

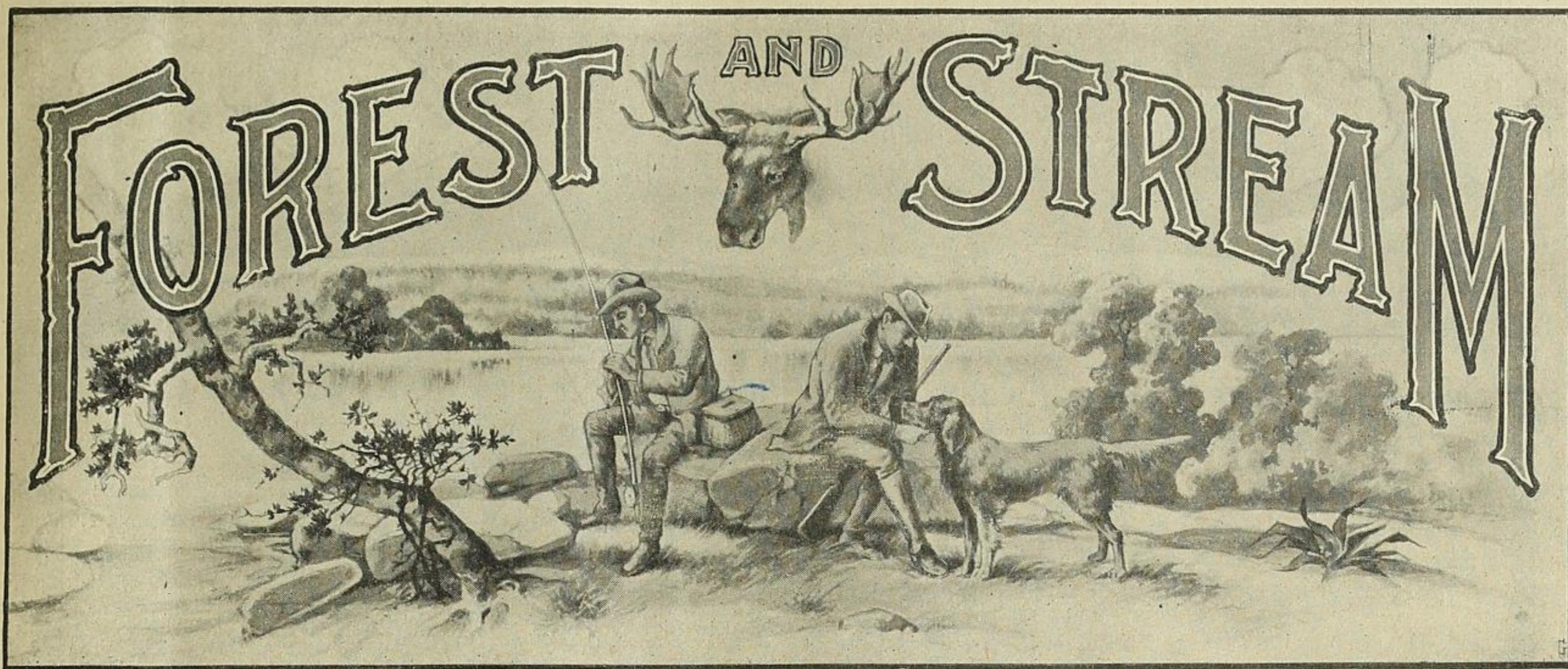
pat 4

8

88957
S.P.

Mr. Ponto, Gentleman and Sportsman

33



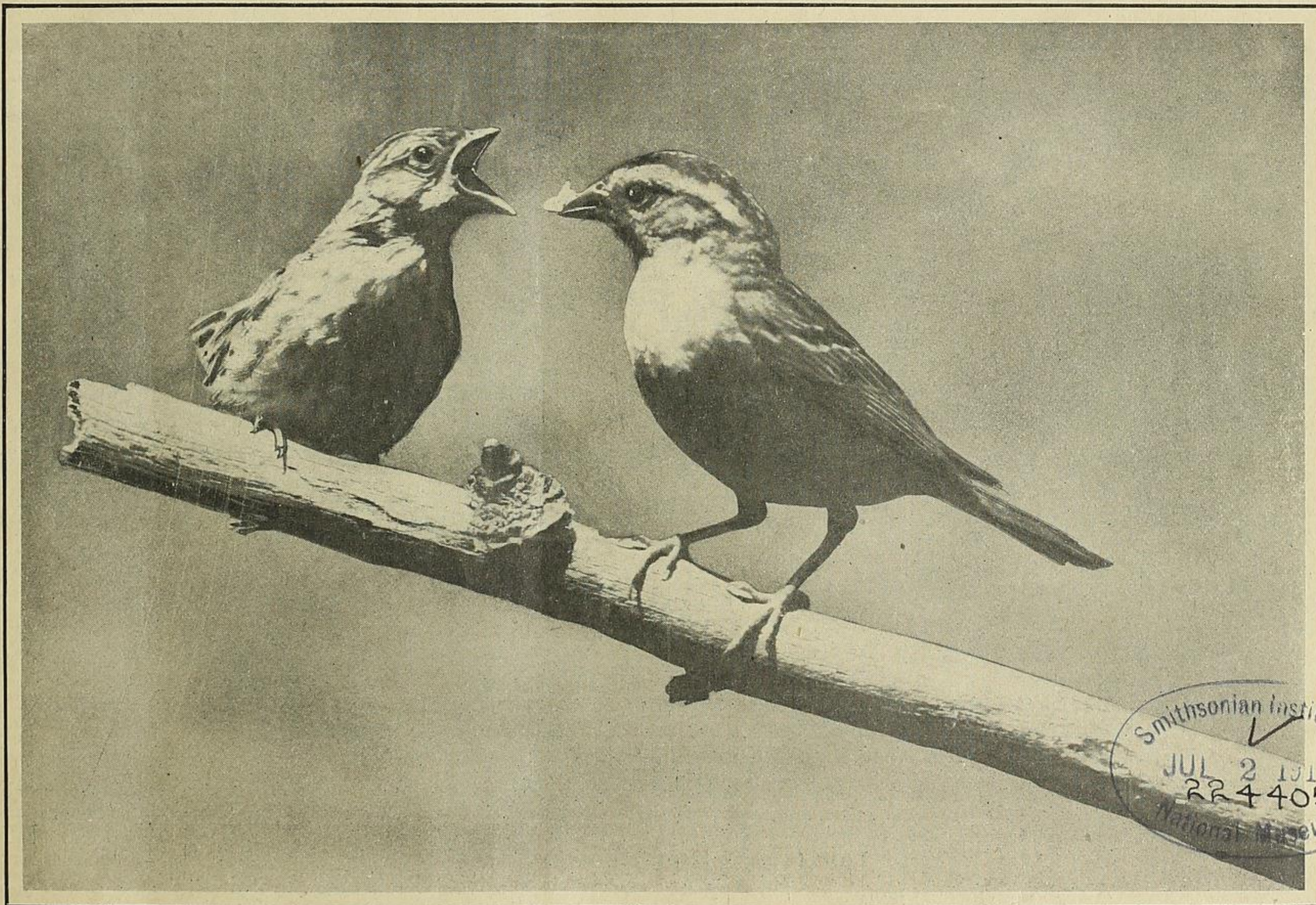
A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR LIFE,
TRAVEL, NATURE STUDY, SHOOTING, FISHING, CAMPING, YACHTING.

