fall," a trap which consists of a log of wood, weighted heavily at one end, to which extremity is loosely fixed a spear-head, well treated with poison. This terrible log is suspended over some hippopotamus path, and is kept in its place by a slight cord which crosses the path and is connected with a catch or trigger. As soon as the animal presses the cord, the catch is



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS OR RIVER HORSE.—COL. ROOSEVELT KILLED SEVERAL OF THESE MONSTERS, WHICH CAN LIVE UNDER WATER AS WELL AS ON LAND.

liberated, and down comes the armed log, striking the poisoned spear deep into the poor beast's back, and speedily killing it by the poison, if not from the immediate effects of the wound.

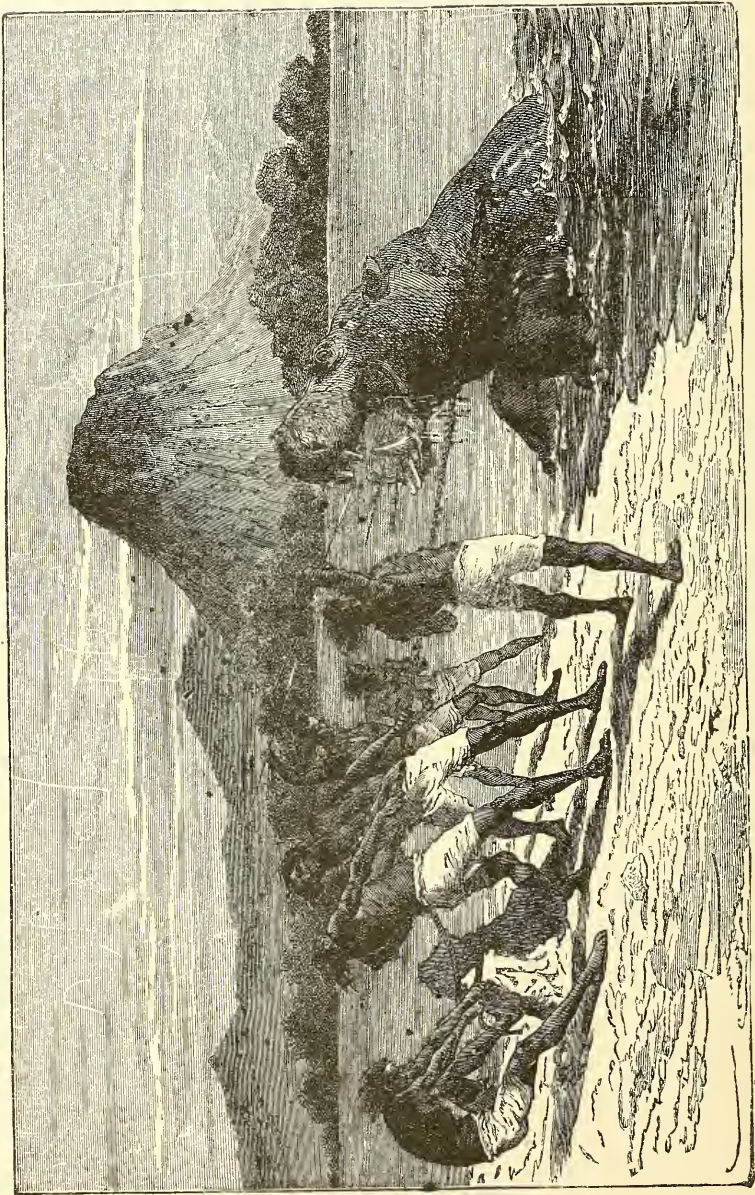
The white hunter of course employs his rifle and finds that the huge animal affords no easy mark, as unless it is hit in a mortal spot it dives below the surface and makes good its escape. Mortal spots, moreover, are not easy to find, or when found, to hit; for the animal soon gets cunning after it has been alarmed, and remains deeply immersed in the water as long as it is able, and when it at last comes to the surface to breathe, it only just pushes its nostrils above the surface, takes in the required amount of air, and sinks back again to the river bed.

ITS PRECAUTION IN THE HOUR OF DANGER.

Moreover, it will often be so extremely wary, that it will not protrude even its mouth in the open water, and looks out for some reeds or floating substances which may cover its movements while breathing. As a general rule, it is found that the most deadly wound that can be given to a hippopotamus is on the nose, for the animal is then unable to remain below the surface, and consequently presents an easy mark to the hunter. A heavy ball just below the shoulder always gives a mortal wound, and in default of such a mark being presented, the eye or ear is a good place to aim at.

The most exciting manner of hunting the hippopotamus is by fairly chasing and harpooning it, as if it were a whale or a walrus. This mode of sport is described very vividly by Mr. Anderson.

