

Big-Game Hunters.

BY FRAMLEY STEELCROFT.



Men like Selous, Delamere, Willoughby, and Littledale have declared that one year spent in the pursuit of big game is worth half a century of common-place existence.

This may be true enough, but we can't all be

meeting Sir Robert at his magnificent seat, Langley Park, Slough. As is the case in most big-game hunters' houses, Sir Robert Harvey's place is one vast museum of trophies. A monstrous tiger crouches at the foot of the great staircase; and from the walls look down the heads of countless rhinos, hippos, yaks, antelopes, bears, leopards, etc., etc.

Sir Robert Harvey has been three trips to Africa — Masailand and the Kilima Njaro district. He has also shot in India, Siam, Iceland, and Thibet, his sporting trips covering altogether about twelve years. I have hinted that big-game shooting is an enormously expensive pastime. A glance at the accompanying photo. will give you some idea of the retinue necessary for a prolonged trip. The illustration depicts the morning roll-call in Sir Robert Harvey's stockaded camp at Teveta, close to the foot of Kilima Njaro. From twenty-five to thirty men were left in charge here while the main body went off on sporting excursions lasting from one to three months.

"On my second trip," says Sir Robert, "I took with me 300 men, but when the camping-place was reached, I sent 100 of these back to the coast." There remained, however, a small army of 150 Zanzibaris armed with Snider carbines, and a picked body of marksmen carrying Colt's repeaters, besides cooks, gun-bearers, porters, and transport animals. Practically, the establishment was a travelling town, each member of the population drawing his monthly pay, in



SIR ROBERT HARVEY, BART.
From a Photo. taken in Central Africa.

big-game hunters, for this "pastime of princes" requires a correspondingly big banking account, to say nothing about opportunity and experience.

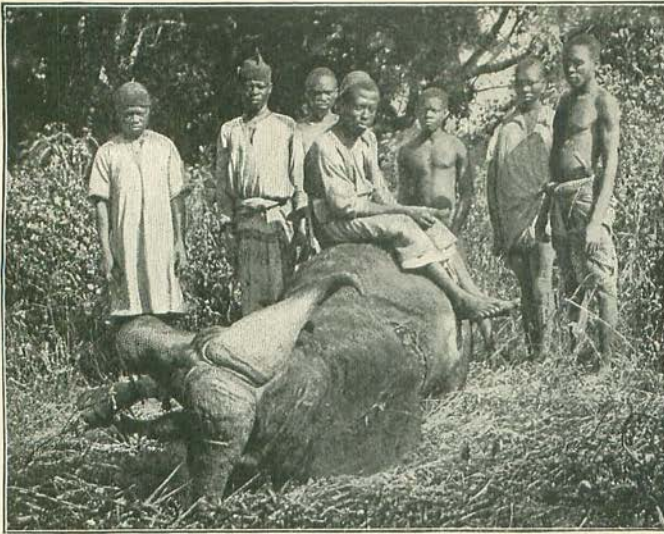
The first of these distinguished sportsmen to be dealt with here is Sir Robert Harvey, Bart., who, though looking a little unkempt in the photo. (taken in the wilds of Central Africa), is really a splendid specimen of an English country gentleman. I had the pleasure of



From a]

MORNING ROLL-CALL IN SIR ROBERT HARVEY'S CAMP.

[Photograph.



THE EAST AFRICAN BUFFALO WHICH KILLED SIR ROBERT'S GUN-BEARER.
From a Photograph.

addition to rations and equipment. Sir John Willoughby, Mr. H. V. C. Hunter, and Captain Harvey of the 10th Hussars accompanied Sir Robert on this trip. It is almost unnecessary to say that this formidable fighting force was left severely alone by the various tribes encountered on the march.

In the above photograph, one of Sir Robert's favourite gun-bearers is seen seated on the prostrate carcass of a huge East African buffalo. Most hunters agree in describing this animal as the most dangerous beast one can possibly tackle. "If a rhinoceros charges you and misses," remarked Sir Robert Harvey to me, "he will probably walk away; whereas the African buffalo will actually hunt you."

Now, as regards the monster just depicted. Sir Robert encountered this buffalo in a grassy country, and his first shot (at thirty yards) broke its ribs. The brute immediately charged, and received the contents of another barrel. After this the buffalo, mad with pain, chased Sir Robert round and round, getting so close at last that the baronet gave himself up for lost and instinctively clutched at the beast's huge horns. He also smote his enemy on the nose with the butt end of his rifle. The great animal tossed its head, how-

ever, and jerked Sir Robert some yards away. His rifle flew out of his hands, leaving him utterly defenceless. "I crawled away in the long grass, and when I thought I was at a respectable distance, I rose up and ran to the camp for another rifle."

