

three men in a boat), all splashing, laughing and shouting, scrambling on the slippery ice, falling back again into the cold water, and staying there until we could push the boat onto firm ice and use it as an aid for getting out ourselves. This process was repeated not once, but many times, until night fell and found us still on our journey.

But there was no water cold enough to chill our good humor or wet enough to damp our ardor, and we reached camp in the most glorious spirits.

During supper our cabin looked like the drying-room of a steam laundry.

After the meal Roy and Jack utilized all the dry clothes in sight to fit them for a trip to the village to ship our game to friends and to procure supplies. Their last laughing remark as they drove off, flung back at me as I stood in the cabin door, was a promise to faithfully and graphically describe my costume. It was not stylish, it was not elaborate. To be exact, it began with an overcoat and ended with a pair of slippers. There was no middle. But, as I said to myself when I turned in to the fire, "What more does a man want after such sport?"

MAN-EATING LIONS.

BY DR. J. H. PORTER.



LIONS and tigers infected with a lust for human blood do strange and horrible things; and, because it is impossible to give an adequate account of those conditions governing the appearance and conduct of man-eating cats, therefore, in that region of mystery

and dread to which they were thus transferred, fancy distorts their forms, and preposterous explanations of the prowess and ferocity of these beasts obtain credence.

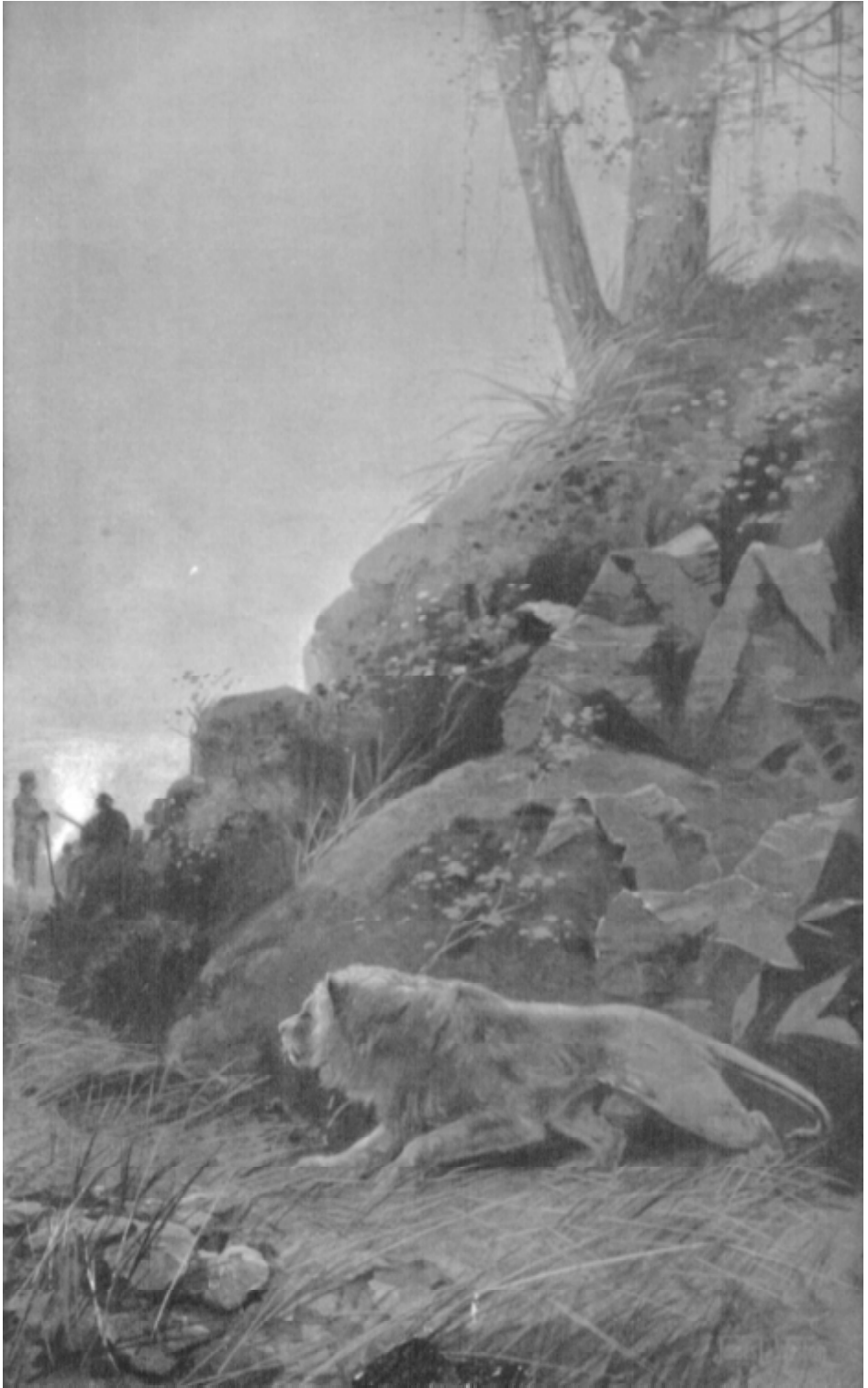
habits of violence and bloodshed. Notwithstanding resulting likenesses, however, their dispositions and demeanors are notably dissimilar. They have not the same style, and in that worst, as well as most advanced, state of development attained by habitual destroyers of mankind, the behavior of these species has little in common. The man-eating lion's conduct is like that of some bold and desperate outlaw, whose temerity often leads to failure and death. A tiger calculates every movement and acts with a cool, skillful, deadly purpose, which seldom errs.

