THE HUNDREDTH YEAR

Masonic Ceremonies in Commemoration of the Funeral of George Washington.

The centennial anniversary of the death of Washington, Dec. 14, will be a day of National observance. Throughout the United States patriotic societies will hold appropriate services, and wherever under the dome of heaven Americans are assembled the date will be commemorated. Foremost in these ceremonies will be that held by the Masonic bodies at Mt. Vernon, Va., where will be assembled on Dec. 14 the representatives of over 50 Grand Lodges to take part in the exact reproduction of the funeral ceremonies held by that great body just 100 years before. President McKinley, himself a Mason, has accepted the invitation of the Grand Lodge of Virginia to deliver an address in memory of the brother who first occupied the Presidential chair.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN FULL MASONIC DRESS. The original was painted by Williams of Philadelphia, and is in Alexandria-Washington Lodge Room.

The credit of inaugurating the movement among Masonic bodies to celebrate the centennial of Washington's death is due the Grand Lodge of Colorado, the subject being brought up by them as early as 1893, when a committee of three—Roger Williams Woodbury, Wm. D. Wright, and Wm. David Todd—were appointed to confer with other Grand Lodges. By correspondence carried on by this committee it was arranged that the Grand Lodge of Virginia—that being Washington's home, and he being at the time of his death a member of a Lodge of Alexandria—should have charge of the celebration.

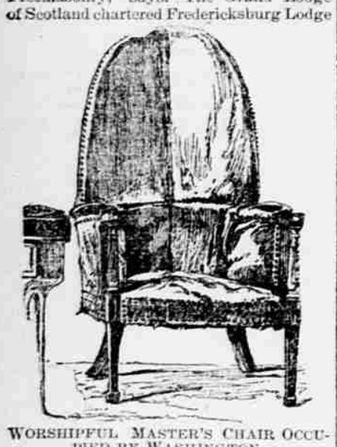
A committee of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, consisting of Brethren Kosciusko Kemper, J. B. Sener, John W. Daniel, Micajah Woods, and A. R. Courtney, then took up the work, and, assisted by the whole Masonic fraternity of Alexandria, have nearly completed the program.

This committee has received assurances of the participation of 50 Grand Lodges, including several foreign Grand Lodges, among them the Grand Lodges of New Zealand, Novia Scotia, and Quebec, and it is yet believed probable that the attendance of an officer of the Grand Lodge of England will be secured. At first it was thought the Prince of Wales would attend, but later events made this impossible, and he so informed the committee several weeks ago.

Gen. Washington was a member of Lodge 22, of Alexandria, at the time of his death. He became an Entered Apprentice in Fredericksburg (Va.) Lodge, No. 4, Nov. 4 1752; passed to the degree of Fellow Craft, March 3, 1753, and was raised Aug. 4 1753.

FREDERICKSBURG LODGE.

This Lodge, in which Washington received his degree, is one of the oldest in the State of Virginia, and, in fact, among the oldest of the United States, having had an uninterrupted existence of nearly 140 years. Its history is rich in Masonic historic incidents. When and how this Lodge originated can not be learned, but it was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Scotland July 21, 1758. Regarding it Robert Freke Gould, in "The History of Freemasonry," says: "The Grand Lodge of Scotland chartered Fredericksburg Lodge



WORSHIPFUL MASTER'S CHAIR OCCUPIED BY WASHINGTON.

