

WILLIE WYLD

HUNTING BIG GAME IN AFRICA

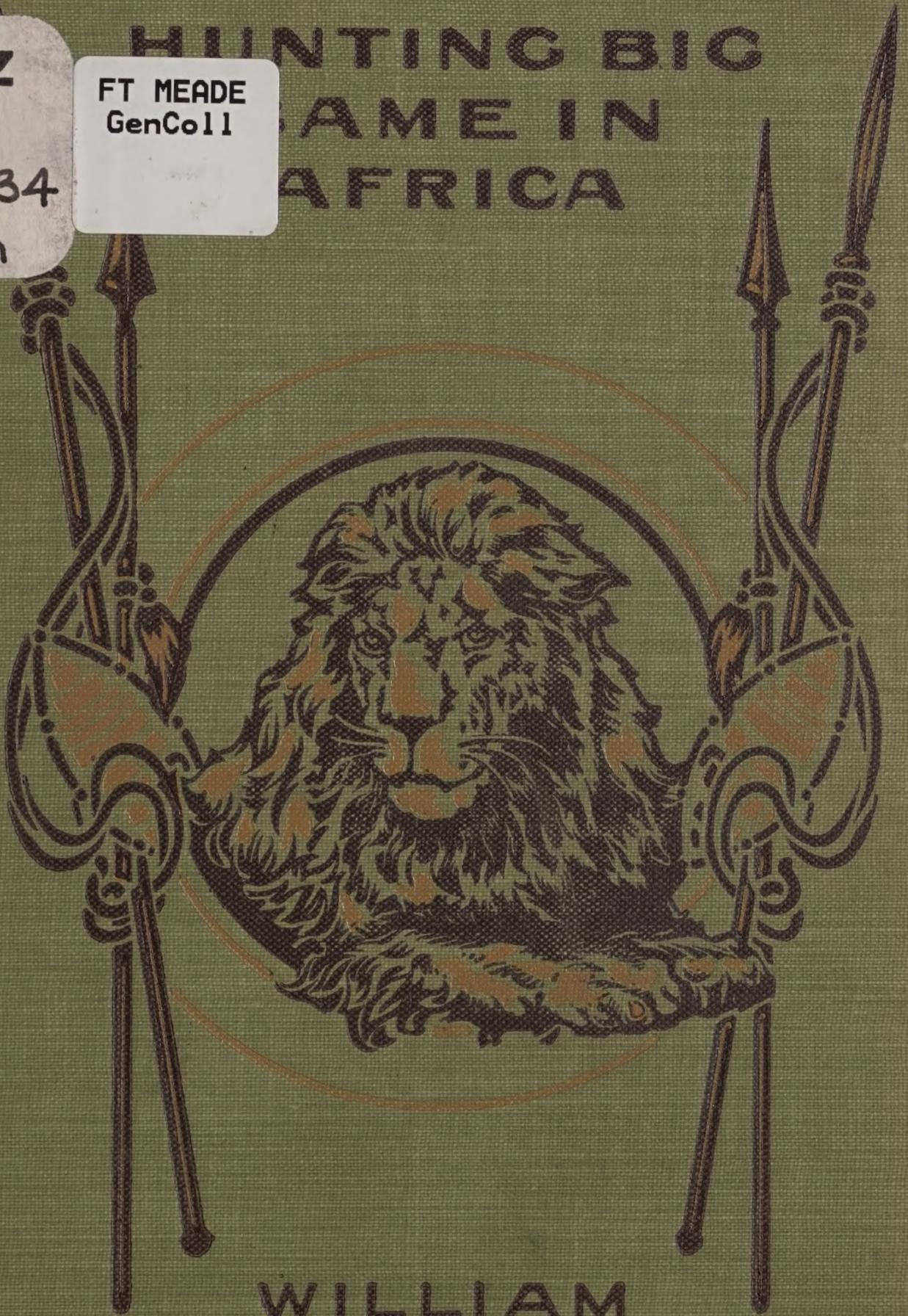
PZ

9

.M834

Wh

FT MEADE
GenColl



WILLIAM
JAMES
MORRISON



Class

P29

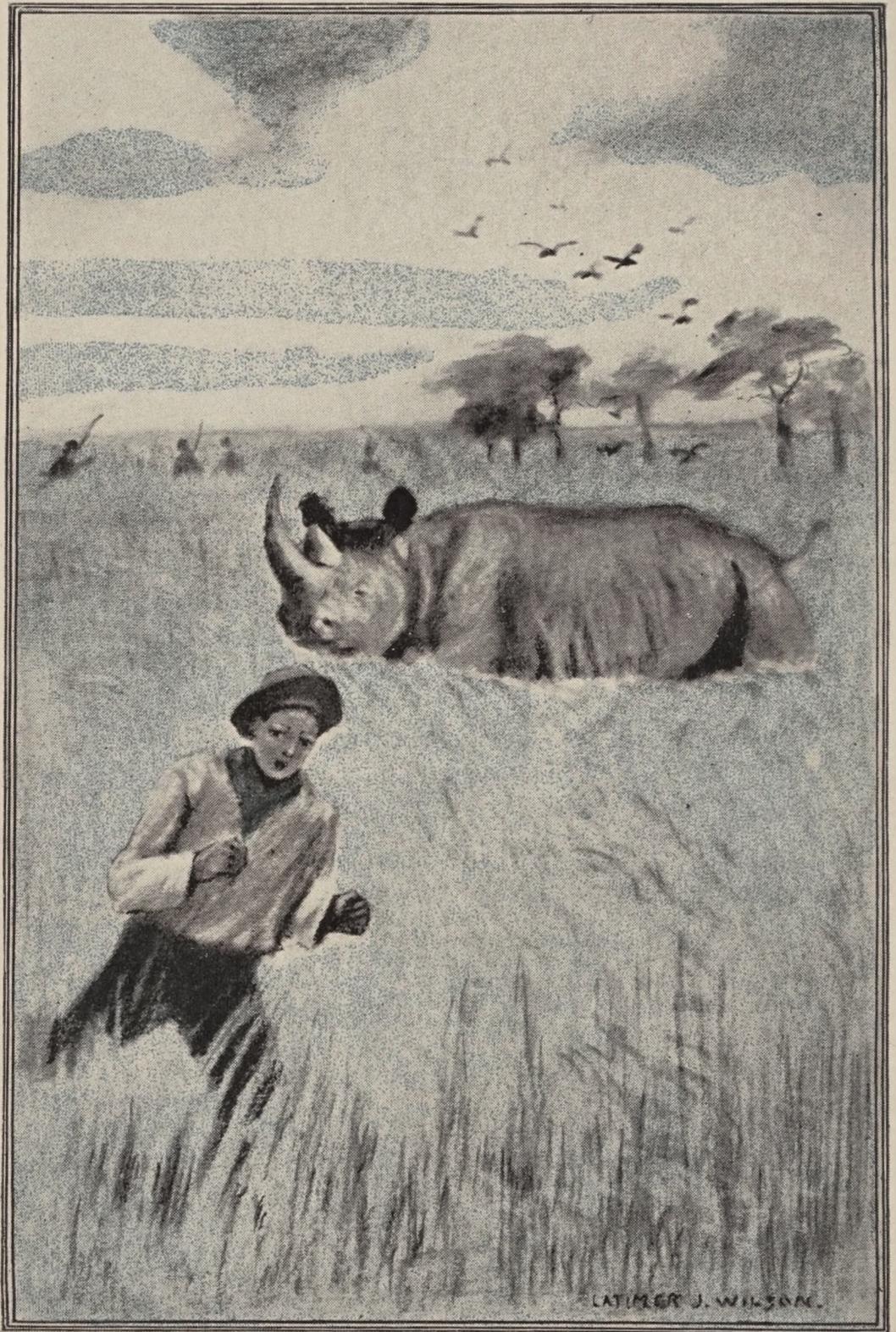
Book

M834V6

Copyright N^o.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Willie Wyld Hunting
Big Game in Africa

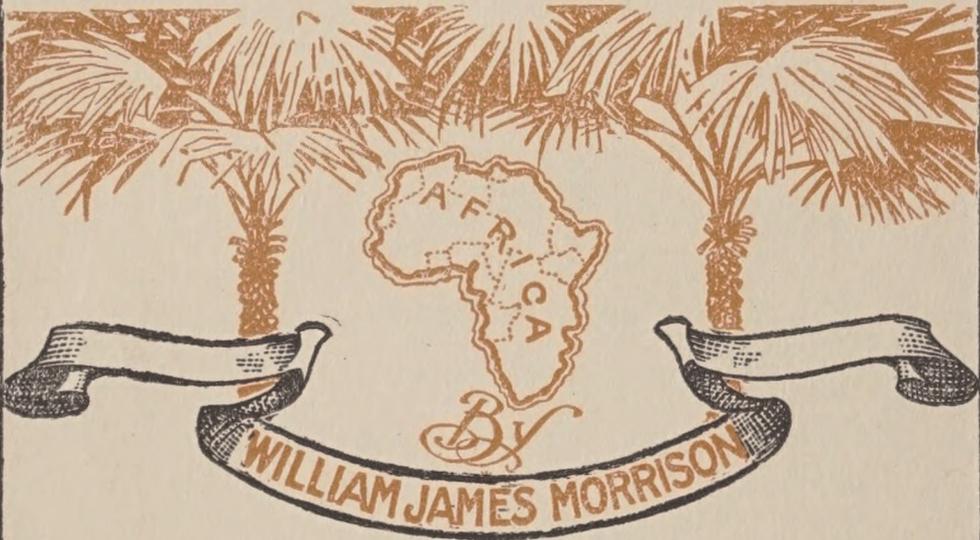


HE SAW ME AND STOPPED

MORRISON'S SYSTEM OF NATURAL HISTORY STORIES

WILLIE WYLD

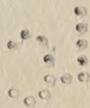
HUNTING BIG GAME
IN AFRICA



NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS

PZ 9
M 834
Wh

COPYRIGHT, 1912
BY
SMITH & LAMAR



© Cl. A330595

Ua

MY MOTHER
AT WHOSE KNEE SO
MANY HAPPY HOURS OF CHILDHOOD
WERE SPENT IN LISTENING
TO HER STORIES
OF LONG
AGO

INTRODUCTION.

ALL people like stories of adventure, boys and girls most of all. Our ancestors told them about their camp fires at night in the long winters and on the meadows and in the openings of the great forests in the long twilights of the summer. Some told of the adventures of the day and of their own experiences and the experiences of others, their friends of the tribe. Others knew and told the stories of ancient times and of distant places. Stories of this kind were transformed and idealized in the imagination of those who told them from generation to generation, and finally became the dearest treasures of the people. The old men of good memory and vivid imagination and of ready speech who knew these stories and could tell them best were welcomed by all, and by none more heartily than by the children.

The best of these stories of heroic adventure among the noblest races were knit together by the readiest of their story-tellers into great epics: Iliads, Odysseys, Nibelungen songs, stories of Beowulf, and the like were put into permanent written form, and are still the most

valued treasures in all the world. To know them is to know the heart of man. To love them is to be in sympathy with his aspirations, desires, and hopes. To a large extent they form the materials of our best modern culture.

But the world is ever young. Its youth is renewed with each generation. The love of adventure never dies. Every new generation is still curious about the strange and unknown. The imagination is still fresh and active. Storyland still has large areas of unexplored territory.

Now, as ever, the proper medium of the story is the human voice. Language is primarily a thing of the tongue and ear rather than of the hand and eye, and the best and most attractive literary style is that which grows immediately out of the spoken word. One of the most remarkable phenomena of the world of childhood and youth in modern times is the revival of the ancient custom of telling stories—under somewhat different conditions. The story-teller is again the popular hero. In the home, in the school, on the village green, in the public library, in the lecture hall, in the church, in every possible place people gather

to listen in silence and feel the magic spell of the stories, old and new.

Dr. William James Morrison has become known among modern story-tellers for his realistic stories of adventure, in which are interwoven valuable information of strange lands, peoples, and animals. The stories in this volume were first told by Dr. Morrison to the children of Nashville in the Children's Reading Room of the Public Library of that city, and have been written down as told. Hence their freshness, simplicity, and realism.

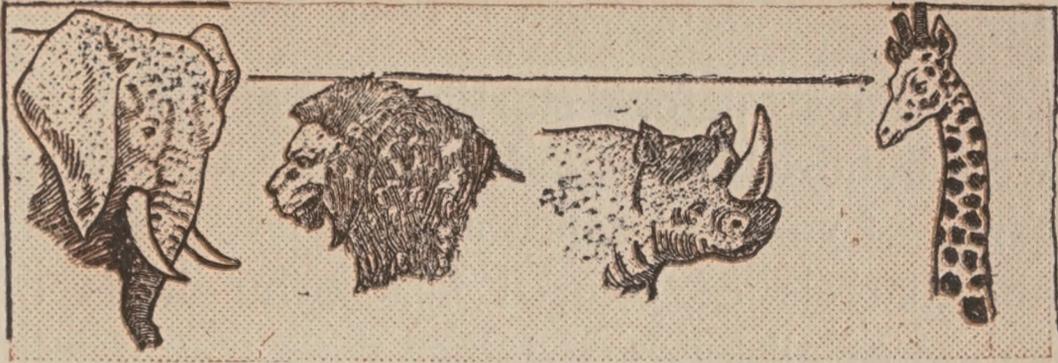
I have just read them at a sitting without skipping a sentence, and I am sure many another child will want to do the same.

Philander Priestley Clayton

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FIRST EVENING.....	13
SECOND EVENING.....	24
THIRD EVENING.....	35
FOURTH EVENING.....	45
FIFTH EVENING.....	56
SIXTH EVENING.....	69
SEVENTH EVENING.....	81
EIGHTH EVENING.....	94
NINTH EVENING.....	106
TENTH EVENING.....	118



WILLIE WYLD.

First Evening.

ALTHOUGH I was a big boy, my friend, General Kermit, always called me "Willie Wyld," a nickname I got while a scout among the Indians. It is hard to get rid of a nickname, and I was known as Willie Wyld while with General Kermit on our great hunt in Africa, which I am going to tell you about this evening.

You must know that the Island of Zanzibar is off the east coast of Africa and only a few miles from the mainland. We were on this island in the city of Zanzibar when General Kermit decided he would go in search of a missionary named Wesley, who had gone to Africa and had not been heard from in a long time.

Among the many things that we had to buy

at Zanzibar before starting on our journey were hundreds of pounds of copper wire, thousands of yards of calico and domestic, barrels and barrels of colored beads, hundreds of knives of all kinds, together with such bright and shiny toys as we were told would please the negroes of the country through which we would have to pass. In Africa money is of no use in buying from the negroes, so we used as money such things as they want.

In those days there were no roads of any kind in Africa, nothing but little paths through the jungles, made by the negroes or animals going from place to place. In such a country wagons could be of no use, so we had to hire some seventy-five porters to carry our ammunition, guns, food, and the many other things that a hunting party would need on a long journey.

To protect our goods and porters from the savage negroes of the country, we had to employ a number of Hindo and negro soldiers as guards. In addition to all these porters and soldiers, we took with us some men called "interpreters," who could speak English and also speak the language of the people through whose country we would hunt or travel.

