MASSEY

Dog and Lion Fight In African Bush

up, obviously hit, and ran for the bush. Turnley fired again, but whether he struck her with his second shot we shall never know for certain, the from

after events and evidence I am in-clined to think he did. The outstand-

ing clump being between myself and the lion, and Turnley being behind me,

and two paces to my right, made it impossible for me to jump out and fire

without either baulking him or getting a bullet in the back of my own head.

The lioness plunged at once into the bush. How Turnley managed to see

her at all, so as to shoot, much less to hit her, in the first instance, will

always be a mystery. To me the whole panorama was a blaze of rising sun

and crimson spots, with a widebeeste leg waving in the middle of it.

We ran up at once to look for blood, and found it immediately where the

hit, and won't go far. Let's blot out that poor devil of a wildebeeste before

we do anything else." Turnley said, "We'd better see if it's likely to re-

cover first, or we'll get into trouble for killing it."

Mauled By the Lion.

And now comes the most interesting part of the whole affair. The wilde-

his side, and at first we could see no

injury, tho he seemed unable to rise. When we twisted his tail, however,

saw that the lion had been eating him

The left shoulder was

pletely eaten out to the bone, and there was a hole behind the shoulder-blade, from which the left lung was protrud-

ing. In common humanity, we, of

We then turned our attention to the

wounded lioness, and it was here that

we made, possibly, our one and only mistake. Certain lion experts at Ub-

ombo say that we should have rushed

into the bush at once on the blood

spoor. Perhaps we should have, but,

sideration (we should have had to

chop our way into it with cane-knives), I do not think it would have

made any difference. However, it is always very easy to be wise after

the event. Anyway, when Turnley turned to me and said, "What do you

think we had better do?" I said, "Well

that's only a small bush: if she's

stopped in there, she's probably dead. If, on the other hand, she's run on, we

shall only be wasting time chopping our way thru-there on the blood spoor,

while all the while she is clearing off

round first and see whether she's cleared off on the other side. This we

accordingly did. We found a fresh

spoor coming out of the bush on the

other side, but no blood. Evidently she

had a mate lying in the bush, who

cleared off when he heard the shooting. "It's another lion, Turnley,"

ing. "It's another lion, Turnley," I said; "let's get back on her blood spoor quick. She's in here, either dead,

r too bad to move." "Right ho!" said

Turnley, "but where's 'Bill'?" He had

hardly spoken when suddenly from in-

side the bush we heard "Bill's" voice,

then a terrific roar and after that a

continuous roaring, snarling, bark-

ing scuffle, such as a man dreams about in his boyhood, but never hopes

moment were two boys, my own and another, carrying our shot guns. We

just grabbed our shot guns and made

rush for the uproar, our one idea

in another direction. Let's

taking the nature of the bush into con-

course, destroyed it.

he staggered to his feet, and we

Story of an Exciting Adventure Which Befell a Big Game

Mr. H. Wynne Silva sends The Na-tal Mercury the following graphic ac-count of a big game shooting incident, on the Pongola River, in the Ubombo

Some years ago I sent you an account of the shooting of two lions on the Pongola River by my brother, Mr. E. B. Silva. I am now able to furnish you with the details of another lion hunt, in which I myself had the good fortune to participate the not I re-

hunt, in which I myself had the good fortune to participate, tho not, I regret to say, as the hero of the occasion, who was undoubtedly "Bill."

This account should be especially interesting to sportsmen for two reasons—first, as evidencing the extraordinary courage of a bull terrier; secondly, as bringing to light what I believe to be a hitherto unknown fact in regard to lions and their habits with the prey they catch. Up to now it has been, I believe, a generally accepted theory that a lion kills its prey before eating it; indeed, I have read as well as heard from old hunters, many tales of the marvellous manner in which a lion kills its prey by breaking its neck, tion kills its prey by breaking its neck, tion kills its prey by breaking its neck, tearing its throat out, and so forth. I am now in a position to state that whatever the general rule may be, this is not always the case.

On the 6th of this month I was down

On the 6th of this month I was down on the Ubombo low veld with Mr. H. E. Turnley, of Ubombo. We were there with the intention of hunting lions solely. The extraordinary drought which has prevailed almost unbrokenly since last May has brought will the big game down to the vicinity of the Pongola River, and the lions have, of course, followed.

