

however. At daybreak we sallied out to see if by any chance we had managed to hit a lion, but we only found two or three dead hyenas. One of these brutes had been partly eaten; we thought at the time by other hyenas, as it was still too dark to make out tracks. We came to the conclusion we had made idiots of ourselves, and had been shooting all night at better when our friends came back from their night at the village and told us we had probably frightened every lion out of the country by our bombardment.

Reading the Lion Tracks.

Abdullah still insisted that there had been lions round the camp, and a little later we found the spoor of one big lion by the body of the half-eaten hyena. The ground was very stony and there were no other tracks to be seen, but one lion could hardly have dragged the donkey and heavy barrel away so quickly, so there were probably more. The other hunters had got hold of a man at the village who said he knew where the lions always lay, so they went with Jim. Soon after they left, Abdullah, who had been hunting about, came and told me that he had picked up the track of one lion on soft ground a little way from camp, and that we ought to follow it. At that time none of us knew much about tracking, and we had had such bad luck after the elephants that we did not think much of our shikaris, and I did not think it was much good, Abdullah persuaded me and I went. After we had followed the track for some distance I quite caught his enthusiasm, and when the single track was joined by three others, I was divided between delight at the prospect of having four lions all to myself and the thought that perhaps I had more on my hands than I could manage alone.

After a track of about an hour we came in sight of two or three big thickets of "irgin" bushes surrounded by open mimosa scrub and intersected by narrow paths. My second shikari at that time was a very tall fellow, called Jama, with enormous feet. Several times during the track Abdullah had turned round to pitch into him for making such a noise, and now he confided to me that "Jama walk all same cow," and that we had better leave him behind here with the pony and boy, as the lions were sure to be in the place in front of us. Knowing nothing about it, I agreed and went on with Abdullah. We were walking quietly along the outside of one of the

thickets when Abdullah suddenly clutched me by the arm and pointed towards a tree standing on the edge of the bush yards off. The tree was divided into two towards the bottom, and the sun was throwing the shadow of a bush on the ground inside the hollow.

This was where Abdullah was pointing, getting more excited but I could make out nothing at all, until a great yellow beast moved suddenly out of the shadow and slipped away on the far side. I fired from the hip, letting off both barrels into the tree. We rushed round to the other side of the thicket just in time to see a fine lioness come out. I could not get a clear shot at once, and when I did, after running some distance, I was shaking so that I could not get on her at all, and missed. She kept lobbing along just ahead, every now and then stopping to look around and show her teeth at us. Each time she stopped I shot, but so badly that I wasted seven bullets at different ranges without touching her. The first six did not seem to annoy her at all, but the last hit the ground just under her teeth, and either the bullet so close, frightened her or a stone hit her, for she sprang off with a snarl and a flourish of her tail and, putting on the pace, in a minute or two ran clean away from us. I was terribly disappointed and annoyed with myself, and I thought of course, that everything

was over for the day after all this shooting, but Abdullah, who was almost weeping, hardly gave me time to get my wind a little before he rushed me back again. As we ran round the place where we had first seen the lioness, a fine lion appeared walking slowly out of another thicket towards us. As I shot, he turned and plunged through an opening in the bushes to our right. We ran round an outstanding bush to head him if he broke out, and met a lion facing us. Just as I fired I heard a moan to the right, so I was sure it was not the same lion. This one staggered away at the shot and fell stone dead close by.

Death of the Jungle Lord.

Abdullah called up Jama and the pony boy, and they soon had the hide off and tied on the pony. I thought all the time that Abdullah knew all about the other one, but as he seemed to be going right home, I asked him if we had not better go and look for it, and he replied that it was the same lion all the time, and that I had missed it the first shot. I did not feel quite sure about it myself, but the moan in the bushes could only have come from a wounded beast, so I told

him we had better go at once. At last certain signs show that you are getting near the end; the trackers take off their sandals and tuck up their loin-cloths under their belts, lest a corner flapping in the wind should scare the lion. For the first time you take your rifle from the native who has had charge of it, and, with your head shikari carrying a second rifle, steal forward until the lion is sighted or ringed in a small clump of bush. Then when all is over, and the skin is being taken off, how pleasant it is to sit in the shade, listening to the excited talk of the natives, and letting your nerves quiet down again after the hopes and fears of the morning. You ride home to camp with the lion skin behind your saddle, while one of your men after another gives his version of the morning's proceedings in a hunting song. On the other hand, when you get a shot, and miss after a long and difficult track, it seems as if any number of lions killed in the future will never make up for the loss of this one, which is always the biggest lion, carrying the finest mane you have ever seen. The ride home to camp is then a silent one, as no lion means no sheep for the men, and they are correspondingly down-hearted.

The first thing to be done in tracking is to find fresh spoor. Natives will often bring news of spoor, but unluckily the average villager's idea of a fresh track is rather hazy. I have several times gone a long way to find at the end a track several days old. On one occasion two natives arrived, saying there were fresh lion tracks in a river-bed, luckily not more than half a mile from camp, but when we got there the fresh lion tracks turned out to be the spoor of two hyenas, at least a week old.

