

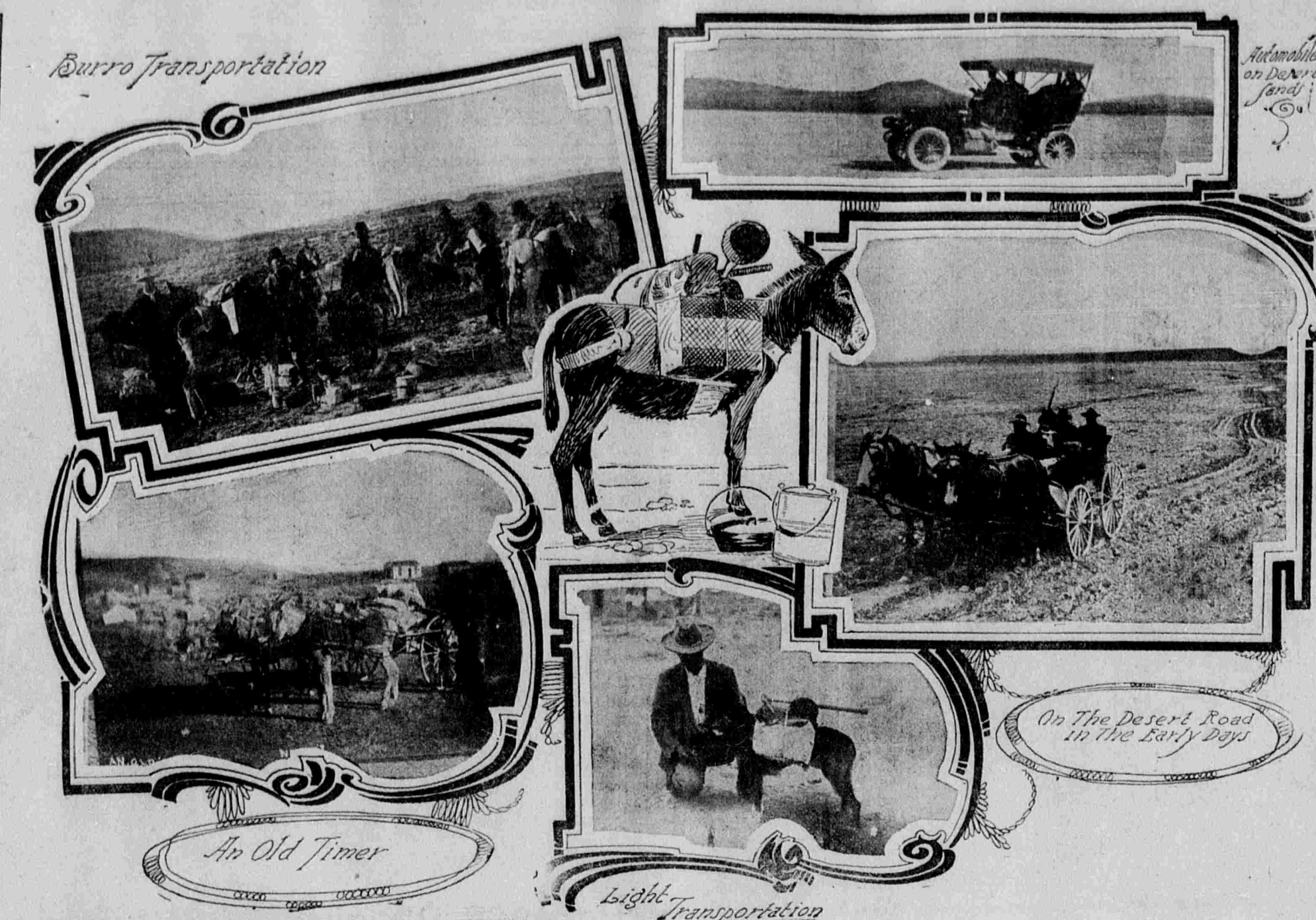
# The Burro--Nevada's Pioneer in Transportation

If you are looking for a variation in modes of travel all you have to do is to pick up your baggage and start for Nevada. There you will find almost any assortment you please from shank's horses to the easy cushioned Pullman with the colored attendant. You can find the worst old rickety conveyance imaginable and you can enjoy all the comforts of home in the finest palatial train that man ever built.

