

Paul J. Rainey, New York Sportsman, Tells of His Great Success and Thrilling Adventures in Pursuit of Big Game with a Pack of American Bear Hounds

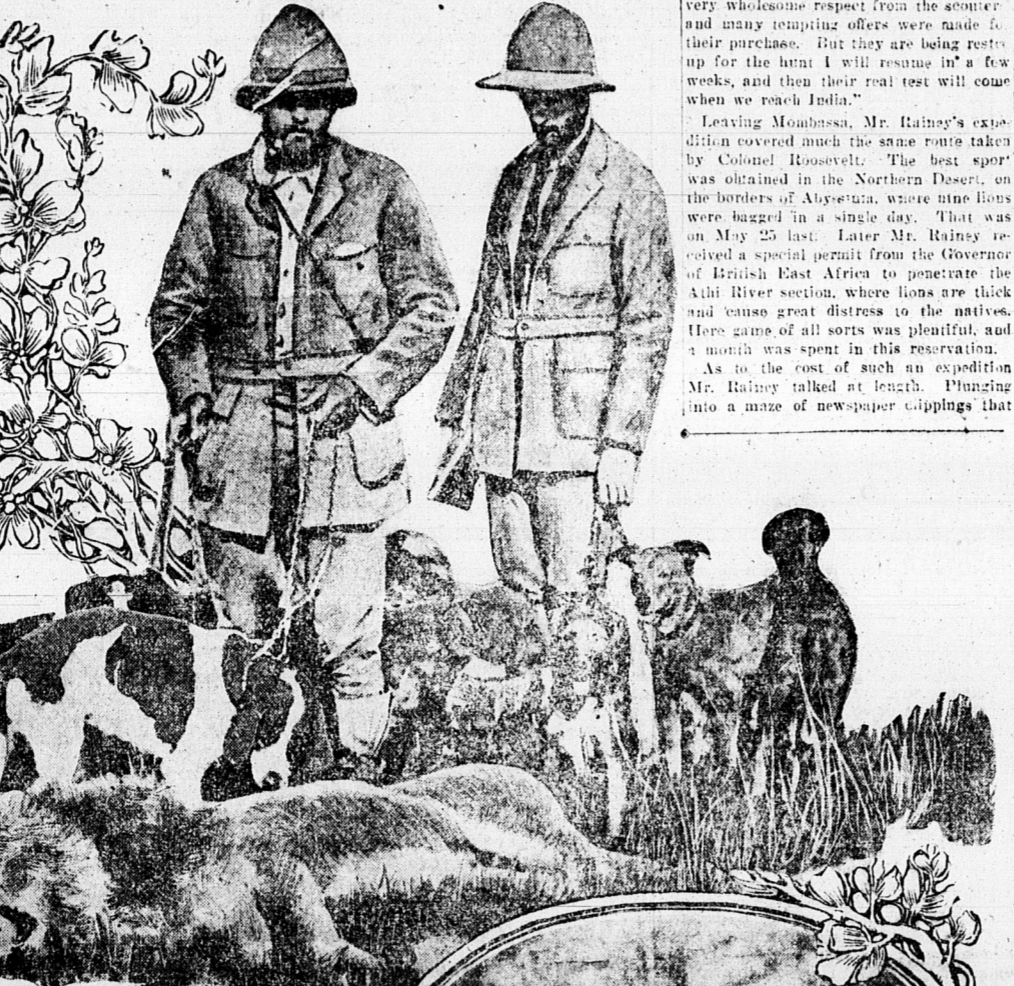


A Massive Buffalo That Mr. Rainey Killed. Photo by Hemment, Copyright by Paul J. Rainey.

We thought surely our dogs would be crushed to death. ... We got several fine specimens of this sort."

an elephant as in wringing the neck of a chicken." Rhinoceroses, however, afforded the party many thrills, and that character of sport especially appealed to Mr. Rainey.

tried and true lion hunters, for the most part Englishmen who had spent the best years of their lives in the jungle, ridiculed the idea of stalking lions with hounds.



Mr. Rainey and Dr. E. M. Johnstone with the Pack of Hounds Which Stalked the Lions. Photo by Hemment, Copyright by Paul J. Rainey.

TALKING lions with dogs! The American sportsman who has upset all precedents in the killing of big game is Mr. Paul J. Rainey, of New York and California.

Although seventy-four of the king of beasts came to Mr. Rainey's bag he is not yet satisfied, and in a few weeks he will return to Africa and round out a year in the jungle.

Colonel Roosevelt, and then, and not until then, did I conceive the idea of hunting them in my own way. I have hunted everything worth hunting in North America, so determined that I would round up a pack of bear hounds and take a crack at the African lion.

