CHAPTER XVII

ALONG THE GUASO NYIRO

Our camp at the Guaso Nyiro was pitched under some magnificent trees close to the river at a place named Elongatta Embolyoi, where there is a ford leading to a place called Saye in the Reserve. I now discovered that the reason the guides were so anxious to lead us in this direction was because their own manyatta was here, and they naturally wanted to visit it and bring me to their chief Leleleit, who had indeed given them emphatic orders to do so before sending them to Rumuruti. The fact that a white man visited his village would, he imagined, give him an extra amount of prestige among the other chiefs of his tribe.

Leleleit himself, wrapped in a neatly fringed but grimy piece of amerikani, soon called on me and brought with him a present of some milk and a sheep, for which I duly paid him by a suitable present in return. He was accompanied by his
old blind wife, and asked me in simple faith, as if it were a small matter that I could easily put right, to be so good as to restore her sight, and also to cure his little son, who was covered with bad ulcers.

I told him that I feared it was impossible for me to cure his wife, as her blindness was the work of Ngai (God) and it would be useless for me to attempt to undo it. I comforted him, however, by telling him that I would cure his little son by giving him some dawa (medicine) for daily application.

I decided to remain at this place for another day, as I was anxious to explore the hilly country, to the west of our camp, through which the Guaso Nyiro flows after taking the sharp bend to the eastward. I also wished to obtain some idea of the game that was to be found in this direction.

We accordingly set out westward in the early dawn along the southern bank of the Guaso Nyiro. I was anxious to cover as much ground in the cool of the morning as was possible, and made my way towards a high peak named Nandaydo, from which I hoped to obtain a good view of the surrounding country, and, perhaps, be able to see as far as the eastern bend of the river.

The sun had not been up for more than an hour when Abbudi came to tell us that he had spotted a fine waterbuck, so Mrs. B. set off to stalk it, and,
taking advantage of some very favourable ground, succeeded in getting to close range, and adding this much-prized trophy to her bag.

We made rather slow progress, as the country

was covered in all directions with thick thorn trees and scrub, through which we had to force our way as best we could. There was, of course, no path along which we could travel, save now and again
when we were lucky enough to strike an animal track going in our direction.

I was all the time somewhat anxious on Mrs. B.'s account, lest a rhino should suddenly dive out of the bush and charge us, as was the case when Mrs. S. had such a very narrow escape on Christmas Day. I therefore sent Abbudi with a couple of Samburu spearmen to scout on ahead, while the gun-bearers
were kept close at hand with the spare rifles in case of need; but, much to my relief, we were not troubled with rhino on this occasion. It was a rather wearisome march, the monotony of which was broken by the occasional glimpse of an animal as it dashed from our view into the thick bush. Once, as we approached a little open glade in silence, we spied through the branches the form of a reddish-coloured animal grazing in the midst of it, quite unconscious of our approach. I signalled to the party to halt, and we remained motionless while Mrs. B. stalked and bowled over her first impala.

As we had started with the dawn and had nothing
to eat except a biscuit and a cup of coffee before leaving camp, we decided to halt and have breakfast under a shady tree, as the sun's rays by this time were very fierce. We had brought out a kettle and teapot and everything we should require for breakfast and lunch in the wilds, and it was not long

before Abbudi had a fire lit, and the kettle, filled with water from the Guaso Nyiro, boiling cheerily over the embers.

Meanwhile Karogi and another Samburu had cut up the impala and made a Samburu oven, and now commenced to roast a few dainty bits to add to our.
feast. The Samburu method of cooking meat is as follows. First with the aid of a long knife a trench is dug in the ground about nine inches deep and fifteen inches wide, with outlets for a draught; this trench is then filled with sticks and branches, etc., which are set fire to and allowed to blaze away until nothing remains but glowing embers, which almost fill up the trench; sticks of hard wood are placed across the top, and on this the meat is grilled. I can answer for it that the resulting flavour is most excellent; at all events we found impala, roasted in Samburu fashion, exceedingly good. Practically every bit of the animal was eaten by ourselves and followers, Abbudi pronouncing it almost as good as a sheep, which is high praise coming from a Masai. Meat grilled directly after it is killed is fairly tender, but the same meat cooked an hour or two afterwards is often very tough.

After breakfast we started off again, hoping for lions or other big game, but we saw nothing except two female gerenuk, which we did not of course attempt to molest in any way. I noticed the fresh spoor of a herd of buffalo, which had apparently a short time previously crossed over the river into the Reserve.

We finally reached Mount Nandaydo, but I was much disappointed with the view obtained from the
sunlimit. Away to the west nothing was to be seen except barren mountains and hills, stretching in a broken line to the great mountain of Lujriesia, which stands on the north side of the river. We could follow the course of the Guaso Nyiro for some distance, winding its tortuous way with difficulty through this rugged and inhospitable region. The Reserve to the north of the river presented a bleak and uninviting appearance, and it struck me that the beasts in it were in a natural sanctuary which would not be readily invaded by civilized man. After taking notes of everything of importance within sight, we made our way down from the mountain and returned to camp by a different route. On the way we met a rhino rather unexpectedly, but luckily he took to his heels, and we reached our tents at Elongatta without any further adventure. We were all glad to retire early, so as to have a good rest to prepare us for the journey which we proposed to commence along the Guaso Nyiro on the following morning.

My plan now was to push on along the river, which for many miles forms the southern boundary of the Reserve, until I should reach somewhere about the 38th degree of east longitude. Then I intended to turn northward towards Marsabit, which is a mountainous district lying on the 38th meridian, and explore the country as far as that
place, and beyond if necessary, to see if a range of mountains or other physical feature existed which would form a good and suitable natural eastern boundary to the Reserve. If circumstances permitted I then intended to mark out a northern boundary as far as Lake Rudolf, returning through the heart of the Reserve; but, as we shall see later, it was impossible to carry out this part of my programme.

I had given instructions that the camp was to be roused early. Accordingly, at sunrise, everything being ready, we said good-bye to Leleleit and set off along the right bank of the Guaso Nyiro. It would have been more agreeable to have marched all the time along the banks of the river, under the shade of the fine trees that in places grow along the water's edge, but it was not always possible to do this on account of the dense undergrowth and great masses of rock which here and there barred the way.

The country to the right and left of our route was more or less broken and intersected with dry ravines, while there was thick bush, mainly of wait-a-bit thorns, everywhere. The heat was intense, and there was no shelter of any kind save what was scantily afforded by a few stunted acacias or weird-looking euphorbias.

Away to our left front could be seen a peculiar,
cone-shaped hill with what appeared to be a square block of stone exactly capping the apex. This hill is called by the natives Embuguli, which means "vessel," as it is somewhat the shape of the Samburu gourd in which they carry water or milk.

Our first camp was at a place called Kurseine, where the river narrows into a thread of water.
rushing through a deep cleft in a rocky ridge which crosses it almost at right angles. It is a hot, inhospitable and uninviting spot, but the few Samburu whom we met there with their flocks of sheep and goats seemed to thrive in this arid waste.

During our daily marches along the river we saw a great variety of game, especially impala, oryx, and the beautiful Grévy zebra. Gerenuk also began to be less rare, and we often caught glimpses of them as they scampered off through the bush. Waterbuck too were particularly numerous, but I never saw a good head on the Guaso Nyiro, and the horns seem to run considerably smaller than those of their kinsmen on the Athi or Tana rivers. One day as I marched along with the safari I was astonished to see one of these antelopes standing in a shallow part of the river quite close to the passing line of porters, taking absolutely no notice of the men. One or two of the pagazis, more keen-sighted than the rest, shouted out “He’s blind, he’s blind,” and, dropping their loads, rushed into the river and soon had their knives into the poor beast’s throat. I think this waterbuck must have been deaf as well as blind, as he paid no attention to the noise and shouting, and was very easily dispatched. It is a most unusual thing to find a feeble beast both blind and deaf living to a good old age in
the wilds, where there are so many beasts of prey seeking what they may devour.

I was glad to find that B. seemed somewhat better, and was able to do a little shooting and secure specimens of gerenuk, waterbuck, and impala. Mrs. B. was as successful as usual, and among other trophies secured a good oryx after a long and trying stalk.

As we were marching quietly along soon after leaving Kurseine, my Samburu guide, Papai, suddenly showed signs of great excitement, and drew our attention to a tiny bird, fluttering and twittering in front of us in a very curious fashion. On asking him through Abbudi what its antics meant, he replied, "He is telling us where to get honey." I was naturally very much interested, and when Papai asked me if I would halt the safari for a little while so that he might go and rob the nest, I willingly consented and myself accompanied the old Samburu, who now relinquished to the tiny bird his rôle of guide. The little thing, which was barely the size of a wren, twittered and chirruped and fluttered along from one bush to another, looking round pertly all the time to see if we were following. In this way it led us on for about a quarter of a mile, until at last it came to a dead stop, and took up its position on a tree, where it remained motionless.

Papai then told us that we were now close to the
honey, and must be on the look-out for the bees coming and going. In a few seconds we discovered them entering a tiny hole in a tree, not a dozen yards from where our cunning little guide had stopped.