We slept out on the night of the 'th, and started out almost before daylight on the morning of the 6th to look for spoor—Mr. Turnley, myself, some half-dozen natives, and "Bill," Mr. Turnley's big white bull terrier. As luck would have it, we struck some fresh spoor at sunrise. The veld is burnt almost entirely bare, and the ground is very dry and hard, so that spoor of any kind is very difficult to follow. My own native servant, is however, pretty good at this business.

however, pretty good at this business, and we had managed to hold the spoor for a quarter of a mile or so, when we suddenly heard a wildebeeste bellowing. In Distress. Is aid to one of our boys, "What can that wildebeese be shouting like that for?" "Oh," he answered, "that's nothing; they often do that." Turnley said at once, "That's rot. That beast is in distress—I can hear by its voice." My own experience, extending over many years now, has taught me that, except in very rare cases, if you want to be misled in hunting matters, ask a native, so I said, "Let's go and see."
With that we hurried forward in the direction of the sound. We were approaching a strip of bush, which we afterwards found to be about 200 yards long, by perhaps half that width. As we rounded the corner we saw a wilde-

beeste lying on its back, with one leg waving in the air. The sun was then about six feet above the horizon, and straight in our eyes. The wildebeeste was about 200 yards in front of us, and about 20 yards from the bush. Right in front and about half-way was an outstanding little clump of thorn, and by creeping close alongside the bush, and keeping this little clump between us and our objective, we were able to advance unseen. We had just reached this, and I had barely poked my head cautiously round to see what was up with the wildebeeste, when Turn-ley, who was a few paces to my rear and a little to my right (the bush being on our left-hand side), exclaimed: "There's a lion.!" and fired. As he did so, I saw a curious-looking lump on the wildebeetste's shoulder resolve

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in thick bush. The two boys—to their when he dashed off into the second credit be is spoken—followed us, and bush, and in another moment was at we charged that bush head down. It was just a tangled mass of thorn and

Dog's Fight With Lion. nent will do, and with that noise in front—like 50 dog fights rolled into one -we'd have gone thru a brick wall Suddenly, even in our excitement, we was able to secure the skin and head both heard a yelp of pain from "Bill" as she had not been long dead. The mixed up, as it were, with his fighting hair has unfortunately come out a litnote, and then all was dead silence. By then we had reached, somehow, the spot where we judged the sound to have come from, but could see nothing. Turnley and I looked at each other, and I could see what he was thinking, knowing how fond he was of the dog, and hoping to break it to him a bit before coming on his dead body, I said, "Bill's gone in, old man." Turnley didn't answer for a moment. "Ah, skinned her say that it was the one well," he said, with what I can only bullet that inflicted both wounds, but, describe as a sporting kind of groan, "it's a d- sporting death; I wouldn't wish him a better." All this, tho it takes some time to describe, only ocjust turned to look round again for the scene of the fight when my boy said, "There's the dog!" and up rolled old "Bill," looking much as usual except that, he was blood from head to foot not his own blood, but the lion's. He was badly scatched in four or five places, fortunately little more than skin deep, and had only one nasty tear along the groin, probably the one made him yelp. For the rest he looked just as usual, neither excited nor subdued nor convinced in any way. My account, in so far as it has interest for sportsmen, is almost completed, except for one incident. We cut

our way to the scene of the fight which resembled a butcher's shamble

more than anything. Lion and dog

must have been rolling over and over together. How "Bill" got out alive was

the lioness again, about 500 yards from the scene of his first encounter. Turnprickly cactus. When I mention that ley and I sprinted all we knew, but afterwards, in cold bood, we had to the lioness had evidently had enough chop our way out again with a cane of "Bill," and cleared right off before we got there. We tracked her for something like six hours thru bushveld, following the blood, and then the became too faint to follow, and But it is marvellous what excite- we had to go home with our tails down However, a native, following some honey birds, came on the lioness lying dead, a few days after, so Turnle tle on the side on which she was ly ing, otherwise the skin is in goo condition. She was an old lion a very large one. It was then that we discovered how it was that "Bill" twice tackled a lion singlehanded, and lived completely shattered on both There was also a glancing wound be-hind the shoulder. The natives who after seeing the jaw, I am inclined to think that it was broken by the sec ond shot that Turnley fired as she ran into the bush. But, of course, we shall never know for certain. The most won-derful part of the whole adventure to ne is the pluck of that dog in attacking her a second time, after the mauling he received in the first act-and to do it all single-handed.

Queen's Own Cadet Corps. The Queen's Own Cadet Corps, is to have an open night on Monday nigh in the combined officers' room in the armories. Capt. Mitchell will give his interesting illustrated lecture on the "History of the Queen's Own Rifles," showing views of the English trip while Major R. K. Barker will cover the trip of the Imperial Cadets.

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Nineteen Years the Standard being to get to Bill and save him from being chewed up. We had both purposely brought our shot guns as well posely brought our shot guns as well as rifles, in case of just such an emergency as the present—close quarters gency as the present—close quarters gunt decided to put "Bill" on the lead,

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President, Mgr. and Sec.

appeachild onto other parce the it too i stead was over.
All and sight called