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS
MATTER

FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,
127 FRANKLIN ST., NEW YORK

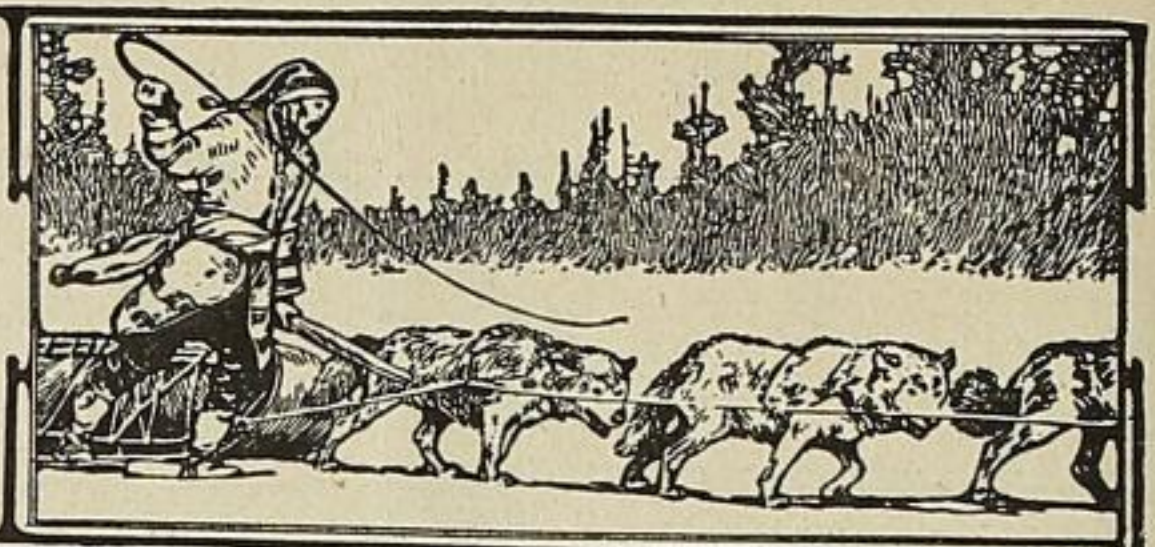
AT THE POST OFFICE
NEW YORK, N.Y.



Smithsonian Institution
JUL 2 1910
224405
National Museum

DEMAND AND SUPPLY

VOL. LXXV. No. 1, July 2, 1910
Price 10 Cents



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Seeking African Gold and Game

Following a Gold Rumor to Lake Rudolph—Troublesome Rhinos and Why they are so—A Good Bull Elephant—Fever—Colors of Gold

By JOHN A. M. LETHBRIDGE

I HAD long wished to make a journey to Lake Rudolph, in part for the sport, but chiefly to search for gold—that elusive thing that we are all looking for and generally in vain. Reports had reached me of the marvelous alluvial fields there and how the natives carried about gold dust in quills. A few Arab traders had been there and with one of them, a certain Ali, my partner and I had talked, but in spite of bribery and every device we could use he proved obdurate and would not talk freely. At length my partner was called to England. From time to time Ali would come to my hut and talk to me and the hints he gave made the desire to get there more fierce. At length, in spite of the hardships of the trip, one of the chief of which was lack of water, I made up my mind to try it, even if I went alone.

Somewhere in that neighborhood there is any amount of gold I have no doubt, but whether it is brought from Abyssinia or where it comes from is still a matter of conjecture. I found gold, but in very small quantities, and the lack of water made prospecting hopeless for me, though I still believe that an expedition properly equipped and able to take its time to prospect that country thoroughly would meet with success. Such an undertaking would require engineering and arranging and would have to be carried out on a large scale and would require provisions sufficient to last a year if necessary.

As far as I could make out the journey would occupy at least eight months if I took things fairly easy, but as I was a free lance, it made little difference whether I took more or less. A few weeks were devoted to my outfit, which I made as light as possible. As medicines I took plenty of quinine, permanganate of potash, carbolic acid, some aperient medicines and a few bandages. When you have these you have practically all you can carry and all that are needed in most cases. I took also a few trade goods such as calico, wire and beads, but more for the purpose of making presents than for trading.

My battery consisted of a double .303 and a double .450-400 rifle, shooting sixty grains of cordite. This rifle is perfect for dangerous game, but in spite of a pneumatic pad, the recoil is very great. A heavy rifle is a necessity in some cases,

but for all ordinary shooting I used my .303, and a beautiful weapon it was, coming up just like a shotgun. It never got out of order, and in spite of several years' rough usage is still in first rate condition. The ammunition question was next to be solved and this was a rather hard proposition. The Government does not care to have any one individual carry too much of this. I got over the difficulty by buying from another sportsman his whole stock of .303, which was all properly packed in airtight boxes. This was a great piece of luck, and as he was returning to England, it was entirely useless to him, and he was only too glad to be able to get rid of it. I also took a twelve-bore shotgun, which is a very useful thing both for the pot and for collecting specimens. I had also a magazine pistol, a tried friend, which I had carried during and since the South African war. People say that the magazine pistol is not dangerous. I think in the hands of a person who does not exactly know its mechanism, it is. I remember a friend of mine presented me with this one. While in my rooms in London, showing me how it worked, he pointed the barrel straight at my stomach. I was dressing for dinner at the time and ventured to say, "Please point the barrel away from me." A moment afterward, bang it went, through the floor and the next man's ceiling and into his floor. Luckily he was not in at the time, but I received summary notice to quit and had to pay £2 for damage to the floors and ceilings. With this weapon I could do good execution on ordinary buck up to 200 yards, although I think you would wound more than you kill.