We very soon had an opening made sufficiently large for Papai to thrust his hand into the hollow, and in this way he removed several honey-combs full of the most delicious golden honey that it has.
ever been my good fortune to taste. He took not the slightest notice of the bees, though they flew all round him and some of them stung him. We were much pleased with our spoil, and left a fair share of it behind as a reward for the trusty little guide who had led us along so skilfully.

Although we passed numerous ravines daily in our march, yet these were always dry, so it was quite a surprise when at last we came to a stream called Ngare Oendare, flowing from the direction of Mount Kenya, and filled from bank to bank with good, clear, cold running water.

Soon after passing this stream, as we neared our camping ground at a place called Killethamia, I happened to notice that Mrs. B. looked pale and ill and rode along quite listlessly. In a little time she complained of a violent headache, and I feared that she had got a touch of sun, especially as she had been walking along in the fierce heat holding an umbrella over B., who was not well on this march. As soon as we reached camp I had the tent pitched hastily in the shade, and prescribed complete rest. Within an hour fever set in, and I knew from the feel of her wrist that it was pretty high, but I was not prepared for the shock I received when, on taking her temperature, I found it was over 104°. I immediately resorted to my usual plan for reducing temperature, which is to
give copious draughts of very hot tea on the top of phenascetin, and cover the patient up in a pile of blankets. Mrs. B. naturally objected very much to this drastic proceeding, but on being told that it was the only way she would get fit, quickly resigned herself to the discomfort. In less than an hour she was bathed in perspiration, and the temperature went down to 101°. For the next three days her temperature kept rising and falling, and in the end she was so weak that she could hardly move.

Of course it was a very anxious time for me, as B. was also far from well, and I had the whole strain of the double illness on my shoulders, far away in the nyika and cut off from all possibility of medical aid. I little realised at the time I was doctoring Mrs. B. that before so very long our roles would be reversed, as it was my misfortune to be struck down by a severe illness, which would probably have made an end of me but for her skilful nursing.

It was a relief to find that my patient made a very rapid recovery. On the fourth day the fever abated, and Mrs. B. was well enough to be carried in a hammock, so we left Killethamia and made a short march along the river.

I noticed some of the genuine tsetse-fly, with their peculiar crossed wings, in this neighbourhood and feared for our horses, as a single bite from on
of these pests would in a short time prove fatal. I therefore ordered two men to watch each horse and flick off any flies that attempted to settle on them. It was probably owing to these precautions that the horses escaped, but as none of the other animals died, it is possible that the tsetse-fly of these parts may not be infected.
CHAPTER XVIII

AN ADVENTURE WITH A CROCODILE

Whenever the men of the safari had a chance they spent their time fishing in the Guaso Nyiro, and many of them were very successful. One man who was known by the name of Nyumbu (mule) was most expert with the rod, and daily brought us a huge fish for our table. Although rather soft and full of bones, it made a very acceptable addition to our usual diet.

At our next camping-place our fisherman had a very narrow escape indeed, and as all the circumstances connected with it were most extraordinary and dramatic, I must relate the entire adventure.

On this particular morning I happened to be riding ahead of the safari on the look-out for a suitable camping-place, when I suddenly came upon an impala and, knowing that we were in want of some camp meat, I made a hasty shot at him as
he fled away through the scrub. My bullet struck him and knocked him head over heels, but before I could reach him he picked himself up and made for the river. I fired again but missed, and then ran to the river bank, fully expecting to see him making his way across, but there was no trace of him to be discovered anywhere. I
was very much astonished at this, as I could not understand how a beast wounded so badly could get away so quickly; but after searching in every direction I gave him up and turned my attention to the selection of our camping ground, which I chose close by, under the shade of some large trees.

As soon as the tents were pitched Nyumbu went down to the river to fish as usual, and was just about to step off the bank on to what he took to be a log, when the apparent log gave a slight movement and he saw that it was the back of a crocodile! The man was luckily able to draw back, and rushed up the slope, calling out, "Bwana, mamba! mamba!" ("Master, a crocodile! a crocodile!"). We all happened to be close at hand, so I seized my rifle and ran down to the river, and seeing the hideous creature's back close under the bank quickly put a bullet into it. Instantly there was a terrific heaving and writhing in the water, which the reptile lashed about in all directions, though he seemed unable to get away. Seeing this Abbudi ran down to the water's edge, stepped on to a bough which projected out over the river and thrust his spear with all his might deep into the creature's back. The moment the crocodile felt the steel he twisted himself round on his tail with indescribable speed and viciousness, snapped at the spear, whipped it
clean out of Abbudi's hand, as well as out of his own back, and flung it yards away to the bottom of the river!

I never in all my life saw such an astonished and crestfallen expression as appeared on Abbudi's face, and indeed it was no wonder, for the rapidity with which the brute had turned on him was incredible. His position was now highly dangerous, but before the crocodile could whip round again to make a second grab, I put another couple of bullets into his spine, thus rendering him quite helpless.

In the midst of all this excitement, and while the crocodile was lashing about and snapping his vice-like jaws, Mrs. B., forgetting that she was still an invalid, jumped on to the branch beside Abbudi to get a better view of what was going on. This was a most unwise proceeding, but fortunately the reptile was too badly hit to be able to do any damage.

As soon as he was quite dead we had a rope fastened round him, and with the aid of a dozen willing hands hauled him up out of the river. The most extraordinary part of the whole occurrence then happened, for when we opened him up, we found inside him the half of a freshly-eaten impala! There was no doubt that it was the one which I had shot and which had disappeared so mysteriously
after making its way to the river bank. It was no wonder that I could not find him, as he must even then have been in the maw of the crocodile, which of course had caught him and dragged him under as soon as he attempted to struggle across the stream.

"BENT ALMOST TO A RIGHT ANGLE BY THE CROCODILE."

After considerable trouble Abbudi recovered his spear from the river bed, but found that the soft blade had been bent almost to a right angle by the crocodile when he grabbed it out of his hand, as is clearly shown in the photograph.

The natives, with their usual happy knack for names, called this place "Kampi ya Mamba".
(Crocodile Camp), and always referred to it thus afterwards.

We were visited at this spot by some of the natives of the Meru country carrying foodstuffs for barter among the Samburu people. They sell beans, tobacco and a kind of flour, in return for the

 skins of bullocks, sheep, and more especially goats, which no doubt eventually find their way into the hands of an Arab or Swahili trader of the coast, and thence to the markets of Europe. We did not do any trade with them, however, as they wanted too much in exchange for their goods,
and I did not wish to spoil the market for others who might follow.

Close to Crocodile Camp we came upon an ingenious device made by some Wandorobo for

"GIVING HIMSELF ROOM TO STAND UPRIGHT INSIDE."

the purpose of lying in wait for and attacking game in safety. A large tree grew by the side of a well-worn animal track, a few yards away from a waterhole which was apparently much used by.
the game. The top of this tree had probably been broken off in a storm, leaving about ten feet of the bole intact. The Andoroabo set to work on this with his little axe of primitive shape and make, hewed out a narrow doorway, and then hollowed out the rotten stem, thus giving himself room to stand upright inside and freely use his spear on a passing animal. The back part of the tree was cut away to within some four feet of the ground, leaving a flat platform by means of which the hunter could if necessary retreat from his position inside the hollow. The opening thus made also allowed his spear full play when poised horizontally for a thrust. If the wind was in the wrong direction the Andoroabo remained concealed on the other side of the path until the beast had gone down the steep gully to drink, and then stepped cautiously forward to thrust his spear deep into a vital part. If it were a dangerous animal he merely skipped into his shelter, and if attacked there he scrambled on to the ledge at the back, where he would be safe from anything except an elephant or beast of prey; but the Wandoroabo only hunt for meat, and would not molest a lion if he came to drink. Altogether it was a very ingenious contrivance, as will be seen from the photographs.

We did not come across many natives on our
way along the Guaso Nyiro, as the country is but sparsely inhabited. One day, however, I saw a whole Samburu village on *safari*, seeking fresh pastures. The men strode loftily along in a lordly manner carrying their spears and shields, or bows and arrows as the case might be, while the poor

unfortunate women were laden up with all kinds of household goods, including the framework of the huts themselves, which the overladen donkeys they drove could not bear the weight of. The boys and the old men herded the cattle and sheep.

Game continued to be very plentiful, and my companions got some good shooting. Now and
again I went out in the afternoon when camp had been pitched and everything set in order.

I made various attempts to stalk a gerenuk, but failed time after time, so much so that I was thoroughly exasperated with my bad fortune. They are very shy indeed, more especially the males, and I found it very difficult to get one. It appears that the Wandonobo hunt this gazelle with great zeal, as they prize its tender and delicious meat very highly. For this reason, probably, they were very timid and hard to approach. However, I was determined to get a specimen if possible, so spent several hot afternoons scrambling among the bushes studying their ways. I generally found that they travelled in a circle when attacked.

One day, when I was out alone, I came across a beauty, with what I should think were record horns, standing on his hind legs with his fore-feet resting against a tree trunk, and his long neck craned up to the branches, eating away contentedly at the tender leaves and green shoots. "Now is my chance," I said to myself; so, making my gun-bearer lie down, and telling him on no account to move, I began a long stalk. Soon after I started, a dip in the ground took me into cover, and then I dodged from bush to bush, and from tree to tree, gradually getting nearer to the still feeding gazelle.