The writer has traveled from one end of the state to the other; has visited nearly every mining camp of any importance and is, therefore, in position to talk advisedly. But no matter where you go, you will run across the prospector's friend—the burro. This little long-eared animal is a pioneer everywhere; but notwithstanding this honorable distinction, the burro is mighty badly abused—as a general thing. Some people have very little regard for him after all, or perhaps it would be better to say they do not appreciate what he has done towards developing the west. If there is such a place as a burro heaven, "old long ears" should have a place there.

## BLAZED THE FIRST TRAIL.

How often it is that we have heard it said "that the automobile has conquered the desert." While there is no denying the fact that the auto has played a most conspicuous part in this conquering business, the burro blazed the first trail; then came the 16-horse team and the stage coach; next the automobile; followed up by the arrival of the iron horse. Many people do not know it, but the fact is—one lone burro which accompanied Jim Butler on the way to the Klondike mining district from Austin and Belmont, the latter being then the county seat of Nye county, is initially responsible for the remarkable advancement made in the "Sagebrush" state during the past four or five years. Had it not been for Butler's burro, the chances are that the Mispah ledge would never have been found; there would be no Tonopah, Goldfield or Rhyolite in existence today and instead the sites upon which these cities have been built would still be a play ground for the howling coyote, or the long legged jackrabbit. Telephone, telegraph and railroad lines would not be penetrating the interior and the farthest corners of the state; millions of dollars would not have been expended in mining enterprises there had it not been for the accidental stumbling on to the Mispah ledge while Jim But-



ler was out looking for the burro which strayed away from camp over night. It's hats off to the burro every time! JIM BUTLER'S APPRECIATION. The story is told that Butler would

never allow a pack on the back of his faithful companion after he found out how rich the Mispah really was. He is one of the few who knew how to appreciate the important part the animal

had played in bringing him into possession of a fortune. But Butler's actions were quite in contrast with those of a Mexican who happened along about the time the boom started at Tonopah

and the fame of the Mispah began to be spread abroad. The son of the republic on the south came in from the hills with a train of burros laden with wood, which he had brought in to sell

to the new comers. The animals had had a long, hard trip of it; some were half starved and almost famished for water, and each one of them had more wood piled on its back than any civil-

ized white man would ever have thought of placing there; they were burdened to a point almost beyond physical endurance. One of them did give up and laid down to rest and the response was a merciless beating from the Mexican. But some miners who happened along took a hand in the affair and gave notice to the owner of the animals that he must leave the camp forthwith. He "hit the trail" without waiting for further ceremonies, and left a portion of his burro train behind. The fellow was never heard of around Tonopah after that, and it is supposed he made his way back to Arizona. Undoubtedly, the burro supplied the first means of transportation in Nevada; as a means of carrying a freight traffic, he was a success; but as a carrier of passengers—never.

## DOGS A FAILURE.

A prospector, who had followed his vocation in Alaska, tried the experiment of using dogs imported from the far north as a means of providing facilities for the solving of the early transportation problems. However, the plan failed to work out very well, the best of the desert being too hot for them to withstand. The accompanying picture illustrates the novel idea the prospector had of getting over the hills with his camp outfit while searching the rocks for a new bonanza.

## AUTO CONQUERS THE DESERT.

Automobiles. Well, on reflection, one can scarcely figure out how Nevada could have got along without them. Whizzing across the desert at the rate of 40 or 50 miles an hour is nothing more than a breeze for the modern Goldfield to Bullfrog over the burning sands of the Amargosa, a distance of 80 miles, was reduced to a mere pleasure trip. The horrors of the Death valley region have been completely overcome by the "chug chug wags" that where man dared not enter before without fear of communion with death, it is now possible to go and return in safety. The auto has really conquered "the land below the sea," and the story is told by a prospector who recently came from there that it may yet prove to be the richest gold mining district the world has ever known.

## OPENED NEW FIELDS.

In the rapid development of Nevada's mining districts in late years, there is no denying that the auto has played a most important part. It has supplied a means of rapid transportation only equaled by the railroad train. It has opened new fields for the "iron horse" and the best illustration of this was the building of the Tonopah railroad Goldfield & Tonopah, Las Vegas & Tonopah, Tonopah & Tidewater, Nevada Northern and Caliente & Pioche. The evolution from the burro and the stage coach to the auto and the railroad train has been swift in late years. But Nevada is a big state and the time may never come when the burro, the stage coach or the automobile will become completely out of date. There are yet many new mining districts to be found and developed.

