

and that we could not go there; but I believe the report was started by some of my own boys telling the natives to lie to me about it, so as to keep me from going on. Haji Idris and many of my boys pretended to be very much excited over the report, but this made me suspect all the more that it was false; so I ordered my boys to prepare for a march as usual in the morning.

CHAPTER IX.

ALONG THE SHEBELI RIVER FROM MARAKADUDU TO BARI — DARING CROCODILES — A NATIVE COUNCIL OF WAR — BEAUTIFUL BIRDS — I SHOW A WAR PARTY OF NATIVES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A RIFLE AND A SPEAR — WE ASTONISH THE NATIVES — GELEDI BARI — WE WAIT FOR SALAN — ANNOYING INSECTS — ONE CANNOT MOVE FAST IN AFRICA — FISHING — I HOLD A CLINIC — NATIVES BECOME INSOLENT — FRIGHTENED BY ROCKETS — MY FRIEND'S AMUSING STORY.

FRED went along the shore shooting crocodiles, while Dodson and I caught some large fish, which we fried in vaseline. We usually used the fat tails of the sheep to fry with, but not having any of this at the time being, we thought we would try vaseline, with the result that we enjoyed our supper immensely, as there was no disagreeable taste whatever to the vaseline.

Just before starting the next morning (January 9) my men raised a great row about going on, and it was a long time before I could make them obey me. The throngs of natives that greeted us on our march after this said nothing whatever about the small-pox, and my boys let the subject drop when they saw that I was not to be stopped. Passing miles of waving durrha, and many droves of fine cattle, camels, goats, sheep, donkeys, mules, and ponies, we camped among some pine trees not far from where the natives water their animals. Here was a strong brush fence, built well out in the river to keep away the crocodiles; but even this did not prevent some of the daring creatures from breaking through every now and then and

dragging off a sheep, as I had occasion to witness. The natives sent for me in haste, saying that a crocodile had just caught one of their sheep; and indeed, as I arrived on the spot, a sheep was being dragged through the fence by a monster, amidst a volley of stones from sixty or seventy natives. When the huge brute had got his sheep into clear water, a great fight took place between several crocodiles, under the water, to divide the booty. All I could make out were their tails lashing about in the foam they created, and nothing more was to be seen of the sheep; but after the water had become quiet, several heads of crocodiles appeared eagerly watching their opportunity to again break through the enclosure. I fired at each head as it appeared, but they were too active for me to place my bullets accurately; one fellow I hit too far forward, causing him to flounder about on top of the water as he was washed down the stream, while another one sank out of sight on the report of my rifle, evidently having been hit in the brain.

Although I only managed to shoot two of them, the rest soon left the spot, much to the joy of the natives, and I was able to pass a few hours in a quiet way, collecting and map-making. But, as is so often the case in Africa, one bit of excitement was not sufficient for the day. In the evening, just as we were finishing dinner, we were startled by a peculiar yell, sounding through the bushes,—"Ha-la-la-la," "Ha-la-la-la,"—and in an instant all the natives were in a great state of excitement, running from their villages and yelling at the top of their voices. They kept rushing toward a grassy plot near the river, and, from what we could hear, seemed as though they were having a terrific battle. For some time we could make nothing out of the chaos of screams and yells; but presently the news came to us that the natives had had reports of enemies coming to

fight them. Here was an opportunity not to be lost; so Fred, Dodson, and I, taking with us a few boys as a guard, walked over to see any sport that might be going on. The noise had subsided when we reached the people, whom we found seated in the form of a square, a hundred yards across. There must have been nearly a thousand warriors there with their spears and shields, making a most picturesque scene in the bright moonlight.

We sat down cross-legged among them as a place was quickly made for us, and then absolute silence was preserved for a long time. When this was becoming almost painful, a tall man walked erect into the middle of the square, planted his spear down in an emphatic manner, stood first on one leg and then on the other, pulled up his spear again, and then, after walking all around the enclosure, stopped and remained pensive for some time. We could only make out that he acted in this way to impress his audience, and to make them keener for the news when it finally came. He now called loudly, three times, "Yaweromer," "Yaweromer," "Yaweromer," which means, "I have news;" and then, with pauses after every sentence, lasting sometimes a half-minute, he told his story.

"Three days I slept down there," pointing down the river. "I took some cattle to sell at Geledi. The people of Rer Hammer came in war. I was sent to tell you to make ready, lest they come upon you. The Rer Hammer have many people in their following, Ogadens and Adones. Yesterday spies came to me with the news that we must either get ready at once and come to war, or stop and be crushed, as the people from the other side are crossing the river and joining in the war. If you do not look sharp you will be annihilated."

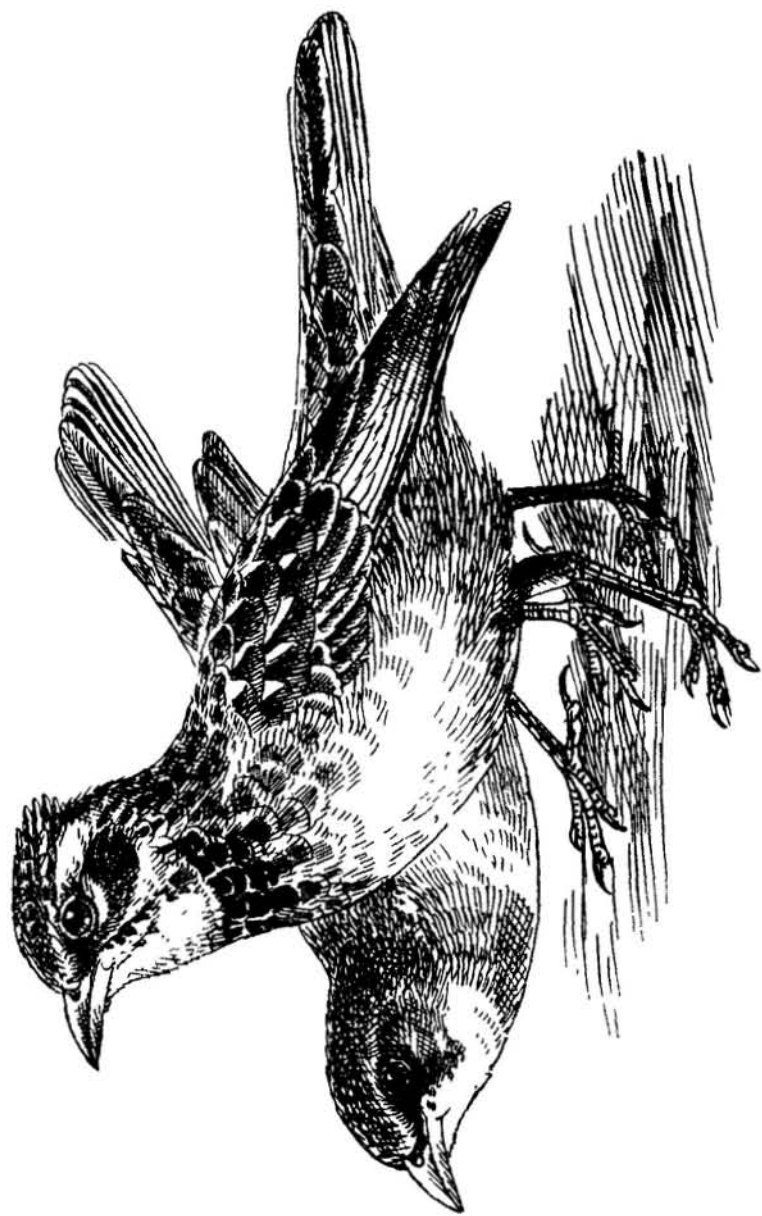
A low murmur went around the assembled crowd on the conclusion of this speech, and presently another orator ad-

vanced with the same cry, "Yaweromer." "I was down the river with some friends. We met a party of Adones, who spoke vilely to us, and ran off, as we had more men than they. A lot of people came across the river at Hiloaine, and are now on this side. It is better if we go after them."

Another speech followed to the same effect, and then the silence that had been preserved for a long time was broken up, the warriors jumping to their feet in wild excitement, and calling on their brothers to prepare for war. One man cried out that if they did not prepare for war in the morning he would give up his wife, — the greatest oath the Somali could take. The assemblage finally broke up in loud denunciation of their enemies, the various groups dancing war dances as they repaired to their respective villages. This news of war was not promising, although we were glad to have had the chance, accorded to few foreigners, of being present at a solemn council of war.

We might easily have a bad time of it if we marched at once down the river, as we might be mistaken by the attacking party for their enemies; and it appeared that this force, which was composed of Rer Hammer, Adones, Ogadens from the south, and people from across the Webi, was very large. We therefore did not march the next day, but awaited events. There were many rare birds about the river, such as the yellow-breasted shrike (*Laniarius poliocephalos*), the beautiful tiny blue kingfisher with a scarlet beak (*Halcyon semicærulea*), little red-breasted finches (*Pyromelana franciscana*) that flitted like bees among the waving durrha, besides many Egyptian geese, ibises, herons, and egrets.

On July 11 we marched thirteen miles, entirely through corn and durrha fields, among which were many villages. There had been a big fight, and the Rer Hammer had



NEW LARKS DISCOVERED BY THE AUTHOR — ALAUDULA SOMALICA (SHARPE)

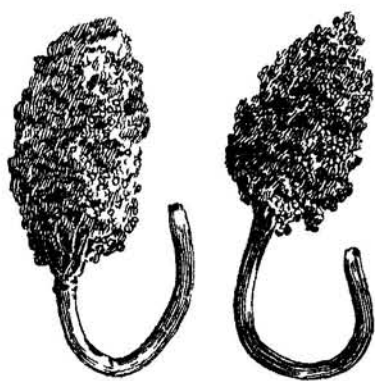
retreated. We met a large war party returning to the villages we had just left, who told us that their enemies had all been scattered. Besides the ordinary Somali spear, the people along the river use a cruel weapon with a barbed point, which is poisoned, and remains in the flesh after the shaft is detached. The war party now flourished these about boastingly, and told me they were better for killing crocodiles than our rifles. In order to give them a good lesson, therefore, I walked to the bank of the river, and pointing out a huge crocodile lying on the opposite shore, about fifty yards away, took a steady aim at the brute just behind the shoulder, and fired. The animal never moved, but a great stream of blood pouring from his side showed the assembled natives that his day was ended. Loud were the shouts of astonishment at this evidence of the white man's power, as there was scarcely one among these natives who had ever seen a European before we came among them, although they had heard much about the Europeans from traders. No expedition had been along here before, Lord Wolverton and the James brothers having gone directly from Milmil to Bari.

Both sides of the river are thickly populated. The Aulihans occupy the western shores, opposite the Ogadens, while mixed with both these tribes are many Adones, or Seedy boys. Although the natives living on the two sides of the river are deadly enemies to each other, the Aulihans kept shouting continually to us to come across and visit them, as they had much to sell us.