The harpoon is a very ingenious instrument, being composed of two portions, a shaft measuring three or four inches in thickness and ten or twelve feet in length, and a barbed iron point, which fits loosely into a socket in the head of the shaft, and is connected with it by means of a rope composed of a number of separate strands. This peculiar rope is employed to prevent the animal from severing it, which he would soon manage were it to be composed of a single strand. To the other end of the shaft a strong line is fastened, and to the other end of the line a float or buoy is attached. As this composite harpoon is very weighty it is not thrown at the animal,



CAPTURING A GIGANTIC HIPPOPOTAMUS.

but is urged by the force of the harpooner's arm. The manner of employing it shall be told in Mr. Anderson's own words:

“As soon as the position of the hippopotami is ascertained, one or more of the most skillful and intrepid of the hunters stand prepared with the harpoons; whilst the rest make ready to launch the canoes, should the attack prove successful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside. Conversation is carried on in a whisper, and every one is on the alert. The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; but a bend in the stream still hides the animals from view. The angle being passed, several dark objects are seen floating listlessly on the water, looking more like the crests of sunken rocks than living creatures.

ITS PURSUIT AND CAPTURE BY NATIVES.

“Ever and anon, one or other of the shapeless masses is submerged, but soon again makes its appearance on the surface. On, on, glides the raft with its sable crew, who are now worked up to the highest state of excitement. At last, the raft is in the midst of the herd, who appear quite unconscious of danger. Presently one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment. The foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height, to give the greater force to the blow, and the next instant the fatal iron descends with unerring accuracy in the body of the hippopotamus.

“The wounded animal plunges violently, and dives to the bottom; but all his efforts to escape are unavailing. The line or the shaft of the harpoon may break; but the cruel barb once imbedded in the flesh, the weapon (owing to the toughness and thickness of the beast's hide) cannot be withdrawn.

“As soon as the hippopotamus is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hasten to the shore with the harpoon-line, and take a round turn with it about a tree, or bunch of reeds, so that the animal may either be ‘brought up’ at once, or, should there be too great a strain on the line, ‘played’ (to liken small things to great) in the same manner as the salmon by the

fisherman. But if time should not admit of the line being passed round a tree, or the like, both line and 'buoy' are thrown into the water, and the animal goes wherever he chooses.

"The rest of the canoes are now all launched from off the raft, and chase is given to the poor brute, who, so soon as he comes to the surface to breathe, is saluted with a shower of light javelins. Again he descends, his track deeply crimsoned with gore. Presently—and perhaps at some little distance—he once more appears on the surface, when, as before, missiles of all kinds are hurled at his devoted head.

"When thus beset, the infuriated beast not unfrequently turns upon his assailants, and either with his formidable tusks, or with a blow from his enormous head, staves in or capsizes the canoes. At times, indeed, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he will attack one or other of the crew, and with a single grasp of his horrid jaws either terribly mutilates the poor fellow, or, it may be, cuts his body fairly in two.

IT IS FINALLY LANDED.

"The chase often lasts a considerable time. So long as the line and the harpoon hold, the animal cannot escape, because the 'buoy' always marks his whereabouts. At length, from loss of blood or exhaustion, Behemoth succumbs to his pursuers and is then dragged ashore."

A hippopotamus which had been touched accidentally by a boat has turned upon it and torn out several of the planks, so that it was with difficulty the crew got to shore. A hippopotamus has also been known to kill some cattle which were tied up near his haunts, without the slightest provocation.

Mr. Harris gives the following account of the habits of the hippopotamus: "This animal abounds in the Limpopo, dividing the empire with its amphibious neighbor the crocodile. Throughout the night the unwieldy monsters might be heard snorting and blowing during their aquatic gambols, and we not unfrequently detected them in the act of sallying from their reed-grown coverts, to graze by the serene light of the moon; never, however, venturing to any

distance from the river, the stronghold to which they betake themselves on the smallest alarm.

“Occasionally during the day, they were to be seen basking on the shore, amid ooze and mud; but shots were most constantly to be had at their uncouth heads, when protruded from the water to draw breath; and if killed, the body rose to the surface. Vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or the eye, which is placed in a prominence, so as to resemble the garret window of a Dutch house, they require the perfection of rifle practice, and after a few shots become exceedingly shy, exhibiting the snout only, and as instantly withdrawing it.

“The flesh is delicious, resembling pork in flavor, and abounding in fat, which in the colony is deservedly esteemed the greatest of delicacies. The hide is upward of an inch and a half in thickness, and being scarcely flexible, may be dragged from the ribs like planks from the ship’s side.”

HOW ITS TRACK IS DISTINGUISHABLE.

Cumming says that the track of the hippopotamus may be distinguished from any other animal by a line of unbroken herbage which is left between the marks of the feet of each side, as the width of the space between the right and left legs causes the animal to place its feet so considerably apart as to make a distinct double track. It may be remarked that the hippopotamus, as well as the elephant and rhinoceros, is fast disappearing in all the countries where it exists, before the incessant and destructive war made upon it by firearms. It could resist, and for ages did resist, the rude and ineffective weapons of savages and barbarians, living and multiplying in spite of them; but the species must soon yield to the destructive propensity and power of civilized men.