My tent was an ordinary canvas one with fly and ground sheet. This is an absolute necessity in these climates and on a long trip makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort. After all it is best to be as comfortable as possible.

I left the Uganda railway at Naivasha. I give one word of advice to anyone wishing to go into this country; when taking a trip of this kind it is best to keep your purpose to yourself. The paternal government is very curious and has a knack of trying to stop people; why I do not know. The officials seem to think that one is not capable of taking care of himself and they must have the onus of so doing. This is very

kind, but at times is apt to be rather troublesome.

My head boy was a Somali and a first-rate fellow he was in all respects, except that he was rather too fond of having his own way, but that is a very common thing with a Somali, and the more they have to do with white men, the more conceited they become, and with this class there is only one thing to do—kick them out. You cannot give them a beating as one can an ordinary negro. I relied upon a Swahili boy to show me the road, and all through the trip he proved himself the best of the whole crowd. Eli was his name and he was like Eli in many respects. The rest of the porters were a heterogeneous crowd, but they soon got into good working order, though at first we took very easy marches to get them accustomed to their work. At the same time their loads were very light. I had a camera with me and took many very fine pictures, but I lost the whole lot with a very few exceptions on my way home after having carried them hundreds of miles.

The first part of our journey was easy traveling over rolling hills fed over by great numbers of antelope. We came across several rhinoceros, two of which charged through the safari, but without doing any damage. The annoying part was getting the boys together again, for on the advent of the rhino, down went the loads in every direction and away went the boys. Rhinos are a great nuisance. They are so pugnacious that even if left quite alone they will not let you pass by in peace, but must start hostilities. Meat was easily obtained and there was plenty of water. A few days later the character of the country changed and we came to any amount of elephant sign. We passed through dense areas of timber and then came out into large grassy parks. In one of these I saw two cow elephants, and after a rather difficult stalk got a most perfect photograph. The grass was long and everything was favorable and I got up to within twenty-five feet of them and snapped them and was a good one hundred yards on my return journey, when in some way they scented danger and dashed away. Up went their trunks, trying to locate my whereabouts, and they were off. I had Hassan the Somali with me carrying my heavy rifle, so that had they charged I could probably have turned them.

After making camp the next day the boys called me out and said there was a large herd of elephants close by, but whether there were any good bulls among them they could not tell. I determined, instead of marching the next day, to stay where I was, and should there be a good bull among them, to try to bag him. The following day we found a good many cows and young bulls, but nothing big, but from the sign could see there were two large bulls somewhere. I devoted three more days to looking for them,

but could not run across them. We could not shoot other game on account of disturbing the elephants, and my porters were running short of meat, so I gave up the elephants and started out with the caravan the next morning. I had not gone far before I shot two hartebeeste which put the boys in a good humor again. We did not meet many natives and the villages were decidedly scarce, but the natives we saw were most friendly and seemed anxious to help, especially when promised a present.

One day I had the closest acquaintance with a rhino that I ever expect to have. The grass was fairly long and the boys called my attention to what I made out to be a lone rhino standing in the shade of some bushes about one-half a mile away. The front horn was a good one and I determined to get a little closer to see if it was worth while shooting as, unless a very good specimen, I did not want it, for it was an object to save every extra pound. The wind was absolutely in my favor. I had come up to within about forty yards and was just having a good look at him, when Hassan yelled, "Run!" and there, charging down on us was another rhino that had evidently been asleep or lying down and had not been noticed. I had no time to do anything but run, and when I turned I am sure that he was within five yards of me, but evidently catching sight of Hassan's white clothes he made after him. The rhino was only a small one, but very determined. I fired and hit him square in the shoulder, which brought him up sharp, enabling me to fire my second barrel, at which he dropped. I expected the other larger one to make mischief, but he went off as hard as he could. I was sorry to have to shoot this one, as he was practically useless, but then what could I do? It was really a case of self defense, and with rhino it is their own fault. They will not let you alone.

There did not seem to be many lions in this part. We had heard them at night on two occasions only, but so far had not seen one. We came across more elephant sign, but they were evidently traveling, and I did not bother to follow them up. On getting into camp I went out with my shotgun to try for some guinea fowl, and after shooting three, was on my way back to camp when we came across the spoor of a bull that must have been the father of all elephants. He had evidently been disturbed by my shots and was moving rapidly. I cursed my luck, but after all it was entirely my own foolishness. I made up my mind I would take his spoor and see in which direction he went.

In the early morning, as soon as it was light, with Hassan and two other boys I started out, but after going three miles or more we could make nothing of it. The ground was hard and covered with small rocks and there were a number of other tracks of a small herd and we got hopelessly at sea and mixed up. Hassan was for following up the small herd, but the tracks were not fresh and we had not brought food nor come prepared for a night out, still we made a big circle to try to strike the big bull's track, but it was no go; there were tracks in every direction, none of them very fresh and I had to make up my mind to one of two things, either to stay there for a few days and take my time or to move on, and as I had been out now more than a month I made up my mind that I had no time to waste, and that I had best move on.

Up to this time we had had no difficulty on account of water, and although Africa is always supposed to be a dry country—of course I am not alluding to the deserts—I have found water scarcer in other countries. We had gone only a short distance the following day, before we came on the spoor of two cows and one old bull. Giving directions to Eli to go on a certain distance and make camp, I took the trail with Hassan. Before going far the three had separated, one cow going on alone, so naturally we followed the others. The ground was very rough and rocky and although they were only a short distance ahead of us, I never could have kept the trail myself; but trust a Somali for a tracker. You cannot beat them, though I have found other natives just as good.