July 21, 1758. When the Grand Lodge of Virginia was formed the date of the charter of this Lodge was given as 1758. Dove, in his sketch of 'Masonry in Virginia,' published in the Masonic Text Book, states that it was chartered in 1758; in a recently published address by a member of the Lodge, it is stated that the charter was granted July 21, 1758, but it had previously existed for several years. Its records for 1752 and subsequent years are in existence, though its later ones were destroyed during the civil war. Washington was initiated in it Nov. 4, 1752. According to the historian of Botetourt Lodge (another old Virginia Lodge) it had previously to 1758 assumed to exercise the functions of a Grand Lodge. He says that Botetourt Lodge was organized under a dispensation from Fredericksburg Lodge dated 1757, in which it was recited that Fredericksburg Lodge had been chartered by the Grand Lodge of Scotland; that that dispensation was in existence in 1757, and he had frequently examined it before its accidental destruction. The probability is that his recollection of its contents was erroneous, and that its date was 1759 instead of 1757. It chartered and organized a Lodge at Falmouth, March 30, 1768, and another at Gloucester, Oct. 10, 1770; but both of these had apparently ceased to exist before 1778, unless the latter was Botetourt Lodge, afterwards chartered at the same place by the Grand Lodge of England. The absence of all evidence in relation to the origin of Fredericksburg Lodge points strongly to the conclusion that it was originally a voluntary Lodge, self-constituted, precisely in the manner in which St. Andrew's Lodge at Boston was originally formed.

"It is suggested that this Lodge was originally chartered by the Provincial Grand Lodge at Boston, but, at best, this is a mere conjecture. It is true that in 1766 St. John's Provincial Grand Lodge bore on its roll the name of Virginia Lodge, Va.; the date when the warrant was granted is not given, but so far as the Massachusetts record shows nothing was ever heard from it after the warrant was granted. The additional facts that up to 1752 it was the custom to note the issuing of charters, and this one was not noted; that many lists of Lodges are given before 1766, an the Virginia Lodge is not named therein; and that in these lists the Lodges are usually named in the order of their ages, and the Virginia Lodge is named after Lodges chartered as late as 1757, show very clearly that it could not have been chartered as early as 1752, at which date Fredericksburg Lodge was actively at work.

"It is quite improbable, too, that if Fredericksburg Lodge had a charter from duly-constituted Masonic authority, it would ask for, or could obtain, a charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The correspondence of the Grand Master of Scotland with St. Andrew's Lodge shows that that Grand Lodge would not trespass upon the rights of the Grand Lodge of England. At that time the Grand Lodge of Scotland treated the Grand Lodge of England as its peer, and respected its rights as such."

ALEXANDRIA-WASHINGTON LODGE.

At the time of his death Washington was a member of what was then Alexandria Lodge, No. 22, the name having since been changed to Alexandria-Washington Lodge, No. 22, in honor of its illustrious brother, Gen. Washington. This Lodge was first established under a warrant from the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge, and elected officers in December, 1783. A Grand Lodge having been established in Virginia, after the close of the Revolutionary war, the brethren of this Lodge, then Lodge No. 39, working under the Pennsylvania charter, petitioned to be transferred to the Virginia jurisdiction, which petition was granted, and in the new charter issued by the Virginia Grand Lodge George Washington was named as Master.

CLOCK IN DEATH CHAMBER—HANDS STOPPED AT MINUTE WASHINGTON EXPIRED.

RELICS OF WASHINGTON.

Apropos to the celebration is mention of the Washington relics and portraits now in possession of Alexandria-Washington Lodge, No. 22. Among the most valued of these portraits is one of Washington, in full Masonic dress, painted for the Lodge in 1794, by Williams, of Philadelphia. On the back of the canvas, in the handwriting of the artist, is this inscription: "His Excellency Geo. Washington, Esquire, President of the United States, aged 64; Williams *pinxit ad vivum*, Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1794." While President of the United States Washington had steadfastly refused to sit for his portrait, but his Lodge having requested by resolution that he give a sitting to Williams that a portrait might be secured for the Lodge room, he gave his consent, and this crayon drawing was secured.

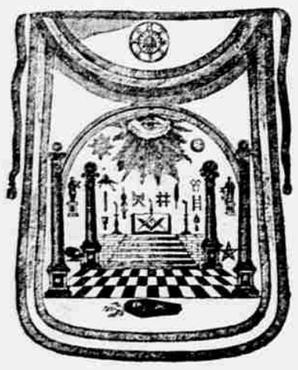
A niche on the wall of the main hall contains the charter granted to Washington in 1788, the original seal of the Lodge, the key to the old hall built in 1802.