No luck was in store for me, however, as I had
devoted too much attention to the buck I was intent on—a very common fault of mine—and consequently I did not notice that a little way to the right his wife and family were gazing at me intently and suspiciously. When they thought I had got quite near enough, off they started at a gallop, taking my intended trophy away with them!

Thus in one way or another I was foiled for a time in my attempts to obtain a specimen of these quaint-looking animals, but at last luck favoured me.

One morning, when we had set out soon after daylight, I was riding by myself a little to the right of the others and spied what I first of all took to be a Grant's gazelle, standing among the bushes. Had I only known what it was, I might have easily dismounted and shot him without more ado, as he stood motionless not more than forty yards away, looking in amazement at the wholly unusual sight of a man mounted on a horse. The moment he moved I saw by his long, slender neck and peculiar undulating motion that he was not a Grant, but a gerenuk with a very fine head indeed, so I immediately made up my mind to use every endeavour to bag him. I had a couple of unsuccessful snap-shots at him as he moved through the bushes, Aladdin spoiling my aim by pulling back on the reins just as I was about to fire. The
moment the gerenuk got out of sight I mounted
and cantered after him as fast as the thorny nature
of the bush and undergrowth would allow. In the
meantime he had galloped across the front of my
companions, and Mrs. B., not knowing that I was
in pursuit, began to stalk him also, as he had now
got into a bit of open country where he could
be plainly seen. As soon as she caught sight of me,
she immediately stopped her stalk, and would not
go on, although I offered to relinquish the hunt
in her favour. I therefore continued the chase
alone, and finally, after about an hour's hard work,
got a fairly favourable shot at him as he stood in
the midst of a herd of does beside some bushes.
Although I heard the smack of the lead as it struck
him, yet I was not at all sure that I had hit a vital
spot, as the whole herd appeared to gallop away.
On running up to the place where he had stood, I
was delighted to find that he lay stretched out dead
with a bullet through his heart.

The horns proved to be the longest on record
of any gerenuk shot in the Protectorate, and I
was naturally much pleased to be thus rewarded
after so many disappointments—not because of the
extra fraction which the horns measured, but
because I had at last made a successful stalk and
secured a good head.
CHAPTER XIX

THROUGH SAMBUKE LAND

Journeying quietly along in this manner we arrived at the *boma* of the late Mr. Neumann, who wrote such a very interesting book on elephant hunting in East Equatorial Africa. The natives all knew him as Nyama Yangu, a name they gave him owing to his habit of saying, whenever anybody pointed out an elephant or other animal, "*Nyama yangu,*" which means "the beast is mine."

We camped close to his somewhat dilapidated hut under the shade of some doum palms, which are plentiful here. A few of the porters employed themselves in gathering the hard fruit of this tree and beating it into a kind of flour, which they then made into bread. I tried a piece of the loaf so made, but cannot say that I relished it very much, although the fruit itself has a rather pleasant flavour when reduced to powder.
At this place I was much grieved to lose my fine dog Lurcher. He brought on a bad attack of pneumonia by first getting over-heated while galloping and frisking about, and then going to lie down in the cold water of the river. We had become much attached to each other, and I was very sorry indeed when I saw that he was dying. I did everything I could for him, and wrapped him up warmly in my own blankets, but his end came very quickly after a few hours' illness. I buried him under a palm tree not far from my tent, and missed him for many a day afterwards.

As "Kampi ya Nyama Yangu," as the Samburu call Neumann's boma, is near the 38th degree of East Longitude, I determined to look in this neighbourhood for a suitable starting-point for the new eastern boundary to the Reserve, and therefore without delay went out exploring in the afternoon, so as to gather some idea of the more prominent physical features of the locality.

I noticed a mountain two or three miles away on the north side of the Guaso Nyiro which I thought might answer my purpose, as it made a good and unmistakable landmark. The natives also informed me that from the top of this I would be able to see a line of mountains stretching away northward to Marsabit.
Early the following morning, therefore, I engaged an intelligent native, who knew all the country round about, to come with me, and, taking every available man in the safari to build a stone beacon on the highest peak, I started off to climb this mountain, which is called Quaithego. It rises abruptly out of the plain, and is about 3,700 feet high. The eastern side seemed to present the easiest approach, but even here the ascent was a very steep and precipitous one, and we found it a rather difficult matter to climb up to the top.

When I reached the summit of this African Pisgah and turned my face towards Marsabit that place which I had been told was a veritable land of promise—the sight that met my gaze filled me with disappointment; for here was no land flowing with milk and honey, but a barren, desolate region, extending as far as the eye could see, unrelieved by a single redeeming feature. Peak beyond peak of rugged and spectral mountains stretched away to the horizon, bare of aught save a veil of heat mist which shimmered round them from the hot and desert wastes of that terrible nyika.

It was not without anxiety, therefore, that I contemplated leading the safari through this inhospitable tract. I scanned the country carefully through my glasses in order to make myself as
familiar as possible with its principal features, and more especially to pick out such hills and mountains as I considered might be useful to me for the new boundary.

While engaged on this my eye was led from one peak to another, until finally it rested on a towering mountain, some 20 miles lower down on the north side of the Guaso Nyiro, which my guide told me was named Laishamunye.

After making a careful survey of the situation I came to the conclusion that this mountain would, on the whole, make a better base from which to start in quest of my boundary line, especially as I observed that the mountains and hills running northward appeared to be more in a direct line with it than with Quaithego. I was further confirmed in this view by hearing from my guide that there was a native track just to the east of it, which ran northwards to Marsabit. He told me, too, that there were waterholes here and there along the route, and that the names of the various landmarks were well known to the Samburu.

On coming to the conclusion to abandon Quaithego, I stopped the building of the huge stone beacon which I had set the pagazis to erect as a landmark. They were delighted to cease work, and with joyful shouts scrambled down the mountain side towards camp, as they have a very
strong objection to doing anything outside the ordinary safari routine.

I remained alone on Quaithego for some little time, sketching in the Guaso Nyiro and surrounding features of interest, and then made my way down the mountain on the western side, hoping that I should find it not so steep; but in this I was disappointed, as the going was even worse than I had experienced in the morning.

As I had been told before leaving Nairobi that the whole country between the Guaso Nyiro and Marsabit was waterless, or practically so, I was rather apprehensive of leading the safari into this unknown nyuka where they might perish of thirst, so I had many an anxious consultation with my guides as to the whereabouts of the waterholes. Papai assured me that he would be able to lead me safely through the wilderness, and that the only places where there would be any difficulty would be from the Guaso Nyiro to a place called Serah, and again later on when we should have to cross the Kaisoot Desert, and for both of these tracts camels would be required.

I sent therefore for the local chief who lived at a village some three miles away from our camp at Nyama Yangu, so that I might ask him if he would supply me with camels for the journey to Serah, as I knew he possessed a number of these animals.
The old chief, whose name was Legurchalan, came down with a goodly following and we had a *shauri* (consultation) under the shadow of the large Union Jack which I carried with me. The *shauri* proved to be a long one, as is always the case when anything in the nature of a bargain has to be struck with a native of Africa. Eventually, after drinking much coffee, he arranged that I should have four camels in return for a certain amount of cloth and wire, which I handed over to him in payment.

When the *shauri* was over, Legurchalan came and sat at my tent door, and in reply to my
questions gave me a considerable amount of useful information about his country and people. He was full of curiosity as to why I had come into the district, where I was going, what I intended to do, &c. He seemed very much impressed with the Union Jack, and appeared to understand in a vague kind of way that this flag represented considerable power. I found him most friendly and entertaining, and, on the whole, I was very favourably impressed with all the people I met belonging to his tribe.

The Samburu are a nation of nomads, the more wealthy among them possessing herds of camels, which are invaluable to them in their wanderings through the waterless nyika. They are supposed to be a branch of the Masai, and speak the same language, though they clip their syllables in a short crisp way, quite different from the drawn-out Masai intonation. Their peculiar habits and customs resemble in a large measure those of their brethren the Masai, although, unlike the latter, the warriors do not live in a separate manyatta from that of the elders. They daub themselves freely with grease and red clay, and the men braid their hair into a broad flat plait which is copiously plastered over with a reddish oily ochre, and hangs stiffly down between their shoulders, tied up with bands of sinewy tree-bark. Should a warrior find his own locks insufficient he does not hesitate to weave
in some false hair so as to give his plait the requisite fashionable shape. The hair worn in this fashion is called *El Daigan*, or the tail; and it is rather interesting to note that a range of mountains, running to the north-west from Kenya, is called El Daigan because it appears to come like a tail from Mount Kenya, which forms the head.

"HE DOES NOT HESITATE TO WEAVE IN SOME FALSE HAIR."

Before leaving *Kampi ya Nyama Yangu* I sent out a number of men to gather a quantity of the fibre plant (*sanseviera*), which grows abundantly in the neighbourhood. I was rather short of rope, of which a great deal is always required on *safari*, so I set the porters to work and soon added several hundred feet of most excellent stuff to my stock.
The manufacture is quite simple. First of all the plant is cut down and brought to camp, where it is beaten with a club against the trunk of a tree until the fibres are separated; these are then plaited into rope by one or two of the porters, many of whom are experts at this kind of work, as it is a usual task at the native jails.