Although the negroes have been living for thousands of years in a land with great herds of elephants, they have never tamed or trained them to do their work, as has been done in Asia. The only animals we could buy to assist in carrying our goods were a few donkeys and some cows. All our men, animals, and goods were boated from the island across the



Our negroes on the march.

water to the coast of Africa, and we began our march through the country of U-za-ramo. General Kermit and I each rode on a cow, while our goods were carried on the backs of men and donkeys. Fifty of our men did nothing but carry the bundles of wire, bales of cloth, and sacks of beads that were to be used in the place of money. Although the negro men we had employed at Zanzibar had been

paid one-half the wages that were due them for the journey, we learned when we went into camp the first night that ten of our men had run away. Their friends said that these negroes believed the white men were cannibals and wanted to get them far from their homes then kill and eat them.

On the second day's journey we were met by a band of negro warriors who lived in that part of the country. They were armed with bows, arrows, and spears, and for a while it looked as though we would have to fight our way through; but we found that by giving them some wire and a little cloth as toll we could continue on our journey. The people of U-za-ramo made their living by compelling travelers to pay them before they are allowed to go through the country. They also capture negroes of the other tribes and sell them as slaves.

These negroes comb their hair in many curious ways, smear their bodies with a mixture of clay and castor oil, put a piece of cloth or animal skin around their waist, and march about, thinking themselves to be dandy dudes of Africa.

By some mistake our guide took the wrong

path, and before we discovered it we came upon some men who were digging gum copal. This gum was carried to Zanzibar and shipped to all parts of the world to be made into varnish. I learned that possibly more than a hundred years ago there was a forest of trees at this place and from these trees there oozed out a gummy sap that dropped to the ground. As year after year this gum dropped to the ground or ran down the side of the tree little piles of it were formed. Then storms blew the trees down and the gum was covered with leaves and dirt. But it remained there until man found it useful as varnish to make his furniture and carriages look bright and shiny.

The negro men who worked at digging gum copal had put up huts for their families, and we saw the negro women carrying their babies on their backs. To keep the naked children warm, a sheep skin was thrown over them and fastened at the parent's breast. The children could cling to their mothers as tightly as if they had been glued to them, and the only things you could see were their little coconut heads with pairs of round, beady, black eyes staring at you.

While we were in this camp I heard some

children screaming and crying. Going to find what was the cause of so much trouble among them, I was shocked to see the children being carried away by some Arab slave traders. I learned that the mothers had sold their children to those Arabs because the children had cut two teeth in their upper jaw before cutting any in their lower jaw. Whenever a child does this it is either sold to the slave traders or put to death, because the parents think such a child will bring them disease, death, and bad luck of all kinds.

Among the negroes about this gum copal camp were many albinos, or white negroes, as they are called. The skin of these people is of a pinkish white; their lips are red; their hair is white or of a light straw color and is short and curly. They have eyes of a rosy white, with gray pupils, and the light makes them squint their eyes until their foreheads are a mass of wrinkles.

Like all other negroes, the people of U-zaramo believe in evil spirits and witchcraft, or black magic. Their chief can sell into slavery or order burned any one accused of black magic. If the medicine man, or witch doctor, accused any of his people of using black

magic, which was bringing bad luck on their neighbors, the chief would order all those that he accused to be burned to death.

As we marched through the woods along the path that led from the gum copal diggings, we saw piles of ashes with charred bones among them. In some of the ash piles the bones were very small, showing that little children had been burned to death for fear that they would grow up to use black magic as their parents were supposed to have done.

Each night after our camp was made and our supper was over the negro servants began to dance and sing, clapping their hands and jingling small bells strapped to their legs. The negroes have no songs, but repeat senseless words over and over, keeping time with the music. At first all this seemed very funny, but as it was kept up night after night it grew so tiresome that it nearly ran us crazy. We would have made them quit this constant dancing and singing, but we knew that if we did that many of these negroes would run away; and as we were now about to enter U-za-gara, or the country of Gara, where we expected to find much big game, we wanted all the men we could keep with us.

It was in U-za-gara that Dr. Wesley had last been heard from. Of course we were anxious to learn all we could about the country and its people, but we found the poor native negroes shy and timid. They had no clothes, but some wore about their waists a piece of cloth or strings made of bark. War had been made on them so often by the stronger negro tribes and the Arab slave hunters that they would run from their villages of little grass houses to the mountains and hide in the forest if they heard of any strangers being in their neighborhood. These people knew that if they were caught by negro chiefs who had large armies they would be sold to the slave trader and taken away from their country to work for the Arabs or for white people.

As soon as the negroes of U-za-gara learned that it was not our intention to burn their village and sell them into slavery, they came to our camp to sell us food for beads and wire. Although some of our servants could talk with these negroes and tell us what they said, I made up my mind to learn the language, which has many signs and few words, and before long my friends were

surprised to see how well I could talk with them.

After many days' march through U-za-gara, we arrived at a part of the country where wild animals like to live. Every day negroes coming from the north would bring us news of having seen elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses roaming through the jungles and high grass. One night we were sitting around our camp fire when some negroes told us of a man-eating lion that had once killed so many of the U-za-gara village people and that they were about to move their houses to another part of the country so as to get away from the savage beast. But when they heard that a white man with some negro hunters was coming in the direction of the village, their chief sent men to ask him to come and kill the lion. I got those negroes to tell me about the killing of the lion and how long a time it had been since the white man was in their country. They told me that soon after the man killed the lion a negro chief from a country far to the north of them came with a large army and made war on their people. The white man was wounded and taken prisoner, with a number of negro men, women,

and children. The chief had taken this white prisoner to the far-away country, where he intended to keep him a prisoner until the white man taught him how to make his black skin white and his kinky hair grow straight.

After hearing what these people had to say, we felt sure that this man who had been taken prisoner was Dr. Wesley, and we were anxious to get north as fast as we could. But each night the savage animals were getting more dangerous, and we had to stop our marching each day in time to build a thorn fence about our camp. To further protect ourselves, we put our guards to watch while we slept. Even then we did not know at what moment a lion or panther might kill a guard and rush into our camp and carry some one off to be fed to her young. The roar of a lion could be heard sometimes, but the negroes said that he was three or four miles away. They told me that the lion roared at sundown to scare other animals, so as to get them running about the forest that he might catch one when it came his way.

It was not long before I learned that this was true, for one evening after we had made our camp the very ground under our feet was

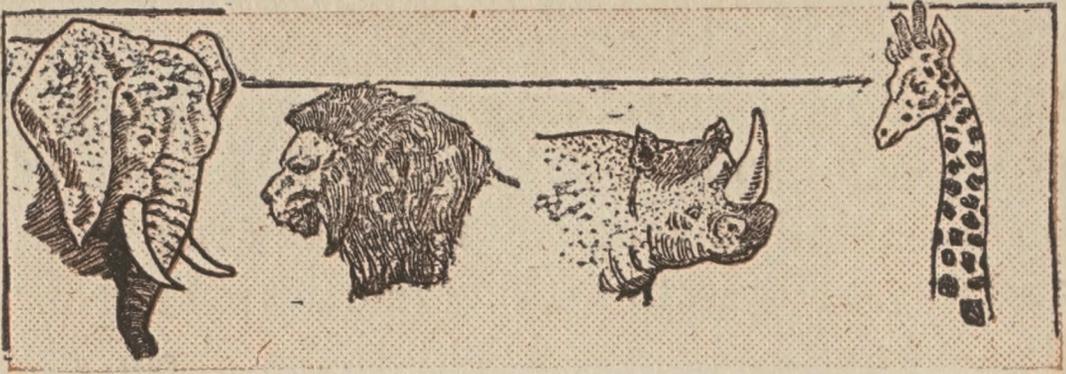
shaken by the awful roar of a lion. The negro men became so frightened that some of them refused to get away from the camp fires; and it was not until the lion had ceased to roar that General Kermit could make them cut thorn bushes to build a fence around the



The lion roars.

camp. After we were safely fenced in, we got everything ready to hunt down the lion early the next day. We knew that he must have his home somewhere near our camp.

It is now time to close, but when we meet again I will tell you the story of our lion hunt.



Second Evening.

THIS is the time that I promised to tell you about my first lion hunt in Africa. The sun was just peeping through the trees, making the dewdrops sparkle and shine, and the birds were singing, the monkeys chattering, and the air was cool and refreshing as we started in search of the lion's tracks. We did not expect to see the lion, for, unless a lion is very hungry or thirsty, it seldom leaves its hiding place during the daytime. All we could hope to do was to track him to his den and watch for him to come out at sundown. If we could find a path made by antelopes, giraffes, zebras, buffaloes, and other animals leading to a pool or stream of water where these animals went at night to get a drink, we should be almost sure to get a shot at the lion. It is near such drinking places that a lion hides, and, should some animal come near him, with a tremendous bound the lion springs upon him.

With one blow of his powerful paw he breaks the animal's back or crushes its head as if it had been an eggshell. If we could find a lion's tracks in a path that led to such a watering place, some of our men would hide in a tree near by and kill the lion when he came in the evening to catch an animal for his supper.

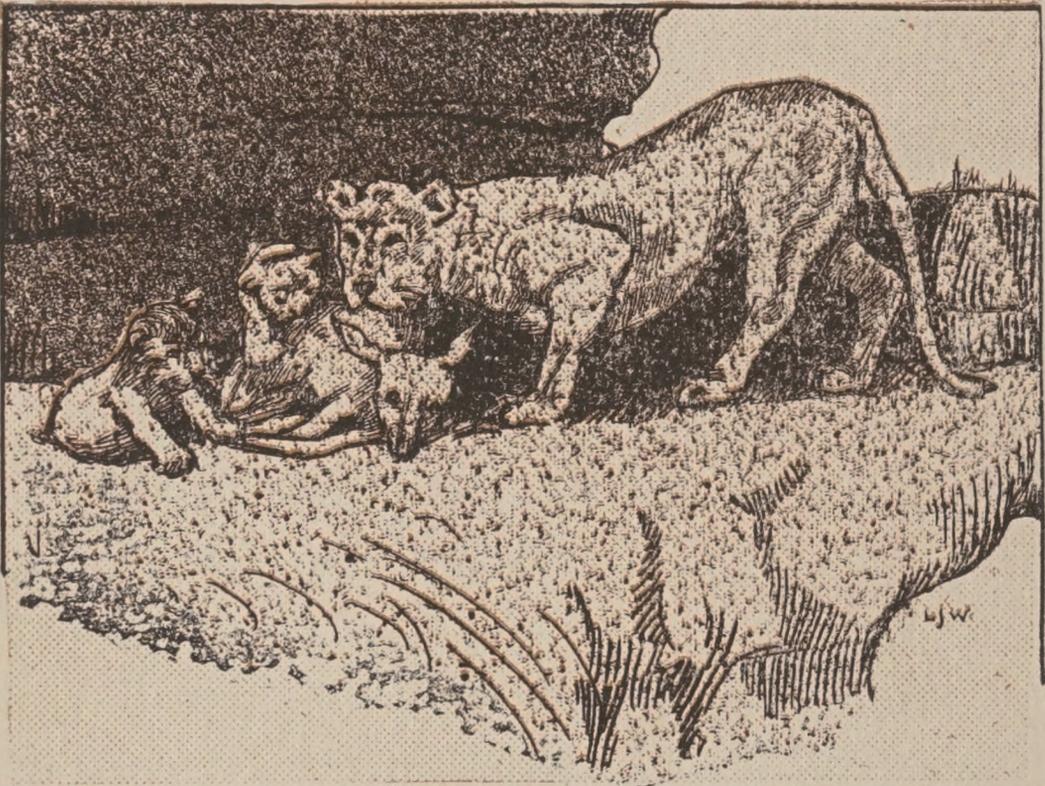
We had not been long on our hunt when we were sure that there had been two lions in the neighborhood of our camp, for we found tracks that led toward the river and others that led in the direction of the hills. General Kermit, with some of his men, took the path that led to the river. He told me to take some of the negroes and follow the lion's tracks that led toward the hills. We worked our way as best we could through the bushes, vines, and trees, for in many places the jungle was so matted that we had to crawl along on our hands and knees. In this way we followed up the tracks to a place where there was a steep bluff. Once there was a river at the bottom of this bluff, but now there was nothing but a dry bed of rock and sand. The lion had gone down this bluff.

The negroes would go no farther, as they were afraid that the lion's home was near by

and that he would spring upon them if they came close to his den. I felt that they knew more about the habits of lions than I did, and I would not risk my life when they told me to go no farther.

We were all tired after the long, hard trailing through the close, hot jungle, and the breeze that came down the old river bed was cool and delightful. The negroes lay down to rest and were soon fast asleep. I sat upon the edge of the bluff looking through my spy-glass at the rocky, barren hills across the gulch. At one point a rock made a kind of shelf on the side of a high bluff, and it looked to me as if neither man nor beast could ever have climbed upon it without the use of a rope or a ladder. I looked at the high hill above this shelving rock and again at the rock when, to my great surprise, I saw a lioness standing there, and in her jaws she had a dead antelope. In a moment there came to her two little cubs or baby lions that looked like bull pups or big, fat kittens. They were not more than four weeks old, but the mother began tearing off little pieces of the dead animal and these little things ate the meat savagely. But when the mother lay down, they left the meat and

began sucking their milk, like little kittens. With her big, rough tongue, the mother washed her babies by licking them all over, and she looked as gentle and harmless as a big pet cat with her kittens. There was some way to reach the shelving rock upon which the



The lioness and her cubs.

mother and her cubs lay that could not be seen from the place where I sat, for as I sat watching these animals, wishing I could get the cubs and send them home to the zoo, the father of the family suddenly made his appearance upon the rock.

This African lion certainly deserved the name of "king of beasts." I had never seen such a huge, magnificent, royal-looking animal. He must have been more than three years old, for his long, heavy mane was in all its glory, which showed that he was fully grown. He appeared to be ten feet long from the tip of his nose to the root of his tail, while from the rock on which he stood to the top of his shoulder was about four feet.

As he stood there looking over the gulch, I knew that no man was tall enough to see over his head, so high in the air did he hold it. This great lion had been upon the rock but a moment when the lioness sprang to her feet and, placing herself between him and the cubs, lashed her tail in anger. For a little while it looked as though they were going to have a fight. No animal loves and protects her little ones better than a lioness. Something told her that the father had returned home hungry and without food for his family and that he would eat his children if she did not prevent him. She must have had some way of telling her cubs to hide from their father, for they ran away and the mother lay down again; but

she watched every movement the father made, to see that he did not kill her little ones.

I was too far away to take a shot at the big lion, but how to get any closer without his seeing me was the question. If I awakened the negroes, some of them would get scared and run away; and if the lion saw them, he would go to his den. Should he do this, I could not get a shot at him until he came out at sundown. Juma, the big, black negro who carried my guns, was asleep very close to me. I reached over and gave him a shake, and he opened his eyes. I told him to keep quiet and follow me.

We crawled along under the bushes and through the grass until we reached a point where we could see the lion across the gulch directly in front of us. It was a long distance to shoot and kill as huge a beast as the lion now seemed to be, but I crawled up to one of the trees near the bluff and beckoned to Juma to bring the guns. One of the largest rifles was loaded with a hard bullet for just such an animal. Slowly and noiselessly I slipped the barrel of my gun through the bushes and, lying flat on the ground, I rested the gun barrel on the root of the tree. To

take sight would require only a moment, but I was shaking and quivering so that I could not hold my gun still. Before I could get over my excitement and quiet myself to take my first shot at a lion, the negroes awoke and set up such a yell when they found I was gone that the lion turned and disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

The lioness went into her den, but I was not discouraged. I ordered Juma to go and tell our men where we were and have them bring all our water and food. I kept Juma and a negro named Fisi with me and sent the others back to camp to tell my friends that I had found a lion's den and that I would remain at the gulch until I got a shot at the lion.