Another priceless relic is the apron and sash worn by Washington at the laying of the southeast corner-stone of the United States Capitol in 1793. This apron and sash, the handiwork of Mrs. Gen. Lafayette, were presented to Washington by Lafayette during his visit to Mt. Vernon in 1784.

The Master's chair used by Washington and his successors in office is still in the possession of the Lodge, as is also Washington's chamber clock. The hands of this clock were stopped at the minute of Washington's death—20 minutes past 10—and have so remained for the past century. It was brought to Alexandria and presented to the Lodge soon after Washington's death.

MASONIC CEREMONIES AT TOMB

On the morning of the 14th of December the Grand Lodge of Virginia, Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4; Alexandria-Washington Lodge, No. 22; Federal Lodge, No. 1, of the District of Columbia, and representatives from other grand jurisdictions and invited guests, together with the civic and military associations to conform as nearly as possible to the funeral ceremonies of Dec. 18, 1799, will proceed to Mt. Vernon. At



MASONIC APRON PRESENTED TO WASHINGTON BY LAFAYETTE.

Mt. Vernon the Masonic bodies will form together with the invited guests on the east side of the mansion and proceed to the old vault by the same path and in the same order in which the procession was formed and moved on the day of Gen. Washington's funeral, Dec. 18, 1799.

After certain ceremonies at the old tomb the procession will then move to the new vault, in which the earthly remains of Gen. Washington and his wife lie encased in marble sarcophagi, and to which his remains were removed on April 19, 1831. Suitable Masonic services at the tomb will be conducted by the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

At the close of the Masonic ritual the Grand Masters will deposit their evergreen wreaths, and the craft slowly march by the tomb and do the same. After the benediction the brehren will proceed to the mansion, where President McKinley will deliver an address.

LIVELY PRISON DUTY.

Random Reminiscences of a 10th Kansas Man About Guarding Fractious Prisoners.

By N. J. MYERS.

When I went to the military prison in Kansas City as Sergeant of the Guard I became personally acquainted with Harry Truman, who was, or had been, a scout in the Union army on the frontier, but was at that time a prisoner, he said, for killing 70 bushwhackers. Harry was a good-hearted man and a Mason, and was favored by those in command. He was portly and commanding in person, weighing over 200 pounds.

The Winter of '63, while the 10th Kan. was on duty at Kansas City, Harry was not brought to trial, and my regiment was ordered to St. Louis, leaving Truman in the prison; but soon after he was sent to St. Louis to be arraigned for trial.

From St. Louis my regiment was sent to Alton, Ill., where we took charge of the exchange prison, which contained 1,500 rebel prisoners and 400 Union prisoners. This was at the time when the rebels at Chicago and other prisons had made a plan for a general break for liberty. Our guard noticed a signal from a house overlooking the prison, that was answered from the prison. The signalers in the prison were immediately thrown into the underground cells, and a watch kept over the house. The Union soldiers were called upon to find out all they could of the plan. This prison was where the Illinois State Penitentiary was once located, and was inclosed in a stone wall some 30 feet high. The main prison building was a stone structure, where were the headquarters of the 10th Kan.

While this prisoners' plot to escape was going on the prisoners were mining a tunnel under the wall secretly. While I was sitting in the door of Co. C's quarters a man came riding down the street joining the outside prison wall, and just in front of where I sat. Suddenly the hind foot of the horse went through the gravel street. The rider glanced back and rode on, but I jumped up and went to the place and soon discovered a tunnel. I discovered this spot was as far in the direction of our company quarters as they had got. So I informed the Captain. Capt. G. D. Brook had the hole opened up so as to admit the passage of a man. In the tunnel was a pick without any handle, and a case-knife broken in the middle, which had been used in digging. Three men were also found in the tunnel, and were taken back and put in cells. This passage had been commenced by taking up a flat hearth-stone in one of the old work-houses that had been used when this was the State Prison.