After seeing the animal plunging about in his bath, diving with ease, and traversing the bottom of the tank as if it were dry land, one can the better appreciate the difficulties attending a struggle such as is related by Cumming in the following lines:

“There were four of them, three cows and an old bull. They

stood in the middle of the river, and, although alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger.

“ I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull.



HIPPOPOTAMUS IN ITS NATIVE HAUNTS.

She at once commenced plunging round and round, and occasionally remained still, sitting for a few moments on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river. They rolled along like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow.

“ I was now in a state of great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared she would get down into deep water, and be lost, like the last one. Her struggles were still bearing her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired another shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye. She then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river.

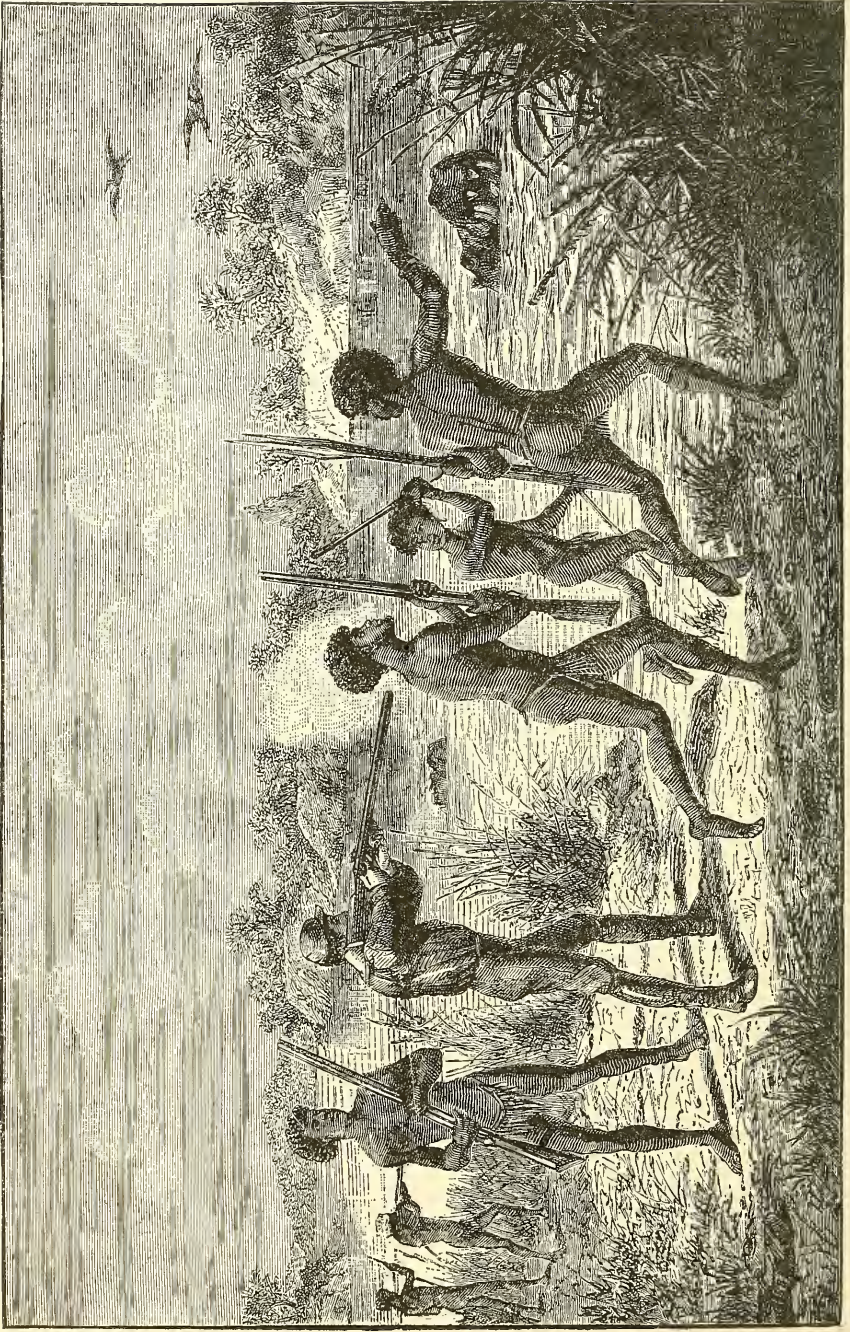
“ I had great fear of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me; my anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation. So divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the river, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower.

HER THREATENING ASPECT.

“ As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked at me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the least, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail.

“ Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle, and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing, sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on her rump like grim death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank.

“ Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalo-rein from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a shot through her head, and she was numbered with the dead.”



EXCITING COMBAT WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

In explanation of one part of this description, the difficulty experienced by Mr. Cumming in holding by her tail will be easily understood by those who have examined the member in question. The tail of the hippopotamus is a flattened, naked affair, about two feet long, as thick as a man's wrist, and slightly fringed at the extremity with a few long bristles. If we imagine this tail flung about in the death-agony of a full-grown hippopotamus, it will not be difficult to conceive the almost impossibility of holding on by the hands, especially in the water, which is the natural element of the brute.