I thought that I should have to remain until sunset before again seeing the beast, but, to my great surprise, in about three hours he again came in sight. This time he had a man's arm in his mouth. "A man-eating lion," I thought. But before I could shoot, he entered his den.

Hour after hour I watched for him to come out, but it was not until the sun sank in the west and spread a red glow over the trees and rocks that the lion made his appearance

The king of beasts looks up and down the gulch.



LATIMER J. WILLSON

upon the shelving rock. With his head high in the air, he came to the edge of the shelf and looked up and down the gulch. I lay close to the earth, fearing he would see me as I took aim at his head. Then the ground seemed to shake and the trees and rocks to quiver, for the lion had roared. It startled me so that, without knowing it, I pulled the trigger and my gun fired. The lion's roar must have prevented him from hearing the report, for he stood still. I again took aim and fired. The king of beasts leaped forward and fell to the bottom of the gulch. In another moment the lioness came in sight, and as she walked up and down on the shelving rock, I sent two shots at her. At the second shot she fell over, but I was not sure that I had killed her. I told Juma and Fisi to lead the way down the bluff, for I wanted to find the lion's body before night, knowing that if the hyenas found the dead animal before we did they would destroy his hide and tear him to pieces for their supper

It was quite dark when we reached the bottom of the gulch and began our way toward where we thought the dead lion lay. Once I stopped to listen, for I thought I heard the loud,

coarse laughter or screams of human beings. I soon discovered that the noise was made by hyenas, for I could see the shadowy forms of these horrible, doglike animals as they ran by us. Their fore legs were long and strong, while their hind legs were short. They had such a sneaking, cowardly look as they went by that I was not afraid of them. But Juma said that if they found out that the lion was dead before we got to him they would not leave anything for us to show our friends as proof that we had killed a lion, for the hyena has such strong jaws and teeth that he can crush and eat a lion's bones.

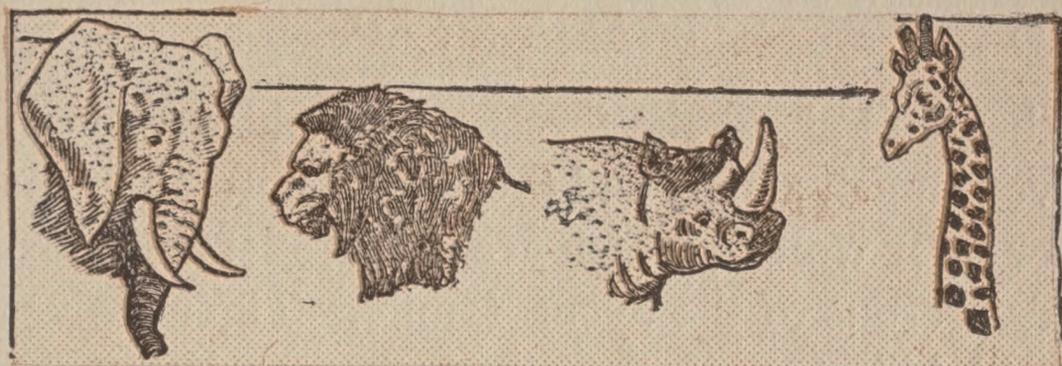
We had walked almost across the gulch when Fisi cried: "The lion! The lion! Shoot the hyena!"

I raised my gun and fired at one that was sneaking upon our dead prize. With a yelp, the wounded hyena ran down the gulch and all the others followed him. But they must have been very hungry, as they soon came back and ran round and round us, forming a circle.

Juma built a fire, and we got ready to spend the night by the side of our huge lion. Juma and Fisi promised to stay awake to keep the fire

burning so as to scare away the hyenas or any other animals that came about. As they had been sleeping during the day, I thought that I could trust them to keep watch over me and the dead lion for a few hours, and I went to sleep by our camp fire.

Next time I will tell you what happened when I awoke.



Third Evening.

WELL, children, I did not sleep very long beside our camp fire. I was awakened by the snoring of my two negroes, and, upon looking about me, I could see the shining eyes and dark forms of a pack of hyenas. They were watching us to make sure that we were dead or so sound asleep that they could rush in and tear us to pieces before we awoke. I fired into the pack. One tottered and fell, and the others ran away. The report of my gun awakened my men, and I made them build up the fire and drag in the dead hyena. It was a horrid-looking, spotted hyena of a grayish brown color with blackish stripes running along his ribs. He was about the size of a large dog, and on his feet there were four long claws that he could use in tearing the hides off dead animals.

I was glad to see that it was the striped hyenas that were about us, for they are great cowards and live on the dead animals that

they find about the forest. I should have been very much afraid had they been spotted hyenas or tiger wolves, which are the largest and most dangerous of the hyena family. Tiger wolves will kill men if they find them asleep; and when very hungry, they will run into a vil-



The horrid, striped hyena.

lage and carry off any of the children that they can catch. I was afraid to go to sleep again and leave the negroes on guard, so I told them that they might take the skin off the dead beast.

As I wanted to capture the lion cubs, at daylight I climbed the bluff to the place where

I had seen them. I was very careful, for fear the mother lion was not dead. I reached the top of the bluff and looked over to the shelving rock. I could see the tail of the lioness, but her body was inside the den. I dropped some stones over the rock and finally succeeded in dropping one on her tail. As it did not move I felt sure that the animal was dead. The only way I could get on the rock was to be let down from where I stood. The lions reached the rock by jumping about fifteen feet from a path below.

I called Juma to come to me, and while he was climbing to the top of the bluff I cut some long vines and made a rope. With this Juma let me down to the rock. The cubs must have thought that I was their father with something for them to eat, for they came waddling out of their den. I caught one and Juma drew it up on the end of the rope. The other little fellow was not so easily caught. I had to crawl over the dead mother to get him. In feeling for the cub I put my hand on the skulls of men the lion had brought as food for his little ones. Juma took one cub under his arm and I took the other, and we started back to our camp. When we came near the

dead hyena, the little lions wanted to get away, and when we would not turn them loose the little rascals tried to bite us.

Fisi cut a slice of the hyena into tiny pieces and fed the cubs. The little fellows were so hungry that I thought they would never get enough. The question that now had to be answered was how to get the cubs, the lion's skin, our guns, and the other things back to camp.

It was while planning some way to do this that I saw the black forms of a band of negro men moving toward us. They carried spears, bows, and arrows, and looked like savages going to war. They had not seen us, and we hid behind some large rocks. I gave Juma and Fisi our guns, while I stood with my pistols in hand. Upon seeing the fire and the dead hyena, the band of negroes halted. We knew that they would soon find us, so Juma called and asked what they wanted. They told him that they were hunting a man-eating lion that had killed many of their people. The lion had killed a man the day before, but they had given the lion such a close chase that he had bitten off the man's arm and dropped the body. Juma told them that a white man had killed the lion. The negroes seemed to be pleased

at this, but could not understand how one man could kill a lion. They were overjoyed when Juma showed them the lion's skin and told them that the white man would give them the lion to eat if they would help him get back to camp. They soon had fires burning and lion meat was being broiled, baked, and smoked. The negroes were so greedy that they did not give the meat time to cook, but took it from the fire and ate it half done. All that they could not eat was packed up and taken to their homes.

As soon as the feast was over, Juma and Fisi, shouldering our guns, made the negroes carry our things to camp. There I learned that General Kermit and his hunters had remained in a tree at the watering place all night, hoping to get a shot at a lion. Although they heard one close to them lapping water, in the shadowy light the tawny color of his hair made him look so much like the rocks and bushes that they could not see how to shoot him. They wanted to go again some other night, but could not because our negro servants and porters were giving us a great deal of trouble.

General Kermit had given some of our men

permission to return home, and I paid these men to take my lion's skin and cubs to Zanzibar and have them shipped to the zoo, but I never heard of them afterwards. As soon as the negroes learned that some of the men were to return home every one of them wanted to go, but General Kermit ordered them to pack up our things at once and get ready to march. This they refused to do until we threatened to whip them, when some wanted to fight. One big negro drew back his bow to shoot the General, but Juma, seeing him, quicker than a flash drove a spear through the man's body and saved my friend's life. After this we had little trouble with our men, and in a few days' march we reached the country of the Gogos.

At some places the chiefs wanted to make us understand that they were great men, and would not allow us to proceed on our journey for several days, claiming one-half of all the game we killed. We did not want to waste time in this way, for it required a great deal of food for our men. But as the negroes would eat anything in the way of flesh, we had little trouble in supplying them with fresh meat.

It was while hunting for any kind of game that Juma and I entered a dark and gloomy forest. The ground was wet and marshy, and as we neared a pool of water we heard the grunt of a buffalo. Juma wanted to run away, for these huge, strong, terrible-looking animals are more feared by the negroes than



The African buffalo.

a lion. I told Juma to give me the guns and climb a tree so as to be out of danger, for I was going to kill one of these big animals and let our people have plenty of good meat. As Juma would not let me go alone, we silently crept through the bushes until I caught sight of what I knew to be a true African

buffalo. He was larger than a big ox, and had heavy horns that grew across the top of his forehead and then turned up in sharp points. These dreadful horns were black, and so long and large that their points were four feet apart. I could see his fierce little eyes twinkle, and it made me shiver to think of what would happen if he should see me. This animal was of a bluish black color, and I knew that his hide was so thick and tough that a bullet could not kill him unless I was within close shooting distance.

There were a number of other buffaloes having a good time wallowing in the mud and slush, but as every herd always puts out guards to give them warning when there is danger, I knew that it would be a hard matter to get close enough to them for a dead shot. As noiselessly as we could, we worked our way toward one buffalo that was standing guard for the others. He had not seen us; but when I got close enough to shoot, some birds that were on his back saw me and, with loud screams, flew up into the air. These birds live on the bugs and insects that they find on these animals, and their screams warn their friends of danger.

But the birds had not been quick enough, for before the buffalo had time to move I fired. The big animal staggered as he followed the others, that now ran away. I ran after him, and, just as we reached an open place in the forest, I sent another bullet into the buffalo. The mad, wounded animal could now see me, and at my second shot he turned and rushed toward where I stood. My only hope was to kill him before he got to me. Taking good aim, I pulled the trigger, but the gun failed to fire. I snatched the other gun from Juma and fired as he was almost upon me. It was a lucky shot, for the buffalo fell and did not try to get up. I turned to look for Juma, but he was running away as fast as his bare legs could carry him.

With Juma it was a case of jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. The buffalo that he had run from was dead, but now I saw one coming from the forest and making for Juma. He was too far away for me to kill with my rifle and Juma would have to run for his life. He must reach a tree before the buffalo could get to him or he would be a dead negro. It was plain that my man would be overtaken before he could reach a tree, so I ran across

the field to head them off. In this way I came close enough to take a shot at the huge animal. I must have hit him in the shoulder, for he now ran along limping and did not overtake Juma before he had reached a tree and swung himself up by a limb. I reloaded my guns and had gone to the tree that had saved Juma when the buffalo rushed at me from among the bushes. My gun barrel was almost on the beast's head when I fired. The ball entered his brain, for he dropped in his tracks. We now had enough meat to last our people for a long time. I had had all the buffalo hunting that I wanted and was ready to go back to camp.

Now you may go home and to-night dream about buffaloes. Next time I shall have several strange things to tell you.



Fourth Evening.

NOW, children, Juma would not go with me to the camp until he had cut two poles and driven one beside each dead animal. On each pole he tied a piece of white cloth. He said that he did this to scare away the lions so that they would not get our meat before we could get back from camp with help. I laughed at him for thinking that a lion would be afraid of a little piece of white cloth, but he said that a lion was so afraid of being trapped that when he saw the strange-looking cloth waving in the wind he would not go near the dead animals.

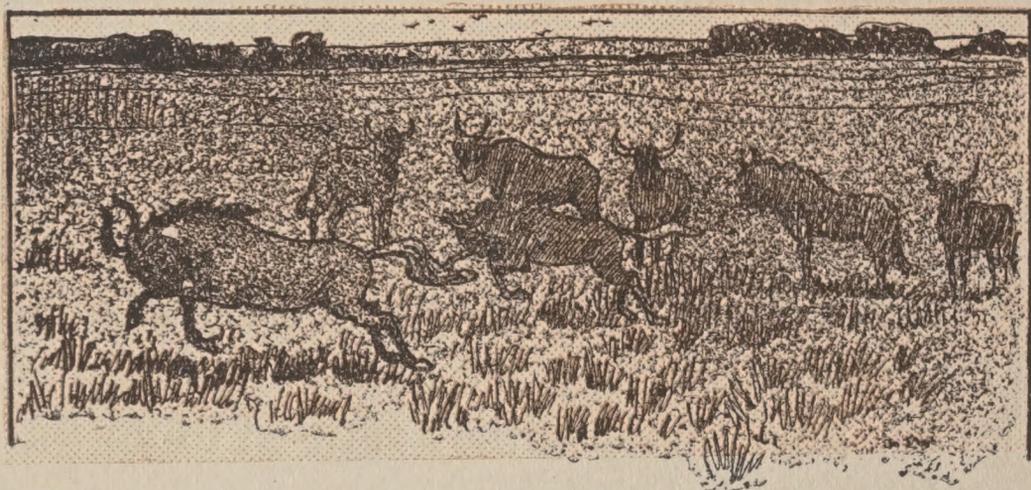
On our way to the camp we kept a sharp lookout for any buffalo that might be hidden in the forest, but we did not see an animal until we came upon an open place where antelopes love to eat grass. Then I saw what at first I thought to be some kind of buffalo, but as the animal came toward us it looked as

though it must be some strange kind of horned horse. Upon seeing me, this animal whisked his long white tail and suddenly jumped into the air. This seemed to be a signal of warning to a large herd of them, for at once a number of them made their appearance in the tall grass and, like angry, impatient horses, pawed the earth. Then they began running around and around in a circle after each other. They did not keep this up a great while, for the leader started toward Juma and me, with the herd following him.

Juma was not afraid of them, but I lost no time in climbing a tree. He handed me a gun and then hid behind a large bush. Thus we watched the strange-looking creatures as they came toward us. The animals stopped a short distance from where we were and for a few moments stood as if looking for us. Then they rushed on, and as they passed I saw that they were gnus. I shot two of them, thinking that as they belonged to the antelope family their meat must be good to eat.

I was afraid that the herd of gnus might circle about and return so I remained in the tree. Looking out far away across the plain, I discovered a band of men marching in our

direction. They had scared up a herd of hartebeests, and some of the herd ran close enough to us for me to have shot some of them. The shape of these animals reminded me of a deer. They were of a grayish brown color with a stripe on their faces and one along their backs. Their horns were very long, being thick and



I saw they were gnus.

knotty next to the head and curving backward to sharp points.

I did not take a shot at these animals for two reasons. One was that my shoulder was badly bruised, caused by the big guns kicking me when I shot the buffalo; the other was that I did not want the men who were following the hartebeests to find us.

After the herd of animals had passed, Juma said: "I am sure that the chief of the village

has sent those men to claim his part of the dead animals, as that is the custom of this country."

"How did he know that we had killed the buffalo?" I asked.

"O," replied Juma, "they seem to have some way of finding out everything that happens in their neighborhood."