In the meantime, the buffalo had turned its attention to Sir Robert's gun-bearer, whom it gored horribly through the stomach, and then trampled savagely under foot. The unfortunate man was quite dead when his master returned to finish off the dying animal.

In 1887, Sir Robert tells me, rhinoceri were very plentiful in East Africa. "Sir John

Willoughby and I could each have killed a hundred with our own rifles in the Useri districts." One day Sir Robert came upon a gigantic rhino (his first) in a fairly level, grass-covered plain, with no cover or bush of any kind. He began to approach cautiously, and to his amazement was actually able to get within fifty yards without being noticed by his quarry. It was afterwards found that the monster was blind in one eye. The horn of this rhino is one of the largest ever known; and the entire beast, together with its slayer and his gun-bearers, is seen in the accompanying illustration. This photo. was taken almost on the spot where the rhino fell, by Mr. F. Jackson, another big-game man.



From a

SIR ROBERT HARVEY'S FIRST RHINOCEROS.

[Photograph.



From a] LIONESS FROM WHICH SIR ROBERT HAD A NARROW ESCAPE. [Photograph.

Naturally, Sir Robert Harvey has had many narrow escapes; but, then, these are inseparable from the pursuit of great game. Look at this old lioness, photographed on the spot about twelve hours after death; she very nearly laid Sir Robert low, his life being saved by the merest accident.

"I was out very early one morning with my gun-bearers in the Kilima Njaro district," he tells me, "when this lioness trotted past at a distance of sixty yards. I fired and hit her in the forearm; whereupon she discreetly retired beneath a creeper-covered bush. I fired again at thirty yards, but the shot merely shaved her head. At this moment the smoke hung, and as I stooped to look under it before firing again, I felt a current of air above me, as though some heavy body were flying over my back."

That "heavy body" was the wounded lioness, who landed about eight feet beyond the stooping hunter. His next shot broke her back.

Both Services contain renowned big-game hunters. In the "first line of defence" there are Vice-Admiral Kennedy and Captain Montgomerie, C.B.—the brilliant commander of the *Sirius*, with whom I had a long chat at the Junior United Service Club. In the middle of 1894 this distinguished officer (a recipient of the Albert medal) pitched his camp in the Athi Plains, Masailand, his *entourage* con-

sisting of ninety men and some horses; the latter, however, soon succumbed to the tsetse fly. In this trip Captain Montgomerie secured what is probably the biggest lion ever shot. This magnificent brute weighed 510lb. and measured 19½in. round the forearm.

We will now pass to Mr. J. Turner-Turner, of Avon

Castle, Ringwood, whose exploits as a big-game hunter are very different from those we have just been considering. Mr. Turner and his wife passed two long years as fur-trappers in the wild and little-known region that lies some hundreds of miles north of the southern boundaries of Alaska. Starting from Victoria, B.C., the adventurous couple journeyed due north for six days, landing at the mouth of the Skena River; then came fourteen days' hauling, towing, poling and paddling, over cañons, through rapids and fierce waters—only to be "warned off" by inhospitable Indians. Eventually Mr. and Mrs. Turner found themselves at the head waters of the Fraser River, where, during the ensuing winter, they trapped £500 worth of fur.

On the day on which the accompanying portrait of Mr. Turner was taken, the thermometer registered 29deg. below zero. Hethus describes his costume: "I was wearing two cloth shirts and double breeches. Over all was a suit of Indian-dressed moose skin, delightfully soft, and with finely cut ornamental fringes. In addition to the protection afforded my ears by my own long hair, they were further sheltered by rabbit's wool flaps, joined to my close-fitting cap. I wore blanket socks, supple moccasins, and moose-skin mits, so that I was always able to go my rounds in safety. Of course, I had to look after my nose from time