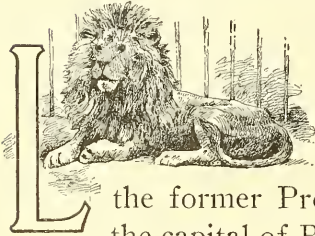
Lander relates a thrilling experience that befell some of his companions on one of their explorations. A hippopotamus happened to rise under their boat, and struck her back against its keel. Irritated by the unexpected resistance, she dashed at the boat with open jaws, seized the side between her teeth, and tore out seven planks. She then sank for a few seconds, but immediately resumed the attack, and if one of the crew had not fired a musket in her face, would probably have worked still more harm.

As it was, too much mischief had been already done, for the loss of so much planking had caused the boat to fill rapidly, and it was only by severe exertion that the crew succeeded in getting the boat to shore before it sank. The boat was providentially not more than an oar's length from the bank when the attack took place; but had it been in the centre of the river, few, if any of the crew, would have escaped to tell the tale.

The shock from beneath was so violent, that the steersman was thrown completely out of the boat into the water, but was seized and drawn in again before the hippopotamus could get at him.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROOSEVELT RESUMES MARCH—ANOTHER BUFFALO FALLS—KERMIT SLAYS BIG BULL WILDEBEESTE—OVER FOUR HUNDRED SPECIMENS—GUEST OF LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR—GIVEN A RECEPTION—NATURALISTS BUSY PREPARING SPECIMENS—VISITS AFRICAN MISSION—FORMER PRESIDENT'S IMPRESSIVE ADDRESS.



LET the days pass never so pleasantly, yet all visits finally must come to an end. So, after one of the happiest and most successful hunts he yet had experienced, the former President and his party moved on to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa.

All were sunburned by the tropical blaze and in the best of health and spirits. In the last hunting Colonel Roosevelt bagged another buffalo, and a big bull wildebeeste fell before the rifle of his son, Kermit.

The naturalists of the expedition had collected two pythons and four hundred odd birds and mammals. They were especially delighted with some unexpected specimens.

For the next two days Colonel Roosevelt was the guest of F. J. Jackson, acting Governor of the Protectorate. For the remainder of his stay he occupied George McMillan's town house, loaned for the occasion. The party left the next week for the Sotik district, via Rijabe, not to return before the end of July. A public banquet was tendered Colonel Roosevelt in Nairobi about the first of August.

Governor Jackson promptly issued invitations to a reception to meet Colonel Roosevelt and he entertained the former President of the United States at dinner. After this dinner Colonel Roosevelt attended an amateur theatrical entertainment.

The result of the expedition's hunting trips had been assembled. Colonel Roosevelt secured eighty-six specimens of game of many different varieties; with the exception of six specimens they were all for the National Museum at Washington. The naturalists of the party obtained about one thousand specimens of birds, mammals and snakes.

The naturalists of the expedition were engaged in packing up



NARROW ESCAPE FROM A WILD BUFFALO.

the specimens already secured, to be shipped out on the next steamship.

But finally, after one continuous round of that kind of gayety a British provincial capital affords, the party again got under way, this time moving on to Kijabe, taking special train and camping near the railway station.

R. J. Cuninghame, the manager of the expedition, and L. A. Tarlton, of Nairobi, stayed at camp completing the preparations to start on the trip into the Sotik country. To reach this territory the

party was destined to travel two whole days without meeting water.

Kijabe is forty-four miles from Nairobi, in a northwesterly direction. The country between Nairobi and Kijabe is for the most part thickly wooded and high. The greatest elevation of the Kikuyu Escarpment is 7,832 feet.

The Sotik district is in the southern part of Kisuru province and consists, broadly speaking, of a series of meadows with numerous streams and strips of forests. The district is about seventy-five miles east of Lake Victoria Nyanza. The Kisii people inhabit this territory, but they are little known to Europeans. They are brave and warlike, amiable, intelligent and good cultivators of the soil.

COL. ROOSEVELT VISITS THE AFRICAN INLAND MISSION.

Ex-President Roosevelt and party the next day visited the local station of the African Inland Mission, an American organization. Colonel Roosevelt made a thorough inspection of the institution and afterwards had luncheon with forty of the missionaries and their wives and settlers in the country. The Rev. Mr. Hurlburt, in a speech, welcomed Colonel Roosevelt to the mission.

In replying the former President expressed his pleasure in being able to see the Africa Inland Mission and recalled the fact that his visit was the fulfillment of a promise made to Mr. Hurlburt at Washington some time ago, when the missionary was introducing to Colonel Roosevelt, at the White House, the delegates of a Christian organization.

"I am glad to have seen the work personally," Colonel Roosevelt continued. "I am pleased to see the settlers and to find you working together, as it would be no credit to the missionary, the settler or the official to do otherwise. I have a peculiar feeling for the settlers working in this new country, as they remind me of my own people working in the Western States, where they know no difference between Easterner, Westerner, Northerner or Southerner and pay no heed to creed or birthplace.

