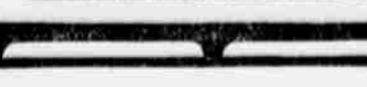


HUNTING BIG GAME IN EAST AFRICA



A Soldier's Big Game Hunting

By Lieut.-Gen. R. S. S. Baden-Powell, F. R. G. S.

Through all the world the name of Baden Powell, soldier and scientist, is celebrated and but few people know that he has the ability to shine by right of his pen and brush as well. The hero of Mafeking and a dozen other campaigns filled in the gaps between military engagements with hunting and this "Sport in War" contains some dramatic adventures sprinkled with bits of rare humor and caustic comment. A most unusual feature is the reckless way in which he hunted with military arms instead of the customary weapons for big game.

"WHAT kind of sport did you have out there?" is the question with which men have, as a rule, greeted one on return from the campaign in Rhodesia; and one could truthfully say, "We had excellent sport." I am about



THE LION TOSSED UP HIS SHAGGY HEAD.

to tell of facing lions with a small caliber military rifle, an adventure to thrill army sportsman.

In the first place, scouting played a very prominent part in the preliminaries to major operations.

This scouting, to be successful, necessitated one's going with the very slenderest escort—frequently with one man only, to look after the horses, and for long distances away from our main body, into the districts occupied by the enemy and by big game. Thus, one was thrown entirely on one's own resources, with the stimulating knowledge that if he did not maintain a sufficient alertness of observation and action, he stood a very good chance, indeed, not only of failing to gain information which you were desired to seek, but also of getting himself wiped out, and left in stress on the veldt.

"Spooking," or tracking, was our main source of guidance and information and night the cover under which we were able to make our way about the enemy's country with impunity.

The pleasures of the pursuit of game were all the more enhanced by the knowledge that the meat was really necessary to us, and especially by the fact that we often carried out our sport at the risk of being ourselves the quarry of some sneaking band of rebel warriors.

Dangers of Camping in the Lion Country.

Moreover, to all our fun a seasoning was added in the shape of lions, whose presence or propinquity was very frequently impressed upon us at nights by deep-toned grunts or ghostly apparitions within the halo of our watch-fires. In defiance of the rules of war—which forbid the use of fires by night, as guiding an enemy's night attack—we had a ring of bright fires burning round our bivouac to scare away the lions.

By day we saw them, too. One patrol, indeed, came upon a group of nine lying dozing in the bush; and

when the nine arose and yawned and stretched their massive jaws and limbs, the patrol, remembering the old maxim concerning the relations between discretion and valor, changed the course of their advance and took another line.

One time, when I was patrolling the bank of the Shangani river with three men, the massive form of a lion was seen slowly moving over the boulders of the river-bed. The corporal and I jumped off our horses in a moment, and fired a volley a deux, at about 150 yards. One shot thudded into him, the other striking the ground just under his belly. He sprang with a light bound over a rock and disappeared from our view. Posting one man on a high point on the bank to watch the river-bed and leaving the other in charge of our horses, the corporal and I made our way down to where we had last seen the lion. We were armed with Lee-Netford carbines and we turned on our magazines in order to have a good running fire available should our quarry demand it.

Meantime our main body, coming along the opposite bank of the river, had seen our maneuver, and an officer and one man had come down into the riverbed from their side to help us.

Gradually and cautiously we surrounded the spot where we guessed the lion to be—cautiously, at least, as far as three of us were concerned; the fourth, the man who had come from the main body, was moving in a far freer and more confident manner than any of us could boast; he clambered over the rocks and sprang with agility into the most likely corners for finding a wounded lion lying ambushed, and his sole weapon was his revolver—for he was a farmer. Such is Tommy Atkins; whether it is the outcome of sheer pluck, or of ignorance, or of both combined, the fact remains that he will sail gayly in where danger lies, and as often as not sail gayly out again unharmed.

However, to continue; at last we

(as otherwise they would not be occupying this hill).

"However, they could not see anything of us, as it was then quite dark. And we went farther on among the mountains. In the early morning light we crossed the deep river-bed of the Umchingwe River, and, in doing so, noticed the fresh spoor of a lion in the sand. We went on and had a good look at the enemy's stronghold; and on our way back, as we approached this river-bed, agreed to go quietly, in case the lion should be moving about in it. On looking down over the bank, my heart jumped into my mouth when I saw a grand old brute just walking in behind a bush. Jackson did not see him, but was off his horse as quickly as I was, and ready with his gun; too ready, indeed, for the moment that the lion appeared, walking majestically out from behind the bush that had hidden him, Jackson fired hurriedly, striking the ground under his foot, and, as we afterwards discovered, knocking off one of his claws.