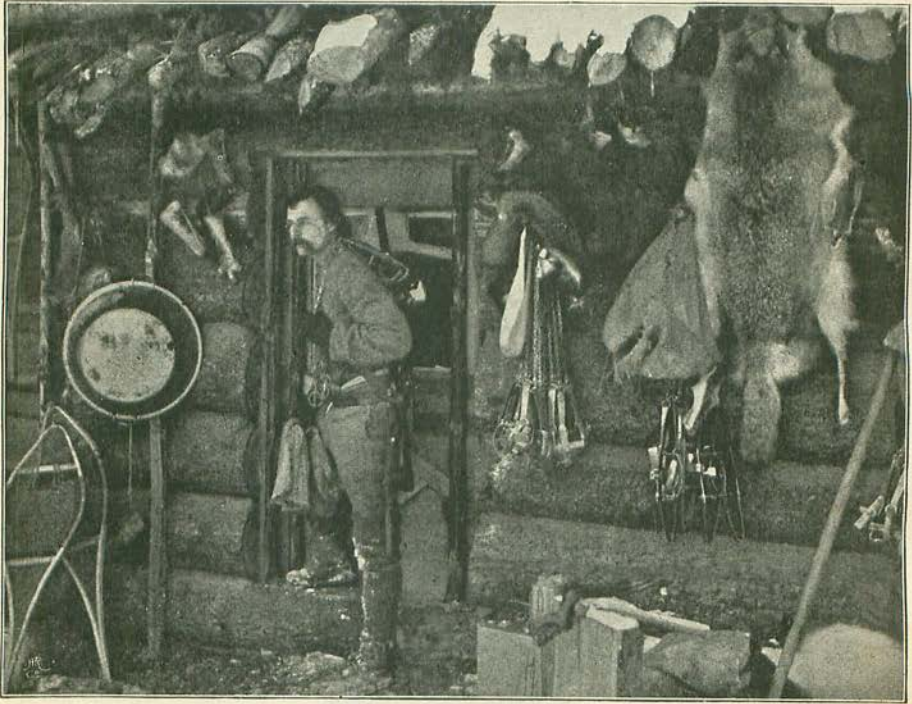


MR. TURNER-TURNER IN TRAPPING COSTUME. From a] (Icicles on his moustache.) [Photograph.

to time; and the icicles that kept forming on my moustache were certainly something of a nuisance." In the photo. these icicles are plainly seen; they formed while Mrs. Turner was posing her stout-hearted husband.

"Away in this forlorn spot," says Mr. Turner in his letter to me, "deserted even by the Indians during the long winter, we erected in two days a substantial log hut, measuring 18ft. by 15ft." The exterior of this hut is shown in the next photo. A few Indians

snow-shoes come into use, a greater return journey than this cannot be attempted in one day. In the photo. here shown Mr. Turner is seen setting out to lay his traps. He tells me he used to start very early in the morning, when the stars were still shining. He would plod on all day, carrying a few extra traps and a bag containing such bait as he could procure. As a rule, however, he used for this purpose the carcasses of any animals found caught. Darkness would be falling



From a Photo. by

SETTING OUT ON A TRAPPING EXPEDITION.

[Mrs. Turner-Turner.

remained to collect the timber and assist in the construction of the building, but afterwards these faithful fellows bade adieu to the trappers until next year.

Mr. Turner and his brave wife then filled up with moss the interstices between the logs, finally using as mortar mud from the Fraser River—"thrown with energy from a distance." Next came the furniture, all of which was made by Mr. Turner with axe, auger, knife, and adze. It is amusing to note that Mrs. Turner had her own "drawing-room" in the little hut.

Prime fur couldn't be obtained until November, when trapping commences in earnest, with lines of steel traps and "dead-falls" laid out in suitable directions for twelve miles. When the snow deepens and

again ere the hungry trapper turned homewards along the frozen river, arranging in his own mind the line he would take next day.

The principal animals trapped were beaver, sable, mink, lynx, wolf, wolverine, skunk, ermine, and otter. The life, as you may be sure, was pretty full of adventure; this is evidenced by the extraordinary photo. reproduced on the next page. Here is the story:—

One day Mr. Turner erected a low screen of skins, from behind which he wanted to watch an ingenious trap he had set for bears; with him was the little son of a missionary. A short distance away was Mrs. Turner, who was about to take a photo. of her husband and the little boy "on guard." Suddenly the good housewife remembered that the pot



AN EXTRAORDINARY SNAP-SHOT BY MRS. TURNER-TURNER—"THE HEAD AND BODY OF AN ENORMOUS GRIZZLY APPEARED ABOVE THE SCREEN."

inside was boiling over, and into the hut she ran to remove it from the fire.

In the meantime, Mr. Turner himself, tired of watching his trap, stretched himself at full length behind the screen and began to clean and load his rifle. All at once he heard heavy footfalls, and a few seconds later the head and body of an enormous grizzly appeared above the screen.