# BIG GAME HUNTING

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

NAROB, Feb. 1.—British East Africa is the land of big game and Narobi is the chief place where hunters outfit their parties for shooting the lions, elephants, hipotami, rhinoceroses, antelopes, gnus, giraffes and other wild animals which infest it. As I write this letter several large parties are here preparing to go out "on safari," as such hunts are called. The Norfolk hotel is filled with them, and behind it are some of the black, half-naked porters and tent boys, packing sporting goods into boxes, laying in provisions and arranging things for the march. There are head men, rounding up the porters and giving each his load. There are gunbearers, seeing to the arms and ammunition, and there are the sportsmen themselves, some clad all in khaki, some wearing riding breeches and leggings, and in thick boots. In the big yard upon which my hotel rooms look I can see piles of tusks, heads, horns and skins from hunting parties which have just returned, and in one corner is the baby lion of which I have already written. Among the sportsmen are several eminent Englishmen, and in the hotel itself are both lords and ladies, some of the latter having come out to try a shot at a lion or so. During this last year two women have shot lions, and one of the biggest manatees ever killed in East Africa came down through a bullet from a gun in the hands of an American girl.

## LAST YEAR'S HUNTING BAG.

There is so much game here that almost any one who goes out cannot fail to bring back something. The bag for last year numbered over 3,000 heads, and this was shot by sportsmen from England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, India, Australia, North America and New Zealand. Many excellent shots were made by Yankees, and some of the best by an expedition sent out by the Field Columbian Museum, consisting of Mr. V. Shaw Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Akely and Mr. E. Heller. This party started out on the Athi plains, an enormous plateau east of here, which is just swarming with zebras, antelopes, gnus and other wild animals, and from there made its way north and south. It secured specimens of almost every description for the museum, and shot, among other animals, 13 lions, including a magnificent black-maned brute, which was killed on the Molo river. Mr. Kennedy himself shot no less than seven lions, and of these four were males and three females. He killed also two elephants.

Among other successful parties was that of Messrs. Phipps and Havemeyer, who together shot five lions and killed a score of other kind of big game.

## NOBILITY OUT SHOOTING.

As to the English hunters, their name is legion, and those who have recently been here have included many of the nobility. Lord Hindlip, who is one of the largest landholders in this colony, owning more than 100,000 acres, he made several flying expeditions from his country home, and has succeeded in obtaining two large elephants and a splendid buffalo. The Earl of Cowley, who came here on his way home from Ceylon, bagged several water buffaloes and a rhinoceros, and Lord and Lady Waterford have killed a lion, which they skinned and hung in their dining room. The Earl of Cowley, in company with his bearers, Lady Waterford was quartered of a mile distant when she saw two men clad in khaki go down before the charge of a wounded lion, and could not tell whether her husband stood or fell. By a miracle neither man lost his life. They were both gunbearers, his lordship being off the side. Later, Lord Waterford shot an elephant at Mjoro, and secured a fine pair of tusks.

During a visit of his royal highness, the Duke of Connaught, now about two years ago, he made some pretty shooting over the Kapiti plains; but did not

stay long enough to get a lion or an elephant. Gen. Baden-Powell was here at about the same time, and his brother, Mr. Frank Baden-Powell, then shot a freak rhinoceros which had but one horn, and that over 27 inches long. Lord and Lady Montgomery and Mr. William Mure killed five lions, and Mr. Mure got an elephant with 82 pounds of ivory in its tusks.

## CONTINENTAL COUNTS AND BARONS.

As to ordinary Britishers, they have killed a large number of big game of all kinds, and the same is true of some of the continental counts and barons of other nations. The Marquis Piazardi, for instance, has shown himself one of the gamest sportsmen who have ever come to British East Africa. At one place he killed two bull elephants, and then nearly lost his life by shooting an elephant cow as she rushed upon him. The cow dropped dead as the ball struck her, and Piazardi fell backward just in time to avoid being crushed. Among other continental sportsmen who have been here recently were the Counts C. and E. Hoyos, Podstatzky and Marchetti. Count E. Hoyos bagged 66 heads of big game, comprising 21 varieties, and among them two elephants, three lions and a giraffe. His brother killed 69 heads, including a lion and an elephant, and Count Podstatzky did almost as well as to number, bagging one lion and two rhinoceroses.