Juma was right, for the negroes came to where we were and told us that their chief had sent them for his part of the game. They wanted to take him half of each one, but I would not allow them to cut up all our game. I told them that they might take one buffalo and one gnu. At first they refused to do this, but Juma settled the matter by allowing them to take two of the largest and best of the dead animals if they would assist us in getting our meat to the camp.

It was night when we reached our friends. The wind was blowing with such force that I looked for our little huts to be carried away. As soon as the wind quieted, it seemed that a waterfall from the sky was pouring upon our camp. The awful claps of thunder and the bright and vivid flashes of lightning that are seen only in an African storm, together with

the roar of lions, made such a dreadful night that no one dared to sleep.

Toward morning the clouds rolled by and the stars came out. When the sun rose, we could see from the tracks that a leopard had carried off one of our goats and a lion had captured one of the donkeys. Our negroes were cross and did not want to go on the march, but General Kermit made them pack up our camp things and as soon as breakfast was over we were on our way to the Country of the Moon.

Our path led through forests and over plains covered with high grass. There was plenty of game, and we had all the shooting we wanted. It was here, while I was out hunting, that I was nearly killed by a wild boar. This hog was as large as a small cow. He was long, thin, and of a dark brown color. Bristles covered his body, and those along his back stood straight up when he made a rush at me. If I had not killed him at the moment I did, he would have ripped me open with his long tusks, which were about ten inches in length. These wild boars are not afraid of anything. Even lions and leopards will turn out of their path and let them pass.

Among the game brought into camp by other members of our party was a big-headed, ugly-looking beast called a wart hog. One of our party had killed a beautiful animal known as the koodoo. The koodoo is a kind of antelope, but in shape and color it reminded me of an elk. Its horns were three feet long and



The wild boar's attack.

twisted somewhat like a corkscrew. There was great rejoicing among our negroes over this animal. They are not only very fond of the meat, but are so fond of the marrow of the bones that they will not wait for them to be cooked but will at once break them open and eat the raw marrow.

For some reason the chief in that part of the country did not send to claim half of what we killed, but we met a band of Arabs who asked us to sell them some of our fresh meat. We divided our game with them, and for a few days we camped together while our men rested.

The Arabs were dark-skinned, savage-looking men who were on their way to the seacoast with a number of negro men, women, and children. These they expected to sell to a slave buyer who had a ship to take them to some far-away country where he would sell them to any one who wanted to buy negroes for slaves. The Arabs were kind to us, but I found out that they were very cruel to the poor slaves. To prevent these negroes from getting away, they tied some of them together by ropes around their necks. Others were chained together with slave chains. To keep the strong men from running away, the Arabs yoked one to another by tying the forked end of a limb about the back of one man's neck and tying the other end under the chin of the man behind him, thus binding them together. In case one of these men thus yoked got away the Arabs put the other one to death.

These negroes not only had to bear the burden of this heavy piece of wood, but they were made to carry elephant tusks and other things that the Arabs wanted taken to the sea-coast. I learned that if any of these men or women got sick or became unable to carry the load that was put upon them they were left in the woods to die. To make sure that they were not pretending that they were sick, these cruel Arabs tied them to trees so that they would die of starvation or be eaten by wild animals.

Among the slaves that the Arabs had bought was a woman who was so much better looking than any of the other negroes that I asked Juma to talk to her. We learned that she was the wife of a man named Pokino, who was the headman of a small village. The woman had been on a visit to her brother, who was also a chief, or headman, of a village. While she was visiting her brother the Arabs came along and he sold her to them. She seemed to be more grieved than the other slaves at her condition, and mourned that the wife of a headman should be sold into slavery. I told the General about the woman. As we were going in the direction of her country, he

bought her from the Arabs for five dollars. This was a large price, for in that part of Africa a woman could be bought from one of the chiefs for two yards of calico, and in case of famine one could be bought for a handful of food.

The woman was very happy when Juma told her that she was to be free and that we would take her back to her husband. We found that she was a good cook, and she surprised us by being a very hard worker about the camp. Like all the negroes in the country about us, she had no clothes and had never worn any. We made her a skirt of some red cloth, which she fastened on by a draw string at the waist. She now claimed that she was white. She thought herself so much better than the nude negroes and put on so many airs while dressed up in her red calico skirt that we called her Queeny.

When we were ready to take up our march, the Arabs told us that the negro tribes to the north were at war with each other, and that we had better remain where we were or go back to the sea with them. But Queeny told us that the Arabs were not telling the truth, that the only war that she knew about had

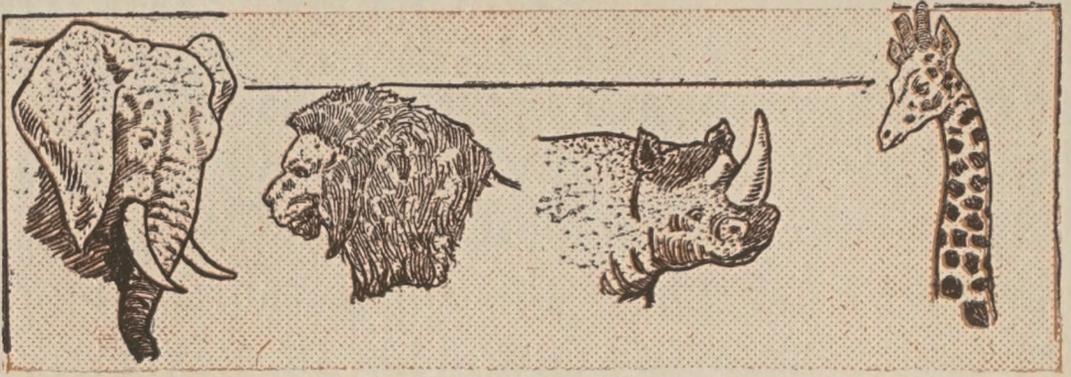
been made or brought on by the Arabs themselves in order to take the natives captive, and that they did not want us to see how cruel they had been to the people through whose country they had marched.

Not knowing whether to believe Queeny or the Arabs, we decided to go and see for ourselves. We traveled along the same path the Arabs had come, and the dreadful things they had done could be seen everywhere.

On the first night we went into camp I heard the howling laugh of hyenas close to where we were seated by the fire. As it was a bright moonlight night, I called Juma and we went out to get a shot at the animals. When we reached the edge of the woods, in the moonlight I could see two hyenas. Upon looking around me, I saw on my right a number of men huddled together as if asleep, while on my left there were two men sitting with their backs against trees. Juma saw the men almost as quickly as I did. He told me not to be afraid, for he believed that they were the sick slaves the Arabs had left and that they were all dead. It made me shiver to see these dead creatures, some tied to the trees and the others lying on the ground with the slave

yokes still about their necks. Juma and I hid behind some trees and watched the hyenas as they stole toward the dead men.

That is enough of this unpleasant part of the story. Perhaps you will like the next story better.



Fifth Evening.

WELL, children, no sooner had the hyenas reached the dead body of one of the negroes than they began to growl and yelp; but they fussed only a moment, for there was a flash of light from my gun and one of the animals plunged forward in a death struggle. The others ran into the woods. We carried the dead animal to camp and told our people what we had seen. The negroes did not care anything about what we told them, but Queeny said that if we stayed in Africa we should see many such sights.

With the help of Juma, I could talk very well with this intelligent negro woman. As we sat around the camp fire, she told us many strange things about her country and its people. She said that she had seen but one white man before she saw us. He was with a chief who came to visit her husband. I asked her many questions about this chief to learn

where he lived, for I thought the white man might be Dr. Wesley.

I learned that the chief ruled over a country far to the north of us and in a part of Africa where the negroes would sell their brothers, sisters, wives, or children to the Arabs for beads or copper wire to wear as jewelry. A piece of cloth with which to ornament their black and greasy bodies was eagerly accepted in payment by these people for the relations they sold into slavery.

“Why,” said Queeny, “a chief in this country is so cruel that if any of his people do anything displeasing to him he will order an officer to cut off their heads. He will have his own wife killed in the same way if she makes him angry.”

One night as we were listening to Queeny telling of the many awful and cruel things that the negroes did, we heard something moving about in the bushes near our fire. Every man got his gun, and we were about to shoot at the moving objects when a man's voice called to us. We found they were negroes who had been run from their homes by the Arabs and had come to our camp. We gave them food, and I never saw men eat so

much as they did. They ate so much that Queeny refused to give them any more.

“They are like all negroes,” she said in disgust. “They can live a long time without food; but when they get to a place where there is plenty to eat, they will make up for all the time that they have been hungry. If I should let them, they would eat great quantities of food until they began to get fat, then they would run away; for, rather than work, they would starve until they got so poor that their ribs would show through their skins.”

One day's march brought us to the village where these men had lived. All but a few of the grass houses had been burned. The Arabs had destroyed the gardens and fields, while death and desolation were seen everywhere. We used some of the huts for our camp. Although the houses in the villages are made of poles covered with grass and are without floors and windows, they are larger and better than the little huts that the negroes made of brush and grass while on the march. I always felt safer in one of the village huts than I did in a tent, for I would often be awakened by the roar of a lion or the scream and howl of hyenas.

We learned from our men that we were now in Un-ya-me-zi (the country of the moon.) This was one of the largest kingdoms in Africa. A few hours' march brought us in sight of the village of the chief of that part of the country. The village had a fence around it made of thorn bushes. This was to keep out the wild animals at night, and in time of war to prevent the enemy's soldiers from rushing into the village. The houses were made of poles, covered with grass, plantain leaves, or bark. They were built in the shape of a cone, haystack, or old-time beehive. These huts were without windows, and had one little doorway, which was so small that the people had to crawl in and out.

The chief must have known we were on the road to his place, for we had gone but a few steps after seeing the village when from out the grass and bushes hundreds of negro men appeared armed with bows, arrows, and spears. We halted and prepared for a fight, but Juma called to the negro leader: "We have not come to kill you like the Arabs. We have come to visit your chief and kill the lions and elephants that have been giving you so much trouble."

A messenger was sent to tell the chief, or king, of our friendly visit to him. The messenger soon returned to say that the king would be pleased to see us. Still we marched into the village in a way that we could defend ourselves should the negroes undertake to fight us. Near the gates of the little town, on each side of the road or path, were the horns of many different kinds of animals thrust into the ground. They had been put there because the negroes thought that they would keep away the evil spirits or devils who might help their enemies in time of war.

Great crowds of people came out to see the wonderful white men. Such shouting and noise as they made when they saw us I had never heard before. The women were better dressed than the men. They wore garments, the cloth of which was made from the bark of trees. It was as coarse and rough as coco matting. These garments were fastened under the arms or held in place above the waist with draw strings. They wore necklaces of beads, together with brass and copper wire bracelets. Wire was wound around and around their arms until one would wonder how they could move them. Great coils of

wire were wound around their ankles and the lower part of their legs in the same way. Some



Came to see the wonderful white man.

of the men wore lion skins and big brass rings around their waists. Both men and women have their lower teeth out, and their upper

teeth are cut or filed in the shape of a "V," the point downward.

We were led to a grass house much larger than any of the others in the town. This house was the king's palace. He met us in front of his hut and, after asking us many questions, ordered a slave to show us to our huts, where he said we might rest and eat. To the negroes' way of thinking, this was the greatest kindness he could show us, for eating and resting are the only heaven the negro knows anything about.

General Kermit and I were shown to a hut which was one of the nicest; but, like all the others, it was made of grass plastered over with mud. It had no windows, and the doorway was like the entrance to a pigsty. Weeds were growing thickly around it, and the inside was dark and gloomy. As soon as my eyes got accustomed to the darkness, I could see big spiders in their webs on the poles that held up the roof. Lizards were playing hide-and-seek about the roof and walls, while armies of ants were busy with a dead rat that was on the dirt floor. Wasps and mud-daubers had built nests on the ceiling and were angry at strangers coming about them. But worst

of all was the dreadful smell that is always about places where negroes have lived. The only furniture in the room was two benches made of dried clay. Our men covered these with skins for us to use as beds.

As soon as we could unpack some beads and cloth, we sent a present to the chief, and we received in return a load of fruit. This fruit was shaped like a banana. It is called plantain, and the negroes of Africa use it in as many different ways for food as potatoes are used in other parts of the world.

As a rule the negro chiefs expect those visiting them to make presents worth twice as much as the presents they make to the visitors, but to our surprise this man was very liberal with us. Besides the fruit, he sent us a cow and three goats. These were at once killed and devoured by our men, who did not seem to think or care how they would get meat the next day, if they could stuff themselves with all they could eat in one day.

As soon as the chief thought that we were rested and had eaten enough, he sent for us to come to his palace. General Kermit ordered our men to put on their best clothes, to shoulder their guns, and march to the palace

like soldiers. There we saw the king's army drawn up on either side of the courtyard. They had their spears, bows, shields, clubs, and other warlike implements. Every man had rubbed castor oil and rancid butter on his skin until he shone in the bright sunlight like a piece of patent leather. Our men were so well armed with guns, pistols, and knives, and marched along in such a soldierly fashion that those negro warriors could not have whipped us if they had tried.

General Kermit made the chief a present of some beads and calico, which pleased the black man very much. After talking awhile with him, it was agreed that we should go on an elephant hunt with the king and his hunters. The hunters were ordered to get ready to start with us early the next morning. All that day the chief's men drank a beer called *pombe*, which is made from the fruit of the plantain.

The women marched about the village shouting, singing, dancing, and playing as if they were elephants, lions, and buffaloes. Even mothers with children strapped on their backs joined in the noise and exercises, some howling and swaying themselves from side to

side to imitate the way the elephant walks. Others made awful sounds on what they called musical instruments. This running, jumping, and dancing made these people very hot, and the odor given off by their bodies was sickening. All this noise and dancing was done to drive away the devils or evil spirits that the hunters might have good luck.

Early the next morning the king's hunters came out of their houses armed with spears, bows, and arrows. Each man carried a stick of wood that was burning at one end, so that they should not be without fire while on the hunt. They held the firebrand just in front of their mouths that they might blow on it and keep the coals alive and at the same time prevent the dreaded cool morning air from getting into their lungs.

General Kermit had ordered our people to be ready to go with the hunters. I had loaded my big elephant guns with hard bullets and packed up enough of the same ammunition for a long hunt. Juma carried my big guns, and I carried a little rifle that I might kill some of the small animals for food.

Just at sunrise we began our march, the king's magician, or hoodoo doctor, leading the

way. He had on all kinds of charms, amulets, lucky pieces, and hoodoo bags. The negroes believed that this wonderful man could take them to a place where they would find many elephants and that his charms would give them good luck.

Not far from the village we came to a pool at which some animals were drinking. Over one of these animals there was what seemed to be a kind of huge umbrella growing out and around a tree, the trunk of which made the handle. Hundreds of birds the size of sparrows were flying about the tree. I learned from Juma that the umbrella-shaped object was the home of all these birds, and that from three hundred to six hundred birds lived in the three hundred rooms or nests in the umbrella-shaped house that they had built. These birds are known as the "African social grosbeaks." The negroes never disturb these nests, for they think that the birds keep away evil spirits. For this reason the natives are always glad to have the birds build their nests in or near their villages.

