

HUNTING BIG GAME IN EAST AFRICA

Hunting the Dangerous African Buffalo

By H. A. Bryden

H. A. Bryden, the co-author with Percy Selous of "Travel and Big Game," is a man who was born to the chase. From his youth it has been his ruling passion and he has gone with his rifle all over the world. In every continent his name as a Nimrod is known, and he has a modest direct style of presenting his adventures, tinged with a little touch of poetic sentiment here and there, which is very pleasing indeed. If any fault at all could be found with it it would be that he was overmodest and inclined to boast for others instead of telling his own story.

An incident highly indicative of the extraordinarily dangerous character of the African buffalo is related by Mr. Ainsley Williams, the gentleman scout of the famous Niger watershed exploring party.

I had missed him from his accustomed stations and on his reappearance he was generally banded up and one leg was in splints. It appears that one late afternoon when the shadows in the brush were growing to the point of almost complete darkness, though the sun still illuminated the tops of the trees, he was returning to camp alone save for a Senegambian gun bearer noted for his bravery. Both were mounted on native ponies, wiry and keen of senses. Suddenly Williams' pony began to snuffle and snort and both stood stock still refusing to advance into the darkness of the foliage-arched trail. Williams quickly unslinged a double-barreled ten gauge Parker with which he had been after fowl. He meant to slip in a buck shot cartridge, but before he more than had his gun across his pomel, with a grunting bellow the huge form of an old bull buffalo rushed out of the darkness ahead and charged the two with all ferocity.

It was impossible to turn out of his way and all that Williams could do was to lean forward and pull both barrels point blank. The massive horns and frontal bones must have shielded the beast from any injury, save enough to infuriate it more than ever. The next instant Williams' pony was disemboweled with a side swipe of the bull's horns and the rider was pitched into the brush with a broken leg. On over the dying pony rushed the buffalo and his charge drove the second pony end over end on top of his Senegambian rider. The two rifles he carried flew into the brush and one fell near Williams. It was the Winchester forty-four. Williams dragged himself over to it and found it unjured, but a tragedy was transpiring meanwhile, giving the poor gun bearer no chance for his life, the bull swept first one tip of his mighty horns and then the other into the jumble of trees and man and in his blind fury knelt on them and stamped on them. This happened in the fraction of a minute of course, and was terminated only when Williams, musing all his strength, rose to his knees and began pumping soft-soled pellets into the bull's flank, raking him forward into vital parts. The murderous creature fell on top of his victims and when searchers attracted by Williams' cries, found them, horse, bull and Senegambian lay dead in one heap.

Most Dangerous Game in Africa.

It is agreed upon all hands by experienced hunters in Africa that the buffalo is one of the three most dangerous four-footed foes that man can attack. Most men class this animal with elephants and lions, as game that requires the highest attributes of skill, courage and caution to bring to bag. As a matter of fact, it may be laid down that more deaths and dangerous accidents happen annually in Africa in hunting the buffalo than in the chase of any other species of heavy game. In regions where large numbers of these splendid beasts still wander, in troops of three hundred, four hundred and even more, and where they have been little disturbed, the

hunter has no great difficulty in shooting as many as he requires. In fairly open country, where scattered covert exists, and where they can be readily approached—a man may, by means of keen-sighted creatures—a man may, begins to think, shoot buffaloes as easily as he can shoot oxen. But, directly a buffalo is wounded and his blood-spoor has to be taken up, and the hunter has to follow him into the dense coverts to which he retreats, the business is entirely changed. Then you may prepare to look out for yourself, to take up your heaviest and most reliable weapon, and to follow the track of your game with every sense alert, and your rifle handy for an instant and most deadly charge.

You will find, too, that the native spoiler, who trotted in front of you readily enough on the blood spoor of elephant and even lion, will now greatly prefer to follow in your rear and leave you to take up your own person the first and dangerous risk in the dark and shadowy thickets into which you are advancing. He knows—none better—the dark, evil fury and the lurking, noiseless ways of the beast of which you are in search. The buffalo, so soon as he is wounded, seems, indeed, to think of little else than a bloody revenge. Unlike most other game, which, when wounded, will almost invariably take themselves in flight as far from the pursuer as possible, he usually retreats some distance into the densest bush, and then either hides up in some dark corner, where the shadows are deep and dense, or, turning upon his line, takes a parallel path back, and so waits for his foe; or he will even follow back upon his own spoor and conceal himself. Sometimes he will stand lurking amid the dark thickets; at another time, if badly wounded, he will lie down; in either case prepared and determined to inflict a bloody revenge for the hurts under which he is smarting. Year after year fatal accidents happen in South Africa in buffalo hunting, year after year, if not killed outright, are terribly mauled; and, until the buffalo is completely exterminated, he will

rest of the day was spent in skinning and cutting up the game. Part of the natives were sent back to the Boer camp, laden with as much meat as they could carry—the Boers requiring not only fresh meat for immediate use but enough to make a supply of "biltong" (salted sun-dried flesh); the remainder of the flesh was bestowed upon the native villagers who were with the expedition.

