

small lot. The bush was terribly thick, and one was most of the time on hands and knees, with a range of vision of about roys. As we only had one light Mauser rifle between us, I personally was not over anxious to try conclusions with a buffalo, but Cooper seemed to think it was the right thing to do, so I went. It was wonderful how he and the native tracker kept on the spoor of these three bulls, and twice we got right up to them, within about 12yds., without seeing them, when they were alarmed once by a bushbuck and once by a bird, and made off, crashing through the jungle. We finally gave up the pursuit, and returned home to the main camp.

HOW I GOT MY ELAND HEAD.

LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON has very kindly sent us a note from her diary under the date of September 18th, 1907, which tells the story of her eland head. We have very great pleasure in publishing it. "We felt very much rested after the ten days' peace and quiet on Lake Victoria Nyanza, and on our return to Nairobi, finding there were still



TAUROTRAGUS ORYX PATTERSONIANUS.

three days to spare before catching the homeward liner, we decided to stop at Simba, a station half way to the coast, and have a last attempt to get my rhinoceros. 'Simba' means 'lion,' and is the most famous place for lions in East Africa; it was at this station that some years ago an unfortunate man was carried out of his sleeping carriage by a man-eater. Many lions have been shot from the water tank there, and a 'machan' has been built underneath. Here people sit up at night and shoot their lion as he comes to drink at a pool of water near. There are many reed beds near Simba, so we hoped, if we had no luck with the rhino, that we might come on a lion, though it was the wrong time of year to shoot them, as the grass was so high that it was impossible to stalk. We had tried to do so two or three

times, but they always wriggled themselves into the long grass and disappeared from sight.

"We slept at Simba Station that night, and had the usual early start next day so as to get into camp early and have the whole day in which to look for the rhino. Something had gone wrong with the commissariat, so we started frightfully hungry, having only had eggs and some soda-water the night before for dinner, and now began our march on a tepid cup of tea and one biscuit. It is an awful country to walk in, sandy and covered with mimosa scrub, and being two or three thousand feet lower than anything we had been accustomed to, I found it very trying. When we arrived in camp we found our tents very prettily planted on the banks of a stream, but it was a brackish salt water stream, rather like Karlsbad, which made horrible tea. We hurriedly ate a very tough piece of kongoni, did our best to drink the tea and started off. After walking for six miles in the blazing sun we suddenly came on a rhino. There was a hasty council of war as to the best side from which to approach him, and then we crept silently up to within forty yards, when I paused to take breath and a careful aim, and then fired. The rhinoceros gave a heavy plunge when the .303 bullet hit him, and then, as usual, galloped away as fast as a horse could go in the opposite direction. I was dreadfully disappointed, as I was afraid I could not have hit him in a vital spot. We followed it up all day in the broiling sun for several miles, but did not succeed in coming up with it. We ascertained, however, that it was badly wounded, but as it was getting dark, had to give up following it further that day.

"Next day we started off at five o'clock in the morning and retraced our steps of the day before, to find the rhinoceros had died in the night. He had been hit in the lung, which is always mortal in a few hours. It is the tragic side of shooting that very large animals with thick hides like the rhino and hippo are scarcely ever killed with one shot. While the rhino was being photographed we saw a herd of eland go past at about two or three hundred yards, and as one of them looked a specially fine head, my husband advised me to chance a shot. It turned out afterwards to be a thirty-inch head, which is the second record for British East Africa. We went back to camp very happy that evening, to our dinner of tough meat and salt tea and with still one day left in the country. I was dreadfully tired next day and did not get up very early, but was very fortunate in getting two oryx on our way back to the station. The oryx has a very pretty head, with horns like giant knitting-needles, and it was a specimen I was very anxious to possess. While our boxes and possessions were being labelled and got ready for the train in the evening, we went to look at a reed bed quite close to the station that is very famous for lion. The sun was nearly setting and the evening glow on the yellow reeds and sandy desert was a glorious sight, and would have delighted the soul of a painter. We walked along very cautiously beside the reeds with our rifles at full cock, and hoping a lion might come out for his evening stroll. Suddenly on the opposite side I saw a dark object slinking along. We hurriedly put up our glasses and saw it was a leopard, so I fired. The animal sank straight down in the long grass, to reappear as suddenly a few seconds later about ten yards off; then, before I could shoot, he disappeared again. We hurriedly went round the reed bed until we reached the point at the other side where the leopard had disappeared. We proceeded very cautiously now, with our rifles to our shoulders, but could see nothing in the long grass, which was growing nearly up to our shoulders. Perhaps it was fortunate we did not meet the leopard, as when wounded he can be very dangerous and cunning, and many hunters have been surprised and killed by his stalking them and springing on them from an unexpected point. After some minutes' search we had to return to the station as the train was signalled, and so I left Simba, never really expecting to hear any more about the leopard. My joy can therefore be imagined on arriving at Mombasa to get a telegram saying: 'Leopard found dead near the reeds.'"

MY KUDU AND WATERBUCK.

By. J. G. MILLAIS.

IT has never at any time been an easy task, even when the greater kudu was more plentiful than it is to-day, to secure a couple of good heads of this magnificent animal. In parts of Central Africa, East Africa, Somaliland and Abyssinia, which it frequents, it is generally found on dry, stony hills on which there is a considerable amount of thorn bush, while in South-East and South Africa it hides for the greater part of the day in the