

HUNTING AHEAD OF ROOSEVELT IN EAST AFRICA

Lion Hunting in the Molopo Country

By PERCY SELOUS

Wherever guns are made and sold and game is hunted for the sake of the sport of it the name of Selous is familiar. The stories of his achievements circle the globe and tens of thousands of lesser hunters feel honored to have hunted with him on occasion or to have crossed his track or followed his trail. A confirmed nomad, a soldier of the chase by irresistible predilection, he has spent his life hunting, trapping and traveling, sometimes in the Canadian woods, sometimes in the forests of the Andes, sometimes in the passes of the Central Asian mountains, sometimes in the northern ice, sometimes in the African jungle, and the story of his hunting experiences is a romance of fact and adventure. A member of this famous family of hunters is accompanying Theodore Roosevelt into the jungles of East Africa.



WE HAD had very little sleep all night, owing to the prowling around and roaring of lions, attracted by the offal of a giraffe which I had shot the previous afternoon, and had dragged bodily up to the wagon. The night was, however, so dark that I could not get a view, and although I once thought I could make out the form of a lioness in the gloom, I concluded it was not best to fire, as in the event of my only wounding her, she would have had much in her favor should she have attacked us in such darkness. I was not sorry when day broke, for the oxen and horses were very uneasy; but the skerm was good, having been strengthened a couple of days before, not that a lion, having once made up his mind to attack, would be kept out by such means. However, nothing occurred further than the roaring and, after a hurried breakfast of coffee and giraffe steak, I and Bob, one of the black boys, took up the spoor of the lion, which was plain enough about and around the camp.

All we had left of the giraffe was represented by a few splinters of bones which the hyenas had polished after the lion had gorged himself. For some distance along the river bank the country was pretty well wooded, whilst away to the north stretched the Kalahari, dotted here and there with scant timber clumps, but otherwise a vast sea of sand. I did not take my horse, as he was a bit stiff from the tumble of the day before; he had also somewhat renewed his lameness, which was scarcely to be wondered at, considering the country I had been galloping him over. The lion had made direct for a thick patch of thorns and had evidently laid up there. I had no dog. My last had been so injured by a Koodoo bull, which had literally disembowelled him, that I had been compelled to shoot him. This was a greater loss to me than I can express, for a good terrier is simply invaluable.

On the Track of a Lioness.

The brush was so thick that it was next to impossible to get through it, and therefore, as it was clear around, and there was no fear of making a configuration, I set fire to it as the best apparent means of ousting our game. Telling Bob, my Kafir driver, to keep close behind me, I went a little further round the cover and was just in time to see a lioness break away, but so far off that I did not fire, preferring to let her go, in hopes of getting a more favorable chance for a shot. By this time the blaze had got so powerful that we, too, were glad to get away from it; 140 degrees, or thereabouts, was sufficient of itself as a tempest, without additional warmth.

The lioness made straight for another bit of brush, whither we went after her, and, though the thorns were quite thick enough, I decided to follow her in. My boy did not relish accompanying me, nor could I exactly blame him; for, though a fair hunter and a brave enough lad in ordinary, he did not like lions, his father having been killed and his brother badly mauled by one. It was rather difficult keeping her spoor, but after some trouble and considerable wear and tear, I espied her lying on a bare spot, watching me intently. Her head was resting between her paws and, as quickly as possible, I fired between her eyes, and could have sworn I planted the bullet there, for she was not above thirty paces from me. Turning to take my spare carbine from Bob, I found that he had vanished. But the lioness never stirred, and I was hurriedly reloading when she suddenly jumped up and dashed further into the thicket.

Unparliamentary language relieves the feelings, if nothing more; so, after having anathematized poor Bob, I once more plunged after the lioness, wondering how our next meeting would come off. There was plenty of blood, just where her head had lain, and also enough to guide me easily on the tracks she had taken. Indeed, before I was aware of it, I was almost on top of her. Stepping steadily back—she lay directly from me—I drew another bead between her ears at the base of her skull, and let fly. This time there could be no doubt as to its being effective, for, as I stood, I could see where the bullet bored right into her brain. The lioness never so much as moved, so I stepped up and examined her. My first bullet had struck her too low beneath the eyes to reach her brain. It had torn through the cartilage of the nose and down her throat, momentarily stunning and so stupefying her that her last rush was a ran-

dom one; but she was dead, to all intents and purposes, and doubtless was not in need of my second ball. Her skin was simply of no value, and could only have been an eyesore, so I did not bother to take it off, only keeping her skull, and returned to the wagon to rate my heedless driver soundly.

Awakened by the Roar of a Lion.