As soon as the camels arrived from Legurchalan, we struck camp and set out along the Guaso Nyiro towards Laishamunye. One of these camels belonged to a young warrior named Lalla Rookh, who had the face and figure of a beautifully-modelled bronze statue. Indeed, he was so remarkably handsome that one might easily imagine him to be a direct descendant of Moore's lovely eastern princess.

Soon after leaving camp we came upon two streams. The first is called the Guaso Iscolo, and has its source in Mount Kenya, while the second, which we crossed some three miles further on, is called the Guaso Mara, and rises in the Jombini range in the Meru country, to the north-east of Kenya.

After this I could of no river flowing into the Guaso Nyiro until it reaches the Lorian Swamp, which is a huge expanse in which the river loses itself. I was told by a native, however, that the river does not end there, as most people have supposed, but in the wet season flows through.
the Lorian Swamp and eventually makes its way eastward until it joins the Juba River not far from Kismayu, which is a couple of hundred miles north of Mombasa.

We camped at a place called Gerger, and after our mid-day meal, saw close outside the camp, and lumbering along in our direction, a huge old rhino. We were all three most interested in him, and set out to have a look at him more closely, thinking we were perfectly safe, as the wind was blowing from him towards us. We had no intention of molesting him in any way, but hoped we might be so lucky as to get near enough to take his photograph.

His intentions, however, were not so peaceful, for unfortunately when we got to within about 60 yards of him the wind suddenly veered round and revealed our presence to the great brute, instantly arousing his fury. Up went head and tail, and he twisted round with the agility of a cat to face us, at the same moment giving a loud snort.

Seeing this I called out to Mrs. B., "You had better fire, as he is coming for us." While he still swayed from side to side, her shot rang out and the bullet from her .450 struck him in the shoulder and brought him to his knees, with his nose on the ground, his hind quarters still remaining upright. Another bullet from the second barrel again
plumped into his shoulder within a couple of inches of the first, and over he rolled stone dead.

What might have been a very unpleasant experience was thus happily averted, and Mrs. B. was highly delighted with her success in bringing down the great beast and having a much prized

"DELIGHTED WITH HER SUCCESS IN BRINGING DOWN THE GREAT BEAST."

rhino amongst her trophies—the only one she secured throughout the expedition. The men cut up and carried off the meat to camp, and we made soup of his tail, which, after three days' stewing, proved excellent.

The next morning, as we continued on our journey, we saw great herds of oryx and Grévy
zebra. They were so little alarmed at our approach that we rode to within some fifty yards of them and took several snap-shots. Their confidence in us was justified, as we did not molest them in any way. During the latter part of the march and while we were making our way over some very rough and scrub-covered country, great amusement was created in the safari by a member of it running behind Mrs. B. to take refuge from a rhino which suddenly appeared out of the bush. Fortunately no damage was done, and the beast bolted away again from the shouting porters and disappeared into the scrub with great activity.

Eventually we reached Laishamunye, which proved to be an intensely hot and most dreary and inhospitable place, with great sun-blasted boulders flung about everywhere. Even the river itself is gripped and throttled by vast masses of volcanic rock until it is merely a ribbon of water running through a melancholy gorge, shrouded by a few desolate and depressing doum palms which droop listlessly as if mourning that they were chained for life to this dismal spot.

The mountain of Laishamunye, which silently overshadows all, is a barren upheaval of rock, some two thousand feet from base to summit, and roughly 12 square miles in area. It is tipped on its southern crest with pinnacles, on the summit of which most
mélanchoy-looking vultures look down on the lifeless scene.

Unfortunately during our journey along the Guaso Nyiro B.'s health had not improved, and I now found myself placed in a very awkward and unpleasant predicament. I did not wish my companions to come any further with me on my journey; yet on account of B.'s state of health I could not possibly leave him behind in a strange country, without a doctor and with no knowledge of the natives or of the language. We were now absolutely in the grip of the nyika, so all things considered, I decided that it was best that we should travel on together as far as Marsabit, where I hoped he would quickly recover in the cool highlands.

After dusk I was sitting in my camp chair thinking over all these things. The rising moon shed a faint light and made our tent and camp look very weird amidst its desolate surroundings, when suddenly I was startled by the ping of a bullet as it sped past my ear, and the report of a rifle which instantly followed. Shouting out "Who fired?" I sprang to my feet and, rushing in the direction of the sound, discovered my rascally gun-bearer with a rifle in his hand. I instantly seized and disarmed him, and demanded an explanation as to why he wanted to shoot me. He trembled all over and said that it was an accident, as the cartridge had
slipped into the rifle without his knowledge, but when I asked him why he had pointed it in my direction and pulled the trigger, he could give no satisfactory reply.

As carelessness or rascality of this kind is a very serious matter and could not be allowed to go unpunished, I told him that he must be severely dealt with, and ordered the Headman to give him a good thrashing, which, of course, was a great indignity for a gun-bearer. He was a cowardly rascal, and I had often been obliged to admonish him for skulking in the rear or for running up a tree with the rifle when danger threatened—indeed, I had had to do so on that very morning. He now howled vigorously under his punishment, but it had a good effect upon him. I deprived him for some days of all weapons, and never afterwards throughout the journey did I allow him to follow me, but always made him go on just ahead, so that I could keep an eye on him, as I never knew what villainy he might be up to. He improved considerably under strict discipline, and was quite a different man by the time we reached Nairobi.

I had several rascals of this kind in the safari who needed close supervision and prompt punishment when they did wrong. Otherwise they would have become utterly unmanageable and mutinous in the wilds.
CHAPTER XX

IN QUEST OF THE BOUNDARY

From the information given to me by the guildes, I understood that on leaving Laishamunye we should have to do a forced march of some thirty miles before the water holes at Serah could be reached. I determined, therefore, to start late in the afternoon, when men and beasts had had their food and water, and the fierce heat of the sun had somewhat abated.

After having seen that every available vessel was filled with water, we turned away from the Guaso Nyiro and set out northward towards Marsabit.

The moment we got away from the river we entered upon a dreary region covered for the most part with stunted leafless trees and thorn scrub, intersected here and there by dry gravelly ravines. The reddish sandy soil gave an added appearance of sun-stricken desolation to the surroundings, and the dust getting into our throats induced a burning
and intollerable thirst, even without the exertion of making our way through the tortuous animal paths which we were forced to pursue. Every stone has had inches blistered off its surface by the fierce heat of a pitiless sun, and even the living things that roam about in this barren wilderness appear parched and sun-dried—all save the giraffe, which seems to thrive in the glaring heat.

Rhinos are very numerous, and as I rode along to the left of the safari and about a mile away from it, so as better to observe the game, I was suddenly charged by one which had been startled by the passing caravan. Shouting to Abbudi and the gun-bearers who were with me to take refuge in a convenient tree, I galloped off thinking the brute would follow. He, however, turned his attention to the men in the tree instead, and remained for some time quite close to them, while Abbudi from his perch in the branches screamed insults at him in choice Masai. I sat on Aladdin some eighty yards away enjoying the sight. Finally, with a snort, the ungainly brute turned and trotted off swiftly with his tail in the air, and was soon lost to sight among the bushes.

Before we had traversed half a dozen miles I had counted eight of these creatures, but did not see a good head among the lot. Short horns seem
to be the distinctive peculiarity of the rhino of these regions.

My Samburu guide Papai walked beside me on this march and entertained me with much useful information, which he imparted to me through Abbudi. I now for the first time discovered that he had been born an Anderobo, and had spent all his youth in the pursuit of game, as is the custom of the men of that tribe. Sometimes, when he found it almost impossible to make a living by the chase, he attached himself to the Samburu or to the Rendile. One day he fortunately killed two fine elephants, and thus secured enough ivory to purchase a Samburu maiden for a wife; in this manner he finally settled down with his adopted tribe, and had now, as he said, become a real Samburu. He told me many stirring tales of adventurous encounters with elephants and other big game, and described to me a method frequently adopted among the Wandorobo to strike down a dangerous beast. A heavy block of wood, thicker at one end than the other, is hewn out of a hardwood tree, and into the heavier end of this is driven an iron spike smeared over with a deadly poison. A long thin rope made of fibre is tied through a hole made in the other end of the block, which is then suspended from a convenient branch over the centre of an
animal track. The spare part of the rope is carried along the branch and down the trunk, and run through a loop fastened to the foot of the tree. The end is then stretched across the path a few inches from the ground and fastened to a peg or stump some yards away. The rope at the place where it crosses the path is almost cut through, so that a small pressure will break it. When the animal comes along and strikes the rope with its foot, it breaks instantly at the spot where it is cut half-way through. The block then falls with great force, the iron spike burying itself in the beast's spine. The hunter follows up the wounded animal, which soon succumbs to its injuries and the poison.\(^1\) The Wandorobo immediately cuts out the flesh round the wound, as to eat that part would mean death for them too, but the poison does not seem to have any ill effect on the remainder of the carcase.