Large numbers of buffaloes were still reported a little further ahead, among the lagoons and marshes of this region, and the Dutch hunter, therefore camped for the night, ate a hearty supper by the roaring fire, and slept soundly till early dawn. Before sun-up the party were again stirring. In less than two hours' time the natives had led the way to a broad, marshy lagoon, or "vlei," as the Boers call it, surrounded by drier ground, upon which grew bush, acacia trees, and a few tall palms. Part of this lagoon was shallow open water, the remainder consists of a dense bed of tall reeds, which led to further swamps and lagoons beyond. The sight that met the Dutchman's eyes, as he and the natives crept cautiously towards the edge of the "vlei," and surveyed the scene from behind a screen of bush, was a wonderful one. In and about the "vlei," stood a troop of not less than two hundred buffaloes, some rolling in the shallow, some drinking, some standing belly-deep in water, dark and motionless. The buffalo birds (a species of starling-Buphaya Africana) those watchful allies of these animals and rhinoceroses, were flying higher and higher, many of them packing and feeding on the ticks and parasites which infest the buffalo. A number of small white herons, too, were about the "vlei," some of which were also to be seen actually perching on the broad backs of the great game. In any case the stalk required caution, and, with these watchful "buffel-vogel" about, extreme care was, as the Boer saw, essential. Concealed behind a thick mass of bush, to which he and the Hottentot had crept, the Dutchman waited patiently

and was determined to finish off his task. As soon as the reeds were reached, the blood spoor was easily to be followed. The heavy bullet had evidently raked the lungs, the bull was bleeding freely, and large patches of crimson marked its path. The reeds were very tall—twelve or fourteen feet—and thick, and the spooring seemed so dangerous an operation that the Hottentot, who was carrying a second gun—a Martini Henry—fell behind, leaving his master to take the first risk with his heavy eight-bore. At every step—they were wading knee deep in water—the hunters stopped to listen. They had not penetrated fifty yards through the avenue of broken reeds, afforded by the passage of the bull, when in an instant, and without warning, the beast was upon them. The Boer was knocked flat upon his back by the charge; the bull had miscalculated his distance, and had struck his enemy with his nose, which was held high, as is the habit of these brutes when charging. Galloping over the prostrate Boer, the Buffalo went straight for the Hottentot a few paces behind. This unfortunate brute struck with his horns and tossed on one side some yards into the reeds. Then, continuing its career, the bull passed on out of the "vlei" and took shelter in some thin bush, where it was afterward found dead. The Boer, all the while knocked out of him, and severely bruised, picked himself up, retrieved his rifle, which was flung yards away, and then sought the Hottentot. The unfortunate servant lay among the reeds and water, a terrible wound gaping just below his chest, to the left—breathing his last. He lived only a short time, and died a pathetic and unwilling object lesson in the risks and dangers of following a wounded buffalo into thick covert.

Some Perils of Buffalo-Hunting.

Occasionally hunters have been attacked by a solitary buffalo which has charged them before a shot has been fired, and without apparent provoca-



ONE WILD LUNGE LIFTED HORSE AND RIDER FROM THE GROUND.

be found as savage and as dangerous as the lion himself, and, withal, far more revengeful.

Attacked by an Enraged Buffalo.

At last several fat cows, for which he had been waiting came, together with a tremendous old bull, within 30 yards. Selecting the best cow, the Boer aimed behind the point of the shoulder, and brought her down. She fell instantly to the shot, struggled a little further, and soon lay dead. The Boer had hoped and expected to bring down another cow. His intentions were frustrated, however, by the bull, which charged upon the instant directly towards the rifle smoke. Within ten yards, the Dutchman, who was kneeling, fired again, hitting the grim beast in front of the chest, and turning it. Meanwhile, at the sound of the firing the whole immense herd floundered out of the "vlei," and went crashing through an angle of the reed beds, and thence far into the bush. As they fled the Boer shoved in another cartridge, took aim at a retreating cow eighty yards off, and by a lucky shot, broke her back. She fell below, and was quickly dispatched. Leaving the natives to skin and cut up these carcasses, the Dutchman now took up the pursuit of the wounded bull, which he had marked in his flight through a dense patch of reeds to the right of the lagoon. The beast had turned off alone, and the greatest care had to be taken in following it through such covert. But the Dutchman had hitherto always had great luck with buffalo.

tion. In such instances it has usually been found either that the animal had been previously wounded by some other hunter, or had been clawed by a lion; in either case its naturally morose temper having been rendered yet more dangerous.