A BOLD PLAN.

This was the first we knew of their plan to escape, and a watch was kept over them. As to those plans I did not know fully until after the war. While living in Jackson County, Mo., 17 miles south of Kansas City, I was told that the tunnel which the horse's foot had broken into was started by a rebel soldier named Jeff Kenney. The plan was to reach the basement story of our quarters across the street in the night, when we were asleep, overpower the guards, and before our men could awaken, seize their arms and kill the garrison.

Another tunnel was soon after started in a sink. In April, 1864, the regiment had moved out in tents on the hill near the wall of the prison. This mine was aimed so as to bring the rebels out to a washout a few rods outside of the prison wall, and between our camp and the wall. We knew of this tunnel soon after it was commenced, and then when it had approached a point outside the wall, which we could tell by holding an ear to the ground, a guard was placed there at night with instructions to shoot the first man who stuck his head above the ground.

The dirt taken from the tunnel and scattered over the ground at night was soon tramped over and dried, so that it could not be discovered. While this was going on the Union prisoners learned of the time set to make the escape. When the rebels heard how some one who had known the time had told it to a Union prisoner, they attacked the Union men with anything they could get.

The guard was powerless to stop a row with nearly 1,500 men engaged; but as soon as Col. William Ware could get two companies of the 10th to the gate bayonets were fixed, the gate thrown open, and a charge made on the prisoners to stop the fight. Bayonets were used freely before order was restored, many on both sides being severely hurt.

My tent was in line with the tunnel that the rebels were at work on, and not far from where the guard was first placed to watch. My thoughts were that some night they might reach my tent while I was alseep, which kept me awake most of the time listening for sounds of the diggers.

A NIGHT'S SURPRISE.

One night, after taps, the rebels dug through the surface of the ground a few feet from my tent, and I was startled by the report of the guard's gun and a yell of agony from the first man to show his head above ground. I rushed out to find the man only stunned, having the hair on the top of his head cut away by the bullet. We entered the tunnel, and found five men there, who were taken to cells.

We were ordered back to St. Louis soon after this, and put on duty over prisoners at McDowell's College and at Myrtle Street Prison, and policed the city, as it at that time was under martial law.

While my command was at Alton, Ill., Harry Truman had been tried by court-martial, and the sentence was death. Harry sent for me, and told me he was doomed, and as he had no hopes of life he wanted to make me a present of his ivory-handled Colt's navies; he said he knew in my hands the pistols would do as good service as they had done in his. These pistols had been taken from him when he was put under arrest.

My three years only lacked a few months of service now, and the most of this time was put in at St. Louis. When John Morgan made his raid north into Indiana my regiment, with the 1st Kan. battery, was ordered there to intercept him. We were halted at a point called Mitchell, where the Salem & New Albany Railroad crossed the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad. Here we were to wait, as Morgan was moving in that direction, but before reaching that point he turned and struck the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad at Black River, burning the bridge over that stream, and cut our transportation east, so our regiment and the Kansas battery were hurried to Indianapolis, on which place they were moving.

The people were so rejoiced when we arrived that they would not permit us to do our own cooking, but we were served by young ladies. After two weeks of this luxury we were permitted to proceed to Cairo, Ill., where we were put in command of the mouth of the Ohio River. Finally orders reached us to embark for Kentucky. Both the 10th Kan. and the 1st Kan. battery, [Capt. Tenney, of the 1st, obeyed orders, but Col. Ware refused, saying he was going to take his regiment back to St. Louis; that his men had seen service enough, and they had no right to make him serve out of his department; that his regiment was more needed there. He gave orders to the gunners of the siege-guns to hail the first boat that came up the Mississippi River.

HOLDING UP A STEAMER.

Shortly afterward one came in sight. It proved to be the one that conveyed the arms captured at Vicksburg. The gunner fired a hailing shot, but no attention was paid, and we soon learned the cause. Another shot pretty close made the Captain of the boat come near enough to know what was meant. Col. Ware informed him he was going to carry his men to St. Louis.