A Narrow Escape. Mr. Rainey, physically, is the ideal hunter. Long of limb and wind, he stands six feet and over in his stockings.

Had Rifles, Too. "The impression prevails," said Mr. Rainey, "that we pursued lions to their lairs without guns and rifles, depending alone upon the dogs."

"That's a leopard the dogs killed unaided," he continued. "We got a number of them, and in every instance we let the dogs finish the job. They never failed, and the fighters of the pack would literally tear these savage little beasts to pieces before they would let go."

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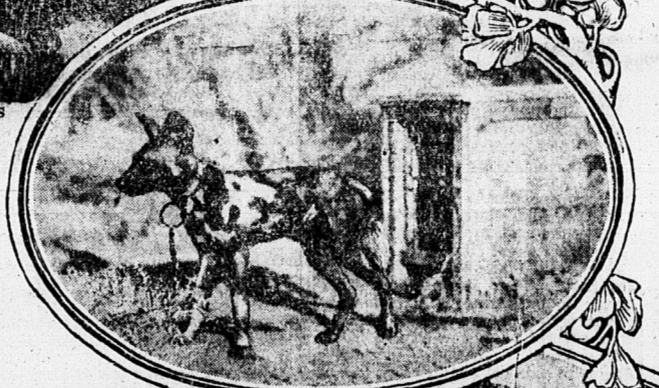
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A Wild Dog from British East Africa, Only One Ever Brought to United States. Photo by Hemment, Copyright by Paul J. Rainey.



A Brace of Hounds and Dead Lion. Photo Copyright by Paul J. Rainey.



Camp Under Acacia Trees.

The dogs had put him up and he was standing them off pretty successfully when we approached. We believed that his entire attention was concentrated on the dogs and that he was paying little or no attention to us.

At present Mr. Rainey is more interested in his return to Africa and the pending visit to India than in the hunt just ended. His plans for an invasion of the Indian jungle will be more elaborate than were those for his African trip.



Prize Lion of the Hunt. Photo Copyright by Paul J. Rainey.

more?" the reporter suggested. "I didn't have an interpreter," said Rainey. "It took a very short time to master their language, which, at best, is a series of gutturals and grunts."

Expensive Camels. "The most expensive commodity in our outfit were the camels. For these we paid on an average of \$25 a head. But they are always in demand and readily salable we were able to dispose of them at the end of the hunt at almost cost price."

The dangers accruing from charges by wild beasts, however, Mr. Rainey continued, "are not the only ones a visitor to the jungle encounters. For instance, Dr. Johnson, of our party, was stricken with jungle fever shortly after we got started. We encountered the bubonic plague as we approached Nairobi. There it was that Dr. Johnson contracted the fever."

It was noticeable all through the interview that Mr. Rainey was loath to recall those episodes where either he or his companions were in actual danger when attacked by the game they were stalking. This led the visitor to question him about the rhinoceros they stalked.

"A rhinoceros is a pretty tough customer once he is aroused," the hunter remarked. "One came very near getting me, it is true, and but for a tremendously high powered gun I had close at hand I think he would have had me dangling at the point of his tusk."

When the official who was responsible for the value of the hide came to ask for it it had to be reported missing. Inquiries were then instituted, evidence was collected and a voluminous correspondence, lasting fourteen or fifteen months, failed to account for the skin.

BEAUTIFUL TYPEWRITERS. "Did you ever notice," said a man in a party of men, "how far from beautiful all typewriters are?"

"Hold on," he said. "I don't mean that kind. I mean the machine. There was a chorus of 'Ohs' of relief, and he went on: 'Now, if you will look over all the makes of writing machines you will see that beauty has been invariably sacrificed for utility, or the exigencies of machinery. Other machines are not entirely lacking in lines of beauty, but the typewriter, which is one of the most intellectual of machines, as I might say, seeing that only educated people use it, is homelier than any girl that ever pouched it.'

THE MISSING COW SKIN.

The following is an instance of military thrift and of a red tape system obtaining in Germany.

One morning in the year 1866 the Prussian Guards were breakfasting hurriedly. They had, on the previous day, fought the battle of Sadowa, and had accomplished altogether a nine days' march.

There had been a cow. She had been made over to the Guards. She had a hide. The hide was government property, representing a sum fixed by official tariff. The government must be credited with that sum. The hide was not forthcoming. Who should be responsible for the cash value?

Finally it was decided that the colonel of the regiment was the one to be held accountable, and a year and a half after the conclusion of the Seven Weeks War this colonel was reinstated by the War Office to remit the sum of three thalers, the price of one cow skin lost by the Grenadier Guards. When the sum was paid the subject was at last officially dropped.

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