At the village of Bergūn, where we camped, I had a zareba built for lions, as there were many fresh tracks of these beasts about; but my only visitors were swarms of mosquitoes. The river divides here into three branches, — the two largest joining again near Geledi, — while the

small eastern branch, after flowing a few miles, disappears in a cul-de-sac in the hills.

The journey continued most interesting along the river on account of the large population and the great agricultural wealth of the district, and the variety of flora and fauna. The people expressed the greatest astonishment at our white faces, occasionally eying us with disgust, in the belief that we were diseased, and at other times proclaiming aloud their admiration. One girl followed me for a long time, until I frightened her out of her wits by charging at her on my mule. The greatest treat we had along the river was an abundance of fresh eggs and domestic fowl. The chickens here, as in all other places where I saw them in Africa, were small, resembling somewhat Bantams, usually speckled brown and white, and their flavor was excellent.



RED AND WHITE DURRHA.

On the 13th of January, being only a short march from Bari, I started ahead with my gun-bearers and my sextant, so as to reach the town in time to take a morning observation, leaving the caravan to follow at its regular slow pace. We tramped through cornfields and across a small branch of

the river, passing at one time through a dense jungle, until we reached Geledi, which is the largest town in Somaliland, containing a population of about three thousand. Here we were welcomed heartily by the inhabitants, men, women, and children flocking around in hundreds; but we stopped only a moment. In another hour we were at Bari, and as we were to remain here until Salan re-

turned from Berbera, I ordered the camp to be pitched a long way from the river, at a village called Goumer, so as to avoid fever as much as possible. The camels had suffered much in their long marches from the Christmas camp,—ten of them had died, and the rest were very weak; and to make matters worse, the natives were not willing to sell me any of their animals, as I had hoped they would.

Fred was daily out after water-buck, — of which there were many in the neighborhood,— while I employed my time rating my chronometers and in collecting natural-history specimens with Dodson. The swarms of tiny insects were most annoying, flying in our eyes, covering our papers when we attempted to write, and falling in thousands in our food. One of these tiny creatures, a little smaller than a lady-bug, emitted a most disagreeable odor, — one of them getting into our soup making it unfit to eat. I wished to send a part of my collection to the coast for shipment to the British Museum, as soon as Salan arrived; but there were only ninety miserable camels left, including the few that remained of the twenty that Fred had taken with him, so I would be unable to send more than a few boxes out.

I found that although we had made eighteen long marches, which would average thirteen miles each, since we crossed the river by Mt. Kaldash, we had only accomplished one hundred and forty miles in a direct line to Bari. What with the twisting and turning to avoid natural obstacles, and going out of one's way for water, I should say that a hundred and forty miles a month, in a direct line towards a point, represents very good marching indeed for Africa, when there is a journey of several hundred miles ahead of you, and you dare not push too hard for fear of losing your camels or donkeys.

We frequently went to Geledi or Bari to fish, and

succeeded in finding very good sport. Many a catfish did we land weighing ten pounds or over, on our nine-ounce rods. These fish, usually so sluggish in American waters, proved to be very gamy in Africa, often taking out forty yards of line at a single run. But we had the best sport with the large silvery-scaled mullet-like fish, which would rise readily, and would not allow itself to be killed before it had made many leaps. One morning Dodson and I spent only one hour at the river, and caught in that time a dozen large fish, besides shooting three crocodiles. While my boy Abdi Farrah was trying to turn one of the crocodiles over, thinking it was quite dead, the animal struck at him with its open mouth. Fortunately it was too weak to aim accurately, but merely struck Abdi's arm sideways with its teeth, giving him a nasty cut and sending him sprawling in the mud.

We saw for the first time at Bari the beautiful red-breasted bee-eaters which abound about many African lakes (*Merops nubicus*). These are most strikingly handsome birds, about the size of a thrush, with a long forked tail, blue head, and with the feathers on their backs, wings, and breasts colored with different shades of pink and red. They will remain stationary for some seconds in the air, and then dart down suddenly like a hawk to capture some cricket that may have carelessly come from its hole in the daytime.

Swarms of natives crowded around us whenever we went to the villages, never seeming to tire of gazing at the white man; and frequently there would be groups of women at work in the cornfields, who would start dancing and singing in the most abandoned fashion whenever we passed them. The natives, learning that I was a physician, came to me so often that I had to

appoint a regular hour every day in which to hold a clinic. The poor creatures would come from far and near, with all kinds of nasty ulcers and wounds to attend to. The Ogadens, who had been driven from the interior, where it is most healthy, suffered much from malaria in the Webi valley, many of them possessing the largest spleens I have ever felt.



SOMALI KNIFE, SPEARHEAD, COMB, AND AMULET.

While I was fishing one day at the river, one of the natives stole a cartridge from my boy Ahamed. The theft was discovered at once, but for a time it looked as though we were going to have a fight to get the cartridge back. My boys caught the thief, who finally showed where he had thrown the cartridge, after I had threatened him with a flogging; but many of his friends, who were Adones, stood about in a menacing manner, calling at us insolently and threatening to throw their spears at us. I determined to give the natives a little

warning after this; so in the evening I sent up two large ship-rockets, which made a great report that echoed among the hills as they left their brass sockets, and, after going high into the heavens, burst with a stunning boom and shower of lights.

The effect was most salutary, crowds of natives coming early in the morning to inquire about the wonderful thing they had seen in the sky, saying they had been up all night in their villages, screaming and singing, as they did not know what would happen to them. We told them we could bring the stars down on them so as to crush all their villages, if we wished to, but that we had no idea of doing so, as long as they were friendly and did not steal.

When Fred returned to camp after his usual morning's hunt, he told me of an amusing episode that had happened to him while among the Aulihans on the opposite side of the river:—

“I had come to the end of my beads and other odds and ends I carried as presents for the villagers, and finding it necessary to make one more present, I racked my brains to think what I could give. At last a happy thought struck me; so, taking off the paper label from a tin of jam, I made it wet and stuck it on the forehead of my black friend. His face lost itself in smiles, and by the way in which he wore it, stalking proudly about during the time I was at the village, I saw that my gift was much appreciated.”

CHAPTER X.

SAD NEWS FOR MY FRIEND — MR. FRED GILFITT LEAVES FOR BERBERA — I SEND OUT A PART OF MY NATURAL-HISTORY COLLECTION — THE WHOLE CAMP DOWN WITH FEVER — OFF AGAIN TOWARD LAKE RUDOLF — A CASE OF BLACKMAIL — MUCH SICKNESS — AFRICAN WELLS — GAME AND THE EFFECTS OF CERTAIN RIFLES — TRYING FOR LIONS BY NIGHT — AMONG THE DAGOMI.

IN the evening of the ninth day after our arrival at Bari we were greatly startled by the appearance of one of my boys, named Hoori, whom I had sent to the coast with Salan. He reported that Salan was at Biaho, a village two marches from here, where he had been attacked by a party of Aulihans and Adones. Salan had shot one of these dead and wounded another, and dared not move until I sent him assistance. But now Fred received a shock that would have been hard enough to bear at any time, but which was all the more severe as it came when he was so far away in the wilderness. He had heard from one of the villagers along the river that messengers had been sent from Berbera three months previously to inform him of his father's death, and now he found that this was only too true.

Coupled with the sad news were announcements that made it imperative that my friend, who had kindly assisted me so often in my geographical and natural-history work, should return home at once. Hoori had made a very plucky run to the camp from where Salan was ambushed, having to hide about in the corn and sneak all the way in

order to avoid the Adones. I immediately despatched twenty good men, well armed, on a run to Salan's assistance. We waited all the next day, but not till late in the evening did Salan come, bringing the trading goods and letters, as I had ordered him to do. On the third day after this (January 25) Fred started for the coast, with



MR. FRED GILLETT.

nine men and ten camels. I sent out at the same time to Berbera eight boxes of natural-history specimens, and my poor sick head man Ahamed Aden,¹ who for a long time had had to be carried on a camel. I sent out only four of my boys with the collection, as the country to the north was very peaceable, and I did not want to lose any more men than I could help. A few men were sick before

¹ Ahamed Aden died before reaching Berbera.

Fred started, but that evening almost every boy in camp was down with fever. They groaned and tried to appear as if they were in terrible agony. I found only five men with a high temperature and rapid pulse, and naturally concluded that most of the men were shamming; but I afterwards learned by experience that the elevation of temperature and rapidity of pulse are not at all proportionable to the severity of the peculiar kind of malarial diseases found in many places in Africa. I found out, two days afterwards, that this type of malaria was a most distressing disease, when Dodson and I were down on our backs with pains from head to foot, and with headaches that would occasionally make us delirious. Our temperatures, however, only rose to 103° , with a pulse of 95 beats per minute. For four days the outlook seemed very serious; there was scarcely a sufficient number of men well enough to look after the camels, and I could just manage to get around the camp twice a day to attend to the sick boys.

Finally, on January 31, when half the men had recovered, under large doses of quinine, I decided to make a push once more to get across the river, knowing that if I delayed much longer I should never get on. I had secured five Ogamens at Bari to accompany me, besides the five extra men that Salan had brought from Berbera, so that my force now consisted of seventy-five men, including Dodson and myself, and sixty-five rifles all told. I had several donkeys, which I gave to the boys who were too sick to walk, while the men that were well helped along the other invalids. Fortunately, the water was very low, so that we could easily walk across, keeping the crocodiles at a distance by firing continually into the stream. During this shooting one of my boys, not counting on the bullets glancing, came very near hitting Dodson and myself. Although Dodson and I were feeling very weak from the

effects of the fever the next morning, I nevertheless determined to push on, after engaging the services of a man belonging to the Afgab tribe, who said he could take us nearly to the Ganana, and who proved to be the best native guide I ever had.

Just as we were starting, considerable disturbance was caused by a party of Aulihans who accused two of my men of assaulting one of their women. I ordered the woman to be brought up, and told her to point out the two men, as I believed she was lying in order to force me to give her a present. To the amusement of all of us she picked out the head man of one of my companies, named Husein, who had been unable to walk for some days. Travelling along fast over a flat barren country, we camped at noon on the banks of a stream called Wachago, in which there was much stagnant water. To the north were the last hills belonging to the mountain range that extends all the way south from Abyssinia. We continued on steadily for four days over the same desert-like country, without seeing a sign of any inhabitants.

We found water only at rare intervals, and it was almost unfit to drink on account of its salty taste. Though most of the caravan went ahead and camped before twelve o'clock, many of the boys would not appear until late in the afternoon, having to be helped along by their comrades. I had to remain continually behind to see that the sick were provided for, and most wearying work it was. Every day, however, showed an improvement, the exercise seeming to do the boys good. Dodson was suffering a good deal, but he was a very plucky fellow, and made no complaints. When we reached camp, we would have to lie down immediately, on account of violent pains in the back.

On February 5th we arrived at some wells called

Momingot, after having passed over a low range of hills and much stony country that differed entirely from the plains, with their white clayey soil, that we had left behind us. There were scarcely any inhabitants left in this country, almost all the people having gone to the north in order to get better grazing for their animals.