"I can't take your men aboard. I am already loaded to the gunwales, and your regiment would sink her; besides, I have orders not to touch any point until we reach St. Louis."

"You will land, or I will sink your boat," said Col. Ware grimly. Then turning to the gunner he gave orders to sink the boat if it did not land immediately.

"Hold on," said the Captain, and his boat approached the landing, a plank was run out, and as soon as the plank struck land Co. A was at the end, and marched on. Other companies followed, until all were on board, when the boat backed off and went on its way to St. Louis.

Arriving at that port below Cape Girardeau, Mo., for wood, we espied the rebels in force advancing. We were not then strong enough to meet the attack, and Col. Ware ordered the boat to proceed; so we were soon out of rifle-shot. No artillery had come into position at the woodyard. We all thought there had been some previous arrangement for the boat to land, so the rebels might recapture the 37,000 stand of small-arms, 24 siege guns, and nine tons of powder. This would have been quite a haul for Jeff Thompson's command, in force there then.

We finally arrived safe at St. Louis, and went back to the same quarters that we had before we went after John Morgan's raiders. In Indiana Col. Ware was put under arrest and relieved of the command of the 10th Kan. The regiment then was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Burris to the end of the unexpired term of three years.

A DESPERATE DASH.

We were put on prison duty at McDowell College building, which was then occupied by 400 rebel officers. The rear of the center of the building had a back yard with a high fence, 16 feet high, with wagon-gate to the outside. By this gate a guard was kept, and also one on inside the inclosure. The prisoners were let out in this inclosure 25 at a time each day to exercise. One day when a rebel Colonel was out with his 20 or so they struck for liberty. Getting near the guard they asked him what kind of a gun that was he had. While his attention was drawn in front one of the prisoners grabbed him from behind. They rushed him and disarmed him, then took an ax from the ground, cut a hole through the gate at a time when the other guard was taking a drink at a well at the end of his beat. He fired on them, killed a Lieutenant, and bayoneted another man, who afterwards was found dead under a culvert on an adjoining street. Another was shot and killed three blocks away from prison, while running.

As soon as the shot was fired the alarm ran from one sentinel to another. Soon all the companies on duty turned out. I took my revolver and ran to the building fronting on a street adjoining the alley in the rear of the house where the prisoners made their break. A French lady appeared at the front door as I came in front with some soldiers. She called to us, and said: "There are thieves in the house." I directed the soldiers to the second story by the front stairway, while I asked the lady if they were armed. She said they probably were by this time, as there were arms in the house. So I entered a door into the back parlor with pistols in my hands, looking for the prisoners, who had run in the back way. I found a clothes press in this room. I called out to the men I believed to be in it to surrender, when they commenced begging for life.

"Are you armed?" I asked, and they said, "No."

"Then," I said, "come out and you shall not be shot." Two opened the door of the press and walked out into the room, trembling.

Soon the comrades joined me in this room; they had found no one above. I opened the back door and marched the men out in the back yard, where the rebel Lieutenant lay dead; then I knew the reason why these men were so afraid of being killed. I turned the prisoners over to the guard. Col. Douglas and 15 others of the 25 made their escape. After the war I learned that Col. Douglas had a carriage in waiting for him two blocks away, which he entered, and was driven to a place of safety; the others were also helped to escape.

Col. William Ware, at his trial, was charged with disobedience of orders and conduct unbecoming an officer. The court-martial found him guilty and dishonorably discharged him from the service, but he finally got the "dishonorably" erased from the sentence.

While my regiment remained in St. Louis the great Mississippi Fair was held there, and a flag was put up by the ladies who had charge of the fair to be voted to the most popular regiment, at 50 cents a vote. This was a fair to raise money for sick and wounded soldiers, and many valuable things were raffled off in different ways.

