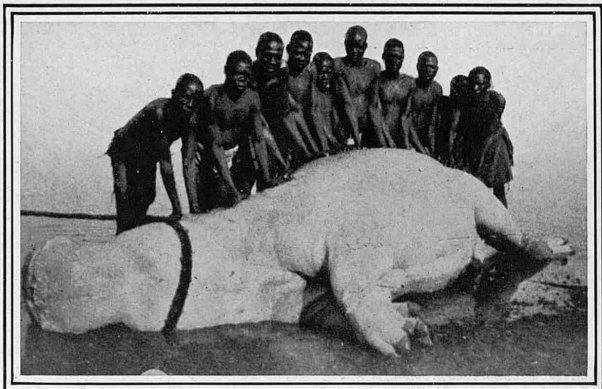


The White or Square-lipped Rhinoceros

Shot at Bahr-el-Jebel on the White Nile. This is a very rare beast found only on the White Nile, and the next largest animal to the elephant. It was 6 ft. at the shoulder



A Huge Bull Hippo Shot on Lake Albert

Despite his huge bulk, the hippo, is really a timid animal. The size of this specimen may be gauged from the natives ranged alongside his dead body

BIG GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Incidents in a Sportsman's Life After Big Game in Central Africa

The life of a big-game hunter is supposed to be made up of what the man-in-the-street would no doubt describe as "thrills" and "adventures." In reality, to the big-game hunter himself his life is singularly devoid of such. "Thrills" and "adventures" no doubt there are at times, but to the hunter they are all in a day's work.

During my wanderings in East, West, and Central Africa I have come in contact with most species of the big game which inhabit the continent. To get to these mysterious lands requires the hunter to march for many days and to possess a strong constitution to combat the dangers of fever, exposure to all weathers, and possible hardships of thirst and hunger. For these lands are frequently arid and exhausting, the haunt of the mosquito and tsetse-fly, the latter often carrying the germ of the deadly sleeping sickness.

I have seen, in those little-known lands near the White Nile, a herd of elephants, the number of which could not be much less than 500 beasts. This in itself is a sight to stir the blood, seeing them—as I did—from rising ground, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile. But one can get used to elephant stalking. I have so many times been right up to and among elephants that I sometimes find myself *getting careless*.

It is extraordinary how quickly and quietly an elephant can move even in the thickest jungle. I will illustrate this with a little incident which happened while I was shooting near the mouth of the White Nile. I had killed a buffalo on the river flats and was superseding the cutting up of the meat by my "boys." Suddenly one of the "boys" gave an excited whisper, "Tembo, bwana!" (Elephant, master!). I turned hastily, and saw a huge bull elephant, carrying a fine pair of tusks, walking straight towards us! He was about 50 yards away, and had apparently just come out of the thick bush which covered the base of the cliffs which follow for miles the course of the river. I quickly grabbed my rifle, but even as I did so he must have winded us, as he turned and retraced his steps back towards the scrub. I and my gunbearer rushed after him at top speed, and were not more than 20 yards behind him when he disappeared into the thicket. In two minutes we were through it and up the side of the cliff, from where I was certain I should see him, as my view now commanded at least $\frac{1}{4}$ mile on each side, and the trees were not very thick. Not a sight—not a sound! That elephant had absolutely disappeared as if by magic—we couldn't even hear him crashing through the trees!

My attempts at photographing the buffalo at close quarters have been in a small way attended by success, but I remember on one occasion when interest in my camera nearly led to dire results! I was hunting at the time along the east shore of Lake Albert Nyanza. I followed a well-defined hippopotamus path. As I got to what was apparently the middle of the brake a very large bull buffalo suddenly got up out of a stagnant pool. He was about 15 yards away, and offered a magnificent opportunity for a "close up" snapshot. Quickly and quietly I unshipped my little camera, and was in the act of opening it when a gentle hiss from *my rear* made me take a hasty glance over my shoulder. About 6 yards behind me the hideous form of an enormous black mamba suddenly rose in the path, slowly swaying his body about 3 ft. from the ground.

The black mamba, by the way, is one of the deadliest of African snakes. His bite, unless attended to immediately, proves fatal in less than 40 minutes, and he is one of the few snakes that, when angered, attack on sight. I have seen a native die in agony from the bite of one of these loathsome reptiles, and the memory of this, among other thoughts, flashed through my brain as I stood between the devil (in the shape of the mamba) and the deep sea (in the shape of the buffalo)! I didn't put my camera back into its case. I dropped it mighty quick and grabbed my rifle.