The spoor of the large spotted hyena is not unlike that of a lioness on certain ground, but the difference can easily be told, because a hyena has claws like a dog, whereas the retractile claws of a lion are always sheathed and leave no mark. The best way to find spoor is to look for it yourself with good trackers. Should there be any villages near camp which lions have been in the habit of raiding it is very necessary to get there as early as possible in the morning. If once the large flocks of sheep and goats and herds of camels which have been shut up in the villages all right are let out, the ground all about is a mass of indistinguishable footprints, and every path from the village is choked with long strings of beasts going off to their feeding grounds. Hitting off a lion's spoor under these circumstances is almost impossible, and the dust raised by the

him we had better go at once. He evidently thought it was a waste of time, but when to where the lion had soon found some blood quietly down a little path "irgin" bushes we came near almost on top of the stone dead. I was very scoring of Abdullah, as such evident disgust at back to camp, and told I run across the lioness if our track back to the p come from. An hour f back to camp he came having seen two lion enough both males, and with a better mane than mine.

I have at another t two different methods of One of them could ha a method at all, as it news brought in by where a lion had actu The second plan cons up a donkey for a bait, to watch at night. A teresting way of hunt either of these and a ful one if the native ployed are any good, of tracking them. A some cool, shady plac unless the sky is ov sun cannot get out, w occasionally be found hour. If you can stri the night before there chance of following the lion lies, should be suitable. There is no spoor is found the nothing to show if y it early or late in th wanderings, so that it is whether it leads you fo sorts of country, or whe a mile down on a sand path, it turns off into of reeds or bush close lion is lying. It is ext the excitement grows a and still you keep th times very slowly, w and then part of a fo seen on a soft place stones, at other times can walk over soil wh is visible many yards when the spoor is lo after minute goes by about vainly in every wretched you are, an your spirits rise again whistle or snapping of

nounced that one of the trackers has hit it off further on! herds is very disagreeable. Besides villages, any well in the neighborhood is a good place to look for spoor. If a lion is about there ought to be no difficulty in picking up his spoor within a day or two. Rather curious coincidences are sometimes brought to light by spoor. Not very long after the date of the story just related, one of our party went to a place where two lions had been killing regularly, and sat up two nights for them with a donkey as bait. The lions must have left the district for a day or two while he was there, as there were no fresh tracks to be found anywhere about. The day after he came back to camp I happened to ride out in that direction. Soon after we started we came on the spoor of two lions, which led us along a path till we came to the shooting zereba. The night after he had left, the lions had walked over the very spot where his donkey had been tied up in the middle of the path. A little later, again, I happened to be at a place where he had camped a few days before. A lion roared near my camp several times in the night, and next morning I heard he had taken a sheep from a village close by. We picked up his spoor in a river bed near the camp, and after following it for some distance came to some wells. The lion had drunk twice, and between the drinks had laid down under the fence of a shooting zereba, which had been made to watch the water. After drinking the second time he had gone away. Now and then when tracking you come across places where lions have been killed, and if it is on sand or bare soil, you can tell everything that has happened almost as well as if you had seen it. We were camped once on the edge of a river-bed and thick covert ran right down to the back of the camp. One night there was a tremendous scuffling in these bushes, so in the morning I went out to see what had been going on, and found that two lions had been chasing a warthog, which had just saved its bacon by getting underground. It must have been a very near thing, as the lions had ploughed great furrows in the sand at the mouth of the hole, showing they had pulled up pretty sharp. Warthogs generally go to ground when pursued, and as there is no second opening to the burrows, and presumably no chamber at the end where they can turn; they always go in backwards. This has actually been seen by sportsmen who have been riding after them with a spear. I should think this pig can hardly have had the time to do this.

# Kitchen Comfort At Last



## THE HOOSIER SPECIAL

You MUST see the Hoosier Special Cabinet to know the very latest and inexpensive way to LIGHTEN YOUR KITCHEN WORK. The "Hoosier Special" Cabinet is an investment, not in lumber, but in leisure. It clips off needless trips to pantry, cupboard, and kitchen table--draws all your kitchen supplies to one spot, and stops useless walking. Also it puts an end to foot-weariness and back strain, caused by standing hour after hour over your kitchen table. The aluminum work table top of the "Hoosier Special" extends out 16 inches--GIVES YOU PLENTY OF KNEE AND FOOT ROOM TO SIT DOWN as you would at your dining table. It brings into your kitchen practical conveniences--the cream of the ideas of a quarter of a million practical house-keepers who have used Hoosier Cabinets in the past ten years. Before you decide about a cabinet, it is to your decided advantage to call at Mrs. Bohl's Store and inspect the "Hoosier Special Kitchen Cabinet." THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PRACTICAL CABINET EVER Built.

For Sale at MRS. BOHL'S STORE, HIGHLAND PARK PHONE NO. 45

## STAR THEATRE

Opera House Building B. M. ...ER, Proprietor

A Place for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children to spend the evenings

EVERY EVENING COMMENCING AT 7:30

The Very Latest Moving Picture Always Something New

Mr. J. J. ... will occ... plumbing... owned, H... man of... been in... many y... blishe... done o... shore, ... and rec... we are... city. Mr. J. ... South S... division. We a... Mr. and... fornia... the lan... but the... Park. Mr. E... taken u... Schneid... Born... Tuesda... reports... J. G... their li... "The... wore... Began... Good... Insten... last W... register... Rev... meeting... tion on... ning lie... the Pre... Mr. C... have ta... ing the... coc Ave... Mrs. ... Club... Mrs. ... party la... Mr. ... a visit... Mr. ... of the... house d... Mrs. ... Eugeni... fornia... Mr. ... will sai... June 5... Mrs. ... Indiana... Mr. ... Miss N... fornia... fr. an... Mrs. ... former... visit to... Mr. ... Adler... turned... Dr. ... nome... Mr. ... dinner