In the evening we came to a part of the country where there were pools of water, few trees, and much tall grass. Seeing numer-

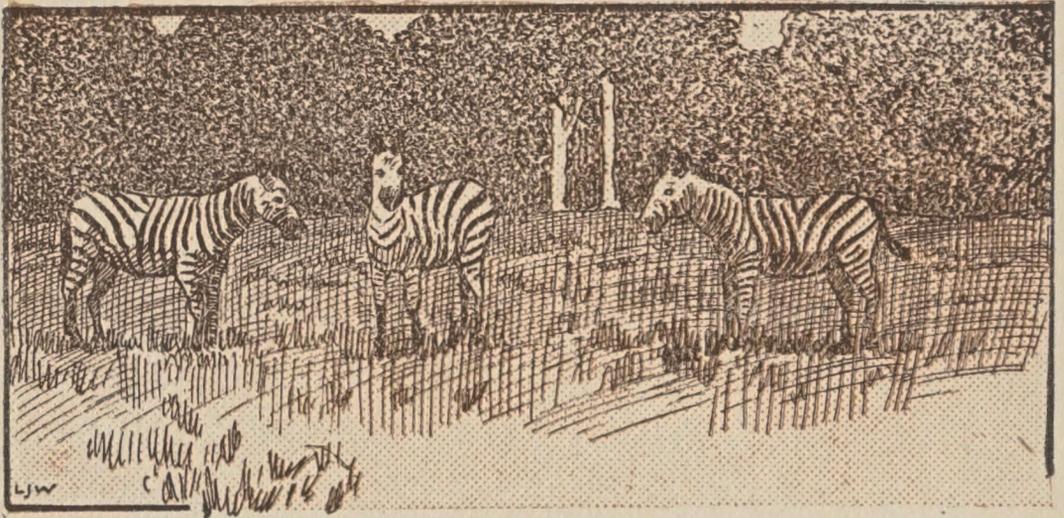
ous tracks of lions, elephants, and buffaloes, we went into camp and prepared to begin our hunt early the next morning.

The negroes are not good at hunting or tracking animals. Juma was better than any of the others, and he was the first one to see the track of a doglike animal that he told me was about the size of a greyhound. He added that some were red, some black, others yellow, and that they hunt ostriches' nests to eat the eggs. All the negroes are afraid of this animal, for they say he can whip a leopard, and that if there are many of them in a pack they will fight a lion. I did not care anything about this beast, but I wanted to follow the tracks of the rhinoceros, which led in the direction of a large pool of water that we could see shimmering in the bright sunlight. I told General Kermit that I would take Juma and Fisi with me and track the monster down.

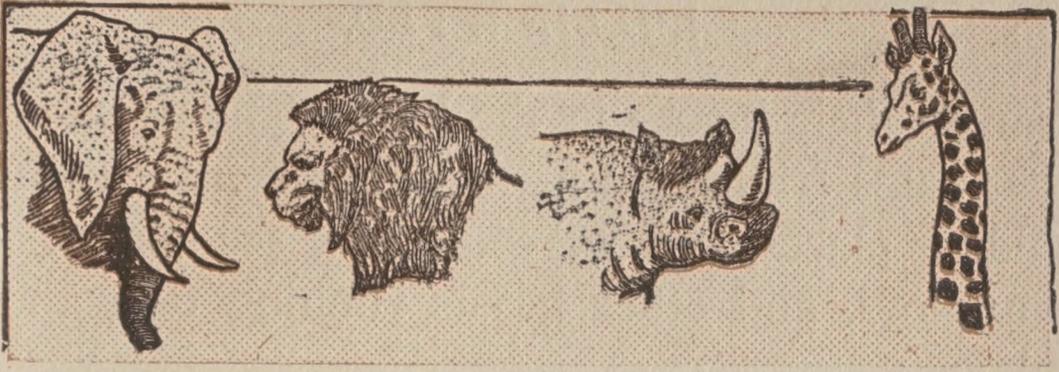
As we slowly and carefully pushed our way over the plain, we had to cross places where the ground was wet and soft. The grass was so tall that no one could see us as we moved along. We were about to come out of one of these places into an open field when I saw a herd of zebras. They had not seen us. For

some moments I stood looking at these beautiful creamy white animals with velvety black stripes around their heads, necks, bodies, and legs. Their manes stood upright, and on the end of their tails was a bush of long, black hair.

Now, children, I will not tell you any more about the zebras until our next meeting.



The zebras had not seen us.



Sixth Evening.

NOW, children, Juma and Fisi wanted to begin shooting at the zebras that I was telling you about last evening, but I knew that they were too far away. The herd was coming toward the high grass, so I made the negroes lie down to wait until I gave the order to fire. The zebra is a silent kind of animal, and, although there were hundreds in this herd, they made very little noise as they came over the plain. Their leader was quite close to us when he threw his head into the air as though he had seen or heard something that scared him. I knew that he had scented us. He gave a low neigh and the whole herd started on a run. I ordered my men to fire, at the same time pulling the trigger of my gun. The report of the three guns sounded as one. Two zebras fell, and a third went off limping and gasping like a drowning man. With the swiftness of race horses, the others

ran to their homes in the hills. The noise of our guns frightened many animals from their hiding places, and we could now see koodoos, buffaloes, and other beasts running over the plain.

The negro hunters who had come with us from the village came running to see what we had killed. They clapped their hands and danced around and around the bodies of the dead tiger horses, as they called the zebras. There is no meat the negroes like better than that of the zebra, and they were not long in building fires and making ready for a feast. I was anxious for Juma and Fisi to get their part of the meat as quickly as they could, so I might track the rhinoceros, but it was a difficult matter to get them away from the feast. We finally started and tracked our animal to the pool of water, but he had only stopped there for a drink and a bath. From the pool he had gone to the woods on the far side of the plain.

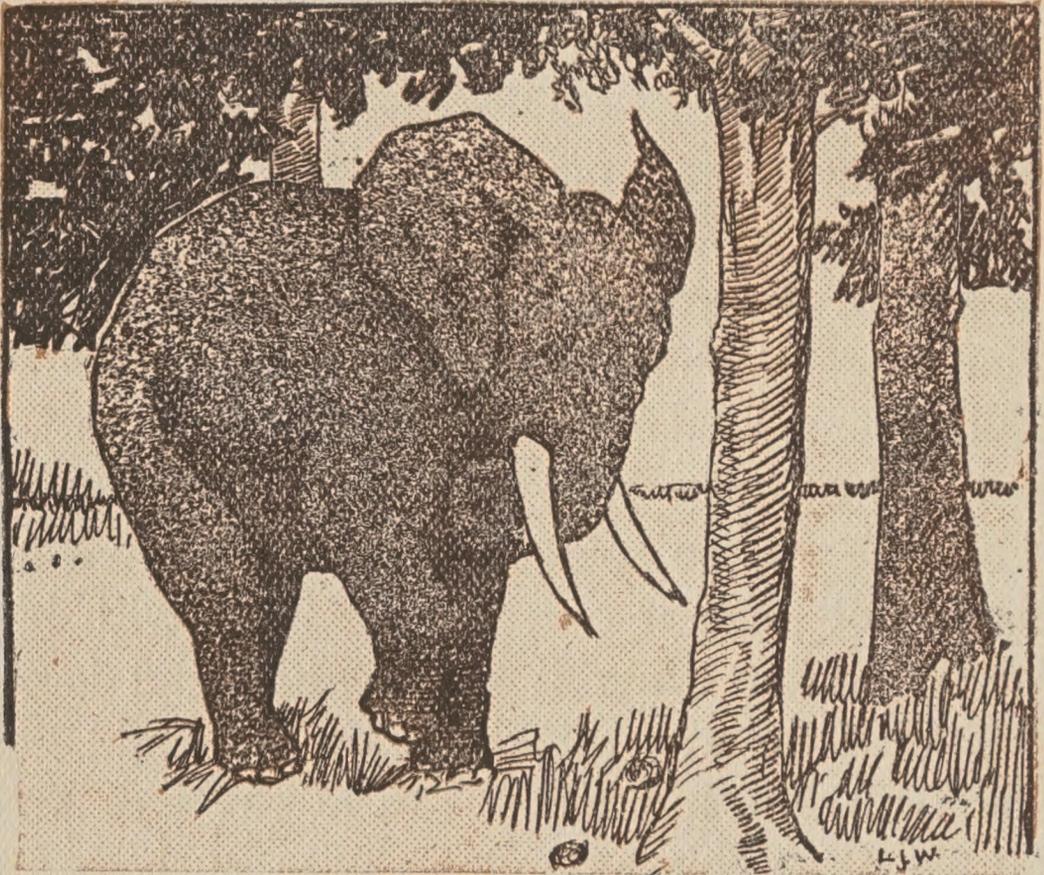
We had made our way some distance into these woods when we heard a noise. Thinking that it might be the rhinoceros and knowing what a dangerous beast he is, I moved along very carefully, with Juma and Fisi close

to my side. I was about to step out from behind some bushes when Juma grabbed my shoulder and held me back, saying, "Elephants."

I peeped through the bushes and saw the first herd of wild elephant I had ever seen. There must have been fifty or seventy-five of them. Some were eating grass, others were eating the tops of young trees. These young trees they would push over and hold down while with their trunks they would pick off to eat all the young leaves and tender twigs. One huge elephant was looking up at a tree full of some kind of fruit. He had large tusks, but had at some time lost his tail in a fight. The tree was so large that I felt sure that he could not push it over or dig it up with his tusks. After eying it for a while and looking as if he was thinking how he could get the fruit, the big fellow ran at the tree and butted it. This was done with such force that the tree quivered and shook as though it had been struck by a cyclone. If a man had been in the tree, I believe that he would have been shaken out. As for the fruit, it fell in a shower. The elephant at once began to pick up each piece with his trunk and eat it. I

hurried Fisi back to tell the hunters that we had found a herd of elephants, and to find General Kermit and show him the way to our hiding place.

Knowing that elephants are fond of playing in the water, I felt sure that this herd was on



The elephant butts the tree.

its way to the pool on the plain. Each minute brought them nearer and nearer to us. If we remained where we were, they would soon find us and that might mean death to Juma and me. I wanted to keep the elephants in sight,

yet I did not know the best thing to do. If we climbed a tree, they might hear or see us, for no animal has better hearing or a sharper sense of sight and smell. The elephant that had been eating the fruit which he had shaken from the tree now began to trumpet and whistle through his trunk. At first I thought that he had seen us and was calling a warning to the others, but they paid no attention to him and continued to eat grass and push down trees as they came toward us. They would have scented us but for the strong wind that was blowing from them toward where we were hidden. Juma said that we must climb a tree; for even if the elephants passed without seeing us, they would smell us as soon as they got by.

We crawled back into the woods so that we could not be seen, and climbed up a tree that would hide us from view and at the same time allow us to watch the herd. We could see the huge fellow that had shaken down the fruit. He was now cutting all kinds of "monkey shines." He would throw up his trunk and trumpet and whistle as loud as a steam engine. He rooted up the ground with his long tusks and threw dirt into the air. Then he

danced around, ran toward the other elephants and tried to stand on his hind legs. If any of the other elephants came near the tree, he would run them away. At last he staggered up to the tree and, leaning his huge body against it, he appeared to want to go to sleep. All elephants are fond of the kind of fruit this one had eaten, although it makes them drunk, and this one had become so drunk that he could not stand on his feet without the help of the tree.

The rest of the herd moved slowly by him, for they had quit eating and were now walking in a line, one after another, in regular Indian file. To my surprise I could barely see the elephants after they had entered the woods, and I could not hear them as they walked. For this long line of huge monsters to move along like shadows without making a sound was the strangest thing I had ever seen. In front were the mother elephants with their little ones frisking and playing about like young calves. These young elephants had little tusks, which they shed just as a child does his baby teeth, then they get big tusks like the father and mother. The elephant mother will fight for her little ones

and protect them from harm. They lift the little elephants over rough and dangerous places with their trunks, and push them up steep paths with their heads when going over hills and mountains. But I could see that these mothers did not like to humor their playful, pinkish colored babies, for one had a good deal of trouble in getting his mother to stop that he might get some milk.

I had always thought that a young elephant sucked milk with his trunk; but when the mother stopped to feed her young one near the tree I was in, I learned that this was a mistake, for the young elephant threw his little pink trunk back over his head so it would be out of the way and stood right in front of his mother's fore feet. He then put his head between her fore legs and sucked the milk with his mouth as a calf would have done.

After letting the little one get some milk, the mother got back in the marching line just in front of a huge elephant with very long tusks. He had very big ears, and at that moment he held them up in a way that he might better hear a noise which was being made out in the trees and bushes. His long trunk, which had been hanging down, was at once coiled

up and he stopped and wheeled about. Some of the other elephants did the same thing. Just then a two-horned rhinoceros came rushing out of the bushes. I expected to see a long fight between these huge animals, but in this I was disappointed. The rhinoceros ran at the elephant as though he intended to kill him with his horns. Just at the right moment the elephant turned a little to one side and the rhinoceros missed him. It was now the elephant's turn. Very quickly he threw his big foot on the neck of the rhinoceros, crushing him to the ground, sticking his long tusks through the rhinoceros's body with as much ease as though the animal had been made of dough. The elephant knew that he had killed his enemy and, pulling his ivory tusks out of the dead animal, he walked off to join his companions in their march to the pool.

The tailless elephant that had been made drunk by eating the fruit was now lying on the ground under the tree fast asleep. He was snoring so loud that he could have been heard a long distance away. Juma and I slipped down from our safe places in the tree, and we could see the sleeping elephant lift his huge ear and let it fall with a slap and a pop

on his neck. Juma wanted to kill the sleeping elephant, saying that if he had a sword he would cut off the elephant's trunk and then he would soon die. But I did not want to scare the herd of elephants, for I hoped that we could kill several of them when General Kermit came with the negroes to help us. So we let the sleeping elephant alone and began to follow the herd.

We had to go very slowly and carefully, for we did not want them to see us and change their minds about going to the pool. Nor did we want to run upon one of these huge beasts that might have become tired and was taking a nap as he leaned against some big tree. Neither did we want to come upon one that had dropped behind the herd.

An elephant can move about the jungle with so little noise and his hide is so nearly the color of the trees and other things in the forest that, although he may be of huge size, it is difficult to see or hear him in the woods, even if he is but a short distance away. But we kept a sharp watch for danger. Working our way along through the trees and underbrush, we reached the edge of the woods when we saw the herd of elephants far out on the plain. They

were not only having a good time eating the long grass, but with their trunks they were pulling up great bunches with the dirt clinging to the roots, and were whipping themselves on their backs with it. They did this to drive away and kill the insects and bugs that pestered them. I could see that the elephants were having a good time, and knowing that each one would want to eat about one thousand or eighteen hundred pounds of grass or about as much as two horses could draw, I knew we should have to remain in the woods for some hours.

Juma hid under some bushes, but I climbed one of the trees that I might watch the herd. With my field glass I looked in every direction over the plain. Far away over the billowy sea of waving grass was the pool of water shining in the bright sunlight, while the heat waves floated and fluttered above it like a bridal veil in the breeze. At the west end of the pool I could see the negroes whom Fisi was sending to me. From their actions I knew that they had seen the elephants. From time to time I would look over the plain in search of General Kermit, but I could not see him or any of his party.

Juma had gone to sleep, and I was getting tired of my place in the tree when I saw that the elephants were making a dash for the pool of water. In they went, and no set of school-boys ever had more fun or cut more capers than those monsters. They had a water battle almost as soon as they got into the pool. One would fill his trunk with water and spurt



The elephants playing in the pool.