The cries of the boy caused Mrs. Turner to rush out immediately; and the very first thing she did was to take the unique snap-shot just shown. To some people this act may, under the circumstances, appear a little strange; but, then, Mrs. Turner had no fear for her husband and the boy. The trapper had already killed dozens of grizzlies, with little risk to himself; and such a snap-shot was not to be had every day. The whole remarkable incident well illustrates the astonishing nerve and presence of mind displayed at all times by this hunter's wife.

Yet another of Mr. Turner's wonderfully interesting photographs. Here we have a snap-shot of a big grizzly bear asleep on its lair in the primeval forests of the far North-West. This bear had

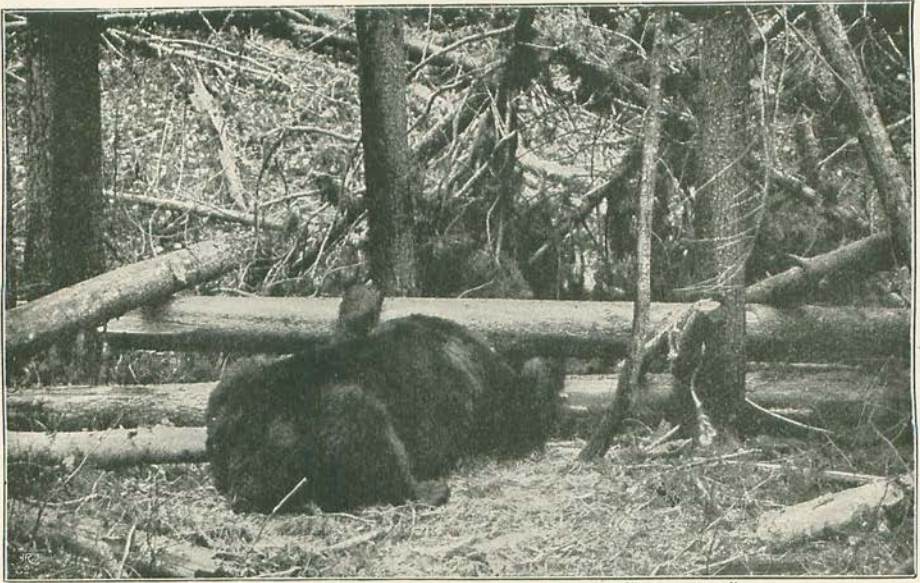
come upon the carcass of a deer which Mr. Turner had shot for bait. After Bruin had had a great feast, he made a *caché* of the remainder, covering it with sticks and rubbish; then the brute laid down upon his larder for a comfortable sleep.

The next photo.—perhaps the most unique of all Mr. Turner's snap-shots—shows us the ultimate fate of the bear just referred to. You see, he is fairly caught in a well-constructed "dead-fall," the

timbers of which will *not* yield to the impotent pressure of his powerful paw. It would take one man a day, I learn from Mr. Turner, to construct such a bear-trap as this. In the first place, there are three or four heavy trees to be felled, and these are arranged with block and pulley so that one tree lying on the ground has the end of another lifted about 5ft. above it, and supported there by a prop. A stick is attached to this prop, and baited with deer-flesh, putrid salmon, in fact, almost anything. In this particular instance Mr. Turner baited his



A BEAR ASLEEP IN THE FOREST.
From a Photo. by Mr. Turner-Turner.



THE BEAR'S ULTIMATE FATE—FAIRLY CAUGHT IN THE "DEAD-FALL."
From a Photo. by Mr. Turner-Turner.

"dead-fall"—curiously enough—with bear's-flesh.

The whole trap is so arranged that Bruin can only reach the bait by standing well under the lifted tree, which is released by the prop the moment the "pull" is given, and comes down with terrific force on the hapless bear. Additional weight is given to the blow by another tree, poised across the end of the "dead-fall."

This photo. shows Mrs. Turner sitting outside the hut with her pet Maltese, deer-hound, and cat. All had been confined to the house for two days during a terrific blizzard, with the thermometer at 42deg. below zero, so that it was more than pleasant to bask in the sunshine once more. During the progress of the storm, fine snow was driven into the hut, and lay 8in. or

9in. deep on the floor. Outside the terrific gale had actually cleared a path round the house, as well defined as though it had been swept by human hands. Mrs. Turner, I learn, had an ample share in the sport—doubtless as a change from her household duties. "Standing at the hut door," says her



MRS. TURNER AND HER PETS SUNNING THEMSELVES AFTER THE GREAT BLIZZARD.
From a Photo. by Mr. Turner-Turner.

husband, "she has shot caribou, mountain sheep, wolves, and even a big puma, as these animals passed along the river some forty yards away."