The land rises to 2,000 feet between the Shebeli and Ganana rivers, though it has the appearance of being very flat. The next march brought us to the highest point, where there was a well called Gohulle, and also a good many natives, who refused to let us drink. A single shot, however, fired over their heads, caused them to flee, and at the same time to cry out for us to take the water. They came back soon afterwards, and seemed glad to sell us two sheep at reasonable prices. The wells were dug deep through solid rock, and the water was extremely salty. It takes a long time for one to get used to drinking water from these wells. The natives allow their sheep and camels to stand about the wells the whole morning, while they are being watered, and naturally all sorts of foul matter is washed into the well. But this is not all, for after the animals have been watered the natives themselves climb down and take a bath; so one is obliged to drink a sweet solution of all sorts of African life, that is too disgusting to wash in, let alone to taste.

By boiling the water thoroughly, and then letting it settle, you may get rid of most of the organic matter it contains, but it will still have a very disagreeable taste. Adding a little alum to it helps to clear the water, and a drop or two of lime juice improves it greatly; but nevertheless, whatever you do to it does not make it a very desirable beverage.

I was called from my tent to shoot a couple of *aoule* that were grazing only a hundred yards off, but unfortunately

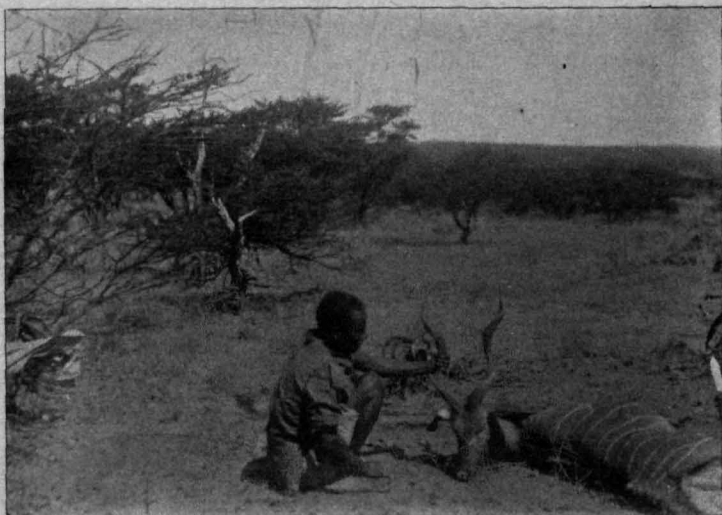
my first shot only broke the hind-leg of one of them. I was much disgusted at this, as I did not feel like walking far; but at the same time I tried to go after the wounded creature and finish him. The animal ran off for a long distance before I could get another shot at him. I succeeded, after much labor, in shooting him through the abdomen; but unfortunately I was using a 45-90 Winchester, and the animal did not appear to feel its wound in the slightest. The chase lasted an hour before I was able to get near enough to the animal to kill it by shooting it through the neck.

I had had so many experiences of this kind when shooting African game with a Winchester that I now determined to give it up, and keep entirely to the .577 express. The Snyder is better than the Winchester, as the wound produced is larger, and the whole force of the shot is expended in the animal's body. I have pierced both lungs of an oryx several times with a Winchester bullet, and yet the animal has escaped me. African beasts have much greater vitality than the animals of northern countries. I have found even the moose in Norway to succumb much more readily to a shot in the chest than some of the smaller African antelope. For a long time I carried my eight-bore with me to use against rhinos and elephants; but later on I gave that up also, preferring my .577, as I will point out.

I differ greatly from Mr. Astor Chanler in my opinion regarding Winchesters; for, though their penetration is good, they do not produce a large enough wound and thereby give enough shock to make one certain of dropping an African antelope, even though the bullet be well directed. I have tried both the 45-90 and the 50-110 with equally bad results.

Regarding the new .303 rifle, I should say that it

would be the best rifle for African shooting, although I have had little experience with it. From trials that I have seen made with these tiny-bore rifles at other objects, I believe the bullets would penetrate an elephant's skull and reach its brain from any direction; and whereas, at the same time, they have an explosive effect, up to four or five hundred yards they would be equally effective against small thin-skinned animals.



LESSER KUDU.

On February 8 we arrived at Mada Garci, a well belonging to the Afgab tribe. These Afgab are Mohammedans, and consider themselves Somalis; but they are more allied to the Gallas in blood, although their spears and shields are like the Somali weapons, only without brass furnishings, and their huge cloaks of American sheeting, or of marbur, are worn after the Somali fashion. The people were peaceable enough, but were unwilling to trade unless I gave them three times the value of their animals, although they possessed large flocks of sheep, goats, and

droves of camels. There were many lion tracks about the wells of Mada Garci, so I had a zareba built, and tethering out a sick camel, took up my position with Dodson for the night. About midnight, however, it began to rain hard, and we were forced to run back to camp, as we were afraid of fever. But we only got a few hours' rest, for about four o'clock in the morning Salan came to me with the news that lions were eating the camel we had left. I crept over quietly with Dodson, and three men I could rely upon, towards the water-hole. There was a good deal of excitement in stalking a supposed lion in the night-time, but I provided against the risk as best I could by arming Dodson with my .577, Salan with a twelve-bore shot-gun loaded with spherical bullets, and another boy with a shot-gun loaded with S. S. G. shot, while I carried my eight-bore.

As we approached the camel our hearts beat rapidly. But a few more steps, and — instead of the noble lion, a couple of wretched hyenas glided off through the darkness. Our disappointment was great, as the camel had groaned as though lions had attacked it.

After two long marches through the sparsely settled Afgab country, we found a pool of water, near the foot of a range of hills, that tasted quite fresh. One can hardly imagine our joy at finding this water, as we had not had a single good drink since we left the Shebeli River. As we approached the water a lion darted out of the bushes, but was off before I could get a shot at him. We had now passed beyond the Afgab, and were in the country of the Dagodi; but though there were many tracks of natives about the springs, they had evidently fled on our approach. There were many men still sick, and the rear of the caravan was not a lively sight, with a lot of invalids looking like grim death, and having to be urged along at every step.

The next morning took us over an undulating country, and finally up a steep pass, which was strewn with large pieces of iron ore. There were many fresh tracks of giraffe about, and when we reached the top of the pass we noticed the tracks of large droves of camels that had just been driven off among the hills by the terrified Dagodi. We came suddenly upon two natives, who were very much frightened at first, but who afterwards told us that the people had all fled on hearing of our approach, and had driven off all their cattle, under the impression that we were a looting party of Abyssinians. It was a great relief to hear that the Abyssinians were not settled in this country, and consequently would not hear of our whereabouts.

Sending the two natives ahead to tell their friends of our peaceful intentions, we continued along a well-trodden path to some water-holes in a large tug, where we were soon visited by many Dagodi. Although these people dress and live in the same way as the Afgab, and have the same religion, they are regarded as low caste, on account of their being still nearer related to the Gallas in blood. Except near the rivers, they are nomads, raising large numbers of cattle, sheep, goats, camels, and donkeys; but along the rivers Web, Ganana, and Dawa, they are agriculturists, raising large crops of cereals, with the help of the Adones. One of the natives was about to put an arrow into my good Afgab guide, recognizing him as a natural enemy; but fortunately the man was grabbed by some of my boys just in time to prevent the murder. My guide said that when he returned from the Ganana, he would have to travel entirely by night through the Dagodi country, as the Dagodi and Afgab are continually at war with one another.

CHAPTER XI.

BAITLE BETWEEN LIONS AND HYENAS — SHOOTING A LIONESS — POISON-
OUS SNAKES — WE ARRIVE AT THE RIVER WEB — THE NATIVES FLEE —
MARCHING DOWN TO THE JUB — COLLECTING AND SHOOTING — A FIGHT
AVERTED — WE CROSS THE JUB, ASSISTED BY THE ADONES, OR NEGROES
— THE DAGODI ABOUT THE RIVERS JUB AND DAWA — MY AFGAR
GUIDE RETURNS TO HIS TRIBE — THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF THE
DAWA — PHOTOGRAPHS AND PROVISIONS DAMAGED.

SOME of my boys found the half-eaten carcass of a lesser kudu in the bushes not far from camp, and the fresh tracks of several lions. Although I was a little afraid of the natives attacking me at night, I could not miss such a chance as this, but had a zareba built, and a donkey tethered in front of it. I had hardly settled myself at sunset, with my gun-bearer, Warsama, inside the enclosure, when three lions appeared suddenly from the bushes opposite, and made a rush for my donkey. My heart gave a great beat of joyous excitement; but the next instant a cold feeling of disappointment spread over me that made me almost numb. To my disgust, the donkey had managed to tear away from his fastening, and had run off, followed by the three lions. I knew there was no use stopping longer in the zareba, for the lions would certainly prefer the fresh meat of the donkey, and never return to the kudu; so I hastily pushed aside the branches with which the opening to the zareba had been filled in, and started out with Warsama in pursuit of the beasts. To my great surprise I saw the three lions scuttling away in the bushes

as we approached the donkey, which was standing only a couple of hundred yards from the zareba, trembling from head to foot, but quite uninjured.

The lions appeared to have followed him only for sport, not being hungry ; or else they intended to play with him for a while, as a cat would with a mouse. However that may be, we brought the donkey back, and fastened him as securely as we could to his old post ; but our sensations were not at all pleasant while we were engaged at this work, as it had grown quite dark, and we knew we were surrounded by lions. We safely entered the zareba, nevertheless, and shut ourselves in before any of the animals appeared again.

I now spent a more interesting night, probably, than it will ever again be my good fortune to experience. The lions came directly to the zareba, creeping close up to it on all sides, except where the hole was made opposite the donkey. I could not see them to shoot at when they were so close, as the zareba walls were too thick. I tried, by stretching myself flat on the ground and holding my rifle in front of me, to see if I could get a shot at a lion's head from some opening in the zareba ; but although I could hear the brute sniff and growl, and almost feel his breath, as he also lay outstretched, with his nose touching the wall of the enclosure, and only two feet from my nose, I could make out no object at which to fire. As I lay this way quietly, scarcely moving a muscle, with several lions at once sniffing around the zareba, I could not help feeling that the beasts might take a fancy to jump in. But soon their attention was called to another quarter. A pack of between thirty to forty hyenas made a sudden attack upon the lions.

No one who has not experienced it can have any idea of the noise that a lot of hyenas can make when they are engaged in a fight. Their howls change to deep, loud

roars, very nearly equal in strength to the roars of lions. There were sudden rushes on the part of both the lions and hyenas in the present case, terminating in ferocious battles, in which it was hard to distinguish the roars of the lions from the noises made by the hyenas. Several times the encounters took place in front of the hole in my zareba, too far away for me to do any shooting; but I could easily make out the forms of the animals in the starlight. The scene was wild and interesting in the extreme, while the roars of the animals thrilled every nerve.