If a native African, familiar with murderous lions, could think and talk like an Indian *shikari*, their narratives and personal experiences would show equally strong resemblances and discords. While neither would be able to conceive anything short of supernatural interference as accounting for much that took place, yet, supposing they told the truth, those witches, ghosts or devils, supposed to be implicated, would undoubtedly appear to have prompted possessed lions and tigers in very different ways.

Except in sensational stories, no one ever hears of a tiger pursuing men openly, breaking into armed camps, or foraging a village night after night. "The king of beasts," not unjustly so called with reference to barbaric ideas of nobility and grandeur, has often taken such risks, and, when his hour comes, no animal knows how to die like a lion. Professor Robinson merely epitomizes the evidence given by Lichtenstein, Delgorgue, Harris, Baker, Gérard, Andersson, and most of those who have known the animal best, in saying that "when death is inevitable a lion is always heroic."

Both these animals belong to an order more highly specialized than any other in nature; they are alike adapted to a predatory life, and similarly trained by

An anecdote related by Drummond emphasizes this view, and shows in strong relief several characteristic traits belonging to the leonine nature. During his travels in Africa, he came to a district in the northeast corner of Zululand which was intolerably afflicted by



Painted for OUTING by James L. Weston.

"SOMEVILES DE PEAST FOLLOWED." (p. 19)

a man-eater. Great numbers of the Amaswazi settled there had been killed, and many of their villages were deserted.

Arriving at a town late one evening, he found its inhabitants occupied in roaring, dancing, drumming, and drinking themselves into that devout state of mind appropriate for making offerings to the new moon. But the presence of a white man with rifles was an immense thing to people situated as these were, and their head men made Drummond very welcome. They ascertained that his intentions with respect to the lion were favorable, fed him, kicked its occupants out of a hut, which was placed at the traveler's disposal, and then resumed their devotional exercises.

Despite an unimaginable din the wearied explorer fell asleep, and did not waken until aroused near morning by thunder peals, the rush of wind and a tremendous downpour. While listening to this tumult, a wild yell pierced the darkness, and with this death-cry of despair and agony the awful voice of a lion rose above the storm. He had come again, leaped in among these defenceless wretches, burst open a hut and seized upon one of its inmates.

Observe, now, that no tiger has been reported to behave after this openly outrageous manner. That fell beast crawls; it never comes storming into towns like this. Again, when the day broke, when the shriekings and lamentations were over, after that exasperating waste of words attending all consultations in Africa had ceased, and a regiment of men went after the lion, it was found that he took no trouble whatever to conceal his whereabouts. Instead of vanishing on a trail blinded by every device which cunning can employ, this brute devoured his victim within gunshot of the stockade, drank at a neighboring stream, and lay up in an extended strip of dense brush clothing a ridge near by.

Any tiger would have sought some lair difficult of access and provided with open lines for retreat in case of necessity. This beast merely ensconced himself at the first shady place, regardless of consequences. Infallible eyes scrutinized the copse's whole circumference. A plain trail led there, but no outgoing track appeared, and it was positive that their enemy had not departed.

More than a hundred men beat this jungle twice from end to end before the lion broke cover in front of their main body, drawn up on a slope beyond. Moreover, this reserve division was composed of spearmen who would stand and fight.