"There is ample work to be done and all had best work shoulder to shoulder. I believe with all my heart that large parts of East

Africa will form the white man's country. Make every effort to build up a prosperous and numerous population. Hence I am asking the settlers to co-operate with the missionaries and treat the native justly and bring him to a higher level.

"I particularly appreciate the way your interdenominational industrial mission is striving to teach the African to help himself by industrial education, which is a prerequisite to his permanent elevation. It seems to me that you are doing your work in a spirit of disinterested devotion to an ideal."

That morning Colonel Roosevelt spent some time shooting monkeys, particularly the Colobus. Edmund Heller bagged three of the Colobus species and a green-faced monkey and Kermit Roosevelt killed two large specimens of the former.

FIGHTING IN THE DARK.

Colonel Roosevelt's visit to the Mission showed him that the heroes of the Dark Continent are not all mighty hunters and explorers. The hardest fight that is waged for the opening of the continent is not a fight in the open with wild beasts or howling savages while the world looks on and applauds. Rather it is a grappling in the dark with shadows, the shadows of spiritual gloom that loom so black and yet are so elusive to the grasp. It is a fight for the spread of light in dark places waged by men and women unused to physical hardships and with a breeding that renders them peculiarly sensitive to the spiritual wear and tear of their work. It is a fight without fanfare, without an audience, and too often without immediate results.

The missionaries long had felt that in the same way as the President's declamations against race suicide unquestionably have helped domestic life, so perhaps he can throw some light on a phase of civilizing work peculiarly misunderstood by the majority of white people at home and abroad.

It requires no great stretch of the imagination to get a vision of the President preaching a common-sense religion to a black audience, just as he has preached domesticity, fearlessness, strenuousness and a great many kindred virtues to the people in America.

But it requires an intimate knowledge of the African character, its keen sense of authority and position, its veneration for "big chiefs" of whatever country, to gauge the tremendous influence his words would carry. That was the feeling of the missionary element, who hoped that Colonel Roosevelt would take the largest possible interest and even part in their work.

Missionaries have opened the country to white men, and the chief highways penetrating the African continent still are called "missionary roads." When Livingstone's house was sacked, his books torn and scattered to the winds and his medicine bottles broken in revenge for his championship of the natives against the aggressions of the border ruffians, this disaster was the impetus that drove him to his real work as an explorer.

No one ever has accomplished more with fewer resources. To the last he remained always the missionary, traveling among the natives as one who sought only their good and had nothing to fear from them. All the world knows how Livingstone's work became the inspiration of Stanley's career and resulted ultimately in the real opening of the Dark Continent.

Even before Livingstone's time his father-in-law, Robert Moffat, traveled with his wife and babies through South Africa when no one else dared venture outside of the white settlements, and no one thought of molesting him. He was the only man who had any influence over Moselikatse, the most bloodthirsty chief in South Africa.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN FROM SOTIK DISTRICT—GREATEST TRIP OF KIND EVER MADE—LOST IN WATERLESS DESERT—MAULED TO DEATH BY ANGRY LION—HARDSHIPS ON SAFARI—ROOSEVELT SAFE BACK AT NAIROBI.



THE arrival at Nairobi, on May 29, of the Roosevelt specimens under the care of Prof. Edmund Heller established the first official link between Colonel Roosevelt and the capital of British East Africa. It was expected that the special freight car in which they were packed would come up attached to the ordinary train from Mombasa, due at 11.30, and a large part of the population had planned to go down to the station and do honor to the victims, since the chief himself had not yet put in an appearance.

But with characteristic modesty, Heller had his car attached to a freight train leaving Kapiti plains at the early hour of 3 A. M., and so he arrived in Nairobi at 6 o'clock, when the inhabitants were sleeping peacefully.

But Heller was so eager to get the work well forward before the sun got any hotter, that the men called up to help had no time for repining.

This is an easy-going country, and it was three full hours before Heller could find anyone at the station to have the car brought up where it could be opened and unloaded. Perhaps the station employes had taken a sniff at the doors when he was not looking, and so were dodging further work in connection with the collection.

The smell of brine, garlic and gamey flesh when the seal finally was broken and the car opened, would have been enough to frighten off pretty much anybody.

Finally the doors of the car were opened and a sack containing the complete skin of one of the giraffes was lifted out.

It happens rarely that a giraffe skin can be taken off without being cut into sections, for it is heavy and adheres closely to the flesh. Prof. Heller accomplished a veritable feat in getting off intact two giraffe skins.

Colonel Roosevelt killed his two and Kermit his one on the same day, and, owing to the heat hastening decomposition, the old hunters on the Safari said that not even one skin could be saved. But, by working with the rapidity and skill which have made his reputation as a taxidermist, Heller saved both of the Colonel's giraffes, though all of Kermit's was lost except the head and feet.

CARE USED IN PRESERVATION OF ANTELOPE BONES.