But hush! what was that? I heard a growl in the bushes in front of my peep-hole, and behold, to my joy, a splendid lioness walked out, only thirty yards in front of me! I took as steady aim as I could with my eight-bore, after having fastened a little piece of white paper to the beadsight, and pulled the trigger. Bang! and then what a roar! She was not dead, but I knew she would be mine — or I would be hers, one or the other — later on. The bullet had struck her just a little too far forward, and lower down than I had aimed, and had broken her shoulder to pieces.* With a spring she was back in the bushes, where she spent the rest of the night growling and snarling, the sounds only dying away as daylight appeared.

In the morning, having sent for some boys to drive the animal, I started around to take up my position on one side of a mass of bushes, where I thought the beast was concealed, when suddenly the lioness rose from the thick grass with a growl, not more than seven yards ahead of me. Before I could take aim, she was back again in the bushes with a mighty leap. It was most fortunate that her spring was in the opposite direction from me, for by all odds a wounded lioness is the worst beast to encounter in Africa.

I took my .577 now, as I could shoot more quickly and



accurately with this rifle, and proceeded to have the bushes driven; but I found it very difficult to dislodge the lioness. She would appear every now and then in some opening, and the next second would spring back again in the bushes. On one of these occasions I gave her another shot in the same shoulder that I had broken the night before. Finally a boy called to me that he could see the lioness lying in the bushes very near me. I went over to him, and sure enough, there was the beast, very near indeed, — only ten yards away, with her head flattened against the ground, snarling and looking straight at us. But the next instant almost my rifle rang out her death note, and the lioness simply stretched out her legs, without ever feeling the ball that had hit her, as I had struck her in the back of the neck.

Nothing more was seen of the lions, but I returned to breakfast in a very happy frame of mind, having bagged my lioness, and having been a witness to a most interesting and splendid battle. Natives had told me that hyenas frequently attack lions in packs, and that they often get the better of the kings of the forest; and now I had been given an opportunity of satisfying myself on this point, as the lions were certainly getting the worst of it up to the time I fired at the lioness.

As the camels were showing the effects of the long journey from Bari, — five of them having died, — I remained two days at this spot, which the Dagodi called Bargheilo, to give them a little rest. There were several villages here, but all I could buy from the natives was twelve sheep, and some chicken eggs, which were always a great luxury to Dodson and myself.

The temperature averaged 95° during the whole time the sun was up, and did not fall below 88° at night, while strong winds that came from the south struck one like blasts from a hot furnace. We continued our journey

again on February 14, over a mountainous country, where the bushes and trees showed a good deal of green,—passing many villages and natives with their droves of camels and large herds of cattle.

After spending the night at some water-holes called Barmetawen, where the water was a little fresher than usual in this country, we marched at first in a southwesterly direction, over a hilly country, gradually descending towards the Ganana River. But this soon changed to a flat desert. There was very little game to be found all the way from the Shebeli River to the Ganana, only occasional bands of oryx and a few gazelles, with the exception of one or two places where I found lions and giraffes, but there were many beautifully marked poisonous snakes to be found about this country, as well as puff-adders and cobras.

On the 17th of February we arrived on the river Web, which I had first seen passing through the caves of Wyndlawn, and here I joined the lines of march of Prince Ruspoli and Captain Bottego. Until I was told by the natives on the spot, I had no means of ascertaining which way these two Italians had travelled. Prince Ruspoli left no report of his journey, and excepting a very few natural-history specimens which his assistants collected, and took to Europe with them after their leader's death, his journey was without result. Captain Bottego did much better work, but his map I had not then seen. His reports were published while I was still on my journey to Lake Rudolf, and show that he went a long way up the Jub.

The lines of march of the two above-mentioned travellers were marked by continual attacks upon the natives, and naturally, therefore, the Dagodi fled as we approached the Web. It was a long time before I could get any of them to approach.

Just as we were coming to the river bank a couple of

coule trotted by, close to the caravan, and as I fired at one of them with my .577 express, the animal dropped, but got up again, and started off at an amazing pace on its two fore-legs, giving my boy Yusif, who is a swift runner, a long chase before he overtook it. My bullet had smashed through both hip joints, and yet the beast had managed to run three hundred yards before he was caught. The natives had evidently not known of our approach until we were almost at their villages, as many camel blankets, ropes, water vessels, and cooking utensils were left in their suddenly deserted houses. They had simply made off with their camels, leaving everything else behind. This was very provoking to me, as the natives all along had been very unwilling to trade, and I had fully expected to be able to buy camels when I reached the Web; the large amount of cloth which I was carrying, and which was very bulky, I wished to exchange as soon as possible for animals, so that I could push on faster.

Now that I had found that the natives had run away from us, I sent some of my boys on a run to capture their camels, so that I could force the owners to take a reasonable price for them.

The result was that a drove of about one hundred camels was brought to the camp in the afternoon, followed by their owners and an old chief of a village near at hand. The natives told me that the few camels they possessed were scarcely enough to keep them alive, the old chief falling



DAGODI SLING SHOT.

down on the ground as he gave me a piteous tale of previous deprivation, caused first by the Abyssinians, and afterwards by Ruspoli; but upon my consenting to let him have all his camels back, and not force him to trade, he produced two fine animals, and offered to sell them to me for eight tobes, — a bargain that was quickly settled. The chief said that Ruspoli had come to the river Web from Karanli, a village on the Webi Shebeli far to the north of Bari, and had then descended the Web to a point a short distance below Behr Madu, where we were camped. As this adventurer had taken everything from the natives that he could lay his hands on, they were not going to trust any men armed with rifles in the future, but had resolved to flee to some villages further on, where they would unite and fight us.

I could not cross the Web, as the banks were too steep, and the water very deep, so I marched down the stream to Buntal, where it joins the Ganana, and where there was a good crossing. Dodson and I enjoyed good sport fishing, and shooting some of the numerous water-buck that were to be found about the river, while at the same time we found much to collect in the way of natural-history specimens. Here we saw for the first time the large green bee-eaters, *Merops superciliosus*, which were very numerous, and also a tiny squirrel (*Sciurus ganana*, *Rhoades*) which proved to be new to science. There was much deep forest along the river Web, so that the caravan road sometimes led a long way from the water. I now lost my last remaining pony, which had been too sick for me to ride for a long time.

On the second march from Behr Madu, three miles before you reach Buntal, I passed the junction of the Web and the Ganana, and soon after that I observed the river Dawa emptying into the Ganana from the west. Although

I had returned the camels to the natives, and they had given us guides, we could not for a long time gain their confidence; as we passed each of the numerous little villages on the way, the people fled, driving their flocks into the bushes, and leaving everything else behind. One or two old women remained in their homes, in some instances, and implored us not to kill them; they said they had been "humbled" by Ruspoli's men, and would not believe my protestations of peace.

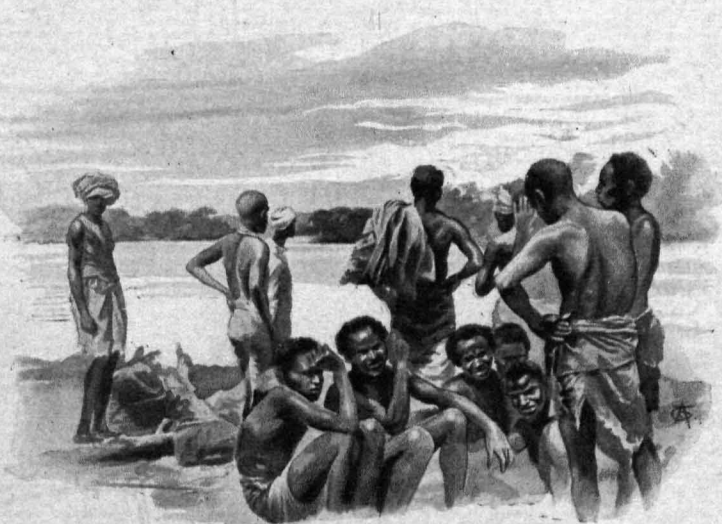
When we arrived at Buntal, we found large numbers of natives assembled, evidently for the purpose of fighting; but fortunately the old chief, who had accompanied us from Behr Madu, had now begun to trust us, and insisted upon his people making friends with us. After a long conference held in a cornfield, everything was settled amicably, the Dagodi agreeing to sell me a camel and ten sheep, and to provide Adones to help us to cross on their rafts. These Adones were treated as slaves by the Dagodi, and were forced to do most of the hard work in the fields.

They went about the Jub naked; but, although much below their masters in intelligence, they were wonderfully well developed physically, their muscles standing out under their black skins in great masses. Many of these burly, woolly-haired negroes had wandered but recently to this country from the south, and could speak Kiswahili.

The next day after our arrival at Buntal the work of crossing was carried on. The Ganana was eighty yards wide opposite our camp, and from three to seven feet deep, with a current of four and a half miles an hour; but a mile lower down it widened out to nearly three hundred yards, and contained several small islands. As it was correspondingly shallow, I had all my camels led across at this point, but all the trading goods and boxes were taken

across in my boat or on rafts, opposite our camp. The Adones turned in and helped us well, so that before noon we were all across and camped on the western shore.

On this side there were but few people, as the country was wild and bushy, with long stretches of dense forest, the trees being principally dhum palms, sycamores, cedars, and a tall tree resembling the poplar. The Dagodi about the river much preferred marbur to the American



NATIVES OF BUNTAL (SITTING).
SOME OF THE AUTHOR'S ESCORT (STANDING).

sheeting, as they had been accustomed to getting this cloth from traders coming from Merka and Modisha, two Italian ports on the Gulf of Aden, to the east of the mouth of the Jub. They were provided with long heavy spears, with broad large blades, which were also imported by traders, and appeared to have been made in Birmingham. The only ornaments they wore were single rows of large white beads suspended around their necks, and consequently we could barter with them only in cloth.



CROSSING THE JUB.

Before crossing, I had taken leave of my good Afgab guide who had led us all the way from Bari. He started off in the night-time, carrying strings of dried meat and a vessel of water to last him on his long journey, and did not seem in the least afraid of travelling in the dark, armed with spear alone, although he had to pass through a country where there were many lions. He expected to travel forty miles every night, lying concealed in the daytime among the bushes. As he had done so well for me, I loaded him down with presents, and gave him also a letter bearing testimony to his character as a guide, so that he might be useful to future travellers in this country.

Once across the Jub, I felt that the strain I had been under for three months, to keep the caravan together, was removed; there was no more fear now of the Abyssinians, as they had never got so far south, and my men had mostly recovered from the fever, and were too far away to think any more of their homes. We had all settled down contentedly to camp life, my boys singing merrily as they worked, and indulging in all kinds of games and sports during spare moments. I would occasionally allow them to go shooting on their own account, so as to get them accustomed to the rifle, and many of them became fairly good marksmen.