We were so much liked by the citizens of Alton, Ill., where we had been on guard duty over exchanged prisoners, that they had sent a committee to St. Louis to try to have the regiment ordered back there on duty, and when they heard of the vote for the flag to the most popular regiment, they managed to vote the flag to the 10th Kan. I was its color-bearer at the time, and received the flag from the hands of the committee, while Lieut.-Col. Burris made the address of thanks.

The regiment was reorganized. Some of the boys went in as veterans, while the remainder were sent to Leavenworth City to be mustered out. There were but 13 men out of 100 who had been enlisted in my company.

I went to St. Louis to get the ivory-handled Colt's navies that Truman had made me a present. On presenting my order for them the Provost-Marshal said: "There was a board bill here at the hotel against Harry Truman for $46." I paid it to get the revolvers; they handed me out two Colt's five-inch and two French navies of the Remington make, which I took to get my money back. I thought all the time there was a plan to keep the fine ones.

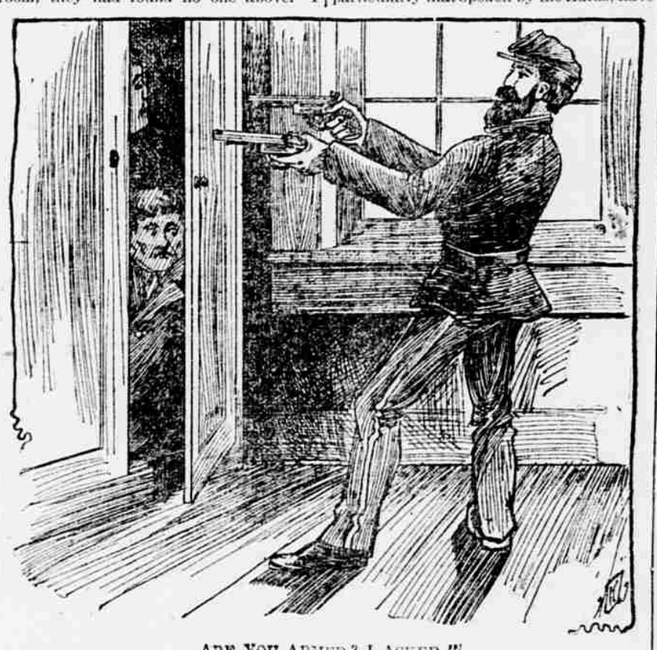
Next Summer, while I was walking along the street in Des Moines, Iowa, I came face to face with Harry Truman, who I thought was dead. We went into a saloon, and after a drink Harry related all that he had done. He said:

"After you left St. Louis Lincoln ordered me sent to Washington City; then he had me brought to him, and said he wanted me to go as a spy to Richmond. I consented, and he pardoned me, and I went, and was the man who first informed the officials of the evacuation of this rebel stronghold."

"Well, Harry, you have done well," I replied. "I want to inform you that I did not get the handsome guns of yours; they palmed off a couple of pairs of common ones on me."

Harry replied:

"If I ever lay eyes on that Provost I will settle with him." But I imagine he never met him, nor did I.



ARE YOU ARMED? I ASKED."

See page 12 for particulars of our $500 Guessing Contest.

THE STORY OF JUDAS.

The Decoy Ox of the Chicago Cattle Yards.

One of the sights of the great cattle yards of Chicago is an old white ox, named Judas. An ox may rise to eminence by his cunning and wisdom as well as a man, and Judas has risen. He came to the yards a good many years ago, while he was yet a frisky steer and he was immediately purchased by one of the great packing houses and driven from the train which brought him from his Iowa home to a distant yard.

The life of most animals at the cattle yards is very short—a week at the very most. A few days after the arrival of Judas the herd of cattle which occupied the pen with him was selected for killing. The way to the packing house led down a long alleyway with high fences on each side, then up a narrow chute and into the building. For some reason the cattle seem to know what is coming, for they always object to being driven up the chute. Judas was no exception. He plunged madly about among the herd and the cattlemen had more trouble with him than with any other animal. At last, however, he seemed to realize that sooner or later he must go, and he made a virtue of a necessity, trotted quietly up the chute and the other cattle followed rapidly after him. Thus he ran until he had just reached the door of the packing house. Then, quick as a wink, he turned and galloped down a side passage and escaped, while the other cattle went onward into the building.