As we marched along evening closed in, so a halt was called for tea and also to enable the safari to close up, as by this time the donkeys were far to the rear. When all had arrived the moon was shedding a brilliant light, so we set off again and marched until 9 p.m., when we slept in a rude shelter, the night being so fine that there was no need to pitch tents. We were off again before dawn, and at about 10 a.m. sighted the graceful palms that

\(^1\) This contrivance is called an *ingerengelt*. 
abound along the bed of the Serah river. It was with no little anxiety that I rode up to the waterhole in the river bed, fearing that it might possibly be dry. I was much relieved to find an abundant supply, which welled up from a clear spring and flowed for a distance of about fifty yards along the gleaming sand before the latter engulfed it in its thirsty embrace.

Near this spot I noticed great numbers of oryx and Grévy zebra, also some giraffe and a rhino or two. I saw one zebra with its hind quarters badly lacerated by the claws of a lion. The wounds were quite fresh, and, as the poor brute was evidently in great pain, I shot it to put it out of its misery. Wounded animals in the wilds must often suffer a long drawn-out agony before the final end comes.

As game was plentiful at Serah, and there was only one waterhole for the animals to drink from, I thought to myself that this would be an excellent place to make observations by night. I therefore had a boma made close by the spring so that I might sit and watch the various beasts in the brilliant moonshine as they came to quench their thirst. I had the camp purposely pitched over half a mile away, in order that the animals should not be kept from the water or be disturbed during the night.

After dinner I took up my position in the boma.
in which I had had many loopholes made, not for the purpose of shooting from, but to serve as peep-holes, so that I might be able to see in all directions; and I was well rewarded for the trouble I had taken.

I had not been in my stockade for more than an hour, when in the distance I heard pad, pad, pad, pad, and a few seconds afterwards up stalked a very tall giraffe, followed by twelve others, their heads being apparently on a level with the tops of the palms. It was the weirdest thing imaginable to watch these huge ungainly creatures stride past within twenty yards, all the time twisting their heads from side to side, keenly on the look-out, and yet totally unconscious of my presence. When they had had their drink at the waterhole, they stalked off again, and later on were succeeded by others at various times throughout the night. None of them went down to the water direct, but circled round it first to see if there were an enemy, in the shape of a lion or other rapacious beast, in sight. One elephant came and had a long drink and a bath, and then leisurely went his way down the bed of the river.

It was a perfectly still night, without a breath of air blowing, which probably accounts for the fact that the animals did not wind my boma.

Soon after the first troop of giraffe had gone, a
band of about twenty oryx came to within thirty yards or so of the water, and there halted and stood gazing at it. Then, evidently at the command of a leader, all rushed impetuously down into the riverbed, drank greedily, and galloped back to their former position. After a pause there, they again charged down together, drank their fill and galloped off into the night, this time returning no more. Undoubtedly they adopted these tactics owing to their fear of lions lurking in ambush about the waterhole. It is probable that no beast of prey would attack a herd of this size if they meant to stand by one another, as the oryx, with its long, sharp, and strong horns, set on a powerful head, is by no means to be despised as an antagonist, even by a lion. It would be very interesting to know if they would have made common cause against one had he appeared.

An hour or so after this scores of zebra came to drink, and then, to add to the interest, a lion at last arrived on the scene, and began to prowl stealthily round. I thought he was coming straight up to my boma, so much so that I reached out for my rifle and went to the loophole which he seemed to be approaching. I watched carefully for him, but for some reason he must have doubled back and crouched under a clump of bushes which grew on the bank by the water. I did not actually see
him go into these bushes, but felt pretty sure that he had hidden himself there. He gave absolutely no sign of his presence, however, and I began to think that he must have gone away along some fold in the ground where I could not see him. I soon found that this was not so, for just then some zebra came along, and as they passed close by, the lion made a mighty spring out of the bushes, pounced on one, dashed it to the earth, and apparently instantly killed it, as it hardly moved again. He lost no time in dragging it to the bank on the other side of the river bed and over some rocks out of my sight. Here he was joined by several other lions, and the noise they made over their feast was appalling. They all disappeared before daylight, and there was very little left of the zebra when I went out to investigate.

As the night wore on rhino after rhino came walking towards the water with the gravest unconcern, every species in the neighbourhood making way for him except his own kind. Finally, towards dawn, the whole place abounded with hyænas. I counted eight all present at one time, and one of these, more inquisitive than the rest, came sniffing round my boma to see what was there, and so paid for his curiosity with his life. He proved to be of a rather rare kind, the striped hyæna.

A night such as this spent among the animals
in the wilds, watching their habits and methods both of aggression and self-defence, compensates the lover of wild life for the trials and hardships endured on many a toilsome march in this hot and thirsty land.
CHAPTER XXI

A ROGUE ELEPHANT KILLS ALADDIN

Next day we continued our march towards Marsabit, but had to go rather slowly on account of B., who was feverish and had to be carried in a hammock, while Mrs. B. and I took it in turns, when it got very hot, to walk beside him with an umbrella to shade him from the fierce rays of the sun.

The path was bushy, but there were few thorn trees, which was a great comfort, for where these abound the unfortunate porters have a very bad time, as they keep catching in the loads as the men walk along. Once during this toilsome march we suddenly came upon a lion right in our path, about 100 yards ahead. He galloped off the moment he caught sight of us, and made for a bit of thicket away to our left. I put Aladdin after him at his top speed, but the lion made good his escape among the dense bush, from which, in spite of my best efforts, I was unable to cut him off.
This was a hard day for the donkeys on account of the rough nature of the ground, and it gave Munyakai a good deal of trouble to get them to camp, as it was his business to bring up the rear of the safari and clear all stragglers on before him. One of the donkeys finally gave out, and although his load was taken off, was unable to walk any further. The Headman, however, was not to be defeated, so sending on to me for half-a-dozen porters, he tied the donkey's legs together, put a pole between them, and hoisting him aloft on the men's shoulders, had him borne in triumph to camp. It reminded me of the final stage of the fable of the old man and the ass.

We reached Kavai about midday, where we found some salty water in holes in the otherwise dry bed of the river from which this camping place takes its name. Game similar to that seen at Serah, with the addition of gerenuk, abounded.

From Kavai we marched on to a place called Lungaya, and on the way had a most exciting and tragic adventure. B. was feeling a little better and we were all riding together at the head of the safari, when suddenly, just after we had crossed over the dry bed of the Lungaya river, we saw a huge, solitary elephant stalk up out of the trees which grew very thick along its banks, and stand in a threatening attitude directly in our path.
some fifty yards away. As he was alone and looked very vicious, I at once concluded that this solitary rover was a "rogue," and therefore a dangerous beast, and I was further confirmed in my rogue theory by the fact that he had only one tusk. He had probably lost the other in a mighty encounter with a rival bull, who had defeated him and driven him out of the herd. As he showed every intention of charging us, we hastily dismounted and covered him with our rifles. Just as he began to make for us I called on Mrs. B. to fire first, so she let drive at him with her .450 rifle, which struck him heavily. We then all fired at the oncoming monster, on which he turned and, staggering off a short distance, fell heavily among some dense bushes, which completely hid him from our sight. I ran forward, hoping that I might be able to give him a finishing shot before he could rise and do any damage, but when I got to within ten yards of where he lay I found that I could not see him or get through the thick bushes among which he had fallen.

The others had by this time taken up their position on a high rock, from the top of which they could catch glimpses of his huge body. They shouted out to me to come back quickly, as the elephant was getting up. At the same instant I heard a terrific commotion going on among the
bushes, so, without waiting to see what it was all about, I turned and made hasty strides for the shelter of the rock, having no desire to be trampled to pieces in that dense undergrowth, where there was little chance for me and every chance for the elephant.

From our position on the rock we saw the elephant trot off through the thick bush, apparently not much hurt. He was more or less concealed from our view, but he seemed to be making for the tail end of the safari, which was still some distance away.

I told Mrs. B. to remain at this spot, as it was a comparatively safe place on the edge of the thicket, with the high rock close by in case of need. I also ordered Abbudi to remain with her, and guard her from all danger until we returned.

B. and I then mounted our horses and rode back to protect the rest of the safari in case the brute should make an attack. We soon got among a thick belt of bush into which the elephant had disappeared, and here we dismounted and advanced cautiously on foot, leaving the horses with the syces. The Headman, who was coming along with some of the donkeys, shouted out to us that the brute had just passed him and he was afraid it was going to attack another batch of men and donkeys which were following close behind. We therefore pushed.
on as rapidly as possible in the track plainly taken by the wounded beast. All at once, just as we were in the midst of a very dense bit of thicket, the elephant loomed up close to our front and with outspread ears charged straight at B., who was a couple of paces away on my right. As he came on he viciously flapped his enormous ears back to his sides, and just as he did this I fired full at his head where it joins the trunk. Although this did not knock him down, it providentially caused him to swerve off a yard or two from B. in the direction of Abdi, the Somali gun-bearer, who now caught his eye. The terrified man made a dive for safety but got caught up in the thicket, and I fully expected to see him crushed to death before my eyes. I tore open the breech of my rifle with all the speed I could muster, wondering if I should have time to get another bullet into the brute before he was on the Somali. Just as his head got level with me, I rammed the cartridge home, threw the rifle to my shoulder and in doing so almost touched his towering flank as he raced past in pursuit of the gun-bearer. At the moment that he reached out his trunk to dash Abdi to the ground I let him have a slanting shot, which so upset him that he merely knocked off the man's puggari and crashed away into the bush without doing us any damage. Hardly waiting for the jungle to close on him I gave
chase, for I feared that the infuriated animal might come up with the *safari* again and kill somebody. As I rushed after him I called loudly to the gun-bearers to follow me, but they apparently had had such a terrible fright that not one of them ventured out of his hiding-place, so I continued the hunt alone, expecting to be joined by them every moment. None of them turned up, however, and I had the greatest difficulty in following the trail, as the ground was very dry and hard, and I had to depend entirely upon finding a drop of blood here and there on the leaves and branches against which the elephant brushed as he forced his way along. He made a tremendous round, and for a full hour I tracked him in this way slowly and painfully through the thick jungle, never knowing the moment when I might suddenly come upon him unawares.