After resting a day, we made a short march of an hour and a half to some villages on the river Dawa,¹ called Warwai. The Dawa runs through a beautiful fertile plain, nearly a mile wide, containing a number of palm-trees of various sorts, as well as a charming variety of other trees and bushes. About its banks are many small

¹ We found the stream to be forty yards wide here, and from three to four and a half feet deep. This was not the rainy season, so I take it that my measurements of the Ganana and Dawa give a fair idea of the average magnitude of the rivers during the year.

fields of durrha and Indian corn. The little villages scattered about these lovely gardens have a very picturesque appearance. I was quite charmed with our camp at Warwai at sunset, a few palms close about our tent forming a striking foreground to a purple sky, with a few distant clouds in it, light as lace, and of a distinct greenish hue.

The fertile valley, with its loamy soil, ends abruptly towards the south in a rough, barren, undulating country, reaching as far as the eye can see, and containing here and there a few outstanding eminences, while to the north there appears to be nothing but dense woods and forests. The forests were fairly alive with birds; but, except the large green bee-eater, they were of the same species I had seen about the Shebeli River. I succeeded in buying two good strong camels, the price being two of my poor animals, and ten pieces of cloth; but this bit of luck was counterbalanced by the discovery that two very important boxes had been soaked during the crossing of the Ganana and their contents destroyed, one of these boxes containing undeveloped plates, while the second held provisions, such as flour and salt. Although Dodson and I had but little European food to last us for the long journey ahead, we knew we should not starve while ground durrha meal was to be procured; but the loss of the photographs was most exasperating, as they illustrated the country and natives about Sheikh Husein; I have to thank Mr. Fred Gillett therefore for the photographs of the Arusa Gallas which appear in the first part of this book. Fortunately my Somali photographs were in a separate box, and were uninjured.

Our next march led us along a narrow path to a place called Uunsi, where many camels and other animals are brought to be watered at the river; and I was rejoiced on

the march to find that none of the boys were lagging behind on account of sickness, as it had been a most depressing sight to see twenty or thirty men dropping down all along the line of march, and praying to be allowed to remain.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GERE GALLAS — FRIGHTFUL HURRICANES — AMUSING NATIVES —
THE GIRLS ARE NOT BASHFUL — INTOXICATED NATIVES — MONKEYS AND
LIONS — CURIOUS FISH — A MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY — REPORTED LAKE
— SHOOTING WALLER'S GAZELLES — EL MODU — TAME STARLINGS —
I GO ON A SHOOTING-TRIP — OBLIGED TO THROW AWAY LUXURIES —
MY GUN-BEARERS: YUSIF, KARSHA, ADEN AOULE, AND MOGA — DIS-
TRESSING MARCHES TO AIMOLA — WE FRIGHTEN THE NATIVES.

WE were now among the Gere Gallas, a tribe that extends one hundred and fifty miles west of the Ganana. The three sub-divisions are the Gere Morro, nearest the Ganana, the Gere Badi, and to the west the Gere Libin, — all Mohammedans except the Gere Libin, who are atheists. They speak the Galla language, and are as light colored as the Dagodi, resembling these also in their mode of living and dress. They are rich in cattle, camels, sheep, goats, and donkeys, and grow about the banks of the Dawa a little grain.

A frightful windstorm arose after we had arrived at Uunsi, tearing up bushes and loose *débris*, and blinding us with dust. The tents had to be held down by many men, while oryx and zebra skins, camel blankets and bags, were blown far from the camp, and everything was covered with a thick layer of dust. Later a heavy thunderstorm arose, to our great relief, as it promised good food for the camels ahead. I found many ammonites here.¹

¹ The country to the south of here is called Boula, and that to the north-west Gone Taka.

While collecting near the camp, I saw a tiny sun-bird in a mimosa-tree, and fired at it with my collecting-gun, thinking it was a new species. As the bird fluttered to the ground wounded, I was startled by a most ludicrous burst of laughter and clapping of hands on the part of a lot of natives whom I had not noticed before. The poor savages thought I had simply frightened the bird to death! They believed here, as natives of other parts frequently did, that I collected insects, lizards, and scorpions, in order to eat them, — one man bringing me a spider, and smilingly requesting me to eat it.

A lot of them, after standing quietly and gazing at me for a long time, inquired of my boy Abdi what I was doing looking at that one thing in my hand for such a long time; but upon my trying to make them understand that it was a book I was reading, and that this told me stories such as they repeated to each other at night over their fires, they burst into an incredulous laugh. Later on, however, their curiosity got the better of them, for they came shyly around and peered over my back again to see what that wonderful thing, a book, was. The volume in question was nothing more or less than Raper's "Practice of Navigation;" but now I put this aside and drew from a box a picture-book full of illustrations from animal life. The astonishment on the part of my audience was great as they beheld one animal after another colored and drawn as they had been accustomed to see them in nature, — the little children leaving me in terror, while their parents clapped their hands and applauded vociferously.

Savages do not have a great command of language, but express their emotions in pantomime, accompanying each gesture with loud shouts; and so my readers may well imagine how ludicrous the scene was when, finally, I showed the little porcelain doll, — that toy that had in-

fused love into so many savage breasts, from the old Abyssinian general down to the naked Adones about the Jub. I was enjoying a good laugh myself, looking at the natives hugging each other and dancing about in glee, until, finally, most embarrassing questions were asked.

"Have white women such small mouths? Is their hair so like the color of brass? Do they not wear a loin cloth, and have they no hair over their eyes? But certainly they are splendidly fat. And what a beautifully white and pink skin!" "Have you, great white man, such a white skin, like the sun, all over your body?" several dusky females now asked me, and I rolled up my sleeves high to the shoulders, displaying about an inch of my arms that had not been browned by the sun.

"Magnificent!" the ladies cried. But now, like Little Oliver, they wanted more. And, indeed, so inquisitive the gentle maidens were that they came to our tents very early the next morning, in hopes of seeing Dodson or myself in our tubs. Leaving our admiring friends, however, we set out at once after breakfast, marching at first some distance from the Dawa, the path leading over low, stony hills. But at Handudu, where we camped, we again touched the river bank. Here were many villages, and great numbers of camels and cattle, but there were also many poor, wild-looking natives in the woods of dhum palms, who lived entirely by drinking the sap of these trees, and eating the hard fruit. The tops of the palm-trees are cut off, a cup fastened so as to receive the sap as it flows out, and over this a cap of plaited grass is placed as a protection. The sap, which flows in great quantities, ferments in the cups, and forms an intoxicating drink. I found many natives subsisting almost entirely upon these palm-trees, occasionally getting a little change of diet by trapping. They wore little or no clothing whatever, and

all of them, women and children included, had a degraded, half-intoxicated appearance.

I crossed the Dawa with a few of my boys, and after marching a mile came upon the river again, flowing in an opposite direction, which was not astonishing, as African rivers usually curve in a most extraordinary manner; but I was surprised at finding about a dozen naked men and women, thoroughly intoxicated, and indulging in a wild bacchanalian dance, tumbling about and conducting themselves in a most abandoned fashion. Approaching them in as friendly a manner as possible, I tried to get my interpreter to talk to them in Galla; but as soon as they caught sight of my white face they screamed and fled.

Besides the natives, there were everywhere large troops of monkeys, feeding on the fruit of the palm-trees. And occasionally these animals would throw the fruit at us from the tops of trees, aiming so accurately that they hit my boys more than once. Water-buck, giraffes, and lions abounded in this country; but I did not take time to go hunting, although almost every night we heard a lion's roar, and frequently I was aroused by all the camels jumping to their feet at once, and plunging about the zareba, when some king of the forest happened to be near.

Dodson and I caught some curious little fish in the Dawa, with long teeth set well forward on their lower jaws. We remained three days at Handudu, during which time we had several heavy rains. On our last night there my boys became very much excited when the new moon appeared, as it ushered in their period of fasting, according to the teachings of Ramadan; — but as it would be impossible to fast forty days while marching, they contented themselves by resolving to pray a little more frequently than usual.

Our next march (February 22) brought us to Mata

Safaro, where the Dawa makes a great bend toward the north. The scenery changed much, as there were very high hills to the south, and across the river the land rose in a series of steps. It rained sharply for an hour during the march, and when we got to camp we were thoroughly soaked, and shivering with the cold. Dodson and I were saved from a good attack of fever by taking some whiskey immediately after changing our clothes. Whatever teetotalers may believe, I can truthfully state that we were saved many times from dangerous colds by taking a little whiskey at the proper time. Frequently I have come in wet and exhausted, when my cooks could not get hot drinks, such as soup, tea, or coffee, quickly enough, and on such occasions alcohol would be my only safeguard against fever. I consider whiskey and brandy to be quite as important medicines as quinine on an African journey.

As we continued toward the west the land on both sides of the Dawa rose higher and higher. Upon climbing a steep bluff to the south of our line of march, I observed three large groups of mountains about four thousand five hundred feet high, — the most eastern one called Shan, the central group Mt. Koori, and that to the west Mt. Halya; while to the south there were several mountains two thousand to three thousand feet in height. While following along a narrow path, I saw a lion dart into the thick bushes on the other side, and tried to track him; but after getting entangled in the mesh-work of thorny acacias, I was forced to abandon the chase. At one village that we passed I was told that a band of six lions always hunted together, and that they frequently carried off the natives from their huts. We passed through much excellent game country, but it was impossible for me to get a great deal of sport, since we usually made a five or six hours' march

daily, and I had my hands full the rest of the time in attending to my scientific work. When we stopped a day or two, it often happened that there was no game near, as I would endeavor to rest where I could do some trading; and there would be too many people for game to be abundant.

If I had been on a sporting trip, and had stopped to hunt lions where they were most numerous, I could have found a great number. The natives told me there was a small lake lying near the Ganana River, called Hookoo; but I am quite doubtful if the report is true, although I have marked the lake on my map.

On March 1 we marched five hours through a mountainous country, the road leading at one time over stony hills, and affording us beautiful views of the river Dawa, which we could make out for many leagues, pursuing its serpentine course through fine grassy plains, fringed on both sides by forests of palm-trees. About three miles from Hareri the stream formed a pretty little lake less than a mile long, surrounded by hills; and as we passed this lake, ten fine water-buck sprang from the water's edge, and galloped away over the hills, while myriads of aquatic birds started at our approach, and rising high into the air circled round and round above our heads.

For two marches we did not see a sign of a human being until we came upon four Gallas, who of course ran off at first, but were afterwards found by my guide and induced to come to me. They said their village was a short march ahead, and that they belonged to the Gere Libin. Just before camping, five Waller's gazelles appeared in an opening among the bushes; but the noise of the caravan frightened them, and I only managed to get a running shot at a buck a good way off. The animal disappeared at once; and then, to my surprise, after simply making a

circle through the bushes, he came in sight again and stopped only sixty yards from me. The next moment a bullet from my .577 passing through both shoulders killed him instantly.

In the morning we marched three hours along a good path leading directly west, and camped at Yabich, where we found the villages of the Gere Libin of which we had been informed. We were now to bid good-by to the river Dawa, as the natives told me that the country it passed through was very mountainous, and that it would be difficult to take the camels along its shores. There were many tracks of rhinos and lions, but I did not sight any game on the road, on account of the number of people about with their flocks.