## BIG GAME THAT MAY BE SHOT.

The hunting laws here are rigid. No one can shoot without a license, and the man who kills young elephants, cow elephants or baby giraffes will pay a big fine and spend a long term in jail. The right to shoot big game is regulated by license, and for this every sportsman must pay \$50 or \$250, a season. So many licenses have been taken out this year that the revenue therefrom has been \$50,000, and such receipts are increasing from year to year.

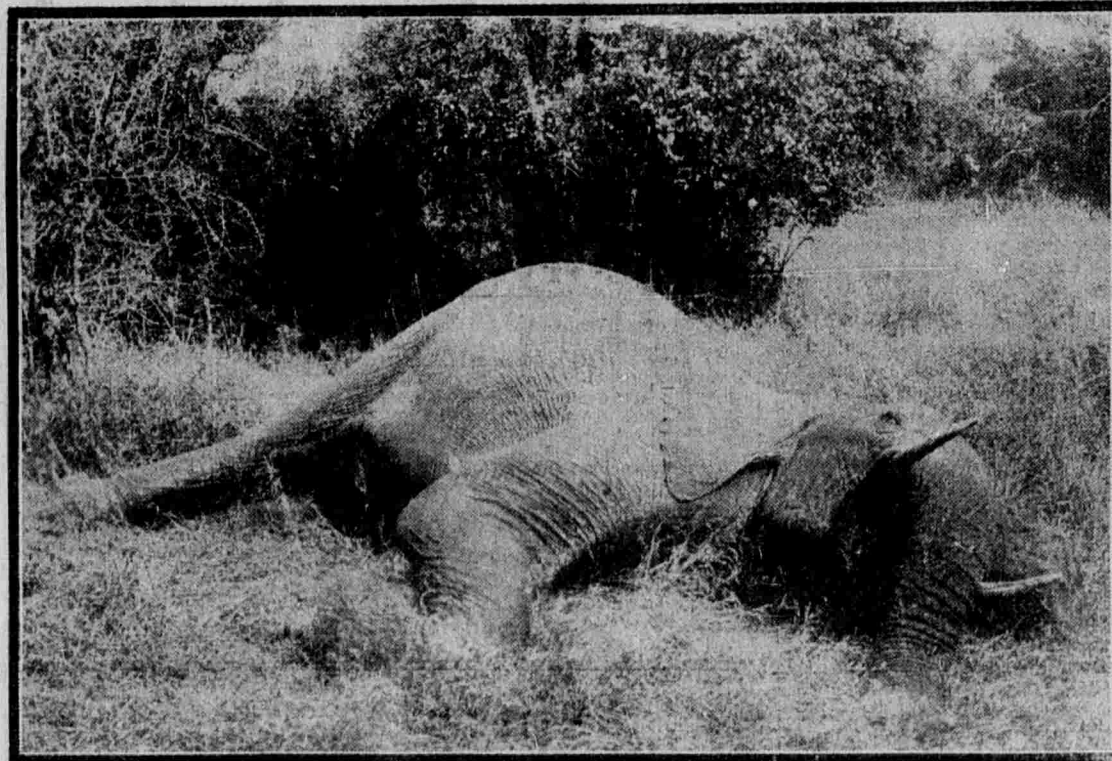
These licenses give the sportsman the right to kill several hundred of the gamest animals that have ever infested the jungles or grasslands of the plains. He may kill two elephants, two rhinoceroses, two hipotami and two zebras, as well as six rare antelopes and gazelles. The law allows him two smaller monkeys. He may shoot two male ostriches, two marabous and two azelets, and various antelopes and gazelles of different species to the number of 10. He can kill 10 wild pigs, 10 wildcats, 10 jackals, two cheetahs and two aard wolves. As to lions, leopards and crocodiles no license is required to shoot them, and altogether the game possibilities are so great as to throw all the "teddy bears" of the United States into the shade.