No hunter ought to attempt to tackle a buffalo with a rifle of lighter calibre than a 577 double express.

Once plentiful all over Southern Africa wherever water was to be found, the buffalo has now to be sought far in the interior. There is one singular exception to this statement. Many years ago the Cape government passed an act protecting under severe penalties the buffalo—as well as the elephant—in Cape colony. In the forest and densely bushed regions bordering the coast line, some strong troops of buffaloes are still to be found between Mossel bay and the Kowie river. A few years ago, during a great drought, some of these fine beasts were to be seen drinking in the river within a few miles of the town of Uitenhage. These animals can only be shot in Cape colony by a special permit from the governor, and on payment of the sum of ten pounds for each specimen obtained. Beyond Cape colony the sportsman has to travel nowadays several hundred miles before he can hope to find buffalo. Perhaps the best country existing at the present time is the low and unhealthy region lying in Portuguese territory between the Sabi and Zambezi. From the Busi and Pungue

Millions for Barrels

Fifteen million eight hundred thousand two hundred and fifty-three dollars' worth of forest products was sold last year in making barrels, for the potatoes and apples of the farmer, for the flour and meal of the miller, for the nails of the hardware man, for cement, and for the many other users of the faithful slack barrel. Reports from 950 coopers companies in all parts of the country show

an increase of \$1,569,688, or 11 per cent., in the value of last year's product over that of the previous year.

The states of Pennsylvania, Missouri, Michigan, Arkansas and Virginia, in the order named, turned out 56.3 per cent. of the total production of slack staves and heading, much of which was a by-product of the lumber mills. Ohio lead in the quantity of hoops

manufactured, closely followed by Indiana, the output of these two states forming 67.3 per cent. of the total production.

The town built of Meerschaum. In Spain, is almost entirely built of meerschaum. Valdecas has on its outskirts great quantities of a meerschaum too coarse for pipe-making, and a meerschaum-bull town that shines in the Spanish sun.

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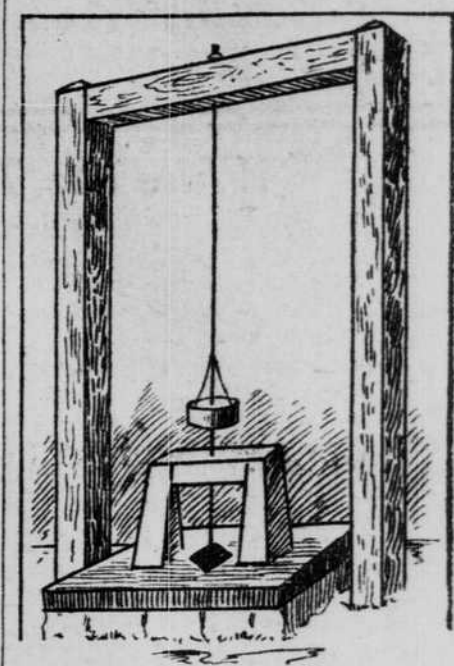
Noah in the Automobile.

We lived in the ark, and they got us at last. Packed up in the attic, reposeful and quiet. And Dorothy said: "Mr. Noah, you are falling. I'll telephone the doctor and tell him you're ailing." "It's probably something to do with your diet." This world's not at all like it was in the past. In Dorothy's grandmother's day. You're sick, Mr. Noah, and you ought to be dozed. It's something quite bad, I can tell by your sneezes—Perhaps 'pendicitis or nervous prostration." I felt—I admit it—a little elation To hear I was subject to modern diseases. I never had more than quincy at most. In Dorothy's grandmother's day. "I think," she continued, "I'll send you to ride. For really your paleness is very distressing. The automobile will be here in a minute." She brought out a roller skate, lifted me in it. And e'er I could give my dear sons a last blessing She pushed it. I never felt such a "gone-ness" inside. In Dorothy's grandmother's day. Then madly it clattered, and wildly it flew. All jiggles and joggles, unsteered and unsteady. Till out I was hurled, and my senses forsook me. I fell seven inches! And Dorothy took me. And said: "It's so healthful—you're better already." In Dorothy's grandmother's day.

AN EARTHQUAKE FORETELLER

This Seismograph is a Simple Thing and Can Easily Be Made Out of Wood.

This is the picture of the seismograph—the earthquake foreteller—which was first put into use by the Japanese in 1897, and has since been adopted by all nations. Every oscillation of the earth, no matter how slight, causes the needle



The Seismograph.