At last the trail led me to the line of the *safari* again, and my fears lest he should attack some of the men in his infuriated temper seemed justified. In confirmation of this I was met just then by a small party of porters, headed by a couple of *askaris*, who were coming out to look for my dead body, for the gun-bearers, instead of following me as they ought to have done, had returned to the *safari* and reported me crushed to death by the elephant. The moment I came into view they ran to me, and
gave me the appalling news that the elephant had charged the caravan a little further on, and had killed Mrs. B. and also my horse and syce!

The state of consternation and horror into which this news threw me can well be imagined. Without waiting for further details, I rushed on to find out if this terrible calamity could really have taken place. A short distance further on I met B., who had returned to look after his wife while I took up the spoor. I inquired anxiously as to what had occurred, and he considerably relieved my feelings by telling me that the worst part of the catastrophe had not happened, as Mrs. B. was safe, although she had had an exceedingly narrow and lucky escape. He said, however, that it was unfortunately true that my horse had been killed and the syce injured. This bit of news was bad enough, but it might have been infinitely worse. We then set out to the spot where poor Aladdin had fallen. On the way we met Mrs. B., who was much astonished to see me, as she had been told that I was dead. From her I heard a full account of the disaster. It appears that she remained for some time at the spot where we had left her, but after a while she became anxious and wanted to find out what was going on, so started out on foot through the jungle, taking Abbudi with her. On the way she came upon my syce and Aladdin, and told Asa Ram to follow on
with the horse and ponies. Just as they got to the very thickest part of the jungle, where it was practically impossible to move except at a snail's pace, out charged the elephant from the bushes not ten yards away! As she had no rifle with her, she thought the best thing to do was to crouch down on the spot where she stood, hoping that the brute would not see her. My Indian syce, Asa Ram, stood close by, paralysed with fear, holding Aladdin tightly by the reins as if rooted to the ground. The infuriated brute caught sight of my beautiful white Arab, and instantly made a lunge, knocked down the syce, who lay as one dead at his feet, and drove his tusk deep into poor Aladdin's side.

At this moment, when the elephant was on the look-out for fresh victims, Jerogi, the Kikuyu syce, let the other ponies loose, and both he and they bolted off as fast as possible into the bush, while
Abbudi, remembering the emphatic instructions that I had given him to guard Mrs. B., suddenly seized her by the wrist, and wriggled off with her through the undergrowth to a place of safety. Well done, Abbudi. I salute you: Sobai!

Aladdin appears to have been unable to get free of the syce until after the elephant had driven his tusk into him, but the moment he felt the thrust he dashed madly forward for some distance, leaving a stream of blood in his trail. In a very short time his strength began to fail, then he tottered in his stride, and eventually fell heavily on his side, stone dead.
Thus by his untimely end Aladdin more than justified the extraordinary nervous dread which he had always shown when passing a bush or going through a thicket. His instinct, no doubt, told him of the manifold dangers which lurked there for his undoing on some unlucky day.

When we reached the open glade where poor Aladdin had fallen, and I saw him lying there lifeless before me, I realised to the full that I had lost not only a faithful steed, but a dumb friend who had taken part with me in many an exciting chase.

Determined to avenge his death, I started off again as soon as possible on the trail of the vicious "rogue" that had caused us so much anxiety and sorrow. We all joined in the chase, but I did not find the gun-bearers very keen on the hunt, as the brute had given them a bad fright.

Before leaving Aladdin I had noticed, on ungirthing the saddle, that a stirrup-leather was missing from the side on which the elephant had gored him, so, thinking that it was probably lying on the ground at the spot where Aladdin was charged, I sent the syce, Asa Ram, and an askari to look for it. As they did not return we walked ourselves in the direction they had taken, and, on rounding a bit of thick jungle, discovered the pair calmly sitting safe in the shelter of a big tree!
They had evidently determined to wait here until sufficient time had elapsed, and then to return and tell me that the stirrup-leather could not be found. The moment they saw us they made a wild bolt for cover, but I shouted to them to come back, as they were discovered.

I could not, however, find it in my heart to blame them very much for not wishing to venture anywhere near the elephant again, as for all we knew he might still be in the vicinity, and it was only half an hour since Asa Ram had had such a very narrow escape.

We all now took up the elephant's spoor and scouted cautiously through the thick bush into which he had disappeared, finding it extremely difficult to keep on his track. He doubled and twisted through the jungle in the most perplexing manner, probably not knowing where he was going. Eventually, however, Abbudi came running up in great excitement and told us that he had seen the elephant standing up in a path close by, facing us as if he were about to charge again.

I at once ordered everybody to keep well out of the way, as I did not wish any further tragedies, and taking the .450 rifle I set off in the direction Abbudi pointed out. I considered that if I went alone, I would have a better chance of getting
in a fatal shot than if others were present about whose safety I felt anxious. I was quite anxious enough about my own as I stalked stealthily and carefully against the wind, using the utmost care in getting through the tangled jungle so as not to make too much noise. At last, as I peeped cautiously through the green leaves of a great tree whose branches hung to the ground, I saw the huge beast confronting me not fifteen yards ahead. The sight of him brought me to a rigid halt, and peering more intently I saw that he was not standing but lying down at full length on his side. He was not dead, however, as his flanks were gently heaving up and down—at least I thought this was the case—so I put two more shots into him to end his career and prevent him from doing any further damage. Seeing then that he did not move I went up to him and found that what I had taken to be the heaving flanks was merely the moving shadow of some branches swayed by the wind above his body. I now gave a loud halloo and called to my companions to come up, as he was stone dead. They very soon arrived at the spot, and as it was Mrs. B.'s elephant she was placed in triumph on his back and photographed.

I knew, of course, that one of the tusks was broken
off short, but on getting out the other we discovered that it was absolutely decayed away and in a putrid mass for over eighteen inches inside the skull. This must have given him frightful agony, and was no
doubt the reason why he was so fierce and attacked us so unprovokedly in the early morning.

We also had two of the feet cleaned out, which is by no means an easy matter, but as the natives like the sinewy flesh there was some competition for this task. We lost the feet later on, as will be seen in another chapter.
It was very lucky that this whole adventure did not end more disastrously. Indeed, I was very thankful that we got off so lightly, as the vicious brute only missed killing B. and Mrs. B. by a fluke, while the syce and the Somali gun-bearer had also very narrow escapes. Fortunately Asa Ram was not injured, although the elephant had actually stood over him when it knocked him down. His nerves were quite shattered and for hours afterwards his eyes almost stood out of his head and had a startled, half-frenzied look in them which showed plainly that he had had a terrible fright.

"There was some competition for this task."
CHAPTER XXII

A RHINO CONCERT

We retired early that night, for we were all quite
tired out after the trials and adventures of the day.
We were not permitted a peaceful repose, however,
as soon after midnight two or three rhino came
close to the camp, causing the men to make an up-
roar, and the askaris on duty added to the confusion
by blazing away at the unwelcome intruders. I, of
course, had to go out to inquire what was the matter,
and was just in time to see two of our weird visitors
disappearing into the gloom, evidently thoroughly
scared at the unaccustomed din raised by the porters
and askaris at their usually quiet rendezvous by the
waterhole.

We remained another day at Lungaya, and I em-
ployed the time in making sketches and taking notes.
I got my hands so badly blistered by the sun that I
found it difficult for some time afterwards to use the
pencil.

On returning to camp I found that B., who on the
previous day had been much better, was rather ill again; so I sat up late that night helping to nurse and attend to him.

About midnight, just after I had gone to my tent I heard a terrific din coming from the direction of the waterhole which was some two hundred yards away at the back of our encampment, behind a rocky ridge which formed a background to our boma. I thought it would be most interesting to go and see what all the disturbance was about, so taking an askari with me I set out and carefully stalked over the ridge and on towards the spot from whence the uproar was coming. I expected to find
a herd of elephants fighting for possession of the waterhole, as the shrill and weird cries which resounded from the rocks gave me the impression that these animals were trumpeting there.

Just as we got over the rocky ridge, a lion bounded out of the path almost at our feet, but he was evidently not hungry, so did not attempt to attack us, and was soon out of sight among the bushes. The askari got rather a fright and cried out "Rudi, Bwana, rudi! Hapa mbaya sana" ("Return, master, return! This is a very bad place").

