

A Hunt in Africa.

A BOY'S STORY BY A BOY.

[EXPLANATORY: This thrilling narrative is a north shore product. It was written surreptitiously by a boy, who took two nights to evolve it, and who laid it away in a drawer "to ripen." It was taken thence surreptitiously by the observing parent, whose curiosity had been excited, and who now sends it to us without alteration or revision of any sort—just as it was struck off by the youngster in the first heat of his literary ardor. It seems to us so exceedingly bad as to be positively good. It may be added that the lad had been for some time nourishing his imagination on standard boys' story book.—Editor NEWS-LETTER.]

IN WHAT PART.

In the city of Suboca, in Central Africa, there dwelled three boys, Dick, Jack and Bill.

They went there to get good hunting. As it was getting dark, they went to bed and being their first night they didn't sleep very good because of thinking of hunting next day. The morning came; the boys were up early.

The boys hadn't quite made up their mind where to go. So it was left for Dick to consider. Dick thought he wanted to go down by the Higo, a African tribe. He had his way.

They went for a rig to take them there; which they found.

They started at 9 o'clock and stopped on the road to rest at 8 o'clock that evening.

The boys were very tired and excited. They put up the tent, which took 15 minutes. After they got it up and were about to get in bed, when they heard a low growl.

"Lay down, Rover," shouted Bill at the dog.

"That isn't the dog" said Jack.

He was about to speak when another low growl was heard and the dogs darted away into the darkness, barking.

"Let's follow him" said Dick.

"We have come to hunt. Now is our time. Listen; the dogs are howling. Quick! quick! get the guns. He is coming this way."

The dogs have stopped barking, they have lost track of it. When just then they heard another low growl, and one pair of glassy eyes peers out of the darkness. Dick fired but the beast came at them. Then Jack fired and hit him in the leg. The beast came leaping on.

"Fire!" shouted Dick at Bill.

They heard a report of a gun and the beast fell dead at the feet of Dick when he was about to spring at him.

"I shot him!" shouted Bill.

"What is it, Dick?" said Jack.

"It is a leopard. If you hadn't shot him he would have killed me," said Dick.

CHAPTER II.

They hunt for the dogs. The dogs had not come back, and this is morning.

"I will stay here and watch the camp while you and Jack look for them," said Bill.

Dick and Jack started off for the hunt. They had been gone for an hour when Bill saw a big bear coming toward him.

Bill was scared. Then he thought: "I will shoot him and have the glory of shooting first two beasts of our hunt."

He raised his gun to his shoulder and fired. He missed his shot and bruin keeps on coming. He starts to run and Bill runs too. Back of their camp there was a stream to where Bill reached before the bear. After he had got in the water, he loaded his gun. The bear by this time was trying to get at him. Bill cocked his gun, for the last time, for it was the last shell he had. He was within 5 feet of the bear. He was looking at him. He pulled the trigger. The young hunter had killed the bear, as he thought. The bear was only wounded. "He is alive!" shouted Bill in amazement.

"What is it you shot?"

He looked around and saw Dick and Jack with the dogs.

"It is a bear" said Bill. He was so excited he could hardly talk.

He then shouted to them to come right down and bring a knife, that the bear was still alive.

They came down and killed it and took it to the camp.

Bill told his story to his companions. When Dick said: "We were down to the Higo tribe and they say it is fine hunting."

Bill, Jack and Dick concluded to go next day.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE WAY TO THE HIGO TRIBE.

Of course, the boys were in high spirits for shooting a tiger and a bear in one day and night. They packed up things and started, but had gone no more than 2,000 yards when a big bird flew up. It had brown wings and a white top-knot.

"It is an eagle!" shouted Jack.

The bird came back at the wagon. Bill shot at it but missed it. Jack shot and missed it. The eagle was about to catch Bill when Dick fired the fatal shot, which brought the eagle to the ground. Jack jumped out and threw it in the wagon.

It measured from wing to wing 10 feet 3 inches.

This was an exciting thing; but they drove on, wishing to kill another one. But there was not such

luck. They still drove but saw nothing but small birds.

CHAPTER IV.

AT HIGO.

They reached Higo that next evening. The Chief was glad to see white men but he could not talk English. The only talk he talked was in the nigger tongue. But they got an interpreter and things went all straight.

The Chief's name was Kicking Kie.

Kicking Kie told them that great herds of buffaloes were in a large plain 1 mile away, which the Higos call Dabrana, which means Buffalo Plains.

CHAPTER V.

THE HUNT WITH KICKING KIE.

The great Chief invited his friends to sit down to eat. For supper we had as follows:

Elephants' feet.
Buffalo tails.
Tiger heart.
Vegetables.
Fruits.

and a sort of wine made out of the blood of bugs.*

"I ain't very hungry" said Jack, although we will all take some fruit.

Dick and Bill also said they were not hungry, because they didn't want to eat such food. They mumbled to each other that they would eat their own food when they would go to bed. They accepted the fruit. The Chief brought vegetables, which the hunters ate also. They asked for more, till after awhile they could not eat any more, and then went to bed.

They slept late next morning and when they woke, the Africans were having a war dance.

"What does this mean?" said Dick to the interpreter, who only laughed and said "They are trying to wake you up."

The boys thought it was a pretty good joke. They got up, ate their breakfast and started off for a hunt with Kicking Kie and 12 of his men. With him were leaders for the 3 young hunters.

Dick said: "Say, Jack, I have a suspicion on these niggers. I think they mean to kill us when they get a chance." The interpreter heard it and told the Chief, which said: "I wonder how they happen to know our plans."

"It is like this," said the interpreter: "You have been kind of queer to them and I think they have a suspicion on us. I will go and tell them it is all right."

After he told them they said: "We

* "Bug Juice." (?)