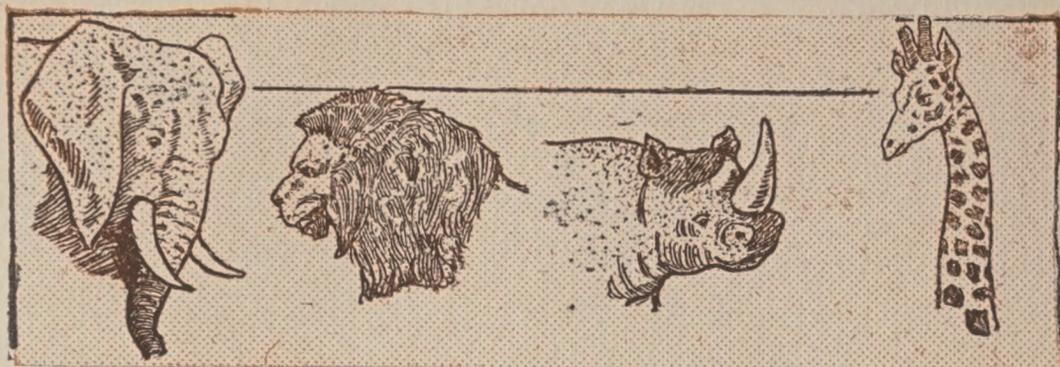
it at the elephant nearest him, sometimes hitting him full in the face. Sometimes one would fill his trunk full of water and wash himself off as a man would wash off his horse with a hose pipe. The mothers picked up their little ones with their trunks and, holding them up out of the water, they would swim to the far side of the pool. The older calves would

get on their mothers' backs and ride as they swam from place to place.

I called to Juma to come up into my tree and look at the elephants through my field glass. He had never before looked through field glasses and was much surprised to see how close the elephants seemed when he looked at them. He told me that some elephants could swim for five or six hours at a time in water that was not cold; but should they come to cold water, they would quickly cramp and drown.

I could see that the negroes had made their way to the west side of the pond, and every now and then they would cross some open place in the grass. The elephants had seen them, too, and were coming out of the water as fast as they could. I wanted to go and join in the hunt; but Juma told me to stay where I was, for the elephants would come back to the woods and we could get a shot at them.

I think this is enough about elephants for this time.

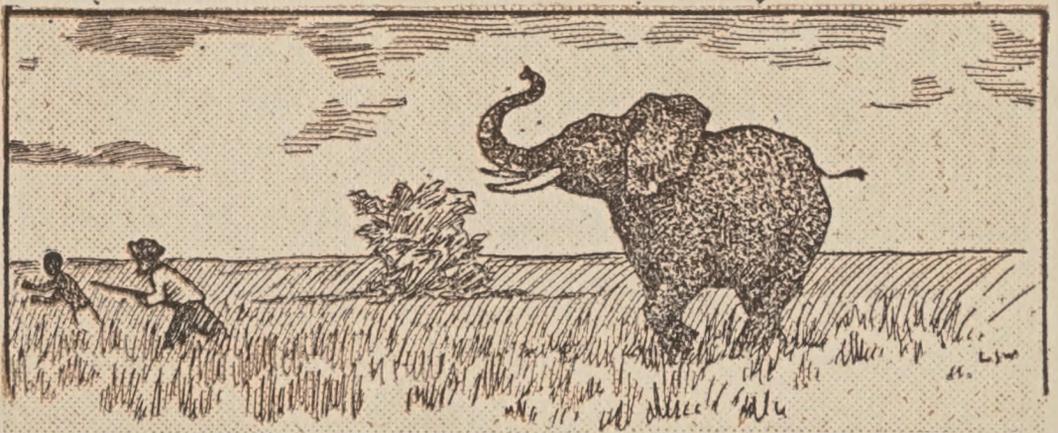


Seventh Evening.

CHILDREN, you will remember that in our last story Juma said that we had better remain in the tree where we were. He was right; for when the elephants left the pool, all the herd came toward us, except the huge fellow with the big tusks that had killed the rhinoceros. He had remained at the pool until the mother and baby elephants had gotten out and were running toward the woods. The negroes had separated him from the herd and were circling around him like a number of children playing frog in the middle. I expected to see the elephant get out of the circle by tramping the negroes to death and join his companions.

Just at this moment I saw General Kermit and Fisi come out of the tall grass. They were running toward me, followed by the herd of elephants. All the elephants, both old and young, were making a great noise by whis-

ting and bellowing through their trunks. They had their ears up and thrown forward, their tails were straight out in the air, and I knew from their looks that they were in a rage and would kill anything that came in their way. There never was a herd of wild horses that ran faster than this herd of elephants. They gained so rapidly on General!



Chasing the General.

Kermit and Fisi that it seemed to me that they would be overtaken and trampled to death before they could reach the woods. My friend must have thought that as he had a long start of the elephants he could get to a tree before they overtook him; but in this he was mistaken, for the elephants were at his heels. I called to him, and he ran toward me. As yet the distance was too great for me to shoot and kill the elephant which was so close on

General Kermit that he could not stop to turn and shoot him. I had my big elephant gun ready to fire at the moment I thought that it would do any good. The elephant was so close to my friend that he reached out his trunk to catch him; but General Kermit sprang out of the way, and as he did so I fired. The huge beast stopped a moment, but turned again on the General. Then came the report of his gun, and the elephant dropped to his knees and rolled over.

The elephants behind him were coming at such a rapid rate that they could not stop, and two of them fell over their dead companion. It was this that saved the General and Fisi, for before the animals could get up my friends had reached the forest and were climbing up trees as fast as scared monkeys. As the herd ran by I fired several times at them; but as the elephant's hide is an inch thick, I am quite sure that my bullets did not hurt them very much.

The herd was soon out of sight, and I looked through my field glass to see what the negroes were doing with the elephant about which they had formed the circle. Although they had stuck many spears into him, he was

still fighting them. One of the negroes would leave the circle in front of the elephant and run toward him. He would try to catch the man but while he was chasing this negro the men behind would run up close enough to him to stick their spears in his thick hide. The beast would turn to kill them, but they would run and dodge about so that he could not catch them. While the animal was running after the spearman, the negroes in the circle behind him, like their friends, were throwing their spears into his body. Again the elephant turned on his tormentors in his rear. The negroes continued to keep the elephant turning and charging until the old animal was stuck so full of spears that he reminded one of a huge pin cushion with giant pins sticking in it. The last time he turned to chase his tormentors he paid no attention to those behind him who were using their spears. He just kept right on after those in front of him and, with his trunk, grabbed one of the men. Lifting him high into the air, he slammed him against the ground and stepped on the body as he ran toward us, followed by all the negroes. Some were shooting him with arrows, and others were spearing him. All our party

climbed down from the tree and ran to help the negroes by using our guns. Before we had time to reach them the elephant tottered and fell and soon died.

There was such great rejoicing among the negroes over the killing of two elephants that they had forgotten all about their dead companion. We had to make some of them go with us to find the dead man's body. When we found it, I believe that every bone was broken. The elephant had mashed it into a jelly. The negroes wanted to throw the poor fellow's body into a clump of bushes and let the hyenas eat him, for they did not want the work of making him a grave, but 'General Kermit made them dig a grave and bury the body. We then put some rocks and brush over it to keep the animals from digging it up and to mark the grave so that his wife and family might find the place if they wanted to.

When returning to the elephant that the negroes had killed, we found them singing and dancing around the dead body. When they wearied of this, they carefully cut out the elephant's tusks, and, removing the big nerves that are in each one, they devoured them with a relish.

Although the African elephants are the largest in the world, this one was the largest that General Kermit had ever seen in Africa. I measured one of the monster's legs, just a little above his foot, and found it measured five and a half feet. I knew from this that the animal was eleven feet high, for twice around any elephant's leg will give his height.

On each foot there were four huge nails or claws which he could use when climbing up or down steep hills. By the use of these claws he is able to go over rough and steep places where horses would fear to tread. That he might walk with ease, and to prevent his cushion-like feet from getting bruised or sore, they were covered with horny plates, or scales. These horny plates grew on his feet somewhat like scales on a fish.

This elephant's tusks were about ten feet long and must have weighed one hundred and fifty pounds each, for it required two strong men to carry one of them any distance. His trunk was about seven feet long, and to me this was the most wonderful part of the animal. It is used to smell with, and so good use can he make of it for this purpose that he can scent other elephants when they are miles

away. He can use it as an arm, a hand, or a finger, for with his trunk he can pick up a pin or pull up a tree. With it he feeds himself and sucks up water and squirts it into his mouth when thirsty or over his back when he is hot and dusty. He also fills a water bottle, or stomach, with water; and when on long, dry marches, he will use his trunk to suck back the water to quench his thirst or cool off his back. With his trunk an elephant will beat the ground in front of him to find out if it is solid or if there are any traps in his path. On hot days, when the flies and insects annoy him, he will break off a branch from a tree and use it with his trunk to brush them off as he marches along. In fact, there are few things that an elephant cannot do with his trunk, even using it as a terrible weapon in killing a lion. Should it be cut off, the animal would soon die, for he could get neither food nor water. The negroes know this, and one way they have of killing the huge beast is to slip upon him when he is asleep and cut off his trunk with one blow of a sharp sword then run away before he can get up.

While I was looking at the elephant's trunk, the negroes had been skinning the monster.

The hide must have been an inch thick, and it weighed eight hundred to a thousand pounds. I am quite sure that it would have made a large wagon load for one horse to pull. When they cut the elephant open and took out his huge heart, I found that it measured more than three feet around. It was larger than a big water bucket, and must have had the power of a fire engine to have forced the blood through the arteries of the huge body. His ears were three and a half feet long and two and a half feet wide. By working these big ears back and forth the animal can fan himself and shoo away the flies. As soon as the negroes cut off the elephant's trunk Juma looked at the animal's teeth and said that the elephant was one hundred and thirty years old.

General Kermit now ordered some of the negroes to go to work on the elephant that he and I had killed. They did not want to do this, saying that the one elephant would supply them with all the meat they wanted. But we knew that the negroes at the village were in need of all the food they could get, so we sent two men to tell their people about the dead elephant that they might come and get a supply of meat. Fires were built, and some of the

negroes began to cook the elephant's feet while others cut up the trunk and got it ready to cook. The negroes think that the trunk is the best part of the elephant, but I liked the foot, after it had been cooked to a jelly, better than any other part of the animal.

Late that afternoon as our men were smoking chunks of meat over the fire to keep it from spoiling, we could see long lines of negro men, women, and children coming across the plain. They were coming from the village. As fast as they arrived we put them to work, some to smoking meat, others to cutting the hides into pieces of about forty pounds each. The women would make these pieces of hide into a bundle so that one man could carry it to the village, where it would be made into shields for the warriors of the tribe. It was the next day before the last load of tusks, hide, and elephant meat was on the way to the village.

I had been so much excited by the killing of the elephants and so interested in them after they had been killed that until now I had forgotten to tell General Kermit about the dead rhinoceros. As the negroes use the meat of the rhinoceros for food, we made some of them go

with us to find the animal's body. Juma was the first one to find the spot where the elephant had killed the rhinoceros. He called to us that the ants had been there and taken the animal away. I could not believe that little ants could carry off a huge rhinoceros, but when I reached the spot, there was nothing to see but some bones and pieces of his hide. Some of the negroes said that not far away there was an ant village where the houses were from seventeen to twenty-five feet high. The ants from this village had found the rhinoceros and had set to work to carry off the dead monster. There was such a large number of ants, and they had worked so faithfully, that it did not take them so long as one might suppose to take the meat of the rhinoceros home.

As we wanted to get back to the negro village as quickly as we could, we took a short cut through the woods and over a plain. In doing this, we had to pass near houses built by the white ants. These houses are made of clay or cement and are very strong. A herd of wild animals were eating grass on the plain about the ant village. On top of some of the ant houses stood animals that were on the lookout for the herd, for from the tops of these ant

hills they could see in every direction over the country. The moment they saw me they



The lookout.

jumped from these places to the ground. This was a warning to the herd that danger was

near, and they all ran to the high grass, which hid them from sight.

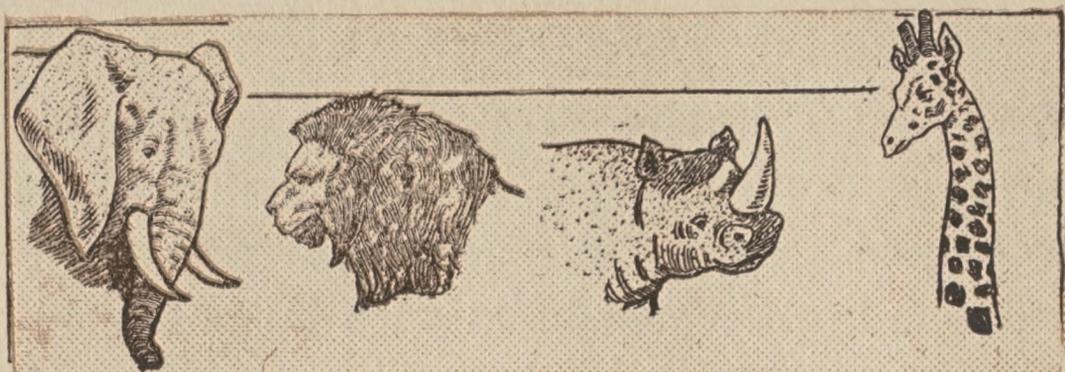
Juma broke open one of the houses and our negroes caught large numbers of the ants. These they pounded into paste and ate with so much pleasure that I thought I would try some. I found that this paste made from the ants tasted like sweetened cream. These white ants are sometimes called termites, and they can do many wonderful things for such little creatures. They can tunnel great distances under the ground, and it is by tunneling under a river that they get from one side to the other. These ants are the most destructive of insects. If they find their way into a house built of wood, they eat away all the inside of the woodwork, leaving only a thin, paperlike shell. The eye can detect no change, but if you should step on the floor it would crumble; should you start up the stairway, it would go to pieces; and if you sat on a wooden chair it would fall into dust. These little rascals never cut through any place in the wood so that they can be seen. That is the reason a man's house and furniture can be destroyed before he finds it out.

I should have liked to learn more about how

these smart little ants live, but we had to hurry on to the village. As we marched along I thought how wonderful it was that these little creatures could build such large homes; that if a man built his house in proportion to his size, as compared to the size of the ant, the man's house would have to cover acres of ground. The top of his house would often be above the clouds. He could sit out on his roof and enjoy the fresh air and the moonlight while it would be raining on his garden below.

When we came in sight of the negro village, I forgot all about the ants, for the village was on fire.

I will now close, and I am sure that my story about the fire will be very interesting to you.



Eighth Evening.

IT was natural, children, for the negroes to get excited and run toward their burning homes. In a few moments we could not see them for the bushes, but the next minute they came running back with negro warriors following and shooting arrows at them. Some of our men were killed, many of them being pierced by several arrows. Juma, Fisi, and our gunners having hidden behind some rocks, refused to move, but General Kermit and I ran to get within shooting distance of the enemy. The moment we could get a shot without killing some of our own men we fired. The warriors became frightened at the report of our guns and halted. This gave our men a chance to get to us and turn on their enemy with their bows and arrows.

By this time our gunners had got up enough courage to join us. Each one of our people got behind a tree or rock to protect himself

from the arrows of the warriors and waited for them to come after us. This they did in a few minutes. They had their spears set and their bows and arrows in readiness. The spearmen held in front of them their shields made of dried elephant or rhinoceros hide. When they were almost upon us, General Kermit gave the order to fire. The roar of our



The negro warriors.

big guns scared our enemies, and they turned, running toward the village. Our men were now very brave and chased the warriors, shooting at them as they ran.