As I did so the buffalo slowly turned and looked at me! The mamba also, not to be outdone, gave another angry hiss to let me know that he was still there! It was now a question as to who should make the first move. Slowly I turned and drew a bead on the horrible black hood of the great snake, and pressed the trigger. To my intense relief, the bullet hit him in the exact spot, and he subsided, a quivering and writhing mass. Quickly swinging round and ramming another cartridge into the breech, I prepared for my other foe. At the report of the rifle the buffalo had sprung into action and now faced me, his fiery little eyes gleaming with anger, tossing his cruel horns while he uttered several snorts of rage. The solid .333 bullet hit him in the right place. He swung round for a moment broadside on, and I was able to plant another bullet in the region of his heart. This I found afterwards was a mortal blow.

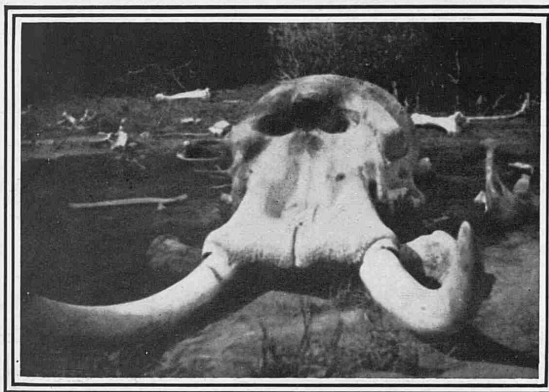
The hippopotamus is a very shy brute, and extraordinarily difficult to photograph on land. But I did it once with success, and felt I was lucky to do so. One evening on the Victoria Nile I had left camp about four p.m., and was strolling along the bank with a shot-gun hoping to get a few brace of snipe for dinner. Snipe shooting on the Nile is quite good sport. There are plenty of them, but as soon as one is flushed he flies straight out over the river, and unless you are quick enough to hit him *immediately*, so that he drops on land, you may as well not waste your cartridge. Should he fall into the water he is lost, as no native would retrieve him. The reason, I think, is fairly obvious.

To go back to my story. Suddenly I observed, about 100 yards away, a hippo, feeding on the bank. I was surprised to see him, as usually, even in the most undisturbed parts, it is a fairly rare thing to see one of the animals on land and feeding during the daytime. I had my camera with me, and determined to try and stalk him. I hoped to get a snapshot at 50 yards at the most. I hardly dared anticipate that he would allow me to approach closer. However, after five minutes' careful stalking, I found myself under cover of a small bush within 30 yards of him. He was feeding peacefully and did not appear suspicious. The wind was in my favour, so I determined to chance it, stepped out into the open, and levelled my camera.

Judge my surprise when he merely stopped feeding, raised his head and calmly gazed at me, giving me a splendid chance which I promptly took. He then with equal calmness lowered his head again and recommenced to graze! Knowing the timid nature of the hippopotamus, I was astounded to see him do this. At all events I determined to try and get closer, so quite openly walked up to him. He took no notice whatever till I had approached to within 10 yards of him, and then he again raised his head, and again we stared at each other! This time he seemed a bit suspicious, but it was not until I had got to within 5 yards of him that he moved.

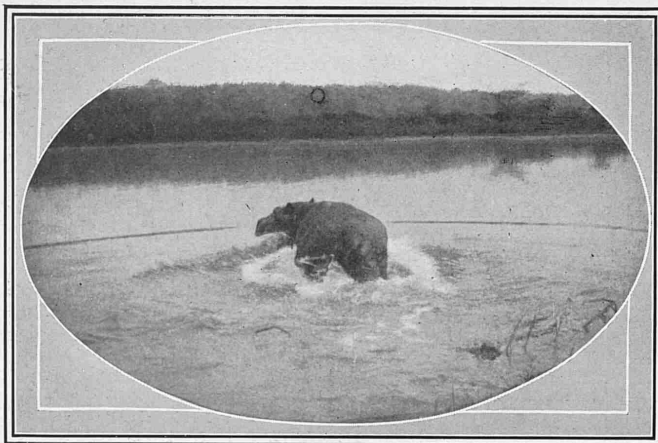
It was on the White Nile that I was lucky enough to kill two specimens of the rare white rhinoceros. This enormous brute (he is the largest animal on the land next to the elephant) is now only found in two comparatively small districts of Africa. Although so terrific in appearance, he cannot be described as really dangerous. He is certainly easier to kill than his black brother—at least, that is my experience, and he is not nearly so truculent. For the benefit of those who are under the impression that his colour is white, let me say that it is practically the same as the other species of rhino. Perhaps he is a shade lighter, a kind of slaty grey, but very far from being white. He is, of course, much bigger than the black rhinoceros. A large one will attain a height of 6 ft. at the shoulder, while his forward horn varies from 30 to 50 in. in length. His most distinctive feature, as opposed to others of his species, is the prehensile or square upper lip. When shot the white rhinoceros usually falls on his side, and not forward on to his knees as the black rhinoceros does.

MURRAY T. SMITH.



An Entire Skeleton of an Elephant, Complete with Tusks

A very unusual picture, taken near the Albert Nyanza



The Hippo. Becomes Suspicious—Making for Mid-Stream

A picture of a startled hippo, getting away from his pursuers