My theory was that a lioness would probably not be altogether solitary, as is sometimes the case with animals of the male sex. Acting on this hypothesis, I determined to cast around and see if I could not make out further signs of lions. I did not need meat. There was plenty for some time, and the additional excitement attached to hunting such game as I was after had a great fascination. It was no use my talking to Bob, and the other boy would probably have fled at the first sight of a lion, so I started off myself and tramped about until I was pretty well exhausted, without finding any further indications of "Isilouan." Much disgusted, I returned to camp, pleased that I had not decided to inspan and trek further, without satisfying myself that I had not passed a lion by; for I meant moving as soon as ever the moon was old enough to guide us at all. That evening I whiled away the time while daylight lasted in cleaning the skull of the lioness and entering up my diary for the last week or so. My clothing also sadly needed patching up after the wait-a-bit thorns of the day before. Then I turned in early and was soon in the realm of dream-

much more difficult to dispense with him than where I then was, with pretty well of cover. A couple of miles down the river I found where the lions had been drinking. There were several of them—three, anyway, as I could distinguish from the pug marks—two full-grown ones and a cub, or cubs.

This discovery caused me to reflect a bit as to the wisdom of proceeding single-handed. However, I must either give up the idea of the hunt altogether, or tackle them myself; for I had no confidence in the boys at such work, and I would much rather be without them than with them. Yet I felt it was a risky undertaking and recollections of a previous encounter in which I had been knocked senseless by a lion in a death charge flitted through my brain. If I had only had a dog I should not have thought anything of it, but my doubts were speedily dismissed and I stepped briskly forward. A lion dies a lot easier than a grizzly bear or a jaguar, as I had proved, and even a deer with a bullet through its heart will go farther before it succumbs. Of the tiger I cannot speak, but the leopard and the jaguar, as also the puma, or mountain lion, partake more of the "cat" tenacity of life than does the lion of South Africa.

Tracking on High Ground.

The spoor led away towards some higher ground, intertwined with a tangled growth of creepers, and which looked just like the kind of harbor my game would be likely to take refuge in. I even thought I could discern



thought that he had permitted me to encroach far enough on to his domain, and raised himself on his forequarters, the tip of his tail twitching in a manner which I knew meant mischief should I wound him. If he moved away I might not get a better chance, though I wished the distance had been less; but on such occasions as these it does not do to hesitate long, so I took aim at his shoulder, which presented a fair mark, and as I fired he fell over with a roar which was answered some little way off, doubtless by his mate. I speedily got another cartridge in, and, as he lay writhing, I ran down the bank and up towards him. He recovered a little as I got nearer, covering him all the while, and made a

ping, after I had stretched him out, and his length, from snout end to tip of tail, was a little over ten feet. I had no time then to see farther to him, but set about searching for the other lions, which were still in the underbrush adjoining. But though I beat almost every yard, as I thought, of cover, I could not come across them, they lay so close. Had they crossed the open, I could not very well have missed seeing them, as there was quite a distance of bare veldt all around the cover I was hunting through.

I was just persuading myself that they must have sneaked away, when a cub, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, jumped out of a thick patch

A Nubian Lion Hunt

By BARON HEINRICH ALBERT

Baron Heinrich Albert, the Austrian-Swiss adventurer, has hunted game in every part of the world. He has an estate which provides him with an income of \$5,000 per year, and for the past 18 years, that is since his majority, he has traveled over the globe facing dangerous animals and laying them low. It is not often that a man is found who has hunted puma, grizzly, moose, lion, tiger, elephant, wolf, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, leopard, ocelot, etc. In these especially written papers he has narrated for this series some of his most stirring encounters in the territory through which Ex-President Roosevelt will hunt.

IT WOULD be absurd after negotiating the dangers of a passage of the Upper Nile out of season and after traversing several hundreds of miles of country in the hands of rebellious tribesmen, to come to a mortal end under the paws of a Nubian lion. It would be the irony of fate, but that is what nearly happened to me some years ago. With perils innumerable behind us the two white men of the party, one a gold-seeker the other a pure adventurer of the type of Tamer, nearly came to an end.

We frequently left the river and navigable tributaries which we were working out slowly, to explore the ravines for high bars, never taking with us more than four bearers, though at times we were absent from the main party outfit for a fortnight, knowing it was entirely safe in the care of a thin cross-eyed Arabian ex-chasseur who was a born voyageur with a tinge of Napoleon and the Devil and Uncle Tom in him. He was true as salt Arabian and the blood brother Senegal negro are two types of dark skinned men with whom I would as soon face danger and difficulty as with any white men that live.

One night we were about to make camp when we encountered a party of women and girls bearing water jars and they told us of a village a mile further on. Before we reached the village we were met by the chief and his indunas who begged us to make a stay with them as they were seriously troubled with lions. Two of the chief's horses and two of his wives had been killed among the losses which the village had suffered and the three muskets in his army were of no avail especially as none of the officers in command could be induced to get near enough to the bold beasts to risk a shot.

The Nubian lion is a different beast from his South African and Asian brother. He is taller, gaunter, with black in his mane and a certain philosophical calm about his desperate deeds. There is nothing throaty about his roar and it is pure rumbling thunder. He always reminds me of Kipling's "bluish silent beast that came around a corner and fell to work."