## PLENTY OF WILD OSTRICHES.

In hunting out here the variety of animals is so many that there is no need of chasing through the swamps nor tramping about over the plains for days before one gets a shot. One often sees a dozen different kinds of animals at the same time, and can change his sport from day to day. The sportsman will find antelopes almost everywhere and will not infrequently be in sight of an ostrich or so. These birds are big game and are hunted largely on ponies. They are very speedy, and however they may be elsewhere, they do not poke their heads down in the sand and wait for the hunter to come. On the other hand, they spread out their wings and go off on the trot, swimming as it were, over the ground. They can run faster than a horse, but they run in large circles and the hunters catch them by cutting across the arcs of the circles or running around in smaller circles inside. It is a great thing here to shoot a cock ostrich in order that you may give your sweetheart or wife the beautiful white feathers which are found on the wings of the male bird.

## ZEBRAS EASY TO KILL.

And then there is the zebra! That animal, whose black and white stripes shine out so plainly in this African



"THE BEST PLACE TO SHOOT AN ELEPHANT IS BETWEEN THE EAR AND THE EYE."

Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

sun, is to be seen by the thousands on the Athi plains, and he is found as far from the railroad all the way from Vol to Uganda—a distance greater than from New York to Pittsburgh. Had it not been against the law I could have picked off some with my revolver as I rode through on the cars. The zebra is a different animal when found far from the railroad, but on the whole he is easy to kill. He seems to have discovered that he will not be shot on the great game reservations which extend for one mile on each side of the Uganda track. Away from them he will run like a deer, and as zebras usually go in droves the excitement of following them over the plain is intense. Zebra skins tanned with the hair on are the trophies, and I am told that zebra steak is excellent eating. The flesh tastes like beef, with a flavor of game. The animals are so beautiful, however, and so much like a horse that only a brute would kill them for sport.

## ELEPHANT HUNTING PAYS.

In hunting elephants many a sportsman makes enough to pay a good share of his African expenses. He can shoot only two elephant bulls, but if he gets good ones their tusks taken together may sell for \$1,500 or \$2,000. The African elephants have the largest tusks of their kind. I have seen some which weighed 150 pounds each, and tusks have been taken which weigh up to 200 pounds. African ivory is the best and it brings the highest prices. It is difficult to get the tusks out. The porters may be half a day chopping away the meat, and it will take about four men to carry a tusk of the size I have mentioned. There are men here who hunt elephants for their ivory, but the most of the licenses are taken out by sportsmen, who care more for the honor of having made a good shot than anything else.

One of the best places to shoot an elephant is through the eye or half way between the ear and the eye. Another good shot is just back of the flap of the ear and a third is in a place on the side of the tail so that the ball will run along the spine and enter the lungs. Large bullets and heavy guns are used. It is exceedingly dangerous to shoot when the animal is close and not kill him. The elephant when injured is very revengeful. He will throw his trunk into the air, scream, hiss and

snort and rush after the hunter, knocking him down with a blow of his trunk and charge upon him with his great tusks. If the man falls, the great beast is liable to kneel upon him and mash him to a jelly.

One of the difficulties of elephant hunting is that it is not easy to distinguish the animals in the woods, as they are of much the same color as the trees. A traveler here tells me that he once almost walked into a big elephant while going through the forest. He was stooping down and looking straight before him when he saw the elephant's legs and took them for tree trunks. The average elephants of this region can easily make six miles an hour while on the march. They usually travel in herds, the young and old moving along together. The animals can swim, notwithstanding their enormous weight, and they can easily cross the largest rivers.

I understand that the most of the elephants which used to infest these plains have been driven away. They have now to be hunted for in the woods; but there are plenty in the forests between here and Uganda, and about the slopes of Mount Kenia and Mount Kilimanjaro. There are also many in the south near the Zambesi, and west of Lake Tanganyika. In the forests along the Congo. At present about 65,000 African elephants are being killed every year, and the number is increasing. They will eventually become as scarce as buffaloes in the United States.

As to hippos and rhinos, there are plenty of them still left along the streams and about the great lakes of the tropical parts of the continent. There are rhinoceroses almost everywhere in the woods between Narobi and Uganda. I have seen a number of them, and were I a hunter, which I am not, I could, I venture, bag enough of their hides to make riding whips for all the hunt clubs of Virginia. The settlers tell me the animals come in and root up their gardens, and that it is almost impossible to fence against them.