I had not the least intention of going back, however, as I was determined to see what was making the uproar which still continued at the waterhole. By this time it sounded as if there could not be less than a score of elephants trumpeting there in concert. We stalked on carefully and cautiously among the rocks with the wind in our favour, until at last we were able to look over the edge of a crag down into the ravine at our feet. Then the weirdest sight that I could ever wish to see suddenly unfolded itself beneath my astonished gaze. No fewer than sixteen rhinos were gathered together close by, all roaring at each other and struggling and fighting in their efforts to get at the waterhole. The moon was shedding a brilliant lustre all round, and everything was peaceful except at this one spot.
where pandemonium reigned. I stood perfectly fascinated, and from the rock where I took up my position watched the ungainly brutes with the deepest interest for a couple of hours. I was not more than ten yards from the nearest of them, and those farthest away were not thirty yards off, but they were so busily occupied with their own affairs that they remained quite unconscious of my proximity.

I could easily have picked off half a dozen of them with my rifle, and some of them had very fine horns, but, of course, I had no intention whatever of molesting them. They were much more interesting alive than dead, and I never for a moment entertained the thought of disturbing their concert by firing my rifle.

Two of them especially amused me very much. One, who was evidently a bully, took up his position stolidly at the waterhole and would not budge an inch. Then a second came and stood opposite to him and proceeded to give him a piece of his mind. The bully, of course, answered back and there they both stood for quite a long time, with their mouths wide open, roaring bad rhino language at each other for all they were worth! The others, who were waiting for their turn to have a drink, joined in the discordant chorus from time to time.

I noticed four mothers among them with their
little calves sheltering closely to them amidst all the noise and uproar, and no doubt wondering what it was all about. Presently one of these mothers with her baby left the brawling crowd and stalked off sedately and leisurely. She passed practically at my feet and then turned to the left and mounting the rocks crossed the path by which I had reached my perch. She disappeared into the gloom without becoming aware of my presence. Soon afterwards another went solemnly off, and gradually, one by one, having satisfied their thirst, they all disappeared in different directions, while I made my way back to my tent, after having witnessed one of the most extraordinary and interesting sights it has ever been my good fortune to behold.

I had given orders that an early start was to be made, for Papai had told me that our next march would be a long and trying one. It was with a very ill grace, therefore, that I received my boy when he came, long before dawn, to tell me that the camp was astir and preparing for the road.

I was, however, most anxious to reach Marsabit as quickly as possible, so we left Lungaya at about 4.30 and continued our march northward.

Before midday we reached a place called Nayssoe, where we found an encampment of Rendile. This was the first time I had come across any of the people belonging to this tribe, although we
had already passed one or two of their empty bomas on our way. In outward appearance they are not unlike the Samburu, who live in these parts. This is probably due to a mixture of the two races, as there is a considerable amount of intercourse between the two tribes hercabouts at the frontiers of their respective districts. I noticed, however,

that the Rendile were somewhat taller and more spare in figure, and had more prominent cheekbones, than either the Masai or the Samburu. Some of them had quite blue eyes, which is most unusual in an African. They are a nation of nomads, moving their families, their huts, and their flocks and herds to new pastures and fresh
springs whenever a change is considered desirable or necessary. All the Rendile whom I came across could speak both Somali and Masai very well, but they have a language of their own which somewhat resembles Somali.

In habits and customs, and in the method of building their huts and *bomas*, they follow the lead of the latter, and have but little in common with the customs of the Masai or Samburu. Unlike the Somali, however, who are Mohammedans, the Rendile appear to have no religion.

I saw here immense herds of camels, which these people breed principally for transport and food purposes. They consider the flesh of the camel a great delicacy, and drink quantities of camels' milk. Indeed, they brought me presents of huge jars filled with it, but we
found it somewhat salty and odorous, so I promptly handed it over to the Headman for distribution among the safari, who thoroughly appreciated it.

The jars in which the milk was carried were beautifully woven out of some fibre plant, and were fitted with the most cunningly made lid of the same material, which is commonly used as a cup to drink from, the whole thing being quite watertight. These jars are made in various sizes, with a capacity of from about one to five gallons. About half a dozen of the largest can be packed on a camel.

A great gathering of the elders and warriors now came round our camp to gaze at the white men and more especially at the white lady, who was ever a source of interest and wonderment to all the people of the wilds.

Among these visitors was a Samburu named Lukubirr, who had heard that I was going in the direction of Basso, as the natives call Lake Rudolf, and came to beg that he might be allowed to accompany me on his camel. He was most anxious to reach the Boran country in order to recover his long-lost son Bermingoo, who had been carried off by the Borani some twenty-five years previously, during a raid which they made on a Samburu village, where he was living at the time, on the shores of the lake. The poor old man seemed much distressed when I told him that his son, if
still alive, had probably taken unto himself a wife from among the Boran women, and was now as much a Boran as the Borani themselves, and that after such a very long time it would be hopeless to expect him to return to the Samburu nation.

The way the old man counted up the twenty-five years was very quaint. He first cut up a long stalk of grass into pieces which represented months; he then cut another stalk equal in length to the first, and changed it from hand to hand twenty-five times, which thus represented twenty-five years.

As I required some camels to carry water across the parched desert which lies between this place and Marsabit, I had again to go through the dearly-loved formula of a long shauri before I succeeded in striking a bargain for the hire of some dozen of these animals. I asked the old chief whether, if I happened to return this way, he would provide me with camels to take me back to the Guaso Nyiro, but he was not anxious to do this, as he said the journey would be through Samburu country and his people did not like to traverse it. He informed me, however, that as there were Samburu at Marsabit and great numbers of camels, I should have no difficulty in engaging as many as I wanted there, either to take me further on or bring me back to the Guaso Nyiro.

When this question of the camels had at last been
settled satisfactorily on both sides, I made some coffee for the local chief Lemerlene, who greatly appreciated it, and was especially pleased with the sugar with which it was sweetened. After he had gulped down the first few mouthfuls he rubbed his stomach comfortably and said he hoped I would make a lot more, as he could spend the rest of his life drinking stuff such as this. He then called up some of the men of his tribe and grudgingly gave them a sip out of his cup; he would not on any account trust it out of his hands.

The end of it was that I made a large potful of coffee and gave them some all round, which hugely delighted them and greatly cemented our friendship. Before taking leave, Lemerlene warned us to be on our guard against man-eating lions, as there was one lurking about in the neighbourhood that had taken a man out of a manyatta a few nights previously.

We soon found that the old chief's warning was well-timed, because soon after dark the man-eater appeared and made a dash at one of the donkey-boys, who, however, fortunately eluded him. The whole safari was on the alert, and made such an uproar that the lion got confused and cleared off, only to return a couple of hours later to stalk our own tents.

I had not yet gone to bed and was sitting outside
the tent in the moonlight with a rifle across my knees. Suddenly the askari on duty at the watch fire close by called out, "Bwana, simba!" ("Master, a lion!"). Looking in the direction in which he pointed, I plainly saw the beast stalking up to us, not fifty yards away. I raised my rifle and covered him with it, but did not pull the trigger, as he appeared to be coming closer and I thought by waiting a second or two longer he would give me a better opportunity of shooting him. Unfortunately, however, at this moment he caught sight of me, stepped behind a bush and made off like a streak of light, so I did not get another chance to fire.

We kept a strict watch all round the camp for the remainder of the night and luckily had no further visits from him.
CHAPTER XXIII

THE TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT

Next morning we obtained our camels, said goodbye to our friend Leimerlene, and continued on our way. The march was a rather trying one of some sixteen miles, but the monotony of the journey was broken now and again by a herd of giraffe crossing our path, or by a rhino or other interesting animal breaking away through the bush, startled by the unusual spectacle our caravan presented to its astonished gaze.

Away to our front and on our line of march we could see a solitary pinnacle of reddish rock, putting up into the heavens in solitary state. On asking Papai what it was called, he told me it was known as Mwele. It was with no little satisfaction that I passed up the shadow of this rocky landmark, as our camping-place for the night was only a short distance beyond it, and then but another long day's journey would bring us to that
much longed-for paradise in the wilds, Marsabit, where I hoped that B. would soon be himself again.

I was somewhat anxious about both my companions on this march, as B. was still feverish and had to be carried in a hammock for part of the way, while Mrs. B. was tired out by a couple of nights’ watching at his bedside. I therefore looked forward with the greatest impatience to reaching the bracing air of Marsabit, as I knew that it would do both an immense amount of good. Many a time, when my movements were hampered by my companions, did I keenly regret that I had ever obtained permission for them to accompany me; but it is always easy to be wise after the event, and now upon finding myself in a difficult position, I adopted what I considered to be the best and most humane course of action, which was to push on to a cool climate with all speed.

We arrived at Lersamis soon after noon, and found it to be a dismal spot, in the midst of a desolation of thorny scrub and rocky barrenness, only rendered possible as a temporary encampment, even for the wandering Rendile, by a few brackish and evil-smelling waterholes in the otherwise dry bed of the river.

I feared that I should have Mrs. B. again on the sick-list if she did not get a good night’s rest, so I
arranged that she should take possession of my tent at this place in order that she might have an undisturbed sleep, while I undertook to sit up with B. and look after him during the night.