We hurried on to the village to find that it was surrounded by an army of negro soldiers who were trying to drive out our friends and kill or make slaves of them. We fired at them with our guns while our negroes shot them

with their arrows. Not knowing what to make of the noise of the firearms and the arrows being shot into their backs, the warriors ran away as fast as they could. Seeing this, the negroes in the village left the burning houses to be put out by the women while they ran after their enemy.

We learned that a chief from another country had for a long time wanted to destroy this village and make the headman and his people slaves. This chief, upon learning that many of the people had left the village for an elephant hunt, had sent soldiers to capture and burn the place. Few, if any, of his men had ever seen a gun; and when they heard the firing and saw their men fall, they thought our witch doctors must be better than theirs. They thought that we had some way of killing them with thunder and lightning and, becoming frightened, they ran away.

Some of our people helped to put out the fire while others assisted the wounded negroes within the village.

On the morning after the fight the village negroes who had chased the soldiers returned, but an arrow had pierced the heart of their chieftain and he was brought home dead. As

these negroes care little or nothing for their dead friends or relatives, there was no sign of sorrow in the village. But every one was in a great state of excitement, making ready for the funeral of the chief. As to the other men who had been killed in the fight, a father or brother would pick up the dead body of his relative, balance it on his head, and walk with it to the jungle some distance from the village. Here he would throw the body into the bushes to be devoured by wild beasts. There are no graveyards in that part of Africa, but the chief was buried with the most awful and cruel funeral ceremonies.

We had long before this learned that the native African was cruel, heartless, untruthful, and dishonest. Although we had saved these negroes their lives and homes, had supplied them with food, and with our guns had driven away their enemy who would have murdered them or sold them into slavery, yet from day to day, we could not depend on them for kind treatment, and General Kermit ordered our men to get ready to march farther north. But the new chief would not let us go until we paid him as much cloth, beads, and wire as had been given to the dead chief.

We marched to the village, followed by little children and big children. Women with their babies in cowhide bags on their backs ran along with the big black men, whose bodies were greased with foul-smelling butter. All had come to beg—to beg something, it mattered not what, just so they were begging. Some of the boys, girls, and women followed us for miles and miles, yelling and howling more like wild beasts than human beings. We knew that they would fear to remain in the woods at night and would leave us in time to get home before sunset. It was past time for our midday rest when the last of these people disappeared. Our porters were grumbling, a thing they were always doing, except when asleep or when they had their mouths full of food.

When General Kermit ordered a halt, the sun was shining from a cloudless sky. To my great surprise it began to rain, although the shower lasted only a few minutes. I had never before seen it rain on a clear day, but Juma told me that it often occurred in that part of Africa.

For several days we traveled through the woods and jungles and along paths just wide

enough for one man to walk. In some places the limbs of the trees came so near the ground that our men had to stoop to get by them. We stole around all the villages along the way that we could. We were trying to get by one of the largest places on the road, where the chief or king of U-zin-za lived, but he sent word to us that he had never seen a white man and that he would be very angry if we did not visit him. We knew that we should have to give him presents of cloth, wire, and domestic, but we dared not refuse to go and see him. Our men were ordered to dress up and look their best, for we were going to visit the king. As the negroes are the most vain and proud of human beings, they were willing and eager to obey these orders.

Just outside this village were the devil churches, which were little grass huts. From time to time the people of the village take grain and food to these churches for the evil spirits to eat. The negroes believe that if they do this the evil spirits will in turn do them no harm. Although the rats and mice get the food, the negroes say that the spirits eat all they want.

We marched by these churches and entered

the gate at the end of the main street of the village. On each side of this street leading to the palace were poles, and on the top of each pole was the head of a man that the chief had killed. The skull bones had been bleached so white by the sun that in the moonlight they might have been mistaken for snowballs. We marched to the palace between two lines of negro soldiers whose uniforms were brass wire around their arms and the lower part of their legs. The only clothes they had on were a cloth made of wooden thread that was worn around the waist. Their black skins were polished with rancid butter until they glistened in the sunlight. I thought the smell of these soldiers would make me sick, but our negroes thought the odor delightful and the sight a grand one.

As we neared the palace the drums were beaten and the king's officers had gathered in the open square in front of the palace. One of the attendants came forward to welcome us and at the same time to say that the king could not see the white men that day. He said that the king was looking into his magic horn to find out if the white people had an evil eye.

We sent the king presents of cloth and asked

to be allowed to go on our journey, but the messenger returned saying that the king was displeased at our request and that we must remain until he was through looking into his magic horn. This man led us to some huts, and we prepared to make ourselves at home. Our negroes were greatly pleased at the presents the king sent us, which consisted of a load of plantain, a cow, a goat, and a black flat-tailed sheep. The sheep's tail must have weighed ten pounds and was dragging on the ground. As the tail is by far the best part of an African sheep, Queeny cooked it for our supper.

The next day the king would not see us, nor would he see us on the third day. We sent him word time and again that he must let us go on our journey, but he would just send us more things to eat, with the reply that there was no hurry and that we could wait until to-morrow.

Our men, like all the natives, were lazy and they did not want to leave a place where they got so much more good food to eat than they had been accustomed to. Juma and Queeny had not been idle in finding out the reasons for the king's keeping us and feeding all our men so well. Queeny had made the acquaint-

ance of the king's magician, or witch doctor, and he told her that his king had wanted to make war on a neighboring tribe, but he had been afraid to do so, there being a white man in the enemy's village who had a "hot-mouthed" gun. But now that his king had white men with the same kind of guns it was thought a good time to begin the war.

We were very anxious to know who this white man could be, and General Kermit decided that we must find the village and see him. But we dared not let any one know our plans, for the king would get angry if he thought we were going to his enemy's village and would order every one in our party to be murdered.

That night, it seems, the witch doctor was to make a test and tell the king if the signs were good for war. I wanted to know how these witch doctors made the tests, but I knew that this one would not let me come near him while he was at his secret and mysterious work, so I asked Queeny to tell me how and what they did. She replied that the test that this witch doctor was going to make was one of the most awful and cruel, because the question of going to war was such a dreadful one.

I learned that to make the test the heartless rascal would put a large earthen pot half full of water on a fire. Across the top of this pot he would place some sticks, and upon these he would lay a small child and a chicken. He then covered them with another large earthen pot just like the first, so as to keep in the steam. After they had remained under the pot for a certain length of time, this wretch looked in to see if the child and chicken were dead or alive. Should he find them dead, it was the sign that there must be no war. If he found them alive, the war must begin at once.



The witch doctor.

Now, children, I did not want to think of any little child being put to death in this way, nor did we want these people killing each other in a war, so I asked Queeny to take me to the witch doctor's hut. I had found out that of all the dishonest and lying rascals

among the negroes these witch doctors were the worst. Yet these bad men, by telling the king that they had certain signs or dreams, could make him have any one put to death, sold into slavery, or make the king go to war. The African chiefs have such belief in their witch doctors that they will do anything these men tell them. Knowing this, I packed up some beads and other little toys that a negro would do anything to get and, with Queeny, I went to the doctor's hut.

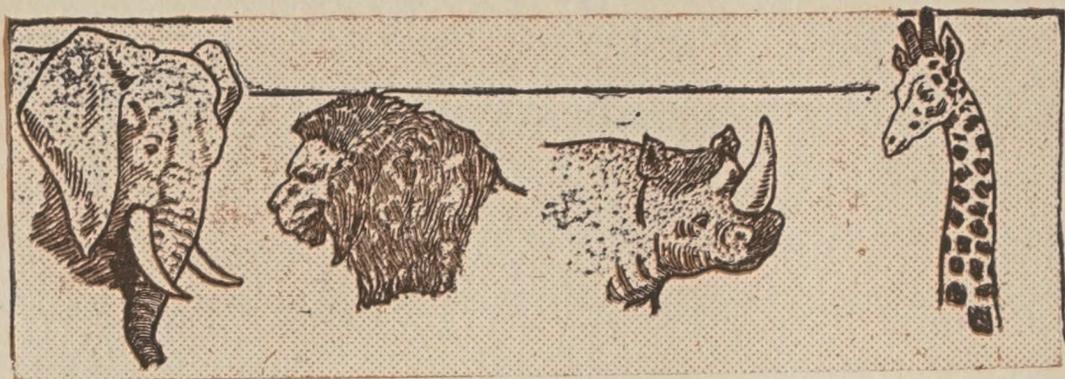
After talking to him for some time, I learned that the children he used in the test were those whose parents had died, and he claimed that he might as well use them in the test as not, for since the people in the village did not care what became of orphans they would starve to death. I let him see the beads and other things and told him that I would give him some of them if he would not use a child in making the test of war. He promised that he would make some other kind of test, and then I gave him some beads. He then wanted all the beads and toys. I told him that I would give him all the things if he would tell the king not to go to war.

"Very well," he said, "if the white people

will go hunting with the king, I will tell my master it is not a good time for war and that he had better go hunting.”

I agreed to this; but knowing that these people would break their promises as quickly as they made them, I gave him only one-half of the things. I told him I would give him the others as soon as the king said what he would do.

I think this is enough until we meet again, then we shall see how the matter turned out.



Ninth Evening.

WELL, children, as soon as I got back to our hut I told General Kermit all about the trade I had made with the witch doctor. He was more than pleased with my bargain, for we were in a country where there were many wild animals and much big game.

That night we heard the drums beat. However, they were not the war drums, as we had feared, but were drums calling a meeting of the king's officers. Later in the night the drums beat again and we knew that the meeting with the king was over. For some reason Juma had been allowed to attend the meeting.

When he returned, he told us that the king had appeared before his wise men and said: "The time has not come for us to go to war. I have learned from looking into my magic horn that we need have no fear of the white men having an evil eye. Go home now and

prepare for a hunt, for the witch doctor has told me that if we go on a hunt with the white man we shall have good luck."

As Juma was telling this the witch doctor came to ask me for the toys I had promised to give him as soon as the king said that he would not go to war. But when I gave him the things promised, he wanted more, and to keep the good friendship of such a bad and dangerous man I gave him an extra string of beads.

Early the next morning the king invited us to call and see him. Upon arriving at the palace grounds we found that a lion's skin had been spread upon the ground in front of the



The king comes out of his hut.

king's house. On this skin a little stool had been placed for his throne. With the drums beating and the musicians playing, the king marched out of his hut with a leopard's skin over his shoulders. For a necklace he wore a big iron ring, while his legs and arms were almost covered with copper wire wound around them in such a way as to make what might be called leglets, armlets, and bracelets. He had no gloves or shoes, but wore rings on all his fingers and rings on all his toes. The king's wives and daughters, together with his court ladies and all his female relations, then marched out and took their places behind the king on buffalo skins, while we were seated in front of him on the skins of antelopes.

Juma brought up the presents and placed them on the ground in front of the black ruler, who began to ask questions faster than two men could have answered them. He wanted to know if all the men were white in the part of the world where we came from; if we could turn ourselves black and then get white again; if our women were white, red, or blue; if we had good witch doctors—these and a thousand other questions he asked before he told us that if we would go on a hunt

with him we should have good luck and find all the animals we wanted. Without saying another word to us, he ordered his men to get ready for the hunt. With a sign from him, the drums were beaten and he went into his palace, followed by all the women.

We marched back to our huts and found that the king had sent us a load of plantain and a cow. We knew that for this food we should have to send him more presents; for when a negro ruler gives you anything, it is the same as saying: "Now, you must send me something." These people will not give their invited guests a drink of water unless they get something more valuable in return.

We had been in our huts but a little while when a man ran in, followed by the king's officers. The poor fellow begged us not to let the officers take him away, that they were going to cut off his head. We learned that the king had dreamed about this man three times and that if a king dreams about any man three times he has him put to death. I did not want the man's head cut off because this foolish ruler had dreamed about him. Knowing how greedy negro kings were, I asked the officers to take the man and I would go with

them and see if the king would not sell him to me. At first they would not do this, saying that they were afraid of the ruler. But for some brass wire which I gave them they took their chances and consented to go with me. I begged the king not to put the man to death, but he said that the man must die. I then offered to buy the man. After a great deal of talk I gave the king five yards of domestic for the fellow and took him to our hut.

On the way back I saw the men who were going on the hunt under a long shed, which to them is what a club house is to the white men in this country. Women were bringing large gourds filled with *pombe* for the men to drink while they lay about the shed and smoked their pipes or chewed a sweet clay that was brought from a clay bank near the village. We kept our men away from all this drinking and smoking, for we knew that before night they would be quarreling and fighting. We made our men pack up all our things so that we should not have to come back to the village after the hunt, but could continue our journey to the north in search of the white man.

That we might have good luck the king or-

dered his witch doctor to lead the hunting party to a place where we could find big game. As we marched away from the village Juma pointed out to me hollow logs that were hanging from the limbs of big trees.

“Those,” he said, “are beehives, and most of them are full of honey.”

I knew that the negroes were very fond of sweet things; for if we spilled a little sugar on the ground, they would eat the dirt from the spot as long as it tasted sweet.

As we traveled far into the forest Juma told me that this or that tree was thought to be the home of a tribe of little men. The people thought that sometimes at night these little men would come down from their tree houses and, going to the door of a hut, would listen until they heard some one on the inside call the name of somebody who lived in the hut. Then they would call out the same name and shoot an arrow into the heart of whoever came to the door. After doing this awful deed, they ran back to their tree homes and hid so that no one could find them.

Juma and I had traveled through the woods faster than the others and were some distance ahead of our friends when he stopped and

said, "That twinkling and sparkling we see so far ahead of us is a lake or large pool of water. We must keep a sharp lookout for a rhino," as he called the rhinoceros.

I knew that rhinoceroses like to live in such a country, for they can get all the grass, bushes, and roots that they are fond of eating, while the lake furnishes them with water to drink and a place to wallow. During the hot part of the day they sleep under the trees and matted vines in the dark and gloomy jungle. I had learned that there are four kinds of rhinoceroses in Africa. Of these, the most vicious and dangerous are the little black rhinoceros and the big slate colored rhinoceros. The white rhinoceros is a much larger animal than the others, but he is not so fierce or dangerous.

So when we discovered the footprints of a little black rhinoceros, we knew that we were in great danger, for although these animals are big and clumsy-looking, they can move about the jungle almost as silently as a cat; and when they are lying on the ground, it is very difficult to see them. I knew that if I did stumble over one I should have to kill him at the first shot, for I had heard General Ker-

mit say that hunters had rather fight any number of lions than a wounded rhinoceros. Not caring to take any such chances, we waited for our friends to overtake us.

General Kermit, the black king, and the witch doctor soon came in sight, and following them was the long line of negro men and hunters armed with their spears, bows, and arrows. Our men were loaded with the things for our journey. The head of the line had just reached us when we heard a snort and a kind of whistle. There was a sound of crushing bushes, a man was thrown high into the air, and the next moment a long-horned rhinoceros that had run through the line of men disappeared in the jungle.

The body of the man this rhinoceros had thrown into the air had not had time to fall to the ground before some of the negroes dropped their loads and were running away or trying to climb trees. Juma and I went to see if we could do anything for the wounded negro, but I found him so badly hurt that he died in a little while.