We had just come out of the timber into a clearing when Hassan showed me the two elephants slowly crossing a little ravine. They were about 200 yards from me, but I dared not chance a shot and as the wind was gusty and none too good, I made up my mind to try to cut them off. The bull was a large one and I could see that he carried good ivory. Hassan quickly agreed to my plan. He was very keen when there was something good in sight. We turned to the left, made a half circle and when we again crossed their tracks we knew they had gone on and that we were too late. They had only just passed and we again followed. On topping the next rise we almost ran on to them, as they were standing under a tree with trunks upraised, evidently suspicious and trying to get our wind. To get nearer was impossible and I tried a head shot with a solid .303 and fired my second barrel immediately after, but my aim was not true and away they crashed, the cow trumpeting loudly and turning round and round. I seized the big rifle and ran as fast as I could, taking care to keep out of sight and got another shot as they were crossing an opening and turning a bit to the left. This brought the bull to his knees, but he got up once more and started off very groggy and had not gone more than fifty yards before he rolled over. The old cow would not leave him, but she could not get our wind. She was vicious, full of mischief and in a most dangerous humor. As I did not wish to shoot her, I thought discretion the better part of valor and decided to get on to camp and send back boys with Hassan to carry in the ivory, when in all probability she would have gone.

We found our camp without difficulty and I sent back six boys to cut out the ivory. Toward dusk they returned and reported that the cow had gone off before their arrival, although the ground was trampled down all around the dead bull. The tusks were very good, weighing 83 and 78 pounds respectively, were very symmetrical and in excellent condition. The bull was not old, as I had at first thought, but absolutely in his prime.

That night I felt very seedy and knew I was in for an attack of my old friend, malaria. I dosed myself accordingly, but in the morning my head was splitting and I was quite unable to march. There I remained for three days, before I felt well enough to take the trail, but as we were again running short of meat, I was forced to make an effort, and on the afternoon ran across two oryx that I secured with a right and left. It is a great satisfaction to one to make a right and left at big game, just as it is with rocketing pheasants or even rabbits. One is inclined to pat his chest and feel that he has made a very fine shot. In the evening some natives turned out and we got some grain, and what to me was most acceptable, a large bowl of milk. They told me their village was not far off and I promised them I would visit them on the morrow, which I did. I left the matter of asking about gold dust to Eli, but in spite of presents they professed entire ignorance of its whereabouts, but said that they had seen small quantities of it carried by other natives, who did not belong to their tribe, but came from further north. I think they lied, but though I stayed there two days and shot them all the meat they wanted, we got no further. The chief was most keen to trade for my rifle and offered me every inducement he could, and as for wives, I could have become a Mormon there and then.

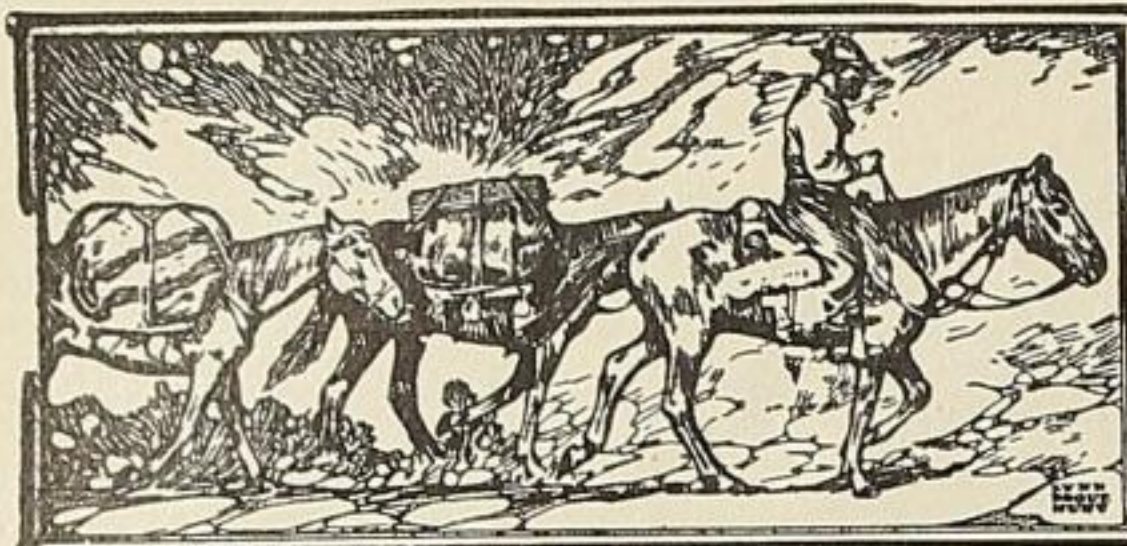
At this time I panned, most carefully, any gravel or sandbars found in the river beds, and though several times I got colors, there was not enough to warrant my laying off and working. All these streams or rather river beds carry a trace of gold, but where does it come from? The question has undoubtedly bothered a good many besides myself, but the riddle is still unsolved. The country we were now traveling through was purely a pastoral one and the natives had large flocks of goats and a good many cattle. Game was abundant.

Hewers of Wood

By S. D. BARNES

JOHAN AXMAN had his day in Rhode Island and Massachusetts, but that was years before my time, though the land still bore signs of his presence and activity. I first found him in the linn and hardwood groves of Central Iowa, and since then I have bunked and fed with him in a score of States and Territories between the Mississippi and the Rockies. He is good company wherever you find him, hospitable, cordial, frank, but never offensively curious

concerning the affairs of others. His world may be a small one, but he knows it well. Questions of worldwide or national importance rarely trouble him. He may know nothing of current happenings on the further side of the State or county, yet he will catch your attention at the first word, and you will have a few new ideas to digest when you leave him. Which is best—to know a little about many things, or all there is to know about a few?



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Seeking African Gold and Game

II.—A Meeting of Old Friends in the Desert— The African Jigger—A Cow Elephant that Charged

By JOHN A. M. LETHBRIDGE

A FEW days afterward Eli told me that not many miles away another Bwana (master) was camped. He had gathered this from the natives and as it was not out of my way I determined to go over and see who it was. On the evening of the second day I reached his camp, and in spite of his changed appearance I recognized an old schoolmate. Who would have thought of meeting an acquaintance miles away from anywhere and in the wilds of Africa? To my great surprise he recognized me at once and remembered my name. Some people are blessed in that way. A good many years ago I remember being in the club at Vancouver, B. C., and recognized an old master from my school (Charles Lonse). He looked at me for a few seconds and then said: "Oh, I know you. Let me see; Lethbridge is your name, and initials J. A. M." Yet it must have been at least eighteen or twenty years since he had seen me and he had known thousands of boys besides. It is a wonderful gift.