Immediately upon entering the open, this animal made one of those feigned assaults which lions and tigers often resort to for the purpose of intimidating their enemies. Drummond, however, shot him three times, and on each occasion he was seriously wounded. At this the lion halted midway between his assailants, and, says Drummond, for a moment or two paced in front of the larger force like an officer before troops. Then he charged into the midst of them and fought until literally cut to pieces with assegais.

There is nothing in this whole account that fits a tiger; but notwithstanding the lion's loftiness of demeanor and unshrinking courage when confronted by imminent destruction, this animal has been well called "the most cat-like of all cats." Treachery and cruelty are organized in his brain, and those impressions which dignity of carriage and desperateness of purpose suggest mean nothing when interpreted in terms which are appropriate to human character.

Being one of the laziest creatures alive, a lion needs to be pressed by hunger before making what Moffat calls "his desperate attacks." Under those circumstances, however, Kerr expresses the general opinion in saying that "there is no limit to his audacity and daring." In the absence of official reports and other means for authentic information one cannot speak very explicitly, but there is reason to think that more men are killed throughout Africa by lions, not exclusively man-eaters, than fall before ordinary tigers in India. It is only occasionally that a whole population turns out against some intolerable pest of this kind, and, otherwise, there must be less difficulty in disposing of negroes than Asiatics.

With regard to the conduct of these indistinctly homicidal creatures they obviously hunt men indiscriminately with other animals such as may be encountered in a search for prey. Furthermore, there are parts of Africa where, owing to man's defencelessness,

the state of things is so bad that tribes have sunk into a state of subjection, and only seek to escape attack. Dr. Livingstone and his attendants once stopped at a depopulated village, where none of them dared to go out after dark; yet these were, so to speak, commonplace unspecialized lions, and very different beings from animals like that terrible scourge Drummond describes.

The opinion that anthropophagous wild beasts undergo a transformation accompanying change of habit is altogether erroneous and without foundation. Their specific characters are merely modified by readjustments to more complex circumstances of life. Therefore, when lions become man-eaters, properly so called, their unchanged feline traits still prompt them in a new course of conduct. These inert and treacherous brutes take no unnecessary trouble to catch men, and, while human beings are plentiful, none of them undertake perilous enterprises or proceed on any haphazard expeditions. They know what to do and where to go in order that prey may be procured with the least amount of risk or exertion. Such a lion is well aware of who tills this cornfield or that mealie patch. He has informed himself of how many men accompany the village herds, where any outlying camps are situated, and how they are guarded. There is no route by which travelers proceed or traffic is carried on, that such animals have not studied with reference to the facilities for attack they afford and their own bodily powers. If otherwise good strategic positions present natural difficulties, the lion not only considers how these can be overcome, but, perhaps, practices his part beforehand. At all events, he has been watched while engaged in exercises that can only be explained in this way.

So puny a creature as man is, when unprovided with effective implements for offence, stands little chance against such a foe—an assailant having forty times his own strength, backed by marvelous activity and an intense passion for carnage. Under these circumstances savages can only shut themselves up, or assault their enemy in large masses. On the other hand, those precautions taken by a murderous lion might not seem to comport with that bold and often reckless temper attributed to this species.

But such a discrepancy has no real existence; it only appears when a judgment is made without taking all the facts into consideration. This animal's intelligence, developed in man-eaters to its highest point, together with an organic stealthiness of nature and proclivity towards unexpected attacks and stratagems, fully account for everything a lion does in the way of guarding against failure. Moreover, all his cautious proceedings are as nothing when compared with those which the prudent foresight of tigers puts into practice.

Many persons visit lands inhabited by the lion, and learn nothing about that lordly creature. Other people actually hunt him without materially benefiting by their experience, for an untrained man is constantly led into error through occurrences which are almost inevitably misunderstood. No better recollections, however, remain with a hunter-naturalist than those confidences imparted in the forest or desert by those whose lives have been passed among wild beasts. Nobody could have listened to lion-lore coming from such sources without advantage, and therefore the following narrative is appended, with an attempt to preserve that quaint style and extraordinary English in which this story was told.

Karl Ruyter the gigantic, German-Dutch by descent, but mostly the former in speech and opinion, sat in an open hall running through his unpainted clap board house, situated far up towards the Namaqua border, and delivered himself with an assurance such an so famous a lion-hunter might assume:

"You wants to know if lions does purshue beoples?" he said. "Vell, I tells you a tale, und it is true. Maybe a liddle past die time last year Jim Long, a trader vot I knows, comes here. He hat vaggins mit goods, und a parrel of viskey. Moreoffer, he wan trunk, und, eider more or less, he staidt so continual. Now dis vas a goot man, onlie something haf happened to him, und he wants to forget. Nefferdeless, dat is not die vay viskey acts—haf I not tried?"