Another short march brought us to El Modu, where we were advised to rest for a few days, because we should be obliged to make three long marches before reaching water again. There was good water at El Modu, and excellent food for the camels, and I also found plenty of work to be done in collecting several new and rare species of birds, as well as snakes and plants I had not seen before. On a branch of a tall mimosa-tree, that spread like an umbrella over our tents, was built a pretty round nest, with a tiny opening in the centre, in which we thought one of those beautiful red-breasted starlings, with metallic backs and wings, had laid its eggs; and as we were like cruel school-boys in collecting eggs, I had the branch partly cut down, so that it hung, with the nest, only a few yards from the front of my tent. But I was disappointed to find no eggs in the nest, but only young birds, too little to be of scientific value. I did not disturb the nest any more, hoping the old birds might come back to their young; and I was not disappointed, for no less than four starlings came to tend the little ones, not seeming in the

least afraid, but perching continually about the nest, so near to me that I could easily have touched them with a stick from where I sat at the table.

Leaving my caravan to rest at El Modu, I started with six boys on a hunting-trip to the Dawa. We tramped two hours along a good road, and then struck off among the bushes to hunt through a deep valley that opened out toward the river. We had just succeeded in climbing down a steep precipice, and reaching the broad river bed that passed through the valley, when my boy Yusif (a stupid fellow I had taken because Karsha was sick) called loudly to me that he saw a beast of some kind. Of course by the time I reached Yusif the animal was far off, and I had just time to perceive that it was a fine specimen of the greater kudu. Disgusted at not having got a shot, I walked ahead for some time, until at last I spied six water-buck far off on the hill, and I started to climb up after them; but the ground was so rough that I could not help making a little noise and frightening the animals, which ran down a valley and up a hill again on the other side. Here they stood gazing at me two hundred and fifty yards away. The distance was great, but I could not resist having a try at them; so picking out the largest buck, I took a steady aim and fired at it. Down went the animal to the ground, where he kicked about for some seconds, making me feel so sure that I had killed him that I took my time walking over to where he lay. When I got to within thirty yards of him, however, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and rushed away through the bushes as though untouched, taking me completely by surprise. There was a great pool of blood where he had lain, and as I tracked him I found quantities of blood from his lungs.

Finally, after going half a mile, I got a glimpse of the water-buck walking slowly ahead through the bushes, and

managed to bring him down with another bullet, about forty yards off, when my boys ran up and cut his throat. From what experience I have had, I should say that a moose would never have risen to his feet again after receiving such a wound in the chest as I had given the water-buck. After loading the meat of the water-buck on my donkeys, I pushed down toward the river; but I had not gone far before I saw a wart-hog feeding about eighty yards away. As luck would have it, one of my donkeys commenced to bray just at this instant, and off went the pig. I could only get a snap-shot at him, but as the report of my rifle rang out the pig made a complete summersault, and then lay dead as a stone, having been hit by a lucky ball in the neck. I saw another lot of water-buck in the distance when we reached the river; but it was too late to stop then, as we had to build a little zareba before dark.

What a night I had! It was too hot to draw my blanket over my face, and if I threw it off, I was devoured by mosquitoes; so I finally had to sit by the fire, where my boys were huddled together in the thick smoke. Somalis as a rule have not the strong odor of negroes, but there were two of my boys that night who were very "powerful," as the cowboys say.

Starting out the next morning, after a sleepless night, I hunted through groves of palm-trees along the river bank, and soon had the pleasure of seeing four water-buck walking across the grassy plain, directly toward me. I hid behind a tree; but, just as I did so, two natives appeared a long way behind the water-buck. The animals, started by the natives, came on now on a dead run directly toward me. I remained almost breathless until the animals got to within a few yards of me, when a little whistle caused them to come to a halt, and I had simply to pick out the best animal, and knock him over dead with the first shot.

I could probably have killed two more before they could get away, but I refrained from shooting, as we did not need the meat. Exchanging my rifle for a shot-gun, so that I might collect some birds, I started back to the caravan.

In one little clump of bushes I noticed some curious birds, and crept up cautiously to get a better view of them. I had gotten so close that I could almost touch the bushes, when suddenly there was a growl, and out sprang a fine leopard, only a few feet away. I must confess to being startled by the animal, as my gun was not loaded properly for such big game. Seeing the leopard bound into another thicket, where he would probably remain, I called my boys together, and had them try to drive the animal, while I took my stand on one side of the bushes, and waited with my .577 rifle. Soon I heard my Somalis coming gradually towards me, striking the bushes about with their sticks, and my excitement rose higher and higher. Is it possible, I thought, that the leopard has escaped us, after the boys had almost reached my side of the bushes? But no; suddenly, like a flash of lightning, something yellow shot through the air, and landed directly at my feet. There was only one quick snarl, and the next instant I saw the leopard bounding away through the grass in the opposite direction. The whole thing was done so quickly that I had no time to take aim, but could only take a snap-shot at the animal's back as it bounded through the grass, scoring a good miss. I thought the leopard must have intended to seize me when he first bounded from the bushes, but changed his mind, as he almost touched my feet. I hunted him for some time now, but could see no more of him.

On reaching the caravan, I found everything in order, but heard rather bad news as to the country ahead. Two guides, who had agreed to go with me, stated that three

days' march from El Modu a small pool of water was usually to be found, but that this sometimes dried up, and that if we did not find water in it, we should be obliged to go on for two days more. I had much reason to fear this waterless tract of country, as the camels were in such a poor condition that they were unfit for taking long marches and carrying heavy loads of water. Still, I was obliged to have the water barrels filled to their utmost capacity, and go ahead.

We started out on March 6, and had a long, weary march of eight hours, the majority of the camels reaching camp very much fagged out, and two of them having to be left behind. The country was very mountainous, and covered with dense, bushy jungles, where giraffes are to be found in great numbers. I made a change now among my gun-bearers and Dodson's boys. Yusif, one of my gun-bearers, was a very willing fellow, but if I told him to do one thing, he would surely do just the opposite, and perhaps go miles to accomplish his object. He had had a lot of experience in Africa with Captain Lugard and others, but he had no brains. He understood enough, however, to collect insects, so I gave him a sweep-net and killing-bottle, and told him he should now become a great naturalist. Yusif was also to look after Dodson's tent, and help my cook with his dishes. I then selected two boys, Karsha and Aden Aoule, to act as my gun-bearers along with my good servant Abdi Farrah.

Karsha was a well-known character in African explorations, having been with Count Teleki when Lake Rudolf was discovered, and having served also under Mr. Astor Chanler, remaining faithful to that gentleman after almost all his men had deserted. Aden Aoule was another good man, a little past middle age, and the best Skinner I have seen, excluding professionals. Besides Yusif, I gave

Dodson one of the most intelligent boys in camp, by name Moga, to assist him in collecting. Moga had been a servant to an officer on a French man-of-war, and had seen much of the world. A more willing fellow, and a more intelligent Somali, I never saw. But poor Moga! he was never to have the opportunity of seeing his pretty little wife and children in Aden again, as he had but a month more in which to enjoy life.

The next day we had another long march of nearly nine hours, reaching a little opening in the bushes where we could camp at two o'clock. I lost five camels in this march, one of them serving as food for us all; and to increase our difficulties, many of the men had a relapse of their fevers, and had to be helped or carried along. In order to lighten the camels, I was obliged to throw away seven boxes, five of them containing wine and tinned fruit; a heart-rending thing to do, but absolutely necessary. At half-past three in the morning, two hours before daybreak, we were off again, every one in the gloomiest spirits. I was much afraid of losing half my camels, but there was no help for it. Luckily the day turned out cloudy, which was a blessing both for camels and men. We plodded on through a beautiful mountainous district, the camels doing better than I expected, although the loads had to be constantly changed from one tired beast to another. My good cow Dinko stopped giving milk, as she could get no water; but still she would always lead the caravan. The milch camel Gaut that Wal-da-Gubbra had given us, however, did not mind the march at all. We were obliged to be very careful of our water, Dodson and I together having to content ourselves with one small vegetable tin of the precious fluid to wash in each twenty-four hours. The great question was, "Shall we reach the pond, and shall we find water in it to-morrow? If not, what privations may

be in store for all of us?" Fortunately, however, we had risen two thousand feet from the Dawa valley, the temperature being correspondingly lower, and the air more refreshing, so that my sick boys were feeling much better.

The next morning we started in the dark again, hoping soon to reach the pond; but we were forced to push the caravan ahead rapidly, as there was such an uncertainty of our finding this water. Three hours passed, and we were told that the pond lay just over the hill that rose ahead of us; an hour more and we had climbed the hill, and then the water was just as far away! We marched six hours fast, the guides always telling me that the water was just beyond the next hill. Finally we did come to the pond, but, alas, there was only mud at the bottom! Our position had certainly become serious, but we had to keep straight on.

I was marching ahead with my gun-bearers, when, to my relief, I saw six natives drawing water from some holes. My boys could not help shouting for joy, frightening the poor natives out of their wits. There were four men and two women at the wells, with their camels; and when the women saw us, instead of running away, they rushed frantically up to us, and with tears and sobs threw their arms around myself and the boys, and implored us not to take away their five camels. Their fears were soon quieted, however, sufficiently for them to give me some information about the wells. They had exhausted all the water in the holes, but they said if we dug we might find enough for a drink all around for the men; so I pitched camp, and soon had a gang of men working hard with pickaxes and shovels, spears and hands, with the result that we collected, in all, eight buckets of water, — just enough for my eighty boys, but not a drop for the mules, donkeys, or camels. The next morning we were obliged to march again. The

country continued mountainous and densely wooded, but we soon began to pass many tracks of elephants, a sign that water was probably not far off. To our joy it now began to rain hard, and after a six hours' march we found some water-holes that were quite flooded.

Although thoroughly soaked and cold, we never welcomed rain more than we did that day. At one time on the march, when I was a long way ahead of the caravan, trying to get a shot at a rhinoceros, I noticed one of my guides from El Modu talking eagerly to three natives. Anxious to find out what I could from these people, I walked towards them, but all three fled. Evidently my guide too refused to trust us, and had told the natives to run ahead and tell their people we were coming to loot them. This was very disappointing, for when we came to Aimola, which was the plateau on which we found water, there was not a native to be seen, although there were many footprints.

CHAPTER XIII.

I AM OBLIGED TO SEIZE NATIVE CAMELS — ELEPHANT SHOOTING — WALKER'S GAZELLES — THE NATIVES ARE PLEASED — THE SAKUYU BORAN — THE BORAN AND THEIR KING, ABOFILATO — ELEPHANTS AT CLOSE QUARTERS — CHARGED BY A RHINOCEROS — IN THE COUNTRY OF THE BORAN.