Water was very difficult to procure; this is apparent from the photograph here reproduced, which shows Mr. Turner literally diving through snow and ice to procure the precious fluid; and, be it noticed, while he is diving he is being buried in falling snow. "I had to chop through 2ft. of solid ice," writes this indefatigable man. "As winter advances in those parts the snow gradually deepens; and after a fresh storm some 6ft. will have accumulated above the re-frozen hole. Consequently, it is only by digging, burrowing, and hacking that one is enabled—after literally standing on one's head—to reach the long-sought water."

Appropriately enough, the confirmed big-game hunter is himself very difficult to catch. You inquire at the clubs for your man, and probably learn that the last heard of him was that he was turned out of Thibet, or was mauled by a lion in the Masai country. I particularly wanted to have a chat with Mr. Clive Phillips Wolley, but learned that that well-known big-game hunter was far beyond my reach. Nevertheless, he sends me a long, delightful letter from Victoria, British Columbia. Mr. Wolley shot antelopes in Tiflis before the Baku Railway was even thought of, and when "the Karias Steppe was fever-haunted in summer, and the haunt of all the worst cut-throats and escaped convicts of the Caucasus all the year round." The hunter goes on to speak of his first bear, which he pursued hotly because it was wounded. The brute at length turned upon him, only to find him entangled in a dense undergrowth. . . . "A long,

thorny tendril of wolf's tooth had me securely round the neck." He had disobeyed the instructions of Stepan, his trusty hunter. . . .

"Stepan is dead—drowned in a rising burn; and news comes now from Cassiar that they have found brave old Beel Spencer standing straight up in a snow-drift, his eyes pecked out by the crows, and his companion doubled up under the snow by his side. Beel was another of my hunting companions, who in the fall of '94 went into a long strip of dense willow, on a tributary of the Stikkeen, to try and drive two or three grizzlies out of it and up to me at the other end. We passed that night together, freezing on a river bar; went without food for I think about thirty-six hours, and spent the time in climbing, wading, and waiting for dawn."

And so the indomitable hunter muses on, through numerous green typewritten pages, with casual hints of terrible hardships and miraculous escapes.

The House of Commons can boast of at least one "mighty hunter"—Mr. H. Seton-Karr, the member for St. Helens, with whom I had an interview at his town house in Lower Sloane Street. Mr. Seton-Karr has shot

an amazing number of wapiti and buffalo, and he has had many thrilling adventures with Rocky Mountain grizzlies. On one occasion he came upon an enormous bear feeding upon a dead wapiti. "The brute had claws over four inches in length," says Mr. Seton-Karr, "and, I daresay, with one blow of his paw he could break a buffalo's back or tear out all his ribs."

The first shot was a miss, and Bruin immediately charged; there were no trees or shelter of any sort, so a curious chase was the result. Mr. Seton-Karr made a rough sketch of the tri-gi-comic incident in his



MR. TURNER-TURNER DIGGING FOR WATER DURING A SNOW-STORM.

From a Photo. by Mrs. Turner-Turner.

diary, and the head of that bear is now doing duty as a footstool in the hunter's country residence. The most successful photograph he obtained, by the way, was one of a dying but defiant buffalo, who was badly wounded by him in Northern Wyoming.

The next Nimrod on my list is Mr. T. W. Greenfield, of Haynes Park, Bedford, whose portrait is here reproduced; this photo. was taken during one of Mr. Greenfield's African trips. One of the most interesting of this hunter's kills is depicted in the following photograph. Mr.

Greenfield himself is seen sitting on the fallen monster, and near him are his most reliable attendants. I asked this well-known hunter for some account of this elephant, and he very kindly sent me the following extract from his diary:—