"The lion tossed up his shaggy head and looked at us in disfigured surprise. Then I fired and hit him with a leaden bullet from the Lee-Netford. He reeled, sprang round, and staggered a few paces, when Jackson, who was using a Martini-Henry, let him have one in the shoulder. This knocked him over sideways, and he turned about, growling savagely.

"I could scarcely believe that we had got a lion at last, but resolved to make sure of it; so, telling Jackson not to fire unless it was necessary (for fear of spoiling the skin with the larger bullet of the Martini), I went down closer to the beast and fired a shot at the back of his neck as he turned his head momentarily away from me. The bullet went through his spine and came out through the lower jaw, killing him.

"We were pretty delighted at our success, but our nigger was mad with happiness, for a dead lion—provided he is not a man-eater—has many invaluable gifts for a Kaffir, in the shape of love-philms, charms against disease or injury, and medicines that produce bravery. It was quite delightful to shake hands with the mighty paws of the dead lion, to pull at his magnificent tawny mane, and to look into his great deep, yellow eyes. Then we set to work to skin him; two of us skinning while the other kept watch in case of the enemy sneaking up to catch us while we were thus occupied. We found that he was fat, and also that he had been much wounded by porcupines, portions of whose quills had pierced the skin, and lodged in his flesh in several places. Our nigger cut out the eyes, gall-bladder, and various bits of the lion's anatomy, as fetch medicine. I filled my carbine-bucket with some of the fat, as I knew my two 'boys,' Diamond and M'tini, would very greatly value it. Then, after hiding the head in a neighboring bush where we could find it again, we packed the skin on to one of the ponies and returned to camp mightily pleased with ourselves."

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TROUBLE OVER MERRY WIDOW

The Hat So Named, of Course, Is Meant, and the Tale is a Dis-mal One, Indeed.

There's a weeping bride in Borough Park and an angry bridegroom, too, and a frenzied hatter, which does not matter as much as the bride's "boo-hoo!" writes the poet reporter of the New York Tribune.

When subway trains and rushing crowds of men from every nation had jammed the stairs and platforms of the Twenty-third street station the ticket seller, Charlie Hott, whose temper seemed erratic, held up a ticket buyer with a question most emphatic. The buyer, Israel Cohen, a milliner's errand boy, with a hat as big as ever seen, had caused the clerk's annoy. The hat was just a linear yard across from brim to brim, while half that distance up and down made other hats look slim. For the hat a bride was waiting and the hour was getting late, but the subway, Hott insisted, was not built to carry freight.

So Hott emerged from out his box and made a pass at Cohen, while Israel seemed inclined to think 'twas time that he was gone. But ere the luckless messenger was able to escape the "Merry Widow" outfit had assumed a woeful shape. No longer high and lofty, but mashed so badly that it looked more like a pancake than a "Merry Widow" hat.

But while the fight was at its height a copper came around, arrested Hott (heaven help his lot) before he'd fought one round. To the nearest station of police, in Twentieth street, they tell, he took poor Hott, charged with assault, and locked him in a cell.

Never Be Afraid to Doubt.

Never be afraid to doubt, if only you have the disposition to believe; and doubt in order that you may end in believing the truth.—Leighton.

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 killing them. It is not often that a man is found who has hunted puma, grizzly, moose, lion, tiger, elephant, wolf, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, leopard, ocotot, 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



ROSE OUT OF THE ROCKS AND STOOD FACING US.

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.

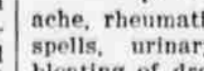
About the second hour of darkness the cattle in the village became very restless. The wind was from the south and as the half full moon was so bright that any skulking animal near the village would have been noticed, Drayton and I agreed that the lion was in a little copse of rocks about a half mile 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 ten-gauge, which I had loaded with special shells of dense powder and buckshot set in wax.

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 hidden by the clumps of brush through which we had been working and he did not see us. Slowly and majestically he surveyed the little plain then, thrusting out his ponderous jaw uttered a roar that went thundering down the reaches of moonlit silence.