Judas had been so very clever that the good-natured cattlemen let him go for that day, for genius is to be appreciated in a steer as well as in a man. The next day, however, they drove him up again with another herd. This time he made not the slightest objection, but trotted forward quietly, and the other steers, having a confident leader, behaved admirably. But just as Judas reached the door of the building he dodged again, so suddenly that the men couldn't turn him, and escaped as he had done before, while the herd behind him went careering into the killing room.

Since then Judas has been a regular employe of the cattle yards. Every day he leads up a herd of cattle and every day he dodges just at the door of the building. He has saved the cattlemen no end of trouble and delay with riotous herds since he began his service. He has grown fat and sleek on the good living of the yards, and so highly are his services regarded that the cattlemen provide him with a white blanket on cold days to keep him comfortable.

And thus [illegible] living to a green old age, but he bears [illegible] disrespectable name of Judas—the betrayer.

Mysterious Method of Communication.

Toronto Mail.

The battle of Majuba hill was fought on Feb. 27, 1881. Pietermaritzburg is as nearly as possible 150 miles from Majuba. Yet the native servants of officers quartered in that garrison town heard the news of the battle and told their masters of the result within 10 hours, and long before any official telegraphic information came through.

Again, the total defeat of the Zulus at Ulundi, in 1879, was heard of by the natives at a distance of 270 miles within 12 hours.

How is it done?

Many explanations have been offered, but none of them are entirely satisfactory. Perhaps the most plausible explanation for the rapid transmission of news is the following: The various Kaffir languages, particularly that spoken by the Zulus, have very many broad, open vowels. The "a" is pronounced as in father. Such words as "amba gashle"—go carefully; "ikona moli—no money; "hamba kaya"—no home, are all words that carry far. The natives are said to shout to one another from hilltop to hilltop, and these long-drawn-out vowels can be heard for immense distances. The extremely rarefied air of the high veldt also helps the sound to travel; and a chain of natives being arranged, one on each hilltop, four or five miles apart, the message flies from one to another with amazing rapidity.

Where there is a stream or running water it is known to be possible to convey sound along the surface over a considerable length thereof. But this would hardly be applicable to the South African natives' methods, as the streams through the veldt flow only a few months in the Summer, and then only intermittently, after thunderstorms; for the rest of the year they are practically dry beds of sand and rock.

Whatever their method may be, it has been proved over and over again that natives get news of any great event, reported accurately and succinctly, long before it is flashed across the telegraphic wires.

Appreciates the National Tribune.

EDITOR NATONAL TRIBUNE: It is with a thankful heart that I look back on the past year of our association and all its comforts added to myself and family. The success of your National paper need have no fear of subscribers from the G.A.R. comrades; in fact, I cannot see how a veteran of the rebellion could expect to know what he is living for without it.—E. M. HOUSTON, Junior Vice-Commander, Department of Virginia and North Carolina, Winchester, Va.

A TRIP TO THE MASAI STEPPES

A Journey into the Land of Black Savages.

By C. NOLTE.

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SYNOPSIS.

The author was at the head of an expedition which started from Tanga, on the East African coast, to make a general survey of the country and its resources, and also to observe the character of the natives. In previous chapters he describes the march to the Kilima-Ndjaro Mountains, where the expedition went into camp. The expedition split up into several smaller ones, each taking a different route, the author marching with over half of the force and the stores to Moschi. The place of rendezvous was the Masai Steppes to the southwest of the Meru Mountains. The party arrived at a Wandorobbo village.