A delicate case containing the bones of some of the small antelope required great care. Most of these were not wholly preserved, only the heads and certain bones being taken, but at least one of each species was kept in entirety.

As a Swahili native shouldered a heavy bone, he smacked his lips and said in his dialect to the darky helping him: "This make heap good soup for Bwana Tumbo!" Swahilis adore picking giraffe bones, and it never would occur to them that Bwana Tumbo (Colonel Roosevelt) and Bwana Htoto (Kermit) have not the same tastes.

In a heap on the ground was the skin of the huge bull rhinoceros which charged Colonel Roosevelt and was shot at fourteen paces. It took six men to lift it to the car waiting nearby. The specimens later were transferred to store houses, where they were packed for shipment to the Smithsonian Institution. At the time of skinning, Heller scraped all the hides and bones carefully and rubbed on salt as a preservative, but each piece had to be inspected carefully to make sure that decay had not set in.

The specimens preserved whole include seven lions, one rhinoceros, two giraffes, a zebra, and some twenty types of hartbeest, wildebeests, Thompsonian, grantii and other smaller game.

The special train bearing Colonel Roosevelt and his party ar-

rived at Kijabe on June 3. Colonel Roosevelt was delighted with the beauty of the scenery, especially the Rift valley, on the way up from Nairobi.

Colonel Roosevelt remained at the American Mission that night, and started for the Sotik district the next day.

For twenty-two miles of the journey by rail Colonel Roosevelt and Major Mearns rode on the cowcatcher of the locomotive. On the way a hyena that got on the track was almost run down.

All the porters of the expedition, who had preceded Colonel Roosevelt to this point, were lined up on the station platform and cheered Colonel Roosevelt when the train pulled in. The American missionaries also were at the station to greet Colonel Roosevelt, and they invited him to dinner.

ON THE COWCATCHER TO LIMORU.

On arrival at Kikuyu, after a climb of 1,250 feet, Colonel Roosevelt and two members of the party again got on the cowcatcher and rode to Limoru, at an altitude of 7,340 feet. The country is thickly timbered. On all sides were Kikuyu plantations and villages, and here and there were to be seen settlers' farms. Colonel Roosevelt was delighted with the scenery.

The two professors and Kermit sat on the roof of their carriage, and thus obtained a good view. The huge Rift Valley is a marvellous piece of scenery. It extends from the Red Sea to German East Africa, and is studded with lakes and extinct volcanoes.

At Escarpment Colonel Roosevelt gave up his seat on the cowcatcher to Kermit. Escarpment is 364 miles from the coast, at 7,390 feet above the sea.

Kijabe, which has an altitude of 6,790 feet, was reached at 5.10 P. M. On the platform all the porters of the expedition were lined up and cheered Colonel Roosevelt as he stepped from the train.

Within a mile of the station was the huge camp of the expedition, and over the Colonel's tent waved the American flag. The horses and baggage were soon removed to the camp from the train, and after dinner every one went to bed.

The members of the party were early astir the next day, and

Major Mearns and Professors Loring and Heller went out directly after breakfast, shooting birds and monkeys. Kermit soon followed them, and at 10 A. M. Colonel Roosevelt accompanied the Rev. Charles Hurlburt to the American Mission at Kijabe. He carried a rifle in the hope of killing some colobus monkeys.

Colonel Roosevelt had luncheon in the open air under a canopy at the mission. There were some forty missionaries and settlers to meet Colonel Roosevelt. After luncheon the Rev. Mr. Hurlburt rose and welcomed Colonel Roosevelt on behalf of the missionaries and settlers. He spoke feelingly of Colonel Roosevelt's interest and kindness to missionaries when he was President. The native choir of the mission sang several glees and hymns. Colonel Roosevelt seemed much impressed with the work of the mission. About 3 P. M. he and Kermit returned on foot to the camp, which was about three miles below the mission.

KERMIT SHOOTS A COLOBUS MONKEY.

Meanwhile Kermit Roosevelt had shot a fine colobus monkey and the two professors bagged a green-faced monkey and three colobus monkeys. Major Mearns added several specimens of birds to the collection for the Smithsonian Institute.

On their return to camp the party began preparations for the morrow's start. A settler named Ulyatt had been engaged with his four ox wagons to carry 125 gallons of water for the expedition's use across the two and a half days' waterless march to the Guaso Hyiro river. He was filling large tins with water and loading them on the wagons. The party all retired early. The wagons with water started off at 8.30 A. M. on June 5 and the tents were then struck and the loads made up. After luncheon the party started off on its six weeks' safari. Colonel Roosevelt and Kermit with Major Mearns, led the way on their ponies, and the porters, in a long line, headed by a gunbearer carrying the American flag, followed them, the train being a quarter of a mile long. Messrs. Cunningham and Tarlton brought up the rear on their ponies.

The safari was to march day and night, with hardly a stop for two and a half days, until the Guago Hyiro river was reached. As

there was a fine moon, they had no difficulty in marching at night. When halting the men slept on the ground and no tents were put up.