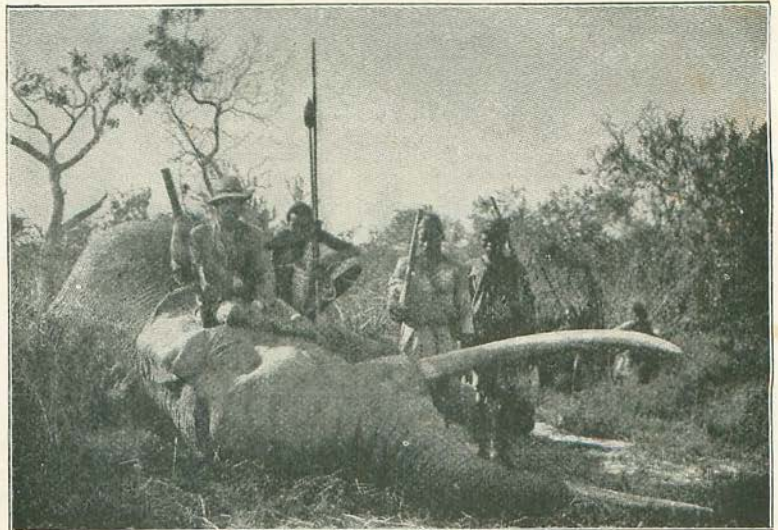
"Tana River, November 5th, 1888.—Went out in the evening and had just sighted some topé and a single Hunteri bull; proceeded to stalk them. After crawling some time, saw them throw up their heads suddenly and gallop off. On looking round I saw the cause of this. One of my gun-bearers was running towards me excitedly with news that a big elephant was feeding in the open and coming towards us. I leaped up at once, ran well below the wind, and presently sighted a single bull elephant feeding quietly half a mile away. Tak-



MR. T. W. GREENFIELD.
From a Photograph.

ing my gun-bearer, we went after him with an 8-bore and a '577. When we had got within 150 yards of him, and were crawling round a bush, a monstrous python stood up on end to us, much too near to be pleasant. We didn't disturb him, though. The elephant was now moving on towards some thin bush, so when he turned his tail in our direction, we went quickly towards him in the open, crouching down whenever he turned round. I hadn't gone very far when, looking round, I saw that my man had stopped and would not follow with my second rifle. Went

back and persuaded him. At last we got within twenty yards of the elephant's tail, then the big beast turned round broadside to us as he entered the bush. Immediately I fired the 8-bore into his vertebræ, whereupon he swayed about curiously without uttering a sound. A second shot in the same place brought him down with a mighty crash. Then, taking the



From a

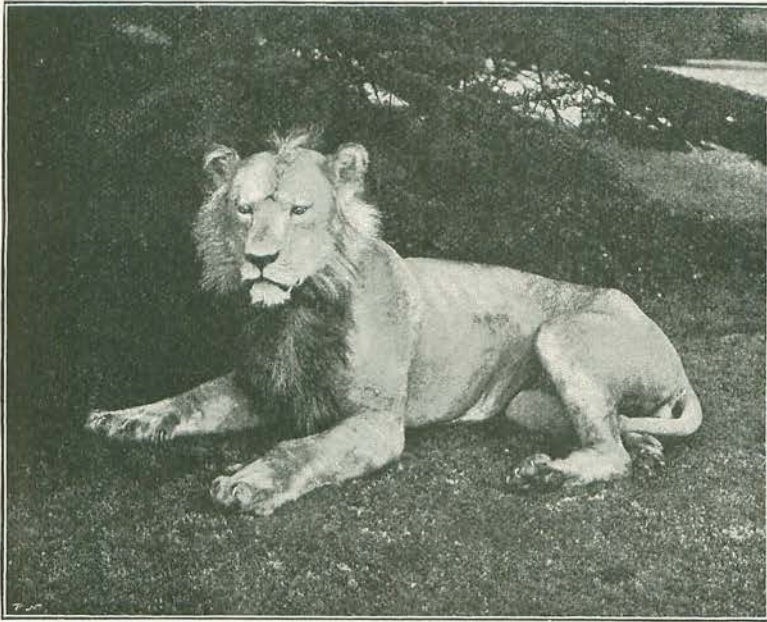
MR. GREENFIELD AND HIS ENORMOUS BULL ELEPHANT.

[Photograph.]

'577, I ran up to him and fired several shots into the back of his head to make sure of him. He was a grand bull. His tusks measured respectively 8ft. 3in. and 8ft. 2in.; greatest circumference $18\frac{3}{4}$ in.; and weight $81\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and 80lb. respectively.

"I also inclose a photo.," writes Mr. Greenfield, "of the lion that very nearly killed me in Somaliland in 1894." Here is that once

bush, which I thought would be sure to hold the brute. I told my men to wait and let me get to the bottom end, and then they could beat down to me. They had hardly started when out bounded the lion close to me, but turned directly he saw me, into some thick grass. I had time to let him have one barrel, however. He answered to the shot with a growl. My men ran up, and I



From a] THE LION WHICH NEARLY KILLED MR. GREENFIELD IN SOMALILAND. [Photograph.

dreaded man-eater. The story of his death, as recorded in the hunter's diary, is wonderfully thrilling, but I am compelled to condense it.