In this instrument to scratch a line on a plate of glass, whose surface is covered with a thin film of lamplack.

German Princes Well Reared. The really, truly, flesh-and-blood princes of to-day are not, like their prototype of romance, clad in velvets and satins and feathers; and they do, occasionally, lay off their jeweled coronets to assume quite matter-of-fact and up-to-date headgear, says Youths' Companion. The recent marriage of another of the kaiser's sons brings to mind the fact that those princes are no longer sturdy lads subject to the domestic economy of the nursery.

For these princelings were brought up on principles well adapted to any careful household. No "slashed suit and doublet" for their active days! Their mother was far too good a housewife for such extravagances. Not only were the boys' clothes of strong and practical manufacture, but so long as there was anything left of them, they were handed down from one brother to another, made over in the kaiser's own workroom.

Sometimes the kaiser's royal trousers were cut down to fit princely little legs, now grown much too long and too important to be encased in second-hand habiliments.

The royal mother had due regard to the practical economy of her own attire. Wolf von Schierbrand, in "Germany; the Wedding of a World Power," gives an instance of her prudence.

In 1896 at the Berlin Municipal exposition, a very costly dress was exhibited, having an exceedingly long train. The kaiser took a fancy to this garment, and wanted the kaiserin to buy it. She smilingly refused.

"What use would it be to me?" she said. "With two or three boys always hanging on my skirts, it would be torn in a jiffy."

WHOLE FAMILY.

They're all coming to pieces, so there's no fun playing with them!" cried the twins together. "Then I know the very thing to do," declared their aunt. "We will have a dolls' hospital. You can both be trained nurses, and I'll be the head surgeon. Bess, you get the patients ready, and Jess, you must run and get the mucligue pot and my workbasket; they're my surgical instruments. Oh, and just ask Mary to lend you two of her caps, and give you some clean pinafores." Bess ranged the coats neatly against the wall, and when Jess came back Aunt Edna pinned a little red cloth cross on each right arm. Then the hospital staff was ready to make rounds.

It was surprising how much there was to be done; stitches taken here and there, paper dolls to be glued together. To tell the truth, every cot in the hospital was crowded, and the nurses and surgeon had their hands full for over an hour.

As Aunt Edna rose to leave the room, she said: "Now I'm going to be a really, truly nurse, and to see how poor mother's head is." She nodded, and closed the door.

"I do believe it's going to rain tomorrow," said Bess, very cheerfully this time.

"Oh, I hope so!" answered Jess, just as gaily.—Alice Van Leer Carrick.

Sorry He Lost His Hat.

Two youngsters were fishing by the side of a brook when one fell in and narrowly escaped with his life. The grief of the other was so prolonged that a sympathetic bystander asked if the half-drowned boy was a relative.

"No," said the other, tearfully, "he wasn't no relation, but he mou't's well been; he had all de bait in his pocket, and now it's all gone."

Don't Like to Be Encored. Clara, aged six, did not know the meaning of an encore, and was very much disgusted with the children's concert in which she took part.

"I just know we didn't make a single mistake," she exclaimed, "yet the people in front got cross and made such a fuss that we had to do it all over again."

A Small Boy's Witty Answer. Teddy was walking with a chum across a toll bridge.

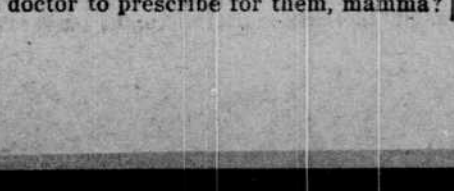
"Do you know who built this bridge?" asked his chum.

"No," replied Teddy, "but if you'll go across you'll be tolled at the other end."

WHAT THE LITTLE TOTS SAY

Mamma—This paper says that too many fur rugs in the house are unhealthy.

Little Inez—Why don't you get the doctor to prescribe for them, mamma?



Cyprus Wine.

During the fiscal year ending March 31, 1908, 456 gallons of wine were exported from Cyprus to the United States, a new departure, which may or may not lead to further business. Cyprus wine is considered somewhat heady for ordinary use, and its value in commerce has been lessened by the flavor acquired from carrying it to port in tarred skins. Within recent years roads have been constructed through the grape districts, enabling the wine to be conveyed in barrels, re-

Resulting in a decided improvement in flavor.

While the grapes are of fine quality, the primitive and unscientific methods still prevalent in wine-making result in coarse and strong wines, which do not keep well. The exports of wine at present go mainly to Egypt, while the brandy made from the wine goes to England.

Usually.

Teacher—"What is a Laplander?" Young Miss—"An awkward man in a crowded street car."