Leaving my two companions to rest in camp I went out in the afternoon to explore and take notes of the game and country. On returning to our boma I was much worried to find that B. had, contrary to my wishes, gone out after a giraffe, which his gun-bearer had told him was feeding at no great distance. I knew that he was in no fit state to be out in the hot sun, so as soon as I heard of it I sent a message to him requesting his return to camp. Very soon after he got back he became seriously ill, and I feared he had got a touch of sun. We did everything we could for him and put him to bed as comfortably as possible. I sat up with him throughout the night, keeping wet bandages on his forehead and giving him a cooling drink whenever he required it. I then blessed the happy thought which had induced me to have canvas waterbags made, as when these are filled and hung up in the breeze, the water gets deliciously cold, and on being mixed with a little lime-juice forms a most grateful and refreshing drink.

Several times during the night, while B. seemed asleep and fairly comfortable, I went out and paid a visit to the askaris on sentry to see that they were
on the alert, as lions, on their way to the waterholes, were roaring in all directions round our camp. Sometimes, indeed, they gave a low sinister growl quite close at hand, so, as I did not want anyone to be carried off if such an accident could be avoided, I kept a good fire going and two sentries on the look-out. Once, while visiting the askaris, I caught a glimpse of one of these lions stalking through the bushes towards the tents; he saw me, however, and was off again before I had time to cover him with my rifle.

At about 4 a.m. B. seemed to be sleeping quietly and peacefully, so I went to the cook's tent and,
rousing Paul, got him to make me a cup of cocoa, of which I was much in need. Immediately afterwards I returned and sat down in my camp chair, just outside the tent door, to take a little rest in the cool morning air, telling the askari on duty close by to be sure and wake me up in case he should hear B. call out. I very soon fell asleep and woke up again about 5.30. Hearing B. moving about in bed I spoke to him, and we talked for a few minutes about how he felt and the arrangements for the coming march. I then went to see the Headman, who was with the safari some forty or fifty yards away, to give him directions about a hammock for B. and orders for the journey.

In the middle of our conversation one of the boys named Edi came up to me and complained of being ill, and while I was prescribing for him, we were all suddenly startled to hear the sound of a shot coming from the direction of B.'s tent. I rushed off to see what was the matter, accompanied by the Headman and a dozen of the others. We all ran into the tent, and to our horror found B. lying back in bed with a bullet through his head and a revolver in his hand. It was a terrible shock, and one which I shall never forget while I live. He was quite unconscious when we entered, and all was over in a few moments.

I found out afterwards that he had instructed his
boy to put a loaded revolver under his pillow every night, and what possibly happened is that this may have slipped down under his shoulder, and when B. put out his hand to remove it, he may have pulled the trigger by accident and so shot himself. Had I known that he always kept a loaded revolver under his pillow I should most certainly have removed the weapon, as in my experience I have invariably found that a revolver is more dangerous to the owner than to anybody else.

Meanwhile Mrs. B. had rushed up with the others to know what had happened, but as I wished to spare her the awful shock, I asked her to return to my tent, and told her that I would come in a few minutes to explain matters to her.

As soon as possible I went to break the tragic news as gently as I could, telling her that B. had had a grave revolver accident, and that I hoped she would, with her usual pluck, try to bear up under the terrible blow with what fortitude she could command. She did not at first realise everything I meant to convey, and it was with difficulty that I made her understand that all was over. The blow was so sudden that she seemed quite dazed and unable to grasp the real situation. I therefore thought it was best to leave her alone, and came away, giving my boy careful instructions to look after her, and do all he could for her until I
returned from the burial, which would, of course, have to take place as soon as arrangements could be made.

When everything was ready, a mournful little procession, consisting of myself, the Headman, and some of the men in the safari, made its way out into the wilderness, where the sad interment took place. Over and round the grave we placed large stones, so that it should not be disturbed.

I then sent the men who had assisted me back to camp, while I remained for a little while by the graveside, thinking over the sad calamity which had so suddenly overtaken us.

I was much perplexed as to what I should now do, and I debated for some little time with myself as to whether I should return to Nairobi immediately, or go on to Marsabit, where I hoped to be able to complete the principal part of my work.

Of course if the expedition had been a private one, I would without any hesitation have returned at once; but I had to bear in mind that my journey was an official one, on which public funds had been expended, so that it was clearly incumbent upon me to carry through my work if it was at all possible. We were now within 35 miles of Marsabit—a distance the Rendile and Samburu always cover in one march—and I knew that from the summit of one of the mountains there I should
be able to see far enough to the north to take bearings of such hills and landmarks as I considered suitable to complete the natural eastern boundary to the Reserve.

It had taken us two months to reach Lersamis, and even if we were to set out at once, and travel by the shortest and most direct route, we could not reach Nairobi in less than a month. The three or four extra days required to go to and return from Marsabit could matter very little to Mrs. B., while it would make all the difference to the success of my expedition.

After full consideration, therefore, I decided that the proper course to adopt was to go on to Marsabit, and complete the work which I had been sent out to do.

With this resolve in my mind, I made my way down from the little rocky hillock where the interment had taken place, with the intention of going to Mrs. B. to offer her what solace I could in her sore distress, as of course she was utterly prostrated by the terrible tragedy.

It was not long before I was rudely shaken out of my gloomy thoughts, for, on my arrival in camp, I was met by Asa Ram, who brought me the startling news that the whole \textit{safari}, led by a few scoundrels, had mutinied, and—more serious still—that they had, during my absence, seized all the arms and,
munition, and were openly boasting that they were now the masters and would do as they liked.

This was a very alarming position to be placed in at such a trying and critical moment, and I instantly realised the gravity of the situation. The men were now quite independent of me, and no doubt thought they would be able to dictate such terms as they chose, as I was weaponless and alone among them, and without any resources save what I could exert by moral suasion.

I saw that the only way out of it was to show that I was not going to be intimidated. Without a moment's hesitation, therefore, I went into the midst of the mutinous crowd who were all assembled together within their boma. On seeing me enter there was a general hush, and many sly and evil glances fell upon me as I walked up to the rascals who squatted on their heels plotting and planning mischief.

When I had got into the centre of the mutineers I asked what foolishness was this I heard of them. I could have no nonsense, and they must all be ready to march at two o'clock in the afternoon. Upon this all, askaris included, replied with a great shout that they did not intend to go any further into the desert, where they would perish of hunger and thirst. They had got all the rifles now and would do as they liked.
I told them it would be a very serious matter for them if they did not return to their duty at once, and asked if they realised that they would be severely punished later on for taking part in a mutiny against an officer engaged on Government work. They must remember that this was an official expedition, and as I had Government work to do at Marsabit it was my intention to go there and complete it, no matter what obstacles stood in my way, and they must come too or take the consequences.

If they refused to obey I would collect a hundred spearmen from the natives in the neighbourhood and speedily round them up and take them prisoners to Nairobi, where they would be properly dealt with.

There were loud cries and threats from some rascals in the background when I announced my intention.

I then reasoned with the better spirits among the men, and told them that while we were in the wilds I looked upon them all as children of mine, in whose safety and welfare they were well aware I took a deep interest. I fed them when they were hungry, gave them to drink when they were thirsty, doctored them when they were ill, and punished them only if they deserved it. I should be very sorry to have to resort to stern measures, but unless
they returned to their duty at once, I should not hesitate to deal with them severely.

I then called on them to deliver up the arms and ammunition, and told them that within an hour they must all parade outside my tent or be branded as mutineers and punished as such.

I then went back to the shade of a thorn tree near my tent, which was pitched about fifty yards from the men's boma, and sat there waiting for the result.

Of course the Headman and one or two others never joined the rebels, and they at once went to the parade ground.

I questioned Munyakai as to the reason of the mutiny, and he told me that it was all owing to a few villains who were tired of the journey and of the strict discipline maintained, and these represented to the others that I was going to lead them into the wilderness, where they would all perish either at the hands of savage natives or from thirst. "And now," observed Munyakai, "they think you will not go on if they make trouble, as they know you are sad." He also told me that for the past week the men had been grumbling very much at the hard marches and the bad water, and had been only waiting for some favourable opportunity to break out in mutiny.

When I had waited for about half an hour, one or
two of the rascals began to creep up, and gradually one by one they came, and before the hour was up every man in the safari had fallen into line on the parade ground, and I breathed freely once more, as I saw that the mutiny was completely quelled.

Long afterwards I heard that, fearing I would have them punished on my return, the rogues had concocted quite a plausible tale to account for their action; but they behaved so well subsequent to the mutiny, that I had quite forgiven them by the time we got back to Nairobi, and even if I had been well enough to take an active interest in their prosecution I should not have thought of bringing a charge against them.

As soon as the men returned to their duty I immediately set them to work, and we re-arranged the loads and discarded everything that was no longer required. I found it necessary to have part of B.'s tent burnt, and the rest I had rolled up and put away, as I did not wish painful memories to be recalled to Mrs. B.'s mind by the sight of it.

I also had other articles destroyed which were now no longer of any use, and in this way I got rid of a couple of loads, knowing that every pound I took off the men's burdens would be a considerable help to them when crossing the desert.