About the second hour of darkness the cattle in the village became very restless. The wind was from the south and as the half full moon was so bright that any skulking animal near the village would have been noticed, Drayton and I agreed that the lion was in a little copse of rocks about a half mile up the wind. We had not had time before dark to examine any of the old spoor and knowing merely that there was at least a lioness with cubs among the lot, we set out instead of waiting until they approached the stream. Drayton carried a special 50.50 Winchester and I a Parker tangaue, which I had loaded with special shells of dense powder and buckshot set in wax. This is a trick I learned shooting grizzlies. The effectiveness at short range, and the certainty in the darkness are very desirable. With an absolutely reliable arm and a carefully prepared shell one is comparatively safe.

When within 50 yards of the koppe a splendid animal form rose out of the rocks and stood facing us his fore paws on a huge boulder. We were

pen, and I believe she would have gone quietly away and taken her cubs with her, if I had not interfered. The tenets ventilated by a certain explorer of prominence, who evidently considers it a heinous crime to kill lions and similar gentle, useful creatures, had not then come to my knowledge, nor that they would have influenced me a bit, if such had been the case, and her rich, tawny skin was sufficient temptation for me; so I aimed at her throat, which presents a much easier and safer mark than that of the lion, with its matted and tangled mane, sufficient at times to offer considerable impediment to a bullet. She must have raised her head as I fired, for my ball passed harmlessly by; fortunately, too, for me, missing the youngster immediately behind her, or a pretty hullabaloo might have been the result. All the same, I was in no enviable position, with my carbine empty, in close proximity to these three cats. I followed the old adage of keeping my eye intently fixed on that of the lioness; whether that had anything to do with her refraining from charging I will not pretend to say, but she did remain still whilst I mechanically reloaded and as me-

chanically brought up my weapon. Taking more careful aim this time, I potted her right in her white cravat, sending her in a somersault over the young ones to their no little astonishment, and what with the roaring of the lioness and the row made by the cubs, there was quite a Bedlam. Then, appearing to realize their danger, they suddenly vanished into cover again, rather to my relief. My lioness struggled so violently that it was difficult to finish her off, but at last she gave me a chance to put her out of her misery by a bullet through her brain. As soon as she lay still I seated myself upon her and waited for the reappearance of the cubs, but, although I stayed until the sun had got very low, I never saw anything more of either of them. I therefore whipped off her hide, and rolling it up returned to the lion, and served him likewise, getting through with the job before dusk. The hyenas could now worry at the carcasses, though I hoped I might find the skulls in the morning. Making my two skins into a bundle, though an unwieldy one, I carried it all right back to the wagon.

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SHE KNOCKED DRAYTON FLAT.

land, to be awakened by the unmistakable roar of a lion. I had been right after all, but only felt half pleased at being disturbed. There was nothing for it but to mount guard again, and another broken night's rest was the consequence. Still the animals did not seem to approach any nearer. By the sound they were evidently close by the water. As soon as the morning snack was over I set the boys to work to get everything in readiness for inspanning, and started off once again, this time keeping close along the bank of the river as the most likely way of coming across the spoor of the lion. I still thought it prudent to rest my horse, as when we got farther out into the veldt I should find it

some moving objects there. Anyway I followed the spoor right to where I had calculated I should find recent traces of the lions if they had not left the vicinity, and suddenly in the sun, at full length among the rocky boulders, I came across one. As I approached, he lazily raised his head and looked at me, at the same time uttering a low growl, as if annoyed at my intrusion. As he did not seem inclined to move further, and must have descended and climbed the side of a little kloof which intervened between us before he could reach me, though I did not anticipate this, I walked on towards him, till I got to my side of the ravine, about thirty paces from him. He now seemed as if he had

futile attempt to charge me. As he did so, I gave him another shot in the chest, dropping him, though he was up again directly and glaring at me viciously. Again his roars were answered, but I could see no signs of any other lions; in fact, I dared not take my eyes more than an instant off the one I had in hand. I still kept moving steadily up to him, and, having got as near as I thought advisable, just as he seemed about to make another effort to come at me, I got a third bullet into him, this time catching him right in the ear and finishing him. He was a fully-grown young male, with a pretty fair mane, but nothing like so fine as others I have met with. I measured him by step-

pen, and I believe she would have stood gazing steadily at me. I did not dare to empty my barrel at it, for I felt that its mother was near by. In a minute or so another cub followed the first and also took a good look at my doubtless unexpected person, and whilst my ideas were somewhat confused as to the really best course to pursue, a fine old lioness marched grandly out and stationed herself beside her progeny; at the same time fixing me in anything but a pleasant manner with her penetrating orbs of almost indescribable green.

Getting a Lioness with Her Cubs.

I don't think she meant charging, however; one can tell intuitively pretty correctly when this is going to hap-

Leopard Hunting Alone in Bechuanaland

Treacherous and stealthy, and one of the most savage of East African jungle beasts, the leopard furnishes some of the most thrilling and dangerous experiences to be met in all this wild country. Percy Selous tells in this article just exactly what Roosevelt may be expected to meet in this section of East Africa.