"Goobet Goon, Somaliland, May 17th, 1894.—Soon after daybreak, some Somalis from a neighbouring zereba came galloping up to tell me that a lion had carried off a boy. I at once ordered the ponies to be saddled, and off I went with Kalinby, Yusuf Adan, and my syce. We had only to go a few miles, and found what they said to be true; the boy was still alive, but his entrails were hanging out on his thigh, and it was only a question of an hour or two before he died; I could do nothing for him. We at once took up the spoor, which was rather difficult for the first mile or two on account of the long grass. After tracking for three hours I heard the lion break away close to us, but could not get a glimpse of him. We went on for another hour, when we reached a long, thick bit of grass and

said I had hit him, but as there was no blood about they insisted I had missed. After going a little way we came on one spot of blood. I then said we would wait a bit to let him get sick, and this we did. When half an hour had elapsed we took the spoor up again, and came on him suddenly after going about 500 yards. He was lying down within twenty-five yards, with his head and shoulders behind a stump of a tree. I hesitated to fire, not being able to get a shot at his head, but Kalinby let drive from behind me, and hit him far back. He was up on his legs in an instant, and came straight at me. I fired two barrels in his face, but he hardly faltered, and over we went together. He had seized my left hand, and, pinning me down with his paw on my chest, he commenced chewing away at my arm. Then he made a grab at my stomach, first biting my thigh, but I managed to turn over on my face. I next felt his claws go into my back, and then he left me



A TIGER LYING IN WAIT FOR THE BEATERS
From a Photograph.

and seized Yusuf Adan by the shoulder. Yusuf, with Kalinby, had driven the lion off me, and now another of my men ran up and shot the monster dead on Yusuf Adan; not, however, before he had given the poor fellow some nasty bites.

"Although my arm was broken in two places, I never felt the slightest pain. What I *could* feel was the lion's hot breath on my face, and the blood pouring from my arm on to my thigh. After five weeks of fever, and suffering indescribable agonies, I reached the coast, having experienced tetanus for fifteen days, and other complications."

I next proceed to deal with Sir William Gordon Cumming, Bart.,—a famous name, suggestive of the explorer and great

game hunter. The album which Sir William was kind enough to send me from Altyre, his seat in Forres, contained some of the most extraordinary photographs I ever beheld. All of them were taken during the baronet's sporting trips.

For example, look at the next photo., which depicts a magnificent tiger hiding from, or lying in wait for, some of Sir William's beaters. The royal brute's cunning availed him nothing, however, for the photo. reproduced below shows the triumphal procession to the camp, with the great tiger

slung on poles between some native bearers. Talking of tigers reminds me of some astonishing records I saw quoted in a letter from Sir Edmund Giles Loder, of Leonardslee, Horsham—himself one of the best-known big-game hunters. Sir Edmund, writing from India, mentions a Colonel Fraser, who had bagged sixty tigers, and a Colonel Baigrie, who had killed the enormous number of 195.



From a THE TABLES TURNED—BRINGING HOME THE DEAD TIGER. [Photograph.]

Much has been said about the gradual disappearance of big game in Africa, but few people have any idea of the havoc wrought during a fairly lengthy trip. The well-known big-game hunter, Mr. J. Gardiner Muir, of Hillcrest, Market Harborough, called at these offices and left me the following amazing list of his "bag":—

Game killed by J. Gardiner Muir, British East Africa, from January 26th to May 20th, 1893.

VARIOUS.		ANTELOPE.	
Rhinoceri.....	67	Hartebeeste	73
Hippopotami	13	Impala	22
Lions	5	Water Buck	26
Leopards.....	2	Oryx	1
Zebras	11	Klipspringer	6
Hyenas	4	Kirkii	2
Giraffes	2	Harveyi	1
Wart Hogs	7	Steinbuck	5
Crocodile.....	1	Granti	25
Pythons	3		
Wild Cat.....	1		
Foxes	2	GAZELLE.	
Bustards	3	Thomsoni	14
Monkey	1		
		Total 297	

Mr. Gardiner Muir took 175 men with him, and all demanded three months' pay in advance. His diary is by my side as I write, and at the end are his pay-sheets and accounts. There are imposing lists of armed

tions as to the anxiety given by so large a force, and they also serve to give an idea of the magnitude of these undertakings. Thus: "Hamis Ben Haji (Invalided at Tzavo); Athmani (No. 2) (Belongs another caravan—money returned); Tafik (Ran away and was caught again); Muftaha (Died of dysentery at Kibwezi)."