"A ferry poor time you has in die vilds ven dat liquor gifts out, I tinks; but I sait not dose vorts. Vell, he und die vaggins und die Hoddentots, dey cleart out. Veeks und veeks passed by, und I clean forgets Jim Long completely. Den die vaggins comes, und die

niggers; but Jim Long he vas not dere. At vonce I suspecttet rasgalitie, und shouted:

“ ‘ How is dis, Hendrick? Vere is your master, you plack peast?’ ”

“ But he only throwed up his arms und cried, ‘ Mein Gott! Mein Gott! he is verloren gone und tead—killed mit a lion.’ Likevise he showed me a poy as vas ferry pad hurt.

“ I has to vork den, but ven die nacht come I sends for Hendrick und says: ‘ Now, tell me vat happened; neider lie, or I skins you guick.’ Vat he toldt vas dis, und I peliefs him, for such affairs haf I knowed meinsel:

“ Dey trekked, he sait, und inspanned und outspanned for many days. Die gropos, die blains vere cattle grazes, vas purned up mit die sun. Game dere vas none, und wasser vas scarce. Jim Long, he trinkt straight ahead, und talked mit himself. Py und py die countrie changed. Dere vas kloofs mit liddle veldts petween; dorn bushes vas blenty, und die doeny, die mountain tops, rose up peyond. About den die voorloper as drove Jim Long’s first vaggin vere de viskey vas pegan to see a lion—big und ret. Someviles die peast followed, oder times he vas to dere sides, or die teufel got on a kraantz, standin among rocks, und joost looked. Now, dere ist no fool so verdammt as does not know vat dis means. Pesides, Jim Long vas no fool, und knowed it vas his pizness to go for dis lion immediate, for to let him alone vas like sayin coom und kill somevones ven you gits reaty.

“ Nefferdeless, ven die poys vas skart, und pointed him out und sait: He vas here yesterday und die day pefore; neider did he roar py night, und he vants not peef but human blood, Long vas like em neuling, a greenhorn vat had neffer seen noting, und he swore at die lion und Hoddentots und efferyding. Now py dis time I seen how it vas mit Jim Long. Petween die viskey, und griefs as I don’t know, he vas like a man thöricht—verressen auf

seine niederlage—valkin straight down to hell. Of course, dem Hoddentot nigger prutes, dey looks on dis as aniemba magic spells, und giffs dere-selves up; for dot all is in great tanger vas clear as die sun in heafen.

“ Ven dree days of seein dis lion vas gone, dere come up a pig storm-vind. Gloomy clouds piled on high, und dere fringes tore off, streamin across die sky. Nacht vas comin on, und dey must But vere off all blaces unter die heafens did dis grazzy Jim Long sthop? If you vill pelief me, at a poort, a raffine as you calls it, vat run out into die veldt. Dere vas prush all round, und some trees, und it vas die ferry spot for lion surbrizes. No vonder dere poys sait dere master vas pevitched; but vat could dey do ven Jim Long sat on a rock lookin vild mit his gun? So dey made camp, und eat dere meal, und die Hoddentots filled dere pellites, und vas schleepy, like die peasts dey is.

“ Ach! den vas a time to vatch, und pile on die fires. Lions is more vorse as effer in tarkness und storm. It vas plack now; die vind shrikt around dem crags, und effery limb und twig vas ma in a noise py itself. Soon dey vas schleepin, efen Hendrick, who hat some sense, But die pefore knowledge of something derrible vas on his mind; so he vaked up many times. Vone of dese times ven Hendrick vaked, it vas to hear a deep pur-r-r, und a svitchen as vas not die vind stir in try grass. Instantlie he vas sure dis must pe die lion, for he knowed dese peasts neffer can keep still ven die moment for ploodshed comes. But now der vas no time for noting, as mit a roar like tunder rose die lion dark und awful in die air. Hans—him I toldt you of—vas plinted und pit immediate. Den die prute springt on Jim Long und clawed him out from his plankets. Ach Gott! Dis nigger Hendrick git gray in his face ven he tell me how Long yellt, und his pones gracked, as die lion tragged him off a liddle piece und defoured him alife.”