Next morning some Wandorobbos brought news that there were lions not far from the village. I at once started out in the direction indicated, which was to the south of the Meru Mountain in the open

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE AUTHOR WHILE WITH THE EXPEDITION.

steppe. The grass was very high, and by careful stalking I was able to come close to a herd of gnus, and picking a fine bull I took careful aim and fired, but just at that second he moved, and was only wounded. He followed the retreating herd in a lame gallop, and was soon out of sight.

As I had no horse I sat down and waited a time, for I did not want the wounded animal driven too far away. After having waited half an hour I took up the track, but soon lost it, as the grass was very high, and for the most part grew very dense, and there were also a number of other footprints. After some fruitless searching I decided to return.

On my way back I came across another herd of gnus. I shot at a single standing bull, but again I was unfortunate, only wounding the animal. While following the wounded animal I saw at about 150 yards from me some animals in the grass; I could only see their heads, but one of the Somali soldiers took them to be hyenas; therefore, I did not trouble about them, but followed the gnu, which I soon reached and settled with a final shot.

ENCOUNTER WITH LIONS.

I sent one of the soldiers back to bring up the carriers, whom I had left some distance behind. After two or three minutes the soldier came running back, looking rather scared, and shouting that there were six lions eating a gnu—most likely the one I had first shot.

I took two Somali soldiers with me, and quickly moved to the spot indicated.

The grass reached here about to the hips. We had not gone more than 200 yards before we heard fierce growls. According to what I had read in several books of travel in Africa, I expected the lions to run away after the first shot. Before going closer I decided to take a look at the customers I would have to deal with. Taking up my field-glass, I saw a large male lion bobbing up and down over the body of the gnu, from which he was tearing big strips of meat. Of the other lions I could only see now and then a dark head.

The grass in front of me was very high. I made a detour under the wind to reach a place where I could get plain view of the lions before risking a shot. I gave the Somalis instructions to follow me and hold their guns in readiness, but before we could start one of the soldiers shouted "Anakudja" (He is coming), and there was the old lion coming on in a heavily rolling gallop, looking dangerous, all the time growling. He came on so quickly that there was no time to make zoological studies. At 30 paces he got a bullet which stopped him, and he rolled about on the ground and bit his shoulder; then got up again, and raised his tail up straight; this was a sure sign that he meant serious business, so I settled him at once. He fell on a spot where the grass grew so thick that I could not see him, and I was not going to take any risks, so I started to make a detour to get him clear in sight.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

All this time I had not taken any notice of the other lions, especially as I had seen two run away at the beginning, but I had not gone 10 steps before I was suddenly confronted by a lioness, which stood growling at a distance of abopt 30 paces from me. The lioness came crawling through the grass where I could not see her. The next time I caugiht a glimpse of her head she was dangerously close to me, and I fired without delay. She gave a prolonged howl. At about a hundred paces she made a stand again. At the same time I saw at some distance the old lion going off lame, accompanied by a lioness.

At that time another lioness appeared, growling angrily. Before I could engage the new foe the other lioness which I had wounded came at me again. I stopped her with a shot, but unfortunately did not kill her. I had only two cartridges left by this time, so there remained nothing to do but retreat.

While we retreated slowly I sent the Somali soldiers back to the dead gnu to fetch their guns and cartridges. I could not see anything of the lioness, but when the one Somali said he had just seen her I called a halt. At that moment the other soldiers came up running with the guns and ammunition, and the noise of the approaching men must have frightened the lioness, for she jumped from out the thick grass not 20 yards away. I shot but did not kill her. This time she got up more slowly, and I had a chance to aim, and was able to put a shot through the spine, and this settled her.

I had no sooner settled her than I had to attend to the other lioness, that was growling most ominously. I shot deep in the grass in her direction; I heard the bullet strike, and she sent up an angry howl. It was beginning to get too dark now for further operations, so I waited till next morning. We then got to the spot and I let my soldiers swarm out. Before I knew what was happening a lioness had sprung from behind some bushes, and was tearing away with her claws at a man's arm. I rushed up to within five paces and shot the lioness straight through the heart.

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(To be continued.)

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