It was with difficulty that I could restrain Drayton from risking a shot from where we stood. The lion held his pose and ducking under cover of the brush and treading softly on the sand we hurried forward to the first ridge of rocks. To pass these, we must attract his notice to a certainty, so Drayton dropped on one knee while with every nerve tingling and my eyes and ears straining to catch any sign of his mate, who might be just beyond the ridge for all we knew, I waited for Drayton's shot. He chose the chest and the crash of the Winchester went echoing among the rocks. The magnificent beast leaped ten feet in the air, then came rolling, tumbling, clanging down our side of the koppe directly toward us. His wounded roar was answered from other directions. There were two other lions on the other side of the koppe and one in the rocks and brush not 20 yards from us to the right. But we had not time to think of them. The wounded lion got to his feet with incredible energy and quickness. As he leaped, with another roar I poured both barrels of my Parker into his body. That was enough. He landed in convulsions and it was fortunate that he had enough. There was a crash in the

HER FRIENDS WONDER How Mrs. Kessler Was Rescued from Almost Certain Death.

Few have lived through such trials and suffering from kidney disease as were endured by Mrs. Caroline Kessler of W. Main St., Paw Paw, Mich. Well and strong again, her case is thought a miracle by her friends. What Mrs. Kessler went through makes a long story—back-



ache, rheumatism, dizzy and fainting spells, urinary disorders, dreadful bloating of dropsy and finally a complete prostration that defied medical skill and caused her to be given up. Through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills Mrs. Kessler is a well woman and is willing to tell about her case to anyone who cares to inquire.

Sold by all dealers, 50 cts. a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE PRIVILEGED CLASS.



"But, Minna, you shouldn't flirt with all the men as you are doing! Remember—you're not married!"

Here's a Good One.

A friend of mine told me of a curious experience. He was carefully stalking a big bull elephant in a large herd, when they got his wind, and a big cow elephant charged him. He jumped behind a large tree as the elephant reached him, and being unable to stop herself in time, the elephant drove her tusks with such force into the tree that they snapped off close to her head. The elephant was stunned for a moment, but luckily turned and galloped after the last retreating herd, leaving him the possessor of some 80 pounds of ivory, valued at about \$250.—Circle Magazine.

Lazy Men Power Generators.

Learned Justice Betts of Kingston, N. Y., says: "Lazy men have a right to live." Our lazy men are our most potent. History shows that as a rule, with a rule's exceptions, our greatest men had either indolent or shiftless fathers, as fathers of Shakespeare, Lincoln, Napoleon, Bismarck and other worthies indicate. On the other hand, great men's children are few and far between. Power in a lazy man is accumulative, as in a coiled spring, but the great man has little or nothing left for offspring.—New York Times.

A Youthful Idea.

"See, my son," said an enthusiastic parent, anxious to impress the beauties and resources of nature, "what beautiful green dresses of leaves the trees have now, when in winter they are quite bare."

"I guess," said the youngster, thoughtfully, "that when winter comes they pack these pretty green dresses in their trunks, don't they?"

Bucolic Rebuke.

"Pa is scoldin the new gardener dreadfully."

"The man is such a hayseed."

"I suppose that is the reason pa is giving him such a raking over."

Seeds of Disease in Children.

Dr. Shannon of Edinburgh recently stated that out of the 1,000 city children under three years of age examined by him, 647 had tuberculosis in some form.

AN OLD TIMER Has Had Experiences.

A woman who has used Postum since it came upon the market knows from experience the wisdom of using Postum in place of coffee if one values health and a clear brain. She says:

"At the time Postum was first put on the market I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia, and my physician had repeatedly told me not to use tea or coffee. Finally I decided to take his advice and try Postum. I got a package and had it carefully prepared, finding it delicious to the taste. So I continued its use and very soon its beneficial effects convinced me of its value, for I got well of my nervousness and dyspepsia.

"My husband had been drinking coffee all his life until it had affected his nerves terribly, and I persuaded him to shift to Postum. It was easy to get him to make the change for the Postum is so delicious. It certainly worked wonders for him.

"We soon learned that Postum does not exhilarate nor depress and does not stimulate, but steadily and honestly strengthens the nerves and the stomach.

"To make a long story short, our entire family continued to use Postum with satisfying results, as shown in our fine condition of health and we have noticed a rather unexpected improvement in brain and nerve power." Increased brain and nerve power always follow the use of Postum in place of coffee, sometimes in a very marked manner. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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