This man told me that he had been out several months and was making his way south, taking it easy, and that he was going home as soon as he could get back to a railway line. He had had good sport and killed two magnificent elephants, besides any amount of other game and had got together a fine collection of trophies. I stayed with him for three days, resting myself and the caravan and having a real good loaf. He said that there was no doubt gold in and around Lake Rudolph, which was now at no very great distance, but he thought lack of water would necessitate my turning back, and added that in his opinion I ought to have planned this trip in the rainy season. To this I did not agree, as if I had come during the wet season I should never have been able to cross the rivers.

There was plenty of game there to keep us going, but not nearly as much as further east, and comparatively few lions, although he killed a fine male the following day. As we had plenty of boys we determined to have a drive, and as there were some large reed beds, it was very probable that we should come across one or more; at any rate we should have sport of some kind. The first patch yielded nothing, but in the second we had more fun. It was a big triangular piece of reeds in some places very wet; too

much so, I thought, to make good lying for lions. The beaters spread out and entered at the base, driving toward the apex, each hunter taking a side. They had only been in about three minutes when a hyena came out my side, but as it got behind a small rise, I had no chance to shoot. Shortly after a lion and a lioness broke cover on his side. He fired twice at the lioness, missing her each time, but bowled over the lion first shot. This was a fine male in prime condition with a fair mane. We tried several more patches, but saw no more lions, although the female had disappeared into one that we afterward drove, but evidently she had moved on.

On another day we started out up stream and after going about eight miles came to a fine sandbar where I panned out most carefully several pans of dirt, but always with the same result, a color and no more. I felt a bit disheartened at this, and as my friend was leaving on the morrow, I very nearly decided to go with him. That night we had our parting dinner and I sacrificed my last bottle of Scotch whiskey, though I still had some brandy to fall back on. Some of my boys wanted to turn back with him and I had a little difficulty with them, but that was soon over and we went our different ways. For a time I was very blue, and on reaching camp that night took thirty grains of quinine to back me up. To drive away my melancholy thoughts I made a long march, although the heat was intense, and on getting to camp and after supper I was mighty glad to turn in and slept like a top.

When hunting or being out I always let my boys examine my feet every night for that curse of Africa, the "jigger." In spite of every precaution it is hard to keep him away and once under a toe nail and not discovered, look out for trouble. A native boy knows more about taking out these insects than anybody, and with a wooden match with the useful end burnt off he can generally take out the sack of eggs without breaking the sack. This is the secret. Should the sack be broken and an egg left in, you will soon know it. Your toe will begin to fester and you are in for a bad time. There are all sorts of cures for these, but I think when you cannot get paraffin oil, a

good disinfectant such as Condy's or carbolic acid just to put in the little hole, is the best. I once had one in the sole of my foot, and as I was on my way home I thought the ship's doctor could find it, but it got worse and worse, and on my arrival in London I had to walk with crutches and it was several weeks before I could put my foot to the ground.

That night he took out a large sack of eggs, and although I used carbolic that toe gave me a deal of pain for several days. Precaution is better than cure. One should never walk about in bare feet under any consideration and should never leave his socks on the ground.

I shot a hartebeeste in the evening and set a gun, and the following morning found a hyena, but his skin was useless, for he was in bad condition, absolutely emaciated, though a young animal. In the small ponds and sloughs we passed were any number of ducks and the ubiquitous coot. This bird seems to be found almost all over the world—in Europe, America, Africa and India. Ducks and guinea fowl made a pleasant change from everlasting meat. The flesh of the dik-dik is to my mind overestimated. They are a beautiful little animal, but the meat is very dry and not as good eating as a jack rabbit.

The following day we came to a large village where I bought an ox. People who have never lived on wild meat for a long time cannot imagine what a change beef makes, or how welcome it may be.

The natives here had all sorts of flocks, cattle, goats and sheep, donkeys and camels, and I got a large sauce pan of milk. The natives were very kind and friendly, eager to do anything asked of them, but they were quite of a superior class to the ordinary Kikayu, who are degraded, but these people more resemble the Somali or Abyssinian. They were very keen to trade ivory, but this I did not dare to do, as ivory is a government monopoly. Although one might be able to get rid of it, it might very easily cause a lot of trouble. It was not worth chancing. Here I got some donkeys to help in the packing, but I was sorry for it afterward, for they were very slow and added to our water difficulty when it came not long afterward. I ought instead to have bought six or eight camels, but these things can only be learnt by experience. When I bought those donkeys, only ten I am glad to say, my real troubles began. I ought to have known better, for I had traveled Africa. I paid off twenty porters and congratulated myself on quite a saving of expense.

From the commencement there was always trouble. I was obliged to build a zareba at night to protect the donkeys, which after all never kick to do their duty. Neither did the porters, for that matter, but they at least marched on, while the donkeys required about four men to make them do so, carrying only about the loads of two

men and in addition required constant attention.

Two nights out we had a rude awakening. Lions were not supposed to be about, but they were, and they made good use of their time, killing three donkeys and very seriously wounding another which I had to shoot the next day. This reduced my donkeys to six, which, with the absence of porters, had to be loaded correspondingly. Cruelty I have seen, and I may say have to a certain extent experienced, and I cannot stand seeing a dumb animal ill used, so I gave away the donkeys, or practically did so, and went on with reduced porters.

A few days after this we ran into any quantity of game, but it was useless to kill, as we had plenty of meat, and I only did so as occasion required. The few natives we met now were friendly, but professed entire ignorance of gold. They would trade to a very limited extent, but always gave in exchange live stock, and as I knew by this time that I must have got to the southern point of Lake Rudolph, this rather surprised me. These natives told the boys that they were going on a very hazardous journey and would find very little water and hostile people and did their best to try to induce them to desert me. This only made me the more anxious to push on, but Eli told me to call an "indaba" and arrange matters if I could.

The following morning I called all the porters together and through Eli thoroughly explained matters to them and gave them the forenoon to make up their minds. When I met them at three, one-half had already decided to return rather than take chances, and in one way I did not blame them, for they were out of their own country and believed all that was told them. Half of my porters left me.