Three were porters who "never turned up," others who ran away, and several who drew their pay in "pieces of cloth, as requested." Truly, if Mr. Gardiner Muir had his "bag" full, his hands were, colloquially speaking, in a like condition. Zebras had to be shot for shoe (or sandal) leather, and unpleasant people with bows and poisoned arrows kept making inquiries as to the business of the caravan.

Let us now pass to a very different form of sport. Nigger, or alligator, shooting is a favourite pastime on the rivers and backwaters near Calicut, in Malabar. The niggers are found lying on the mud-banks at low tide, but they are very wary and difficult to approach, and when hit nearly always gain the water and sink at once. To bag five and a large dog otter into the bargain (see photo.)



ALLIGATOR-SHOOTING NEAR CALICUT, IN MALABAR.
From a Photo. by Mr. Woolley.

Askaris, porters, gun-bearers, cooks, and headmen—all with numbers and the amounts advanced on account of pay. Thus: "Said Ben Abdallah—7422—20 Rps. advance." The hastily-scribbled notes are full of sugges-

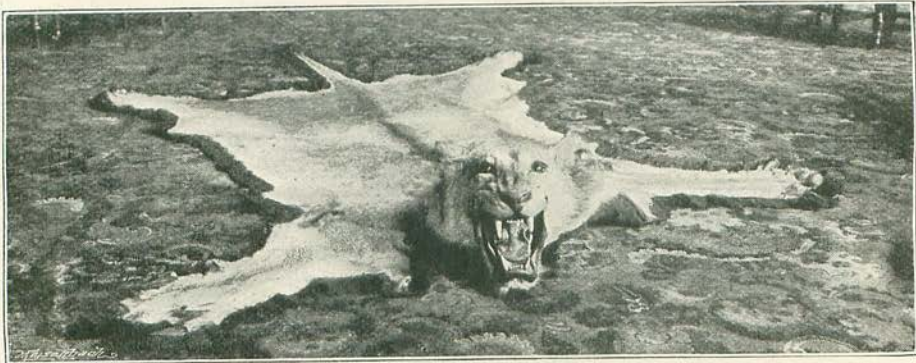
was therefore an unusually lucky day's sport. The boats in which one goes out are fashioned in pre-historic style from huge trees such as are found in the dense forests of the Western Ghauts.

There is a really thrilling and extraordinary story to be told about the killing of the maneless lion whose trophy is shown in the next illustration. The lion was shot by Captain George Campbell, in Somaliland, and the trophy now adorns the Sports Club, in St. James's Square.

The gallant captain's camp was pitched near three or four native zerebas; and presently complaints were made of a lion who wrought great havoc among the flocks and herds. One evening an old Somali ran in with the news that the lion had actually attacked a herd of camels under his care, but had been driven off. The ponies were at once saddled, and away went Captain Campbell and his attendants. After much search, the chase was abandoned for the night; but as the hours wore on unmistakable sounds were heard of a battle between the lion and a lot of hyenas, over a camel which the latter had pulled down. At dawn Captain Campbell was off again, and after a long stern chase, he and his party came up with the majestic brute, who was sitting under a tree "facing straight away from us, with ears cocked, watching the caravan route to Harrar." The lion, on receiving a well-placed shot from the captain's 8-bore, lurched unsteadily through the bushes, saw his assailants, and then charged "at full gallop, roaring in his stride."

Into the next six or eight seconds a vast deal of exciting incident was crammed. Captain Campbell just had time to give the oncoming lion another shot over the eye, and was then bowled over in the great brute's last tremendous stride. "I felt a sharp pain in my arm," he writes, "and I *thought* he had seized me there. The next thing I was *sure* of was that the lion was lying right across my legs, pinning me down, his huge head resting against my hip."

Then comes the extraordinary action of the captain's head hunter, Kalindleh, who well sustained the reputation for bravery which Somali servants have acquired. The man rushed up and actually seated himself astride the lion, who in turn had Captain Campbell beneath him. The latter was presently able to wriggle from under the terrible beast, whose throat and left ear were tightly gripped by the heroic Kalindleh, and who was "chewing my 12-bore and growling horribly." The lion, however, was dazed and dying, and while Kalindleh was imploring his master not to fire lest he should be hit, "his majesty gave in—lowered his head and passed peacefully away. Then the reaction came, and our nerves went to pieces. . . . Shortly afterwards he (Kalindleh) was weeping and exhorting his two friends to suck a thorn scratch, which he then believed to be a wound from the lion's claw."



From a]

CAPTAIN GEORGE CAMPBELL'S LION TROPHY, NOW IN THE SPORTS CLUB.

[Photograph.