A FEW minutes after we had pitched camp, one of my boys rushed to me with the news that there was a leopard in the bushes close by. I started out at once, and sure enough, there was the leopard walking slowly away from a bush not a hundred yards from the camp. I had to fire quickly, but my bullet struck the beast in the abdomen. He fell, but picked himself up at once, and with a loud growl darted off into the bushes, only to fall dead a short distance away. It would have been impossible to move from Aimola without having fresh camels, as twelve had died during the last four marches, and the rest were completely worn out. During the night, therefore, I sent twenty men toward the Dawa to track the Gere Libin people, telling Salan, whom I had put in command, to be as friendly as he could toward the natives, but that if they refused to come willingly and trade with us, he should capture any of their animals he could find, and so force them to come to terms. Later in the morning Dodson and I made a tour to the southwest, toward the foot of a long range of mountains that lay just on the borders of the Boran country. We soon came upon a large bull elephant asleep under a tree. I got within thirty yards of

the animal, behind a bush, and fired at him with my eight-bore, the bullet striking where I had aimed, but the beast did not seem to mind the shock at all; he simply threw up his ears, and commenced to move slowly away. Again I fired at him, hitting him this time also in the chest; but he only walked off a little faster.

We followed him up and shot at him several times, Dodson using the .577 and I my eight-bore, pursuing him for a long distance till we saw many footprints of natives, and I concluded that it would be too dangerous for us to go on, as we only had six rifles with us. I heard nothing more about that elephant until I had left the country, when some natives told me that the beast had been found dead a long march from where I had shot it, and that the tusks had been stolen. On my way back to camp I caught sight of a Waller's gazelle, and after stalking for some time got a running shot at fifty yards, killing the beast instantly with a shot between the shoulders.

I was always pleased to get a Waller's gazelle, as these animals afford excellent sport, having such a very narrow body that they present but a small mark to shoot at. Their solid reddish-brown color renders them almost invisible, and at the same time they are exceedingly shy, and almost always keep to the bushes.

The next morning the twenty men I had sent out with Salan came marching along, singing at the top of their voices, and driving a great drove of fine camels before them. They also had with them three prisoners. Salan told me he had followed one of the guides the day before till he came to a lot of villages from which the animals had been driven away, and that he had then tracked these animals all night, finally coming upon a herd of the finest lot of camels he had ever seen. There were a good many natives with the camels, with whom Salan tried to make

friends, but he could not do anything with them ; so making a sudden rush, my boys succeeded in catching three powerful old chiefs, the Somalis not firing a single shot, as I had given them strict orders not to do so unless the natives attacked them.

I had a long talk with the three old chiefs, which ended by my sending one of them away to tell his people that if they would all come to the camp they could have their camels back, but they must trade with me. I pointed out the number of boxes and bundles of trading goods that I had with me, and the miserable condition in which my camels were, so that when the old man left he seemed to understand my condition, and smilingly said he would do all he could for us, and that he believed now that I was not the same sort of a man as the white men who had gone up the Ganana.

In the afternoon about a hundred natives came to the camp, bringing their wives and children along to show their good will. I gave them back their camels, and now those that wished to do so began to trade briskly. I found these Gere Libin to be principally atheists, though a few of them said they believed in Wak. They owned many large villages about the Dawa, where they grow a little grain, but their principal occupation is raising camels, cattle, and sheep.¹

Each village has its own chief, who is quite independent of any more powerful king, being selected usually on account of his wealth and intelligence ; but he dare not act before consulting with all the old men of the village. Youths have no say whatever in state affairs, being regarded as absolutely irresponsible until past thirty.

¹ Directly south of Aimola is a country and people called Sakuyu ; to the north the Gere Libin extend some sixty miles, and are divided into the following "cashes," or clusters of villages, beginning at Aimola: the Kolula, Rer Mogufa, Wara Meda, and the Kal Wena.

It was weary work for the next three days trading with these Gere Libin, several hours often being required to conclude a single bargain. The natives wanted enormous prices for their animals, the chief articles they desired being cloth and brass wire. On the 14th of March several Boran came to the camp, the first we had seen. They brought much coffee with them, which they gave to us as a present, and appeared to regard us in a very friendly light. Of a light copper color, they resembled the Abyssinians very much in their long faces, broad foreheads, and generally intelligent cast of features, as well as in their height and good muscular development. Those that visited us at Aimola belonged to the Sakuyu tribe, and wore their heads shaved, with the exception of a little tuft of hair which they left in the middle of their head and twisted into a tiny little pigtail. The women wore a short apron and bib of cloth or leather, while the men clothed themselves in a pair of very loose short trousers and a cloak thrown over the shoulders, the material for these garments coming from Konso and Amara. The arms of people of both sexes were covered with brass, copper, and ivory bracelets, and many necklaces of beads were worn.

Every man who could afford it wore also a huge brass ring on his index finger, made into the form of a large circular disk on top, that projected nearly half an inch from the finger. One man brought a bag containing thirty pounds of shelled coffee beans, which he sold at the low price of one piece of cloth. They said they got the coffee from the Jan Jams, a people living in a very cold mountainous country far to the northwest. Formerly the Boran were divided up into many different tribes, but now they are all united under one powerful king named Abofilato, who is the hereditary chief of Karayu Boran, these Karayu Boran having subdued their neighbors and

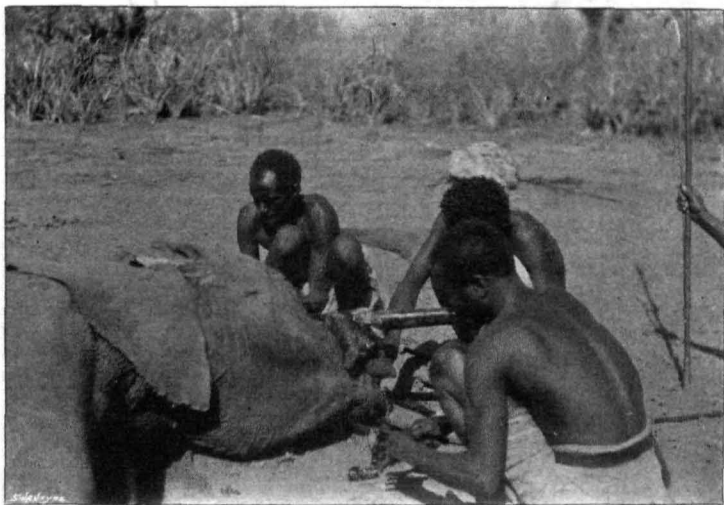
formed themselves into a strong central government, in which at present nothing but harmony prevails. All the Boran are worshippers of Wak, believing him to be an all-powerful man living high up in the heavens, working for their good or evil; but they have no idea of a future existence. Whenever they desired anything especially, they would sacrifice some animal to Wak under a tree; and often on ordinary occasions when they slaughtered an ox or a sheep they called upon Wak to help them.

The men usually had a plurality of wives, but were above the average savage in their ideas of morality. For years the Somalis from the coast towns near the mouth of the Jub have been accustomed to trade with the Boran for ivory, and it is from these traders that many of the reports concerning the Boran and their country have reached the ears of European residents on the coast. The Rev. Mr. Wakefield, who was for many years a missionary at Kismayo, collected a mass of material, but the majority of the reports furnished him were false.

The Boran speak the same language as the Arusa Gallas, but differ widely in the pronunciation of some of their words from the Gallas living about the Tana River.

We rested ten days at Aimola, during which time I bought twenty-two good camels, eight oxen, and some sheep and goats, paying out for these one hundred and twenty pieces of cloth, one hundred and forty pounds of mixed beads, seventy pounds of brass wire, and eight of my poorest camels. My boys had much work training the new camels to carry loads; but the Somalis, as I have said, are the best camel-men in the world, so it was not long before all the animals were thoroughly mastered. The water-holes of Aimola are situated on a plateau three thousand feet above the sea, called the Budda Ardesa, where the nights are always cool and the days not uncomfortably hot.

the average temperature for the twenty-four hours being seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit. All the boys got rid of their fever in this healthy spot, and Dodson and I never felt better in our lives. There were many elephants, rhinoceroses, and giraffes about, so that I managed to get considerable shooting. I followed the tracks of some elephants for a long time, and finally came upon them asleep under



THREE OF THE AUTHOR'S BOYS CUTTING OUT TUSKS.

some tall sycamores. Creeping quite close behind some bushes, I fired at one just behind the shoulder with my eight-bore, and was rejoiced to see him tumble over quite dead. As I fired, however, three elephants came directly toward the bush where I was concealed, trumpeting loudly.

There was no way of escaping to another bush, so I remained perfectly quiet while the animals passed within a few feet of me. It was a most uncomfortable moment for me, as I could not tell whether the animals would come through the bush after me or not; but evidently they were not intending to charge, having chosen accidentally to

come my way in their flight. Almost every night rhinoceroses and elephants would pass close to the camp, but I did not go after them in the dark. Only one morning did a rhinoceros come close enough to the camp for me to get a shot. My bullet struck the beast in the back as he was puffing and tearing up the ground about fifty yards away, evidently objecting to our having invaded his country; but the wound was not enough to finish him, for he turned aside and ran off into the bushes. I went out of the camp, and followed his blood trail a short distance, until suddenly I heard what sounded like a steam-engine coming for me *from behind the bush*; but luckily the beast was too severely wounded to run fast, so that I had time to put up my rifle and fire before he reached me. I hit him this time in the shoulder, causing him to fall on his knees, and with the second barrel rolled him over on his side.

A couple of Gallas who had been in the camp over night, and who had followed me in my search for the wounded rhinoceros, now rushed up, and proceeded to fill themselves with the blood that poured from spear wounds they made in the animal's side; I think they must have drunk a gallon apiece.

We left Aimola on the 19th of March, and proceeded in a westerly direction toward the lovely valley of San Kural in the country of the Boran. The Gere Gallas had been most agreeably surprised at our not having looted them, and as we took leave of them they showed their pleasure by broad grins for every one. The valley of San Kural is very picturesque with its high mountains and luxurious vegetation, and giant boulders of granite superimposed one upon the other in the most curious fashion.

After our first march from Aimola we camped near some villages a little to the west of the wells of San Kural. Here we did much trading with the Boran, so that I could

count seventy-eight good camels in my caravan when we left the next morning. The country continued very interesting, with its bold hills of jagged rocks a mile or two apart. Lodged all about the country were single solid rocks, worn into spheres, while the hills looked like great masses of these rocky spheres piled in chaotic heaps on one another, and balanced by perpendicular columns of reddish rock that projected high in all directions.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BEAUTIES OF EL DERE — ATTEMPTED MURDER — THE GABBRA AND HIS OUTFIT — DIFFICULT MARCHING — MY CARAVAN AT NIGHT — HAWAYI SOMALIS AND GABBRA — ANCIENT WELLS AT LE — THE NATIVES BEGIN TO ACT SUSPICIOUSLY — MORE REMARKABLE WELLS — SHOOTING GAZELLES IN A THUNDERSTORM — KNOCKED INSENSIBLE BY LIGHTNING — IN DANGER FROM NATIVES.