General Kermit, Fisi, and some of the negro hunters were chasing the rhinoceros. Juma and I followed as soon as possible, but

as we could see nothing of them we thought it best to march to the lake and prepare our camp. We had taken but a few steps on our way back when we heard a sound like a horse coughing and at the same time saw a white rhinoceros making his way through the jungle. I motioned to Juma, and we stepped be-



Get a shot at a white rhinoceros.

hind a tree so as not to be seen by the huge animal. I was anxious to get a shot at him, for he was the largest one I had ever seen. He looked as if he was seven feet tall, and he must have weighed more than five horses if each horse weighed one thousand pounds. One of his horns was over three feet long,

and he was plowing up the ground with it as fast as if it had been a steel plow pushed by a steam engine.

These animals can smell and hear better than they can see. This one had his head toward us; but as it cannot see in front of it, and as the wind was blowing from his direction, I felt sure he would not find our hiding place until he came near enough for me to get a shot at him. I made up my mind to let him come very close to us, for a rhinoceros has such a hard, thick hide that it is not an easy matter to shoot even a hardened bullet through it and kill the animal at one shot.

Sometimes I would lose sight of the huge beast, for he would go into the wait-a-bit thorn bushes to nibble off their tender leaves. To me it seemed a long time before he would come in sight again and go to plowing up the roots that he liked to eat. But each time he came in sight he was closer to me than before. I could see that he kept his ears moving all the time. One moment the hollow part of one ear was to the front while the hollow part of the other ear was turned so as to catch any sound coming from the back of him. The next mo-

ment he changed their positions so he could hear any noise on either side as he moved them back and forth. As I was watching this strange and continued movement of his ears he made his way into a clump of thorn bushes. This time he was out of my sight for such a long time that I was afraid he would go off and I would not get a shot at him. Or he might come out near our tree in such a way that he would see me and charge upon us with his dreadful horn.

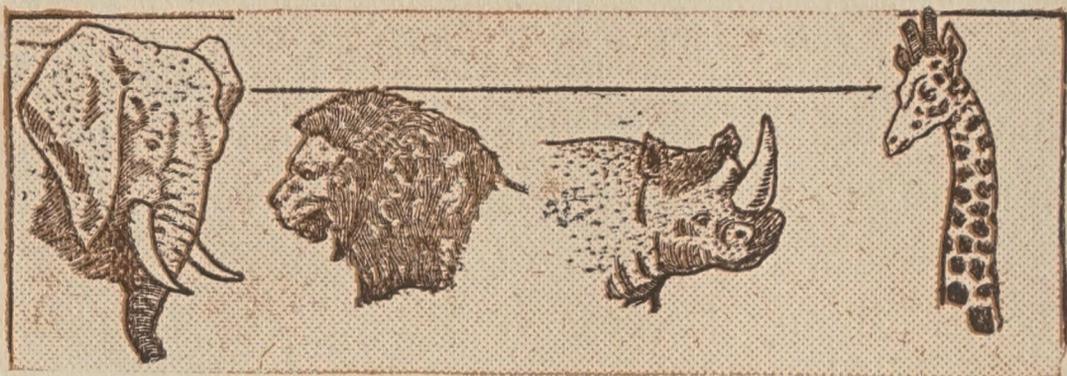
As I wondered what the beast would do, I noticed a little movement in the bushes, then not twenty feet from us I saw the head of the rhinoceros. As quick as thought I fired. The animal gave a squeal like a storm whistle on a steamboat and ran toward us. I fired again. The animal gave another and louder whistle, at once falling to his knees and then rolling over on his side as though he were dead. It was all done so quickly that I was surprised at what had happened. But as these animals, when wounded, sometimes play that they are dead, Juma fired another shot into him to make sure that he was not "possuming." I then sent Juma to tell the king and his hunters about killing the beast. Sooner

than I had expected the king with his men came to see the huge white rhinoceros.

The vain old witch doctor claimed all the credit for my success in killing the animal. He said that he must have the big horn to make the king a drinking cup; for a cup made from the horn of a white rhinoceros would bring the king good luck, and no one could poison him as long as he used it to drink from.

The rhinoceros's horns do not grow out of the bony part of the skull, like a cow's or a ram's horns. They grow out of his skin, as his hair does. Yet his hide is so thick that the horns are as firm as a post, and it requires hard work to cut them off his head. As soon as the negroes had cut off the horns the king ordered some of his men who knew how to skin the animal to get to work. I saw that his hide was as thick and hard as an inch board. Juma told me that even the lions would not try to kill a rhinoceros, because they had learned that even with their powerful claws they could not hurt him through such a thick, tough hide.

If you would like to hear more about the rhinoceros, I will tell about another hunt some other time.



Tenth Evening.

CHILDREN, you must know that it was hard work to skin the rhinoceros; but as these negroes like his meat better than that of the cow, the king ordered the animal to be cut into pieces and smoked, for smoked meat does not spoil even in hot countries. As it would require a good many hours to do this, I told my men to get a supply of meat, then we would march to the lake and get our camp ready for the night. Up to this time I had heard nothing of General Kermit or his party, and, being a little afraid as to their safety, I asked the king to send some of his men to look for them.

On the march to the lake I heard a noise that reminded me of an elephant snoring.

“That is a rhinoceros we hear,” said Juma. “From the way he is snoring, he is so fast asleep that we can slip up on the old fellow and kill him before he ever wakes.”

I told Juma that he might take my gun and our men to hunt for the animal. I followed them for some distance, each step bringing us nearer and nearer to the sound. The hunters, who were now crawling through the bushes, must have been close to the sleeping rhinoceros, for several birds flew up into the air, screaming and making as much noise as they could. Up jumped the rhinoceros with a snort. He ran by the negroes and came directly toward me. Before I could jump behind a tree he saw me and began dancing about and turning around and around, grunting like a hog all the time. I could see the birds had taken their places on his back; but when the negroes came in sight, they flew up, screaming as before. When the animal started on the run, with the negroes after him, the birds alighted on his back, nor did they leave him except to fly up when he ran under bushes that would have brushed them off.

These birds are the rhinoceros's best friends. They can see better than the huge animal and are always on the lookout. If they see any of his enemies, or if they think he is in danger, they will begin chattering, and from this the beast understands that he must either run or

fight. These birds guard the rhinoceros day and night. They live on the bugs and worms that make their homes in the wrinkles and under the folds of the animal's thick skin. Some hunters say that the rhinoceros is such a sound sleeper that the birds sometimes have to peck him in the ears to awaken him. If it had not been for these birds Juma could have gone right up to the sleeping animal and killed him. As it was, the rhinoceros jumped up and ran through the forest with the negroes after him.

I was left alone in the wilderness of trees and bushes. I knew that I could not overtake them nor keep up with them if I did, for they were trained to make long runs through the forest when chasing down animals. I thought that the best thing for me to do was to find my way back to the path that led to the lake. As I hurried on I saw monkeys playing in the trees, and now and then a big bird would startle me with his loud cry as it flew away through the forest. Though I had walked a long distance, I could not see anything of the lake, and I felt that I was lost—lost in an African forest and night upon me. I did not know in what direction to go. I had crossed many of

the paths that had been made by lions, elephants, buffaloes, and rhinoceroses as they went to and from their drinking places. Whatever path I took I was almost sure to meet some of these animals at that hour of the evening, for it is about sunset that the beasts of the jungles begin to make their way along the forest paths to their watering places.

I had a pair of large pistols; but as far as the big animals were concerned I might as well have had two popguns, for no pistol ball would go through the thick hide of one of these big animals and kill him. Therefore, with all the dangers that surrounded me, it would have been foolish for me to blunder about in the dark or to remain upon the ground. The safest place for me was in a tree. I climbed one that was in an open space near my path, so that when the moon rose I could see in what direction the animals were going, for from them I expected to learn the way to the lake.

I had been seated on a limb with my back against a tree for some hours before the moon rose. It spread a misty light over the forest. I had heard a lion roar and a rhinoceros whistle; but if anything had passed along my path,

I had not seen or heard it. Now a noise came to my ears of animals making their way through the woods. Closer and closer came the steps. Then, to my great surprise, the branches of the tree over my head were shaken, the leaves torn to pieces, and some dropped on me.

I looked up, expecting to see a monkey, but I saw a head pushed through the branches and in the bright moonlight I saw two big eyes. The head was shaped like that of a horse, but on it were two long ears and two things that looked like horns. The head was on a long, spotted, snake-like body. In the moonlight it looked to me as though some huge snake with a head like a horse was standing on his tail and eating the leaves off the top of the tree. I jumped out of the tree as if I had been on a springboard. The noise I made frightened the animal as much as he had frightened me, and he and others of his kind ran away as fast as they could. I then saw that what I had taken to be some terrible monster was the long-legged, long-necked, but timid giraffe, which would hurt no one.

I climbed back to my place in the tree and seated myself, so that should I go to sleep I

would not fall. I must have been there several hours, for the moon was now sinking in



It looked like a snake with a horse's head.

the west and looked like a big, polished silver shield hanging in the blue sky. By its light

I could see almost as well as if it had been day. No sound reached my ear except the chirping of some birds, the hum of insects, and the chatter of prowling monkeys. Then there appeared in the open space, in the bright moonlight, a huge, horrid animal. It was almost as big as an elephant, but not so tall. His legs were thick, but so short that his huge body touched the ground wherever it was uneven. His big head was almost square in shape, while his ears were small, stiff, and sharp-pointed. He had no hair on his huge, brown body, although he had a few bristles on his very short tail. No lawn mower could have cut and cleaned away the grass better than this animal did as he slowly came toward me. He came so close to me that I could have dropped upon his back. Then he stopped eating grass, lifted up his head, and listened. Opening his monstrous mouth, which for size reminded me of a whale's mouth, he gave a snort. He then waddled back over the path he had come.

Remembering pictures I had seen, I knew that this animal was a hippopotamus, or river horse, as it is sometimes called. I felt sure that he had come up out of his home in

the lake to feed on the grass and bushes, and should I follow him I could find my way to the lake. I slipped down from my place in the tree and silently crept along the path until I could see the huge animal. Hour after hour I followed him, hoping that he would soon reach the lake. But the animal took his



Closer and closer the monster came.

time, walking slowly and eating as he walked. It looked to me as if he ate as much of the grass and bushes along the path as several cows could have done, and yet he seemed never to get enough.

I was anxious for morning to come; and when at last a gray light overspread the sky,

the hippopotamus stopped eating and, with a roar, hurried on. As if in answer to his roar I heard the most awful sounds coming from some distance in front of me. As is the case near the equator, dawn lasted but a few seconds, when the sun came out in all its glory and I was delighted to see water sparkling a short distance in front of me.

The hippopotamus made his way toward the awful roars and grunts. I crept through the bushes almost to the water's edge. Peeping through the high grass, a most wonderful sight met my eyes. Five big river horses lay on the bank of the lake. Birds were walking over their huge bodies, eating the bugs and worms that they found on the animals' hides. One of these beasts had a little calf by her side; but when the hippopotamus that I had been following opened his big red mouth and gave a bellow, she got up and jumped into the water. The little one got on her back, and she began swimming across the lake to where the big hippopotamus stood. About halfway between the banks an alligator came up out of the water and was about to grab the little hippopotamus and pull it off the mother's back, but quick as a flash the

huge mother turned and bit off the tail of the alligator with as much ease as a child would bite a banana in two, then disappeared under the water.

The animal I had followed and all those on the bank plunged into the lake and went after the alligator. In a few minutes the mother came to the top of the water with her little one on the back of her neck. She swam to the shore, and I could not keep from laughing when I saw this great, clumsy animal playing with her calf as gayly as if it had been a kitten. The birds that had come to eat the bugs off her hide and to warn her of danger, just as they do the rhinoceros, did not like the way she kept frisking about and would not stay on her back long at a time.

Far out over the lake I could see little vapor-like fountains shoot up about three feet into the air. Although I could not see the bodies of the hippopotamuses, I knew that they were making these little fountains when they came up to get air, for, like whales, these animals cannot live under the water long at a time. They are good swimmers and divers, and can sink and rise in the water as best pleases them. They have an advantage over the whale in

that they can live on land any length of time without starving, for they can procure there the food they like as well as they can in the water, or even better.

I had often been told that the hippopotamuses took good care of their young and were dangerous beasts when their calves were about, therefore I did not care to take any chances with this mother. And as she did not seem to be in any hurry about getting back into the water, I thought the best thing for me to do was to take to the woods and go around her. I had no sooner taken a step when the birds on the animal's back flew into the air, making a great chatter. The hippopotamus plunged into the lake, took her calf on her back, and dived into the water. She did not stay under long, for she had to come to the surface for her little one to breathe. She continued to dive and come up, but each time she was farther from me.

I now pushed my way through the grass and weeds, but before I reached the water I saw a rhinoceros coming toward the lake. Several arrows were sticking in his side, and some parts of his body were red with blood. He plunged into the water, swam around for

a while, drinking all the time, then made a dive to the bottom of the lake, coming up with a mouthful of grass. I felt that this rhinoceros was the one that Juma and the other negroes had been chasing, but I did not remain to see what the animal did, for I was very hungry and hurried on to camp, to find that General Kermit had just returned from a search for me. I told him about the rhinoceros, and he started off to kill the animal. But he was too late, for Juma and his men had tracked the beast to the lake and had killed him.

The next morning we took up our march to the north, the negroes in great glee returning to their homes loaded with meat that they so dearly love.

We had learned enough from these people to know that the place we wanted to find was many days' travel from the lake. Many were our fights and hardships before we came in sight of the village, and we found it surrounded by an army of negro warriors. It was taking big chances to undertake to drive all this army away, but we depended on scaring them with our guns. Our men believed that we could whip all the negroes in Africa, and

owing to this belief they were willing to obey our orders.

Like Indian fighters we crawled through the grass and bushes close up to the enemy, then, hiding behind trees, we opened fire on them before they had seen us. Our plans worked out better than we could have expected. The warriors scattered in every direction; and when the people in the village saw them on the run, they came out with spears and war clubs and chased them through the woods.

We marched to the village gate, and great crowds of half-starved negroes—men, women, and children—came out to meet us. Behind them came the king and his officers. We then heard the order given: "Make way for the king and the white man!" The police forced an open way through the crowd, and in a moment a white man ran to us, exclaiming: "Thank God! you have come in time to save us from our terrible enemies."

O! but we were glad to see a white face once more; and when we learned that this was really Dr. Wesley, we were overjoyed. He was not a prisoner, as we had feared, nor was he the white man that Queeny had once seen.

We learned from Dr. Wesley that from time to time he had given Arab slave traders letters to be taken to Zanzibar and mailed home; but they must have destroyed the letters, as all slave traders are opposed to missionaries being sent to teach and preach to the African negro.

We found that the people of the village had so long been prisoners that they were without food and would have starved to death if we had not driven the warriors away.

We at once made our plans to return to Zanzibar and from there take a ship back to our faraway home.

The Morrison System of Natural History Stories

By William James Morrison

**Willie Wyld: His Wonderful Voyage to the
Island of Zanzibar**

Introduction by Miss Mary Hannah Johnson, of Carnegie Library. 128 pages. Finely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth with illuminated cover. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

Willie Wyld: Lost in the Jungles of Africa

Introduction by Richard T. Wyche, President National Story-Tellers League. Uniform with the above. Price, postpaid, 50 cents.

IN PREPARATION

Uniform with the above Willie Wyld series and by the same author.

Charlie Circus: Among the Indians of Brazil

Charlie Circus: In the Wilds of Brazil

**Charlie Circus: Hunting and Trapping in
Brazil**

Price, postpaid, per volume, 50 cents.

SMITH & LAMAR, Publishers

Nashville, Tenn.

Dallas, Tex.

Richmond, Va.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020889421

