

amount if he be a Somali. Cheapness in this respect is a poor economy; the Somali is the highest type of native in British East Africa; and while the Swahili is competent to do, he by no means approaches the other in courage and efficiency.

In every case, the hunter finds it to his best interests to take out a government caravan license. It is not obligatory, but if you care to maintain your standing in law, to be in a way to get redress if your men mutiny or desert or run off with your property, it will be well for you to go through the formality. All that the license requires is that you pay your men what you stipulate, feed them on not less than one quart of cereals a day, that you comport yourself according to the district regulations, and that you provide each man with a water bottle and a blanket, and each gang of eight with a tent and cooking pot.

A word as to equipment may be of interest here. The idea that an African trip means enduring all manner of hardships, lack of personal comforts, luxuries, and even necessities, has fortunately been exploded. Many a man who has come out of the swamps and jungles broken with fever— or perhaps never come out at all—would have been none the worse for his adventure had he not gone in with the notion that he must "rough it" to the limit. It pays to take care of oneself, even at the cost of an extra hundred pounds of luggage.

Tents are a necessity. It is not only uncomfortable to sleep beneath a tree whose leaves are dripping dew upon you like rain, but it is dangerous. The commissary department may be as varied as one pleases. For eggs, flour, fowls, and vegetables the native villages can usually be relied on; on the coast and in certain parts of Uganda there is plenty of fruit; meat you can obtain yourself; but it is always well to have a good supply of canned goods—meats, tomatoes, desiccated vegetables, and so on. Plenty of sugar should be among the supplies, for it is a curious fact that in the tropics one at times becomes possessed of an inordinate craving for sweets, and sugar is not only satisfying but wholesome. And after one of the many accidents that at any moment may occur, to find your sugar supply mixed with the castor oil, for instance, is one of the minor tragedies of life.

A medicine chest is, of course, imperative; and a cast-iron rule of the expedition should be that the rolls of lint bandages must never on any account be purloined for cleaning guns. There have been occasions when a bit of clean rag or cotton seemed absolutely the only thing in the world not forthcoming, and the thing most desperately needed. Brandy and champagne are necessary, but these should be classed among the medical supplies rather than as table

most vicious and discordant alarm clocks obtainable will find that he may have things very much his own way.

As to arms—this is a question which every hunter decides for himself. Briefly, the subject of necessary armament may be summed up thus: one large calibre

most park-like, with broad, gentle slopes covered with short grass and clusters of euphorbia and mimosa trees. This is the fringe of the big game country; one catches frequent glimpses of troops of zebras, hartbeests, gazelles, and, with great good luck, an eland, all far in the

by a broad and undulating saddle. From its summit it seems as though one might almost overlook all Africa, across her dusky forests and her dry and burning plains into the inmost hidden heart of her. Even from its lower levels there is a wonderful panoramic view of endless stretches of rolling country, shadowed with dark patches of woods, and dotted here and there with the strange, whispering seas of tawny bush which in places extend for many square miles, and through which one must wade before reaching the forests that skirt the mountain's foot.

It is in these brush areas that the best lion hunting will be found. The lion is not a forest animal; he prefers the plains and the dry and dusty jungles, where his yellow hide is less conspicuous. And speaking of lions, there lies on the floor of a certain home in Virginia a mammoth skin, eleven feet from nose to tip of tail, tawny, and maned, with huge head and open, yellow-fanged jaws. Save for its size it is much like any other good lion skin, except that upon a second glance it will be seen that the left forepaw is missing. It is difficult to get a lion's skin in perfect condition, for the reason that they are generally mangy, and scarred with the marks of encounters with other beasts; often, too, they are so badly torn by bullets that it is hard to mount them. But this one, bearing a long scar down the flank, is unusually good.

If you should ever stumble upon the little village of Bangu, which hides shyly under the palms and bananas not far from the Nakuru, ask the headmen if they have ever heard of a huge lion that went upon three feet, and, scorning spears and traps and bullets, spread death and destruction around the village on a time not so very long gone. If you cannot converse fluently enough in Africanese, merely draw a rough sketch of three footprints on the earth, and make a noise like a roar, and then watch the expression of wonder and dismay and fright upon the faces of your audience. Certain skins treasured as most precious trophies, have stories that are as well known as are the stories of famous horses, or the histories of works of art; and this is the story of the Lion on Three Feet:—

Four hunters landed in Bangu one day, hungry and footsore, and with a sadly attenuated party of bearers. One was a German, an army officer on leave, a large man, with sandy moustache and a monocle. Two were Englishmen, lean and hardbitten, professional hunters out after ivory. The fourth was an American, a tall, dark fellow from Virginia, with a soft-voiced drawl that matched the Englishmen's own. The party had met in the queer casual way in which men of all degrees and nationalities stumble together in this unexpected country; they might part to-morrow, or they might travel in company until next week. For the moment, however, they were in Bangu, in-



AN AMERICAN HUNTER'S SUPPLY CARAVAN CLIMBING MT. KILIMANJARO.

rite—say, a .450 cordite express, capable of great shocking power; one of smaller calibre, with highly penetrative bullets; a shotgun for birds, and a brace of revolvers for camp use. The variations on this foundation may be as elaborate as one desires.

On leaving the coast, the country is found to be undulating and monotonous,

distance. The eland, one of the most noted game animals of Africa, is the largest and heaviest antelope in the world, an old bull weighing sometimes as much as a good-sized ox, and its meat is by far the best and finest-flavoured that the hunter can choose.

One will not soon forget his first, impressive view of Kilimanjaro, the highest



AFRICAN COOLIES DRAGGING OUT A HIPPOPOTAMUS SHOT AT THE HEAD OF THE NILE.



MOMBASA, FROM WHICH MR. ROOS EVELT STARTED FOR THE INTERIOR.

luxuries. Drinking liquor is dangerous business in tropic Africa, and the man who indulges even moderately in alcoholic drinks will find his capacity for hard work and endurance lessened by about a third. An important part of the hunter's impedimenta is a generous supply of glass beads, brass wire, red and blue cloth, and toys, and the far-sighted man who provides himself with a load of the

patched in the dry season, and in sections badly scorched and burned, where the natives fire the grass in order to run their cattle on the fresh green herbage that immediately springs up. This is the country of the war-like Masai, who in former years gave endless trouble to hunters and traders, but who are now isolated in a reservation on the Laikipia plateau.

All this region of the rising land is al-

mountain in all Africa; so high that although it is only three miles or so off the line of the equator, its greater peak, Kibo, is capped with everlasting snow. It stands out clear cut against the tropic sky, nearly nineteen thousand feet above the level of the Red Sea—two mighty peaks, some five miles apart, one flat and snow-crowned, the other, somewhat lower, rearing itself in a broken and pointed mass, and the two connected

but only on getting something to eat; and Bangu, being in a state of sore excitement about something, did not pay much attention to them. Finally, the solemn native guide, who had been christened Natty Bumpo by the Virginian, to the mystification of the others, explained that the chief's son had been carried off the night before by a lion that must have been wounded, for it limped when it walked; and the beast, having once tasted