In the Guaso Hyiro river country there had been fifty odd lions killed by settlers in the last two months, a fact that promised rare sport.

The party experienced the greatest hardships in its trip to the Lumbwa big elephant district. The messenger was sent in to Naivasha to order two fresh horses dispatched to the party at once, as several of the horses with which the caravan set out were incapacitated. When he left camp the Colonel and the others were still toiling through the arid regions between Naivasha and Sotik. The journey was unexpectedly slow, and the messenger said that Colonel Roosevelt did not expect to go into camp until Friday.

The arrival of the messenger furnished the only scrap of news from the Roosevelt party since it left Kijabe, a week before.

NEWS FROM COL. ROOSEVELT'S OLD HUNTING GROUNDS.

Meanwhile, mournful news came from Roosevelt's old hunting ground. A member of the party of George McMillan, nephew of the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, was brought in mortally wounded by a lion. He was in the service of Mr. McMillan as a secretary. The encounter with the lion occurred in the Sotik district, where the party had been shooting.

C. W. Prynne, one of the managers of the McMillan estate, identified the wounded hunter as Henry C. Williams, an Englishman about thirty years old, who had attained considerable fame in Africa as a hunter and an officer of the constabulary.

Mr. Prynne, who hunted on the McMillan ranch a few years ago, said that Mr. Williams had seen much service in the Basuto and other native wars of British East Africa. Mr. Prynne said the young Englishman was especially noted as a stalker of game and as a quick and sure shot, whose coolness in time of danger had been proven often.

So far the Roosevelt hunting party operating in Sotik, had had merely a repetition of its success on the Athi plains and the Mau Hills. No elephants had yet been killed and a messenger declared

that Colonel Roosevelt was rapidly becoming impatient at his failure to get a shot at an elephant. The Colonel bagged another lion but the real honors of the Sotik hunt went to Kermit, who killed the largest and finest specimen of lion yet encountered. Kermit's lion was much larger than the black maned fellow that Colonel Roosevelt shot while on the McMillan ranch.

Game was plentiful in the Sotik country and besides the two lions, the Colonel and Kermit brought down three giraffes, two cheetahs, two elands and six topi.

All the members of the party were standing the oppressive climate in good shape and the Colonel was now so thoroughly acclimated that he was able to follow the pace of the natives without fatigue.

NO HARDSHIPS ENCOUNTERED ON THE JOURNEY.

The runner was four days on the way. He said the journey of the Roosevelt party to Sotik entailed no hardships not even in crossing the intervening desert which required two days. After quitting the desert the game region was encountered and Colonel Roosevelt did not even wait for the party to pitch its tents before beginning his hunt. In addition to the animals mentioned a large number of smaller animals were killed. The naturalists were saving all the skins. Colonel Roosevelt also shot three buffaloes, after an exciting hunt.

The Colonel also killed a splendid maned lion, one lioness, and four rhinoceroses. He brought down the lion while the beast was in full charge, the bullet penetrating the middle of the chest.

Kermit Roosevelt secured one big bull eland, one lioness and two rhinoceroses. In addition, both hunters were successful in bringing down a large variety of other game.

The party was headed for the farm of Captain Richard Attenborough, on the south shore of Naivasha Lake, where Colonel Roosevelt and his son were to use a launch in hippopotamus hunting.

The long journey made by the Roosevelt expedition from Nairobi to the Sotik district was for the purpose of giving the

former President an opportunity to bag a white rhinoceros. The failure of any of the party to get within range of one of these rare animals was said to be the cause of Colonel Roosevelt cutting short his hunt in the Sotik district, where his chances of shooting a white rhino were believed by his guides to have been good.

Although Colonel Roosevelt failed to get one of this class of big African game, Captain Richard Dawson, of the Coldstream Guards, was most fortunate. Captain Dawson shot a large white rhino near Koba, in the Sotik district, while Roosevelt was seeking one without avail. The animal was killed within a few miles of where Colonel Roosevelt and his party were hunting.

While Colonel Roosevelt was only a few miles away the Government officials closed the public road which runs from Nairobi to Fort Hall, the capital of Kenia, owing to the invasion of that district by man-eating lions. Several natives within the previous few days had been killed by these animals.

THE FORT HALL ROAD CLOSED BY THE AUTHORITIES.

The Fort Hall road which had been closed by the authorities is about sixty miles long and situated to the east of the Uganda Railroad. Former President Roosevelt was then on a shooting trip in the Sotik district, which is about fifty miles from Naivasha on the west side of the railroad.

Commander Frederic Attenborough, of the British Navy, retired, who has built a magnificent European estate in the African mountains that fringe on the southern borders of Lake Naivasha, sailed across Lake Naivasha to Naivasha in his steam launch on July 12 at full speed, bringing tales of suffering from the Roosevelt camp and securing a quick supply of food, with which he sped back to his estate on the other side of the lake, to succor the Roosevelt party.