It was a very short time before I had multitudes of applicants for the positions vacated, and with Eli's help I filled them. I had by this time put Hassan in the background. The natives now told me that we had passed the southern end of Lake Rudolph and were journeying up to the eastern side. As to this I was very sceptical, but it was true enough. The country was growing barren and very rocky, and although I panned what few streams we passed and all showed colors, there was no Eldorado in sight. Game was getting scarcer, and with the exception of a few species of antelope there was almost none. We came across rhinos of the most pugilistic type, and they would not allow the caravan to pass without interference. On three occasions I was obliged to shoot and kill, not wishing to at all, but merely to keep the road clear. If African hunters as a class see anything in a rhino to recommend, I must differ with them. I have met him from the Zambesi to 8 degrees North and have always found him quarrelsome and looking for trouble, and I know I am not the only one. He is one of the very few game animals that will not give you right of way, and however big your caravan, look out for squalls when you have the misfortune to run across one of these beasts.

For the next week we had very difficult traveling, but now again we were passing through a much more fertile country. There was plenty of elephant sign and I laid off for three days to rest up and try for a good bull. Eli told me that we should strike the big water within a few days, so there was no great hurry. So far our only real hardship had been lack of water—and

that is bad enough. As long as you have water you can get along, but when obliged to go long marches and then run the risk of not finding water, it is not only excessively hard on every one, but extremely dangerous. I did not go out the first day, but remained in camp, writing up memoirs, cleaning my weapons and looking after my specimens which I found badly in need of attention. The head skins had been attacked by a species of beetle and I had to throw some away then and there, as they were quite spoilt. It was pretty sickening, but my own fault. The few that were unspoilt I dressed most carefully and repacked.

When I went out to have a look around I came across fairly fresh spoor. When I struck it, it was too late to follow and exceedingly difficult. Some natives can follow a spoor like a bloodhound, for they can naturally see things that an ordinary white man would pass by unnoticed. On getting back to camp I found that one of the porters had been bitten by a snake a few hours before. It was now too late to give him any remedy; however, although his leg swelled up terribly, he got well. The boys had applied hot fomentations and I suppose this had helped him.

The next morning I started out with Eli and three boys and soon struck the fresh trail of a small herd. We had not gone very far when I saw them. There were two totos in the herd, but only one bull. Although he had very fine tusks I must confess I do not much care about tackling a herd of elephant, or rather interfering with them when there are young ones, as the old cows are excessively vicious. Bad enough at all times, they are very much worse when there are totos with them. The cows kept on covering the bull, so that it took a lot of maneuvering before I could get a shot, and although I gave him a double shot with my heavy rifle, it did not seem to harm him, and he went crashing off as if I had not hit him. Not so one old cow; up went her trunk and she started trumpeting and trying to find out my whereabouts. The rest had moved off with the bull. Whether one of the boys moved or whether she got our wind I do not know, but suddenly with a shrill scream she came right down on to us. I ran, and so did all. Fortunately the bush happened to be fairly thick and gave us a certain amount of cover. One of the boys got up a tree just in time. It was strong enough to with-

stand her efforts to pull it down. Although I could have shot her, I did not want to. Now the danger was practically over and we went away, leaving her in sole charge. The boy of course was safe enough as long as he remained in the tree, but Eli told me she kept him there fully three hours before she went off. I advised leaving the bull alone, as there was a big blood spoor and we could easily take it up on the morrow, and I had no wish to have that irate old cow charging down at us again, so we returned to camp, and some hours after a very scared boy turned up who had no more elephant hunting left in him.

When I took up the spoor next morning I had not gone far before Eli pointed out to me that he was ours and the flock of vultures confirmed what he had said. He was a very fine bull and his ivory in splendid condition. Both my shots were fatal, but he had traveled quite four miles from where I had shot him. This bears out what has so often been said about elephant shooting; even if mortally wounded they have plenty of time before they die or drop to wreak vengeance on the sportsman. This is where the danger of hunting big game comes in, and although with the present high power rifles the danger is considerably lessened, it still exists.

The porter that had been snake bitten being fit to travel, we started, and by nightfall reached a most perfect little camping ground with a nice stream of clear water, but not too much of it. You would come to quite a nice pool and then a stretch of dry sand and then another pool. At first I thought that these would pan out rich, but it was as before, a color and no more, and although I dug down and prospected to some extent, there were no results to justify my remaining. The few natives we met seemed a poor scared lot of people, and certainly not the war-like crowd we had been led to believe we should encounter. They had a certain amount of stock, but seemed in deadly fear of the other tribes to the north; I suppose the Turkanas, who constantly raided them, driving off what cattle they could collect and stealing their women. The Turkanas are a people to be left strictly alone. They are a tribe of nomads living in a strip of country south of Abyssinia and north of British East Africa. They are a war-like tribe and rob their weaker neighbors right and left. They seem to have plenty of sheep, goats and cattle and a few horses, but these are very small.

Climbing Mount Marcy

By PALMER H. LANGDON

MOUNT MARCY, the crowning peak of the Adirondacks and the highest land in New York State, is a natural magnet for mountain climbers and summer tourists. To the experienced climber it is high enough to call the ascent a "climb"; to the tourist it offers exercise and an outing without danger. It also has another charm, perhaps the greatest of all—the beginning and ending of the trip is in such an entrancing country.