Both rhinos and hippos are hard to kill. Each has a skin about half an inch thick, and there are only a few places upon them where a ball will go through. Hippos can be hunted in boats on the lakes, but they swim rapidly and dive deep, remaining under the surface a long time. They move along through the water, showing only their ears and nose. They are wary, and it is

difficult to get a shot at just the right place. One of the best points at which to aim is under the eye or back of the head between the ears. These animals are sometimes harpooned, but such hunting is dangerous, as they are liable to crush one's boat.

The rhinos have also to be approached very carefully. They have keen senses of hearing and smell, although they cannot see to any great distance. They are usually hunted on foot, and one must be careful to get on the windward side of them. They do not hesitate to charge their enemies, and the great horn which each has on its nose is a terrible weapon, enabling it to kill a horse at a blow. The most of these beasts are black, but now and then a white one is found. I met a man the other day who claimed to have killed a white rhinoceros.

Since I have been in Africa I have received a number of letters from American sportsmen asking the cost of shooting big game in this part of the world. The question is hard to answer. It is dependent upon the man and to some extent on the bargains he makes. There are business firms here and in Mombasa who make a specialty of outfitting hunting parties, and who will fix all arrangements as to guides, food and porters somewhat after the same as Cook does for travelers. The prices, in such cases, depend upon the length and character of the tour and the size of the party. There is a young American here now, whose mother calls him "Dodo," who paid \$500 for a three days' hunt after lions; and this did not necessitate a license, as lions are on the free list. The young man tramped about with his porters through the tall grass, and was given a shot or two at two lions, both of which he missed. Had he tried for big game it would have cost him more.

On a long hunt the expenses of all kinds can be considered reduced, and I should think that \$40 a day for each sportsman in the party would be a fair estimate. I am told that a man can be fitted out with porters, gun bearers and personal servants for \$250 a month. One can get a good cook for from \$5 to \$10 a month, a gun bearer for about \$10 and a personal servant for from \$5 to \$10. The license for big game in all cases costs \$250. The traveling expenses from New York to British East Africa direct are about \$300.

As to provisions for the trip, this de-

## HOW IT IS CARRIED ON IN THE WILDS OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

pends much upon the tastes of the individual sportsman. There are native villages almost everywhere at which some fresh food can be bought at cheap rates. Chickens are plentiful at eight cents per pound and meats cost the same. In the streams and lakes there are fish; the guns of the party ought to supply plenty of game, and one need never suffer for the want of antelope or zebra steak.

As to the other food it should be packed up in boxes of 60 pounds each, and in case the outfit is prepared here, each box will have sufficient for one man's requirements for one week. The most of the stuff is in tins, and it usually includes plenty of Chicago canned beef, Canadian bacon and London biscuits, jams and marmalades. Such boxes are labeled with numbers, No. 1 containing the first week's supply, No. 2 the second week's, and so on.

Each box weighs just 60 pounds, as more than that can be carried on the head of one porter.

## SOME OUTFITTING SUGGESTIONS.

I would advise the American sportsman who intends coming out here to shoot to stop off on the way in England and get much of his supplies there. There are London firms who make a specialty of outfitting for African travel and for hunting expeditions. One should have double roofed tents, and the square tents are the best. It will be well to bring a mackintosh or rubber blanket, one foot wide all around than the floor of the tent for many of the camps may be soggy and marshy. One should also have a folding bedstead, a cork bed and war blankets, and a folding chair and table will not be amiss.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## VETERAN ACTOR'S 79TH BIRTHDAY



PHIL MARGETTS AND HIS FAMILY.

Phil Margetts, the veteran actor, was the recipient of a round birthday party at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Sam Rudd, 511 north First West street, last Monday evening. The party was given to celebrate the seventy-ninth birthday of Mr. Margetts. With the exception of one daughter, Mrs. Mulholland, all of his sons and daughters were present, as also were his grandchildren and a few close personal friends. In all there were about 75 persons present, and each tried to outdo the other in making the occasion a happy one for the veteran. A sumptuous repast was served and following the dinner there were speeches, songs and recitations. "Uncle Phil's" birthday party has always been a great event and the event of last Monday was no exception.

## Special for Ladies.

325 pair Ladies' Shoes, all kinds, Pat. Leather, Gun Metal, and Vici Kid, light soles and extension. \$3.00 and \$3.50 values, going at—

\$2.10.

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