According to the story Commander Attenborough told while the porters were loading his launch with all manner of food and supplies for the Roosevelt party, R. J. Cunninghame, the noted English hunter, who was in charge of the Roosevelt party, accom-

panied by a few porters, staggered up to the Attenborough manor house the previous night.

Cunninghame was in terrible shape, and neither he nor any of his porters or bearers had tasted food or water for a day. When he was rested and been given food and water Cunninghame told Commander Attenborough that the Roosevelt party had found itself suddenly short of both food and water and that the entire party was coming on to the Attenborough estate while Cunninghame had come on with extra speed to secure a small amount of water and provisions to last the party until it arrived.

Cunninghame underestimated the distance from the Roosevelt camp, and he and his porters started out across the desert without sufficient food and water, with the result that they were in bad shape when they reached the Attenborough estate.

THE GUIDE REASSURES THE ROOSEVELT PARTY.

Before leaving the Attenborough estate on his return with food to the Roosevelt party Guide Cunninghame declared he would be able to come up with Colonel Roosevelt and guide him in by 11 o'clock. Commander Attenborough did not wait the arrival of the party. Leaving his brother, H. W. Attenborough, to act as Colonel Roosevelt's host, he sped across the lake in his launch to secure the supplies which Guide Cunninghame declared the party needed.

The expedition arrived the next morning at the farm of Captain Attenborough.

Colonel Roosevelt and his son Kermit remained at Captain Attenborough's only long enough to bag three hippopotami, a bull, a cow and a calf; a specimen of the rare digdig antelope, a bush-buck, and a baboon. They then moved on to the ranch of Lord Delamere, one of the game wardens of British East Africa, to hunt with him for ten days at Njoro. The other members of the party stayed at camp at Captain Attenborough's.

Major E. A. Mearns, a member of the Roosevelt party, rode a distance of forty miles to give medical attention to three natives belonging to an expedition under O. C. Chapman, who had been

severely mauled by a lion. In spite of his efforts two of the men died.

In addition to the other game previously reported as secured in the Sotik district, Colonel Roosevelt bagged two more rhinoceroses, each with big horns, a wildebeeste, and a number of lesser specimens.

On July 14 the members of the Roosevelt party still were active in their search for game in the vicinity of Lake Naivasha. Monday and Tuesday the party were on the march from dawn until after nightfall.

At the end of the first day the pool that had been the objective was found to have dried up, and the party had consequently to spend the night in a waterless camp. The next day the Colonel brought down a three-ton hippopotamus.

Colonel Roosevelt had an exciting and dangerous adventure late in July while killing a she hippopotamus which he desired greatly to add to his collection.

CRAFT ENDANGERED BY MANY HIPPOS.

In a boat rowed by only two natives the Colonel set out on Lake Naivasha. What seemed to be twelve hippos surrounded the frail craft when it was some distance from shore and attacked it, some diving and trying to upset it by rising directly under it.

The natives were badly scared, but Colonel Roosevelt was perfectly cool and, picking out the finest cow and the biggest bull, killed them in quick succession. Terrified by the shots, the other hippos swam away. Colonel Roosevelt, who is as modestly silent about the adventure as is his custom, arrived at the camp at 3 A. M., towing home the dead hippos with a launch that was sent out in search of the rowboat.

Edmund Heller, of Riverside, Cal., the expedition's zoologist, caught a 130-pound leopard in a wire trap the same day.

Colonel Roosevelt and his party arrived at Nairobi on July 24, thereby bringing to a close a successful ten days' hunting tour on the south shore of Lake Naivasha.

Having laid aside his gun for a few days, Colonel Roosevelt on August 2, turned to church and philanthropic matters, with all

the enthusiasm he had displayed in the hunting of African big game. The ex-President took a leading part in the installation work of the local Masonic lodge and Masons from all over this part of Africa came to Nairobi for the occasion.

On August 4 the party ended their season of inaction in Nairobi and left for Naivasha where preparations were made for resuming the hunt.

On the way to Naivasha the party stopped at Kijabe and without loss of time the former President performed the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the new mission church and school for white children.

Colonel Roosevelt, on August 21, while hunting in Kenya, one of the seven administrative provinces of British East Africa protectorate, killed a bull elephant. The tusks of the elephant weighed eighty pounds each. The Colonel was then hunting without a companion toward Mweru, while Kermit and Leslie A. Tarlton were hunting along Gwaso Nyiro, the principal stream in Kenya.

On September 17 the Colonel killed another big bull elephant. Two more elephants were bagged by the ex-President on September 24. In the meantime Kermit had killed five lions, three buffaloes, one elephant and a rhinoceros.

Later, the party then began their northward march toward Khartoum, where they next were to greet civilization. While on this march, far beyond reach of either telegraph or mails, they did little hunting beyond supplying the demands of their larder.

The "hunt" was practically over when they left the jungle, as above narrated, to penetrate the Nile Valley. Indeed, even had the latter been a "big game" country, they scarcely would have killed many specimens, since practically all they desired had been secured and they had no inclination to shoot for the mere lust of slaying.

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