Of the number of trails up Marcy, the one

which combines the poetry of nature with the prose of uphill work is via the Au Sable Lakes and Marcy Brook. To do this even in this isolated region, a little red tape is necessary, for the lakes and surrounding mountains are controlled by clubs which, however, thoughtfully permit the public to tramp over their ground when they have complied with a few simple rules which are, first to get a permit, the charge for which is slight, and then engage a reservation guide. With guide and permit the traveler



THE SPORTSMAN TOURIST

Seeking African Gold and Game

III.—The Arrival at Lake Rudolph—Gold Scarce, Game Plenty—Trekking into the Congo Free State en Route to Rhodesia

By JOHN A. M. LETHBRIDGE

FINALLY we reached the shores of Rudolph and had accomplished what I had started out to do, except as to the finding of gold, Lake Rudolph is a fine sheet of water and in the near future I suppose we shall see steamers plying on it as they do on Victoria Nyanza. The way civilization is spreading in Africa is simply terrific, and from all sides. In a few years there will be no more darkest Africa, and one of the most fascinating of pursuits will have passed away with it. By this I mean traveling and hunting in a little known country. I now seriously thought of trying to get out to the East Coast, intending to travel through Turkanaland and Somaliland and make Kismayu or one of the ports on the eastern coast, but Eli told me this was impossible. With a large caravan it might be done, but that we should stand no show, and that the Turkans would in all probability cut us up and take everything we had, and if they did not, the Somalis would. I told him that we would stay here for a while and have a thorough look around and make our way a bit further north. At any rate there was game enough to keep us going and a good many rhino, but for the last few weeks I had no serious trouble with rhinos, although we were constantly running across them. Our chief cause of worry was flies and mosquitoes. These were something awful and would not leave us alone. They caused me endless annoyance and a great deal of pain, and this resulted in the usual attack of malaria. For a few days I was really very ill, but Eli proved a brick—absolutely unremitting in his care and attention to me. I could keep nothing on my stomach, and for a time thought it was going to turn to something worse than fever. I was badly frightened. To be very ill hundreds of miles from nowhere is not a pleasant thing to look forward to. However, on the fourth day I was well enough to get up and soon threw off the ill effects, but for several days I still felt a little shaky. Our marches were therefore shortened and I took things very easy.

One evening Eli came in full of excitement and said there were several natives outside to whom he had been talking who knew of a place where there was much gold. I ordered him to bring them in, so that they could explain where.

I asked them if they had any gold dust, to which they replied in the negative, and this made me a little skeptical. They said about fifteen days' march to the north there was much gold, and that the natives made all their ornaments out of it, and so I then asked them if they would accompany me and told them that should I find out what they had told me was true, they should be handsomely rewarded and that I would bring them back. They would not agree to this at any price, but imagined I was fool enough to believe their yarn and had the impudence to ask for a present. One particularly admired my double .303 and observed that it would be a fitting recognition to him for his information. That was altogether too much for my temper and I kicked them out at once. If they had consented to go along with me I think I should have decided to go, but their unwillingness made it quite clear to me that they were lying.

My hopes of striking some rich placer gold field were by this time considerably reduced, and as my caravan, though not large, was to me a comparatively large expense, I was obliged to make up my mind—and that quickly—to some definite action. Skins I could have traded for in any quantity, but the portage made this impossible. It would no doubt have been a good speculation had I come prepared for it, or had a pack train, but I had not one and so had to try for something else. That night I had a long talk with Eli and practically asked his advice. For a time he would not say much, but at last suggested that we turn south and go to a country where he said there were many elephants and where we should in all probability be able to trade some ivory as well, and to this I agreed. How I wished for a companion or for my old partner, for I felt I was getting myself in rather a mess, and that unless matters should turn out well I should find that as the saying is, I had bitten off more than I could chew. I worried very much over the outcome of my trip, for after all porters must be paid and my expenses were mounting up faster than I cared to own even to myself. One thing was evident; we should all have to live hard, and to do with the least possible amount of grain in order to save my now very small stock of trade goods.

The native is no fool and very quickly puts two and two together. How they grasp these things I do not know, but one porter who was always doing a lot of talking became very insolent. This had to be nipped in the bud and I did it by handing out to him twenty-five of the very brightest and best with a sjambok. I never again had trouble with that gentleman, whom I paid off and kicked out at the very first opportunity. This had a very good effect on the rest and I had no trouble to speak of again afterward. I always thought, if I had really known the truth, that the blame for this was with Hassan.

If I were again to make a trip like this I should take as an essential in the way of trade goods a supply of the cheapest watches. These can be bought for a mere song and traded off to very great advantage, and they are something new beside the everlasting brass and copper wire and beads. A novelty takes the negroes' fancy.

Soon after I saw a sight which I know has been seen by many others, but which I think is worthy of notice, namely two rhinoceros in the act of breeding. I was quite near them and took several snapshots which, as I have written, I lost. The male was a particularly fine one, but I had not the heart to shoot him, and after photographing them I moved quietly away and left them.

One day was now much like another, although game was abundant and something was always in sight. Until now on the whole trip we had seen very few lions. I think this often happens so. One either sees a lot or a very few, and where there is a large population of natives the lions seem more abundant, perhaps on account of the herds of cattle which they like to keep near, so that when they can no longer catch game they may turn their attention to these or their herders. The natives, though a trifle curious in this country and at first inclined to run away, or rather not to have too much to say to us, after a little coaxing and a few very trifling presents, became friendly and I was an object of great interest, especially to the female population. I suppose they had all seen white men before, but I have noticed on many occasions in Central Africa where white persons were comparatively common, if you were passing by a village, all the women would crowd out to look at you and jabber remarks to one another which I am quite sure were not always of a flattering nature. I got one to look through my field glasses the wrong side up, which of course instead of magnifying an object has just the contrary effect, and she was scared badly and ran shrieking away.

To the northeast of Rudolph lies Lake Stefanič, and if I had had a better equipped outfit I should have cut across to that, as at the northern end it is well watered as is

Rudolph, and it is between these two lakes that report speaks of the gold. Yet as the country is very rough and hilly and exceedingly difficult to travel over, I now determined to round the northern end of Rudolph and return on the western shore through Turkanaland and then strike out for Gondokoro. This I did, and I reached there in about six weeks' march, thoroughly worn out and done up. Here I paid off all the porters with the exception of about three and made my way down by water to Lake Albert Nyanza, where at Nsabe I branched off into the Congo Free State.

The Congo Free State is a very funny sort of place to be in and one must be most careful. The Belgians do not like to have foreigners coming into their country. They have always treated me with the greatest kindness and consideration, but I have heard of other people who have not received the same treatment and who were mighty glad to get across the border again. Their laws are rather arbitrary and in some respects peculiar. They will not allow you to camp for two nights in the same place. You must practically move on all the time, and this with a person who wishes to shoot and collect specimens is practically an impossibility and spoils the whole trip. There are plenty of elephants in the Congo State, and could one only get permission from the authorities to have a little license or freedom, a most profitable trip might be made, but the whole thing is hedged in with red tape and is practically impossible, besides which in some parts the natives are decidedly treacherous and dangerous. This country is well watered and traveling comparatively easy, but though there was every chance of getting good elephant shooting, I pushed on, my objective now being Lake Tanganyika. At Sambaresi on the north end of the lake I sold my ivory to a German trader and no questions asked. It was a matter of great relief to me when in exchange I received good old English sovereigns. He made a good profit and so did I. Of course, Tanganyika is in the Congo Free State, but still you are in touch with the white people.