ON March 22 we made a five hours' march, going straight into a tiny horseshoe-shaped valley, surrounded, except at its very narrow entrance, by tall mountain walls over five thousand feet high. The beauty of this little valley was most striking, with its flowering plants and luxuriant bushes and vines. Under a big rock at the farther extremity of this cul-de-sac ran a spring of cold, clear water, called El Dere. Many trees of boxwood grew about the spring, the trunks of some of them being three feet in diameter, and among the rocks were many ferns and mosses; so that, as I drank a hatful of the cold, pure water, I imagined myself out for a day's trout-fishing in the mountains of Pennsylvania. There were a good many villages of Boran near El Dere, but some of these belonged to the Gabbra, or low-caste Boran, who use bows and poisoned arrows, and who are regarded as so far removed from their superiors that they are not allowed to marry outside of their own tribe, although their villages are found scattered all through Abofilato's dominions. It was while engaged in shooting guinea-fowl that I noticed one of these Gabbra secreted behind a bush, and aiming with his bow and arrow

at one of my camel-boys. I immediately fired close over his head, causing him to drop his weapon and cry out for mercy; and on going up to the rascal, I found his quiver full of freshly poisoned arrows. But why he wanted to shoot my boy I could not make out.



THE GABBRA'S OUTFIT.

Attached to his quiver was a pouch made of soft, very well tanned leather, containing a characteristic outfit of articles necessary to the life of a native, including a little pair of forceps for removing thorns, two sticks for making a fire, another stick which served as a toothbrush, a wooden comb with three prongs, a bit of strong-smelling gum, used as scent, and last but not least, a little bag of tobacco, mixed with ashes, for chewing. After having his weapons and outfit taken from him, the would-be murderer was given sharp cuts with a stick, and then sent away,

admonished never to be seen near the camp, on pain of death.

The next day we had to retrace our steps a little way to get out of the valley of El Dere, and then march straight to the north. It was misty when we started, but soon a heavy downpour of rain commenced, and lasted all day, thoroughly soaking the loads. The path, which led through a narrow gorge between two lofty mountains, with precipitous sides, called Mt. Erer, and then across a flat and bushy plain to the base of a long mountain chain, was now converted into a small torrent, and the camels were continually falling down in the slippery mud. We had to keep moving, as we could not camp in the water, but the rain never ceased. Finally, after eight hours of hard labor, we found a little sloping ground, where the water drained off quickly, and here we halted. Tired and shivering as we were, we could get nothing to eat for a long time, as it was impossible to start a fire; but there was plenty of water to be had by collecting the rain as it fell.

The path now gradually rose, and curved around the sides of a high mountain, the view being magnificent as we looked south, far down a broad valley surrounded by rugged mountains and covered by forest. I had managed to buy several more camels, oxen, and donkeys at El Dere, so that the camp at night seemed once more well filled. My diary tells me: "One hundred camels growl and snort, twelve bullocks bellow, thirteen donkeys and three mules bray and neigh, and forty goats and sheep make what noise they can; the men sing, yell, and dispute, and now and then a rifle is fired to warn passing creatures not to treat the camp with contempt. Such is night in camp; but yet I am so used to it that the noise does not affect my rest a little bit."

On March 26 we found ourselves at some perennial wells

called Garca, in a country very sparsely inhabited, and in which there was little game except giraffes and Waller's gazelles. But the next march brought us to a thickly populated district about Mt. Jima, where there were many Gabbra villages, as well as settlements of Hawayi Somalis. These Hawayi Somalis had emigrated from Bardera within the last sixteen years, and were now under the protection of King Abofilato.

The two Boran guides were not leading us by the best paths, I afterwards found out, but persisted in taking us first north, and then south, through the densest sort of jungle. From the insolent manner in which some of the natives treated us, and the strange behavior of my guides, I soon began to suspect there was something wrong. I frequently found the tracks of many men on ponies, who had gone before us, and my boys would occasionally see natives spying at us from behind some bush. Still we could find no reason to be alarmed, as in most places in the Boran country the natives had been friendly. Two marches from Jima brought us to a rather more open country, in which there were some curious wells called Le. These wells, which lie in a broad meadow, are very remarkable, being approached by a winding passage a hundred yards long, which descends gradually to the bottom of a large round chamber, fifty feet deep, and opening straight to the top. The passageway and the chamber itself have both been cut through solid rock. In the latter are a series of basins for receiving the water as it is drawn up from a narrow opening dug another forty feet below the bottom of the chamber. Rough ladders made of sticks, and whipped together by leather thongs, lead down to the water.

Although I saw no inscriptions, or relics of any kind that might lead me to suppose these wells had been made by the Egyptians, their immense size, and the fact of their

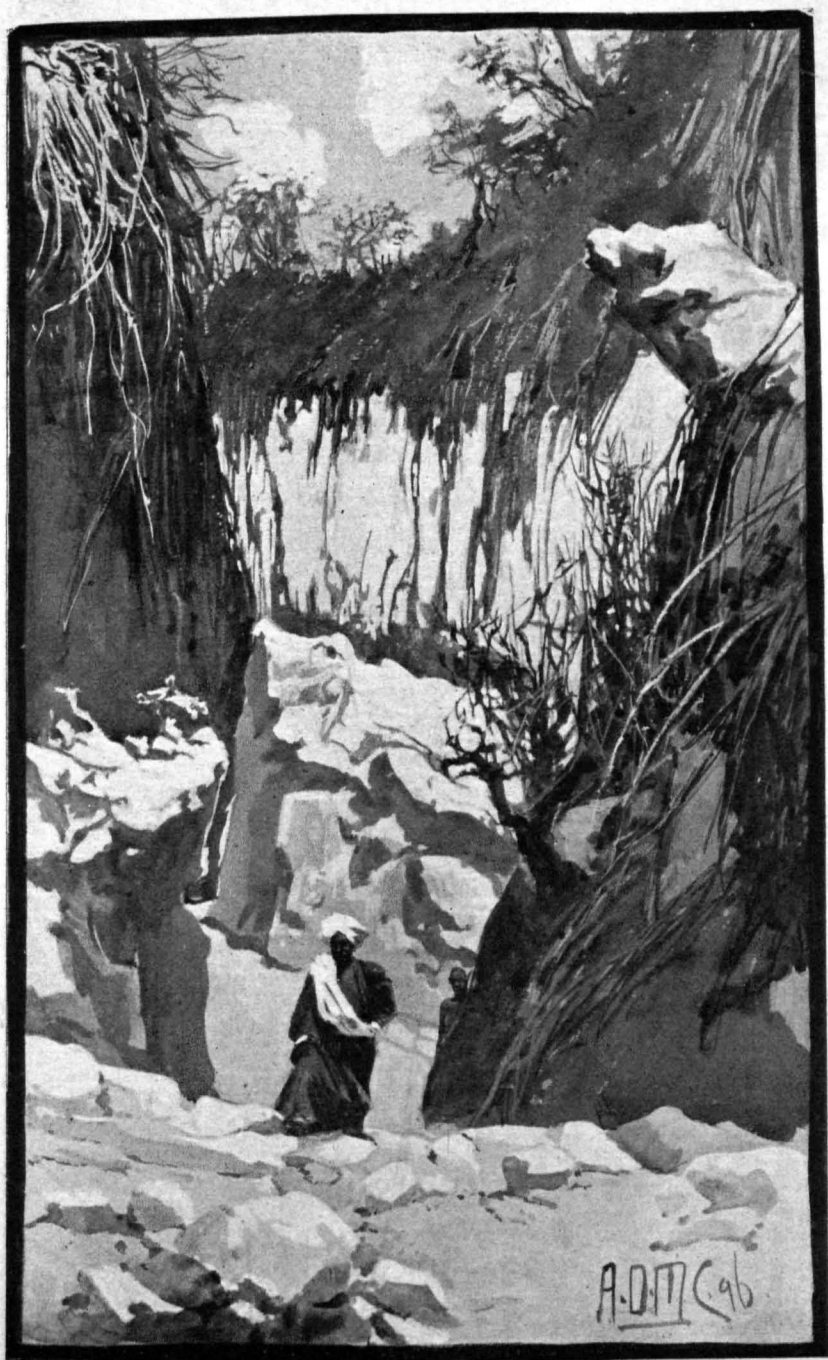
being cut through rock, impressed me with the belief that they were dug by these ancient colonists.

After two more short marches we came to some Boran villages called Goff, lying in a bushy, undulating plain, where there were wells even more extensive than those at Le, the passage being longer, and descending to sixty feet below the surface. I managed to buy a few sheep, but the natives did not impress me as being very peaceably inclined. The country now changed considerably for the better, becoming more open, and covered with long luxuriant grass.

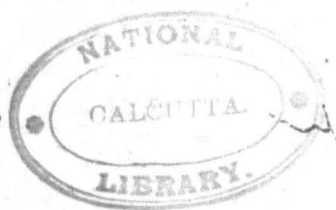
Another tramp of about five hours brought us to a plain a mile square, in which there were several more of the curious wells above described. Several natives on horseback kept moving about the plain, but would not approach, and many more could be seen spying at us from among the bushes. After pitching camp and getting a bite to eat, I started out with Karsha to try for some curious looking gazelles which were grazing a long way off, and which I imagined belonged to a new species.

I only had a hard time for nothing, and was very nearly killed. The gazelles were the wildest I ever saw, and would not let me get within two hundred yards of them at first.

It began to rain heavily, but I was so eager to get one of the strange animals that I kept on stalking and stalking. The lightning flashed all about me, and the wind and rain obscured the view. I could now just see the white rumps of the gazelles, moving slowly, not far off. Karsha followed silently. The elements seemed to break forth in vengeance upon the earth. But my blood was aroused, and a gazelle I was determined on shooting, to compensate for my soaking. What was that! A sheet of lightning almost upon us, that blinded us for the moment. Another



THE WELLS OF LE.



crack!—Bang! Two light spots before my eyes, a splitting pain darting through my head that seemed to crack my skull in two, and all was over. I do not know how long the interval was, but after a time I began to be aware of my existence, and found that I could actually move my head, and open my eyes and look about me. What was the situation? I commenced gradually and anxiously to ask myself, as I felt a tingling and weakness in all my nerves.

There was my rifle lying ten feet in front of me, and I was prostrate on the ground. I had actually been knocked senseless by a passing flash of lightning, and now I was awakening to the fact that I was not in the least hurt,—only flattened out in the most sudden and ignominious fashion, with my face in a mudpuddle. Where was Karsha? I turned my head, and there he was, flat on his face, with hands outstretched in the same direction as myself. I called several times to him before he finally lifted up his head. Somehow I could not resist laughing aloud, his face wore such a pitiable expression. My laughing aroused him, and gave him some idea of his being alive. But now came forth such a pitiable flow of “Alis!” “Mahomets!” and frantic prayers, that I was on my feet in a moment, forgetting my narrow escape from death in the amusement Karsha caused me. I patted him laughingly on the back as he gradually came to life, and then got him to pick up his gun and start off with me once more. Now the serious part of the affair came up before me, and I could not throw off a peculiar nervous, weak feeling. I had a headache,—of that there was no doubt; and the same elements that had just shown me how small I was were still raging about me. There were the gazelles, where I had last seen them, barely visible, a hundred and fifty yards away.