I was now in a position to pay up everybody and then to make a fresh start, but my illusions about gold were dispelled, and although I had not found what I was searching for, I had no fault to find, and my trip up to now had been from a financial aspect a success, besides which I had enjoyed first rate sport. Eli told me that whatever I decided to do, he wanted to stay with me, but I made up my mind before I made another move to remain a few weeks with some Englishmen who had very kindly invited me, and who were working for the Tanganyika Concessions Company, Limited. Two weeks was all I wanted of rest, and my friends very kindly let me have all the necessaries that I required in the way of fresh stores, and I made my adieus, my present route being directly through Northeastern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa to Beira, where I could take a steamer and either return to England by the eastern route, or go south to Cape Town.

Northeastern Rhodesia is a very hard country to beat as regards sport and a good many other things besides. The Government officials from the highest to the lowest are ready to do anything to oblige or further your interests—something I am sorry to say you do not find in all the British protectorates. My trip up to now

had taken me ten months and I reckoned to Beira the distance to be about 850 miles more, which would take say four to five months, doing it easy. The license in both Northwestern and Eastern Rhodesia is only £25, covers everything, allowing exactly the same privileges as you have to pay £50 for in British East Africa, and it is in every respect a cheaper country to travel in, and the negro is decidedly better kept in order.

I had only fifteen porters and Eli when I started, as it would be an easy matter to increase the number if necessary, as labor is cheap and plenty. I had been in Rhodesia, both northwestern and northeastern, before, and it made matters very much lighter for me.

To a sportsman travel in Rhodesia is enjoyable from start to finish. April and May are bad months on account of the very high grass, but there are drawbacks to everything, and these after all are very slight difficulties and easily overcome. From the commencement up to the time I got in practically to Beira, we were in a fine game country, but of a different kind. For instance, Jackson's hartebeeste was no longer in evidence, but Lichtenstein's had taken its place and the reed buck were not of the same species, but had longer horns. There were many more sable to be slain. In the north they are only found on the coast and heads are not nearly as large as further south. Africa is Africa all over, only Rhodesia, I think, is more fertile than many other parts.

In traveling in Rhodesia one has not the same difficulties to contend with as up further north, especially in the matter of food. The natives plant crops and nearly all have herds of cattle and goats. If I had been able I should certainly have got myself a horse, as I was very tired of "shank's mare," but they assured me it would only be money wasted, as tsetse fly was all over the country. He would be certainly struck and my money thus thrown away. Besides, a horse up there except in a settlement was an unknown quantity. In these days we were in a buffalo country, but they were very difficult to locate and kept to the high reeds and almost impenetrable bush. It was both hard and dangerous to go after them. I went out twice, but never saw an animal, though we jumped them on each occasion. The head boy of the porters told Eli that we need not bother; we should find buffalo practically all the way down.

In two more days we reached higher ground and I told Eli to make a decent camp here, as there was game sign of every description and I should put in a few days' hunting. Shortly after we had made everything snug a negro turned up, and although it was simply sizzling with heat, he wore an old military overcoat—I should imagine to keep out the heat. He had worked in the mines at Johannesburg for some years and turned out to be an amusing fellow, very eager, but very sly and lazy. As he knew the whole country I took him on to show us where to go for different things. I think he was an Angoni, but could never make out, as he was extremely reticent as to his past.

We went out the following day and he certainly knew where to find game, but he was not very wise on the question of shikar; in fact, I was surprised that a native should be so lacking in the ordinary ways of getting up to game. We found a nice herd of roan, but they were very

wild and saw us before we did them and went off. I told him to let them go, that later on we would make a detour and get round them and come up against the wind. This struck him as quite funny for a minute, but when I took some sand in my hand and threw it into the air, he grasped the idea at once, and always after that, when going after game, he would do the same thing. We found the roan and I had an easy shot at a bull which I killed. From that moment he was my shadow. Although he had been to Johannesburg and worked for several years in the mines, that had not taught him manners, and he had the most savage customs in the matter of eating raw meat and things of any native I have ever come across.

I asked him about elephants and he answered that by marching about four days we should find them, as they used a certain part of the country at this time of the year, and that to get shots was a practical certainty. I decided to go there, especially as it was to the south, and to a certain extent on our way. We marched through a perfect country, but game was not plentiful, and on my asking the reason he answered that two years before they had had rinderpest, that thousands of head of all kinds of game had died, and that they were just beginning to recover. Rinderpest is of course the scourge of this country, and although at the present moment cattle are inoculated against it, the loss to game is frightful, and it takes years to make up the loss.

We soon came to a hilly country covered with small timber, but plentifully watered, and in the small valleys swampy pieces of ground, an ideal place for elephant, but though there was considerable sign, it was not fresh. It was not until the fifth day that we came across fresh spoor where a herd of over twenty had fed during the night. My friend of the overcoat was now all excitement, but when we struck the spoor it was too late to think of going after them that night. We made camp where we were and made it as sheltered as possible, so as not to alarm them in any way, or let them suspect danger. Elephants are very shy, and if disturbed will travel miles before stopping.

At daylight we were up and away. I took Eli and another boy with me, so that in case of success I should have a messenger to send back to camp for boys to come and cut out and carry in the ivory. It was noon before we came across really fresh spoor and we had been marching steadily all the morning. When we struck the herd they were already on the move, though not frightened. We walked on for three hours or more and had not sighted them. I was done up and sent back the messenger to tell the boys to break camp and to come on to us. I lay down in the shade of a big tree and was asleep in a few minutes. I was awakened by Eli who said he had located the herd about three miles further on in a swamp, but it was then nearly dusk and too late to reach them that evening. The outfit did not get in till nearly dark. We made a makeshift camp, got away early and overtook the herd at about eight.

It was a fine sight; there were thirteen large ones and a few smaller ones, some browsing and others standing in a small stream of water playing and squirting water over one another. A big bull I could not see, but my friend of the overcoat pointed out one that was standing by him-